The Hymnal [of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the USA]
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Author(s): 

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Christian symbols, liturgy, prayer, hymnology

Hymnology

Denominational hymnbooks in English
Contents

Title Page 1
Authorization 2
Preface 4
Contents 6

I. DAILY PRAYER 10

Morning 11
1. New every morning is the love 12
2. Awake, my soul, and with the sun 14
3. Come, my soul, thou must be waking 16
4. Christ, whose glory fills the skies 18
5. Now that the sun is gleaming bright 19
6. My Father, for another night 20
7. Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go 21
8. Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One 22

Noon 23
9. Blest are the moments, doubly blest 24
10. Behold us, Lord, a little space 25

Evening 27
11. O Trinity of blessed light 29
12. O Brightness of the immortal Father's face 30
13. The day is gently sinking to a close 31
14. The radiant morn hath passed away 32
15. Through the day thy love has spared us 33
16. Holy Father, cheer our way 34
17. The sun is sinking fast 35
18. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide 37
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

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

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

Friday
52. O Jesus, crucified for man

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

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
St. Stephen
85. The Son of God goes forth to war
St. John the Evangelist
86. O Thou, who gav’st thy servant grace
Holy Innocents
87. O Lord, the Holy Innocents
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
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
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

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

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
222. With broken heart and contrite sigh
223. Lord, who throughout these forty days
224. Jesus, and shall it ever be
225. Weary of wandering from my God
226. Heal me, O my Savior, heal
227. When wounded sore the stricken soul
228. Just as I am, without one plea
229. Sinful, sighing to be blest

Litanies of Penitence
231. God the Father, God the Son
232. Part 1. God the Father, God the Son
233. Part 2. By the gracious saving call
234. Part 3. Teach us what thy love has borne

Holy Week
235. All glory, laud, and honor
236. The royal banners forward go
237. Ride on! ride on in majesty
238. See the destined day arise
239. In the hour of trial
240. Behold the Lamb of God
241. O Lamb of God, still keep me
242. Beneath the cross of Jesus
243. Go to dark Gethsemane
244. In the cross of Christ I glory
245. O come and mourn with me awhile
246. When I survey the wondrous cross
247. Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended
248. His are the thousand sparkling rills
249. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
250. O sacred head surrounded
251. There is a green hill far away
252. We sing the praise of him who died
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>161</td>
<td>At the cross her station keeping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162</td>
<td>Glory be to Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>The Story of the Cross</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>163</td>
<td>In his own raiment clad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>164</td>
<td>Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>The Words on the Cross</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>165</td>
<td>Resting from his work today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>166</td>
<td>The grave itself a garden is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>167</td>
<td>O Paradise, O Paradise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Easter Even</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td>Hail! festal day, to endless ages known</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>169</td>
<td>Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>170</td>
<td>Come, ye faithful, raise the strain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>171</td>
<td>The day of resurrection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>172</td>
<td>Jesus Christ is risen today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>173</td>
<td>The strife is o'er, the battle done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>174</td>
<td>Come, see the place where Jesus lay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>175</td>
<td>Christ the Lord is risen today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>176</td>
<td>Jesus lives! thy terrors now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>177</td>
<td>Angels, roll the rock away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>178</td>
<td>At the Lamb's high feast we sing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>179</td>
<td>He is risen, he is risen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>Forty days of Eastertide</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Rogation Days</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>181</td>
<td>Jesus, crowned with all renown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>182</td>
<td>To thee our God we fly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>183</td>
<td>Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ascension Day</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>184</td>
<td>Hail! festal day! to endless ages known</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>185</td>
<td>Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>186</td>
<td>Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

viii
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

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

Litanies of the Holy Ghost

203. Come to our poor nature's night
204. Spirit blest, who art adored

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

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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>215.</td>
<td>Jesus, my strength, my hope</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216.</td>
<td>God moves in a mysterious way</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>217.</td>
<td>Rock of ages, cleft for me</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218.</td>
<td>Jesus, I live to Thee</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>219.</td>
<td>Christ, of all my hopes the ground</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220.</td>
<td>My heart is resting, O my God</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>221.</td>
<td>My God, how wonderful Thou art</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>222.</td>
<td>Nearer, my God, to Thee</td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>223.</td>
<td>Jesus, Lover of my soul</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>224.</td>
<td>In heavenly love abiding</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>225.</td>
<td>My spirit on Thy care</td>
<td>378</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Divine Love</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226.</td>
<td>Love divine, all loves excelling</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>227.</td>
<td>Thou hidden love of God, whose height</td>
<td>381</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>228.</td>
<td>Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229.</td>
<td>Jesus, thy boundless love to me</td>
<td>384</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230.</td>
<td>Come, O thou Traveler unknown</td>
<td>386</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231.</td>
<td>Love of Jesus, all divine</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232.</td>
<td>How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds</td>
<td>389</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233.</td>
<td>Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee</td>
<td>391</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234.</td>
<td>My God, I love thee: not because</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>235.</td>
<td>O Love that casts out fear</td>
<td>394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>236.</td>
<td>O Love that wilt not let me go</td>
<td>395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Divine Mercy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>237.</td>
<td>When all thy mercies, O my God</td>
<td>397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>238.</td>
<td>Thy life was given for me</td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>239.</td>
<td>I could not do without Thee</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>240.</td>
<td>There's a wideness in God's mercy</td>
<td>403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241.</td>
<td>Eternal Light! Eternal Light</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242.</td>
<td>I heard the voice of Jesus say</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243.</td>
<td>Savior, source of every blessing</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Divine Guidance</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>x</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
He leadeth me! O blessed thought
Thou say'st, Take up thy cross
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

Praise and Adoration

All people that on earth do dwell
From all that dwell below the skies
O God of God! O Light of Light
The spacious firmament on high
The God of Abraham praise
How wondrous and great
O Worship the King, all glorious above
Songs of praise the angels sang
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
Praise to the Holiest in the height
O for a heart to praise my God
Awake, and sing the song
Praise the Lord through every nation
O could I speak the matchless worth
Ye holy angels bright
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise
Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Holy Days: General for Saints' Days

From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at rest

St. Andrew

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

St. Thomas

O Thou who didst, with love untold
We walk by faith, and not by sight

Conversion of St. Paul
271. We sing the glorious conquest
272. Lord, who fulfillest thus anew
The Presentation of Christ, or Purification of St. Mary
273. In his temple now behold him
274. Hail to the Lord who comes
St. Matthias
275. Praise to the heavenly Wisdom
The Annunciation
276. Praise we the Lord this day
277. Blest are the pure in heart
St. Mark
278. We praise thy grace, O Saviour
St. Philip and St. James
279. Thou art the Way, to thee alone
St. Barnabas
280. O Son of God, our Captain of salvation
281. The son of Consolation!
St. John Baptist
282. On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry
St. Peter
283. Forsaken once, and thrice denied
St. James
284. We praise thy Name, O Lord most High
The Transfiguration
285. O wondrous type! O vision fair
286. Lord, it is good for us to be
St. Bartholomew
287. King of saints, to whom the number
St. Matthew
288. Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
St. Michael and All Angels
289. Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright
xii
290. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
291. Around the throne of God a band

St. Luke
292. What thanks and praise to thee we owe

St. Simon and St. Jude
293. For thy dear saints, O Lord

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

III. SACRAMENTS AND RITES

Holy Communion: Introits
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

Holy Communion: The Offertory
319. We give thee but thine own

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

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: Adults

346. Soldiers of Christ, arise

Catechism

347. Glory to the blessèd 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

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 lovèst all

Litany for Children

368. Jesus, from thy throne on high

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
Holy Matrimony
381. O Father, all creating
382. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending
383. The voice that breathed o'er Eden
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 sorrow
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

Burial of the Dead
409. When our heads are bowed with woe
410. God of the living, in whose eyes
411. Now the laborer’s task is o’er
412. Sunset and evening star
413. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

Burial of the Dead: For Children
414. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled

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

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

National Days
427. My country, ’tis of thee
428. God bless our native land
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Line from the Hymns of the Church of England</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>429.</td>
<td>O say can you see, by the dawn's early light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>430.</td>
<td>God of our fathers, whose almighty hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>431.</td>
<td>Lord, while for all mankind we pray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>432.</td>
<td>Judge eternal, throned in splendour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>433.</td>
<td>Once to every man and nation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>434.</td>
<td>Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>435.</td>
<td>God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>436.</td>
<td>O God of love, O King of peace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>437.</td>
<td>O Lord of hosts! Almighty King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>438.</td>
<td>Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>439.</td>
<td>God of our fathers, known of old</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440.</td>
<td>Lord God, we worship thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>441.</td>
<td>Faith of our fathers! living still</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>442.</td>
<td>God of the nations, who hast led</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Old and New Year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>443.</td>
<td>A few more years shall roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>444.</td>
<td>Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>445.</td>
<td>O God, our help in ages past</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>446.</td>
<td>O God of Bethel, by whose hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>447.</td>
<td>For thy mercy and thy grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>448.</td>
<td>Father, let me dedicate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>449.</td>
<td>Jesus, still lead on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ember Days and Ordination</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>450.</td>
<td>Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>451.</td>
<td>God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>452.</td>
<td>Revive thy work, O Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>453.</td>
<td>Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>454.</td>
<td>O Thou who makest souls to shine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>455.</td>
<td>Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>456.</td>
<td>Ye servants of the Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Church Building and Consecration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>457.</td>
<td>Christ is made the sure foundation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>xviii</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
458. Christ is our cornerstone 770
459. Jesus! where'er thy people meet 771
460. All things are thine; no gift have we 773
461. Angel voices, ever singing 774
The Burial Ground 776
462. O Thou in whom thy saints repose 777

V. THE CHURCH 779
The Church Militant 780
463. One sole baptismal sign 781
464. The Church's one foundation 782
465. We love the place, O God 784
466. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise 786
467. Pleasant are thy courts above 787
468. Glorious things of thee are spoken 789
469. Lord of our life, and God of our salvation 791
470. City of God, how broad and far 792
471. O where are kings and empires now 793
472. Triumphant Sion, lift thy head 794
Litany of the Church 795
473. Jesus, with thy Church abide 796
Missions 798
474. O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling 800
475. O Spirit of the living God 802
476. From Greenland's icy mountains 803
477. Hasten the time appointed 805
478. Savior, sprinkle many nations 807
479. The morning light is breaking 809
480. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun 810
481. Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping 811
482. Fling out the banner! let it float 812
483. God is working his purpose out 813
484. Soon may the last glad song arise 815
xix
485. Let the song go round the earth
486. Christ for the world we sing
487. Arm of the Lord, awake! awake
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
Temperance
506. Father, who on man dost shower
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

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 928

VII. CAROLS 930

Carols 931

545. All my heart this night rejoices 932
546. Silent night, holy night 934
547. When Christ was born of Mary free 935
548. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine 936
549. Good Christian men, rejoice 938
550. Dost thou in a manger lie 939
551. The first Nowell the angel did say 941
552. Joy fills our inmost hearts today 943
553. Saw you never, in the twilight 945
554. We three kings of Orient are 946
555. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia 948
556. Joy dawned again on Easter-Day 950
557. God hath sent his angels to the earth again 951
558. Easter flowers are blooming bright 952
559. On wings of living light 953
560. Golden harps are sounding 954
561. Joy because the circling year 956

Index to First Lines 957

A 958
B 961
C 963
D 966
E 967
F 968
G 970
H 972
I 975
J 977
K xxii
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index of Authors</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<p>| 981  |
| 985  |
| 987  |
| 988  |
| 994  |
| 995  |
| 996  |
| 999  |
| 1003 |
| 1006 |
| 1007 |
| 1008 |
| 1009 |
| 1011 |
| 1013 |
| 1014 |
| 1015 |
| 1016 |
| 1017 |
| 1019 |
| 1020 |
| 1021 |
| 1022 |
| 1023 |
| 1025 |
| 1026 |
| 1027 |
| 1028 |
| 1029 |
| 1031 |
| 1032 |
| 1033 |
| xxiii |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Indexes</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Subject Index</td>
<td>1038</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index of Scripture References</td>
<td>1053</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index of Pages of the Print Edition</td>
<td>1054</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

X 1035
Z 1036
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
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY
MONELL SAYRE, TRUSTEE
First published, October, 1916
First edition published, February, 1919
COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY
MONELL SAYRE, TRUSTEE
First edition published, March, 1920
(Musical Edition publisher)
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
35 West 32nd Street, New York
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
G. Mott Williams
Thomas F. Davies
William F. Faber
James W. Ashton
Charles Lewis Slattery
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Winfred Douglas
Morris Earle

Roland S. Morris
Robert C. Pruyn
Miles Farrow
Walter Henry Hall
Horatio Parker
T. Tertius Noble
Monell Sayre
Peter Christian Lutkin
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.
## The Hymns

### I. DAILY PRAYER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>1-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noon</td>
<td>9, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening</td>
<td>11-31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the Week</td>
<td>32-42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord's day</td>
<td>43-51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Advent</td>
<td>53-70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas</td>
<td>71-84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Stephen</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John the Evangelist</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Innocents</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circumcision</td>
<td>88-91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epiphany</td>
<td>92-97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundays after Epiphany</td>
<td>98-110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Septuagesima</td>
<td>111-121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ash Wednesday and Lent</td>
<td>122-142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litanies of Penitence</td>
<td>141,142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Week</td>
<td>143-162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Story of the Cross</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Words on the Cross</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter Even</td>
<td>165-167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter Day</td>
<td>168-180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogation Days</td>
<td>181-183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ascension Day</td>
<td>184-194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitsunday</td>
<td>195-204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litanies of the Holy Ghost</td>
<td>203, 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topic</td>
<td>Pages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trinity Sunday</td>
<td>205-210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundays after Trinity</td>
<td>211-266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faith</td>
<td>211-225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Divine Love</td>
<td>226-236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Divine Mercy</td>
<td>237-243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divine Guidance</td>
<td>244-248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise and Adoration</td>
<td>249-266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Days</td>
<td>267-302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General for Saints' Days</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Andrew</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Thomas</td>
<td>269, 270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conversion of St. Paul</td>
<td>271, 272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Presentation of Christ, or Purification of St. Mary</td>
<td>273, 274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Matthias</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Annunciation</td>
<td>276, 277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Mark</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Philip and St. James</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Barnabas</td>
<td>280, 281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John Baptist</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Peter</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. James</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Transfiguration</td>
<td>285, 286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Bartholomew</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Matthew</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Michael and All Angels</td>
<td>289-291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Luke</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Simon and St. Jude</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Saints</td>
<td>294-302</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**III. SACRAMENTS AND RITES**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page Range</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Holy Commission</td>
<td>303-340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introits</td>
<td>303-318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Offertory</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Communion</td>
<td>320-340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Baptism</td>
<td>341-346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adults</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catechism</td>
<td>347-364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School Life</td>
<td>365-367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany for Children</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confirmation</td>
<td>369-380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Matrimony</td>
<td>381-383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visitation</td>
<td>384-408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burial of the Dead</td>
<td>409-414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Children</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travelers by Sea and Land</td>
<td>415-419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>IV. SPECIAL OCCASIONS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanksgiving Day</td>
<td>420-426</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Days</td>
<td>427-442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old and New Year</td>
<td>443-449</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ember-Days and Ordination</td>
<td>450-456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Building and Consecration</td>
<td>457-462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Burial Ground</td>
<td>462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>V. THE CHURCH</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Church Militant</td>
<td>463-472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of the Church</td>
<td>473</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missions</td>
<td>474-487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brotherhood and Service</td>
<td>488-505</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temperance</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Church Triumphant</td>
<td>507-516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>VI. PROCESIONALS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Processionals</td>
<td>517-544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. CAROLS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carols</td>
<td>545-561</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index to First Lines</td>
<td>523-536</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index of Authors and Translators</td>
<td>537-547</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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,
1. New every morning is the 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.
3. Come, my soul, thou must be waking

*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.
4. Christ, whose glory fills the skies

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.
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

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

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

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.
10. Behold us, Lord, a little space

*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.
10. Behold us, Lord, a little space
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
Sunset and evening star
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.
12. O Brightness of the immortal Father's face

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

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 even'tide;
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 even'tide.

Amen.
14. The radiant morn hath passed away

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

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

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.
18. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide

**Daily Prayer: Evening**

18. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide

**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.
19. Softly now the light of day

_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.
20. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear

_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._
20. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear
21. The day is past and gone

_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

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

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;

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

Amen.
26. God, that madest earth and heaven

Daily Prayer: Evening

26. God, that madest earth and heaven

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4

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.
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

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

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.
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.
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

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

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.
35. While thee I seek, protecting Power
Daily Prayer: Through the Week

36. Lord, for tomorrow and its needs

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.
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.
38. Three in One, and One in Three

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.
39. Savior, when night involves the skies

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.
40. O Light, whose beams illumine all

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.
41. Lord of mercy and of might

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

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

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.
46. Safely through another week

Heathlands:
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 reconcilèd 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.
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

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.
49. Our day of praise is done

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.
49. Our day of praise is done
50. Savior, again to thy dear Name we raise

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.
51. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing

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
52. O Jesus, crucified for man

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

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
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.
53. Hosanna to the living Lord
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

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.
57. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending

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

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

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!
59. Lord, thy word abideth

Amen.
60. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace

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.
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.
62. Wake, awake, for night is flying

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

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.
64. Great God, what do I see and hear

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

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.
66. O come, O come, Emmanuel

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

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

P.M.
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

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,
Reflection 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 blessèd 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

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.
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

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

O come, all ye faithful

Hark! the herald angels sing

Of the Father's love begotten

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn

Sing, O sing, this blessed morn

O little town of Bethlehem

It came upon the midnight clear

Angels from the realms of glory

Hark! what mean those holy voices

A great and mighty wonder

Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown

Calm on the listening ear of night

Also the following:

Once in royal David's city

All my heart this night rejoices

Silent night, holy night

When Christ was born of Mary free

Like silver lamps

Good Christian men, rejoice

Dost thou in a manger lie

The first Nowell the angel did say

Joy fills our inmost hearts today
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."
While shepherds watched their flocks by night
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.
72. O come, all ye faithful
73. Hark! the herald angels sing

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

*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

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.
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.
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

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.
80. Angels from the realms of glory

*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:
81. Hark! what mean those holy voices

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!"
82. A great and mighty wonder

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.
**83. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown**

_P.M._

**Christmas**

83. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown

**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

85 The Son of God goes forth to war
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
86. O Thou, who gav'st thy servant grace

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 unveilèd 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
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
88. The ancient law departs

_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

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.
90. Jesus! Name of wondrous love

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.
90. Jesus! Name of wondrous love
91. Conquering kings their titles take

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.
92. From the eastern mountains

*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

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.
94. As with gladness men of old

_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

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.
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

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 vouchsahest,
O Son of Righteousness.

Amen.
### Sundays after Epiphany

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

**Also the following:**

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

See also Sundays after Trinity, Church Militant, Missions, Brotherhood and Service.
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

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.
100. Light of those whose dreary dwelling

* 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

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.
C.M.

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.
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.
104. Thou, whose almighty word

Sundays after Epiphany

104. Thou, whose almighty word

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**

**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.
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!
107. O North, with all thy vales of green

Sundays after Epiphany

107. O North, with all thy vales of green

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.
108. How beauteous were the marks divine

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.

108. How beauteous were the marks divine
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.
109. *Not by thy mighty hand*
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
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.
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 reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
    Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
    Praise him for ever.
113. Fight the good fight with all thy might

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.
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.
115. Soldiers of the cross, arise

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!
116. Oft in danger, oft in woe

**Septuagesima**

**Oft in danger, oft in woe**

*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.
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.
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.
119. O Thou to whose all-searching sight

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.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Renclothe 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.
121. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost

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.
121. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
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
122. Lord, in this thy mercy's day

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.
123. Forty days and forty nights

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.
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.
125. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee

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.
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."
127. Jesus, Lord of life and glory

Ash Wednesday and Lent

127. Jesus, Lord of life and glory

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.
128. Christian, seek not yet repose

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!
129. Weary of self, and laden with my sin

*Ash Wednesday and Lent*

129. Weary of self, and laden with my sin

**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.
129. Weary of self, and laden with my sin
Ash Wednesday and Lent

130. Savior! when in dust to thee

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.
131. O Jesus! Lord most merciful

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.
132. O Jesus, thou art standing

Ash Wednesday and Lent

132. O Jesus, thou art standing

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.
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

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.
135. Jesus, and shall it ever be

*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.
136. Weary of wandering from my God

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.
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.
138. When wounded sore the stricken soul

St. Bernard:
Cologne, 1741
Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858

When wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced 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.
139. Just as I am, without one plea

_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.
140. Sinful, sighing to be blest

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.
140. Sinful, sighing to be blest
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.
141. God the Father, God the Son

Litanies of Penitence

141. God the Father, God the Son

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.
Litany 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.
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

Also the following:

409 When our heads are bowed with woe
143. All glory, laud, and honor

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.
144. The royal banners forward go

_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

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.
146. See the destined day arise

*Holy Week*

146. See the destined day arise

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

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.
148. Behold the Lamb of God

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 blessèd 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

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

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.
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.
153. O come and mourn with me awhile

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.
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

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.
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

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

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.
161. At the cross her station keeping

Holy Week

161. At the cross her station keeping

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 distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd
   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.
162. Glory be to Jesus

Holy Week

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
    Pleadèd 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.
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

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 tune¹

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

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do
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

**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

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 sealèd 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.
166. The grave itself a garden is

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 dawning 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Hymn Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>405</td>
<td>Peace, perfect peace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>449</td>
<td>Jesus, still lead on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>472</td>
<td>Triumphant Sion, lift thy head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>515</td>
<td>There is a blessèd home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>521</td>
<td>Rejoice, the Lord is King</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Easter Day

168. Hail! festal day, to endless ages known

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

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

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.
171. The day of resurrection

Easter Day

171. The day of resurrection

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.
173. The strife is o'er, the battle done

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

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.
174. Come, see the place where Jesus lay
175. Christ the Lord is risen today

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

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

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

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

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

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
181. Jesus, crowned with all renown

*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.
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.
183. Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead

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

Hail! festal day! to endless ages known
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates
Our Lord is risen from the dead
The head, that once was crowned with thorns
Thou art gone up on high
Crown Him with many crowns
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus
All hail the power of Jesus’ Name
Alleluia! sing to Jesus
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned

Also the following:

O God of God! O Light of Light
Praise the Lord through every nation
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored
Jesus shall reign
Rejoice, the Lord is King
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph
Jesus, King of glory
Golden harps are sounding
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.
185. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious

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.
**186. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates**

 Wareham:  
 William Knapp, 1738  
 *German;* George Weisell, 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.
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

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

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**


cm.

**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.
194. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned

Ascension Day

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.
194. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
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
195. Hail! festal day! through every age divine

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

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.
197. Spirit of mercy, truth, and love

**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

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.
199. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

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

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.
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.
202. Spirit divine, attend our prayers

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
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.
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
205. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

Trinity Sunday

205. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

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.

Rivaulx:
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.
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.
207. *Round the Lord in glory seated*
Trinity Sunday

208. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord

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

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

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
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.
212. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord

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.
213. A mighty Fortress is our God

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.
214. God is our stronghold and our stay

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.
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.
216. God moves in a mysterious way

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.
217. Rock of ages, cleft for me

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.
218. Jesus, I live to Thee

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.
219. Christ, of all my hopes the ground

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 overflowing 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

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.
222. Nearer, my God, to Thee

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

222. Nearer, my God, to Thee

6.4.6.4.6.6.4

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.
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.
223. Jesus, Lover of my soul
224. In heavenly love abiding

Sundays After Trinity: Faith

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.
225. My spirit on Thy care

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
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 alway 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.
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.
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.
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.
230. Come, O thou Traveler unknown

Sundays After Trinity: The Divine Love

230. Come, O thou Traveler unknown

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 didest 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.
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.
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.
232. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
233. Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise thee

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.
234. My God, I love thee: not because

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.
235. O Love that casts out fear

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.
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.
<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>237</td>
<td><strong>The Divine Mercy</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>238</td>
<td>When all thy mercies, O my God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>239</td>
<td>Thy life was given for me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>240</td>
<td>I could not do without Thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241</td>
<td>There's a wideness in God's mercy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242</td>
<td>Eternal Light! Eternal Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243</td>
<td>I heard the voice of Jesus say</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243</td>
<td>Savior, source of every blessing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
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.
239. I could not do without Thee

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 loneness
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.
240. There's a wideness in God's mercy

*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.
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!
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.
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
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.
245. He leadeth me! O blessed thought

_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.
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.
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.
248. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

_Sundays after Trinity: Divine Guidance_

248. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

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
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.
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.
252. The spacious firmament on high

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.
254. How wondrous and great

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.
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.
256. Songs of praise the angels sang

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.
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.
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.
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

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.
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.
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.
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.
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

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.
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, princedoms, powers,
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,
    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!

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!

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!

Amen.
HOLY DAYS

General for Saints' Days

267 From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at rest
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
268. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

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.
O Thou who didst, with love untold
We walk by faith, and not by sight

See also No. 555, Pt. 4-8.
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.
270. We walk by faith, and not by sight

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 fulfillest 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

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.
272. Lord, who fulfillest thus anew

Holy Days: Conversion of St. Paul

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
273. In his temple now behold him

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!
In his temple now behold him

Amen.
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

275  Praise to the heavenly Wisdom
Pasean:
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.
277. Blest are the pure in heart

**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.
We praise thy grace, O Saviour
St. Philip and St. James

279

Thou art the Way, to thee alone
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!
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.
280. *O Son of God, our Captain of salvation*
St. Barnabas

281. The son of Consolation!

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


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.
283 Forsaken once, and thrice denied

Also the following:

135 Jesus, and shall it ever be

147 In the hour of trial
283. Forsaken once, and thrice denied

St. Peter

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,
and 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.
Forsaken once, and thrice denied
St. James

We praise thy Name, O Lord most High
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.
We praise thy Name, O Lord most High
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
285. O wondrous type! O vision fair

Holy Days: The Transfiguration

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.
286. Lord, it is good for us to be
St. Bartholomew

King of saints, to whom the number
287. King of saints, to whom the number

Holy Days: St. Bartholomew

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
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
289. Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright

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.
290. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling

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.
290. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
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.
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,
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,
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.
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

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.
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.
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.
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: Introits

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.
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
The spacious firmament on high
How wondrous and great
O worship the King
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
The King of love my Shepherd is
O God, our help in ages past
O God of Bethel
We love the place, O God
Pleasant are thy courts above
Glorious things of thee are spoken
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake
Blest be the tie that binds
Holy Communion: Introits

303. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat

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: Introits

304. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare

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: Introits

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.
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

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.
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.
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

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.
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.
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.
312. God of mercy, God of grace
313. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs

Holy Communion: Introits

313. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs

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.
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

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.
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.
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.
318. Bless the Lord, my soul

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 reneweth
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.
319. We give thee but thine own
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
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.
321. O God, unseen yet ever near

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

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 chiepest,
    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.
324. Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless

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.
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.
326. *The King of love my Shepherd is*

Amen.
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.
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

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.
330. Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord

Holy Communion: The Communion

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.
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.
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

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.
334. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face

Holy Communion: The Communion

334. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face

Penitentia:
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.
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!
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.
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

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.
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*

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**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
341. A little child the Savior came

**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.
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,
342. Father of heaven, who hast created all

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.
344. In token that thou shalt not fear

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.
"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.
345. O let the children come to me
Baptism: Adults

346 Soldiers of Christ, arise
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 blessèd 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.
Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who for us was born,
In the stable, cold and poor,
On glad Christmas morn.

Glory to the blessèd Jesus
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us he died.

Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter Day.

Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
He, who is our Way,
Went up in a cloud to heaven
On Ascension Day.

Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who at Whitsuntide
Sent his Holy Spirit down
With us to abide.

Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
We will praise his love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

Amen.
347. Glory to the blessèd Jesus
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.
348. Advent tells us Christ is near
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

Irby:
Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858
Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848
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.
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

Bishopthorpe:
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.
352. Again the morn of gladness

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 redeemèd
    Shall own him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
    And every tongue shall sing,
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.
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.
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.
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

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.
357. Faithful Shepherd, feed me
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.

358. All things bright and beautiful
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, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Amen.
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.
361. Jesus, meek and gentle

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.
362. When Jesus left his Father's throne

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.
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

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 loveth all
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.
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.)
Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled 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

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

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

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

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 blessed Spirit, come,
Make each heart thy happy home.

Amen.
372. My God, accept my heart this day

Confirmation

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

Sandringham:
James Turle (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,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

Amen.
Confirmation

374. Lord, thy children guide and keep

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-fruitied 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

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.
376. Lord, shall thy children come to thee?

Confirmation

376. Lord, shall thy children come to thee?

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

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

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

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
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;

Ellacombe:
Wirtemberg, 1784
John Ellerton, 1876
But naught can break the marriage
Of hearts in thee made one,
And love thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

Amen.
382. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending

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

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 sorrow
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
Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
O Jesus, crucified for man
Brief life is here our portion
Lord, in this thy mercy's day
O Lamb of God, still keep me
Beneath the cross of Jesus
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
Jesus lives! thy terrors now
My faith looks up to thee
Jesus, my strength, my hope
Rock of ages
Nearer, my God, to thee
Jesus, lover of my soul
In heavenly love abiding
My spirit on thy care
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
O Love that casts out fear
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.
385. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

Visitation

385. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

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.
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."
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

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

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.
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord
Visitation

390. Jesus, my Savior, look on me

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, what’er befall:
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Amen.
Visitation

391. My God, my Father, while I stray

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,
"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 live or die;
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.
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.
394. Thy way, not mine, O Lord

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

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.
396. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

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

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 leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Amen.
Visitation

398. I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew

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.
399. At even, when the sun was set

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

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.
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 belovèd 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.
403. Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord

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?

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

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.
406. We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Visitation

407. One sweetly solemn thought

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.
407. One sweetly solemn thought
Visitation

408. Far from my heavenly home

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
410 God of the living, in whose eyes
411 Now the laborer's task is o'er
412 Sunset and evening star
413 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

Also the following:

18 Abide with me
65 Day of wrath! O day of mourning
165 Resting from his work today
166 The grave itself a garden is
167 O Paradise, O Paradise
171 The day of resurrection
173 The strife is o'er, the battle done
176 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
222 Nearer, my God, to thee
244 Lead, kindly Light
290 Hark! hark my soul
414 Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled

See also The Church Triumphant.
409. When our heads are bowed with woe

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 grieves 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.
409. When our heads are bowed with woe
Burial of the Dead

410. God of the living, in whose eyes

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.
411. Now the laborer's task is o'er

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.
412. Sunset and evening star

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.
413. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

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
414. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled

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
415. Eternal Father! strong to save

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.


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."
416. Fierce was the wild billow

Amen.
417. Safe upon the billowy deep

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

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.
419. With the sweet word of peace

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.
419. With the sweet word of peace
**Thanksgiving Day**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>420</td>
<td>Praise to God, immortal praise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>421</td>
<td>Come, ye thankful people, come</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>422</td>
<td>Now thank we all our God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>423</td>
<td>We plow the fields, and scatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>424</td>
<td>We come unto our fathers’ God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>425</td>
<td>For the beauty of the earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>426</td>
<td>Lord of heaven and earth and sea</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Also the following:*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>181</td>
<td>O Jesus, crowned with all renown</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
421. Come, ye thankful people, come

Thanksgiving Day

421. Come, ye thankful people, come

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

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:
Plain song, 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

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.
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
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.
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.
429. O say can you see, by the dawn's early light

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

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.
431. Lord, while for all mankind we pray

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.
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.
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.
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.
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.
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.
638. Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand

National Days

438. Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand

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.
438. Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand
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, guard ing, calls not thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

Amen.
440. Lord God, we worship thee

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.
441. Faith of our fathers! living still

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

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.
445. O God, our help in ages past

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.
446. O God of Bethel, by whose hand

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.
447. For thy mercy and thy grace

Old and New Year

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.
447. For thy mercy and thy grace
Old and New Year

448. Father, let me dedicate

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.
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
450. Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high

Federal Street:
Henry K. Oliver, 1832
James Montgomery, 1833

Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And thine ordained 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

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 attentive
   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!
451. God of the prophets! Bless the prophets’ sons

Amen.
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

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.
454. O Thou who makest souls to shine

_L.M._

**Ember Days and Ordination**

454. O Thou who makest souls to shine

*St. Lawrence:*
Leighton G. Hayne, 1863
John Armstrong, 1847

O Thou who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest 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.
454. O Thou who makest souls to shine
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.
456. Ye servants of the Lord

Ember Days and Ordination

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>457</td>
<td>Christ is made the sure foundation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>458</td>
<td>Christ is our cornerstone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>459</td>
<td>Jesus! where'er thy people meet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>460</td>
<td>All things are thine; no gift have we</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>461</td>
<td>Angel voices, ever singing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Also the following:*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>202</td>
<td>Spirit divine, attend our prayers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>464</td>
<td>The Church’s one foundation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>465</td>
<td>We love the place, O God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>466</td>
<td>Rise, crowned with light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>467</td>
<td>Pleasant are thy courts above</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>468</td>
<td>Glorious things of thee are spoken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>508</td>
<td>Blessed city! heavenly Salem</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 alway.

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.
457. Christ is made the sure foundation

Amen.
Church Building and Consecration

458. Christ is our cornerstone

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
462. O Thou in whom thy saints repose

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
463. One sole baptismal sign

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'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

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.
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.
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.
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.
469. Lord of our life, and God of our salvation

The Church Militant

469. Lord of our life, and God of our salvation

Cloisters:
Joseph Barnby, 1868
based on Matthaus 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 prevaleth:
    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:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
   The eternal city stands.
471. O where are kings and empires now

The Church Militant

471. O where are kings and empires now

C.M.

St. Anne:
William Croft, 1708
Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839;

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

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

Jesus, with thy Church abide
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-awaited 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>494</td>
<td>Where cross the crowded ways of life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>530</td>
<td>Onward, Christian soldiers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
474. **O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling**

**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.
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.
476. From Greenland’s icy mountains

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.
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.
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.
Savior, sprinkle many nations
**479. The morning light is breaking**

**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!”
480. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

L.M.

Missions

480. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

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.
482. Fling out the banner! let it float

_Missions_

482. Fling out the banner! let it float

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.
483. God is working his purpose out

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

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.
485. Let the song go round the earth

**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

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.
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
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.
488. Am I a soldier of the cross
489. Blest be the tie that binds

Brotherhood and Service

489. Blest be the tie that binds

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.
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

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.
**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

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.
494. Where cross the crowded ways of life

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.
494. Where cross the crowded ways of life
495. O brothers, lift your voices

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.
496. O Lord, and Master of us all

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.
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."

Ora Labora:
T. Tertius Noble, 1918
Jane Borthwick, 1859
498. O God of truth, whose living Word

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

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.
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.
501. When wilt thou save the people?

Brotherhood and Service

501. When wilt thou save the people?

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.
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
502. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Amen.
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.
503. O God of mercy! hearken now
Brotherhood and Service

504. Holy offerings, rich and rare

Holy Offerings:
Richard Redhead (1820-1901), 1870

Refrain
John S. B. Monsell, 1867;
a<br.

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.
505. Through Him, who all our sickness felt

Brotherhood and Service

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

Father, who on man dost shower

Also the following:

Jesus, my strength, my hope
506. Father, who on man dost shower

Temperance

506. Father, who on man dost shower

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.
506. *Father, who on man dost shower*
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

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.
509. O Heavenly Jerusalem

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 blessed 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.
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,
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 blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

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

Amen.
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.
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,
513. There is a land of pure delight

Should fright us from the shore.
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.
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.
516. For ever with the Lord

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:
Christ, whose glory fills the skies
The shadows of the evening hours
Rejoice, rejoice, believers
Thou art coming, O my Savior
O come, all ye faithful
Christians, awake
The Son of God goes forth to war
From the eastern mountains
Hark! the song of jubilee
Alleluia, song of gladness
Fight the good fight
All glory, laud, and honour
The royal banners forward go
Ride on, ride on in majesty
O Paradise, O Paradise
Hail! festal day (Easter)
Welcome, happy morning
The day of resurrection
Hail! festal day (Ascension)
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious
Hail! festal day (Whitsun)
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty
Holy Father, great Creator
The God of Abraham praise
Ye watchers and ye holy ones
For all the saints
Hark! the sound of holy voices
Again the morn of gladness
Fairest Lord Jesus
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Song Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>423</td>
<td>We plow the fields, and scatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>433</td>
<td>Once to every man and nation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>442</td>
<td>God of the nations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>449</td>
<td>Jesus, still lead on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>458</td>
<td>Christ is our cornerstone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>468</td>
<td>Glorious things of thee are spoken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>474</td>
<td>O Sion, haste, thy mission high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>483</td>
<td>God is working his purpose out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>501</td>
<td>When wilt thou save the people</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>508</td>
<td>Blessed city, heavenly Salem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>509</td>
<td>O heavenly Jerusalem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>510</td>
<td>O mother dear, Jerusalem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>512</td>
<td>For thee, O dear, dear country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>557</td>
<td>God hath sent his angels</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
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 dawns 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.
519. Ancient of Days, who sittest, throned in glory

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.
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.
521. Rejoice, the Lord is King

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!
522. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph

Rex Gloriae:
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.
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.
524. *Hear us, thou that broodedst*

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,
    Whensoe'er 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.
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 spicèd 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.
525. I Bind unto myself today
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.
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,  
Glows 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, blessèd 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.
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.
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.

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.
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.

Crows 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.
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.
532. On our way rejoicing

**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.
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

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

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!
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.
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!
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.
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!
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 barters
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.
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.
542. I heard a sound of voices

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.
Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls,
Would God I were in thee!
Desire of thee my longing heart enthralls,
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.
O Quanta Qualia:
François de La Feilée, 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 blessèd 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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>545</td>
<td>All my heart this night rejoices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>546</td>
<td>Silent night, holy night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>547</td>
<td>When Christ was born of Mary free</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>548</td>
<td>Like silver lamps in a distant shrine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>549</td>
<td>Good Christian men, rejoice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>550</td>
<td>Dost thou in a manger lie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>551</td>
<td>The first Nowell the angel did say</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>552</td>
<td>Joy fills our inmost hearts today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>553</td>
<td>Saw you never, in the twilight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>554</td>
<td>We three kings of Orient are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>555</td>
<td>Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>556</td>
<td>Joy dawnd again on Easter-Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>557</td>
<td>God hath sent his angels to the earth again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>558</td>
<td>Easter flowers are blooming bright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>559</td>
<td>On wings of living light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>560</td>
<td>Golden harps are sounding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>561</td>
<td>Joy because the circling year</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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,
545. All my heart this night rejoices

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.
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.
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.
548. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine

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.
548. Like silver lamps in a distant shrine
Carols

549. Good Christian men, rejoice

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

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,
550. Dost thou in a manger lie

    Purer praise than ours on earth,
    Angels' songs afford.

    Amen.
551. The first Nowell the angel did say

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.
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.
553. Saw you never, in the twilight

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.
**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.
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!
556. Joy dawning again on Easter-Day

_Carols_

556. Joy dawning 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 dawning 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._
557. God hath sent his angels to the earth again

Carols

557. God hath sent his angels to the earth again

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.
558. Easter flowers are blooming bright

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.
559. On wings of living light

**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

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 blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
   Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth
   Ever loveth too.

Amen.
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.
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A few more years shall roll</td>
<td>(25)</td>
<td>(203)</td>
<td>443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A great and mighty wonder</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little child the Saviour came</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A mighty Fortress is our God</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abide with me; fast falls the eventide</td>
<td>(335)</td>
<td>(12)</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Above the clear blue sky</td>
<td></td>
<td>(570)</td>
<td>353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>According to thy gracious word</td>
<td>(211)</td>
<td>(233)</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advent tells us Christ is near</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again the morn of gladness</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All glory, laud, and honour</td>
<td>(72)</td>
<td>(90)</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All hail the power of Jesus' Name</td>
<td>(424)</td>
<td>(450)</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All my heart this night rejoices</td>
<td></td>
<td>(538)</td>
<td>545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All people that on earth do dwell</td>
<td>(405)</td>
<td>(470)</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
All praise to thee, my God, this night

All things are thine; no gift have we

All things bright and beautiful

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hearts and voices

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia
See, O sons and daughters, let us sing

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia
See, The strife is o’er, the battle done

Alleluia! sing to Jesus

Am I a soldier of the cross

Ancient of Days, who sittest throned in glory

And now, O Father, mindful of the love

Angel voices, ever singing

Angels from the realms of glory

Angels, roll the rock away

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Page 1</th>
<th>Page 2</th>
<th>Page 3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arm of the Lord, awake! awake</td>
<td>487</td>
<td>287</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Around the throne of God, a band</td>
<td>291</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art thou weary, art thou languid</td>
<td>386</td>
<td>514</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As now the sun’s declining rays</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>358</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs</td>
<td>313</td>
<td>155</td>
<td>661</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As with gladness men of old</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep</td>
<td>413</td>
<td>260</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At even, when the sun was set</td>
<td>399</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the cross her station keeping</td>
<td>161</td>
<td>103</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the Lamb’s high feast we sing</td>
<td>178</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the Name of Jesus</td>
<td>528</td>
<td>518</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, and sing the song</td>
<td>261</td>
<td>463</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, and with the sun</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>332</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>476</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>B</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before Jehovah's awful throne</td>
<td>(409)</td>
<td>(473)</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before the ending of the day</td>
<td>(359)</td>
<td>(21)</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold the Lamb of God</td>
<td>(80)</td>
<td>(96)</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold us, Lord, a little space</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beneath the cross of Jesus</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed city, heavenly Salem</td>
<td></td>
<td>(400)</td>
<td>508</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blест are the moments, doubly blест</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blест are the pure in heart</td>
<td></td>
<td>(410)</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blést be the tie that binds</td>
<td>(315)</td>
<td>(672)</td>
<td>489</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread of heaven, on thee we feed</td>
<td>(209)</td>
<td>(224)</td>
<td>332</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread of the world, in mercy broken</td>
<td>(207)</td>
<td>(225)</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breast the wave, Christian</td>
<td>(472)</td>
<td>(656)</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breathe on me, Breath of God</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brief life is here our portion</td>
<td>(191)</td>
<td>(406)</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Line</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Number</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brightest and best of the sons of the morning</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>37</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brightly gleams our banner</td>
<td>529</td>
<td>515</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored</td>
<td>335</td>
<td>236</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By cool Siloam's shady rill</td>
<td>351</td>
<td>224</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By the gracious saving call. Part II</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>529</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1916</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call Jehovah thy salvation</td>
<td>(415)</td>
<td>310</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See, God shall charge his angel legions</td>
<td>(55)</td>
<td>84</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calm on the listening ear of night</td>
<td>(452)</td>
<td>517</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children of the heavenly King</td>
<td>(26)</td>
<td>525</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ be with me, Christ within me. Part II</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ for the world we sing</td>
<td>(580)</td>
<td>486</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ is made the sure foundation</td>
<td>(282)</td>
<td>457</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ is our cornerstone</td>
<td>(279)</td>
<td>458</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ, of all my hopes the ground</td>
<td></td>
<td>219</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ the Lord is risen today</td>
<td>(98)</td>
<td>175</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ, whose glory fills the skies</td>
<td>(331)</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian dost thou see them</td>
<td>(68)</td>
<td>126</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian, seek not yet repose</td>
<td></td>
<td>128</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christians, awake, salute the happy morn</td>
<td>(21)</td>
<td>76</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
City of God, how broad and far
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest
Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
Come Holy Ghost who ever One
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
Come, labour on
Come, my soul, thou must be waking
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
Come, O thou Traveler unknown
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Come, see the place where Jesus lay
Come, thou almighty King
Come, thou Holy Spirit, come
Come, thou long-expected Jesus
Come to our poor nature's night
Come unto me, ye weary
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Page 1</th>
<th>Page 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye disconsolate</td>
<td>637</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye faithful, raise the strain</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye thankful people, come</td>
<td>306</td>
<td>421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conquering kings their titles take</td>
<td>322</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creator Spirit, by whose aid</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crown him with many crowns</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td></td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day of wrath! O day of mourning</td>
<td>(483)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Lord and Father of mankind</td>
<td></td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dost thou in a manger lie</td>
<td></td>
<td>550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord</td>
<td>(220)</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth has many a noble city</td>
<td>(63)</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter flowers are blooming bright</td>
<td></td>
<td>558</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Father, strong (267) to save</td>
<td>(306)</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Light! Eternal Light</td>
<td></td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round</td>
<td></td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>356</td>
<td>Fairest Lord Jesus</td>
<td>441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>408</td>
<td>Far from my heavenly home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>367</td>
<td>*Father in heaven, who loveth all</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>448</td>
<td>Father, let me dedicate</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>206</td>
<td>Father of all, whose love profound</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>342</td>
<td>Father of heaven, who hast created all</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>396</td>
<td>Father, whatever of earthly bliss</td>
<td>670</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>506</td>
<td>Father, who on man dost shower</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>416</td>
<td>Fierce was the wild billow</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113</td>
<td>Fight the good fight with all thy might</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>482</td>
<td>Fling out the banner! let it float</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
For all the saints, who (187) from their labours rest
For ever with the Lord (489) (675) 516
For the beauty of the earth 425
For thee, O dear, dear country (492) (407) 512
For thy dear saints, O Lord (181) 293
For thy mercy and thy grace (204) 447
Forsaken once, and thrice denied 283
Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go (318) (639) 7
Forty days and forty nights (49) (79) 123
Forty days of Easter-tide 180
Forward! be our watchword (523) 531
From all that dwell below the skies (289) (468) 250
From all thy saints in warfare (175) (174) 267
From every stormy wind that blows (403) (481) 32
From Greenland’s icy mountains (283) (254) 476
From the eastern mountains (62) 92
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>G</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give me the wings of faith to rise</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glorious things of thee are spoken</td>
<td>(190)</td>
<td>(490)</td>
<td>468</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory be to Jesus</td>
<td>(74)</td>
<td>(362)</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory to the blessed Jesus</td>
<td></td>
<td>(537)</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go forward, Christian soldier</td>
<td></td>
<td>(510)</td>
<td>535</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go labour on! spend and be spent</td>
<td></td>
<td>(584)</td>
<td>490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go to dark Gethsemane</td>
<td>(86)</td>
<td>(93)</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God bless our native land</td>
<td>(309)</td>
<td>(196)</td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See, Our Fathers’ God to thee</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God hath sent his angels to the earth again</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>557</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is our stronghold and our stay</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is working his purpose out</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God moves in a mysterious way</td>
<td>(502)</td>
<td>(427)</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God, my King, thy might confessing</td>
<td>(423)</td>
<td>(465)</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of mercy, God of grace</td>
<td></td>
<td>(332)</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
God of our fathers, known of old

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand

God of the living, in whose eyes

*God of the nations, who hast led

*God of the prophets! bless the prophets' sons

God that madest earth and heaven

God, the All-terrible! King who ordainest

God the Father, God the Son

God the Father, God the Son

See, Father, hear thy children's call

Golden harps are sounding

Good Christian men, rejoice

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost

Great God, what do I see and hear

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>H</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td>Hail! festal day! through every age divine (Whitsunday)</td>
<td></td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail! festal day! to endless ages known (Easter)</td>
<td></td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail! festal day! to endless ages known (Ascension)</td>
<td></td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail, thou once despised Jesus</td>
<td>(76)</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail to the Lord who comes</td>
<td>(154)</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail to the Lord’s Anointed</td>
<td>(34)</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding</td>
<td>(41)</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling</td>
<td>(485)</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hark, my soul! it is the Lord</td>
<td>(521)</td>
<td>389</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes</td>
<td>(15)</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hark! the herald angels sing</td>
<td>(17)</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hark! the song of jubilee</td>
<td>(42)</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the sound of holy voices</td>
<td>(189)</td>
<td>(179)</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the voice eternal</td>
<td>(35)</td>
<td></td>
<td>518</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! what mean those holy voices</td>
<td>(20)</td>
<td>(61)</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hasten the time appointed</td>
<td>(291)</td>
<td>(255)</td>
<td>477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He is risen, he is risen</td>
<td>(107)</td>
<td>(117)</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*He leadeth me! O blessed thought</td>
<td>(616)</td>
<td></td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He who would valiant be</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heal me, O my Saviour, heal</td>
<td>(356)</td>
<td></td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear us, thou that broodedst</td>
<td>(133)</td>
<td></td>
<td>524</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face</td>
<td>(219)</td>
<td></td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His are the thousand sparkling rills</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Father, cheer our way</td>
<td>(9)</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Father, great Creator</td>
<td>(145)</td>
<td>(386)</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord</td>
<td>(140)</td>
<td>(385)</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty</td>
<td>(138)</td>
<td>(383)</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy offerings, rich and rare</td>
<td>(478)</td>
<td></td>
<td>504</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Spirit, Lord of love</td>
<td>(213)</td>
<td></td>
<td>371</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Holy Spirit, Truth divine 373
Hosanna to the living (4) (316) 53
Lord
How beauteous were the marks divine (314) 108
See, O who like thee, so calm, so bright
How bright appears the Morning Star 98
How bright these glorious spirits shine (177) 302
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord (398) (636) 212
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds (395) (433) 232
How wondrous and great (35) (467) 254
Hushed was the evening hymn (568) 359
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I am not worthy, holy Lord</td>
<td>(234)</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*I bind unto myself today</td>
<td></td>
<td>525</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I could not do without thee</td>
<td>(603)</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be</td>
<td>(633)</td>
<td>385</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I heard a sound of voices</td>
<td>(404)</td>
<td>542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I heard the voice of Jesus say</td>
<td>(528)</td>
<td>(673)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I hunger and I thirst</td>
<td>(343)</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I look to thee in every need</td>
<td></td>
<td>397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I love thy kingdom, Lord</td>
<td>(191)</td>
<td>(485)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew</td>
<td></td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I think when I read that sweet story of old</td>
<td>(226)</td>
<td>(562)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immortal Love, for ever full</td>
<td></td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In heavenly love abiding</td>
<td></td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In his own raiment clad</td>
<td>(106)</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In his temple now behold him</td>
<td>(151)</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the cross of Christ</td>
<td>(359)</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I glory</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the hour of trial</td>
<td>(443)</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(340)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In token that thou</td>
<td>(214)</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shalt not fear</td>
<td>(209)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inspirer and hearer of</td>
<td>(339)</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prayer</td>
<td>(643)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It came upon the</td>
<td>(22)</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>midnight clear</td>
<td>(59)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1892</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem! high tower (497) thy glorious walls</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem, my happy (496) home</td>
<td></td>
<td>(402)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem the golden (493)</td>
<td>(408)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, and shall it ever be</td>
<td>(597)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult</td>
<td>(143)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Christ is risen today (99)</td>
<td>(112)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, from thy throne on high</td>
<td>(526)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, gentlest Saviour</td>
<td>(576)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, I live to thee (666)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, I my cross have taken (236)</td>
<td>(358)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, in thy dying woes</td>
<td>(530)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, King of glory</td>
<td>(531)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus lives! thy terrors now (104)</td>
<td>(122)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Lord of life and glory</td>
<td>(350)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Lover of my soul (393)</td>
<td>(335)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, meek and gentle (225)</td>
<td>(567)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me
Jesus, my strength, my hope
Jesus! Name of wondrous love
Jesus shall reign wherever the sun
Jesus, still lead on
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me
Jesus, the very thought of thee
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts
Jesus, thy boundless love to me
Jesus, to thy table led
Jesus! where'er thy people meet
Jesus, with thy Church abide
Joy because the circling year
Joy dawned again on Easter day
Joy fills our inmost hearts today
Joy to the world! the Lord is come
*Judge eternal, throned in splendour

Just as I am, without one plea
King of saints, to whom the number

K

(168)  287
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>L</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace</td>
<td>(281)</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Land of our birth, We pledge to thee</td>
<td></td>
<td>367</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom</td>
<td>(512)</td>
<td>(423)</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lead on, O King Eternal</td>
<td></td>
<td>534</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us</td>
<td>(506)</td>
<td>(421)</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace</td>
<td>(422)</td>
<td>248</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let all mortal flesh keep silence</td>
<td></td>
<td>339</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let saints on earth in concert sing</td>
<td>(391)</td>
<td>299</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Let the song go round the earth</td>
<td></td>
<td>485</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Let thy Blood in mercy poured</td>
<td></td>
<td>340</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates</td>
<td>(454)</td>
<td>186</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of those whose dreary dwelling</td>
<td>(39)</td>
<td>(325)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light's abode, celestial Salem</td>
<td>(399)</td>
<td>(399)</td>
<td>507</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like silver lamps in a distant shrine</td>
<td></td>
<td>548</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany for Children</td>
<td>(526)</td>
<td>368</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of Penitence I</td>
<td>(528)</td>
<td>141</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of Penitence II</td>
<td>(529)</td>
<td>142</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of the Church</td>
<td>(525)</td>
<td>473</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of the Holy Ghost I</td>
<td>(135)</td>
<td>203</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of the Holy Ghost II</td>
<td>(524)</td>
<td>204</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litany of the Incarnate Life</td>
<td>(527)</td>
<td>41</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo, he comes with clouds descending</td>
<td>(1)</td>
<td>57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! what a cloud of witnesses</td>
<td>(183)</td>
<td>300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious</td>
<td>(115)</td>
<td>185</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord as to thy dear cross we flee</td>
<td>(251)</td>
<td>125</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord dismiss us with thy blessing</td>
<td>(165)</td>
<td>51</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, for ever at thy side</td>
<td>(466)</td>
<td>306</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, for tomorrow and its needs</td>
<td></td>
<td>36</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand</td>
<td></td>
<td>438</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord God, we worship thee</td>
<td>(308)</td>
<td>440</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping</td>
<td>(260)</td>
<td>481</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord in this thy mercy's day</td>
<td>(63)</td>
<td>122</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Line</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord in thy Name thy servants plead</td>
<td>183</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, in thy presence dread and sweet</td>
<td>377</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, it belongs not to my care</td>
<td>392</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See, Christ leads me through no darker rooms</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, it is good for us to</td>
<td>286</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Jesus, think on me</td>
<td>393</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of mercy and of might</td>
<td>41</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of our life, and God of our salvation</td>
<td>469</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high</td>
<td>450</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, shall thy children come to thee</td>
<td>376</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, speak to me, that I may speak</td>
<td>502</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, thy children guide and keep</td>
<td>374</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, thy word abide-th</td>
<td>59</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, when we bend before thy throne</td>
<td>124</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, while for all mankind we pray</td>
<td>431</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, who fulfillest thus anew</td>
<td>272</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lord, who throughout these forty days  (78)  134
Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise thee  (443)  233
Love divine, all loves excelling  (432)  226
Love of Jesus, all divine  (607)  231
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Majestic sweetness sits enthroned</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Master, no offers</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eyes have seen the glory</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>434</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My country, 'tis of thee</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>427</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My faith looks up to thee</td>
<td>(237)</td>
<td>(345)</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Father, for another night</td>
<td></td>
<td>(640)</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, accept my heart this day</td>
<td>(234)</td>
<td>(429)</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, and is thy table spread</td>
<td>(205)</td>
<td>(231)</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, how wonderful thou art</td>
<td>(460)</td>
<td>(441)</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, I love thee: not because</td>
<td>(458)</td>
<td>(653)</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, I thank thee, who hast made</td>
<td></td>
<td>(624)</td>
<td>384</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, my Father, while I stray</td>
<td>(256)</td>
<td>(667)</td>
<td>391</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heart is resting, O my God</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Jesus, as thou wilt</td>
<td></td>
<td>(634)</td>
<td>395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My soul, be on thy guard</td>
<td>(470)</td>
<td>(504)</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

985
<p>| | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My soul with patience</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>(334)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>waits</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My spirit on thy care</td>
<td>664</td>
<td>(664)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearer my God to thee</td>
<td>(507)</td>
<td>(344)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New every morning is the love</td>
<td>(329)</td>
<td>(1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not by thy mighty hand</td>
<td>(72)</td>
<td>(72)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now from the altar of my heart</td>
<td>(317)</td>
<td>(20)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now, my tongue, the mystery telling</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now thank we all our God</td>
<td>(303)</td>
<td>(466)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now that the sun is gleaming bright</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the day is over</td>
<td>(535)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the labourer's task is o'er</td>
<td>(242)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O bless the Lord, my soul</td>
<td>(413)</td>
<td>(474)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Brightness of the immortal Father's face</td>
<td></td>
<td>(6)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O brothers, lift Your voices</td>
<td></td>
<td>(579)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O come, all ye faithful</td>
<td>(19)</td>
<td>(49)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O come and mourn with me awhile</td>
<td>(89)</td>
<td>(105)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O come, loud anthems let us sing</td>
<td>(301)</td>
<td>(472)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O come, O come, Emmanuel</td>
<td>(13)</td>
<td>(45)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O could I speak the matchless worth</td>
<td>(374)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O day of rest and gladness</td>
<td>(160)</td>
<td>(24)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Father all creating</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O for a closer walk with God</td>
<td>(435)</td>
<td>(660)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O for a heart to praise my God</td>
<td>(467)</td>
<td>(439)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God of Bethel, by whose hand</td>
<td></td>
<td>(417)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God of God, O Light of Light</td>
<td></td>
<td>(455)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God of Love, O King of peace</td>
<td>(312)</td>
<td>(199)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
O God of mercy! hearken now
O God of truth, whose living word
O God, our help in ages past (29)
O God, unseen, yet ever near (221)
O happy band of pilgrims (511)
O heavenly Jerusalem (401)
O help us, Lord, each hour of need (337)
O Jesus crowned with all renown
O Jesus crucified for man (5)
O Jesus I have promised (615)
O Jesus Lord most merciful (360)
O Jesus, thou art standing (357)
O Lamb of God, still keep me (363)
O let the children come to me
O Light, whose beams illumine all (424)
O little town of Bethlehem (58)
O Lord, and Master of us all (496)

989
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of heaven and earth and sea</td>
<td>426</td>
<td>477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of hosts! Almighty King</td>
<td>437</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, the Holy Innocents</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>575</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love divine, that stooped to share</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>627</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love that casts out fear</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love that wilt not let me go</td>
<td>236</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*O Maker of the sea and sky</td>
<td>418</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*O Master, let me walk with thee</td>
<td>493</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O mother dear, Jerusalem</td>
<td>510</td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O North, with all thy vales of green</td>
<td>107</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O one with God the Father</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Paradise, O Paradise</td>
<td>167</td>
<td>509</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O perfect Love, all human thought transcending</td>
<td>382</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O sacred head surrounded</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Saving Victim, opening wide</td>
<td>331</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Saviour, bless us ere we go</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
See, Sweet Saviour, 
bless us ere we go

O Saviour, precious Saviour

O say can you see by the dawn's early light

O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling

O Son of God, our Captain of salvation

O sons and daughters, let us sing

O Spirit of the living God

O thou from whom all goodness flows

O thou in whom thy saints repose

O thou to whose all-searching sight

O thou who didst with love untold

O thou who gav'est thy servant grace

O thou who makest souls to shine

*O thou whose feet have climbed life's hill

O Trinity of blessed light

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
O very God of very God
O what the joy and the glory must be
O where are kings and empires now
O wondrous type! O vision fair
O Word of God incarnate (:3G2)
O worship the King ()
Of the Father's love begotten
Oft in danger, oft in woe
On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry
On our way rejoicing
On this day, the first of days
On wings of living light
Once in royal David's city
Once to every man and nation
One sole baptismal sign
One sweetly solemn thought
Onward, Christian soldiers
Our blest Redeemer, (132)
ere he breathed
Our day of praise is done
*Our Father! thy dear
Name doth show
Our Lord is risen (117)
from the dead
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>P</strong></td>
<td>Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin</td>
<td>(674)</td>
<td>405</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pleasant are thy courts above</td>
<td>(200)</td>
<td>(489)</td>
<td>467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Praise, my soul, the King of heaven</td>
<td>(o29)</td>
<td>(458)</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Praise the Lord through every nation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Praise to God, immortal praise</td>
<td>(302)</td>
<td>(192)</td>
<td>420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Praise to the heavenly Wisdom</td>
<td>(155)</td>
<td></td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Praise to the Holiest in the height</td>
<td>(453)</td>
<td></td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Praise we the Lord this day</td>
<td>(181)</td>
<td>(158)</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1916</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>R</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejoice, rejoice, believers (5)</td>
<td>(43)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejoice, the Lord is King</td>
<td>(457)</td>
<td>521</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rejoice, ye pure in heart</td>
<td>(520)</td>
<td>537</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resting from his work today (90)</td>
<td>(107)</td>
<td>165</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revive thy work, O Lord</td>
<td>(618)</td>
<td>452</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ride on! ride on in majesty (73)</td>
<td>(91)</td>
<td>145</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky</td>
<td></td>
<td>444</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise (36)</td>
<td>(487)</td>
<td>466</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings (447)</td>
<td>(512)</td>
<td>114</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Rise up, O men of God</td>
<td></td>
<td>492</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock of ages, cleft for me (531)</td>
<td>(336)</td>
<td>217</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round the Lord, in glory seated (431)</td>
<td>(387)</td>
<td>207</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song Title</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1892</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1916</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Safe upon the billowy deep</em></td>
<td>309</td>
<td>417</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Safely through another week</td>
<td>350</td>
<td>46</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, again to thy dear Name we raise</td>
<td>169</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, blessed Saviour</td>
<td>519</td>
<td>527</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, breathe an evening blessing</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, like a shepherd lead us</td>
<td>229</td>
<td>573</td>
<td>355</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, source of every blessing</td>
<td>370</td>
<td>442</td>
<td>243</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, sprinkle many nations</td>
<td>257</td>
<td>478</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, teach me day by day</td>
<td>563</td>
<td>354</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour! when in dust to thee</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>130</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, when night involves the skies</td>
<td>325</td>
<td>641</td>
<td>39</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, who thy flock art feeding</td>
<td>213</td>
<td>207</td>
<td>343</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saw you never in the twilight</td>
<td>542</td>
<td></td>
<td>553</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the Conqueror mounts in triumph</td>
<td>126</td>
<td></td>
<td>522</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
See the destined day arise
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing
Silent night, holy night
Sinful, sighing to be blest
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love
Sing, O sing this blessed morn
Softly now the light of day
Soldiers of Christ, arise
Soldiers of the cross, arise
Songs of praise the angels sang
Songs of thankfulness and praise
Soon may the last glad song arise
Spirit blest, who art adored
See, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Spirit divine, attend our prayers</strong></td>
<td>(382)</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Spirit of mercy, truth, and love</strong></td>
<td>(136)</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Stand up, stand up for Jesus</strong></td>
<td>(582)</td>
<td>538</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright</strong></td>
<td>(170)</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear</strong></td>
<td>(11)</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sunset and evening star</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sweet is the work, my God, my King</strong></td>
<td>(150)</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sweet the moments, rich in blessing</strong></td>
<td>(104)</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No. The Hymnal, 1892</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tarry with me, O my Saviour</td>
<td>(642)</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teach us what thy love has borne. Part III</td>
<td></td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten thousand times ten thousand</td>
<td>(396)</td>
<td>541</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled</td>
<td>(263)</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ancient law departs</td>
<td>(32)</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Church's one foundation</td>
<td>(202)</td>
<td>464</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The cross is on our brow</td>
<td>(212)</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day is gently sinking to a close</td>
<td>(349)</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day is past and gone</td>
<td>(334)</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day is past and over</td>
<td>(341)</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day of resurrection</td>
<td>(105)</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended</td>
<td></td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The first Nowell the angel did say</td>
<td></td>
<td>551</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The God of Abraham praise</td>
<td>(141)</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(460)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The grave itself a garden is</td>
<td>(108)</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The head, that once was crowned with thorns</td>
<td>(114)</td>
<td>(372)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King of love my Shepherd is</td>
<td>(464)</td>
<td>(412)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*The King shall come when morning dawns</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord my pasture shall prepare</td>
<td>(504)</td>
<td>(659)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The morning light is breaking</td>
<td>(252)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The radiant morn hath passed away</td>
<td>(8)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The royal banners forward go</td>
<td>(79)</td>
<td>(94)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The saints of God their conflict past</td>
<td>(175)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The shadows of the evening hours</td>
<td>(337)</td>
<td>(15)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The son of Consolation</td>
<td>(162)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Son of God goes forth to war</td>
<td>(176)</td>
<td>(507)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The spacious firmament on high</td>
<td>(508)</td>
<td>(464)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Story of the Cross</td>
<td>(106)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The strife is o'er, the battle done</td>
<td>(103)</td>
<td>(121)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See, Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun is sinking fast</td>
<td>(345)</td>
<td>(10)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page 1</td>
<td>Page 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The voice that breathed o'er Eden</td>
<td>383</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Words on the Cross</td>
<td>164</td>
<td>530</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The world is very evil</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a blessed home</td>
<td>515</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a green hill far away</td>
<td>159</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a land of pure delight</td>
<td>513</td>
<td>488</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's a Friend for little children</td>
<td>363</td>
<td>553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's a wideness in God's mercy</td>
<td>240</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thine for ever! God of love</td>
<td>370</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the day of light</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those eternal bowers</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art coming, O my Saviour</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art gone up on high</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord</td>
<td>403</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art the Way, to thee alone</td>
<td>279</td>
<td>501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hidden love of God, whose height</td>
<td>227</td>
<td>515</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Thou knowest, Lord, 
the weariness and 
sorrow

Thou say'st, "Take up 
thy cross"

Thou, who at thy first 
Eucharist didst pray

Thou who, leaving 
crown and throne

Thou, whose almighty 
word

Three in One, and 
One in Three

Through him who all 
our sickness felt

Through the day thy 
love has spared us

Through the night of 
doubt and sorrow

Thy kingdom come, 
O God

Thy kingdom come! 
on bended knee

Thy life was given for 
me

Thy way, not mine, O 
Lord

To the Name of our 
salvation

To thee our God we 
fly

Triumphant Sion, lift 
thy head
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>W</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1874</th>
<th>No. The Hymnal, 1892</th>
<th>The Hymnal, 1916</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wake, awake, for night is flying</td>
<td>(40)</td>
<td>62</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchman, tell us of the night</td>
<td>(43)</td>
<td>(331)</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We build our school on thee, O Lord</td>
<td></td>
<td>366</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We come unto our fathers' God</td>
<td></td>
<td>424</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We give thee but thine own</td>
<td>(299)</td>
<td>(268)</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We love the place, O God</td>
<td>(484)</td>
<td></td>
<td>465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We march, we march to victory</td>
<td>(514)</td>
<td></td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We plow the fields and scatter</td>
<td></td>
<td>423</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We praise thy grace, O Saviour</td>
<td>(159)</td>
<td></td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We praise thy Name, O Lord most high</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We sing the glorious conquest</td>
<td>(150)</td>
<td></td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We sing the praise of him who died</td>
<td>(100)</td>
<td></td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We three kings of Orient are</td>
<td></td>
<td>554</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We walk by faith, and not by sight</td>
<td>(426)</td>
<td></td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
We would see Jesus; (629) 406
for the shadows lengthen

Weary of self, and (67) 129
laden with my sin

Weary of wandering (70) 136
from my God

Welcome, happy morning! (109) 169

What thanks and (172) 292
praise to thee we owe

When all thy mercies, (426) 237
O my God

When Christ was born of Mary free (547)

When I survey the wondrous cross (83) (101) 154

When Jesus left his Father’s throne (230) (561) 362

When morning gilds the skies (445) 37

When our heads are bowed with woe (252) (348) 409

When wilt thou save the people (501)

When wounded sore the stricken soul (380) 138

*Where cross the crowded ways of life 494

While shepherds watched their flocks by night (18) (54) 71
<p>| | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>While thee I seek, protecting Power</td>
<td>(441)</td>
<td>(671)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who are these in bright array</td>
<td>(494)</td>
<td>(180)</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who are these like stars appearing</td>
<td>(178)</td>
<td></td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With broken heart and contrite sigh</td>
<td>(71)</td>
<td>(87)</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With the sweet word of peace</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1874</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>The Hymnal, 1892</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye Christian heralds go, proclaim</td>
<td>290</td>
<td>(263)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye holy angels bright</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye servants of the Lord</td>
<td>171</td>
<td>(186)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Ye watchers and ye holy ones</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abelard, Rev. Peter</td>
<td>1079-1142</td>
<td>544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams, Mrs. Sarah (Flower)</td>
<td>1805-1848</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Addison, Joseph</td>
<td>1672-1719</td>
<td>237, 252, 317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ainger, Arthur Campbell</td>
<td>1841-1919</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander, Mrs. Cecil Frances (Humphreys)</td>
<td>1823-1895</td>
<td>87, 138, 156, 159, 179, 268, 283, 349, 358, 525, 553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alford, Dean Henry</td>
<td>1810-1871</td>
<td>270, 344, 421, 531, 541</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen, Rev. James</td>
<td>1734-1804</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td></td>
<td>37, 173, 197, 209, 257, 284, 347, 355, 356, 377, 398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armstrong, Bishop John</td>
<td>1813-1856</td>
<td>454</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auber, Miss Harriet</td>
<td>1773-1862</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Rev. Sir Henry Williams</td>
<td>1821-1877</td>
<td>6, 47, 59, 74, 158, 323, 326, 436, 515</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bakewell, Rev. John</td>
<td>1721-1819</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbauld, Mrs. Anna Laetitia (Aiken)</td>
<td>1743-1825</td>
<td>420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine</td>
<td>1834-1924</td>
<td>364, 530, 539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barton, Bernard</td>
<td>1784-1849</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baxter, Rev. Richard</td>
<td>1615-1691</td>
<td>264, 392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baynes, Canon Robert Hall</td>
<td>1831-1895</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benson, Archbishop Edward White</td>
<td>1829-1896</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benson, Rev. Louis Fitzgerald</td>
<td>1855-1930</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Besnault, Rev. Abbé Sebastien</td>
<td>-1724</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bickersteth, Bishop Edward Henry</td>
<td>1825-1906</td>
<td>24, 405, 495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Binney, Rev. Thomas</td>
<td>1798-1874</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bode, Rev. John Ernest</td>
<td>1816-1874</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonar, Rev. Horatius</td>
<td>1808-1889</td>
<td>235, 242, 334, 394, 443, 490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borthwick, Miss Jane</td>
<td>1813-1897</td>
<td>395, 402, 449, 477, 497</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bottome, Rev. Francis</td>
<td>1823-1894</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowring, Sir John</td>
<td>1792-1872</td>
<td>106, 152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brady, Rev. Nicholas</td>
<td>1659-1726</td>
<td>See Tate and Brady.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridges, Matthew</td>
<td>1800-1894</td>
<td>148, 190, 372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridges, Robert Seymour</td>
<td>1844-1930</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright, Canon William</td>
<td>1824-1901</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bromehead, Rev. Joseph</td>
<td>1748-1826</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooks, Rev. Charles Timothy</td>
<td>1813-1883</td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooks, Bishop Phillips</td>
<td>1835-1893</td>
<td>78, 557</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Years</td>
<td>Page(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne, Rev. Simon</td>
<td>1680-1732</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brownlie, Rev. John</td>
<td>1859-1925</td>
<td>70, 340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant, William Cullen</td>
<td>1794-1878</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckoll, Rev. Henry James</td>
<td>1803-1871</td>
<td>3, 376</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bullock, Dean William</td>
<td>1798-1874</td>
<td>465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bunyan, John</td>
<td>1628-1688</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burleigh, Rev. William Henry</td>
<td>1812-1871</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burns, Rev. James Drummond</td>
<td>1823-1864</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burton, Rev. Henry</td>
<td>1840-</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byrom, John</td>
<td>1692-1763</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cameron, Rev. William</td>
<td>1751-1811</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, Miss Jane Montgomery</td>
<td>1817-1878</td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, Robert</td>
<td>1814-1868</td>
<td>178, 288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canitz, Baron Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig von</td>
<td>1654-1699</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlyle, Rev. Joseph Dacre</td>
<td>1759-1804</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cary, Miss Phoebe</td>
<td>1824-1871</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caswall, Rev. Edward</td>
<td>1814-1878</td>
<td>17, 37, 63, 93, 161, 162, 196, 234, 316, 331, 375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cawood, Rev. John</td>
<td>1775-1852</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cennick, Rev. John</td>
<td>1718-1755</td>
<td>57, 517</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chadwick, Rev. John White</td>
<td>1840-1904</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth (Rundle)</td>
<td>1828-1896</td>
<td>550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chatfield, Rev. Allen William</td>
<td>1808-1896</td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chope, Rev. Richard Robert</td>
<td>1830-</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorley, Henry Fotheringill</td>
<td>1808-1872</td>
<td>435</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, Miss Emily V.</td>
<td>1891-</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claudius, Rev. Matthias</td>
<td>1740-1815</td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clephane, Miss Elizabeth Cecilia</td>
<td>1830-1869</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffin, Charles</td>
<td>1676-1749</td>
<td>30, 282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins, Rev. Henry</td>
<td>1827-1919</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collyer, Rev. William Bengo</td>
<td>1782-1854</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colquhoun, Frances Sara (Fuller-Maitland)</td>
<td>1809-1877</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conder, Josiah</td>
<td>1789-1855</td>
<td>332</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Year</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooper, Rev. Edward</td>
<td>1770-1833</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coote, Mrs. Maude (Oswell)</td>
<td>1871-</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coppee, Henry</td>
<td>1821-1895</td>
<td>417</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cosin, Bishop John</td>
<td>1594-1672</td>
<td>455</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotterill, Rev. Thomas</td>
<td>1779-1823</td>
<td>64, 217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowper, William</td>
<td>1731-1800</td>
<td>216, 305, 389, 459</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cox, Miss Frances Elizabeth</td>
<td>1812-1897</td>
<td>176, 296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coxe, Bishop Arthur Cleveland</td>
<td>1818-1896</td>
<td>108, 471, 478</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cummins, John James</td>
<td>1795-1867</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Danish</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davison, Rev. W. Hope</td>
<td>1827-1894</td>
<td>539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dearmer, Rev. Percy</td>
<td>1867-1936</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deck, Rev. James George</td>
<td>1802-1884</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dix, William Chatterton</td>
<td>1837-1898</td>
<td>94, 193, 369, 387, 548, 552</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doane, Bishop George Washington</td>
<td>1799-1859</td>
<td>19, 279, 482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doane, Bishop William Crosswell</td>
<td>1832-1913</td>
<td>519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doddridge, Rev. Philip</td>
<td>1702-1751</td>
<td>54, 111, 329, 446, 456, 472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Downton, Rev. Henry</td>
<td>1818-1885</td>
<td>447, 481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draper, Rev. Bourne Hall</td>
<td>1775-1843</td>
<td>453</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dryden, John</td>
<td>1631-1701</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffield, Rev. George, Jr.</td>
<td>1818-1888</td>
<td>538</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan, Mrs. Mary (Lundie)</td>
<td>1814-1840</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dutch</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dwight, Rev. John Sullivan</td>
<td>1813-1893</td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dwight, Rev. Timothy</td>
<td>1752-1817</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>-------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eddis, Edward Wilton</td>
<td>1825-1905</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edmeston, James</td>
<td>1791-1867</td>
<td>24, 247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwards, Rev. Frederick</td>
<td>1905</td>
<td>442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott, Miss Charlotte</td>
<td>1789-1871</td>
<td>128, 139, 390, 391</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott, Ebenezer</td>
<td>1781-1849</td>
<td>501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elliott, Miss Emily Elizabeth Steele</td>
<td>1836-1897</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elven, Rev. Cornelius</td>
<td>1797-1873</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;F. B. P.&quot;</td>
<td>1583</td>
<td>510, 514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faber, Rev. Frederick William</td>
<td>1814-1863</td>
<td>48, 153, 167, 221, 240, 290, 322, 441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fawcett, Rev. John</td>
<td>1740-1817</td>
<td>51, 489</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feith, Rev. Rhijnvis</td>
<td>1753-1824</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Findlater, Mrs. Sarah (Borthwick)</td>
<td>1823-1907</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortunatus, Bishop Venantius c. 530-609</td>
<td>144, 146, 168, 169, 184, 195</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franck, Johann</td>
<td>1618-1677</td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gellert, Rev. Christian Fürchtegott</td>
<td>1715-1769</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerhardt, Rev. Paulus</td>
<td>1607-1676</td>
<td>229, 545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>German</td>
<td></td>
<td>3, 37, 61, 62, 98, 119, 155, 176, 186, 213, 227, 229, 296, 342, 356, 395, 414, 422, 423, 428, 440, 449, 469, 543, 545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons, Rev. Thomas</td>
<td>1720-1785</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gill, Thomas Hornblower</td>
<td>1819-1906</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilmore, Rev. Joseph Henry</td>
<td>1834-1918</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gisborne, Rev. Thomas</td>
<td>1758-1846</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladden, Rev. Washington</td>
<td>1836-1918</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant, Sir Robert</td>
<td>1785-1838</td>
<td>130, 255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greek</td>
<td></td>
<td>12, 23, 70, 126, 170, 171, 289, 339, 340, 393, 416, 536, 540</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gregory, George</td>
<td>1754-1808</td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grigg, Rev. Joseph</td>
<td>c. 1722-1768</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griswold, Bishop Alexander Viets</td>
<td>1766-1843</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gurney, Mrs. Dorothy Frances (Blomfield)</td>
<td>1858-1932</td>
<td>382</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gurney, Canon John Hampden</td>
<td>1802-1862</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Rev. James</td>
<td>1819-1896</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammond, Rev. William</td>
<td>1719-1783</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hankey, Miss Katherine</td>
<td>1834-1911</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harbaugh, Rev. Henry</td>
<td>1817-1867</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hastings, Thomas</td>
<td>1784-1872</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatch, Rev. Edwin</td>
<td>1835-1889</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Havergal, Miss Frances Ridley</td>
<td>1836-1879</td>
<td>67, 238, 239, 502, 526, 560</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haweis, Rev. Thomas</td>
<td>1732-1820</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heath, Rev. George</td>
<td>c. 1745-1822</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heber, Bishop Reginald</td>
<td>1783-1826</td>
<td>26, 41, 53, 85, 86, 95, 205, 336, 351, 476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hedge, Rev. Frederick Henry</td>
<td>1805-1890</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heermann, Rev. Johann</td>
<td>1585-1647</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hensley, Canon Lewis</td>
<td>1824-1905</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hernaman, Mrs. Claudia Frances (Ibotson)</td>
<td>1838-1898</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinds, Bishop Samuel</td>
<td>1793-1872</td>
<td>376</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holland, Canon Henry Scott</td>
<td>1847-1918</td>
<td>432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holmes, Oliver Wendell</td>
<td>1809-1894</td>
<td>400, 437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopkins, Rev. John Henry, Jr.</td>
<td>1820-1891</td>
<td>554</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hort, Rev. Fenton John Anthony</td>
<td>1828-1892</td>
<td>561</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hosmer, Rev. Frederick Lucien</td>
<td>1840-1929</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How, Bishop William Walsham</td>
<td>1823-1897</td>
<td>52, 58, 90, 97, 115, 132, 182, 278, 295, 319, 374, 559</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward</td>
<td>1819-1910</td>
<td>434</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes Thomas</td>
<td>1823-1896</td>
<td>498</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hutton, Mrs. Frances A.</td>
<td>1875-</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
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<td>1812-1883</td>
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<td>DATE</td>
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<td>1822-1882</td>
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<td>1839-1913</td>
<td>251, 518</td>
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<td>Date</td>
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<td>1792-1866</td>
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<td>1769-1854</td>
<td>15, 160, 174, 185, 188</td>
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<td>1779-1843</td>
<td>233, 429</td>
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<td>1865-1936</td>
<td>367, 439</td>
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<td>1798-1864</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>DATE</td>
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</tr>
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<td>1853-1885</td>
<td>168, 184, 195</td>
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<td>1660-1722</td>
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<td>1807-1882</td>
<td>354</td>
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<td>1754-1841</td>
<td>21</td>
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<td>1833-1890</td>
<td>141, 204</td>
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<td>1748-1788</td>
<td>446</td>
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<td>1819-1892</td>
<td>373, 397</td>
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<td>1819-1891</td>
<td>433</td>
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<td>469</td>
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<td>1710-1797</td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
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<td>Luke, Mrs. Jemima (Thomp-</td>
<td>1813-1906</td>
<td>350</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1483-1546</td>
<td>213</td>
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<td>1793-1847</td>
<td>18, 225, 258, 312, 378, 408,</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
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<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
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<td>--------------</td>
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<td>413</td>
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<td>1826-1910</td>
<td>292, 294, 371</td>
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<td>1726-1790</td>
<td>191</td>
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<td>1771-1826</td>
<td>428</td>
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<td>1776-1848</td>
<td>146, 161, 207, 293, 311, 375</td>
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<td>1780-1825</td>
<td>104</td>
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<td>1833-1899</td>
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<td>-1694</td>
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<td>1842-1906</td>
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<td>1819-1913</td>
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<td>1738-1799</td>
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<td>1797-1851</td>
<td>414</td>
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<td>1811-1873</td>
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<td>1867-</td>
<td>492</td>
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<td>1856-</td>
<td>366</td>
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<td>1590-1642</td>
<td>543</td>
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<td>1825-1909</td>
<td>363, 452</td>
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<td>1791-1868</td>
<td>33, 145, 409</td>
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<td>1792-1848</td>
<td>546</td>
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<td>1815-1866</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
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<td>1811-1875</td>
<td>113, 140, 325, 504, 532</td>
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<td>1779-1852</td>
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<td>1829-1885</td>
<td>339, 533</td>
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<td>1866</td>
<td>272</td>
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<td>1796-1877</td>
<td>75, 343</td>
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<td>DATE</td>
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<td>211, 328</td>
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<td>1736</td>
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<td>1836-1925</td>
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<td>1688-1744</td>
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<td>173, 461</td>
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<td>1827-1873</td>
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<td>c. 348-413</td>
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<td>1818-1903</td>
<td>361</td>
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<td>1842</td>
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<td>1842-1892</td>
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<td>38</td>
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<td>St. Ambrose (Aurelius Ambrosius), Bishop of Milan</td>
<td>340-397</td>
<td>8, 11, 28</td>
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<td>St. Anatolius</td>
<td>5th century</td>
<td>23, 416</td>
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<td>St. Andrew, Bishop of Crete</td>
<td>660-732</td>
<td>126</td>
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<td>St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux</td>
<td>1091-1153</td>
<td>158, 316, 328</td>
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<td>St. Bernard of Cluny</td>
<td>12th century</td>
<td>68, 69, 511, 512</td>
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<td>St. Francis Xavier</td>
<td>1506-1552</td>
<td>234</td>
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<td>St. Germanus</td>
<td>634-734</td>
<td>82</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. John of Damascus</td>
<td>c. -780</td>
<td>170, 171, 540</td>
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<td>St. Joseph the Hymnographer</td>
<td>9th century</td>
<td>289, 536</td>
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<td>St. Patrick, Bishop of Ireland</td>
<td>372-466</td>
<td>525</td>
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<td>St. Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans</td>
<td>-821</td>
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<td>1379-1471</td>
<td>507</td>
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<td>St. Thomas Aquinas</td>
<td>1225-1274</td>
<td>331, 338</td>
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<td>Schenck, Rev. Theobald Heinrich</td>
<td>1656-1727</td>
<td>296</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1672-1737</td>
<td>395</td>
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<td>Scotch Paraphrase</td>
<td>1745</td>
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<td>1705-1775</td>
<td>177</td>
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<td>1693-1759</td>
<td>114</td>
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<td>1810-1876</td>
<td>79, 84</td>
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<td>1725-1786</td>
<td>157</td>
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<td>Shrubsole, William</td>
<td>1759-1829</td>
<td>487</td>
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<td>1862-1917</td>
<td>534</td>
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<td>Years</td>
<td>Notes</td>
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<td>1827-1862</td>
<td>31</td>
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<td>1808-1895</td>
<td>427, 479</td>
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<td>1825-1870</td>
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<td>Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem</td>
<td>7th cent.</td>
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<td>1801-1885</td>
<td>112</td>
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<td>1815-1881</td>
<td>286</td>
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<td>1716-1778</td>
<td>396</td>
</tr>
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<td>1727-1795</td>
<td>194</td>
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<td>1838-1898</td>
<td>485</td>
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<td>1839-1900</td>
<td>129, 464</td>
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<td>1799-1865</td>
<td>32</td>
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<td>Swedish</td>
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<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais</td>
<td>375-430</td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
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<td>---------------</td>
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<td>1652-1715</td>
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<td>1696</td>
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<td>1750-1826</td>
<td>521</td>
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<td>412, 444</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tersteegen, Gerhardt</td>
<td>1697-1769</td>
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<td>Thomas of Celano</td>
<td>13th century</td>
<td>65</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomson, Mrs. Mary Ann</td>
<td>1834-1923</td>
<td>474</td>
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<td>1823-1903</td>
<td>14, 92, 137, 147, 524, 527, 542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tisserand, Jean</td>
<td>-1494</td>
<td>555</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toke, Mrs. Emma Leslie</td>
<td>1818-1872</td>
<td>189, 269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toplady, Rev. Augustus</td>
<td>1740-1778</td>
<td>34, 191, 217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montague</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Traditional</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>547, 551</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turton, Lieut.-Col. William Harry</td>
<td>1856-1938</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuttiett, Rev. Laurence</td>
<td>1825-1897</td>
<td>448, 535</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twells, Canon Henry</td>
<td>1823-1900</td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vokes, Mrs.</td>
<td>18th century</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallin, Archbishop Johan Olaf</td>
<td>1779-1839</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wardlaw, Rev. Ralph</td>
<td>1779-1853</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waring, Miss Anna Laetitia</td>
<td>1823-1910</td>
<td>220, 224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warner, Miss Anna Bartlett</td>
<td>1824-1915</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watson, George</td>
<td>1811-1898</td>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts, Rev. Isaac</td>
<td>1674-1748</td>
<td>44, 101, 154, 200, 250, 301, 302, 309, 445, 480, 488, 513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weisssel, Rev. George</td>
<td>1590-1635</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welsh</td>
<td></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesley, Rev. John</td>
<td>1703-1791</td>
<td>119, 187, 227, 229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whateley, Archbishop Richard</td>
<td>1787-1863</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White, Henry Kirke</td>
<td>1785-1806</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiting, William</td>
<td>1825-1878</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whittier, John Greenleaf</td>
<td>1807-1892</td>
<td>120, 404, 460, 496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whittingham, Bishop William Rollinson</td>
<td>1805-1879</td>
<td>543</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whytehead, Rev. Thomas</td>
<td>1815-1843</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Bishop Gershom Mott</td>
<td>1857-</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Helen Maria</td>
<td>1762-1827</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Rev. Isaac</td>
<td>1802-1865</td>
<td>122, 509</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Rev. Peter</td>
<td>1722-1796</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Rev. William</td>
<td>1717-1791</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1033
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years</th>
<th>References</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Willis, Richard Storrs</td>
<td>1819-1900</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winkworth, Miss Catherine</td>
<td>1829-1878</td>
<td>62, 186, 342, 414, 422, 440, 545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolcott, Rev. Samuel</td>
<td>1813-1866</td>
<td>486</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodford, Bishop James</td>
<td>1820-1885</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russell</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, Bishop Christopher</td>
<td>1807-1885</td>
<td>13, 43, 77, 96, 121, 166, 208, 297, 426, 520, 522</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, Miss Elizabeth</td>
<td>1840-</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, William</td>
<td>1770-1850</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wortman, Rev. Denise</td>
<td>1835-1922</td>
<td>451</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreford, Rev. John Reynell</td>
<td>1800-1881</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xavier, Sister Mary</td>
<td>1877</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>DATE</td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zinzendorf, Rev. Count</td>
<td>1700-1760</td>
<td>119,449</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholas Ludwig von</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Indexes
Subject Index

A few more years shall roll, 744
A great and mighty wonder, 140
A little child the Savior came, 571
A mighty Fortress is our God, 360
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide, 37
Above the clear blue sky, 594
According to thy gracious word, 546
Advent tells us Christ is near, 585
Again the morn of gladness, 592
Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended, 257
All glory, laud, and honor, 241
All hail the power of Jesus' Name, 324
All my heart this night rejoices, 932
All people that on earth do dwell, 415
All praise to thee, my God, this night, 47
All things are thine; no gift have we, 773
All things bright and beautiful, 601
Alleluia! Alleluia, 882
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia, 948
Alleluia! sing to Jesus, 326
Alleluia, song of gladness, 188
Am I a soldier of the cross, 823
Ancient of Days, who sittest, throned in glory, 881
And now, O Father, mindful of the love, 561
Angel voices, ever singing, 774
Angels from the realms of glory, 138
Angels, roll the rock away, 300
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, 515
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake, 820
Around the throne of God a band, 493
Art thou weary, art thou languid, 652
As now the sun's declining rays, 53
As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, 532
As with gladness men of old, 164
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, 694
At even, when the sun was set, 671
At the Lamb's high feast we sing, 301
At the Name of Jesus, 898
At the cross her station keeping, 265
Awake, and sing the song, 431
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, 14
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, 191
Before Jehovah's awful throne, 524
Before the ending of the day, 51
Behold the Lamb of God, 249
Behold us, Lord, a little space, 25
Beneath the cross of Jesus, 252
Bless the Lord, my soul, 540
Blessed city, heavenly Salem, 856
Blest are the moments, doubly blest, 24
Blest are the pure in heart, 462
Blest be the tie that binds, 825
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, 560
Bread of the world, in mercy broken, 564
Breast the wave, Christian, 192
Breathe on me, Breath of God, 639
Brief life is here our portion, 117
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, 166
Brightly gleams our banner, 900
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, 563
By cool Siloam's shady rill, 590
By the gracious saving call, 236
Call Jehovah thy salvation, 526
Calm on the listening ear of night, 144
Children of the heavenly King, 877
Christ for the world we sing, 818
Christ is made the sure foundation, 768
Christ is our cornerstone, 770
Christ the Lord is risen today, 298
Christ, of all my hopes the ground, 369
Christ, whose glory fills the skies, 18
Christian! dost thou see them, 210
Christian, seek not yet repose, 214
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, 131
City of God, how broad and far, 792
Come to our poor nature's night, 342
Come unto me, ye weary, 654
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest, 630
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, 764
Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One, 22
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, 338
Come, O thou Traveler unknown, 386
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come, 333
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, 339
Come, labour on, 836
Come, my soul, thou must be waking, 16
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, 517
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures, 488
Come, see the place where Jesus lay, 296
Come, thou almighty King, 353
Come, thou long-expected Jesus, 93
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, 656
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain, 291
Come, ye thankful people, come, 709
Conquering kings their titles take, 159
Creator Spirit, by whose aid, 336
Crown Him with many crowns, 320
Day of wrath! O day of mourning, 108
Dear Lord and Father of mankind, 201
Dost thou in a manger lie, 939
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord, 558
Earth has many a noble city, 163
Easter flowers are blooming bright, 952
Eternal Father! strong to save, 698
Eternal Light! Eternal Light, 404
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round, 827
Fairest Lord Jesus, 598
Faith of our fathers! living still, 740
Faithful Shepherd, feed me, 599
Far from my heavenly home, 685
Father in heaven, wholoveth all, 615
Father of all, whose love profound, 348
Father of heaven, who hast created all, 572
Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do, 275
Father, let me dedicate, 752
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, 668
Father, who on man dost shower, 851
Fierce was the wild billow, 699
Fight the good fight with all thy might, 193
Fling out the banner! let it float, 812
For all the saints, who from their labors rest, 501
For ever with the Lord, 872
For the beauty of the earth, 716
For thee, O dear, dear country, 864
For thy dear saints, O Lord, 497
For thy mercy and thy grace, 750
Forsaken once, and thrice denied, 476
Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go, 21
Forty days and forty nights, 207
Forty days of Eastertide, 304
Forward! be our watchword, 904
From Greenland's icy mountains, 803
From all that dwell below the skies, 416
From all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at rest, 441
From every stormy wind that blows, 57
From the eastern mountains, 161
Give me the wings of faith to rise, 510
Glorious things of thee are spoken, 789
Glory be to Jesus, 267
Glory to the blessèd Jesus, 583
Go forward, Christian soldier, 910
Go to dark Gethsemane, 253
Go, labour on! spend and be spent, 826
God bless our native land, 723
God hath sent his angels to the earth again, 951
God is our stronghold and our stay, 362
God is working his purpose out, 813
God moves in a mysterious way, 365
God of mercy, God of grace, 530
God of our fathers, known of old, 737
God of our fathers, whose almighty hand, 725
God of the living, in whose eyes, 689
God of the nations, who hast led, 741
God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons, 758
God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest, 731
God the Father, God the Son, 232, 234
God, my King, thy might confessing, 528
God, that madest earth and heaven, 49
Golden harps are sounding, 954
Good Christian men, rejoice, 938
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost, 203
Great God, what do I see and hear, 106
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, 71
Hail to the Lord who comes, 457
Hail to the Lord's Anointed, 173
Hail! festal day! through every age divine, 331
Hail! festal day! to endless ages known, 312
Hail! festal day, to endless ages known, 287
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus, 322
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding, 105
Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling, 491
Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes, 92
Hark! the herald angels sing, 126
Hark! the song of jubilee, 178
Hark! the sound of holy voices, 505
Hark! the voice eternal, 878
Hark! what mean those holy voices, 139
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 657
Hasten the time appointed, 805
He is risen, he is risen, 303
He leadeth me! O blessed thought, 409
He who would valiant be, 198
Heal me, O my Savior, heal, 226
Hear us, thou that broodedst, 889
Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face, 562
His are the thousand sparkling rills, 258
Holy Father, cheer our way, 34
Holy Father, great Creator, 355
Holy Spirit, Lord of love, 624
Holy Spirit, Truth divine, 626
Holy offerings, rich and rare, 848
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty, 347
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, 351
Hosanna to the living Lord, 90
How beauteous were the marks divine, 184
How bright appears the Morning Star, 171
How bright these glorious spirits shine, 511
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, 359
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds, 389
How wondrous and great, 422
Hushed was the evening hymn, 603
I Bind unto myself today, 891
I am not worthy, holy Lord, 550
I could not do without Thee, 401
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be, 650
I heard a sound of voices, 924
I heard the voice of Jesus say, 405
I hunger and I thirst, 552
I look to thee in every need, 669
I love thy kingdom, Lord, 534
I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew, 670
I think when I read that sweet story of old, 589
Immortal Love, for ever full, 678
In heavenly love abiding, 377
In his own raiment clad, 269
In his temple now behold him, 455
In the cross of Christ I glory, 254
In the hour of trial, 247
In token that thou shalt not fear, 575
Inspirer and hearer of prayer, 59
It came upon the midnight clear, 122, 136
Jerusalem the golden, 862
Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls, 926
Jerusalem, my happy home, 868
Jesus Christ is risen today, 294
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult, 446
Jesus lives! thy terrors now, 299
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, 810
Jesus! Name of wondrous love, 157
Jesus! where'er thy people meet, 771
Jesus, I have promised, 637
Jesus, I live to Thee, 368
Jesus, I my cross have taken, 635
Jesus, King of glory, 887
Jesus, Lord of life and glory, 212
Jesus, Lover of my soul, 375
Jesus, and shall it ever be, 224
Jesus, crowned with all renown, 307
Jesus, from thy throne on high, 618
Jesus, gentlest Savior, 548
Jesus, meek and gentle, 606
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all, 383
Jesus, my Savior, look on me, 659
Jesus, my strength, my hope, 364
Jesus, still lead on, 754
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, 605
Jesus, the very thought of thee, 536
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts, 556
Jesus, thy boundless love to me, 384
Jesus, to thy table led, 555
Jesus, with thy Church abide, 796
Joy because the circling year, 956
Joy dawned again on Easter-Day, 950
Joy fills our inmost hearts today, 943
Joy to the world! the Lord is come, 176
Judge eternal, throned in splendour, 727
Just as I am, without one plea, 228
King of saints, to whom the number, 486
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace, 100
Lead on, O King Eternal, 909
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace, 413
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us, 412
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, 408
Let all mortal flesh keep silence, 568
Let saints on earth in concert sing, 508
Let the song go round the earth, 816
Let thy Blood in mercy poured, 569
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates, 315
Light of those whose dreary dwelling, 175
Light’s abode, celestial Salem, 854
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine, 936
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses, 509
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, 95
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious, 314
Lord God of hosts, whose mighty hand, 735
Lord God, we worship thee, 739
Lord Jesus, think on me, 665
Lord of heaven and earth and sea, 718
Lord of mercy and of might, 70
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation, 791
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, 209
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, 85
Lord, for ever at thy side, 520
Lord, for tomorrow and its needs, 62
Lord, her watch thy Church is keeping, 811
Lord, in this thy mercy’s day, 206
Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead, 310
Lord, in thy presence dread and sweet, 633
Lord, it belongs not to my care, 663
Lord, it is good for us to be, 483
Lord, pour thy Spirit from on high, 757
Lord, shall thy children come to thee?, 632
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, 844
Lord, thy children guide and keep, 628
Lord, thy word abideth, 98
Lord, while for all mankind we pray, 726
Lord, who fulfillst thus anew, 453
Lord, who throughout these forty days, 223
Lord, with glowing heart I’d praise thee, 391
Love divine, all loves excelling, 380
Love of Jesus, all divine, 388
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, 328
Maker of the sea and sky, 702
Master, no offering, 841
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, 730
My Father, for another night, 20
My God, I love thee: not because, 392
My God, I thank thee, who hast made, 648
My God, accept my heart this day, 625
My God, and is thy table spread, 557
My God, how wonderful Thou art, 372
My God, my Father, while I stray, 661
My Jesus, as thou wilt, 667
My country, 'tis of thee, 721
My faith looks up to thee, 357
My heart is resting, O my God, 370
My soul with patience waits, 533
My soul, be on thy guard, 199
My spirit on Thy care, 378
Nearer, my God, to Thee, 373
New every morning is the love, 12
Not by thy mighty hand, 186
Now from the altar of my heart, 50
Now thank we all our God, 711
Now that the sun is gleaming bright, 19
Now the day is over, 610
Now the laborer's task is o'er, 691
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling, 566
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear, 521
O Brightness of the immortal Father's face, 30
O Father, all creating, 641
O God of Bethel, by whose hand, 749
O God of God! O Light of Light, 417
O God of love, O King of peace, 733
O God of mercy! hearken now, 846
O God of truth, whose living Word, 837
O God, our help in ages past, 747
O God, unseen yet ever near, 547
O Heavenly Jerusalem, 858
O Jesus! Lord most merciful, 219
O Jesus, crucified for man, 87
O Jesus, thou art standing, 221
O Lamb of God, still keep me, 251
O Light, whose beams illumine all, 68
O Lord of hosts! Almighty King, 734
O Lord, and Master of us all, 834
O Lord, the Holy Innocents, 151
O Lord, when we bend before thy throne, 208
O Love divine, that stooped to share, 673
O Love that casts out fear, 394
O Love that wilt not let me go, 395
O Master, let me walk with thee, 829
O North, with all thy vales of green, 183
O One with God the Father, 169
O Paradise, O Paradise, 283
O Savior, bless us ere we go, 80
O Savior, precious Savior, 894
O Sion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling, 800
O Son of God, our Captain of salvation, 469
O Spirit of the living God, 802
O Thou in whom thy saints repose, 777
O Thou to whose all-searching sight, 200
O Thou who didst, with love untold, 448
O Thou who makest souls to shine, 762
O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill, 613
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows, 674
O Thou, who gav'est thy servant grace, 149
O Trinity of blessed light, 29
O Word of God incarnate, 96
O Worship the King, all glorious above, 423
O brothers, lift your voices, 832
O come and mourn with me awhile, 255
O come, O come, Emmanuel, 111
O come, all ye faithful, 124
O come, loud anthems let us sing, 523
O could I speak the matchless worth, 434
O day of rest and gladness, 73
O for a closer walk with God, 519
O for a heart to praise my God, 430
O happy band of pilgrims, 912
O help us, Lord, each hour of need, 58
O let the children come to me, 576
O little town of Bethlehem, 134
O mother dear, Jerusalem, 860
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending, 643
O sacred head surrounded, 261
O saving Victim, opening wide, 559
O say can you see, by the dawn's early light, 724
O very God of very God, 177
O what the joy and the glory must be, 928
O where are kings and empires now, 793
O wondrous type! O vision fair, 482
Of the Father's love begotten, 128
Oft in danger, oft in woe, 197
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry, 474
On our way rejoicing, 906
On this day, the first of days, 78
On wings of living light, 953
Once in royal David's city, 587
Once to every man and nation, 728
One sole baptismal sign, 781
One sweetly solemn thought, 683
Onward, Christian soldiers, 902
Our Father! thy dear Name doth show, 839
Our Lord is risen from the dead, 317
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed, 337
Our day of praise is done, 82
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?, 680
Pleasant are thy courts above, 787
Praise the Lord through every nation, 432
Praise to God, immortal praise, 708
Praise to the Holiest in the height, 428
Praise to the heavenly Wisdom, 459
Praise we the Lord this day, 461
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, 427
Rejoice, rejoice, believers, 101
Rejoice, the Lord is King, 884
Rejoice, ye pure in heart, 914
Resting from his work today, 281
Revive thy work, O Lord, 760
Ride on! ride on in majesty, 245
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, 746
Rise up, O men of God, 828
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise, 786
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, 194
Rock of ages, cleft for me, 367
Round the Lord in glory seated, 349
Safe upon the billowy deep, 701
Safely through another week, 77
Savior! when in dust to thee, 217
Savior, again to thy dear Name we raise, 84
Savior, blessed Savior, 896
Savior, breathe an evening blessing, 46
Savior, like a shepherd lead us, 597
Savior, source of every blessing, 406
Savior, sprinkle many nations, 807
Savior, teach me, day by day, 596
Savior, when night involves the skies, 67
Savior, who thy flock art feeding, 574
Saw you never, in the twilight, 945
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph, 885
See the destined day arise, 246
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless, 551
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing, 130
Silent night, holy night, 934
Sinful, sighing to be blest, 229
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise, 437
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn, 133
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, 426
Softly now the light of day, 38
Soldiers of Christ, arise, 579
Soldiers of the cross, arise, 195
Songs of praise the angels sang, 425
Songs of thankfulness and praise, 167
Soon may the last glad song arise, 815
Spirit blest, who art adored, 344
Spirit divine, attend our prayers, 340
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love, 335
Stand up, stand up, for Jesus, 916
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright, 490
Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, 39
Sunset and evening star, 693
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, 75
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, 259
Tarry with me, O my Savior, 54
Teach us what thy love has borne, 238
Ten thousand times ten thousand, 922
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled, 696
The Church’s one foundation, 782
The God of Abraham praise, 420
The King of love my Shepherd is, 553
The King shall come when morning dawns, 119
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, 538
The Son of God goes forth to war, 146
The ancient law departs, 154
The cross is on our brow, 622
The day is gently sinking to a close, 31
The day is past and gone, 41
The day is past and over, 44
The day of resurrection, 293
The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended, 52
The first Nowell the angel did say, 941
The grave itself a garden is, 282
The head, that once was crowned with thorns, 318
The morning light is breaking, 809
The radiant morn hath passed away, 32
The royal banners forward go, 243
The saints of God! their conflict past, 499
The shadows of the evening hours, 42
The son of Consolation!, 471
The spacious firmament on high, 419
The strife is o’er, the battle done, 295
The sun is sinking fast, 35
The voice that breathed o'er Eden, 644
The world is very evil, 115
There is a blessed home, 870
There is a green hill far away, 263
There is a land of pure delight, 866
There's a Friend for little children, 608
There's a wideness in God's mercy, 403
Thine for ever! God of love, 623
This is the day of light, 76
Those eternal bowers, 920
Thou art coming, O my Savior, 113
Thou art gone up on high, 319
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord, 677
Thou art the Way, to thee alone, 467
Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown, 142
Thou hidden love of God, whose height, 381
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow, 675
Thou say'st, Take up thy cross, 410
Thou, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray, 565
Thou, whose almighty word, 179
Three in One, and One in Three, 66
Through Him, who all our sickness felt, 849
Through the day thy love has spared us, 33
Through the night of doubt and sorrow, 918
Thy kingdom come! on bended knee, 94
Thy kingdom come, O God, 181
Thy life was given for me, 399
Thy way, not mine, O Lord, 666
To the Name of our salvation, 155
To thee our God we fly, 308
Triumphant Sion, lift thy head, 794
Wake, awake, for night is flying, 103
Watchman, tell us of the night, 182
We build our school on thee, O Lord, 614
We come unto our fathers' God, 714
We give thee but thine own, 543
We love the place, O God, 784

Subject Index
We march, we march to victory, 908
We plow the fields, and scatter, 712
We praise thy Name, O Lord most High, 479
We praise thy grace, O Saviour, 464
We sing the glorious conquest, 451
We sing the praise of him who died, 264
We three kings of Orient are, 946
We walk by faith, and not by sight, 449
We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen, 681
Weary of self, and laden with my sin, 215
Weary of wandering from my God, 225
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say, 289
What thanks and praise to thee we owe, 495
When Christ was born of Mary free, 935
When I survey the wondrous cross, 256
When Jesus left his Father's throne, 607
When all thy mercies, O my God, 397
When morning gilds the skies, 64
When our heads are bowed with woe, 687
When wilt thou save the people?, 843
When wounded sore the stricken soul, 227
Where cross the crowded ways of life, 830
While shepherds watched their flocks by night, 122
While thee I seek, protecting Power, 60
Who are these in bright array, 507
Who are these like stars appearing, 503
With broken heart and contrite sigh, 222
With the sweet word of peace, 704
Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim, 761
Ye holy angels bright, 435
Ye servants of the Lord, 766
Ye watchers and ye holy ones, 439
Index of Scripture References

Psalms
19 23 23 31 42 46 67 84 90 91 92 95 100 100 103 103 104 117 122 130 131 145
Matthew
27:46
Luke
23:34 23:43 23:46
John
19:26 19:27 19:28 19:30
## Index of Pages of the Print Edition

1054