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**The Hymnal [of
the Protestant
Episcopal Church
in the USA]**

Episcopal Church in the U.S.A.



The Hymnal [of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the USA]

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The Hymnal

AS AUTHORIZED AND APPROVED FOR USE BY
THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF
The Protestant Episcopal Church
in the United States of America
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1916
THE CHURCH PENSION FUND
NEW YORK

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CERTIFICATE

Action of the General Convention of 1916

It was voted by both Houses of the General Convention held in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen:

That the New Hymnal, as reported by the Joint Commission on the Revision of the Hymnal be authorized and approved for use in this Church.

That the Commission be continued with authority to perfect the details of its work and to complete, for the benefit of the Church Pension Fund, musical editions of the New Hymnal.

That the publication of the Hymnal be committed to the Trustees of the Church Pension Fund for the benefit of that Fund.

Attest:

George Francis Nelson,
Secretary of the House of Bishops.
Henry Anstice,
Secretary of the House of Deputies.

CERTIFICATE

Action of the General Convention of 1919

It was voted by both Houses of the General Convention, held in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen:

That the Commission on the Hymnal be requested to publish an edition of the words of the New Hymnal without the music, at a small cost.

It was voted by both Houses of the General Convention, held in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen:

Whereas, the New Hymnal was approved and authorized for use by the General Convention of 1916, and

Whereas, an edition with words only has been ordered by the Convention and will be published;

Resolved, the House of Deputies concurring, the House of Bishops heartily commends the use of the New Hymnal with music score, in order to take advantage of the present popular interest in singing and to promote congregational singing throughout the whole Church.

Attest:

George Francis Nelson,
Secretary of the House of Bishops.

Henry Anstice,
Secretary of the House of Deputies.

CERTIFICATE

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal having been compared with, and corrected by, the standard book as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

Cortlandt Whitehead, *Chairman.*
Morris Earle, *Secretary.*

**Rubric from the Book of Common Prayer
HYMNS AND ANTHEMS**

Hymns set forth and allowed by the authority of this Church, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture or of the Book of Common Prayer, may be sung before and after any Office in this Book, and also before and after Sermons.

**CANON 46
Of the Music of the Church**

It shall be the duty of every Minister to appoint for use in his Congregation hymns or anthems from those authorized by the Rubric, and, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung in his Church. It shall be his especial duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all irreverence in the performance.

Preface

The General Convention of the year 1913 entrusted to a Commission the revision of the Hymnal. The General Convention of 1916, accepting a book then submitted, referred it back to the Commission with instructions to perfect it and give it to the Church. In its effort to obey this command, the Commission now presents this book.

Some hymns which were in the former collection have been omitted because it was discovered by careful inquiry that they were seldom if ever used. One of the principles of the revision was to make the new book as compact as excellence and variety would permit. Some old hymns which are perhaps below the general standard are retained because they have the affection of a considerable number of people.

The hymns added find a place either because they are great religious verse, or because they express the experience and aspirations of our time. These are hymns intended to voice our yearning for larger social service, for deeper patriotism, for a more eager obligation to the winning and maintaining of a free world, for a higher enthusiasm towards the unity and extension of Christianity. This Hymnal of 1918 cannot escape the marks of the Great War, — its tragedy, its sympathy, its loving sacrifice, its gratitude because God has given us the victory for the right and the true.

The hymns have been arranged as nearly as possible in the Prayer Book order, with the hope that people will recognize that they have a companion for the Book of Common Prayer in a Book of Common Praise.

The Commission has tried to retain and to add such hymns as express reality in the religious life. At the same time there has been generous thought for a wide diversity of temperament and training. From stern simplicity to exuberant emotion, the ways in which men would praise God are manifold. Accordingly there are hymns of objective adoration, august and distant, side by side with hymns which unburden the singer's heart and tell what God has done for him alone.

The members of the Commission charged with the task of selecting the music of the hymns have tried first of all to select music which congregations as well as choristers can sing. The number of sentimental and weak melodies has been reduced. It is hoped that the many fine new tunes will so far win their way that such inferior music as is retained will lose its attraction. By such additions as certain Plainsong settings and tunes for adult male voices, the effort is made to appeal to various temperaments and abilities. No one parish will care to use all the tunes, but out of the book every parish will find a sufficient number for all its needs, which it can sing with enthusiasm. As with the words, so with the music, the Commission has endeavoured to provide a book which will make our Communion a singing Church.

The prayer which goes up with the finishing of the book is that, in spite of its limitations and imperfections, it may bring the Church into greater joy, as the people sing these hymns of the ages to the grateful honor of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.

Cortlandt Whitehead	Roland S. Morris
G. Mott Williams	Robert C. Pruyn
Thomas F. Davies	Miles Farrow
William F. Faber	Walter Henry Hall
James W. Ashton	Horatio Parker
Charles Lewis Slattery	T. Tertius Noble
Frank Damrosch, Jr.	Monell Sayre
Winfred Douglas	Peter Christian Lutkin
Morris Earle	Wallace Goodrich

Note

“Amen” is printed only with those hymns which are prayer, praise, or otherwise addressed to God. Nevertheless, the necessary music for “Amen” has been supplied throughout, for the use of those who desire it.

The dates throughout this book are arranged as follows, both for the Hymns and the Tunes. A single date, without a hyphen, is the earliest obtainable for the given Hymn or Tune: whether of composition, or of first publication. When such a date is wanting, the dates of the author's or composer's birth and death are given, separated by a hyphen. A date followed by a hyphen is that of birth; preceded by a hyphen, or by the letter d, is that of death. The letter *c.* (*circa*), indicates an approximate date.

When no composer is known, the place and date of publication are given when possible.

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THE HYMNAL

I. DAILY PRAYER

Morning

1 New every morning is the love
2 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
3 Come, my soul, thou must be waking
4 Christ, whose glory fills the skies
5 Now that the sun is gleaming bright
6 My Father, for another night
7 Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go
8 Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One

Also the following:

205 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

Daily Prayer: Morning

1. New every morning is the love

L.M.

Melcombe:

Samuel Webbe, 1782

John Keble, 1822

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

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

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.

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

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.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,

Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Morning

2. Awake, my soul, and with the sun

L.M.

Morning Hymn:

Francois Barthelemon, 1785

PART II.

Thomas Ken, 1695;

rev., 1709

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past;
And live this day as if thy last:
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how allseeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Morning

3. Come, my soul, thou must be waking

8.4.7.8.4.7

Haydn:

arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1791

Carman:

Peter C. Lutkin, 1895

German, F. R. L. Canitz (1654-1699);

Tr. Henry J. Buckoll, 1838

Come, my soul, thou must be waking.
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the sun returning,
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
And that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

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

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

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

Daily Prayer: Morning

4. Christ, whose glory fills the skies

Six 7's

Ratisbon:

Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1815

Charles Wesley, 1740

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

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

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Morning

5. Now that the sun is gleaming bright

C.M.

St. Peter:

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836

Latin;

Tr. John Henry Newman (1836-1838)

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
 Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light
 May guide us as we go.

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.

And while the hours in order flow,
 O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
 The gate of every sense.

And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
 And in thy favor end.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Morning

6. My Father, for another night

C.M.

St. Timothy:

Henry W. Baker, 1875

Henry W. Baker, 1875

My Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy Name be blest.

Now with the newborn day I give
Myself anew to thee,
That as thou willest I may live,
And what thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for his sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by thy grace today
In paths of righteousness.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Morning

7. Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go

L.M.

Pixham:

Horatio Parker, 1901

Charles Wesley, 1749

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.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see:
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

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.

Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Morning

8. Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One

L.M.

Ludborough:

Timothy R. Matthews, 1846

Latin; St. Ambrose (340-397);

Tr. John Henry Newman, 1836

Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With thy full flood of holiness.

In will and deed, by heart and tongue,
With all our powers, thy praise be sung;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who with the Holy Ghost and thee
Doth live and reign eternally.

Amen.

Noon

9

Blest are the moments, doubly blest

10

Behold us, Lord, a little space

Daily Prayer: Noon

9. Blest are the moments, doubly blest

L.M.

Wareham:

William Knapp, 1738

William Wordsworth, 1834

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!

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.

Look up to heaven, the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

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;

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Noon

10. Behold us, Lord, a little space

C.M.

Bedford:

William Wheall, c. 1720

John Ellerton, 1870

Behold us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee and not thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

Amen.

Evening

11 O Trinity of blessed light
12 O Brightness of the immortal Father's face
13 The day is gently sinking to a close
14 The radiant morn hath passed away
15 Through the day thy love has spared us
16 Holy Father, cheer our way
17 The sun is sinking fast
18 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide
19 Softly now the light of day
20 Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear
21 The day is past and gone
22 The shadows of the evening hours
23 The day is past and over
24 Savior, breathe an evening blessing
25 All praise to thee, my God, this night
26 God, that madest earth and heaven
27 Now from the altar of my heart
28 Before the ending of the day
29 The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended
30 As now the sun's declining rays
31 Tarry with me, O my Savior

Also the following:

34 Inspirer and hearer of prayer
48 O Savior, bless us ere we go
49 Our day of praise is done
50 Savior, again to thy dear Name we raise
364 Now the day is over
399 At even, when the sun was set
407 One sweetly solemn thought

412

Sunset and evening star

Daily Prayer: Evening

11. O Trinity of blessed light

L.M.

O Lux Beata Trinitas:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII

Bromley:

Jeremiah Clarke, 1700

Latin; St. Ambrose (340-397);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1852

O Trinity of blessed light,
O Unity of princely might,
The fiery sun now goes his way;
Shed thou within our hearts thy ray.

To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us with thy saints on high
To praise thee through eternity.

All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, eternal Son, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

12. O Brightness of the immortal Father's face

10.6.10.6

St. Nicholas (Scholefield):

Clement C. Scholefield, 1870

Greek; "The Candlelight Hymn", before 370, *attr. to Sophronius*;

Tr. Edward W. Eddis, 1864

O Brightness of the immortal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesus Christ, in whom his truth and grace
Are visibly expressed:

The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine;
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

Worthy art thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord.
O Son of God, be thou, in whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

13. The day is gently sinking to a close

Six 10's

Nachtlied:

Henry Smart, 1872

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows.
O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now.
Where thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend.
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail.
When all is dark may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice: "Fear not, for it is I."

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

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

14. The radiant morn hath passed away

8.8.8.4

St. Gabriel:

F. A. Gore Ouseley, 1868

Godfrey Thring, 1864

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our lifework done,
Safe home at last.

O by thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white.
And evening shadows never fall,
Where thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

15. Through the day thy love has spared us

8.7.8.7.7.7

Repose:

John Stainer, 1875

Thomas Kelly, 1806

Through the day thy love has spared us;
Hear us ere the hour of rest:
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

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

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

16. Holy Father, cheer our way

7.7.7.5

Vesper (Stainer):

John Stainer, 1875

Richard H. Robinson, 1869

Holy Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
 Light at evening time.

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

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

Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
 Light at evening time.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

17. The sun is sinking fast

6.4.6.6

St. Columba (Irons):

Herbert S. Irons, 1861

Latin;

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1858

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies:
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

18. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide

Four 10's

Eventide:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

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.

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, Lord, abide with me.

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.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

19. Softly now the light of day

Four 7's

Seymour:

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

George W. Doane, 1824

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

20. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear

L.M.

Hursley:

Vienna, c. 1774

John Keble, 1820

Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

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

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

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

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

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

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

21. The day is past and gone

S.M.

Garden City:

Horatio Parker, 1893

In Memoriam:

Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)

John Ireland, 1792

The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

22. The shadows of the evening hours

C.M.D.

St. Leonard (Giles):

Henry Hiles, 1867

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

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.

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.

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.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
 Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
 Our trembling hearts defend.

Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

23. The day is past and over

7.6.7.6.8.8

St. Anatolius (Brown):

Arthur H. Brown, 1862

Greek; St. Anatolius, 800;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1853

The day is past and over:

All thanks, O Lord, to thee!

I pray thee that offenseless

The hours of dark may be.

O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,

And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over:

I lift my heart to thee,

And call on thee that sinless

The hours of gloom may be.

O Jesus, make their darkness light,

And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over:

I raise the hymn to thee,

And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be.

O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,

And guard me through the coming night.

Lord, that in death I sleep not,

And lest my foe should say,

"I have prevailed against him,"

Lighten mine eyes, I pray:

O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,

And guard me through the coming night.

Be thou my soul's preserver,

O God, for thou dost know

How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

24. Savior, breathe an evening blessing

8.7.8.7

Vesper Hymn (Bortniansky):

Dmitri S. Bortniansky, 1818

James Edmeston, 1820;

St. 3, Edward H. Bickersteth, 1876

Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
Be thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesus, then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with thee.

Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Savior, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

25. All praise to thee, my God, this night

L.M.

Tallis' Canon:

Thomas Tallis, c. 1567

Thomas Ken, 1709

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.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

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

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to thee, eternal King?

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

26. God, that madest earth and heaven

8.4.8.4.8.8.4

Nutfield:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Reginald Heber, 1827;

Richard Whateley, 1855

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

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

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

27. Now from the altar of my heart

C.M.

Beatitudo:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

Nativity:

William Henry Monk, 1861

John Mason, 1683

Now from the altar of my heart

Let incense flames arise;

Assist me, Lord, to offer up

Mine evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied

Have made up all this day;

Minutes came quick, but mercies were

More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favour, and new joys

Do a new song require;

Till I shall praise thee as I would,

Accept my heart's desire.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

28. Before the ending of the day

L.M.

Oneonta:

Walter Henry Hall, 1918

Jam Lucis:

French Plainsong, Mode VI

Latin; St. Ambrose (340-397);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1852

Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray,
That with thy wonted favor, thou
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.

From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

29. The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended

9.8.9.8

St. Clement:

Clemnt C. Scholefield, 1874

John Ellerton, 1870

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

Daily Prayer: Evening

30. As now the sun's declining rays

C.M.

Holy Trinity:

Joseph Barnby, 1861

St. Peter:

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836

Latin, Charles Coffin, 1736;

Tr. John Chandler, 1837

As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

Lord, on the cross thine arms were stretched
To draw the nations nigh;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Evening

31. Tarry with me, O my Savior

8.7.8.7

L'Emmanuello:

Lorenzo Perosi, 1903

St. Paul's:

John Erskine, 1917

Caroline L. Smith, 1853;

alt., 1855, 1862

Tarry with me, O my Savior!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me!

Morning of eternal rest.

Amen.

Through the Week

32 From every stormy wind that blows
33 O help us, Lord, each hour of need
34 Inspirer and hearer of prayer
35 While thee I seek, protecting Power
36 Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
37 When morning gilds the skies
38 Three in One, and One in Three
39 Savior, when night involves the skies
40 O Light, whose beams illumine all
41 Lord of mercy and of might
42 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah

Also the following:

118 My soul, be on thy guard
247 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
248 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace
354 Savior, teach me, day by day
372 My God, accept my heart this day

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

32. From every stormy wind that blows

L.M.

Duke Street:

John Hatton, 1793

Retreat:

Thomas Hastings, 1842

Hugh Stowell, 1828

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the bloodstained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

33. O help us, Lord, each hour of need

C.M.

St. Peter:

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836

Henry H. Milman, 1827

O help us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give:
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

O help us, when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Savior, from on high:
We have no help but thee.
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be!

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

34. Inspirer and hearer of prayer

Four 8's

Devotion:

Anon.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774

Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

35. While thee I seek, protecting Power

C.M.

Beatitudo:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

Helen M. Williams, 1786

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

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

When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

36. Lord, for tomorrow and its needs

8.4.8.4

Raymond:

T. Tertius Noble, 1917

Mary Xavier, 1877

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for today.

Help me to labour earnestly
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Father, today.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Gladly, today.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Through all today.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Dear Lord, today.

And if today this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me thy Sacrament divine,
Father, today.

So for tomorrow and its needs

I do not pray:
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each today.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

37. When morning gilds the skies

Six 6's

Laudes Domini:

Joseph Barnby, 1868

Anon., German, 1828;

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1853

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,

May Jesus Christ be praised;
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

38. Three in One, and One in Three

7.7.7.5

Capetown:

Freidrich Filitz, 1847

Gilbert Rorison, 1849

Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning shine,
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

39. Savior, when night involves the skies

L.M.

Hesperus:

Henry Baker (1835-1910), 1866

Thomas Gisborne, 1805

Savior, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

40. O Light, whose beams illumine all

Six 8's

St. Matthias:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Edward H. Plumptre, 1864

O Light, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine thou before the shadows fall,
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through thee.

O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be thou our conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give thou thy peace in deadliest strife;

Shed thou thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

41. Lord of mercy and of might

7.7.7.5

Capetown:

Freidrich Filitz, 1847

Reginald Heber, 1827; *Published after his death.*

Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite:
Jesus, hear and save.

Strong Creator, Savior mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
Jesus, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
Jesus, hear and save.

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then:
Jesus, hear and save.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: Through the Week

42. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah

8.7.8.7

St. Oswald:

John B. Dykes, 1857

Autumn:

Francois H. Barthelomon, 1785

Welsh; William Williams, 1745;

Tr. Peter Williams, 1772;

alt. John Keble, 1857

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Amen.

The Lord's Day

43 O day of rest and gladness
44 Sweet is the work, my God, my King
45 This is the day of light
46 Safely through another week
47 On this day, the first of days
48 O Savior, bless us ere we go
49 Our day of praise is done
50 Savior, again to thy dear Name we raise
51 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing

Also the following:

307 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
352 Again the morn of gladness
504 Holy offerings, rich and rare
544 O what the joy and the glory must be

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

43. O day of rest and gladness

7.6.7.6 D

Hodges:

John S. B. Hodges, 1869

St. Anselm:

Joseph Barnby, 1869

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

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

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

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

Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;

To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

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

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

44. Sweet is the work, my God, my King

L.M.

Canonbury:

Robert Schumann, 1839

Arr.

Psalm 92

Isaac Watts, 1719

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.

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.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

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.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

45. This is the day of light

S.M.

Swabia:

Johann M. Spiess, 1745

John Ellerton, 1867

This is the day of light:

Let there be light today;

O Day-spring, rise upon our night,

And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest:

Our failing strength renew;

On weary brain and troubled breast

Shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:

Thy peace our spirits fill;

Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,

The waves of strife be still.

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.

This is the first of days:

Send forth thy quickening breath,

And wake dead souls to love and praise,

O Vanquisher of death!

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

46. Safely through another week

Six 7's

Heathlands:

Henry Smart, 1866

John Newton, 1774

Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts today;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy Name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

47. On this day, the first of days

Four 7's

Lubeck:

Johann A. Freylinghausen, 1704

Latin;

Tr. Henry W. Baker, 1861

On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's Name we praise:
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

O that fervent love today
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light.

Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

Thou, who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, blest Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts thyself bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

God, the blessed Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give thyself to me,
May I give myself to thee.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

48. O Savior, bless us ere we go

Six 8's

St. Matthias:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Frederick William Faber, 1849

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

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

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

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Savior and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

O Savior, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,

And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

49. Our day of praise is done

S.M.

Garden City:

Horatio Parker, 1893

John Ellerton, 1871

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

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

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But O, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy Name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

50. Savior, again to thy dear Name we raise

Four 10's

Ellers:

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

John Ellerton, 1866

Savior, again to thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy Name.

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.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to thy Church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, thy Spirit from above:

Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

Amen.

Daily Prayer: The Lord's Day

51. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing

8.7.8.7.4.7

Dismissal (Sicilian Mariners):

Sicilian Folksong, 1794

John Fawcett, 1773;

Alt.

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

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;

So that when thy love shall call us,
Savior, from the world away,
Fear of death shall not appall us,
Glad thy summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with thee in endless day.

Amen.

Friday

52

O Jesus, crucified for man

Also the following:

154

When I survey the wondrous cross

160

We sing the praise of him who died

Daily Prayer: Friday

52. O Jesus, crucified for man

L.M.

Intercession:

Arr. by John B. Dykes, 1853

W. Walsham How, 1871

O Jesus, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on thy throne,
Teach thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of thy love unknown.

We pray thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow thee.

As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at thy feet we lay it down,
Win through thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

Amen.

II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Advent

53	Hosanna to the living Lord
54	Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes
55	Come, thou long-expected Jesus
56	Thy kingdom come! on bended knee
57	Lo, He comes, with clouds descending
58	O Word of God incarnate
59	Lord, thy word abideth
60	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
61	Rejoice, rejoice, believers
62	Wake, awake, for night is flying
63	Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding
64	Great God, what do I see and hear
65	Day of wrath! O day of mourning
66	O come, O come, Emmanuel
67	Thou art coming, O my Savior
68	The world is very evil
69	Brief life is here our portion
70	The King shall come when morning dawns

Also the following:

105	Thy kingdom come, O God
106	Watchman, tell us of the night
282	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
481	Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping
518	Hark! the voice eternal

Advent

53. Hosanna to the living Lord

8.8.8.8.11

Hosanna:

John B. Dykes, 1865

Reginald Heber, 1827; *Published after his death.*

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Savior, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Savior, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred Name,
Where we thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Amen.

Advent

54. Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes

C.M.

Bristol:

Edward Hodges, 1841

Philip Doddridge, 1735;

Alt.

Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

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

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

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

Amen.

Advent

55. Come, thou long-expected Jesus

8.7.8.7

Stuttgart:

Gotha, 1715

Charles Wesley, 1744

Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Amen.

Advent

56. Thy kingdom come! on bended knee

C.M.

St. Flavian:

Day's Psalter, 1562

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1891

Thy kingdom come! on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad;
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

Advent

57. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending

8.7.8.7.4.7

St. Thomas:

J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

John Cennick, 1750, *and*

Charles Wesley, 1758

Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for our salvation slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

Amen.

Advent

58. O Word of God incarnate

7.6.7.6 D.

Munich:

Meiningen, 1693;

harm., Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), 1847

W. Walsham How, 1867

O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth, unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

O make thy Church, dear Savior,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations

Thy true light as of old;
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

Amen.

Advent

59. Lord, thy word abideth

Four 6's

Ravenshaw:

Ave Hierarchia, 1567

Arr. William Henry Monk

Henry W. Baker, 1861

Lord, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee!
Evermore be near thee!

Amen.

Advent

60. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace

C.M.

Nox Praecissit:

John Baptiste Calkin, 1873

Bernard Barton, 1826

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way;

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

Word of the everliving God,
Will of his glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Amen.

Advent

61. Rejoice, rejoice, believers

7.6.7.6 D.

Lancashire:

Henry T. Smart, 1836

German; Laurentius Laurenti, 1700;

Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1854

Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle!
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With alleluias clear.

O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,

O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee!

Amen.

Advent

62. Wake, awake, for night is flying

P.M.

Sleepers, Wake:

Melody by Philip Nicolai, 1599;
harm., Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
German, Philip Nicolai, 1599;
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Wake, awake, for night is flying:
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
 Awake, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling,
 He comes; prepare, ye virgins wise.
Rise up, with willing feet,
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet:
 Alleluia!
Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
 Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
 Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

Lamb of God, the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee,
 With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,

That echoes round thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
 Such bliss and joy:
To raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise thee ages all along.

Amen.

Advent

63. Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding

8.7.8.7

Merton:

William Henry Monk, 1850

Latin, 5th cent.;

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849;

Alt.

Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding;

"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast away the works of darkness,

O ye children of the day."

Wakened by the solemn warning,

Let the earth-bound soul arise;

Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,

Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,

Comes with pardon down from heaven;

Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,

One and all to be forgiven;

So when next he comes with glory,

Wrapping all the world in fear,

May he with his mercy shield us,

And with words of love draw near.

Advent

64. Great God, what do I see and hear

8.7.8.7.8.8.7

Luther's Hymn:

Joseph Klug's *Gesangbuch*, 1535

William B. Collyer, 1812;

Alt. Thomas Cotterill, 1820

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, to thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet him.

Amen.

Advent

65. Day of wrath! O day of mourning

8.8.8

Dies Irae (Dykes):

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

Dies Irae (Plainsong):

Plainsong, Modes II and I

Latin; Thomas of Celano, 13th cent.;

Tr. William J. Irons, 1849

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo! the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

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

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Cost thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary, thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere the day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With thy favoured sheep O place me;
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart submission,

See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord, all pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant them thine eternal rest.

Amen.

Advent

66. O come, O come, Emmanuel

Six 8's

Veni Emmanuel:

Plainsong, Mode I;

"A French Missal", 15th cent.;

Adapted, Thomas Helmore, 1854

Latin;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1852;

Alt., 1861

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, thou Lord of might!
Who to thy tribes on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Amen.

Advent

67. Thou art coming, O my Savior

P.M.

Beverly:

William Henry Monk, 1875

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

Thou art coming, O my Savior!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In thy beauty all resplendent,
In thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming: in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming: O thou glorious Priest!
Hear we not thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, thou art coming;
We shall meet thee on thy way;
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to thee
At thine own all-glorious feet.

Thou art coming; at thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not thy death alone,
And thy love exceeding great,
But thy coming, and thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming, we are waiting

With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see thee reigning,
 Thee, our own beloved Lord!
Every tongue thy Name confessing,
Worship honour, glory, blessing
 Brought to thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master and our Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned!

Amen.

Advent

68. The world is very evil

7.6.7.6 D

Pearsall:

Robert J. Pearsall, 1863

Latin; St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1858

The world is very evil;
 The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge who comes in mercy,
 The Judge who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
 To diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead:
To the home of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn;

'Mid power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
 Peace holy and profound,
O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
 Sweet cure for all distrest!

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

Advent

69. Brief life is here our portion

7.6.7.6 D

St. Alphege:

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Latin; St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1858

Brief life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there!
O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure;
 Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
 And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
 Are calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown;
And he whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
 Shall have him for their own.

And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish

With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

Advent

70. The King shall come when morning dawns

C.M.

St. Stephen:

William Jones, 1789

Greek;

Tr. John Brownlie, 1907

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes.

Not as of old a little child
To bear, and fight, and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun
That lights the morning sky.

O brighter than the rising morn
When he, victorious, rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes;

O brighter than that glorious morn
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we his face shall see.

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And earth's dark night is past;
O haste the rising of that morn,
The day that aye shall last;

And let the endless bliss begin,
By weary saints foretold,
When right shall triumph over wrong,
And truth shall be extolled.

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings:
Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy people pray,
Come quickly, King of kings.

Amen.

Christmas

71 While shepherds watched their flocks by
night
72 O come, all ye faithful
73 Hark! the herald angels sing
74 Of the Father's love begotten
75 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing
76 Christians, awake, salute the happy morn
77 Sing, O sing, this blessed morn
78 O little town of Bethlehem
79 It came upon the midnight clear
80 Angels from the realms of glory
81 Hark! what mean those holy voices
82 A great and mighty wonder
83 Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly
crown
84 Calm on the listening ear of night

Also the following:

349 Once in royal David's city
545 All my heart this night rejoices
546 Silent night, holy night
547 When Christ was born of Mary free
548 Like silver lamps
549 Good Christian men, rejoice
550 Dost thou in a manger lie
551 The first Nowell the angel did say
552 Joy fills our inmost hearts today

Christmas

71. While shepherds watched their flocks by night

C.M.

Winchester Old:

Whole Book of Psalmes, Thomas Este, 1592

Carol:

Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

Nahum Tate, 1702

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

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Christmas

72. O come, all ye faithful

P.M.

Adeste Fideles:

Cantus Diversi, J. F. Wade, 1751

Refrain

Latin;

Tr. Frederick Oakeley, 1841

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels;

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
Glory to God
In the highest;

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;

Amen.

Christmas

73. Hark! the herald angels sing

Eight 7's, with refrain

Mendelssohn:

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840;

Arr. William H. Cummings, 1850

Refrain

Charles Wesley, 1739;

Alt.

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Hark the herald angels sing

Glory to the newborn King!

Amen.

Christmas

74. Of the Father's love begotten

P.M.

Divinum Mysterium:

Plainsong, Mode V, 12th century

Latin; Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348-413);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1854, and

Henry W. Baker, 1859

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

O that Birth for ever blessèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Savior of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

O ye heights of heaven adore him;
Angel hosts, his praises sing;
Powers, Dominions, bow before him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering:
Let their guileless songs re-echo,

And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore!

Christ, to thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

Amen.

Christmas

75. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing

P.M.

Avison:

Charles Avison (c. 1710-1770)

Cecil:

Walter Henry Hall, 1917

Refrain

William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Sion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Christmas

76. Christians, awake, salute the happy morn

Six 10's

Yorkshire:

John Wainwright, 1755

John Byrom, 1750

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Savior of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Savior's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth.
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Savior, Christ the Lord."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Savior, in a manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Savior's name.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,

From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Christmas

77. Sing, O sing, this blessed morn

Four 7's, with refrain

St. Athanasius:

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

Refrain

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God himself comes down from heaven;

Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ today is born.

God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth and God to man.

God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of his grace.

God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in him may be.

O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with thee.

Amen.

Christmas

78. O little town of Bethlehem

7.6.8.6 D.

St. Louis:

Lewis H. Redner, 1868

Phillips Brooks, 1868

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Amen.

Christmas

79. It came upon the midnight clear

C.M.D.

Carol:

Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

St. Ursula:

Frederick Westlake (1840-1898)

Noel:

English Folksong;

Arr. Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Edmund H. Sears, 1846

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

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.

O 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.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the evercircling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Christmas

80. Angels from the realms of glory

8.7.8.7.4.7

Regent Square:

Henry Smart, 1866

Refrain

James Montgomery, 1816

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:

Christmas

81. Hark! what mean those holy voices

8.7.8.7

Sebastian:

John S. B. Hodges (1830-1915)

John Cawood, 1819

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th'angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy--
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

Christmas

82. A great and mighty wonder

7.6.7.6.6.7.6

Rosa Mystica:

Medieval Folksong;

harm. Machael Praetorius, 1609;

alt.

Refrain

Latin; St. Germanus, 634-734;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862

A great and mighty wonder,

A full and holy cure!

The Virgin bears the Infant

With virgin-honor pure.

Repeat the hymn again!

"To God on high be glory,

And peace on earth to men!"

The Word becomes incarnate

And yet remains on high!

And cherubim sing anthems

To shepherds from the sky.

While thus they sing your Monarch,

Those bright angelic bands,

Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,

Ye oceans, clap your hands.

Since all he comes to ransom,

By all be he adored,

The Infant born in Bethlehem,

The Savior and the Lord.

And idol forms shall perish,

And error shall decay,

And Christ shall wield his scepter,

Our Lord and God for aye.

Amen.

Christmas

83. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown

P.M.

Margaret:

Timothy Richard Matthews, 1876

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown,
 When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
 For thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
 Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
 And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
 In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
 In the desert of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
 That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
 They bore thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 Thy cross is my only plea.

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
 At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saving, "Yet there is room

There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

Amen.

Christmas

84. Calm on the listening ear of night

C.M.

St. Agnes:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866

Edmund H. Sears, 1834

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

St. Stephen

The Son of God goes forth to war

85

St. Stephen

85. The Son of God goes forth to war

C.M.

Crusader:

Samuel B. Whitney, 1889

All Saints:

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

St. Anne:

William Croft, 1708

Reginald Heber, 1812

Suitable for any martyr's festival.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,

The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Amen.

St. John the Evangelist

86

O Thou, who gav'st thy servant grace

Also the following:

277

Blest are the pure in heart

288

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

St. John the Evangelist

86. O Thou, who gav'st thy servant grace

L.M.

Eisenach:

Johann Hermann Schein, 1628;

adapt., harm., Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Reginald Heber, 1827; *Published after his death.*

O Thou, who gav'st thy servant grace
On thee the living Rock to rest,
To look on thine unveiled face,
And lean on thy protecting breast;

Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word and in thy will
To hear thy voice and know thy love;

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
And look in certain hope to thee.

To thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,
Whom as their King the saints adore,
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore.

Amen.

Holy Innocents

87

O Lord, the Holy Innocents

Holy Innocents

87. O Lord, the Holy Innocents

L.M.

Alstone:

Christopher Edwin Willing, 1868

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1850

O Lord, the Holy Innocents
Laid down for thee their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for thee in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so weak and small

But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Circumcision

88 The ancient law departs
89 To the Name of our salvation
90 Jesus! Name of wondrous love
91 Conquering kings their titles take

Also the following:

108 How beauteous were the marks divine
232 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
316 Jesus, the very thought of thee
394 Thy way, not mine, O Lord
404 Immortal Love, for ever full

Circumcision

88. The ancient law departs

S.M.

St. Michael:

Louis Bourgeois, 1551;

Arr. William Crotch, 1836

Franconia:

Johann B. König, 1738;

Arr. William H. Havergal, 1840

Latin; Sebastien Besnault, 1736;

Tr. Compilers of *Hymns Ancient & Modern*

The ancient law departs

And all its terrors cease;

For Jesus makes with faithful hearts

A covenant of peace.

The Light of Light divine,

True Brightness undefiled,

He bears for us the shame of sin,

A holy, spotless Child.

Today the Name is thine,

At which we bend the knee;

They call the Jesus, Child divine!

Our Jesus deign to be.

Amen.

Circumcision

89. To the Name of our salvation

8.7.8.7.8.7

Oriel:

Cantica Sacra, C. Ett, 1840;

harm. William Henry Monk

Latin;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851;

alt., 1861

To the Name of our salvation
Laud and honor let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay;
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud today.

Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Therefore we, in love adoring,
 This most blessed Name revere;
Holy Jesus, thee imploring
 So to write it in us here
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
 We may sing with angels there.

Amen.

Circumcision

90. Jesus! Name of wondrous love

Four 7's

St. Bees:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862

W. Walsham How, 1854

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave
"Jesus shall his people save."

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First he tasted here below.

Jesus! only Name that's given,
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

Amen.

Circumcision

91. Conquering kings their titles take

Four 7's

Innocents:

Arr. from G. F. Handel, 1728

Latin; Paris Breviary, 1736;

Tr. John Chandler, 1837;

Alt., 1859

Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands he hath freed.

Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

We would gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Jesus, who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to thee we pray,
Glorying in thy Name today.

Amen.

Epiphany

- 92 From the eastern mountains
93 Earth has many a noble city
94 As with gladness men of old
95 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
96 Songs of thankfulness and praise
97 O One with God the Father

Also the following:

- 553 Saw you never, in the twilight
554 We three kings of Orient are

See also [Sundays after Epiphany](#).

Epiphany

92. From the eastern mountains

6.5, twelve lines

Valour:

Arthur H. Mann, 1889

Refrain

Godfrey Thring (1873-)

From the eastern mountains,
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To his humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

There their Lord and Savior
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness

Of thy guiding star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of thy guiding star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By thy guiding star.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

Amen.

Epiphany

93. Earth has many a noble city

8.7.8.7

Stuttgart:

Gotha, 1715

Latin; Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348-413);

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849;

Alt., 1861

Earth has many a noble city;
 Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
 Came to rule his Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
 Was the star that told his birth,
To the world its God announcing
 Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at his cradle
 Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
 Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
 Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
 Myrrh his sepulcher foreshows.

Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped
 At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto thee, with God the Father
 And the Spirit, glory be.

Amen.

Epiphany

94. As with gladness men of old

Six 7's

Dix:

Conrad Kocher, 1838

William C. Dix, 1860

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,

Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Amen.

Epiphany

95. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning

11.10.11.10

Webbe:

Adapted from Edward Miller (1735-1807)

Samuel Webbe (1740-1816)

Morning Star:

J. P. Harding (1861-)

Reginald Heber, 1811

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

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Shall we not yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

Brightest and best of the rolls of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Epiphany

96. Songs of thankfulness and praise

Eight 7's

Salzburg:

Jakob Hintze, 1678;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee,
Christ will then like lightning shine,

All will see his glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see thee, Lord,
Mirrored in thy holy word;
May we imitate thee now,
And be pure, as pure art thou;
That we like to thee may be
At thy great Epiphany;
And may praise thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Amen.

Epiphany

97. O One with God the Father

7.6.7.6 D.

St. Anselm:

Joseph Barnby, 1869

W. Walsham How, 1871

O One with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of his glory,
Eternal Light of Light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before thee,
The world's true Light art thou.

Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That thou thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to thee, our God.

O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If thou thy light vouchsafest,
O Son of Righteousness.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

98	How bright appears the Morning Star
99	Hail to the Lord's Anointed
100	Light of those whose dreary dwelling
101	Joy to the world! the Lord is come
102	O very God of very God
103	Hark! the song of jubilee
104	Thou, whose almighty word
105	Thy kingdom come, O God
106	Watchman, tell us of the night
107	O North, with all thy vales of green
108	How beauteous were the marks divine
109	Not by thy mighty hand
110	Alleluia, song of gladness

Also the following:

241	Eternal Light! Eternal Light
312	God of mercy, God of grace
356	Fairest Lord Jesus
362	When Jesus left his Father's throne
466	Rise, crowned with light
471	O where are kings and empires now
472	Triumphant Sion, lift thy head
477	Hasten the time appointed
478	Savior, sprinkle many nations
479	The morning light is breaking
480	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
482	Fling out the banner
487	Arm of the Lord

See also [Sundays after Trinity](#), [Church Militant](#), [Missions](#), [Brotherhood and Service](#).

Sundays after Epiphany

98. How bright appears the Morning Star

P.M.

Frankfort:

Philipp Nicolai, 1599;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

German; Philip Nicolai, 1599;

Tr. William Mercer;

recast 1859

How bright appears the Morning Star,
With mercy beaming from afar;
 The host of heaven rejoices;
O Righteous Branch, O Jesse's Rod!
Thou Son of man and Son of God!
We, too, will lift our voices:
 Jesus, Jesus!
 Holy, holy, yet most lowly,
 Draw thou near us;
 Great Emmanuel, come and hear us.

Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
 Upon his helpless creature;
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
 Assumed our very nature;
 Jesus, grant us,
 Through thy merit, to inherit
 Thy salvation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

Rejoice, ye heavens; thou earth, reply;
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
 For this his incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
 Till all know thy salvation.

Amen, Amen!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise be given
Evermore, by earth and heaven.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

99. Hail to the Lord's Anointed

7.6.7.6 D.

Zoan:

William H. Havergal, 1859

Webb:

George J. Webb, 1837

James Montgomery, 1821

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

He 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, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

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

Kings shall bow down before him.
And gold and incense bring;

All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

Sundays after Epiphany

100. Light of those whose dreary dwelling

8.7.8.7

Batty:

Moravian Melody, 1745

Sardis:

From Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827);

Adapted

Charles Wesley, 1744

Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

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

Show thy power in every nation,
O thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

101. Joy to the world! the Lord is come

C.M.

Chesterfield:

Thomas Haweis, 1792

Isaac Watts, 1719

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room

And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns:

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow

Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love.

Sundays after Epiphany

102. O very God of very God

C.M.

Bangor:

William Tans'ur, 1734

John Mason Neale, 1848

O very God of very God
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; thy people long
That thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.

And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in thy wings.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

103. Hark! the song of jubilee

Eight 7's

Thanksgiving:

Walter B. Gilbert (1829-1910)

James Montgomery, 1818

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

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies.
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks; 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

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

Sundays after Epiphany

104. Thou, whose almighty word

6.6.4.6.6.6.4

Moscow:

Felice de Giardini, 1769

John Marriott, 1813

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light!

Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
 Let there be light!

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

Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light!

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

105. Thy kingdom come, O God

Four 6's

St. Cecilia:

Leighton G. Hayne, 1863

Lewis Hensley, 1867

Thy kingdom come, O God!
Thy rule, O Christ, begin!
Break with thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin!

Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

106. Watchman, tell us of the night

Eight 7's

Watchman:

Lowell Mason, 1830

Watchman (arranged):

Lowell Mason, 1830;

harm. T. Tertius Noble, 1917

John Bowring, 1825

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Sundays after Epiphany

107. O North, with all thy vales of green

8.6.8.6.8.8

Bryant:

Walter G. Alcock (1861-)

William Cullen Bryant, 1869

O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and vales between,
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul:

When all shall heed the words he said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And he who conquered death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

108. How beauteous were the marks divine



L.M.

Breslau:

Leipzig, 1625

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840;

cento.

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

O who like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou Light of Light;
O who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

And all thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon thy bending shoulders weighed.

And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

O in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all this way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

109. Not by thy mighty hand

S.M.

Potsdam:

Adapted from Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

James R. Woodford, 1868

Not by thy mighty hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of thy word,
Thy glory, Lord, is known.

Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The Bearer forth of goodly seed
The Sower still unseen.

And thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath thee bow,
To reap the harvest thou hast sown,
Sower and Reaper thou.

Watch, Lord, thy harvest field
With thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the Kingdom keep
To thy Epiphany;

That when, in thy great day,
The tares shall severed be,
We may be surely gathered in
With all thy saints to thee.

Amen.

Sundays after Epiphany

110. Alleluia, song of gladness

8.7.8.7.8.7

Dulce Carmen:

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782;

Arr. Samuel Webbe, 1792

Latin;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861;

Alt.

Alleluia, song of gladness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding
Thus they sing eternally.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,
Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully.



Amen.

Septuagesima

111	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
112	Breast the wave, Christian
113	Fight the good fight with all thy might
114	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings
115	Soldiers of the cross, arise
116	Oft in danger, oft in woe
117	He who would valiant be
118	My soul, be on thy guard
119	O Thou to whose all-searching sight
120	Dear Lord and Father of mankind
121	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost

Also the following:

234	My God, I love thee
235	O Love that casts out fear
354	Savior, teach me day by day
496	O Lord, and Master of us all

Septuagesima

111. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve

C.M.

Christmas:

George Frederick Handel, 1728

Philip Doddridge, 1755

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Septuagesima

112. Breast the wave, Christian

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5

Fortitude:

William C. Filby, 1874

Joseph Stammers, 1830;

Alt.

Breast the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
 Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
 Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
 Flows on for ever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it repositeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
 Praise him for ever.

Septuagesima

113. Fight the good fight with all thy might

L.M.

Pentecost:

William Boyd, 1864

Courage:

Horatio Parker, 1895

John S. B. Monsell, 1863;

Alt.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

Septuagesima

114. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings

7.6.7.6.7.7.6

Amsterdam:

James Nares (1715-1783)

Beethoven:

Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824;

Arr. Edward Hodges (1796-1867)

Robert Seagrave, 1742;

Alt.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy destined place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Savior will return,
To take thee to the skies.
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

Septuagesima

115. Soldiers of the cross, arise

Four 7's

Orientis Partibus:

Pierre de Corbeil (-1222)

W. Walsham How, 1864

Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright!
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!

Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Savior's herald go!
Let the voice of hope be heard!

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace!

Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!

Be the banner still unfurled,

Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord!

Septuagesima

116. Oft in danger, oft in woe

Four 7's

University College:

Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876), 1852

Advent:

George M. Garrett, 1891

Henry Kirke White, 1806;

Frances Sara (Fuller-Maitland) Colquhoun, 1827;

cento.

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let sour drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Septuagesima

117. He who would valiant be

6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5

Egbert:

Walter Henry Hall, 1917

St. Dunstan's:

C. Winfred Douglas, 1917

John Bunyan (1628-1688);

Alt.

He who would valiant be
 'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
 Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
 To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
 With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
 His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right
 To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
 Us with thy Spirit
We know we at the end
 Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
 To be a pilgrim.

Septuagesima

118. My soul, be on thy guard

S.M.

Heath:

Mason and Webb, *Cantica Laudis*, 1850

George Heath, 1781

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
A host of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

Septuagesima

119. O Thou to whose all-searching sight

L.M.

Grace Church:

Ignaz Joseph Pleyel, 1815

German; N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721;

Tr. John Wesley, 1738

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!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no evils need I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

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

Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

Amen.

Septuagesima

120. Dear Lord and Father of mankind

8.6.8.8.6

Newcastle:

Henry L. Morley, 1875

Rest:

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

John G. Whittier, 1872

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love!

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.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still, small voice of calm.

Amen.

Septuagesima

121. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost

7.7.7.5

Charity:

John Stainer, 1868

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

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

From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

122 Lord, in this thy mercy's day
123 Forty days and forty nights
124 O Lord, when we bend before thy throne
125 Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee
126 Christian! dost thou see them
127 Jesus, Lord of life and glory
128 Christian, seek not yet repose
129 Weary of self, and laden with my sin
130 Savior! when in dust to thee
131 O Jesus! Lord most merciful
132 O Jesus, thou art standing
133 With broken heart and contrite sigh
134 Lord, who throughout these forty days
135 Jesus, and shall it ever be
136 Weary of wandering from my God
137 Heal me, O my Savior, heal
138 When wounded sore the stricken soul
139 Just as I am, without one plea
140 Sinful, sighing to be blest

Ash Wednesday and Lent

122. Lord, in this thy mercy's day

7.7.7

St. Philip:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Isaac Williams, 1842;

Alt.

Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

Judge and Savior of our race,
Grant us, when we see thy face,
With thy ransomed ones a place.

On thy love we rest alone
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round thy throne.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

123. Forty days and forty nights

Four 7's

Heinlein:

Martin Herbst (?), 1676

George Hunt Smyttan, 1856;

Alt.

Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain?

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

So shall we have peace divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

Keep, O keep us, Savior dear,
Ever constant by thy side;
That with thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

124. O Lord, when we bend before thy throne

C.M.

Windsor:

Christopher Tye, *Acts of the Apostles*, 1553

Martyrdom:

Hugh Wilson, 1824

Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802

O Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
That is not wholly thine.

Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

125. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee

C.M.

St. Bernard:

Cologne, 1741

John H. Gurney, 1838

Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will;
Our brethren's grief to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

126. Christian! dost thou see them

6.5.6.5 D

St. Andrew of Crete:

John B. Dykes, 1868

Greek; St. Andrew of Crete;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862

Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

Christian! dost thou feel then
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,

I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

Ash Wednesday and Lent

127. Jesus, Lord of life and glory

8.7.8.7.4.7

St. Raphael:

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862

Evangel:

Edward J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

Refrain

James J. Cummins, 1839

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on thee relying,

Find thee still our hope and stay:

By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

128. Christian, seek not yet repose

7.7.7.3

Vigilate:

William Henry Monk, 1868

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

"Christian, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
"Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray!"

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray!

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray!

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim:
"Watch and pray!"

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word:
"Watch and pray!"

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray!

Ash Wednesday and Lent

129. Weary of self, and laden with my sin

Four 10's

Langran:

James Langran, 1862

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

Weary of self, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall:
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And he made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer
That in the Father's courts my glorious
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

130. Savior! when in dust to thee

Eight 7's



Spanish Chant:

Arr. Benjamin Carr, 1824

Aberystwyth:

Joseph Parry, 1879

Robert Grant, 1815;

Alt.

Savior! when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

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

By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair,

By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

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

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

131. O Jesus! Lord most merciful

7.6.7.6 D

Need:

Anon.

James Hamilton, 1867

O Jesus! Lord most merciful,
Low at thy cross I lie;
O sinner's Friend, most pitiful,
Hear my bewailing cry.
I come to thee with mourning,
I come to thee in woe;
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the veil!
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before thee,
I tell them one by one;
O for thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done!

O by thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by thee alone;
O Priest! O spotless Offering!
Plead for me and atone!

And in this heart now broken,
Reenter thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;

And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

132. O Jesus, thou art standing

7.6.7.6 D

St. Hilda:

Justen H. Knecht, 1799;

Edward Husband, 1871

W. Walsham How, 1867

O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low:
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

133. With broken heart and contrite sigh

L.M.

Eisenach:

Johann Hermann Schein, 1628;
ad., harm., Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Cornelius Elven, 1852

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

134. Lord, who throughout these forty days

C.M.

St. Flavian:

Day's *Psalter*, 1562

Claudia F. Hernaman, 1873

Lord, who throughout these forty days,
For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with thee to mourn our sins,
And close by thee to stay.

As thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
O give us strength in thee to fight,
In thee to conquer sin.

As thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By thy most holy word.

And through these days of penitence,
And through thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesus! with us abide.

Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last!

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

135. Jesus, and shall it ever be

L.M.

Federal Street:

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

Joseph Grigg, 1766;

Alt.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

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

Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Savior crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Savior not ashamed of me.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

136. Weary of wandering from my God

Six 8's

St. Finbar:

Henri F. Hemy, 1864;

Arr. James G. Walton, 1870

Charles Wesley, 1749

Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod,
For thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face:
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

137. Heal me, O my Savior, heal

7.7.7

Lacrymae:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Godfrey Thring, 1866

Heal me, O my Savior, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to thee I bow.

Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Heal me, then, my Savior, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To thy mercy I appeal.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

138. When wounded sore the stricken soul

C.M.

St. Bernard:

Cologne, 1741

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858

When wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain,
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

139. Just as I am, without one plea

8.8.8.6

St. Crispin:

George J. Elvey, 1862

Woodworth:

William B. Bradbury, 1849

Refrain

Charlotte Elliott, 1840

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,

Just as I am: thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,

O Lamb of God, I come.

Amen.

Ash Wednesday and Lent

140. Sinful, sighing to be blest

Four 7's

Clarence:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

John S. B. Monsell, 1857

Sinful, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest:
God be merciful to me.

Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me.

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to thee;
Yet thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but thine:
God be merciful to me.

There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him, and him alone:
God be merciful to me.

He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for his sake
God be merciful to me.

Amen.

Litanies of Penitence

141	God the Father, God the Son
142, Part 1	God the Father, God the Son
142, Part 2	By the gracious saving call
142, Part 3	Teach us what thy love has borne

Also the following:

52	O Jesus, crucified for man
378	Jesus, I my cross have taken
379	O Jesus, I have promised

See also [Septuagesima](#), [Holy Week](#), [Sundays after Trinity](#), [Introits](#), and [Visitation](#).

Litanies of Penitence

141. God the Father, God the Son

7.7.7.6

Lebbaeus:

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1866;

harm. Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)

Richard F. Littledale, 1875

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from thy heavenly throne:
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Thou who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That thou mightest save thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thou who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with thy blood our stain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

That in thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offense,
And find truest penitence:
We beseech thee, Jesus.

That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench thy grace,
That we ever seek thy face:
 We beseech thee, Jesus.

That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In thee only we may trust:
 We beseech thee, Jesus.

That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread:
 We beseech thee, Jesus.

When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant thy peace for evermore:
 We beseech thee, Jesus.

Amen.

Litanies of Penitence

142, Part 1. God the Father, God the Son

7.7.7.6

Turpin's Litany:

Edmund H. Turpin, 1875

PART I

Thomas B. Pollock, 1871

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from thy heavenly throne:
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Father, hear thy children's call:
Humbly at thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Christ, beneath thy cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe thy Name:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech thee, hear us.

We thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to thee for cure,
Guilty, seek thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
 We beseech thee, hear us.



Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Amen.

Litanies of Penitence

142, Part 2. By the gracious saving call

7.7.7.6

Litany of the Passion:

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

PART II

Thomas B. Pollock, 1871

By the gracious saving call,
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death he bore,
By his life for evermore:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

By the love that bids thee spare,
By the heaven thou dost prepare,
By thy promises to prayer:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Amen.

Litanies of Penitence

142, Part 3. Teach us what thy love has borne

Agnes:

Edward Bunnett, 1877

Thomas B. Pollock, 1871

Teach us what thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn
Truly contrite we may mourn:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Grant us faith to know thee near,
Hail thy grace, thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
 We beseech thee, hear us.

Grant us love, thy love to own,
Love to live for thee alone,

And the power of grace make known:

We beseech thee, hear us.

All our weak endeavours bless,

As we ever onward press

Till we perfect holiness:

We beseech thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer thee,

Till at last thy face we see,

Crowned with thine own purity:

We beseech thee, hear us.

Amen.

Holy Week

143	All glory, laud, and honor
144	The royal banners forward go
145	Ride on! ride on in majesty
146	See the destined day arise
147	In the hour of trial
148	Behold the Lamb of God
149	O Lamb of God, still keep me
150	Beneath the cross of Jesus
151	Go to dark Gethsemane
152	In the cross of Christ I glory
153	O come and mourn with me awhile
154	When I survey the wondrous cross
155	Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended
156	His are the thousand sparkling rills
157	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
158	O sacred head surrounded
159	There is a green hill far away
160	We sing the praise of him who died
161	At the cross her station keeping
162	Glory be to Jesus
	<i>Also the following:</i>
409	When our heads are bowed with woe

Holy Week

143. All glory, laud, and honor

7.6.7.6. with refrain

St. Theodulph:

Melchior Teschner, c. 1613

Refrain

Latin; St. Theodulph, 800;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1854

All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before thee we present.

To thee before thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,

Thou good and gracious King.

Amen.

Holy Week

144. The royal banners forward go

L.M.

Vexilla Regis (Sarum):

Sarum Plainsong, Mode I

Vexilla Regis (Parker):

Horatio Parker

Latin; Venantius Fortunatus (530-609);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851

The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Savior's blood!

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross thou dost restore,

So rule and guide us evermore.

Amen.

Holy Week

145. Ride on! ride on in majesty

L.M.

St. Drostan:

John B. Dykes, 1862

Winchester New:

Hamburg, 1690

Henry H. Milman, 1827;

Alt.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Savior meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

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.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

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

Holy Week

146. See the destined day arise

Four 7's

St. Prisca:

Richard Redhead, 1853

Latin, Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-609);

Paraphrased by Richard Mant, 1837

See the destined day arise!
See a willing sacrifice!
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

Jesus, who but thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throb
Finishing thy life of woe?

Who but thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear.

Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

Amen.

Holy Week

147. In the hour of trial

6.5.6.5 D

Penitance:

Spencer Lane, 1875

James Montgomery, 1854;

Alt. Frances A. Hutton and Godfrey Thring

In the hour of trial,
 Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
 I depart from thee.
When thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
 On my path below,
Grant that I may never
 Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on thee.

When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth

To the dust again,
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

Amen.

Holy Week

148. Behold the Lamb of God

6.6.6.4.8.8.4

St. John:

John B. Dykes, 1864

Matthew Bridges, 1848

Behold the Lamb of God!
O thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died:
Thee for my Savior let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced side.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord
Savior most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all thy blessed saints,
Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is he alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

Amen.

Holy Week

149. O Lamb of God, still keep me

7.6.7.6 D

St. Christopher:

Frederick C. Maker, 1889

James G. Deck, 1842

O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side!
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

'Tis only in thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

Amen.

Holy Week

150. Beneath the cross of Jesus

7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6

Crucis Umbra:

Joseph Barnby, 1890

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
These wonders I confess:
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Holy Week

151. Go to dark Gethsemane

Six 7's

Petra:

Richard Redhead, 1853

James Montgomery, 1825

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

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

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

Holy Week

152. In the cross of Christ I glory

8.7.8.7

Crucifixion:

John Stainer, 1887

Rathbun:

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

John Bowring, 1825

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Holy Week

153. O come and mourn with me awhile

L.M.

St. Cross:

John B. Dykes, 1861

Frederick William Faber, 1849;

Alt.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
And tarry here the cross beside;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Amen.

Holy Week

154. When I survey the wondrous cross

L.M.

Rockingham:

Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature;

harm. Edward Miller, 1790

Isaac Watts, 1707

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

Holy Week

155. Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended

11.11.11.5

Herzliebster:

Johann Crüger, 1640

Ecce Jam Noctis:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode IV

German; Johann Heermann, c. 1630;

Tr. Robert Bridges, 1899

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

For me, kind Jesus, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

Amen.

Holy Week

156. His are the thousand sparkling rills

8.8.8.6

Isleworth:

Samuel Howard (1710-1782)

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1875

His are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
And yet he saith, "I thirst."

All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry he yields
To anguish on the cross.

But more than pains that racked him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

Amen.

Holy Week

157. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing

8.7.8.7

Batty:

Moravian Melody;

pub. 1745, Thommen

James Allen, 1757;

adapt., Walter Shirley, 1770

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in his dying eye.

Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveiled glories see.

For thy sorrows I adore thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Savior, I implore thee,
In my heart thy love increase.

Amen.

Holy Week

158. O sacred head surrounded

7.6.7.6 D

Passion Chorale:

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), 1729

Latin; St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153);

Tr. Henry W. Baker, 1861

O sacred head surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face on me.

In this, thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

Be near when I am dying;
O show thy cross to me:

And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely in thy love.

Amen.

Holy Week

159. There is a green hill far away

C.M.

Horsley:

William Horsley, 1844

Meditation:

John M. Gower, 1890

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

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

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved!
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

Holy Week

160. We sing the praise of him who died

L.M

Breslau:

Leipzig, 1625

Thomas Kelly, 1815

We sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride:
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross, it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Holy Week

161. At the cross her station keeping

8.8.7.8.8.7

Stabat Mater:

Mayence, 1661

Latin, 12th cent.;

Tr. Richard Mant 1533, and Edward Caswall, 1849;

cento.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 Where he hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

O how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
 Of the sole-begotten One.
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
 Of her everglorious Son.

Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
 Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
 Would not share her sorrows deep?

For his people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
 Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
 Till his spirit he resigned.

Jesus, may her deep devotion

Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart fresh ardour gaining
And a purer love attaining,
May with thee acceptance find.

Amen.

Holy Week

162. Glory be to Jesus

6.5.6.5 D

Caswall:

Freidrich Filitz, 1847

Italian;

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1857;

Alt.

Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins!
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be his compassion
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Doth the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

Amen.

The Story of the Cross

163

In his own raiment clad

(Use noted parts of first tune, or use second tune throughout)

The Story of the Cross

163. In his own raiment clad

6.4.6.3

Story of the Cross (first tune, first part):

Arthur H. Brown (1830-)

Story of the Cross (first tune, second part):

Arthur H. Brown (1830-)

Story of the Cross (first tune, third part):

Arthur H. Brown (1830-)

Calvary:

J. Hurst, 1890

I. THE QUESTION

First part of tune

II. THE ANSWER

Second part of tune

III. THE STORY OF THE CROSS

First part of tune

IV. THE APPEAL

*Second part of tune*¹

V. THE RESPONSE

Third part of tune

Edward Monro, 1864

In his own raiment clad,
With his blood dyed
Women walk sorrowing
By his side.

[Heavy that cross to him,
Weary the weight;
One who will help him waits

¹ May be taken by Bass or Tenor voice.

At the gate.

See! they are traveling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.]

O whither wandering
Bear they that tree.
He who first carries it,
Who is he?

Follow to Calvary;
Tread where he trod,
He who for ever was
Son of God.

[You who would love him stand,
Gaze at his face:
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.]

Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

On the cross lifted
Thy face we scan,
Bearing that cross for us,



Son of man.

Thorns form thy diadem,
Rough wood thy throne;
For us thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

No pillow under thee
To rest thy head;
Only the splintered cross
Is thy bed.

[Nails pierced thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

Loud is thy bitter cry;
Sunk on thy breast
Hangeth thy bleeding head
Without rest.

Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at thee:
Can it, my Savior, be
All for me?

Gazing, afar from thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers thou
Callest thine own.

I see thy title, Lord,
 Inscribed above;
“Jesus of Nazareth,”
 King of Love.]

What, O my Savior,
 Here didst thou see,
Which made thee suffer and
 Die for me?

[Child of my grief and pain,
 Watched by my love;
I came to call thee to
 Realms above.

I saw thee wandering
 Far off from me:
In love I seek for thee;
 Do not flee.

For thee my blood I shed,
 For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee,
 For mine own.

Weep thou not for my grief,
 Child of my love:
Strive to be with me in
 Heaven above.]

O I will follow thee,
 Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
 To the goal.

Yea, let thy cross be borne
 Each day by me;



Mind not how heavy, if
But with thee.

Lord, if thou only wilt,
Make us thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

Grant through each day of life
To stand by thee;
With thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be.

Amen.

The Words on the Cross

164

Father, forgive them; for they know not what
they do



The Words on the Cross

164. Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do

7.7.7.6

Words on the Cross:

William Henry Monk, 1889

The Litany:

William Henry Monk, 1889

Sung to "Words on the Cross"

Sung to "The Litany"

PART I

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." -- [Lk 23:34](#)

PART II

"Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." -- [Lk 23:43](#)

PART III

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!" -- [Jn 19:26,27](#)

PART IV

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" -- [Mt 27:46](#)

PART V

"I thirst." -- [Jn 19:28](#)

PART VI

"It is finished." -- [Jn 19:30](#)

PART VII

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." -- [Lk 23:46](#)

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"Woman, behold thy son!"

"Behold thy mother!"

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"I thirst."

"It is finished."

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."



Jesus, in thy dying woes,
Even while thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Savior, for our pardon sue,
When our sins thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

O may we, who mercy need,
Be like thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart thy sorrows rend,
And thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

May we in thy sorrows share,
And for thee all peril dare,
And enjoy thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

May we all thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, in thy thirst and pain,
While thy wounds thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Thirst for us in mercy still;
All thy holy work fulfill:

Satisfy thy loving will:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

May we thirst thy love to know;

Lead us in our sin and woe

Where the healing waters flow:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, all our ransom paid,

All thy Father's will obeyed,

By thy sufferings perfect made:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Save us in our soul's distress,

Be our help to cheer and bless,

While we grow in holiness:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Brighten all our heavenward way

With an ever holier ray,

Till we pass to perfect day:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Jesus, all thy labour vast,

All thy woe and conflict past,

Yielding up thy soul at last:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

When the death shades round us lower,

Guard us from the tempter's power,

Keep us in that trial hour:

Hear us, Holy Jesus.

May thy life and death supply

Grace to live and grace to die,



Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Amen.

Easter Even

165 Resting from his work today

166 The grave itself a garden is

167 O Paradise, O Paradise

Also the following:

16 Holy Father, cheer our way

409 When our heads are bowed with woe

410 God of the living, in whose eyes

462 O thou in whom thy saints repose

Easter Even

165. Resting from his work today

Six 7's

Petra:

Richard Redhead, 1853

Thomas Whytehead, 1842;

cento.

Resting from his work today,
In the tomb the Savior lay,
Still he slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Amen.

Easter Even

166. The grave itself a garden is

C.M.

Belmont:

Sacred Melodies, 1812

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

The grave itself a garden is,
Where loveliest flowers abound;
Since Christ, our never-fading life,
Sprang from that holy ground.

O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

Thou, Lord, baptized in thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

Baptized into thy death we died,
And buried were with thee,
That we might live with thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with thee, arise
To an eternal Easter day
Of glory in the skies!

Amen.

Easter Even

167. O Paradise, O Paradise

8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6

Paradise (Barnby):

Joseph Barnby, 1866

Paradise (Smart):

Henry Smart, 1868

Refrain

Frederick W. Faber, 1862;

Alt.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;

O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,

All rapture, through and through
In God's most holy sight.

Amen.



Easter Day

168 Hail! festal day, to endless ages known
169 Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall
say
170 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
171 The day of resurrection
172 Jesus Christ is risen today
173 The strife is o'er, the battle done
174 Come, see the place where Jesus lay
175 Christ the Lord is risen today
176 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
177 Angels, roll the rock away
178 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
179 He is risen, he is risen
180 Forty days of Eastertide

Also the following:

193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus
261 Awake, and sing the song
352 Again the morn of gladness
520 Alleluia! Alleluia
555 O sons and daughters, let us sing
556 Joy dawned again on Easter Day
557 God hath sent his angels
558 Easter flowers are blooming bright
559 On wings of living light

FOR SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER:

212 How firm a foundation
251 O God of God! O Light of Light
259 Praise to the Holiest in the height
326 The King of love my Shepherd is

405	Peace, perfect peace
449	Jesus, still lead on
472	Triumphant Sion, lift thy head
515	There is a blessed home
521	Rejoice, the Lord is King

Easter Day

168. Hail! festal day, to endless ages known

10.10

Salve! Festa Dies (Easter):

J. Baden-Powell, 1878

Ramaulx:

B. Luard Selby, 1904

Refrain

Latin; Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-609);

Tr. Theodore A. Lacey, 1884

Hail! festal day, to endless ages known,
When Christ, o'er death victorious, gained his throne.

Now with the Lord of new and heavenly birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.

He reigns supreme, who died the death of shame;
And all created things adore his Name.

Fulfill thy promise, King of love, we pray!
The third morn brightens; rise, and come away.

No mouldering tomb shall hold thee in repose;
No stone the ransom of the world enclose.

Who holdest all things in thy hollowed hand,
No rocky barrier can before thee stand.

Cast off thy grave-clothes; let them there remain:
Come forth to us, our All, our only gain.

Creator, Fount of Life, thou knowest the grave;
And thence returning, thou art strong to save.

Light of the world, show us thy face once more,
The day that died with thee, today restore.



A countless people, from death's fetters free,
Own thee Redeemer, join and follow thee.

The shades of death are pierced, his laws undone,
And trembling chaos flees the rising sun.

Hail! festal day, to endless ages known,
When Christ, o'er death victorious, gained his throne.

Amen.

Easter Day

169. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say

Five 11's

Fortunatus:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Latin; Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-609);

Tr. John Ellerton, 1868

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him their true Creator, all his works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now.
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise thee in their flight.
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!

Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill thy word,
'Tis thine own third morning! rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.



Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain:
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with thee!
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today.

Amen.



Easter Day

170. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain

7.6.7.6.D.

St. Kevin:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Greek; St. John of Damascus, 749;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1853

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,

Hold thee as a mortal:
But today amidst thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

Amen.

Easter Day

171. The day of resurrection

7.6.7.6.D

Rotterdam:

Berthold Tours, 1875

Greenland:

from Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806);

arr. B. Jacob, 1819

Greek; St. John of Damascus, 749;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1853

The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Easter Day

172. Jesus Christ is risen today



Four 7's, with alleluia

Worgan:

Charles Wesley, *Lyra Davidica*, 1708;

Alt.

Refrain

Latin; 14th cent.;

Tr. Tate and Brady, 1698;

St. 4, Charles Wesley

Jesus Christ is risen today,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.

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

But the pains which he endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

Amen.

Easter Day

173. The strife is o'er, the battle done

8.8.8.4

Victory:

from Giovanni P. da Palestrina (1515-1594);

Arr. William Henry Monk, 1861

Refrain

Latin; Anon.;

Tr. Francis Pott, 1861;

Alt.

The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst.

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

He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell!

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

Alleluia!

Amen.

Easter Day

174. Come, see the place where Jesus lay

8.8.6.8.8.6

Innsbruck:

Heinrich Isaak, 1539;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Thomas Kelly, 1804;

Alt.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
 "He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Savior said
 That he would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by his own Almighty power
 He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
 And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
 Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
 And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
 And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
 To thee our bodies trust.

Amen.

Easter Day

175. Christ the Lord is risen today

Four 7's

Monkland:

Moravian Melody, 1704;

Arr. John Bernard Wilkes, 1861

Charles Wesley, 1759;

Alt.

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

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won,
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Easter Day

176. Jesus lives! thy terrors now

7.8.7.8.4

St. Albinus:

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Refrain

German; Christian F. Gellert, 1757;

Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841;

Alt.

Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

Jesus lives! for us he died,
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Savior giving.

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.

Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he has gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.

Alleluia!

Easter Day

177. Angels, roll the rock away

7.7.7.7.8.7

Resurrection (Dykes):

Refrain

Thomas Scott, 1769;

Thomas Gibbons, 1775

Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty Prey!
See, the Savior quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen today.

Amen.

Easter Day

178. At the Lamb's high feast we sing

Eight 7's

Salzburg (Hintze):

Jakob Hintze, 1678;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Latin;

Tr. Robert Campbell, 1849;

Alt.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side;
Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred Blood for wine,
Gives his Body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,

Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Amen.

Easter Day

179. He is risen, he is risen

8.7.8.7.7.7

Neander:

Joachim Neander, 1680

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1846;

Alt.

He is risen, he is risen,
 Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst his three days' prison;
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

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

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

He is risen, he is risen;
 He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Easter Day

180. Forty days of Eastertide

Four 7's

Newington:

William D. MacLagan, 1875

Jackson Mason, 1889;

Alt.

Forty days of Eastertide
Thou didst visit oft thine own;
Now by glimpses, Lord, descried,
Handled now, and proved, and known:

Known, most Merciful, yet veiled;
Else before the awful sight
Surely heart and flesh had failed,
Smitten with exceeding light.

Risen Master, fain would we,
Sharing those unearthly days,
Morn and eve, on shore and sea,
Watch thy movements, mark thy ways;

Catch by faith each glad surprise
Of thy footsteps drawing nigh;
Hear thy sudden greeting rise,
"Peace be to you! It is I!"

Secrets of thy kingdom learn,
Read the vision open spread,
Feel thy word within us burn,
Know thee in the broken Bread.

So thy glory's skirts beside,
Gently led from grace to grace,
We thy coming may abide,
And adore thee face to face.

Amen.

Rogation Days

- 181 Jesus, crowned with all renown
182 To thee our God we fly
183 Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead

Also the following:

- 423 We plow the fields, and scatter

Rogation Days

181. Jesus, crowned with all renown

C.M.D.

Roseate Hues:

Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

Edward White Benson, 1860;

Alt.

Jesus, crowned with all renown,
 Since thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by thee come down
 Henceforth the gifts of God.
Thine is the health and thine the wealth
 That in our halls abound,
And thine the beauty and the joy
 With which the years are crowned.

Lord, in their change, let frost and heat,
 And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
 Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
 The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
 May yield her fruits again:

That we may feed the poor aright,
 And, gathering round thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
 Repay thee of thine own:
That we may praise thee all our days,
 And with the Father's Name,
And with the Holy Spirit's gifts,
 The Savior's love proclaim.

Amen.

Rogation Days

182. To thee our God we fly

6.6.6.6.8.8

Christchurch:

Charles Steggall, 1858

Refrain

W. Walsham How, 1871

To thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry
And hide not thou thy face.

Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour
That we may magnify
And praise thee more and more.

The powers ordained by thee,
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

The Church of thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy Majesty.

O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Amen.

Rogation Days

183. Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead

C.M.

Westminster:

James Turlle, 1835

John Keble, 1856

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

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee;
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine, too, by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee, in thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forego.

Amen.

Ascension Day

184 Hail! festal day! to endless ages known
185 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious
186 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates
187 Our Lord is risen from the dead
188 The head, that once was crowned with thorns
189 Thou art gone up on high
190 Crown Him with many crowns
191 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus
192 All hail the power of Jesus' Name
193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus
194 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned

Also the following:

251 O God of God! O Light of Light
262 Praise the Lord through every nation
335 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored
480 Jesus shall reign
521 Rejoice, the Lord is King
522 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph
523 Jesus, King of glory
560 Golden harps are sounding

Ascension Day

184. Hail! festal day! to endless ages known

10.10. with refrain

Salve! Festa Dies (Ascension):

J. Baden-Powell, 1901

Ramaulx:

B. Luard Selby, 1904

Repeat first verse as chorus.

Latin; Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-609);

Tr. Theodore A. Lacey, 1884

Hail! festal day! to endless ages known,
When God ascended to his starry throne.

Now with the Lord of new and heav'nly birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.

Now glows the earth with painted flowers' array,
And warmer light unbars the gates of day.

Now Christ, from gloomy hell, comes triumphing,
And field and grove with clover and leafage spring.

The reign of death o'erthrown, he mounts on high,
Sent forth with joyous praise from sea and sky.

Loose now the captives, loose the prison door,
The fallen, from the deep, to light restore.

A countless people, from death's fetters free,
Own thee Redeemer, join, and follow thee.

Creator and Redeemer, Christ our Light!
The One begotten of the Father's might;

Coequal, Coeternal, thou to whom
The kingdom of the world decreed shall come;



Thou, looking on our race in darkness laid,
To rescue man, true Man thyself wast made.

Ascension Day

185. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious

8.7.8.7.4.7

Coronae:

William Henry Monk, 1871

Victor's Crown:

Horatio Parker, 1893

Thomas Kelly, 1809

Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Savior, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Savior King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own his title, praise his Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Ascension Day

186. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates

L.M.

Wareham:

William Knapp, 1738

German; George Weissel, 1642;

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Savior of the world is here.

The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

Amen.

Ascension Day

187. Our Lord is risen from the dead

L.M.

Truro:

Thomas Williams, *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1789

John Wesley and Charles Wesley, 1743

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God, over all, for ever blest.



Ascension Day

188. The head, that once was crowned with thorns

C.M.

St. Magnus:

Jeremiah Clark, 1709

Thomas Kelly, 1820

The head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Ascension Day

189. Thou art gone up on high



S.M.D.

Old Twenty-Fifth:

John Day, *Psalter*, 1562

Emma Toke, 1851

Thou art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.

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

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

Amen.

Ascension Day

190. Crown Him with many crowns

S.M.D.

Diademata:

George J. Elvey, 1868

Matthew Bridges, 1851;

cento.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,

For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For he is King of all.



Ascension Day

191. Hail, Thou once despised Jesus

8.7.8.7 D.

Supplication:

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

In Babilone:

Ancient Dutch Melody;

harm. T. Tertius Noble, 1918

John Bakewell, 1757;

Martin Madan, 1760;

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor:
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Savior's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

Amen.



Ascension Day

192. All hail the power of Jesus' Name

C.M.

Coronation:

Oliver Holden, 1793

Miles' Lane:

William Shrubsole, 1779

Edward Perronet, 1779;

Alt.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from his altar call:

Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's rod,

And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,

Whom David, Lord did call

The God incarnate! Man divine!

And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,

Ye ransomed of the fall,

Hail Him who saves you by His grace,

And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall,

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,

And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,

Before Him prostrate fall!

To Him all majesty ascribe,

And crown Him Lord of all!

Ascension Day

193. Alleluia! sing to Jesus

8.7.8.7 D

Alleluia:

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1868

William C. Dix, 1866

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er:
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:



Thou within the veil hast entered,
 Robed in flesh, our great High Priest:
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
 In the Eucharistic feast.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
 His the scepter, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion
 Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by his blood.

Amen.



Ascension Day

194. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned

C.M.

Horsley:

William Horsley, 1844

Samuel Stennett, 1787

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Amen.

Whitsunday

195 Hail! festal day! through every age divine
196 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come
197 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love
198 Creator Spirit, by whose aid
199 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
200 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
201 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove
202 Spirit divine, attend our prayers

Also the following:

121 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
373 Holy Spirit, Truth divine
375 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest
380 Breathe on me, Breath of God
452 Revive thy work
455 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
475 O Spirit of the living God
524 Hear us, thou that broodedst
561 Joy because the circling year



Whitsunday

195. Hail! festal day! through every age divine

10.10 with refrain

Salve! Festa Dies (Whitsunday):

J. Baden-Powell, 1882

Ramaulx:

B. Luard Selby, 1904

*Sung by Solo Voices in unison, then repeated by Choir in harmony and congregation
(Easter only.)*

(Ascension only.)

Latin; Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-609);

York Processional, 14th cent.;

Tr. Theodore A. Lacey, 1884

Hail! festal day! through every age divine,
When God's fair grace from heaven to earth did shine.

Hail! festal day! to endless ages known,
When Christ, o'er death victorious, gained His throne.

Hail! festal day! to endless ages known,
When God ascended to his starry throne.

Lo! God the Spirit to the Apostles' hearts
This day in form of fire Himself imparts.

Forth from the Father, bearing mystic powers,
On human hearts new strength He richly showers.

Now cease they not, to all on earth that dwell,
God's wondrous works in divers tongues to tell.

Hail, Breath of Life! Hail, Holy Fount of Light!
Lifegiver! Fire of radiance ever bright!

Thou Good all good containing, Peace divine!
Fill with thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine.

Who fillest all things, earth and sky and sea,
Cleanse thou, and guard us; bid us live to Thee.

Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,
The overshadowing of cherub wings.

To love divine our lips and hearts inspire,
By flying seraph touched with altar fire.

Amen.

Whitsunday

196. Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come

Six 7's

Veni Sancte Spiritus (Plainsong):

Plainsong, Mode I, 11th Cent.

Veni Sancte Spiritus (Webbe):

Samuel Webbe, 1782

Latin;

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849;

alt. and abr., 1859

Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!
And from Thy celestial home
 Shed a ray of light divine!
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, Thou Source of all our store!
 Come, within our bosoms shine!

Thou, of comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest;
 Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labor, rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
 Solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
 And our inmost being fill!
Where thou art not, man hath naught,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
 Nothing free from taint of ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
 Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
 Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
 In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
 Give them joys that never end.

Amen.

Whitsunday

197. Spirit of mercy, truth, and love

L.M.

Melcombe:

Samuel Webbe, 1782

Maryton:

H. Percy Smith, 1874

Anonymous, 1774

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

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

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

Amen.

Whitsunday

198. Creator Spirit, by whose aid

Six 8's

Beati:

John Stainer, 1873

Attwood:

Thomas Attwood, 1831

John Dryden, 1693

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy thee.

O Source of untreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Amen.

Whitsunday

199. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

8.6.8.4

St. Cuthbert:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

Harriet Auber, 1829

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

Amen.

Whitsunday

200. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove

C.M.

St. Agnes (Dykes):

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866

Isaac Watts, 1707;

Alt.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Amen.

Whitsunday

201. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove

L.M.

Mendon:

German traditional;

Arr. Samuel Dyer, 1828

Simon Browne, 1720;

Alt.

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

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

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.

Amen.



Whitsunday

202. Spirit divine, attend our prayers

C.M.

Nox Praecissit:

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1873

Andrew Reed, 1829

Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Whereon the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

Amen.

Litanies of the Holy Ghost

203

Come to our poor nature's night

204

Spirit blest, who art adored

Litanies of the Holy Ghost

203. Come to our poor nature's night

7.7.7.5

Capetown:

Friedrich Filitz, 1847

George Rawson, 1853

Come to our poor nature's night
With thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
 Comforter divine.

We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
 Comforter divine.

Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us from thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
 Comforter divine.

Like the dew thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
 Comforter divine.

With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
 Comforter divine.

In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
 Comforter divine.

Search for us the depths of God;

Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to thy high abode,
 Comforter divine.

Amen.



Litanies of the Holy Ghost

204. Spirit blest, who art adored

7.7.7.6

Evelyn:

, 1874

Richard F. Littledale, 1867

Spirit blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou by whom the Virgin bore
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou whom Jesus, from his throne,
Gave to cheer and help his own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou whose sound apostles heard,
Thou whose power their spirit stirred,
Giving them thy living Word;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All thy sevenfold gifts bestow,

Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to raise us when we fall,
And when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come, and live within our heart;
Nevermore from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday

205 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty
206 Father of all, whose love profound
207 Round the Lord in glory seated
208 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord
209 Come, thou almighty King
210 Holy Father, great Creator



Also the following:

11 O Trinity of blessed light
16 Holy Father, cheer our way
38 Three in One, and One in Three
47 On this day, the first of days
104 Thou, whose almighty word
247 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
519 Ancient of Days
525 I bind unto myself today

Trinity Sunday

205. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

11.12.12.10

Nicaea:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

Reginald Heber;

Published after his death, 1827

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

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

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

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

Amen.



Trinity Sunday

206. Father of all, whose love profound

L.M.

Rivaultx:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866

Edward Cooper, 1805

Father of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday

207. Round the Lord in glory seated

8.7.8.7.D.

Moultrie:

Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904)

Sanctuary:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1871

Richard Mant, 1837;

Alt.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each th'alternate hymn:
"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with thy fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High."
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with thy fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus thy glorious Name confessing,
With thine angel hosts we cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday

208. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord

Six 7's

St. Athanasius:

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honour paid,
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command;
And when thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,

Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessed Trinity.

Alleluia! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday

209. Come, thou almighty King

6.6.4.6.6.6.4

Moscow:

Felice de Giardini, 1769

Anonymous, c. 1757;

Alt.

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
'Stablish thy righteousness,
 Savior and Friend!

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity

Love and adore.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday

210. Holy Father, great Creator

8.7.8.7.4.7

Regent Square:

Henry Smart, 1866

Alexander V. Griswold, 1835

Holy Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with his righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Savior hear and bless.

Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts thy peace proclaim.

Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Savior's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Savior's love.

God the Lord, through every nation
Let thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them thine.

Amen.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY

Faith

211 My faith looks up to thee
212 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
213 A mighty Fortress is our God
214 God is our stronghold and our stay
215 Jesus, my strength, my hope
216 God moves in a mysterious way
217 Rock of ages, cleft for me
218 Jesus, I live to Thee
219 Christ, of all my hopes the ground
220 My heart is resting, O my God
221 My God, how wonderful Thou art
222 Nearer, my God, to Thee
223 Jesus, Lover of my soul
224 In heavenly love abiding
225 My spirit on Thy care

Also the following:

270 We walk by faith, and not by sight

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

211. My faith looks up to thee

6.6.4.6.6.4

Olivet:

Lowell Mason, 1833

Ray Palmer, 1830

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside!

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

212. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord

Four 11's

Adeste Fideles:

John Francis Wade, *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

Foundation (Parker):

Horatio Parker, 1903

“K” in Rippon's “Selections,” 1787

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.



Sundays After Trinity: Faith

213. A mighty Fortress is our God

P.M.

Ein Feste Burg:

Martin Luther, 1529

German; Martin Luther, 1529;

Tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1852

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.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his Name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That 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.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

214. God is our stronghold and our stay

P.M.

Ein Feste Burg:

Martin Luther, 1529

Psalm 46

Version by Elizabeth Wordsworth, 1903

God is our stronghold and our stay,
Our hope in tribulation;
What though the mountains rock and sway
To earth's long-hid foundation?
What though the ocean roar,
Fast gaining on the shore,
The hurtling storm rage loud
Beneath the thunder cloud?
Our hearts are all untroubled.

The might of water sinks to rest;
How calm yon river glideth,
God's city mirrored on its breast,
The house where he abideth!
Hushed be all strife and din!
His presence dwells within,
She standeth unremoved,
By God himself beloved,
Who helpeth her right early.

In vain the heathen shout for war,
In vain our foes assemble;
The voice of God is heard from far,
And earth itself shall tremble.
He breaks the spear and bow,
He lays the warrior low,
The chariot burns with flame;
Our trust is in his Name,
And Jacob's God our refuge!

Be still, the Lord is God alone,
Let all the world adore him,
And bending low before his throne,
For pitying grace implore him.
His kingdom is within,
O'er hearts made pure from sin,
Where love that casts out fear
Exults to feel him near,
The Lord of hosts our refuge.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

215. Jesus, my strength, my hope

S.M.D.

Oblations:

John Stainer (1840-1901)

Charles Wesley, 1742

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

216. God moves in a mysterious way

C.M.

London New:

Scottish Psalter, 1635

St. Anne:

William Croft, 1708

William Cowper, 1774

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

217. Rock of ages, cleft for me

six 7's

Petra:

Richard Redhead, 1853

Toplady:

Thomas Hastings, 1830

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776;

alt., Thomas Cotterill, 1819

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Amen.



Sundays After Trinity: Faith

218. Jesus, I live to Thee

S.M.

St. Andrew:

Joseph Barnby, 1866

Henry Harbaugh, 1850

Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

219. Christ, of all my hopes the ground

Four 7's

Gibbons:

Orlando Gibbons, 1623

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817

Christ, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

220. My heart is resting, O my God

C.M.

St. Nathaniel:

Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)

Anna L. Waring, 1849

My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

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.

And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for today,
That to be poor is best;

A prayer, reposing on his truth,

Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to him,
And makes it one with thine.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

221. My God, how wonderful Thou art

C.M.

Windsor:

Christopher Tye, 1553

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

222. Nearer, my God, to Thee

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4

Bethany:

Lowell Mason, 1856

St. Edmund:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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.

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

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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

Amen.



Sundays After Trinity: Faith

223. Jesus, Lover of my soul

Eight 7's

Hollingside:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

Martyn:

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

Charles Wesley, 1740;

abbr.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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

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

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

224. In heavenly love abiding

7.6.7.6.D.

Bentley:

John P. Hullah, 1866

Anna L. Waring, 1850

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.



Sundays After Trinity: Faith

225. My spirit on Thy care

S.M.

Emmaus:

St. Michael:

Louis Bourgeois, 1551;

Arr. William Crotch, 1836

Psalm 31

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Savior, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

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.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Amen.

The Divine Love

226 Love divine, all loves excelling
227 Thou hidden love of God, whose height
228 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all
229 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
230 Come, O thou Traveler unknown
231 Love of Jesus, all divine
232 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
233 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
234 My God, I love thee: not because
235 O Love that casts out fear
236 O Love that wilt not let me go

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

226. Love divine, all loves excelling

8.7.8.7 D.

Love Divine (Le Jeune):

George F. C. Le Jeune (1841-1904)

St. Joseph:

Edward J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

Charles Wesley, 1747

Love divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
 Nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
 Glory in thy perfect love.

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

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

227. Thou hidden love of God, whose height



Six 8's

St. Finbar:

Henri F. Hemy, 1864;

Arr. James G. Walton, 1870

St. Chrysostom:

Joseph Barnby, 1871

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729;

Tr. John Wesley, 1738;

Alt.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favourite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,

To taste thy love, be all my choice!

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

228. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all

Six 8's

St. Chrysostom:

Joseph Barnby, 1871

Henry Collins, 1854;

Alt.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Savior, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
 O make me love thee more and more!

Jesus, too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy Name?
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
 O make me love thee more and more!

Jesus, what didst thou find in me
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought!
O far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
 O make me love thee more and more!

Jesus, of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is thine;
And thou, my Savior, thou art mine.
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
 O make me love thee more and more!

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

229. Jesus, thy boundless love to me

Six 8's

Winkworth:

Joseph Barnby, 1869

David's Harp:

Robert King, c. 1722

German; Paulus Gerhardt, 1653;

Tr. John Wesley, 1739;

Alt.

Jesus, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought be love!

O love, how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

Still let thy love point out my way!
 What wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.



O In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be thou my Guide and Friend,
That I may love thee without end.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

230. Come, O thou Traveler unknown

Six 8's

David's Harp:

Robert King, c. 1722

Winkworth:

Joseph Barnby, 1869

Charles Wesley, 1742

Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy Name, and tell me now.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

Amen.



Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

231. Love of Jesus, all divine

Eight 7's

Edmund:

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

Francis Bottome, 1872

Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine:
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Savior, Jesus, lend thine aid,
Lift thou up my fainting head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on thy loving breast.

Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Savior, at thy side
Let me evermore abide.

Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee and thee alone to know.
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

232. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

C.M.

St. Peter:

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836

John Newton, 1774

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

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

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

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

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

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

233. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee

8.7.8.7.D.



St. Chad:

Richard Redhead (1820-1901)

Francis Scott Key, 1819

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavour
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

234. My God, I love thee: not because

C.M.

St. Bernard:

Cologne, 1741

Latin; Ascribed to Francis Xavier;

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849;

Alt.

My God, I love thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because if I love not
I must for ever die.

But, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O everloving Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

235. O Love that casts out fear

Four 6's

Moseley:

Henry Smart, 1881

St. Denys:

Frank Spinney (1850-1888)

Horatius Bonar, 1861

O Love that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within!

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

Great love of God, come in!
Wellspring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

Amen.



Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

236. O Love that wilt not let me go

8.8.8.8.6

Mallett:

Walter Henry Hall, 1918

George Matheson, 1882

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

237. When all thy mercies, O my God

C.M.

Tallis' Ordinal:

Thomas Tallis, 1567

Joseph Addison, 1712;

Abbr.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

238. Thy life was given for me

Six 6's

Thy Life:

George A. Macfarren, 1875

Frances R. Havergal, 1858

Thy life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for thee?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for thee?

Thy Father's home of light
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for thee?

And thou hast brought to me,
Down from thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love.
Great gifts thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to thee?

O let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent;
World fetters all be riven,

And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest thyself for me:
I give myself to thee.

Amen.

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

239. I could not do without Thee

7.6.7.6 D.

Magdalena:

John Stainer, 1868

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

I could not do without Thee,
 O Savior of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.

I could not do without thee,
 I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own;
But thou, beloved Savior,
 Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
 If leaning hard on thee.

I could not do without thee,
 For O the way is long,
And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without thee?
 I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without thee,
 O Jesus, Savior dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with thee!

I could not do without thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but thine.

I could not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn lonesome
The river must be passed;
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Amen.



Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

240. There's a wideness in God's mercy

8.7.8.7 D.

Beecher:

John Zundel, 1870

Frederick W. Faber, 1862;

cento.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.



Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

241. Eternal Light! Eternal Light

8.6.8.8.6

Newcastle:

Henry L. Morley, 1875

Thomas Binney, c. 1826

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure that soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on thee.

The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But surely that is theirs alone
Who, undefiled, have never known
A fallen world like this.

O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

242. I heard the voice of Jesus say

C.M.D.

Vox Dilecti:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

Horatius Bonar, 1846

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one,
 Lay down Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.

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

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

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Mercy

243. Savior, source of every blessing

8.7.8.7

Trust:

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840

Robert Robinson, 1758;

Alt.

Savior, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Amen.

Divine Guidance

244 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
245 He leadeth me! O blessed thought
246 Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross"
247 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
248 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

Also the following:

42 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
305 O for a closer walk with God
355 Savior, like a shepherd lead us
378 Jesus, I my cross have taken
449 Jesus, still lead on
493 O Master, let me walk with thee
534 Lead on, O King eternal
536 O happy band of pilgrims

Sundays after Trinity: Divine Guidance

244. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom

10.4.10.4.10.10

Lux Benigna:

John B. Dykes, 1865

John Henry Newman, 1833

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

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.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Divine Guidance

245. He leadeth me! O blessed thought

L.M. with refrain



Aughton:

William B. Bradbury, 1864

Refrain

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Sundays after Trinity: Divine Guidance

246. Thou say'st, Take up thy cross

S.M.

St. Bride:

Samuel Howard, 1762

Francis T. Palgrave, 1865

Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me";
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see,
Thy blessèd face one moment's space,
Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

O heavy cross: of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore,
And help to follow thee.

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts

In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:
Go, Lord; we follow thee.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Divine Guidance

247. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

8.7.8.7.8.7

Dulce Carmen:

An Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

James Edmeston, 1821

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

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

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

Amen.



Sundays after Trinity: Divine Guidance

248. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

Four 10's

Langran:

James Langran, 1862

William Henry Burleigh, 1868

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrows as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

Amen.

Praise and Adoration

249 All people that on earth do dwell
250 From all that dwell below the skies
251 O God of God! O Light of Light
252 The spacious firmament on high
253 The God of Abraham praise
254 How wondrous and great
255 O Worship the King, all glorious above
256 Songs of praise the angels sang
257 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love
258 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
259 Praise to the Holiest in the height
260 O for a heart to praise my God
261 Awake, and sing the song
262 Praise the Lord through every nation
263 O could I speak the matchless worth
264 Ye holy angels bright
265 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise
266 Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

249. All people that on earth do dwell

L.M.

Old Hundredth:

Louis Bourgeois, 1551

Psalm 100

William Kethe, 1561

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

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

250. From all that dwell below the skies

L.M.

Old Hundredth:

Louis Bourgeois, 1551

Doxology

Psalm 117

Isaac Watts, 1719;

Doxology, Thomas Ken, 1692

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

251. O God of God! O Light of Light

L.M.D.

Jordan:

Joseph Barnby, 1872

John Julian, 1883

O God of God! O Light of Light!
Thou Prince of Peace, thou King of kings,
To thee, where angels know no night,
The song of praise for ever rings:
To him who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Be honour, might; all by him won;
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

Deep in the prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song, "Goodwill to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Goodwill!" Amen!

That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang his hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you he waits.
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay:
These hear his voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.

They cry with us, "Send forth thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to his Name, his love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, his praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell:
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

252. The spacious firmament on high

L.M.D.



Addison's:

John Sheeles, c. 1720

Psalm 19

Joseph Addison, 1712

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.

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

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no 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."

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

253. The God of Abraham praise

6.6.8.4.D.

Leoni:

Traditional Hebrew, 1770

Covenant:

John Stainer, 1889

St. Audrey:

T. Tertius Noble, 1894

Thomas Olivers, c. 1770

The God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 For ever blest.

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

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

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

254. How wondrous and great

10.10.11.11

Lyons:

Arr. from Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806)

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1826

How wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true are thy ways!
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy Name?
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

255. O Worship the King, all glorious above

10.10.11.11

Hanover:

William Croft, 1708

Psalm 104

Robert Grant, 1833

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 splendor, and girded with praise.

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

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.

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 distills in the dew and the rain.

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

O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

256. Songs of praise the angels sang

Four 7's

Innocents:

Arr. from G. F. Handel, 1728

James Montgomery, 1819

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

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

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



Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

257. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love

Four 7's

St. Bees:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862

Anonymous, 1800

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

Heaven and earth by him were made;
All is by his scepter swayed;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Savior's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore his Name!
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home;
Trust his love for all to come.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

258. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

8.7.8.7.8.7

Lauda Anima:

John Goss, 1869

Psalm 103

Henry F. Lyte, 1834;

Alt.

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

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

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

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

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

259. Praise to the Holiest in the height

C.M.

Gerontius:

John B. Dykes, 1868

John Henry Newman, 1865

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail:

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's Presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

260. O for a heart to praise my God

C.M.

Beatitudo:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

Charles Wesley, 1742;

Alt.

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

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

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

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

261. Awake, and sing the song

S.M.

Newland:

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858

William Hammond, 1745;

Alt.;

cento.

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Savior's Name.

Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!

Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come."
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

262. Praise the Lord through every nation

P.M.



Sleepers, Wake:

Philip Nicolai, 1599

Arr. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Dutch; Rhijnvis Feith, 1806;

Tr. James Montgomery, 1828

Praise the Lord through every nation;
His holy arm hath wrought salvation;
Exalt him on his Father's throne.
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares in heavenly regions
Unfailing mansions for his own:
With voice and minstrelsy
Extol his majesty:
Alleluia!
His praise shall sound all nature round,
Where'er the race of man is found.

God with man dominion sharing,
And Man with God our image bearing,
Gentile and Jew to him are given:
Praise your Savior, ransomed sinners,
Of life, through him, immortal winners:
No longer heirs of earth, but heaven.
O beatific sight
To view his face in light!
Alleluia!
And while we see, transformed to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.

Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore thee;
We bow the knee, we fall before thee,

Thy love henceforth shall be our song.

The cross meanwhile we bear,

The crown ere long to wear:

Alleluia!

Thy reign extend world without end,

Let praise from all to thee ascend.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

263. O could I speak the matchless worth

8.8.6.8.8.6



Meribah:

Lowell Mason, 1839

Samuel Medley, 1789

O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

O the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

264. Ye holy angels bright

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

Darwall:

John Darwall, 1770

Richard Baxter, 1681;

Alt., Richard R. Chope, 1857

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,
 For else the theme
 Too high doth seem
 For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
 Who ran this earthly race
And now, from sin released,
 Behold the Savior's face,
 God's praises sound,
 As in his light
 With sweet delight
 Ye do abound.

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 or ill,
 Who ever lives!

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.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

265. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise

10.10.7

Alleluia Perenne:

William Henry Monk, 1868

Alleluia Piis Edite:

John S. B. Hodges (1830-1915)

Latin;

Tr. John Ellerton, 1865

Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven, O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Praise and Adoration

266. Ye watchers and ye holy ones

8.8.8.8.8.8.4

Vigili et Sancte:

Cologne, 1623

Athelstan Riley, 1909

Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright seraphs, cherubim and thrones,
 Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out, dominions, principedoms, powers,
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
 Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Amen.

HOLY DAYS

General for Saints' Days

267

From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy
saints at rest

Holy Days: General for Saints' Days

267. From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at rest

7.6.7.6.D

Paeon:

Frederic Weber, 1856

Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.

ST. ANDREW

ST. THOMAS

ST. STEPHEN

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

ST. MATTHIAS

ST. MARK

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES

ST. BARNABAS

ST. JOHN BAPTIST

ST. PETER

ST. JAMES

ST. BARTHOLOMEW

ST. MATTHEW

ST. LUKE

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

GENERAL ENDING

Horatio Nelson, 1864

From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at rest,
To thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from thee.

Praise, Lord, for thine apostle, the first to welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine Advent near.

All praise for thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fullness of thy love.



On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee, true Man, true God, adored.

Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw thee ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead bore,
Praise for the mystic vision through him to us revealed.
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be sealed.



Praise for thine infant martyrs, by thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless and crowns as bright as theirs.

Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify today;
So lighten all our darkness with thy true Spirit's ray.

Lord, thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by thy parting promise be with her to the end.



For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our triumph song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine, abide.

All praise for thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed thy brother; keep us thy brethren true,

And grant us grace to know thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

The son of Consolation, moved by thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That thy true consolations may through the world extend.

We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawning ray:
Make us the rather blessed who love thy glorious day.



Praise for thy great apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep thy Fold.
Lord, make thy pastors faithful to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

All praise for thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.



Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow thee.

For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.

Thy wine and oil, O Savior, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Praise, Lord, for thine apostles, who sealed their faith today:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Savior, we thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.



Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

Amen.

St. Andrew

268

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

Holy Days: St. Andrew

268. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

8.7.8.7

St. Andrew:

Edward H. Thorne, 1875

Galilee:

William Herbert Jude, 1887

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852

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

As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

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

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love him more than these."

Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thine obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

Amen.



St. Thomas

[269](#)

O Thou who didst, with love untold

[270](#)

We walk by faith, and not by sight

See also [No. 555, Pt. 4-8](#).

Holy Days: St. Thomas

269. O Thou who didst, with love untold

C.M.

Dundee:

Scottish Psalter, 1615

Emma L. Toke, 1851

O Thou who didst, with love untold,
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bad'st the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side;

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

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

And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve,
But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe!

Amen.

Holy Days: St. Thomas

270. We walk by faith, and not by sight

C.M.

Arlington:

Thomas A. Arne, 1762

Hermann:

Nicholas Hermann, 1560

Henry Alford, 1844

We walk by faith, and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From him who spake as man ne'er spake;
But we believe him near.

We may not touch his hands and side,
Nor follow where he trod;
But in his promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on thee when thou art near,
And seek where thou art found:

That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold thee as thou art,
With full and endless sight.

Amen.



Conversion of St. Paul

271 We sing the glorious conquest

272 Lord, who fulfilest thus anew

Also the following:

117 He who would valiant be

152 In the cross of Christ I glory

218 Jesus, I live to thee

Holy Days: Conversion of St. Paul

271. We sing the glorious conquest

7.6.7.6.D.

Munich:

Meiningen, 1693;

harm., Felix Mendelssohn, 1847

John Ellerton, 1871

We sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats and hate;
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast today.

O glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O voice that spake within him
The calm, reproving word!
O love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

O Wisdom ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

Lord, teach thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger,



To trust thy hidden power:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find.

Amen.

Holy Days: Conversion of St. Paul

272. Lord, who fulfillest thus anew

C.M.

Mount Calvary:

Robert P. Stewart (1825-1894)

Henry W. Mozley, 1866

Lord, who fulfillest thus anew
Thine own blest dying prayer,
That they who know not what they do,
May in thy ransom share:

When foes thy Church's power defy,
Or slight thy sacred word,
Or thee, true God and Man, deny,
Grant them conversion, Lord.

Grant that the light may round them shine;
That, set from error free,
They in thy word the truth divine,
Thee in thy Church may see;

That so, when our brief time is done,
We may with them adore
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Spirit evermore.

Amen.



The Presentation of Christ,

or

Purification of St. Mary

273

In his temple now behold him

274

Hail to the Lord who comes

Holy Days: The Presentation of Christ, or Purification of St. Mary

273. In his temple now behold him

8.7.8.7.8.7

St. Leonard (Bach):

Meiningen, 1693;

harm. J. Christolph Bach (1642-1703)

Regent Square:

Henry Smart, 1866

Henry J. Pye, 1851

In his temple now behold him;
See the long-expected Lord!
Ancient prophets had foretold him;
God hath now fulfilled his word.
Now to praise him, his redeemed
Shall break forth with one accord.

In the arms of her who bore him,
Virgin pure, behold him lie,
While his aged saints adore him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

Jesus, by thy Presentation,
Thou who didst for us endure,
Make us see thy great salvation,
Seal us with thy promise sure;
And present us in thy glory
To thy Father cleansed and pure.

Prince and Author of salvation,
Be thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to thee be given
By the world thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme!



Amen.

Holy Days: The Presentation of Christ, or Purification of St. Mary

274. Hail to the Lord who comes

Six 6's

Old One Hundred Twentieth:

Thomas Este, *Psalmes*, 1592

John Ellerton, 1880

Hail to the Lord who comes,
Comes to his temple gate;
Not with his angel host,
Not in his kingly state;
No shouts proclaim him nigh,
No crowds his coming wait;

But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:
Thus to his Father's house
He comes, the heavenly Guest.

Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, today;
That he might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for thee!
Come to thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before thy Father's face
May all presented be!

Amen.

St. Matthias

Praise to the heavenly Wisdom

275



Holy Days: St. Matthias

275. Praise to the heavenly Wisdom

7.6.7.6 D.

Paeon:

Frederic Weber, 1856

John Ellerton, 1888

Praise to the heavenly Wisdom
Who knows the hearts of all,
The saintly life's beginnings,
The traitor's secret fall;
Our own ascended Master,
Who heard his Church's cry,
Made known his guiding presence,
And ruled her from on high.

Elect in his foreknowledge,
To fill the lost one's place;
He formed his chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace;
Then, by the lot's disposing
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

Still guide thy Church, chief Shepherd,
Her losses still renew;
Be thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of thy choosing
May all her rulers be
That each with joy may render
His last account to thee!

Amen.

The Annunciation

276

Praise we the Lord this day

277

Blest are the pure in heart

Holy Days: The Annunciation

276. Praise we the Lord this day

S.M.

St. George:

Henry John Gauntlett, 1848

Anonymous, 1846

Praise we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line
Shall bear the promised Seed.

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Savior's birth.



Holy Days: The Annunciation

277. Blest are the pure in heart

S.M.

Franconia:

Johann B. König, 1738;

Arr. William H. Havergal, 1840

John Keble, 1819;

Alt.;

cento.

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

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King;

He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart;
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

Amen.

St. Mark

278

We praise thy grace, O Saviour

Also the following:

288

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures



Holy Days: St. Mark

278. We praise thy grace, O Saviour

7.6.7.6

St. Alphege:

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

W. Walsham How, 1871

We praise thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In thy prevailing might!

From thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Savior,
In weakness shineth most.

Thy love Saint Mark hath numbered
Among the blessed four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

O Jesus, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win.

Amen.

St. Philip and St. James

279

Thou art the Way, to thee alone



St. Philip and St. James

279. Thou art the Way, to thee alone

C.M.

St. James:

Raphael Courteville, 1697

Lambeth:

Wilhelm A. F. Schulthes, 1871

George W. Doane, 1824

Thou art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Amen.

St. Barnabas

280

O Son of God, our Captain of salvation

281

The son of Consolation!

St. Barnabas

280. O Son of God, our Captain of salvation

11.10.11.10

Strength and Stay:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

John Ellerton, 1871

O Son of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless thee for thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of thee their Chief;

Those whom thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,
To lead the vanguard of thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear thy saving Name from coast to coast;

Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skillful,
Who shed thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the willful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

Such was thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at thine apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

Thus, Lord, thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye,"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in thee.

Amen.



St. Barnabas

281. The son of Consolation!

7.6.7.6.D.

Homeland:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1867

Maud Coote, 1871

The son of Consolation!
Of Levi's priestly line,
Filled with the Holy Spirit
And fervent faith divine,
With lowly self oblation,
For Christ an offering meet,
He laid his earthly riches
At the apostles' feet.

The son of Consolation!
O name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great apostle
Led to the faithful band.

The son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

The son of Consolation!
Lord, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us thy children
Such blessed name may bear!

That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek thee here below.

The sons of Consolation!
O what the bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto me!"
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as his priceless jewels
Shall set them round his throne.

Amen.

St. John Baptist

282

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry

Also the following:

63

Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding



St. John Baptist

282. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry

L.M.

Winchester New:

Hamburg, 1690

Latin, Charles Coffin, 1736;

Tr. John Chandler, 1837;

Alt.

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whose Advent set thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Amen.

St. Peter

283

Forsaken once, and thrice denied

Also the following:

135

Jesus, and shall it ever be

147

In the hour of trial

St. Peter

283. Forsaken once, and thrice denied

8.8.8.6

Elmhurst:

Edwin Drewett, 1887

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1875

Forsaken once, and thrice denied,
The risen Lord gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked him, "Lov'st thou me?"

How many times with faithless word
Have we denied his holy Name,
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
land shrunk when trial came!

Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from thy Father's side,
And let that sweet look win.

Hear when we call thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love thee more.

Amen.



St. James

284

We praise thy Name, O Lord most High

St. James

284. We praise thy Name, O Lord most High

L.M.

Mainzer:

Joseph Mainzer, 1841

Anonymous

We praise thy Name, O Lord most High,
Redeemer of our souls from death,
And all thy mercies magnify,
In making known thy saving faith.

Thou didst the humble fisher call,
Beside the shores of Galilee:
At thy command he gave up all,
And left his nets to follow thee.

O happy choice, for earthly toil
The strife to rescue souls from sin;
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
The crown of heavenly life to win.

O favoured one, who, ere he knew
The sharpness of the coming cross,
Of thy bright beauty caught the view
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
Dares in thy painful steps to go;
To drink thy cup of agony,
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing thee
In bliss may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
Our cross to bear, and thee to serve.

Amen.

The Transfiguration

285 O wondrous type! O vision fair

286 Lord, it is good for us to be

Also the following:

98 How bright appears the Morning Star

356 Fairest Lord Jesus

Holy Days: The Transfiguration

285. O wondrous type! O vision fair

L.M.

Waltham:

John Baptiste Calkin, 1872

Latin;

Tr. John Mason Peale, 1854;

Alt.

O wondrous type! O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

From age to age the tale declare
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest today
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by thy grace
To see thy glory face to face.

Amen.



Holy Days: The Transfiguration

286. Lord, it is good for us to be

L.M.D.

St. Casimir:

John Goss (1800-1880)

Jordan:

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Arthur P. Stanley, 1870;

Alt.

Lord, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
Th'eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son; O hear ye him!"

Amen.



St. Bartholomew

287

King of saints, to whom the number

Holy Days: St. Bartholomew

287. King of saints, to whom the number

8.7.8.7.D.

Iona:

John Stainer, 1868

John Ellerton, 1871

King of saints, to whom the number
Of thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round thy throne:
Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
There are shining full and clear,
Princes in the court of heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.

In the roll of thine apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom today we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
How he toiled for thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord;

None can tell us: all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience
All the toiling, and the strife:
There are told thy hidden treasures:
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When thou makest up the jewels
Of thy living diadem.

Amen.



St. Matthew

288

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

Holy Days: St. Matthew

288. Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

8.8.7.8.8.7

Lauda Zion:

Gerard F. Cobb (1838-1904)

Latin cento;

Tr. Robert Campbell, 1850

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined!
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.

O that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore!
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

Amen.

St. Michael and all Angels

- 289 Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright
- 290 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are
swelling
- 291 Around the throne of God a band
- Also the following:*
- 266 Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Holy Days: St. Michael and All Angels

289. Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright

Four 10's

Trisagion:

Henry Smart, 1868

Greek; St. Joseph the Hymnographer, 850;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial splendor and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye:

These are thy ministers, these dost thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest thy throne;
These are thy messengers, these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, principalities, virtues, and powers,
Where, with the living ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, seraphim bow and adore.

Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

Amen.

Holy Days: St. Michael and All Angels

290. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling

11.10.11.10.9.11

Pilgrims:

Henry Smart (1813-1879)

Vox Angelica:

John B. Dykes, 1868

Refrain

Frederick W. Faber, 1854;

Alt.

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing out your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Holy Days: St. Michael and All Angels

291. Around the throne of God a band

L.M.



Abends:

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

John Mason Neale, 1842;

Alt.

Around the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious angels stand;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around him ready still
To sing his praise and do his will,
And some, when he commands them, go
To guard his servants here below.

Lord, give thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round thy throne at last.

Amen.

St. Luke

292

What thanks and praise to thee we owe

Also the following:

288

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

Holy Days: St. Luke

292. What thanks and praise to thee we owe

L.M.

Ely:

Thomas Turton, 1844

William D. Maclagan, 1873

What thanks and praise to thee we owe,
O Priest and Sacrifice divine,
For thy dear saint through whom we know
So many a gracious word of thine;

Whom thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides thy boyhood's spotless years.

And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

The witness of the Savior's life,
The great apostle's chosen friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end.

So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by thee,
Till thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, thy face shall see.



St. Simon and St. Jude

293

For thy dear saints, O Lord

Holy Days: St. Simon and St. Jude

293. For thy dear saints, O Lord

S.M.

St. George:

Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1875)

Minto:

George C. Crook, 1918

Richard Mant, 1837;

Alt.

For thy dear saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

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

Thine earthly members fit
To join thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

Jesus, thy Name we bless
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness
Who lived and died for thee.

Amen.



All Saints

294 The saints of God! their conflict past
295 For all the saints, who from their labors rest
296 Who are these like stars appearing
297 Hark! the sound of holy voices
298 Who are these in bright array
299 Let saints on earth in concert sing
300 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
301 Give me the wings of faith to rise
302 How bright these glorious spirits shine

Also the following:

85 The Son of God goes forth to war
266 Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Holy Days: All Saints

294. The saints of God! their conflict past

Six 8's

Beati:

John Stainer, 1873

William D. Maclagan, 1870

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

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

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

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

O God of saints! to thee we cry,
O Savior! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,



Grant us thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with thee.

Amen.

Holy Days: All Saints

295. For all the saints, who from their labors rest

10.10.10.4

Sarum:

Joseph Barnby, 1868

Refrain

W. Walsham How, 1864

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blessed,

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,



271

Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia, Alleluia!

Amen.

Holy Days: All Saints

296. Who are these like stars appearing

8.7.8.7.7.7

All Saints:

Darmstadt, 1698

German; Heinrich T. Schenck, 1719;

Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841;

rev., 1864

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose luster ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Savior's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, like priests, have watched and waited,



272

Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.

Holy Days: All Saints

297. Hark! the sound of holy voices

8.7.8.7.D.

Sanctuary:

John B. Dykes, 1871

Moultrie:

Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904)

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to thee:
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Savior and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,



Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
 Of the blessèd Trinity.

Holy Days: All Saints

298. Who are these in bright array

Eight 7's

St. Edmund (Steggall):

Charles Steggall, 1849

James Montgomery, 1819;

Alt.

Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

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

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



Holy Days: All Saints

299. Let saints on earth in concert sing

C.M.

St. Flavian:

John Day, *Psalter*, 1562

Charles Wesley, 1759

Let saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

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

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

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesus, be thou our constant Guide
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

Amen.



Holy Days: All Saints

300. Lo! what a cloud of witnesses

C.M.

Albano:

Vincent Novello, 1800

Scotch Paraphrase, 1745

Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around!
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Holy Days: All Saints

301. Give me the wings of faith to rise

C.M.

Southwell:

Herbert Stephen Irons, 1861

Isaac Watts, 1709

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.



Holy Communion: Intraits

302. How bright these glorious spirits shine

C.M.D.

Roseate Hues:

Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

Isaac Watts, 1707;

William Cameron, 1781

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

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.



III. SACRAMENTS AND RITES

HOLY COMMUNION

Introits

To be sung with the appropriate doxology.

303	Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
304	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
305	O for a closer walk with God
306	Lord, for ever at thy side
307	O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
308	O come, loud anthems let us sing
309	Before Jehovah's awful throne
310	Call Jehovah thy salvation
311	God, my King, thy might confessing
312	God of mercy, God of grace
313	As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs
314	My soul with patience waits
315	I love thy kingdom, Lord
316	Jesus, the very thought of thee
317	The Lord my pasture shall prepare
318	Bless the Lord, my soul

Also the following:

42	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
44	Sweet is the work, my God, my King
119	O thou to whose all-searching sight
213	A mighty Fortress is our God
214	God is our stronghold and our stay
225	My spirit on thy care
237	When all thy mercies, O my God
249	All people that on earth do dwell
250	From all that dwell below the skies

252	The spacious firmament on high
254	How wondrous and great
255	O worship the King
258	Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
326	The King of love my Shepherd is
445	O God, our help in ages past
446	O God of Bethel
465	We love the place, O God
467	Pleasant are thy courts above
468	Glorious things of thee are spoken
487	Arm of the Lord, awake! awake
489	Blest be the tie that binds

Holy Communion: Intraits

303. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat

C.M.

Spohr:

Arr. from Louis Spohr, 1835

John Newton, 1779

DOXOLOGY

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died!

O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

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



Amen.

Holy Communion: Intraits

304. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare

Four 7's

Brasted:

Georg P. Weimar, 1780

John Newton, 1779

DOXOLOGY

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die thy people's death.



Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be.

Amen.

Holy Communion: Intraits

305. O for a closer walk with God

C.M

Beatitudo:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

William Cowper, 1772

DOXOLOGY

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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

Amen.



Holy Communion: Introits

306. Lord, for ever at thy side

Four 7's

Seymour:

Arr. from Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

Psalm 131

James Montgomery, 1822

DOXOLOGY

Lord, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive,
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

Amen.



Holy Communion: Introits

307. O 'twas a joyful sound to hear

C.M.

Mt. Sion:

Horatio Parker, 1888

Psalm 122

Tate and Brady, 1698

DOXOLOGY

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

At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.



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

Amen.

Holy Communion: Intraits

308. O come, loud anthems let us sing

L.M.

Park Street:

Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810

Psalm 95

Tate and Brady, 1698;

Alt.

DOXOLOGY

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivaled glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Amen.

Holy Communion: Intraits

309. Before Jehovah's awful throne



L.M.

Winchester New:

Hamburg, 1690

Psalm 100

Isaac Watts, 1719;

Arr. John Wesley

DOXOLOGY

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

His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

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

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

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

310. Call Jehovah thy salvation

8.7.8.7



Trust:

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840

Psalm 91

James Montgomery, 1822

DOXOLOGY

Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

God 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.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above.

Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Amen.

Holy Communion: Intraits

311. God, my King, thy might confessing

8.7.8.7



Stuttgart:

Gotha, 1715

Psalm 145

Richard Mant, 1824

DOXOLOGY

God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

Honor great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee;
Thee shall all thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

312. God of mercy, God of grace

Six 7's



Heathlands:

Henry Smart, 1866

Psalm 67

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

DOXOLOGY

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

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

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

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

Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

313. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs

Four 10's



Pax Dei:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

Psalm 42

Latin Version by Robert Lowth, 1753;

Tr. George Gregory, 1787

DOXOLOGY

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling place.

Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

Amen.

Holy Communion: Intraits

314. My soul with patience waits

S.M.



Festal Song:

William H. Walter, 1894

Swabia:

Johann M. Spiess, 1745

Psalm 130

Tate and Brady, 1698

DOXOLOGY

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows;

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

315. I love thy kingdom, Lord

S.M.

St. Thomas (Williams):

Aaron Williams, 1763

Timothy Dwight, 1800

DOXOLOGY

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

To God, the Father, Son
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.



Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

316. Jesus, the very thought of thee

C.M.

St. Agnes:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866

Sawley:

James Walch, 1860

Latin; St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153);

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849;

Alt.

DOXOLOGY

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

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

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

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost



The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

317. The Lord my pasture shall prepare

Six 8's

Carey:

Henry Carey, 1723

Psalm 23

Joseph Addison, 1712

DOXOLOGY

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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



Amen.

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

Amen.

Holy Communion: Introits

318. Bless the Lord, my soul

S.M.

St. Thomas (Williams):

Aaron Williams, 1763

Psalm 103

James Montgomery, 1819

DOXOLOGY

Bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim!
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy Name!

O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all his benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with his love;
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

Then bless his holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!



O God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION

The Offertory

319

We give thee but thine own

Also the following:

339

Let all mortal flesh keep silence



Holy Communion: The Offertory

319. We give thee but thine own

S.M.

Cambridge:

Ralph Harrison, c. 1784

W. Walsham How, 1858

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the Fold!

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION

The Communion



320 According to thy gracious word
321 O God, unseen yet ever near
322 Jesus, gentlest Savior
323 I am not worthy, holy Lord
324 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
325 I hunger and I thirst
326 The King of love my Shepherd is
327 Jesus, to thy table led
328 Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts
329 My God, and is thy table spread
330 Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord
331 O saving Victim, opening wide
332 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed
333 And now, O Father, mindful of the love
334 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face
335 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored
336 Bread of the world, in mercy broken
337 Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray
338 Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
339 Let all mortal flesh keep silence
340 Let thy Blood in mercy poured

Also the following:

193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus

Holy Communion: The Communion

320. According to thy gracious word

C.M.

St. Magnus (Clark):

Jeremiah Clark, c. 1709

James Montgomery, 1825

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, thy precious Blood, I take,
And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat.
And not remember thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

321. O God, unseen yet ever near

C.M.

Meditation:

John M. Gower, 1890

Edward Osler, 1836;

Alt.

O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink his precious Blood.

Thus may we all thy word obey,
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

322. Jesus, gentlest Savior

6.5.6.5

Eudoxia:

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1868

Frederick William Faber, 1854;

Alt.

Jesus, gentlest Savior,
God of might and power,
Thou thyself art dwelling
With us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory
And thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

Jesus, gentlest Savior,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!



O how can we thank thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

323. I am not worthy, holy Lord

C.M.

Albano:

Vincent Novello, 1800

Henry W. Baker, 1875

I am not worthy, holy Lord,
I That thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word: one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, who didst give thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom price to pay?

O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

324. Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless

C.M.

St. Agnes (Dykes):

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866

James Montgomery, 1825;

Alt.;

cento.

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from thy sorrows flow.

We would not live by bread alone,
But by thy word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Savior, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and thy Blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

325. I hunger and I thirst

Four 6's

Moseley:

Henry Smart, 1881

John S. B. Monsell, 1866

I hunger and I thirst;
Jesus, my Manna be:
Ye living Waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die!

Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first the course began;
Feed me, thou Bread of God;
Help me, thou Son of Man.

For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living Waters, rise
Within me evermore!

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

326. The King of love my Shepherd is

8.7.8.7

Dominus Regit Me:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

Psalm 23

Henry W. Baker, 1868

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.



Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

327. Jesus, to thy table led

7.7.7

Lacrymae:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Robert H. Baynes, 1864

Jesus, to thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal.

While on thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

When we taste the mystic wine,
Of thine outpoured Blood the sign;
Fill our hearts with love divine.

Draw us to thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us thy peace.

Lead us by thy piercèd hand,
Till around thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

328. Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts

L.M.



St. Bernard:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Christe Redemptor:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode I

Latin; Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1160;

Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858

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

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from thee our souls to fill!

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast

O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

329. My God, and is thy table spread

L.M.

Rockingham (Miller):

Adapted by Edward Miller, 1790

Philip Doddridge, 1755;

cento.

My God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

Hail! sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his Flesh and Blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this Bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

330. Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord

10.10

Lammas:

Arthur H. Brown, 1868

Latin, 7th cent.;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861

Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By his dear cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was he for greatest and for least
Himself the Victim, and himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade
Now gives his holy grace, his saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He, that his saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.



Holy Communion: The Communion

331. O saving Victim, opening wide

L.M.

St. Vincent:

Sigismund Neukomm (1778-1858);

ad., James Uglow, 1868

Aeterne Rex:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII

Alternative modern tune Melcombe, No. 1; which was composed for these words.

Latin; Thomas Aquinas (c. 1227-1294);

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

All praise and thanks to thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three;
O grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with thee.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

332. Bread of heaven, on thee we feed

Six 7's



Bread of Heaven:

William D. MacLagan, 1875

Josiah Conder, 1824;

Alt.

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.

Vine of heaven, thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

333. And now, O Father, mindful of the love

Six 10's

Unde Et Memores:

William Henry Monk, 1875

William Bright, 1874

And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to thee,
That only offering perfect in thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on his anointed face,
And only look on us as found in him;
Look not on our misusings of thy grace
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to thy mercy's breast!
O do thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to thy feet,
Most patient Savior, who canst love us still!
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with thee.

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

334. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face

Four 10's

Penitencia:

Edward Dearle, 1880

Horatius Bonar, 1855

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God!

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

335. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored

8.8.8.4

St. Gabriel:

F. A. Gore Ouseley, 1868

George Rawson, 1857, *text of 1876*

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until he come.

His Body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
 Until he come.

His fearful drops of agony,
His Life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
 Until he come.

And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
 Until he come.

Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
 The Lord shall come.

O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until he come!



Holy Communion: The Communion

336. Bread of the world, in mercy broken

9.8.9.8

Eucharistic Hymn:

John S. B. Hodges, 1868

Reginald Heber, *pub.* 1827

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

337. Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray

Six 10's

Sacramentum Unitatis:

Charles H. Lloyd, 1885

William H. Turton, 1881

Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray,
That all thy Church might be for ever one,
Grant us at every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
O may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

For all thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

We pray thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold,
O bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all thy Church above,
One with thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessed still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

338. Now, my tongue, the mystery telling

8.7.8.7.8.7

St. Thomas (Wade):

J. F. Wade, *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

For Part I: **Pange Lingua**:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode III;

trans.

For Part I: **Tantum Ergo (Spanish)**:

Spanish Plainsong, Mode V

Oriel, No. 89 and **Dulce Carmen, No. 110** were composed for this hymn.

PART I

PART II

Latin; St. Thomas Aquinas (c. 1227-1274);

Oxford Hymn Book

Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
Once on earth amongst us dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming!

Given for us and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Till he closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

That last night at supper lying,
Mid the Twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the Feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives himself with his own hand.

Word-made-flesh true bread he maketh



By his word his Flesh to be;
Wine his Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

Therefore we, before him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing
Who from Both with Both is One.

Amen.

Holy Communion: The Communion

339. Let all mortal flesh keep silence

8.7.8.7.8.7

Picardy:

French Folksong

Greek; Liturgy of St. James;

Tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1864

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded,
For with blessing in his hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth he stood
Lord of lords, in human vesture --
In the Body and the Blood --
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph;
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord most high.

Amen.



Holy Communion: The Communion

340. Let thy Blood in mercy poured

7.8.7.8.7.7

Louise:

Johann Crüger, 1658

Greek;

Tr. John Brownlie, 1907

Let thy Blood in mercy poured,
Let thy gracious Body broken,
Be to me, O gracious Lord,
Of thy boundless love the token.
Thou didst give thyself for me,
Now I give myself to thee.

Thou didst die that I might live;
Blessèd Lord, thou cam'st to save me:
All that love of God could give
Jesus by his sorrows gave me.
Thou didst give thyself for me,
Now I give myself to thee.

By the thorns that crowned thy brow,
By the spear-wound and the nailing,
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, thy love unfailing.
Thou didst give thyself for me,
Now I give myself to thee.

Wilt thou own the gift I bring?
All my penitence I give thee;
Thou art my exalted King,
Of thy matchless love forgive me.
Thou didst give thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

Amen.



Holy Baptism

341 A little child the Savior came
342 Father of heaven, who hast created all
343 Savior, who thy flock art feeding
344 In token that thou shalt not fear
345 O let the children come to me

Holy Baptism

341. A little child the Savior came

L.M.

Alstone:

Christopher Edwin Willing, 1868

William Robertson, 1861

A little child the Savior came,
The Mighty God was still his Name;
And angels worshipped as he lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

He who a little child began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to me."

We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of cleansing water name them thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with thy Spirit now.

O give thy angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon thy hand.

O Thou who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.



Holy Baptism

342. Father of heaven, who hast created all

10.6.10.6.8.8.4

St. Francis:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

German; Albert Knapp, 1841;

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858;

alt.

Father of heaven, who hast created all
 In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this child, who at thy gracious call
 Is entering on life's way!
O make it thine, thy blessing give,
That to thy glory it may live,
 Father of heaven!

O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold
 We bring this child to thee;
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to thy Fold
 For ever thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it in the path of life,
 O Son of God!

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for thee,
 O Holy Ghost!

O Triune God, what thou hast willed is done;
 We speak: but thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
 Yet pour on it thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,



Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

Amen.

Holy Baptism

343. Savior, who thy flock art feeding

8.7.8.7

Evening Prayer (Stainer):

John Stainer, 1898

William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

Savior, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share:

Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
There we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Never from thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Amen.

Holy Baptism

344. In token that thou shalt not fear

C.M.

Tallis' Ordinal:

Thomas Tallis, 1567

Henry Alford, 1832

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he traveled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own:
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

Amen.



Holy Baptism

345. O let the children come to me

8.7.8.7.D.,6

Sussex (Douglas):

English Folksong

Arr., harm., Winfred Douglas, 1918

Swedish, Johan O. Wallin (1779-1839);

Tr. G. Mott Williams, 1915

"O let the children come to me,"
Dear Savior, thou commandest:
And for these innocents we see
How thou in welcome standest.
Still goes thy Spirit freely forth,
To gladden souls that need thee,
And thou bestowest heavenly birth,
If they like children heed thee,
For theirs the kingdom is.

By water and the Spirit thou
Our sinful nature cleansest;
Thy word doth show the path to go,
And daily grace thou sendest.
O may thy sanctifying love
Surround us all with blessing;
And may we all thy favour prove
In daily thee confessing,
Abiding close to thee.

O soul of man, remember well
The holy Name thou bearest:
Of everything that tongue can tell
That Name is still the dearest.
O child of God, his voice attend,
Live worthy of his choosing;
For he is thy eternal friend:
Beware lest thou be losing
His grace so freely thine.



Baptism: Adults

346

Soldiers of Christ, arise

Holy Baptism: Adults

346. Soldiers of Christ, arise

S.M.

Silver Street:

Isaac Smith, c. 1770

Charles Wesley, 1749;

cento.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

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

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One
Be endless praise addressed.



Amen.

Catechism

347	Glory to the blessed Jesus
348	Advent tells us Christ is near
349	Once in royal David's city
350	I think when I read that sweet story of old
351	By cool Siloam's shady rill
352	Again the morn of gladness
353	Above the clear blue sky
354	Savior, teach me, day by day
355	Savior, like a shepherd lead us
356	Fairest Lord Jesus
357	Faithful Shepherd, feed me
358	All things bright and beautiful
359	Hushed was the evening hymn
360	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me
361	Jesus, meek and gentle
362	When Jesus left his Father's throne
363	There's a Friend for little children
364	Now the day is over

Also the following:

55	Come, thou long-expected Jesus
59	Lord, thy word abideth
78	O little town of Bethlehem
79	It came upon the midnight clear
87	O Lord, the Holy Innocents
90	Jesus, Name of wondrous love
95	Brightest and best
123	Forty days and forty nights
147	In the hour of trial
159	There is a green hill far away

193	Alleluia! sing to Jesus
199	Our blest Redeemer
205	Holy, Holy, Holy
211	My faith looks up to thee
235	O Love that casts out fear
243	Savior, source of every blessing
256	Songs of praise the angels sang
268	Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
277	Blest are the pure in heart
291	Around the throne of God a band
295	For all the saints
322	Jesus, gentlest Savior

See also [Baptism](#), [Confirmation](#), [Missions](#), [Brotherhood and Service](#), [Processionals](#), and [Carols](#).

Catechism

347. Glory to the blessed Jesus

8.5.7.5

Woodchester:

John Napleton (1850-)

Anonymous

Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who for us was born,
In the stable, cold and poor,
On glad Christmas morn.

Glory to the blessed Jesus
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us he died.

Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter Day.

Glory to the blessed Jesus!
He, who is our Way,
Went up in a cloud to heaven
On Ascension Day.

Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who at Whitsuntide
Sent his Holy Spirit down
With us to abide.

Glory to the blessed Jesus!
We will praise his love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

Amen.

Catechism

348. Advent tells us Christ is near

Four 7's



Innocents:

Arr. from G. F. Handel, 1728

Katherine Hankey, 1888

Advent tells us Christ is near;
Christmas tells us Christ is here!
In Epiphany we trace
All the glory of his grace.

Those three Sundays before Lent
Will prepare us to repent,
That in Lent we may begin
Earnestly to mourn for sin.

Holy Week and Easter, then,
Tell who died and rose again:
O that happy Easter Day!
"Christ is risen indeed," we say.

Yes, and Christ ascended, too,
To prepare a place for you;
So we give him special praise,
After those great forty days.

Then, he sent the Holy Ghost,
On the day of Pentecost,
With us ever to abide:
Well may we keep Whitsuntide!

Last of all, we humbly sing
Glory to our God and King,
Glory to the One in Three,
On the Feast of Trinity.

Amen.

Catechism

349. Once in royal David's city

8.7.8.7.7.7

Irby:

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
 In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
 And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Savior holy.

And, through all his wondrous childhood,
 He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's pattern;
 Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us he knew,
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
 Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle



Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Catechism

350. I think when I read that sweet story of old

11.8.12.9



Luke:

Greek Folksong;

Arr. William B. Bradbury, 1859;

Harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918

Jemima Luke, 1841

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Catechism

351. By cool Siloam's shady rill

C.M.



Bishophthorpe:

Jeremiah Clark, 1700

Reginald Heber, 1812

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

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.

O thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Amen.

Catechism

352. Again the morn of gladness

7.6.7.6.D.6.6.8.4

Morn of Gladness:

Arthur Cottman, 1877

Claudius:

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800

Refrain

John Ellerton, 1874

Again the morn of gladness,
The morn of light is here;
The earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast:
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

Glory be to Jesus,
Let all his children say;
He rose again, he rose again,
On this glad day.

Again, O loving Savior,
The children of thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek thee
Within thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet thee,
If thou our hearts wilt raise;
If thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show thy praise.

The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus



In pastures fair above--
These all adore and praise him,
Whom we too praise and love.

The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these today;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

Tell out, sweet bells, his praises!
Sing, children, sing his Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom he redeemed
Shall own him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,



Catechism

353. Above the clear blue sky

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

Children's Voices:

Edward J. Hopkins, 1875

John Chandler, 1841

Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

O blessèd Lord, thy truth
To all thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know thee as thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

O may thy holy word
Spread all the world around,
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:



Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

Amen.

Catechism

354. Savior, teach me, day by day

Four 7's

Buckland:

Leighton G. Hayne, 1863

Jane E. Leeson, 1842

Savior, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee;
Loving him who first loved me

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

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Amen.

Catechism

355. Savior, like a shepherd lead us

8.7.8.7.4.7



Dismissal (Sicilian Mariners):

Sicilian Folksong;

Pub., 1794

Anonymous, 1836

Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
 For our use thy folds prepare:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Savior,
 With thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us: love us still.

Amen.

Catechism

356. Fairest Lord Jesus

5.6.8.5.5.8

Fairest Lord Jesus:

Münster Gesangbuch, 1677

St. Elizabeth:

Silesian Folksong;

pub., Leipzig, 1842;

harm. T. Tertius Noble, 1918

German; Anonymous, Munster, 1677;

Tr. unknown;

pub., Richard S. Willis, 1850

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.



Catechism

357. Faithful Shepherd, feed me

6.5.6.5

Clewer:

Friedrich Filitz, 1847

Thomas B. Pollock, 1868

Faithful Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast and guide me
In the narrow way;
So, with thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love thee more.

Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain:
Be thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with thee may share.

Day by day prepare me,
As thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To thy promised rest.

Amen.

Catechism

358. All things bright and beautiful

7.6.7.6, with refrain



Greystone:

W. R. Waghorne, 1906

Refrain

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day,

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.



Catechism

359. Hushed was the evening hymn

6.6.6.6.8.8

Samuel:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

James D. Burns, 1857

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.

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.

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.

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.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned

To thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Amen.



Catechism

360. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me

8.7.8.7

Brocklesbury:

Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868

Evening Prayer (Stainer):

John Stainer, 1898

Mary Duncan, 1839

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb tonight:
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Catechism

361. Jesus, meek and gentle

6.5.6.5

St. Constantine:

William Henry Monk, 1861

George R. Prynne, 1865

Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Savior,
 Hear thy children's cry.

Pardon our offenses,
 Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom
 Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
 Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Savior,
 Hear thy children's cry.

Amen.



Catechism

362. When Jesus left his Father's throne

C.M.D.

Noel:

English Folksong;

Arr. Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

James Montgomery, 1816

When Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
Like him may we be found below
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Savior's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

Catechism

363. There's a Friend for little children

7.6.7.6.D.



[In Memoriam \(Stainer\):](#)

John Stainer, 1875

[Edengrove:](#)

Samuel Smith, 1874

Albert Midlane, 1859

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name he bears.

There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Savior,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy
Nor could be happier there.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,

A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Savior,
 But worship him as King.

There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
 Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant thy little children
 To know thee as their own.

Amen.



Catechism

364. Now the day is over

6.5.6.5

Merrial:

Joseph Barnby, 1868

Eudoxia:

Sabine Baring-Gould

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.



Amen.

School Life

365

O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill

366

We build our school on thee, O Lord

367

Father in heaven, who lovest all



School Life

365. O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill

C.M.

Dundee:

Scottish Psalter, 1615

Louis F. Benson, 1894

O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill,
And trod the path of youth,
Our Savior and our Brother still,
Now lead us into truth.

The call is thine: be thou the Way,
And give us men, to guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

Who learn of thee, the truth shall find;
Who follow, gain the goal:
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

Awake the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules;
Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

Amen.

School Life

366. We build our school on thee, O Lord

L.M.

Sefton:

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

Sebastian W. Meyer, 1908

We build our school on thee, O Lord,
To thee we bring our common need;
The loving heart, the helpful word,
The tender thought, the kindly deed.

We work together in thy sight,
We live together in thy love;
Guide thou our faltering steps aright,
And lift our thought to heaven above.

Hold thou each hand to keep it just,
Touch thou our lips and make them pure;
If thou art with us, Lord, we must
Be faithful friends and comrades sure.

We change, but thou art still the same,
The same good Master, Teacher, Friend;
We change; but, Lord, we bear thy Name,
To journey with it to the end.

Amen.

*(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.)*



School Life

367. Father in heaven, who lovest all

L.M.

Pixham:

Horatio Parker, 1901

Rudyard Kipling, 1906

Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Amen.



*(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)*

Litany for Children

368

Jesus, from thy throne on high

Litany for Children

368. Jesus, from thy throne on high

7.7.7.6

St. Medan:

Harm., William Henry Monk

Refrain

Thomas B. Pollock, 1871

Jesus, from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:

Little children need not fear,
When they know that thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Savior dear:

Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell:

Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine:

Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:

Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:

Jesus, thou dost love us still,
And it is thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:

Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,



When we learn and when we pray:

When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:

Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that thou art always near:

May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:

May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:

May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:

May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:

Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:

Jesus, from thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:

Jesus, whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with thee:



Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Amen.

Confirmation

369 The cross is on our brow
370 Thine for ever! God of love
371 Holy Spirit, Lord of love
372 My God, accept my heart this day
373 Holy Spirit, Truth divine
374 Lord, thy children guide and keep
375 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest
376 Lord, shall thy children come to thee?
377 Lord, in thy presence dread and sweet
378 Jesus, I my cross have taken
379 O Jesus, I have promised
380 Breathe on me, Breath of God

Also the following:

117 He who would valiant be
211 My faith looks up to thee
525 I bind unto myself today
535 Go forward, Christian soldier

Confirmation

369. The cross is on our brow

S.M.

St. Andrew:

Joseph Barnby, 1866

William C. Dix, 1869

The cross is on our brow,
Redemption's awful sign:
Come thou, O Holy Spirit, now,
To seal the work divine.

Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel:
With strength, who art thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.

Confirm in us today
The work that thou hast wrought;
Illume the souls with love's pure ray
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

No earth-forged arms we bear:
Strength, weapons, all are thine:
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity divine.

Amen.



Confirmation

370. Thine for ever! God of love

Four 7's

Pleyel's Hymn:

Ignaz Joseph Pleyel, 1790

Mary F. Maude, 1847

Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Savior, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These thy weak and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let them all thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied;
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Amen.



Confirmation

371. Holy Spirit, Lord of love

Six 7's

Holy Spirit:

George F. LeJeune, 1894

William D. Maclagan, 1873

Holy Spirit, Lord of love,
Thou who camest from above,
Gifts of blessing to bestow
On thy waiting Church below;
Once again in love draw near
To thy children gathered here.

From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know thee as their Friend.

Give them light thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With thy sevenfold gifts of power,
Come, thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart thy happy home.

Amen.

Confirmation

372. My God, accept my heart this day

C.M.



St. Stephen:

William Jones, 1789

Matthew Bridges, 1848

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

Anoint me with thy heavenly grace
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship near thy throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Amen.

Confirmation

373. Holy Spirit, Truth divine

Four 7's

Sandringham:

James Turlle (1802-1882)

Lew Trenchard:

Cornish Folksong;

harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Breath of God and inward light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,



340

"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

Amen.

Confirmation

374. Lord, thy children guide and keep

Six 7's

Bread of Heaven:

William D. MacLagan, 1875

W. Walsham How, 1854

Lord, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through the weary wilderness.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights!
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,



Till we reach the promised rests
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

Amen.

Confirmation

375. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest

L.M.

Veni, Creator Spiritus:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII

Mendon:

German;

Arr. Samuel Dyer, 1828

Latin:

Tr. Edward Caswall *and compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861;

from Richard Mant, 1837;

Alt.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which thou hast made.

To thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To thee, the gift of God most high;
The Fount of Life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.

The sacred, sevenfold grace is thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And thine abiding peace bestow;
If thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.



Amen.

Confirmation

376. Lord, shall thy children come to thee?

Six 8's

St. Matthias:

William Henry Monk, 1861

Samuel Hinds, 1834;

st. 3, Henry J. Buckoll, 1843

Lord, shall thy children come to thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to thee today.

Lord, shall we come, and come again,
Oft as we see thy table spread,
And tokens of thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread?
Bless thou, O Lord, thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find thee there.

Lord, shall we come--not thus alone
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be?

Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone, but then--
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by thee.

Amen.

Confirmation

377. Lord, in thy presence dread and sweet

8.8.6.8.8.6



Esca Viatorum:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

Innsbruck:

Heinrich Isaak, 1539;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Anonymous, c. 1850

Lord, in thy presence dread and sweet,
Thine own dear Spirit we entreat
 His sevenfold gifts to shed
On us who fall before thee now,
Bearing the cross upon our brow
 On which our Master bled.

Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities,
 To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true!
Our souls with holy light endue
 To seek the things above.

Spirit of Counsel! be our Guide;
Teach us by earthly struggles tried
 Our heavenly crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
 To keep us free from sin.

Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In thine own paths secure and sweet,
 By angel footsteps trod
Where thou our Guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle Piety!
 To keep us close to God.

But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear!

 In our hearts' inmost shrine:
Our souls with loving reverence fill,
To worship his most holy will,
 All righteous and divine.

So, dearest Lord, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,

 Where only rest may be.
What matter where our lot is cast,
If only it may end at last
 In Paradise with thee!

Amen.



Confirmation

378. Jesus, I my cross have taken

8.7.8.7.D.

St. Polycarp:

Joseph Barnby, 1869

Henry F. Lyte, 1824;

rev., 1833

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me:
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Savior died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,



God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Confirmation

379. O Jesus, I have promised

7.6.7.6.D

Day of Rest:

James William Elliott, 1874

John E. Bode, 1869

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end:
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle,
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;



And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

O let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Savior and my Friend!

Amen.

Confirmation

380. Breathe on me, Breath of God

S.M.

Nova Vita:

Lister R. Peace, 1914

Edwin Hatch, 1878

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

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

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die;
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

Amen.

Holy Matrimony

381

O Father, all creating

382

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending

383

The voice that breathed o'er Eden



Holy Matrimony

381. O Father, all creating

7.6.7.6.D.

Ellacombe:

Wirtemberg, 1784

John Ellerton, 1876

O Father, all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
Today to these thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew--
A home by thee made happy,
A love by thee kept true.

O Savior, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe today thy presence
With these who call on thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is thine.

O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in thy pureness,
So tender in thy love;
That, guarded by thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by thee.

Except thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except thou, Savior, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;



But naught can break the marriage
Of hearts in thee made one,
And love thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

Amen.

Holy Matrimony

382. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending

11.10.11.10

Perfect Love:

Joseph Barnby, 1889

Caritas:

Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

Dorothy F. Gurney, 1883

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no ending,
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Amen.

Holy Matrimony

383. The voice that breathed o'er Eden

7.6.7.6



Cana:

Melchior Vulpius, c. 1609

John Keble, 1857

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands!

Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before thee

In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Amen.

Visitation

384 My God, I thank thee, who hast made
 385 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 386 Art thou weary, art thou languid
 387 Come unto me, ye weary
 388 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish
 389 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord
 390 Jesus, my Savior, look on me
 391 My God, my Father, while I stray
 392 Lord, it belongs not to my care
 393 Lord Jesus, think on me
 394 Thy way, not mine, O Lord
 395 My Jesus, as thou wilt
 396 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 397 I look to thee in every need
 398 I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew
 399 At even, when the sun was set
 400 O Love divine, that stooped to share
 401 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows
 402 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sor-
 row
 403 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord
 404 Immortal Love, for ever full
 405 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of
 sin?
 406 We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
 407 One sweetly solemn thought
 408 Far from my heavenly home

Also the following:

16 Holy Father, cheer our way



36	Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
42	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
52	O Jesus, crucified for man
69	Brief life is here our portion
122	Lord, in this thy mercy's day
149	O Lamb of God, still keep me
150	Beneath the cross of Jesus
157	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
176	Jesus lives! thy terrors now
211	My faith looks up to thee
215	Jesus, my strength, my hope
217	Rock of ages
222	Nearer, my God, to thee
223	Jesus, lover of my soul
224	In heavenly love abiding
225	My spirit on thy care
232	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
235	O Love that casts out fear
244	Lead, kindly Light

See also [The Church Triumphant](#).

Visitation

384. My God, I thank thee, who hast made

8.4.8.4.8.4

Carrow:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1873

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858

My God, I thank thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of Joy,
 Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right.

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.

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.

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.

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.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Amen.



Visitation

385. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

10.4.10.4

Reigate:

Walter Henry Hall, 1918

Burford:

Henry Purcell;

Wilkin's *Psalmody*, 1699

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

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.

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.

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.

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.

I do not ask my cross to understand,

My way to see;

Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,

And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine

Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,



Through peace to light.

Amen.

Visitation

386. Art thou weary, art thou languid

8.5.8.3

Stephanos:

Henry W. Baker, 1868

John M. Neale, 1862

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

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is he sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, "Yes."

Visitation

387. Come unto me, ye weary

7.6.7.6.D.

Come Unto Me:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

Jesu Dilectissime:

R. H. McCartney (1844-1895)

William C. Dix, 1867

"Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."

O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to thee.

Amen.



Visitation

388. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish

11.10.11.10

Consolation (Webbe):

Samuel Webbe, 1792;

Arr.

Thomas Moore, 1816;

St. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1831

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Visitation

389. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord

Four 7's

St. Bees:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862

William Cowper, 1768

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

Amen.



Visitation

390. Jesus, my Savior, look on me

8.8.8.4

Hanford (Sullivan):

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Troyte's Chant No. 1:

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1860

Charlotte Elliott, 1869;

Alt.

Jesus, my Savior, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length:
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall:
Through life, in death, eternally,



Thou art my All.

Amen.

Visitation

391. My God, my Father, while I stray

8.8.8.4

Troyte's Chant No. 1:

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1860

Hanford (Sullivan):

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Refrain

Charlotte Elliott, 1834;

Alt.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,

If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what is thine;

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;

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

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



357

"Thy will be done!"

Amen.

Visitation

392. Lord, it belongs not to my care

C.M.

Holy Trinity:

Joseph Barnby, 1861

Richard Baxter, 1681;

cento.

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Savior's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.



Amen.

Visitation

393. Lord Jesus, think on me

S.M.

St. Bride:

Samuel Howard, 1762

Greek; Synesius (c. 375-430);

Tr. Allen W. Chatfield, 1876

Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest,
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

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

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

Amen.

Visitation

394. Thy way, not mine, O Lord

Eight 6's



Blessed Home:

John Stainer, 1875

Horatius Bonar, 1857

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be:
Lead me by thine own hand:
 Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God:
 So shall I walk aright.
Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
 Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me
 My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.

Amen.

Visitation

395. My Jesus, as thou wilt

Eight 6's

Denby:

Charles J. Dale, 1904

German; Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704;

Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

Amen.



Visitation

396. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

C.M.

Naomi:

Hans G. Naegeli, 1836;

Arr. Lowell Mason, 1863

Anne Steele, 1760;

cento.

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

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart.
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.

Amen.

Visitation

397. I look to thee in every need

8.6.8.6.8.8



Bryant:

Walter G. Alcock, 1861

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin, and pain, and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Amen.

Visitation

398. I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew

10.10.10.6

Artavia:

Edward J. Hopkins, 1887

Anonymous, c. 1878

I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew
He moved my soul to seek him, seeking me;
It was not I that found, O Savior true;
No, I was found of thee.

Thou didst reach forth thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea--
'Twas not so much that I on thee took hold,
As thou, dear Lord, on me.

I find, I walk, I love, but O the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to thee;
For thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always thou lovedst me.

Amen.



Visitation

399. At even, when the sun was set

L.M.

Angelus:

Georg Joseph, 1657

Henry Twells, 1868

At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away.

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here

O Savior Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Savior Christ, thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;



No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Amen.

Visitation

400. O Love divine, that stooped to share

L.M.

Abends:

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

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.

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.

On thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

Amen.

Visitation

401. O Thou, from whom all goodness flows

C.M.



Manoah:

Arr. from Gioacchino A. Rossini, 1851

Siloam (Horsman):

Edward Horsman, 1903

Thomas Haweis, 1791;

Alt.

O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

And O when in the hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!

Amen.

Visitation

402. Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow

11.10.11.10.10.10

Edinburgh:

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Jane Borthwick, 1859

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;
Cares of today, and burdens of tomorrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet: thou knowest, Lord.



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

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

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

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;

As Man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Savior, thou hast wept, and thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

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

Amen.



Visitation

403. Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord

C.M.D.

Elim:

William H. Callcott, 1867

Thomas Raffles, 1833

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough my Savior died,
My Savior died for me.

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Savior died for me.

Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain,
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?



Visitation

404. Immortal Love, for ever full

C.M.

Fingal:

James S. Anderson, 1885

Walsall:

Attr. to Henry Purcell (1658-1695);

Wilkin's Psalmody, 1699

John G. Whittier, 1866

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown:

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead

Are burdened with his Name.

O Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Amen.



Visitation

405. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

10.10

Pax Tecum:

George Thomas Caldbeck;
arr., harm., Dr. Charles Vincent, 1877

Fletcher:

Orlando Gibbons, 1623
Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Visitation

406. We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen

11.10.11.10



Visio Domini:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

Anna B. Warner, 1852

We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see thee, thyself our hearts reminding
What thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.



Amen.

Visitation

407. One sweetly solemn thought

P.M.

Ambrose:

Robert S. Ambrose, 1876

Phoebe Cary, 1852

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer my home today
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the "many mansions" be;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown;

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith:
Let me feel thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;

Feel thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Amen.

Visitation

408. Far from my heavenly home

S.M.



Lyte:

John B. Wilkes, 1861

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

Amen.

Burial of the Dead

409. When our heads are bowed with woe

Four 7's

St. Prisca:

Richard Redhead (1820-1901), 1853

Henry H. Milman, 1827

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

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

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

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

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Amen.

Burial of the Dead

410. God of the living, in whose eyes

Six 8's

St. Chrysostom (Barnby):

Joseph Barnby, 1871

Old One Hundred Twelfth:

Anonymous, 1530;

arr., harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

John Ellerton, 1858;

Alt., 1867

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

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

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

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

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

Amen.



Burial of the Dead

411. Now the laborer's task is o'er

7.7.7.7.8.8

Resquiescat:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

Hebron (Barnby):

Joseph Barnby, 1874

John Ellerton, 1870

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

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

Amen.



Burial of the Dead

412. Sunset and evening star

P.M.

Crossing the Bar:

Joseph Barnby, 1892

Afred Tennyson, 1889

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Burial of the Dead

413. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

L.M.

Rest (Bradbury):

William B. Bradbury, 1843

Oneonta:

Walter Henry Hall, 1918

Margaret Mackay, 1832

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.



Burial of the Dead: for Children

414

Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled



Burial of the Dead: For Children

414. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled

7.8.7.8.7.7

Meinhold:

Lüneburg, 1686

German; Johann W. Meinhold, 1835;

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1868

Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled
 Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sign of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

Amen.

Travelers by Sea and Land

415 Eternal Father! strong to save
416 Fierce was the wild billow
417 Safe upon the billowy deep
418 Maker of the sea and sky
419 With the sweet word of peace

Also the following:

32 From every stormy wind that blows
244 Lead, kindly Light
248 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace
536 O happy band of pilgrims

Travelers by Sea and Land

415. Eternal Father! strong to save

Six 8's

Melita:

John B. Dykes, 1861

William Whiting, 1860;

Alt.

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 Thus evermore shall rise to thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Amen.



Travelers by Sea and Land

416. Fierce was the wild billow

6.4.6.4.D.

Euroclydon:

T. Tertius Noble, 1918

Aletheia:

Walter Henry Hall, 1918

With great breadth.

Greek; Ascribed to St. Anatolius;

Tr. Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

Jesus, Deliverer,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."



Amen.

Travelers by Sea and Land

417. Safe upon the billowy deep

Four 7's

Lew Trenchard:

Cornish Folksong;

harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918

Henry Coppee, 1887

Safe upon the billowy deep,
Loving Lord, thy servants keep;
Helpless, trusting pilgrims they,
Guard them on their watery way.

In the morning fill their sails,
Mid the dark send favouring gales;
If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

Let thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the watches of the night,
Be thou, Lord, their shining light.

Thus, as hour by hour rolls by,
Watch them with thy sleepless eye:
Guide with thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.

And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heavenly shore,
Safe in port, to dwell with thee
Where there shall be "no more sea."

Amen.



Travelers by Sea and Land

418. Maker of the sea and sky

L.M.

Grace Church:

Ignaz Joseph Pleyel (1757-1831);

Arr. W. Gardiner, 1815

Henry Burton, 1905

Maker of the sea and sky,
Whose word the stormy winds fulfill,
On the wide ocean thou art nigh,
Bidding these hearts of ours be still!

What if thy footsteps are not known?
We know thy way is in the sea;
We trace the shadow of thy throne,
Constant amid inconstancy.

Thou bidd'st the north or south wind blow:
The lonely sea-bird is thy care;
And in the clouds which come and go,
We see thy chariots everywhere.

The sun that lights the homeland dear
Spreads the new morning o'er the deep;
And in the dark thy stars appear,
Keeping their watches while we sleep.

Our friends seem near when thou art nigh;
And homeless on the ocean foam,
Beneath an ever-changing sky,
With thee we are at rest, at home.

And so, secure from all alarms,
Thy seas beneath, thy skies above,
Clasped in the everlasting arms,
We rest in thine unslumbering love.

Amen.

Travelers by Sea and Land

419. With the sweet word of peace

6.6.8.4



Verbum Pacis:

William Henry Monk, 1889

George Watson, 1867

With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee,
That thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be;

Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till he whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

Amen.

IV. SPECIAL OCCASIONS



Thanksgiving Day

420 Praise to God, immortal praise
421 Come, ye thankful people, come
422 Now thank we all our God
423 We plow the fields, and scatter
424 We come unto our fathers' God
425 For the beauty of the earth
426 Lord of heaven and earth and sea

Also the following:

181 O Jesus, crowned with all renown

Thanksgiving Day

420. Praise to God, immortal praise

Six 7's

Dix:

Conrad Kocher, 1838;

William Henry Monk, 1861

Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 1772

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

All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

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

As thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

421. Come, ye thankful people, come

Eight 7's



St. George's, Windsor:

George J. Elvey, 1858

Henry Alford, 1844;

revised 1867

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,

Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

422. Now thank we all our God

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6



Deo Gratias:

Johann Crüger, 1647;

harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

German; Martin Rinkart, c. 1636;

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us!
With ever-joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

423. We plow the fields, and scatter

7.6.7.6.D., refrain

Claudius:

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800

Refrain

German; Matthias Claudius, 1782;

Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861

We plow 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.

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.

We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,



But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

424. We come unto our fathers' God

8.7.8.7.8.8.7

To God On High:

Plainsong, 10th cent.;

Adapted, Valten Schumann, 1539;

harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

We come unto our fathers' God:
 Their Rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation;
We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek thee as thy saints have sought
 In every generation.

The fire divine their steps that led
 Still goeth bright before us,
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
 Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
 Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
 Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us his music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on--
 The song that never endeth.

Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
 The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
 Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,



Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

425. For the beauty of the earth

Six 7's

Lux Prima:

Charles Francois Gounod, 1872

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,



Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

426. Lord of heaven and earth and sea

8.8.8.4

Almsgiving:

John B. Dykes, 1865

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863;

revised 1872

Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee
 Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, thou art there
 Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise
 Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
 Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love and power,
And dost his sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given
 Who givest all?



To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live
Who givest all.

Amen.

National Days

427 My country, 'tis of thee
428 God bless our native land
429 O say can you see, by the dawn's early light
430 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
431 Lord, while for all mankind we pray
432 Judge eternal, throned in splendour
433 Once to every man and nation
434 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord
435 God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
436 O God of love, O King of peace
437 O Lord of hosts! Almighty King
438 Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand
439 God of our fathers, known of old
440 Lord God, we worship thee
441 Faith of our fathers! living still
442 God of the nations, who hast led

Also the following:

182 To thee our God we fly
519 Ancient of Days

National Days

427. My country, 'tis of thee

6.6.4.6.6.6.4

America:

Harmonia Anglicana, c. 1742

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.



Amen.

National Days

428. God bless our native land

6.6.4.6.6.6.4

America:

Harmonia Anglicana, c. 1742

German; Siegfried A. Mahlmann, 1815;

Tr. Charles T. Brooks, 1833;

John S. Dwight, 1844

God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave.
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the state!

Amen.

National Days

429. O say can you see, by the dawn's early light

P.M.

National Anthem:

John Stafford Smith (1750-1836)

Francis Scott Key, 1814;

abr.

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

O thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



National Days

430. God of our fathers, whose almighty hand

Four 10's

National Hymn:

George William Warren, 1892

Pro Patria:

Horatio Parker, 1900

Daniel C. Roberts, 1876;

abr.

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendour through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by thee our lot is cast;
Be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

Amen.



National Days

431. Lord, while for all mankind we pray

C.M.

Dunferline:

Scottish Psalter, 1615

John R. Wreford, 1837

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.

O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

Amen.

National Days

432. Judge eternal, throned in splendour

8.7.8.7.8.7



St. Leonard:

Meiningen, 1693;

harm. J. Christoph Bach (1642-1703)

Urbs Beata:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode II

Henry Scott Holland, 1902

Judge eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgment
Purge this land of bitter things;
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour;
Cleave our darkness with thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

Amen.

National Days

433. Once to every man and nation

8.7.8.7.D.

Ton-y-Botel:

Welsh Hymn Melody

James Russell Lowell, 1845;

cento.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,



And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own.

National Days

434. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

15.15.15.6, with refrain

Battle Hymn:

William Steffe, c. 1852

Julia Ward Howe, 1862

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him: be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While God is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! While God is marching on.



National Days

435. God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest

11.10.11.9

Russia:

Alexis F. Lvov, 1833

Henry F. Chorley, 1842;

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870;

alt.

God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, the lightning thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-righteous One! man hath defied thee;
Yet to eternity standeth thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent! wisely ordaining
Judgments unsearchable, famine and sword;
Over the tumult of war thou art reigning;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise! by the fire of thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord.

So shall thy children with thankful devotion,
Praise him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.



Amen.

National Days

436. O God of love, O King of peace

L.M.

Hesperus:

Henry Baker, 1866

Henry W. Baker, 1861

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Amen.



National Days

437. O Lord of hosts! Almighty King

L.M.

New York:

T. Tertius Noble, 1917

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861

O Lord of hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring:
To every arm thy strength impart;
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

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.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

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!

Amen.

National Days

438. Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand

Six 8's



St. Jerome:

Francis H. Champneys, 1889

Melita:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

John Oxenham, 1915

Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In peace and war thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty;
 Nations may rise and nations fall,
 Thy changeless purpose rules them all.

For those who weak and broken lie
In weariness and agony,
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch and make them whole again.
 O hear a people's prayers, and bless
 Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come,
We pray thy tender welcome home;
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to thy love at last.
 O hear a people's prayers for all
 Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal;
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death;
 And in thine own good time, Lord, send
 Thy peace on earth till time shall end.

Amen.

National Days

439. God of our fathers, known of old

Six 8's

Recessional:

T. Tertius Noble, 1918

Agincourt:

English Melody, c. 1415;

harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918

Old One Hundred Twelfth:

Anonymous, 1530

arr., harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:



Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

Amen.

National Days

440. Lord God, we worship thee

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6

Deo Gratias:

Johann Crüger, 1647;

harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

German; Johann Franck, 1653;

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Lord God, we worship thee!
In loud and happy chorus
We praise thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er,
Lord God, we worship thee!

Lord God, we worship thee!
For thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down thy grace,
And strife and war thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God! gives thanks to thee!

Lord God, we worship thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still thy anger spares,
And still thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship thee!

Amen.



National Days

441. Faith of our fathers! living still

Six 8's

Whitehead:

J. Brinton Whitehead, 1909

St. Finbar:

Henri F. Hemy, 1864;

Arr. James G. Walton, 1870

Refrain

Frederick William Faber, 1849;

Alt.

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!

Faith of our fathers! faith and prayer
Shall keep our country true to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly deeds and virtuous life.



National Days

442. God of the nations, who hast led

Ten 8's

Pax Veritas:

Horatio Parker, 1918

Frederick Edwards, 1906

God of the nations, who hast led
Thy children since the world began,
Through doubt and struggle, pain and tears,
Unfolding thy eternal plan;
From countless hilltops as of old
The fire upon the altar flares;
Through countless rites, in countless tongues,
Men offer their imperfect prayers;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in thy reign of truth and peace.

O Jesus Christ, Incarnate Son,
Who bore our flesh that men might see
The Vision of the Perfect Life
Fashioned in their humanity;
By all thy words of heavenly truth,
By all thy deeds of mercy wrought,
By all the passion of thy cross,
By the redemption thou hast brought;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in thy reign of truth and peace.

O Holy Spirit, who dost touch
The prophets with thy sacred fire,
Eternal Wisdom to whose light
All seekers after truth aspire;
Behold the warring sons of men,
The helpless by the strong oppressed,
The truth with error still concealed,
The evil grudgingly confessed;
Hasten the time of our release,



Bring in thy reign of truth and peace.

O God Triune, thy Church today
In penitence before thee kneels,
Mourning her years of slothful ease,
Her deafness to the world's appeals;
Divided where she should be one,
Enamoured of a lesser strife,
Tithing the mint and cummin while
Men perish for the Bread of Life;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in thy reign of truth and peace.

Restore to us the vision, Lord,
Descend with fires of Pentecost;
Our tongues unloose, our hearts inflame,
To preach the Gospel to the lost:
Here at thy feet our prayer is made,
Here life and wealth we dedicate;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Lord, thy anointing we await;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in thy reign of truth and peace.

Amen.

Old and New Year

443 A few more years shall roll
444 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky
445 O God, our help in ages past
446 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
447 For thy mercy and thy grace
448 Father, let me dedicate
449 Jesus, still lead on

Also the following:

483 God is working his purpose out



Old and New Year

443. A few more years shall roll

S.M.D.

Chalvey:

Leighton G. Hayne, 1868

Horatius Bonar, 1842

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

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



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

'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Amen.

Old and New Year

444. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky

L.M.D.

Jordan:

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Alfred Tennyson, 1850

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



Old and New Year

445. O God, our help in ages past

C.M.

St. Anne:

William Croft, 1708

Psalm 90

Isaac Watts, 1719

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

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.



Amen.

Old and New Year

446. O God of Bethel, by whose hand

C.M.

Dundee:

Scottish Psalter, 1615

Philip Doddridge, 1736;

John Logan, 1781

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Amen.

Old and New Year

447. For thy mercy and thy grace

Four 7's

Gibbons:

Orlando Gibbons, 1623

Henry Downton, 1841

For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

Lo! our sins on thee we cast,
Thee our perfect Sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future; let thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Savior, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own,
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

Amen.



Old and New Year

448. Father, let me dedicate

7.5.7.5.D.

Dedication:

Myles B. Foster, 1890

Laurence Tuttiett, 1864

Father, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim,
This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify thy Name.

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.

If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;



Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
Glorify thy Name.

Amen.

Old and New Year

449. Jesus, still lead on

5.5.8.8.5.5

Rochelle:

Adam Drese, 1698

St. Wilfred:

Walter Henry Hall, 1900

German; N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721;

Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1846

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.



Amen.

Ember Days and Ordination

450 Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high
451 God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons
452 Revive thy work, O Lord
453 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
454 O Thou who makest souls to shine
455 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
456 Ye servants of the Lord

Also the following:

115 Soldiers of the cross, arise
246 Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross"
282 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
373 Holy Spirit, Truth divine
475 O Spirit of the living God
486 Christ for the world we sing
490 Go, labour on
492 Rise up, O men of God
493 O Master, let me walk with thee
502 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

Ember Days and Ordination

450. Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high

L.M.

Federal Street:

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

James Montgomery, 1833

Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Savior, like stars in thy right hand,
Let all thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and fold thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

Amen.



Ember Days and Ordination

451. God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons

Four 10's

Toulon:

Louis Bourgeois, 1551;

Alt., C. Goudimel

Denis Wortman, 1884

God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons:
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast;
Each age its solemn task may claim but once:
Make each one nobler, stronger than the last!

Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

Anoint them kings! Aye, kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the Spirit of thy Son:
Theirs not a jeweled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

Make them apostles! Heralds of thy cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms thy grace:
Inspired of thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before thy face.

O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits thy reign sublime!



411

Amen.

Ember Days and Ordination

452. Revive thy work, O Lord

S.M.

Swabia:

Johann M. Spiess, 1745

Albert Midlane, 1858

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead
And make thy people hear.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By thine almighty breath.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul thirst for thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Amen.



Ember Days and Ordination

453. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim

L.M.

Duke Street:

John Hatton, 1793

Missionary Chant:

Charles Heinrich C. Zeuner, 1832

Bourne H. Draper, 1805

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's Name:
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

Amen.

Ember Days and Ordination

454. O Thou who makest souls to shine

L.M.

St. Lawrence:

Leighton G. Hayne, 1863

John Armstrong, 1847

O Thou who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And dropp'st glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Savior's love;

Do thou thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer:
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

Amen.



Ember Days and Ordination

455. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire

8,8

Come Holy Ghost:

John H. Hopkins (1820-1891)

Veni, Creator Spiritus:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII

Latin;

Tr. John Cosin, 1627

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Praise to thy eternal merit,



Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Ember Days and Ordination

456. Ye servants of the Lord

S.M.

St. George (Gauntlett):

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848

Philip Doddridge, 1755

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in your office, wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

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

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Church Building and Consecration

457 Christ is made the sure foundation
458 Christ is our cornerstone
459 Jesus! where'er thy people meet
460 All things are thine; no gift have we
461 Angel voices, ever singing

Also the following:

202 Spirit divine, attend our prayers
464 The Church's one foundation
465 We love the place, O God
466 Rise, crowned with light
467 Pleasant are thy courts above
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
508 Blessed city! heavenly Salem



Church Building and Consecration

457. Christ is made the sure foundation

8.7.8.7.8.7

Regent Square:

Henry Smart, 1866

Urbs Beata:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode II

Latin, 7th cent.;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861

Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and cornerstone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one;
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, today;
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray:
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls always.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee, for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

Amen.

Church Building and Consecration

458. Christ is our cornerstone

6.6.6.6.8.8



Auburndale:

Horatio Parker, 1893

Latin, 7th cent.;

Tr. John Chandler, 1837

Christ is our cornerstone,
 On him alone we build:
With his true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled;
On his great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day thy blessings pour.

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.

Amen.

Church Building and Consecration

459. Jesus! where'er thy people meet

L.M.

Hebron (Mason):

Lowell Mason, 1830

William Cowper, 1769;

Alt.

Jesus! 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.

And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within thy house who come,
Departing, take thee to their home.

Yet everywhere thou guid'st thine own
To raise for thee an earthly throne;
And where thy Name thou dost record,
There thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!

Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name!

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

Here to the babe newborn on earth,
Grant thou the newer, better birth;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.



Here to the weary, hungry soul,
Give thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's Flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Savior's Blood.

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

Amen.

Church Building and Consecration

460. All things are thine; no gift have we

L.M.



Gardiner:

Arr., William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

John G. Whittier, 1872

All things are thine; no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee;
And hence with grateful hearts today
Thine own before thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

In weakness and in want we call
On thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

Amen.

Church Building and Consecration

461. Angel voices, ever singing

8.5.8.5.8.7

Angel Voices (Sullivan):

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

Angel Voices (Monk):

Edwin G. Monk, 1861

Francis Pott, 1861;

Alt.

Angel voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light:
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee Lord of might.

Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
O'er each work of thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For thy praise combine
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure didst design.

In thy house, great God, we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render thee.



Amen.

The Burial Ground

462

O Thou in whom thy saints repose

Also the following:

166

The grave itself a garden is

The Burial Ground

462. O Thou in whom thy saints repose

Six 8's

Credo:

John Stainer, 1875

John Ellerton, 1870

O Thou in whom thy saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close,
Behold us met before thy face
To hallow this their resting-place:
Safe are the souls whom thou dost keep;
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

Thou knowest, Lord, for thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememberest, on thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

Bid then thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude,
Profane the sacred solitude.

Here when thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel reapers find



Full many a sheaf for thee to bind,
And in thy golden garner store,
Our fruit of tears for evermore.

Amen.

V. THE CHURCH

The Church Militant

463 One sole baptismal sign
464 The Church's one foundation
465 We love the place, O God
466 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise
467 Pleasant are thy courts above
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
469 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation
470 City of God, how broad and far
471 O where are kings and empires now
472 Triumphant Sion, lift thy head

Also the following:

105 Thy kingdom come, O God
315 I love thy kingdom, Lord
481 Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping



The Church Militant

463. One sole baptismal sign

6.6.6.6.8.8

Bevan:

John Goss, 1853

George Robinson, 1842

One sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword, Love:
From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
 One Priest before the throne.
The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

Amen.

The Church Militant

464. The Church's one foundation

7.6.7.6.D.

Aurelia:

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;



Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Amen.

The Church Militant

465. We love the place, O God

Four 6's



Quam Dilecta:

Henry Lascelles Jenner, 1861

William Bullock, 1854;

Alt.

We love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honour dwells;
The joy of thine abode
All other joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein thy servants meet;
For thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

We love the sacred font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

We love thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there, in faith adored,
We find thy presence near.

We love thy holy word,
The lamp thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph song of heaven!

Amen.

The Church Militant

466. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise

Four 10's

National Hymn:

George William Warren, 1892

Alexander Pope, 1712

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.



The Church Militant

467. Pleasant are thy courts above

Eight 7's

Maidstone:

Walter Bond Gilbert, 1862

Psalm 84

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

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,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy 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.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever 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.

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!

Amen.

The Church Militant

468. Glorious things of thee are spoken

8.7.8.7.D.

Austria:

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797

John Newton, 1779;

Alt.

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

See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,



Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

The Church Militant

469. Lord of our life, and God of our salvation

11.11.11.5

Cloisters:

Joseph Barnby, 1868

based on Matthaues A. Von Löwenstern, 1644;

Philip Pusey

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round thine ark the hungry billows curling!
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er thy rock nor death nor hell prevaieth:
Grant us thy peace, Lord!

Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm thy foes raging!

Grant us thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

Amen.



The Church Militant

470. City of God, how broad and far

C.M.

Beulah:

George M. Garrett, 1889

Samuel Johnson, 1860

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.



The Church Militant

471. O where are kings and empires now

C.M.

St. Anne:

William Croft, 1708

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839;

cento.

O where are kings and empires now
Of old, that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

The Church Militant

472. Triumphant Sion, lift thy head

L.M.



Wareham:

William Knapp, 1738

Philip Doddridge, 1755;

Alt.

Triumphant Sion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Litany of the Church

473

Jesus, with thy Church abide

Litany of the Church

473. Jesus, with thy Church abide

7.7.7.6

Litany of the Passion:

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

Hervey's Litany:

Frederick A. J. Hervey, 1875

Refrain

Thomas B. Pollock, 1871

Jesus, with thy Church abide,
Be her Savior, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:

Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in thy promise sure:

May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Savior dear:

All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:

May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in thee:

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, thy peaceful fold:



May her priests thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where thou call'st, to lead:

Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in thee begun:

All that she has lost, restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore:

Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear thy heralds' warning cry:

May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:

May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for thee:

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:

May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy thee.

We beseech thee, hear us.

Amen.



Missions

474 O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling
 475 O Spirit of the living God
 476 From Greenland's icy mountains
 477 Hasten the time appointed
 478 Savior, sprinkle many nations
 479 The morning light is breaking
 480 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 481 Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping
 482 Fling out the banner! let it float
 483 God is working his purpose out
 484 Soon may the last glad song arise
 485 Let the song go round the earth
 486 Christ for the world we sing
 487 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake

Also the following:

54 Hark! the glad sound!
 55 Come, thou long-expected Jesus
 66 O come, O come, Emmanuel
 85 The Son of God goes forth to war
 100 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
 104 Thou, whose almighty word
 105 Thy kingdom come, O God
 106 Watchman, tell us of the night
 107 O North, with all thy vales of green
 190 Crown him with many crowns
 193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus
 238 Thy life was given for me
 282 On Jordan's bank
 468 Glorious things of thee are spoken



494

Where cross the crowded ways of life

530

Onward, Christian soldiers

Missions

474. O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling

P.M.

Tidings:

James Walsh, 1876

Refrain

Mary A. Thomson, 1870

O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That he who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:

Publish glad tidings; tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release.

Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Savior's dying,
Or of the life he died for them to win.

'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord his life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck his crown.

Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love:
Tell how he stooped to save his lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

He comes again! O Sion, ere thou meet him,
Make known to every heart his saving grace;



Let none whom he hath ransomed fail to greet him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see his face.

Missions

475. O Spirit of the living God

L.M.

Melcombe:

Samuel Webbe, 1782

James Montgomery, 1823

O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify
Till every people call him Lord.

Amen.

Missions

476. From Greenland's icy mountains

7.6.7.6.D.



Missionary Hymn:

Lowell Mason, 1829

Reginald Heber, 1819

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

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Missions

477. Hasten the time appointed

7.6.7.6.D



Lancashire:

Henry Smart, 1836

Jane Borthwick, 1859

Hasten the time appointed,
 By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd and one fold.
Let every idol perish,
 To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
 To God in Christ alone.

Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
 From many a distant shore
Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day.

Let all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love.
Let war be learned no longer,
 Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace.

O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away?

O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.

Missions

478. Savior, sprinkle many nations

8.7.8.7.D.

Iona:

John Stainer, 1868

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851

Savior, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto thee!

Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory
And thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest.

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

Savior, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

Amen.

Missions

479. The morning light is breaking

7.6.7.6.D.

Webb:

George J. Webb, 1837

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Sion's war.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"



Missions

480. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

L.M.

Galilee (Armes):

Philip Armes, 1875

Duke Street:

John Hatton, 1793

Isaac Watts, 1719

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

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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

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

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



Missions

481. Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping

8.7.8.7.D.

Everton:

Henry Smart, 1867

Henry Downton, 1867

Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping:
When shall earth thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain, thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the Strong retain the spoil?

Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord almighty, give the word!
Give the word! in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

Amen.

Missions

482. Fling out the banner! let it float

L.M.



Waltham:

John Baptiste Calkin, 1872

George W. Doane, 1848

Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
 The cross, on which the Savior died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
 That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

Missions

483. God is working his purpose out

P.M.

Benson (Kingham):

Millicent D. Kingham, 1894

Ainger:

Anonymous, London, 1915

Arthur C. Ainger, 1894

God is working his purpose out,
As year succeeds to year:
God is working his purpose out,
And the time is drawing near;
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west,
Where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers
Goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to me, ye continents,
Ye isles, give ear to me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work,
To prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind,
The reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

March we forth in the strength of God,
With the banner of Christ unfurled,



That the light of the glorious gospel of truth
 May shine throughout the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin
 To set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God
 As the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth,
 Unless God blesses the deed;
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide,
 Till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time,
 The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
 As the waters cover the sea.

Amen.



Missions

484. Soon may the last glad song arise

L.M.

Yule:

Mediaeval Melody;

pub., Leipzig, 1539;

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), 1734

Ascribed to Mrs. Vokes, 1816

Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign.

O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

Amen.

Missions

485. Let the song go round the earth

7.5.7.5.7.7

Moel Llys:

Sarah G. Stock, 1899

Sarah C. Stocks, 1898

Let the song go round the earth,
 Jesus Christ is Lord!
Sound his praises, tell his worth,
 Be his Name adored;
Every clime and every tongue
Join the grand, the glorious song!

Let the song go round the earth!
 From the eastern sea,
Where the daylight has its birth,
 Glad, and bright, and free!
China's millions join the strains,
Waft them on to India's plains.

Let the song go round the earth!
 Lands where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
 Cast their bonds away!
Let his praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er.

Let the song go round the earth!
 Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
 Break from distant isles!
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Icebound coasts give back the hymn.

Let the song go round the earth,
 Jesus Christ is King!
With the story of his worth



Let the whole world ring!
Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore.

Missions

486. Christ for the world we sing

6.6.4.6.6.6.4

Moscow:

Felice de Giardini, 1769

Kirby Bedon:

Edward Bunnett, 1887

Samuel Wolcott, 1869

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sinsick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
The newborn souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,



Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Missions

487. Arm of the Lord, awake! awake

L.M.

Truro:

Thomas Williams, *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1789

William Shrubsole, 1795

Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength! the nations shake!
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

488 Am I a soldier of the cross
489 Blest be the tie that binds
490 Go, labour on! spend and be spent
491 Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
492 Rise up, O men of God
493 O Master, let me walk with thee
494 Where cross the crowded ways of life
495 O brothers, lift your voices
496 O Lord, and Master of us all
497 Come, labour on
498 O God of truth, whose living Word
499 Our Father! thy dear Name doth show
500 Master, no offering
501 When wilt thou save the people?
502 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
503 O God of mercy! hearken now
504 Holy offerings, rich and rare
505 Through Him, who all our sickness felt

Also the following:

99 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
105 Thy kingdom come, O God
115 Soldiers of the cross, arise
125 Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee
181 O Jesus, crowned with all renown
268 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
280 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation
300 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
307 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
312 God of mercy, God of grace

337 Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray
538 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus
539 Through the night of doubt and sorrow

Brotherhood and Service

488. Am I a soldier of the cross

C.M.

Marlow:

John Chatham, 1718

Isaac Watts, 1724

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his Name?

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

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

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

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

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

489. Blest be the tie that binds

S.M.

Boylston:

Lowell Mason, 1832

John Fawcett, 1782;

Alt.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.



Brotherhood and Service

490. Go, labour on! spend and be spent

L.M

Angel's Song:

Orlando Gibbons, 1623

Horatius Bonar, 1843

Go, labour on! spend and be spent!
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

Go, labour on! enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"



Brotherhood and Service

491. Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round

Six 10's

Sacramentum Unitatis:

Charles H. Lloyd, 1885

John W. Chadwick, 1864

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend,
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine:
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

492. Rise up, O men of God

S.M.

Festal Song:

William H. Walter, 1894

William Pierson Merrill, 1911;

abr.

Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart, and soul, and mind, and strength
To serve the King of Kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where his feet have trod.
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!

Brotherhood and Service

493. O Master, let me walk with thee

L.M.

Maryton:

Henry Percy Smith, 1874

Washington Gladden, 1879

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

494. Where cross the crowded ways of life

L.M.

Gardiner:

Arr., William Gardiner, *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

Frank Mason North, 1905

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart hath never known recoil.

The cup of water given for thee
Stills holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn thy love,
And follow where thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

495. O brothers, lift your voices

7.6.7.6.D.

Tours:

Berthold Tours, 1872

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1848

O brothers, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To thee all praise be due!
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before thee
Exultingly again.

Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be thine for evermore!



Still on in conflict pressing,
On thee thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all.

Amen.

Brotherhood and Service

496. O Lord, and Master of us all

C.M.

Walsall:

Attributed to Henry Purcell (1658-1695);

Wilken's Psalmody, 1699

John G. Whittier, 1856

O Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thing

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them;

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And naked to thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.



Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun.

Amen.

Brotherhood and Service

497. Come, labour on

4.10.10.10.4

Ora Labora:

T. Tertius Noble, 1918

Jane Borthwick, 1859

Come, labour on.

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

Come, labour on.

Claim the high calling angels cannot share--
To young and old the gospel gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on.

The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

Come, labour on.

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents may our God fulfill
His righteous will.

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."



Brotherhood and Service

498. O God of truth, whose living Word

C.M

Marlow:

John Chatham, 1718

Thomas Hughes, 1859

O God of truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for thee on earth
Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

Still smite, still burn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come; then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in thee.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

499. Our Father! thy dear Name doth show

C.M.D.

Bethlehem (Fink):

Gottfried W. Fink, 1842

Charles H. Richards, 1910

Our Father! thy dear Name doth show
The greatness of thy love;
All are thy children here below
As in thy heaven above.
One family on earth are we
Throughout its widest span:
O help us everywhere to see
The brotherhood of man.

Alike we share thy tender care;
We trust one heavenly Friend;
Before one mercy-seat in prayer
In confidence we bend;
Alike we hear thy loving call;
One heavenly vision scan,
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all,
The brotherhood of man.

Bring in, we pray, the glorious day
When battle cries are stilled;
When bitter strife is swept away
And hearts with love are filled.
O help us banish pride and wrong,
Which since the world began
Have marred its peace; help us make strong
The brotherhood of man.

Close knit the warm fraternal tie
That makes the whole world one;
Our discords change to harmony
Like angel-songs begun:

At last, upon that brighter shore
Complete thy glorious plan,
And heaven shall crown for evermore
The brotherhood of man.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

500. Master, no offering

6.4.6.4.6.6.4

Horbury:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

Master, no offering,
Costly and sweet,
May we, like Magdalene,
Lay at thy feet;
Yet may love's incense rise,
Sweeter than sacrifice,
Dear Lord, to thee.

Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to thee.

Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears:
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footstep led,
Dear Lord, to thee.

Thus, in thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to thee.

Amen.

Brotherhood and Service

501. When wilt thou save the people?

7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5



Kendal:

Arthur Somervell, 1906

Ebenezer Elliot, 1850

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say thy mountains; "No," thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs;
God save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

Amen.

Brotherhood and Service

502. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

L.M.

Holley:

George Hews, 1835

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with thy fullness, Lord
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me



Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Amen.

Brotherhood and Service

503. O God of mercy! hearken now

L.M.

Hesperus:

Henry Baker, 1866

Emily Vernon Clark, 1891

O God of mercy! hearken now:
Before thy throne we humbly bow;
With heart and voice to thee we cry
For all on earth who suffering lie.

We seek thee where thou dwell'st on high,
Beyond the glittering, starry sky:
We find thee where thou dwell'st below
Beside the beds of want and woe.

Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send thou the help we cannot give;
Bid dying souls arise and live.

O let the healing waters spring,
Touched by thy pitying angel's wing;
With quickening power new strength impart
To palsied will, to withered heart.

Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suffering children cry,
Bid us haste forth as called by thee,
And in thy poor, thyself to see.

Be thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth confest!
Echo thy praise from every shore
For ever and for evermore.

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

504. Holy offerings, rich and rare

7.7.7.7.8.8.8.8

Holy Offerings:

Richard Redhead (1820-1901), 1870

Refrain

John S. B. Monsell, 1867;

abr.

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation;
On his altar laid, we leave them.

Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On thine altar laid, we leave them:

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On thine altar laid, we leave them:

Amen.



Brotherhood and Service

505. Through Him, who all our sickness felt

C.M.

Albano:

Vincent Novello, 1800

Charles Wesley, 1782;

cento.

Through Him, who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through him, in whom thy fullness dwelt,
We lift to thee our prayer.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

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

Amen.



Temperance

506

Father, who on man dost shower

Also the following:

215

Jesus, my strength, my hope

Temperance

506. Father, who on man dost shower

8.8.8.7

Quem Pastores Laudavere:

Folksong, 15th cent.

Percy Dearmer, 1906

Father, who on man dost shower
Gifts of plenty from thy dower,
To thy people give the power
 All thy gifts to use aright.

Give pure happiness in leisure,
Temperance in every pleasure,
Holy use of earthly treasure,
 Bodies clear and spirits bright.

Lift from this and every nation
All that brings us degradation;
Quell the forces of temptation;
 Put thine enemies to flight.

Be with us, thy strength supplying,
That with energy undying,
Every foe of man defying,
 We may rally to the fight.

Thou who art our Captain, ever
Lead us on to great endeavour;
May thy Church the world deliver,
 Give us wisdom, courage, might.

Father, who hast sought and found us,
Son of God, whose love has bound us,
Holy Ghost, within us, round us,
 Hear us, Godhead infinite.

Amen.



The Church Triumphant

507 Light's abode, celestial Salem
508 Blessed city, heavenly Salem
509 O Heavenly Jerusalem
510 O mother dear, Jerusalem
511 Jerusalem the golden
512 For thee, O dear, dear country
513 There is a land of pure delight
514 Jerusalem, my happy home
515 There is a blessed home
516 For ever with the Lord

The Church Triumphant

507. Light's abode, celestial Salem

8.7.8.7.8.7

Regent Square:

Henry Smart, 1866

Urbs Beata:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode II

Latin; St. Thomas a Kempis (1379-1471);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1858

Light's abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!



Now with gladness, now with courage,
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
 May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
 Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Laud and honor to the Father,
 Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
 While unending ages run.

Amen.

The Church Triumphant

508. Blessed city, heavenly Salem

8.7.8.7.8.7

Urbs Beata:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode II

Oriel:

Caspar Ett, *Cantica Sacra*, 1840;

harm., William Henry Monk

Latin, c. 7th cent.;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851

Blessed city, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
 In the height of heav'n above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
 As a bride dost earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,
 Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for him whose love espoused thee,
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
 Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
 They are open evermore;
And by virtue of his merits
 Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who, for Christ's dear Name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
 That his palace should be decked.



Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Amen.

The Church Triumphant

509. O Heavenly Jerusalem

7.6.7.6

St. Alphege:

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

All Hallows:

George C. Martin, 1892

Latin;

Tr. Isaac Williams, 1839

O Heavenly Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May shortlived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit



All things created bow.

Amen.

The Church Triumphant

510. O mother dear, Jerusalem

C.M.

Jerusalem (Staniforth):

T. Worsley Staniforth, 1866

Materna:

Samuel A. Ward, c. 1882

"F. B. P.", 1583;

Alt.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God himself gives light.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,



465

The trees of life do grow.

Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

The Church Triumphant

511. Jerusalem the golden

7.6.7.6.D.

Ewing:

Alexander Ewing, 1853

Latin; St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1858

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

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,



That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

The Church Triumphant

512. For thee, O dear, dear country

7.6.7.6.D.

Homeland:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1867

Ely Cathedral:

T. Tertius Noble, 1895

Latin; St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1858

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

O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
 And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

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

The cross is all thy splendour,



The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

The Church Triumphant

513. There is a land of pure delight

C.M.



Beulah:

George M. Garrett, 1889

Southwell (Irons):

Herbert Stephen Irons, 1861

Isaac Watts, 1709;

Alt.

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

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

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

Should fright us from the shore.

The Church Triumphant

514. Jerusalem, my happy home

C.M.

Southwell (Irons):

Herbert Stephen Irons, 1861

Jerusalem (Staniforth):

T. Worsley Staniforth, 1866

based on "F. B. P.", 1583;

Joseph Bromehead, 1795

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,



When I thy joys shall see.

The Church Triumphant

515. There is a blessed home

Eight 6's

Blessed Home:

John Stainer, 1875

Beulah (Hemy):

Henry F. Hemy (1818-1888)

Henry W. Baker, 1861

There is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace:
 Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side!
To give to him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
 The great things he hath done!

Look up, ye saints of God!
 Nor fear to tread below



The path your Savior trod
Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

The Church Triumphant

516. For ever with the Lord

S.M.

Heath:

Mason and Webb, *Cantica Laudis*, 1850

James Montgomery, 1835

For ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality!

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me
Though I perceive him not.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.



VI. PROCESSIONALS

Processionals

517	Children of the heavenly King
518	Hark! the voice eternal
519	Ancient of Days, who sittest, throned in glory
520	Alleluia! Alleluia
521	Rejoice, the Lord is King
522	See the Conqueror mounts in triumph
523	Jesus, King of glory
524	Hear us, thou that broodedst
525	I Bind unto myself today
526	O Savior, precious Savior
527	Savior, blessed Savior
528	At the Name of Jesus
529	Brightly gleams our banner
530	Onward, Christian soldiers
531	Forward! be our watchword
532	On our way rejoicing
533	We march, we march to victory
534	Lead on, O King Eternal
535	Go forward, Christian soldier
536	O happy band of pilgrims
537	Rejoice, ye pure in heart
538	Stand up, stand up, for Jesus
539	Through the night of doubt and sorrow
540	Those eternal bowers
541	Ten thousand times ten thousand
542	I heard a sound of voices
543	Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls
544	O what the joy and the glory must be

Also the following:

4	Christ, whose glory fills the skies
22	The shadows of the evening hours
61	Rejoice, rejoice, believers
67	Thou art coming, O my Savior
72	O come, all ye faithful
76	Christians, awake
85	The Son of God goes forth to war
92	From the eastern mountains
103	Hark! the song of jubilee
110	Alleluia, song of gladness
113	Fight the good fight
143	All glory, laud, and honour
144	The royal banners forward go
145	Ride on, ride on in majesty
167	O Paradise, O Paradise
168	Hail! festal day (Easter)
169	Welcome, happy morning
171	The day of resurrection
184	Hail! festal day (Ascension)
185	Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious
195	Hail! festal day (Whitsun)
205	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty
210	Holy Father, great Creator
253	The God of Abraham praise
266	Ye watchers and ye holy ones
295	For all the saints
297	Hark! the sound of holy voices
352	Again the morn of gladness
356	Fairest Lord Jesus

423 We plow the fields, and scatter
433 Once to every man and nation
442 God of the nations
449 Jesus, still lead on
458 Christ is our cornerstone
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
474 O Sion, haste, thy mission high
483 God is working his purpose out
501 When wilt thou save the people
508 Blessed city, heavenly Salem
509 O heavenly Jerusalem
510 O mother dear, Jerusalem
512 For thee, O dear, dear country
557 God hath sent his angels

Processionals

517. Children of the heavenly King

Four 7's

Pleyel's Hymn:

Arr. from Ignaz Joseph Pleyel, 1790

John Cennick, 1743

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

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

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we will still follow thee.

Amen.



Processionals

518. Hark! the voice eternal

6.5.,12 lines

Vox Aeterna:

Horatio Parker, 1903

John Julian, 1882

Hark! the voice eternal,
 Robed in majesty,
Calling into being
 Earth and sea and sky;
Hark! in countless numbers
 All the angel-throng
Hail creation's morning
 With one burst of song.
 High in regal glory,
 'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
 Holy, infinite.

Bright the world and glorious,
 Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
 Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
 Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
 Breathing over all.
 Still in regal glory,
 'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
 Holy, infinite.

Long the nations waited,
 Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning,
 For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning



Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day;
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the newborn King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of his hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

Lo! again he cometh,
Robed in clouds of fight,
As the Judge eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to his footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, thou King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To thy feet, triumphant,



Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to thee.
High in regal glory,
Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

Amen.

Processionals

519. Ancient of Days, who sittest, throned in glory

11.10.11.10

Ancient of Days (Parker):

Horatio Parker, 1903

Albany:

John Albert Jeffery, 1886

William C. Doane, 1886

Ancient of Days, who sittest, throned in glory;
To thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blessed the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

O Holy Father, who hast led thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewildering,
To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Savior,
To thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always.

Amen.



Processionals

520. Alleluia! Alleluia

8.7.8.7.D

Lux Eoi:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Christopher Wordsworth, 1872

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Hearts and voices heavenward raise:

Sing to God a hymn of gladness,

Sing to God a hymn of praise:

He, who on the cross a victim,

For the world's salvation bled,

Jesus Christ, the King of glory,

Now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken,

Christ from death to life is born,

Glorious life, and life immortal,

On this holy Easter morn:

Christ has triumphed, and we conquer

By his mighty enterprise,

We with him to life eternal

By his resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits

Of the holy harvest-field,

Which will all its full abundance

At his second coming yield:

Then the golden ears of harvest

Will their heads before him wave,

Ripened by his glorious sunshine

From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen!

Shed upon us heavenly grace,

Rain and dew and gleams of glory

From the brightness of thy face:



That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with thee.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Savior
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

Amen.

Processionals

521. Rejoice, the Lord is King

6.6.6.6.8.8

Jubilate:

Horatio Parker

Charles Wesley, 1746;

Alt. John Taylor, 1795

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

Jesus the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!



Processionals

522. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph

8.7.8.7.D.

Rex Glorïae:

Henry Smart, 1868

In Babilone:

Ancient Dutch Melody;

pub. c. 1710;

harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918;

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
 See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
 To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He hath gained the victory!
He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
 He by death has spoiled his foes.

While he raised his hands in blessing,
 He was parted from his friends
While their eager eyes behold him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and pleased him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
 To his everlasting home.



Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
 With his blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of his grace.

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

Amen.

Processionals

523. Jesus, King of glory

6.5., 12 lines

Sion:

Henry Smart, 1872

W. Hope Davison, 1887

Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Savior,
 Hear thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions,
 Cleanse us from our sin;
By thy Spirit help us
 Heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Savior,
 Hear thy children cry.

On this day of gladness,
 Bending low the knee
In thine earthly temple,
 Lord, we worship thee;
Celebrate thy goodness,
 Mercy, grace, and truth,
All thy loving guidance
 Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Savior,
 Hear our grateful cry.

For the little children
 Who have come to thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
 Who thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting



In thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold thy face,
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Savior,
Hear our grateful cry.

For thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory,
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Savior,
Hear our grateful cry.

When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Savior,
Hear thy children cry.

Amen.



Processionals

524. Hear us, thou that broodedst

6.5., 12 lines

King's College:

Arthur H. Mann, 1916

Refrain

Godfrey Thring, 1873

Hear us, thou that broodedst
O'er the wat'ry deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with thine.

Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting thy will.

When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Savior's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle



Till the battle's won.

If the day be falling
 Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
 Sinking to its close,
May thy love in mercy,
 Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
 O'er our evening sky.

Morning, noon, and evening,
 Whensoever it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
 Quickening life in thee:
Life that gives us, living,
 Life of heavenly love,
Life that brings us, dying,
 Life from heaven above.

Amen.



Processionals

525. I Bind unto myself today

L.M.D.

St. Patrick:

Ancient Irish Melody

Dierdre:

Ancient Irish Melody

PART I

Verse 1 ends here; the other verses continue;

PART II

(Sung to Dierdre)

(Sung to St. Patrick)

Irish; St. Patrick (372-466);

Tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1885

I Bind unto myself today
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.

I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation;
His baptism in Jordan river;
His death on cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spiced tomb;
His riding up the heavenly way;
His coming at the day of doom:
I bind unto myself today.

I bind unto myself the power
Of the great love of cherubim;
The sweet 'Well done' in judgment hour;
The service of the seraphim;
Confessors' faith, apostles' word,
The patriarchs' prayers, the prophets' scrolls;
All good deeds done unto the Lord,
And purity of virgin souls.

I bind unto myself today
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,
Around the old eternal rocks.

I bind unto myself today
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, his might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need;
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, his shield to ward;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity;
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.
Of whom all nature hath creation;
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

Amen.



Processionals

526. O Savior, precious Savior

7.6.7.6.D.

Watermouth:

Arthur H. Mann, 1889

Jesu Dilectissime:

R. H. McCartney (1844-1895)

Frances R. Havergal, 1870

O Savior, precious Savior,
Whom yet unseen we love!
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our holy Lord and King.

O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

In thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee, O Christ, we sing:
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,



In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess thee
Our Savior and our King.

Amen.

Processionals

527. Savior, blessed Savior

6.5.6.5.D.

Asaph:

G. Edward Stubbs, 1894

Edina:

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868

Godfrey Thring, 1862

Savior, blessed Savior,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great, and ever greater,
Are thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round thy throne.

Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,



In our sadness bringing
 News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
 Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
 On a world of sin.

Brighter still, and brighter,
 Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
 O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
 Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Savior,
 Find a rest at last!

Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling,
 When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
 Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
 Saints with angels song,
Never weary raising
 Praises to their King.

Amen.



Processionals

528. At the Name of Jesus

6.5.6.5.D.

Evelyns:

William Henry Monk

Caroline Maria Noel, 1870

At the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of glory now;
Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

At his voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death he passed;

Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:



To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.

Processionals

529. Brightly gleams our banner

6.5., 12 lines

Sion:

Henry Smart, 1872

Vexillum:

Henry Smart, 1868

Refrain

Thomas J. Potter, 1860

Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
 Take our heavenward way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
 See thy children meet:
Often have we left thee,
 Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Savior,
 In the narrow way.

All our days direct us
 In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us



When the storm clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy throne of love.
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in his beauty!
Songs that never cease!

Amen.

Processionals

530. Onward, Christian soldiers

6.5., 12 lines



St. Gertrude:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871

Refrain

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1864

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before!

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise!

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
 All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,

One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

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

Amen.



Processionals

531. Forward! be our watchword

6.5., 12 lines

St. Boniface:

Henry Gadsby, 1875

Henry Alford, 1871

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight!
Jordan flows before us;
Sion beams with light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,



Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

Amen.

Processionals

532. On our way rejoicing

6.5., 12 lines



Hermas:

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

Valour:

Arthur H. Mann, 1889

Refrain

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from thee!

On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!

If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seedtime
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;

Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Savior
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!

Amen.



Processionals

533. We march, we march to victory

P.M.

To Victory:

Joseph Barnby, 1872

(The refrain is sung before and after each verse.)

Refrain

Gerard Moultrie, 1867

We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the Lord of light,
In reverent train to meet him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet him.

Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,
Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.

And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.



Processionals

534. Lead on, O King Eternal

7.6.7.6.D.

Lancashire:

Henry Smart, 1836

Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

Lead on, O King Eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle-song.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

Amen.

Processionals

535. Go forward, Christian soldier

7.6.7.6.D.



Mission:

Horatio Parker, 1894

Lancashire:

Henry Smart, 1835

Laurence Tuttiett, 1861

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath his banner true!
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
 He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
 Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
 Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed!
Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory!

Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the gathering night:

The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Processionals

536. O happy band of pilgrims

7.6.7.6



Knecht:

Justen H. Knecht, 1799

Greek; St. Joseph the Hymnographer, 850;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862;

Alt.

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow
To Jesus as your head!

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn;

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

What are they but his jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

Amen.



Processionals

537. Rejoice, ye pure in heart

S.M., with refrain

Marion:

Arthur H. Messiter, 1883

Edward H. Plumptre, 1865

Rejoice, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

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

Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!



Processionals

538. Stand up, stand up, for Jesus

7.6.7.6.D.

Webb:

George J. Webb, 1837

George Duffield, Jr., 1858

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner!
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead;
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.



To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Processionals

539. Through the night of doubt and sorrow

8.7.8.7.D.

St. Asaph (Bambridge):

William S. Bambridge, 1872

Harvard Hymn:

John K. Paine (1839-1906)

Danish; Bernhard S. Ingemann, 1825;

Tr. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!



Processionals

540. Those eternal bowers

6.5.6.5.D.

St. Alban's (Morley):

Thomas Morley (1842-1891), 1867

Greek; St. John of Damascus (-749);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1862;

Alt.

Those eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
 Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white?

He who wakes from slumber
 At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
 Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
 Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
 All beside but loss.

He who gladly barterers
 All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
 Says, "I will be crowned";
He whose one oblation
 Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation.
 To the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
 Of the heavenly King,



Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabour
Dream away the light,
When he bids you labour,
When he tells you, "Fight"?

Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In thyself complete.

Amen.

Processionals

541. Ten thousand times ten thousand

7.6.7.6.D.

Alford:

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

Henry Alford, 1867

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

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

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign!



Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens thy promised sign!
Thou Prince and Savior, come!

Amen.

Processionals

542. I heard a sound of voices

7.6.8.6.D.

Patmos (Storer):

Henry Johnson Storer, 1891

Godfrey Thring, 1886

I heard a sound of voices
 Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
 To him that sat thereon:
"Salvation, glory, honour!"
 I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
 In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,
 And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
 In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
 The myriad hosts among,
In praise of him who died and lives,
 Their one glad triumph song.

I saw the holy city,
 The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
 With jeweled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
 Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honours there,
 And laid them at her feet.

And there no sun was needed,
 Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
 The Lamb himself the light;



And there his servants serve him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with him, their Savior, King,
They reign for evermore.

O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon his throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Savior with his own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God who reignest!
Thou bright and morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl
And call thy servants home.

Amen.

Processionals

543. Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls

10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6



Melchior:

Erfurt, 1663;

harm. Charles Wood, 1904

Whittingham:

Horatio Parker, 1887

German; Johann M. Meyfart, 1626;

Tr. William R. Whittingham, 1860;

cento.

Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls,
 Would God I were in thee!
Desire of thee my longing heart enthalls,
 Desire at home to be:
Wide from the world outleaping,
 O'er hill, and vale, and plain,
My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
 Thy portals to attain.

O gladsome day and yet more gladsome hour!
 When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
 May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving
 In trust to his own hand,
To dwell among the living
 In that blest Fatherland.

Great fastness thou of honour! thee I greet:
 Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet,
 At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
 And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
 Eternity's bright day.

Unnumbered choirs before the Lamb's high throne
 There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
 In blissful ecstasy:
A hundred thousand voices
 Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
 God's praises to prolong.



Processionals

544. O what the joy and the glory must be

Four 10's

O Quanta Qualia:

François de La Feillée, 1808;

harm. John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

May be sung in unison.

Latin; Ascribed to Peter Abelard (1079-1142);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1854

O what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,



Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One.

Amen.

VII. CAROLS



Carols

545	All my heart this night rejoices
546	Silent night, holy night
547	When Christ was born of Mary free
548	Like silver lamps in a distant shrine
549	Good Christian men, rejoice
550	Dost thou in a manger lie
551	The first Nowell the angel did say
552	Joy fills our inmost hearts today
553	Saw you never, in the twilight
554	We three kings of Orient are
555	Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia
556	Joy dawned again on Easter-Day
557	God hath sent his angels to the earth again
558	Easter flowers are blooming bright
559	On wings of living light
560	Golden harps are sounding
561	Joy because the circling year

Carols

545. All my heart this night rejoices

8.3.3.6.D.

Ebeling:

Johann G. Ebeling, 1666

Stella (Parker):

Horatio Parker, 1893

German; Paulus Gerhardt, 1656;

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1861

All my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
 You are freed;
 All you need
I will surely give you."

Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love him who with love is yearning!
 Hail the star
 That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,



Live to thee,
And with thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

Amen.

Carols

546. Silent night, holy night

P.M.

Holy Night:

Franz Grüber, 1818;

harm. Carl Reinecke

Joseph Mohr, 1818

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child.
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ, the Savior, is born!
Christ, the Savior, is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Amen.



Carols

547. When Christ was born of Mary free

P.M.

When Christ Was Born:

Arthur H. Brown, 1859

In Excelsis Gloria:

Leopold Stokovski, 1908

Refrain

Traditional, 15th century

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,"

This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,

Grant us, O Lord, for thy great grace,
In heaven in bliss to see thy face,
Where we may sing to thy solace,

"In excelsis gloria."

Amen.

Carols

548. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine

P.M.



The Manger Throne:

Charles Steggall, 1867

William C. Dix, 1867

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary is born tonight.
The gloom is past,
And the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

No earthly songs are half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies,
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger-bed where our Savior lies;
No night in the year
Is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height,
And love still turns
Where the Godhead burns,
Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And the angels of God are crowding the air,
And heaven and earth,
Through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

Carols

549. Good Christian men, rejoice

P.M.



In Dulci Jubilo:

Traditional German, 14th century;

harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918

Latin;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1853

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain his everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save!

Carols

550. Dost thou in a manger lie

P.M.

Mauburn:

T. Tertius Noble, 1918

Latin, Jean Mauburn, 1494;

Tr. Elizabeth Charles, 1858

Dost thou in a manger lie,
Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
Savior, long awaited?
If a monarch, where thy state?
Where thy court on thee to wait?
Royal purple, where?
Here no regal pomp we see;
Naught but need and penury:
Why thus cradled here?

Pitying love for fallen man
Brought me down thus low;
For a race deep lost in sin,
Came I into woe.
By this lowly birth of mine,
Sinner, riches shall be thine,
Matchless gifts and free;
Willingly this yoke I take,
And this sacrifice I make,
Heaping joys for thee.

Fervent praise would I to thee
Evermore be raising;
For thy wondrous love to me
Thee be ever praising.
Glory, glory be for ever
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord!
Better witness to thy worth,



Purer praise than ours on earth,
Angels' songs afford.

Amen.

Carols

551. The first Nowell the angel did say

P.M.

The First Nowell:

Traditional English;

pub. 1833

Refrain

Traditional

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields as they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord



Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

Carols

552. Joy fills our inmost hearts today

8.6.8.6.8.6.8.8

Joy:

Henry Gadsby (1842-1907)

William C. Dix, c. 1865

Joy fills our inmost hearts today!
The royal Child is born;
And angel hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! the incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! the incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in thy mother's arms,
We see thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! the incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, holy Child;
That we may keep thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.



Rejoice, rejoice! the incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

Amen.

Carols

553. Saw you never, in the twilight

8.7.8.7.D.

The Wise Men:

Berthold Tours, 1881

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853

Saw you never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek his cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion
For our Savior, God, and King.



Carols

554. We three kings of Orient are

P.M.

Three Kings of Orient:

John Henry Hopkins, Jr., 1857

Refrain

GASPARD

MELCHIOR

BALTHAZAR

THE THREE

John Henry Hopkins, Jr., 1867

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again,
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising,
All men raising,



Worship him, God on high.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice,
Heav'n sings Alle-
luia: Alle-
luia the earth replies.

Amen.

Carols

555. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia

8.8.8. with alleluias

O Filii et Filiae:

French, 15th cent.;

Solesmes Version, Mode II;

harm. Winfred Douglas, 1918

In harmony before v. 1, and after v. 9.

Refrain

Latin; Jean Tisserand (-1494);

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1852

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death today rose triumphing.

That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."

That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.

"My pierced hands, O Thomas, see;
My hands, my feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."



No longer Thomas then denied,
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.

How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.

On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.

Alleluia!

Carols

556. Joy dawned again on Easter-Day

L.M.



Puer Nobis:

Michael Praetorius, 1609;

harm. George R. Woodward, 1904

Chorus Novae Jerusalem:

Sarum Plainsong, Mode III

Latin;

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1852

Joy dawned again on Easter-Day,
The sun shone out with fairer ray,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
The apostles saw their risen Lord.

His risen flesh with radiance glowed;
His wounded hands and feet he showed:
Those scars their silent witness gave
That Christ was risen from the grave.

O Jesus, King of gentleness,
Do thou our inmost hearts possess;
And we to thee will ever raise
The tribute of our grateful praise.

Jesus, who art the Lord of all,
In this our Easter festival,
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed, thy people, shield.

All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To thee, who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise.

Amen.

Carols

557. God hath sent his angels to the earth again

Six 11's



Vexillum:

Henry Smart, 1868

Refrain

Phillips Brooks, 1877

God hath sent his angels to the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men;
They who first, at Christmas, thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door, sit on Easter Day.

Angels sing his triumph, as you sang his birth,
"Christ, the Lord, is risen. Peace, goodwill on earth."

In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at his side;
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed him down with anguish, they were with him there.

Yet the Christ they honor is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did his Father's will;
And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky,
Since he passed out from it into victory.

God has still His angels, helping, at his word,
All his faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.

Carols

558. Easter flowers are blooming bright

7.7.7.6

Glory in the Highest:

Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1877

Refrain

Mary A. Nicholson, 1875

Easter flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light:
Christ our Lord is risen in might,

Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude he lay;
Now once more cast grief away,

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,

As he riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,

Glory in the highest.

Amen.



Carols

559. On wings of living light

6.6.6.6.8.8

Harewood:

Samuel S. Wesley, 1839

Refrain

W. Walsham How, 1872

On wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.

Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!

O let your hearts be strong!
For we, like him, shall rise,
To dwell with him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies.



Carols

560. Golden harps are sounding

6.5., 12 lines

Hermas:

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

St. Theresa:

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Refrain

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
Jesus, King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph,
To his throne above.

All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At his Father's side.
Nevermore to suffer,
Nevermore to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high!

Pleading for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;

His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth
Ever loveth too.

Amen.



Carols

561. Joy because the circling year

Four 7's, with Alleluia

Nassau:

Dresden, 1694

Refrain

Latin;

Tr. John Ellerton and Fenton J. A. Hort, 1871

Joy because the circling year
Brings our day of blessings here;
Day when first the Light divine
On the Church began to shine.

Like to quivering tongues of flame
Unto each the Spirit came:
Tongues that each might hear their call;
Fire, that love might burn in all.

So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known.

Still the Spirit's fullness, Lord,
On thy waiting Church be poured!
Once thou on thy Church didst shower
Mighty signs and words of power;

Humbler things we ask thee now,
Gifts of heaven to men below;
Grant our burdened heart release,
Grant thine own abiding peace.

Alleluia!

Amen.

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