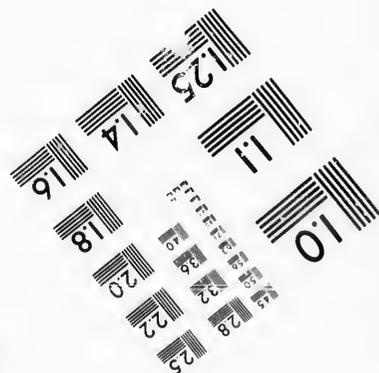
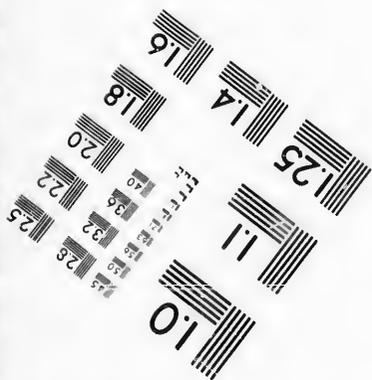
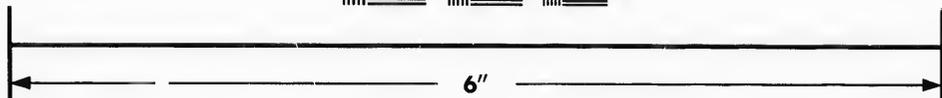
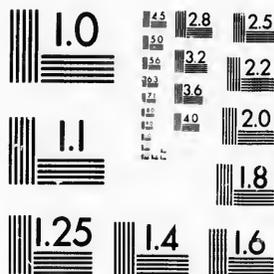


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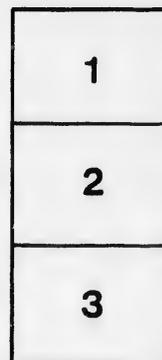
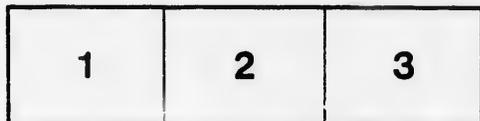
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# HYMNS



FOR

# PUBLIC WORSHIP

IN THE

DIOCESE OF FREDERICTON.

ENLARGED EDITION.

0.84  
4907

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

J. & A. McMILLAN.

1867.

TO THE

ENGLAND

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# PREFACE.

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TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND IN THE DIOCESE OF FREDERICTON.

DEAR BRETHREN:—

Though the custom of singing hymns, in time of Divine Service, appears to be recommended in Holy Scripture, has the sanction of the immemorial usage of the Catholic Church, and has prevailed extensively in our own communion, it has been always found to be a difficult task to collect a body of hymns suitable for general use. The Psalms of David were apparently turned into metre to meet this difficulty, and perhaps to render other hymns unnecessary. But they have not answered the purpose. The truth is, that the versifiers of the psalms undertook an impossible task. Suitable as some of the psalms are for use as hymns, many of them, from their length, and for other reasons, can never be sung. There are also two other reasons which forbid us to hope for a successful result, in any metrical version of the psalms. First, it is impossible to convey the mystical or Christian sense of the words

## PREFACE.

without a paraphrase so long as to be tedious in rhyme, and widely different from the original. Secondly, the governing law of Hebrew poetry (and, perhaps, it is not altogether needless to observe that the psalms were written in the Hebrew tongue) is not metre, but parallelism; the force of the sentences lying in their apposition to or contradistinction from each other, or in a repetition of the same sentiment in a different form. It is clearly impossible to convey a notion of this law by means of that jingling sound, in which, by long usage, our ears delight. And I think no one would ever gather, from our metrical version of the psalms, what is the nature of Hebrew poetry. Our very musical and excellent Prayer-Book version shows it sufficiently to the intelligent reader. Still, it must be admitted that many of the psalms in that version have taken such hold of the mind of our congregations, that it would be inexpedient to abandon them; but the reason is, that they are in reality used as Christian hymns, not as translations of the Psalms of David.

Every one, however, must feel, more or less, a want of direct reference, for the benefit of the unlearned Christian, to the great mysteries of our faith, to the Sacraments, and to the wants, fears, hopes, and joys of believers in a Saviour, not now to come in the flesh, but ascended into glory: and for these purposes, a collection of hymns has frequently been thought desirable:

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## PREFACE.

yet here our difficulty begins. It is easier to discover what our hymns should not be, than to find such as are, in all respects, meet for congregational use; and the countless numbers of hymn-books prove, not only a difference of taste, but a real difficulty of selection. If it be desirable, as it appears to me to be, that a hymn-book, for the use of congregations in communion with the Church of England, should be composed of pieces of real poetry, not remote from common understandings, yet suggestive of holy thoughts; if such hymns should express the wants, hopes, and joys of a worshipping church, not of an individual mind; if they should not be long, nor, by reason of the irregularity of metre, incapable of being sung to known tunes; if they should be framed on the model of our Prayer-Book, and in harmony with its teaching; if all familiar, irreverent expressions, and needless repetitions, should be rejected; the difficulty of making such a selection is no light one. We may, perhaps, add to this the difference of mental training, which makes the very thing which to some eyes seems a blot, to others appear a beauty.

At my visitation, in 1853, a committee of the clergy of the Diocese was unanimously appointed to consider this matter, and, after careful consideration, we have agreed to a general recommendation of the present Hymn-Book. Its basis is the book published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; but it contains

## PREFACE.

many excellent hymns not found in that collection, and we have excluded some, of which we thought less favorably. As far as was practicable, it has been our endeavor to give the hymn to the reader as it was written by the author; and to allow of no departure from the original without some paramount reason. The book will be found to be cheap, and of convenient size, and suitable both for congregations and individuals, who will find their account in teaching their children these holy songs, and in thus impressing the great truths of Christianity on the minds of the young, in a manner which time will never wholly efface.

Commending this, and all other works of love, to the Divine blessing, I am, dear Brethren,

Your faithful servant and Bishop,

JOHN FREDERICTON.

FREDERICTON, Aug. 31, 1855.

The hymns from No. 204 to 240 have been added by the Committee appointed at the Visitation of the Clergy, September, 1862, and are intended to supply what was wanting on some Sundays in the year, and to enrich our hymn-book with several valuable and sterling compositions now generally sung in England. For private reading and congregational singing, our book is now well furnished, and I heartily recommend its use to the faithful children of the Church of England in New Brunswick.

JOHN FREDERICTON.

January 21, 1863.

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# H Y M N S.

---

## A D V E N T.

I.

C. M.

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
 The Saviour 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, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure;  
 And with the riches of his grace  
 To bless the humble poor.

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

ADVENT.

2.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Lo! He comes! in clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train;  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment; come away!

Now redemption, long expected,  
See! in solemn pomp appear!  
All his saints by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air!  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Saviour! take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own!  
Oh, come quickly!  
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

ADVENT.

3.

L. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!  
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

O Saviour! with protecting care  
Return to this thine House of Prayer:  
Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Here we thy parting promise claim.

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

4.

L. M.

THE Lord will come: the earth shall quake;  
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come: but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

## ADVENT.

The Lord will come: a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Go, sinners, to the rocks complain:  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain:  
But faith, victorious, o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come.

### 5.

D. 8s & 7s.

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesu! Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver!  
May we all thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temple leave:  
Thee would we be ever blessing,  
Serve Thee as thine hosts above,  
Still adore Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

Yea, complete thy new creation!  
Pure and spotless may we be;  
May we see thy great salvation;  
Perfectly restored by 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.

ADVENT.

6.

8s & 7s.

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,  
Blest desire of every nation,  
Joy of every faithful 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.

7.

L. M.

He comes! He comes! the Judge severe!  
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near,  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;  
He's welcome to the faithful soul!

From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

Descending on his glorious throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

## CHRISTMAS.

Shout, all ye people of the sky  
And all ye saints of God, most high!  
Jesus, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.

## CHRISTMAS.

8.

D. 7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing—  
“Glory to the new-born 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.”

Hark! the herald, &c.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb:  
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead he,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity:  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus our Immanuel.

Hark! the herald, &c.

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

Hark! the herald, &c.

CHRISTMAS.

9.

C. M.

WHILE shepherds watch'd 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,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:—

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song:—

“All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will, henceforth, from Heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease.”

10.

7s.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a child is born;  
From the highest realms of heaven  
Unto us a Son is given.

CHRISTMAS.

On his shoulder He shall bear  
Power and majesty, and wear  
On his vesture and his thigh  
Names most awful, names most high.

Wonderful in counsel, He ;  
The incarnate Deity ;  
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
King of kings and Prince of Peace

Come and worship at his feet,  
Yield to Christ the homage meet,  
From his manger to his throne,  
Homage due to God alone.

11. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

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 new-born King !

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night !  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the Infant-light.  
Come, and worship ;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear !  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear :  
Come, and worship ;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

## CHRISTMAS.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains!  
Come, and worship;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

### 12.

C. P. M.

Now let our mingling voices rise  
In grateful rapture to the skies,  
And hail a Saviour's birth;  
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,  
When JESUS from his glory came  
To bless the sons of earth.

He came to bid the weary rest,  
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,  
To bind the broken heart;  
To spread the light of truth around,  
And to the world's remotest bound  
The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save  
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,  
And chase our fears away;  
Victorious over death and time,  
To lead us to a happier clime,  
Where reigns eternal day.

### 13.

C. M.

THE race that long in darkness walk'd  
Have seen a glorious light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

CHRISTMAS.

To hail thy rise, Thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous, as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.

For unto us a Child is born;  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be The Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The Great and Mighty Lord.

14.

L. M.

JESU! the very thought is sweet;  
In that high Name all heart-joys meet:  
But sweeter than the honey far,  
The glimpses of thy presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;  
No name is heard more full of bliss;  
No thought brings truer comfort nigh,  
Than Jesus, Son of God, Most High.

JESU! the hope of souls forlorn!  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!  
But what art Thou to them that find!

No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write its blessedness;  
Alone, who hath Thee in his heart  
Knows, love of Jesus! what thou art.

CHRISTMAS.

15.

C. M.

O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn  
Gave to our world below ;  
To mortal want and labour born,  
And more than mortal woe !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,  
By each temptation tried ;  
Who lived to yield our ills relief,  
And to redeem us died :

If gayly clothed, and proudly fed,  
In dangerous wealth we dwell,  
Remind us of thy manger-bed,  
And lowly cottage cell.

If prest by poverty severe,  
In envious want we pine,  
O may the Spirit whisper near,  
How poor a lot was thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scenes,  
From sin preserve us free ;  
Like us, Thou hast a mourner been ;  
May we rejoice in Thee.

16.

7s.

MAKER of the starry sphere ;  
Light to faithful bosoms dear,  
Jesu, Saviour, Lord of all,  
Hearken to thy people's call.

In the blessed Virgin's womb,  
Purest flesh Thou didst assume,  
That to God above might rise  
An all-holy sacrifice.

## CHRISTMAS.

Unto heaven exalted now,  
At thy holy Name shall bow  
All that on the earth do dwell,  
All in heaven and all in hell.

Thou who on the judgment day  
Our most secret thoughts shalt weigh;  
Shield us now with pitying care,  
Guard us from temptation's snare.

Honour, glory, love, and praise,  
Be through never-ending days,  
To the Father and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One.

17.

12s & 10s.

O COME, all ye faithful,  
Rejoicing, triumphant,  
To Bethlehem hasten with glad accord.  
See! in the manger,  
The Monarch of Angels;  
Come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing with exultation,  
Through Heaven's wide courts be your  
praises pour'd;  
To God in the Highest,  
Be glory, be glory;  
Come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Jesu! we greet Thee,  
Born this happy season,  
For ages eternal thy name be adored;  
Word of the Father,  
In our flesh appearing,  
Come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

THE EPIPHANY.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

18.

L. M.

O HAPPY day, when first was pour'd  
The blood of our redeeming Lord!  
O happy day, when first began  
His sufferings for sinful man!

Scarce enter'd on this world of woe,  
His infant blood begins to flow;  
Thus early was his love confess'd,  
His future sacrifice express'd.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,  
Our fleshly natures purge away;  
Thy name: thy likeness may they bear!  
Yea, stamp thy holy image there.

THE EPIPHANY.

19.

7s & 6s.

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 shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth:

THE EPIPHANY.

Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And Righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing—  
A kingdom without end :  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed, in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

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

20.

11s & 10s.

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 !

THE EPIPHANY.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors 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 favor secure:  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

21.

C. M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,  
With mild benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to his abode;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our God.

Oh haste to follow where it leads,  
Its gracious call obey!  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.

Oh gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given;  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

22.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
To his feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee his praise should sing ?  
Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for his grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :  
Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Glorious in his faithfulness !

Angels, help us to adore Him,  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space  
Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Praise with us the God of Grace !

23.

7s.

GLORY be to God on high,  
God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,  
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

Hail, by all thy works adored !  
Hail, the everlasting Lord !  
All thy glories we confess,  
Infinite and numberless.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

Holy Spirit, Thee we own;  
Thee, O Christ, the only Son!  
Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending men.

Praise the name of God Most High;  
Praise Him, all below the sky;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

24.

D. 8s & 7s.

PRaise the Lord; ye heavens, adore Him,  
Praise Him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,  
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;  
Laws which never shall be broken  
For their guidance hath he made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;  
Never shall his promise fail:  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth and all creation  
Laud and magnify his name.

25.

L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

26.

C. M.

ONCE more the solemn Season calls  
A holy fast to keep ;  
And now within the sacred walls  
Let priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,  
Or outward form of prayer ;  
But let it in thy heart be known  
That penitence is there.

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

Oh! let us then, with heartfelt grief,  
Draw near unto our God,  
And pray to Him to grant relief,  
And stay th' uplifted rod.

LENT.

LENT.

27.

C. M.

O LORD! turn not thy face away  
From him that lies prostrate,  
Lamenting sore his sinful life,  
Before thy mercy-gate;

Which Thou dost open wide to those  
That do lament their sin:  
Oh shut it not against me, Lord,  
But let me enter in.

Call me not to a strict account  
How I have livèd here,  
For then I know right well, O Lord,  
Most vile I shall appear.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum;  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,  
Oh let thy mercy come.

28.

7s.

HOLY Jesu, Saviour blest,  
As by passion strong possess'd,  
Through this world of sin we stray,  
Thou to guide us art the Way.

Holy Jesu, when the night  
Of sorrow blinds our clouded sight;  
Round the cheering day to throw,  
Saviour, then the Truth art Thou.

LENT.

Holy Jesu, when our power  
Fails us in temptation's hour,  
All unequal to the strife ;  
Thou to aid us art the Life.

Channel of the Father's grace,  
Image of the Father's face,  
Saviour blest, incarnate Son,  
With the Father Thou art One.

Glory to the Father be,  
Glory, only Son, to Thee ;  
And, of equal power confess'd,  
Glory to the Spirit blest.

29.

S. M.

MINE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord ;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.

When shall the pardoning grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous ways  
My wandering feet have trod ?

Oh keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame ;  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again ;  
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.

LENT.

30.

D. C. M.

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 ;  
Then 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 bosom share  
That is not wholly thine.

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

31.

C. M.

Oh 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.

LENT.

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.

32.

C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
O Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burthen'd 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,  
Oh, let my strength be as my day,  
For good, remember me!

If on my face, for thy blest Name,  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me!

When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath—  
“O Lord, remember me!”

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

33.

D. C. M.

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares  
That round our pathway be,  
Thou knowest that both joys and cares  
Come between us and Thee ;  
Thou knowest that our frailty  
In Thee alone is strong,  
To Thee for help and strength we fly ;  
O let us not go wrong !

O bear us up, protect us now  
In dark temptation's hour ;  
For Thou wert born of woman, Thou  
Hast felt the tempter's power :  
All sinless, Thou canst feel for those  
Who strive and suffer long ;  
But O, 'midst all our cares and woes  
Still let us not go wrong.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

34.

D. 7s.

JESU ! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy shelter fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last !

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

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 stay'd,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

35.

C. M.

Oh ! for a heart to praise my God ;  
A heart from guilt set free ;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him who dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with 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.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER—GOOD FRIDAY.

36.

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is full of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In dark temptation's hour.

GOOD FRIDAY.

37.

C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,  
Where Jesus prostrate laid ;  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down ;  
In agony he pray'd :

“ Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will ;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfil.”

GOOD FRIDAY.

Go to the garden, sinner, see  
These precious drops that flow ;  
The heavy load He bears for thee ;  
For thee He lies so low.

Then learn of Him the cross to bear ;  
Thy Father's will obey ;  
And when temptations sore draw near,  
Awake to watch and pray.

38.

D. 8s & 7s

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'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God,

Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming from his pitying eye :  
Here it is, I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Love I much ? I've much forgiven :  
All I have is from his grace !

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Gazing here, I'd spend my breath ;  
Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.  
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,  
Till I taste thy whole salvation,  
Where unveil'd thy glories shine !

GOOD FRIDAY.

39.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy

Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See! the rocks are rent asunder;

Darkness veils the mid-day sky:

“It is finished!”

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

O what joy to helpless sinners

These triumphant words afford!

Heavenly blessings without measure,

Flow to us from Christ the Lord;

“It is finished!”

Saints, his dying words record.

All the types and shadows finished

Of the ceremonial law:

Man's redemption now completed,

Death and hell no more shall awe:

“It is finished!”

Saints, from hence your comfort draw

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;

Join the triumph to proclaim:

All on earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praise the Saviour's name:

Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

40.

D. 7s

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee

Low we bow th' adoring knee,

When repentant, to the skies

Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,

O by all thy pains and woe

Suffer'd once for man below,

Bending from thy throne on high,

Hear our solemn Litany!

GOOD FRIDAY.

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

41.

7s. 6 lines.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone—  
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

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Simp  
Nake  
Help  
Foul  
Wash

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GOOD FRIDAY.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly—  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on thy judgment throne—  
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !

42.

L. M. 6 lines.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do—  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

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

GOOD FRIDAY.

43.

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

44.

L. M.

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 death of Christ, my God :  
All the vain things which 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.

EASTER DAY.

S. M.

EASTER DAY.

45.

C. M.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain,  
A sacrifice for all,  
Let all with thankful hearts agree  
To keep the festival :

Not with the leaven, as of old,  
Of sin and malice fed ;  
But with unfeign'd sincerity,  
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

Christ, being raised by power divine,  
And rescued from the grave,  
Shall die no more ; death shall on Him  
No more dominion have.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,  
But graciously restored,  
And made henceforth alive to God,  
Through JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

46.

7s, with Hall.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,      Hallelujah !  
Our triumphant holy day ;      Hallelujah !  
Who did once, upon the cross,      Hallelujah !  
Suffer to redeem our loss.      Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing      Hallelujah !  
Unto Christ our heavenly King ;      Hallelujah !  
Who endured the cross and grave,      Hallelujah !  
Sinners to redeem and save.      Hallelujah !

But the pains which He endured      Hallelujah !  
Our salvation have procured ;      Hallelujah !  
Now above the sky He's King,      Hallelujah !  
Where the angels ever sing.      Hallelujah !

EASTER DAY.

47.

8s, 7s, & 7s.

HE is risen, He is risen !  
Tell it with a joyful voice,  
He has burst his three days' prison,  
Let the whole wide earth rejoice :  
Death is conquer'd, 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 ;  
Brighter far our Easter feast.  
He is risen, He is risen !  
He has oped th' eternal 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.

48.

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ;  
The gladly solemn sound  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

EASTER DAY.

JESUS, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim.  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Receive it back unbought,  
The gift of JESUS' love :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

49.

H. M.

THE happy morn is come :  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Omnipotent to save :  
Captivity is captive led,  
For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them  
For whom their Surety died ?  
Who shall their souls condemn  
Whom God hath justified ?  
Captivity is captive led,  
For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

EASTER DAY.

Christ hath the ransom paid ;  
The glorious work is done ;  
On Him our help is laid ;  
By Him our victory won ;  
Captivity is captive led,  
For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

50.

L. M.

OH, day of days! shall hearts set free,  
No "minstrel rapture" find for Thee?  
Thou art the Sun of other days,  
They shine by giving back thy rays.

Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere,  
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year;  
Sundays by Thee more glorious break,  
An Easter-Day in every week.

And weekdays, following in their train,  
The fulness of the blessing gain;  
Till all, both resting and employ,  
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

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.

51.

L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

EASTER DAY—AFTER EASTER.

Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for man !  
But lo ! what sudden joys I see ;  
Jesus, the dead, revives again !

The rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise !  
Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

Sing, "Live for ever, glorious King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"  
Sing, "Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
And where thy victory, O grave ?"

AFTER EASTER.

52.

D. 7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs 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.

AFTER EASTER.

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.

53.

10s & 11s.

Oh! worship the King all glorious above,  
Oh! gratefully sing his power and love,  
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh! tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.  
His chariots of wrath deep thunderclouds form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

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 join in thy praise.

AFTER EASTER.

54.

D. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders,  
Earth, and air, and seas display;  
Him, who high in tempests thunders,  
Him, whom countless worlds obey.  
In the eastern skies ascending,  
Praise Him, glorious orb of day;  
Ocean, round the globe extending,  
Praise Him, o'er thy boundless way.

Pines that crown the lofty mountains,  
Bow in sign of worship low;  
All ye secret springs and fountains,  
Warble praises as ye flow:  
Beasts, through nature's drear dominions,  
Praise Him, where the wilds extend;  
Praise Him, birds, whose sounding pinions  
Up to heaven's gate ascend.

Man below, the lord of nature,  
Angel choirs in realms above,  
Hymning, praise the great Creator,  
Praise th' eternal Fount of Love.  
Teach us, Lord, to sing thy glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

55.

C. M.

How sweet the name of JESUS sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

AFTER EASTER.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It 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, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

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 !

56.

7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

AFTER EASTER.

All things living he doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a piteous eye  
Look'd upon our misery ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

57.

7s, 6 lines.

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

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Be by all that live adored ;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At thy feet their tribute pay,  
And thy holy will obey.

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

AFTER EASTER.

58.

H. M.

GIVE thanks to God Most High,  
The universal Lord,  
The sovereign King of kings,  
And be his grace adored.  
His power and grace  
Are still the same ;  
And let his Name  
Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand !  
What wonders hath He done !  
He form'd the earth and seas,  
And spread the heavens alone.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heavenly King ;  
And let the spacious earth,  
His work and glories sing.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

59.

C. M.

LONG have we heard the joyful sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord !  
Yet, still how weak our faith is found,  
How slow to learn thy word !

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

How cold and feeble is our love !  
How negligent our fear !  
How low our hopes of joys above !  
How few affections there !

Great God ! thy sovereign aid impart  
To give thy word success ;  
Write all its precepts on our heart,  
And deep its truths impress.

Show our forgetful feet the way  
That leads to bliss on high ;  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

ASCENSICN TO WHITSUNTIDE.

60.

H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King ;  
Your God and King adore,  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore.  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
" Rejoice ;" again I say, " Rejoice."

The mighty Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above.  
Lift up, &c.

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven,  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Saviour given.  
Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope;  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice."

61.

D. S. M.

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 oppress'd;  
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high,  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
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!

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in thy train.  
Oh! by thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At thy right hand on high.

62.

C. M.

Th' eternal gates lift up their heads,  
The doors are open'd wide,  
The King of Glory is gone up  
Unto his Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon thy face.

And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
And let thy grace be given,  
That while we linger yet below  
Our treasure be in heaven.

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

63.

7s, with Hall.

HAIL! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah!  
 Glorious to his native skies! Hallelujah!  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah!  
 Enters now the highest heaven. Hallelujah!

There the glorious triumph waits—  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!  
 Christ has vanquish'd death and Hallelujah!

sin,  
 Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah!

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!  
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!  
 Though returning to his throne, Hallelujah!  
 Still He calls mankind his own. Hallelujah!

64.

L. M.

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place  
 For us around thy throne of grace,  
 We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,  
 And draw them with the cords of love.

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,  
 Art our exceeding great reward;  
 How transient is our present pain!  
 How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,  
 We then shall see Thee as Thou art;  
 Our love shall never cease to glow,  
 Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
 A surety of thine endless love,  
 Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be  
 The raiser of our souls to Thee.

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

65.

7s.

JESUS, rising from the dead,  
Now hath bruised the serpent's head ;  
Lo ! the vanquish'd powers of hell  
Swift from heaven like lightning fell.

Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the battle won :  
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell !

Lives again our mighty King !  
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
Lo ! He claims his native sky ;  
Grave ! where is thy victory ?

Holy Father, blessed Son,  
Gracious Spirit, Three in One ;  
Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be.

66.

L. M.

Our Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Saviour is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd 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."

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims these mansions as his right :  
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
The Lord, who 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 possest ;  
The King of saints, and angels, too,  
God over all, for ever blest !

67.

D. S. M.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way  
At God's supreme command.  
The watery deep I pass,  
With JESUS in my view,  
And through the howling wilderness  
My steadfast way pursue.

The goodly land I see  
With peace and plenty blest ;  
The land of sacred liberty  
And everlasting rest.

ASCENSION TO WHITSUNTIDE.

There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness ;  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
Th' Almighty Prince of Peace.

His whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Unceasingly they cry !  
Hail, Abra'm's God and mine !  
I join the heavenly lays :  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And everlasting praise.

68.

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died!” they cry,  
“To be exalted thus :”  
“Worthy the Lamb!” our lips reply ;  
“For He was slain for us.”

JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

WHITSUNTIDE.

WHITSUNTIDE.

69.

L. M.

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 love thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road,  
The narrow road which leads to God ;  
Bring us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from Him ever stray.

Lead us to God, our only rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

70.

C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heavens most high ;  
And underneath his feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim  
Full royally He rode ;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Blest be the Lord, th' Almighty God,  
Most worthy of all praise;  
He is my rock, my saving health;  
To Him my songs I'll raise.

O God, my strength and fortitude,  
My heart shall rest on Thee!  
Thou art my fortress and my hope,  
Through all eternity.

71.

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost; Creator, come,  
And visit all the souls of thine:  
Thou hast inspired our hearts with life;  
Inspire them now with life divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the Gift  
Of God most high, the Fire of love,  
The everlasting Spring of joy,  
And Holy Unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writest  
God's laws in every faithful heart;  
The Promise of the Father, Thou  
Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls till they  
Thy love, thy heavenly love, embrace;  
And, since we are by nature frail,  
Assist us with thy saving grace.

WHITSUNTIDE.

72.

L. M.

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 acts 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.

73.

C. M.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this thy day  
To Thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone ;  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervor, in our own.

No new prophetic voice we hear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do Thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, with hope, and love.

WHITSUNTIDE.

74. L. M. 6 lines.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every humble mind,  
And pour thy joy on all mankind:  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:  
Our frailty help, our vice control,  
And calm the passions of the soul:  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Immortal honor, endless fame  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;  
Let God the Son be glorified,  
Who for the world's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
O blessed Comforter, to Thee.

75.

7s

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!  
Let thy light around us shine;  
All our guilty fears remove,  
Fill us with thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give;  
Bid the wounded sinner live;  
Lead us to the Lamb of God;  
Wash us in his precious blood.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,  
Comfort every troubled breast ;  
Life and joy and peace impart,  
Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
Keep us in the heavenly way ;  
Bring us to thy courts above,  
Realms of light and endless love.

76.

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit! come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our hearts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.

Dwell Thou within our breast,  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
So shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

77. 8s & 7s, with Hall.

HALLELUJAH! blest and sweetest  
Of the hymns of praise above:  
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,  
Angel-host, these notes of love:  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

S. M.  
Hallelujah! Church victorious,  
Join the concert of the sky:  
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,  
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high:  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

Hear, O Lord, our supplication,  
Hear and answer from on high:  
May the joy of thy salvation  
Visit us continually.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

e  
Hallelujah! to the Father,  
Hallelujah! to the Son,  
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,  
One in Three and Three in One:  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! while the endless ages  
run.

78. 8s & 7s, 6 lines.

d love,  
LEAD us! Heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee;  
Yet possessing every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread the 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 feeling blending,  
Pleasures that can never cloy.  
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

79.

L. M

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy pardoning love extend.

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.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

80.

C. M.

JESUS! exalted far on high!  
To whom a name is given,  
A name surpassing every name  
That's named in earth or heaven;

Before whose throne shall every knee  
Bow down with one accord;  
Before whose throne shall every tongue  
Confess that Thou art Lord;

JESUS! who in the form of God  
Didst equal honor claim;  
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame;—

Oh! may that mind be form'd in us  
Which shone so bright in Thee;  
May we be humble, lowly, meek,  
From pride and envy free:

May we to others stoop, and learn  
To emulate thy love;  
So shall we bear thine image here,  
And share thy throne above.

81.

C. M.

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.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

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 opening 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.

82.

S. M.

Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on ;  
Walk in his strength with faith and hope,  
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,  
Thy works into his hands,  
And rest on his unchanging word,  
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,  
His covenant shall endure ;  
Though clouds and darkness hide his path,  
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms  
His power will clear thy way :  
Wait thou his time—the darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

83.

7s, 6 lines.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild;  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child:  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond its own;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone:  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, guard, and guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon thy smiles  
Till the promised hour appears:  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

84.

L. M. & 8s.

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,  
Thou glorious Lord of life and power ?  
Teach us to bow the humble knee,  
Teach us with thankfulness t' adore,  
To praise Thee as thy saints above,  
To praise Thee for thy wondrous love.

While life endures may we rejoice,  
N<sup>o</sup>r for our Lord and God to own ;  
To take Him as our only choice,  
And cleave to Him in love alone :  
Be growing up to holiness,  
Then meet Him in the realms of peace.

Then shall our grateful songs abound,  
And every tear be wiped away ;  
No sin, no sorrow, shall be found,  
No night o'ercloud the endless day :  
O! praise Him, all beneath, above!  
O! praise Him ; praise the God of love!

85.

7s.

SOX of God! thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my every want ;  
Tree of Life! thine influence shed,  
With thy fruit my spirit feed.

Tenderest branch, alas! am I,  
Wither, without Thee, and die ;  
Weak as helpless infancy,  
O! confirm my soul in Thee.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Unsustain'd by Thee, I fall;  
Send the strength for which I call!  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on Thee depend,  
Love me! save me to the end!  
Give me persevering grace,  
Take the everlasting praise.

86.

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

A thousand thousand precious gifts,  
Thy gracious hand bestow'd;  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran;  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

87.

D. 8s & 7s.

LORD, supreme in glory dwelling,  
Of thy wondrous power and might  
Earth and heaven rejoice in telling,  
Day to day, and night to night.  
Through each clime, to every nation,  
Trumpet-tongued, by sea, by land,  
Nature speaks her adoration  
Of the great creative hand.

See, the sun in bridal splendor  
Tells from whence his glories rise;  
See the moon her homage render  
As she climbs the spangled skies.  
Glorious thus thy Word: it beameth  
O'er the soul supremely bright,  
Speaking Him whose love redeemeth—  
Joy of nations—Light of Light.

88.

S. M.

To God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies,  
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel and his care  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Then, all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

89.

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea ;  
And linger, shivering 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 unbeckled eyes

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

90.

L. M.

ALMIGHTY FATHER! robed with light,  
Seated upon thy heavenly throne,  
O teach our hearts to feel aright;  
And tongues to say, "Thy will be done!"

In all thy just and righteous ways  
Thy grace and goodness may we own;  
For every mercy yield our praise,  
And say, O Lord, "Thy will be done."

And when oppress'd with grief we lie,  
When brighter scenes are fled and gone,  
Still may our souls submissive cry,  
"Father in heaven! thy will be done!"

91.

L. M. 6 lines.

O LORD of earth, of air, and sea!  
The hungry ravens cry to Thee:  
On Thee thy various creatures call,  
The common Father, kind to all;  
Then grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
Our daily bread from day to day.

The lions may with hunger pine;  
But, Lord, Thou carest still for thine;  
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
The lone and barren wilderness:  
And Thou hast taught our hearts to pray  
For daily bread from day to day.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

And while we travel, faint and slow,  
Thy pilgrims, through a vale of woe,  
Do Thou thy gracious comfort give,  
By which alone the soul can live;  
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
The bread of life from day to day.

92. L.M. 6 lines.

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 landscapes flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

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

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

93.

L. M.

SINCE every trial marks the road  
Which leads to happiness and God;  
Shall I then murmur or complain  
Of sorrow's load, of grief, or pain?

No, let me rather humbly bow  
To Him from whom my sorrows flow;  
Yielding myself to his command,  
And meekly kiss his smiting hand.

Chastise my soul, but not destroy,  
And be my sorrows mix'd with joy;  
Joy, such as earth can ne'er bestow;  
Joy, which thy children only know.

Make Thou my longing soul thine own;  
Thine would I be, and thine alone;  
Pour thine own Spirit on my breast,  
And soothe each anxious thought to rest.

94.

L. M.

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

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made  
For those who follow Thee.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Author and guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine,  
And all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—  
A boundless, endless store—  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more!

95.

7s.

LORD, if Thou thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
Like the Saviour we shall be,  
Clothed with his humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild;  
Humble as a little child;  
Pleased with what the Lord provides;  
Wear'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee;  
Every evil let us flee;  
Always happy in thy love;  
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find  
Every good in Christ combined;  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust and praise Him evermore.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

96.

C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
Whate'er of guilt in us is found,  
O! bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,  
Send down thy heavenly grace,  
To guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel another's care.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride ;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot,  
With all the sanctified.

97.

C. M.

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 blest hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

98.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah !  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
Hold us with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow :  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead us all our journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

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

99.

C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !

O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
No covetous desires arise,  
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

100.

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand ;  
Saviour Divine ! diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,  
Great God ! to choose the better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day  
For joys that none can take away.

If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and peaceful die ;  
Secure, when earthly comforts flee,  
To find eternal joys in Thee.

101.

D. C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.  
With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and (oh ! amazing love !)  
He came to our relief.

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AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break ;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.  
Angels, assist our mighty joys ;  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But, when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

102.

10s & 11s.

YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name ;  
The name all-victorious  
Of JESUS extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save ;  
And still He is nigh,  
His presence we have ;  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To JESUS our King.

Then let us adore  
And give Him his right ;  
All glory and power,  
All wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing,  
With angels above ;  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

103.

S. M.

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

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

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

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

104.

L. M.

As through this wilderness I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;  
No foes, no evil, need I fear,  
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

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

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

S. M.  
Teach me, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

105.

D. 8s & 7s.

L. M.  
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

Round each habitation hovering  
See the cloud of fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

106.

7s.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless  
Christ, the Lord our righteousness;  
Let our praise to him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven.

Son of God, to Thee we bow;  
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;  
Thou, the blessed virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy church and head.

Thee, the angels ceaseless sing;  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;  
Werthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.

May we follow and adore  
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;  
Guide and bless us with thy love,  
Till we join thy saints above.

107.

C. M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestow'd,  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.

108.

S. M.

Oh! where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the "second death!"

Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

109.

P. M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
F'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be—  
“Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.”

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

Then 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  
Bethels I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to thee.

And when 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.”

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AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

P. M.

110.

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise;  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!

No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high:  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

111.

D. C. M.

Thou plenteous Source of light and love, from  
whom all grace proceeds,  
Chase from our souls the gloom of night, and  
make us hate its deeds;  
In armor clad of heavenly proof, we will not  
fear nor fly,  
But bravely, through opposing hosts, press  
onwards to the sky.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

If long and doubtful seem the strife, our pains  
and trials sore,  
Such are the ills of mortal life, and such our  
Saviour bore ;  
Once, humbled from his lofty throne, He  
dwelt in weakness here,  
And his has been the struggling sigh, and his  
the falling tear.

When time has run its destined course, and  
all our years are fled,  
He comes, with monarch's pomp and power,  
to wake and judge the dead ;  
Then help us, Lord, while sinners' hearts shall  
sicken with dismay,  
To lift our heads, and joyful hail Redemp-  
tion's perfect day.

112.

C. M.

THERE is a Book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small  
In peace and order move.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down,  
But where it lights the favor'd place  
By richest fruits is known.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentle breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love, this sight so free,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

113.

C. M.

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  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his vast 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.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

114.

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
And we by faith may see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day within the place  
Where Thou, my God, art seen,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
Spent in the joys of sin.

My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this ;  
And wait to hail the brighter day  
Of everlasting bliss.

115.

78.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Foes are round us, but we stand  
On the borders of our land ;  
Jesus, God's exalted Son,  
Bids us, undismay'd go on.

Let us sing ; for, safe and bless'd,  
We with Jesus soon shall rest ;  
There our home is now prepared ;  
There our kingdom and reward.

116.

L. M.

God of my life, through all my days,  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;  
My song shall wake with opening light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O, when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies !

The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul shall live :  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

117.

L. M.

As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,  
He views his home, though distant still;

So when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
No more he grieves for trouble past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode;  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all we suffer on the road.

118.

L. M.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

True! 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of every saint.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

HOLY DAYS.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor linger on the heavenly road.

HOLY DAYS.

119.

C. M.

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 mark'd the footsteps that he trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast,  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess'd the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shows the same path to heaven.

HOLY DAYS.

120.

8s & 7s.

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, St. Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turn'd 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,  
"Christian, love me more than these."

JESUS calls us.—By thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call,  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee, best of all.

121.

C. M.

O THOU, who didst with love untold  
Thy doubting servant cheer,  
And bade the eye of sense behold  
What faith should have made clear ;

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 !

HOLY DAYS.

7s.  
And while that wondrous record now  
Of unbelief we hear,  
Oh! let us only lowlier bow  
In self-distrusting fear;

And pray that we may never dare  
Thy Spirit so to grieve;  
But, at the last, their blessing share  
Who see not, yet believe.

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122.

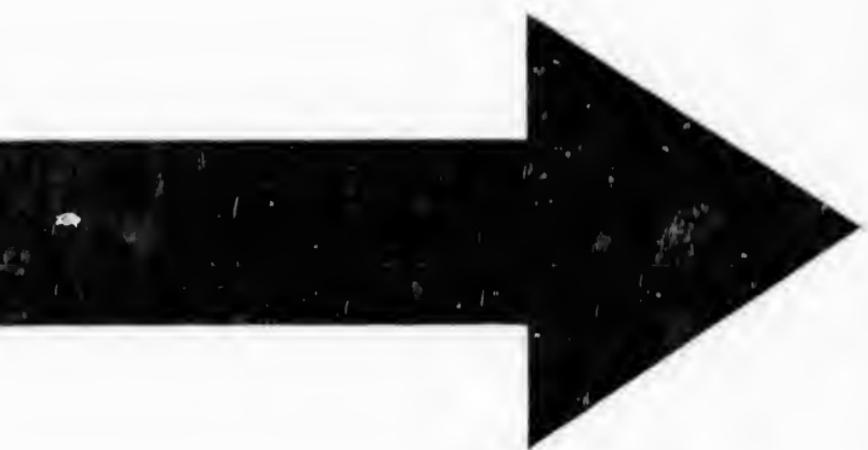
D. 7s.

JESU, Lord, thy praise we sing,  
Thou the martyr's Crown and King,  
Who dost raise above the skies  
All who earth and sin despise!  
Hear us now, and as we tell  
How thy martyr Stephen fell,  
Grant the prayer thy servants pray,  
Wash our stain of guilt away.

'T was thy Spirit from above  
Fill'd his heart with strength and love;  
First to own his Lord in death,  
First to gain the crown of faith,  
Gazing upward to the skies,  
With his parting breath he cries,  
"Jesu, Lord, my soul receive,  
Jesu, Lord, my foes forgive."

M.  
Lord, for him thy name we bless;  
Grant to us like holiness:  
May we ever live to Thee,  
And in death have victory.  
Then through ages all along,  
This shall be our endless song,  
Praise the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One.







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HOLY DAYS.

123.

S. M.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord!  
Who, from this world of sin,  
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword  
Those little ones didst win!

Glory to Thee, O Lord!  
For now, all grief unknown,  
They wait in patience their reward,  
The martyr's heavenly crown!

Baptized in their own blood—  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gain'd the shore.

Lord! help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim;  
In life to glorify thy power,  
In death to praise thy name!

124.

D. C. M.

O THOU, to whose all-seeing eye  
Earth's mysteries are clear—  
Who bright as noonday canst descry  
What we deem darkest here—  
Make us in lowly faith rejoice,  
With her, who on this day  
First heard the Angel's wondrous voice,  
And heard, but to obey!

HOLY DAYS.

For though on Duty's narrow path  
Dark clouds a while may rest,  
One light the weary spirit hath,  
To know thy way is best!  
And say, "Whate'er betide, yet still  
Behold thy servant, Lord!  
Be it to me, through good and ill,  
According to thy word!"

125.

H. M.

Lo, from the desert homes,  
Where he hath hid so long,  
The new Elias comes,  
In sternest wisdom strong.  
The voice that cries  
Of Christ on high,  
And judgment nigh  
From opening skies.

Let thy dread voice around,  
Thou harbinger of light,  
On our dull ears still sound,  
Lest here we sleep in night  
Till judgment come,  
And o'er our path  
Shall burst the wrath  
And deathless doom.

Glory to God on high,  
Salvation to the Lamb;  
Let earth, and sea, and sky,  
His wondrous love proclaim.  
Thrice-blessed Three,  
Heaven's endless days  
Shall sing thy praise  
Eternally.

126.

C. M.

How bless'd are they whose hearts are pure,  
 From guile their spirits free ;  
 To them shall God reveal himself,  
 They shall his glory see.  
 Their simple souls upon his word,  
 In fullest light of love,  
 Place all their trust, and ask no more  
 Than guidance from above.  
 They who in faith unmix'd with doubt  
 Th' engrafted word receive,  
 Whom the first sign of heavenly power  
 Persuades, and they believe ;  
 For them far greater things than these  
 Doth Christ the Lord prepare ;  
 Whose bliss no heart of man can reach,  
 No human voice declare.

127.

S. M.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,  
 Hath fix'd his throne on high ;  
 O'er all the heavenly world He rules,  
 And all beneath the sky.  
 Ye angels, great in might,  
 And swift to do his will,  
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.  
 Let the bright hosts that wait  
 The orders of their King,  
 And guard his people when they pray,  
 Join in the praise we sing.

HOLY DAYS.

While all his wondrous works  
Through his vast kingdom show  
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,  
Shalt sing his praises too.

128.

8s, 7s, & 7s

CHRIST, in highest Heaven enthroned,  
In thy Father's Love and Might,  
By pure Spirits ever owned,  
God of God and Light of Light ;  
Thee mid Angel hosts we sing,  
Thee, their Maker and their King !

All who circling round adore Thee,  
All who bow before thy throne,  
Burn with constant zeal before Thee,  
Thy commands to carry down ;  
To and fro from heaven above  
Speed with messages of love.

They to aid the sick and dying  
Sent from heaven do swiftly fly,  
Grace divine and strength applying  
In their mortal agony ;  
Souls released from bondage here,  
They to Paradise do bear.

Glorious God, let all adore Thee,  
All on earth and all in heaven,  
Every creature, bow before Thee,  
Who hath all their being given,  
Who by grace doth us restore :  
Praise to Thee for evermore !

THE EMBER DAYS.

129.

L. M.

Lo! round the throne at God's right hand,  
The saints in countless myriads stand,  
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,  
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came,  
And bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;  
From all their labors now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;  
The tear is wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
And thus the loud hosannah raise.

“Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign;  
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,  
And make us kings and priests to God.”

THE EMBER DAYS.

130.

L. M.

*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart,

THE EMBER DAYS.

Thy blessed unction from above,  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of thy grace.  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

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.

131.

L. M.

O KING of Salem, Prince of Peace,  
Bid strife among thy subjects cease;  
One is our Father, one our Lord,  
One Body, Spirit, hope, reward;

One God and Father of us all,  
On whom thy Church and people call;  
O, may we one communion be,  
One with each other, one with Thee.

Bless those whose voice salvation brings,  
Who minister in holy things:  
Thy Bishops, Priests, and Deacons bless,  
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.

EMBER DAYS—ORDINATION.

Let many in the judgment day,  
Turn'd from the error of their way,  
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear:  
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

So may we join the song of love,  
Which saints and angels sing above;  
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,  
Great Trinity in Unity.

ORDINATION.

132.

S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his 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.

O happy servant he  
In such attention found:  
He shall his Lord with pleasure see,  
And be with honor crown'd.

Watch—'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we sing He's near.  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And watch with love and fear

HOLY BAPTISM.

HOLY BAPTISM.

133.

7s.

LAMB of God! for sinners slain,  
Fount of grace to guilty men,  
For thy guidance still we pray,  
Lest from grace we fall away.

By thy mystic, cleansing flood,  
By the water and the blood,  
Wash'd and sanctified to Thee,  
Pure and holy let us be.

Aid us with thy daily grace,  
Steadfastly to run our race;  
Grant us victory in the strife,  
And the prize of endless life.

Glory, praise from all on earth,  
To the God of our new birth;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

134.

C. M.

In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own,  
We print the cross upon thy brow,  
And mark thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ's conflict to maintain,  
But 'neath his banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain;

HOLY BAPTISM.

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travell'd by ;  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit with him on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for his own ;  
And may the brow that wears his cross  
Hereafter share his crown.

135.

8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, 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.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

136.

L. M.

My God, and is thy table spread,  
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy sweetness 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.

Oh! let thy table honor'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
Bid all our drooping graces live;  
And more, that energy afford,  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

137.

C. M. & 8s

LORD, when before thy throne we meet,  
Thy goodness to adore,  
From heaven, th' eternal mercy seat,  
On us thy blessing pour;  
And make our inmost souls to be  
An habitation meet for Thee.

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The body for our ransom given,  
The blood in mercy shed !  
With this immortal food from heaven,  
Lord, let our souls be fed ;  
And as we round thy table kneel,  
Help us thy quickening grace to feel.

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !  
Accept the humble prayer,  
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,  
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;  
And let our adoration rise  
As fragrant incense to the skies.

138.

D. 7s.

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed :  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread.

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;  
To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died ;  
Lord of life, O let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

139.

C. M.

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 words obey,  
For we, O God, are thine;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renew'd with strength divine.

140.

C. M.

THE rock is cleft! with faith draw near;  
The rock is cleft! ye sinners hear;  
A fountain issues from the wound,  
And mercy's streams are gushing round.

Draw near with faith, why linger thus?  
The table's spread, and spread for us;  
For sinners spread, with guilt oppress'd;  
For sinners spread, who seek for rest.

## HOLY COMMUNION—CONFIRMATION.

For pilgrims in a thirsty land,  
The waters flow at Christ's command;  
Who hungers for the bread from heaven?  
To you the sacred banquet's given.

Are any poor? the price is paid;  
Are any weak? oh! why afraid?  
Unworthy any? e'en for you  
There's hope, and love, and pardon too.

All things are ready; Lord, we come,  
And round thy table seek our home:  
Thy word our hope, thy grace our food,  
Our life and seal, thy living blood.

## CONFIRMATION.

141.

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,  
And put your armor 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;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

142.

C. M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now  
Before the Lord we speak ;  
To Him we make a solemn vow—  
A vow we dare not break—

That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Nor ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.

Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways ;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

143.

C. M.

THE righteous souls that take their flight  
Far from this world of pain,  
In God's paternal bosom blest,  
For ever shall remain.

To minds unwise they seem to die,  
All joyful hope to cease,  
While they, secured by faith, repose  
In everlasting peace.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

For at the great, the awful day,  
When Christ descends from high;  
With myriads of angelic saints,  
They'll meet Him in the sky.

Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,  
Shall pour redeeming grace,  
And call them ever to behold  
The brightness of his face.

144.

C. M.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,  
Is equal warning given;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And death descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly towards the tomb;  
O let not earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given!  
The bones that underneath thee lie  
Shall live for hell or heaven.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

145.

C. M.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead !  
With whom thy servants dwell,  
Though cold and green the turf is spread  
Above their narrow cell—

No more we cling to mortal clay,  
We doubt and fear no more ;  
Nor shrink to tread the dreary way  
Which Thou hast trod before.

When soon, or late, this feeble breath  
No more to Thee shall pray,  
Support me through the vale of death,  
And in the darksome way !

When, quicken'd by thy power again,  
I wait thy dread decree,  
Judge of the world ! remember then  
That Thou hast died for me !

146.

12s & 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb ;

The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals  
before thee,

And the lamp of his love was thy guide  
through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer  
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by  
thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
enfold thee, [hath died.

And sinners may hope, since the Saviour

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion  
forsaking, [long :  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd  
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on  
thy waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but 'twere wrong  
to deplore thee, [thy guide ;  
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian,  
He gave thee, He took thee, He soon will  
restore thee,  
Where death has no sting since the Saviour  
has died.

## FUNERAL OF A PASTOR.

147.

L. M.

THE pastor's voice we loved to hear,  
But often heard, alas, in vain,  
In hallow'd words of praise and prayer,  
Will never bless our ear again !

Oh, let us dwell with solemn thought  
On all the words of truth he gave ;  
The lesson to the heart is brought,  
When sorrow muses o'er the grave.

O Saviour, from thy holy hill  
Regard our wants, and hear our cry ;  
Thou art our Guide and Shepherd still,  
Though earthly pastors fall and die.

When Thou didst bid thy flock farewell,  
Thy love could make their sorrows cease :  
The Spirit came, with them to dwell ;  
Thy messenger of truth and peace.

MORNING.

MORNING.

148.

L. M.

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

Redeem thy misspent moments past,  
And live this day as if the last ;  
Thy talents to improve take care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part ;  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to th' eternal King !

149.

L. M.

WE wake, we wake, ye heavenly choir ;  
May your devotion us inspire,  
That we, like you, our age may spend ;  
Like you, may on our God attend.

Lord ! we our vows to Thee renew ;  
Scatter our sins as morning dew ;  
Guard our first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself our spirits fill.

MORNING.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All we design, or do, or say ;  
That all our powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

150.

C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,  
Preserved, O Lord, by Thee,  
Again we hail the cheerful light,  
Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,  
And guide us by thine arm ;  
For they are safe, and only they,  
Whom Thou preserv'st from harm.

Let all our words and all our ways  
Declare that we are thine,  
That so the light of truth and grace  
Before the world may shine.

Let us ne'er turn away from Thee ;  
O Saviour, hold us fast,  
Till with unclouded eyes we see  
Thy glorious face at last.

151.

C. M.

To Thee, O Lord, with dawning light  
My thankful voice I'll raise,  
Thy mighty power to celebrate,  
Thy holy name to praise.

For Thou, in helpless hour of night,  
Hast compassed my bed,  
And now, refresh'd with peaceful sleep,  
Thou liftest up my head.

MORNING.

Grant me, O God, thy quickening grace,  
Through this and every day;  
That, guided and upheld by Thee,  
My feet may never stray.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
Increase my zeal and love;  
And fix my heart's affections all  
On Christ and things above.

And when, life's labor o'er, I sink  
To slumber in the grave,  
In death's dark vale be Thou my trust,  
To succor and to save:

That so, through Him, who bled and died,  
And rose again for me,  
"The grave and gate of death" may prove  
A passage home to Thee.

152.

L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love,  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign Word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

We yield our powers to thy command,  
To Thee we consecrate our days;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

MORNING.

153.

L. M.

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise,  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new.

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.

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.

154.

L. M.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,  
We lift our hearts to God on high,  
That He, in all we do or say,  
Would keep us free from harm to-day :

Would guard our hearts and tongues from  
strife,

From anger's din would hide our life :  
From all ill sights would turn our eyes :  
Would close our ears from vanities :

MORNING—EVENING.

Would keep our inmost conscience pure :  
Our souls from folly would secure :  
Would bid us check the pride of sense  
With due and holy abstinence.

So we, when this new day is gone,  
And night in turn is drawing on,  
With conscience by the world unstain'd,  
Shall praise his name for victory gain'd.

EVENING.

155.

L. M.

GLORY 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 let my soul on Thee repose !  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !  
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

EVENING.

156.

8s, 7s, & 7s.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,  
Wearied, we lie down to rest:  
Through the silent watches guard us;  
Let no foe our peace molest:  
JESUS, Thou our Guardian be;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

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

157.

D. 7s.

THROUGH the changes of the day,  
Kept by thy sustaining power,  
Offerings of thanks we pay,  
Father! in this evening hour;  
Praises to thy Name belong,  
Source and Giver of our good!  
And, though feeble is our song,  
It shall speak our gratitude.

From the dangers which have frown'd,  
From the snares in secret set,  
We have, through thy mercy, found  
Safety and deliverance yet!  
And thy loving-kindness hath  
All the day to us been shown,  
While profusely on our path  
Richest blessings have been strown.

EVENING.

Spirit! who hast been our Light,  
And the Guardian of our way,  
Let thy mercy and thy might  
Keep us for another day!  
O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,  
Watch, and sweet shall be our rest;  
And when morning gilds the sky,  
Our awaking shall be blest!

158.

P. M.

BLESSED be thy Name for ever,  
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,  
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy Name for ever!

Thou, who slumberest not nor sleepest,  
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!  
God of evening's parting ray,  
Midnight gloom, and dawning day,  
Rising from the azure sea,  
Breathing of eternity!  
God of life the Guard and Giver,  
Blessed be thy Name for ever!

EVENING.

159.

L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes!

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.

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.

160.

C. M.

Now that the daylight dies away,  
Ere we lie down and sleep,  
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray  
To own us and to keep.

Let dreams depart, and visions fly,  
The offspring of the night;  
Keep us like shrines beneath thine eye,  
Pure in our foes' despite.

This grace on thy redeem'd confer,  
Father, co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,  
Eternal Three in One.

EVENING.

L. M.

161.

P. M.

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light!  
Who the day for 'oil 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!

C. M.

162.

C. M. & 8s.

LORD of our life, whose tender care  
Hath led us on till now,  
Here lowly at the hour of prayer  
Before thy throne we bow:  
We bless thy gracious hand, and pray  
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh! may we daily, hourly strive  
In heavenly grace to grow!  
To Thee and to thy glory live,  
Dead else to all below:  
Tread in the path our Saviour trod;  
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

EVENING.

With prayer our humble praise we bring  
For mercies day by day:  
Lord, teach our heart thy love to sing—  
Lord, teach us how to pray:  
All that we have, and are, to Thee  
We offer through eternity.

163.

D. 7s.

HOLDEST, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.  
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

164.

8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above!

\* Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

165.

8s, 7s, & 4.

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

Thanks we give and adoration  
For the gospel's joyful sound:  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found!

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE LORD'S DAY.

166.

D. 7s.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest ;  
Sweet repose from worldly care ;  
Day above all days the best,  
When our souls for heaven prepare ;  
Day when our Redeemer rose,  
Victor o'er the hosts of hell :  
Thus He vanquish'd all our foes ;  
Let our lips his glory tell.

Gracious Lord, we love this day,  
When we hear thy holy word ;  
When we sing thy praise, and pray :  
Earth can no such joys afford.  
But a better rest remains,  
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days ;  
Rest from sin, and rest from pains ;  
Endless joys and endless praise.

167.

C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.  
To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell :  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.  
Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

D. 7s.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God his Father's Name,  
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

168.

L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind :  
Such ever bring Thee where they come ;  
And going take Thee to their home.

Here we may prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

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 !

FAST-DAY.

F A S T - D A Y .

169.

D. C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,  
while at thy feet we fall,  
And humbly with united cry, to Thee for  
mercy call:  
The guilt is ours, but grace is thine, O turn  
us not away,  
But hear us from thy lofty throne, and help  
us when we pray.  
Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no  
less we own,  
Yet wondrously, from age to age, thy good-  
ness hath been shown:  
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our  
country round,  
To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried, and  
help in Thee was found.  
With one consent we meekly bow beneath thy  
chastening hand,  
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn  
with our mourning land:  
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we  
lift our prayer,  
"Correct us with thy judgments, Lord, then  
let thy mercy spare."

170.

L. M. 6 lines.

GREAT God, to Thee our song we raise,  
To Thee devote our grateful praise:  
O never may our footsteps rove  
From Thee, the source of truth and love;

FAST-DAY.

But may we still thy praise proclaim,  
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

What though the fig-tree shall decay,  
Fruitless the vine shall waste away;  
Although the olive shall not bear,  
Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear;  
Yet still may we thy praise proclaim,  
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

Though in our folds no flocks abound,  
And in our stalls no herd be found,  
Though all the hopes of plenty fail,  
Though blighting pestilence prevail;  
Yet may we still thy praise proclaim,  
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

171.

8s & 7s.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,  
From thy temple in the skies  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend:  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface;  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

FAST-DAY.

172.

L. M.

God of our life! to Thee we call;  
Afflicted at thy feet we fall:  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where shall we lodge our deep complaint?  
Where, but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Then hear, O Lord! our humble cry,  
And bend on us thy pitying eye:  
To Thee their prayer thy people make;  
Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake!

173.

L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast the threatening sky;  
Out of the depths to Thee we call;  
Our fears are great, our strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard us through the storm;  
Defend us from each pressing ill;  
Control the waves; say, Peace, be still!

Amid the raging of the sea  
Our souls still hang their hope on Thee;  
Thy constant love and faithful care  
Support and save us from despair.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

174.

7s, 6 lines.

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 blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :  
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.

HARVEST.

175.

C. M.

LORD, of thy mercy hear our cry  
For this long-favor'd land ;  
That now, as in the days gone by,  
Her strength may be thy hand !

May she her holy lot fulfil,  
Earth's sanctuary be ;  
And stand amid the nations still,  
A witness true to Thee !

And when the last dread trumpet's sound  
Upon her ear shall ring,  
Grant that her children may be found  
Prepared to meet their King !

HARVEST.

176.

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are ;  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gavest the summer's suns to shine,  
The mild refreshing dew.

## HARVEST.

We own and bless thy gracious sway ;  
Thy hand all nature hails :  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter fails.

177.

L. M. 6 lines.

LORD of the harvest, once again  
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain ;  
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year ;  
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied  
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

The bare, dead grain, in autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on :  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings :  
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of thy word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task :  
So shall thine angels issue forth ;  
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
The sport of sun and storm no more,  
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;  
But not alone our bodies feed—  
Supply our fainting spirits' need :  
O Bread of life, from day to day,  
Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay.

FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.

178.

L. M.

GRACIOUS Hand, that freely gives  
The fruits of earth, our toil to bless !  
O Love, by which the sinner lives !  
Let all our tongues that Love confess !

Our God for all our need provides ;  
His sun o'er all alike doth shine ;  
From none his glorious beams he hides :  
So wills the Father's Love Divine.

Again his love our garner fills,  
This love again let all adore :  
The cry of want his bounty stills,  
Who biddeth all his Name implore.

Oh, may our lives through grace abound  
In fruits of holiness and love :  
Let all his courts with praise resound,  
To echo angels' praise above !

FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.

179.

L. M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,  
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee :  
Thine eye be open night and day  
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear, Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
And when Thou hearest, oh forgive !

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L. M.

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### CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,  
Still, by the power of his great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

That glory never hence depart!  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix thy throne.

### CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

180. 8s & 7s, 6 lines.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,  
And the precious corner-stone,  
Who, the twofold walls surmounting,  
Binds them closely into one:  
Holy Sion's help for ever,  
And her confidence alone.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;  
With thy wonted loving-kindness  
Hear thy people as they pray:  
And thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls for aye.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants  
That they supplicate to gain:  
Here to have and hold for ever  
Those good things their prayers obtain:  
And, hereafter, in thy glory,  
With thy blessed ones to reign.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

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.

181.

7s.

LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise;  
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed  
With thy Word, the heavenly Bread;  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.

Hallelujah!—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply:  
Hallelujah!—hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

182.

H. M.

LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples, are!  
To thine abode  
Our hearts aspire,  
With warm desire,  
To meet our God.

H.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

Oh ! happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear :  
 Oh ! happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise Thee still :  
 Thrice happy they,  
 Who love the way  
 To Zion's hill.

7s.

They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each o'ercomes at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears :  
 Oh ! glorious seat  
 Of God our King,  
 Lord, thither bring  
 Our willing feet.

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God is our Sun and Shield,  
 Our Light and our Defence ;  
 With gifts his hands are fill'd ;  
 We draw our blessings thence.  
 He shall bestow  
 Upon our race  
 His saving grace,  
 And glory too.

end.

H. M.

183.

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create and He destroy.

## MISSIONS.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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.

## MISSIONS.

184.

7s & 6s.

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 Java's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;

## MISSIONS.

In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn ;  
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 ! oh ! salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learn'd 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 ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign !

185.

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all the fulness of thy 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.

MISSIONS.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh,  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of JESUS glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.

186.

8s & 7s.

LORD, a Saviour's love displaying,  
Show the heathen lands thy way;  
Millions still like sheep are straying  
In the dark and cloudy day.

Shades of death are gathering o'er them,  
Lord, they perish from thy sight!  
Let thine angel go before them;  
Bring the Gentiles to thy light.

Fetch them home from every nation,  
From the islands of the sea;  
By the Word of thy salvation  
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

Thou their pasture hast provided,  
Grant the blessing long foretold  
Let thy sheep, divinely guided,  
Find at last the common fold.

MISSIONS.

187.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness  
Let the eye of pity gaze;  
See the kindreds of the people  
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:  
Darkness brooding  
On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness!  
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring  
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!  
Rise with healing on thy wing:  
To thy brightness  
Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring  
Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
Come, and worshipping before him,  
Serve the living God alone:  
Let thy glory  
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

Thou to whom all power is given,  
Speak the word:—at thy command  
Let the company of preachers  
Spread thy Name from land to land:  
Lord! be with them  
Always, to the end of time.

MISSIONS.

188.

S. M.

How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Sion's hill ;  
Who speak salvation to the world,  
And words of peace reveal !

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

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

O Lord, make bare thine arm,  
Send forth thy truth abroad ;  
And let the nations all behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

189.

D. 7s.

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

MISSIONS.

S. M.

“Hallelujah!” Hark! the sound  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation’s harmonies:  
See Jehovah’s banners furl’d,  
Sheathed his sword:—He speaks—’tis  
done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

for,

“He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have pass’d away.  
Then the end:—beneath his rod  
Man’s last enemy shall fall:  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ is all in all.”

190.

L. M.

D. 7s.

JESUS shall reign where’er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

To Him shall fervent prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head;  
His name like perfume shall arise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Shall hail his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.

ALMS-GIVING.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Its grateful honors to our king;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth prolong the loud Amen.

ALMS-GIVING.

191.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.

Oh! may our sympathizing breast  
That generous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.

Whene'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.

So Jesus look'd on dying men,  
Enthroned above the skies;  
And when he saw their lost estate,  
Felt his compassion rise.

Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
On wings of mercy flew,  
We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,  
Should love each other too.

ALMS-GIVING.

192.

L. M.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear.  
Delighting in thy perfect will ;  
Each other's burdens learn to bear,  
And thus thy law of love fulfil.

He that hath pity on the poor  
Lendeth his substance to the Lord ;  
And lo ! his recompense is sure,  
For more than this shall be restored.

Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,  
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,  
From our abundance to impart  
A liberal portion to the poor.

To Thee our all devoted be,  
In whom we breathe, and move, and live ;  
Freely we have received of Thee—  
Freely may we rejoice to give.

193.

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of good ! to own thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline ;  
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,  
When all the worlds are thine ?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of thy grace ;  
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess  
Before thy Father's face.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd ;  
And in their accents of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard.

Thy face, with reverence and with love,  
We in thy poor will see ;  
For while we minister to them,  
We do it, Lord, to Thee.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

194.

H. M.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voices join  
In one glad song of praise ;  
To God, the God of Love,  
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone all praise belongs—  
Our earliest and our latest songs.

CHILDREN.

Now we are taught to read  
The Book of Life divine ;  
Where our Redeemer's love  
And brightest glories shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone, all praise is due,  
Who sends his Word to us and you.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

CHILDREN.

Within these hallow'd walls  
Our wandering feet are brought,  
Where prayer and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone, your offerings bring ;  
Let young and old his praises sing.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

Lord, let this work of love  
Be crown'd with full success ;  
Let thousands yet unborn,  
Thy sacred Name here bless !

To Thee, O Lord, all praise to Thee,  
Shall rise throughout eternity.

195.

C. M.

HAPPY the child whose tender years  
Receive instruction well,  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, though offer'd in the bud,  
Is no mean sacrifice.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our riper years,  
And make our virtue strong.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee  
Our childhood we resign ;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ our youngest breath ;  
Thus we're prepared for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

196.

C. M.

THE Lord, who once our weakness knew,  
Born in this vale of tears,  
In wisdom as in stature grew,  
In favor as in years.

And as He bare our humble lot,  
Mankind from sin to free,  
In mercy said, " Forbid them not ;  
Let children come to me."

May we, O Lord, betimes obey  
The call thy grace has given,  
And still pursue the narrow way  
That leads our steps to heaven.

Though angels round thy throne on high  
Their hymns of triumph raise,  
Thou hearest when to Thee we cry ;  
Thou wilt not scorn our praise.

END OF THE YEAR.

197.

C. M.

O THOU, whose glory and whose grace  
Celestial hosts proclaim,  
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
Teach us to fear thy Name.

Within the volume of thy word,  
We, from our early youth,  
Learn of our Saviour and our Lord,  
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

Thy word displays the concord sweet  
Of fear and holy love:  
Mercy and truth together meet,  
Descending from above.

O Lord! thy glory and thy grace  
Whilst now our lips proclaim,  
Come to our hearts, thy dwelling-place,  
And make us fear thy name.

END OF THE YEAR.

198.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than ten thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!

END OF THE YEAR.

See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Robed in majesty divine !  
Ye who long for his appearing  
Then shall in his glory shine.  
Gracious Saviour !  
Own me in that day for thine !

Then to all who have confessed,  
Loved, and served the Lord below,  
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,  
Take the kingdom I bestow :  
You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know."

199.

C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name !  
And humbly own to Thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we !

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath ;  
And yet, how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death !

END OF THE YEAR.

Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road,  
And when our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God!

200.

D. 7s.

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

As the winged arrow flies  
Swift its destined mark to find;  
As the lightning, from the skies,  
Darts and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upwards, Lord! our spirits raise,  
All on earth is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love:  
So, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above!

END OF THE YEAR:

201.

7s & 6s

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

Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source :  
So, a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies.  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

202.

C. M.

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal Home !

END OF THE YEAR.

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence 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.

O God! our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come ;  
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal Home!

203.

D. 7s.

TIME by moments steals away,  
First the hour, and then the day ;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years—  
Thus another year is flown,  
And is now no more our own  
(Though it brought or promised good)  
Than the years before the flood.

But each year, let none forget,  
Finds and leaves us deep in debt ;  
Favors from the Lord received,  
Sins that have the Spirit grieved,  
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,  
In his book recorded stand ;  
Who can tell the vast amount  
Placed to each of our account?

END OF THE YEAR.

We have nothing, Lord, to pay ;  
Take, oh ! take our guilt away ;  
Self-condemned, on Thee we call,  
Freely, Lord ! forgive us all.  
If we see another year,  
May we spend it in thy fear !  
All its days devote to Thee,  
Living for eternity.

204.

78.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,  
Constant through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness ;  
Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of Strength ! be Thou our stay :  
In the pathless wilderness,  
Be our true and living Way.

Which of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread ?  
With thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful : make us pure :  
Keep us evermore thine own :  
Help thy servants to endure :  
Fit us for the promised crown.

So, within thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

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ADVENT.

A D V E N T.

205.

8. 7.

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;  
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;  
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!"

Waken'd by the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ, her Sun, all ill 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:

That when next He comes with glory,  
And the world is wrapp'd in fear,  
With His mercy He may shield us,  
And with words of love draw near.

Honour, glory, might, and blessing  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the Everlasting Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

206.

P. M.

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:

ADVENT.

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contain'd before ;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

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

The ungodly, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
In woe they rise, but all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before His throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,  
In deep abasement bending ;  
O shield us through that last dread hour,  
Thy wondrous love extending :  
May we, in this our trial day,  
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,  
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

207.

L. M.

WHEN shades of night around us close,  
And weary limbs in sleep repose,  
The faithful soul awake may be,  
And longing sigh, O Lord, to Thee.

AFTER EPIPHANY.

Thou true Desire of nations, hear ;  
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear ;  
In pity heed our humble cries,  
And bid at length the fallen rise.

O come, Redeemer, come and free  
Thine own from guilt and misery ;  
The gates of heaven again unfold,  
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose Advent doth Thy people free ;  
Whom with the Father we adore  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

AFTER EPIPHANY.

208.

D. 7s.

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

As they offer'd 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 ;

AFTER EPIPHANY.

And when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransom'd 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 forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

209.

8. 7.

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,  
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.

AFTER EPIPHANY.

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 forever singing  
Alleluia joyfully.

210.

7. 8

Jesus lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of Life immortal ;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died:  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever,  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne  
Over all the world is given :  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia!

LENT—WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

L E N T.

211.

L. M.

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.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace  
By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
Be praise from all the ransom'd race  
For ever and for evermore.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

212.

L. M.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,  
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

ER.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

L. M.

ed,  
ss;

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

loss.

;"

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
The Father on His sapphire Throne  
Awaits His own anointed Son.

7;

y,

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.

ght;

light.

213.

7. 6 lines.

ace

e

Sion's Daughter, weep no more,  
Though thy troubled heart be sore;  
He of Whom the Psalmist sung,  
He Who woke the Prophet's tongue,  
Christ, the Mediator blest,  
Brings thee everlasting rest.

L. M.

In a garden man became  
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;  
Jesus in a garden wins  
Life, and pardon for our sins;  
Through His hour of agony  
Praying in Gethsemane.

row'd.

WEEK BEFORE EASTER.

There for us He intercedes ;  
There with God the Father pleads ;  
Willing there for us to drain  
To the dregs the cup of pain,  
That in everlasting Day  
He may wipe our tears away.

Therefore to His Name be given  
Glory both in earth and Heaven ;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Honour, praise, and glory be  
Now and through eternity.

214.

D. 7. 6.

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 vigour  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigour  
Bereaving Thee of life ;  
O agony and dying !  
O love to sinners free !  
Jesu, all grace supplying,  
O turn Thy Face on me.

EASTER DAY.

In this Thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be:  
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,  
Forever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

EASTER DAY.

215.

C. M

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,  
Your sweetest notes employ,  
The Paschal victory to hymn  
In strains of holy joy.

For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,  
Crushing the serpent's head;  
And cries aloud, through death's domains,  
To wake the imprison'd dead.

Triumphant in His glory now  
To Him all power is given;  
To Him in one communion bow  
All saints in earth and heaven.

All glory to the Father be;  
All glory to the Son;  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.  
Hallelujah!

EASTER DAY.

216.

D. 75.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath wash'd us in the tide  
Flowing from His piercèd Side :  
Praise we Him, Whose love divine  
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,  
Gives His body for the feast,  
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Mighty Victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;  
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light :  
Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthral ;  
Thou hast open'd 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.

ASCENSION—TRINITY SUNDAY.

ASCENSION.

217.

L. M

O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod  
The winepress of the wrath of God,  
Ascend, and claim again on high  
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet;  
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,  
And share the triumph of their King.

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care,  
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;  
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,  
With Thee for evermore to reign.

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

TRINITY SUNDAY.

218.

11. 12. 10.

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!

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Gasting 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, blessèd Trinity!

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

219.

7s.

MORN of morns, and day of days!  
Beauteous were thy new-born rays:  
Brighter yet from death's dark prison  
Christ, the Light of lights, is risen.

Unto hearts in slumber weak  
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;  
And a newer walk express  
Their new life to righteousness.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Hear us, Lord, and with us be,  
O Thou Fount of charity,  
Thou Who dost the Spirit give  
Bidding the dead letter live.

Glory to the Father, Son,  
And to Thee, O Holy One,  
By Whose quickening Breath divine  
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

220.

7. 6.

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.

The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day:

There God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His Grace,  
Shall we behold forever,  
And worship face to face.

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

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are deck'd 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 conquer'd in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

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

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

D. 7s.

222.

P. M.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,  
Alleluia.

To the glory of their King  
Shall the ransom'd people sing Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high  
Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia.

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,  
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,  
Alleluia.

The planets beaming on their heavenly way,  
The shining constellations join, and say  
Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
Ye winds on pinions light,  
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,  
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,  
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.

Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoarfrost and summer glow,  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Alleluia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying  
strain,  
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again  
Alleluia.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

Here let the mountains thunder forth so-  
norous Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus  
Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.  
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply  
Alleluia.

To God, Who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid :  
Alleluia.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the  
Lord Almighty loves : Alleluia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that  
Christ the King approves : Alleluia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice  
awaking, Alleluia.  
And children's voices echo, answer making,  
Alleluia.

Now from all men be out-poured  
Alleluia to the Lord ;  
With Alleluia evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One,  
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

223.

7s.

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

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

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

Jesu, who dost condescend  
To be called the sinner's friend,  
Hear us as to Thee we pray,  
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,  
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
From the saints and angel-host.

224.

C. M.

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 !

Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And ever gaze on Thee !

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

225.

D. C. M.

To the name of our salvation  
Laud and honour let us pay,  
Which for many a generation  
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,  
But with holy exultation  
We may sing aloud to-day.

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.

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

226.

C. M.

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.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

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 cross'd 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.

Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide ;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to heaven.

227.

7s

OFT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.

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

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

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

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

Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Father, unto Thee we raise :  
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee  
With the Spirit ever be.

228.

S. M

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.

HOLY DAYS.

229.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built  
And pearly gates behold? [walls  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare  
For that bright home of love:  
That I may see Thee and adore,  
With all Thy saints above.

HOLY DAYS.

230.

7s.

PRAISE to God, Who reigns above,  
Binding earth and heaven in love;  
All the armies of the sky  
Worship His dread sovereignty.

HOLY DAYS.

Angel hosts His word fulfil,  
Ruling nature by His will ;  
Round His throne Archangels pour  
Songs of praise for evermore.

Yet on man they joy to wait,  
All that bright celestial state,  
For true Man their LORD they see,  
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

Now in faith, in hope, in love,  
We will join the choirs above,  
Praising, with the heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

231.

8. 7. & 7.

Who are these like stars appearing,  
These, before God's throne who stand ?  
Each a golden crown is wearing :  
Who are all this glorious band ?  
Hallelujah ! hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng ;  
These, who well the fight sustain'd,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

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.

EMBER DAYS—FOR THOSE AT SEA.

EMBER DAYS.

232.

L. M.

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,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,  
Firmness and meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love:

So, when their work is finish'd here,  
They may in hope their charge resign;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

233.

L. M. 6 lines.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For these in peril on the sea.

MORNING.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard  
And hush'd 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.

MORNING.

234.

L. M.

COME, Holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Come in Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

So we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious Name,  
And His Almighty grace implore  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

EVENING.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control:  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

O, hallow'd thus be every day;  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
Our faith like noontide splendour glow,  
Our souls the twilight never know.

All praise to God the Father be;  
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;  
Whom with the Spirit we adore  
For ever and for evermore.

EVENING.

235.

C. M.

As now the sun's declining rays  
At eventide descend;  
So life's brief day is sinking down  
To its appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were  
stretch'd  
To draw Thy people nigh;  
O grant us then that Cross to love,  
And in those Arms to die.

All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

## 236.

10s.

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.

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EVENING.

237.

8s. 6 lines.

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

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.

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

HARVEST—SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

H A R V E S T.

238.

D. 7s.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!  
All is safely gather'd 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!

What is earth but God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield?  
Wheat and tares therein are sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
Ripening with a wondrous power,  
Till the final Harvest-Hour:  
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we  
Holy grain and pure may be.

Come then, Lord of Mercy, come,  
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!  
Let Thy saints be gather'd in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
All upon the golden floor  
Praising Thee for evermore:  
Come, with thousand Angels, come:  
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-Home!

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

239.

7s.

God eternal, mighty King,  
Unto Thee our praise we bring;

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SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

All the earth doth worship Thee,  
We amid the throng would be.

7s. Holy, Holy, Holy! cry  
Angels round Thy throne on high:  
Lord of all the heavenly powers,  
Be the same loud anthem ours.

Glorified Apostles raise  
Night and day continual praise;  
Hast not Thou a mission too  
For Thy children here to do?

With the prophets' goodly line  
We in mystic bond combine;  
For Thou hast to us reveal'd  
Things that to the wise were seal'd.

Martyrs, in a noble host,  
Of the cross are heard to boast;  
Oh, that we our cross may bear,  
And a crown of glory wear.

God eternal, mighty King,  
Unto Thee our praise we bring;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One.

240.

L. M.

FROM year to year in love we meet,  
From year to year in peace we part;  
The tongues of hundreds uttering sweet  
The inward joy of every heart.

7s. But time rolls on, and year by year  
We change, grow up, or pass away;  
Not twice the same assembly here  
Will hail the children's festal day.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Death, ere another year, shall strike  
Some in our number, mark'd to fall:  
Be young and old prepared alike—  
The warning is to each, to all.

This sole occasion then is ours,  
This day we ne'er again may see,  
Lord God, awaken all our powers,  
To spend it for eternity.

Our times, our lives are in thy hand,  
On Thee for all things we rely ;  
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,  
To live is Christ—and gain to die.

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DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGIES.

1.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was : now,  
And shall be evermore.

2.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

3.

L. M.

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.

4.

L. M.

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 ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DOXOLOGIES.

5.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be ;  
From saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,  
To all eternity.

6.

7s.

HOLY Father, blessed Son,  
Gracious Spirit, Three in One ;  
Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be.

7.

10s & 11s.

By angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd,  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever bless'd ;  
As it has been, now is,  
And ever shall be.

8.

7s, 6 lines.

FATHER, glory be to Thee,  
Glory to the blessed Son,  
Glory to the Spirit be,  
Glory to the Three in One ;  
As it was, is now, shall be,  
Filling all eternity.

9.

7s, 6 lines.

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.

DOXOLOGIES.

10.

C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more.

11.

L. M. 6 lines.

To 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.

12.

7s, 6 lines.

To the Father, throned in heaven,  
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,  
To the Spirit, praise be given.  
Everlasting Three in One ;  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

13.

H. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd ;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.



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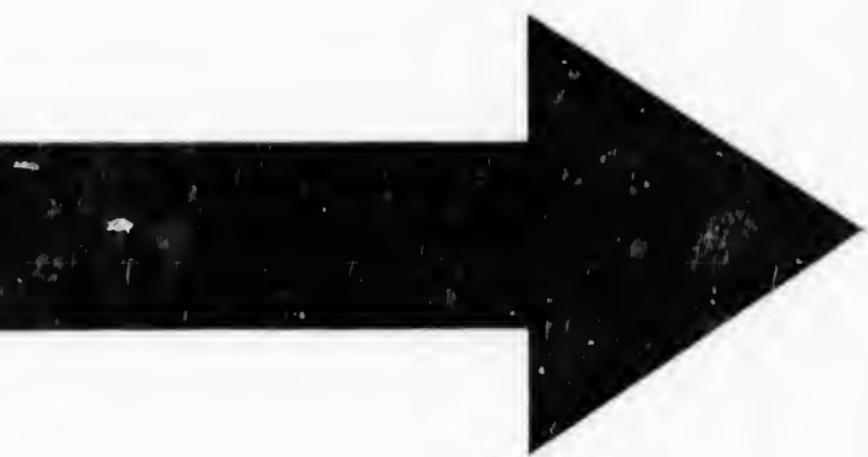
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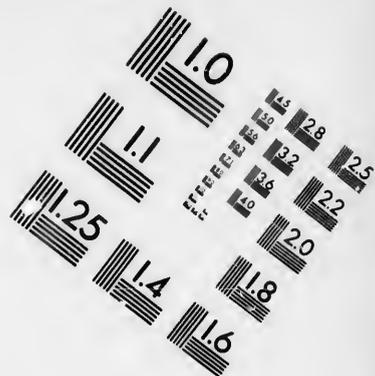
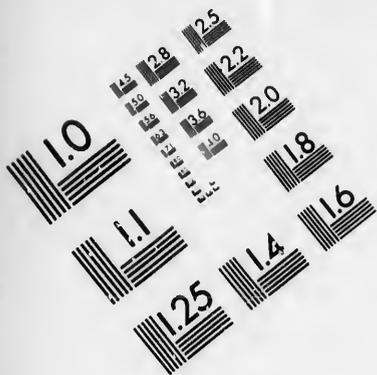


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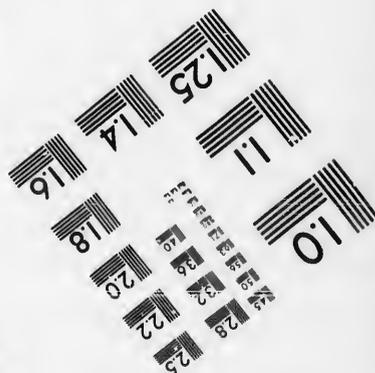
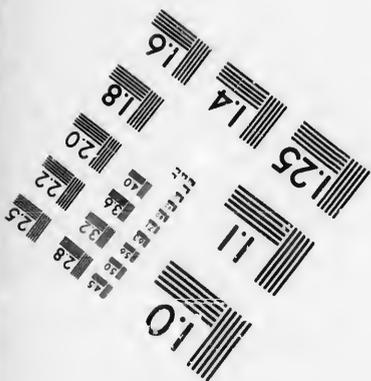
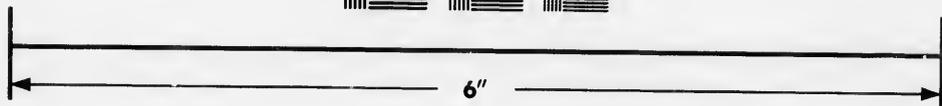
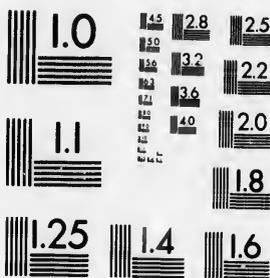
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# A LIST OF PSALMS

FOR THE

## SUNDAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

### 1ST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

Psalms 98: v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 148: v. 1, 2, 3, 14. Ps. 57:  
 v. 5, 8, 9, 10.

### 2D SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Ps. 67: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 93. Ps. 33: 1, 2, 4, 6.

### 3D SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Ps. 24: 7, 8, 9, 10. Ps. 106: 1, 2, 4, 5. Ps. 47: 1, 5, 7.

### 4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Ps. 1: 1, 2, 3, 6. Ps. 96: 1, 10, 12. Ps. 97: 1, 2, 10, 11.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

Ps. 149: 1, 2, and Doxology.

### 1ST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Ps. 84: 1, 2, 4, 10. Ps. 105: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 150: 1, 2,  
 6, and Gloria.

### 1ST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Ps. 8: 1, 2, 9. Ps. 5: 1, 2, 8, 12. Ps. 100.

### 2D SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Ps. 89: 1, 2, 5. Ps. 9: 1, 2, 11, and Gloria. Ps. 145:  
 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 3D SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Ps. 18: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 34: 1, 2, 8, 9. Ps. 16: 8, 9, 10, 11.

### 4TH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Ps. 92: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 136: 1, 2, 23, 25. Ps. 57: 5, 8,  
 9, 10.

## PSALMS FOR SUNDAYS.

### 5TH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Ps. 133: Ps. 139: 1, 2, 3, 23. Ps. 105: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 6TH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Ps. 67: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 149: 1, 2, and Doxology. Ps. 1:  
1, 2, 3, 6.

### SEPTUAGESIMA.

Ps. 33: 1, 2, 4, 6. Ps. 103: 1, 2, 8, 9. Ps. 146: 1, 6, 10.

### SEXAGESIMA.

Ps. 19: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 90: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 143: 1, 2, 6, 8.

### QUINQUAGESIMA.

Ps. 133. Ps. 41: 1, 2, 3, 13. Ps. 117, and Gloria.

### 1ST SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ps. 51: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 143: 1, 2, 6. Ps. 32: 1, 2, 5, 10.

### 2D SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ps. 130: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 119: 5, 6, 7, 8. Ps. 86: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 3D SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ps. 25: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 77: 7, 8, 9, 10. Ps. 119: 169,  
170, 171, 172.

### 4TH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Ps. 31: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 65: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 63: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 5TH SUNDAY IN LENT.

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1, 2, 3, 23.

### SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Ps. 40: 5, 6, 7. Ps. 51: 14, 15, 16, 17. Ps. 116: 1, 2,  
8, 9.

### EASTER DAY.

Ps. 57: 7, 8, 9, 10. Ps. 122: 1, 2, 3, 6. Ps. 98: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 1ST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Ps. 121: 1, 2, 3, 9. Ps. 23: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 149: 1, 2,  
and Doxology.

### 2D SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Ps. 111: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 113: 1, 2, and Doxology. Ps. 89:  
1, 2, 5, 15.

### 3D SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Ps. 106: 1, 2, 4, 5. Ps. 135: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 102: 25, 26,  
27, 28.

## PSALMS FOR SUNDAYS.

### 4TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Ps. 23: 1, 3, 4, 6. Ps. 42: 1, 2, 11. Ps. 18: 1, 2, 3.

### 5TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Ps. 116: 5, 6, 7, 8. Ps. 66: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 36: 6, 7, 8, 9.

### SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

Ps. 24: 7, 8, 9, 10. Ps. 47: 1, 5, and Gloria. Ps. 68: 18, 19, 20.

### WHITSUNDAY.

Ps. 133. Ps. 43: 3, 4, and Gloria. Ps. 122: 1, 2, 3, 6.

### TRINITY SUNDAY.

Ps. 145: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 150: 1, 2, 6, and Doxology. Ps. 95: 1, 2, 4, 6.

### 1ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 4: 6, 7, 8. Ps. 39: 4, 5, 6, 7. Ps. 71: 12, 13, 14.

### 2D SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 135: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 148: 1, 2, 3, 14. Ps. 43: 3, 4, and Gloria.

### 3D SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

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### 5TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 119: 9, 10, 11, 12. Ps. 106: 1, 2, 4, 5. Ps. 92: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 6TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 51: 11, 12, 14, 15. Ps. 139: 1, 2, 3, 23. Ps. 66: 16, 17, 19, 20.

### 7TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 9: 1, 2, 10, 11. Ps. 105: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 19: 1, 2, 3.

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Ps. 100. Ps. 23: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 149: 1, 2, and Doxology.

### 9TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 119: 33, 34, 35. Ps. 150: 1, 2, 6. Ps. 145: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 10TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 119: 57, 58, 59. Ps. 103: 19, 21, 22. Ps. 95: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 11TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 18: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 147: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 8: 1, 2, 3, 9.

## PSALMS FOR SUNDAYS.

### 12TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

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### 13TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 133. Ps. 130: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 57: 7, 8, 9, 10.

### 14TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 34: 1, 2, 8, 9. Ps. 65: 1, 11, 12. Ps. 103: 1, 2, 8, 9.

### 15TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 63: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 98: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 111: 1, 2, 3, 5.

### 16TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 106: 1, 2, 4, 5. Ps. 19: 1, 2, 3. Ps. 71: 1, 2, 4, 9.

### 17TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 118: 20, 22, 24. Ps. 33: 18, 19, 20. Ps. 119: 9, 10, 11, 12.

### 18TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 113: 1, 2, and Gloria. Ps. 62: 7, 8, 11. Ps. 25: 1, 2, 3, 4.

### 19TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 16: 8, 9, 10, 11. Ps. 41: 1, 2, 13. Ps. 89: 1, 2, 5, 15.

### 20TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 145: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 136: 1, 2, 23, 25. Ps. 121: 1, 2, 3, 9.

### 21ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 116: 5, 6, 7, 8. Ps. 25: 11, 12, 13, 14. Ps. 57: 7, 8, 9, 10.

### 22D SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 119: 4, 5, 6, 7. Ps. 67: 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 80: 14, 15, 19.

### 23D SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 139: 1, 2, 3, 23. Ps. 42: 1, 2, 11, and Gloria. Ps. 16: 8, 9, 10, 11.

### 24TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 89: 1, 2, 5. Ps. 148: 1, 2, 13, 14. Ps. 4: 6, 7, 8

### 25TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Ps. 106: 1, 2, 4, 5. Ps. 125: 1, 2, 5. Ps. 150: 1, 2, 6, and Doxology.

Ps. 27:

1, 2, 8, 9.

1, 2, 3, 5.

, 2, 4, 9.

19: 9, 10,

Ps. 25: 1,

1, 2, 5, 15.

121: 1, 2,

s. 57: 7, 8,

14, 15, 19.

loria. Ps.

: 6, 7, 8

50: 1, 2, 3,

