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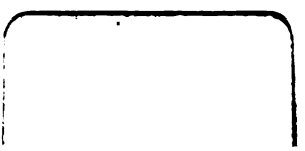
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A Hymnal

AS AUTHORIZED AND APPROVED FOR USE BY
THE GENERAL CONVENTION
OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
1916

TOGETHER WITH
THE CANTICLES
AT MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER
AND OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

PUBLISHED BY
THE CHURCH PENSION FUND

NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO.
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.P97
1916

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[redacted]

Bequest
O. P. Butler
11-13-39

Certificate

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

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

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

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

Attest:

GEORGE FRANCIS NELSON,
Secretary of the House of Bishops.

HENRY ANSTICE,
Secretary of the House of Deputies.

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

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

CORTLANDT WHITEHEAD, *Chairman.*
MORRIS EARLE, *Secretary.*



RUBRIC FROM THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

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

CANON 48

OF THE MUSIC OF THE CHURCH

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

Preface

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

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

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

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

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

The members of the Commission charged with the task of selecting the music of the hymns have tried first of all to select music which congregations as well as choristers can sing. The number of sentimental and weak melodies has been reduced. It is hoped that the many fine new tunes will so far win their way that such inferior music as is retained will lose its attraction. Great tunes that have voiced

the faith and hope and praise of many generations in many lands cannot be laid aside for the products of ephemeral fancy. No one parish will care to use all the tunes, but out of the book every parish will find a sufficient number for all its needs, which it can sing with enthusiasm. As with the words, so with the music, the Commission has endeavoured to provide a book which will make our Communion a singing Church.

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

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

Note

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

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

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

Acknowledgments

We are indebted to a number of authors for permission to use their work: the Rev. Henry Burton, D.D., for "O Maker of the sea and sky," Mr. Eugene Stock for his sister's hymn, "Let the song go round the earth," the Rev. John Brownlie for "The King shall come when morning dawns" and "Let Thy Blood in mercy poured," the Rev. Frederick Edwards for "God of the nations, Who hast led," the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., for "O Master, let me walk with Thee," the Rev. Canon Henry Scott Holland, D.D., for "Judge eternal, throned in splendour," Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his "Recessional" and "The Children's Hymn," the Rev. Edward P. Parker, D.D., for "Master, no offering," Rev. Denis Wortman, D.D., for "God of the prophets, bless the prophets' sons," Mr. Athelstan Riley for "Ye watchers, and ye holy ones," the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D., for "Our Father, Thy dear Name doth show," the Rev. Frank Mason North and *The Continent* for "Where cross the crowded ways of life," the Rev. William Pierson Merrill for "Rise up, O men of God," the Rev. Louis F. Benson, D.D., for "O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill" and many other favours, the Yattendon Hymnal for the translation "Ah, holy Jesus," to the Proprietors of the English Hymnal for their rights in the same hymn, "Father, Who on man doth shower," and "I bind unto myself today."

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We further offer our thanks for gracious permissions to the Proprietors of the English Hymnal; the Trustees of Hymns Ancient and Modern; the Rev. J. Baden-Powell; Mr. Eugene Stock; and Mr. G. E. Stubbs (for Garrett's "Advent").

The Indexes have been compiled by Miss Caroline C. Cronise, and the Plainsong numbers harmonized by the Rev. Winfred Douglas.



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A mighty Fortress is our God	213	Rev. Martin Luther	1529
		Tr. Rev. Frederick H. Hedge	1852
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Above the clear blue sky	353	Rev. John Chandler	1841
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*Ah, holy Jesus, how hast Thou offended	155	Rev. Johann Heermann	1630
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		Tr. Rev. John Mason Neale	1854
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		Tr. Catherine Winkworth	1858
All people that on earth do dwell	249	Rev. William Kethe	1561
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	25	Bishop Thomas Ken	1709
All things are Thine; no gift have we	460	John G. Whittier	1872
All things bright and beautiful	358	Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander	1848
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Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia	555	Jean Tisserand	1494
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Alleluia, song of gladness	110	*Tr.* Rev. John Mason Neale	1851
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*Agincourt	Six 8's	439[a]	English Melody (har. by Winfred Douglas)	1415 1918
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Bevan	666688	463	John Goss	1853
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*Carman	847847	3[2]	Peter C. Lutkin	1895
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Christmas	C.M.	111	G. F. Handel	1728
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*Courage	L.M. with refrain	113[a]	Horatio Parker	1895
Covenant	6684 D.	253[a]	John Stainer	1889
Credo	Six 8's	462	John Stainer	1875
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Crucifixion	8787	152	John Stainer	1887
Crucis Umbra	76868686	150	Joseph Barnby	1890
Crusader	C.M.D.	85	Samuel B. Whitney	1889
Darwall	66664444	264	John Darwall	1770
David's Harp	Six 8's	230	Robert King	1722
Day of Rest	7676 D.	379	James W. Elliott	1874
Dedication	7575 D.	448	Myles B. Foster	1890
Deirdre	Four 8's	525, Part II	Ancient Irish Melody	
Denby	Eight 6's	395	Charles J. Dale	1904
Deo Gratias	67676666	422, 440	Johann Crüger	1647
Devotion	Four 8's	34	(?)	
Diademata	S.M.D.	190	George J. Elvey	1868
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*Egbert	65656665	117	Walter Henry Hall	1917
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*Ely Cathedral	7676 D.	512[a]	T. Tertius Noble	1895
Emmaus	S.M.	225	Joseph Barnby	1838–1896
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*Eucharistic Hymn	9898	336	John S. B. Hodges	1868
Eudoxia	6565	322	Sabine Baring-Gould	1868
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*Festal Song	S.M.	314, 492	William H. Walter	1894
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*Holy Spirit	Six 7's	371	George F. LeJeune	1894
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*In Excelsis Gloria	P.M.	547[2]	Leopold Stokovski	1908
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*Jubilate	666688	521	Horatio Parker	1894
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Luise	787877	340	Johann Crüger	1658
Luke	11 8 12 9	350	Arr. by William B. Bradbury (har. by Winfred Douglas)	1859–1918
Luther	8787887	64	Joseph Klug's *Gesangbuch*	1535
Lux Benigna	10 4 10 4 10 10	244	John B. Dykes	1865
Lux Eoi	8787 D.	520	Arthur S. Sullivan	187[illegible]
Lux Prima	Six 7's	425	Charles F. Gounod	18[illegible]01

[redacted]

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Lyons	10 10 11 11	254	Comp. Parker Arr. from Prætorius R. Woodward)	1900 1609 1904
Lyte	S.M.	408	John B. Wilkes	1861
Magdalena	7676 D.	239	John Stainer	1855
Maidstone	Eight 7's	467	Walter B. Gilbert	1862
Mainzer	L.M.	284	Joseph Mainzer	1841
*Mallett	88886	236	Walter Henry Hall	1918
Manoah	C.M.	401	Arr. from G. A. Rossini	1851
Margaret	P.M.	83	Timothy R. Matthews	1876
*Marion	S.M. with refrain	537	Arthur H. Messiter	1883
Marlow	C.M.	488, 498	John Chetham	1718
Martyn	Eight 7's	223[2]	Simeon B. Marsh	1834
Martyrdom	C.M.	124[2]	Hugh Wilson	1824
Maryton	L.M.	197[2], 493	H. Percy Smith	1874
*Materna	C.M.D.	510[2]	Samuel A. Ward	1882
*Mauburn	P.M.	550	T. Tertius Noble	1918
*Meditation	C.M.	159[2], 321	John H. Gower	1890
Meinhold	787877	414	Lüneburg	1686
Melchior	10 6 10 67676	543	Erfurt (har. by Charles Wood)	1663 1904
Melcombe	L.M.	1, 197, 475	Samuel Webbe	1782
Melita	Six 8's	415	John B. Dykes	1861
Mendelssohn	Eight 7's with refrain	73	Felix Mendelssohn (arr. by William H. Cummings)	1840 1850
Mendon	L.M.	201, 375[2]	Arr. by Samuel Dyer	1828
Meribah	886886	263	Lowell Mason	1839
Merrial	6565	364	Joseph Barnby	1868
Merton	8787	63	William H. Monk	1850
Miles' Lane	C.M.	192[2]	William Shrubsole	1779
*Minto	S.M.	293[2]	George C. Crook	1918
*Mission	7676 D.	535	Horatio Parker	1894
Missionary Chant	L.M.	453[2]	Heinrich C. Zeuner	1832
Missionary Hymn	7676 D.	476	Lowell Mason	1829
Moel Llys	757577	485	Sarah G. Stock	1899
Monkland	Four 7's	175	Arr. by John B. Wilkes	1861
Morn of Gladness	7676 D. 6684	352	Arthur Cottman	1877
Morning Hymn	L.M.	2	François H. Barthélémon	1785
Morning Star	11 10 11 10	95[2]	J. P. Harding	1861–1909
Moscow	6646664	104, 209, 486	Felice Giardini	1769
Moseley	Four 6's	235, 325	Henry Smart	1881
Moultrie	8787 D.	207, 297[2]	Gerard F. Cobb	1838–1904
Mount Calvary	C.M.	272	Robert P. Stewart	1825–1894
*Mount Sion	C.M.D.	307	Horatio Parker	1888
Munich	7676 D.	58, 271	Meiningen (har. by F. Mendelssohn)	1693 1809–1847
Nachtlied	Six 10's	13	Henry Smart	1872
Naomi	C.M.	396	Arr. from Johann G. Naegeli by Lowell Mason	1863
Nassau	Four 7's with alleluia	561	Dresden	1694
St. Boniface	P.M.	429	John Stafford Smith	1750–1836
St. Bride	L.M. 10's	430, 466	George William Warren	1892
St. Casimer		27[2]	Henry Lahee	1855

Name of Tune	Metre	No.	Composer or Source	Date
'In Babilone.....	8787 D.	179	Joachim Neander	1680
In Babilone.....	8787 D.	131	(?)	
In Dulci Jubilo....	P.M.	86886	Henry L. Morley	1875
[illegible].....	Four 7's	180	William D. Maclagan	1875
[illegible].....	S.M.	261	Henry J. Gauntlett	1858
New York.....	L.M.	437	T. Tertius Noble	1917
Nicæa.....	11 12 12 10	205	John B. Dykes	1861
Noel.....	C.M.D.	362	English Folksong (arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan)	1874
Nova Vita.....	S.M.	380	Lister R. Peace	1914
Nox Præcessit.....	C.M.	60, 202	Jean Baptiste Calkin	1873
Nutfield.....	84848884	26	William H. Monk	1861
O Filii et Filiae....	888 with alleluias	555	Solesmes Version · 15th century (har. by Winfred Douglas)	1918
O Lux Beata Trinitas.....		11	Sarum Plainsong	
O Quanta Qualia...	Four 10's	544	Francois de La Feilleé (har. by John B. Dykes)	1808 1868
Oblations.....	S.M.D.	215	John Stainer	1840–1901
Old One Hundred Twelfth.....	Six 8's	410[2]	Anonymous Arr. by J. S. Bach	1530 1685–1750
Old One Hundred Twentieth.....	Six 6's	274	Thomas Est's *Psalter*	1592
Old One Hundredth	L.M.	249, 250	Louis Bourgeois	1551
Old Twenty-fifth...	S.M.D.	189	Day's *Psalter*	1562
Olivet.....	6646664	211	Lowell Mason	1833
*Oneonta.....	L.M.	28, 413[2]	Walter Henry Hall	1918
*Ora Labora.....	4 10 10 10 4	497	T. Tertius Noble	1918
Oriel.....	878787	89, 508[2]	C. Ett, *Cantica Sacra*	1840
Orientis Partibus...	Four 7's	115	Pierre de Corbeil	1222
Pæan.....	7676 D.	267, 275	Frederic Weber	1856
Pange Lingua.....		338	Sarum Plainsong	
Paradise.....	86866666	167	Joseph Barnby	1866
Paradise (Smart)...	86866666	167[2]	Henry Smart	1868
Park Street.....	L.M.	308	Frederick M. A. Venua	1810
Passion Chorale....	7676 D.	158	Hans Leo Hassler (har. by J. S. Bach)	1601 1685–1750
*Patmos.....	7686 D.	542	Henry J. Storer	1891
Pax Dei.....	Four 10's	313	John B. Dykes	1868
Pax Tecum.....	10 10	405	Charles Vincent and George T. Caldbeck	1877
*Pax Veritatis.....	Ten 8's	442	Horatio Parker	1918
Pearsall.....	7676 D.	68	Robert L. Pearsall	1863
Penitence.....	6565 D.	147	Spencer Lane	1875
Penitentia.....	Four 10's	334	Edward Dearle	1880
Pentecost.....	L.M.	113	William Boyd	1864
Perfect Love.....	11 10 11 10	382	Joseph Barnby	1889
Petra.....	Six 7's	151, 165, 217	Richard Redhead	1853
Picardy.....	878787	339	French Folksong	(?)
Pilgrims.....	11 10 11 10 9 11	290	Henry Smart	1868
*Pixham.....	L.M.	7, 367	Horatio Parker	1901
Pleyel's Hymn.....	Four 7's	370, 517	Arr. from J	
*Potsdam.....	S.M.	109	Adapte[illegible]	

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*Pro Patria	Four 10's	430[2]	Horatio Parker	1900
Puer Nobis	L.M.	556	Michael Prætorius (har. by G. R. Woodward)	1609 1904
Quam Dilecta	Four 6's	465	Henry L. Jenner	1861
Quem Pastores	8887	506	Folksong (har. by Winfred Douglas)	15th Century 1918
*Ramaulx	10 10 with refrain	195[2]	B. Luard Selby	1904
Rathbun	8787	152[2]	Ithamar Conkey	1851
Ratisbon	Six 7's	4	Werner's *Choralbuch*	1815
Ravenshaw	Four 6's	59	Arr. William H. Monk	1567
*Raymond	8484	36	T. Tertius Noble	1917
*Recessional	Six 8's	439	T. Tertius Noble	1918
Regent Square	878787	80, 210, 457, 507	Henry Smart	1866
*Reigate	10 4 10 4	385	Walter Henry Hall	1918
*Repose	878777	15	John Stainer	1875
Requiescat	777788	411	John B. Dykes	1875
Rest (Bradbury)	L.M.	413	William B. Bradbury	1843
Rest	86886	120[2]	Frederick C. Maker	1887
Resurrection	777787	177	John B. Dykes	1823–1876
Retreat	L.M.	32[2]	Thomas Hastings	1842
Rex Gloriæ	8787 D.	522	Henry Smart	1868
Rivaulx	L.M.	206	John B. Dykes	1866
Rochelle	558855	449	Adam Drese	1698
Rockingham	L.M.	154, 329	Adapted by E. Miller	1790
Rosa Mystica	7676676	82	Mediæval Folksong (har. by Michael Prætorius)	15th Century 1609
Roseate Hues	C.M.D.	181, 302	Joseph Barnby	1838–1896
Rotterdam	7676 D.	171	Berthold Tours	1875
Russia	11 10 11 9	435	Alexis Lvoff	1833
Sacramentum Unitatis	Six 10's	337, 491	Charles H. Lloyd	1885
St. Agnes	C.M.	84, 200, 316, 324	John B. Dykes	1866
St. Alban's	6565 D.	540	Thomas Morley	1867
St. Albinus	78784	176	Henry J. Gauntlett	1852
St. Alphege	7676	69, 278, 509	Henry J. Gauntlett	1852
St. Anatolius	767688	23	Arthur H. Brown	1862
St. Andrew	S.M.	218, 369	Joseph Barnby	1866
St. Andrew (Thorne)	8787	268	Edward H. Thorne	1875
St. Andrew of Crete	6565 D.	126	John B. Dykes	1868
St. Anne	C.M.	85[1], 445, 471	William Croft	1708
St. Anselm	7676 D.	43[2], 97	Joseph Barnby	1869
St. Asaph	8787 D.	539	William S. Bambridge	1872
St. Athanasius	Six 7's	77, 208	Edward J. Hopkins	1872
*St. Audrey	6684 D.	253[1]	T. Tertius Noble	1894
St. Bees	Four 7's	90, 257, 389	John B. Dykes	1862
St. Bernard	C.M.	125, 138, 234	Cologne	1741
St. Bernard (Monk)	L.M.	328	William H. Monk	1861
St. Boniface	65. 12 lines	531	Henry Gadsby	1875
St. Bride	S.M.	246, 393	Samuel Howard	1762
St. Casimer	L.M.D.	286	John Goss	1800–1880

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St. Cecilia	Four 6's	105	Leighton G. Hayne	1863
St. Chad	8787 D.	233	Richard Redhead	1820–1901
St. Christopher	7676 D.	149	Frederick C. Maker	1889
St. Chrysostom	Six 8's	228, 410	Joseph Barnby	1871
St. Clement	9898	29	Clement C. Scholefield	1874
St. Columba	6466	17	Herbert S. Irons	1861
St. Constantine	6565	361	William H. Monk	1861
St. Crispin	8886	139	George J. Elvey	1862
St. Cross	L.M.	153	John B. Dykes	1861
St. Cuthbert	8684	199	John B. Dykes	1861
St. Denys	Four 6's	235[2]	Frank Spinney	1850–1888
St. Drostane	L.M.	145	John B. Dykes	1862
*St. Dunstan's	65656665	117[2]	Winfred Douglas	1917
St. Edmund (Steggall)	Four 7's	298	Charles Steggall	1849
St. Edmund	64646664	222[2]	Arthur S. Sullivan	1872
*St. Elisabeth	568558	356[2]	Silesian Folksong, pub. (har. T. Tertius Noble)	1842 1918
St. Finbar	Six 8's	136, 227	Henri F. Hemy James G. Walton	1864 1870
St. Flavian	C.M.	56, 134, 299	Day's *Psalter*	1562
St. Francis	10 6 10 6884	342	Arthur S. Sullivan	1874
St. Gabriel	8884	14, 335	F. A. Gore Ouseley	1868
St. George	S.M.	276, 293, 456	Henry J. Gauntlett	1848
St. George's, Windsor	Eight 7's	421	George J. Elvey	1858
St. Gertrude	65, 12 lines	530	Arthur S. Sullivan	1871
St. Hilda	7676 D.	132	Justin H. Knecht Edward Husband	1799 1871
St. James	C.M.	279	Raphael Courteville	1697
St. Jerome	Six 8's	438	Francis H. Champneys	1889
St. John	6664884	148	John B. Dykes	1864
St. Joseph	8787 D.	226[2]	Edward J. Hopkins	1818–1901
St. Kevin	7676 D.	170	Arthur S. Sullivan	1872
St. Lawrence	L.M.	454	Leighton G. Hayne	1863
St. Leonard	878787	273, 432	Meiningen (har. J. Christoph Bach)	1693 1642–1703
St. Leonard (Hiles)	C.M.D.	22	Henry Hiles	1867
St. Louis	7686 D.	78	Lewis H. Redner	1868
St. Magnus	C.M.	188, 320	Jeremiah Clark	1709
St. Matthias	Six 8's	40, 48, 376	William H. Monk	1861
St. Medan	7776	368	(har. by William H. Monk)	
St. Michael	S.M.	88, 225[2]	Louis Bourgeois (arr. by William Crotch)	1551 1836
St. Nathaniel	C.M.	220	Arthur S. Sullivan	1842–1900
St. Nicholas	10 6 10 6	12	Clement C. Scholefield	1870
St. Oswald	8787	42	John B. Dykes	1857
St. Patrick	L.M.D.	525	Ancient Irish Melody	
*St. Paul's	8787 D.	31[2]	John Erskine	1917
St. Peter	C.M.	5, 30[2], 33, 232	Alexander R. Reinagle	1836
St. Philip	777	122	William H. Monk	1861
St. Polycarp	8787 D.	378	Joseph Barnby	1869
St. Prisca	Four 7's	146, 409	Richard Redhead	1855
St. Raphael	878747	127	Edward J. Hopkins	1862
St. Stephen	C.M.	70, 372	William Jones	1789
St. Theodulph	7676 D.	143	Melchior Teschner	1613
St. Theresa	65, 12 lines	560[2]	Arthur S. Sullivan	1874

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St. Thomas (Williams)	S.M.	315, 318	Aaron Williams	1763
St. Timothy	C.M.	6	Henry W. Baker	1875
St. Ursula	C.M.D.	79[2]	Frederick Westlake	1840–1898
St. Vincent	L.M.	331	Adapted from Sigismund Neukomm by James Uglow	1868
*St. Wilfrid	558855	449[2]	Walter Henry Hall	1900
Salve! Festa Dies. (Easter)	10 10 with refrain	168	James Baden-Powell	1878
*Salve! Festa Dies (Ascension)	10 10 with refrain	184	James Baden-Powell	1901
Salve! Festa Dies (Whitsunday)	10 10 with refrain	195	James Baden-Powell	1882
Salzburg	Eight 7's	96, 178	Jakob Hintze (har. by J. S. Bach)	1678 1685–1750
Samuel	666688	359	Arthur S. Sullivan	1874
Sanctuary	8787 D.	207[2], 297	John B. Dykes	1871
Sandringham	Four 7's	373	James Turle	1802–1882
Sardis	8787	100[2]	Adapted from Ludwig van Beethoven	1770–1827
Sarum	10 10 10 4	295	Joseph Barnby	1868
Sawley	C.M.	316[2]	James Walch	1860
*Sebastian	8787	81	John S. B. Hodges	1830–1915
Sefton	L.M.	366	J. Baptiste Calkin	1872
Seymour	Four 7's	19, 306	Carl M. von Weber	1786–1826
*Siloam	C.M.	401[2]	Edward Horsman	1903
Silver Street	S. M.	346	Isaac Smith	1770
Sion	65, 12 lines	523, 529	Henry Smart	1872
Sleepers, wake	P.M.	62, 262	Philip Nicolai (har. by J. S. Bach)	1599 1685–1750
Southwell	C.M.	301, 514	Herbert S. Irons	1861
Spanish Chant	Eight 7's	130	Arr. by Benjamin Carr	1824
Spohr	C.M.	303	Arr. from Louis Spohr	1835
Stabat Mater	887887	161	Mayence	1661
*Stella	8336 D.	545[2]	Horatio Parker	1893
Stephanos	8583	386	Henry W. Baker	1868
Story of the Cross	6463 D.	163	Arthur H. Brown	1830–
Strength and Stay	11 10 11 10	280	John B. Dykes	1875
Stuttgart	8787	55, 93, 311	*Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha	1715
Supplication	8787 D.	191	William H. Monk	1823–1889
Sussex	8787 D. 6	345	Eng. Folksong (har. by Winfred Douglas)	1918
Swabia	S.M.	45, 314[2], 452	Johann M. Spiess	1745
Tallis' Canon	L.M.	25	Thomas Tallis	1567
Tallis' Ordinal	C.M.	237, 344	Thomas Tallis	1567
Tantum Ergo		338[2]	Spanish Plainsong	
Thanksgiving	7777 D.	103	Walter B. Gilbert	1829–1910
The First Nowell	P.M.	551	Traditional Melody	1833
The Manger Throne	P.M.	548	Charles Steggall	1867
The Wise Men	8787 D.	553	Berthold Tours	1881
*Three Kings of Orient	P.M.	554	John Henry Hopkins, Jun.	1857
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Tidings	P.M.	474	James Walch	1876

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To Victory.....	P.M.	533	Joseph Barnby	1872
Ton-y-Botel.....	8787 D.	433	Welsh Hymn Melody	(?)
Toplady.....	Six 7's	217[2]	Thomas Hastings	1830
Toulon.....	Four 10's	451	Louis Bourgeois	1551
Tours.....	7676 D.	495	Berthold Tours	1872
Trisagion.....	Four 10's	289	Henry Smart	1868
Troyte.....		391	Arthur H. D. Troyte	1860
Truro.....	L.M.	187, 487	*Psalmodia Evangelica*	1789
Trust.....	8787	243, 310	Felix Mendelssohn	1840
Turpin's Litany....	7776	142, Part I	Edmund H. Turpin	1875
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University College.	Four 7's	116	Henry J. Gauntlett	1852
Urbs Beata.....		508	Sarum Plainsong	
Valour.....	65, 12 lines	92	Arthur H. Mann	1889
Veni Creator.....		375, 455[2]	Sarum Plainsong	
Veni Emmanuel....	Six 8's	66	Adapted by Thomas Helmore	1854
Veni Sancte Spiritus		196	Plainsong	11th Century
Veni Sancte Spiritus	Six 7's	196[2]	Samuel Webbe	1782
Verbum Pacis.....	6684	419	William H. Monk	1889
Vesper.....	7775	16	John Stainer	1875
Vesper Hymn.....	8787 D.	24	Dmitri S. Bortniansky	1818
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*Vexilla Regis.....	L.M.	144[2]	Horatio Parker	1894
Vexillum.....	Six 11's	557	Henry Smart	1868
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Vigilate.....	7773	128	William H. Monk	1868
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Visio Domini.....	11 10 11 10	406	John B. Dykes	1868
*Vox Æterna.....	65, 12 lines	518	Horatio Parker	1903
Vox Angelica.....	11 10 11 10 9 11	290[2]	John B. Dykes	1868
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Webb.....	7676 D.	99[2], 479, 538	George J. Webb	1837
Webbe.....	11 10 11 10	95	Samuel Webbe	1740–1816
			Adapted from Edward Miller	1735–1807
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*Whitehead.....	Six 8's	441	J. Brinton Whitehead	1909
*Whittingham.....	10 6 10 67676	543[2]	Horatio Parker	1887
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Woodworth	8886	139[2]	William B. Bradbury	1849
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Worgan	Four 7's with alleluia	172	*Lyra Davidica*	1708
Yorkshire	Six 10's	76	John Wainwright	1755
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The New Hymnal
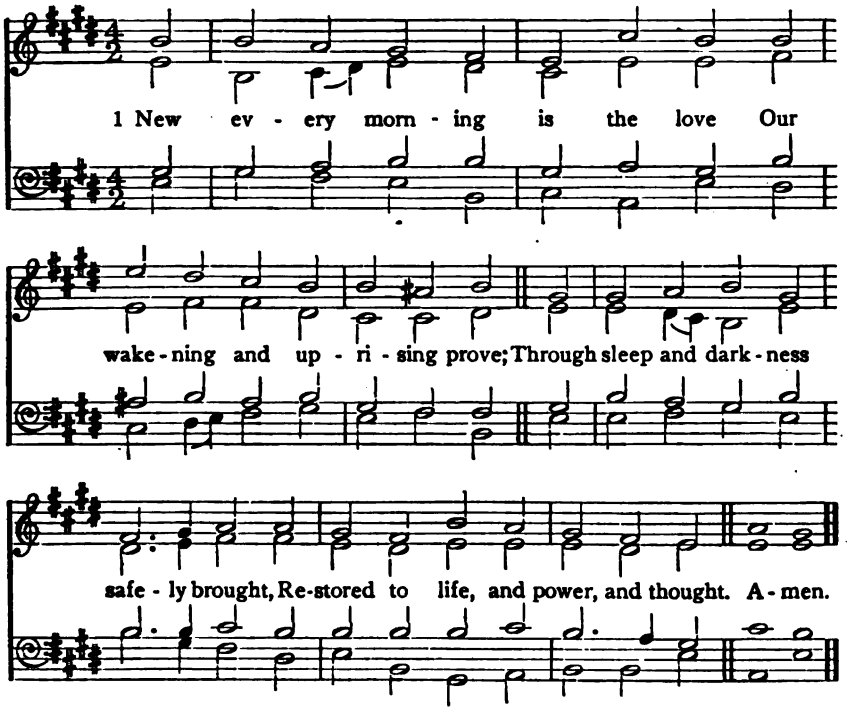


THE HYMNAL.

I.—DAILY PRAYER.

1 Morning.

MELCOMBE. L. M. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1782.



2 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.

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

4 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.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
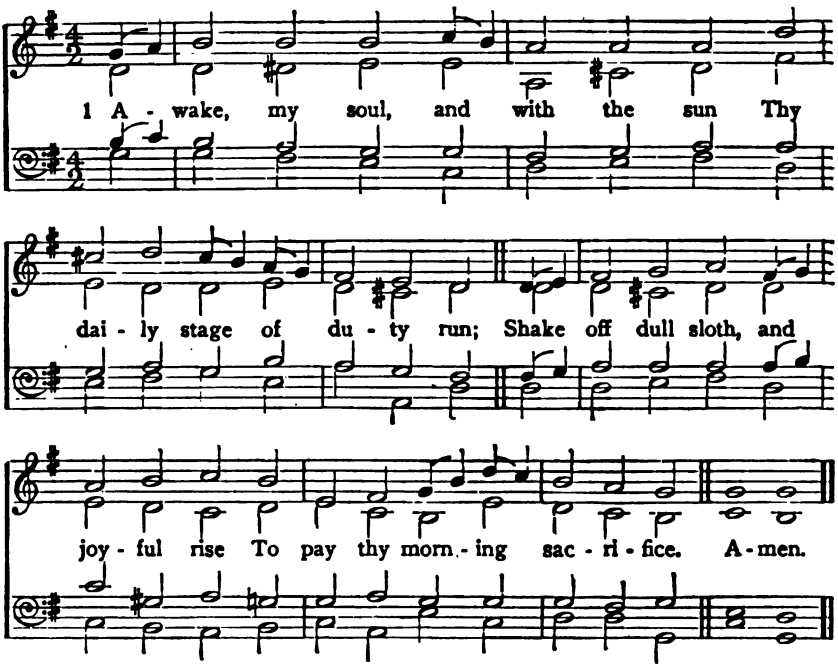
6 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and
The secret this of rest below. [go:—

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.
Amen.

JOHN KEBLE, 1822.

2 Morning.

MORNING HYMN. L. M. FRANÇOIS H. BARTHÉLÉMON, 1785.



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

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

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

PART II.

5 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
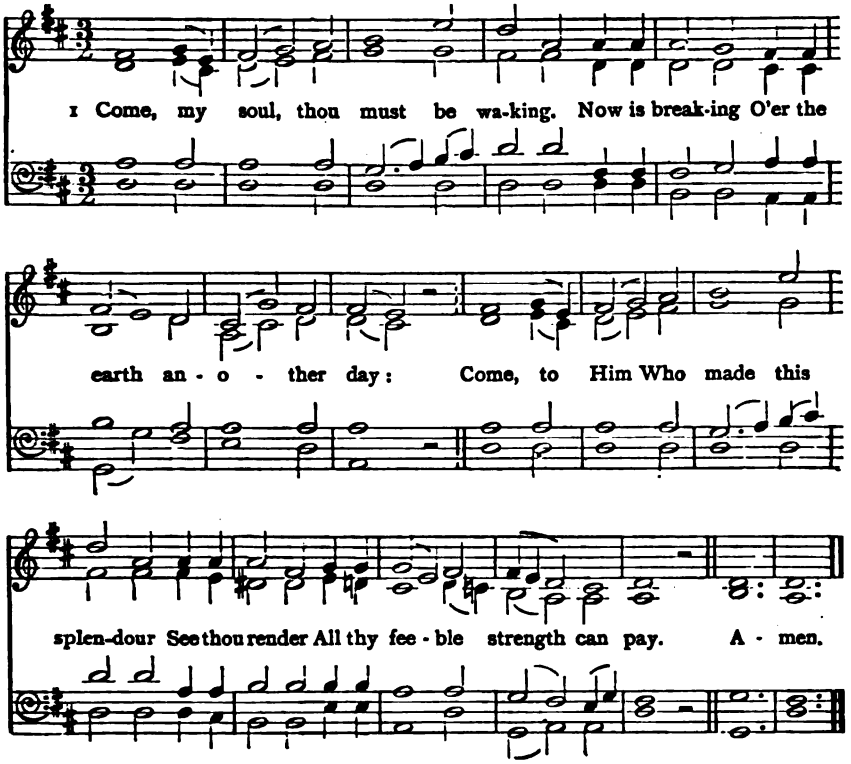
7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

THOMAS KEN, 1695, *rev.* 1709.

3 Morning.

HAYDN (*First Tune*). 8.4.7.8.4.7. ARR. from FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1791.



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

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

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

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

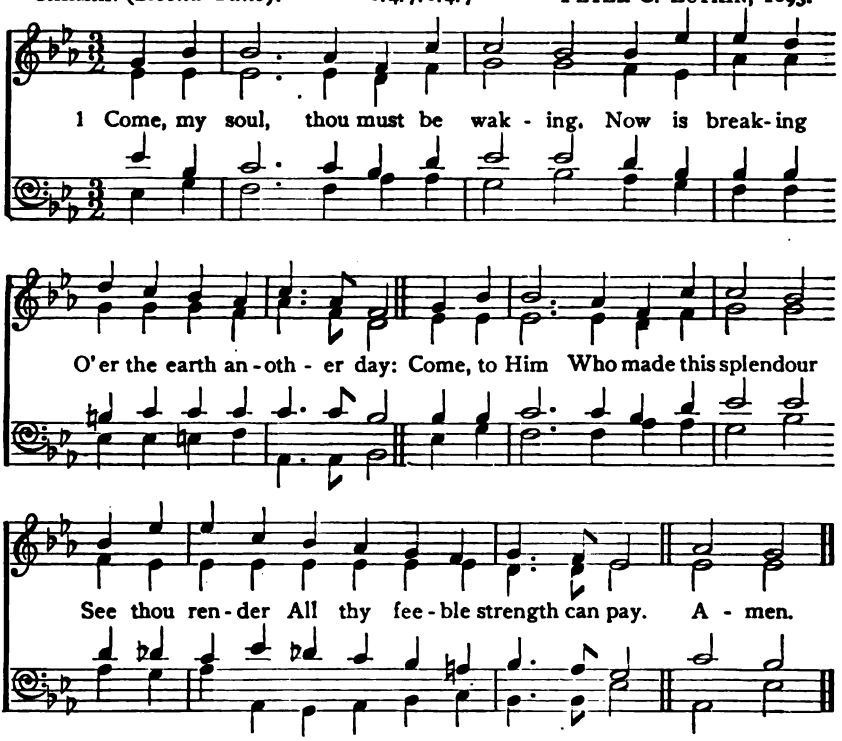
6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. CANITZ, 1654–1699. *Tr.* HENRY J. BUCKOLL, 1838.

3

Morning.

CARMAN (*Second Tune*). 8.4.7.8.4.7. PETER C. LUTKIN, 1895.



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

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

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
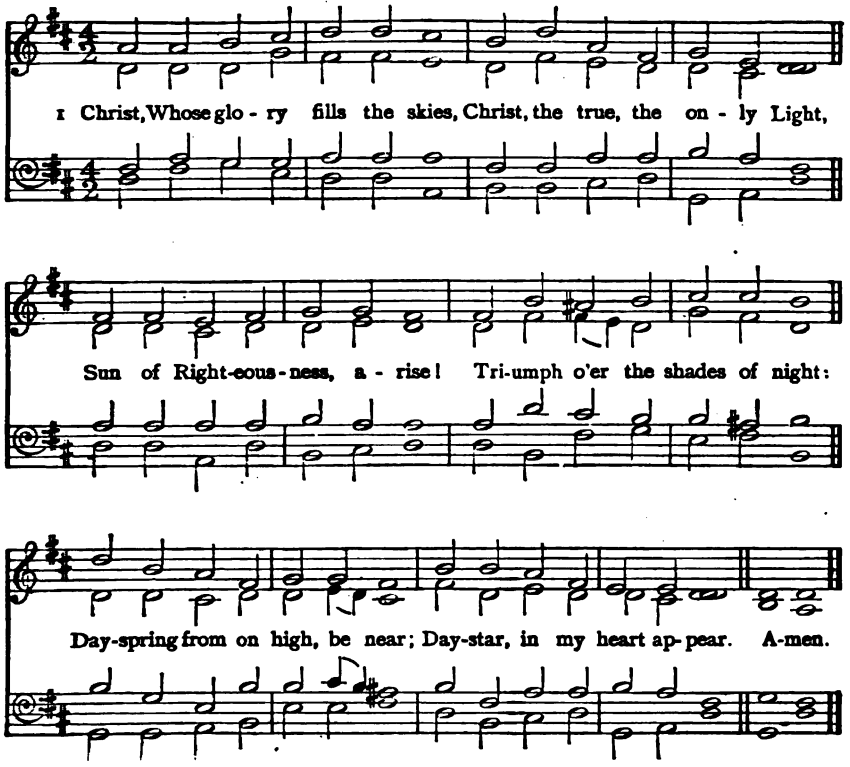
5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness.
That far brighter Sun to greet.

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

F. R. L. CANITZ, 1654-1699;
Tr. HENRY J. BUCKOLL, 1838.

4 Morning.

RATISBON. Six 7's. WERNER'S *Choralbuch*, 1815.
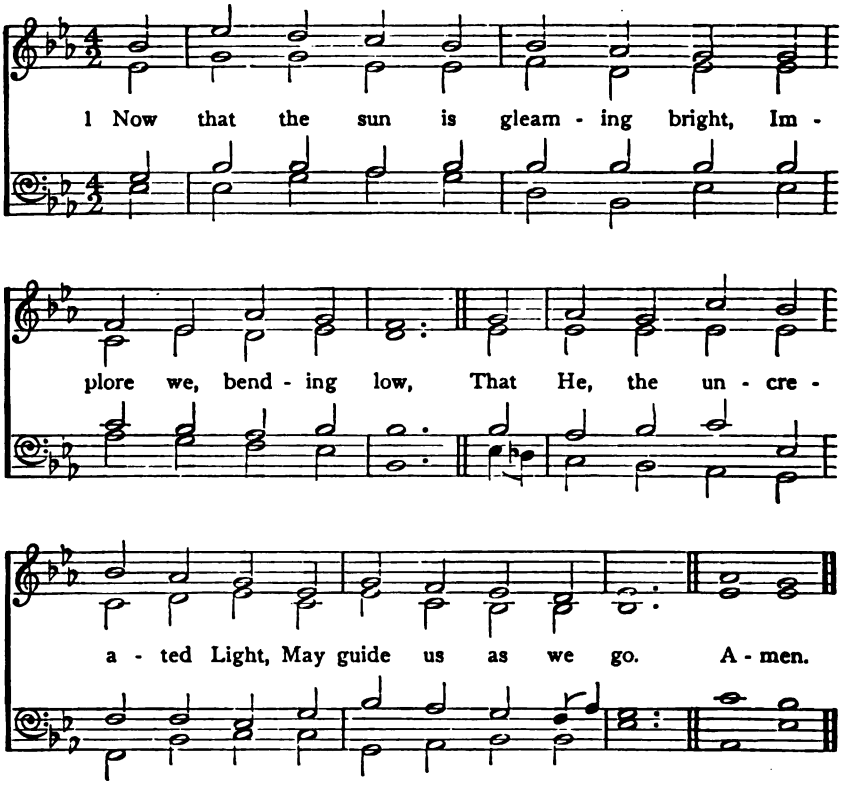


2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

5 Morning.

ST. PETER. C. M. ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1836.



2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
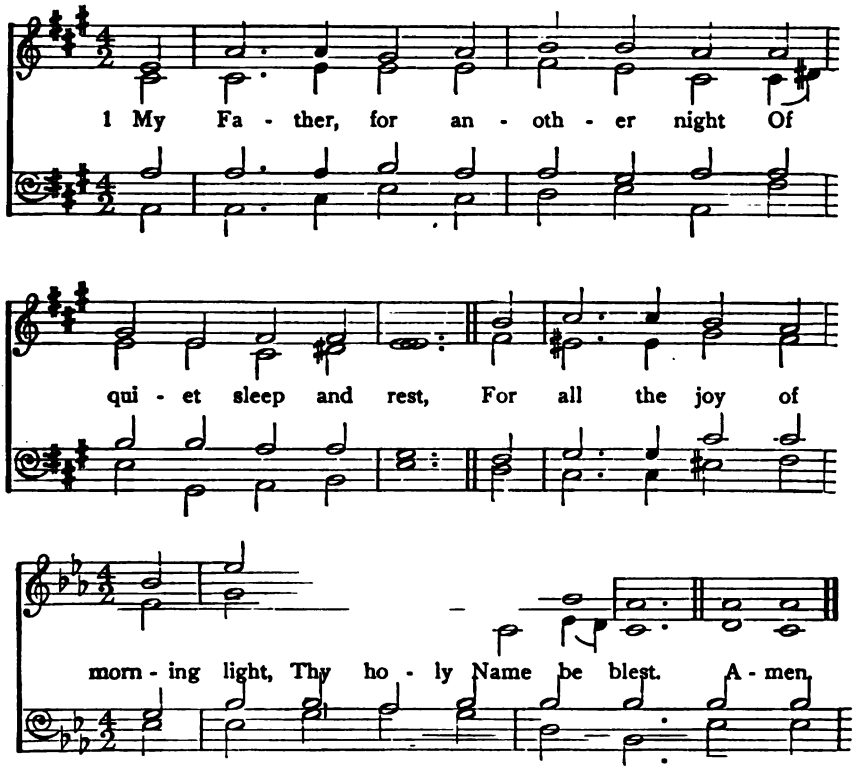
3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end. Amen.

Latin; tr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1836-1838.

6 Morning.

St. Timothy. C. M. Henry W. Baker, 1875.



2 Now with the newborn day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.
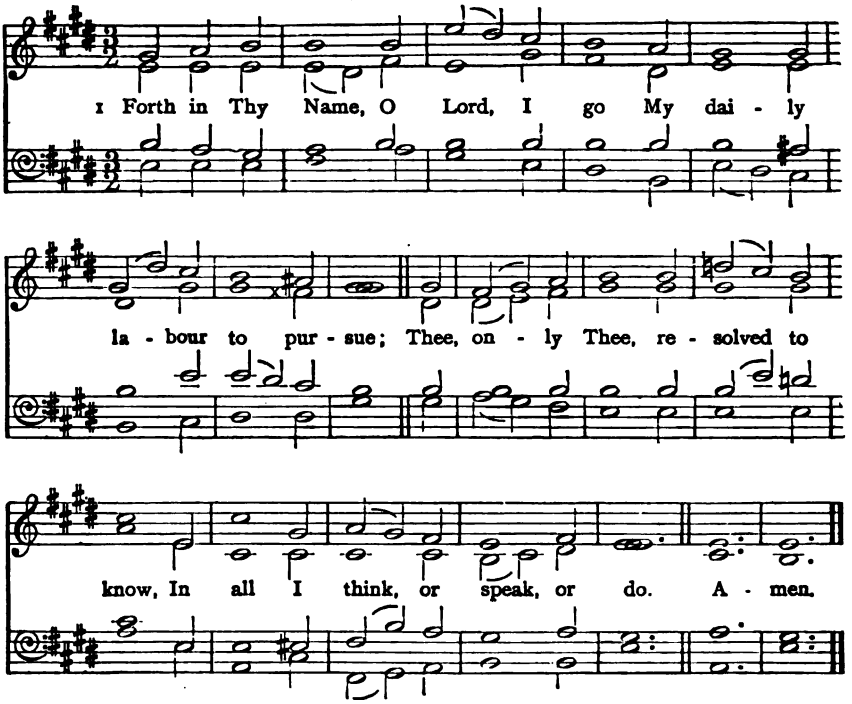
3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

4 My Father, for His sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1875.

7 Morning.

PIXHAM. L.M. HORATIO PARKER, 1901.



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

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.
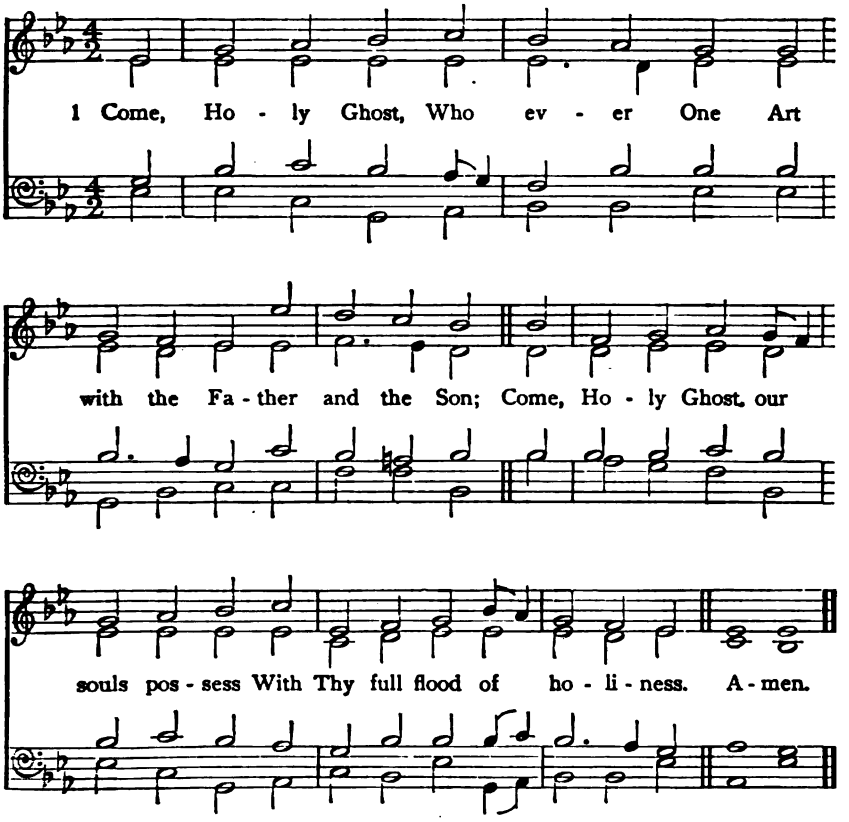
CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

8

Morning.

L. M.

LUDBOROUGH. TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS, 1846.



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

3 Almighty Father, hear our cry
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.
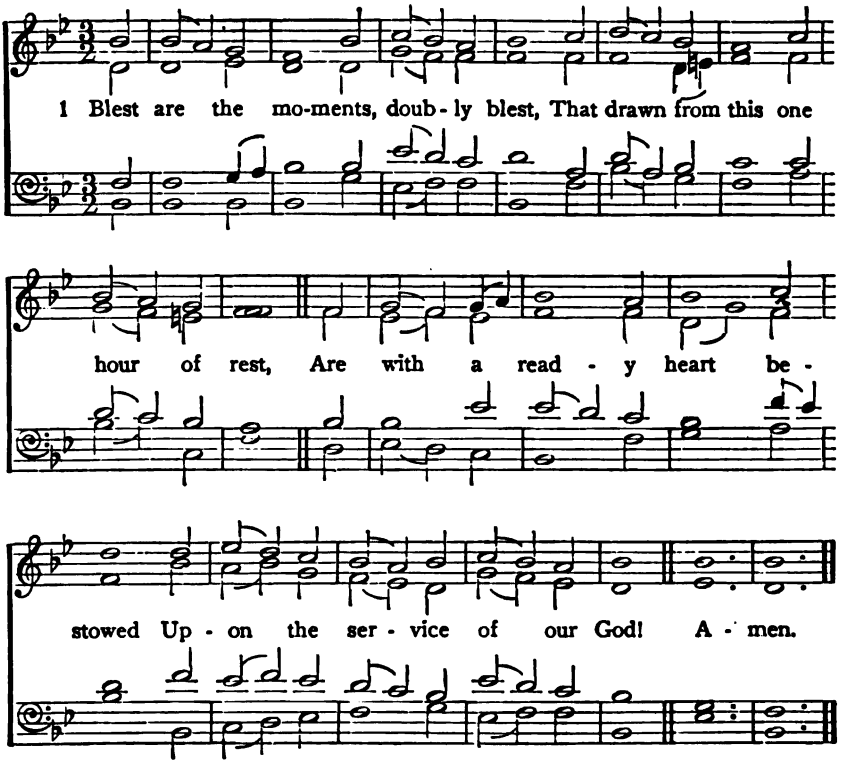
Latin; ST. AMBROSE, 340-397;
Tr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1836.

Also the following:
205 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Noon.

9

WAREHAM. L. M. WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



2 Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

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

4 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course;
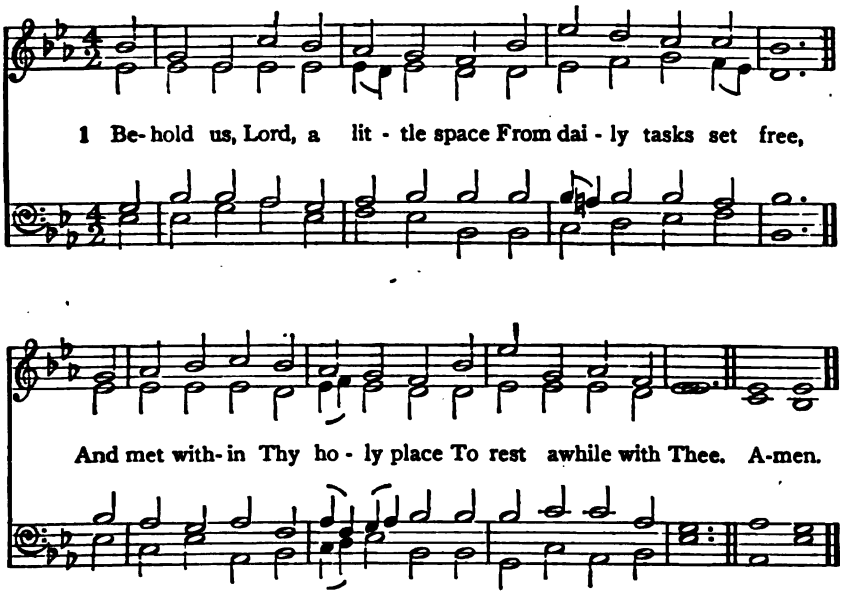
5 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. Amen.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1834.

10

Noon.

BEDFORD. C. M. WILLIAM WHEALL, *c.* 1720.



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

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

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

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee and not Thy foe.
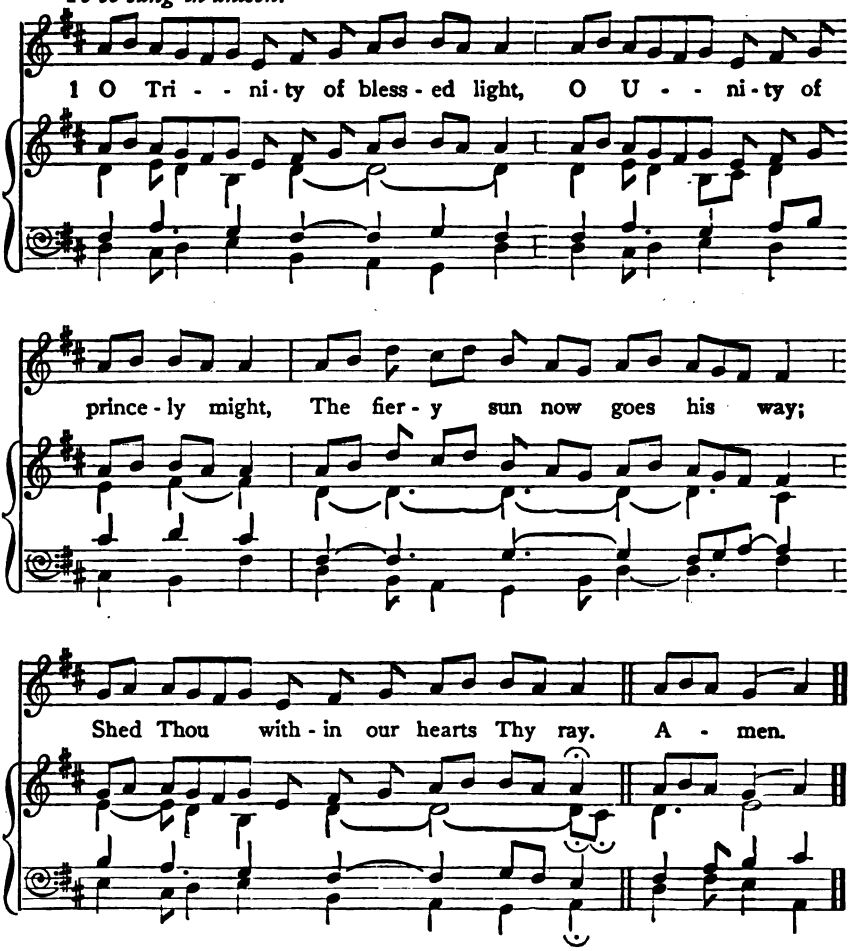
6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

Evening.

11 O Lux Beata Trinitas (*First Tune.*)
To be sung in unison.

Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII.



2 To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us with Thy saints on high
To praise Thee through eternity.
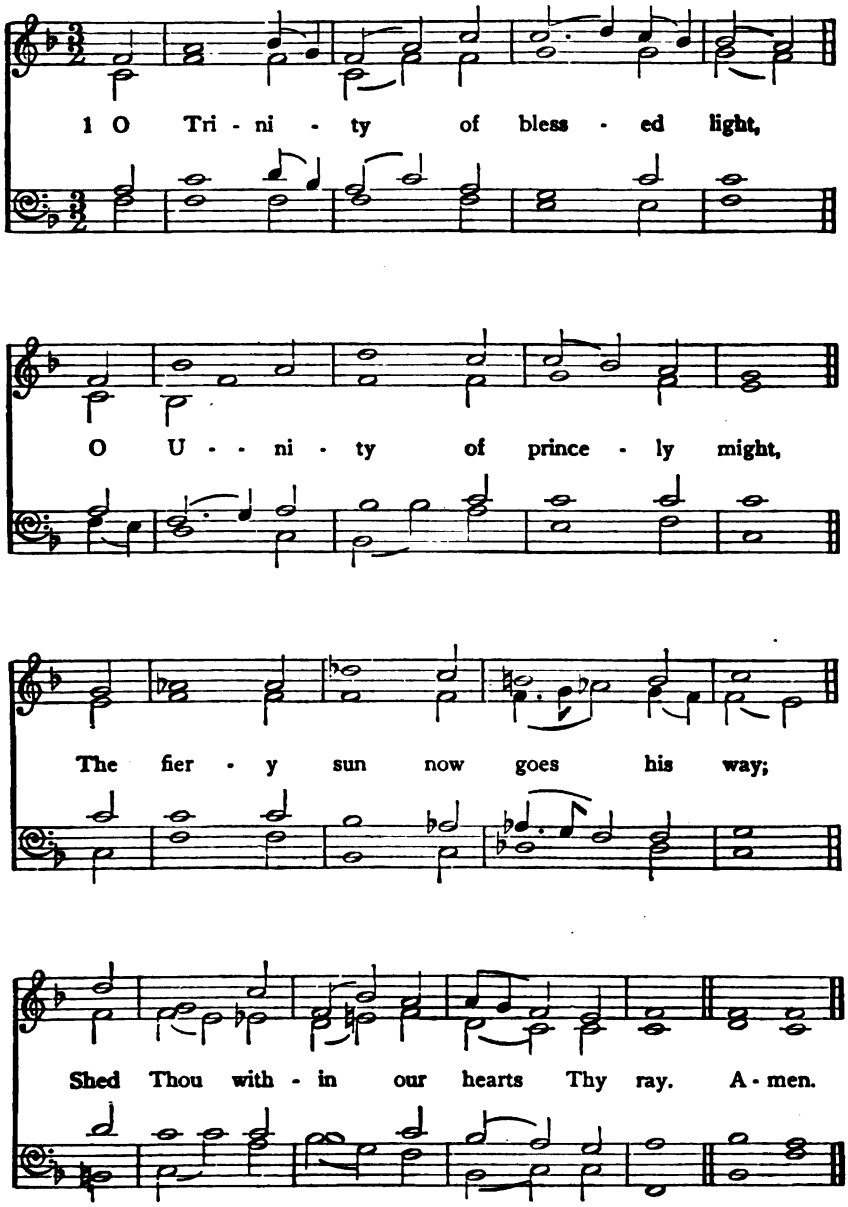
3 All laud to God the Father be;
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

Latin; ST. AMBROSE, 340-397.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1852.

11

Evening.
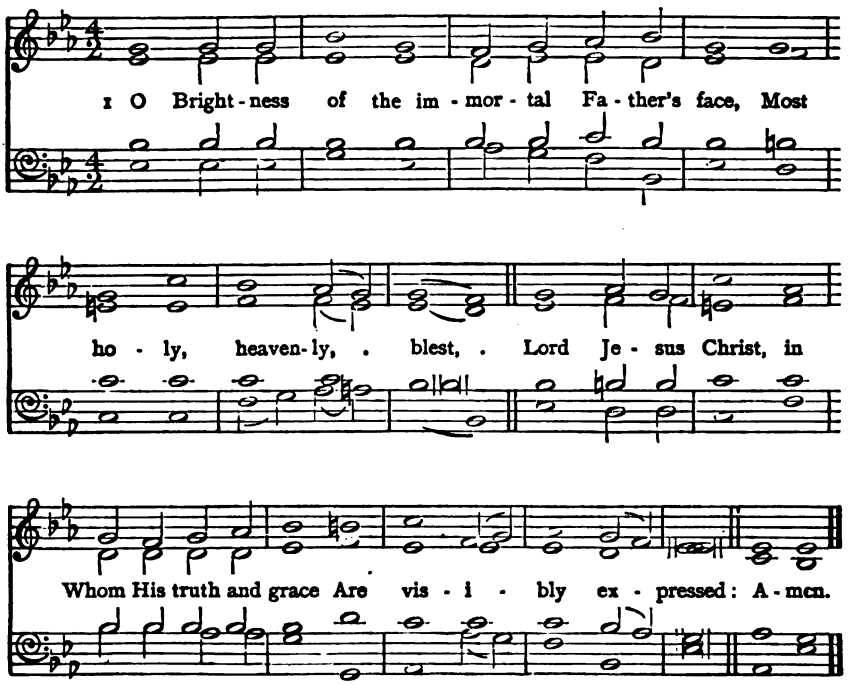
BROMLEY (*Second Tune*). L. M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1700.



Evening.

12

St. Nicholas. 10.6.10.6. Clement C. Scholefield, 1870



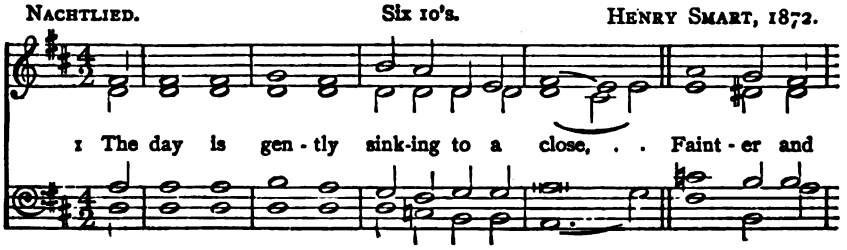
2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine;
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.

3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord.
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored. Amen.
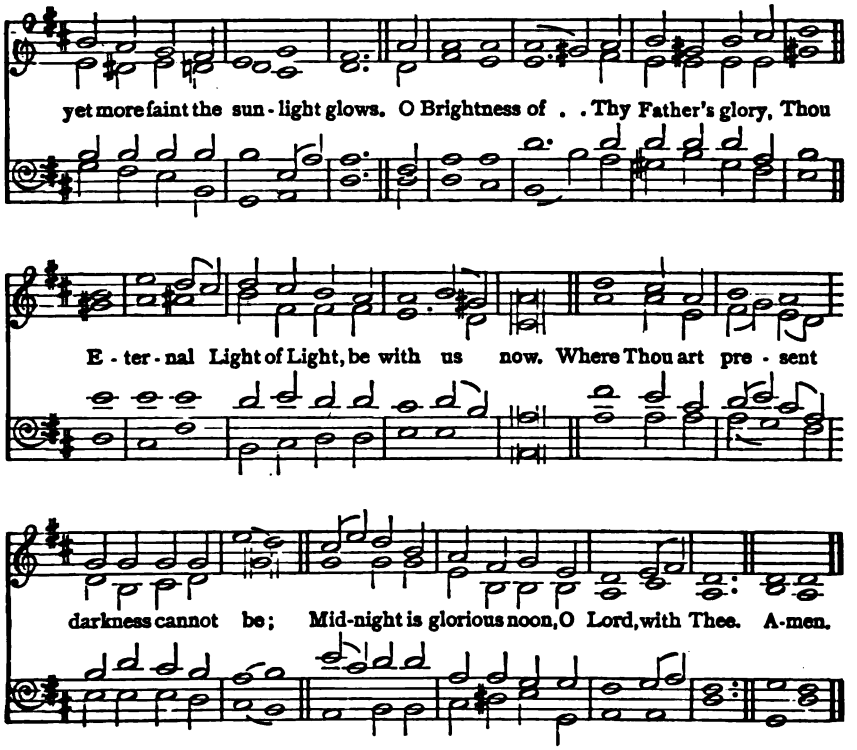
"The Candlelight Hymn," *attr. to* Sophronius; *Tr.* Edward W. Eddis, 1864.

13

Nachtlied. Six 10's. Henry Smart, 1872.



Evening.



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

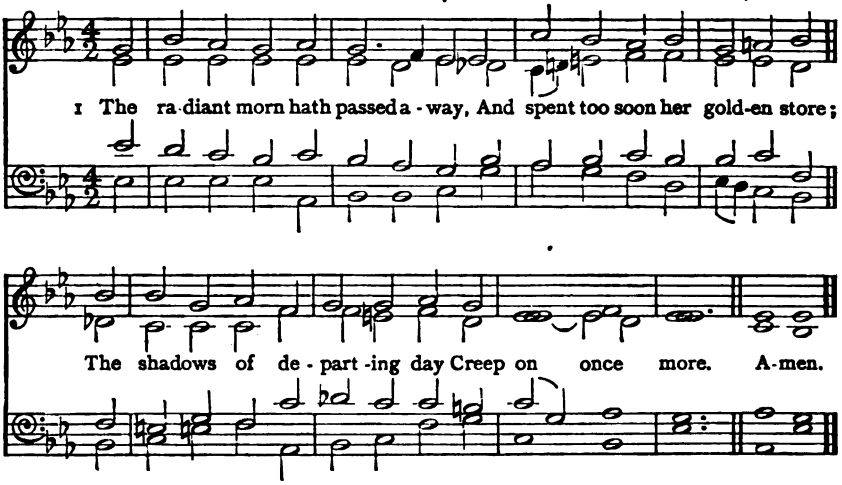
3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail.
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice: "Fear not, for it is I."

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

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863.

14 Evening.

ST. GABRIEL. 8.8.8.4. F. A. GORE OUSELEY, 1868.



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

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,
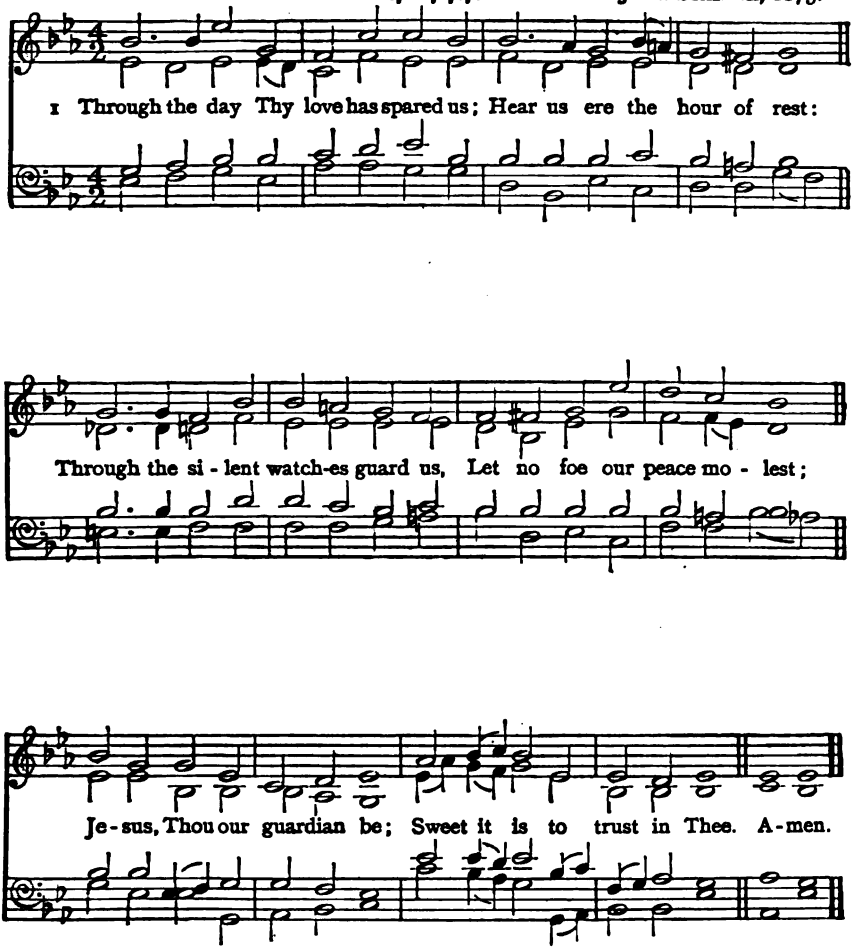
4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

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

GODFREY THRING, 1864.

15 Evening.

REPOSE. 8.7.8.7.7.7. JOHN STAINER, 1875.



Tune Copyright, 1887, by Novello, Ewer and Co.
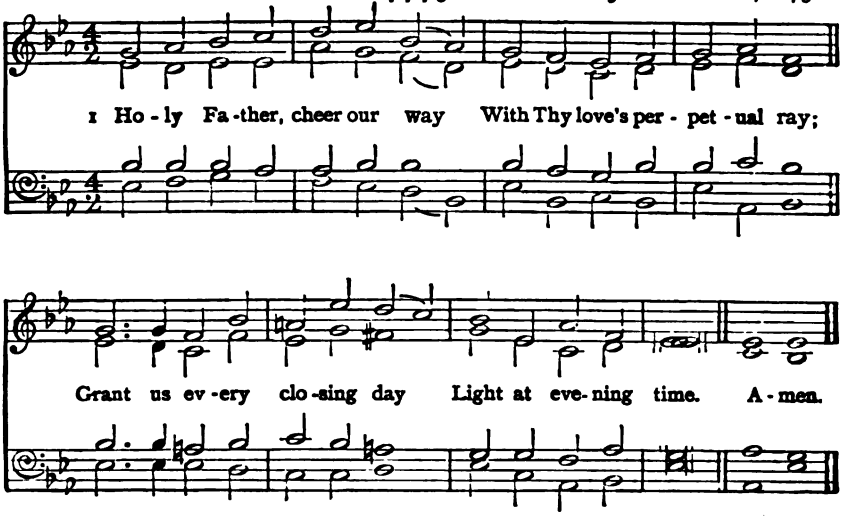
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

Evening.

16

VESPER. 7·7·7·5. JOHN STAINER, 1875.



2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.
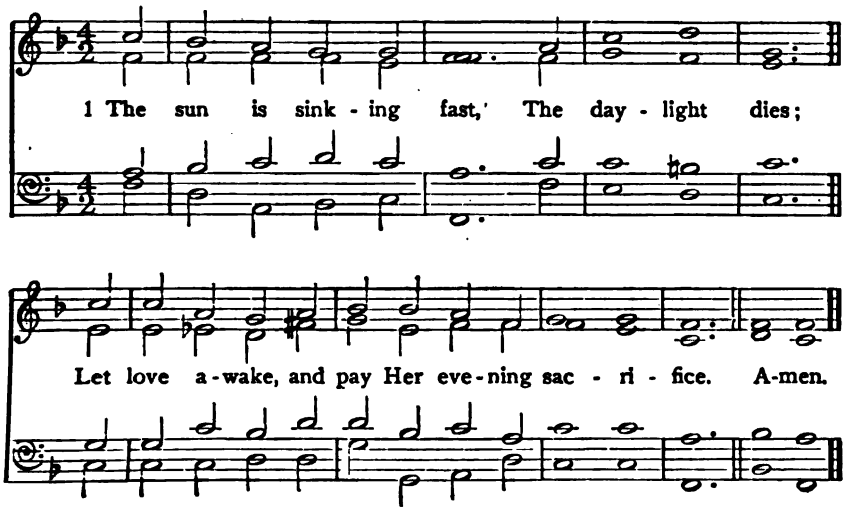
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

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

RICHARD H. ROBINSON, 1869.

17 Evening.

ST. COLUMBA. 6.4.5.6. HERBERT S. IRONS, 1861.



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

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

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

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
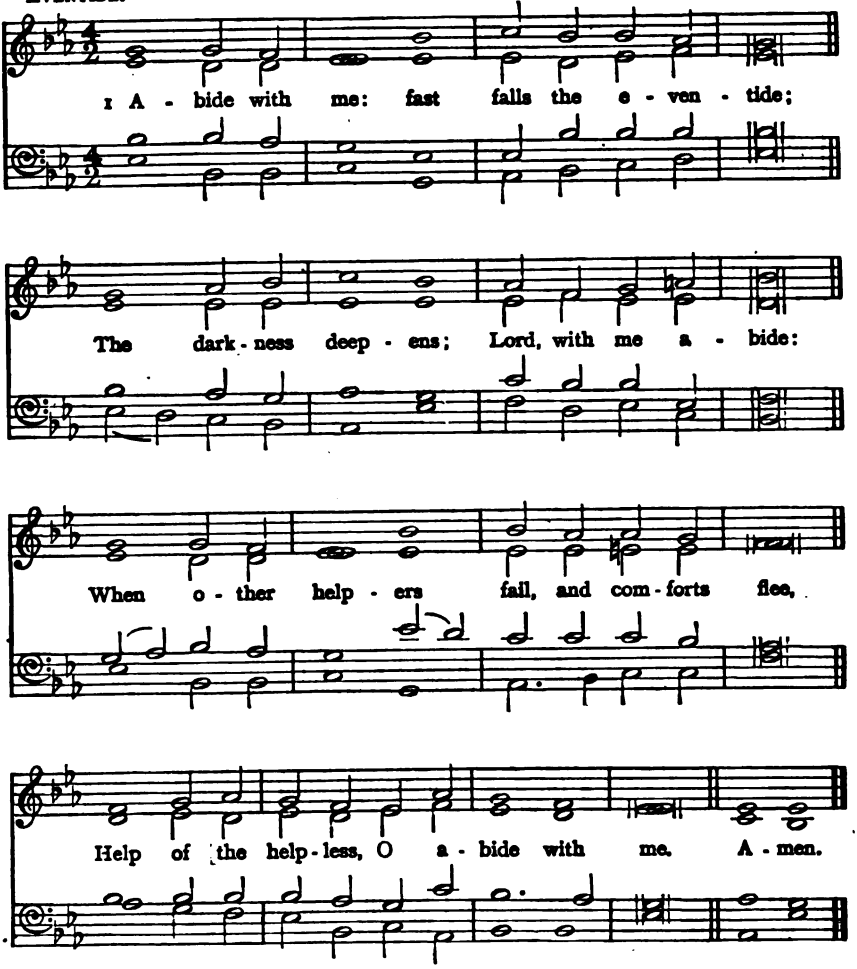
6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

Latin; tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1858.

18 Evening.

EVENTIDE. Four 10's. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 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.
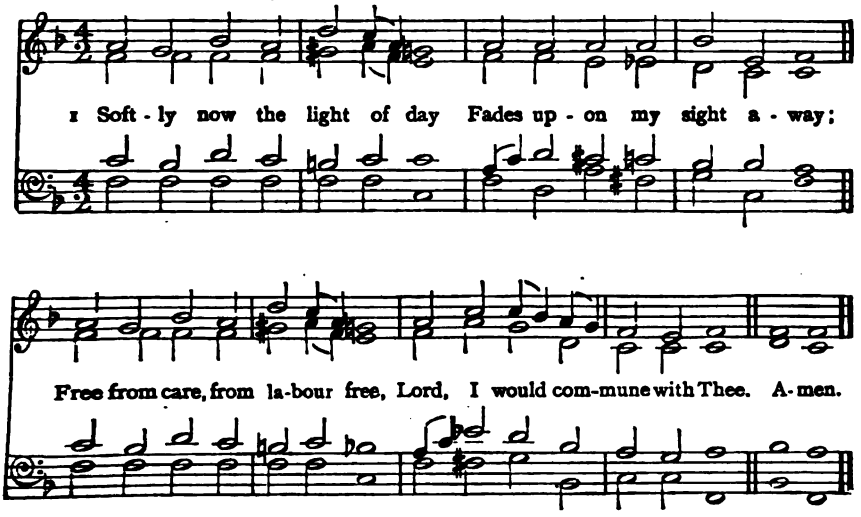
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

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

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847.

19

SEYMOUR. Four 7's. CARL M. VON WEBER, 1786–1826.



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

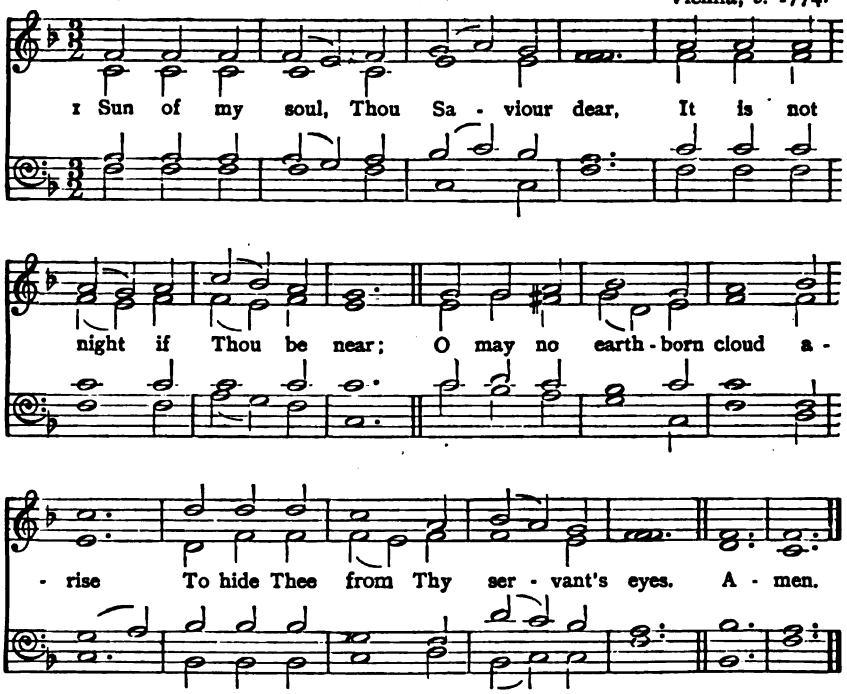
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. Amen.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

20 Evening.

HURSLEY. L.M. Vienna, *c.* 1774.



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

3 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.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

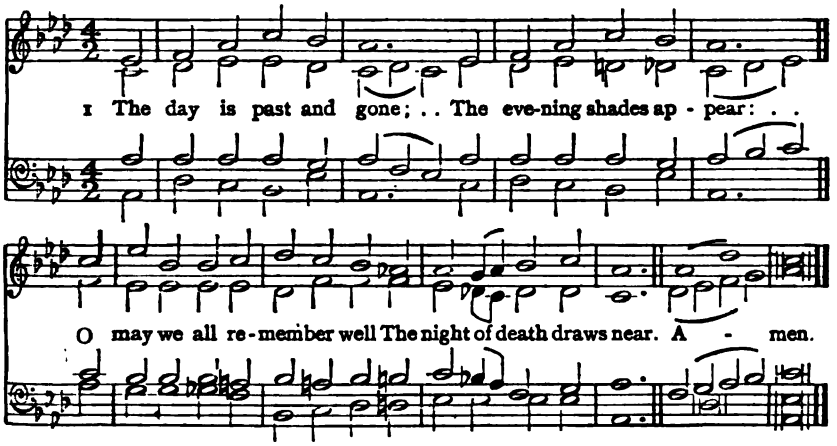
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

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

JOHN KEBLE, 1820.

21 Evening.

GARDEN CITY (*First Tune*). S.M. HORATIO PARKER, 1893.



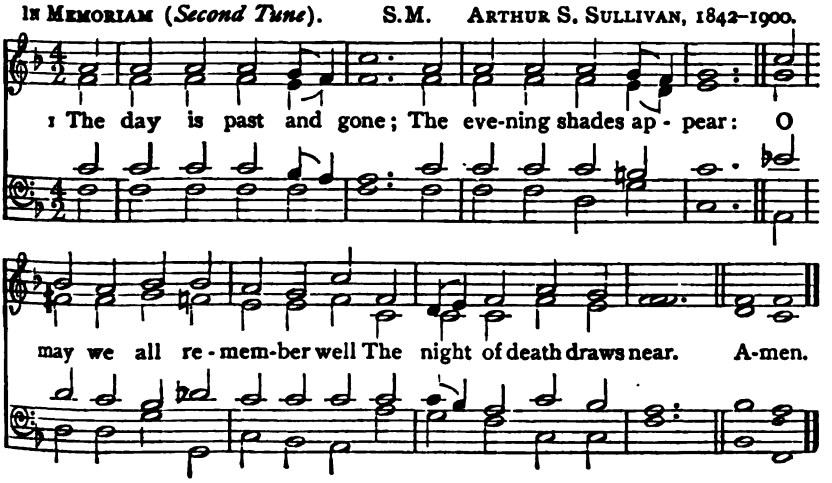
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

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

JOHN LELAND, 1792.
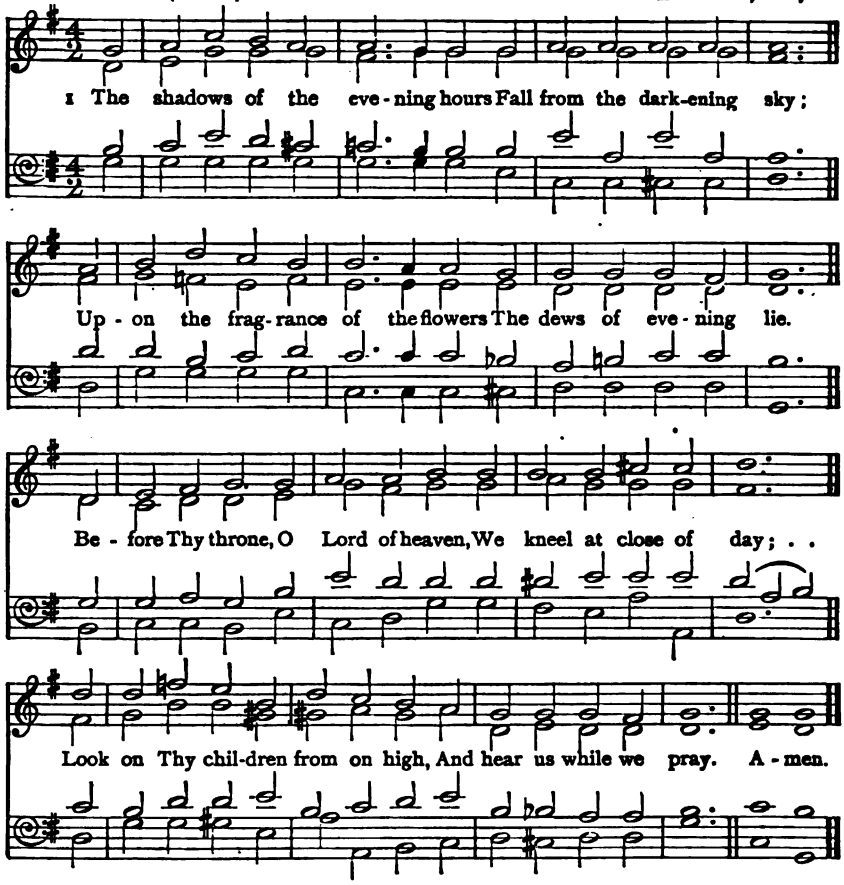
21

IN MEMORIAM (*Second Tune*). S.M. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900.



22 Evening.

ST. LEONARD (HILES). C. M. D. HENRY HILES, 1867.



2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
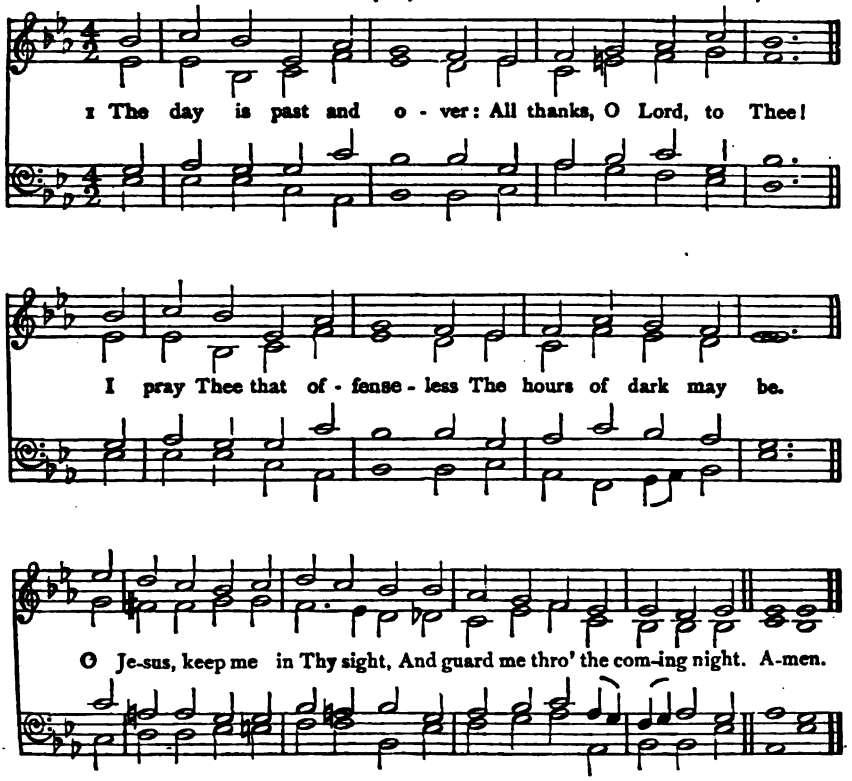
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1862.

23 Evening.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7.6.7.6.8.8. ARTHUR H. BROWN, 1862.



1 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And guard me through the coming night.

2 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.
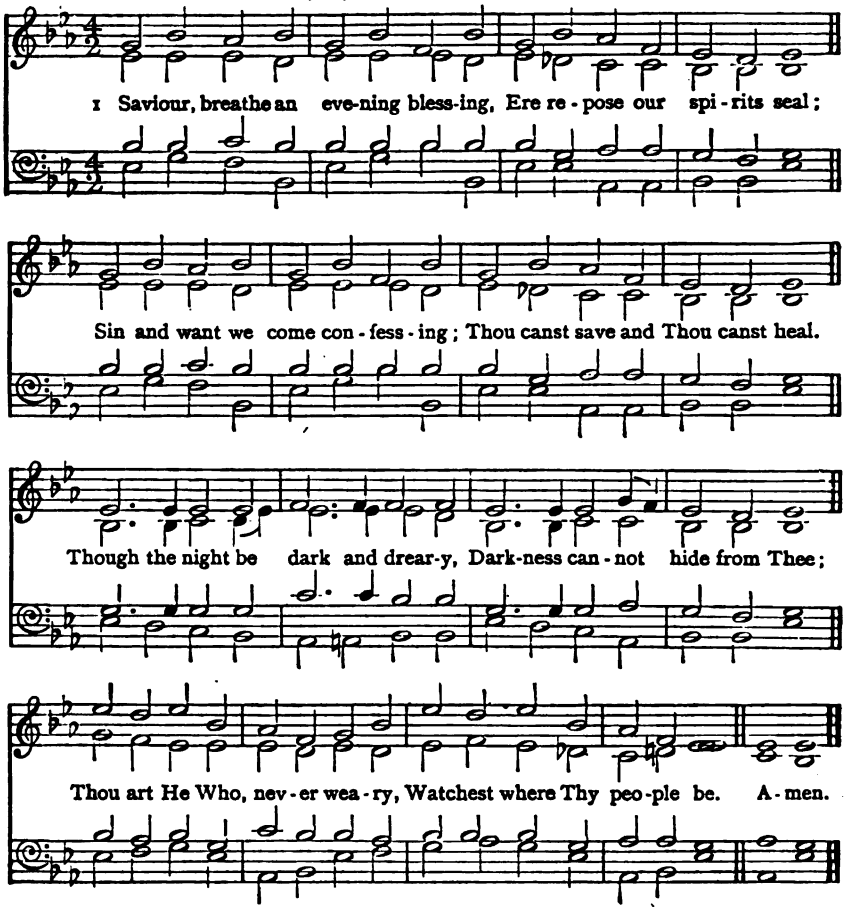
3 Lord, that in death I sleep not,
And lest my foe should say,
"I have prevailed against him,"
Lighten mine eyes, I pray:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all! Amen.

ST. ANATOLIUS, 800; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1853.

24 Evening.

VESPER HYMN. 8.7.8.7. D. DMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY, 1818.
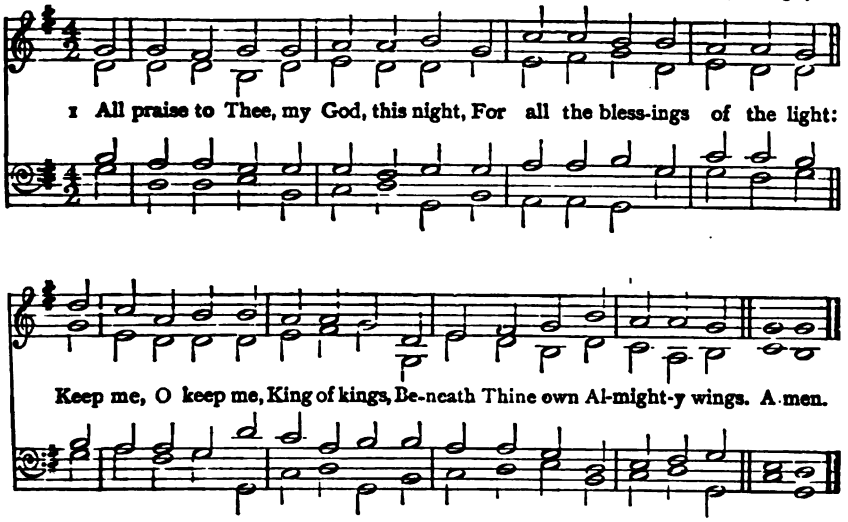


2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesus, then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.
Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820; *st.* 3, EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1876.

25 Evening.

TALLIS' CANON. L.M. THOMAS TALLIS, *c.* 1567.



2 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.

3 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.

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

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
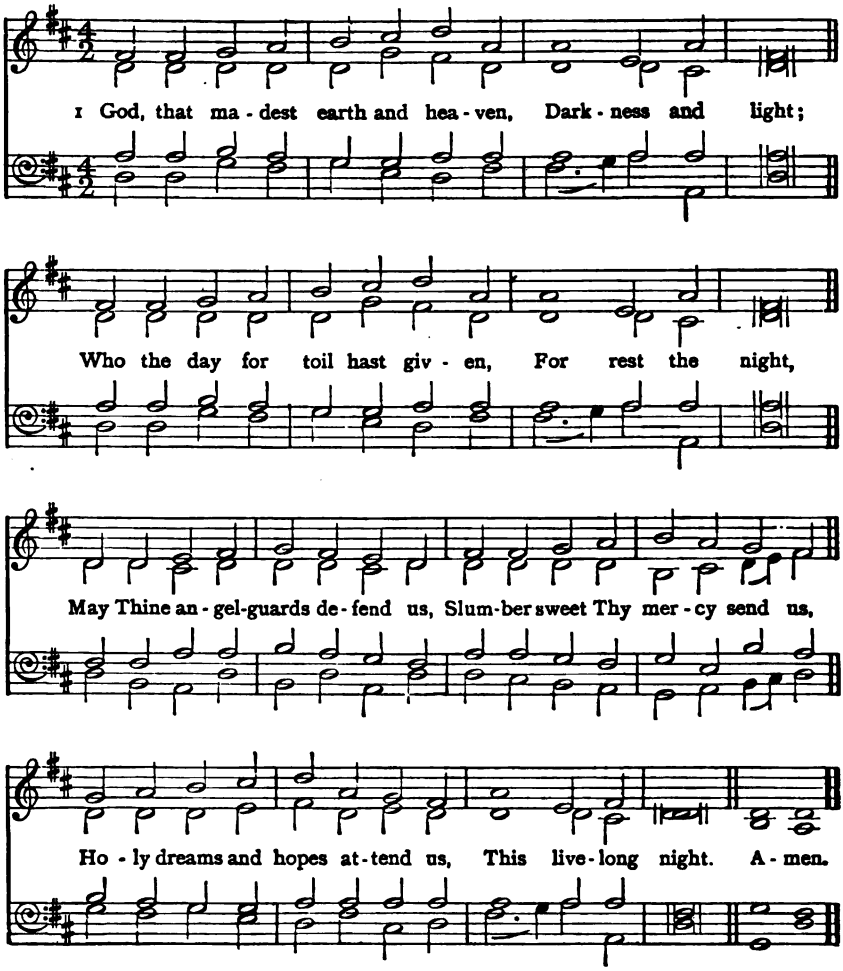
6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

THOMAS KEN, 1709.

26 Evening.

NUTFIELD. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.
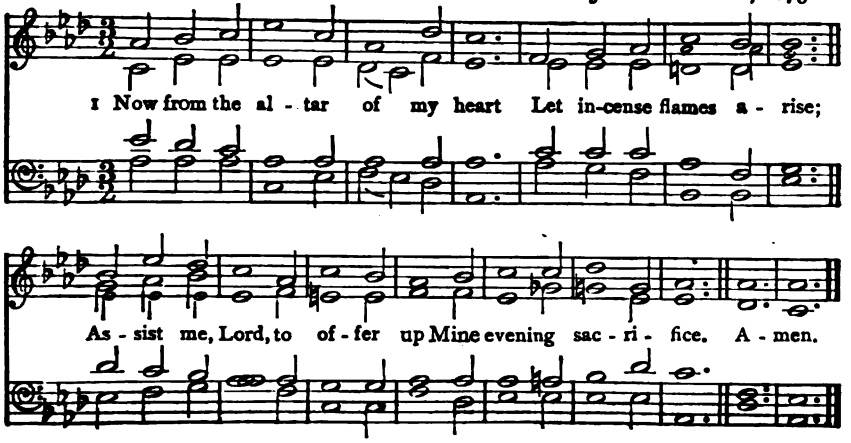


2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May wè in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827, *and* RICHARD WHATELEY, 1855.

27 Evening.

BEATITUDO (*First Tune*). C.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



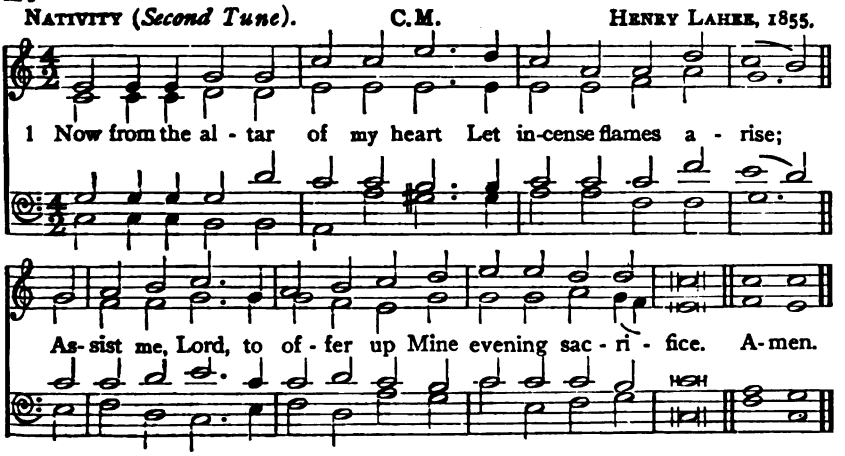
2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire. Amen.

JOHN MASON, 1683.

27
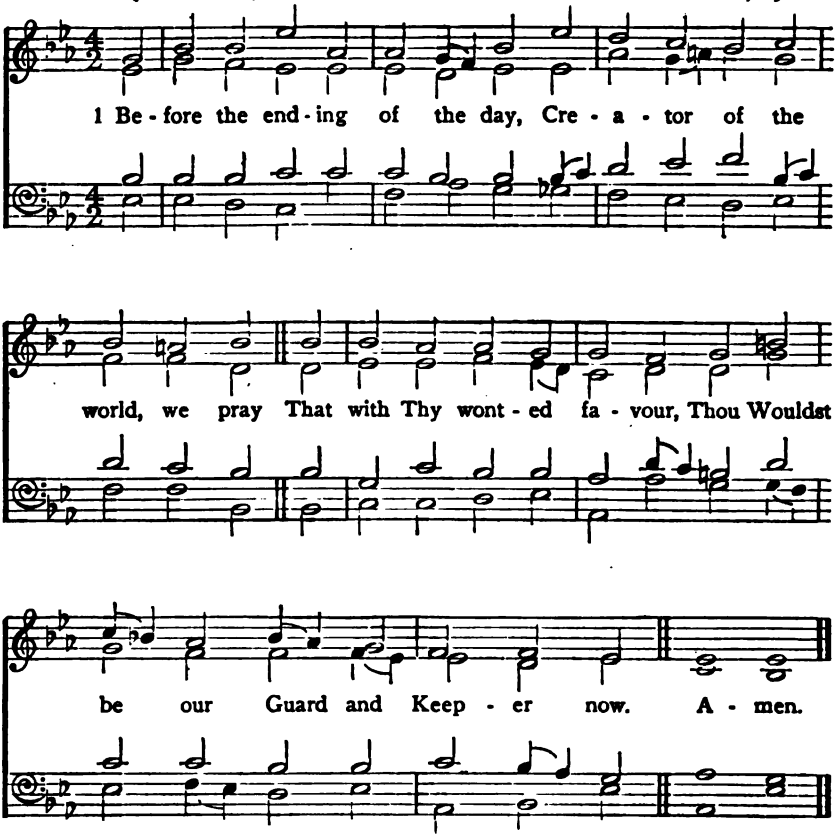
NATIVITY (*Second Tune*). C.M. HENRY LAHEE, 1855.



Evening.

28

ONEONTA (*First Tune*). L.M. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1918.



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

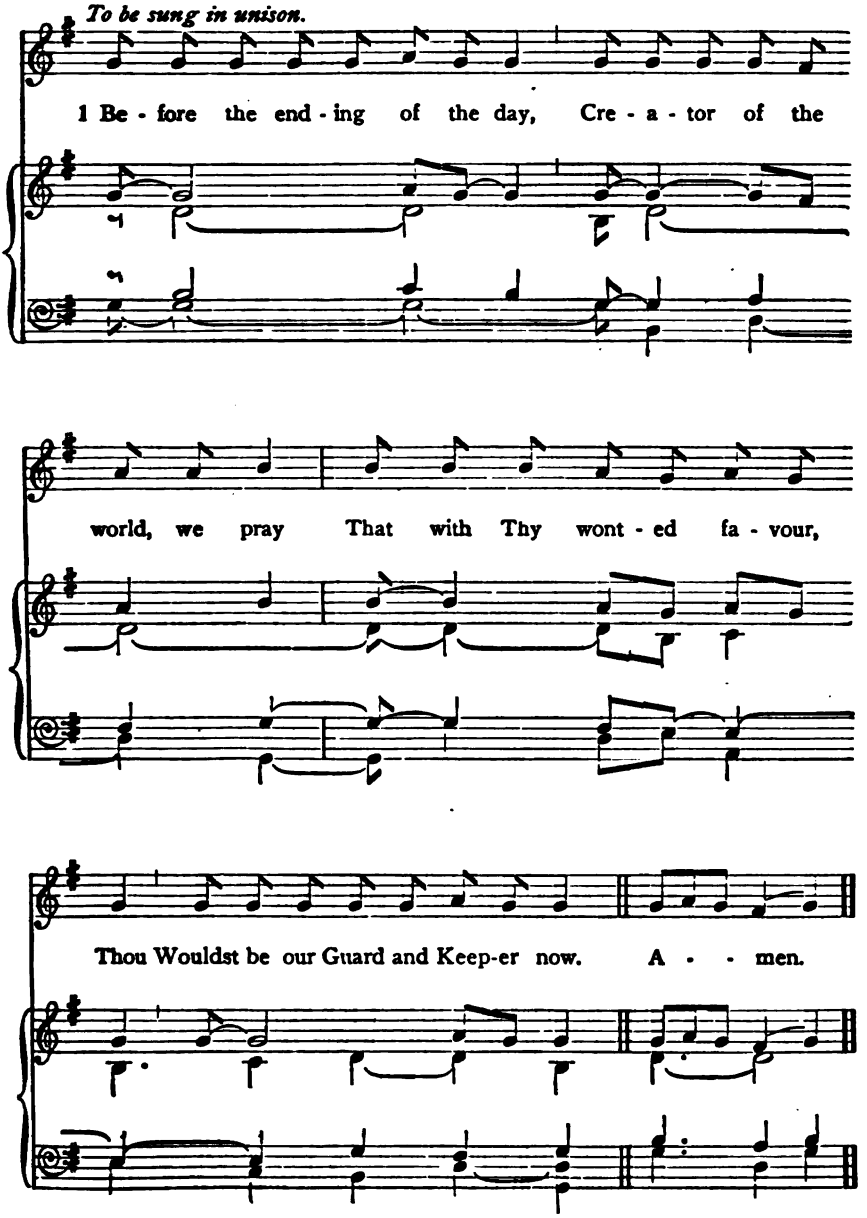
3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Latin; ST. AMBROSE, 340-397.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1852.

28 Evening.
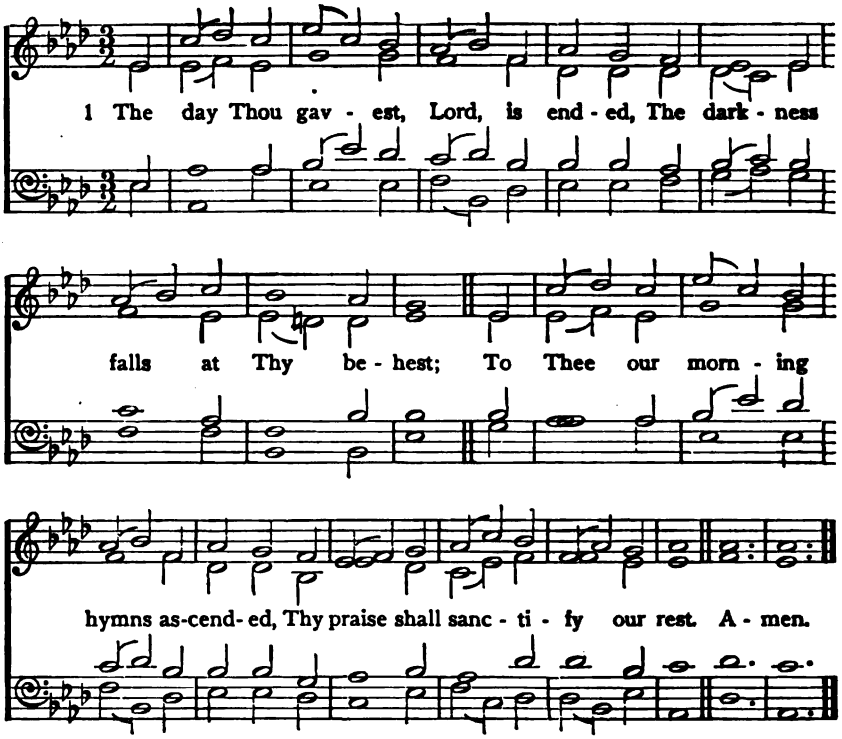
JAM LUCIS (*Second Tune*). French Plainsong, Mode VI.

To be sung in unison.



29 Evening.

ST. CLEMENT. 9.8.9.8. CLEMENT C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1874.



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

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

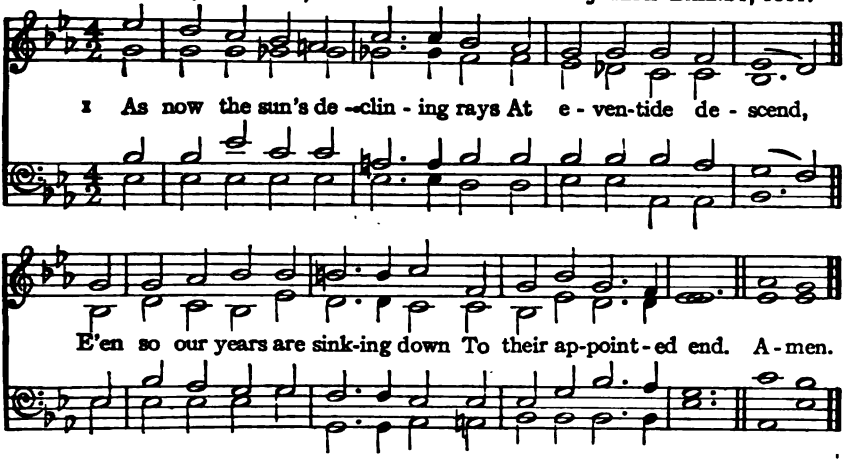
4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

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

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

30 Evening.

HOLY TRINITY (*First Tune*). C.M. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.



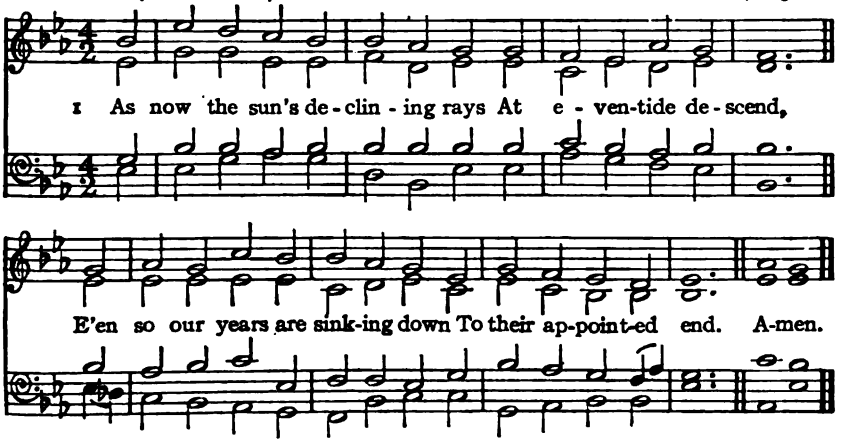
2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw the nations nigh;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

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

CHARLES COFFIN, 1736; *Tr.* JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

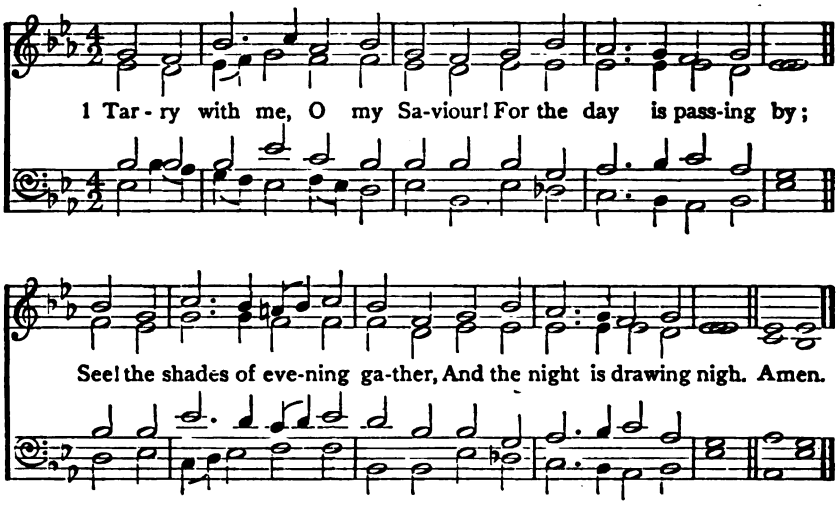
30

ST. PETER (*Second Tune*). C.M. ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1836.



31 Evening.

L'EMMANUELLO (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. LORENZO PEROSI, 1903.



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

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

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

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
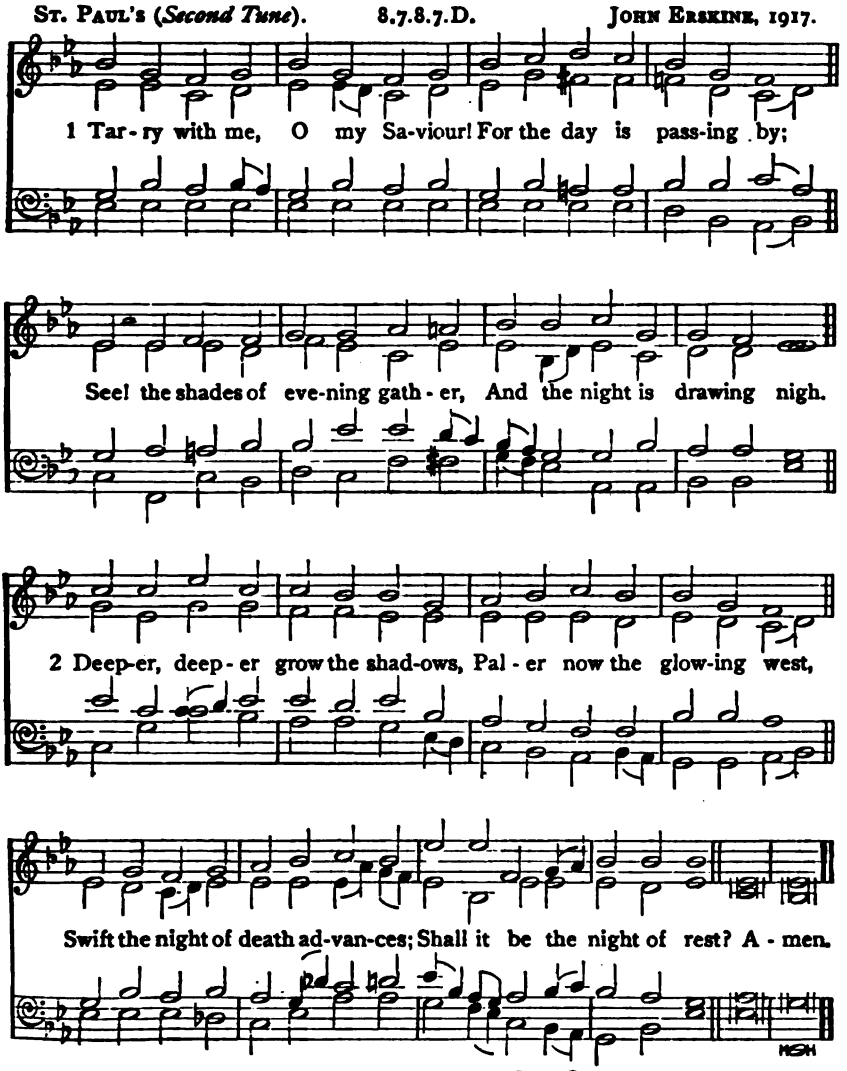
6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest. Amen.

CAROLINE L. SMITH, 1853, *alt.* 1855, 1862.

Evening.

31

ST. PAUL'S (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. JOHN ERSKINE, 1917.



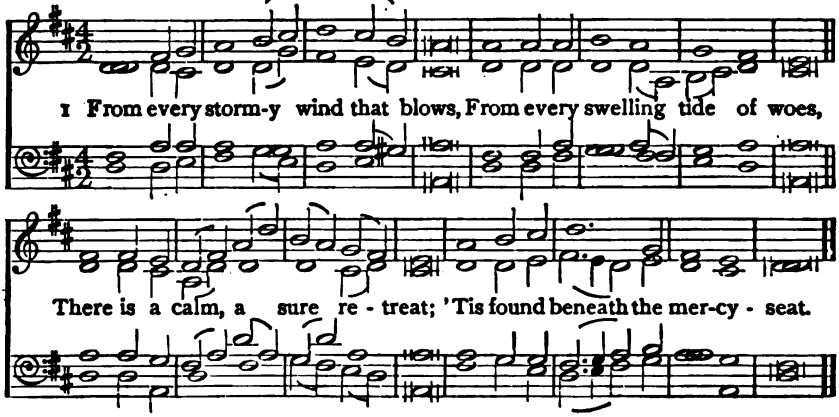
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Also the following:

50 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
364 Now the day is over
399 At even when the sun was set
407 One sweetly solemn thought
412 Sunset and evening star

32

DUKE STREET (*First Tune*). L. M. JOHN HATTON, 1793.



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

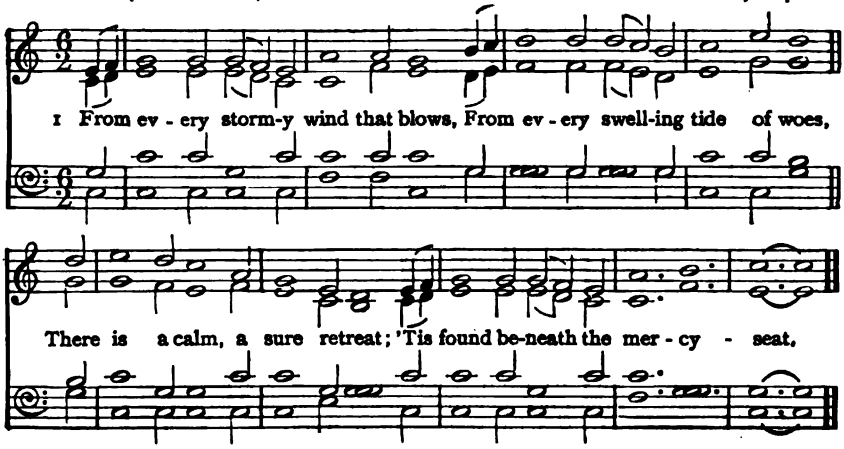
3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.



4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. HUGH STOWELL, 1828.
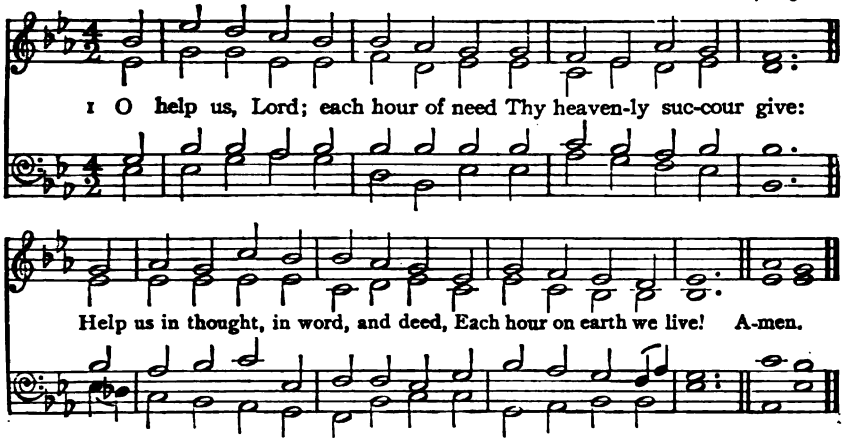
32

RETREAT (*Second Tune*). L.M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1842.



33 Through The Week.

St. Peter. C.M. Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836.



2

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

3

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

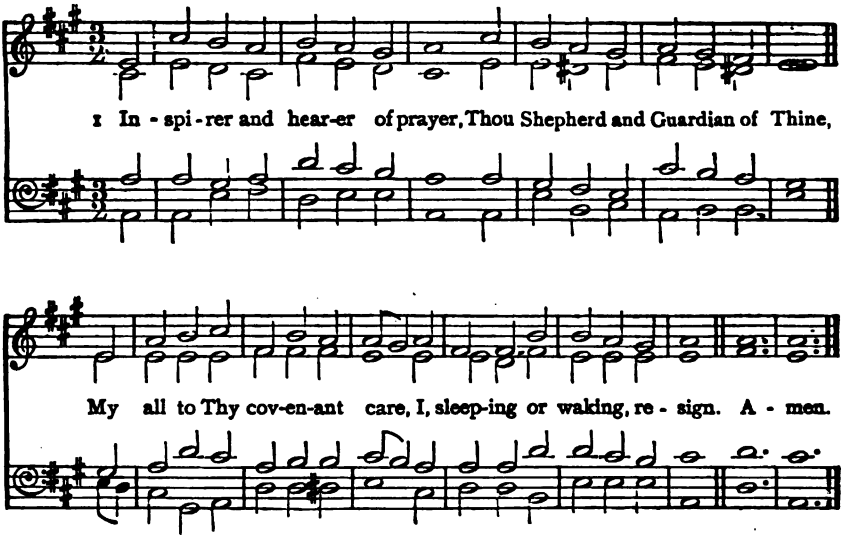
4

O help us, Saviour, from on high:
We have no help but Thee.
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.

HENRY H. MILMAN, 1827.

34 Through The Week.

DEVOTION. Four 8's.



2

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

3

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

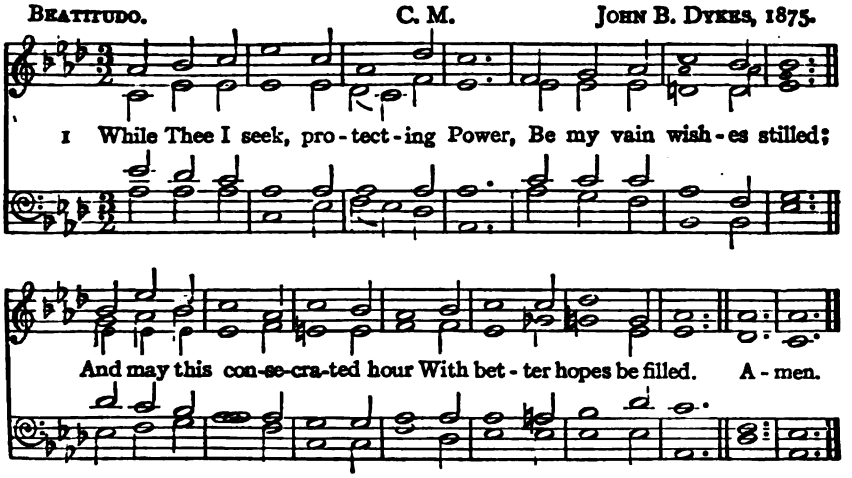
4

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

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1774.

35 Through The Week.

BEATITUDO. C. M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



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

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

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

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

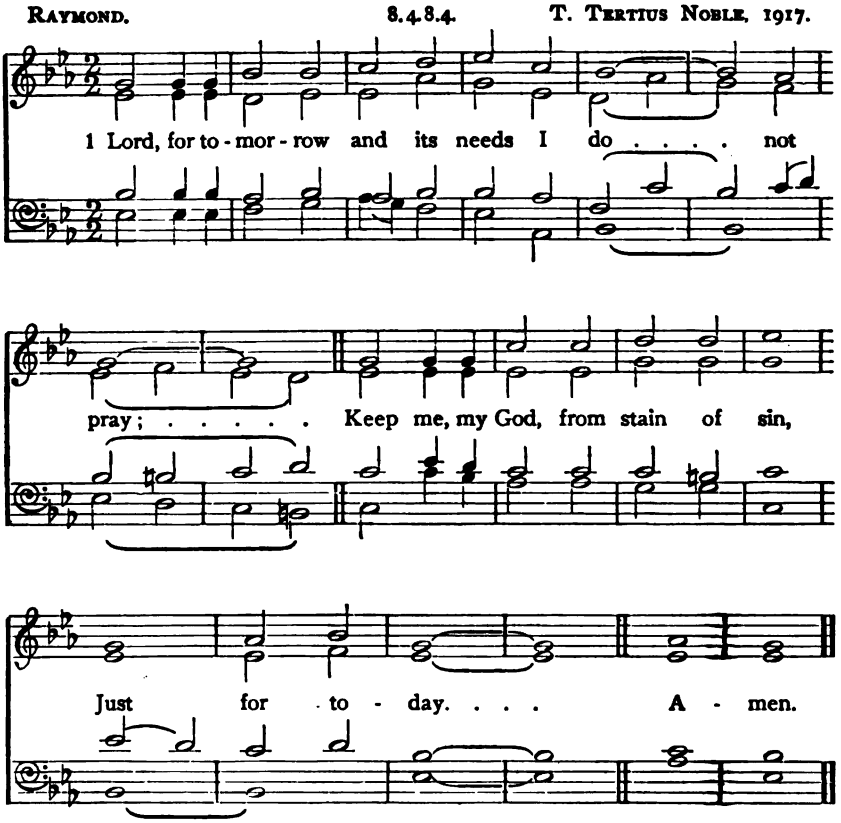
6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee. Amen.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS, 1786.

Through The Week.

36

RAYMOND. 8.4.8.4. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1917.



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The second and fourth lines may be sung in unison.

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

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

4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Through all to-day.

5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay:
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.
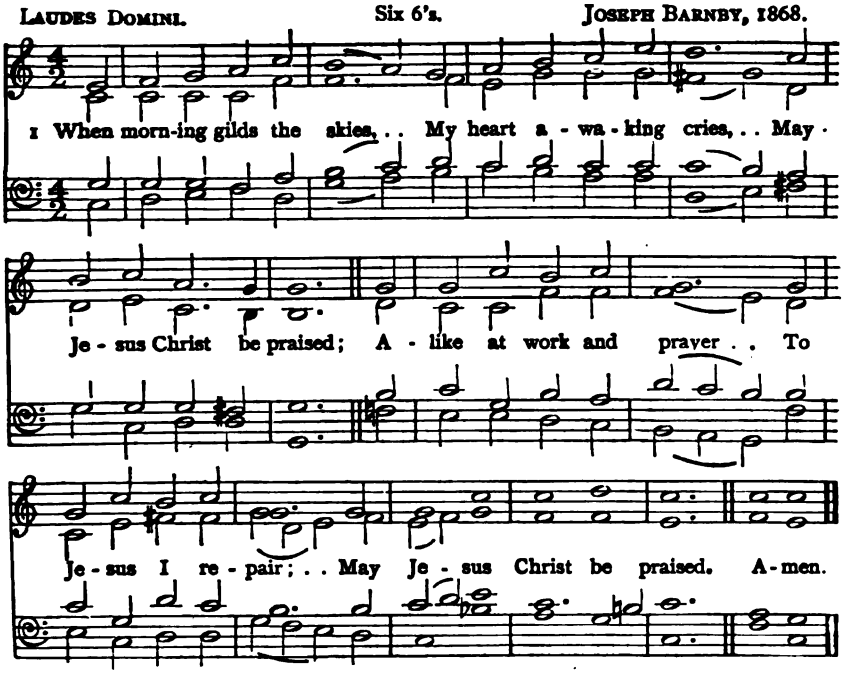
6 And if to-day this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacrament divine,
Father, to-day.

7 So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray:
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each to-day. Amen.

MARY XAVIER, 1877.

37 Through The Week.

LAUDES DOMINI. Six 6's. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



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

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

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

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
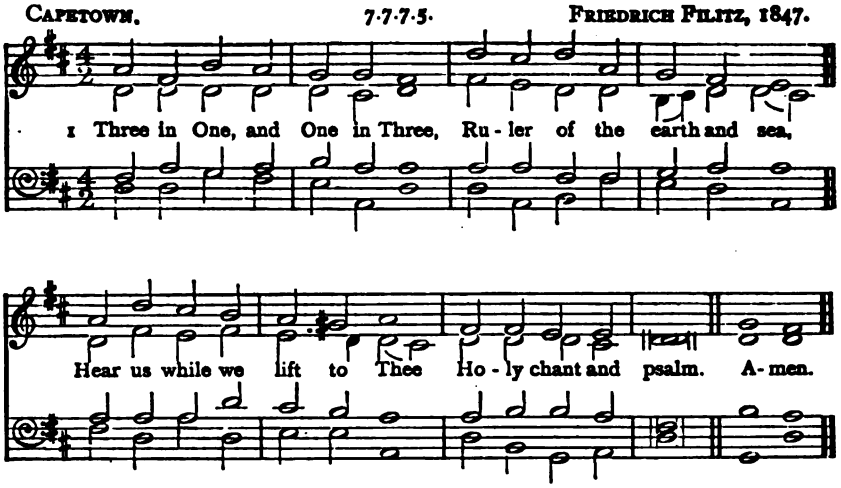
7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

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

Anon., German, 1828; *Tr.* EDWARD CASWALL, 1853.

38 Through The Week.

CAPETOWN. 7·7·7·5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



2

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

3

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.
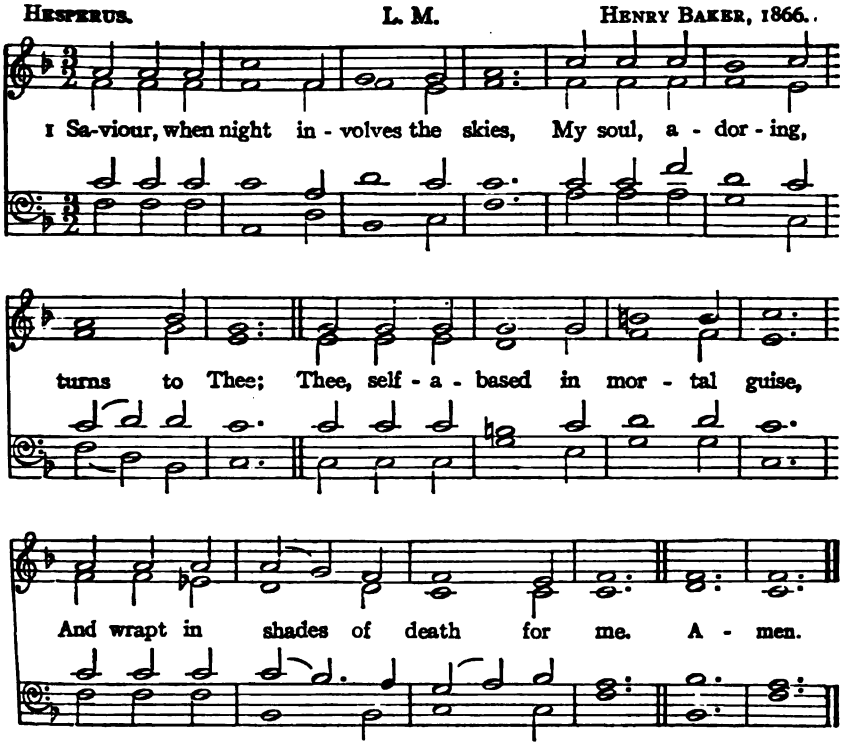
4

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

GILBERT RORISON, 1849.

39 Through The Week.

HESPERUS. L. M. HENRY BAKER, 1866.



2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
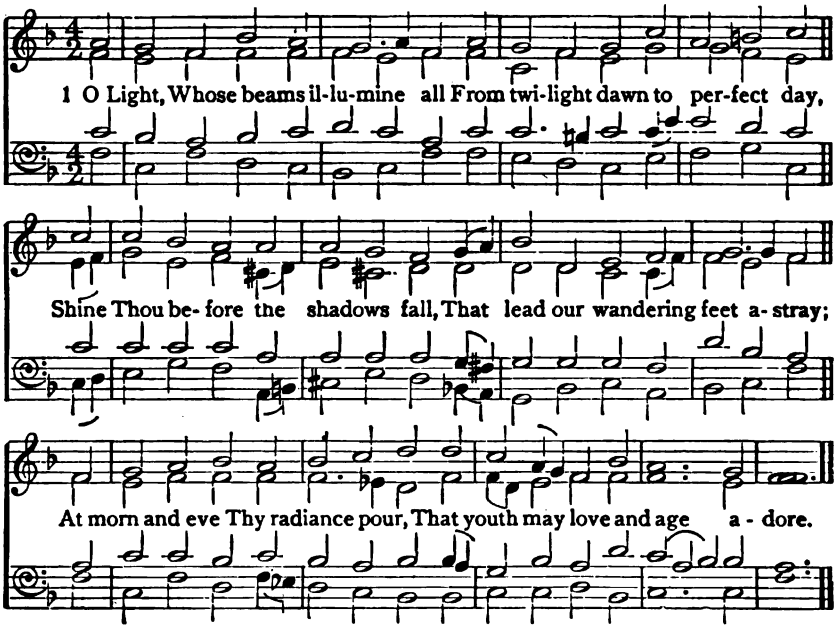
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

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

THOMAS GISBORNE, 1805.

40 Through The Week.

ST. MATTHIAS. Six 8's. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.
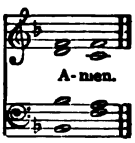


2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

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

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our conqueror over death.
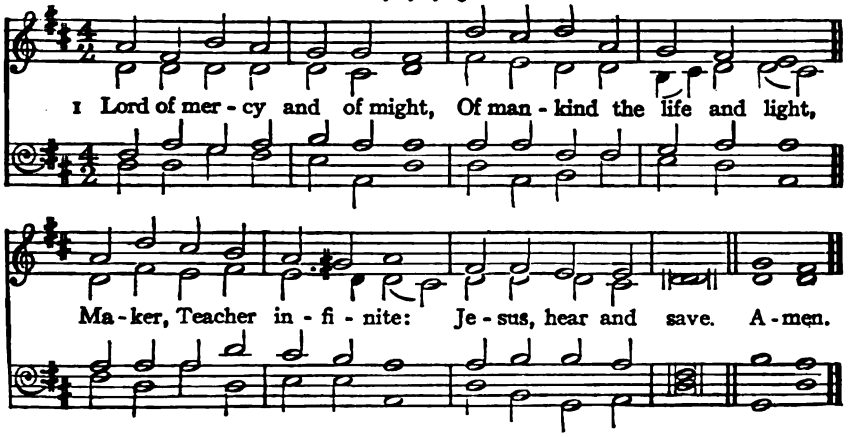
5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.



EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1864.

41 Through The Week.

CAPETOWN. 7. 7. 7. 5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



2

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

3

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

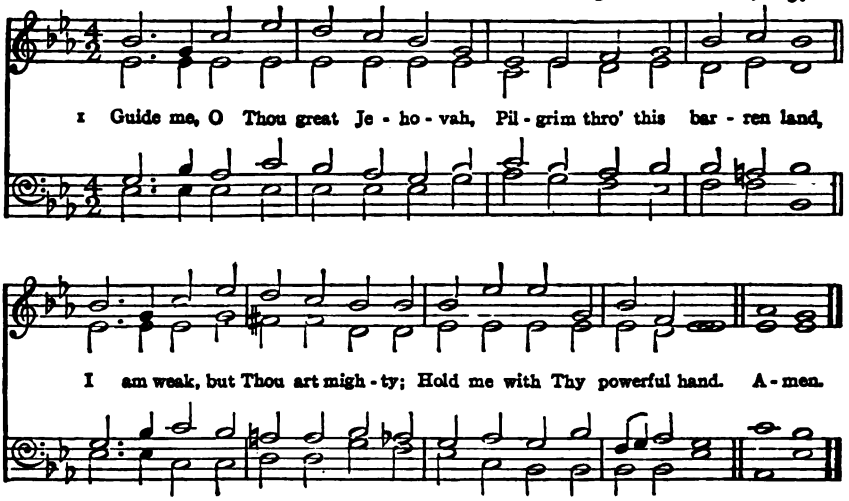
4

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

REGINALD HEBER. 1827.

42 Through The Week

St. Oswald (*First Tune*). 8. 7. 8. 7. John B. Dykes, 1857.



2

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

3

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

4

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.
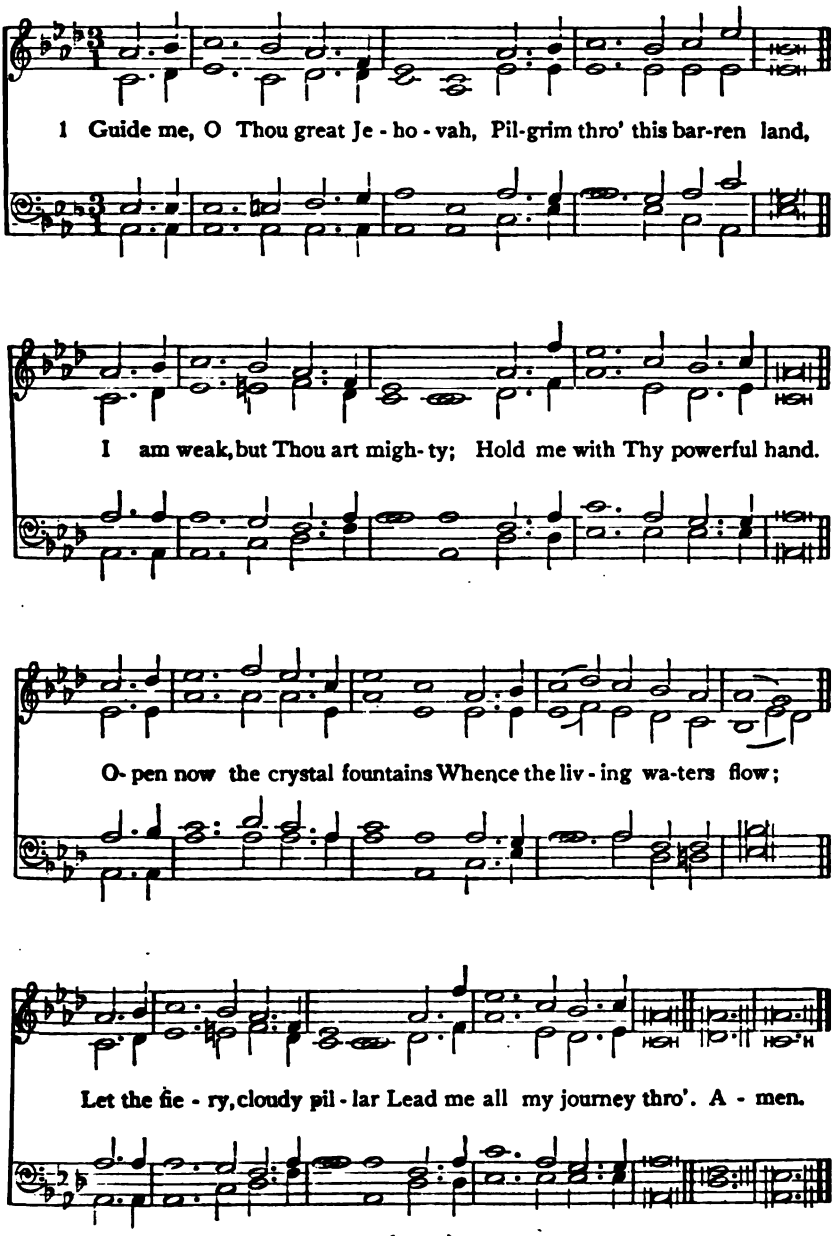
Welsh; William Williams, 1745;
Tr. Peter Williams, 1772; *alt.* John Keble, 1857.

Also the following:

247 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
248 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace
372 My God, accept my heart this day
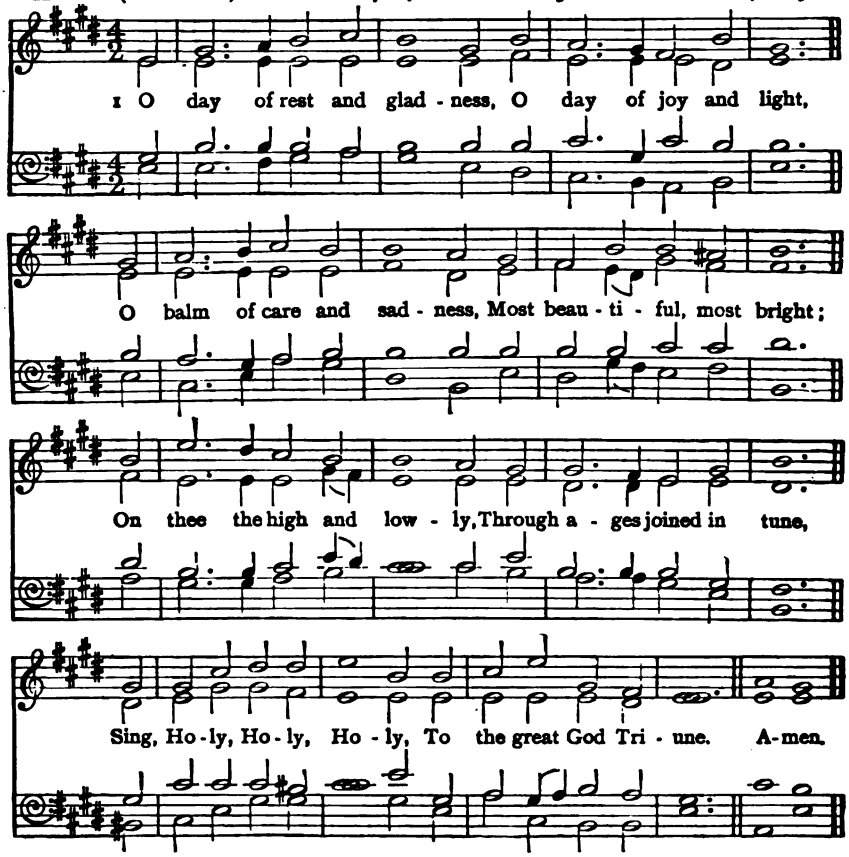
42 Through The Week.

AUTUMN (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. FRANÇOIS H. BARTHÉLÉMON, 1785.



43 The Lord's Day.

HODGES (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. JOHN S. B. HODGES, 1869.



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

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.
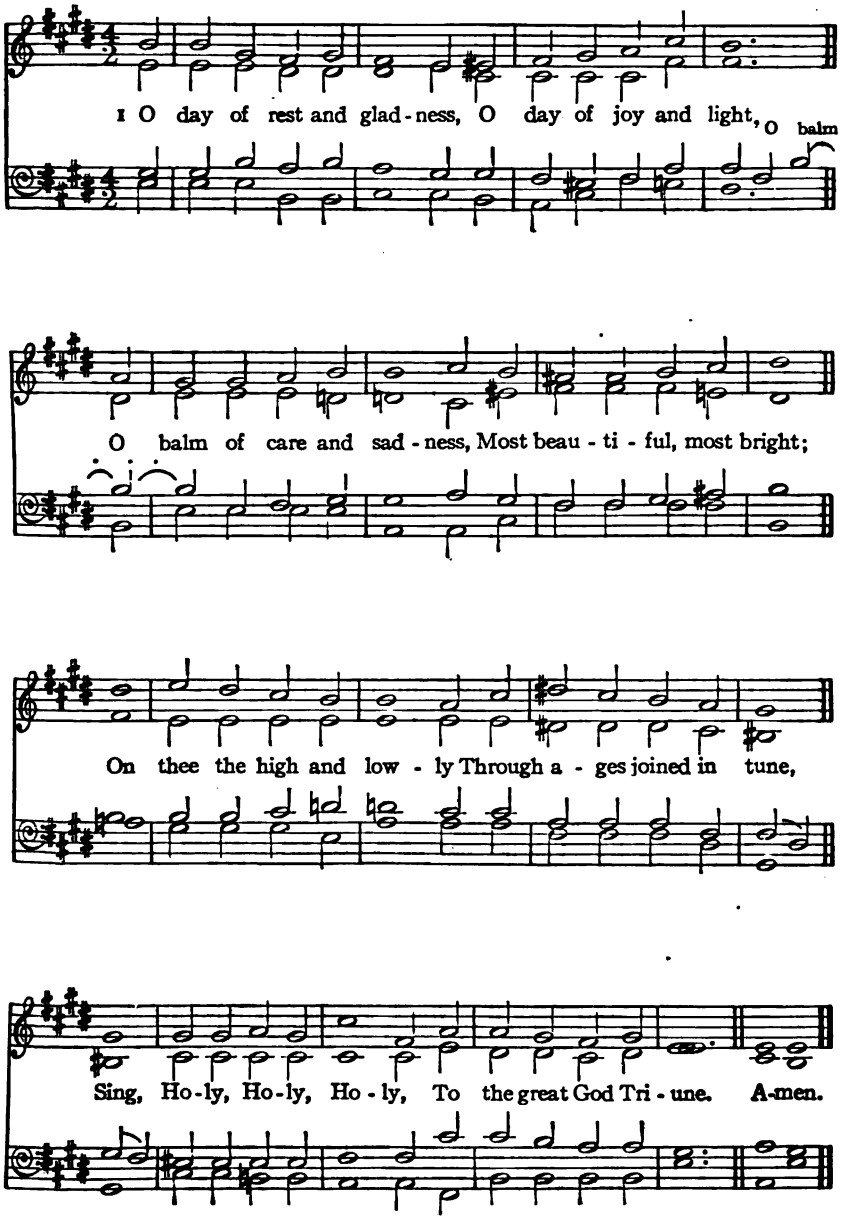
4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul refreshing streams.

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

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.
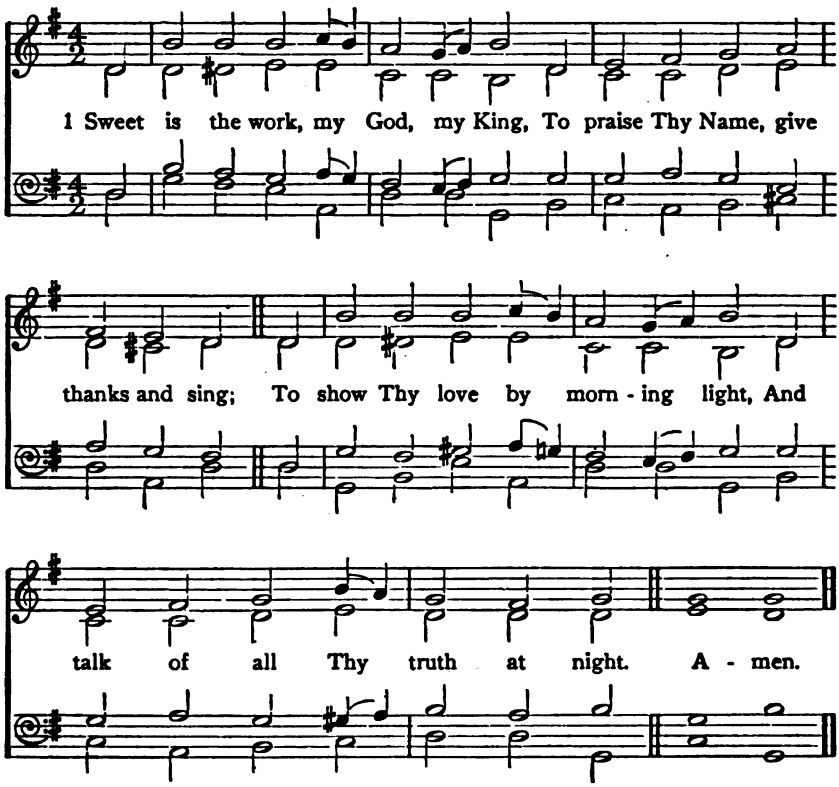
43 The Lord's Day.

ST. ANSELM (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.



44 The Lord's Day.

CANONBURY. L.M. Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1839.



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
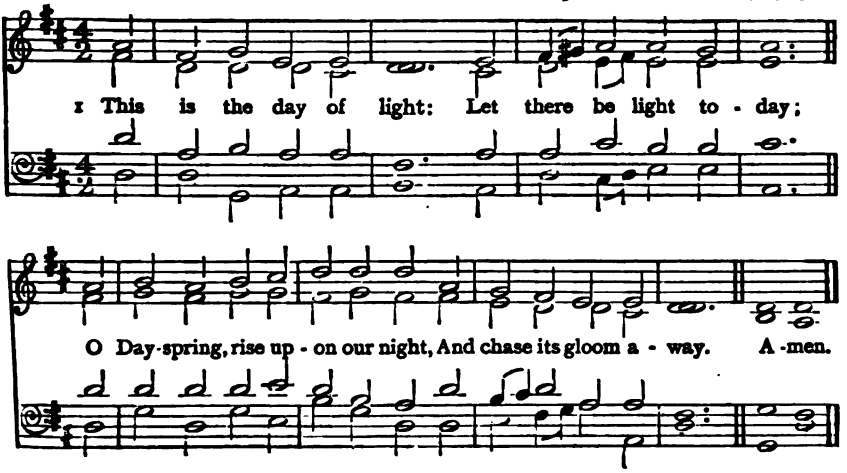
3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719; *Psalm 92.*

45 The Lord's Day.

SWABIA. S. M. JOHANN M. SPIESS, 1745.



2

This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
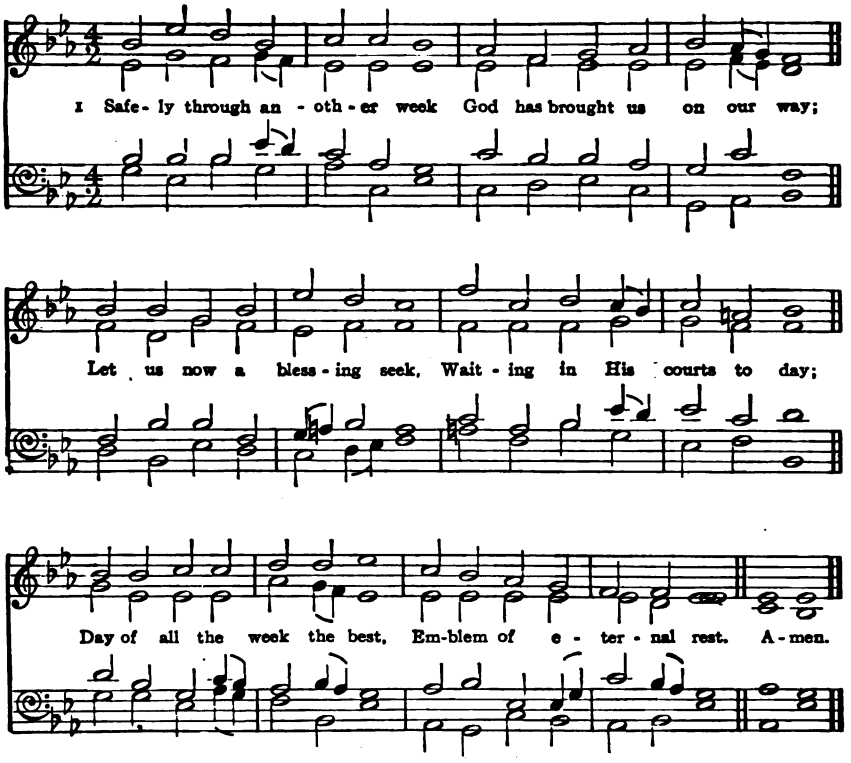
5

This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867.

46 The Lord's Day.

HEATHLANDS. Six 7's. HENRY SMART, 1866.



2

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

3

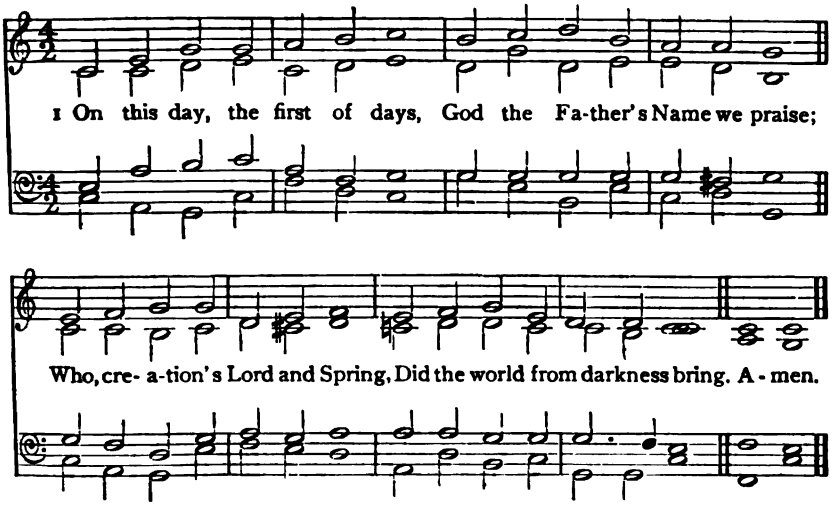
Here we come Thy Name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON, 1774.

47 The Lord's Day.

Four 7's.

LÜBECK. JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



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

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

4 Father, Who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.
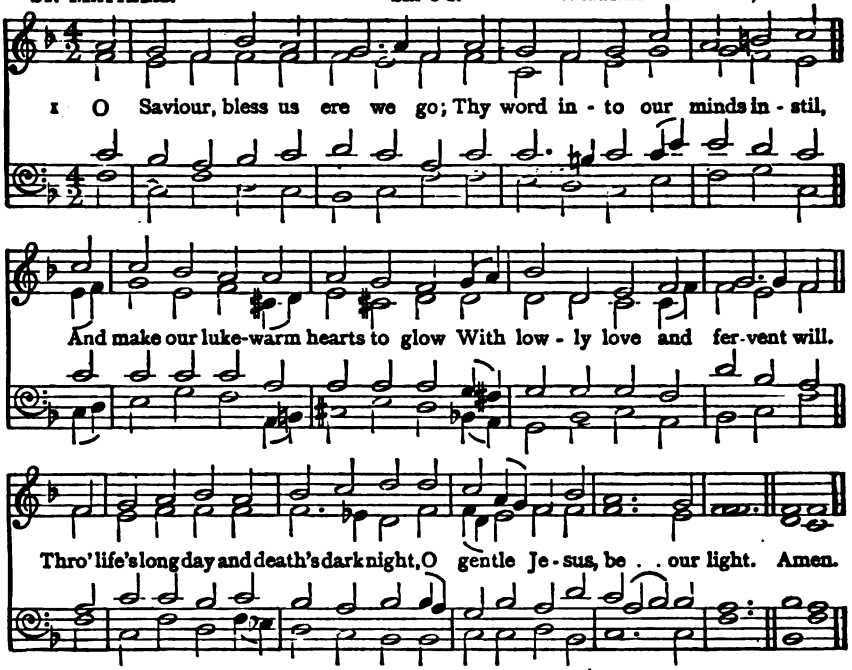
6 Thou, Who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, blest Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow;
Make me burn Thy love to know.

7 God, the blessed Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee. Amen.

Latin; Tr. HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

48 The Lord's Day.

St. Matthias. Six 8's. William H. Monk, 1861.



2 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.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
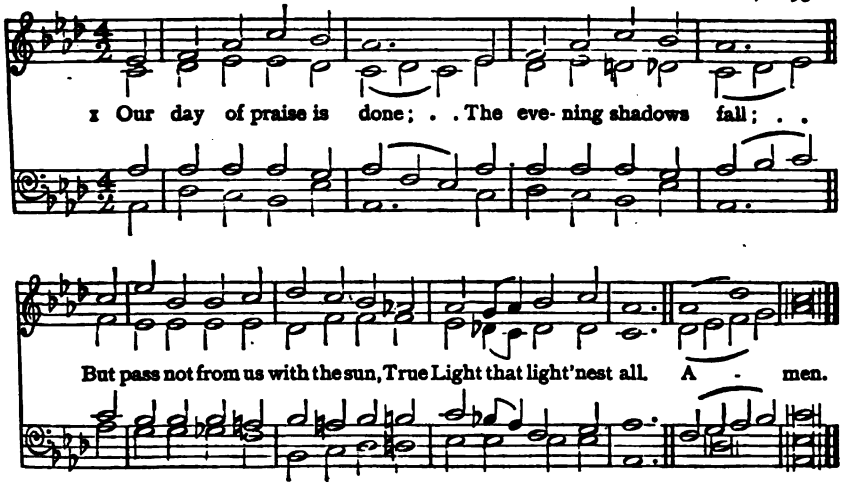
4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 O Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

Frederick William Faber, 1849.

49 The Lord's Day.

GARDEN CITY. S.M. HORATIO PARKER, 1893.



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

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

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
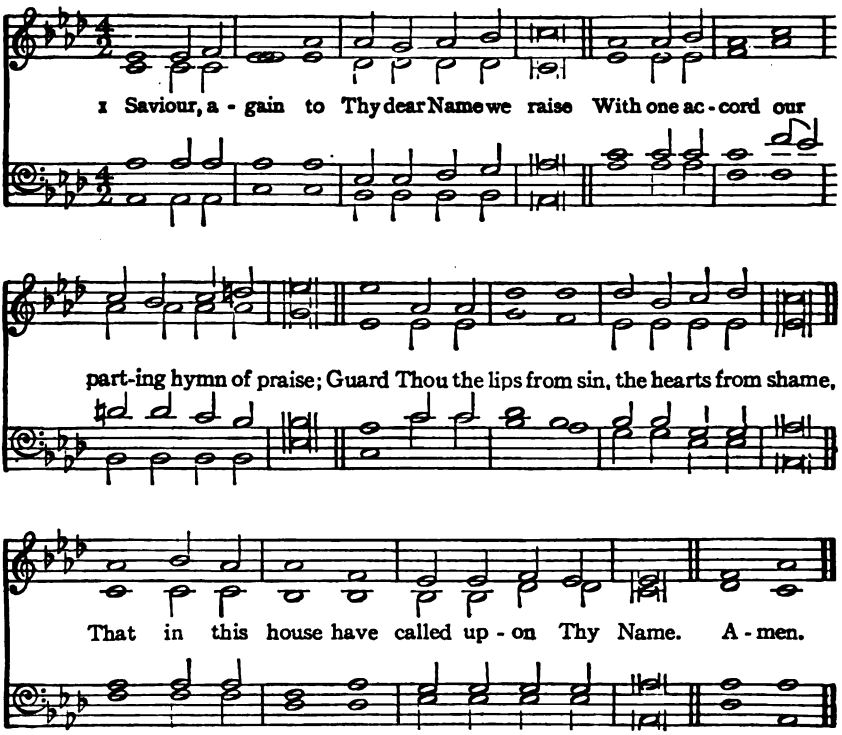
5 'T is Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

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

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

50 The Lord's Day.

ELLERS. Four 10's. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1869.



2

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3

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

4
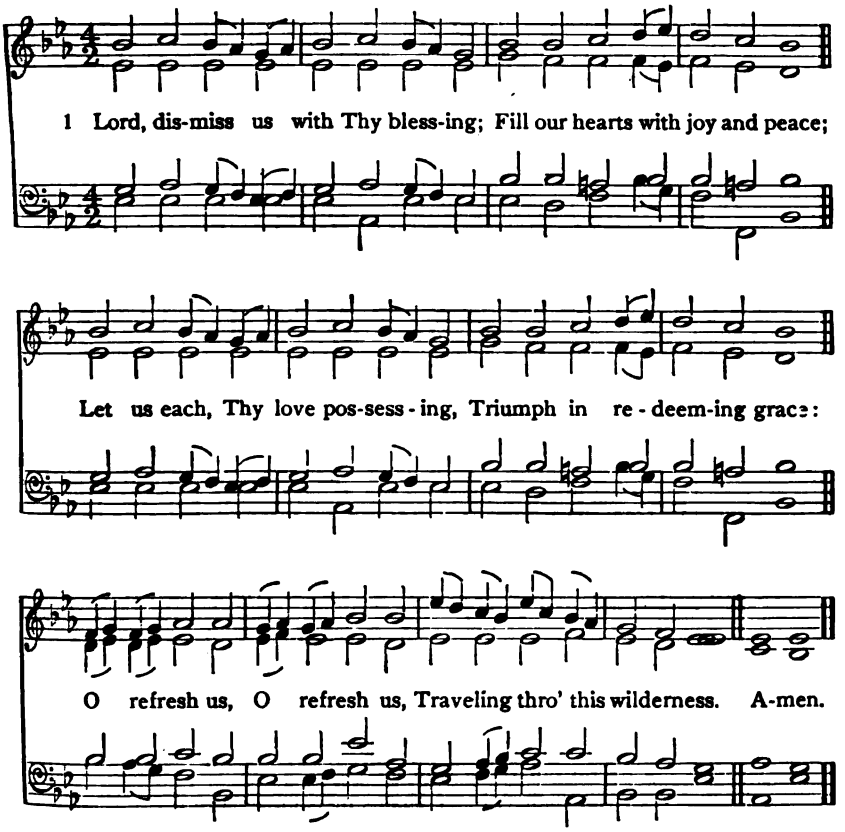
Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866, *cento*

51 The Lord's Day.

DISMISSAL (SICILIAN MARINERS). Sicilian Folksong, pub. 1794.

8.7.8.7.8.7



2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Fear of death shall not appall us,
Glad Thy summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.
Amen.
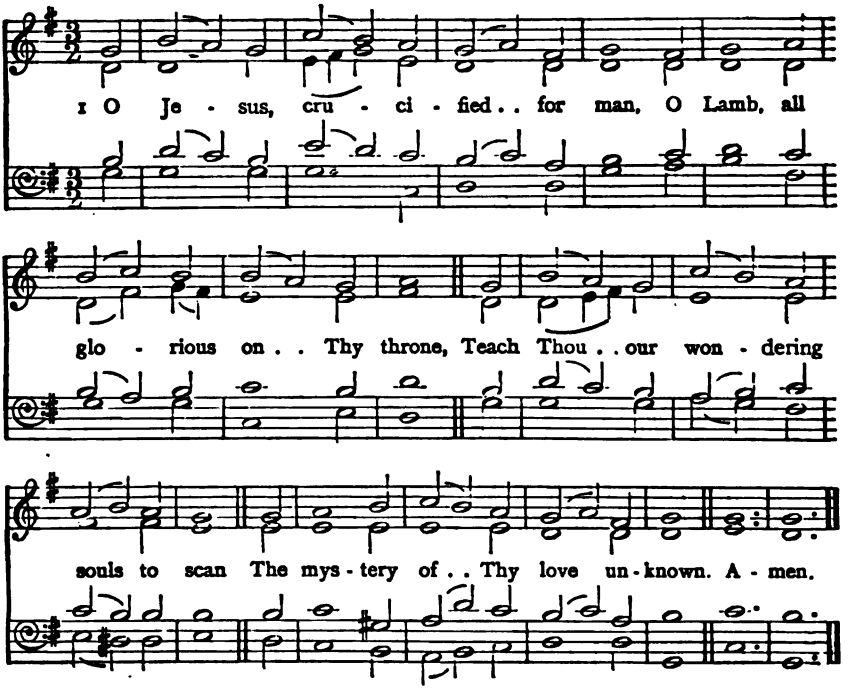
JOHN FAWCETT, 1773, *alt.*

Also the following:

307 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear **352** Again the morn of gladness

52 Friday.

INTERCESSION. L.M. ART. by JOHN B. DYKES, 1853.



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

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

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

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

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.
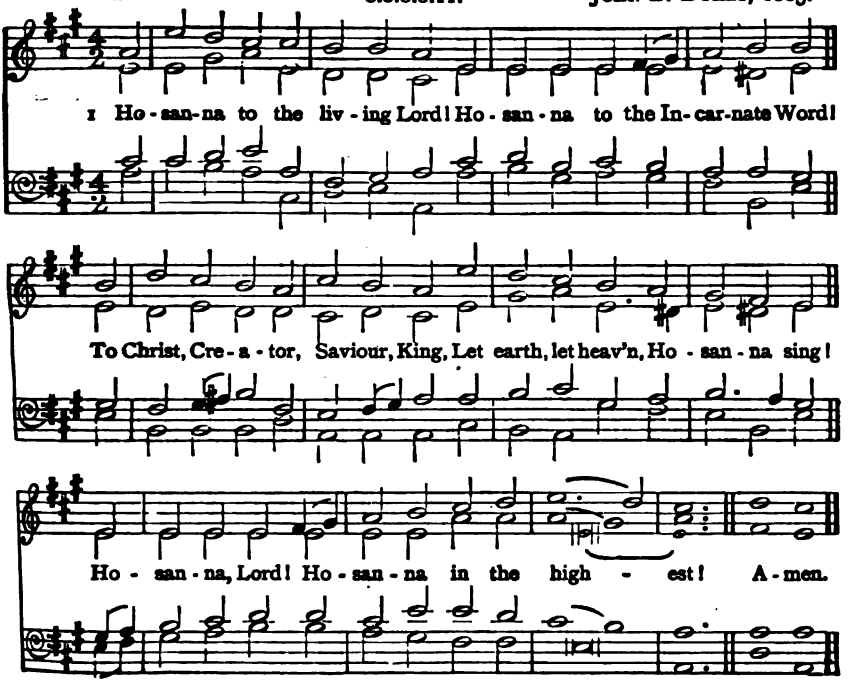
Also the following:

154 When I survey the wondrous cross
160 We sing the praise of Him Who died

II.—THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

53 Advent.

HOSANNA. 8.8.8.8.11. JOHN B. DYKES, 1865.



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

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

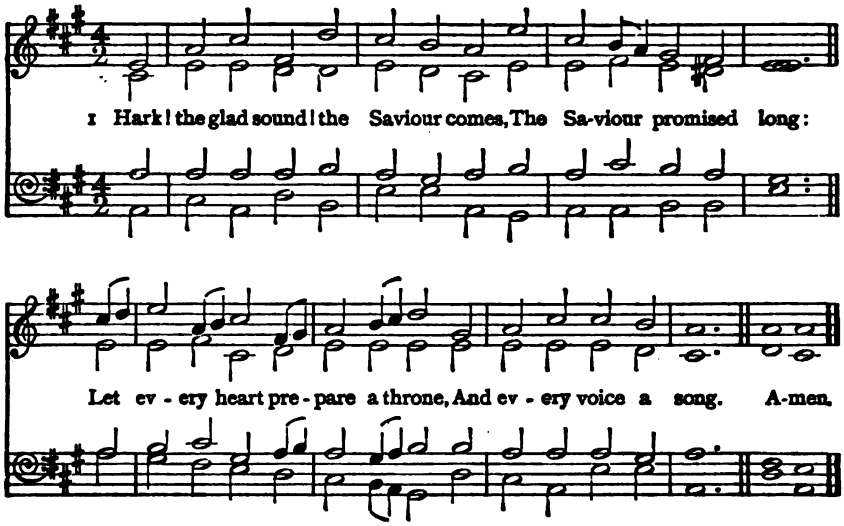
4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

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

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

54 Advent.

BRISTOL. C.M. EDWARD HODGES, 1841.



2

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

3

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

4

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

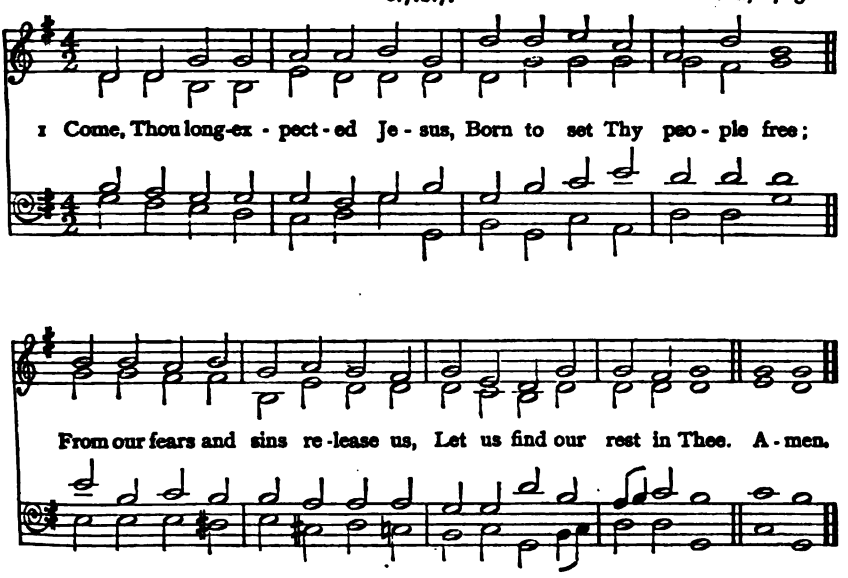
5

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735, *alt.*

55 Advent.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. Gotha, 1715.



2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
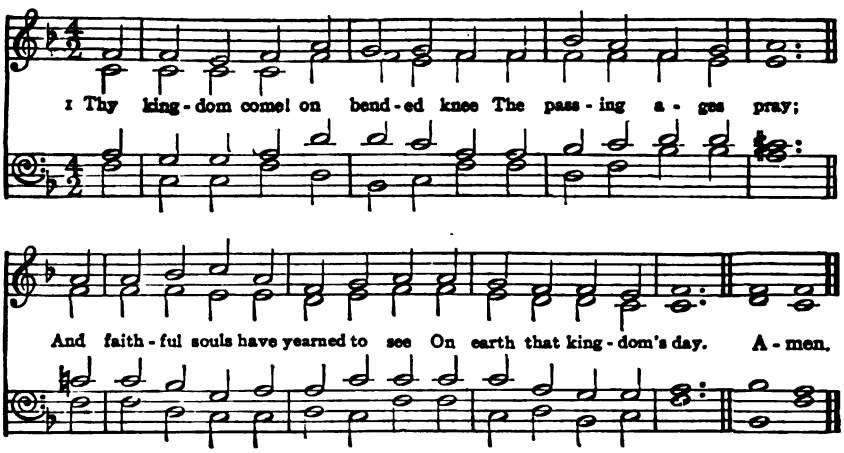
3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744.

56 Advent.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



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

3 And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:
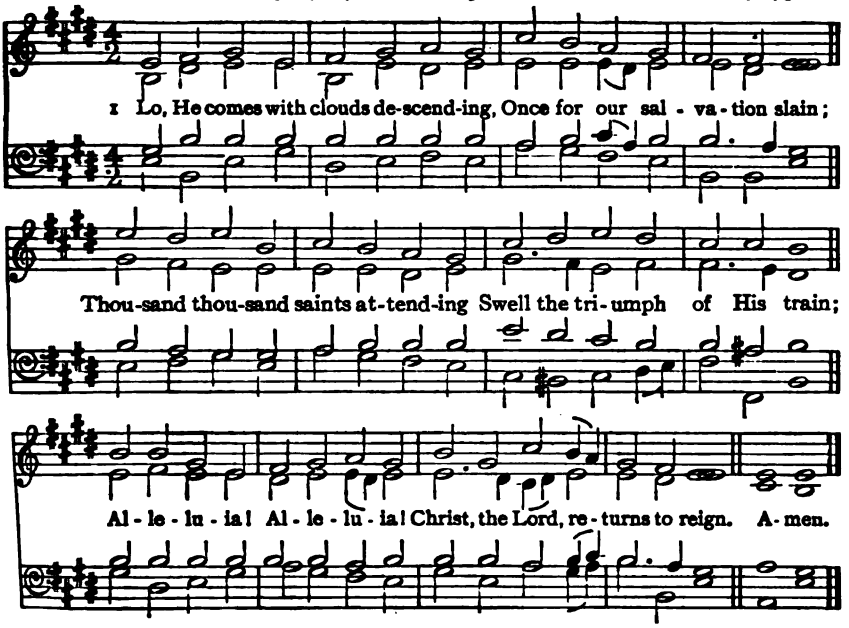
4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

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

FREDERICK L. HOSMER, 1891.

57 Advent.

St. Thomas. 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
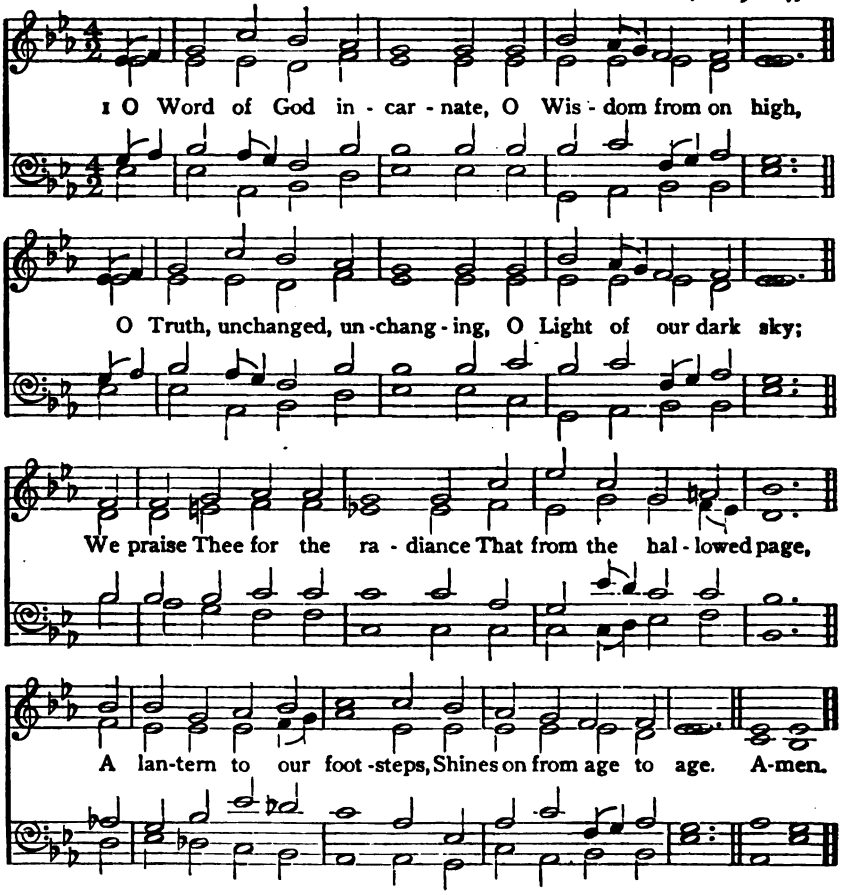
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone. Amen.

JOHN CENNICK, 1750, *and* CHARLES WESLEY, 1758.

58

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6.D. Meiningen, 1693; Har. by FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.



2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.
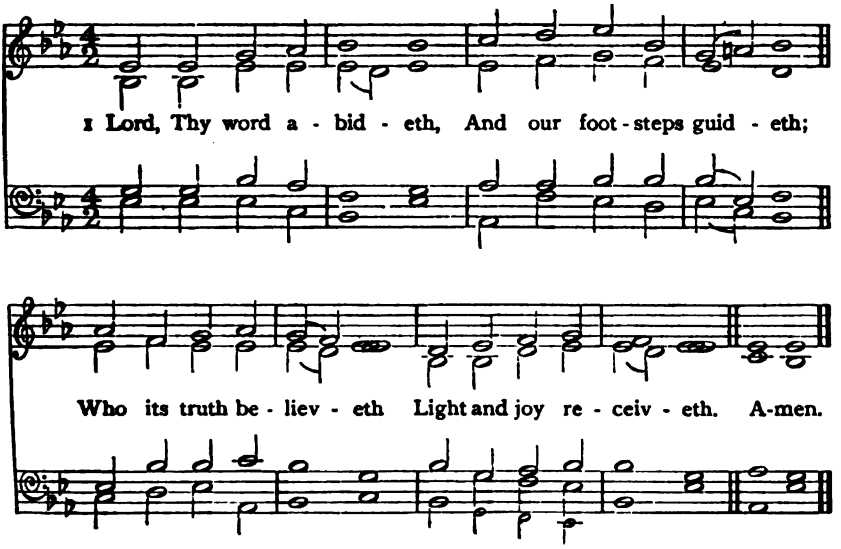
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.
Amen.

 W. WALSHAM HOW, 1867.

59 Advent.

RAVENSHAW. Four 6's. *Ave Hierarchia*, 1567.
ATT. WILLIAM H. MONK.



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

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

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
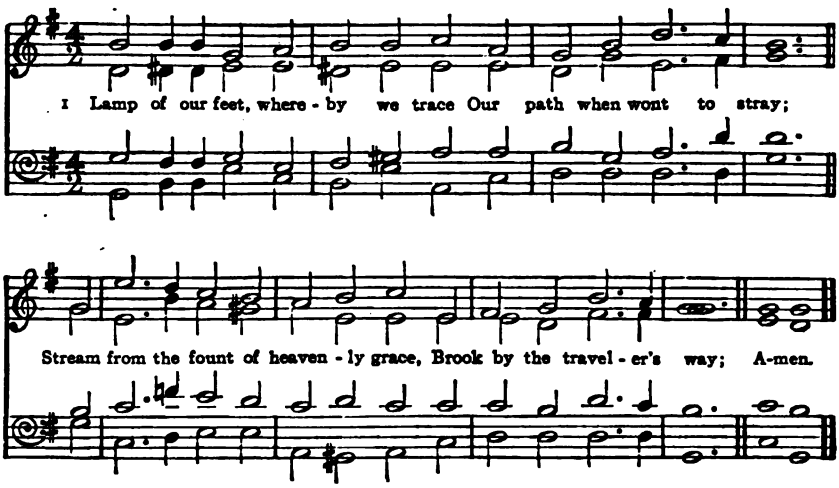
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

60 Advent.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. JEAN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.



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

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:
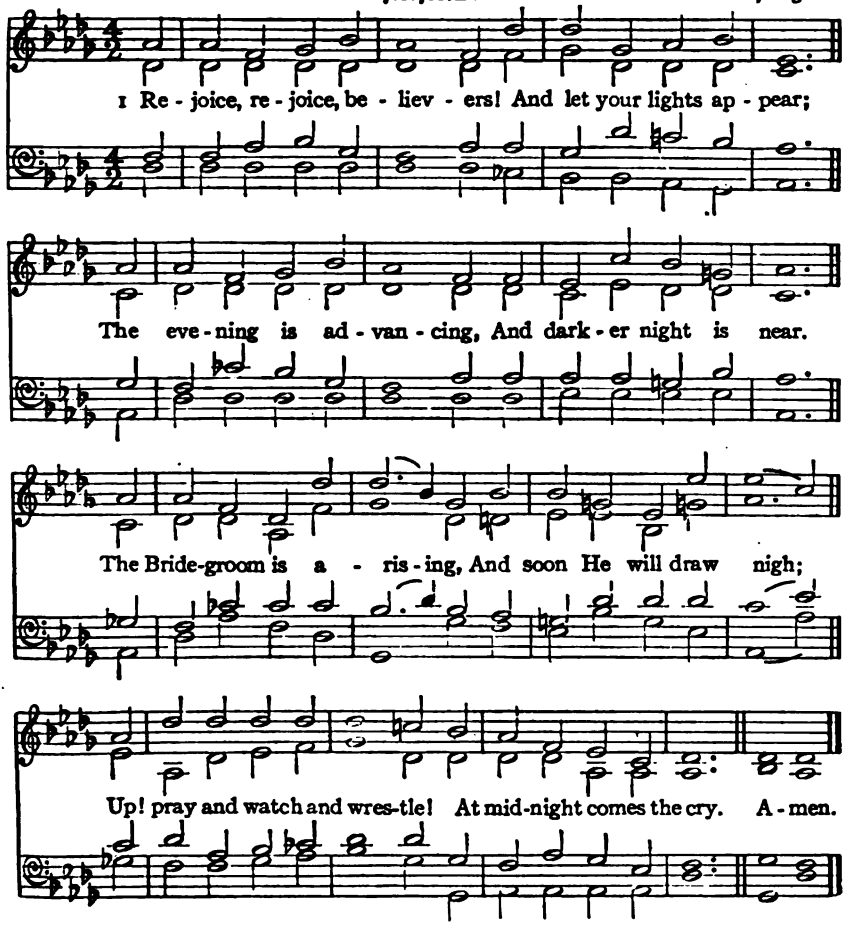
4 Word of the everliving God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

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

BERNARD BARTON, 1826.

61 Advent.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6.D. HENRY SMART, 1836.



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

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

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee! Amen.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1700; *Tr.* SARAH B. FINDLATER, 1854.
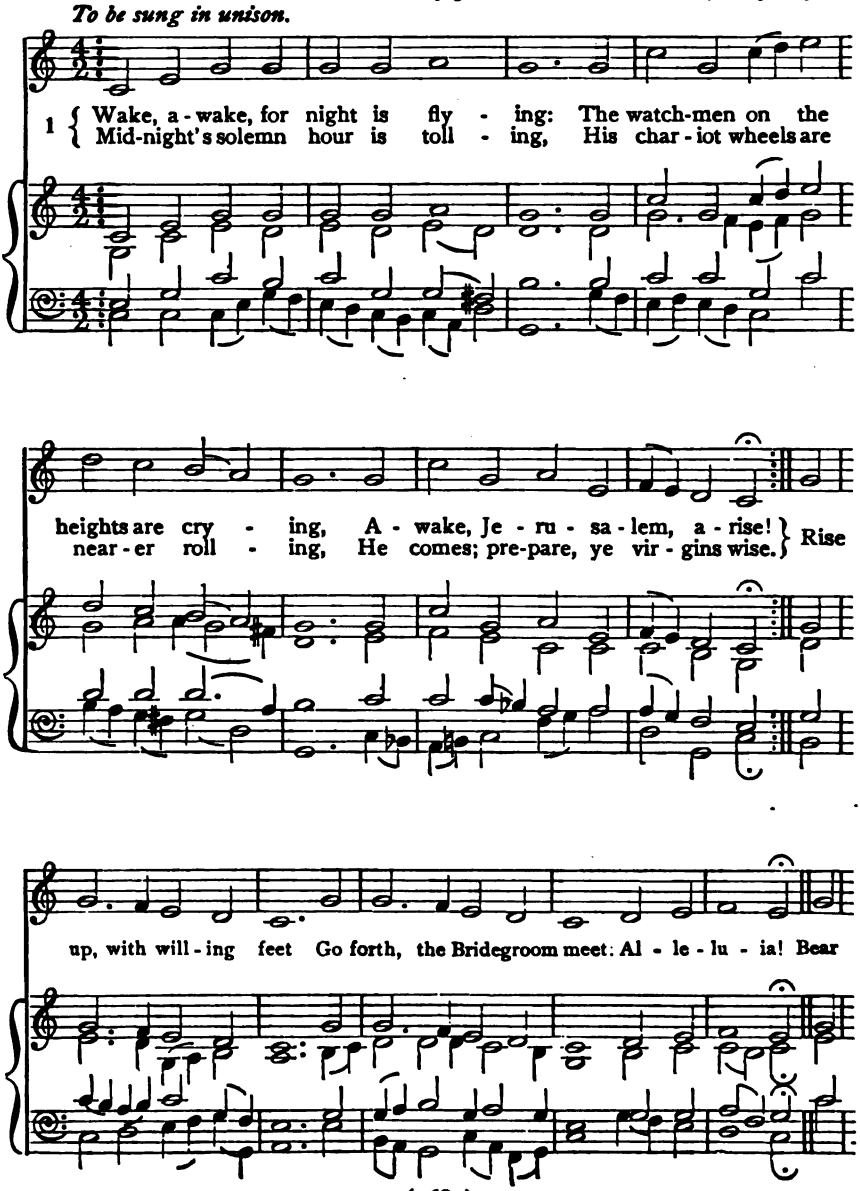
62 Advent.
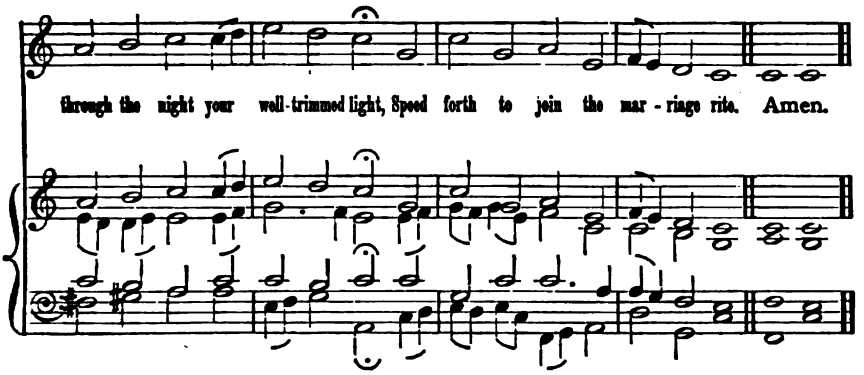
P.M.

SLEEPERS, WAKE.

Melody by PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599;
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685–1750.

To be sung in unison.





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

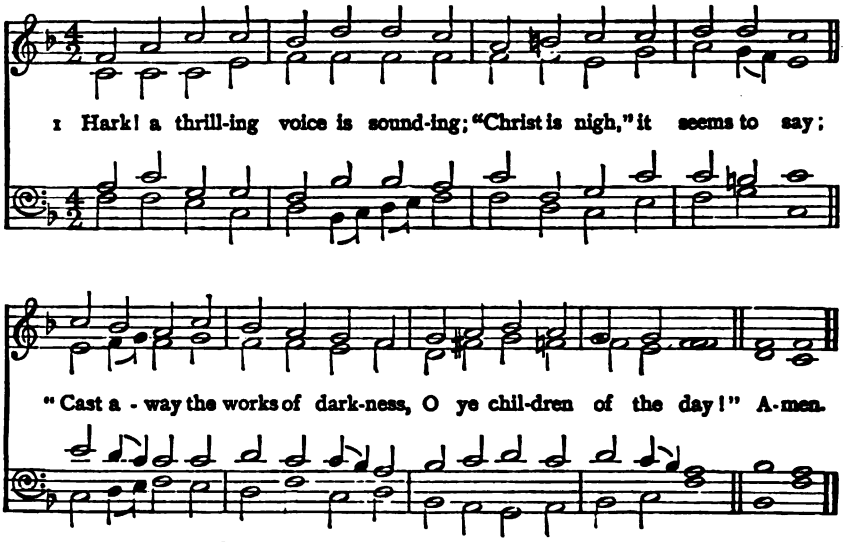
3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along. Amen.

PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599;
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

Advent.

63

MERTON. 8.7.8.7. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1850.



2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

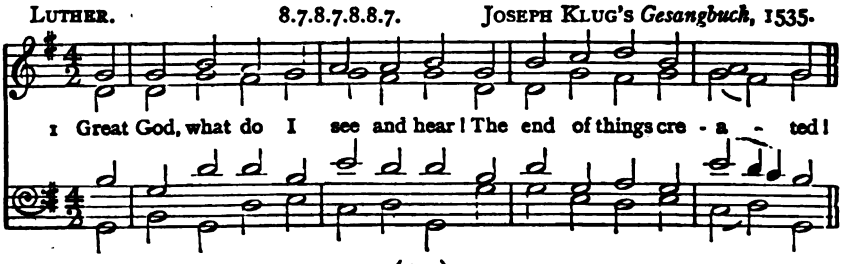
3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;
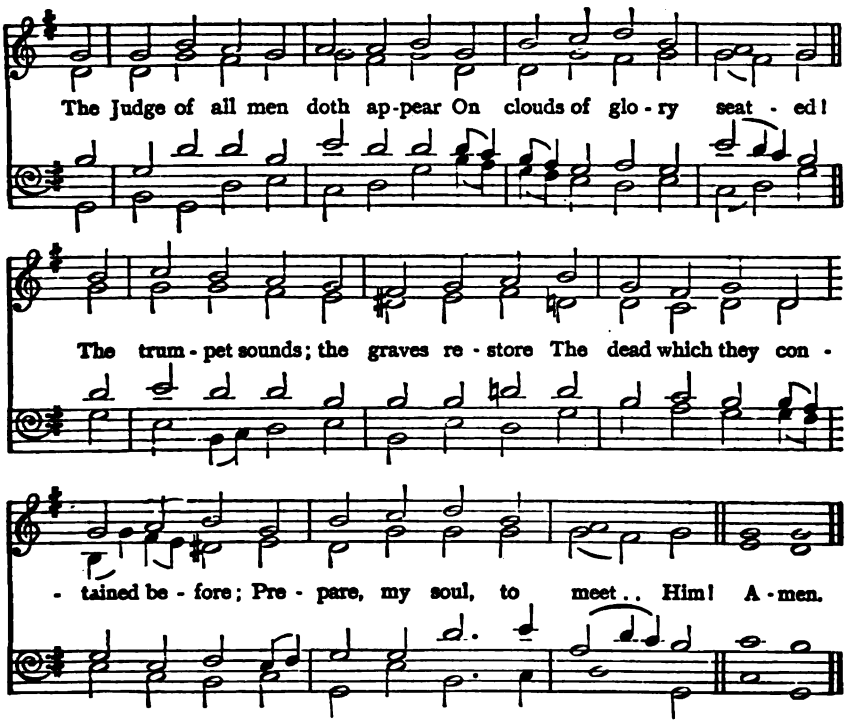
4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Latin, 5th cent.; Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, *alt.*

64

LUTHER. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. JOSEPH KLUG'S *Gesangbuch*, 1535.





2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
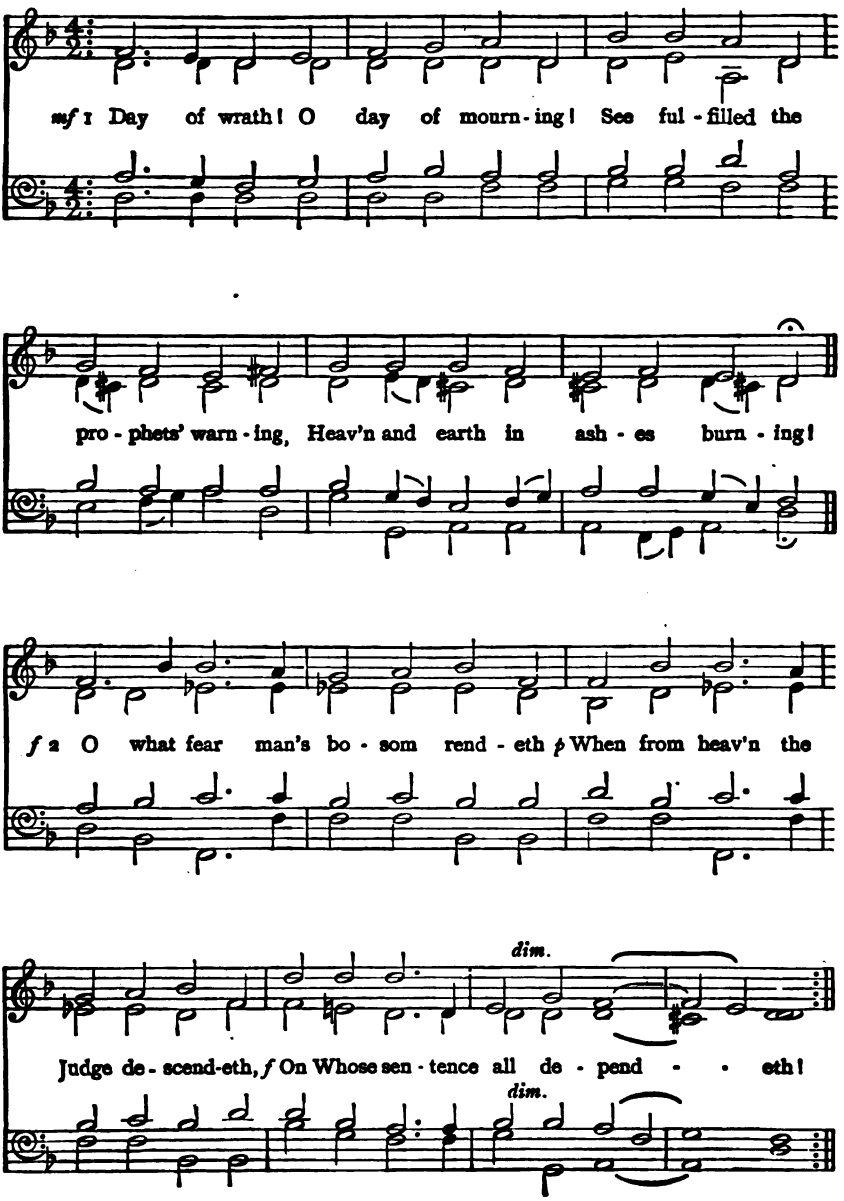
3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.
Amen.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1812; *alt.* THOMAS COTTERILL, 1820.

65 Advent.

DIES IRÆ (*First Tune*). 8.8.8. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



3
Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4
Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

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

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

7
What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8
King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9
Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10
Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
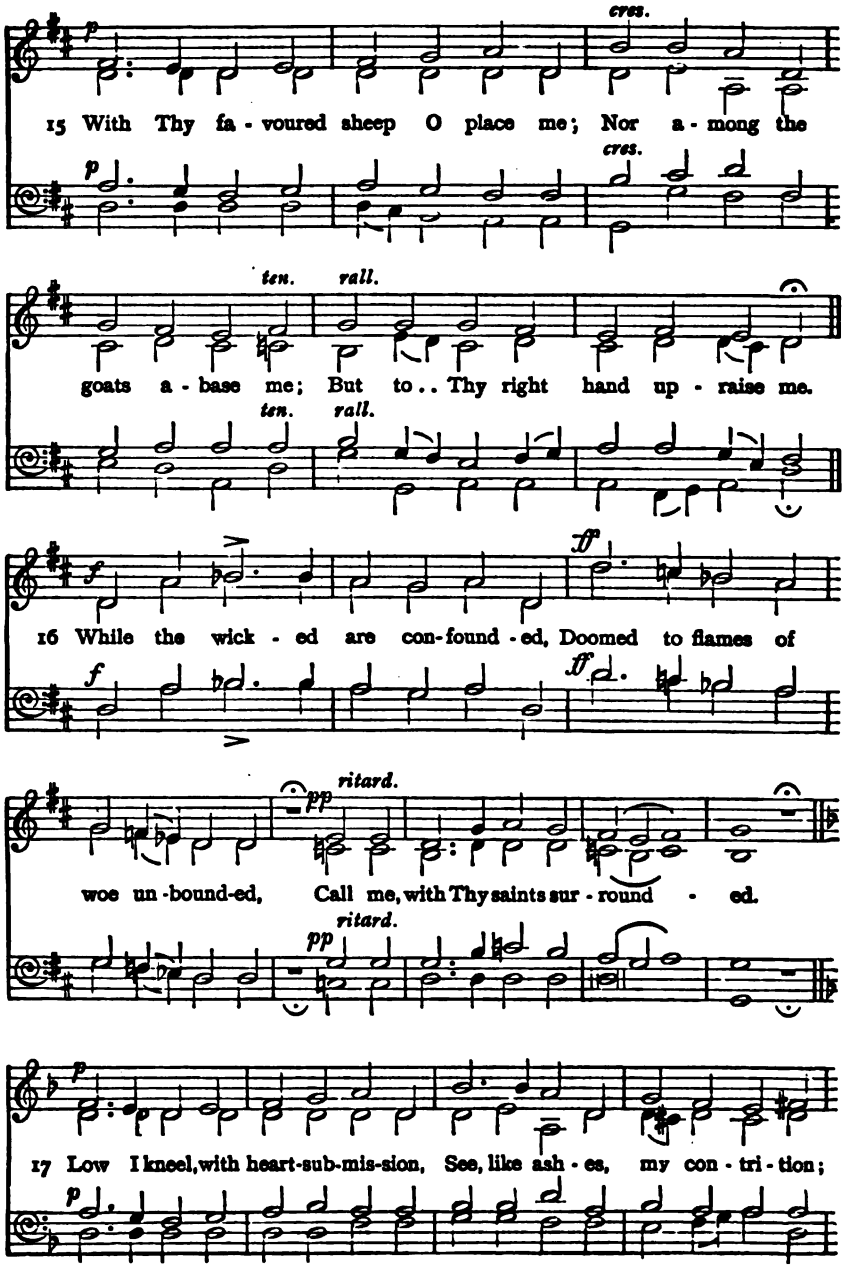
11
Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
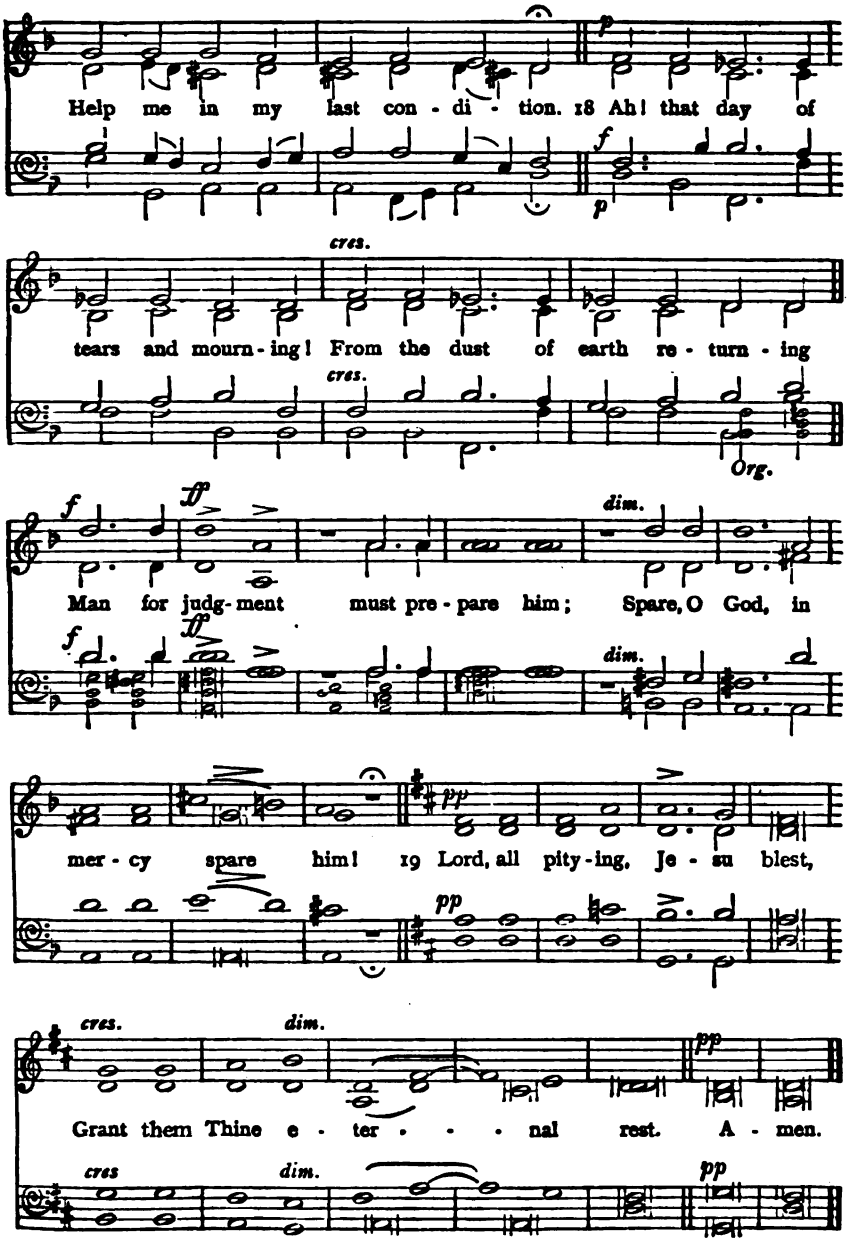
13
Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

Advent.


cres.
15 With Thy fa - voured sheep O place me; Nor a - mong the
ten. rall.
goats a - base me; But to .. Thy right hand up - raise me.
16 While the wick - ed are con-found - ed, Doomed to flames of
ritard.
woe un - bound-ed, Call me, with Thy saints sur - round - ed.
17 Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion, See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion;

Advent.
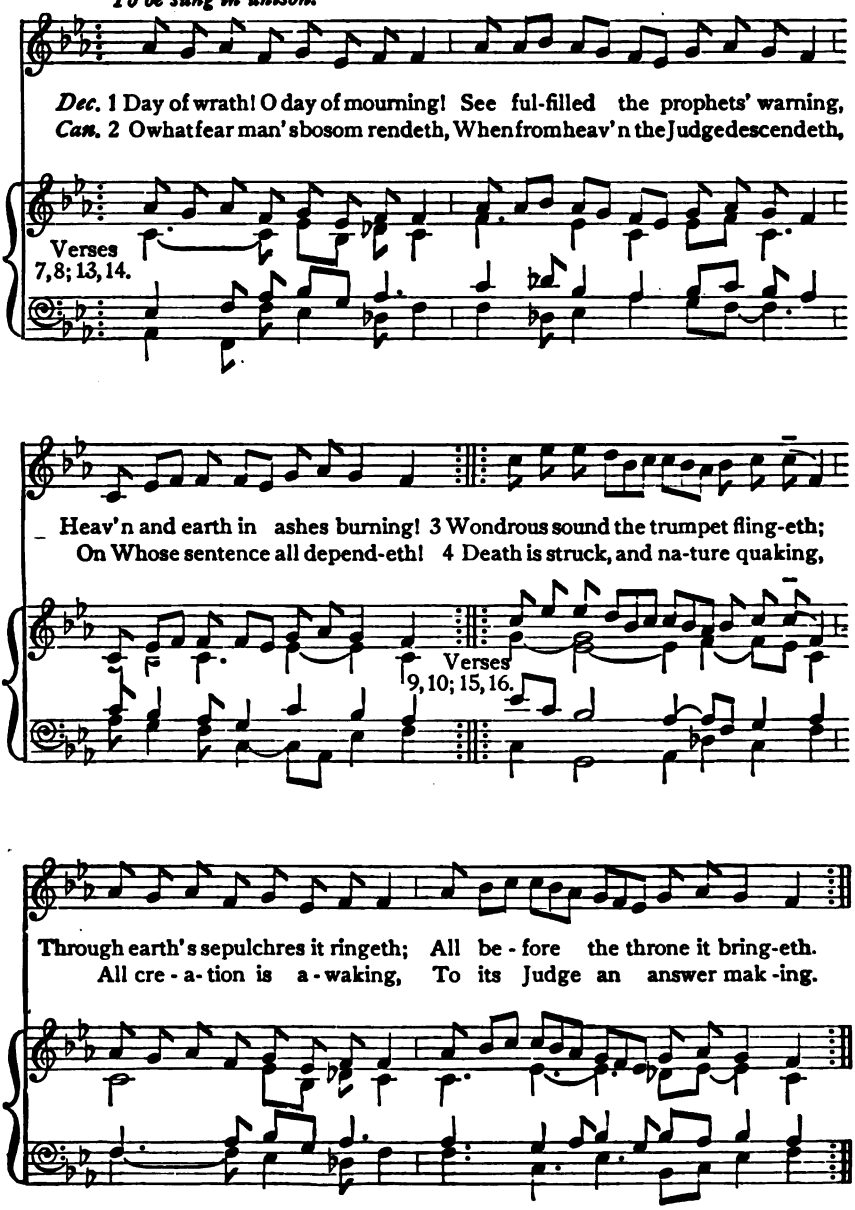


THOMAS OF CELANO, *13th cent.*; *Tr.* WILLIAM J. IRONS, 1849.
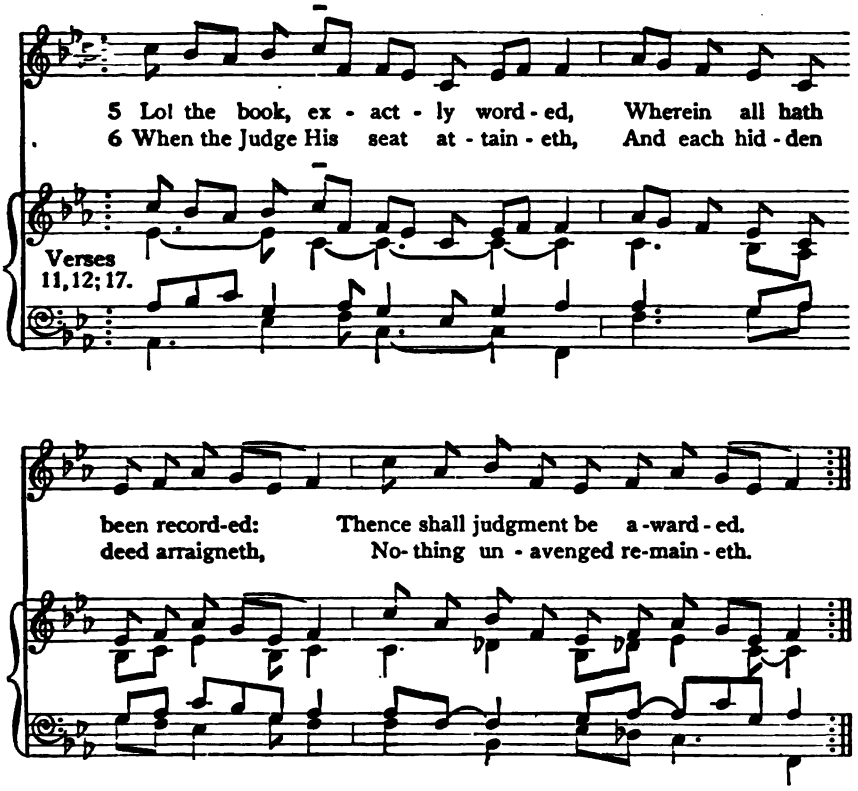
Advent.

65

DIES IRAE (*Second Tune*). Plainsong, Modes II and I.
To be sung in unison.



Advent.



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

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

9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

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

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

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
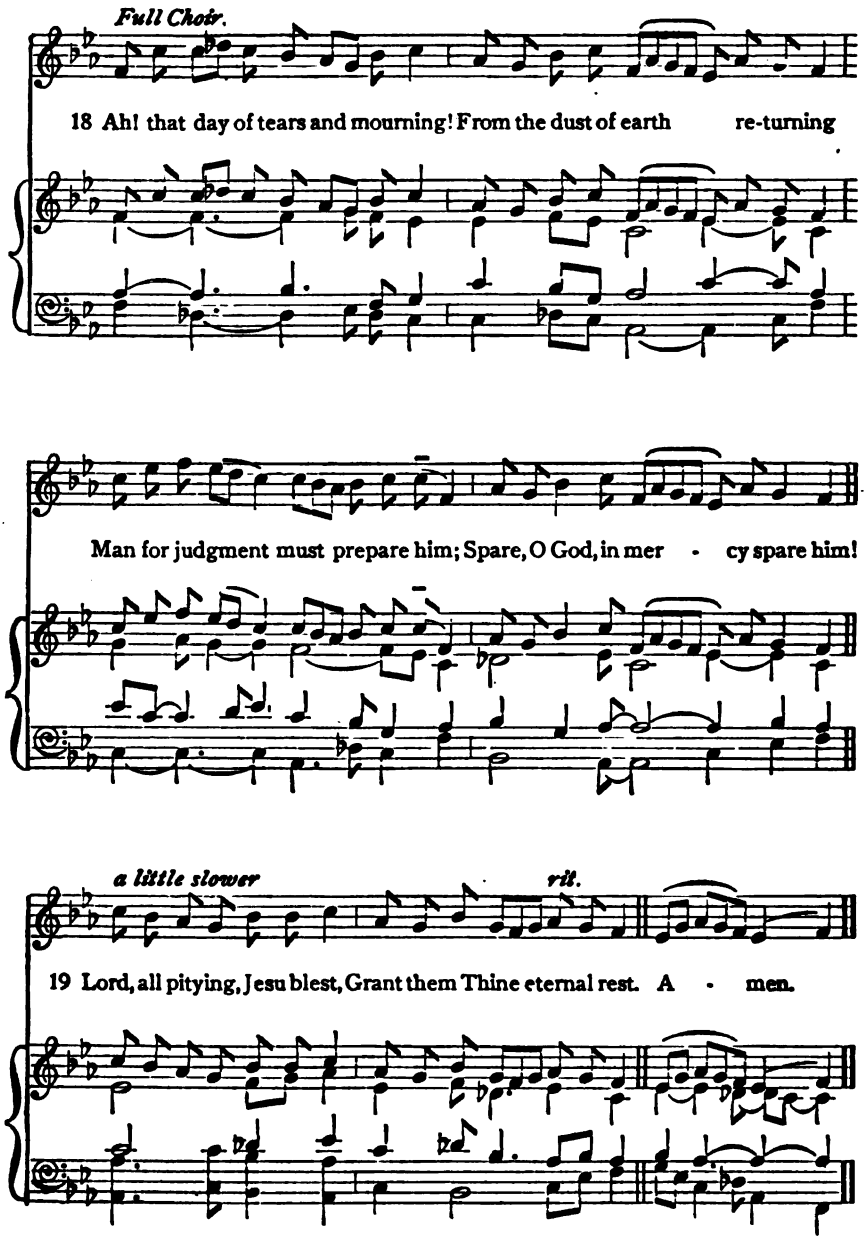
13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

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

15 With Thy favoured sheep O place me;
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
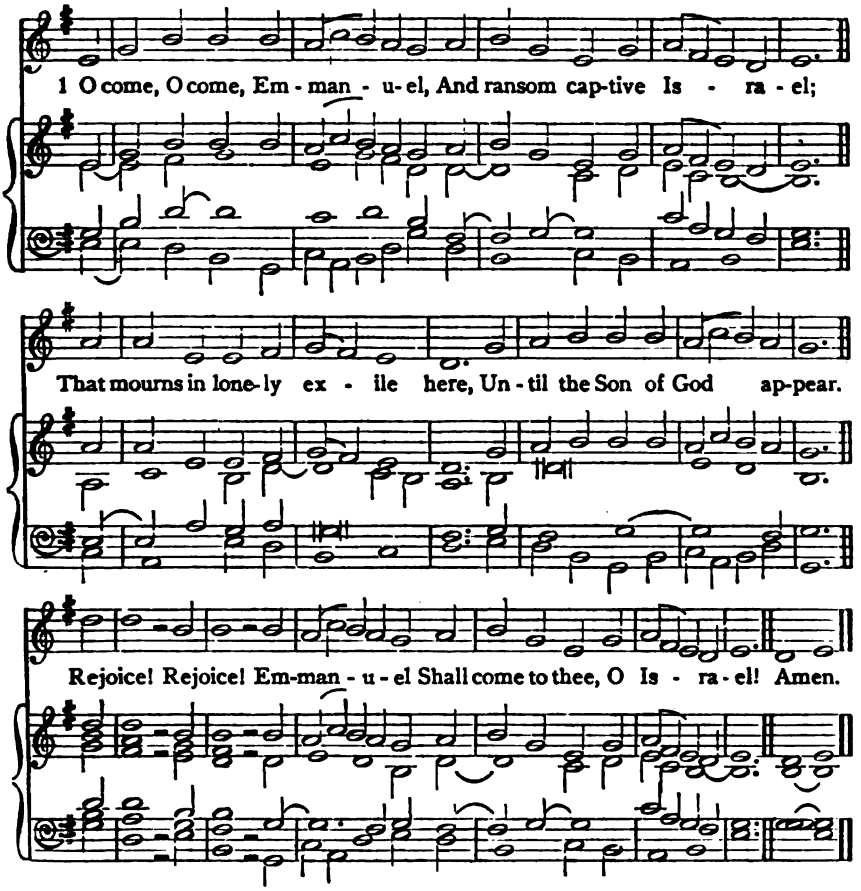
16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Low I kneel, with heart submission
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.



THOMAS OF CELANO, 13*th cent.*; *tr.* WILLIAM J. IRONS, 1849.

VENI EMMANUEL. *To be sung in unison.* Six 8's. Adapted by THOMAS HELMORE, 1854; from "A French Missal." Mode I.



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

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

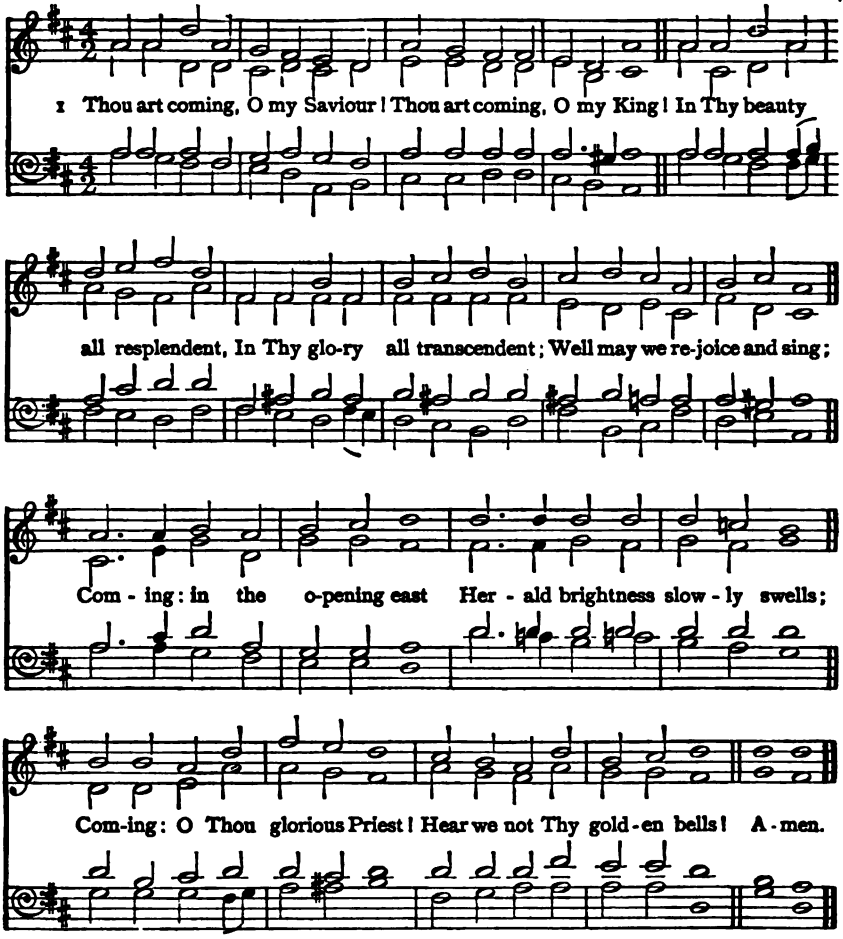
4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

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

Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1852; alt. 1861.

67 Advent.

BEVERLY. 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1875.



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



Advent.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.
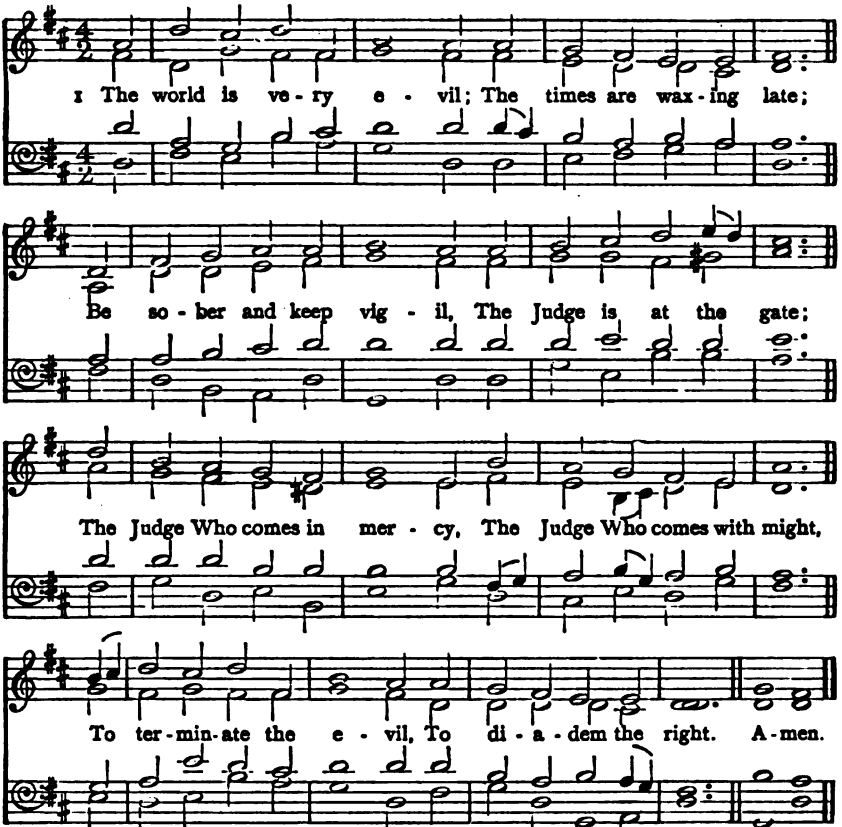
4 Thou art coming, we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

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

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873.

68 Advent.

PEARSALL. 7.6.7.6. D. ROBERT L. PEARSALL, 1863.



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

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

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

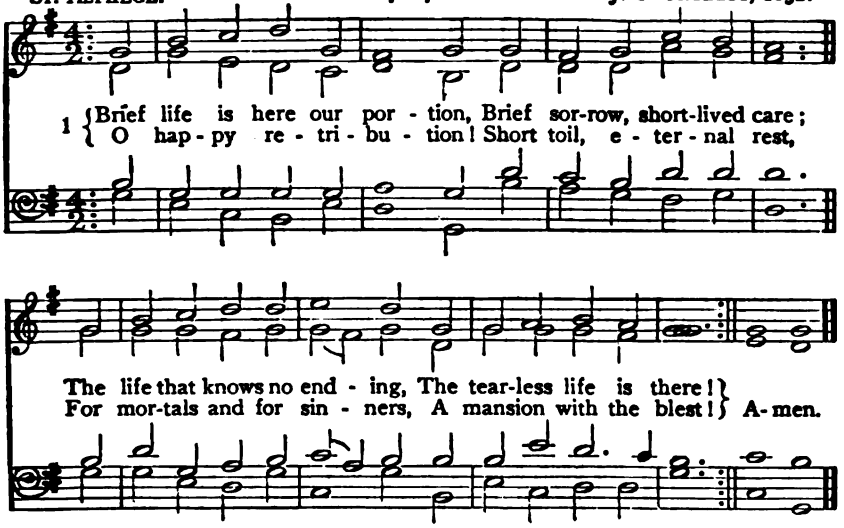
5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858.

Advent.

69

St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852.



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

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

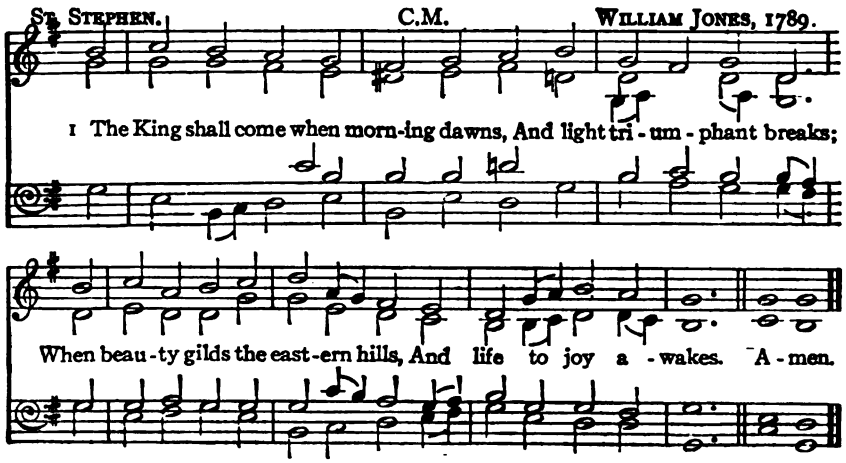
4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

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

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

St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145;
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1858.

70 Advent.



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

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

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

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

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

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

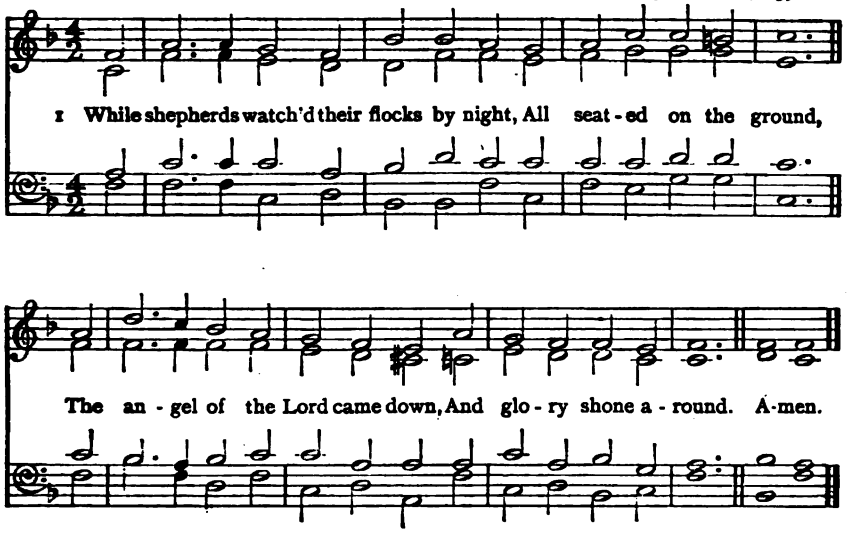
Greek; Tr. JOHN BROWNLIE, 1907.

Also the following:

105 Thy kingdom come, O God!
106 Watchman, tell us of the night
282 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
518 Hark! the voice eternal

71 Christmas.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. Melody from T. EST's *Whole Book of Psalmes*, 1592.



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

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

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
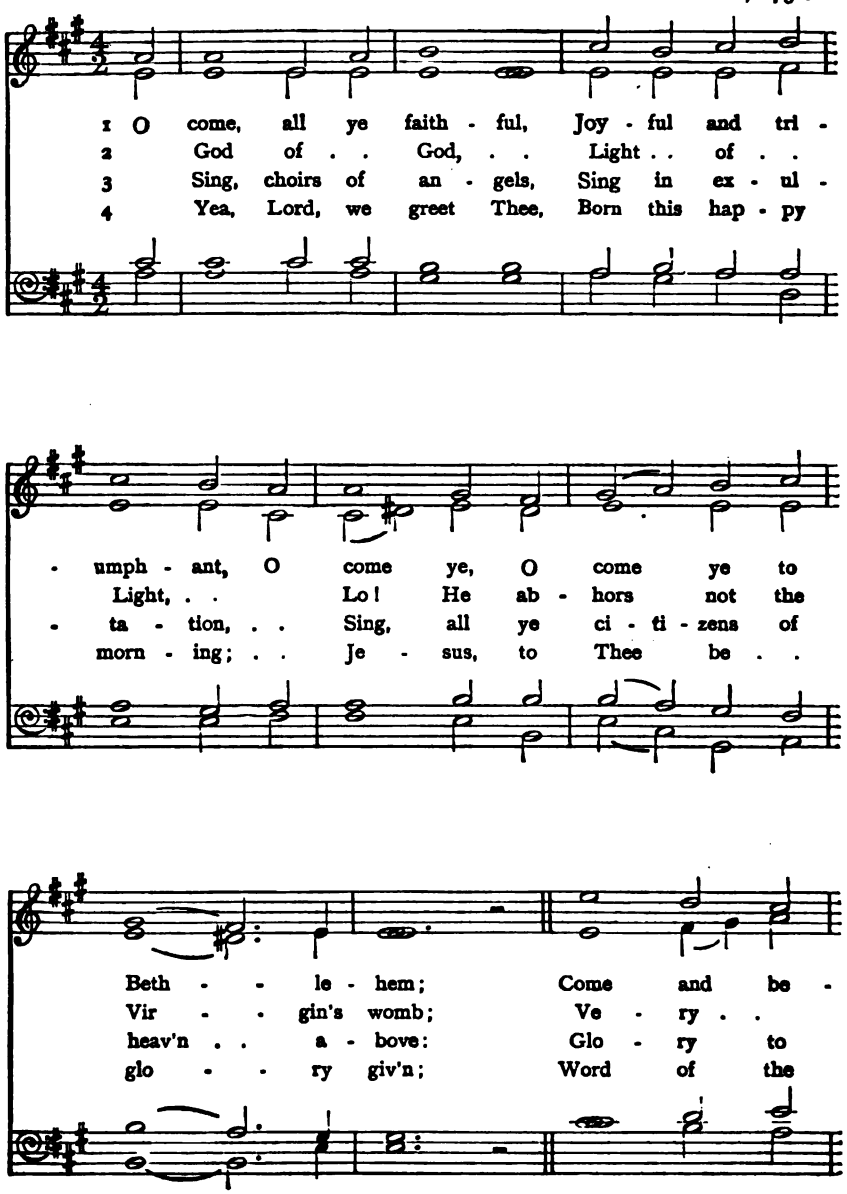
5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."
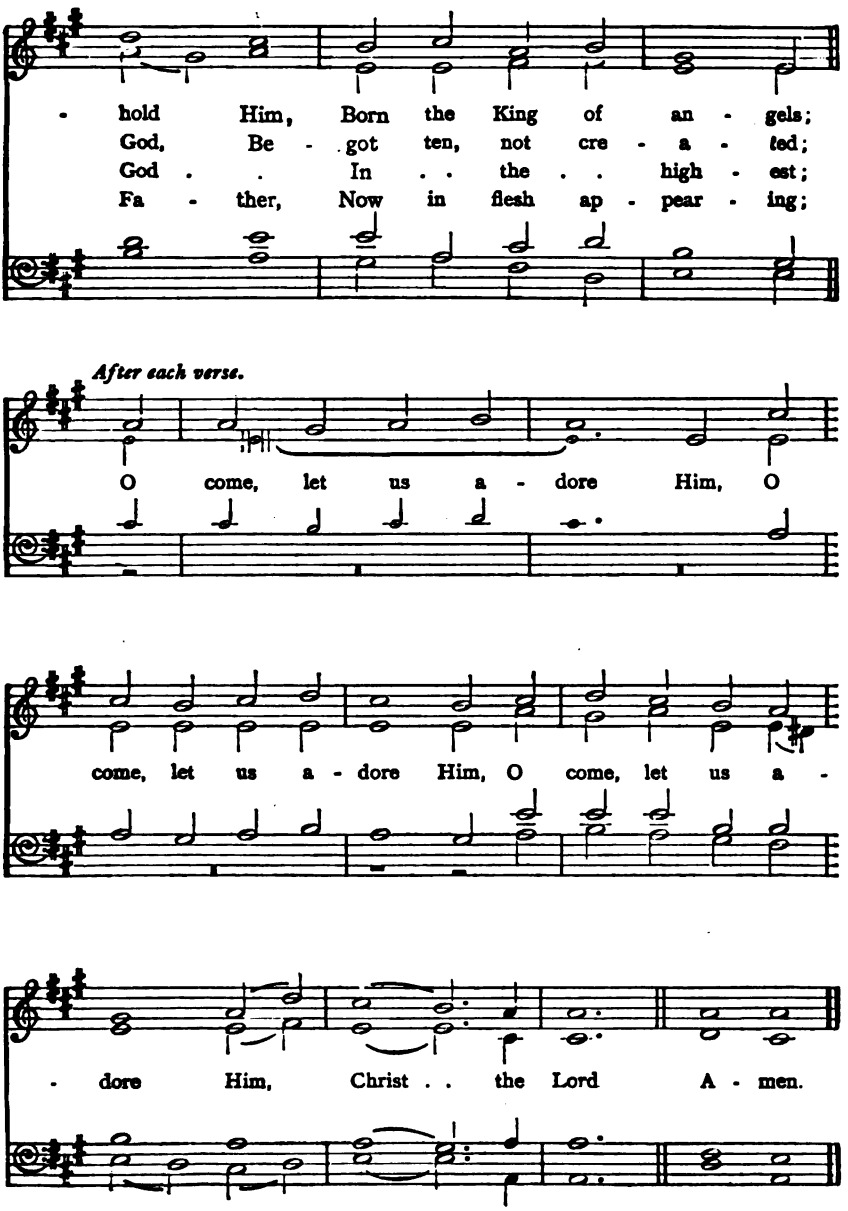
Alternative Tune, CAROL, *No.* 79. NAHUM TATE, 1700.

72 Christmas

ADESTE FIDELES. P.M. J. F. WADE'S
Cantus Diversi, 1751.
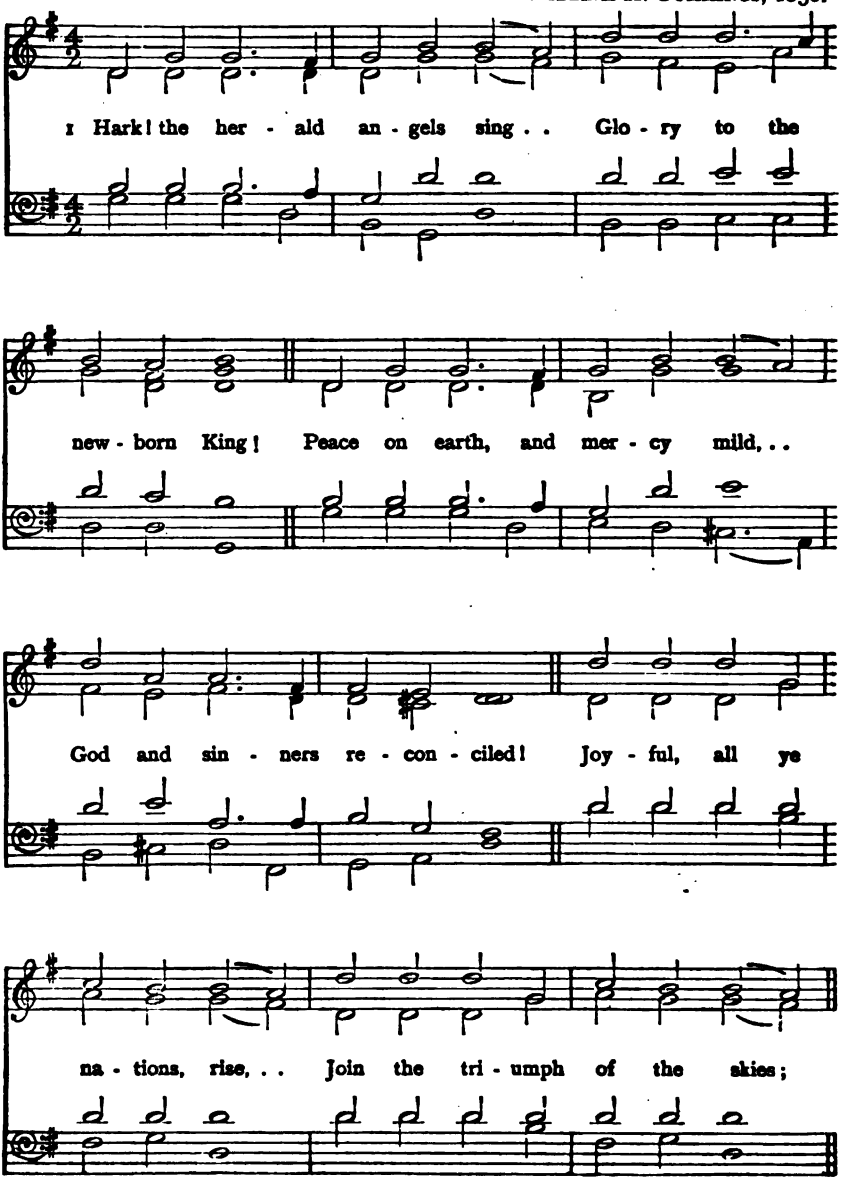


Christmas.
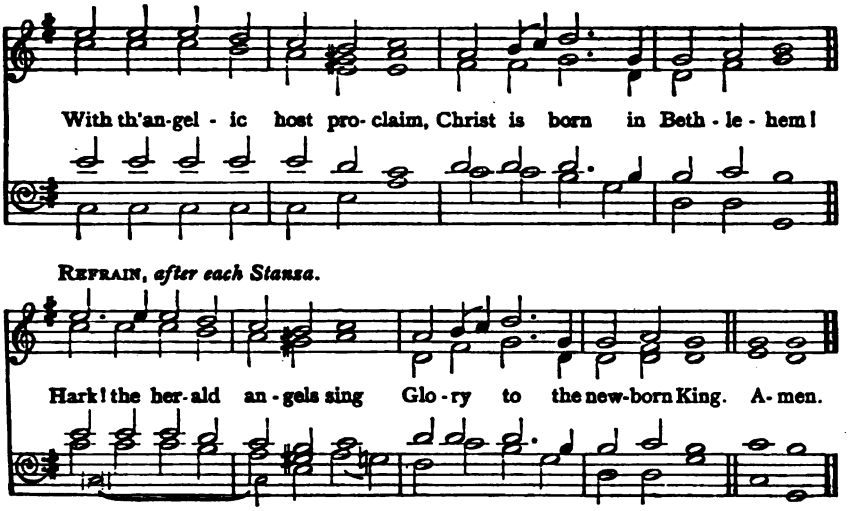


Latin; Tr. FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1841.

73 Christmas.

MENDELSSOHN. Eight 7's, with Refrain. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1840; *arr. by* WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, 1850.



Christmas.



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

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hark, the herald angels sing, etc. Amen.
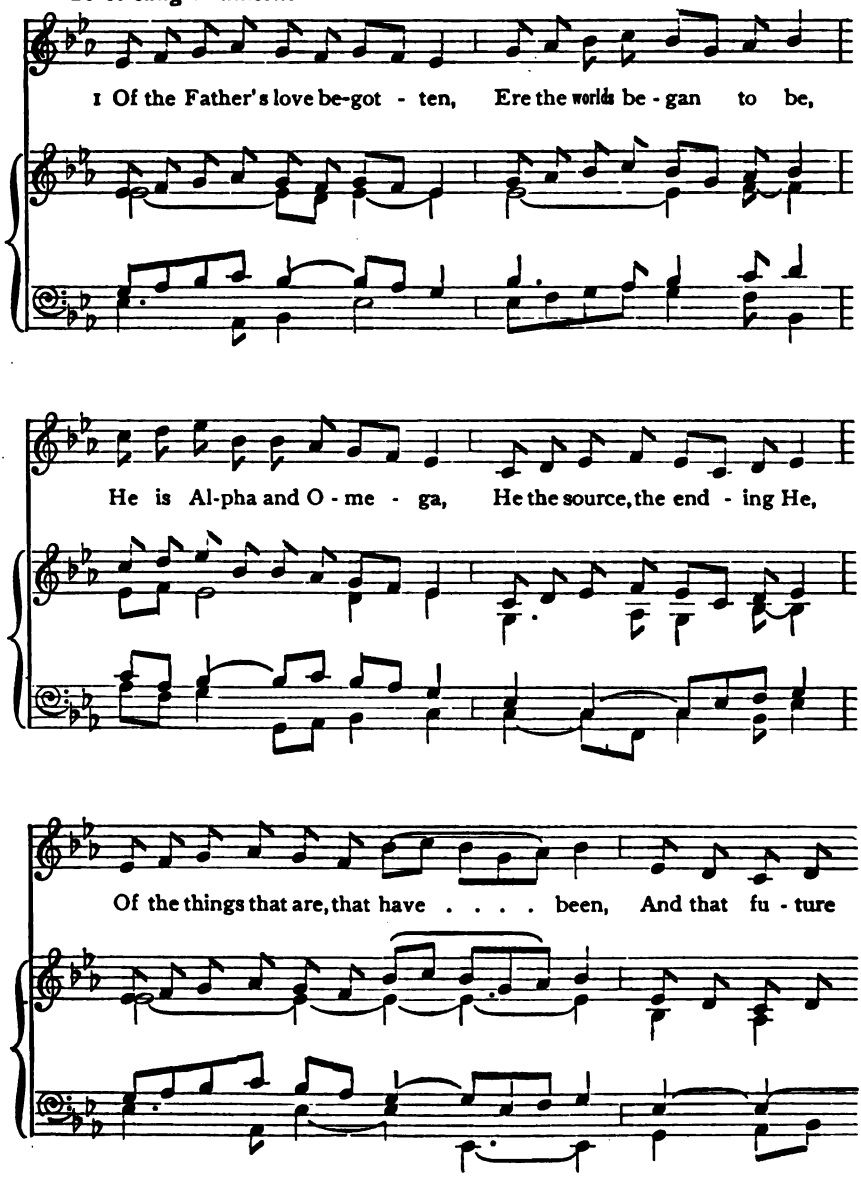
CHARLES WESLEY, 1739, *alt.*

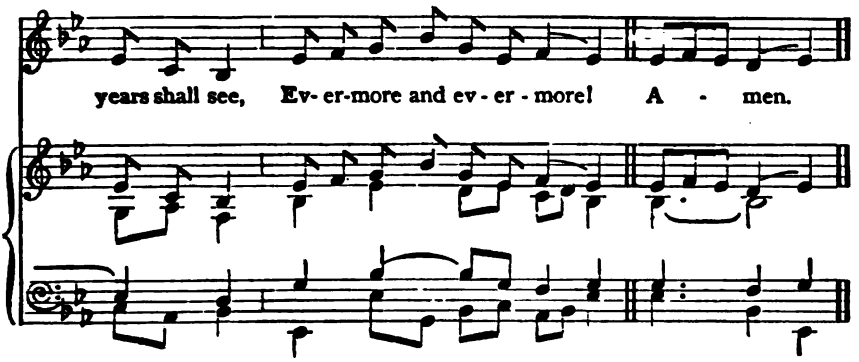
Christmas.

P.M.

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM. Twelfth Century Plainsong, Mode V.

To be sung in unison.





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

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

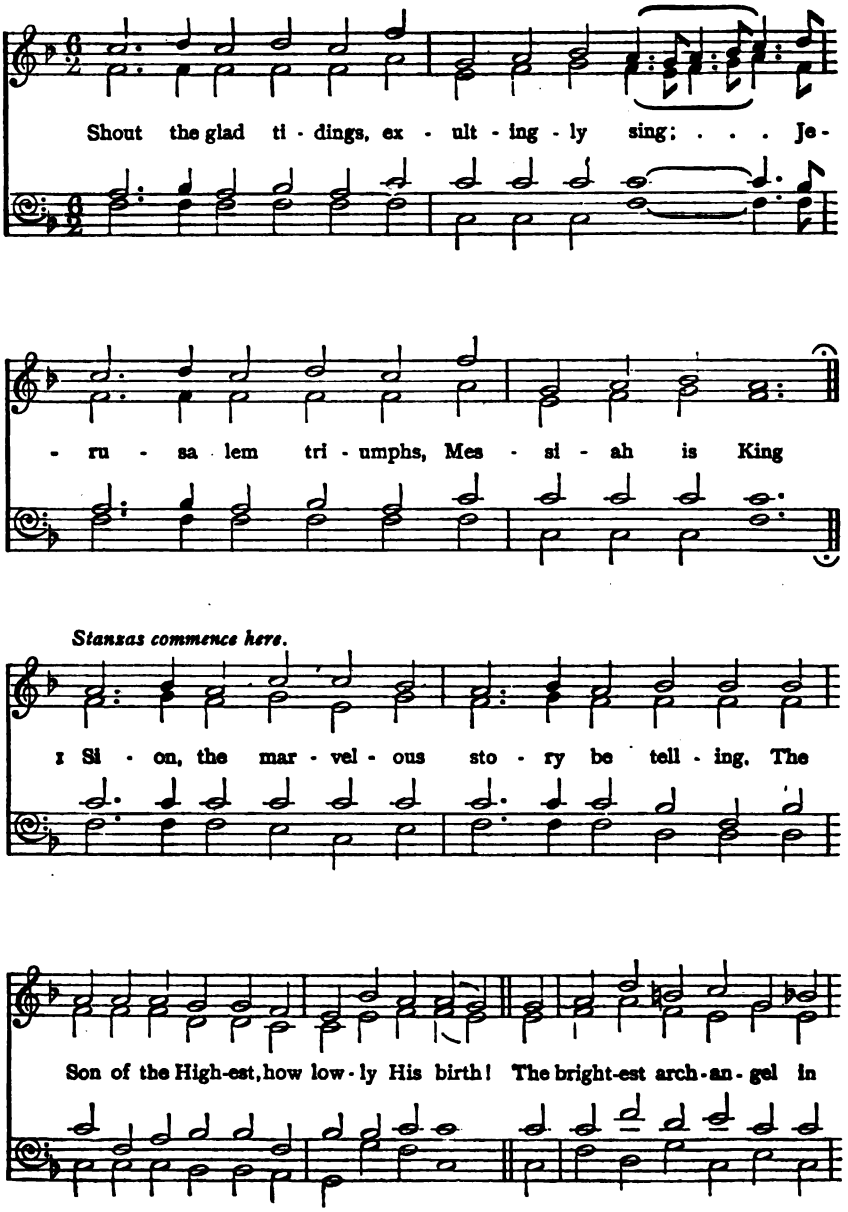
4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering:
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.
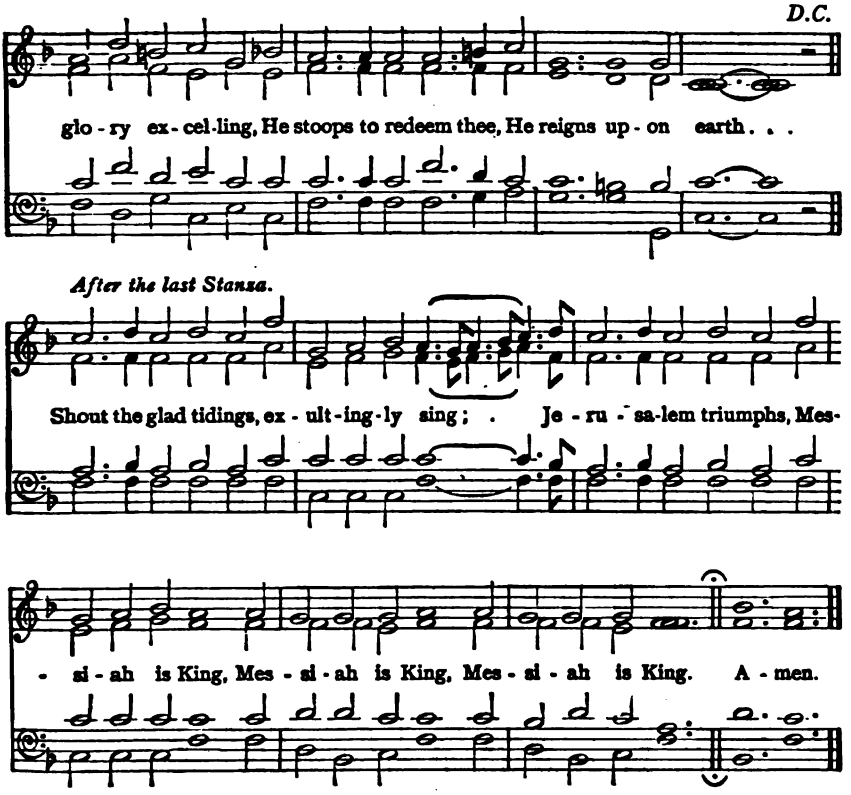
AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, 348-413;
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1854, *and* HENRY W. BAKER, 1859.

75 Christmas.

AVISON (*First Tune*). P.M. CHARLES AVISON, *c.* 1710–1770.



Christmas.



2

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.
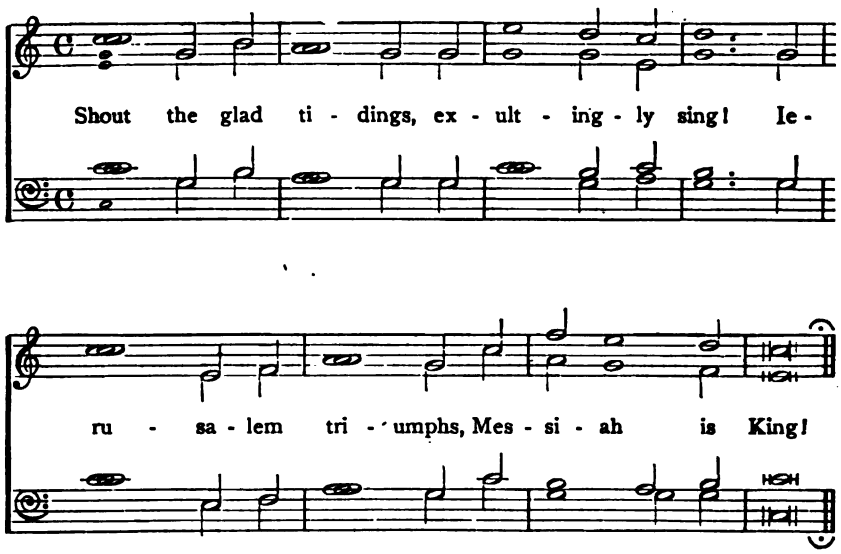
3

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, &c.
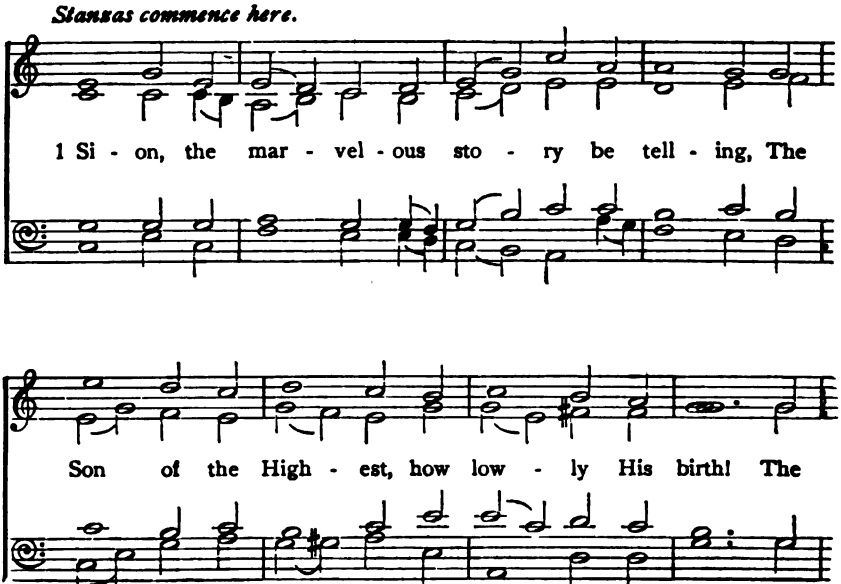
WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG, 1826.

75 Christmas.

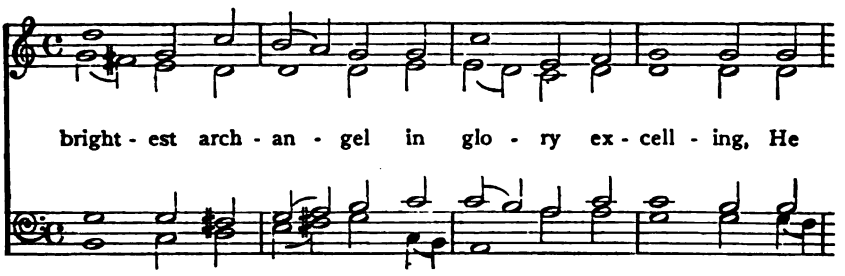
CECIL (*Second Tune*). P.M. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1917.

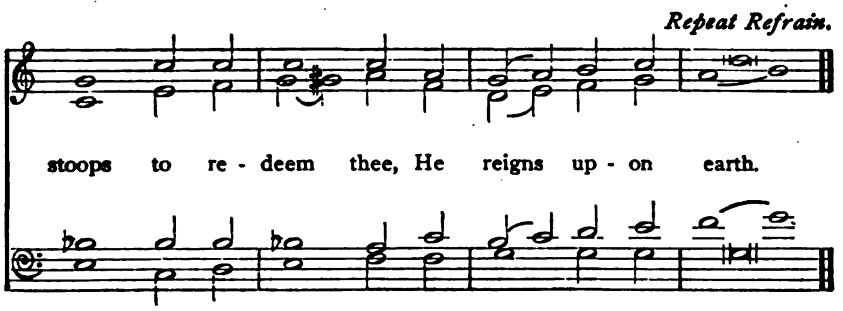


Stanzas commence here.



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2

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

3

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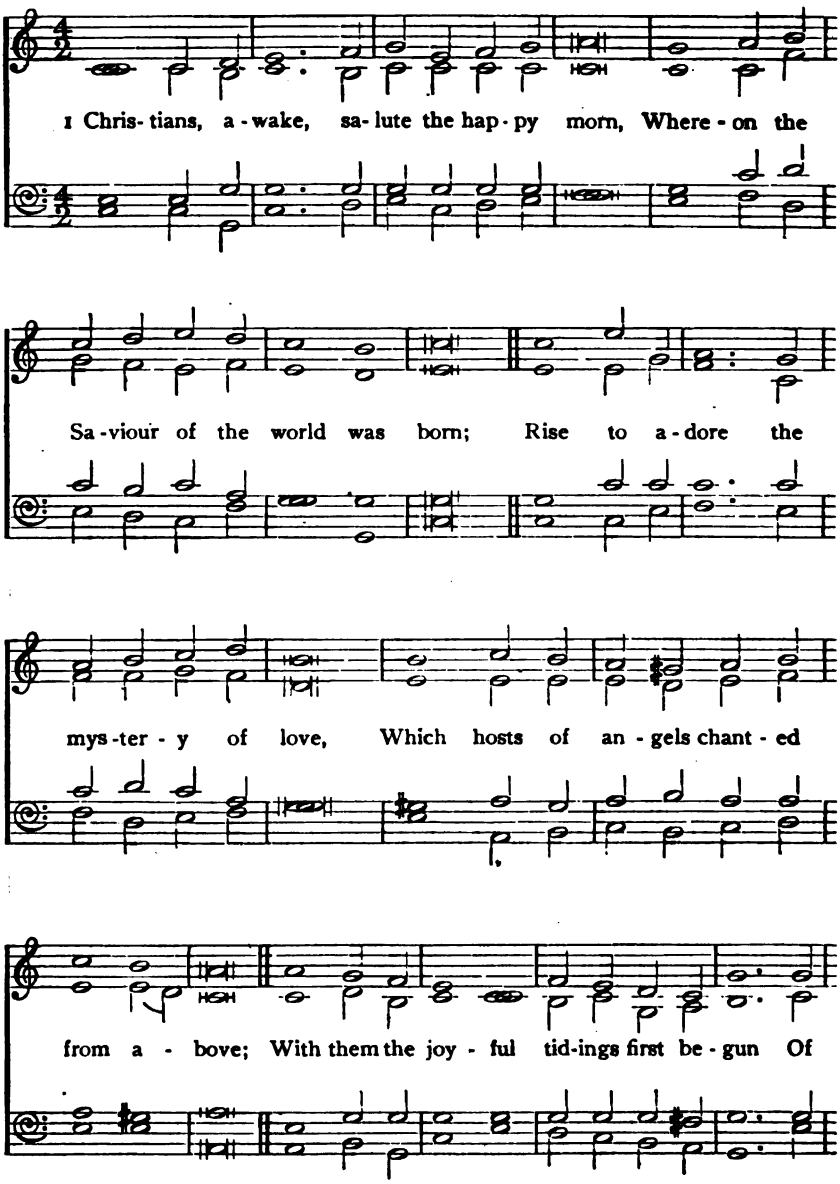


WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG, 1826.

Christmas.

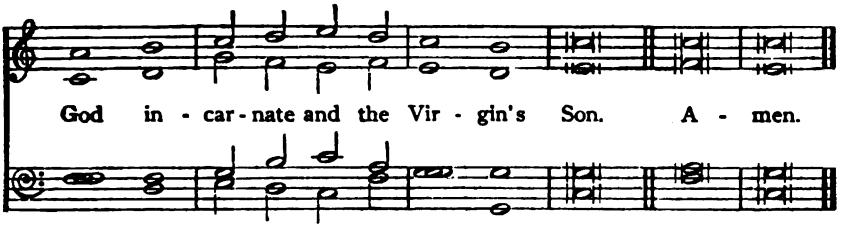
76

YORKSHIRE. SIX 10's. JOHN WAINWRIGHT, 1750.



Original Key D.

Christmas.



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

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

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

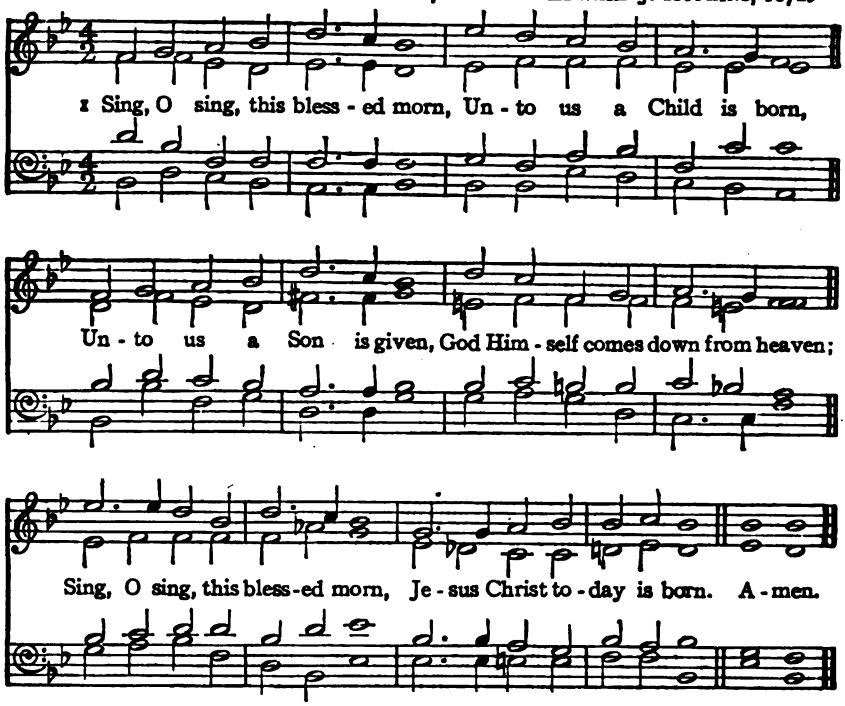
5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

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

JOHN BYROM, 1750.

77 Christmas.

ST. ATHANASIUS. Six 7's. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1872.



2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.
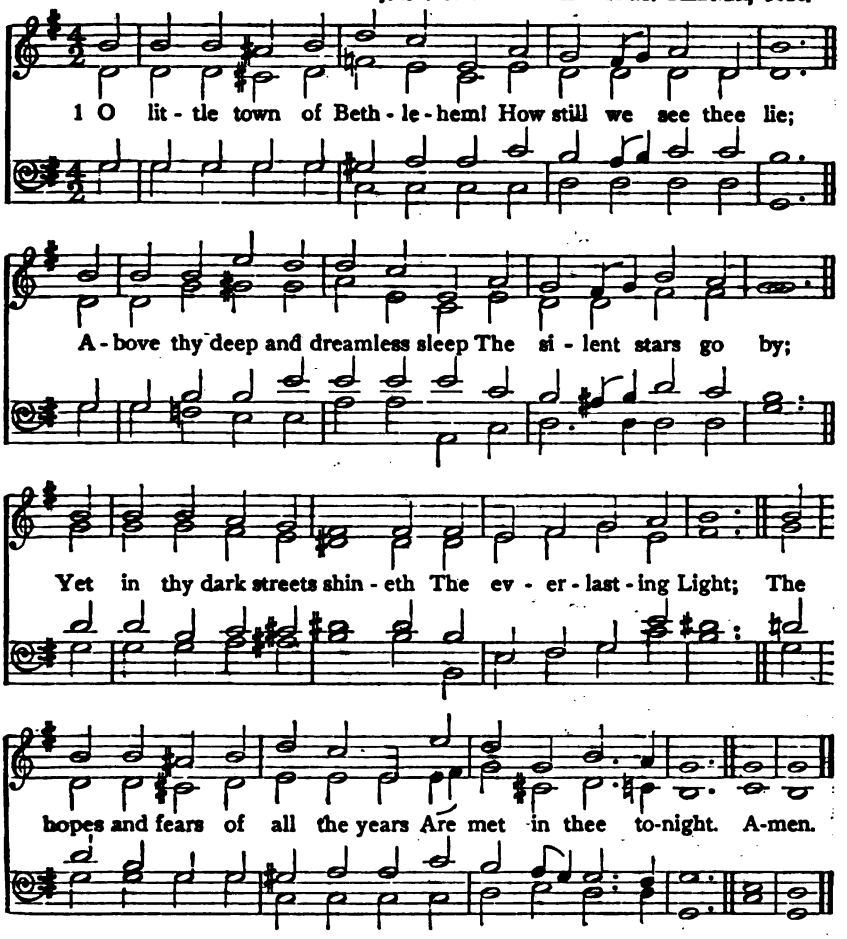
5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee,
Sing, O sing, etc. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

Christmas.

78

St. Louis. 7.6.8.6.D. **Lewis H. Redner, 1868.**



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

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in. [still
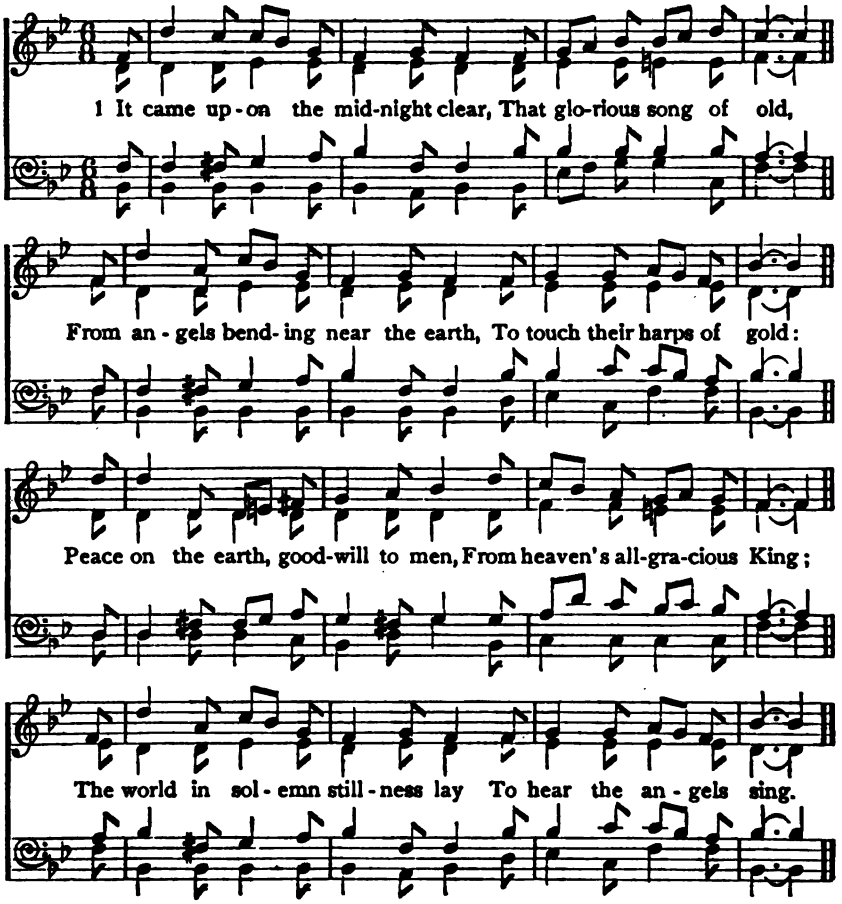
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1868.

Christmas.

79

CAROL (*First Tune*). C.M.D. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
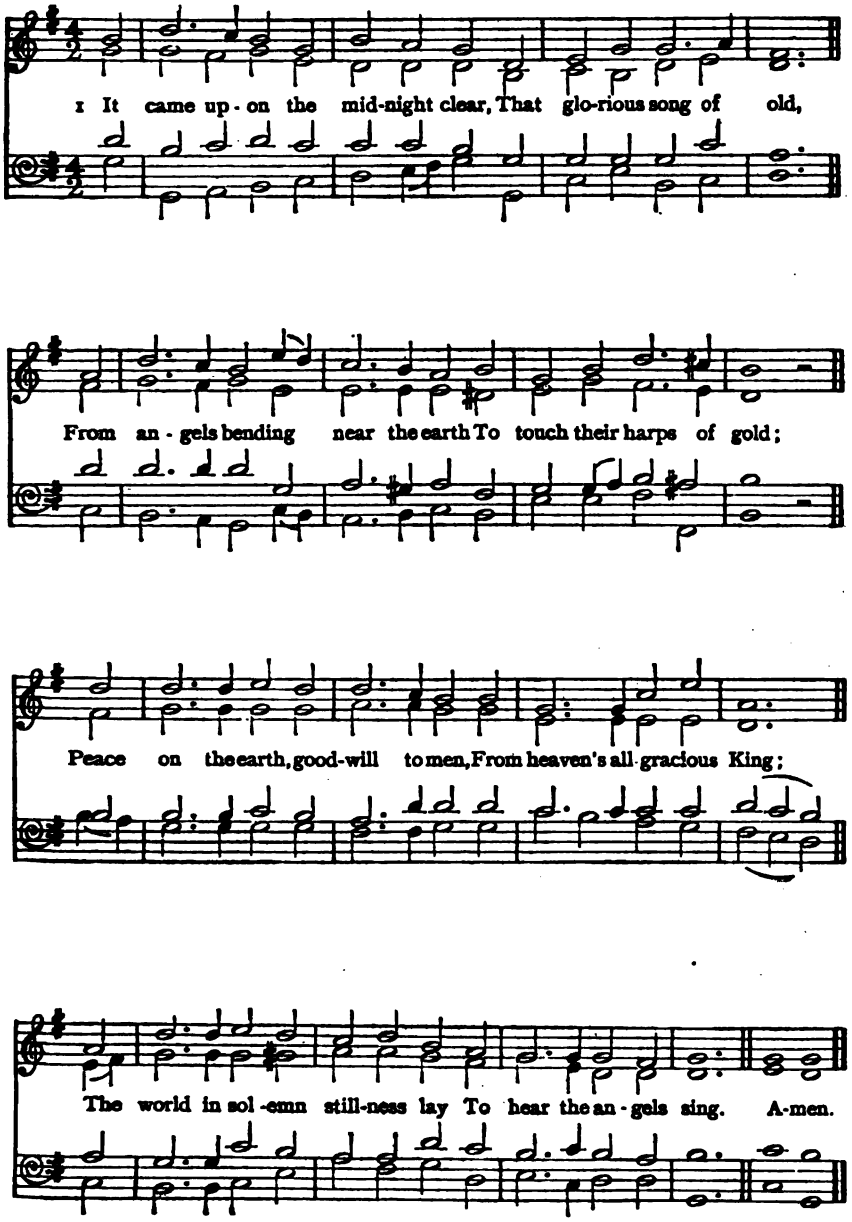
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

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

EDMUND H. SEARS. 1846.

79 Christmas.
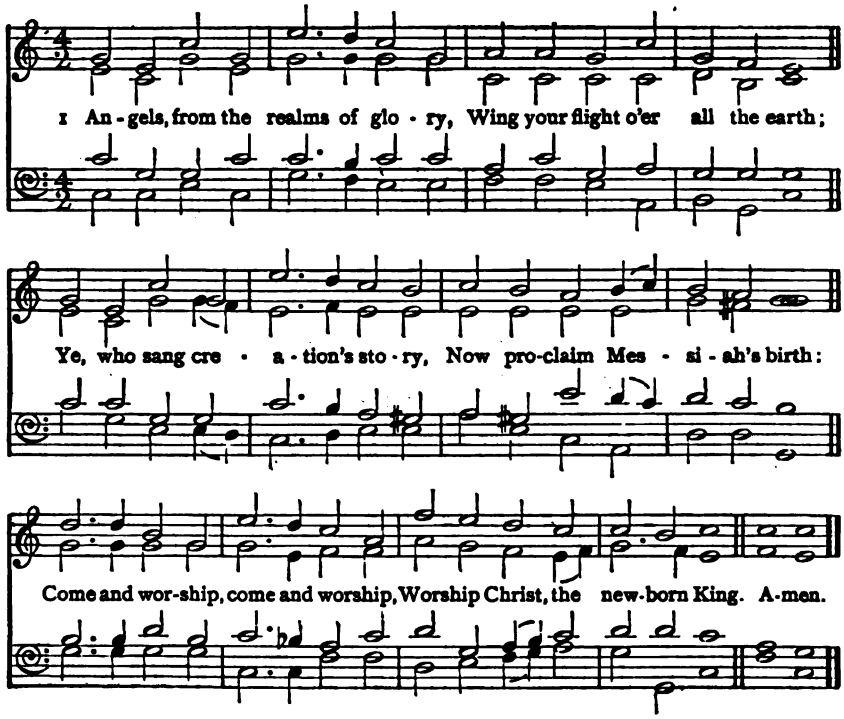
St. Ursula (*Second Tune*). C.M.D. Frederick Westlake, 1840–1898.



Alternative Tune, Noel, *No. 362*

80 Christmas.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. HENRY SMART, 1866.



2 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 newborn King.
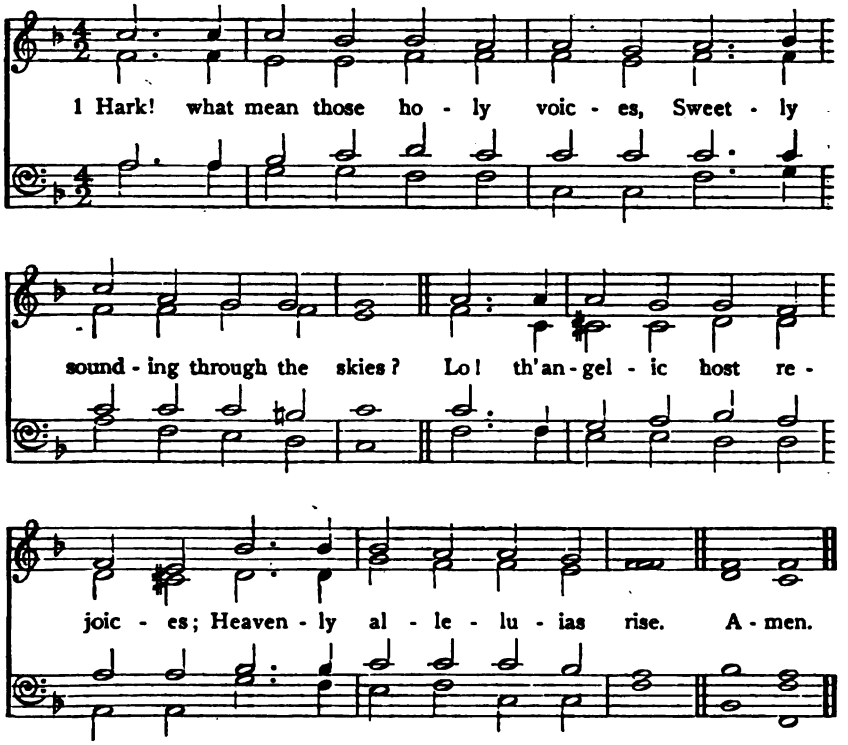
3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 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 newborn King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1816.

81 Christmas.

SEBASTIAN. 8.7.8.7. JOHN S. B. HODGES, 1830–1915.



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

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
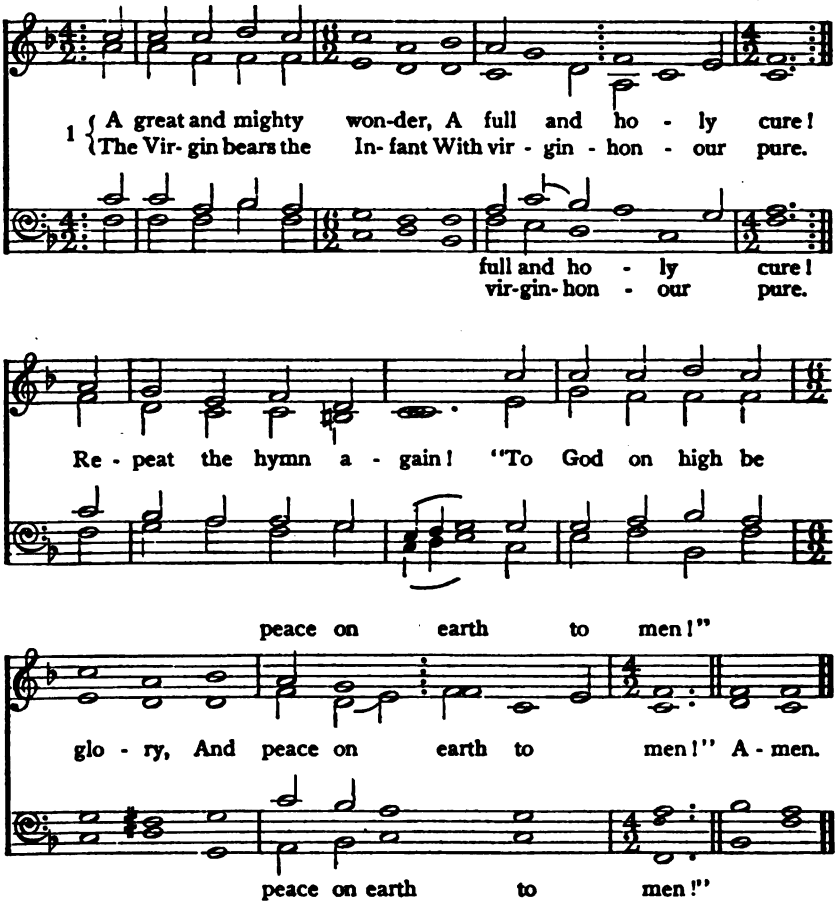
4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

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

JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

82 Christmas.

ROSA MYSTICA. 7.6.7.6.6.7.6. Mediaeval Folksong, har. by MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1609, alt.



2 The Word becomes incarnate
And yet remains on high!
And cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.
Repeat, etc.

3 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans, clap your hands.
Repeat, etc.
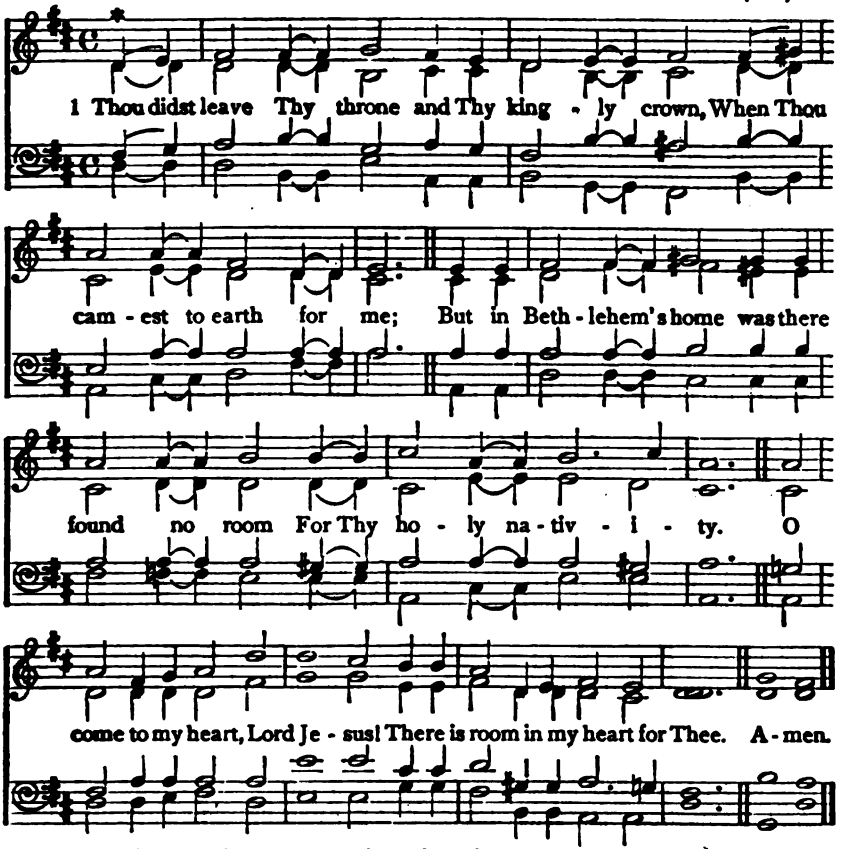
4 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethl'em,
The Saviour and the Lord.
Repeat, etc.

5 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His scepter,
Our Lord and God for aye.
Repeat, etc.

ST. GERMANUS, 634-734; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

83 Christmas.

MARGARET. P.M. TIMOTHY R. MATHEWS, 1876.



* Use the slurs and quarter notes as the words require.

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

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

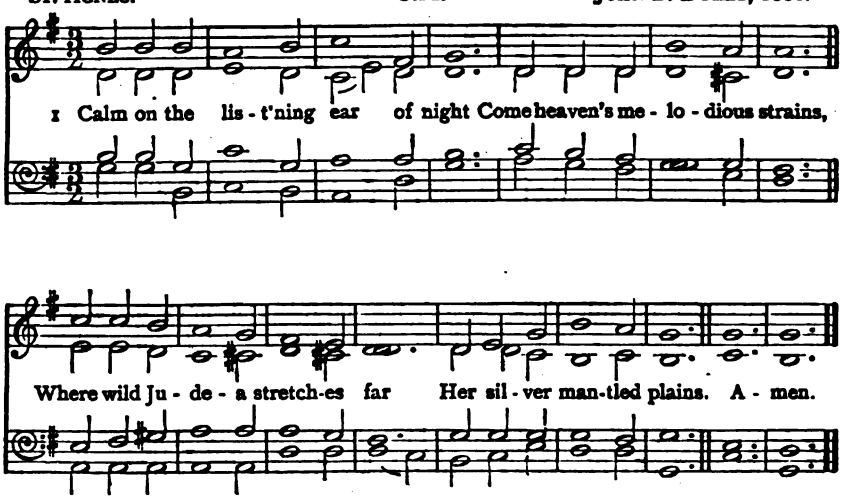
4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary,
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

 EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864.

84 Christmas

ST. AGNES. C.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



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

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

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

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

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.
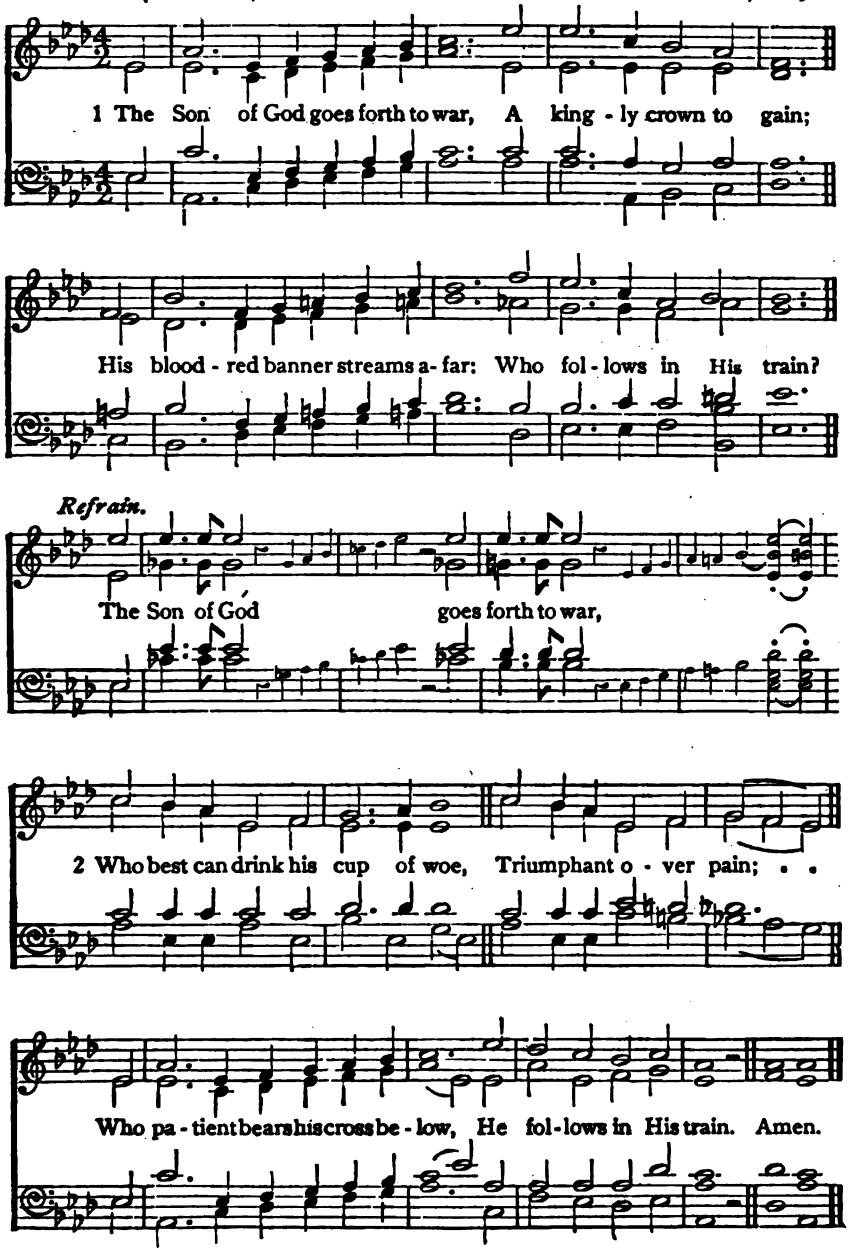
EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834.

Also the following:

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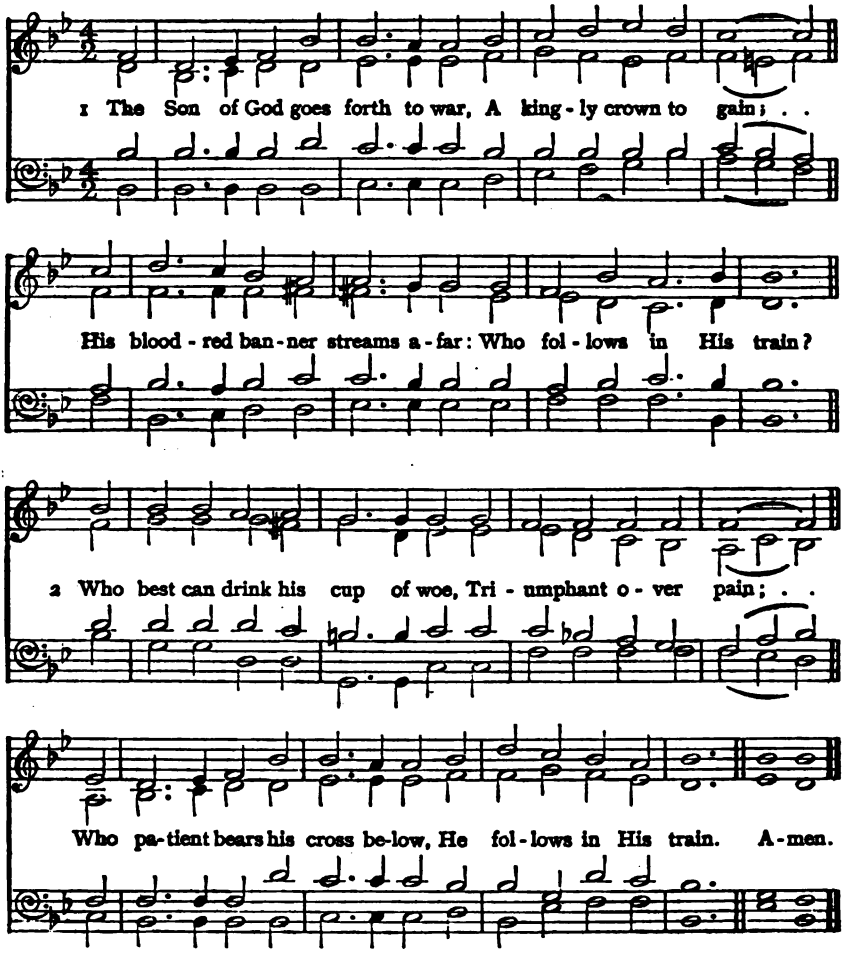
85 St. Stephen.

CRUSADER (*First Tune*). C.M.D. SAMUEL B. WHITNEY, 1889.



85 St. Stephen.

ALL SAINTS (*Second Tune*). C.M.D. HENRY S. CUTLER, 1872.



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

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

St. Stephen.

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

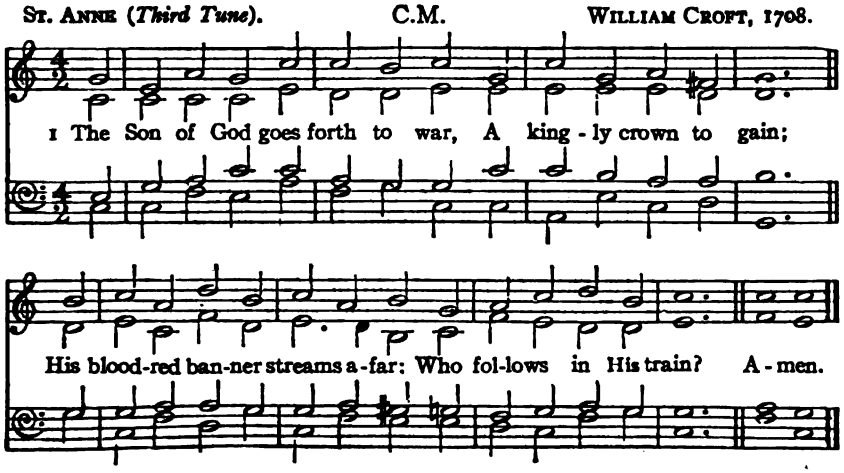
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

Suitable for any martyr's festival.
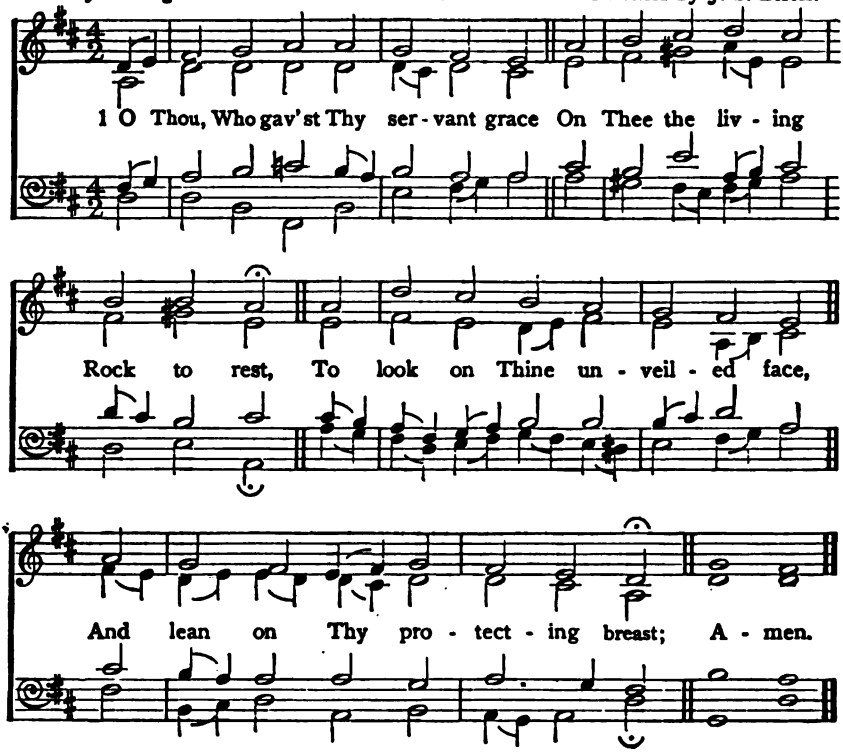
85

ST. ANNE (*Third Tune*). C.M. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



86 St. John the Evangelist

EISENACH. Adapted from J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.
May be sung in unison. L.M. Harmonies by J. S. BACH.



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

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

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

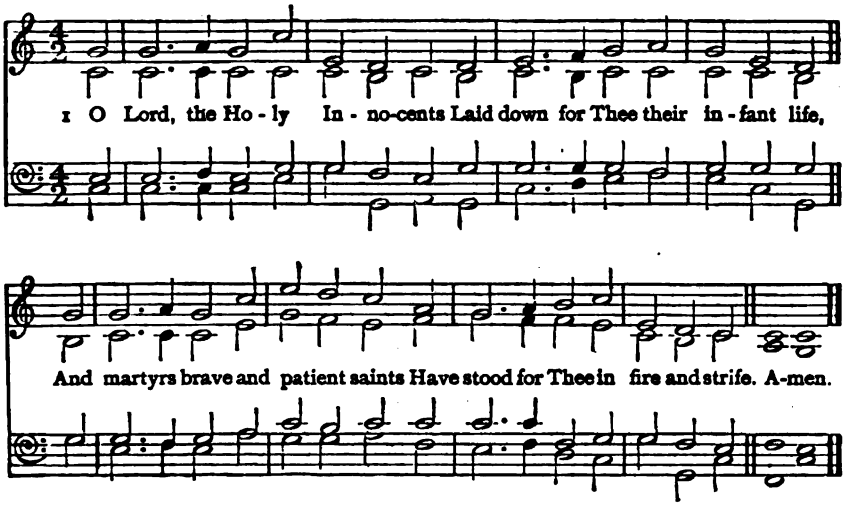
REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

Also the following:

277 Blest are the pure in heart · **288** Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

87 Holy Innocents.

ALSTONE. L.M. CHRISTOPHER E. WILLING, 1868.



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

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

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

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
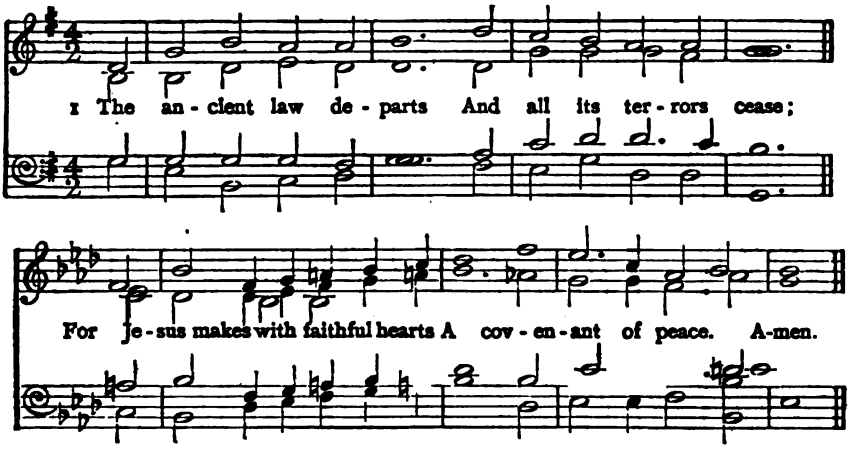
6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1850.

88 Circumcision.

ST. MICHAEL (*First Tune*). S.M. Melody by LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551; arr. by WILLIAM CROTCH, 1836.



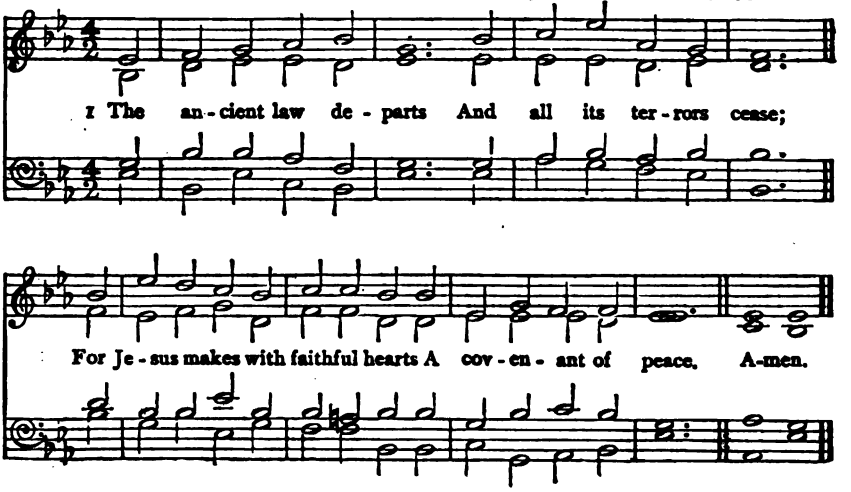
2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be. Amen.

ABBÉ SEBASTIEN BESNAULT, 1736; *Tr. Compilers of H. A. & M.*
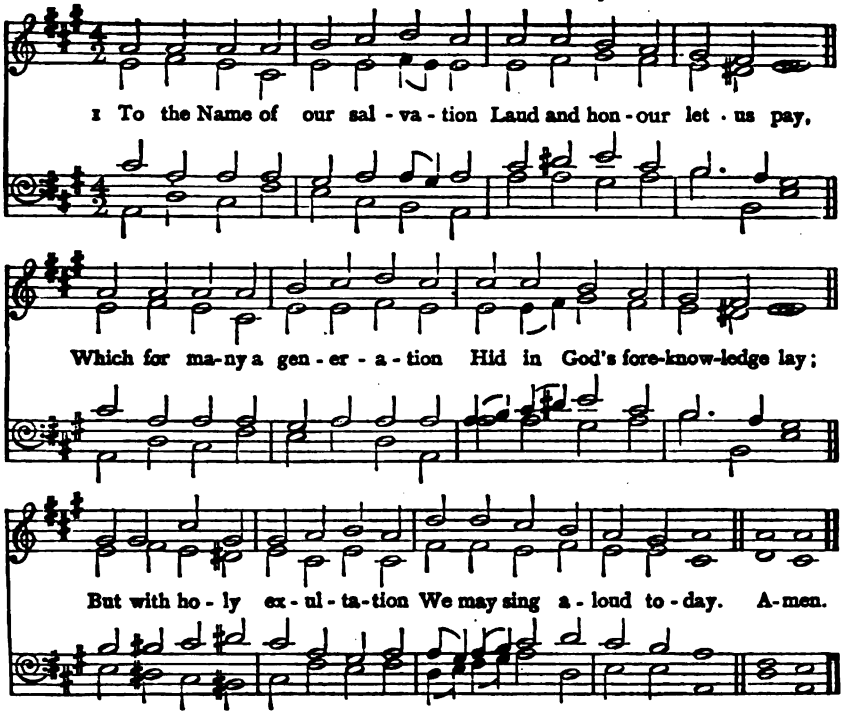
88

FRANCONIA (*Second Tune*). S.M. Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1840; from JOHANN B. KÖNIG, 1738.



89 Circumcision.

ORIEL 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. ETT, *Cantica Sacra*, 1840;
Harmonized by WILLIAM H. MONK.



2 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.

3 '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.

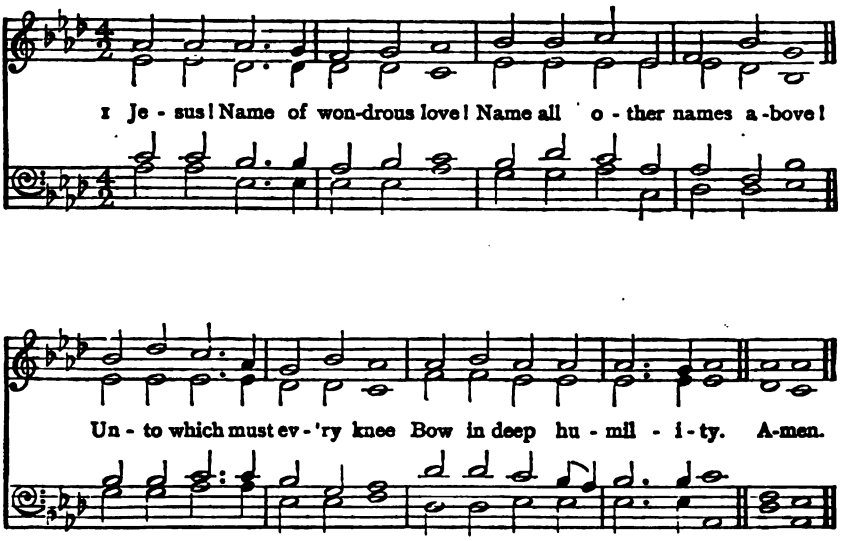
4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

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

Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851, *alt.* 1861.

90 Circumcision.

St. Bees. Four 7's. John B. Dykes, 1862.



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

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

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

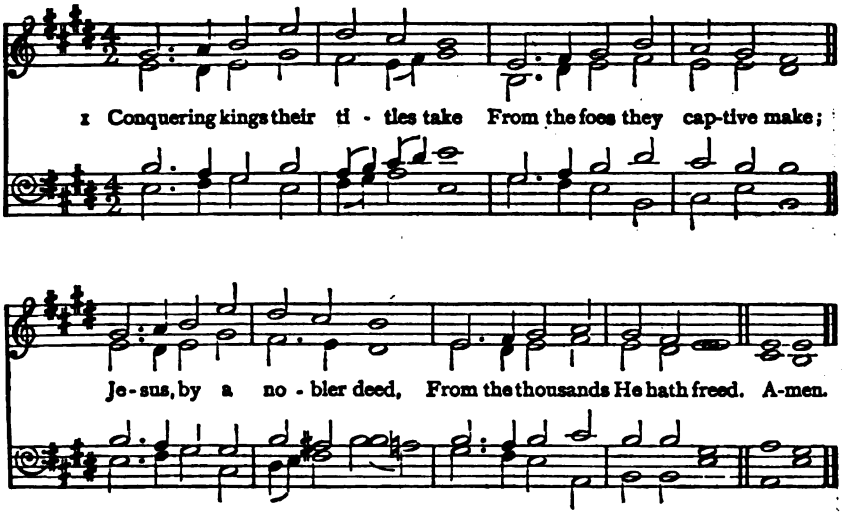
5 Jesus! only Name that's given,
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters and is saved.

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

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

91 Circumcision.

INNOCENTS. Four 7's. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL, 1728.



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

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

4 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. Amen.
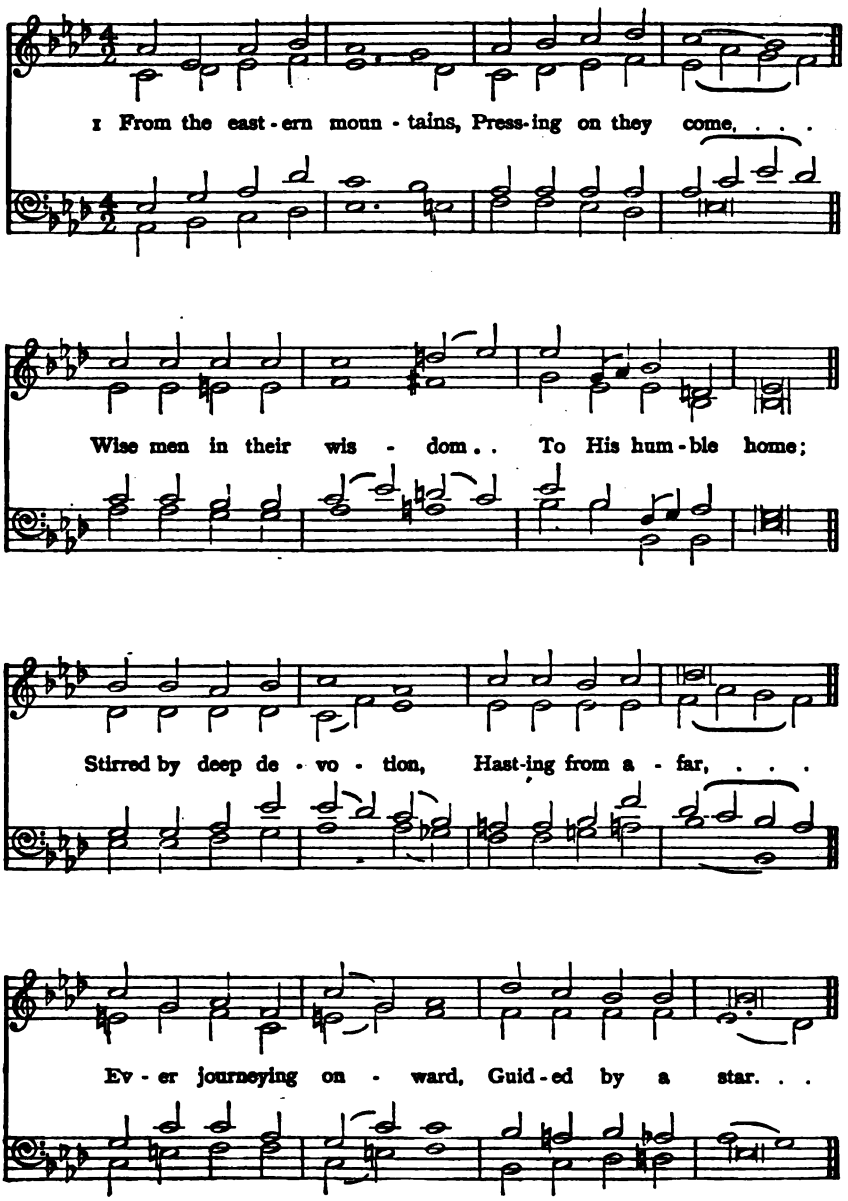
Paris Breviary, 1736;
Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837, *alt.* 1859.

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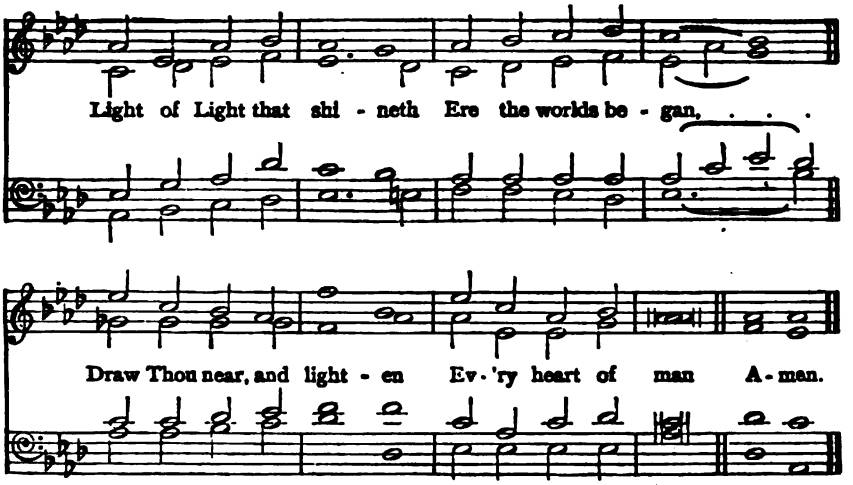
108 How beauteous were the marks divine
394 Thy way, not mine, O Lord

92 Epiphany.

VALOUR. 6.5., twelve lines. ARTHUR H. MANN, 1889.



Epiphany.



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

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of Light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of Light, etc.
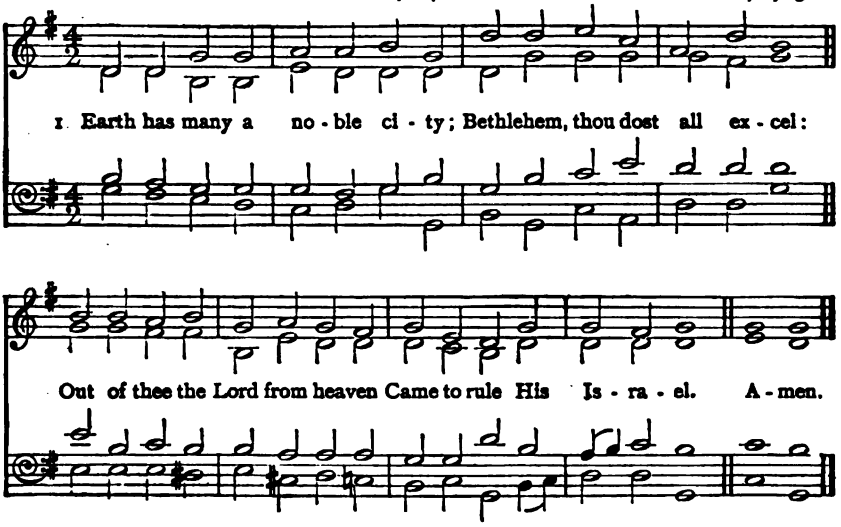
5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.
Light of Light, etc.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light, etc. Amen.

GODFREY THRING, 1873.

93 Epiphany.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. Gotha, 1715.



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

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
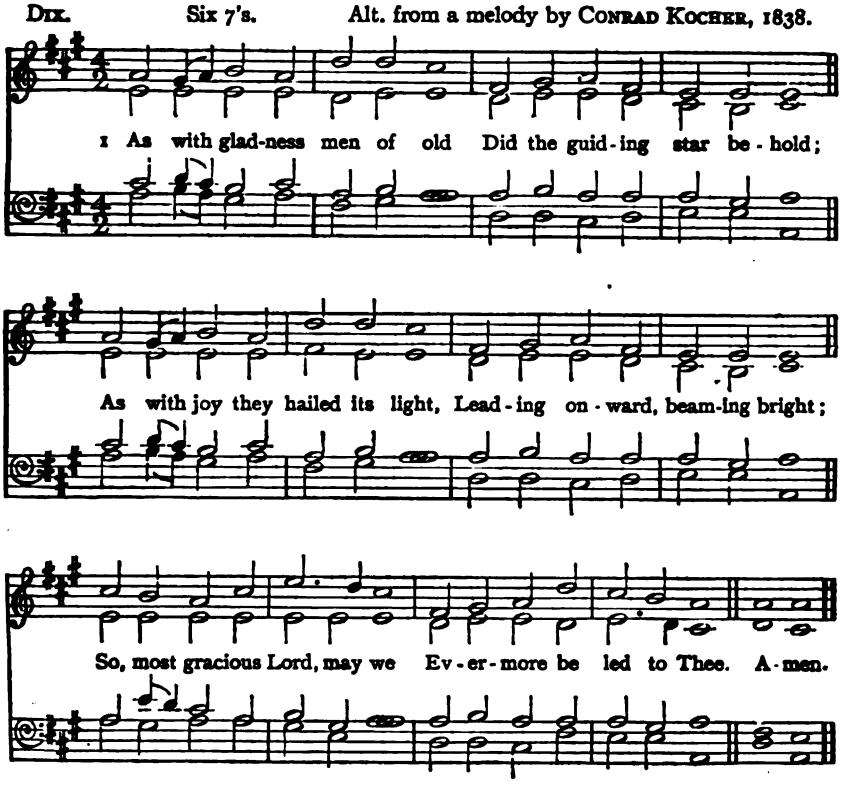
4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulcher foreshows.

5 Jesus, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, 348–413;
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, *alt.* 1861.

94 Epiphany.

DIX. Six 7's. Alt. from a melody by CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.



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

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.
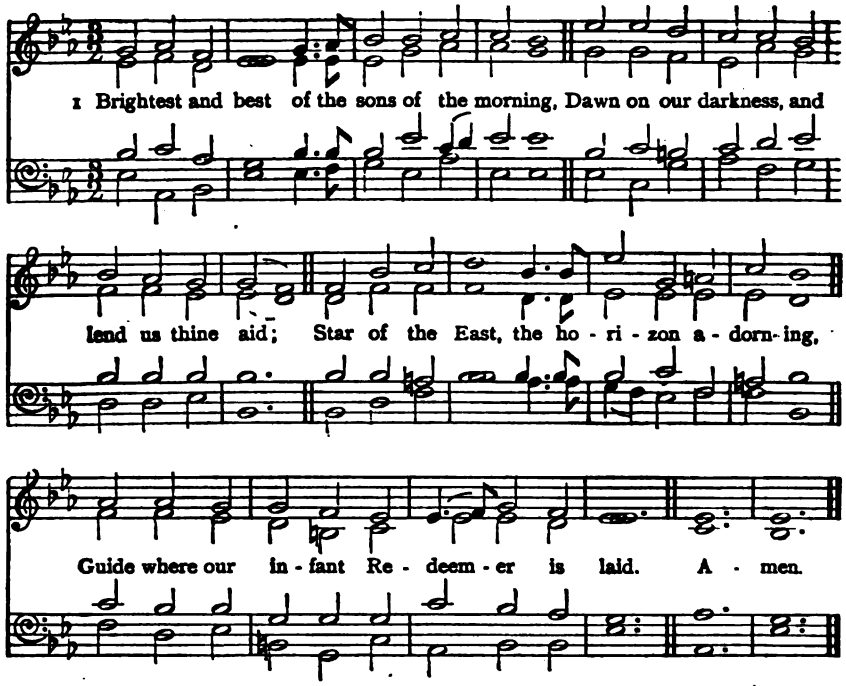
4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1860.

95 Epiphany.

WEBBE (*First Tune*). 11. 10. 11. 10. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1740–1816;
Adapted from EDWARD MILLER, 1735–1807.



2 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.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
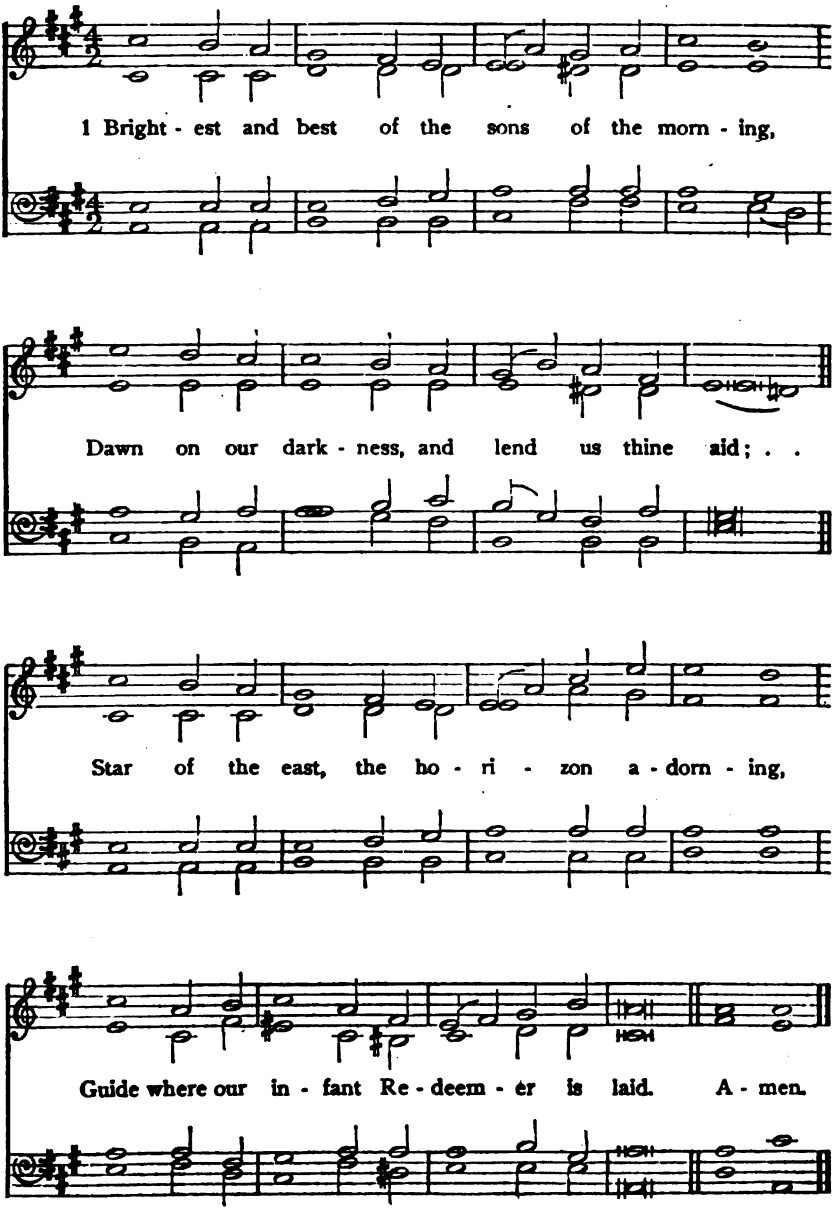
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 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.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.
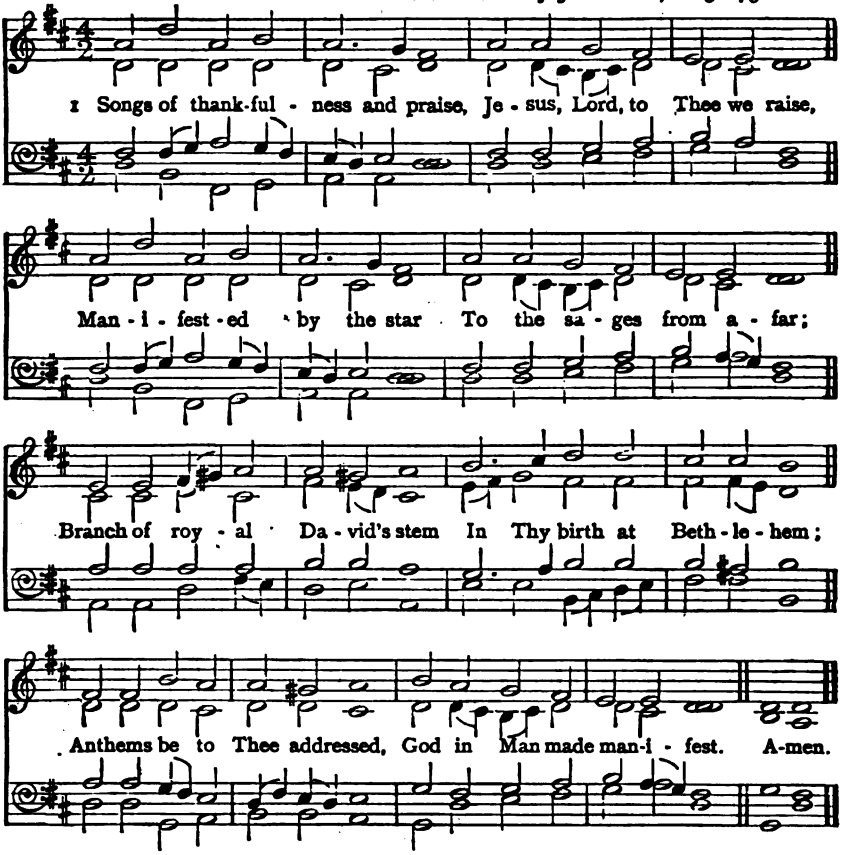
95 Epiphany.

MORNING STAR (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10. J. P. HARDING, 1861–



96 Epiphany.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. Alt. from a melody by JAKOB HINTZE, 1678; Harmonies by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



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

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.
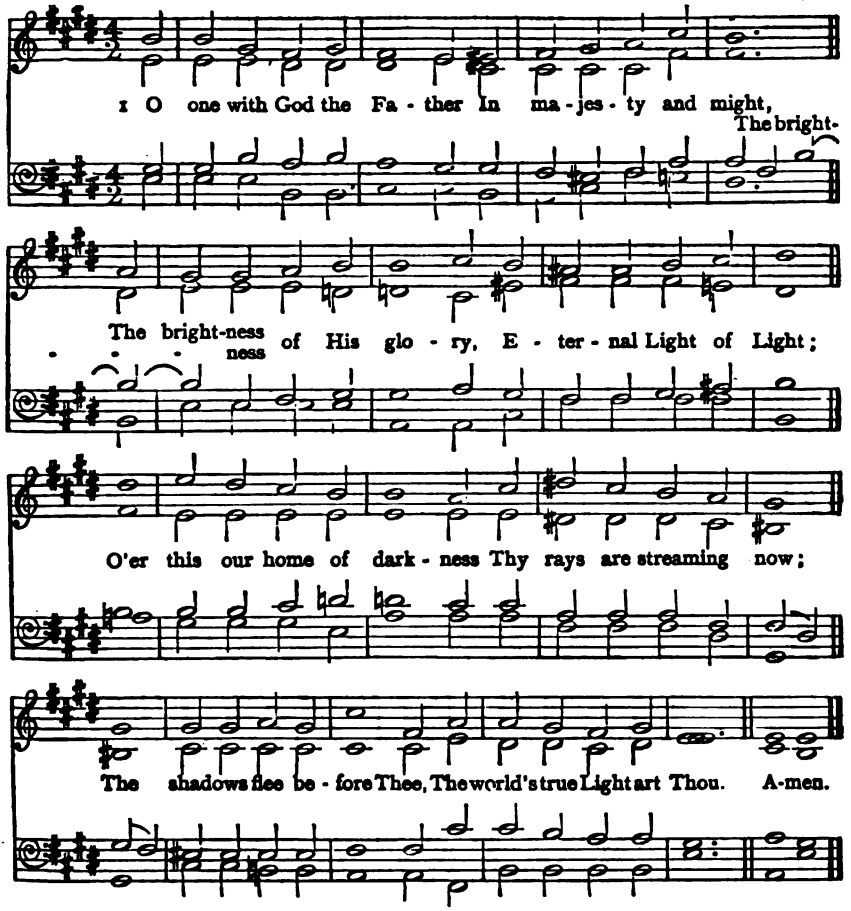
4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

97 Epiphany.

St. Anselm. 7.6.7.6.D. Joseph Barnby, 1869.



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

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

W. Walsham How, 1871.

Also the following:
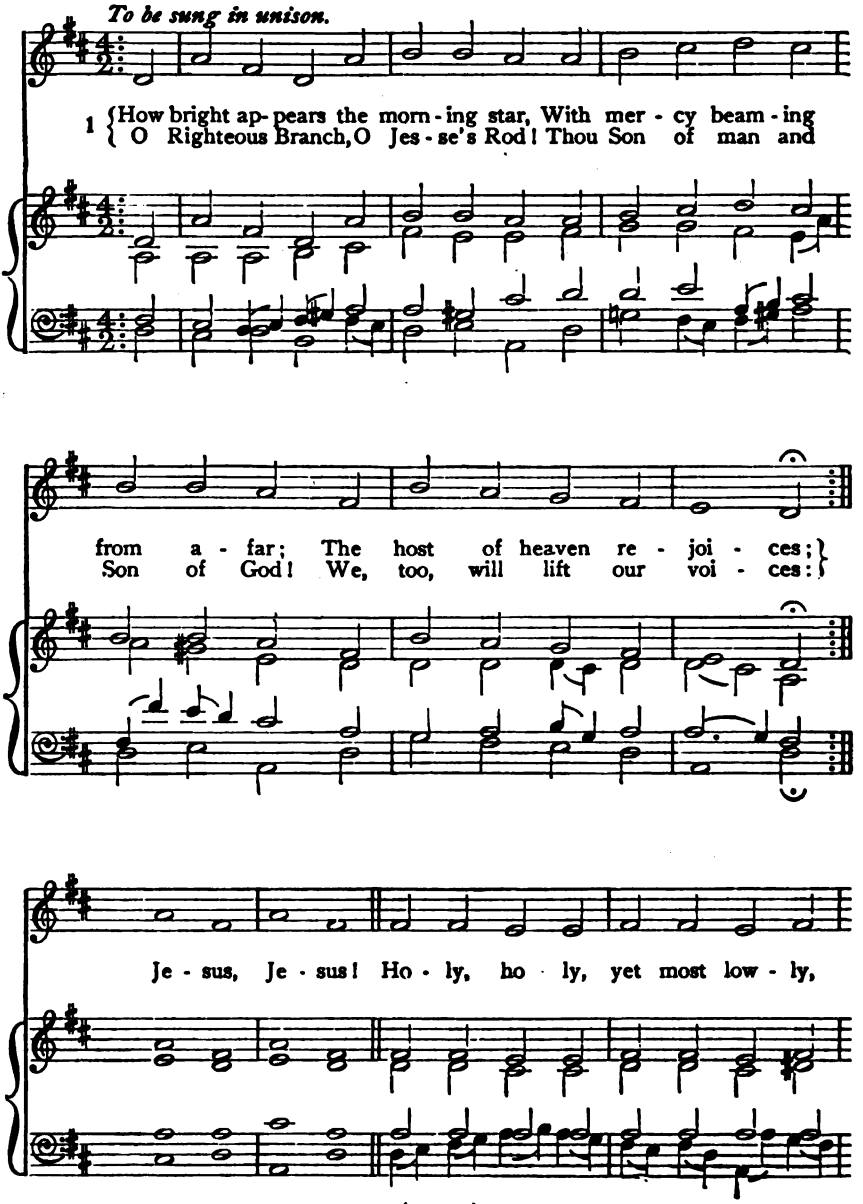
553 Saw you never, in the twilight

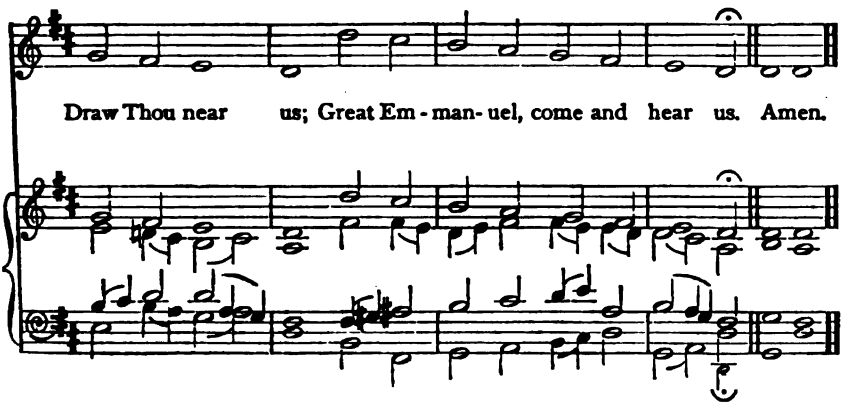
554 We three kings of Orient are

98 Sundays after Epiphany.

FRANKFORT. P.M. PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599.
Harmonies by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685–1750.

To be sung in unison.
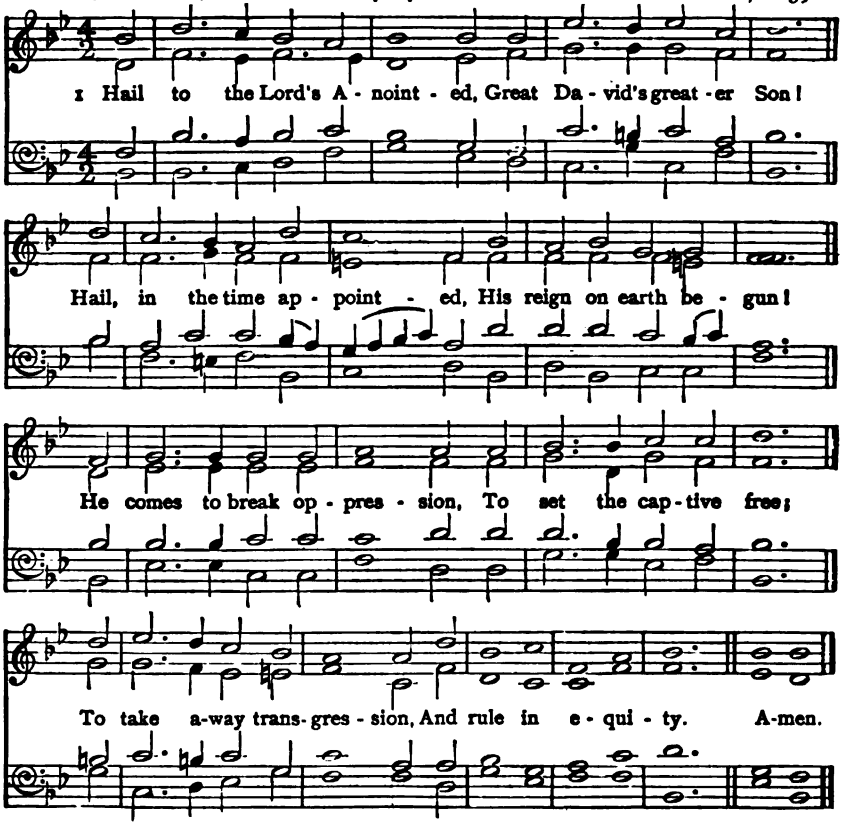




2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature;
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature;
Jesus, grant us,
Through Thy merit, to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

3 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou earth, reply;
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this His incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know Thy salvation.
Amen, Amen!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise be given
Evermore, by earth and heaven. Amen.

PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599;
Tr. WILLIAM MERCER, *recast* 1859.

99 Sundays after Epiphany.

ZOAN (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1859.



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

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
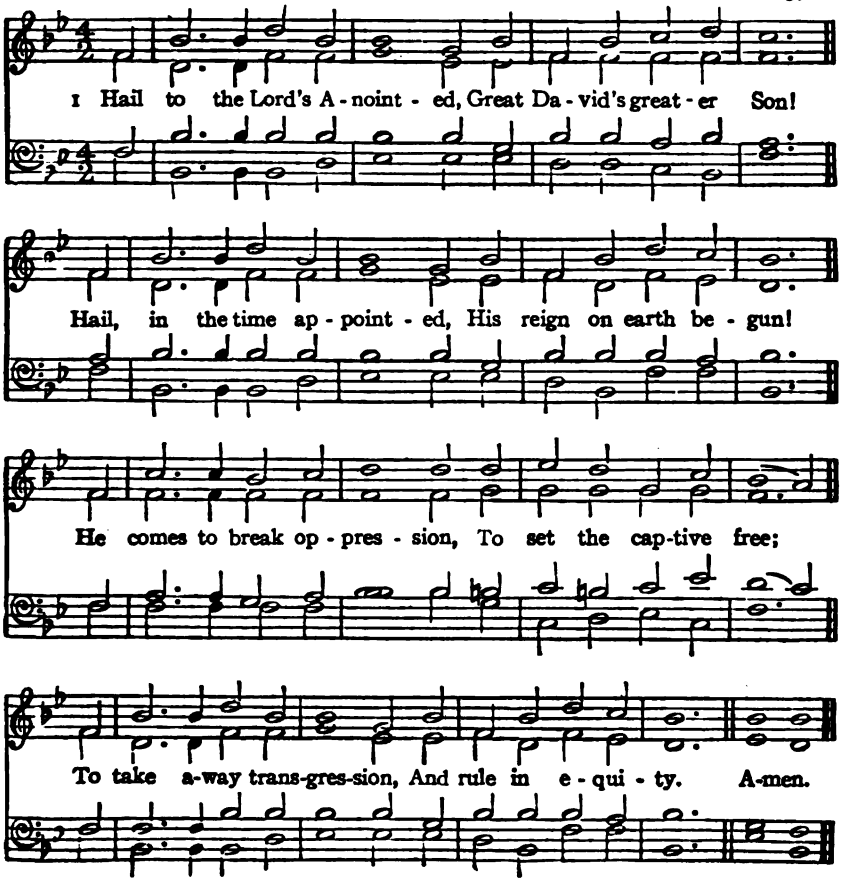
4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

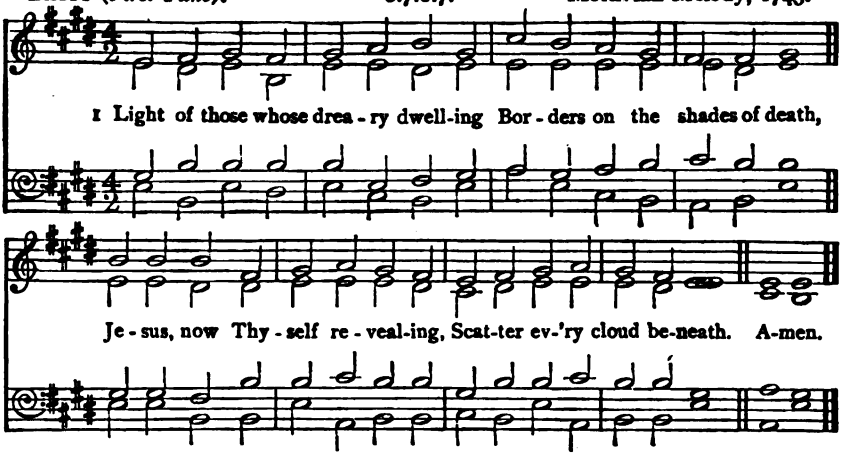
99

WEBB (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. GEORGE J. WEBB, 1837.



100 Sundays after Epiphany.

BATTY (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. Moravian Melody, 1745.



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

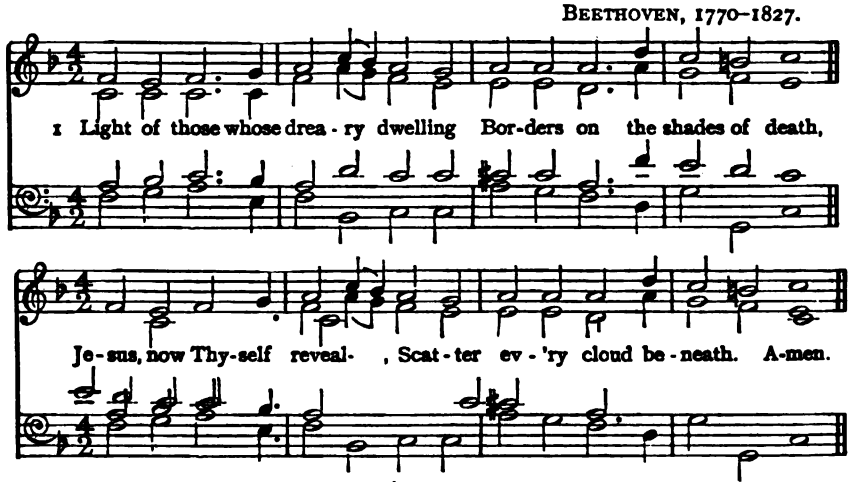
3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744.
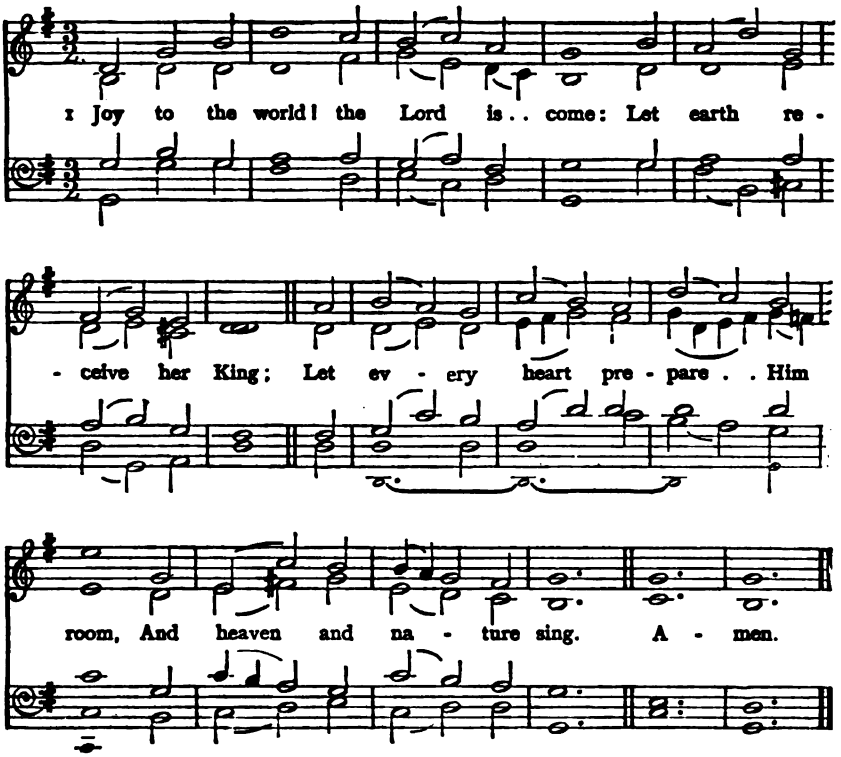
100

SARDIS (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. Adapted from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827.



101 Sundays after Epiphany.

CHESTERFIELD. C.M. THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.



2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
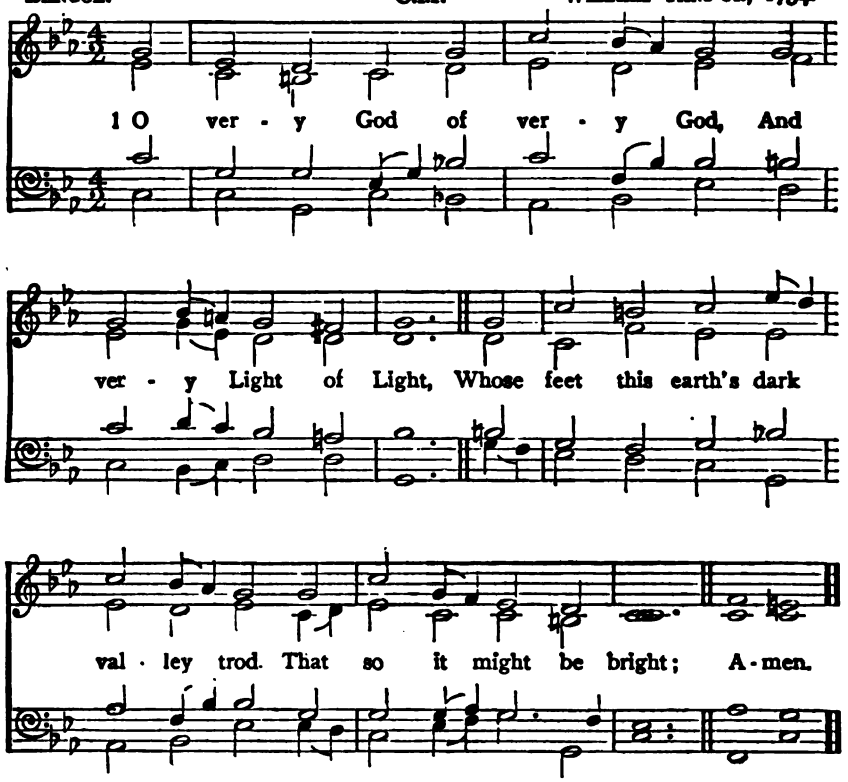
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

102 Sundays after Epiphany.

BANGOR. C.M. WILLIAM TANS'UR, 1734.



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

3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.
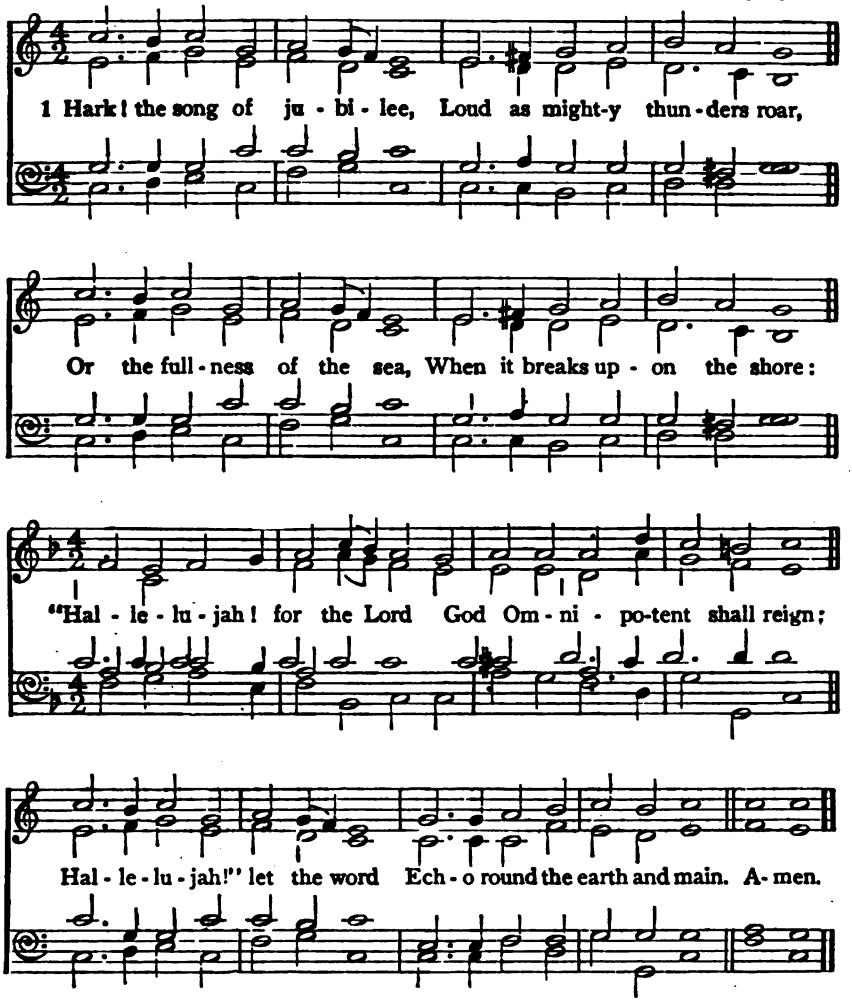
4 O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

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

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1846.

103 Sundays after Epiphany.

THANKSGIVING. Eight 7's. WALTER B. GILBERT, 1829–1910.
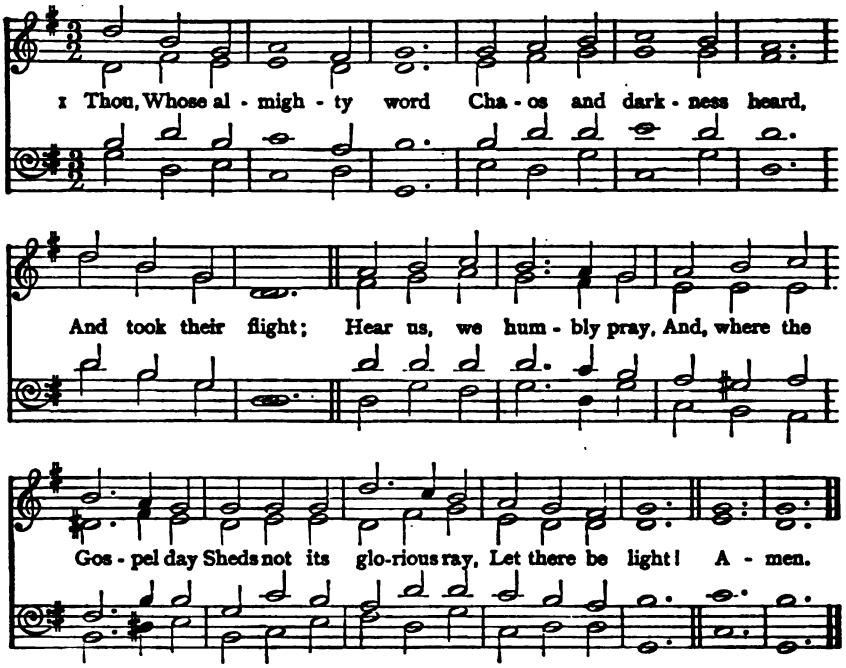


2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks;
'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818.

104 Sundays after Epiphany.

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Felice Giardini, 1769.



2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!
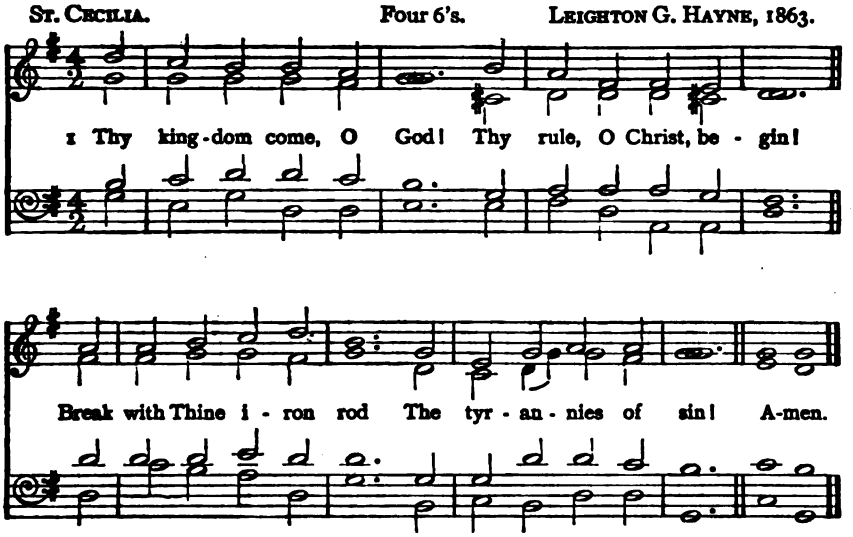
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

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

John Marriott, 1813.

105 Sundays after Epiphany.

ST. CECILIA. Four 6's. LEIGHTON G. HAYNE, 1863.



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

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?
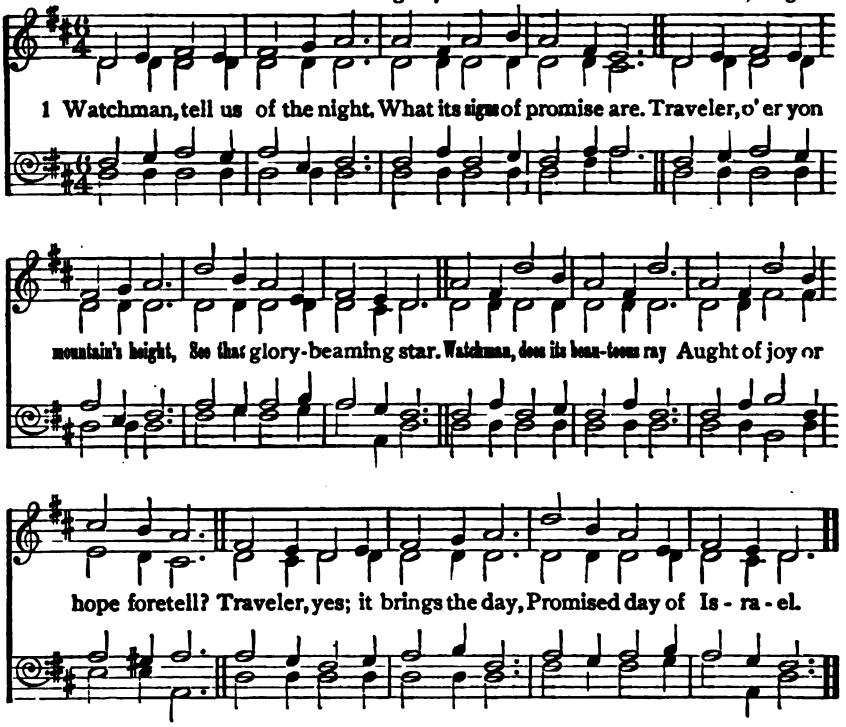
4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

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

LEWIS HENSLEY, 1867.

106 Sundays after Epiphany.
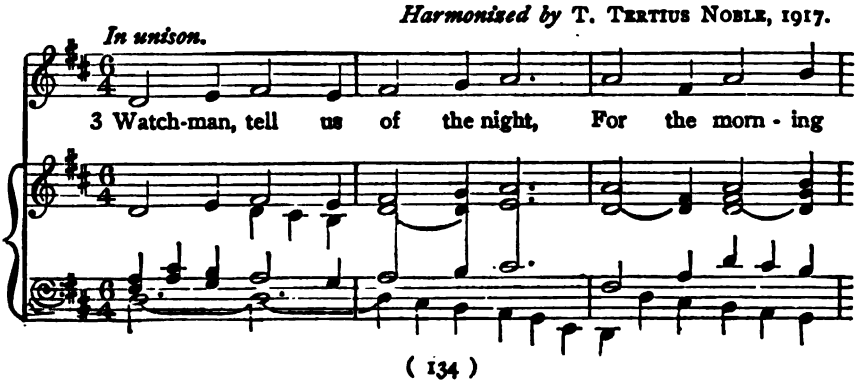
WATCHMAN. Eight 7's. LOWELL MASON, 1830.
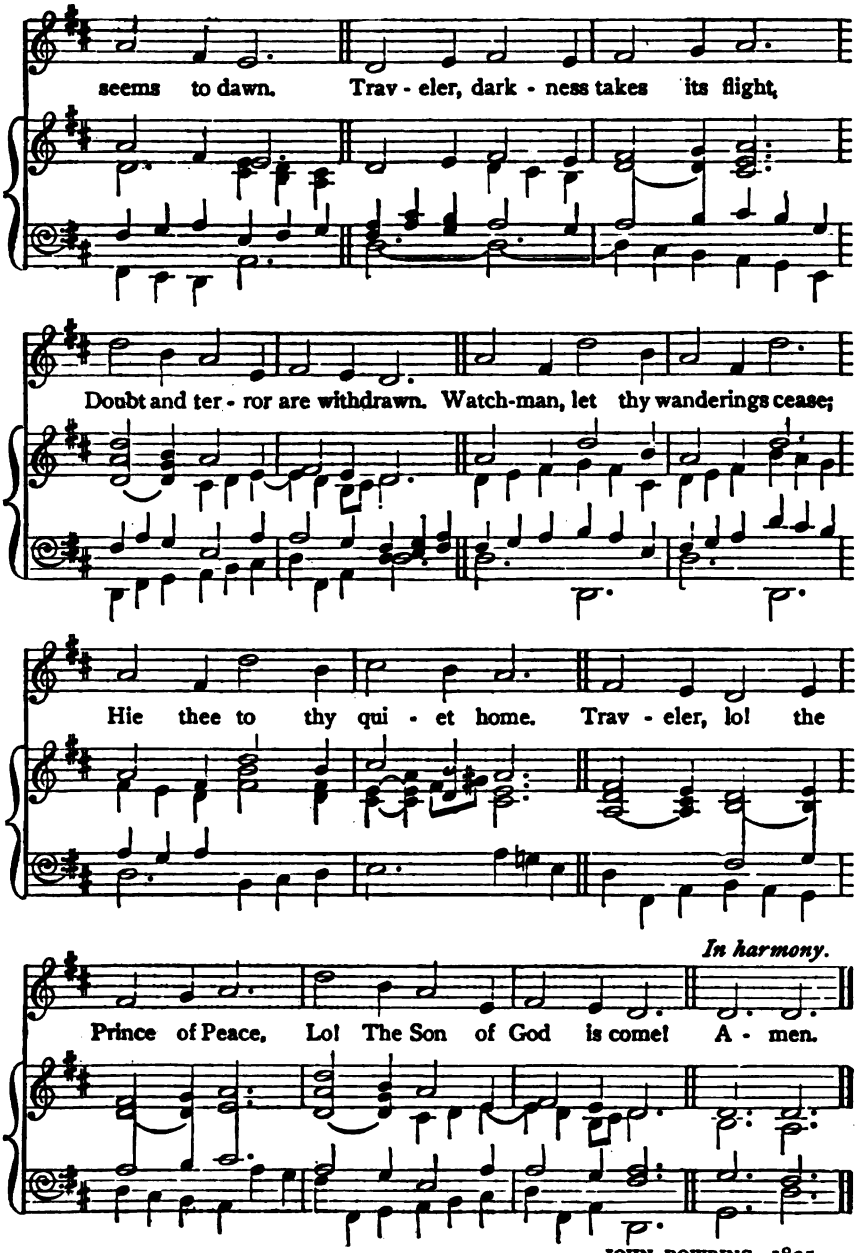


2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Harmonized by T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1917.
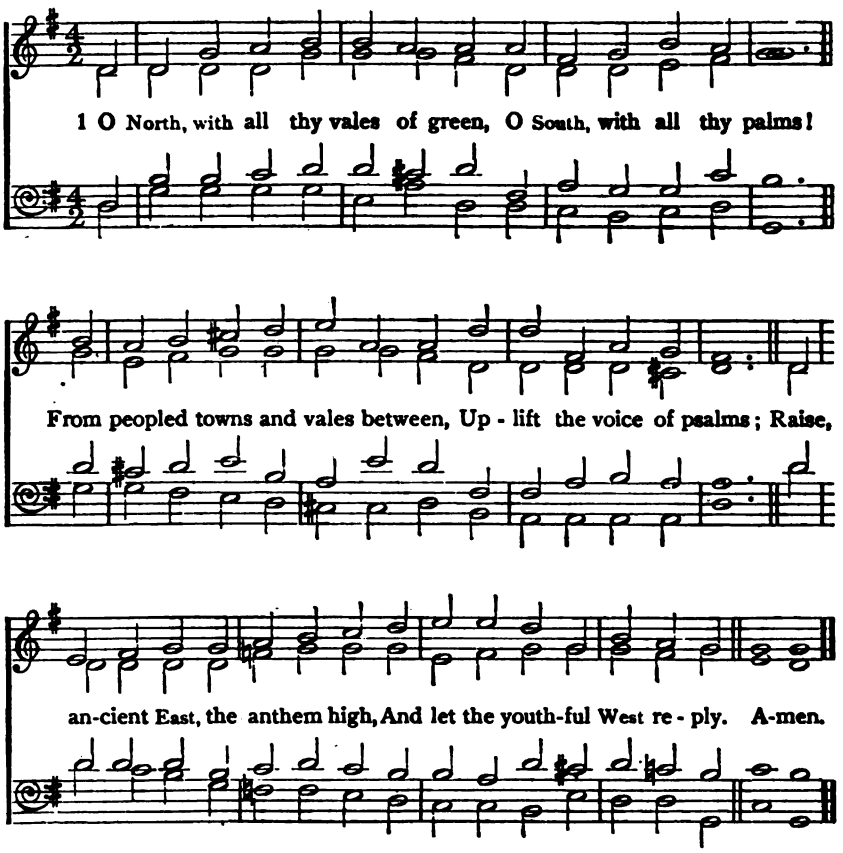




JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

107 Sundays after Epiphany.

BRYANT. 8.6.8.6.8.8. WALTER G. ALCOCK, 1861–



2 Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.
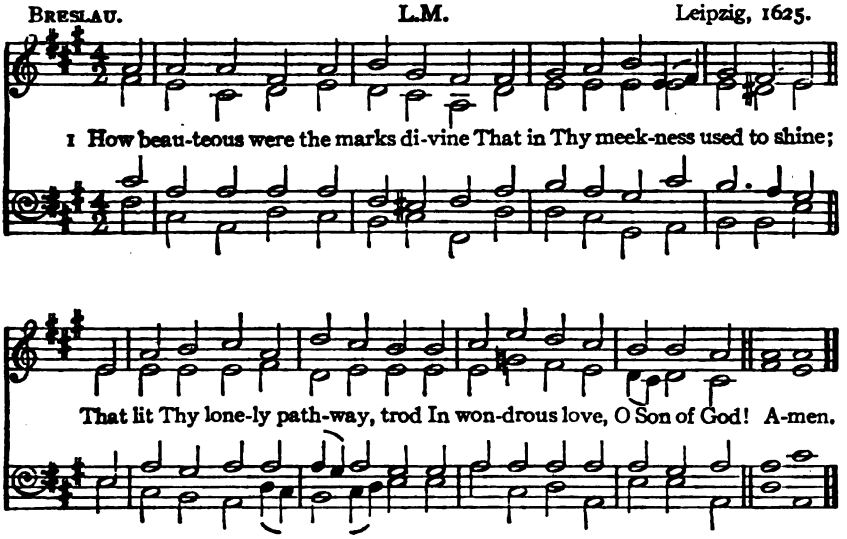
3 O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul:

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

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1869.

108 Sundays after Epiphany.

BRESLAU. L.M. Leipzig, 1625.



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

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

4 And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed.
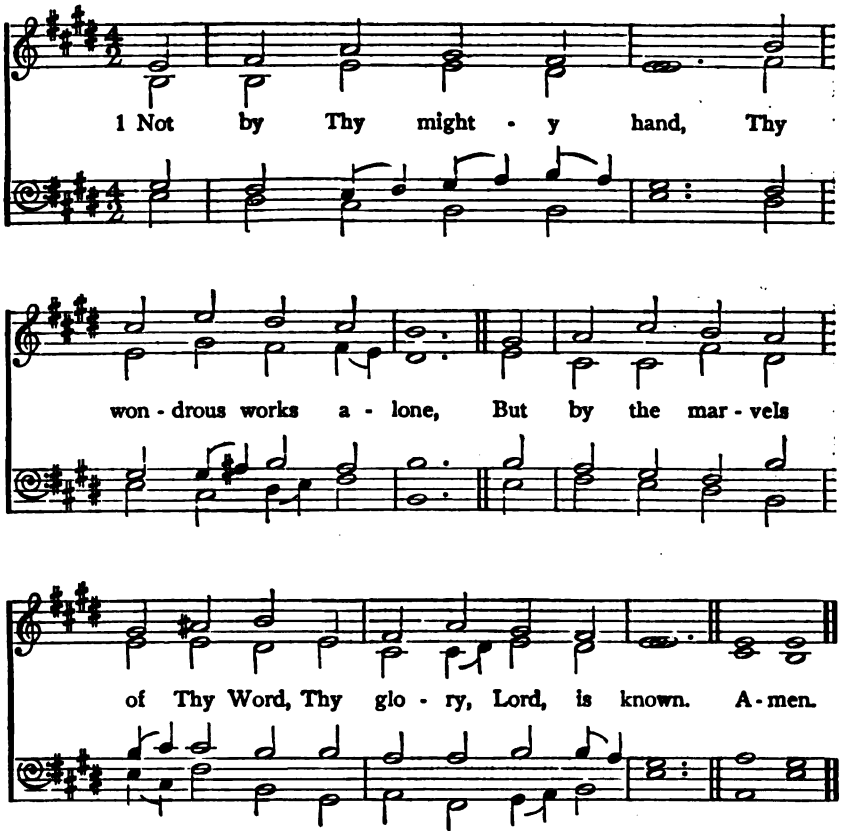
5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

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

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840, cento.

109 Sundays after Epiphany.

POTSDAM. S.M. Adapted from J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



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

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

4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and Reaper Thou.
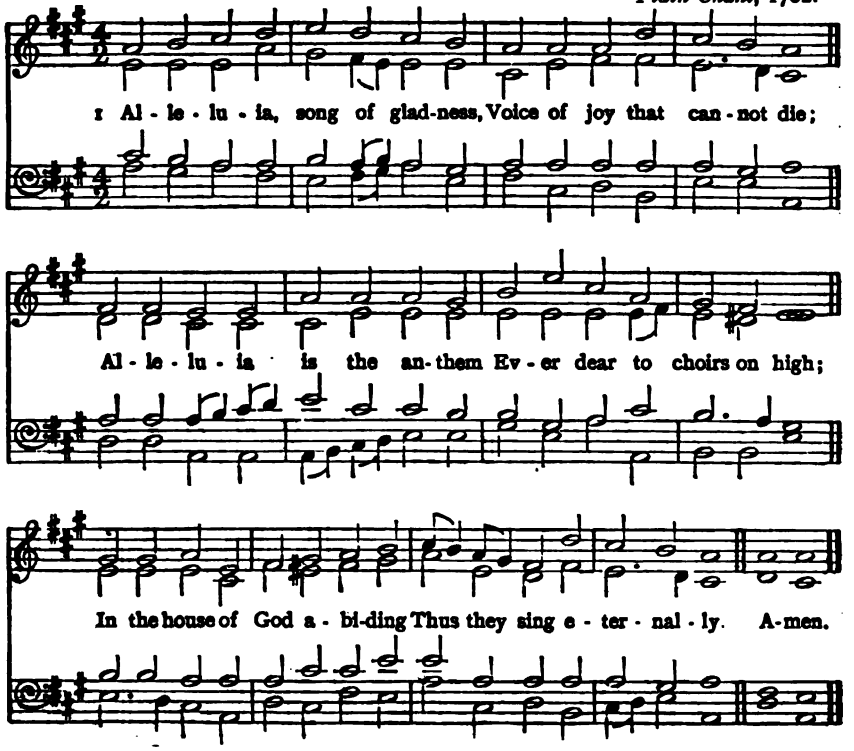
5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the Kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;

6 That when, in Thy great day,
The tares shall severed be,
We may be surely gathered in
With all Thy saints to Thee. Amen.

JAMES R. WOODFORD, 1863.

110 Sundays after Epiphany.

DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7. From *An Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782.



2 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.

3 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.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851, *alt.*
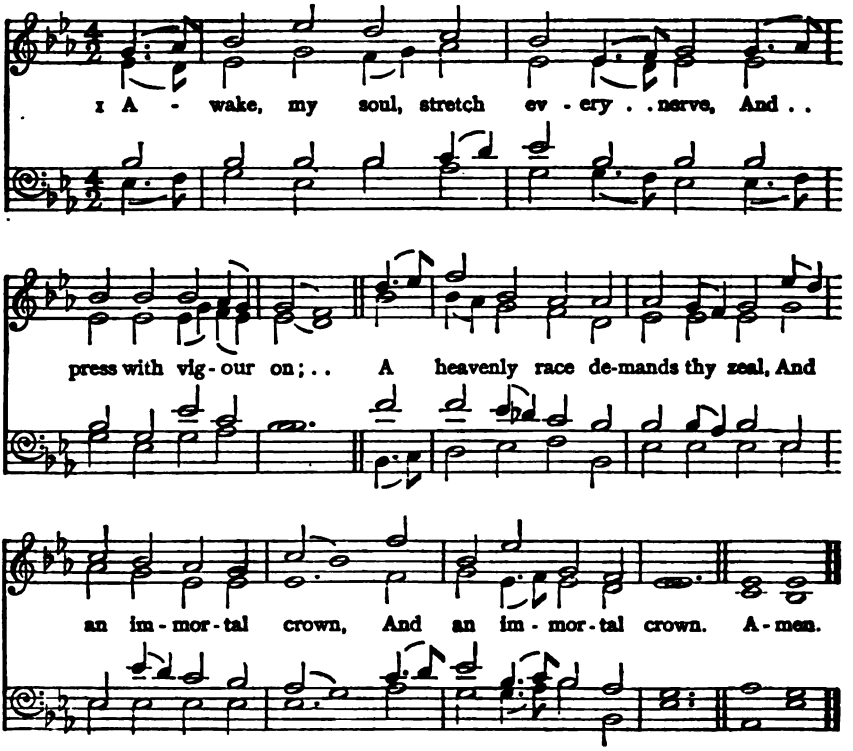
Also the following:

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

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

111 Septuagesima.

CHRISTMAS. C.M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1728.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
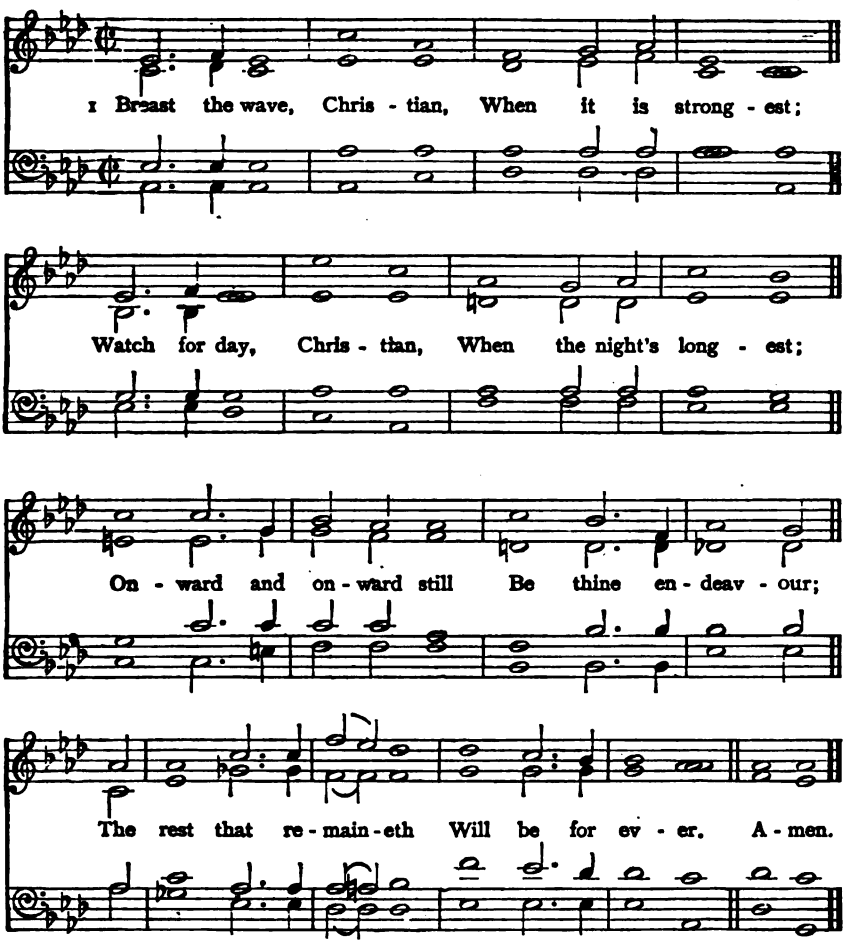
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

112 Septuagesima.

FORTITUDE. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. WILLIAM C. FILBY, 1874.
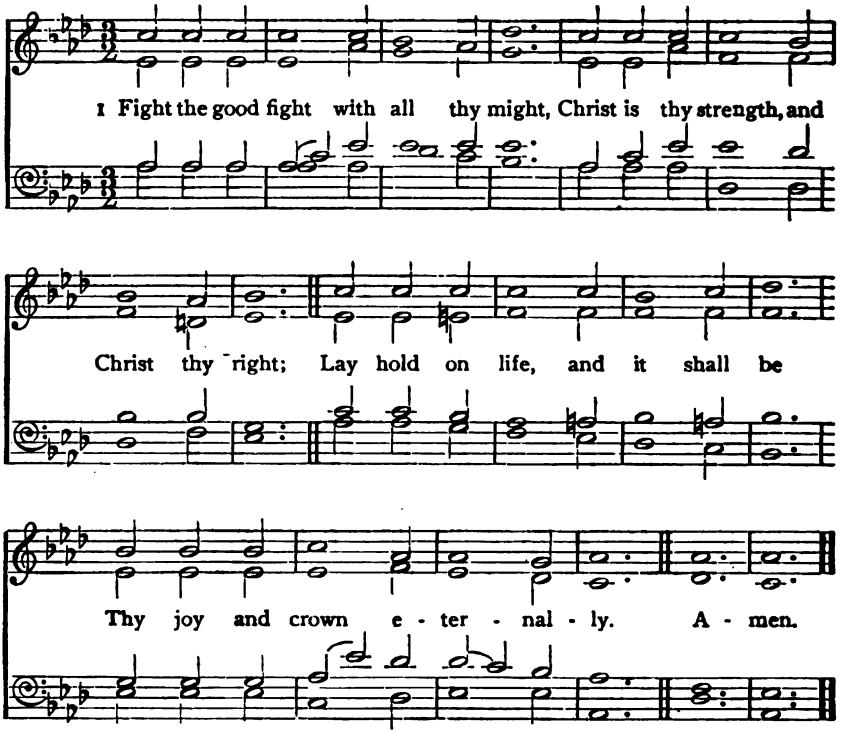


2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He Who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

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

JOSEPH STAMMERS, 1830, *alt.*

113 Septuagesima.

PENTECOST (*First Tune*). L. M. WILLIAM BOYD, 1864.



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

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
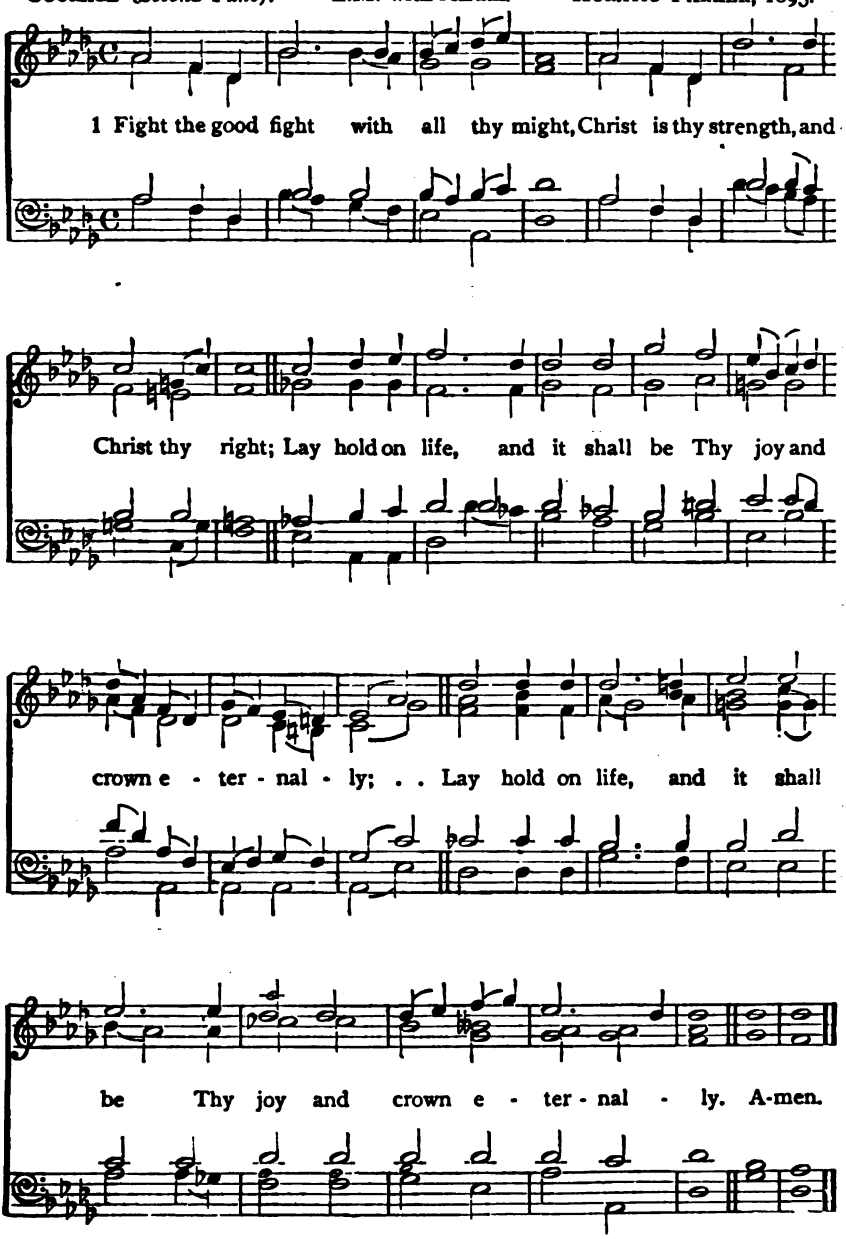
4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863, *alt.*

Original Key A.
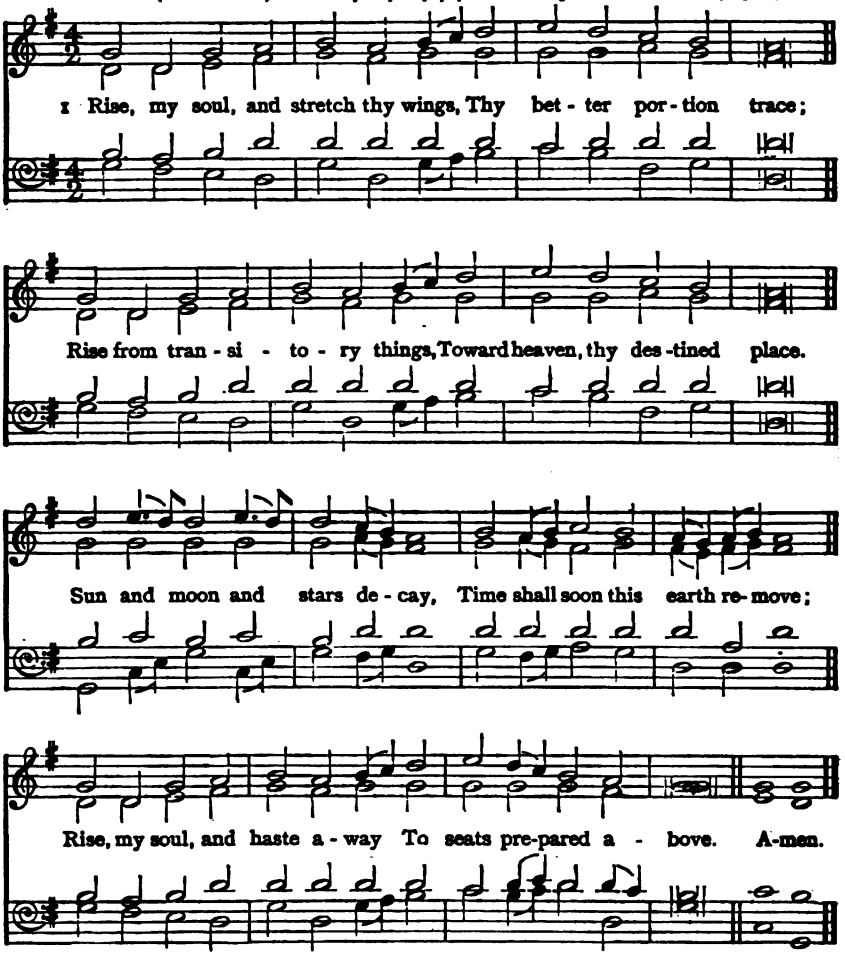
113 Septuagesima.

COURAGE (*Second Tune*). L.M. with refrain. HORATIO PARKER, 1895.



114 Septuagesima.

AMSTERDAM (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. JAMES NARES, 1715–1783.
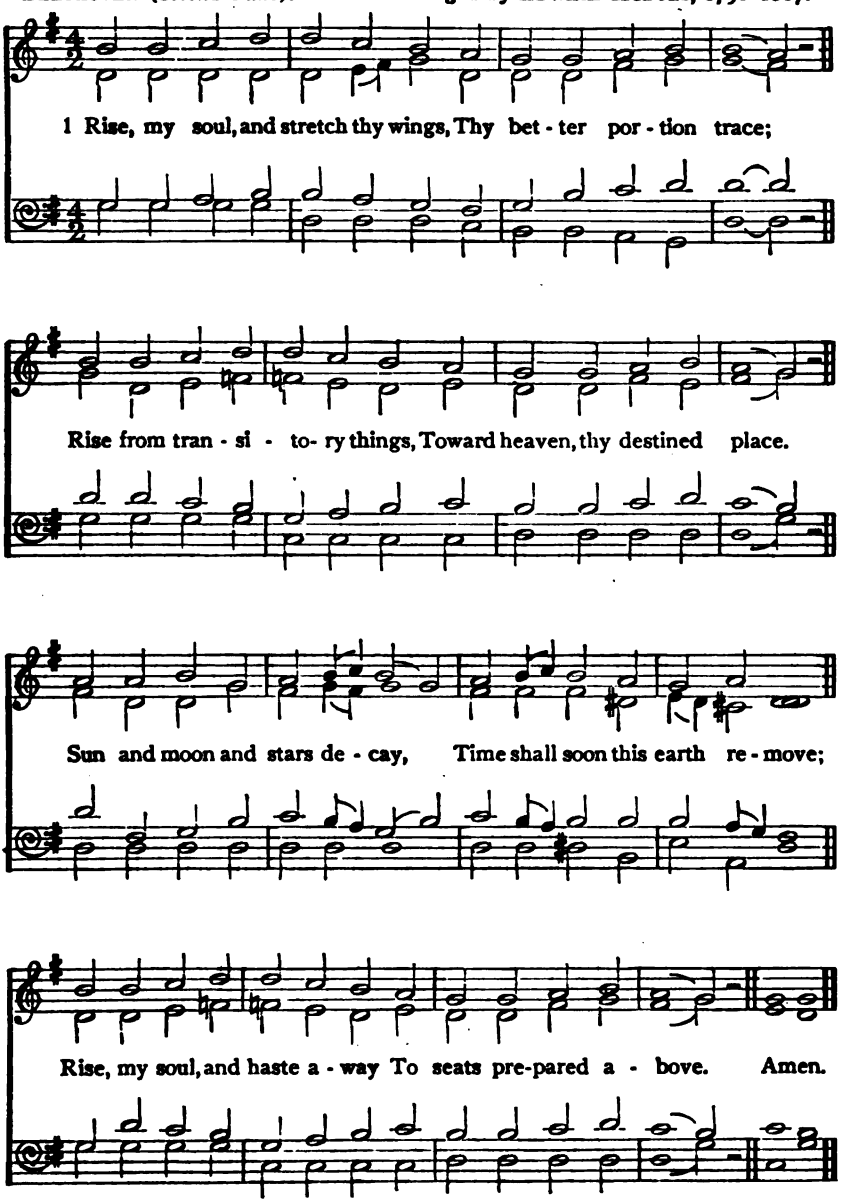


2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies.
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742, *alt.*

114 Septuagesima.

7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

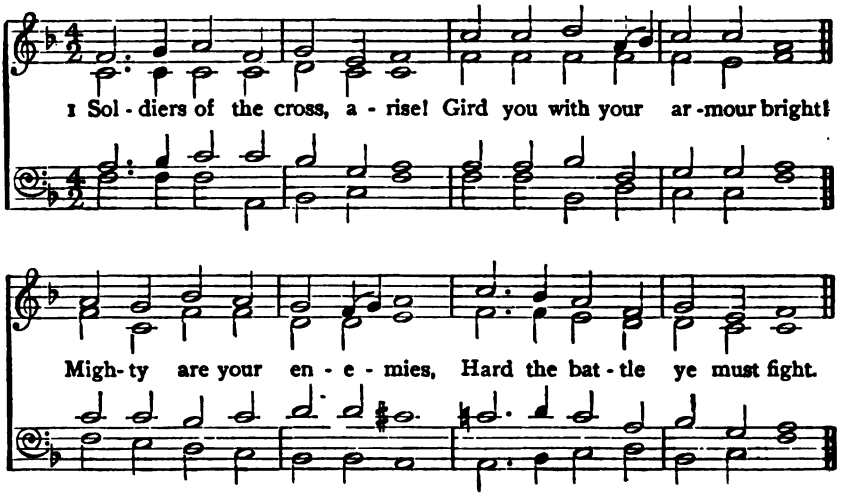
BEETHOVEN (*Second Tune*). Arranged by EDWARD HODGES, 1796–1867.



115

Septuagesima.

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS. FOUR 7's. PIERRE DE CORBEIL, d. 1222.



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

3 Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go!
Let the voice of hope be heard!
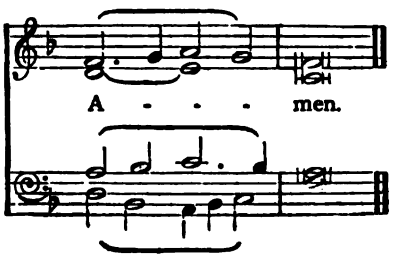
4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

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

6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!
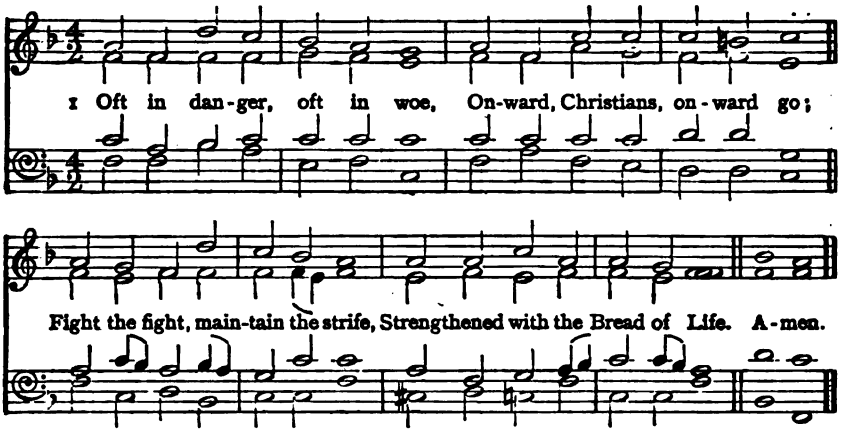
7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord!

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1864.



116 Septuagesima.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (*First Tune*). Four 7's. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
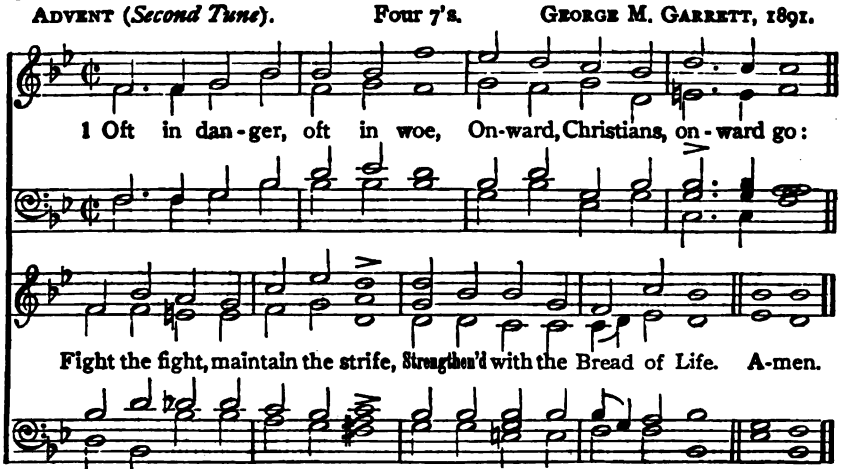
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

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

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806, *alt., cento.*
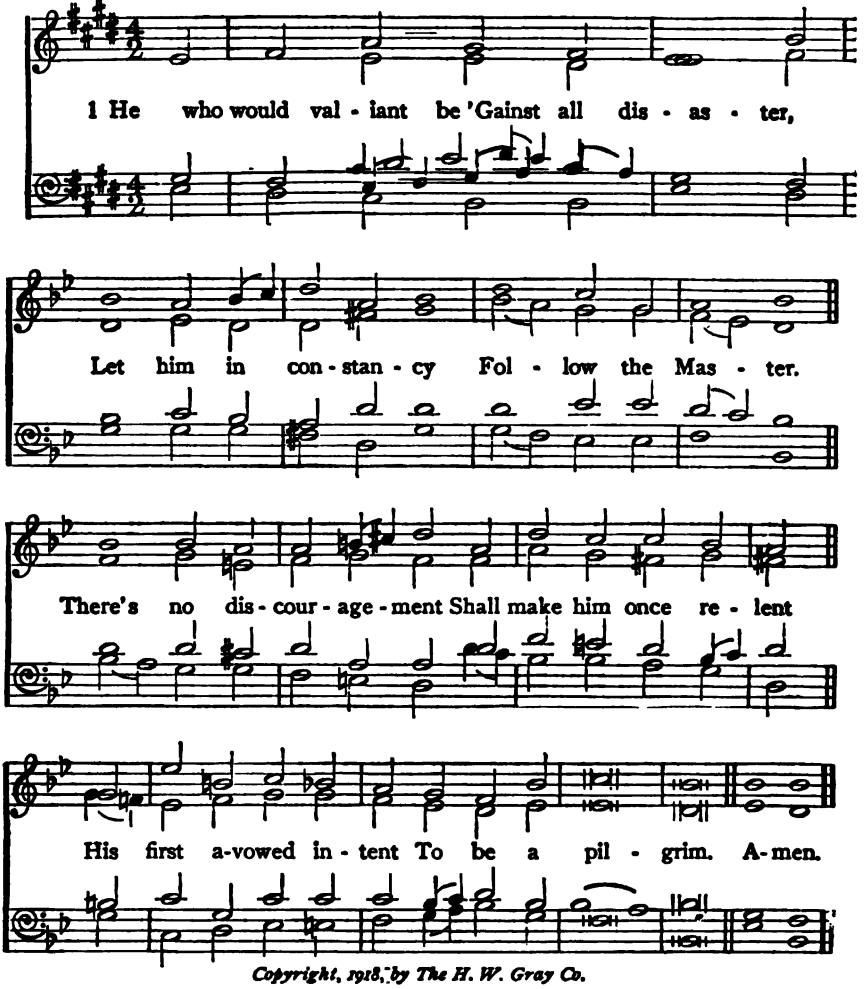
116

ADVENT (*Second Tune*). Four 7's. GEORGE M. GARRETT, 1891.



117 Septuagesima.

EGBERT (*First Tune*). 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1917.



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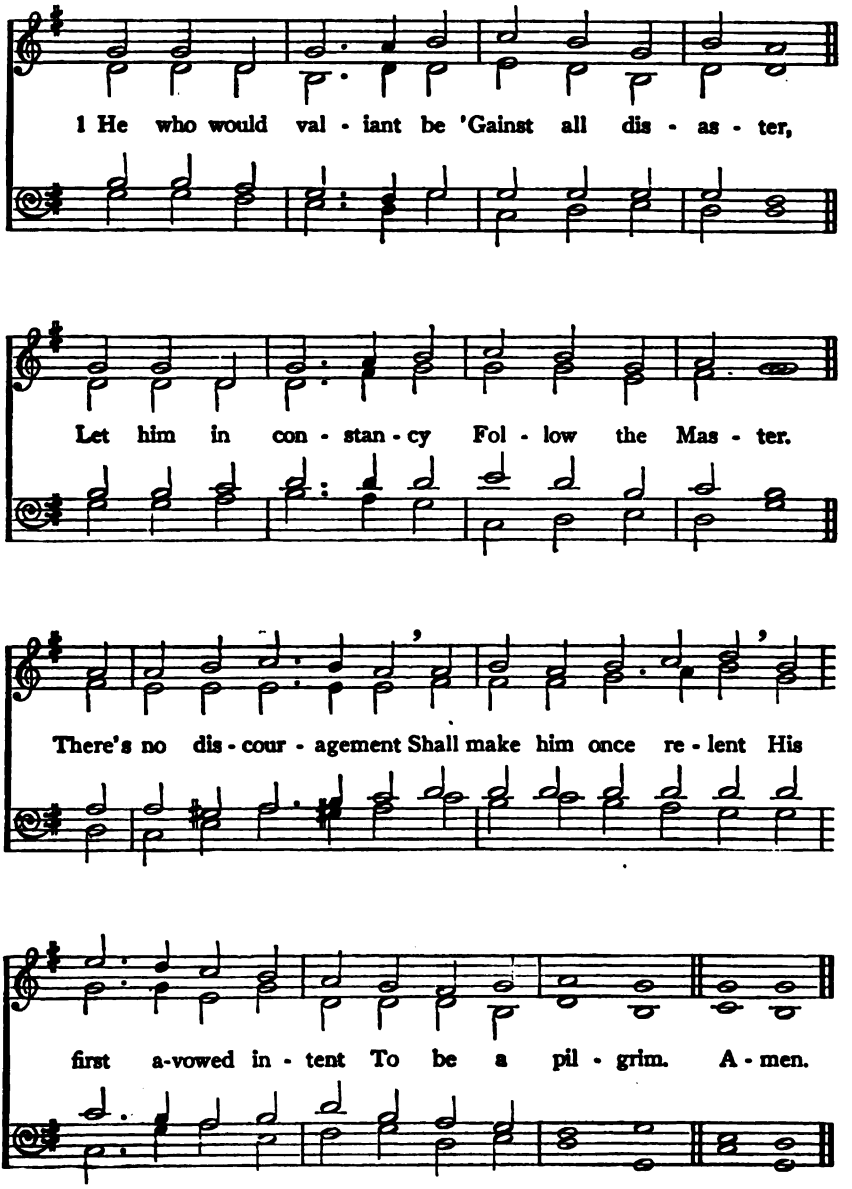
2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight;
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

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

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628-1688, *alt.*

117 Septuagesima.

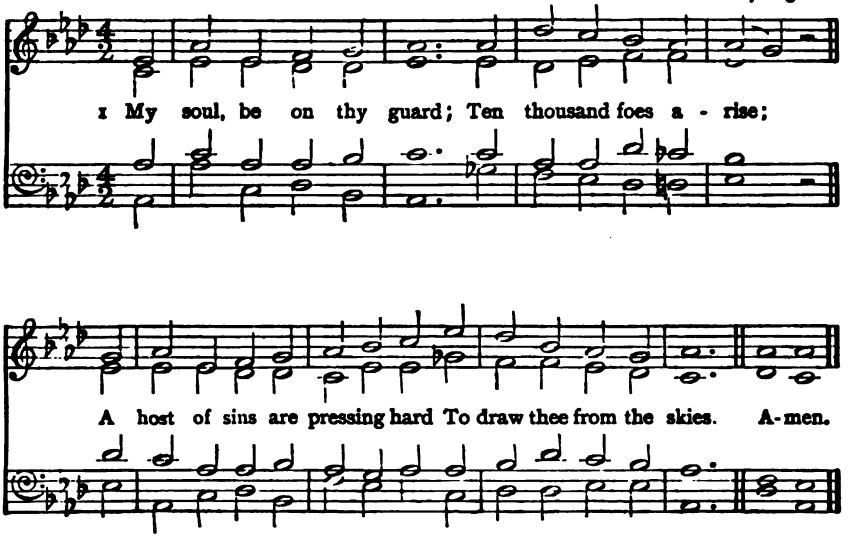
St. Dunstan's (*Second Tune*). 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5. Winfred Douglas, 1917.



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118 Septuagesima.

HEATH. S.M. MASON AND WEBB'S *Cantica Laudis*, 1850.



2

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

3

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

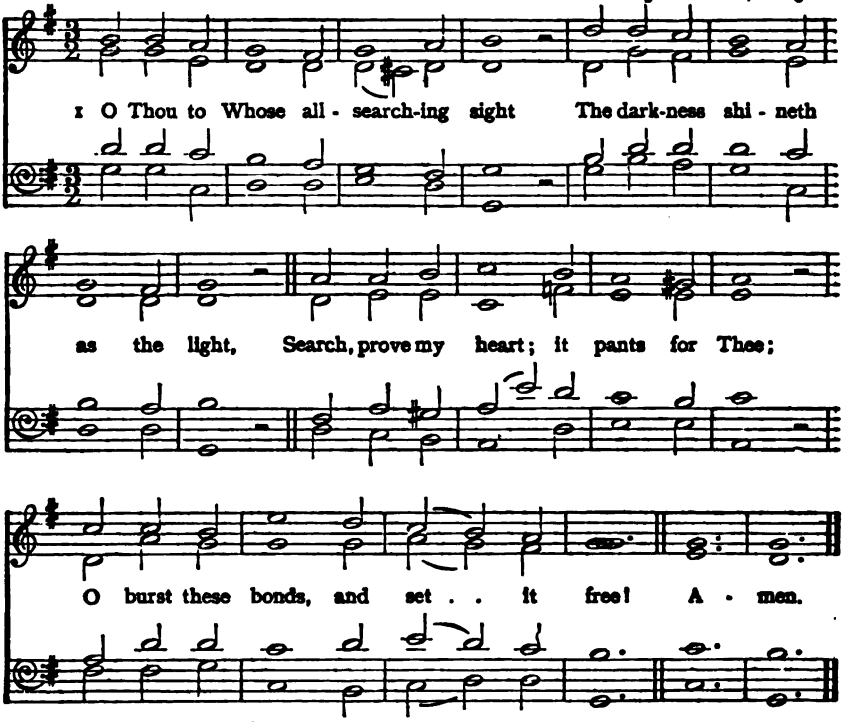
4

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

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

119 Septuagesima.

GRACE CHURCH. L.M. IGNAZ J. PLEYEL, 1815.



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

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

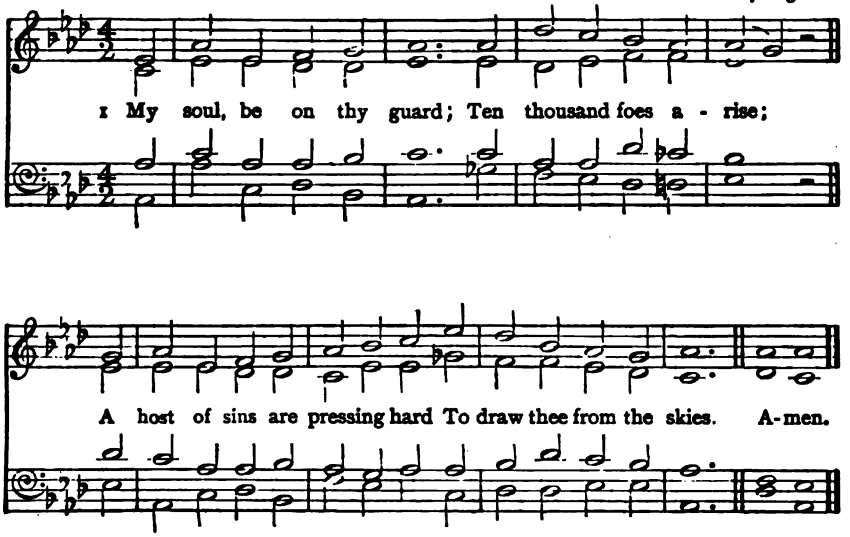
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill! Amen.

N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1721; *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY, 1738.

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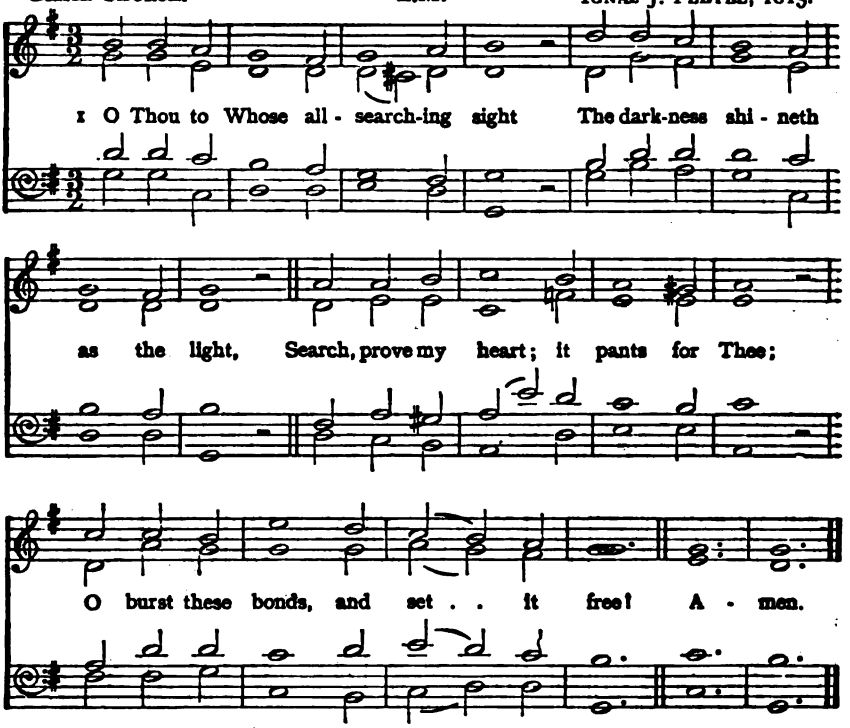
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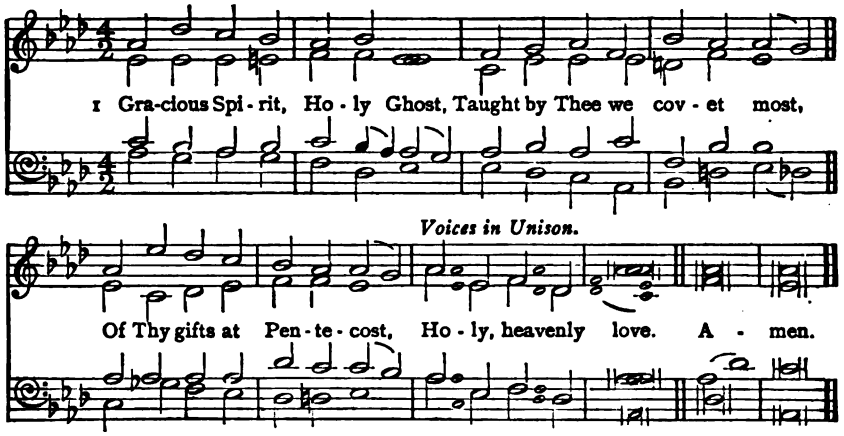
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O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill! Amen.

N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1721; *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY, 1738.

121 Septuagesima.

CHARITY. 7.7.7.5. JOHN STAINER, 1868.



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

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

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

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

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

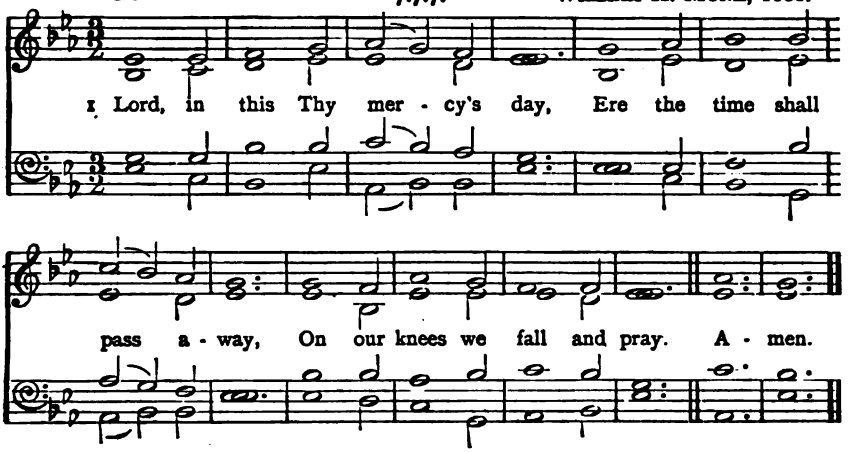
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

Also the following:

354 Saviour, teach me, day by day
496 O Lord, and Master of us all

122 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

St. Philip. 7.7.7. William H. Monk, 1861.



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

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

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

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

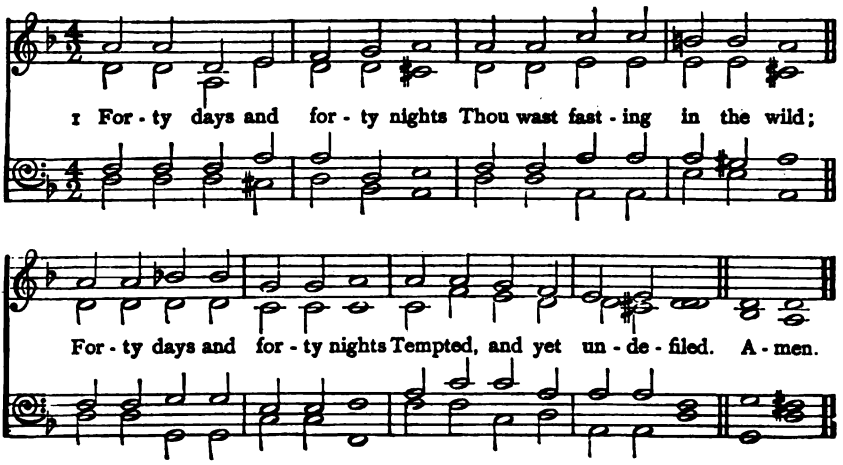
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

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

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842, *alt.*

123 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

HEINLEIN. Four 7's. MARTIN HERBST (?), 1676.



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

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

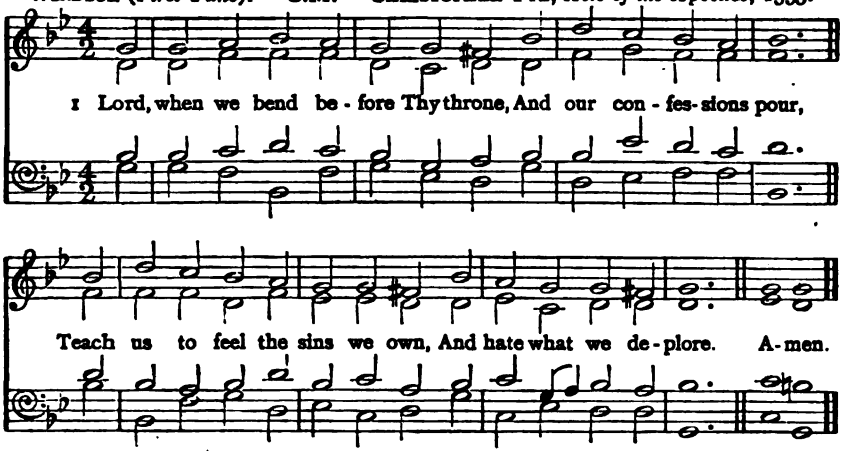
4 So shall we have peace divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN, 1856, *alt.*

124 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

WINDSOR (*First Tune*). C.M. CHRISTOPHER TYE, *Acts of the Apostles*, 1553.



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

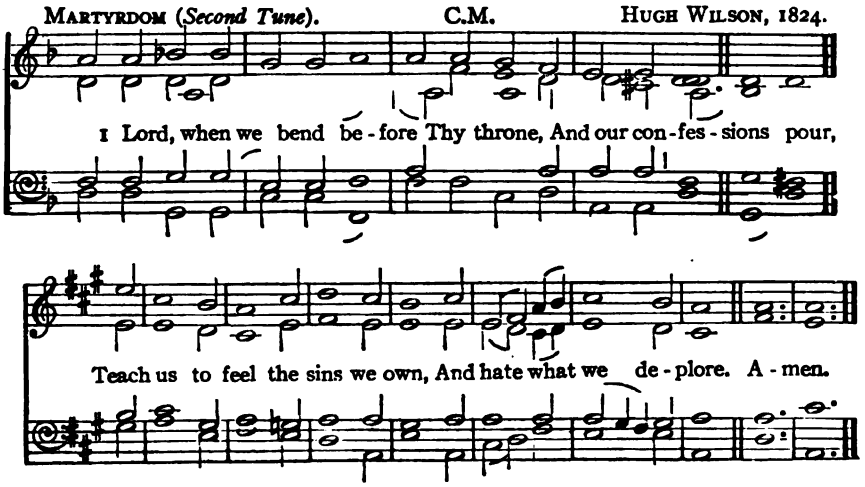
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
That is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE, 1802.

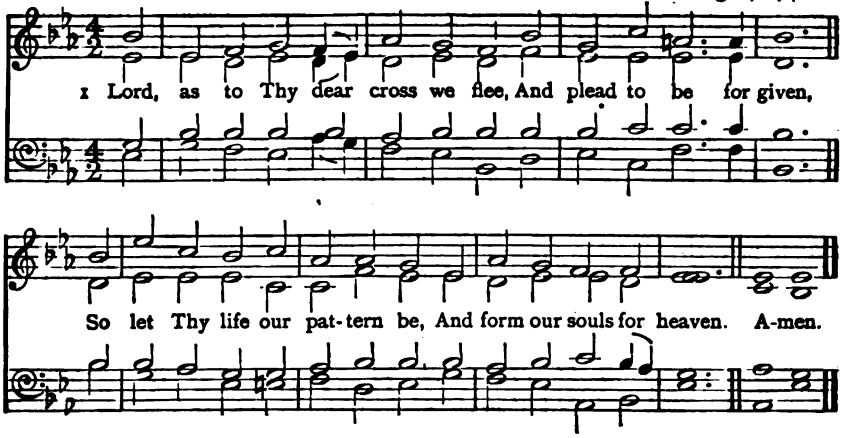
124

MARTYRDOM (*Second Tune*). C.M. HUGH WILSON, 1824.



125 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. Cologne, 1741.



2

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

3

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

4

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."
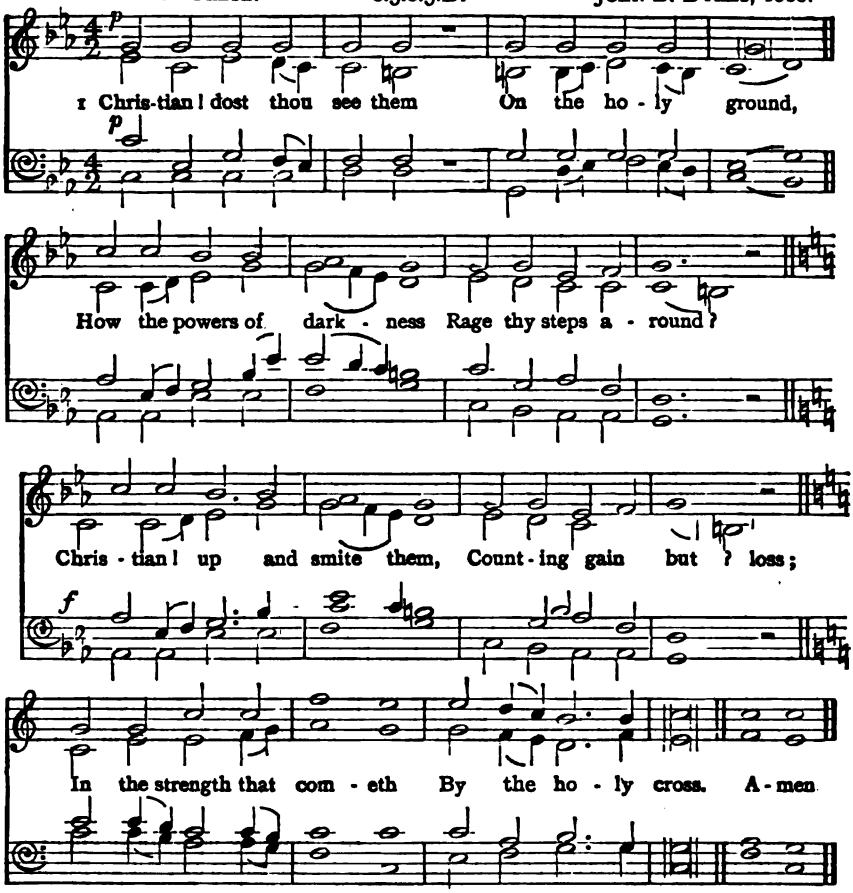
5

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

JOHN H. GURNEY, 1838.

126 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6.5.6.5.D. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.
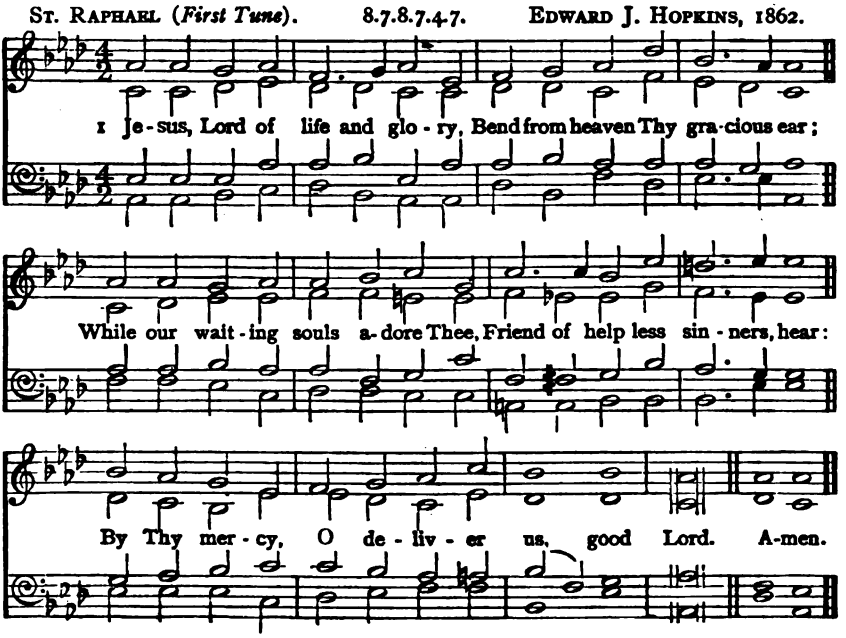
3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

127 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

St. Raphael (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. Edward J. Hopkins, 1862.



2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
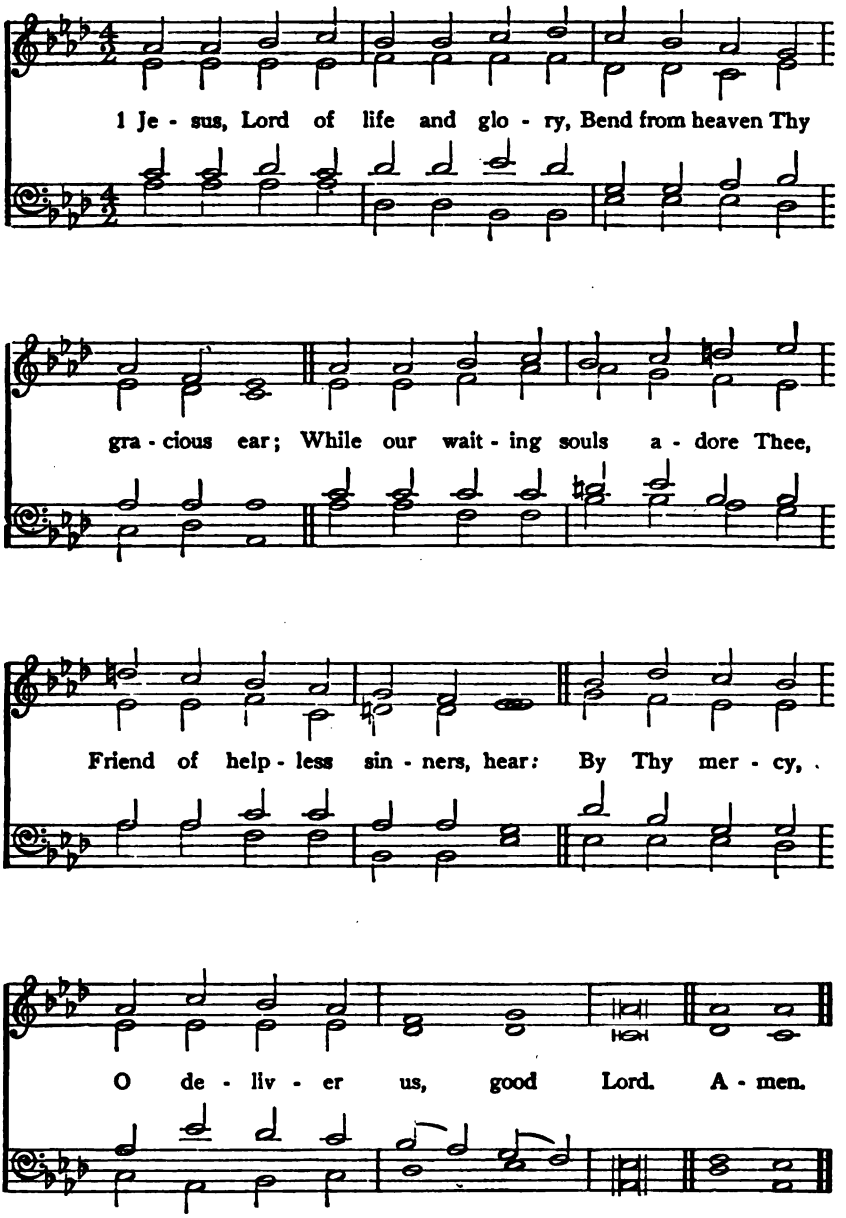
5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain.
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our rock and stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

James J. Cummins, 1839.

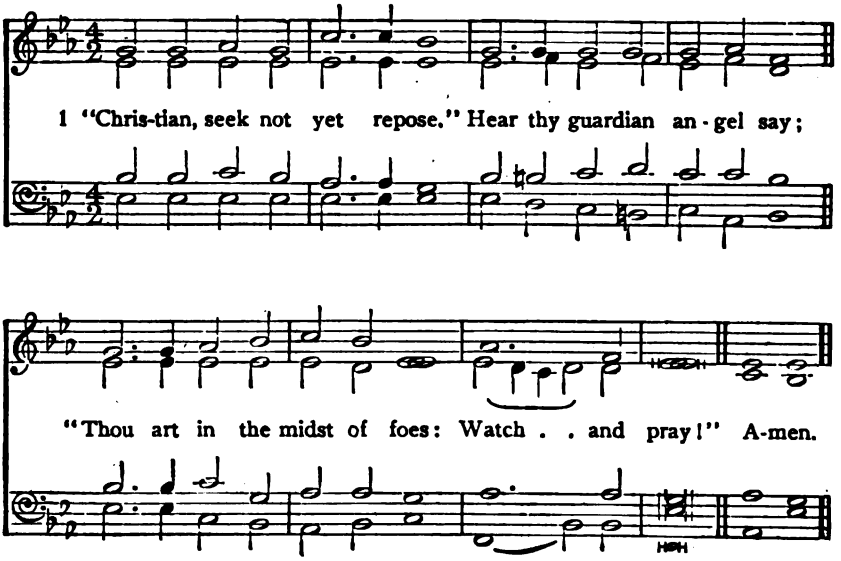
127

EVANGEL (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



128

VIGILATE. 7.7.7.3. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1868.



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

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

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim:
Watch and pray!
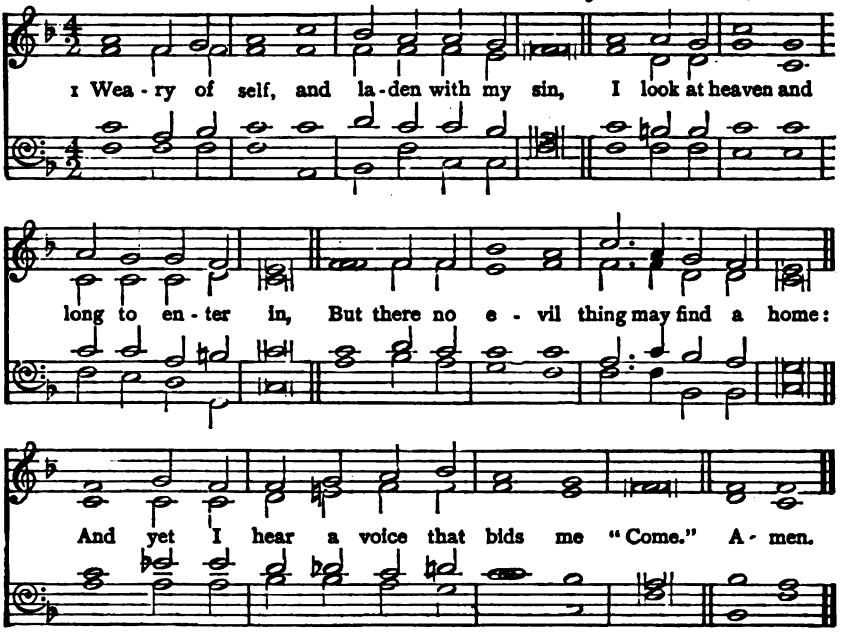
5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word:
Watch and pray!

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

129 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

LANGRAN. Four 10's. JAMES LANGRAN, 1862.



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

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

4 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
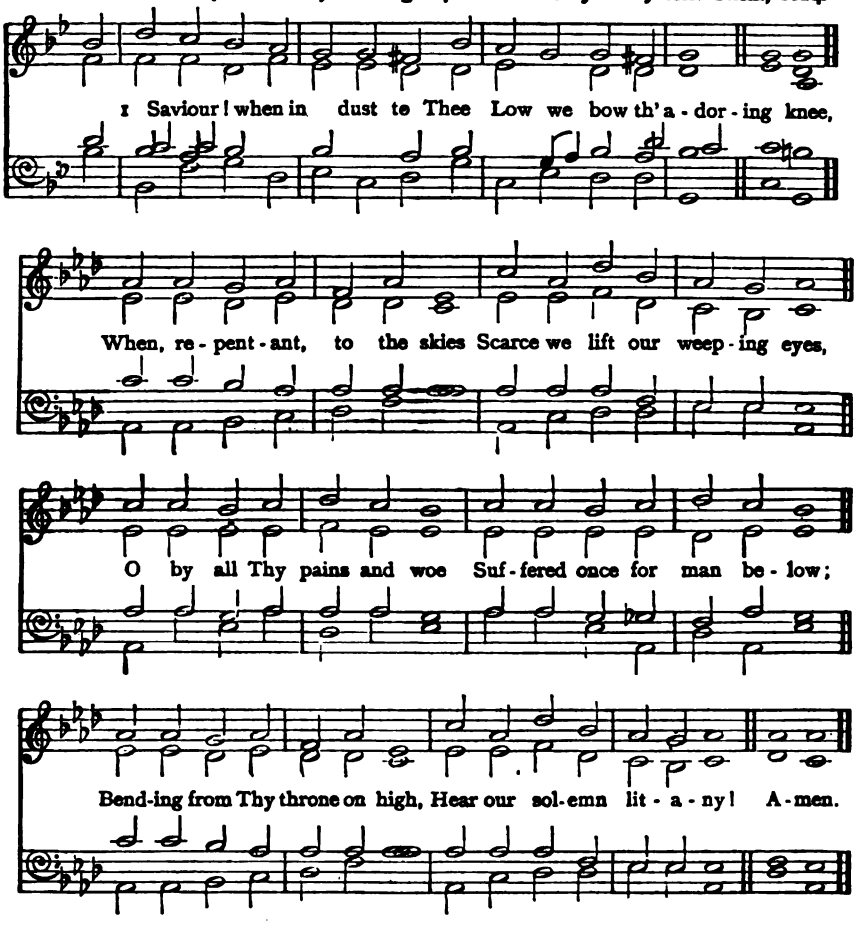
5 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

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

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1866.

130 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

SPANISH CHANT (*First Tune*). Eight 7's. Arr. by BENJAMIN CARR, 1824.



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

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!
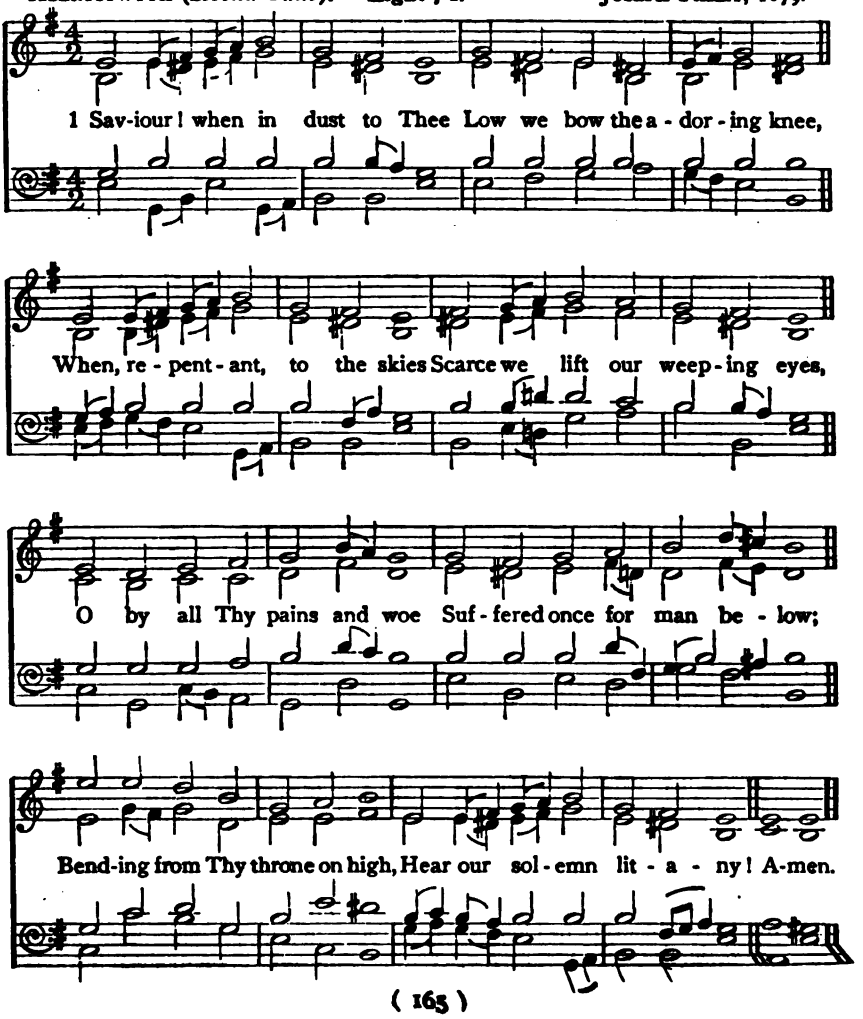
4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

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

ROBERT GRANT, 1815, *alt.*

130
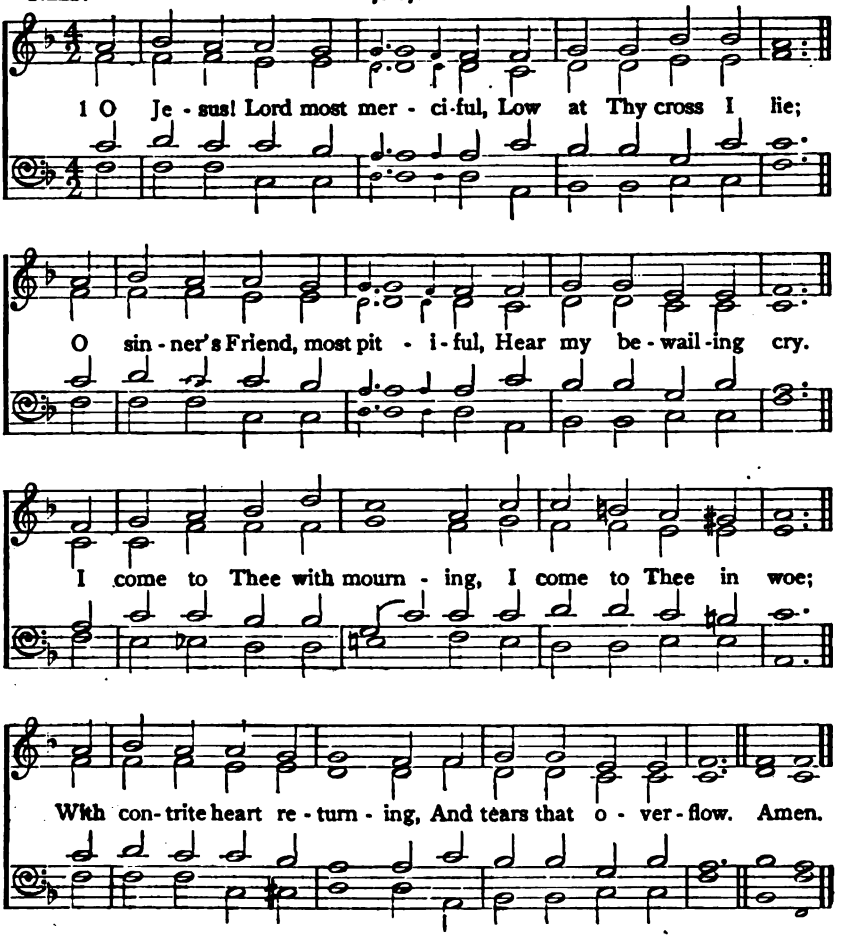
ABERYSTWYTH (*Second Tune*). Eight 7's. JOSEPH PARRY, 1879.



Ash Wednesday and Lent.

131

NEED. 7.6.7.6.D.



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

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

4 And in this heart now broken,
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway. Amen.
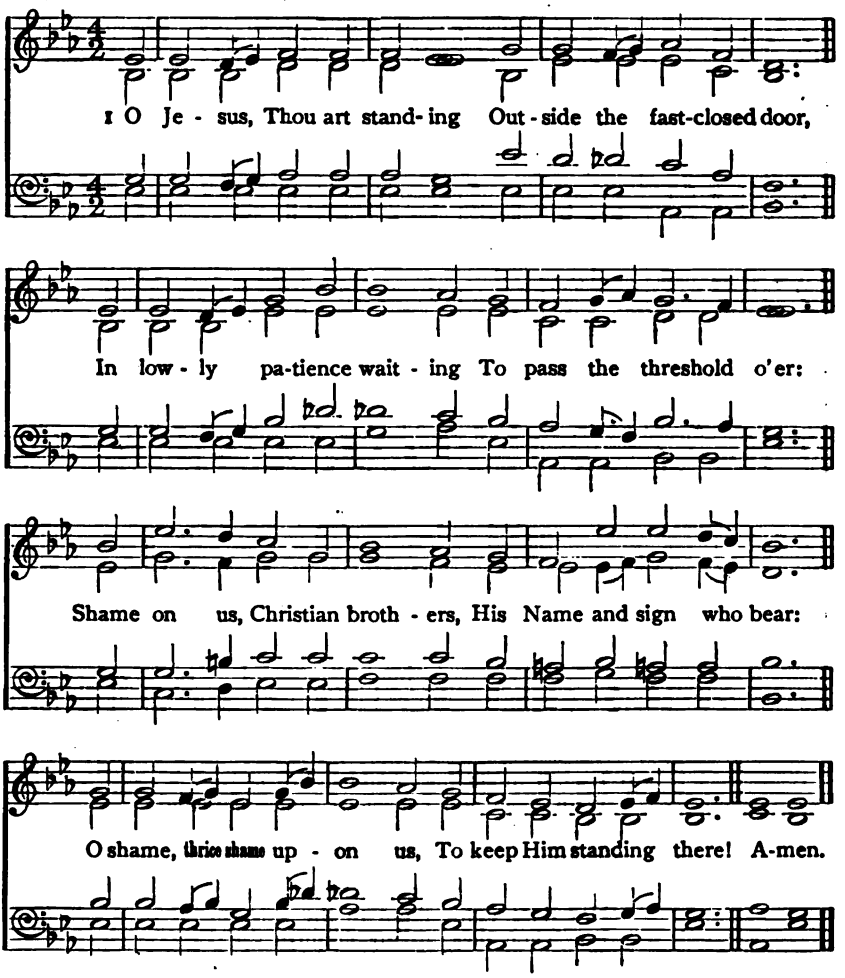
JAMES HAMILTON, 1867.

132 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

7.6.7.6.D.

ST. HILDA.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1799;
EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
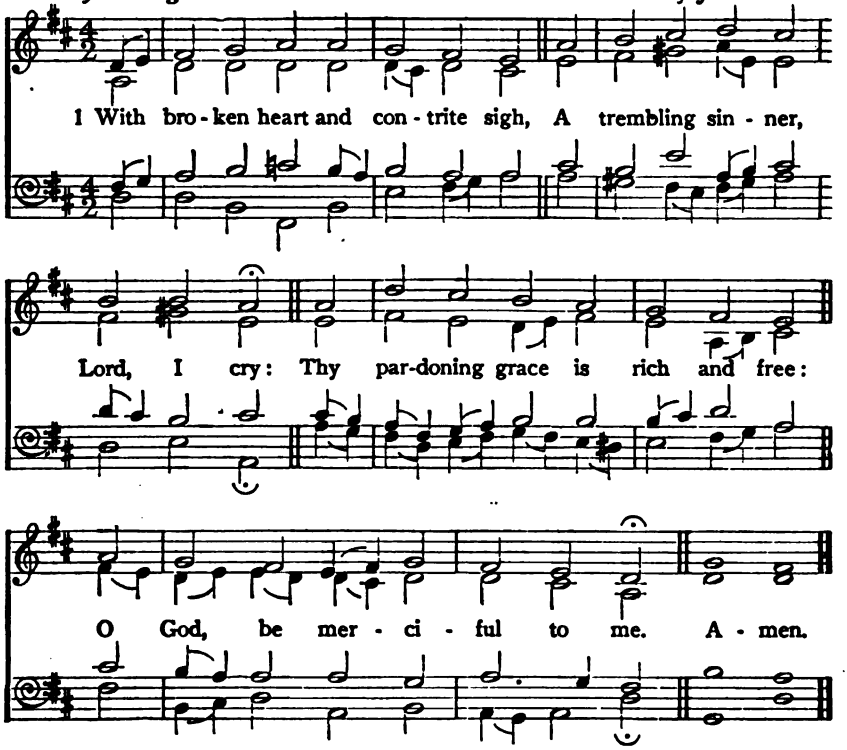
3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low:
"I died for you, My children,
And will you treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1867.

133 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

EISENACH. Adapted from J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.

May be sung in unison. L.M. Harmonies by J. S. BACH.



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

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

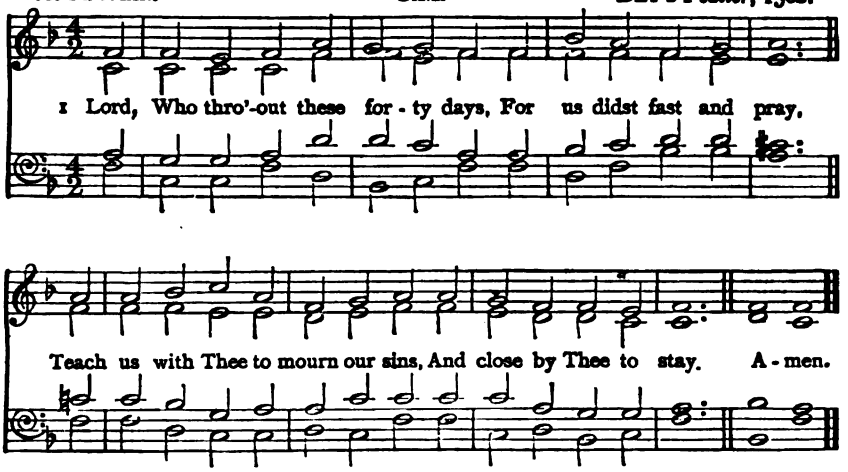
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

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

CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852.

134 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



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

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.
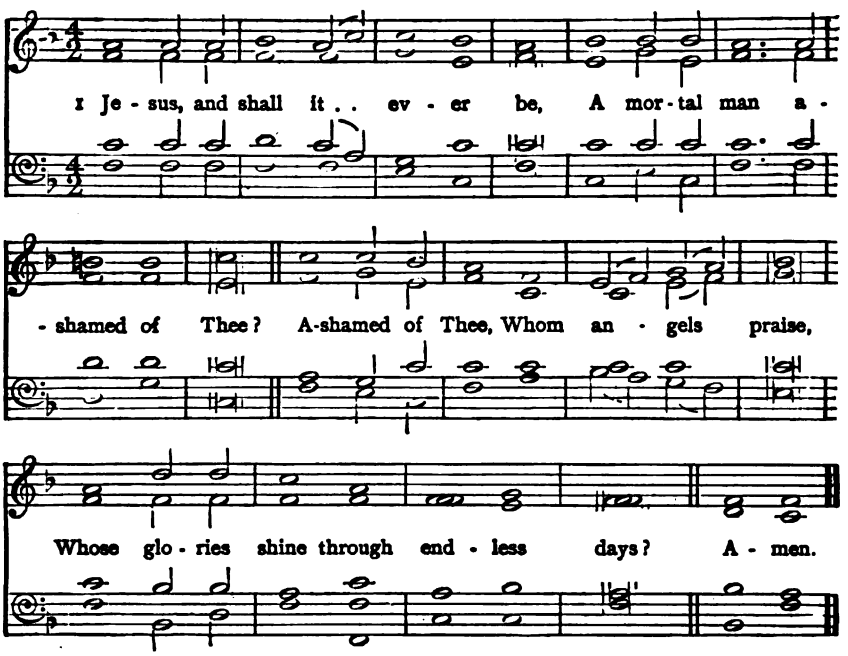
4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesus! with us abide.

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

CLAUDIA F. HERNAMAN, 1873.

135 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M. HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.



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

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

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.
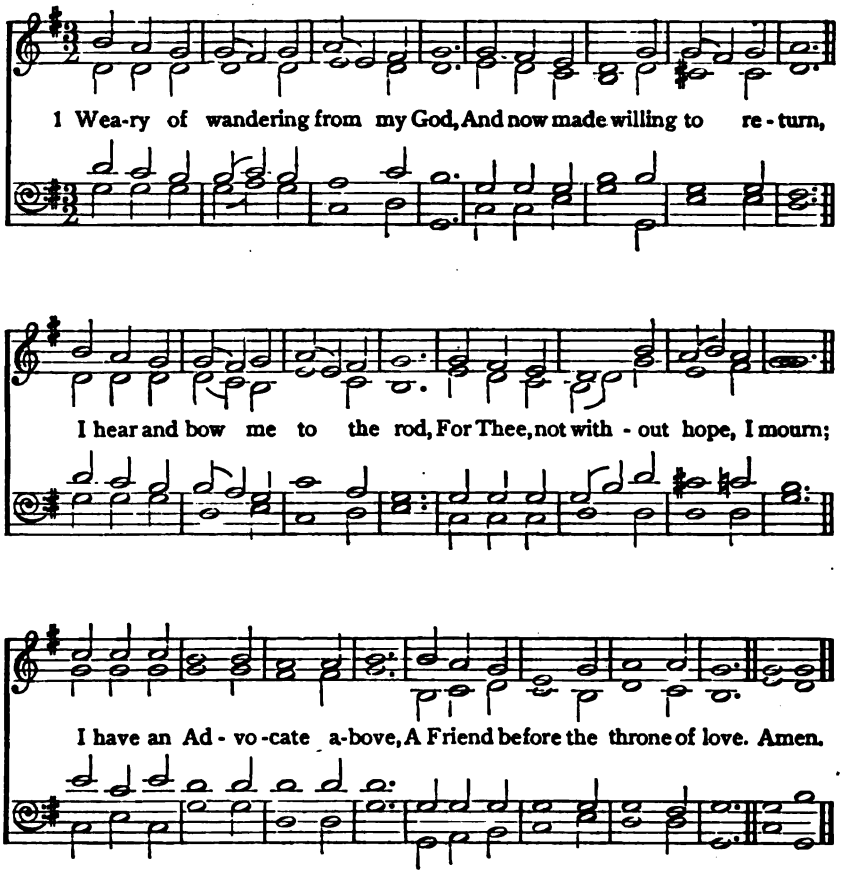
5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, MELCOMBE, No. 1.

136 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

ST. FINBAR. Six 8's. HENRI F. HEMY, 1864; JAMES G. WALTON, 1870.



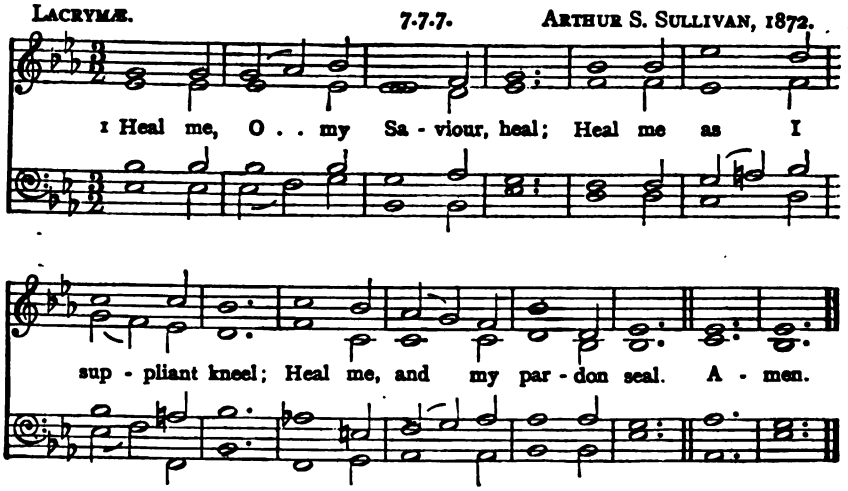
2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

137 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

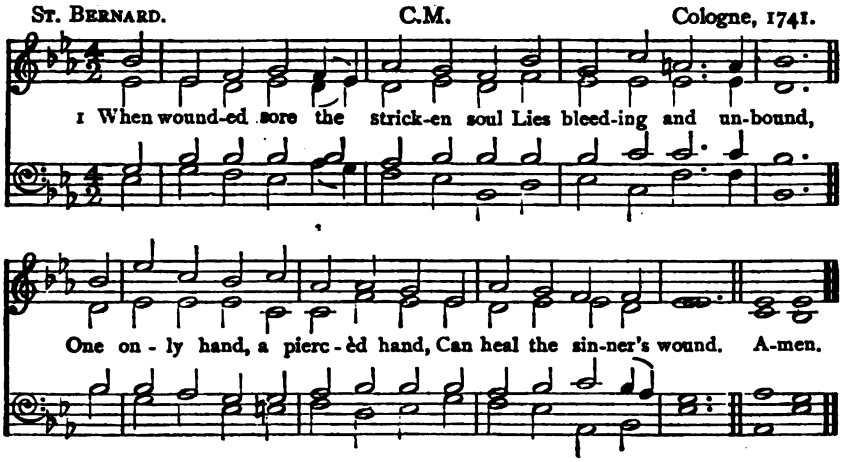
6

Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy Mercy I appeal. Amen.

GODFREY THRING, 1866.

138 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. Cologne, 1741.



2

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

3

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

4

'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
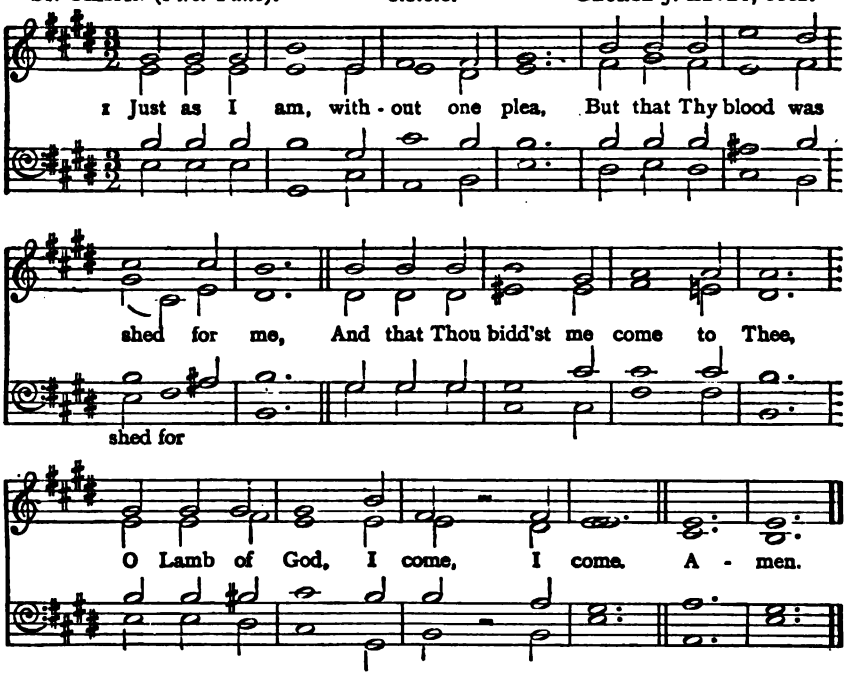
5

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

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1858.

139 Ash Wednesday and Lent.

ST. CRISPIN (*First Tune*). 8.8.8.6. GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1862.



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

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

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
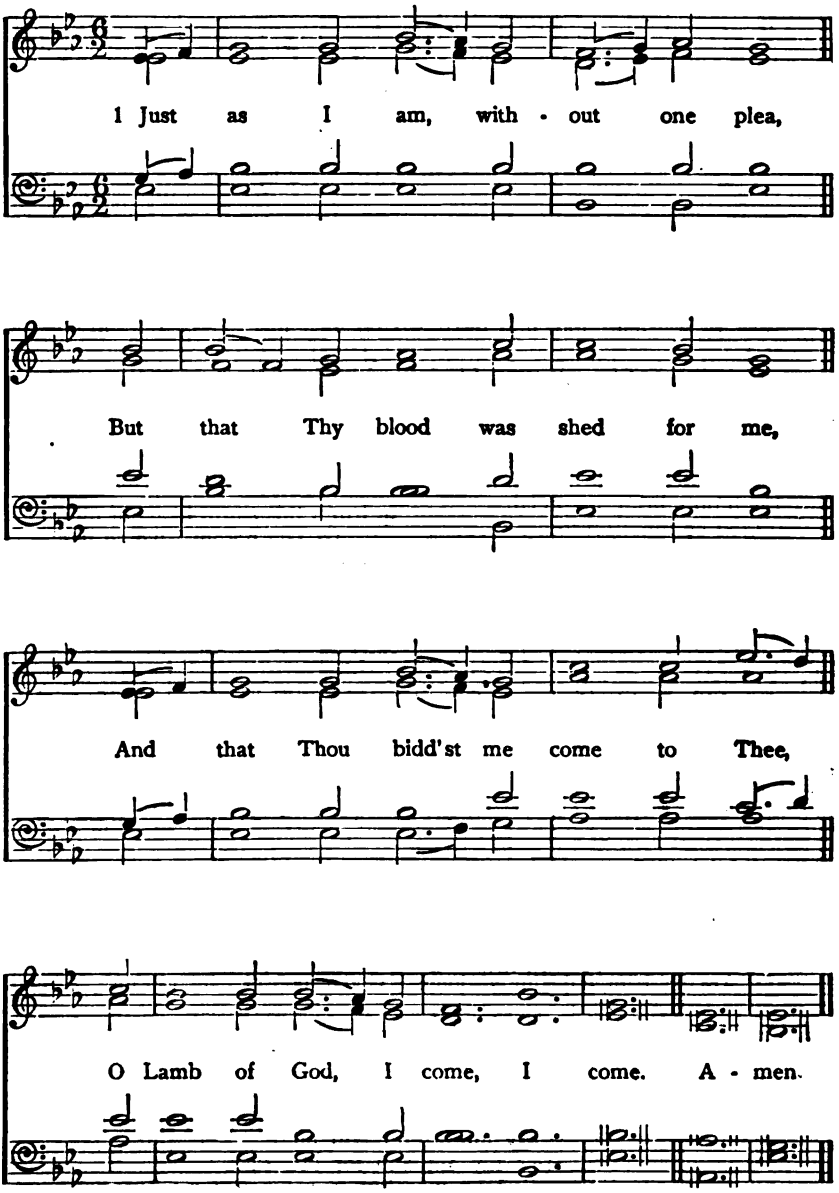
5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1840.

139

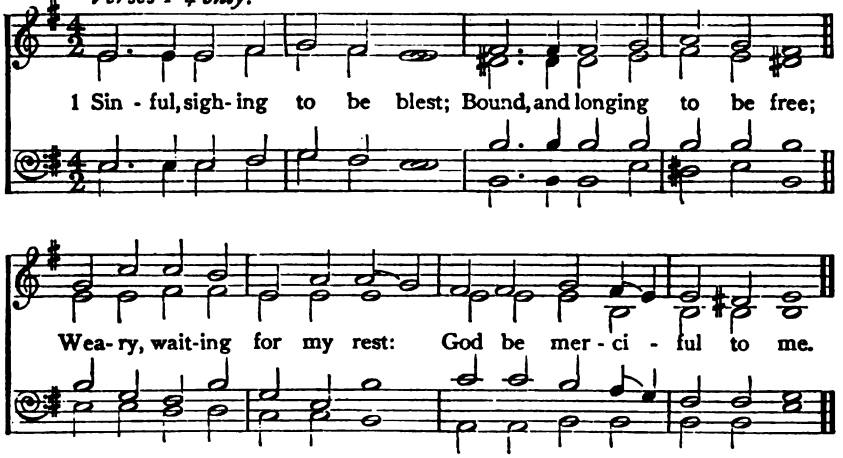
WOODWORTH (*Second Tune*). 8.8.8.6. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.



140

CLARENCE. Four 7's. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

Verses 1–4 only.

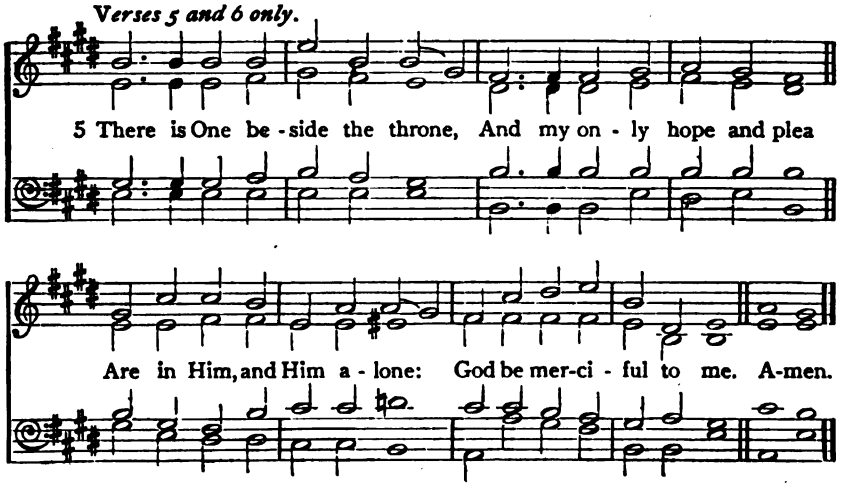


2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me.

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

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

Verses 5 and 6 only.

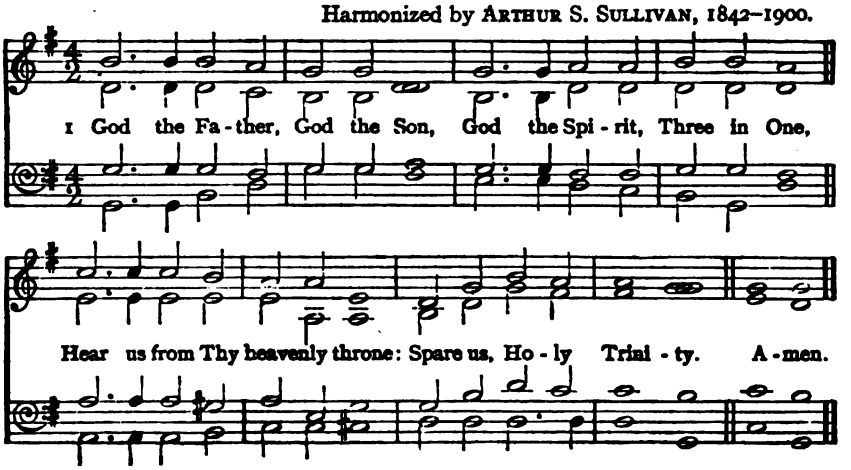


6 He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
God be merciful to me. Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1857.

141 Litanies of Penitence.

Lebbaeus. 7.7.7.6. *St. Alban's Tune Book*, 1866;
Harmonized by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842–1900.



2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

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

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

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

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

7 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

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

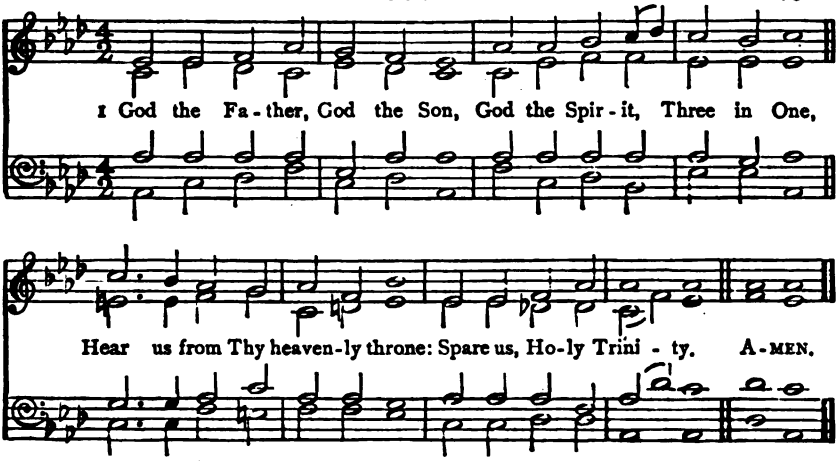
9 That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

10 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, Jesus.
Amen.

Richard F. Littledale, 1875.

142, PART I. Ash Wednesday and Lent.

TURPIN'S LITANY. 7.7.7.6. EDMUND H. TURPIN, 1875.



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

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

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

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

6 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
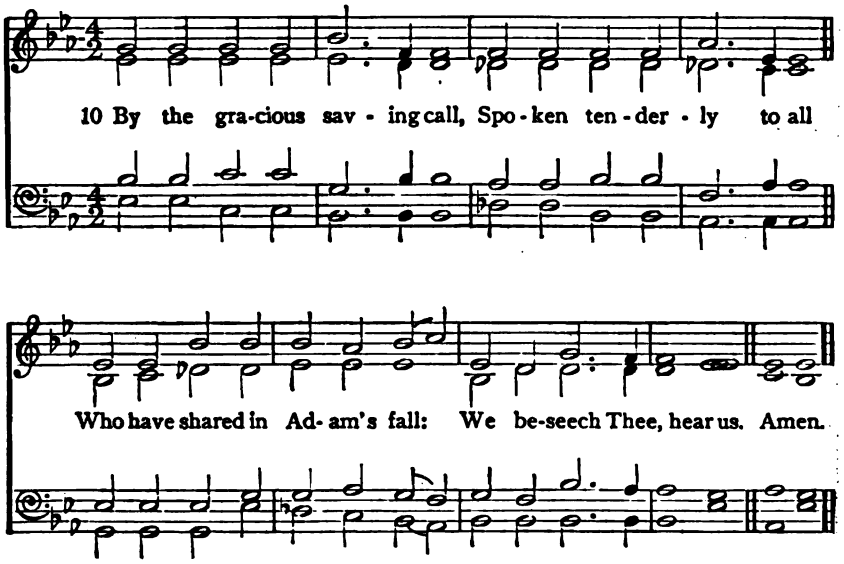
8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

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

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1871.

142, PART II. Ash Wednesday and Lent.

LITANY OF THE PASSION. 7.7.7.6. JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



11 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

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

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

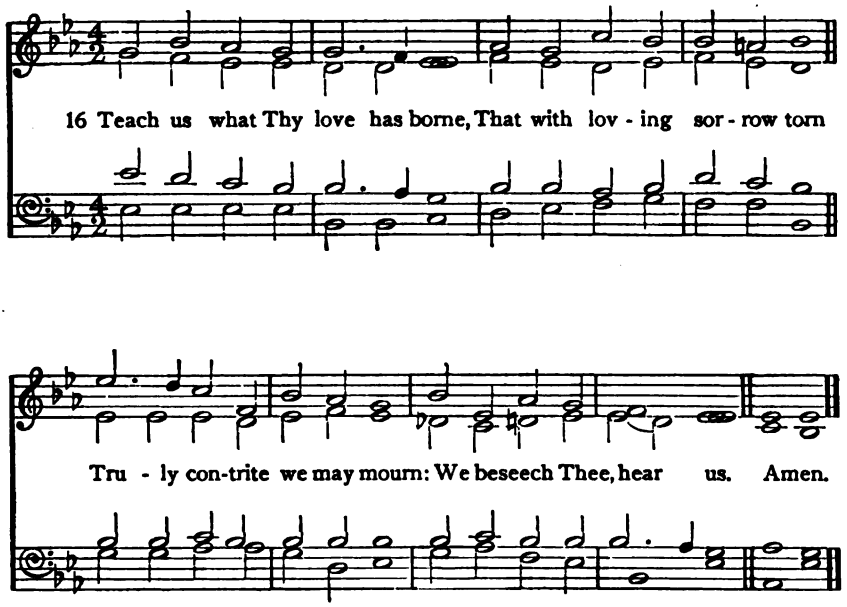
14 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1871.

142, PART III. Ash Wednesday and Lent.

AGNES. 7.7.7.6. EDWARD BUNNETT, 1877.



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

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

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

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

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

22 Grant us love, Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
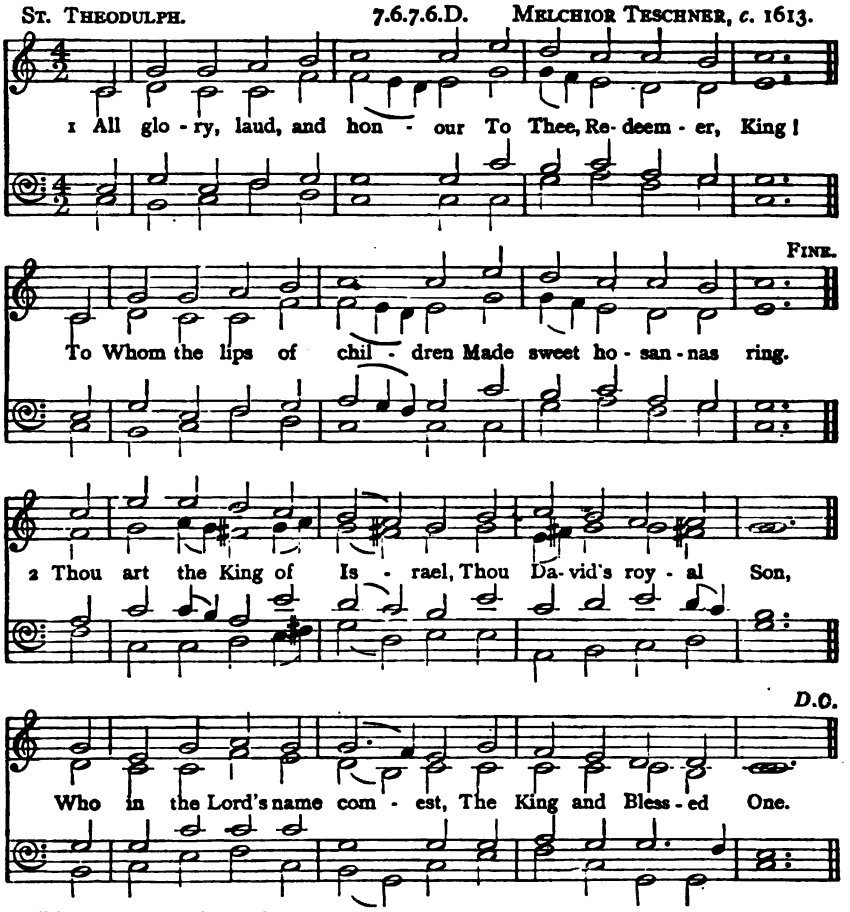
23 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

24 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1871.

143 Holy Week.

St. Theodulph. 7.6.7.6.D. Melchior Teschner, *c.* 1613.



3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
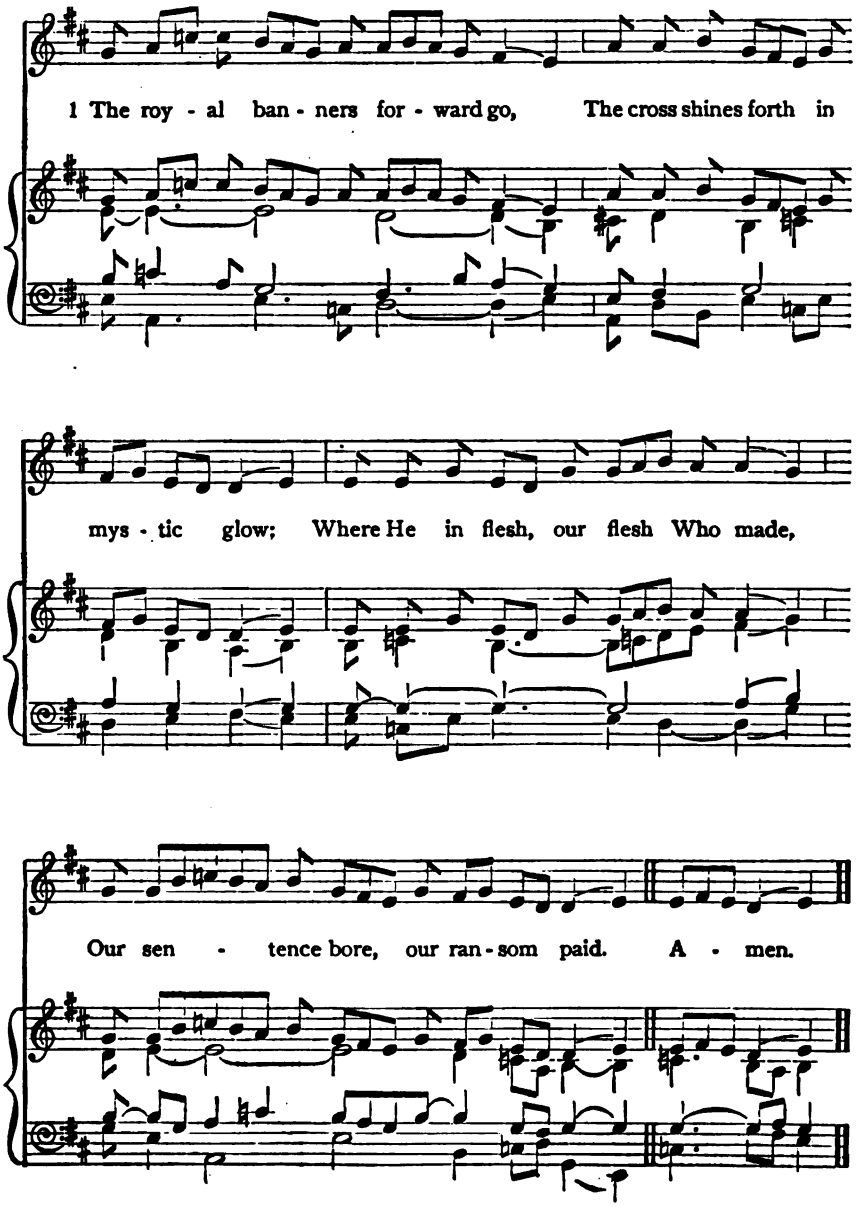
St. Theodulph, 800;
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1854.



144

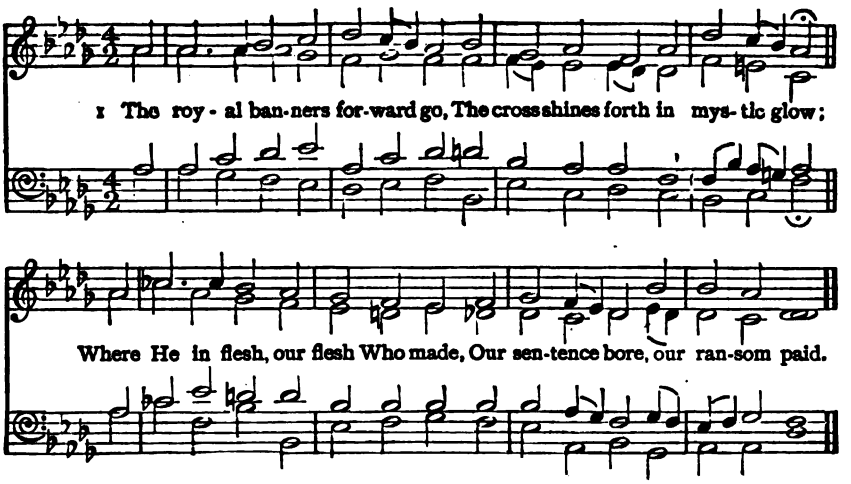
VEXILLA REGIS (*First Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode I.

To be sung in unison.



144 Holy Week.

VEXILLA REGIS (*Second Tune*). L.M. HORATIO PARKER, 1894.
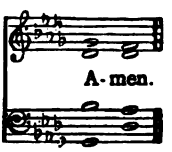


2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

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

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

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

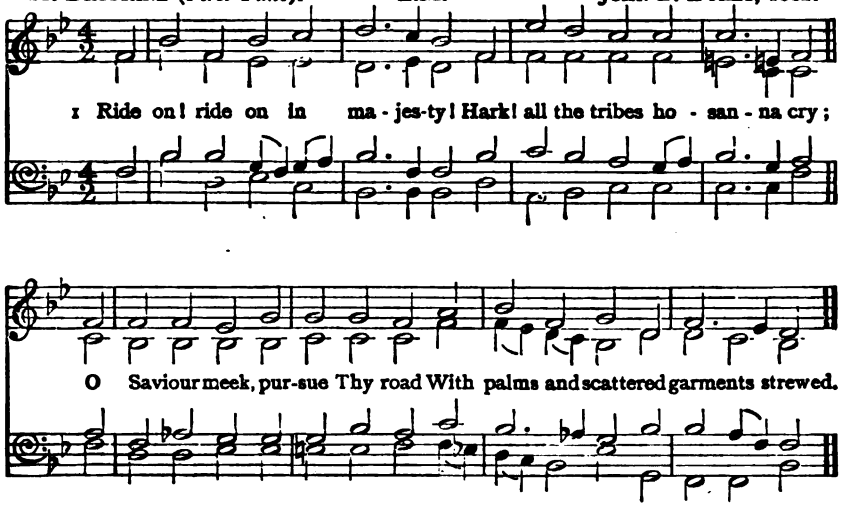
6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.



VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530–609; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

145 Holy Week.

St. Drostane (*First Tune*). L.M. John B. Dykes, 1862.



2

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

3
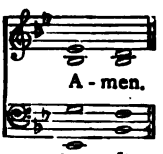
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4

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

5
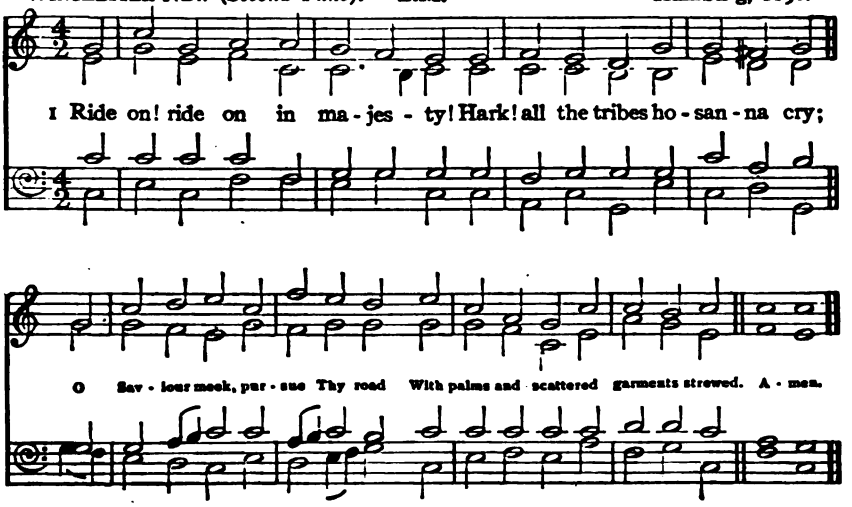
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.



Henry H. Milman, 1827, *alt.*
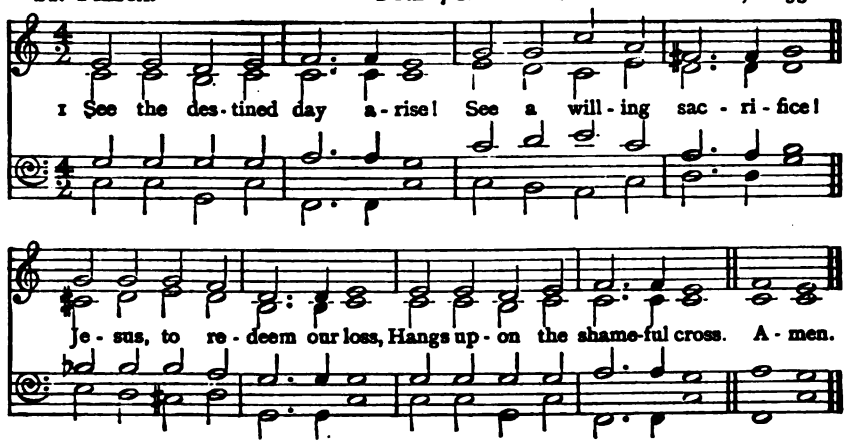
145 Holy Week.

WINCHESTER NEW (*Second Tune*). L.M. Hamburg, 1690.



146

ST. PRISCA. Four 7's. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?
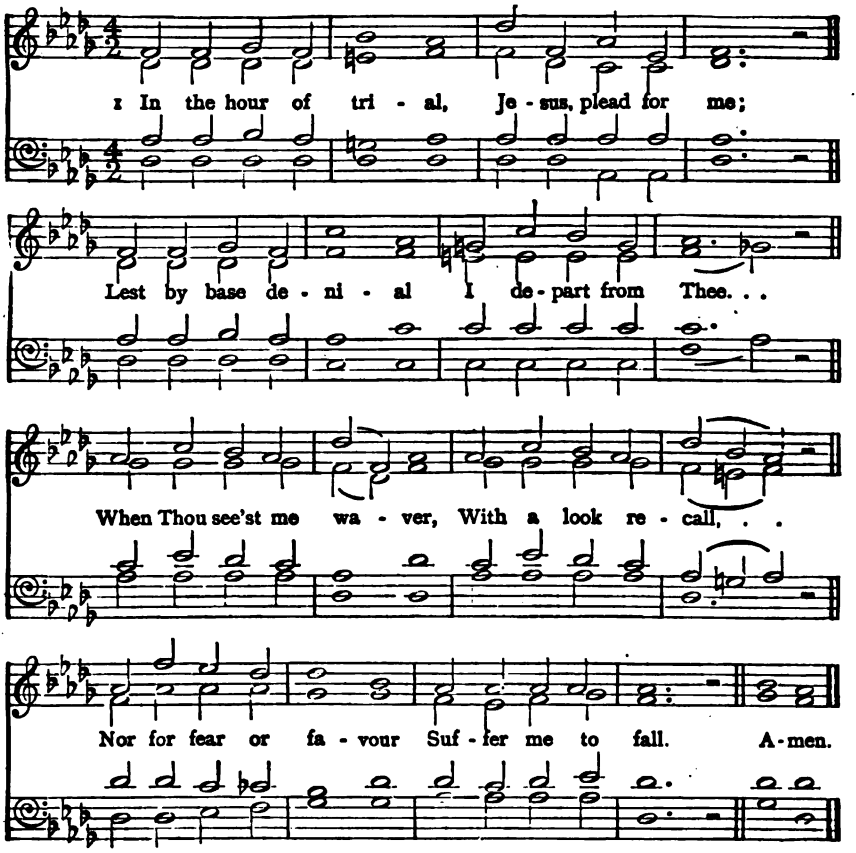
4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

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

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530–609; *paraphrased by* RICHARD MANT, 1837.

147 Holy Week.

PENITENCE. 6.5.6.5.D. SPENCER LANE, 1875.



2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.
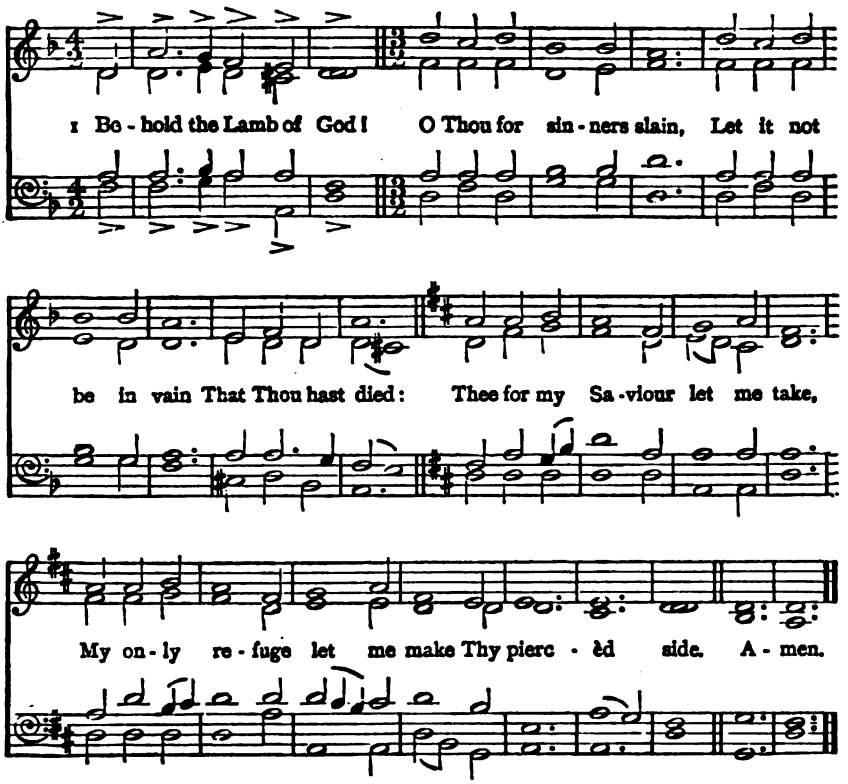
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1834;
alt. FRANCES A. HUTTON *and* GODFREY THRING.

148 Holy Week.

St. John. 6.6.6.4.8.8.4. John B. Dykes, 1864.



2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.
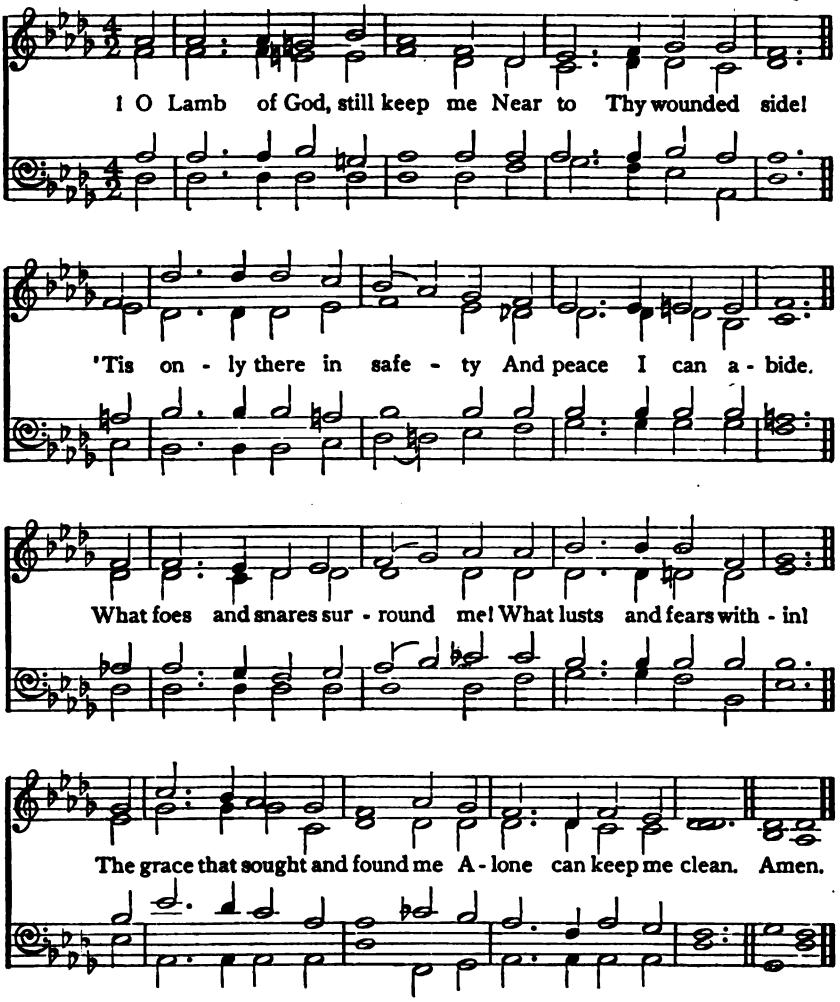
3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

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

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

149

ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7.6.7.6.D. FREDERICK C. MAKER, 1889.
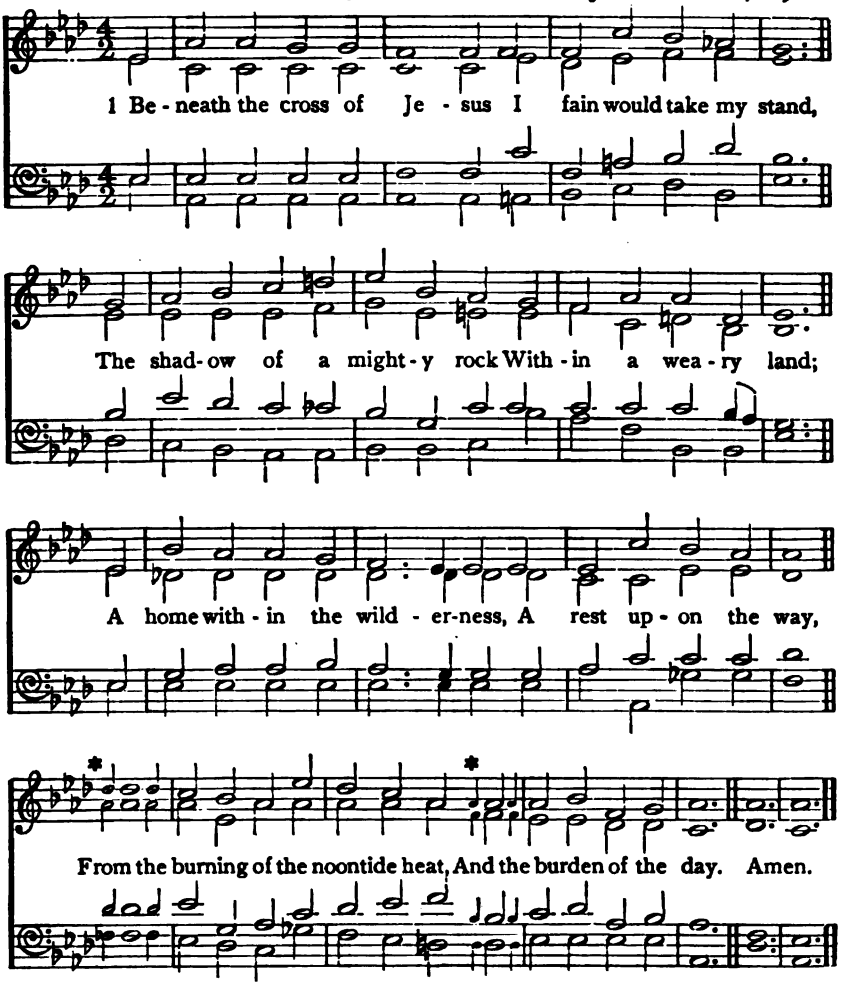


2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

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

JAMES G. DECK, 1842.

150

CRUCIS UMBRA. 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1890.



2 Upon the cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess:
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my own worthlessness.
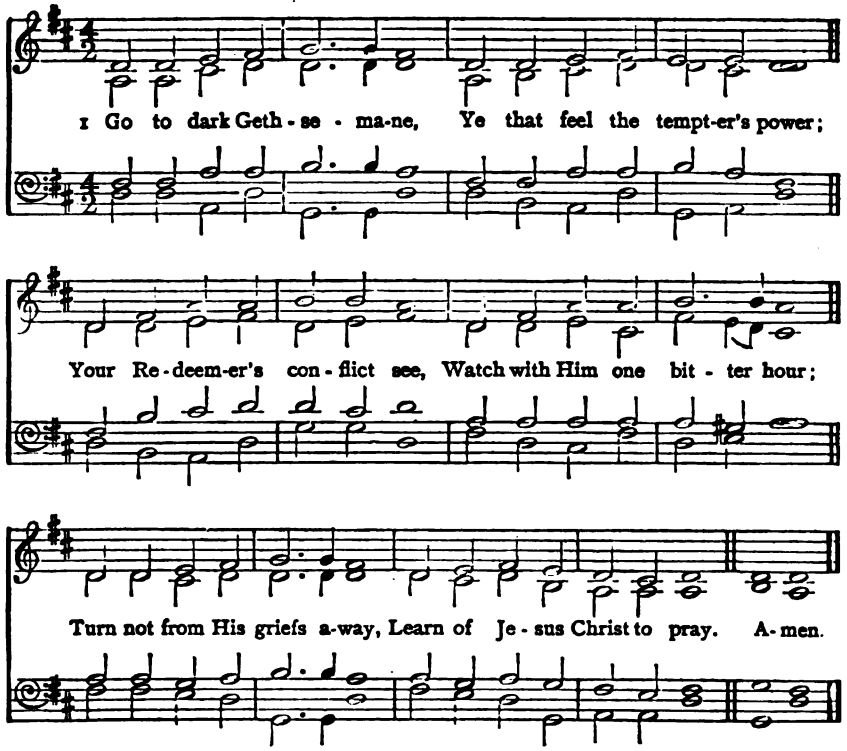
3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

* The small notes are for the first verse only.

151 Holy Week.

PETRA. Six 7's. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



2

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
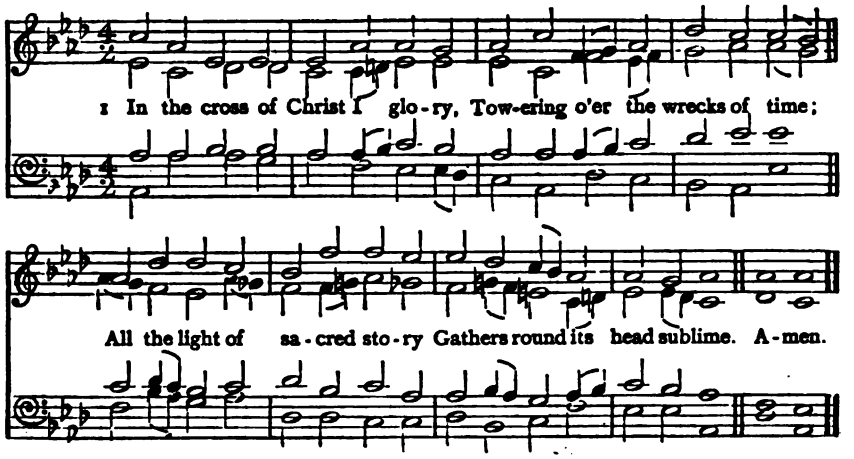
3

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.
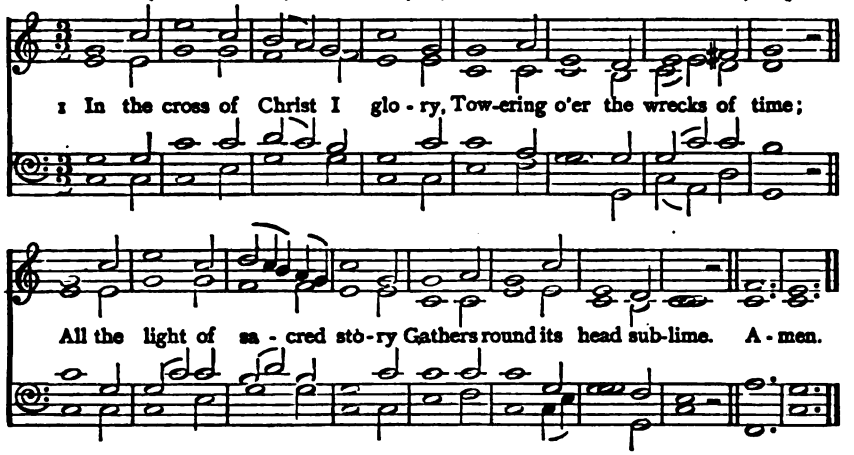
152

CRUCIFIXION (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. JOHN STAINER, 1887.



152

RATHBUN (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851.



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

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.
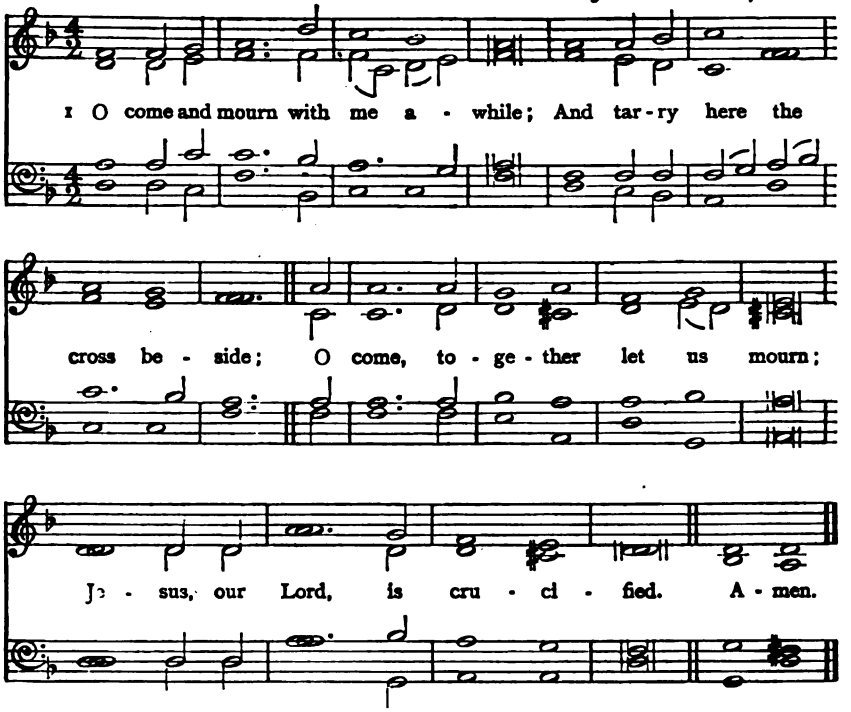
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

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

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

153 Holy Week.

St. Cross. L.M. John B. Dykes, 1861.



2

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

3

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
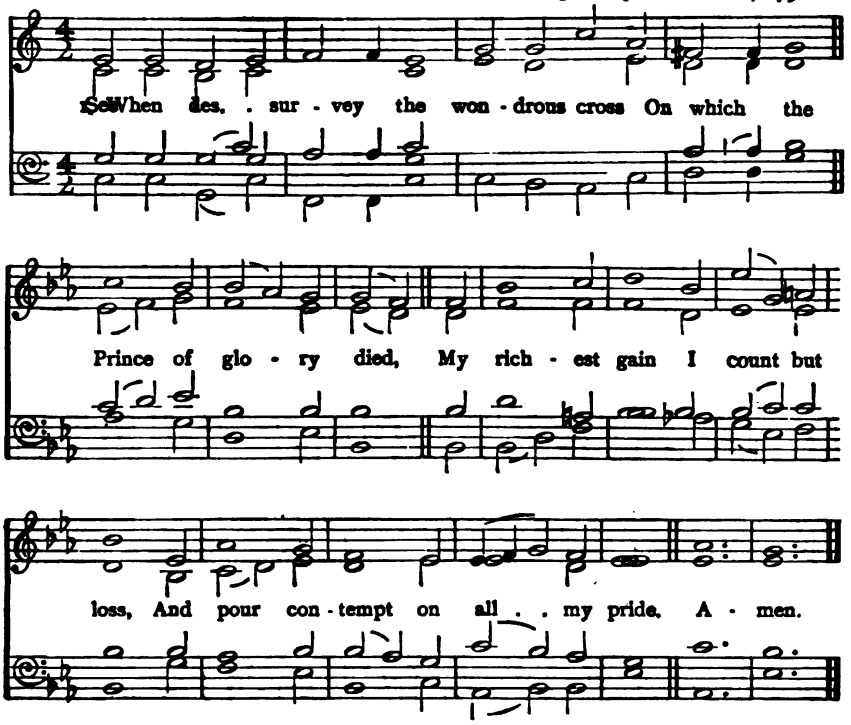
4

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

Frederick William Faber, 1849, *alt.*

154 Holy Week.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. Adapted by E. MILLER, 1790.



2

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

3

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?

4
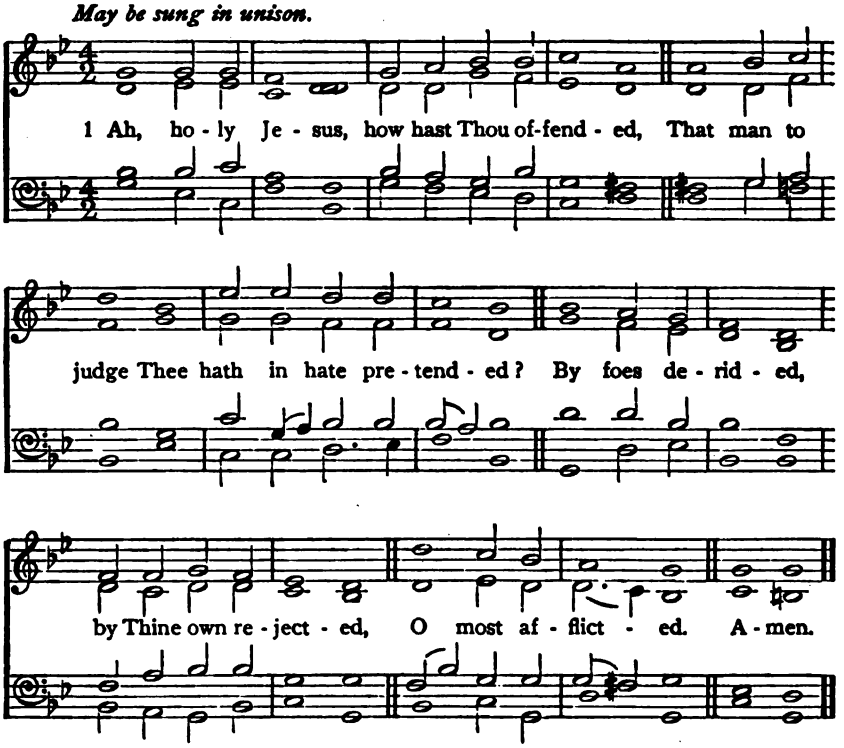
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

155

HERZLIEBSTER (*First Tune*). 11.11.11.5. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.

May be sung in unison.



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

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

4 For me, kind Jesus, was Thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.
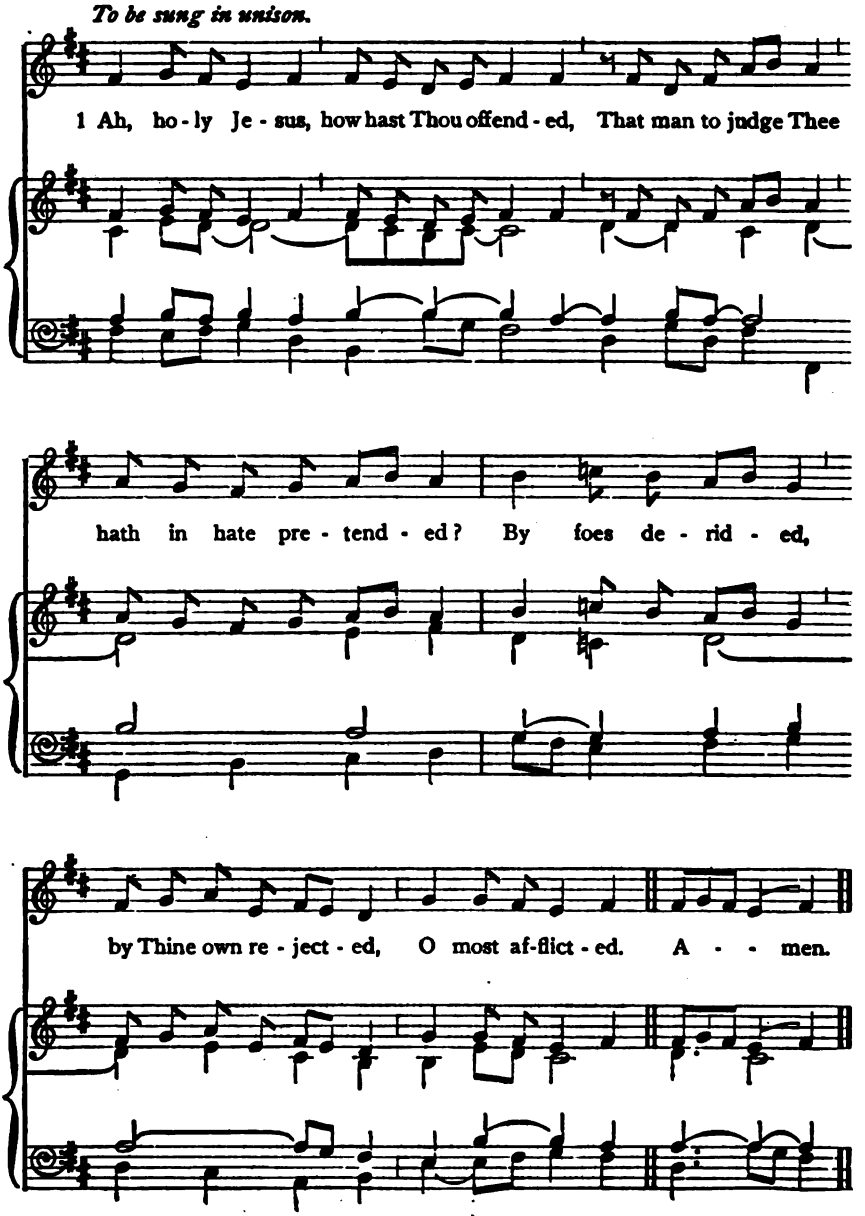
5 Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee,
Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving. Amen.

JOHANN HEERMANN, *c.* 1630;
Tr. ROBERT BRIDGES, 1899.

155

ECCE JAM NOCTIS (*Second Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode IV.
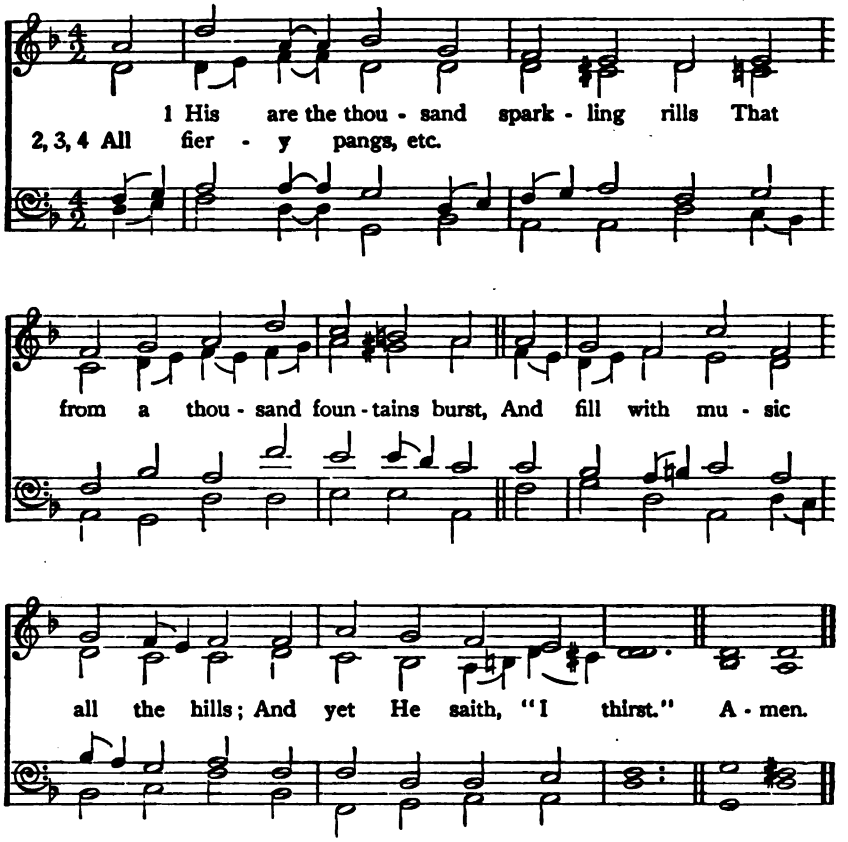
To be sung in unison.



Holy Week.

156

ISLEWORTH. 8.8.8.6. SAMUEL HOWARD, 1710-1782.



2 All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

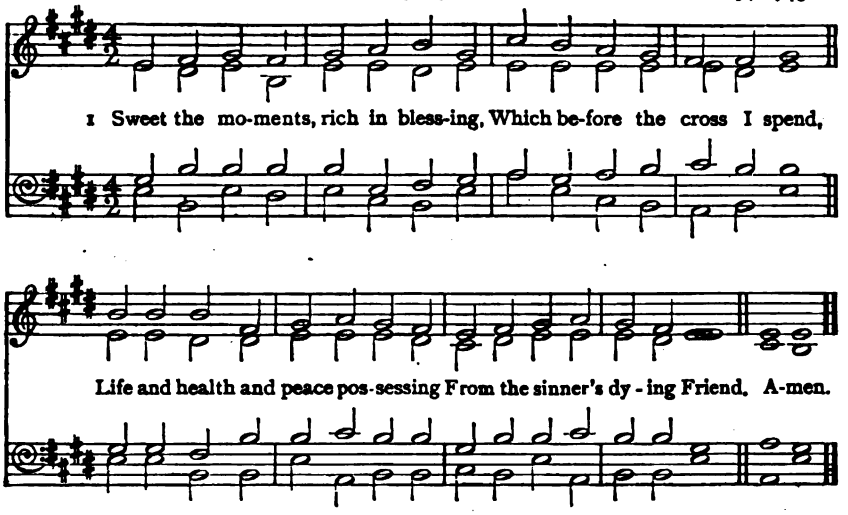
3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1875.

157 Holy Week.

BATTY. 8.7.8.7. Moravian Melody, 1745.



2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.
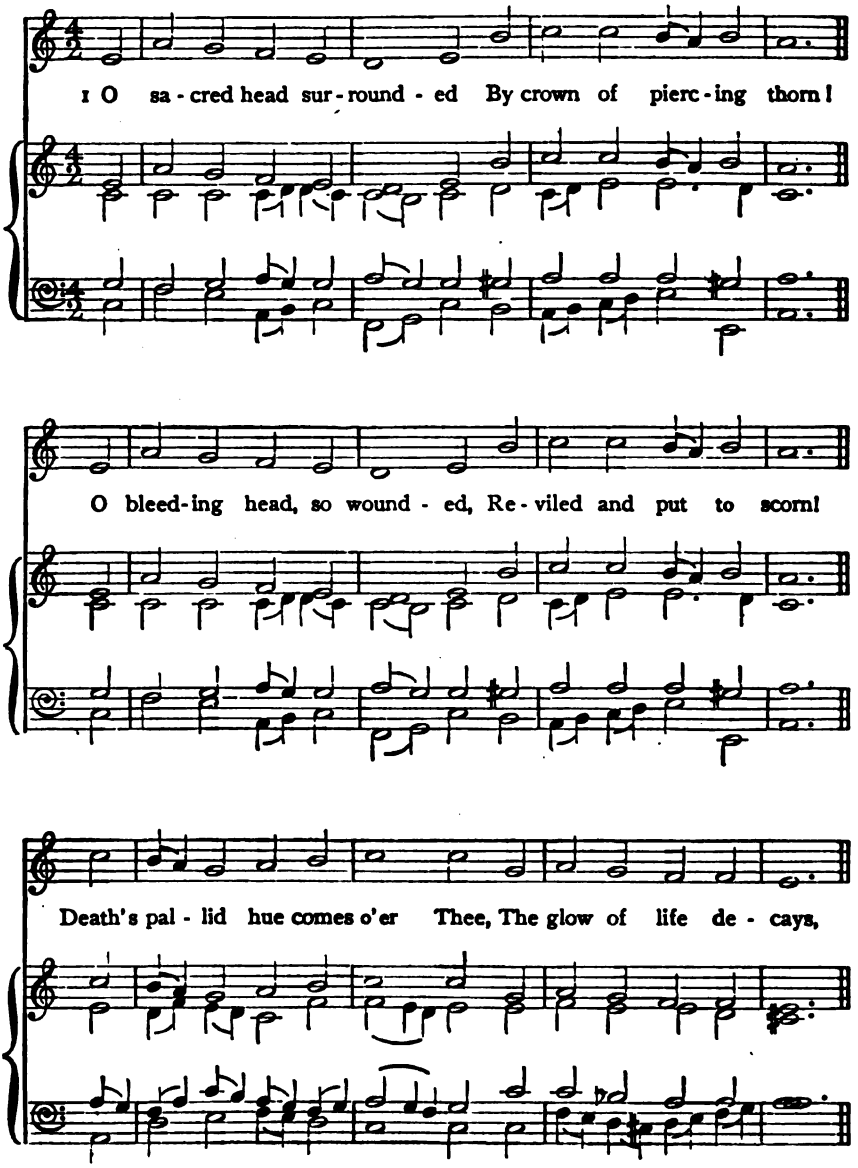
5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase. Amen.

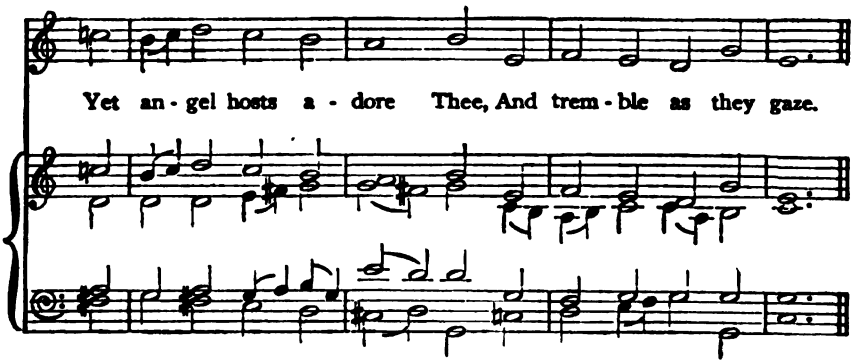
WALTER SHIRLEY, 1770; *from* JAMES ALLEN, 1757.

158

PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6.D. HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601;
May be sung in harmony. Adapted and har. by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.
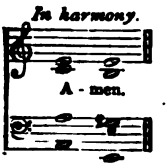


Holy Week.



2 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!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

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

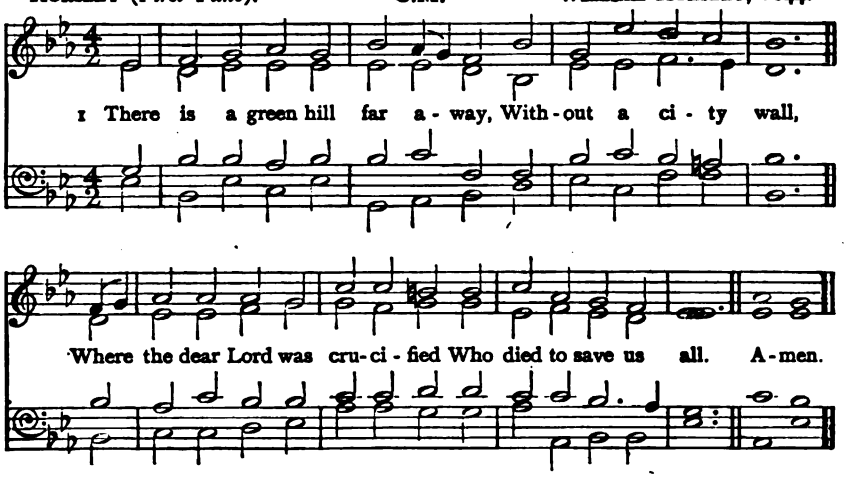
4 Be near when I am dying;
O show Thy cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely in Thy love. Amen.



ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153;
Tr. HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

159 Holy Week.

HORSLEY (*First Tune*). C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1844.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

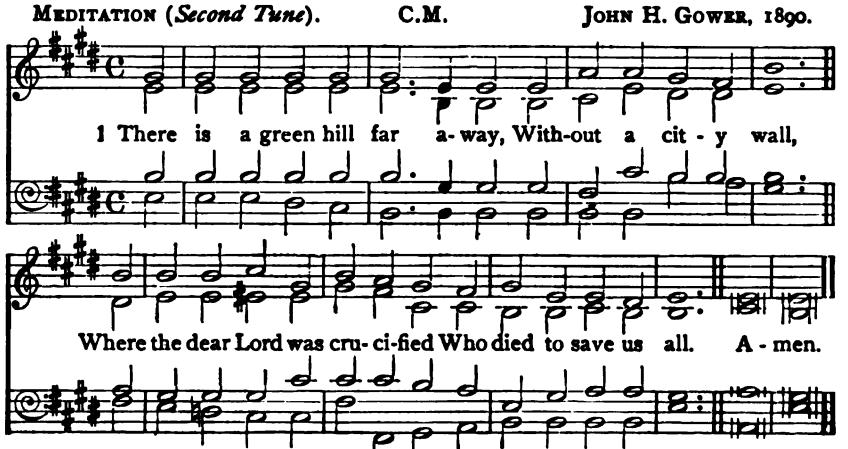
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

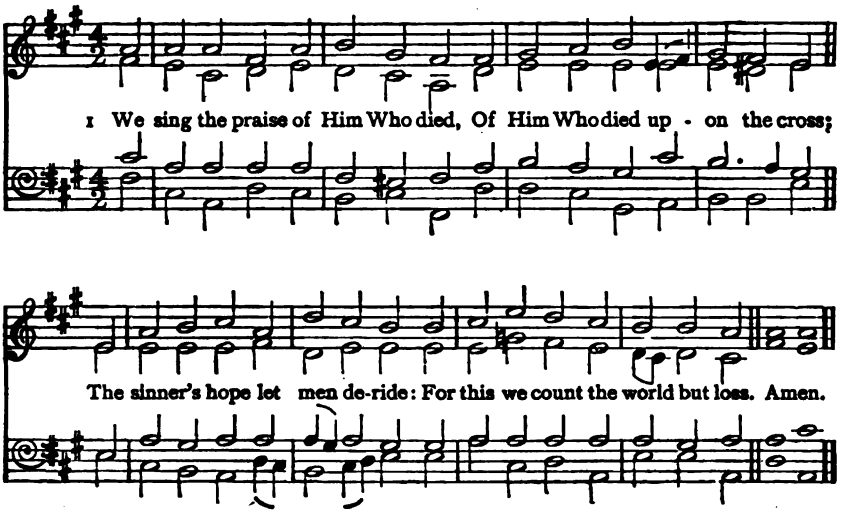
159

MEDITATION (*Second Tune*). C.M. JOHN H. GOWER, 1890.



160 Holy Week.

BRESLAU. L.M. Leipzig, 1625.



2

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.

3

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.

4

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.

5

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

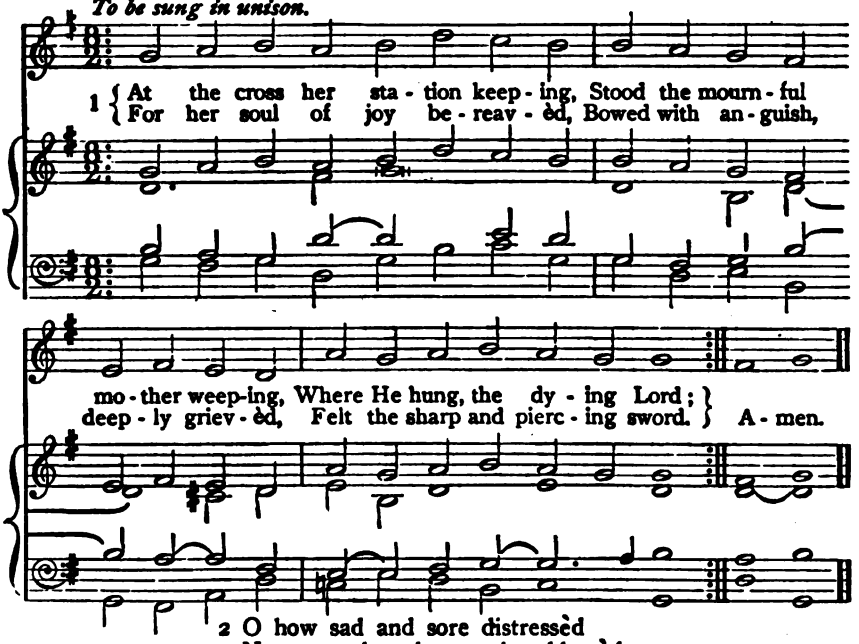
THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

Holy Week.

161

Stabat Mater. 8.8.7.8.8.7. Mayence, 1661.

To be sung in unison.



2 O how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One.
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?
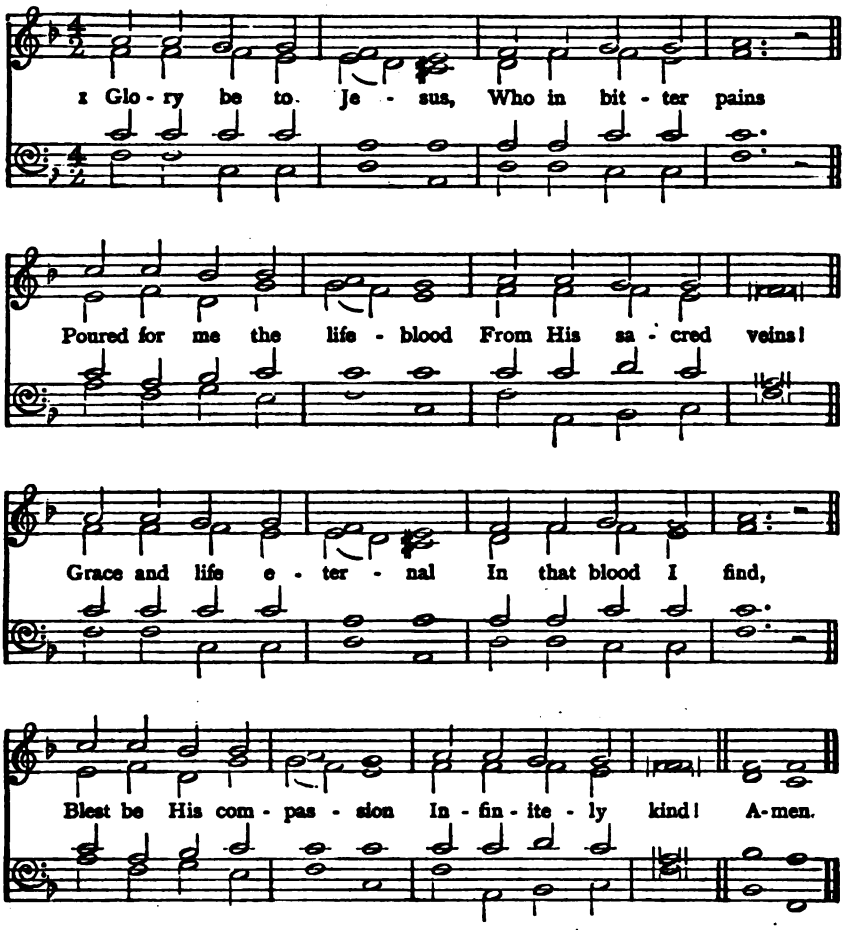
4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesus, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

Latin, 12th cent.; tr. RICHARD MANT, 1833, *and* EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, *cento.*

162 Holy Week.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5.D. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Doth the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood. Amen.

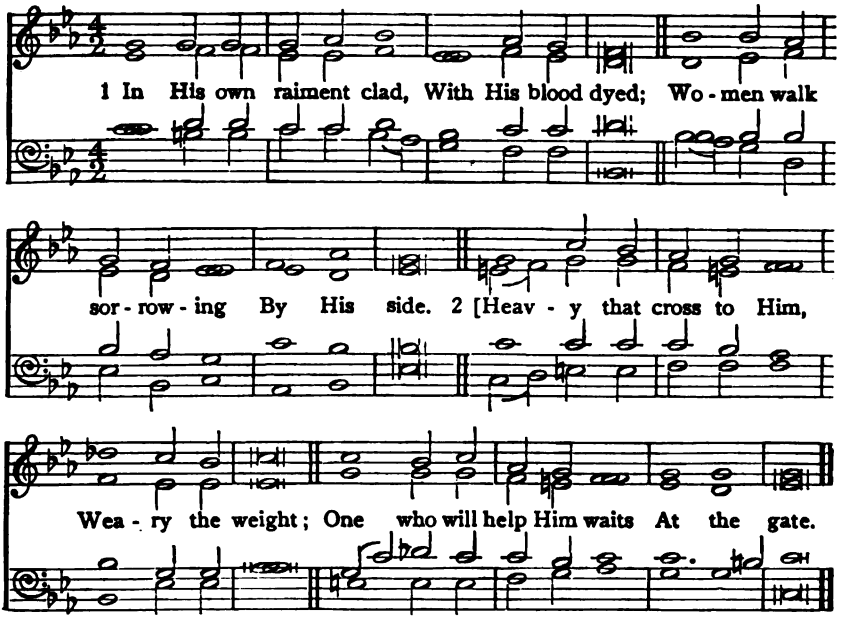
Italian; Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1857, *alt.*

163 The Story of the Cross.

6.4.6.3.D.

STORY OF THE CROSS (*First Tune*). ARTHUR H. BROWN, 1830–
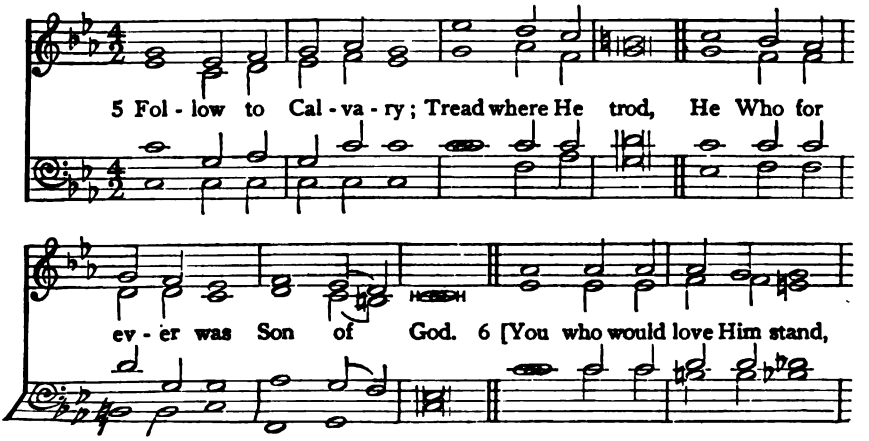
I. The Question.
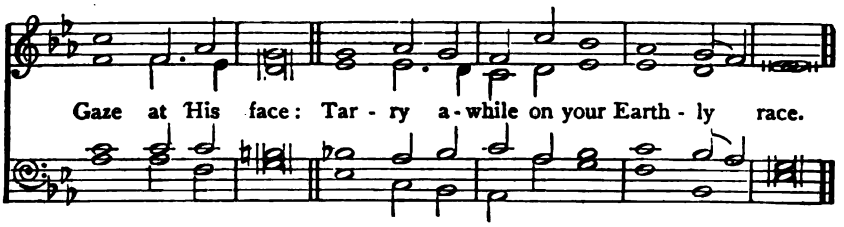


3 See! they are traveling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.]

4 O whither wandering
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

II. The Answer.



The Story of the Cross.



7 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.]

8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III. The Story of the Cross. *Music as at I.*

9 On the cross lifted
Thy face we scan,
Bearing that cross for us,
Son of man.

10 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne;
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.

12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding head
Without rest.

15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

16 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.

17 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above;
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love.]

18 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

[*IV. The Appeal. *Music as at II.*

19 Child of My grief and pain,
Watched by My love;
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

20 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for thee;
Do not flee.

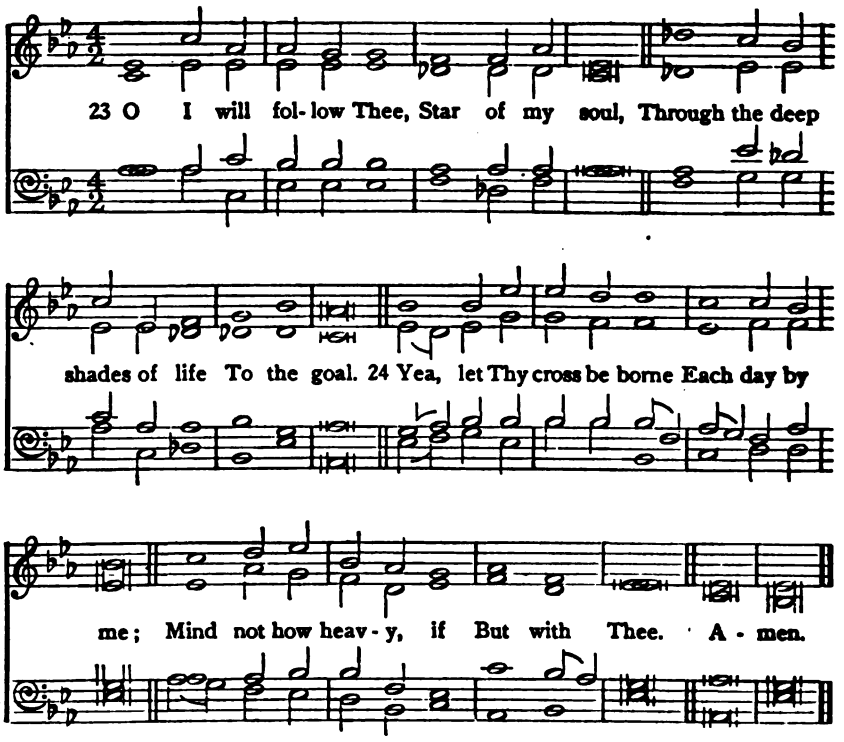
21 For thee My blood I shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee,
For Mine own.

22 Weep thou not for My grief,
Child of My love:
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.]

*May be taken by Bass or Tenor voice.

The Story of the Cross.

V. The Response.



25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

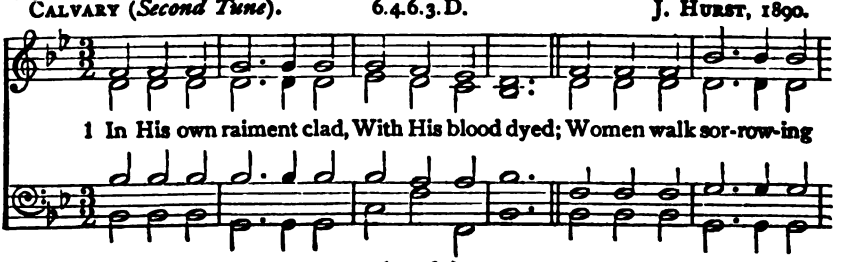
26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be. Amen.

EDWARD MONRO, 1864.

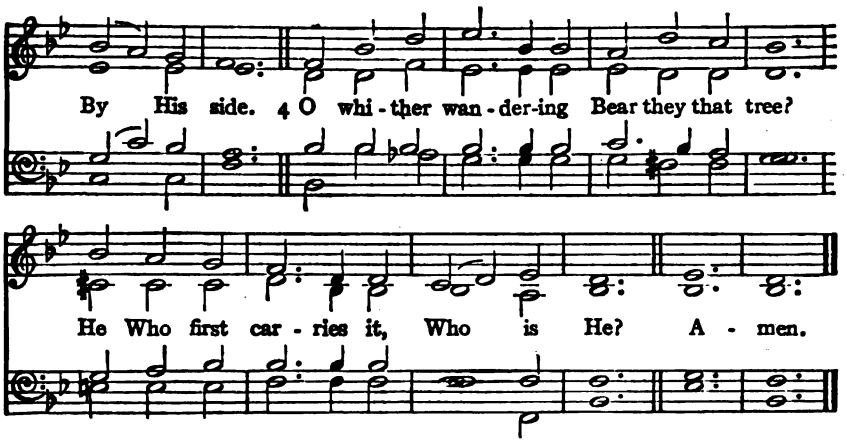
The hymn may be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

163

CALVARY (*Second Tune*). 6.4.6.3.D. J. HURST, 1890.



The Story of the Cross.



II. The Answer.

5 Follow to Calvary;
Tread where He trod,
He Who for ever was
Son of God.

8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III. The Story of the Cross.

9 On the cross lifted
Thy face we scan,
Bearing that cross for us,
Son of man.

10 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne;
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.

18 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

V. The Response.

23 O I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.

24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

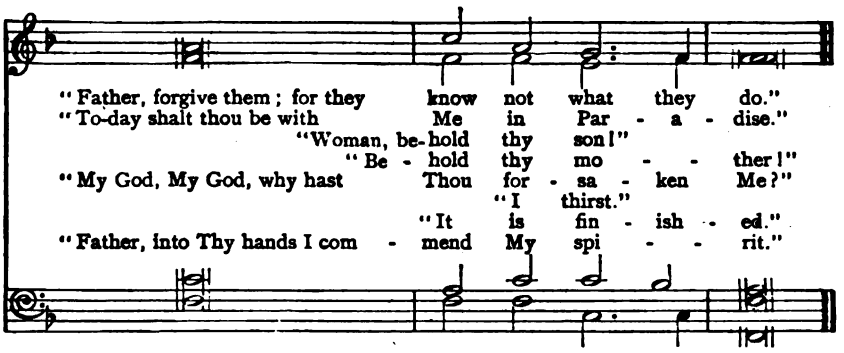
26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be. Amen.

EDWARD MONRO, 1864.

The verses bracketed in the previous version have been omitted in this.

164 The Words on the Cross.

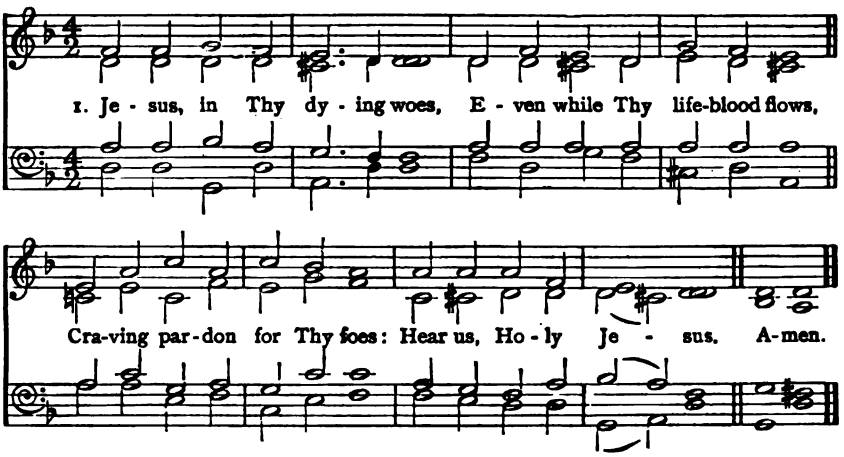
WORDS ON THE CROSS. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1889.



PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE xxiii. 34.

THE LITANY. 7.7.7.6.



2

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3

O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

The Words on the Cross.

PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." St. Luke, xxiii 43.

1 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART III.

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!"—St. John xix. 26, 27.

1 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART IV

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—St. Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART V.

"I thirst."—St. John xix. 28.

1 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfill:
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART VI.

"It is finished."—St. John xix. 30.

1 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART VII.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." St. Luke xxiii. 46.

1 Jesus, all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
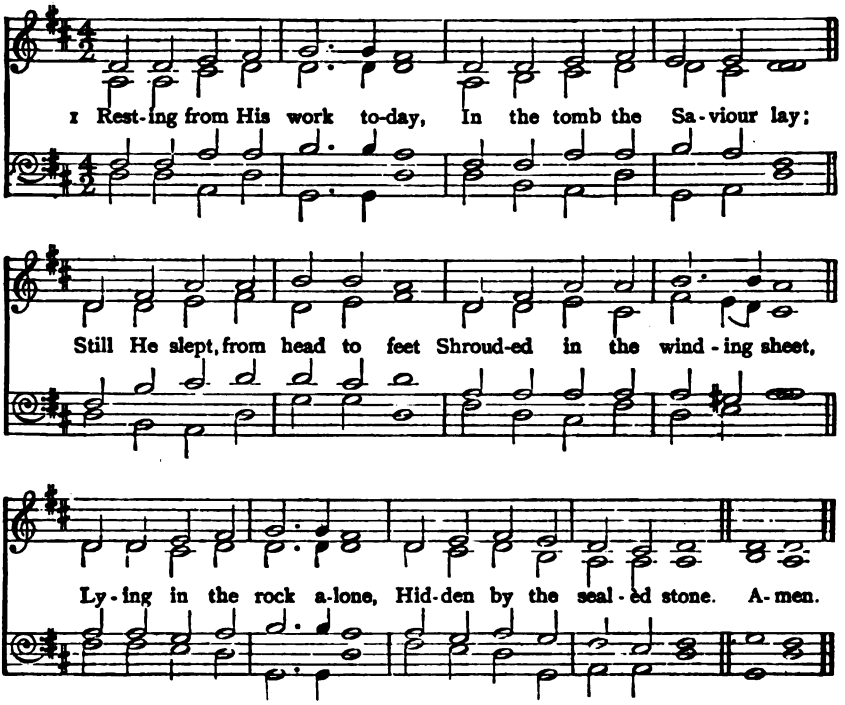
2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesus. Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1870.

165 Easter Even.

PETRA. Six 7's. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



2

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

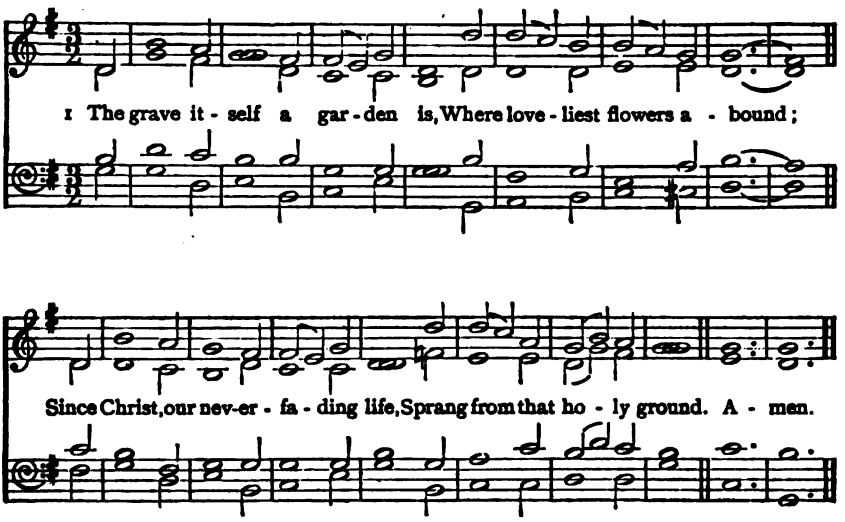
4

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, 1842, *Cento.*

166 Easter Even.

BELMONT. C.M. From *Sacred Melodies*, 1812.



2

O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

3

Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

4

Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.
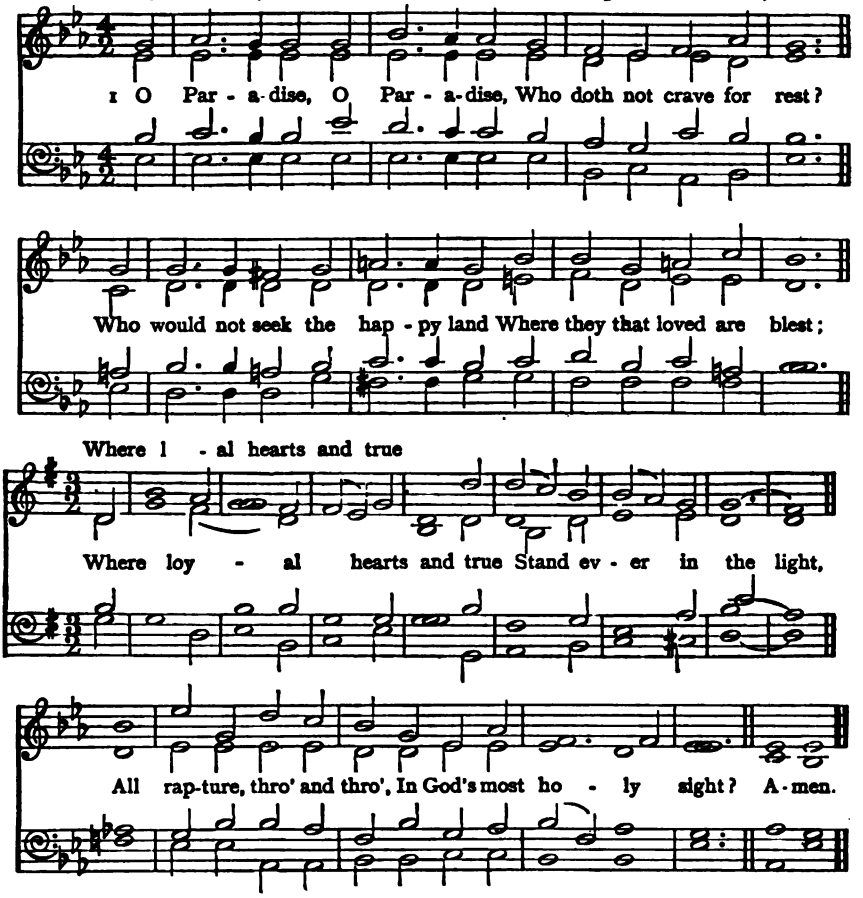
5

Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter day
Of glory in the skies! Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

167 Easter Even.

PARADISE (*First Tune*). 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.
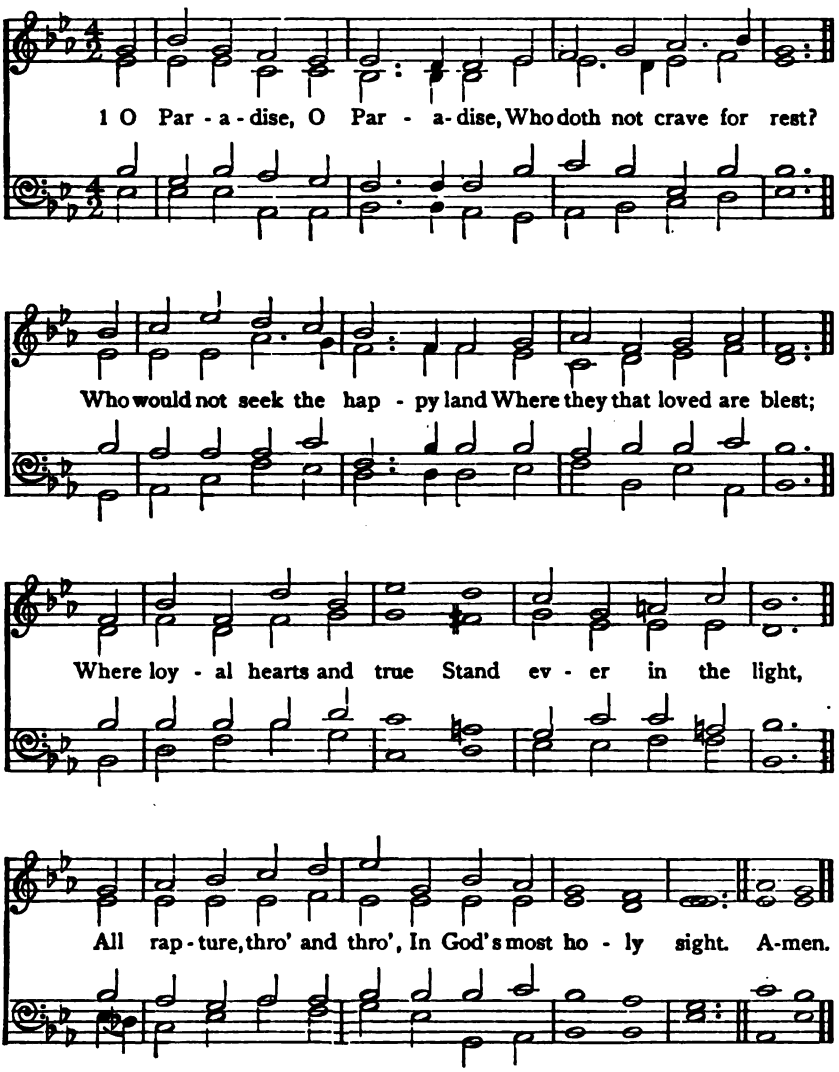
5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1862, *alt.*

Easter Even.

167

PARADISE (*Second Tune*). 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. HENRY SMART, 1868.



Also the following:

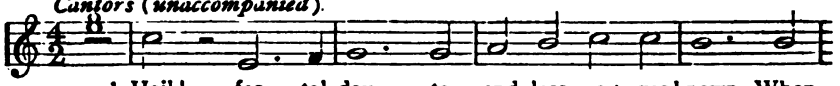
16 Holy Father, cheer our way
409 When our heads are bowed with woe
410 God of the living, in Whose eyes
462 O Thou in Whom Thy saints repose
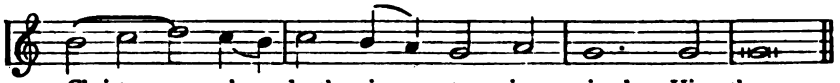
168 Easter Day.

10.10. with refrain.
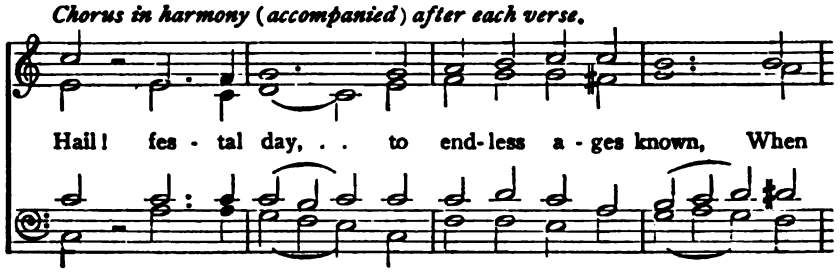
SALVE! FESTA DIES (EASTER). J. BADEN-POWELL, 1878.

Cantors (unaccompanied).
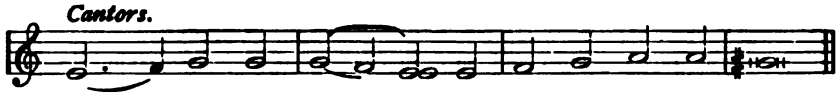




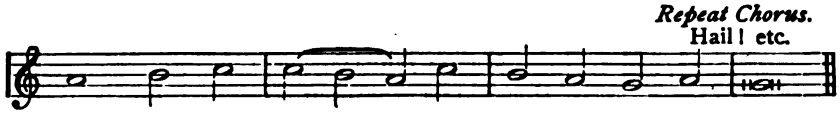
Chorus in harmony (accompanied) after each verse.



Cantors.

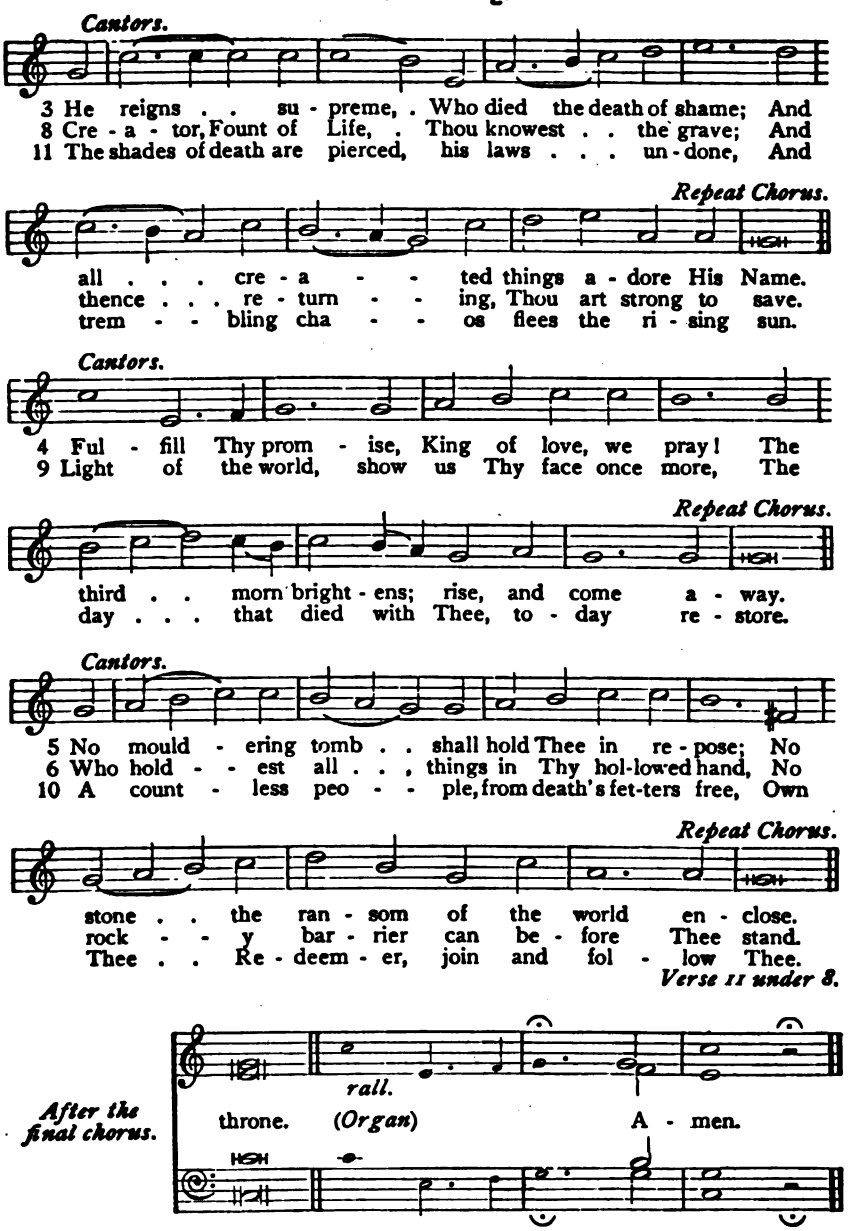


Repeat Chorus.
Hail! etc.



The organ accompaniment can be obtained of the Publishers.

Easter Day.

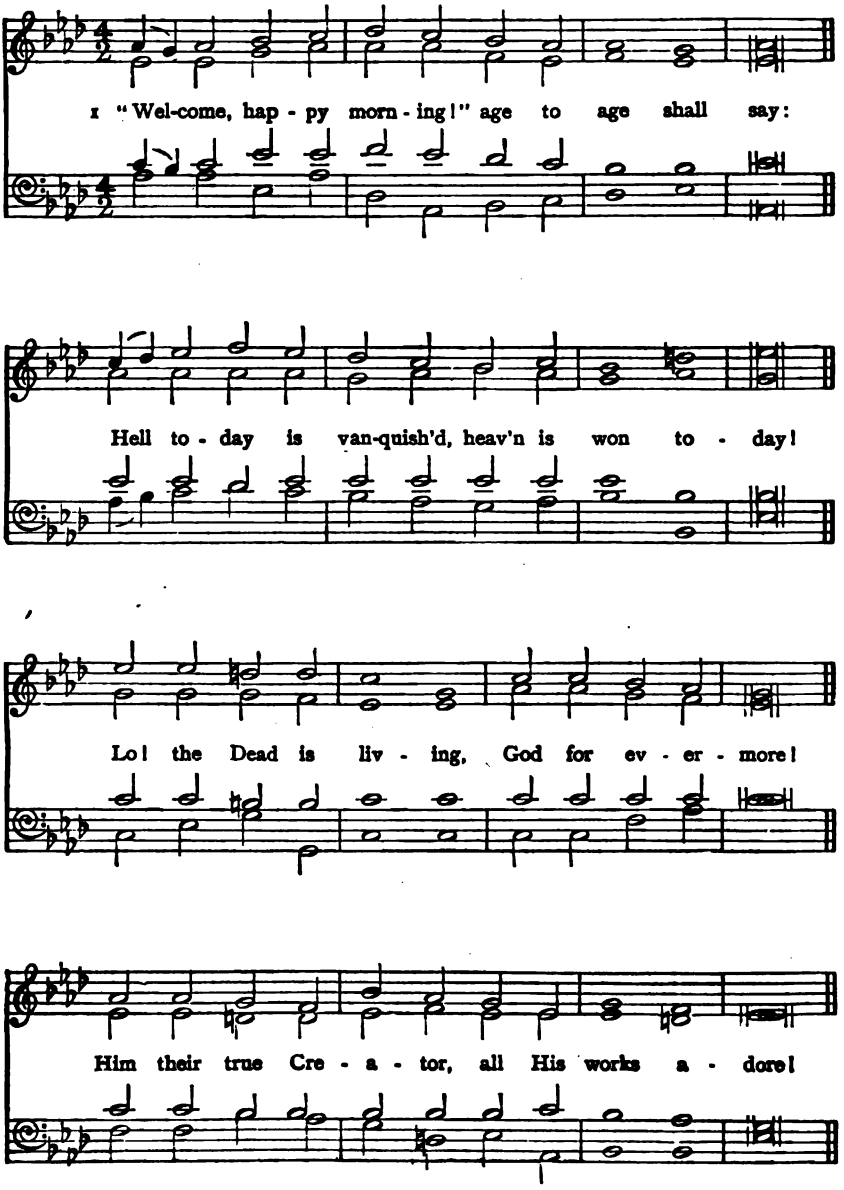


VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530–609; *Tr.* THEODORE A. LACEY, 1884.

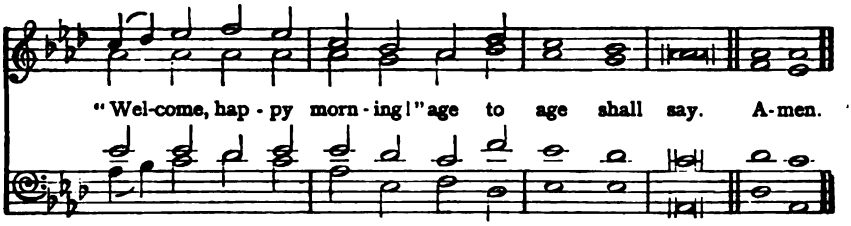
Alternative Tune,
RAMAULX, No. 195 II.

169 Easter Day.

FORTUNATUS. Five 11's. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



Easter Day.



2

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

3

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight,
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

5

Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning! rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
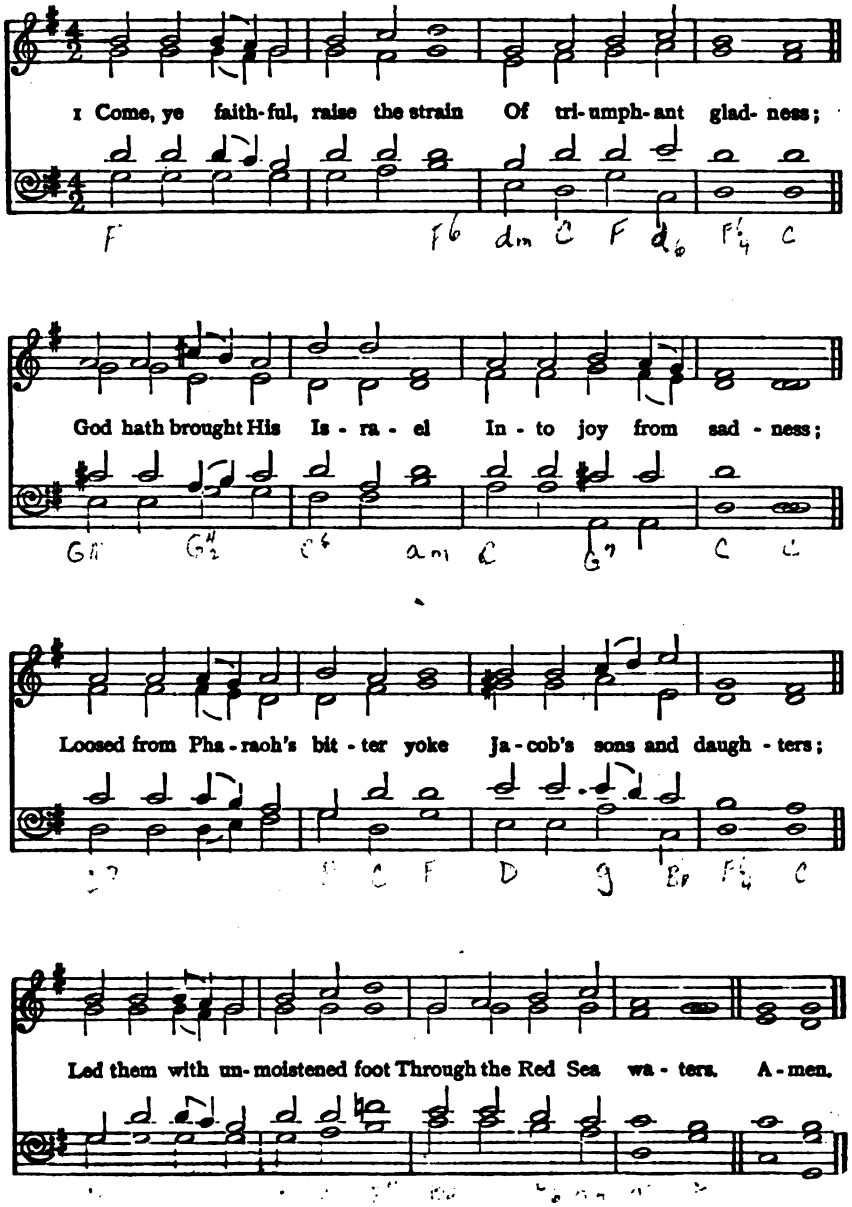
6

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530–609; *Tr.* JOHN ELLERTON, 1868.

170 Easter Day.

ST. KEVIN. 7.6.7.6.D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



Easter Day.

2

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.
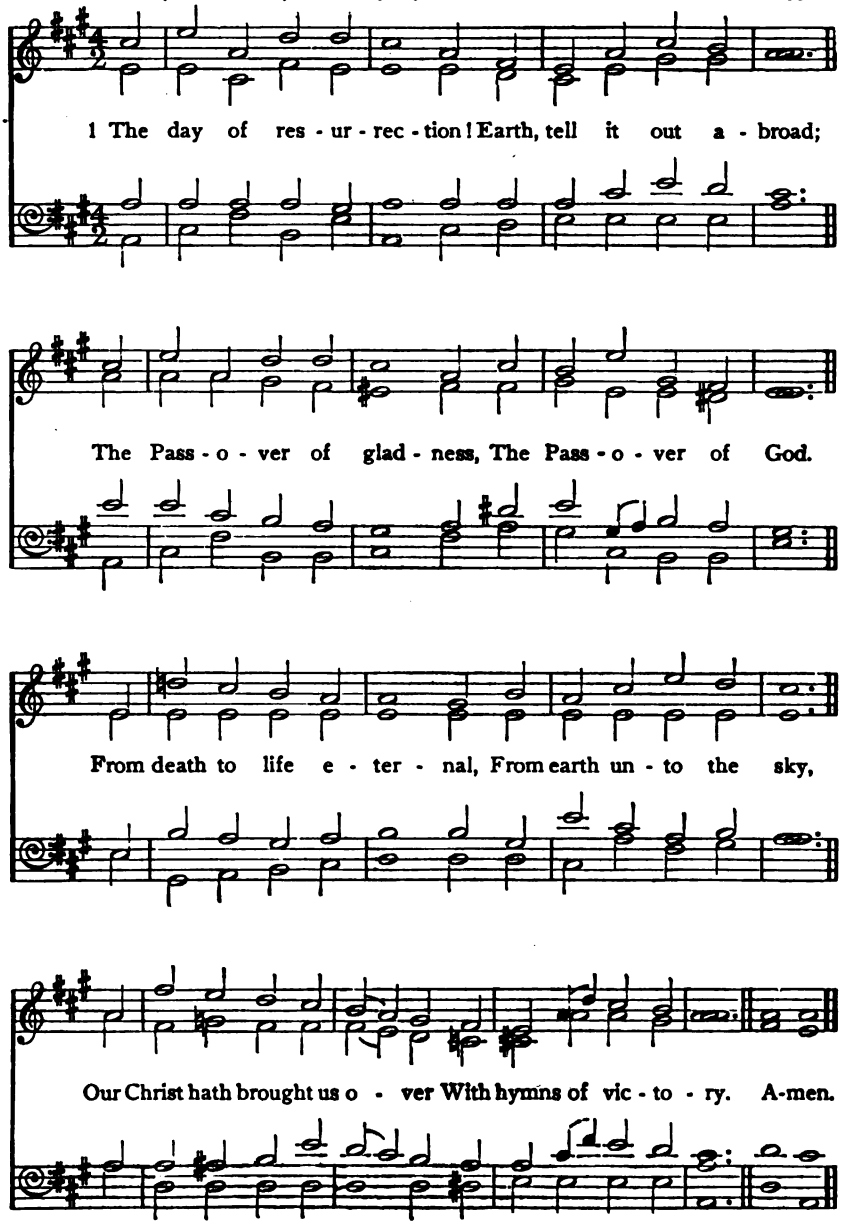
4

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, 749; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1853.
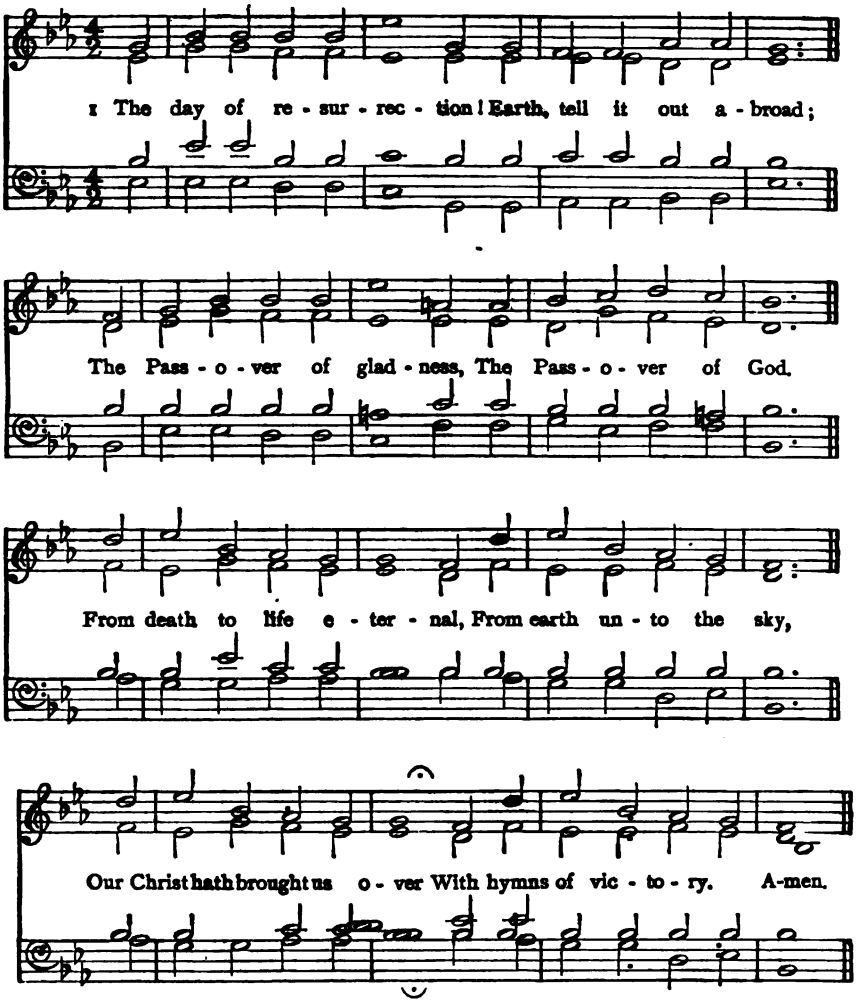
171 Easter Day.

ROTTERDAM (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1875.



171 Easter Day.

GREENLAND (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. Arr. from J. MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737–1806.
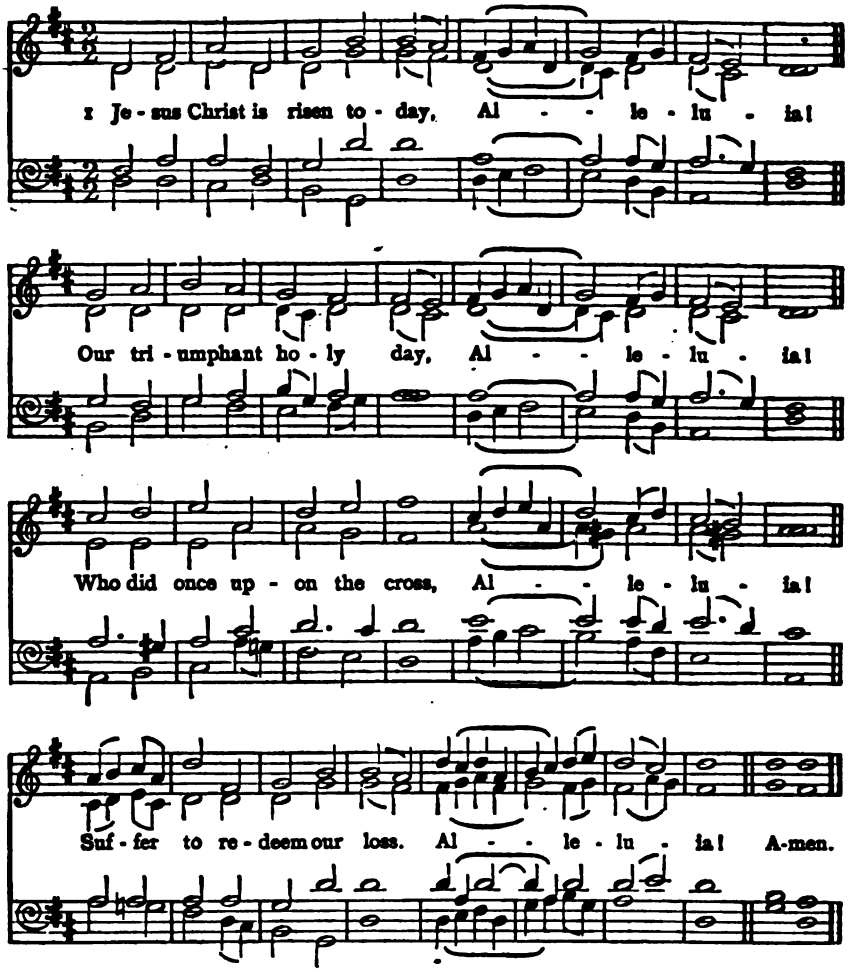


2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, 749; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1853.

172 Easter Day.

WORGAN. Four 7's with alleluia. Altered from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.



2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!
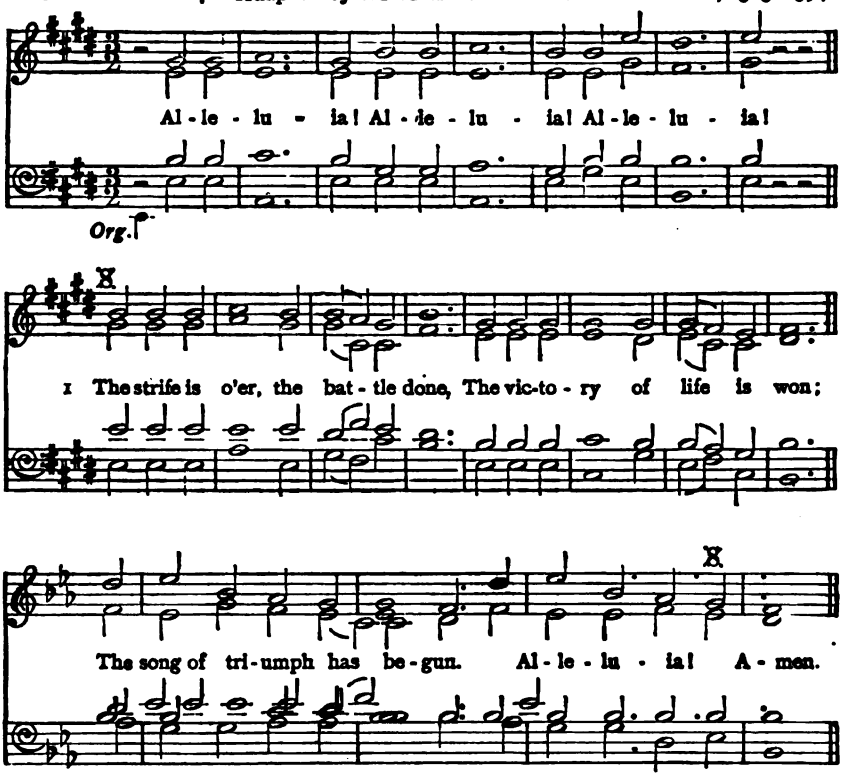
3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia! Amen.

Latin, 14th cent.; Tr. TATE AND BRADY, 1698; *St.* 4, CHARLES WESLEY.

173 Easter Day.

VICTORY. 8.8.8.4. Adapted by WILLIAM H. MONK from PALESTRINA, 1515–1594.



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee.
Alleluia! Amen.
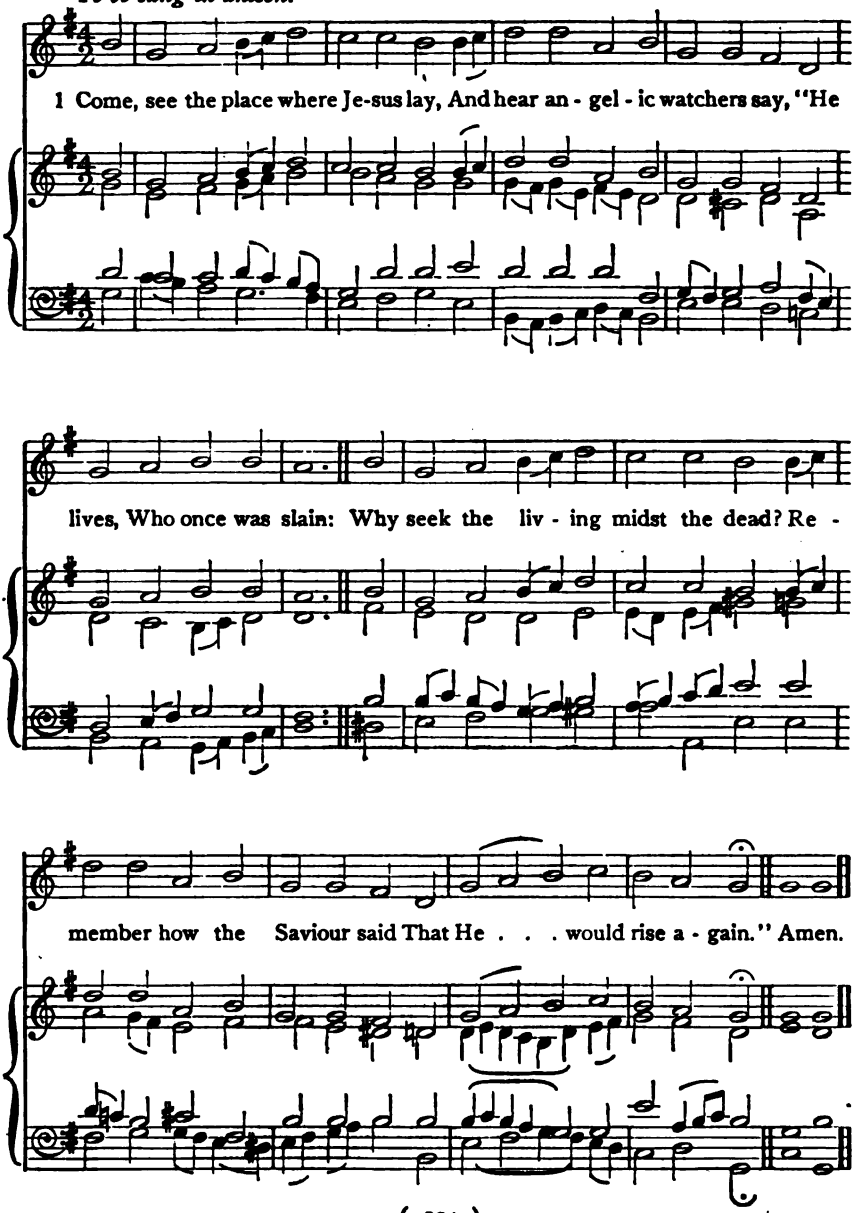
Anon. Latin; Tr. FRANCIS POTT, 1861, alt.

Easter Day.

174

INNSBRUCK. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HEINRICH ISAAK, 1539, alt.
Harmonies by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

To be sung in unison.



2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.
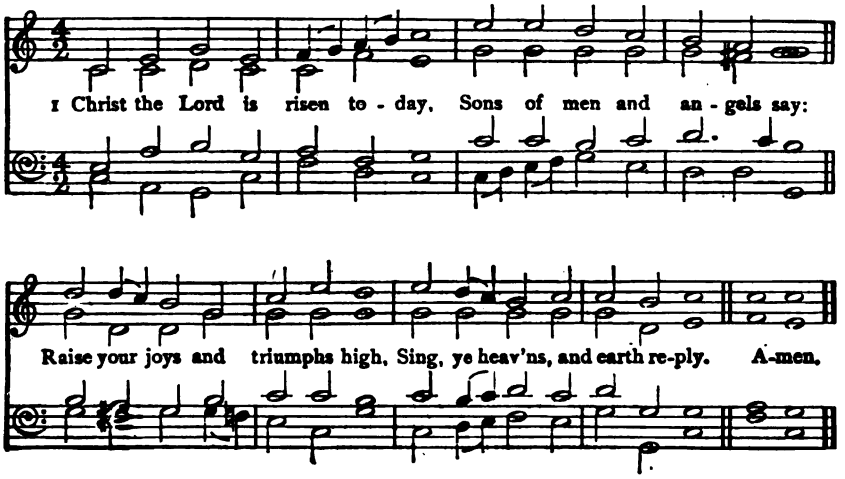
3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804, *alt.*

175

MONKLAND. Four 7's. Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES, 1861.



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won,
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
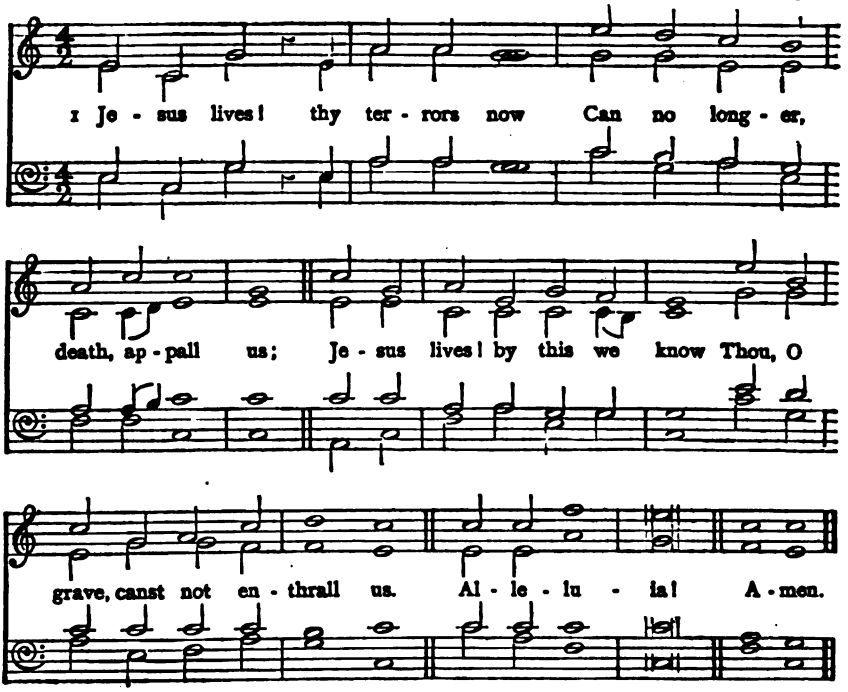
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739, *alt.*

176 Easter Day.

St. Albinus. 7.8.7.8.4. Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852.



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

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!
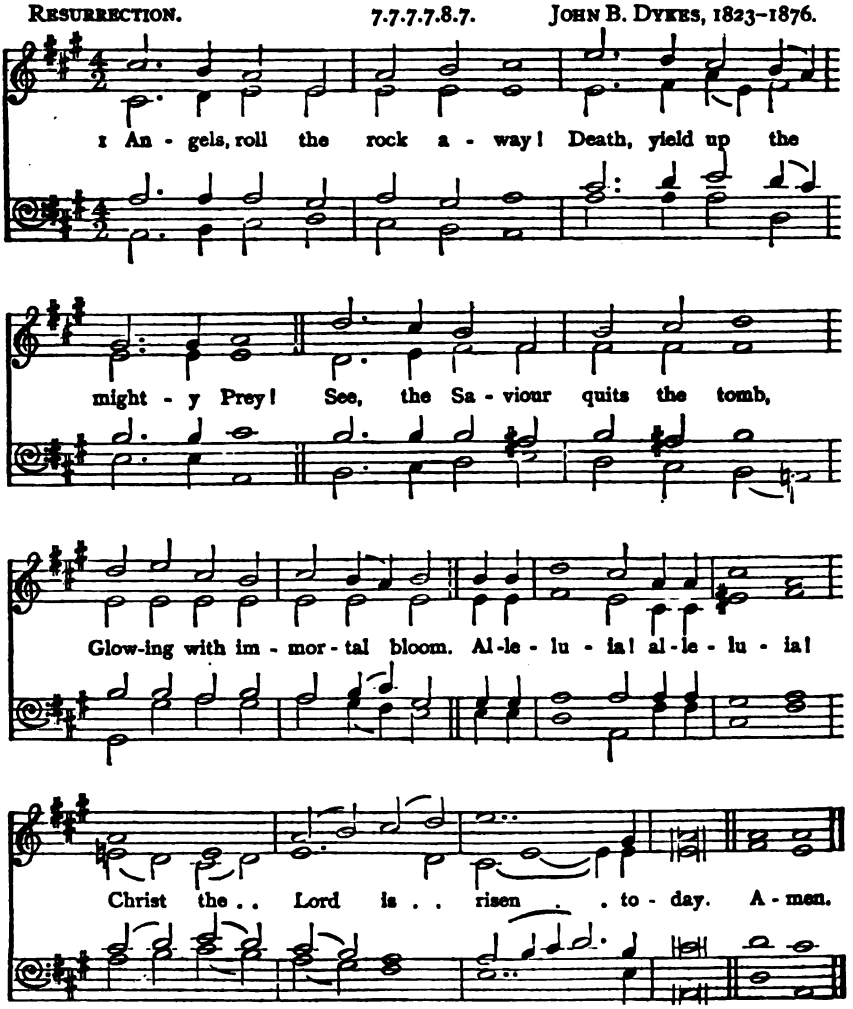
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

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

Christian F. Gellert, 1757; *Tr.* Frances E. Cox, 1841, *alt.*

177 Easter Day.

RESURRECTION. 7.7.7.7.8.7. JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2

Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

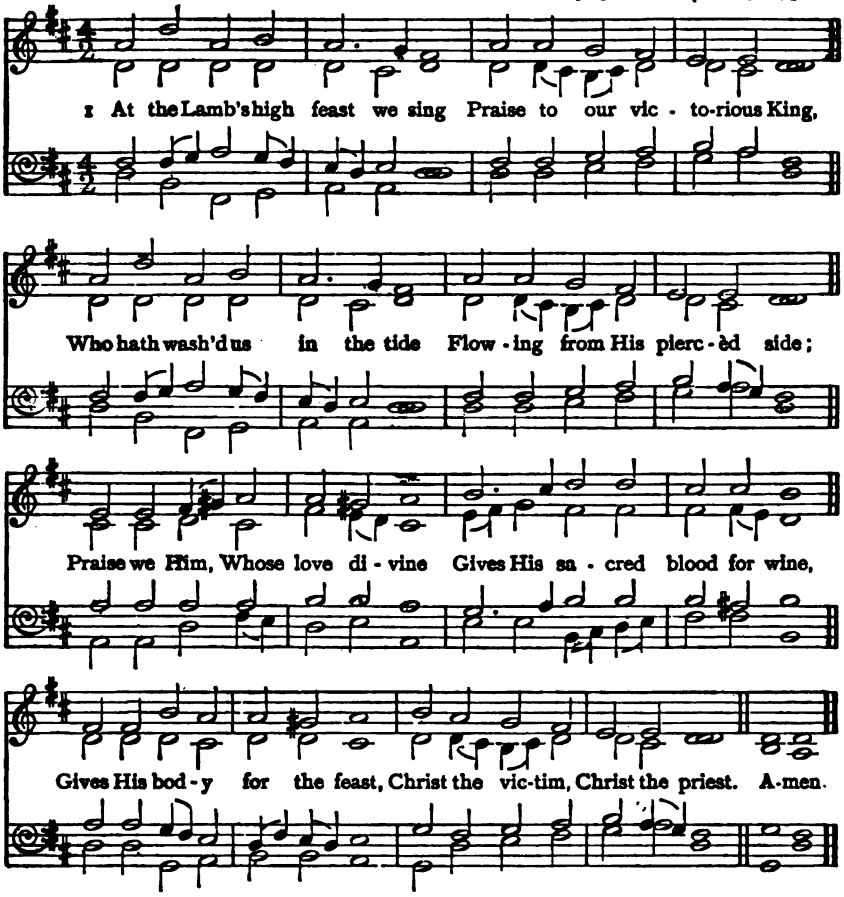
3

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Amen.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1769, and THOMAS GIBBONS, 1775.

178 Easter Day.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. Alt. from JAKOB HINTZE, 1678; Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.



2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
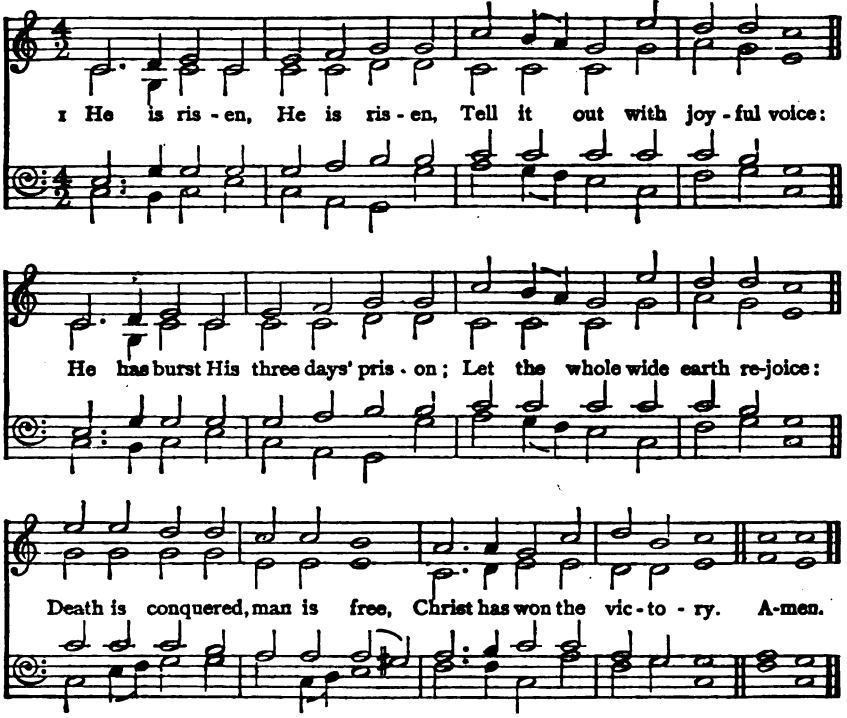
3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

Latin; *Tr.* ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1849, *alt*

179 Easter Day.

NEANDER. 8.7.8.7.7.7. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.



2 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.

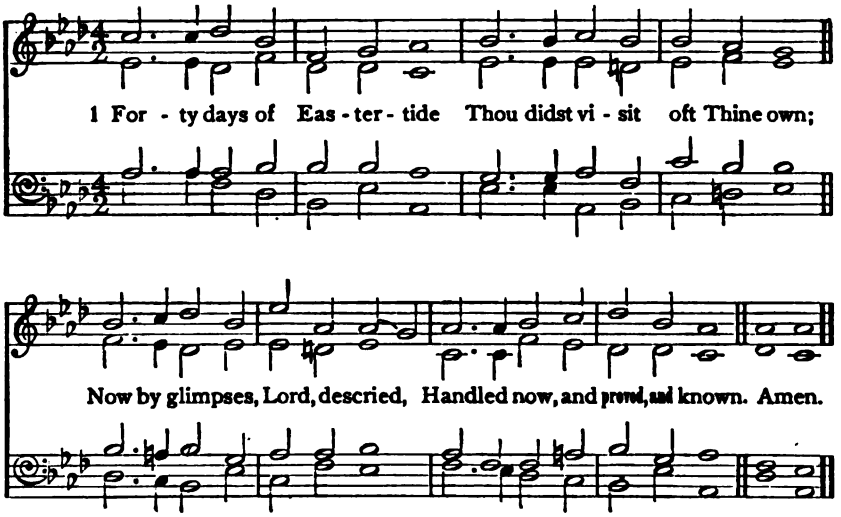
3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1846, alt.

180 Easter Day.

NEWINGTON. Four 7's. WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN, 1875.



2 Known, most Merciful, yet veiled;
Else before the awful sight
Surely heart and flesh had failed,
Smitten with exceeding light.

3 Risen Master, fain would we,
Sharing those unearthly days,
Morn and eve, on shore and sea,
Watch Thy movements, mark Thy ways;

4 Catch by faith each glad surprise
Of Thy footsteps drawing nigh;
Hear Thy sudden greeting rise,
"Peace be to you! It is I!"

5 Secrets of Thy kingdom learn,
Read the vision open spread,
Feel Thy word within us burn,
Know Thee in the broken Bread.

6 So Thy glory's skirts beside,
Gently led from grace to grace,
We Thy coming may abide,
And adore Thee face to face.
Amen.

JACKSON MASON, 1889, *alt.*

Also the following:
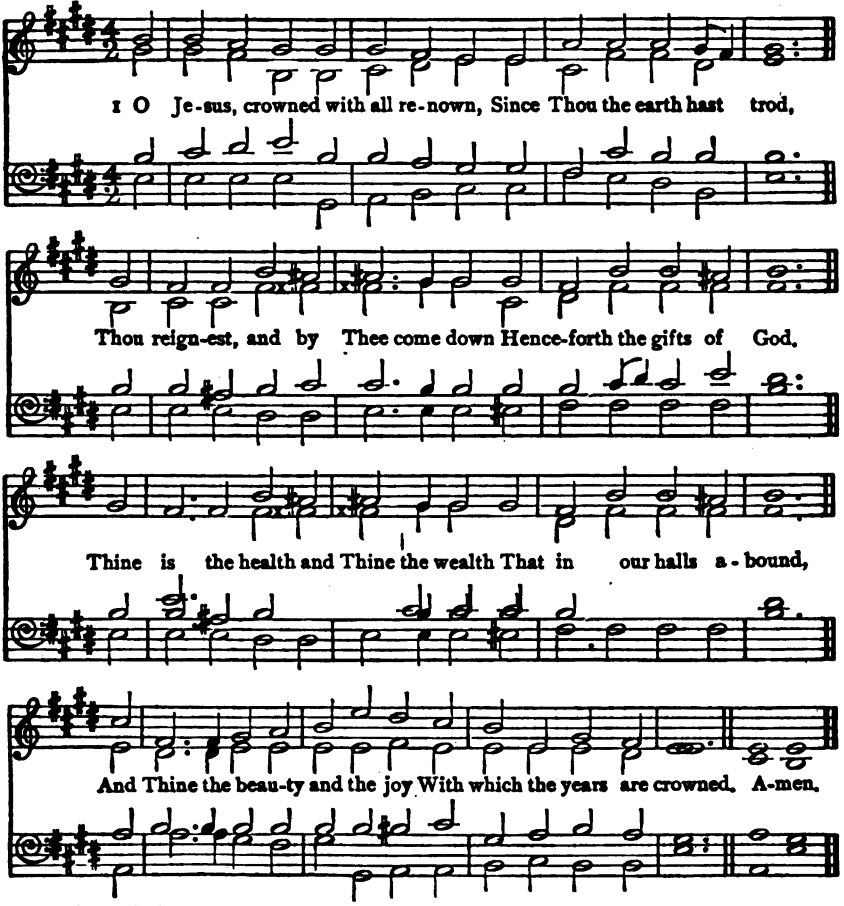
193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus
520 Alleluia! Alleluia
555 O sons and daughters, let us sing
556 Joy dawned again on Easter Day
557 God hath sent His angels
558 Easter flowers are blooming bright
559 *On wings of living* light

FOR SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER:

212 How firm a foundation
251 O God of God! O Light of Light
259 Praise to the Holiest in the height
326 The King of love my Shepherd is
405 Peace, perfect peace
449 Jesus, still lead on
472 Triumphant Sion, lift thy head
515 There is a blessèd home
521 Rejoice, the Lord is King

181 Rogation Days.

ROSEATE HUES. C.M.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.
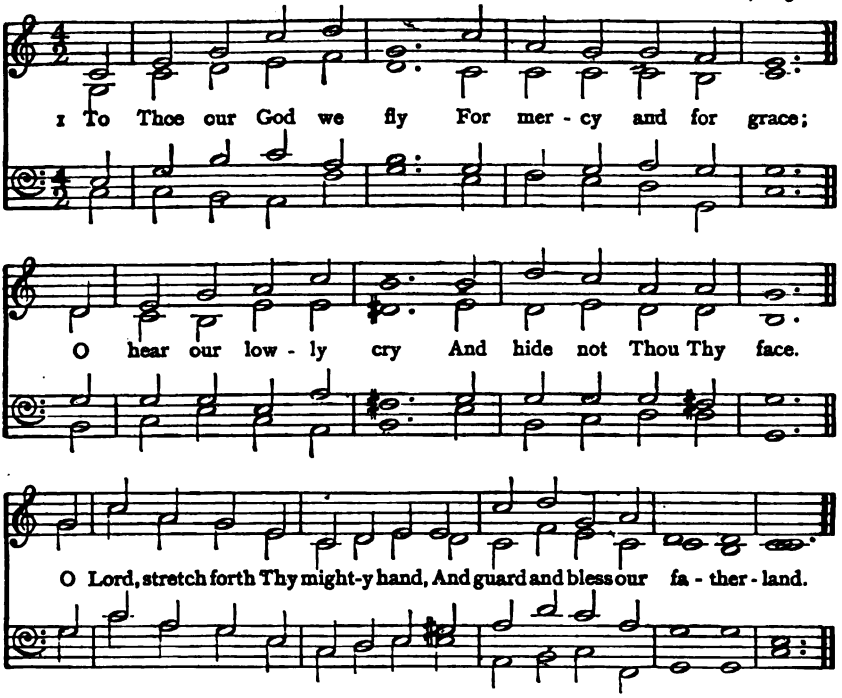


2 Lord, in their change, let frost and heat,
And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
May yield her fruits again:

3 That we may feed the poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own:
That we may praise Thee all our days,
And with the Father's Name,
And with the Holy Spirit's gifts,
The Saviour's love proclaim.
Amen.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON, 1860, alt.

182 Rogation Days.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. CHARLES STEGGALL, 1858.



2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee,
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.
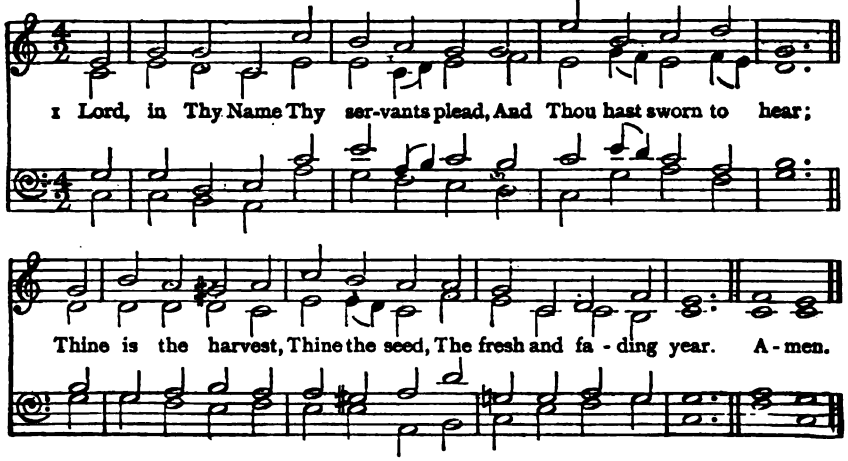
6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.



W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

183 Rogation Days.

WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE, 1835.



2

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,
We never may forego. Amen. JOHN KEBLE, 1856
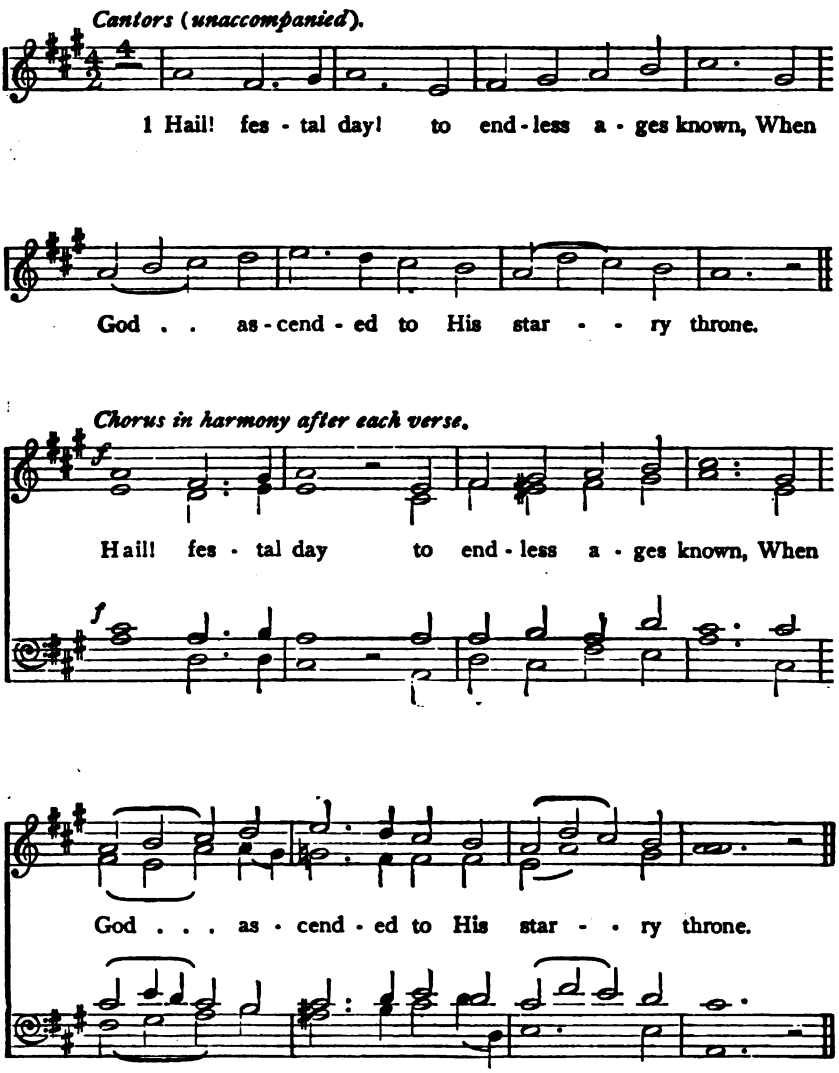
Also the following:

423 We plow the fields, and scatter

184 The Ascension Day.

10.10. with refrain.
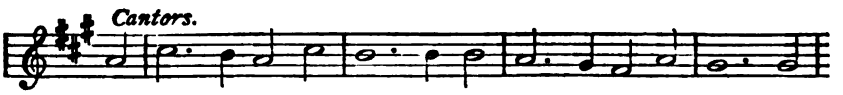
SALVE! FESTA DIES (ASCENSION). J. BADEN-POWELL, 1901.



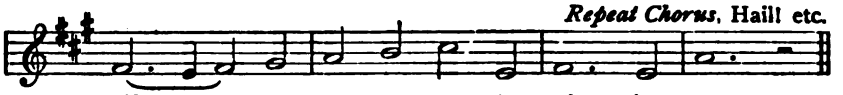
Copyright, 1901, by Rev. James Baden-Powell.

The organ accompaniment can be obtained of the Publishers.
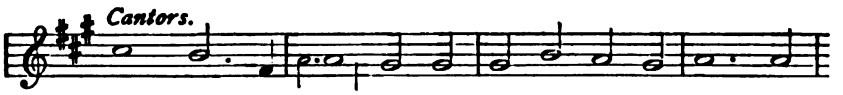
The Ascension Day.
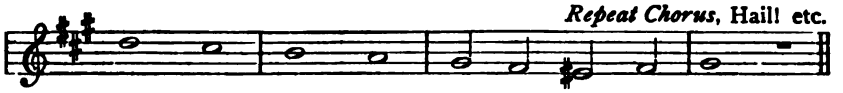


2 Now . with the Lord of new and heav'nly birth, His
5 The reign of death o'erthrown, He mounts . . on high, Sent
9 Co - e - qual, Co - e - ter - nal, Thou . . to Whom The



gifts . . re - turn to grace the spring - ing earth.
forth . . with joy - ous praise from sea and sky.
king - - dom of the world de - creed shall come;

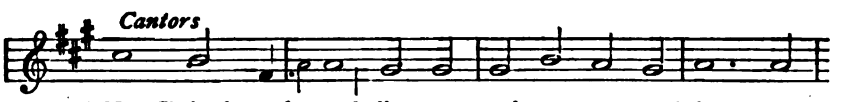


3 Now glows the earth with paint - ed flowers' ar - ray, And
6 Loose now the cap - tives, loose the pris - on door, The
10 Thou, look - ing on our race in dark - - - ness laid, To
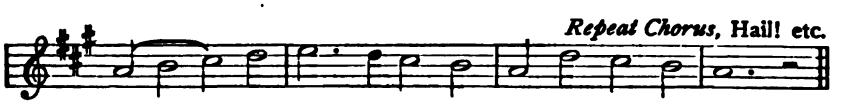


warm - er light un - bars the gates of day.
fall - en, from the deep, to light re - store.
res - cue man, true Man Thy - self wast made.

Last Chorus, Hail! etc.



4 Now Christ, from gloomy hell, comes tri - - umph - ing, And
7 A count - less . . peo - ple, from death's fet - ters free, Own
8 Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er, Christ . . our Light! The
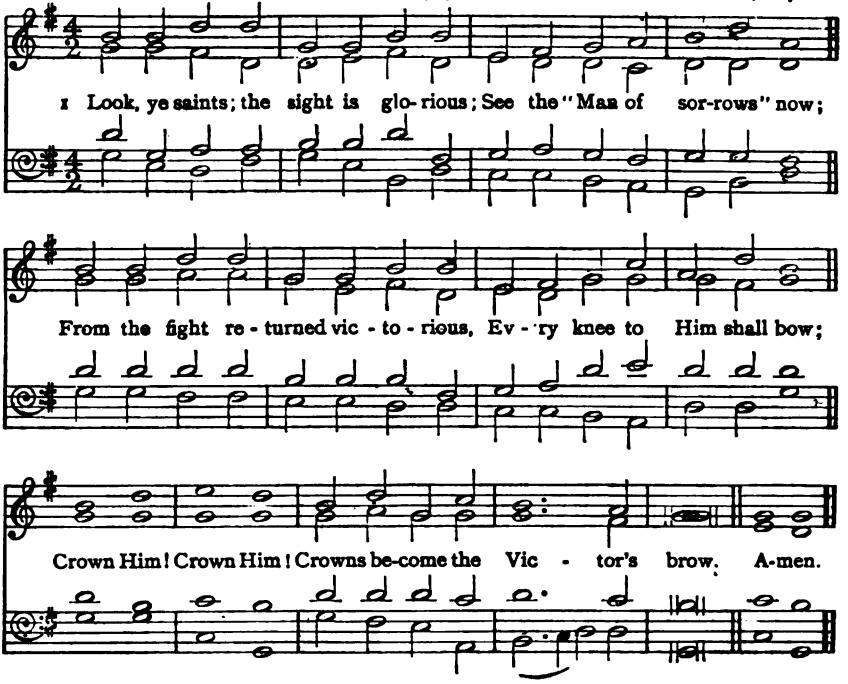


field . . and grove with flower and leaf - - age spring.
Thee . . Re - deem - - er, join, and fol - low Thee.
One . be - got - ten of the Fath - - er's might;

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530-609;
Tr. THEODORE A. LACEY, 1884.

Alternative Tune,
RAMAULX, No. 195 II.

185 The Ascension Day.

CORONÆ (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1871.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
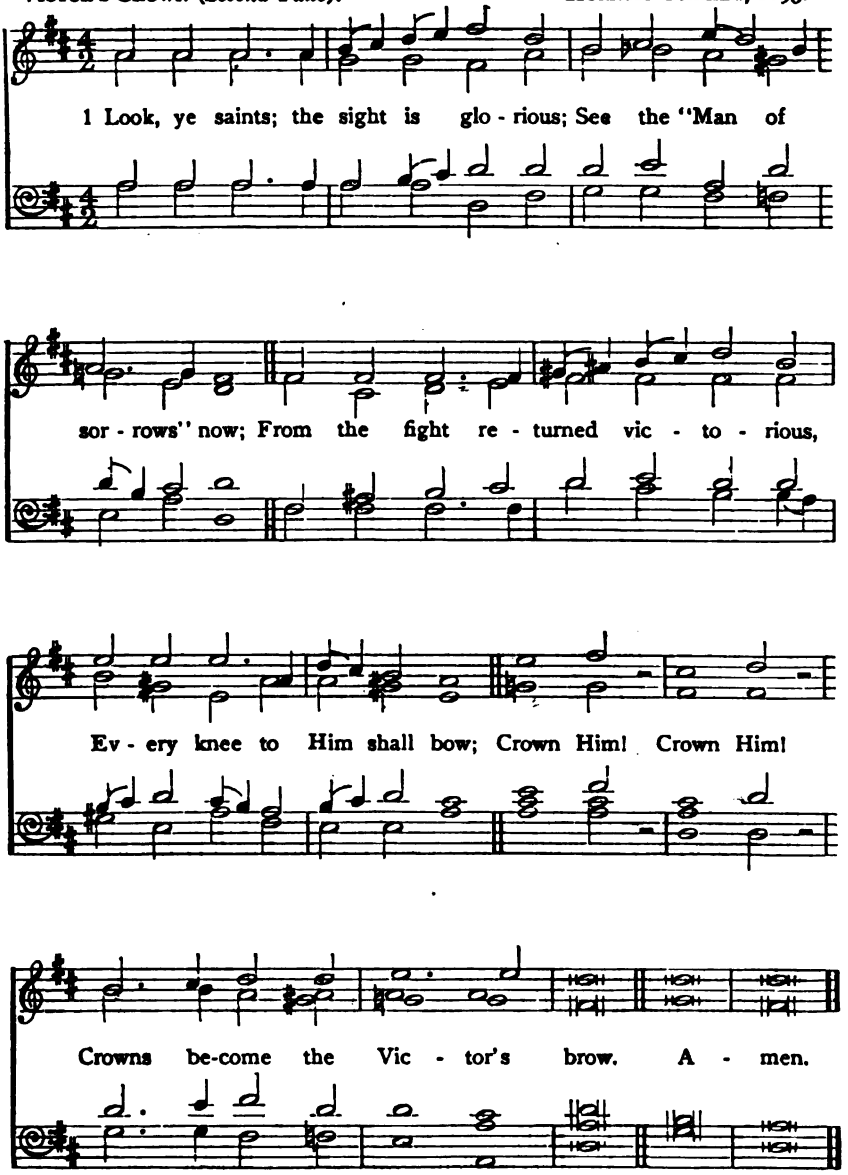
4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

185 The Ascension Day.
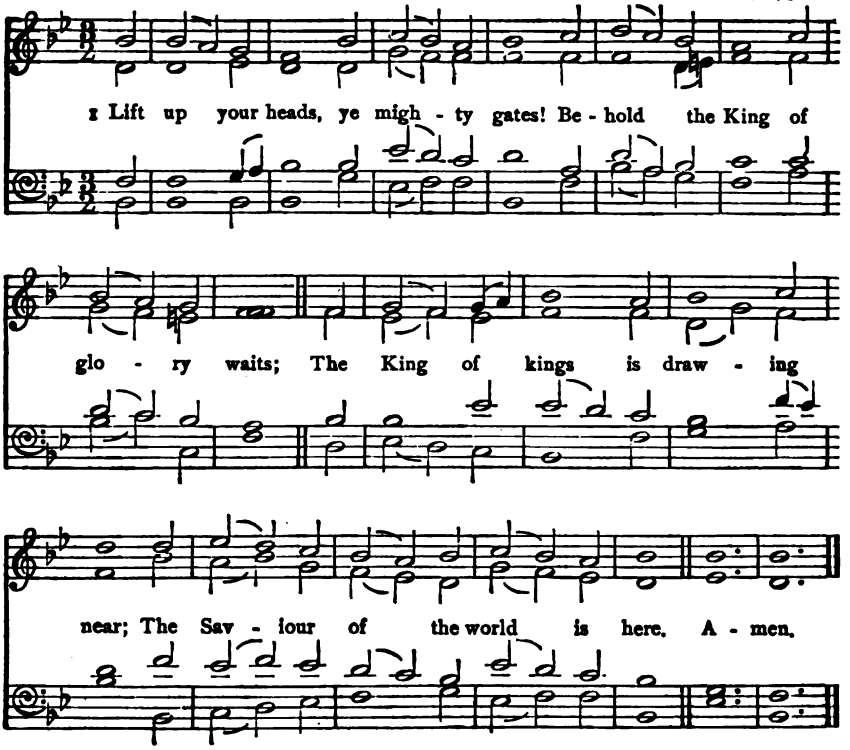
8.7.8.7.4.7.

VICTOR'S CROWN (*Second Tune*). HORATIO PARKER, 1893.



186 The Ascension Day.

WAREHAM. L.M. WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
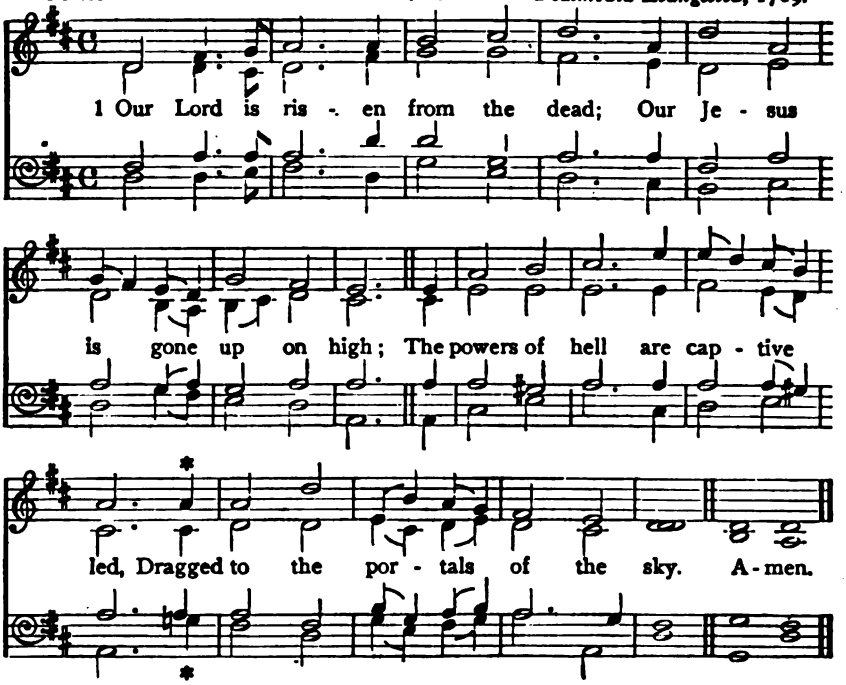
6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won! Amen.

GEORGE WEISSEL, 1642; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

The Ascension Day.

187

TRURO. L.M. *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1789.



2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

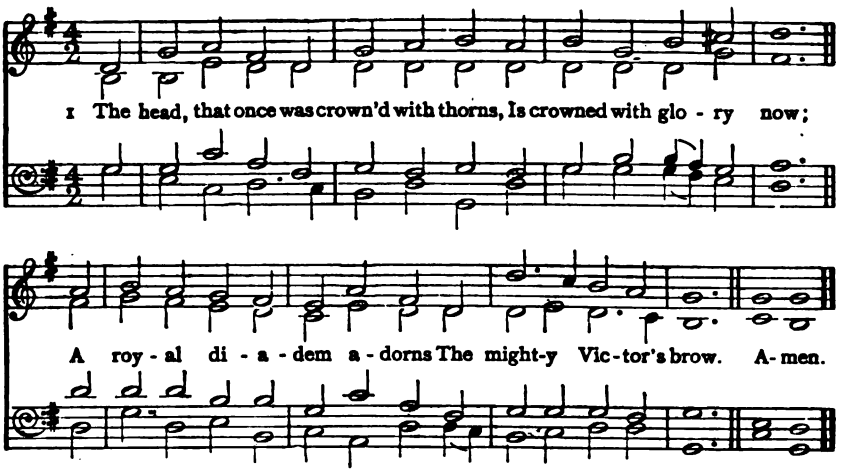
6 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God, over all, for ever blest. Amen.

JOHN WESLEY *and* CHARLES WESLEY, 1743.

* ♩ *in v. 1 and 6.*

188 The Ascension Day.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1709.



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
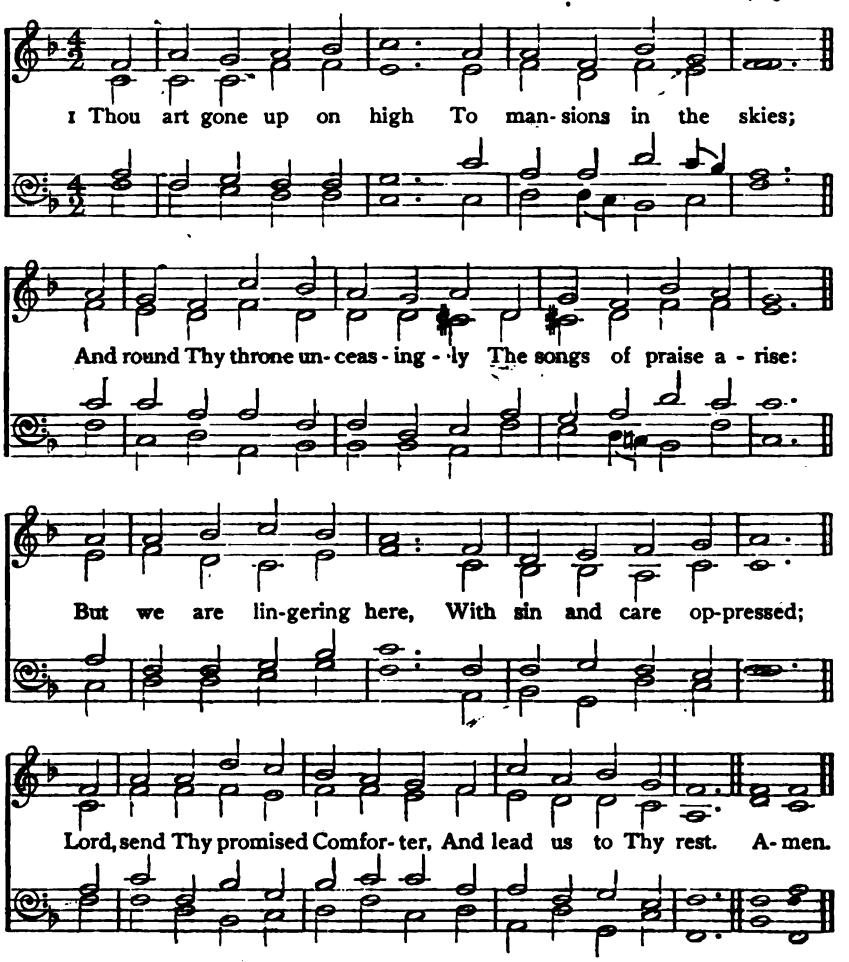
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

189 The Ascension Day.

OLD TWENTY-FIFTH. S.M.D. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.
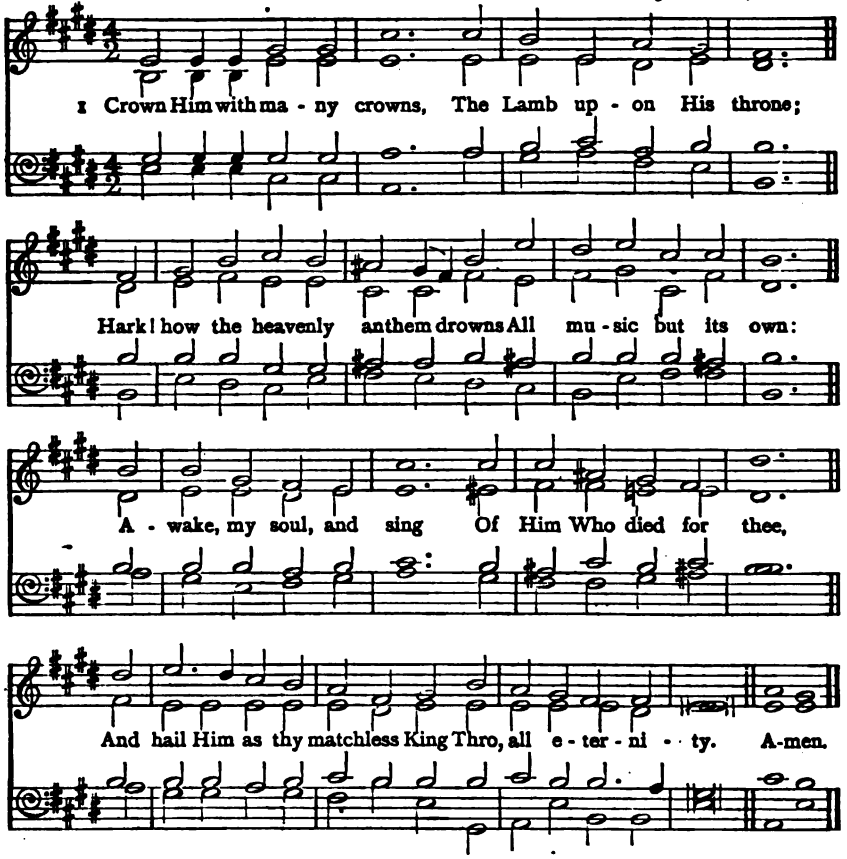


2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead on at last to Thee.

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

EMMA L. TOKE, 1851.

190 The Ascension Day.

DIADEMATA. S.M.D. GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1868.



2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.
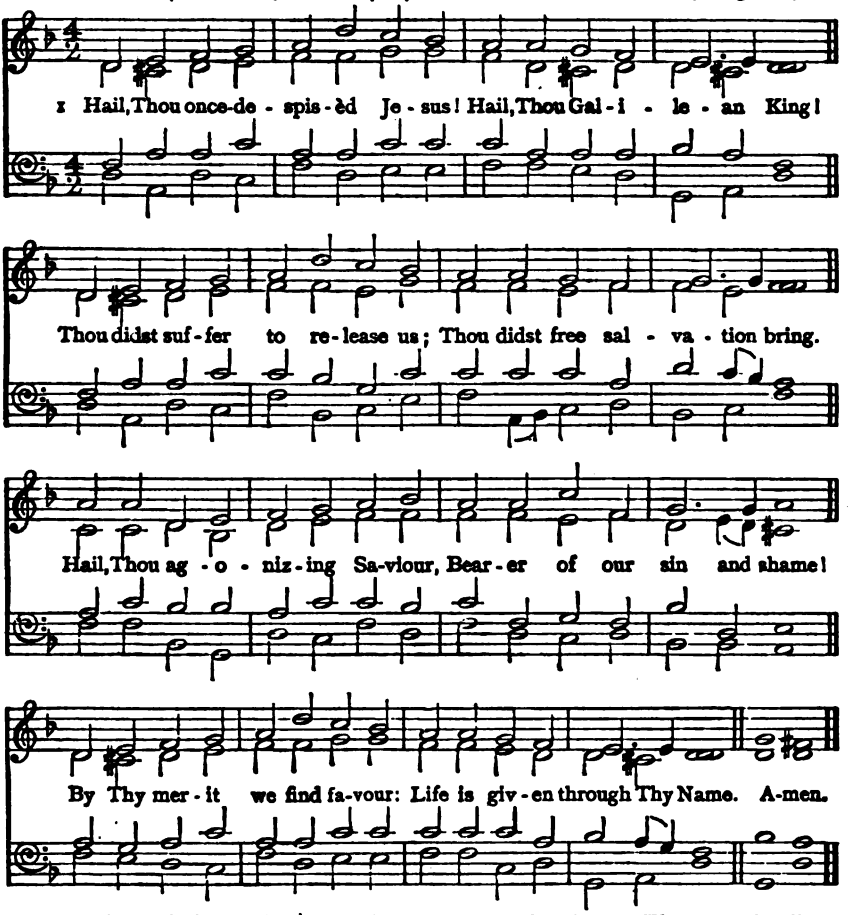
4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns.
For He is King of all.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1851, *cento.*

191 The Ascension Day.

SUPPLICATION (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823–1889.



2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!
Amen.
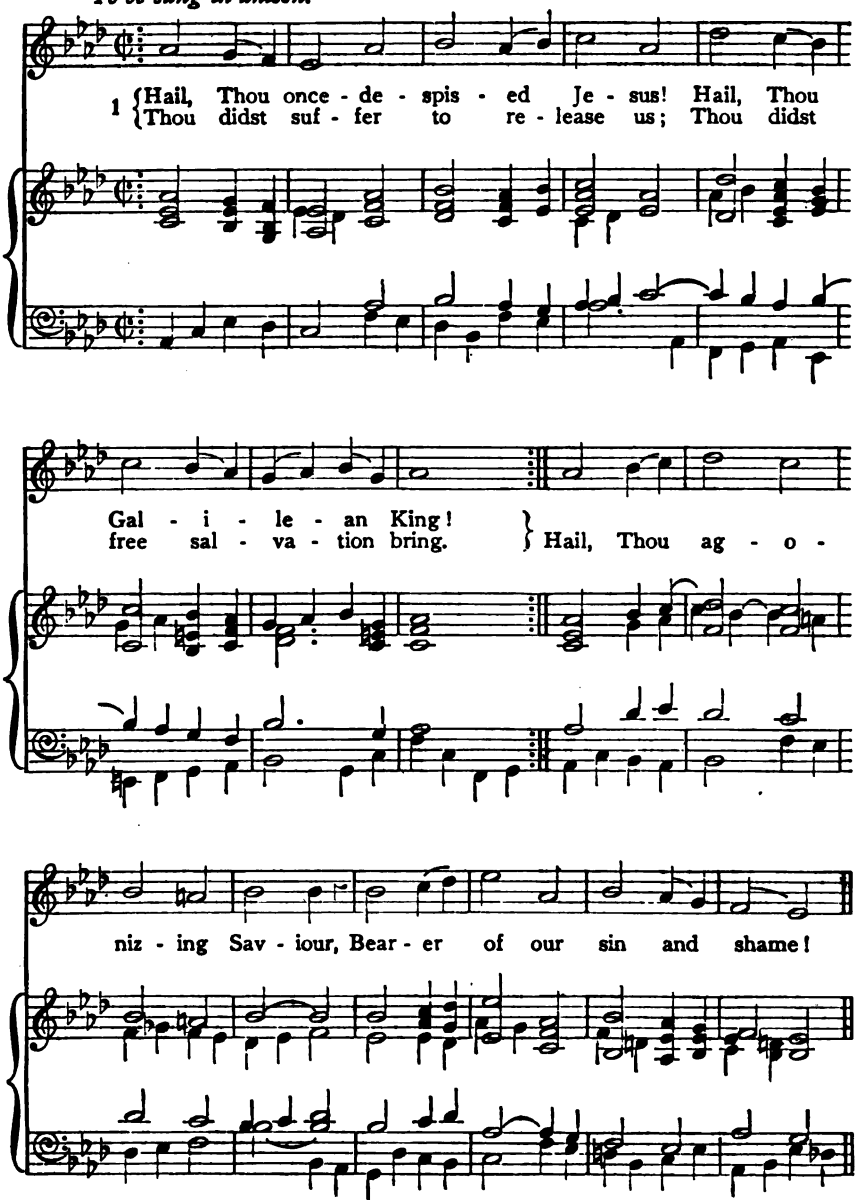
JOHN BAKEWELL, 1757; MARTIN MADAN, 1760; AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

The Ascension Day.
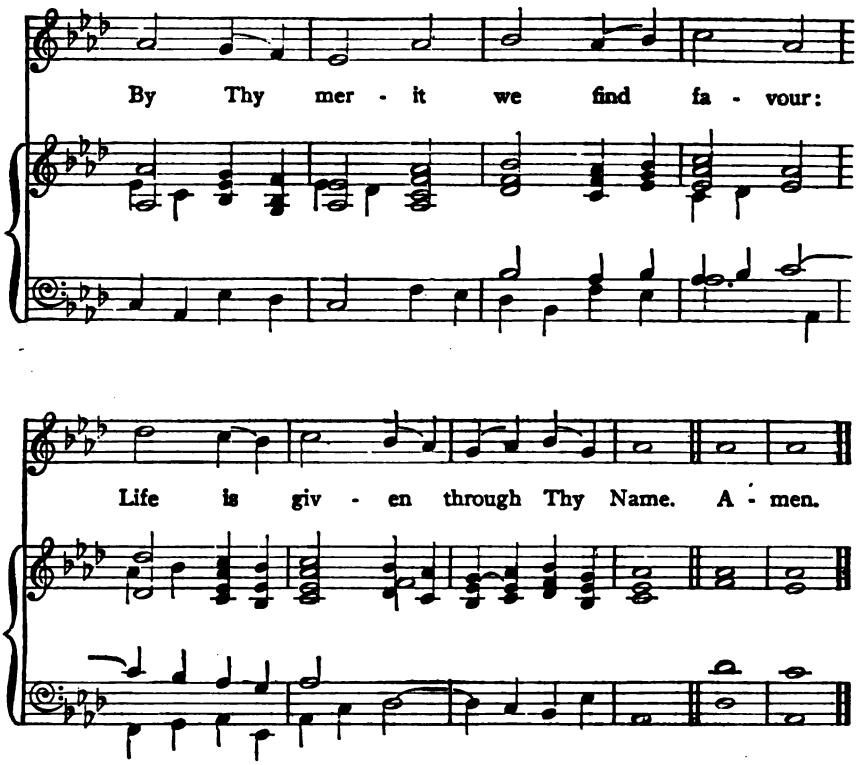
191

In Babilone (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. **Ancient Dutch Melody,**
Harmonized by T. Tertius Noble, 1918.

To be sung in unison.



The Ascension Day.



2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
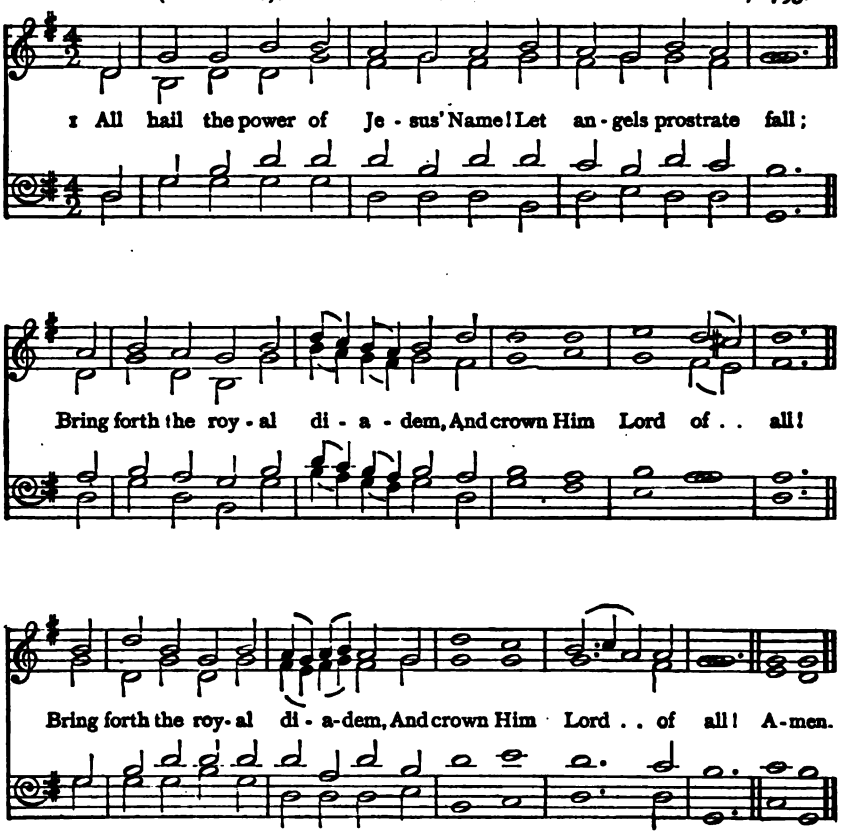
4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise! Amen.

JOHN BAKEWELL, 1757:
MARTIN MADAN, 1760;
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Another harmonization will be found at No. 522 II.

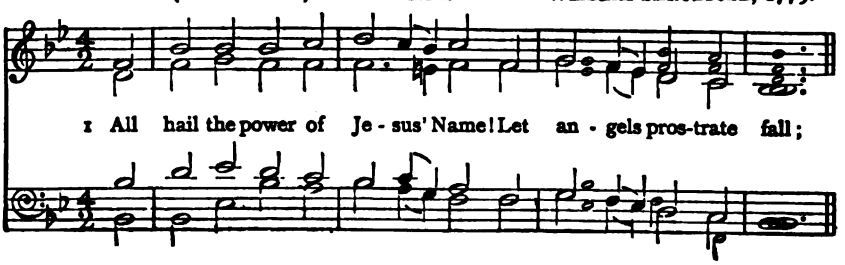
192 The Ascension Day.

CORONATION (*First Tune*). C.M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.

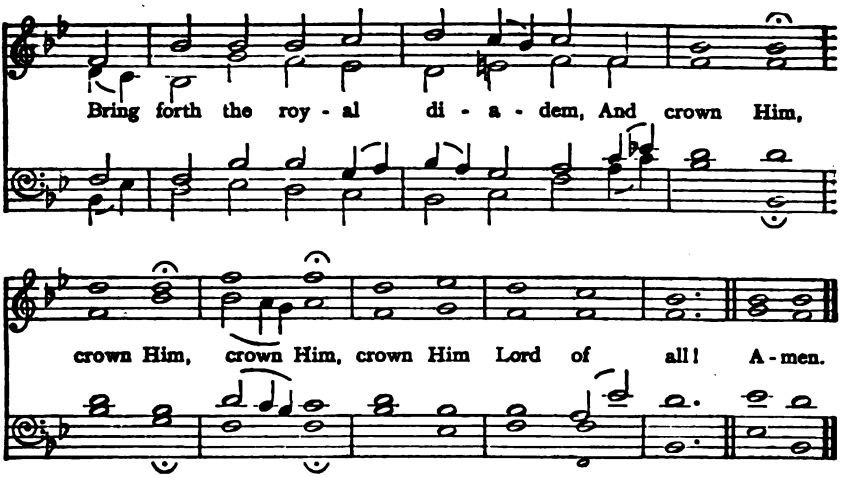


192

MILES' LANE (*Second Tune*). C.M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



The Ascension Day.



2

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!
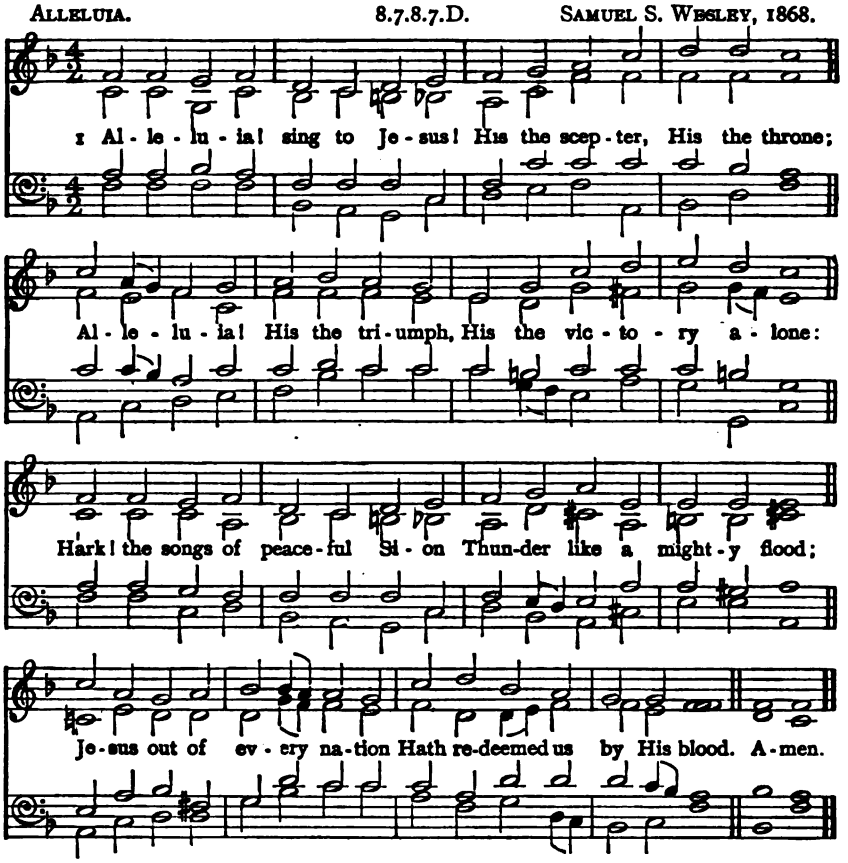
6

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

EDWARD PERRONET, 1779, alt.

193 The Ascension Day.

ALLELUIA. 8.7.8.7.D. SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1868.



2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er:
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

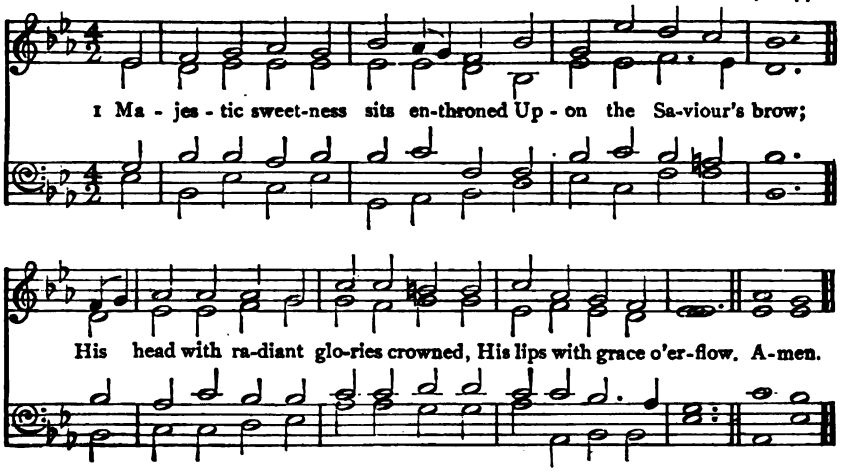
4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood. [Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1866.

194 The Ascension Day.

HORSLEY. C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1844.



2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.
Amen.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

Also the following:

251 O God of God! O Light of Light
262 Praise the Lord through every nation
335 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored
480 Jesus shall reign
521 Rejoice, the Lord is King
522 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph
560 Golden harps are sounding

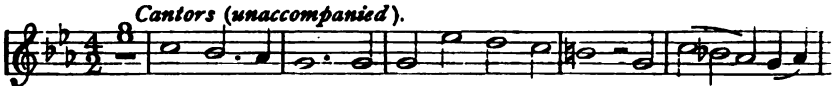
195
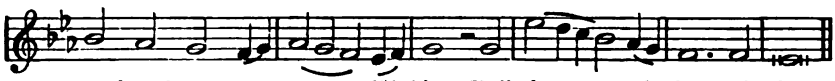
Whitsunday.

10. 10. with refrain.

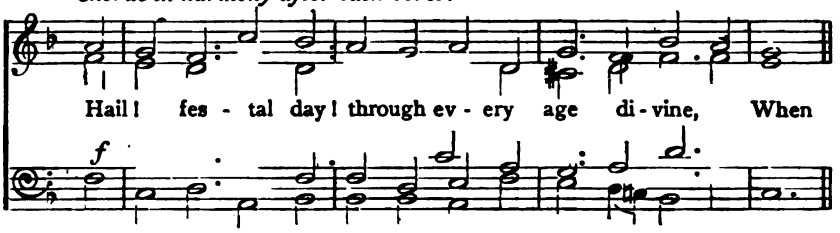
SALVE! FESTA DIES (WHITSUNDAY) (*First Tune*). J. BADEN-POWELL, 1882.
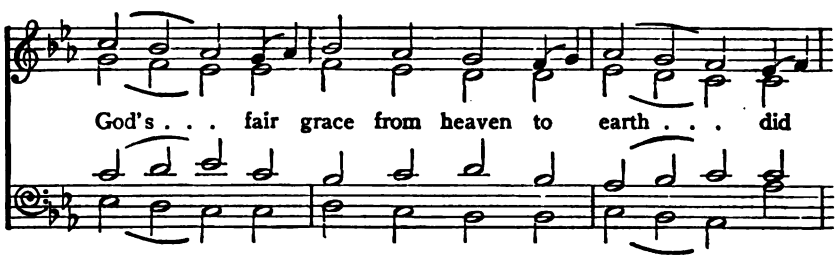
Cantors (unaccompanied).
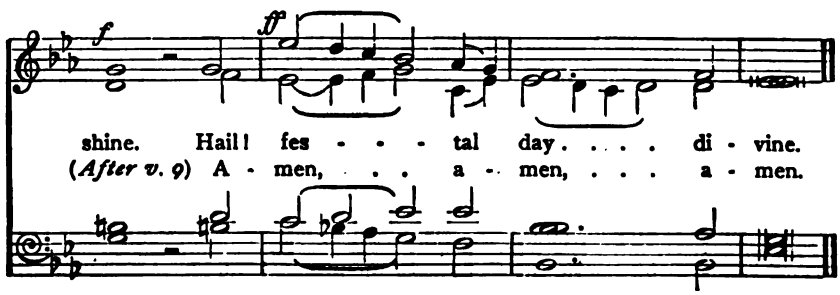




Chorus in harmony after each verse.

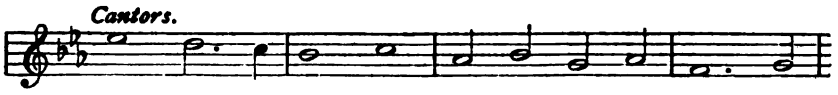




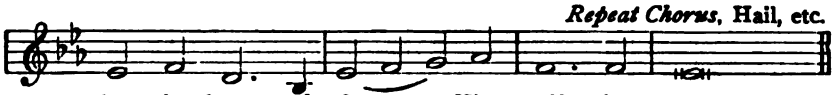


The organ accompaniment can be obtained of the Publishers.
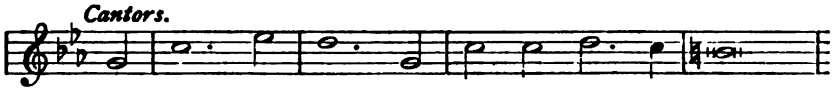
Whitsunday.



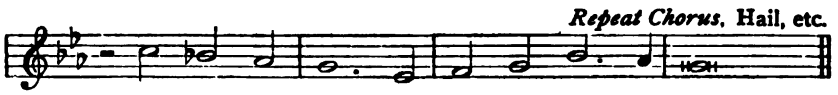
2 Lo! God the Spi - rit to the A - pos - tles' hearts This
5 Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Ho - ly Fount of Light! Life -
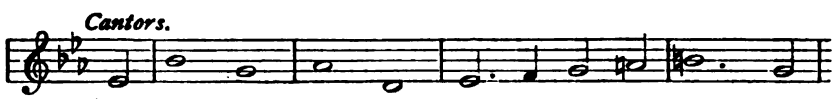


day in form of fire . . . Him - self im - parts.
giv - er! Fire of ra - - diance ev - er bright!



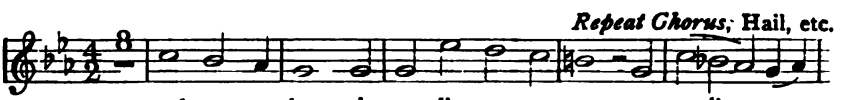
3 Forth from the Fa - ther, bear - ing mys - tic powers,
6 Thou Good all good con - tain - ing, Peace di - vine!
8 Some fore - taste grant us of Thy se - cret things,



On hu - man hearts new strength He rich - ly showers.
Fill with Thy sweet - ness all these hearts of Thine.
The o - ver - sha - dow - ing of cher - ub wings.



4 Now cease they not, to all on earth that dwell, God's
7 Who fill - est all things, earth and sky and sea, Cleanse
9 To love di - vine our lips and hearts in - spire, By



won - drous works in div - ers tongues to tell.
Thou, and guard us; bid us live to Thee.
fly - ing se - raph touched with al - tar fire.
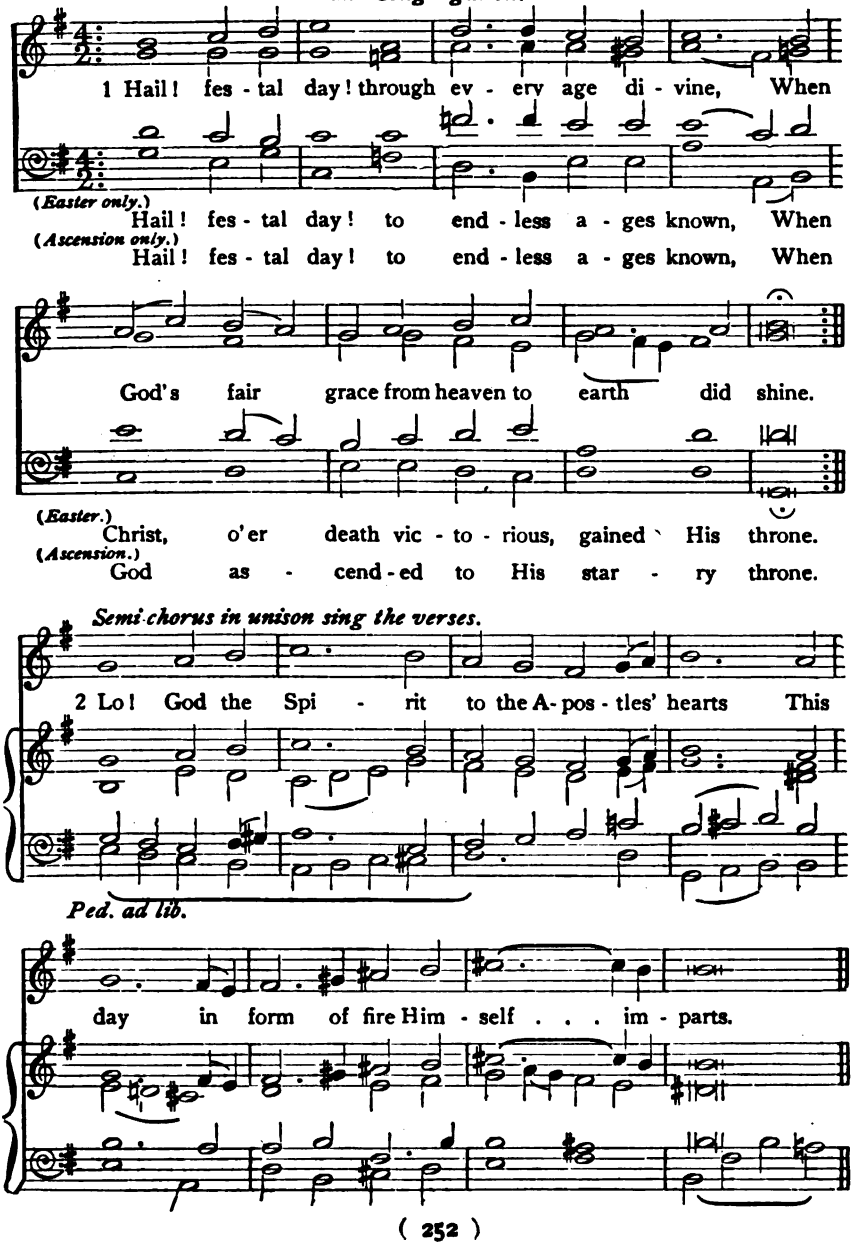
VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530-609;
Tr. THEODORE A. LACEY, 1884.

Whitsunday.

195
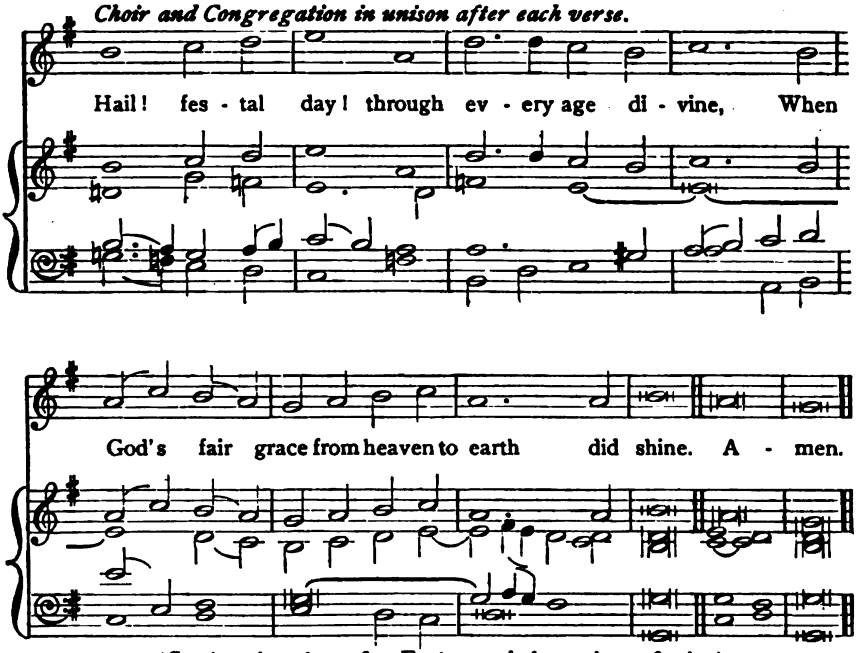
RAMAULX (*Second Tune*). 10.10. with refrain. B. LUARD SELBY, 1904.

Sung by Solo Voices in unison, then repeated by Choir in harmony and Congregation.



Whitsunday.

Choir and Congregation in unison after each verse.



(*See previous page for Easter and Ascension refrains.*)

* *Copyright, 1904, by the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."*

3 Forth from the Father, bearing mystic powers,
On human hearts new strength He richly showers.

4 Now cease they not, to all on earth that dwell,
God's wondrous works in divers tongues to tell.

5 Hail, Breath of Life! Hail, Holy Fount of Light!
Life-giver! Fire of radiance ever bright!

6 Thou Good all good containing, Peace divine!
Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine.

7 Who fillest all things, earth and sky and sea,
Cleanse Thou, and guard us; bid us live to Thee.

8 Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,
The overshadowing of cherub wings.

9 To love divine our lips and hearts inspire,
By flying seraph touched with altar fire. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS *c.* 530-609; *Tr.* THEODORE A. LACEY, 1884.
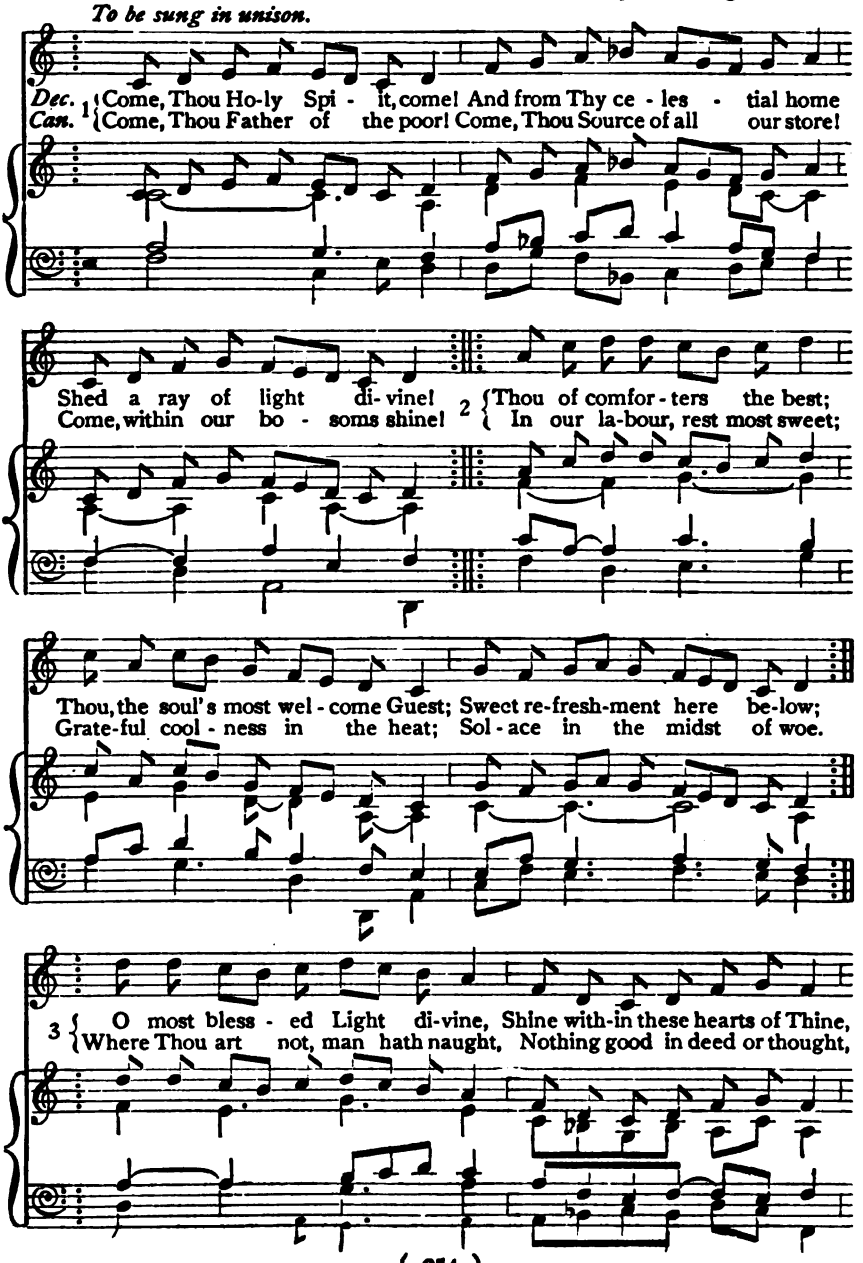
This Tune may be used for Hymns 168 *and* 184.

Whitsunday.
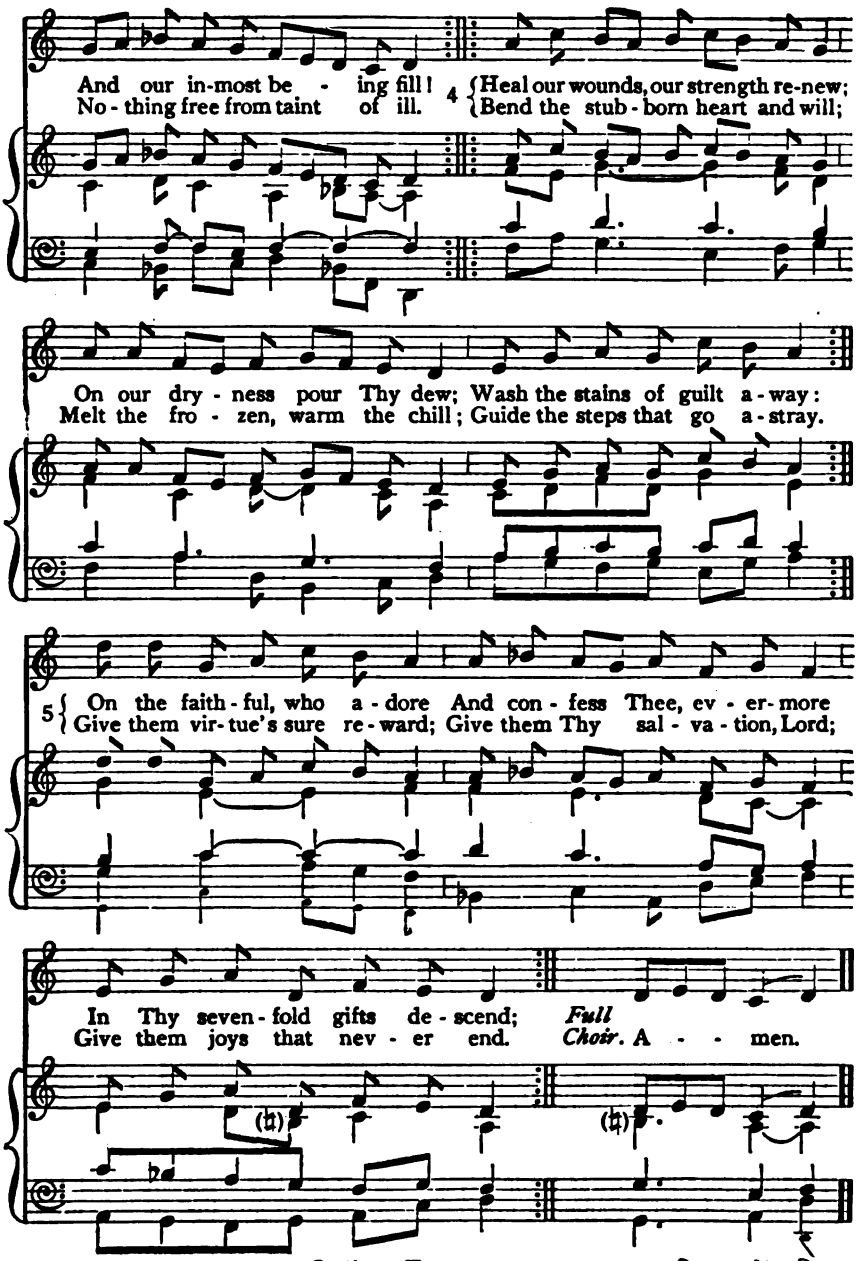
196

Veni Sancte Spiritus (*First Tune*). **Eleventh Century Plainsong, Mode I.**

To be sung in unison.



Whitsunday.
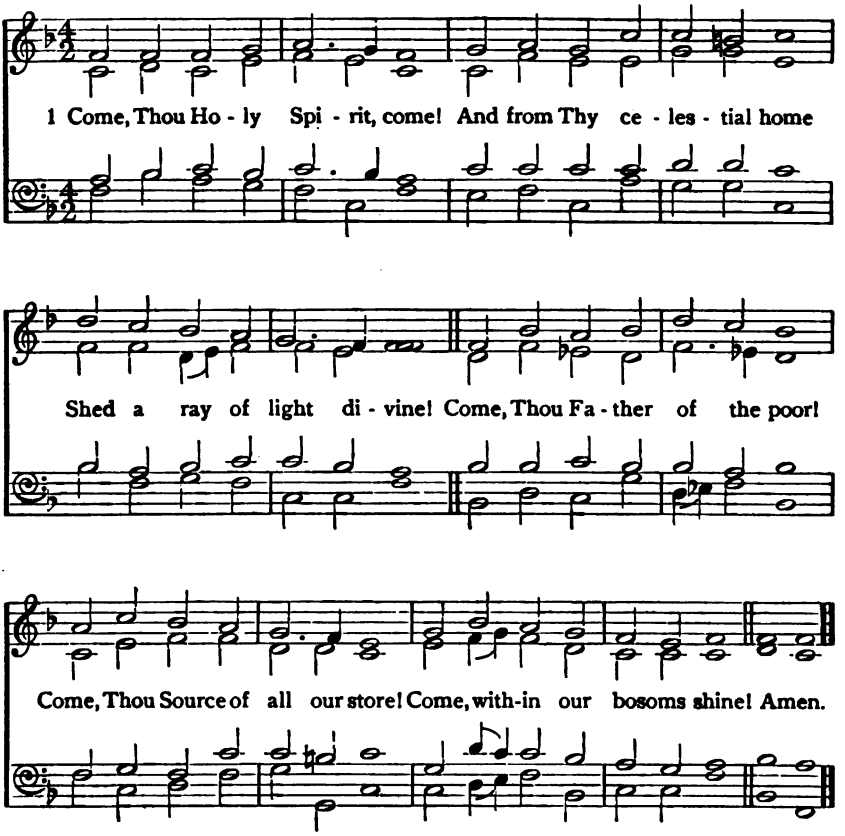


Latin; Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, alt. 1899.

196

Whitsunday.

Six 7's.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS (*Second Tune*). SAMUEL WEBBE, 1782.



2 Thou, of comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest;
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour, rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
Where Thou art not, man hath naught,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

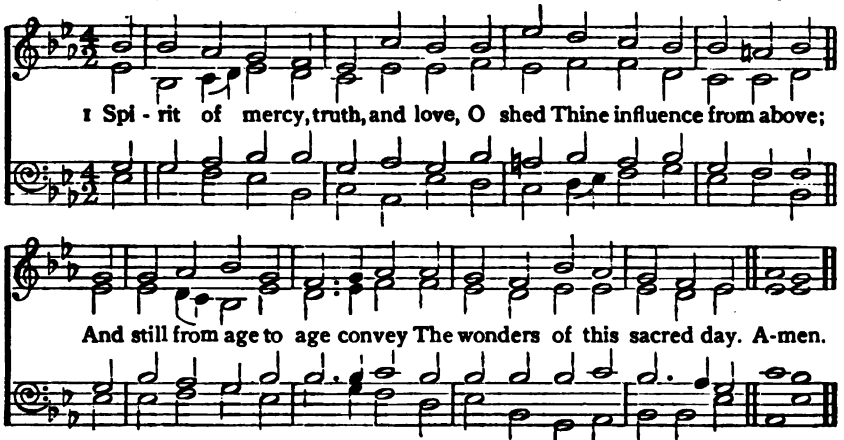
5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.
Amen.

Latin; Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, *alt. and abr.*, 1859.

Whitsunday.

197

Melcombe (*First Tune*). L.M. **Samuel Webbe, 1782.**



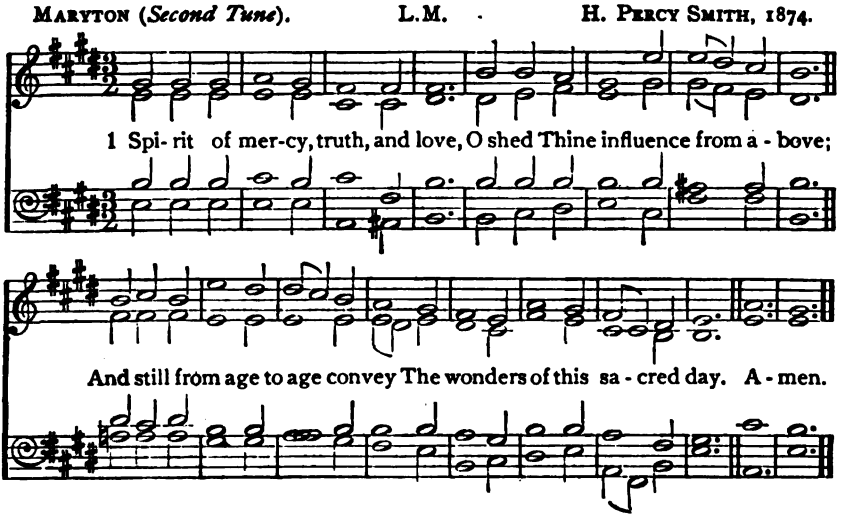
2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

Anonymous, 1774.
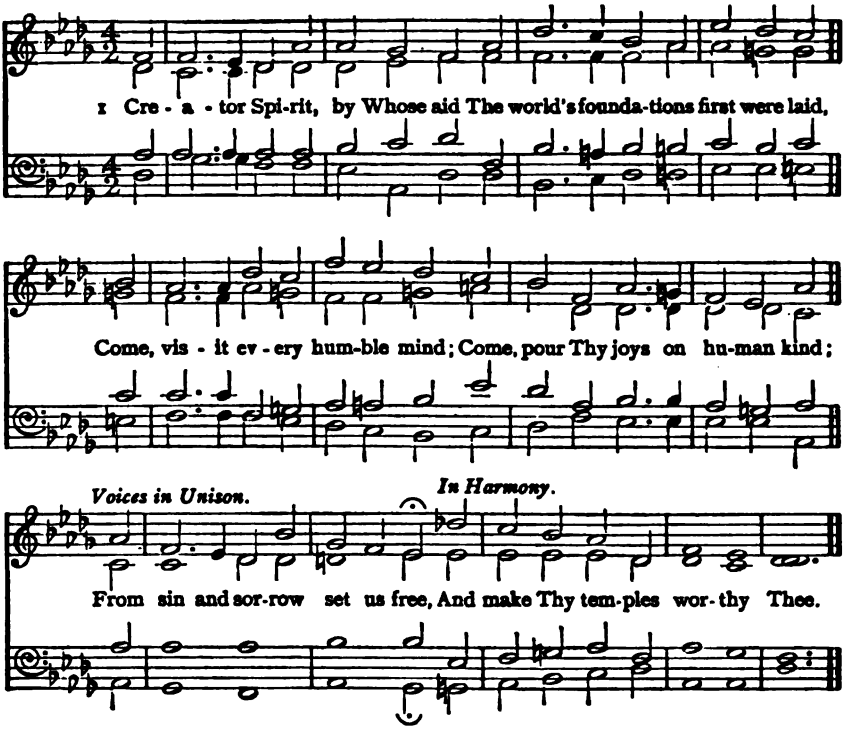
197

Maryton (*Second Tune*). L.M. **H. Percy Smith, 1874.**



198 Whitsunday.

BEATI (*First Tune*). Six 8's. JOHN STAINER, 1873.
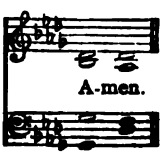


2

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3
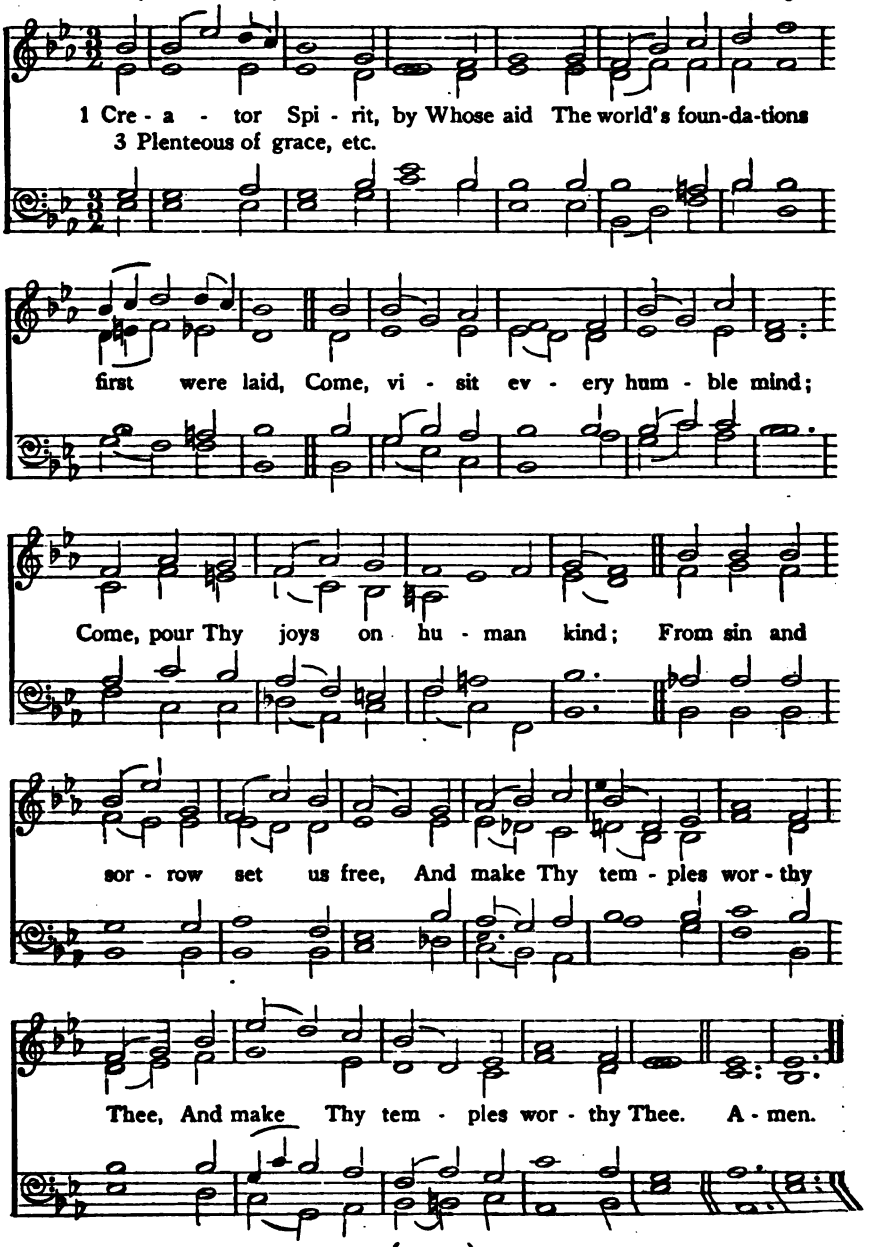
Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.



JOHN DRYDEN, 1693.

198 Whitsunday.

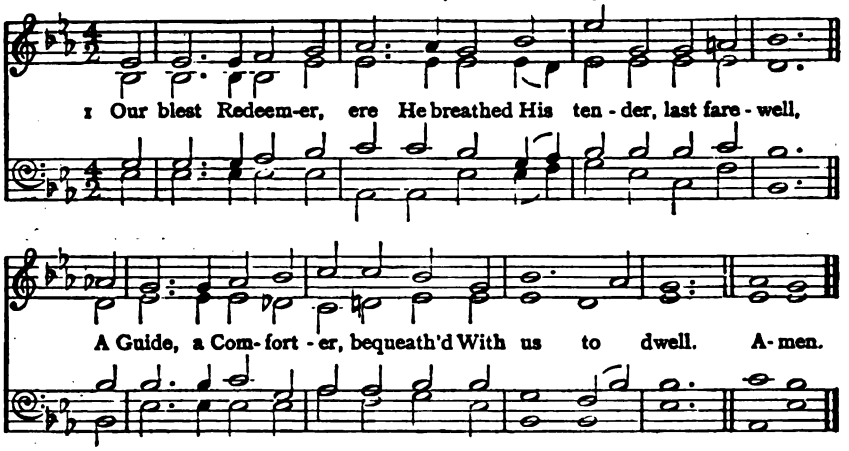
ATTWOOD (*Second Tune*). Seven 8's. THOMAS ATTWOOD, 1831.



Whitsunday.

199

St. Cuthbert. 8.6.8.4. John B. Dykes, 1861.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

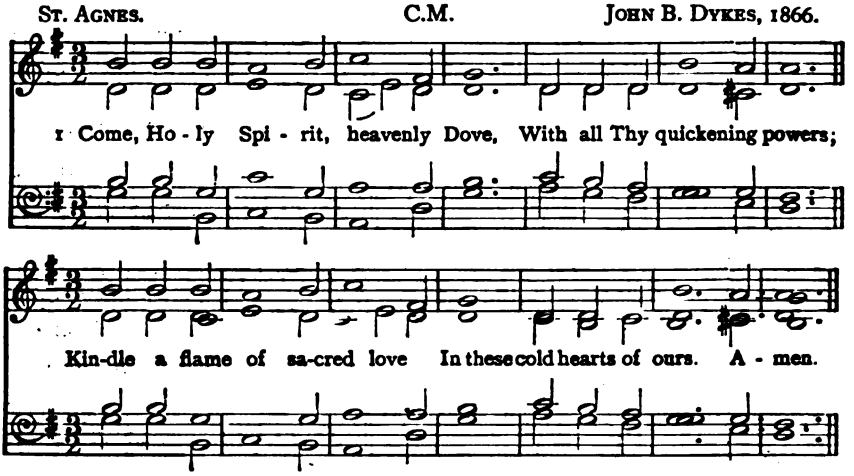
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see; [place,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-
And worthier Thee. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

200

St. Agnes. C.M. John B. Dykes, 1866.



2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
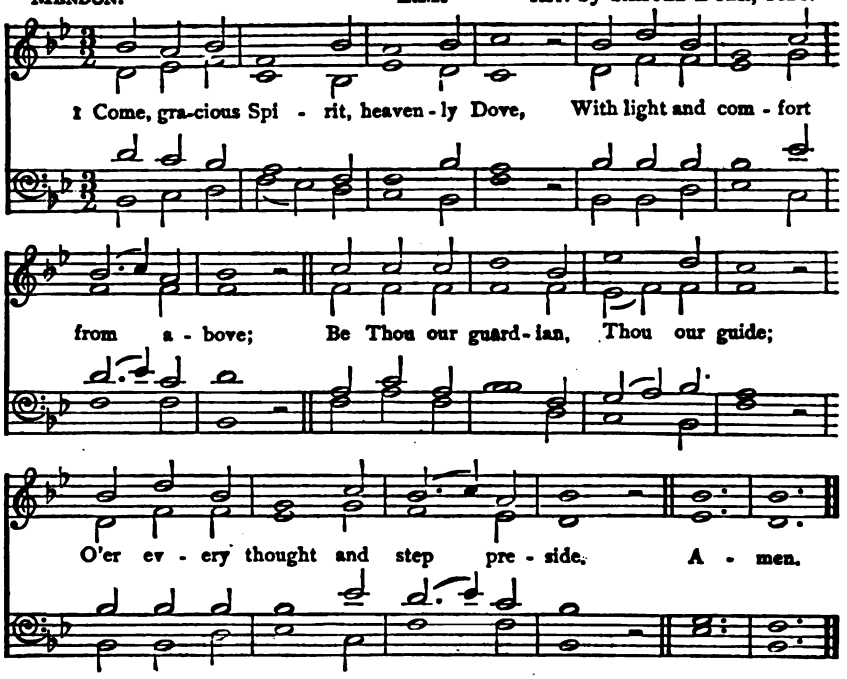
3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707, *alt.*

201

MENDON. L.M. Arr. by SAMUEL DYER, 1828.



2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

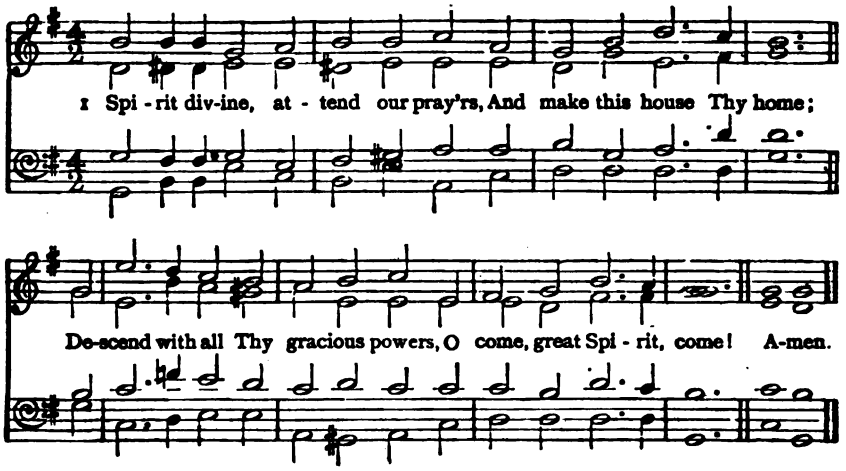
3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

SIMON BROWNE, 1720, *alt.*

202 Whitsunday.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.



2

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Whereon the righteous go.

3

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4

Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5
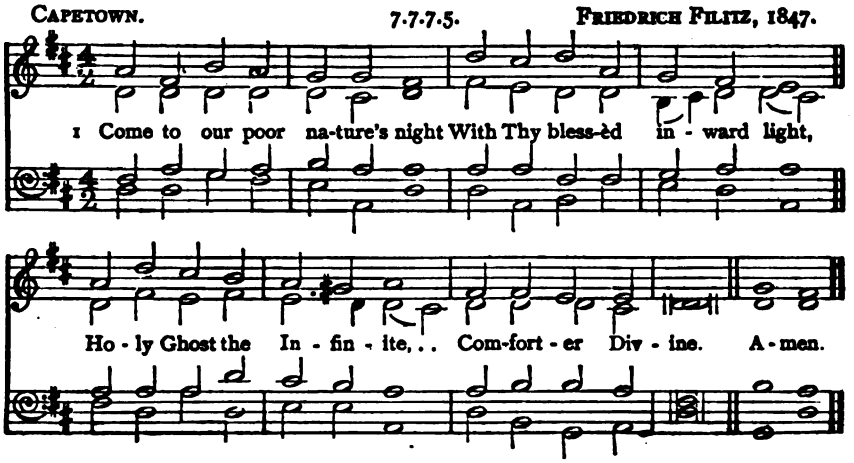
Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

ANDREW REED, 1829.

203 Whitsunday.

LITANIES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.
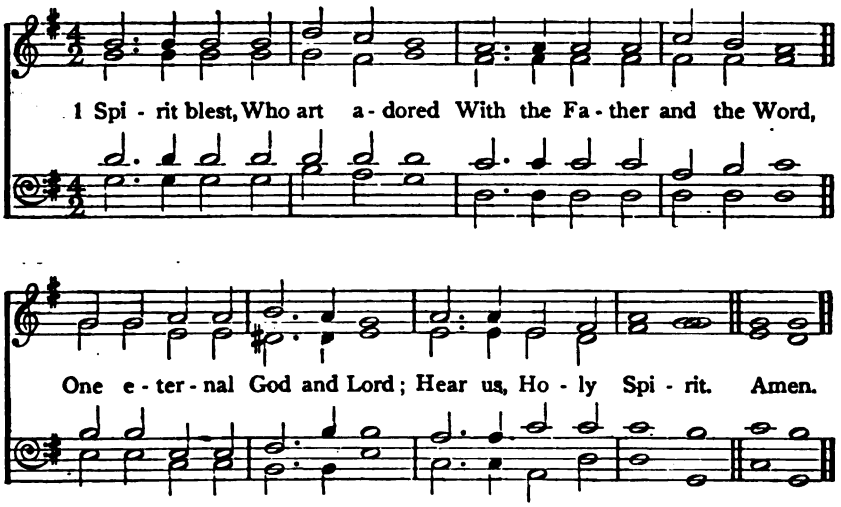
6 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

7 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine. Amen.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853.

204 Whitsunday.

EVELYN. 7.7.7.6. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou Whose sound apostles heard,
Thou Whose power their spirit stirred,
Giving them Thy living Word;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart;
Nevermore from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.
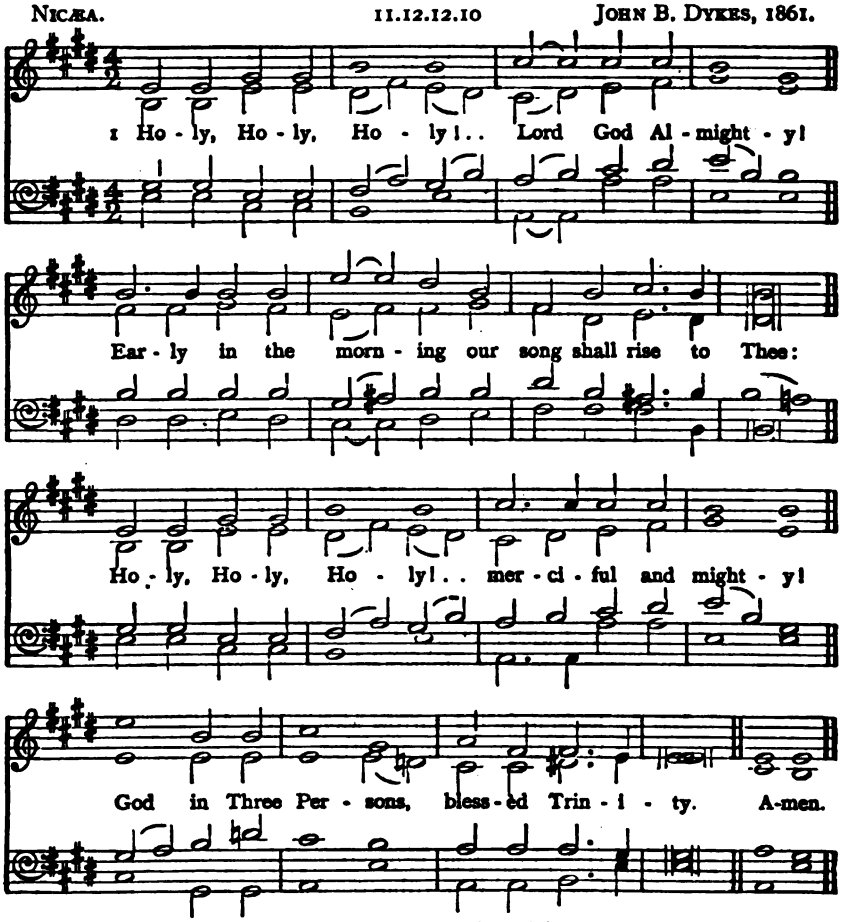
RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE, 1867.

Also the following:

121 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
373 Holy Spirit, Truth divine
380 Breathe on me, Breath of God
452 Revive Thy work
475 O Spirit of the living God
524 Hear us, Thou that broodedst

205 Trinity Sunday.

NICÆA. 11.12.12.10 JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
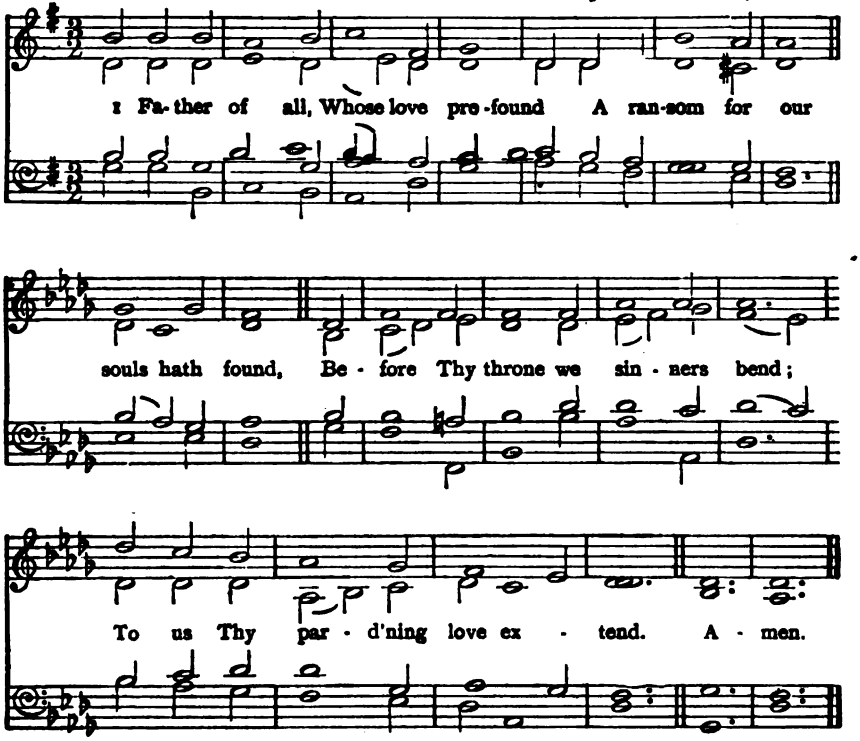
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 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! Amen.

REGINALD HEBER, *pub.* 1827.

206 Trinity Sunday.

RIVAULX. L.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



2

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3

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.
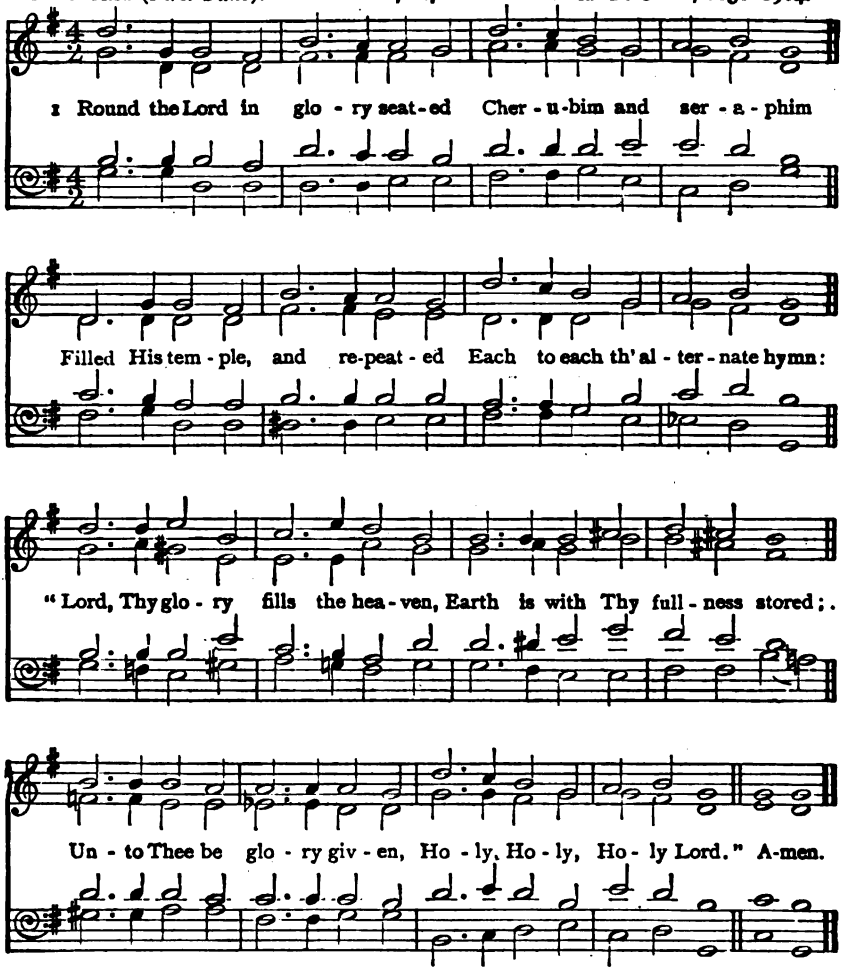
4

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.

EDWARD COOPER, 1805

207 Trinity Sunday.

MOULTRIE (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. GERARD F. COBB, 1838–1904.
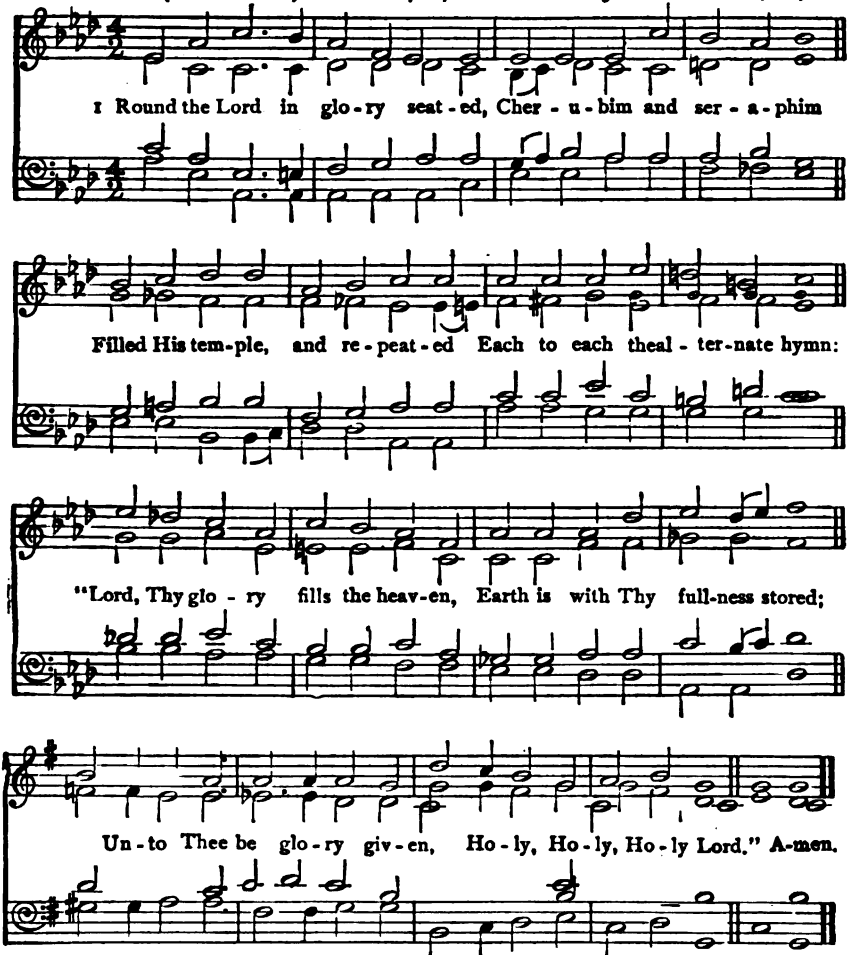


2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fullness stored,
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
Amen.

RICHARD MANT, 1837, *alt.*

207 Trinity Sunday.

SANCTUARY (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. JOHN B. DYKES, 1871.
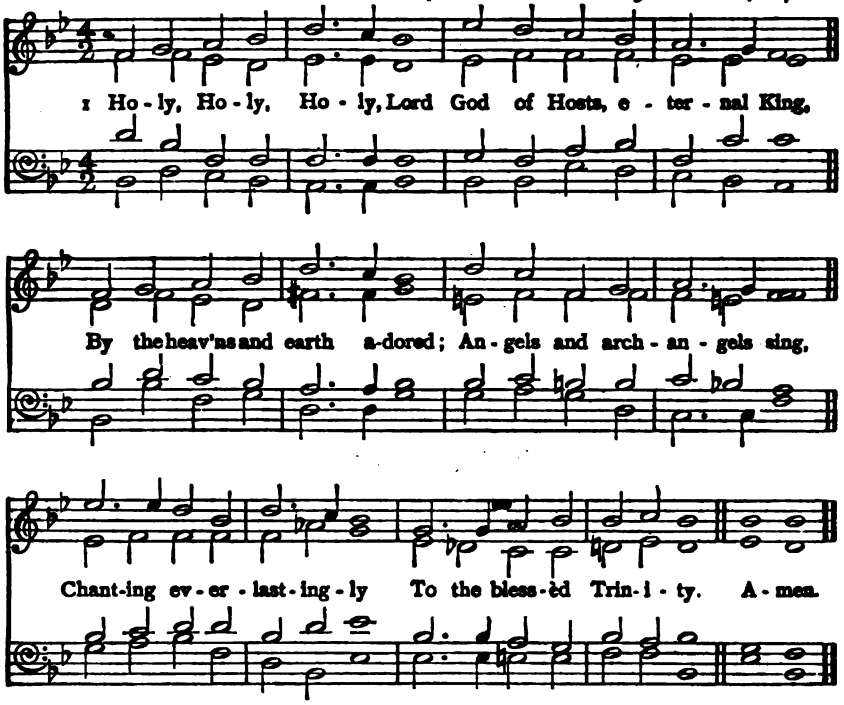


2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high. Amen.

RICHARD MANT, 1837, alt.

208 Trinity Sunday.

ST. ATHANASIUS. Six 7's. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1872.



2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.
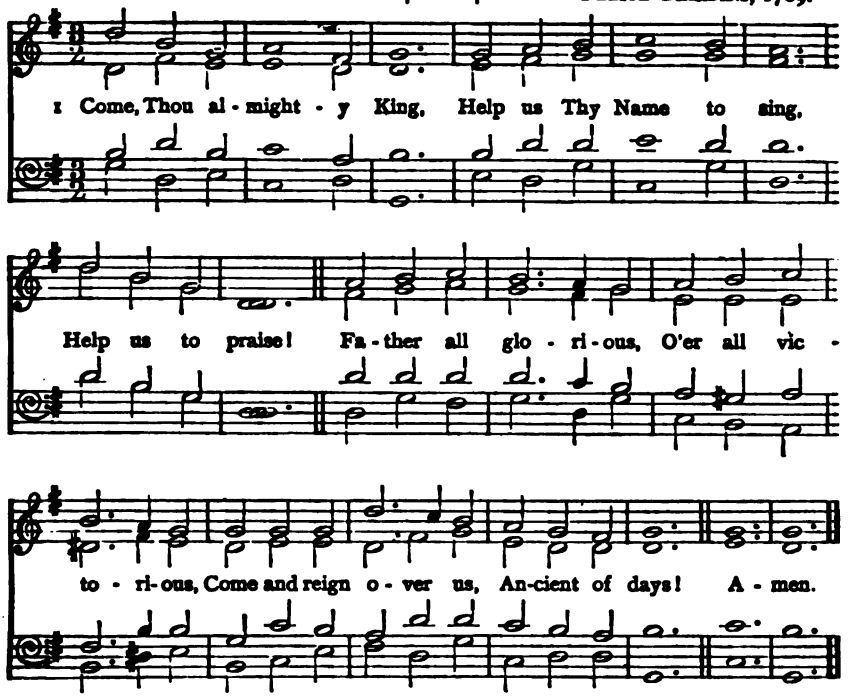
5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

209 Trinity Sunday.

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Felice Giardini, 1769.



2

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
'Stablish Thy righteousness,
Saviour and Friend!

3

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4
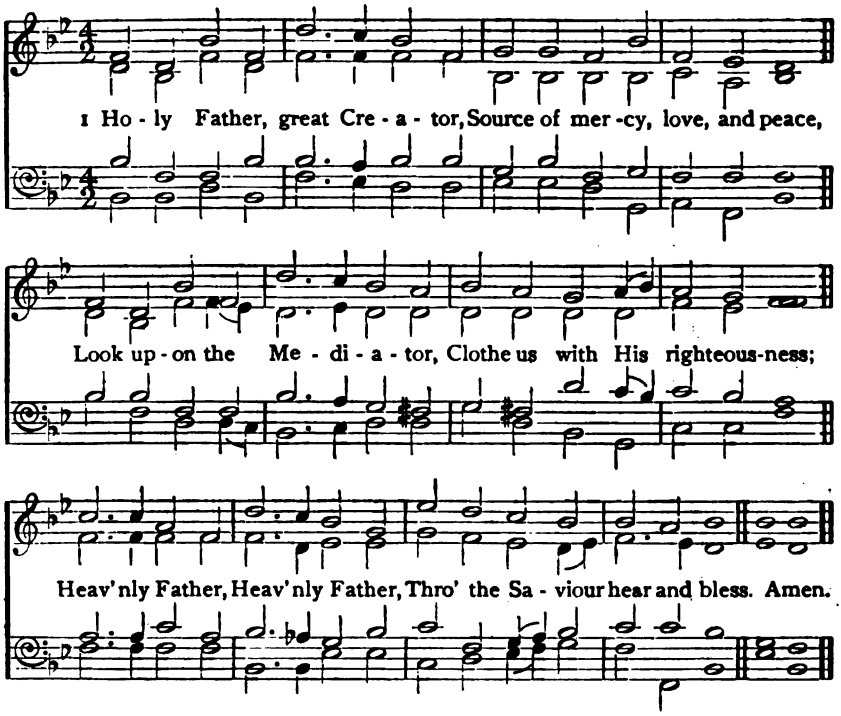
To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

Anonymous, c. 1757, alt.

Trinity Sunday.

210

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. HENRY SMART, 1866.



2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine. Amen.

ALEXANDER V. GRISWOLD, 1835.
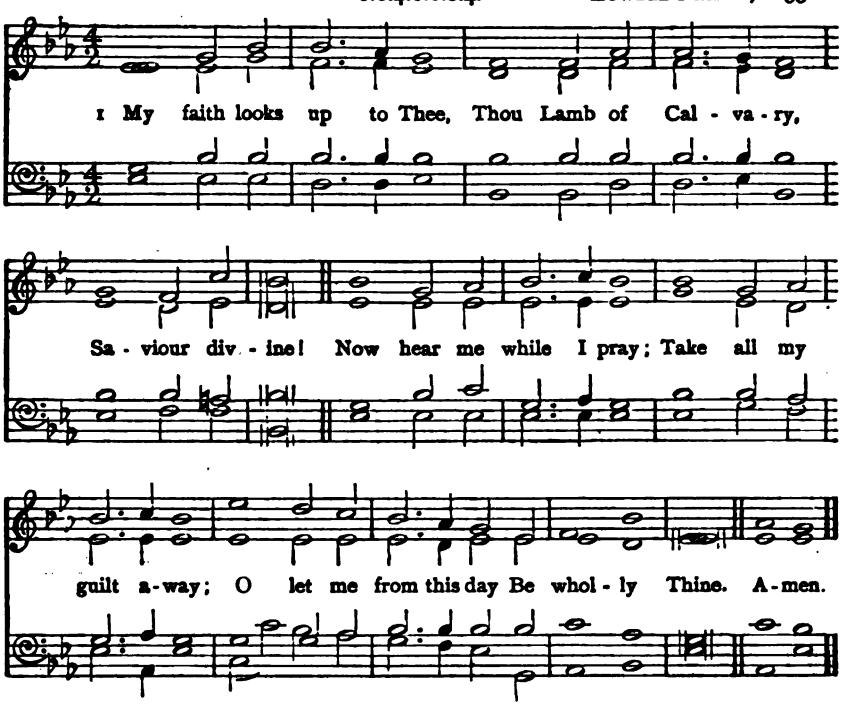
Also the following:

11 O Trinity of blessed light
16 Holy Father, cheer our way
38 Three in One, and One in Three
47 On this day, the first of days
104 Thou, Whose almighty word
247 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
519 Ancient of Days
525 I bind unto myself today

211 Sundays after Trinity.

FAITH.

OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. LOWELL MASON, 1833.



2

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4
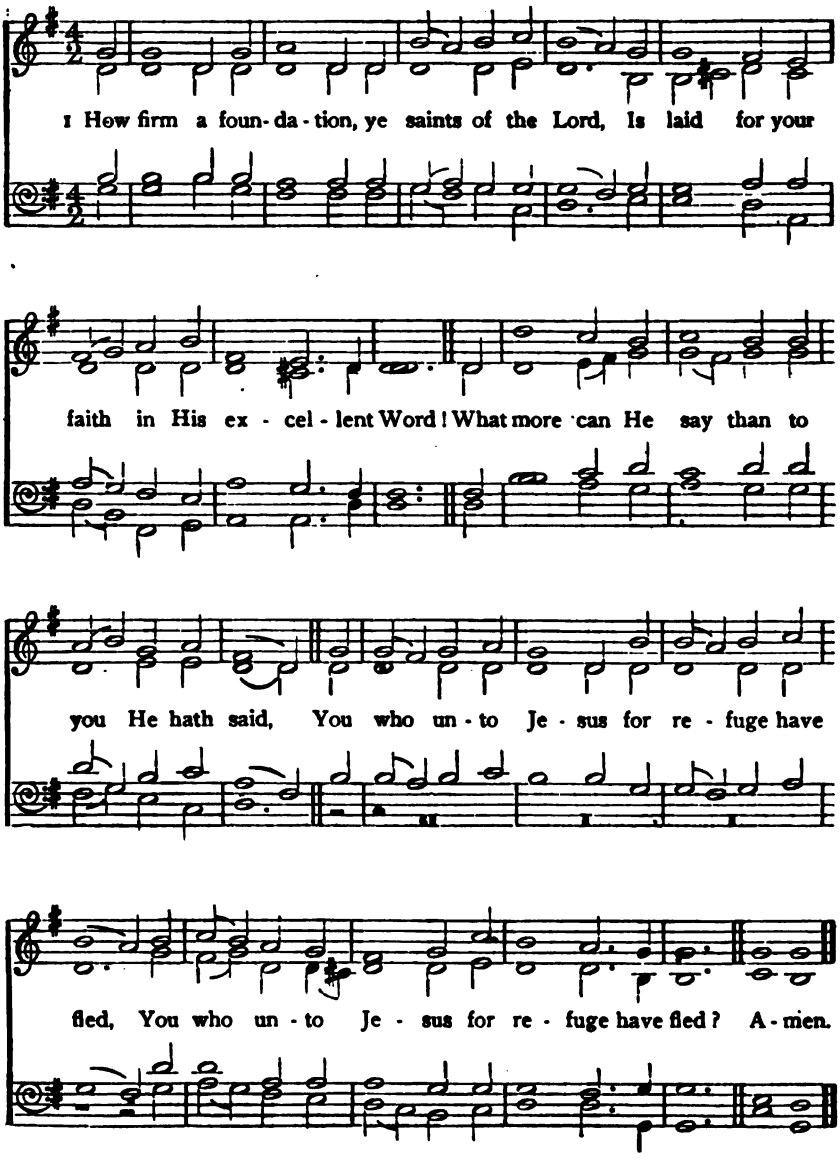
When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

RAY PALMER, 1830.

Sundays after Trinity.

Five 11's.

ADESTE FIDELES (*First Tune*). J. F. WADE'S *Cantus Diversi*, 1751.



2 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

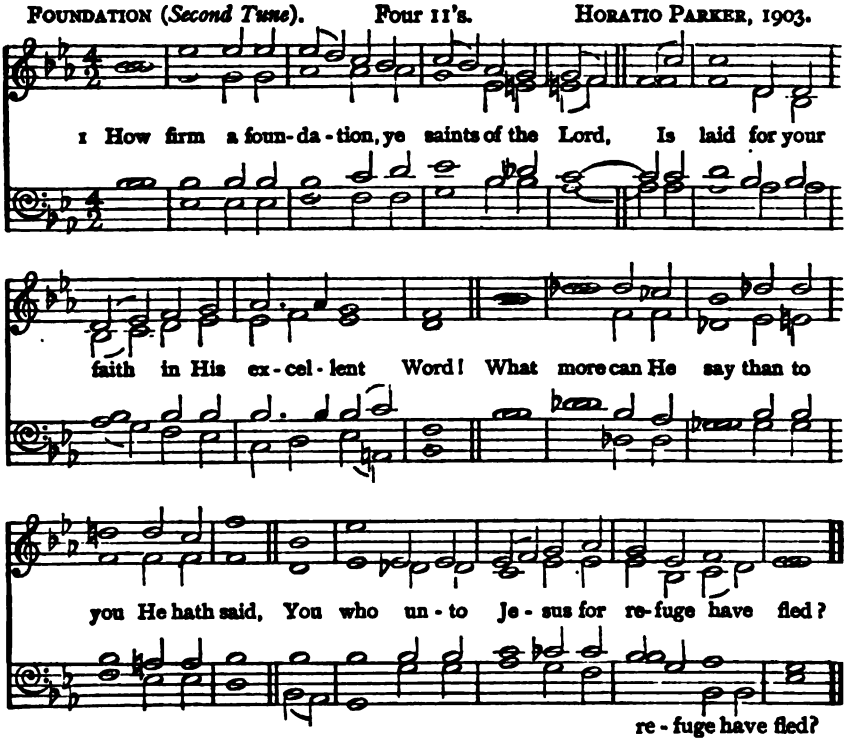
4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

"*K*" *in Rippon's "Selection,"* 1787.

212
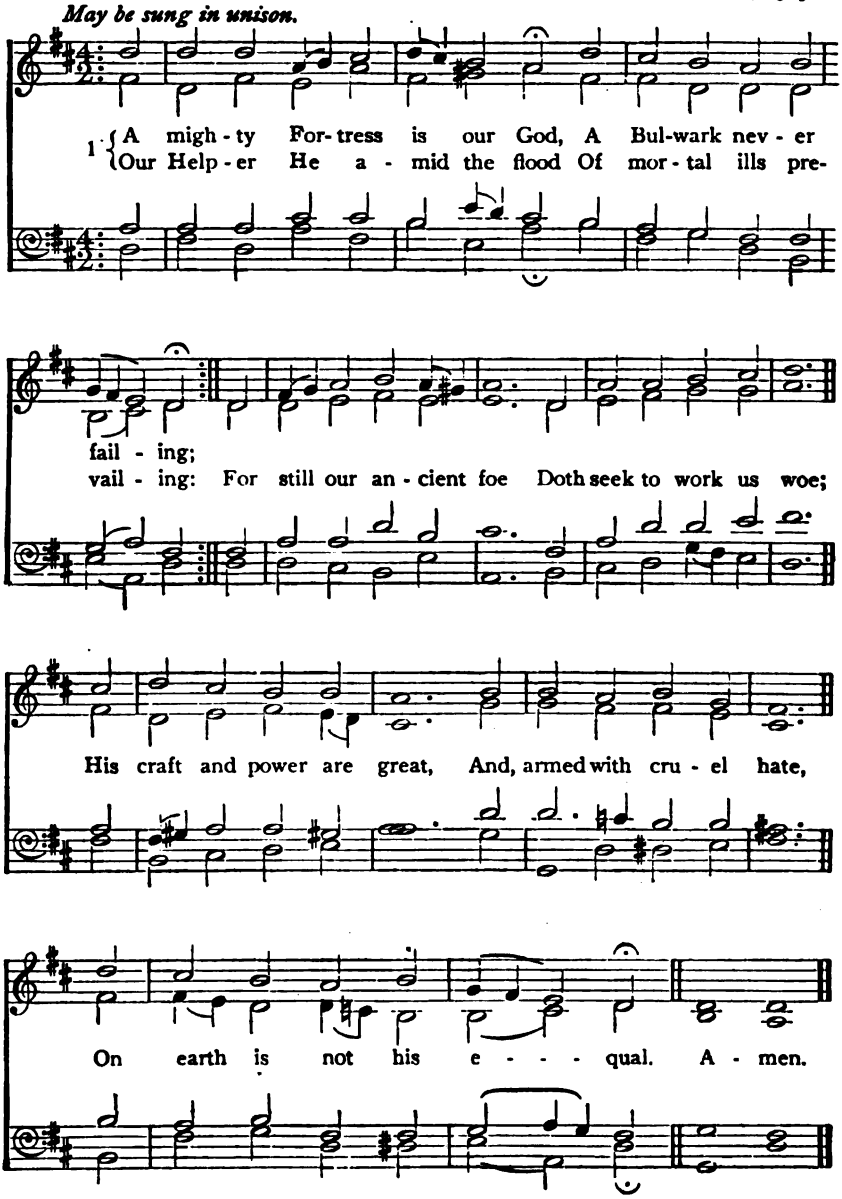
FOUNDATION (*Second Tune*). FOUR 11's. HORATIO PARKER, 1903.



213

EIN FESTE BURG. P.M. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

May be sung in unison.



A lower setting is provided at No. 214.



2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.
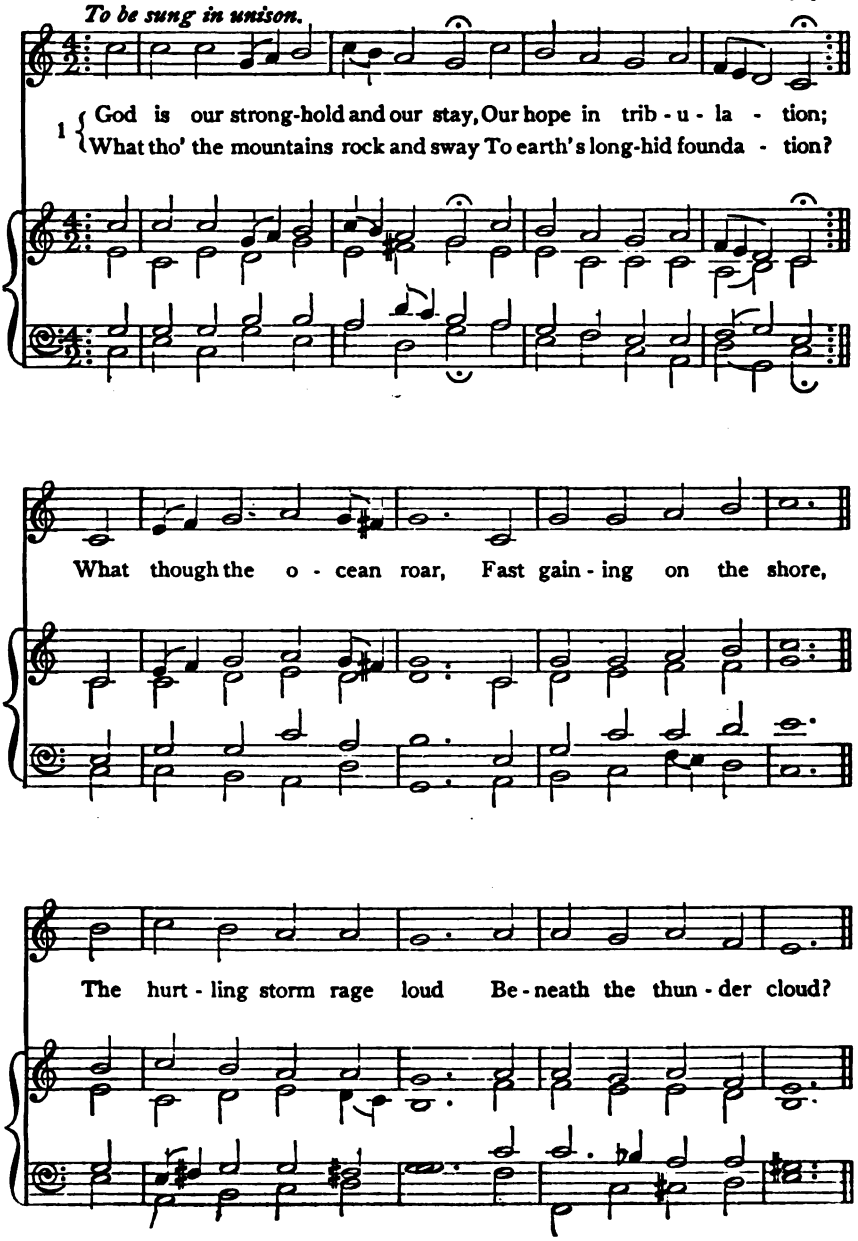
MARTIN LUTHER, 1529; *Tr.* FREDERICK H. HEDGE, 1852.
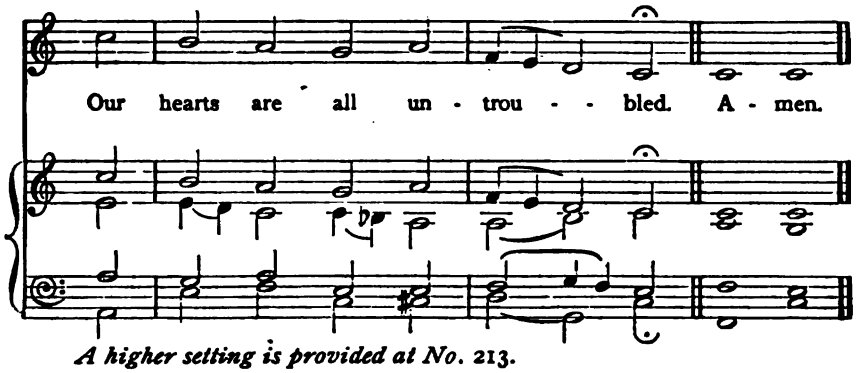
Sundays after Trinity.

214

EIN FESTE BURG. P.M. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

To be sung in unison.





A higher setting is provided at No. 213.

2 The might of water sinks to rest;
How calm yon river glideth,
God's city mirrored on its breast,
The house where He abideth!
Hushed be all strife and din!
His presence dwells within,
She standeth unremoved,
By God Himself beloved,
Who helpeth her right early.
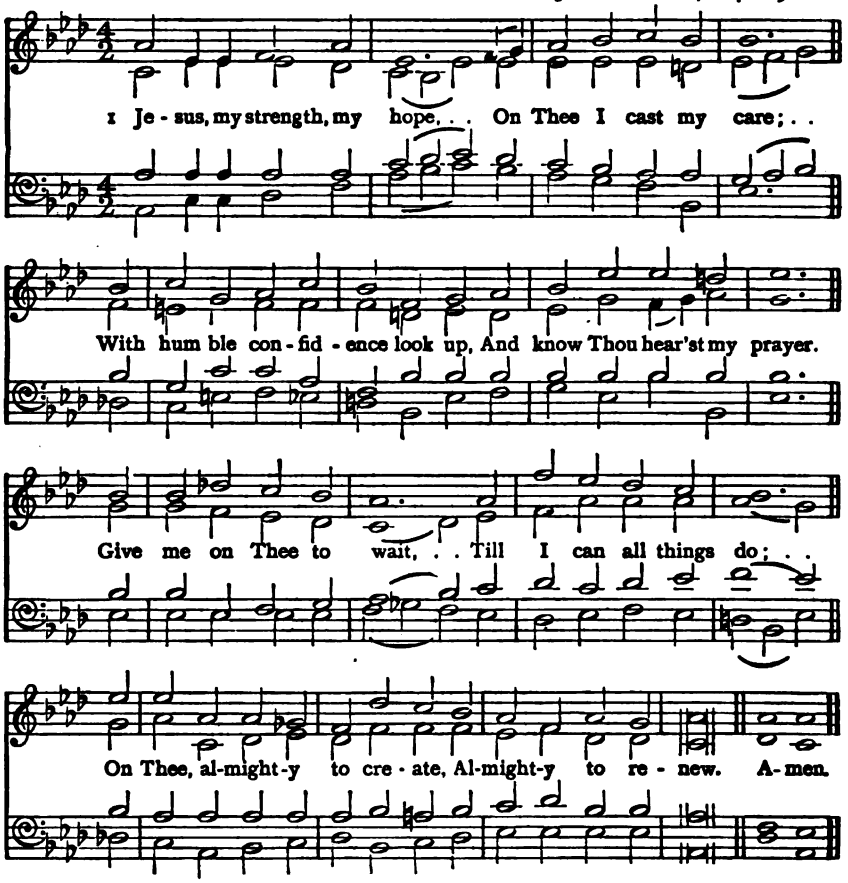
3 In vain the heathen shout for war,
In vain our foes assemble;
The voice of God is heard from far,
And earth itself shall tremble.
He breaks the spear and bow,
He lays the warrior low,
The chariot burns with flame;
Our trust is in His Name,
And Jacob's God our refuge!

4 Be still, the Lord is God alone,
Let all the world adore Him,
And bending low before His throne,
For pitying grace implore Him.
His kingdom is within,
O'er hearts made pure from sin,
Where love that casts out fear
Exults to feel Him near,
The Lord of hosts our refuge.

Psalm 46, Version by ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH, 1903.

215 Sundays after Trinity.

OBLATIONS. S.M.D. JOHN STAINER, 1840–1901.



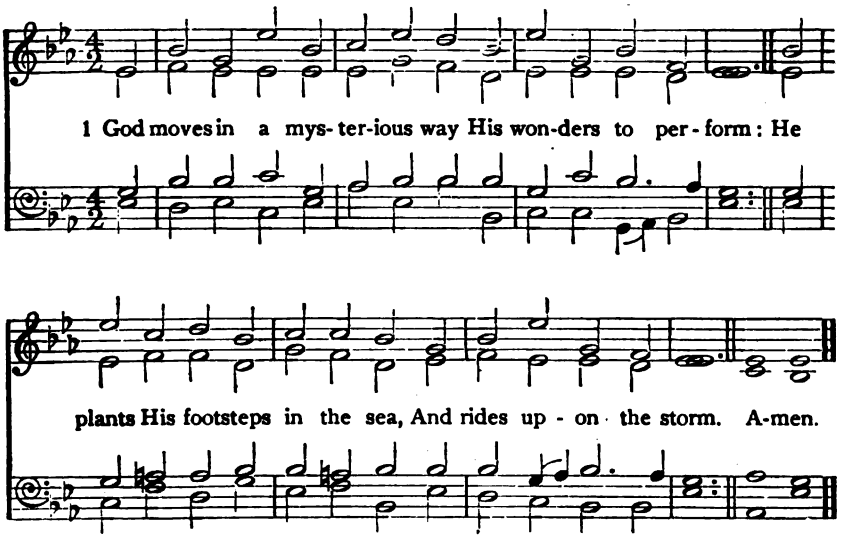
2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

216

LONDON NEW. C.M. Scottish Psalter, 1635.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
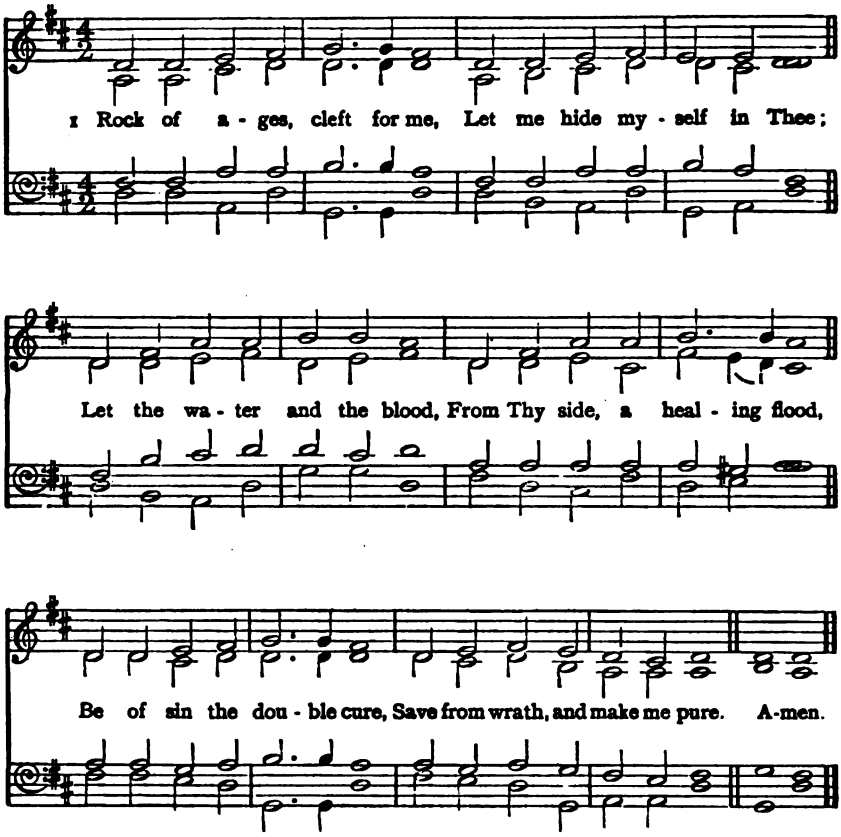
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1774.

Alternative Tune,
ST. ANNE, *No.* 85 III.

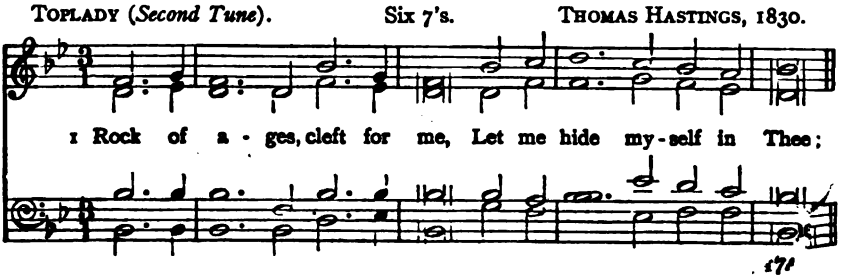
217

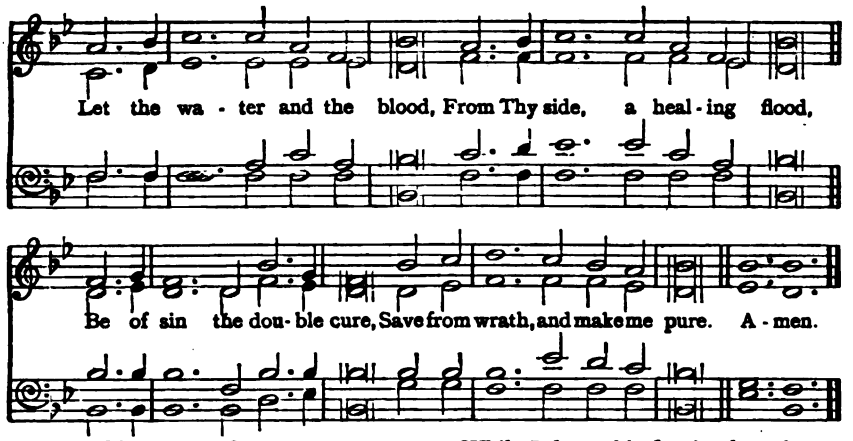
PETRA (*First Tune*). Six 7's. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



217

TOPLADY (*Second Tune*). Six 7's. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.





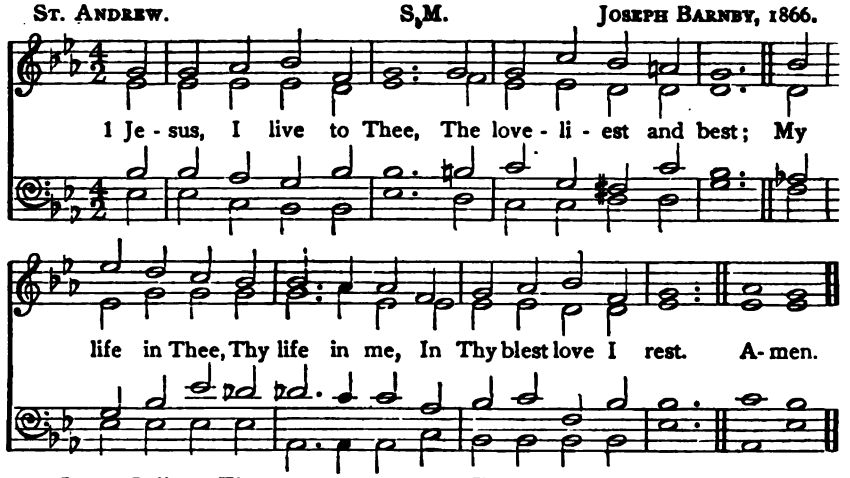
2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776; *alt.* THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819.

218

ST. ANDREW. S.M. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

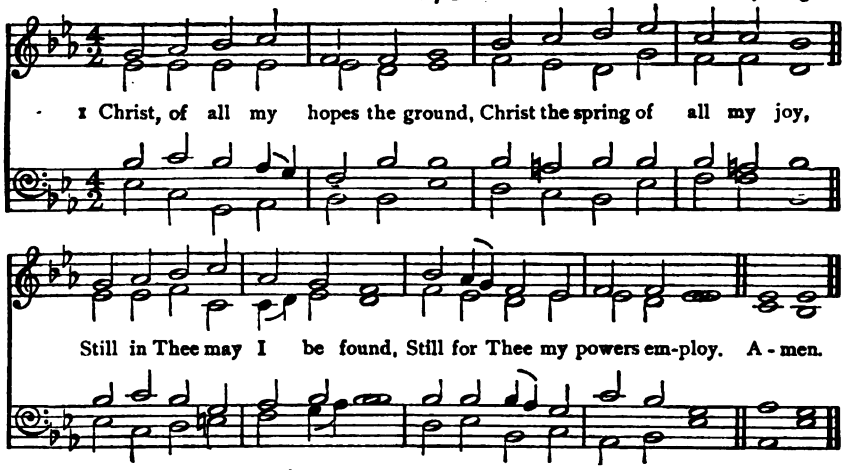
3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

HENRY HARBAUGH, 1850. Amen.

219 Sundays after Trinity.

GIBBONS. Four 7's. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief de-light.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

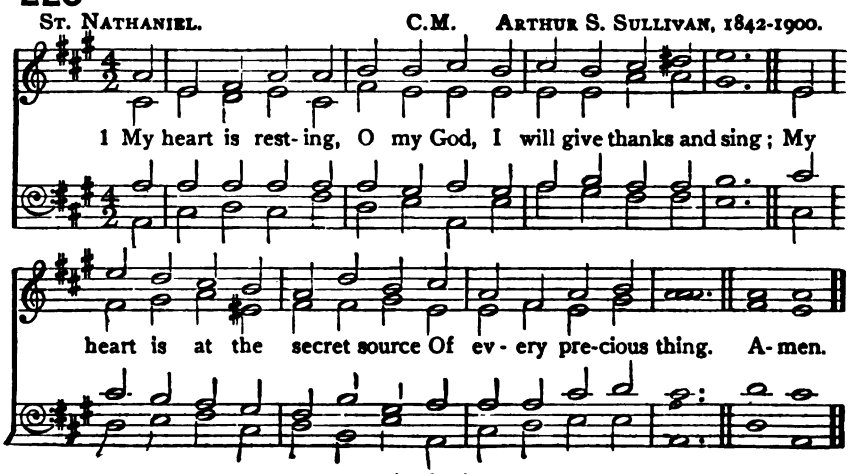
4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart con-found;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."
Amen.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1817.

220

ST. NATHANIEL. C.M. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

5 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

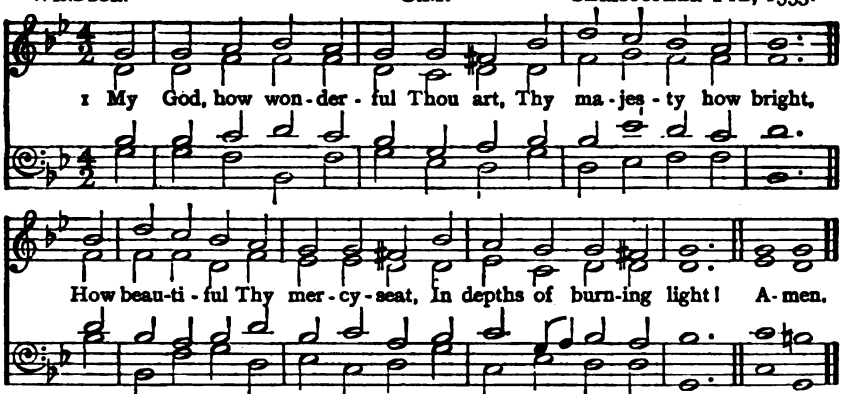
6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best;

7 A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.
Amen.

ANNA L. WARING, 1849.

221

WINDSOR. C.M. CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
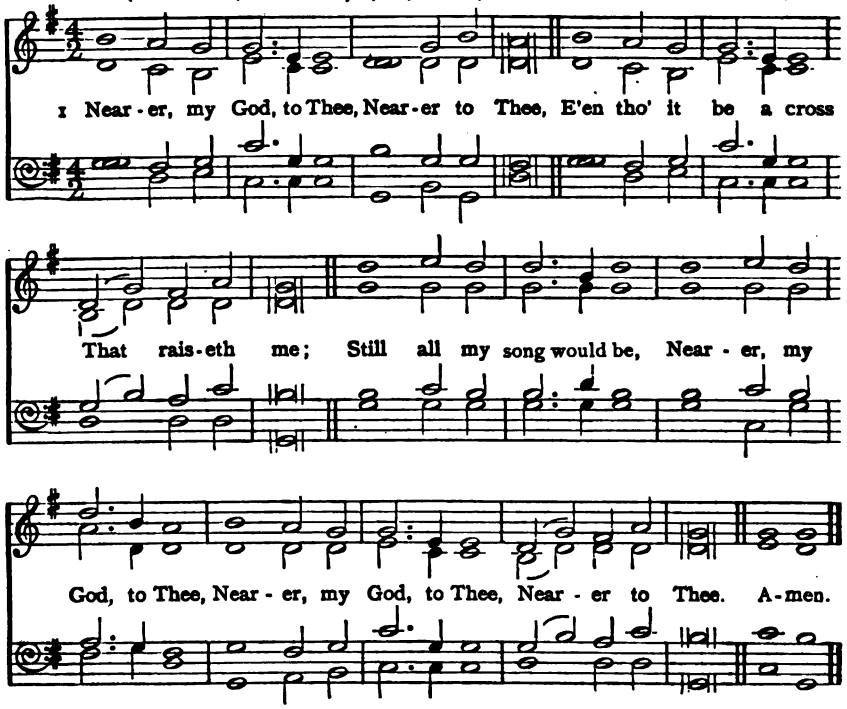
4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.
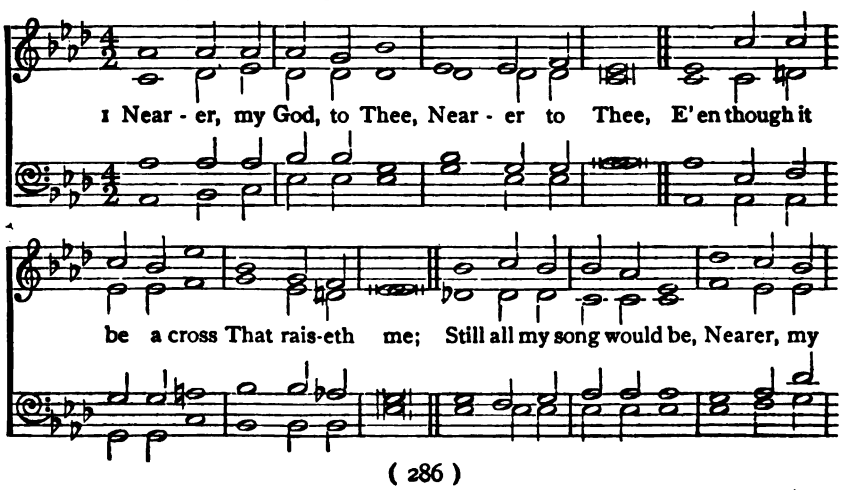
222

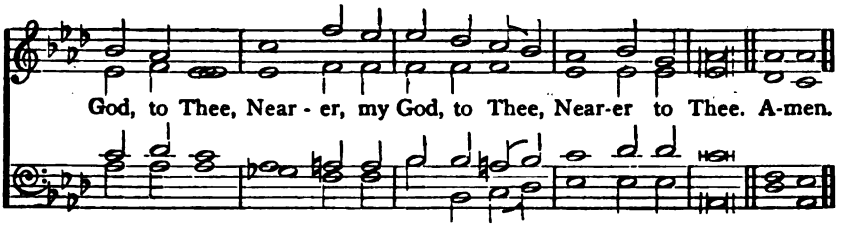
BETHANY (*First Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



222

ST. EDMUND (*Second Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.





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

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
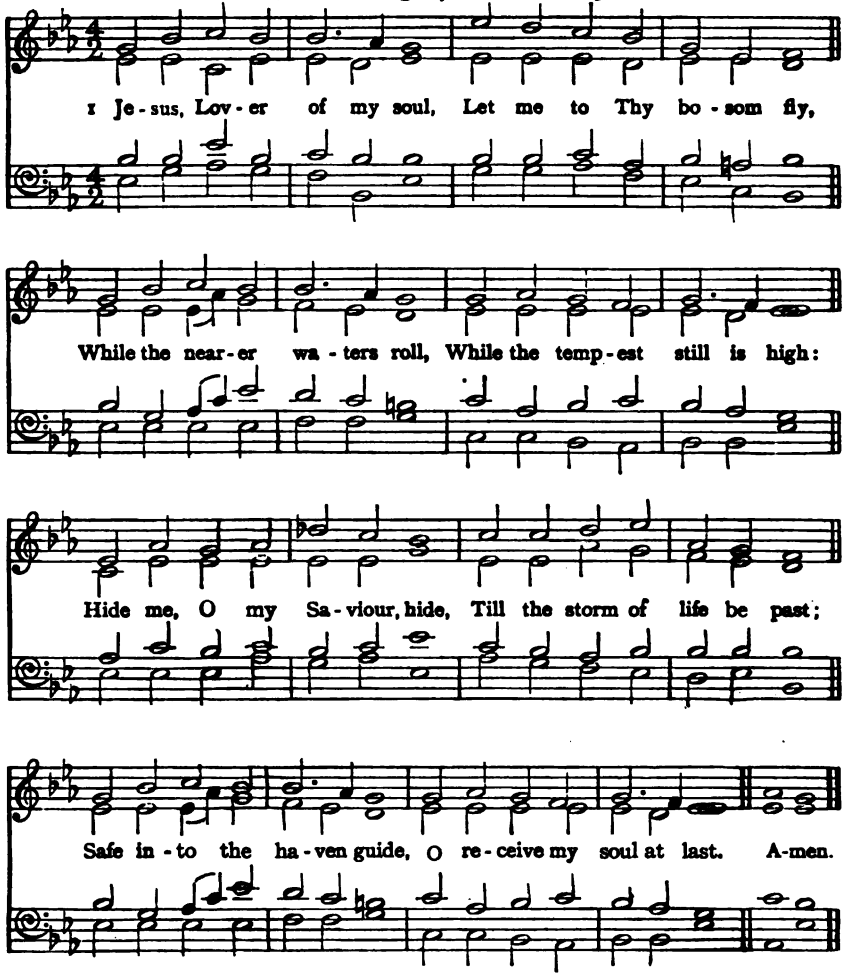
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

223 Sundays after Trinity.

HOLLINGSIDE (*First Tune*). Eight 7's. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.
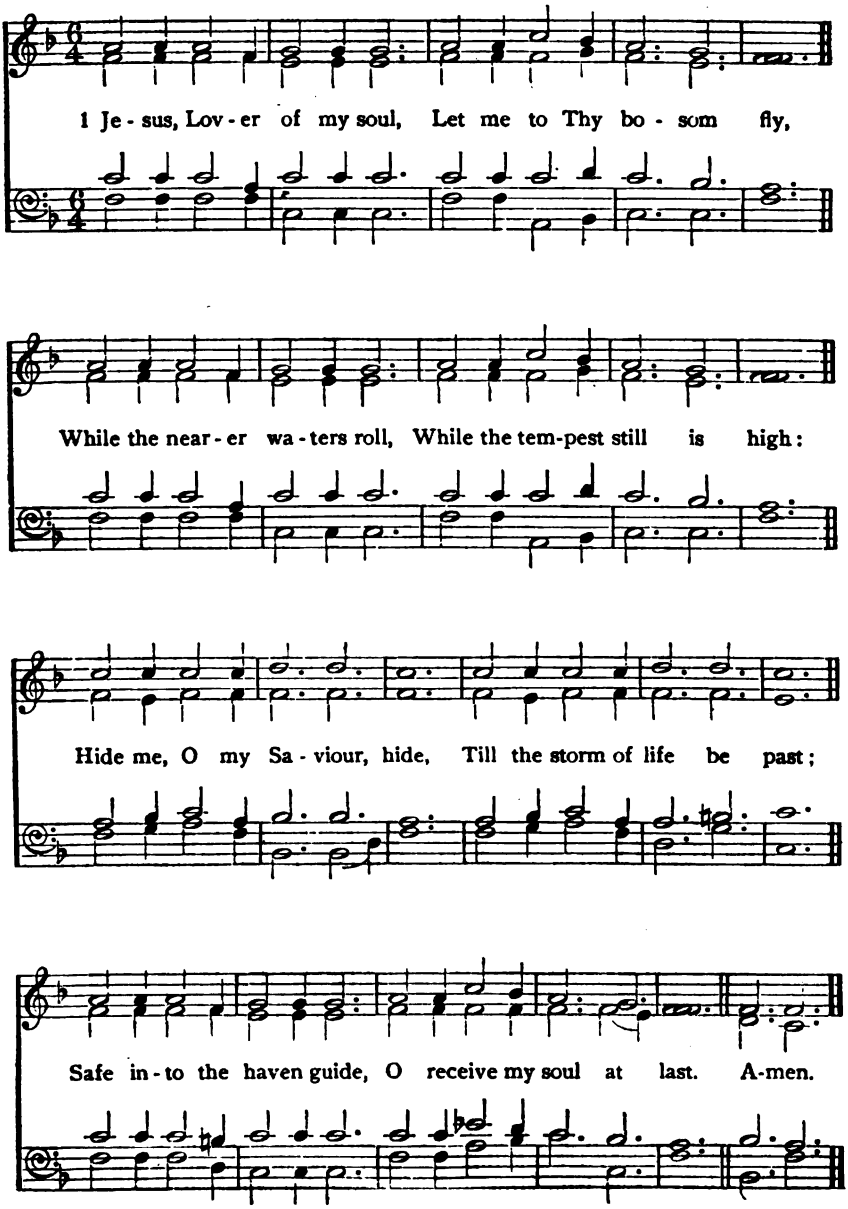


2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740, *abbr.*
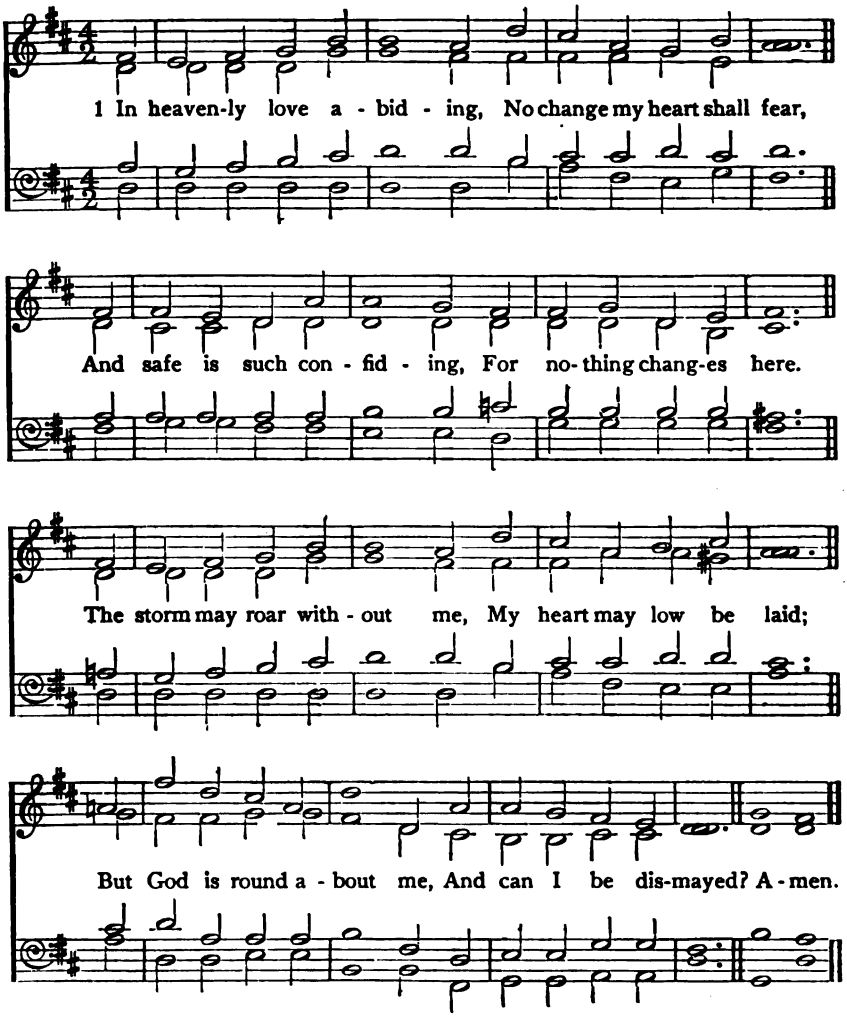
223

MARTYN (*Second Tune*). Eight 7's. SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.



224

BENTLEY. 7.6.7.6.D. JOHN P. HULLAH, 1866.



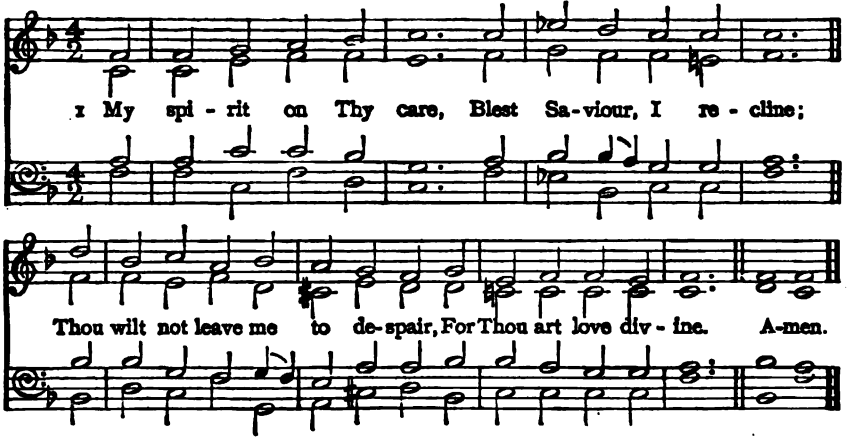
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

225

EMMAUS (*First Tune*). S.M. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.



2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
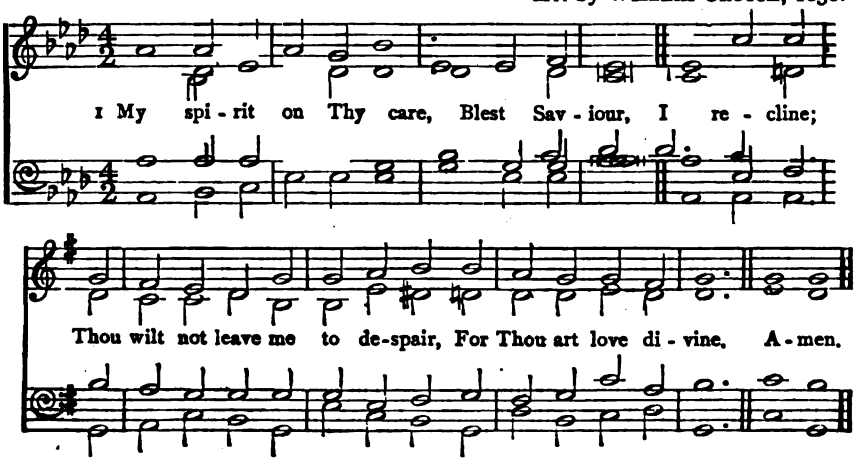
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834; *Psalm 31.*

225

ST. MICHAEL (*Second Tune*). S.M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551; arr. by WILLIAM CROTCH, 1836.
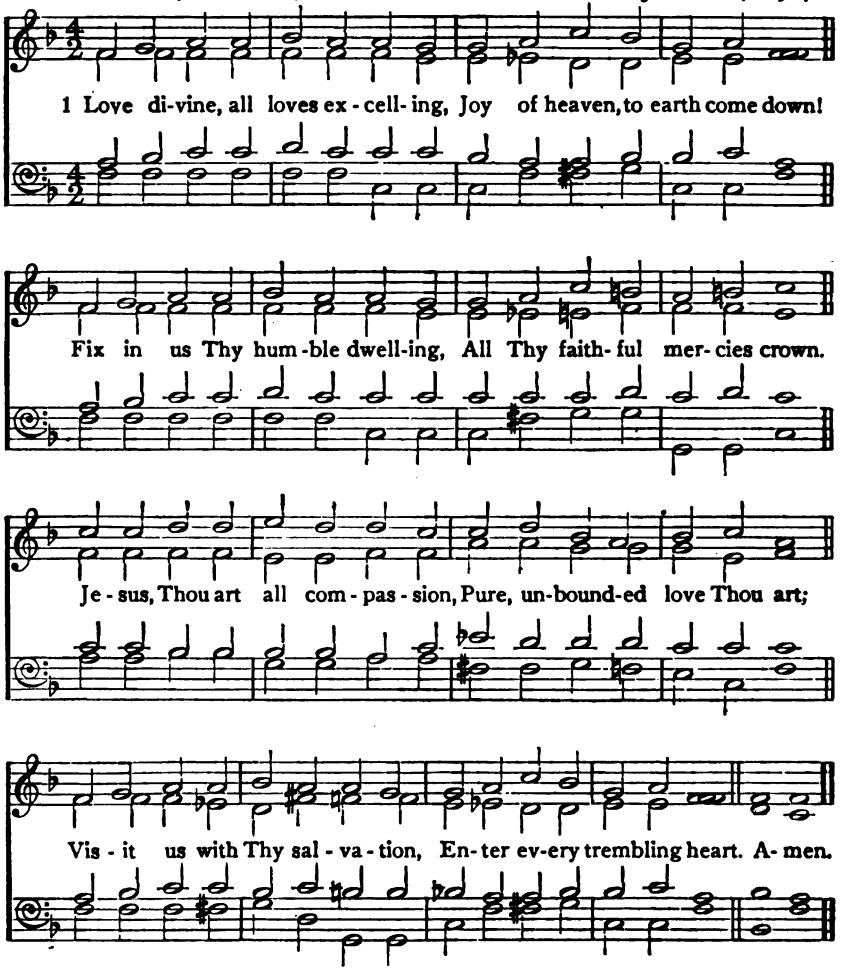


Also the following: **270** We walk by faith, and not by sight.

226 Sundays after Trinity.

THE DIVINE LOVE.

LOVE DIVINE (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. GEORGE F. LE JEUNE, 1842-1904.
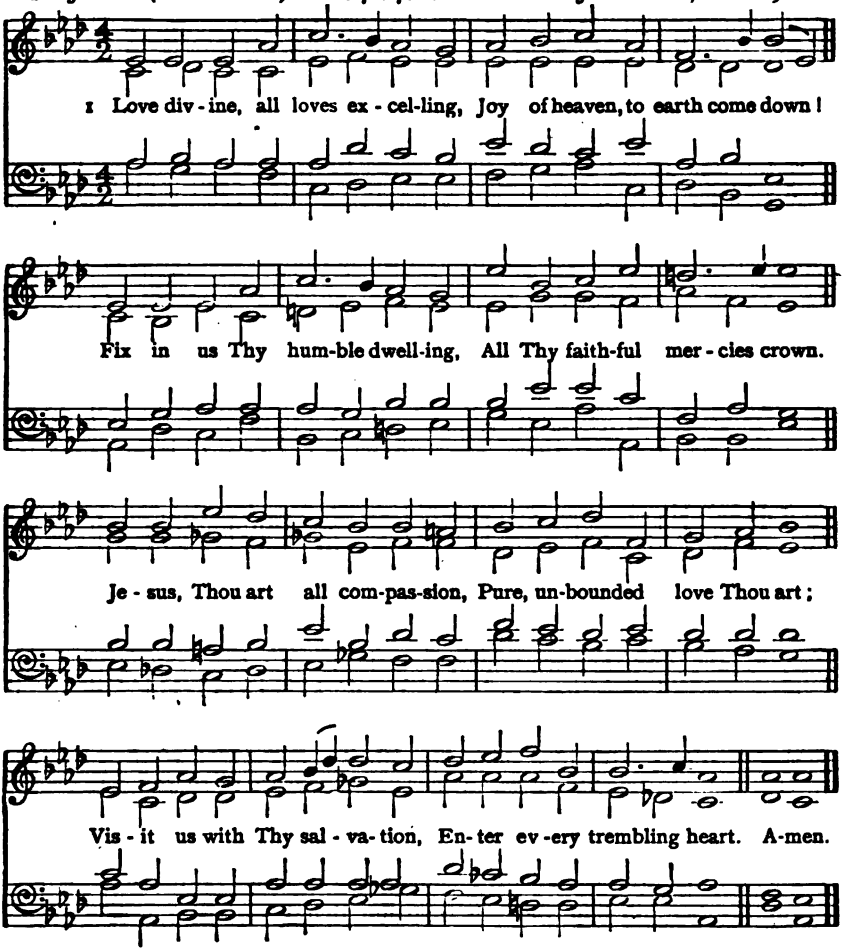


2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

226 Sundays after Trinity.

St. Joseph (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.



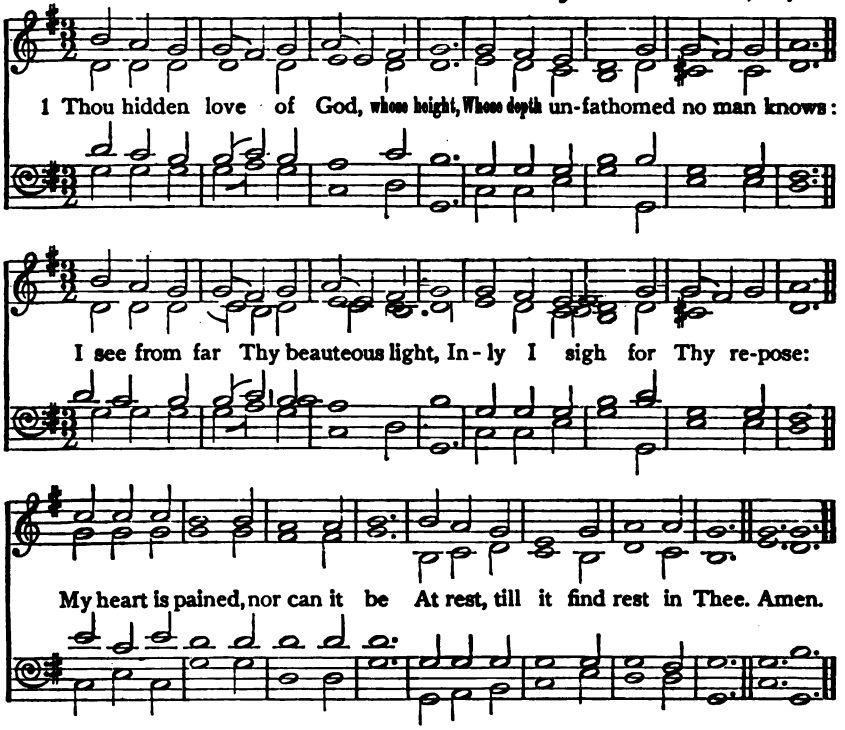
2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

227

ST. FINBAR. Six 8's. HENRI F. HEMY, 1864; JAMES G. WALTON, 1870.



2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favourite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
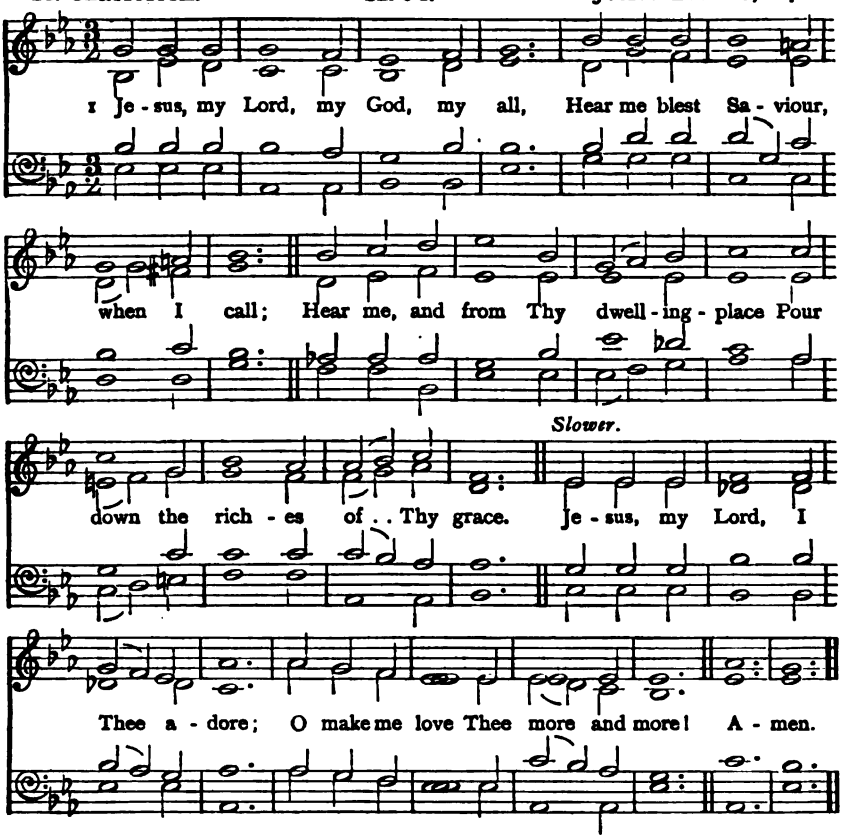
4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice! Amen.

Alternative Tune,
ST. CHRYSOSTOM, No. 228.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1729;
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1738, *alt.*

228 Sundays after Trinity.

St. Chrysostom. Six 8's. Joseph Barnby, 1871.



2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!
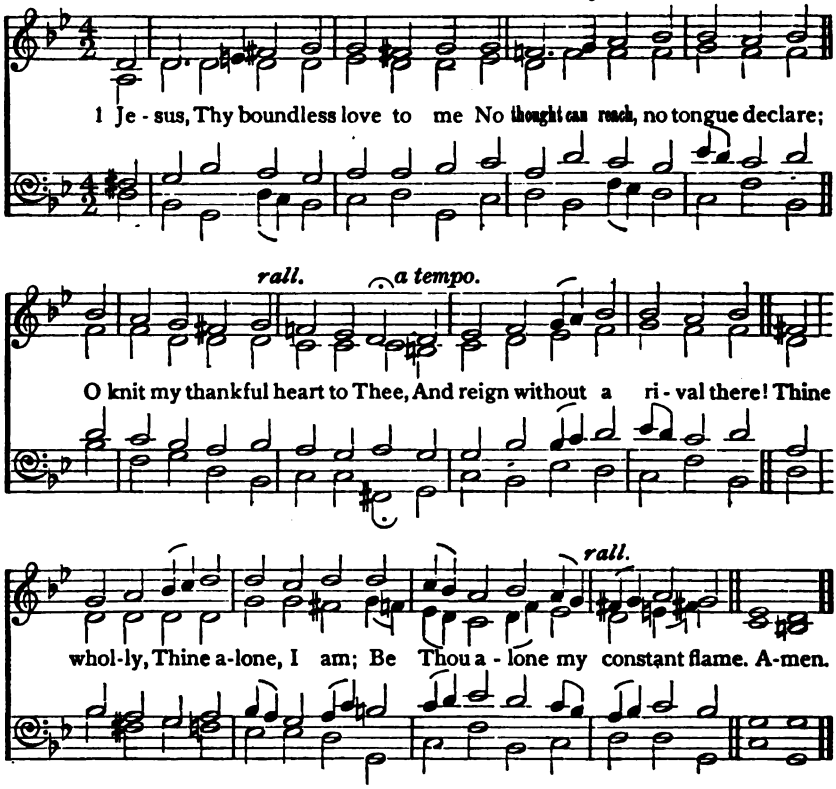
3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
O far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more! Amen.

HENRY COLLINS, 1854, alt.

229

WINKWORTH. Six 8's. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.



2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought be love!

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

4 Still let Thy love point out my way!
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

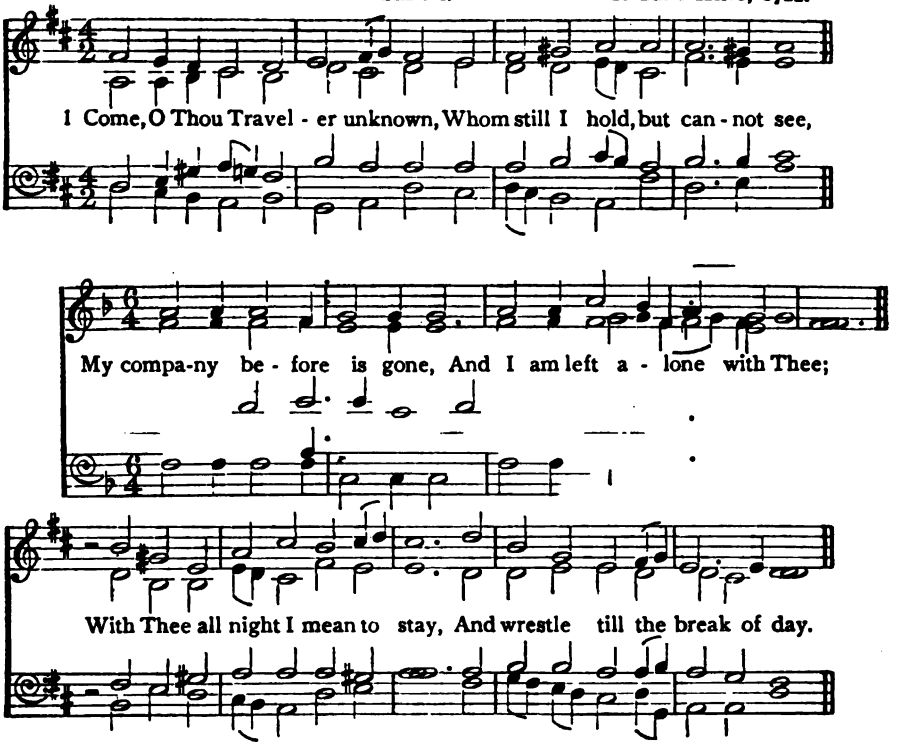
5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my Guide and Friend,
That I may love Thee without end.
Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1653; *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY, 1739, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, DAVID'S HARP, *No.* 230.

230 Sundays after Trinity.

DAVID'S HARP. Six 8's. ROBERT KING, 1722.



2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands and read it there!
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

4 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love. Amen.
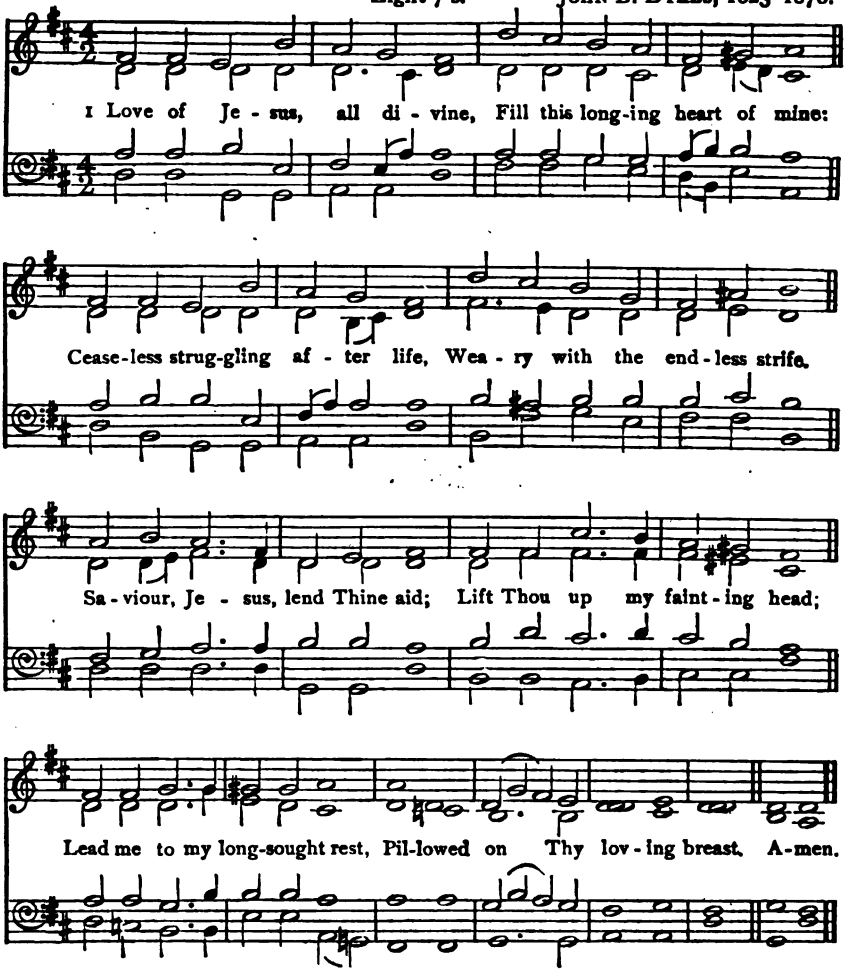


CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

Alternative Tune, WINKWORTH, *No.* 229.

231 Sundays after Trinity.

EDMUND. Eight 7's. JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.
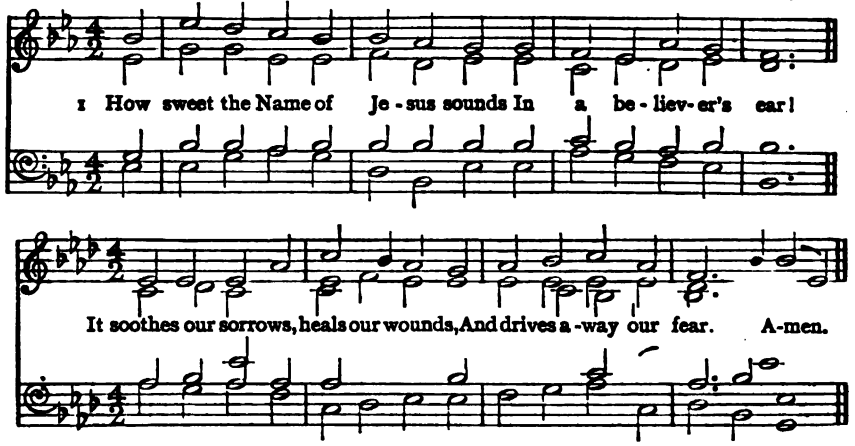
3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee and Thee alone to know.
Thou Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

Amen.

FRANCIS BOTTOME, 1872.

232

ST. PETER. C.M. ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1836.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
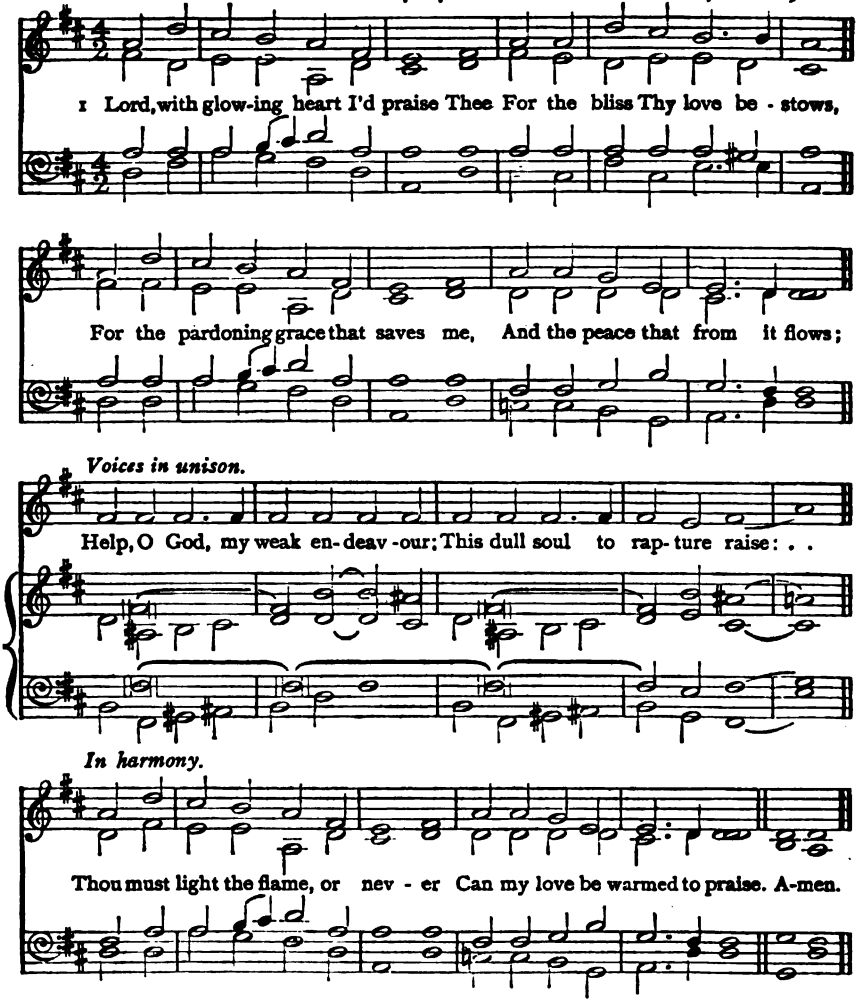
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON, 1774.

233 Sundays after Trinity.

ST. CHAD. 8.7.8.7.D. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820–1901.



2
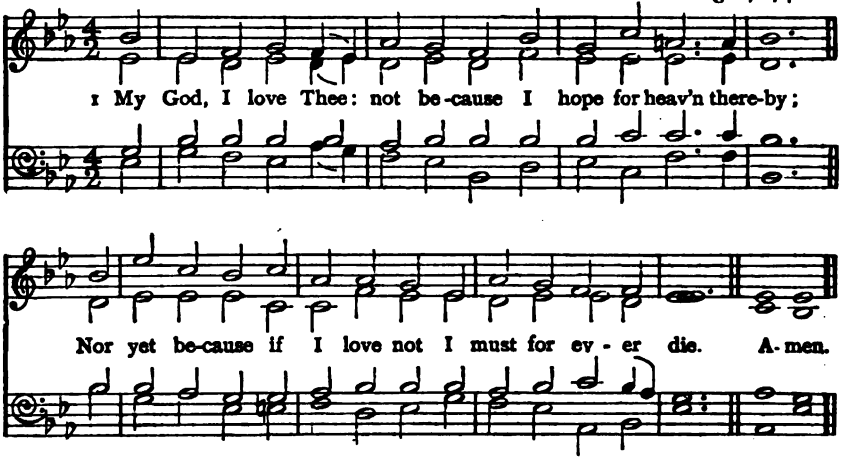
Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1819.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. Cologne, 1741.



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

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
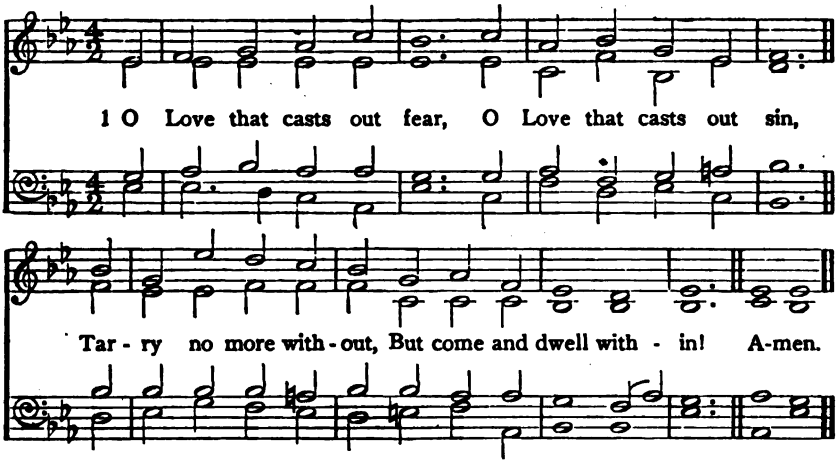
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. Amen.

Ascribed to FRANCIS XAVIER; *Tr.* EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, alt.

235

MOSELEY (*First Tune*). Four 6's. HENRY SMART, 1881.



2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

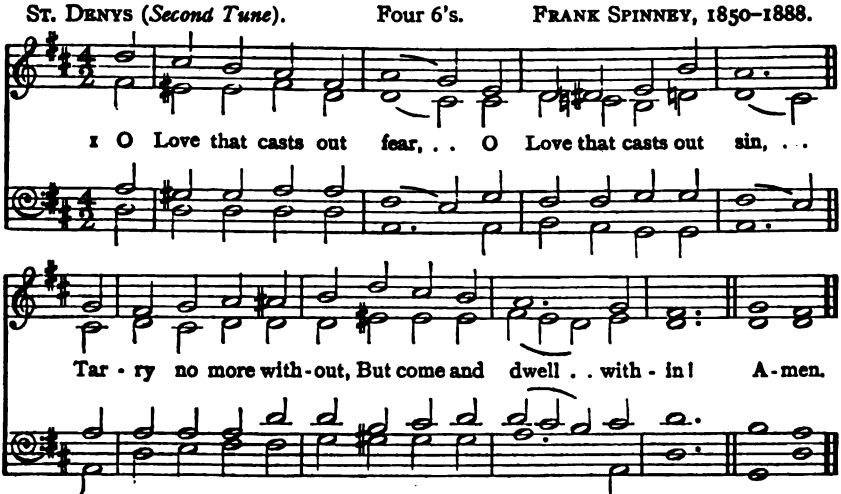
3 Great love of God, come in!
Wellspring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1861.

235

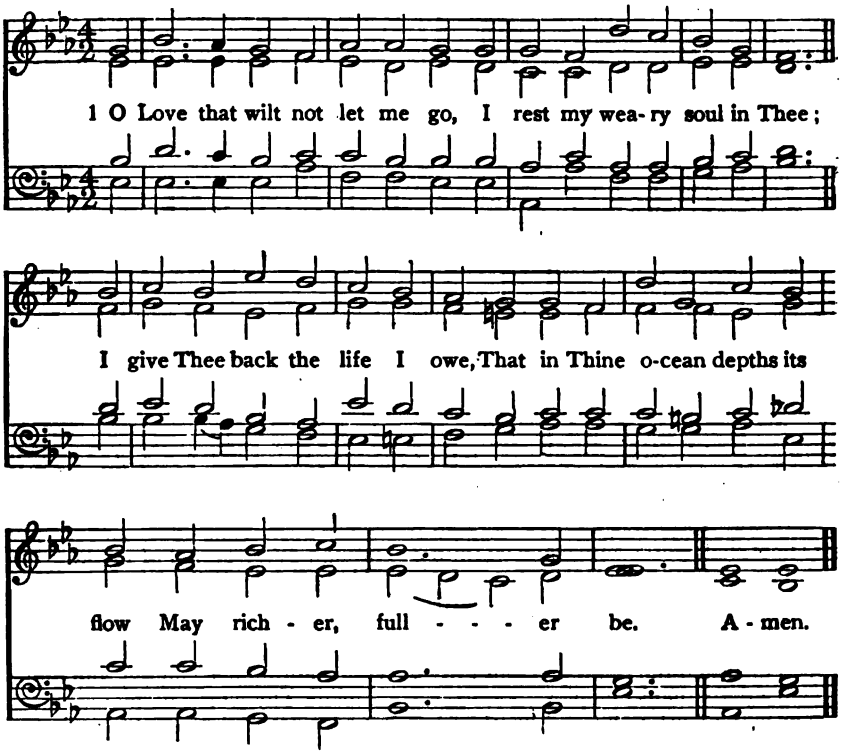
ST. DENYS (*Second Tune*). Four 6's. FRANK SPINNEY, 1850–1888.



Sundays after Trinity.

236

MALLETT. 8.8.8.8.6. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1918.



Copyright, 1918, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

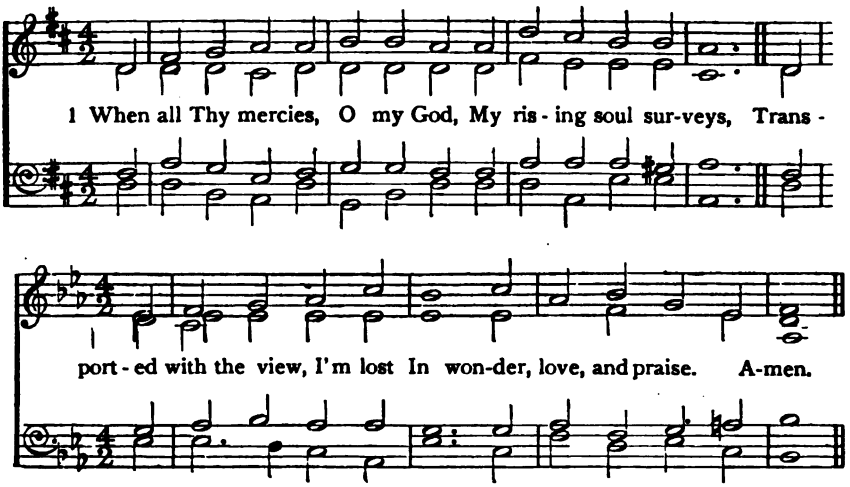
GEORGE MATHESON, 1882.

Sundays after Trinity.

237

THE DIVINE MERCY.

TALLIS' ORDINAL. C.M. THOMAS TALLIS, 1567.



2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

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

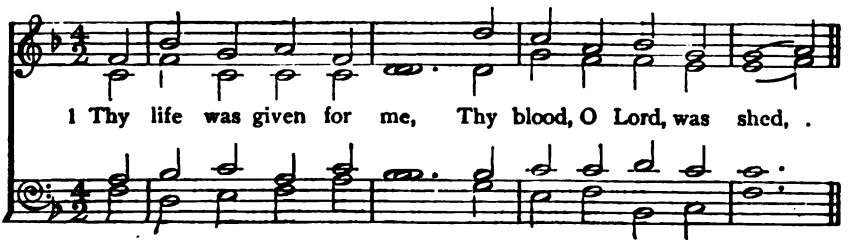
5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

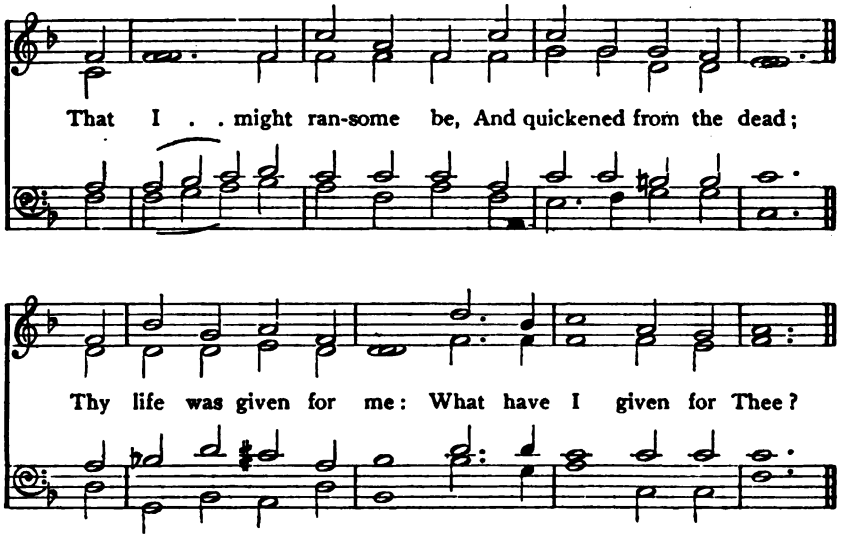
6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise! Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712, *abbr.*

238

THY LIFE. Six 6's. GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1875.





2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

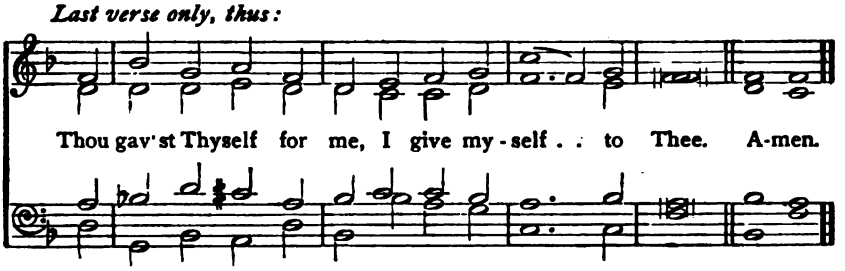
3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee. Amen.
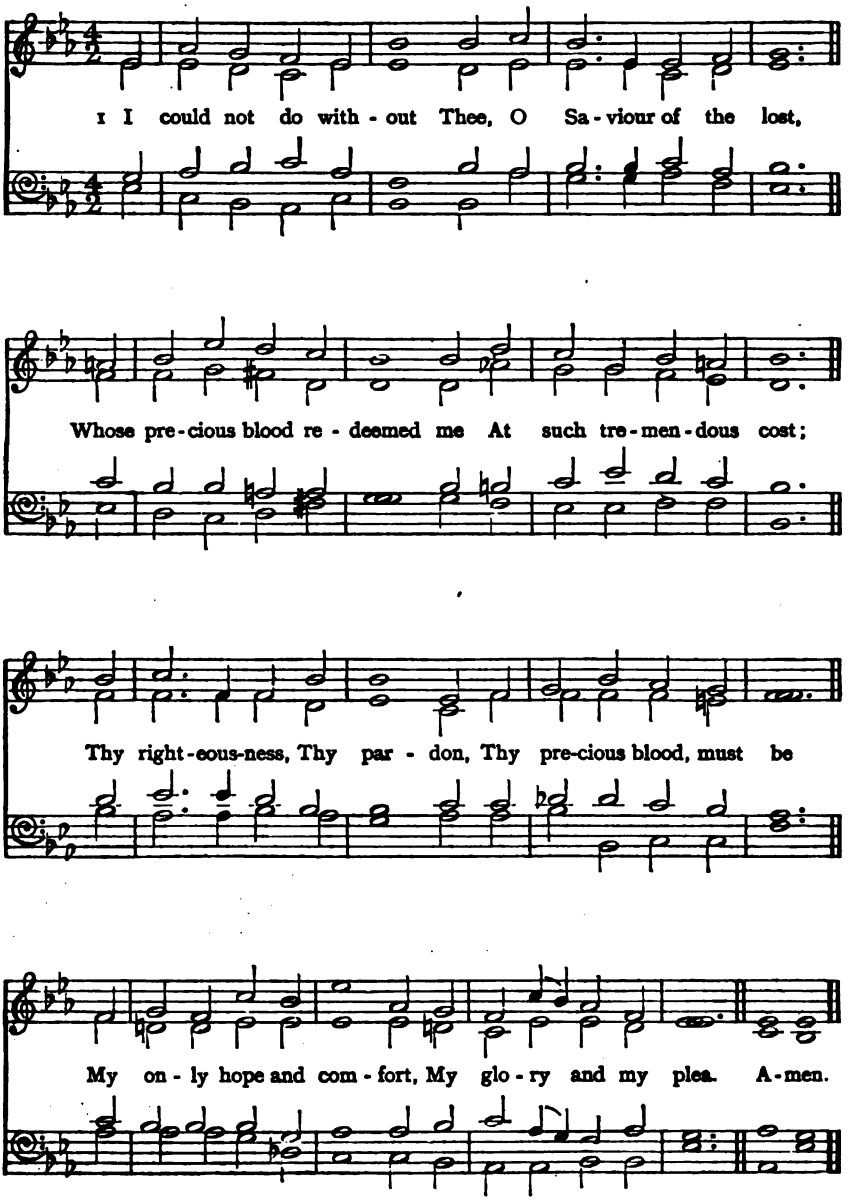
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1858.

Last verse only, thus:



239

MAGDALENA. 7.6.7.6.D. JOHN STAINER, 1868.





Sundays after Trinity.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For O the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

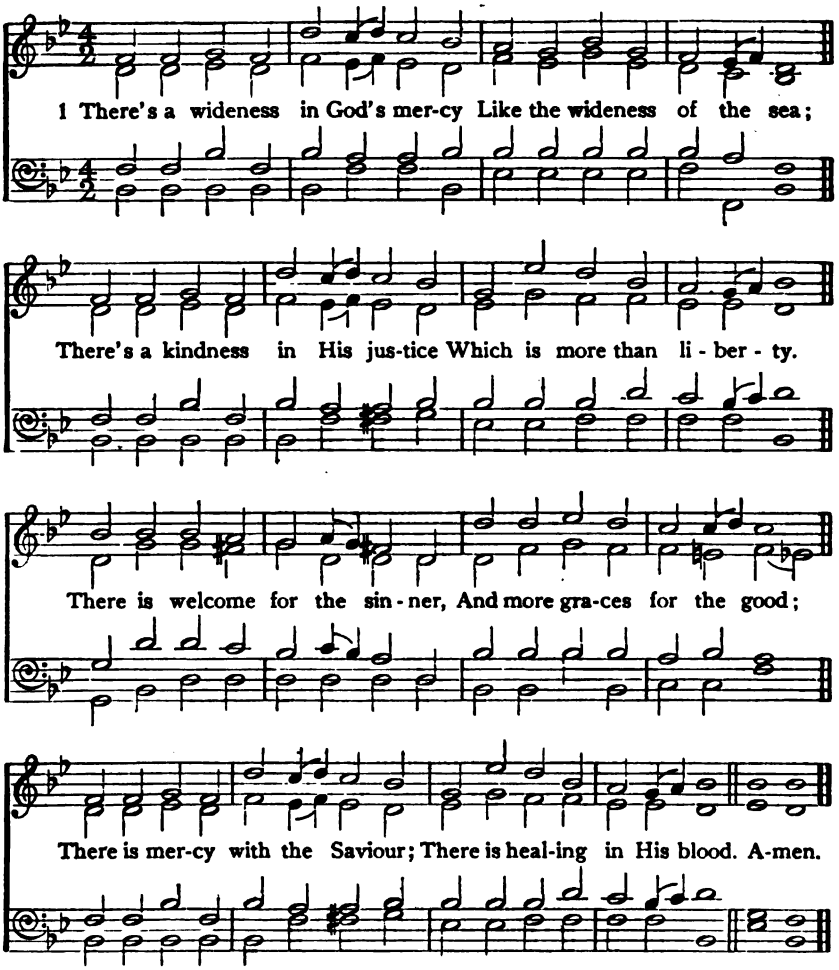
5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I." Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873.

240

BEECHER. 8.7.8.7.D. JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.



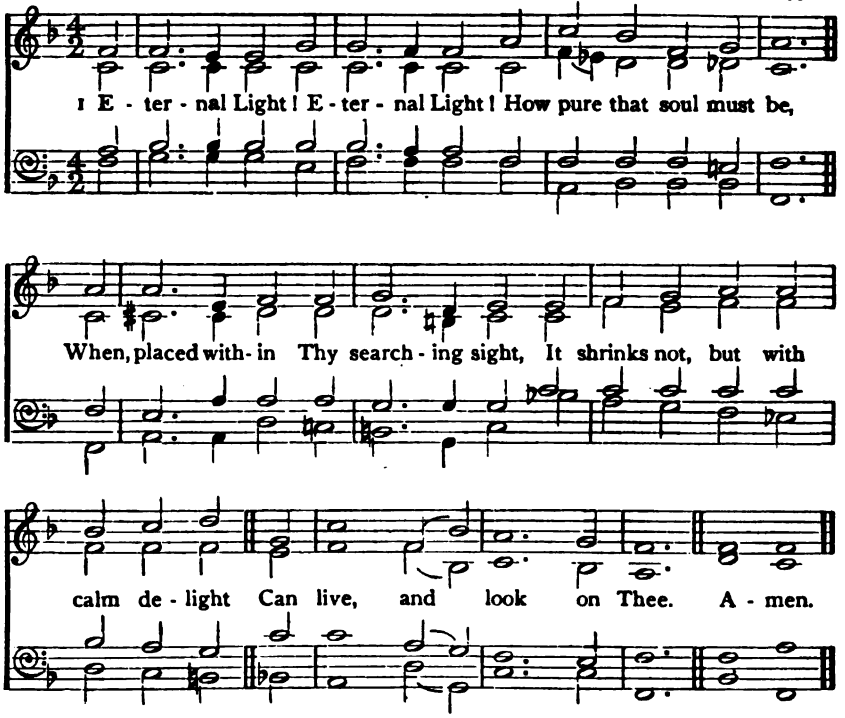
2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1862, *cento.*

241

NEWCASTLE. 8.6.8.8.6. HENRY L. MORLEY, 1875.



2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But surely that is theirs alone
Who, undefiled, have never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?
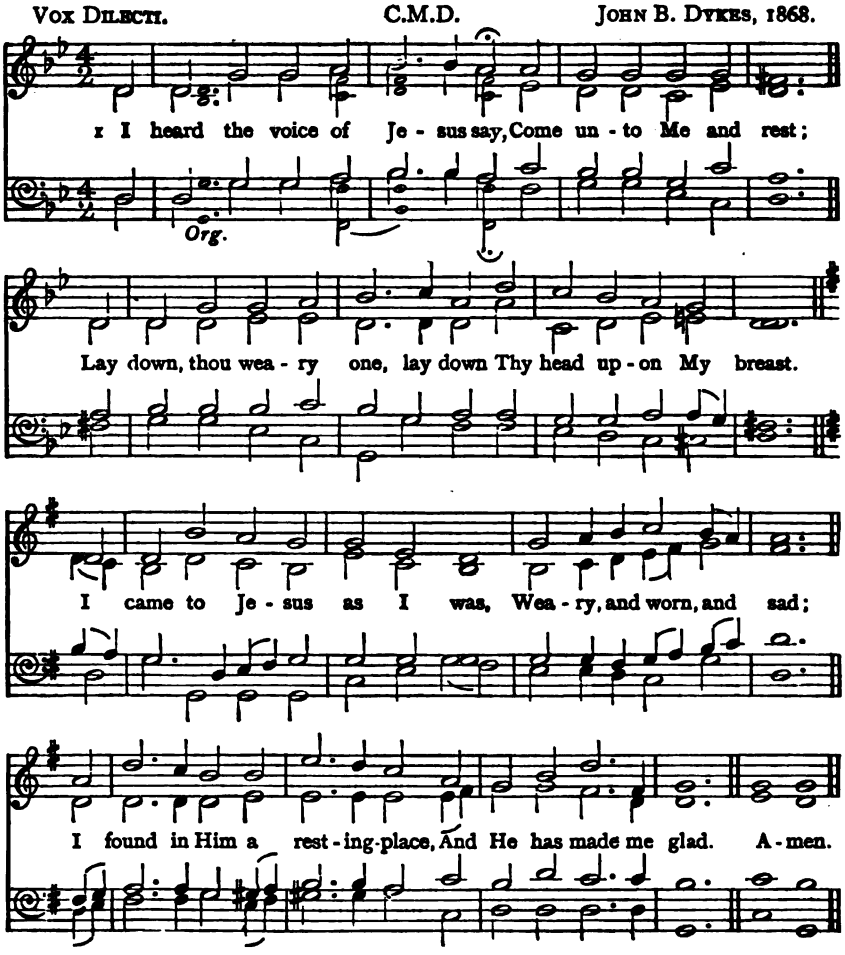
4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

THOMAS BINNEY, *c.* 1826.

242 Sundays after Trinity.

Vox Dilecti. C.M.D. John B. Dykes, 1868.

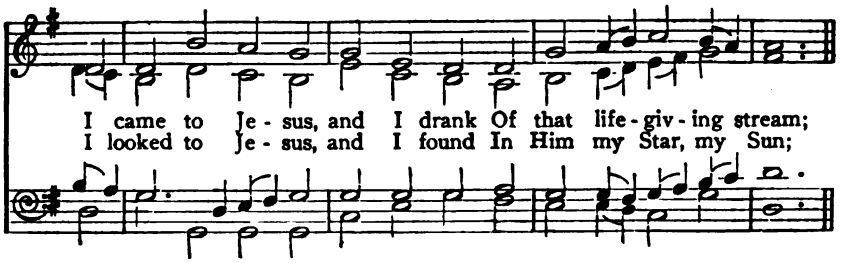


I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.
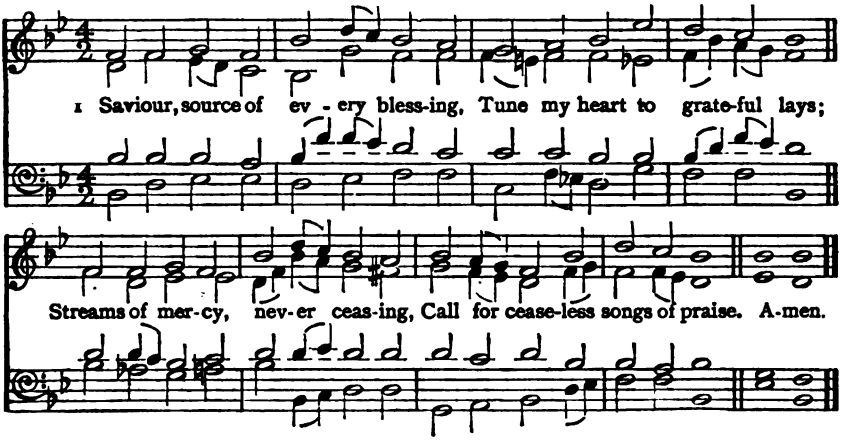
Horatius Bonar, 1846.

* *In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:*



243

TRUST. 8.7.8.7. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1840.



2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
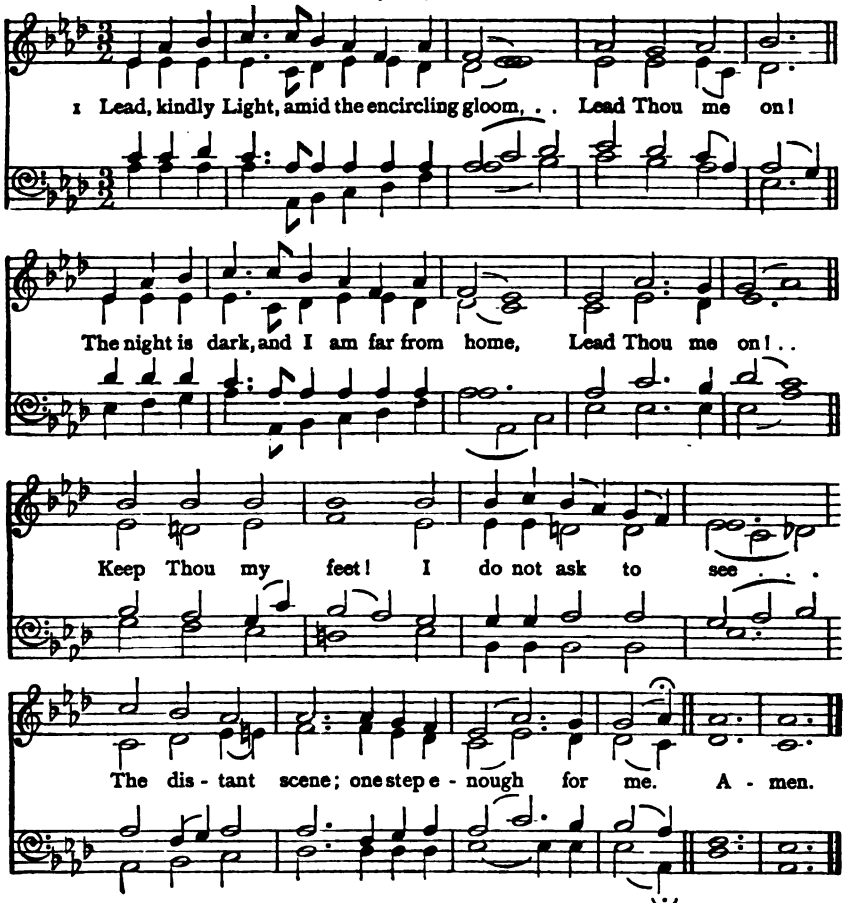
3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758, alt.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. JOHN B. DYKES, 1865.
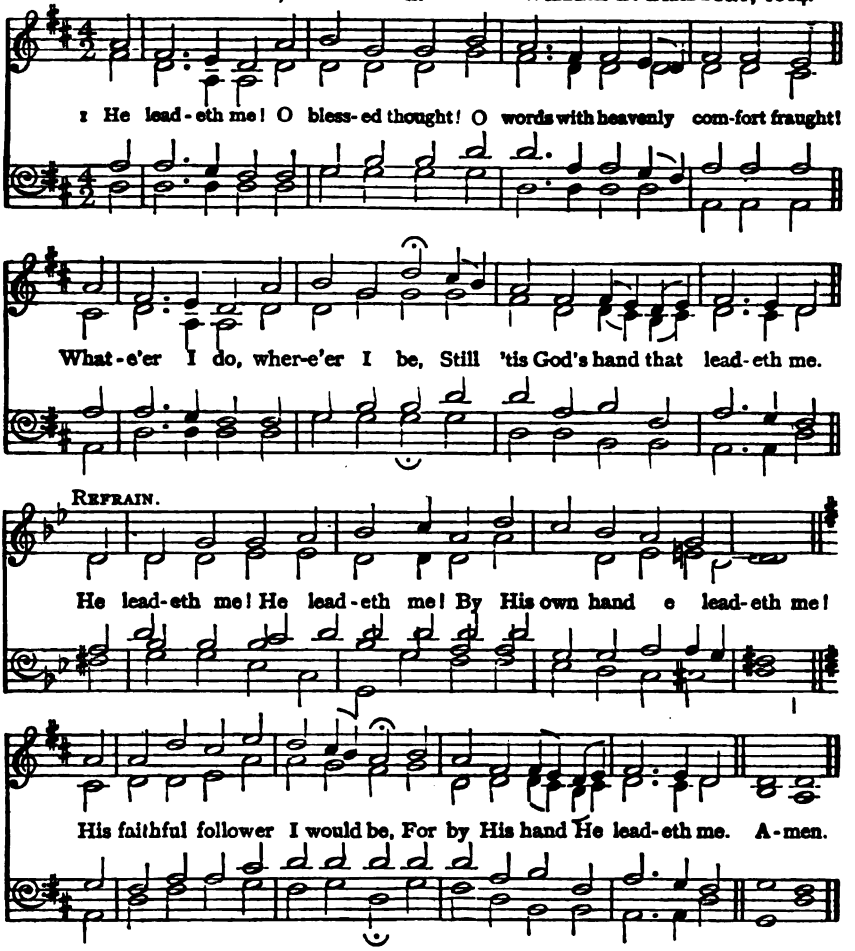


2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

245 Sundays after Trinity.

AUGHTON. L.M., with Refrain. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1864.



2

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since, 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4

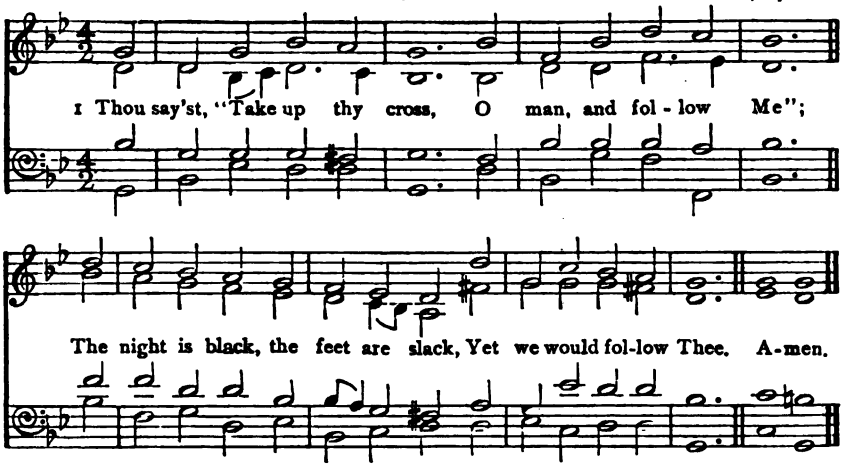
And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1862.

By permission of Biglow and Main.

246 Sundays after Trinity.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.



2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see,
Thy blessèd face one moment's space,
Then might we follow Thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross: of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee.

6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.
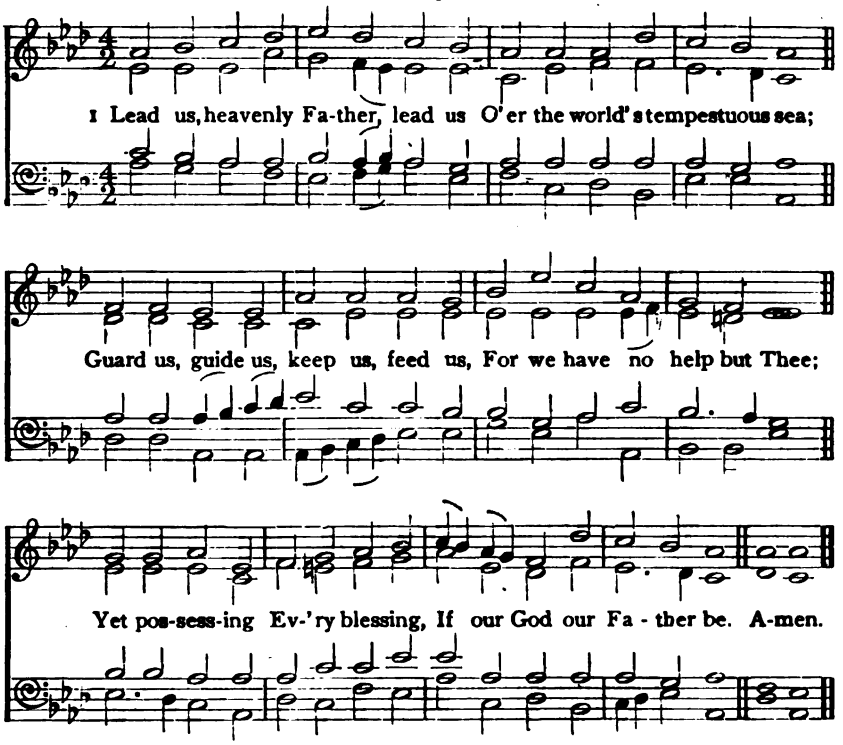
Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, 1865.

247 Sundays after Trinity.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

DULCE CARMEN. From *An Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782.
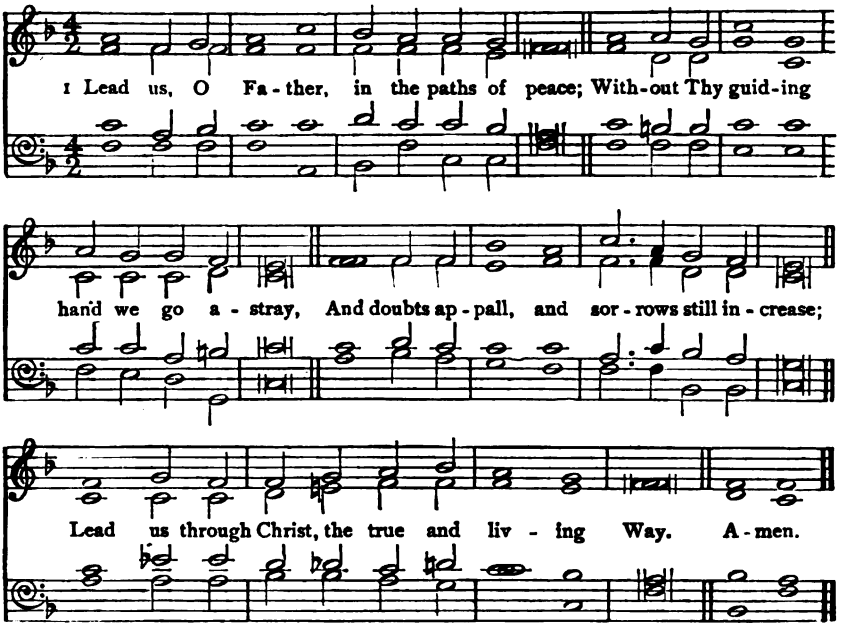


2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821.

248 Sundays after Trinity.

LANGRAN. Four 10's. JAMES LANGRAN, 1862.



2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH, 1868.

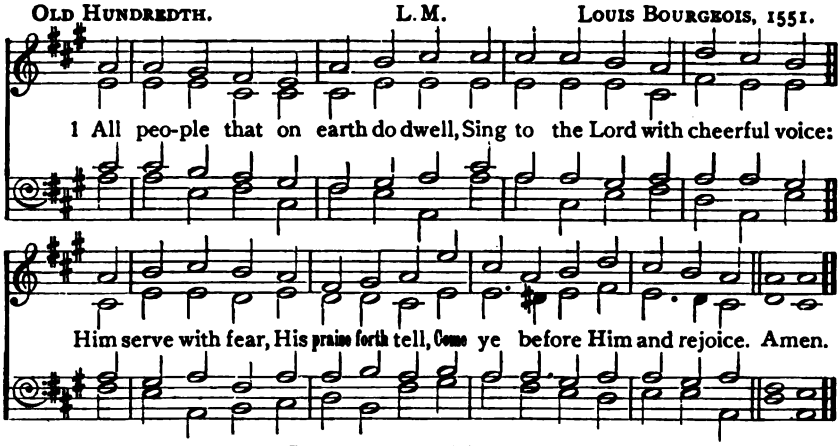
Also the following:

42 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah
305 O for a closer walk with God
355 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us
378 Jesus, I my cross have taken
449 Jesus, still lead on
493 O Master, let me walk with Thee
534 Lead on, O King Eternal
536 O happy band of pilgrims

249

PRAISE AND ADORATION.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

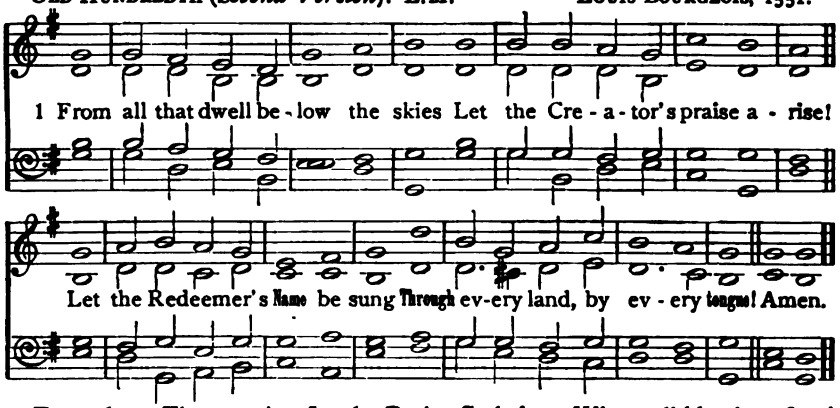
3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

WILLIAM KETHE, 1561; *Psalm 100.*

250

OLD HUNDREDTH (*Second Version*). L.M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.
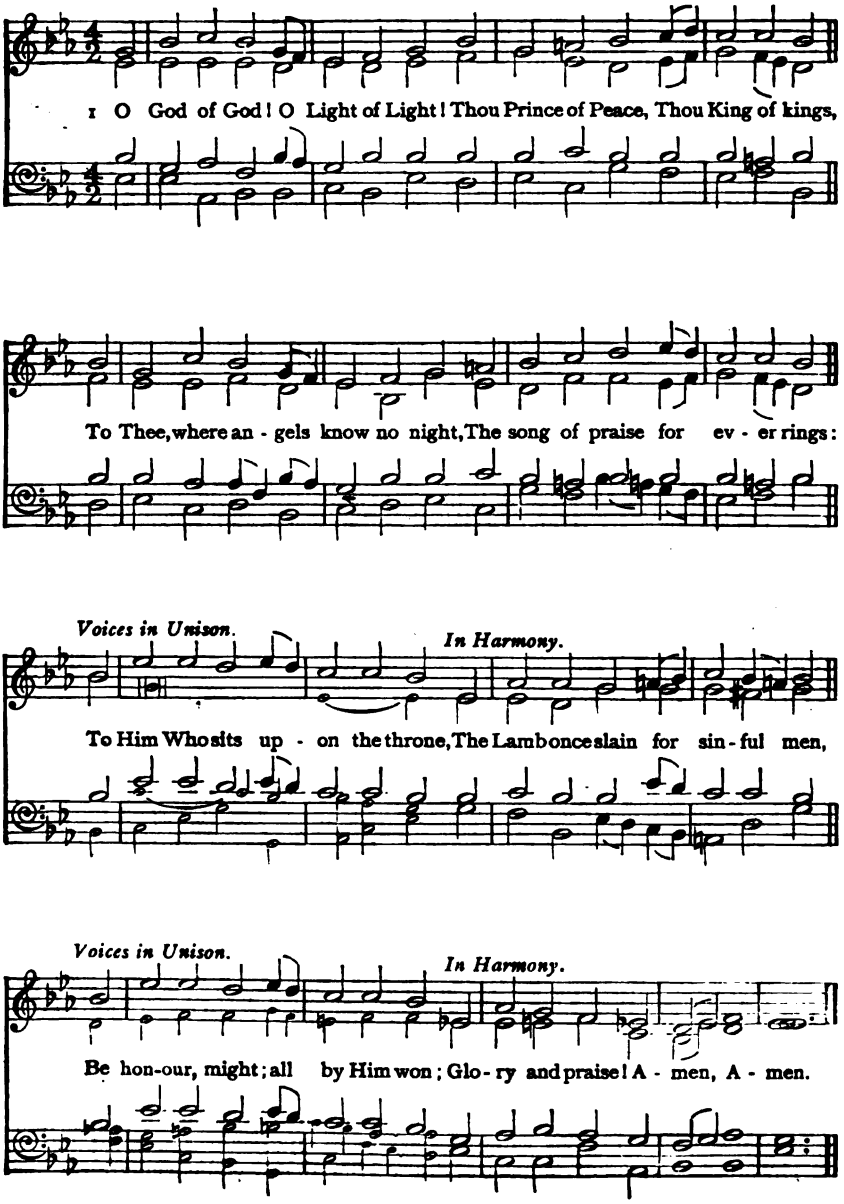


2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719; *Psalm 100: Doxology*, THOMAS KEN, 1692.

251 Sundays after Trinity.

JORDAN. L.M.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



2

Deep in the prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song "Good-will to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

3

That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4

Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay:
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

5

Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell:
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!
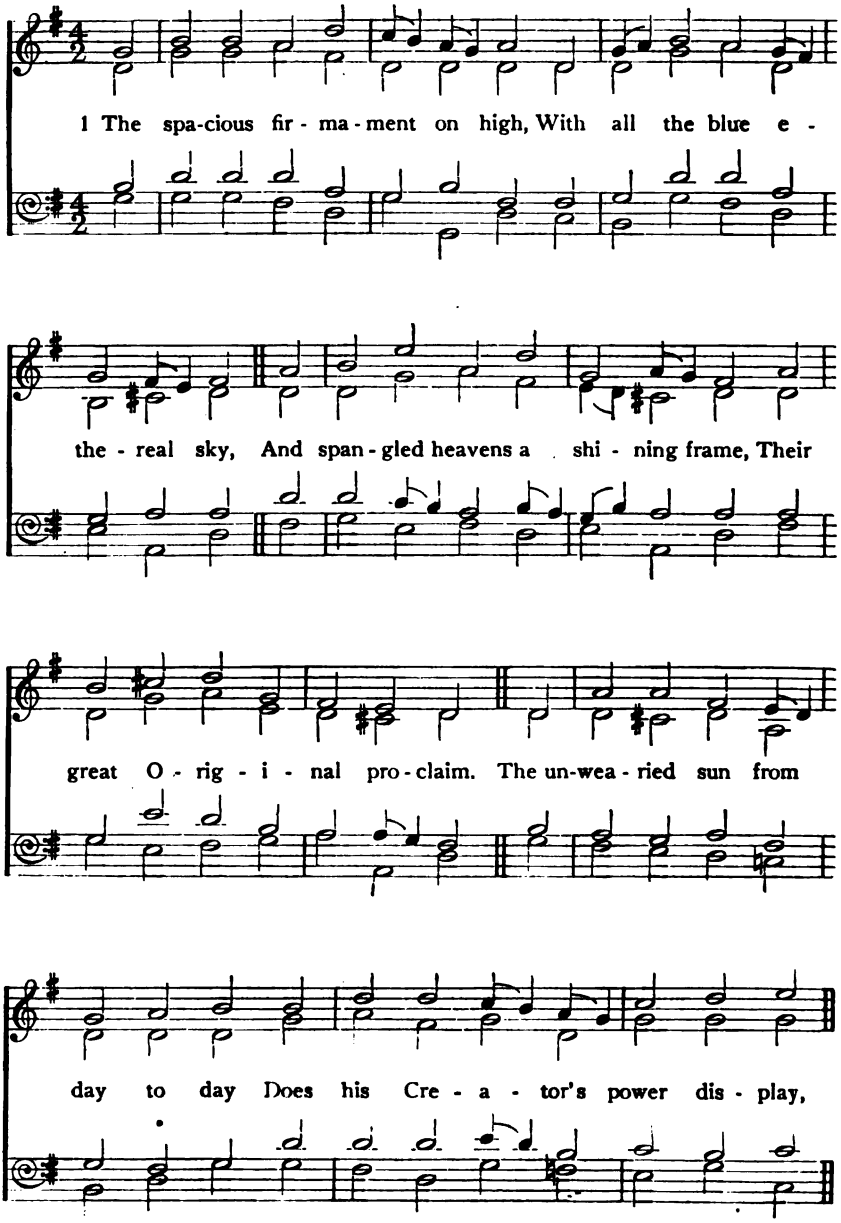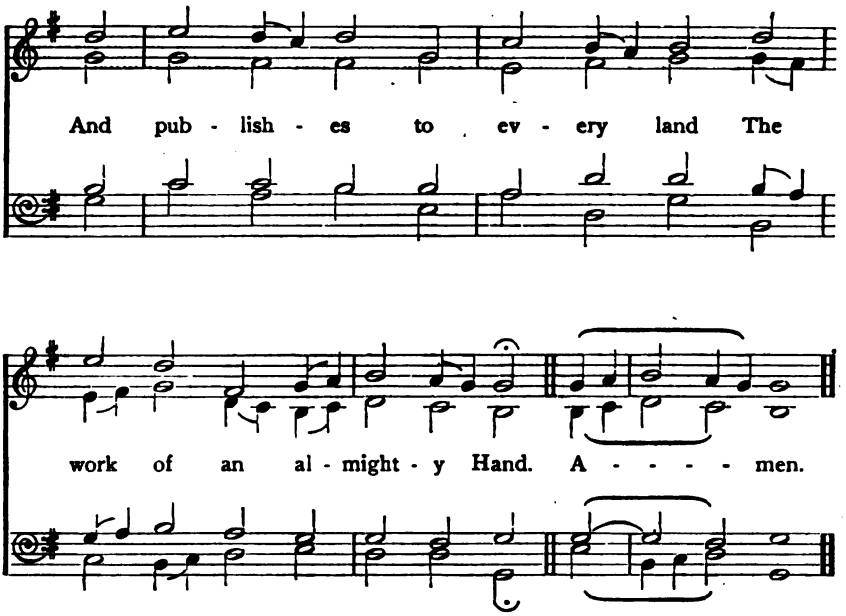


JOHN JULIAN, 1883.

Sundays after Trinity.

252

ADDISON'S. L.M.D. JOHN SHEELES, *c.* 1720.





2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
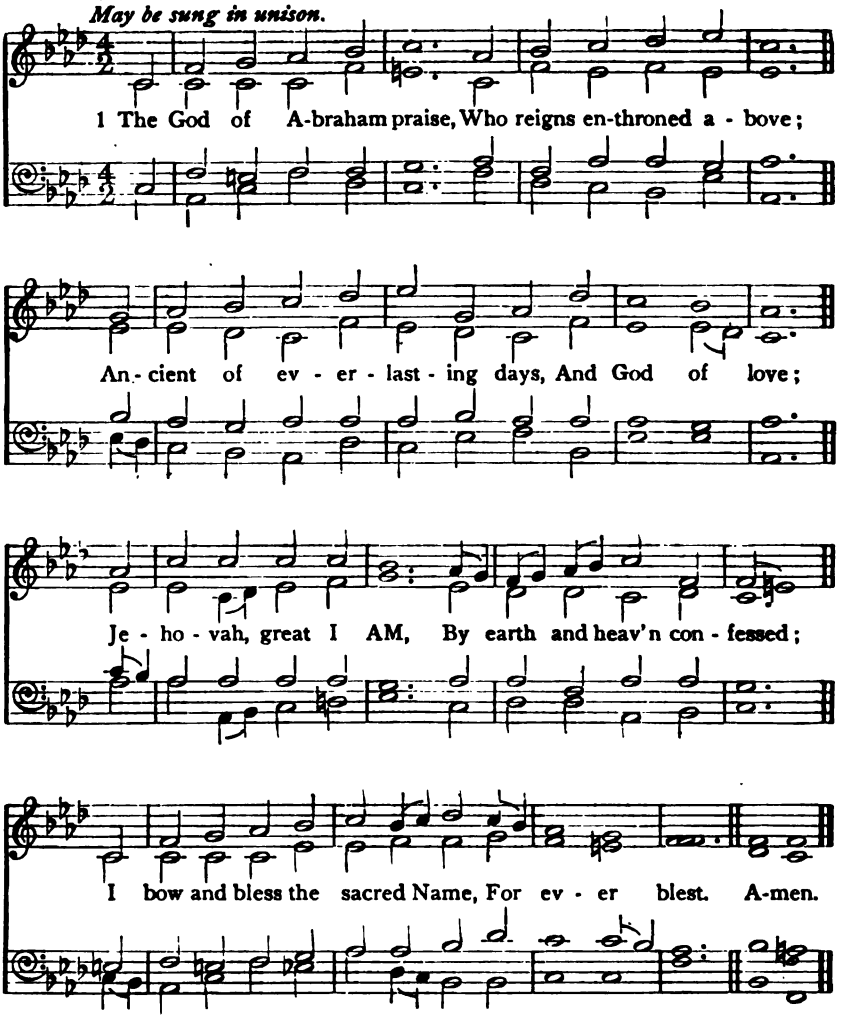
3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712; *Psalm 19.*

253

LEONI (*First Tune*). 6.6.8.4.D. Hebrew Melody, 1770.

May be sung in unison.



2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.
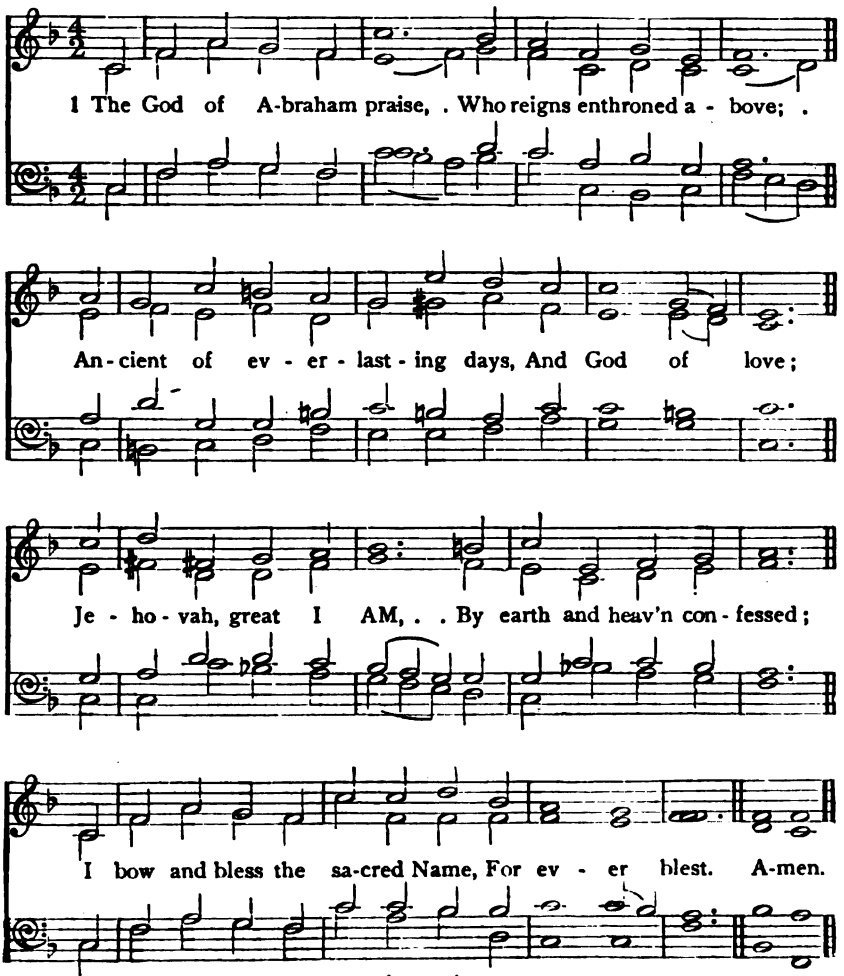
3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

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

THOMAS OLIVERS, *c.* 1770.
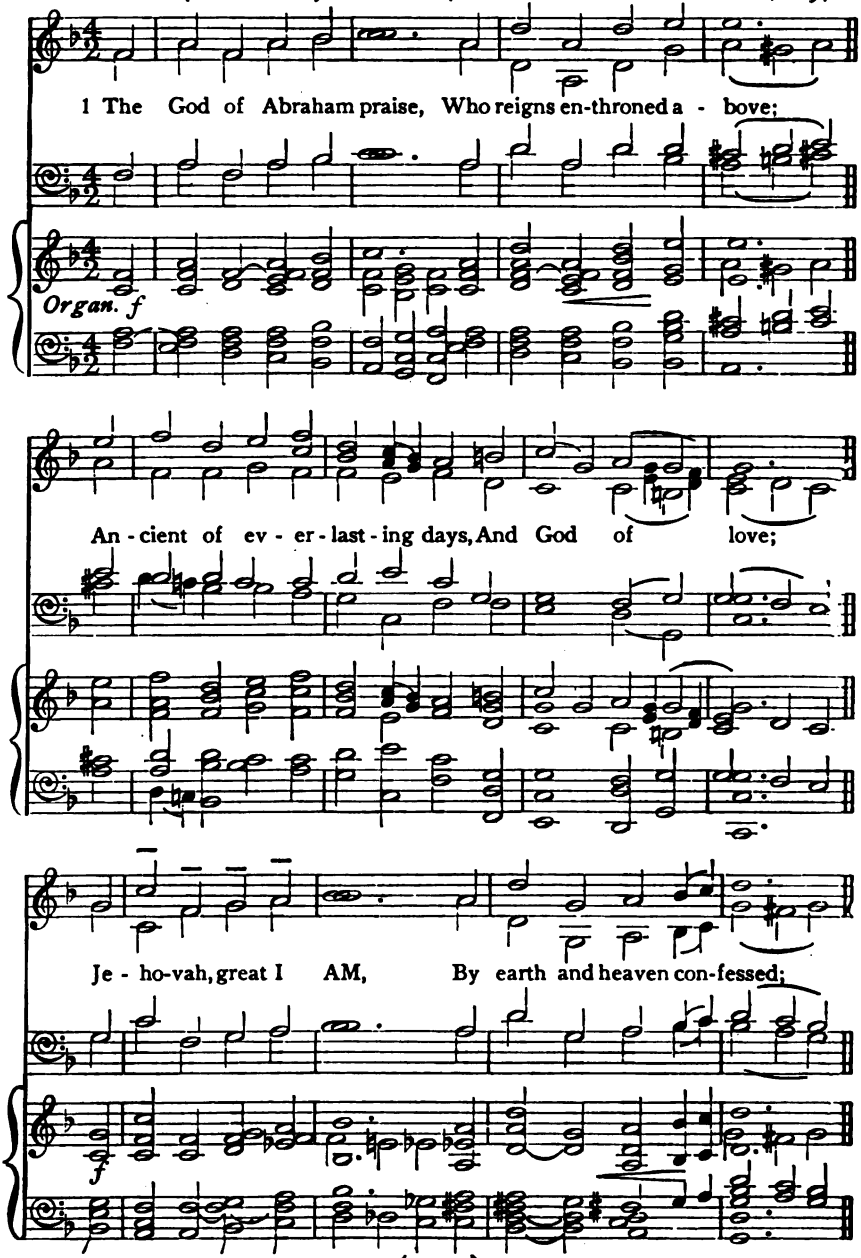
253
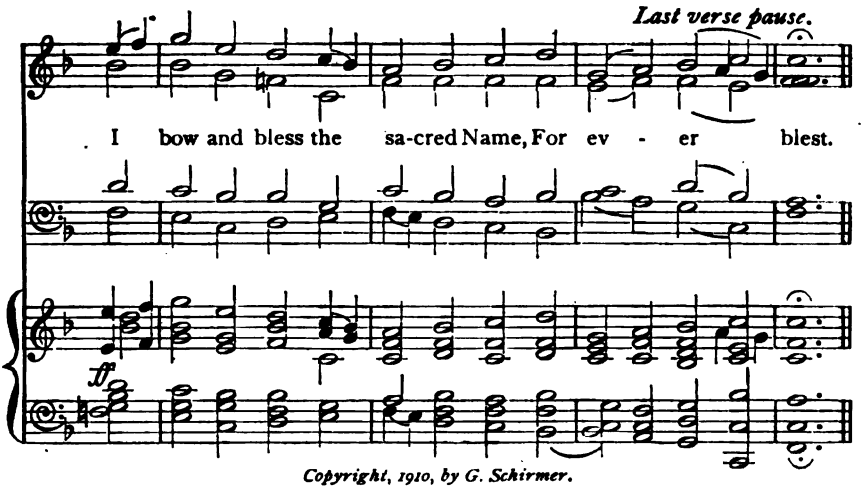
COVENANT (*Second Tune*). 6.6.8.4.D. JOHN STAINER, 1889.



253

St. Audrey (*Third Tune*). 6.6.8.4.D. T. Tertius Noble, 1894.
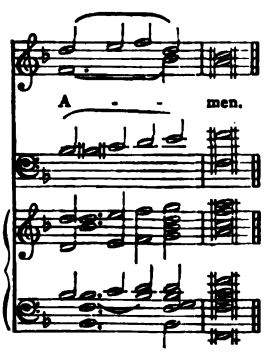




Copyright, 1910, by G. Schirmer.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.
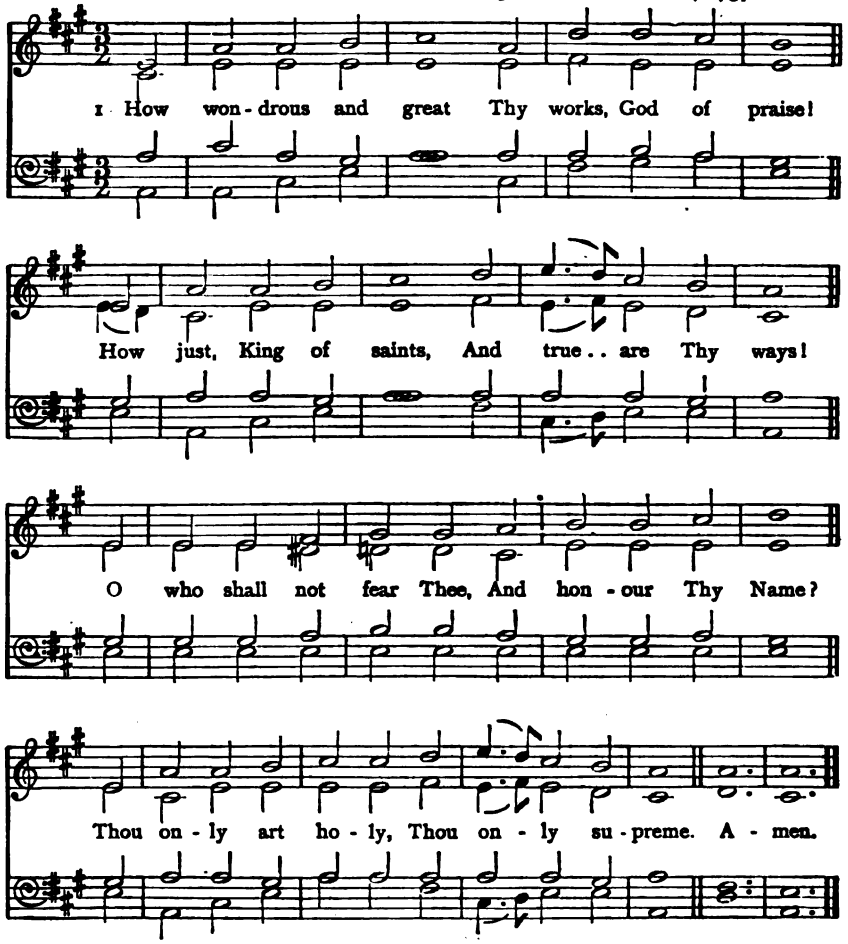
4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.



THOMAS OLIVERS, *c.* 1770.

254 Sundays after Trinity.

LYONS. 10.10.11.11. Arr. from J. MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737–1806.
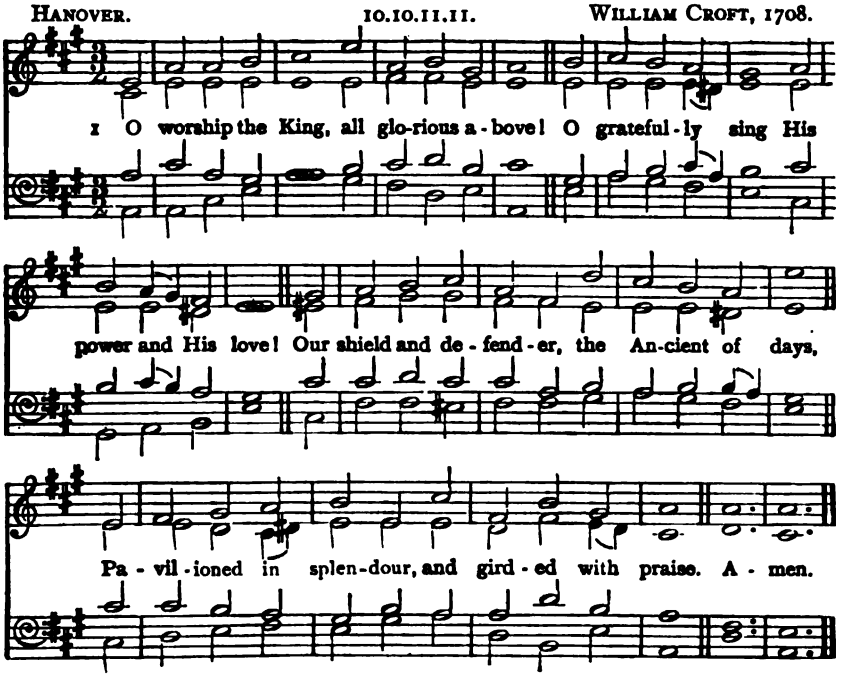


2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God. Amen.

HENRY U. ONDERDONK, 1826.

255 Sundays after Trinity.

HANOVER. 10.10.11.11. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



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

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

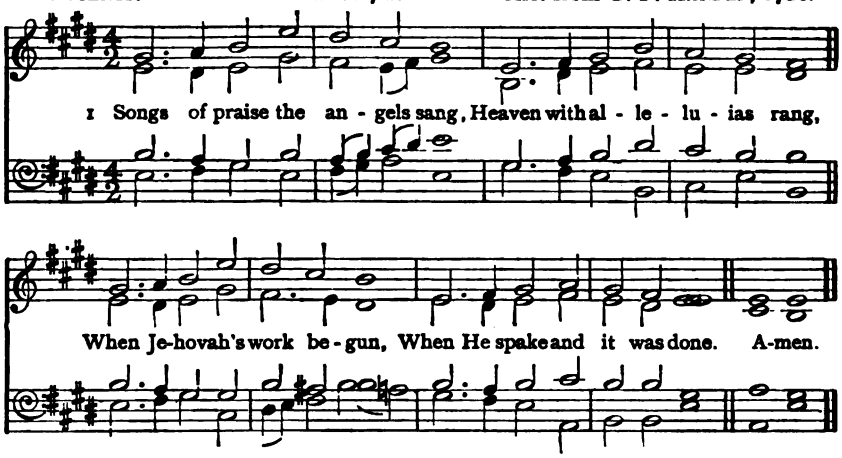
5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

ROBERT GRANT, 1833; *Psalm* 104.

256

INNOCENTS. Four 7's. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL, 1728.



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 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.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
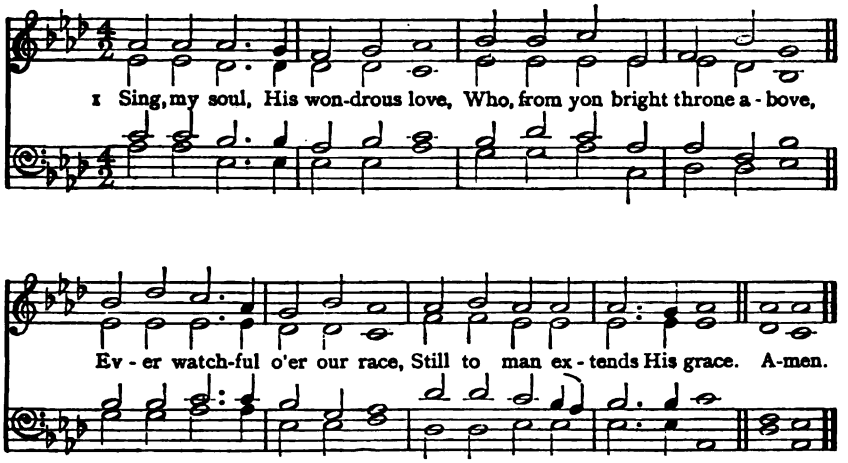
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

257 Sundays after Trinity.

ST. BEES. Four 7's. JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.



2

Heaven and earth by Him were made
All is by His scepter swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

3

God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.
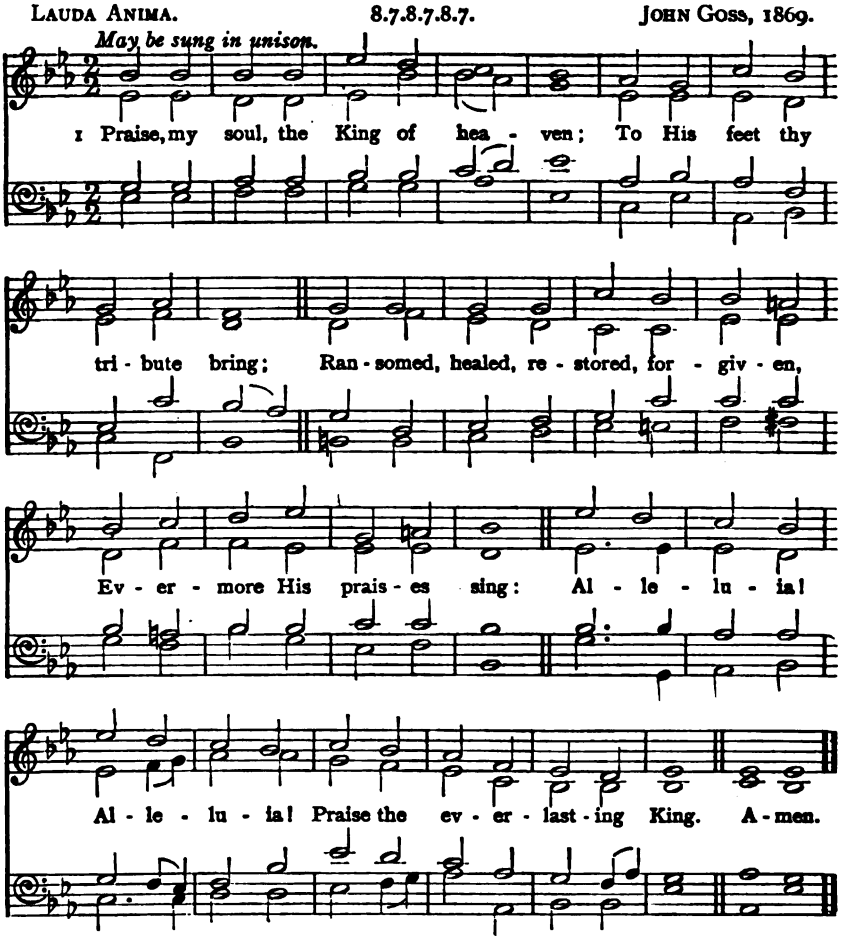
4

Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come.

Anonymous.

LAUDA ANIMA. 8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN GOSS, 1869.

May be sung in unison.



2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.
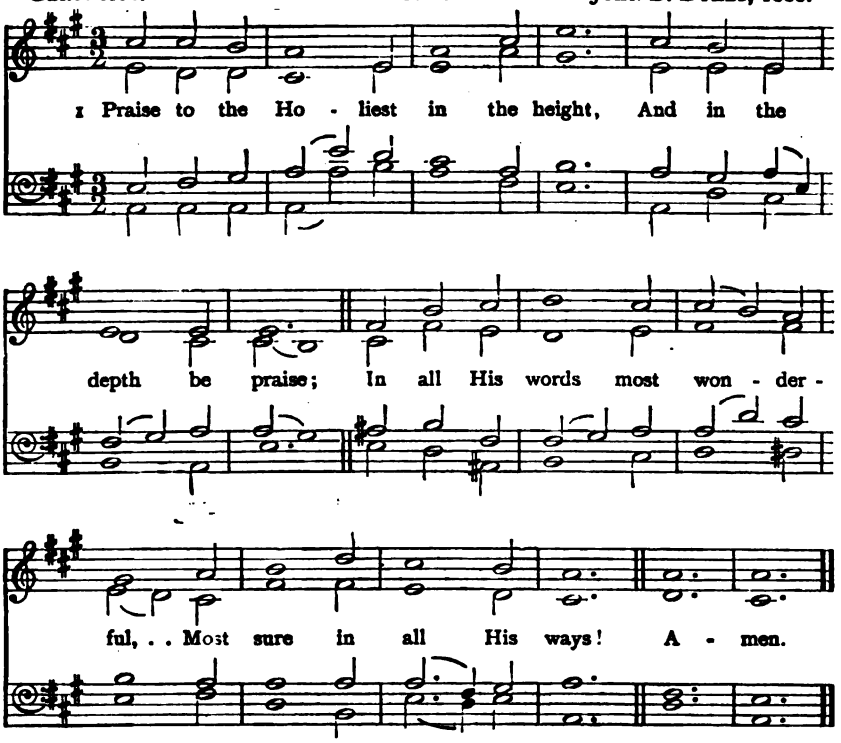
3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834, *alt.; Psalm 103.*

259 Sundays after Trinity.

GERONTIUS. C.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



2

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail:

4

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

5

O generous love! that He Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

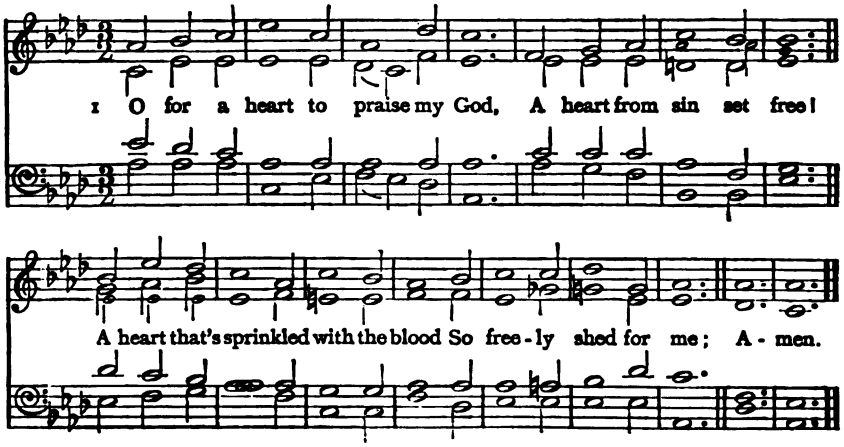
7

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1865.

260

BEATITUDO. C.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



2

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3

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

4

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
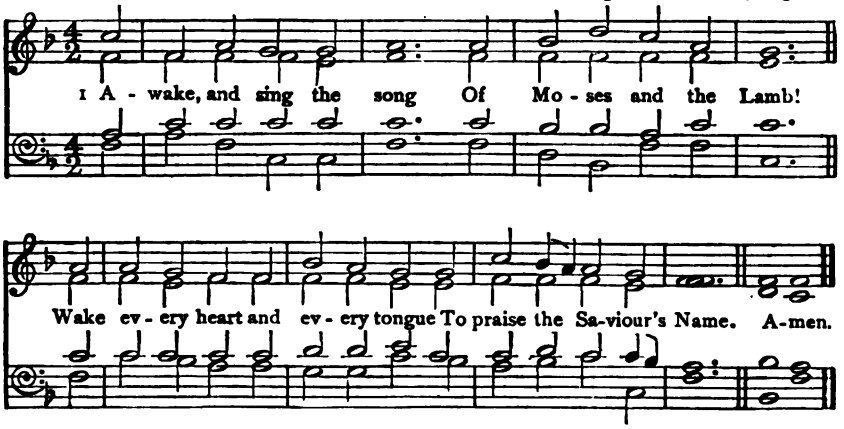
5

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742, *alt.*

261 Sundays after Trinity.

NEWLAND. S.M. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



2

Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3

Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

4

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.
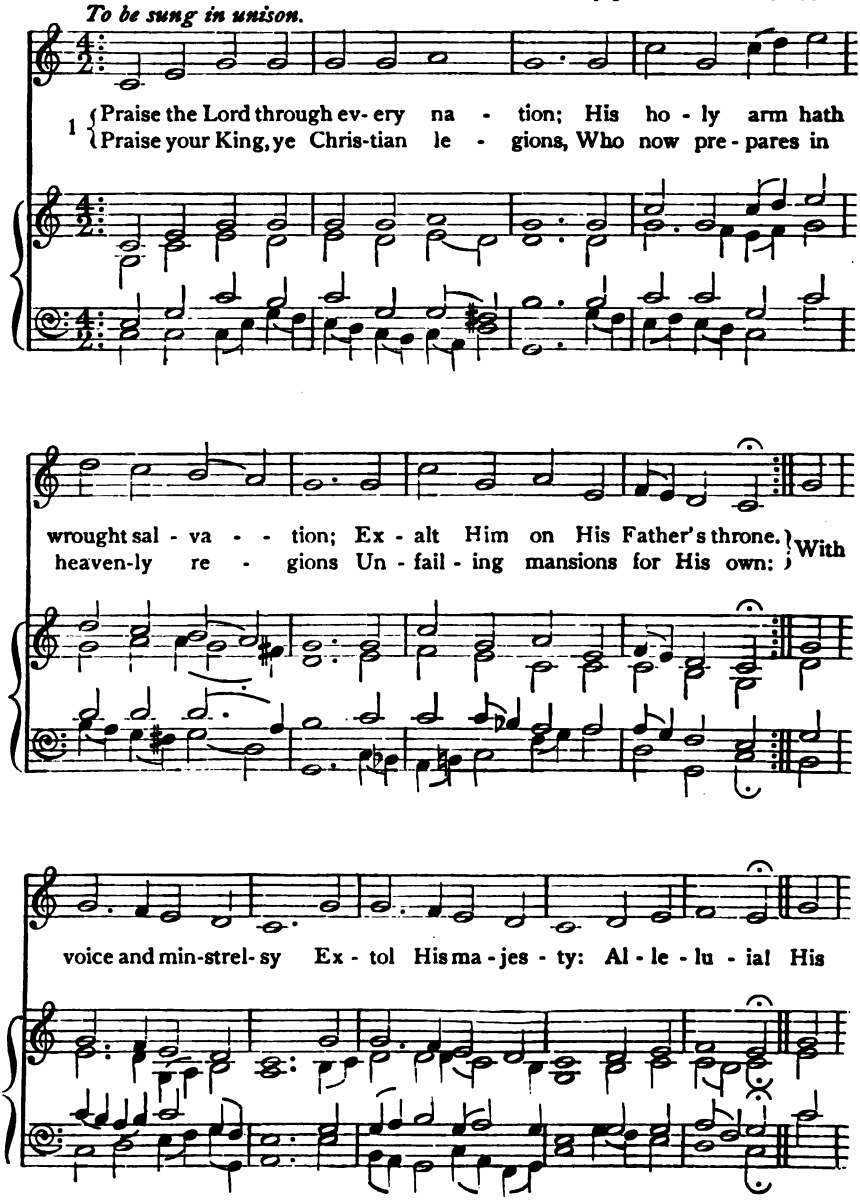
WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745, *alt., cento.*

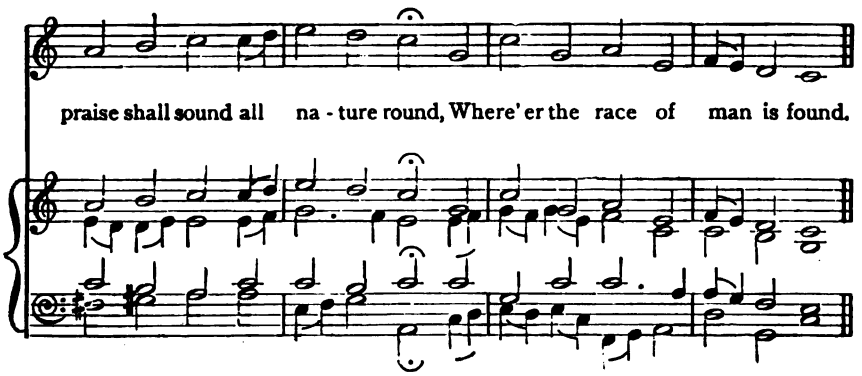
262

SLEEPERS, WAKE. P.M.

PHILIP NICOLAI, 1599;
arr. by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.
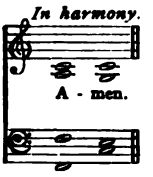
To be sung in unison.





2 God with man dominion sharing,
And man with God our image bearing,
Gentile and Jew to Him are given:
Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,
Of life, through Him, immortal winners:
No longer heirs of earth, but heaven.
O beatific sight
To view His face in light!
Alleluia!
And while we see, transformed to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.
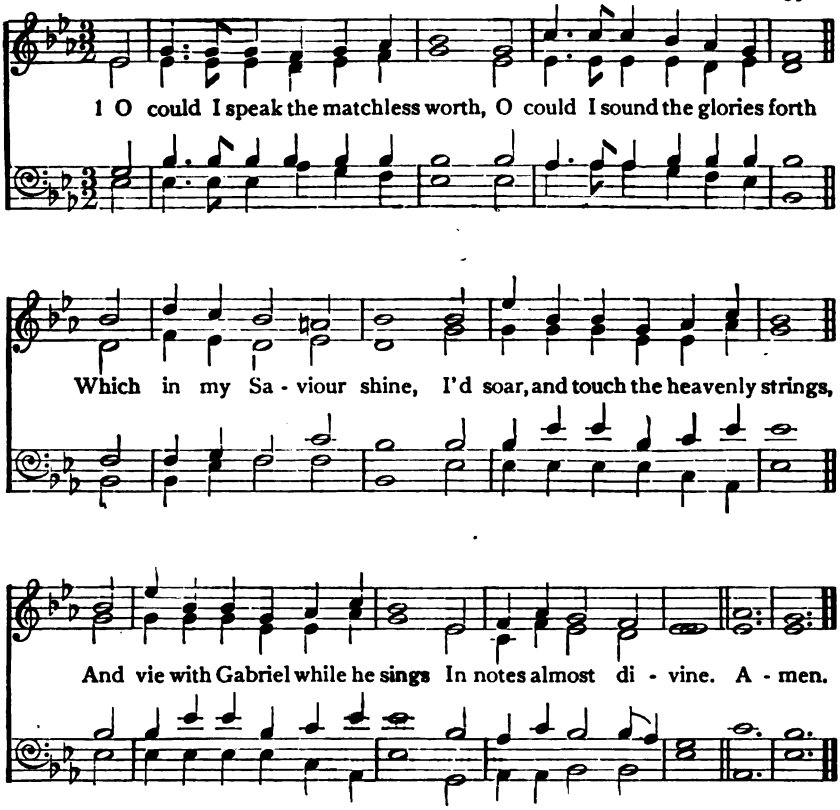
3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to Thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee;
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear:
Alleluia!
Thy reign extend world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend. Amen.



Dutch; RHIJNVIS FEITH, 1806; *Tr.* JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1828.

263

MERIBAH. 8.8.6.8.8.6. LOWELL MASON, 1839.
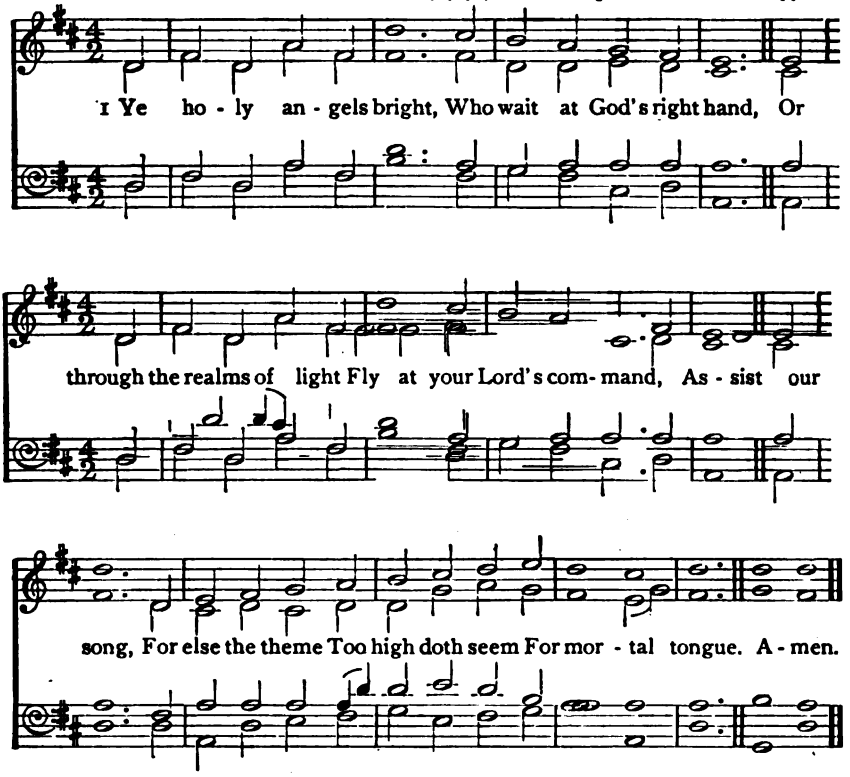


2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

264

DARWALL. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. JOHN DARWALL, 1770.



2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.
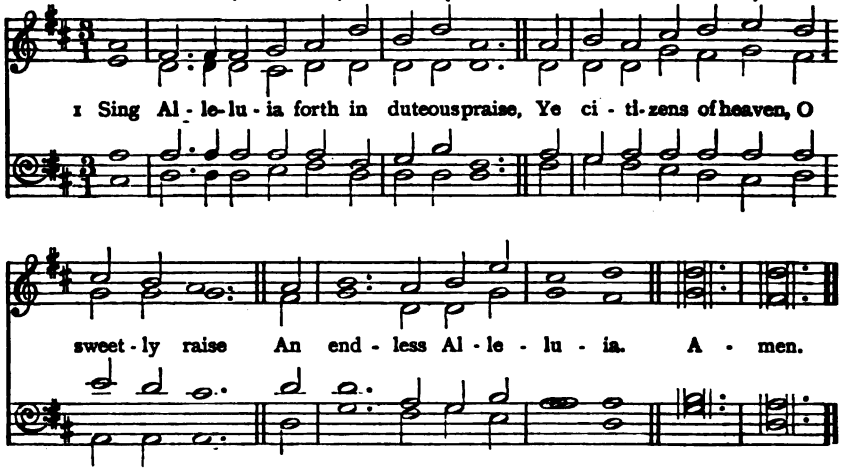
3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above:
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681; RICHARD R. CHOPE, *alt.*, 1857.

265 Sundays after Trinity.

ALLELUIA PERENNE (*First Tune*). 10.10.7. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1868.



2

Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3

The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.
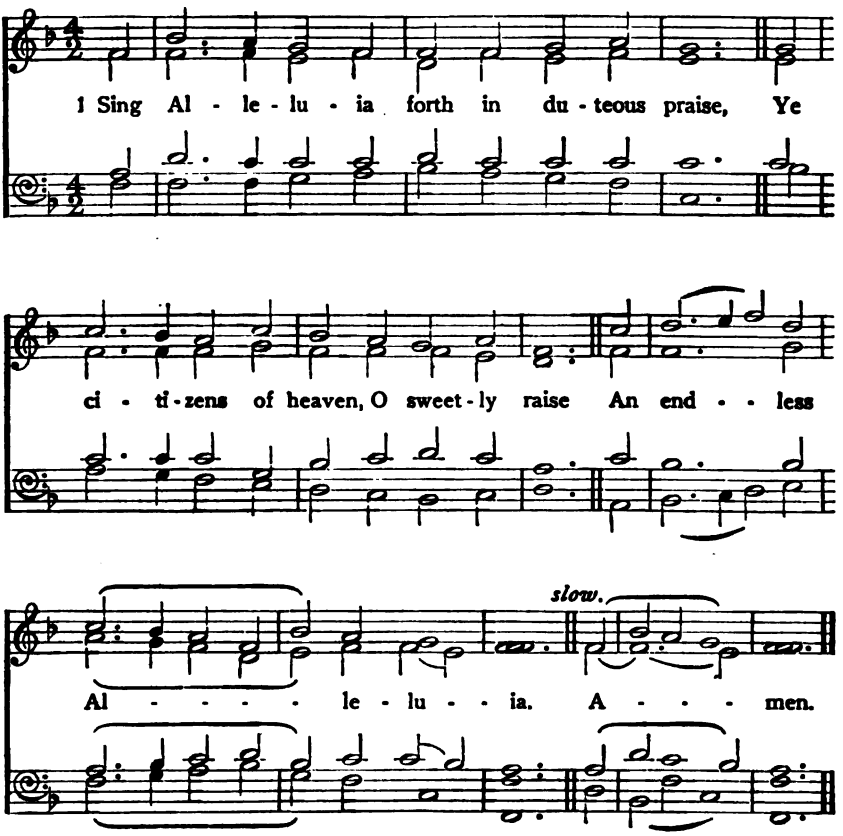
9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Latin; Tr. JOHN ELLERTON, 1865.

265

10.10.7.

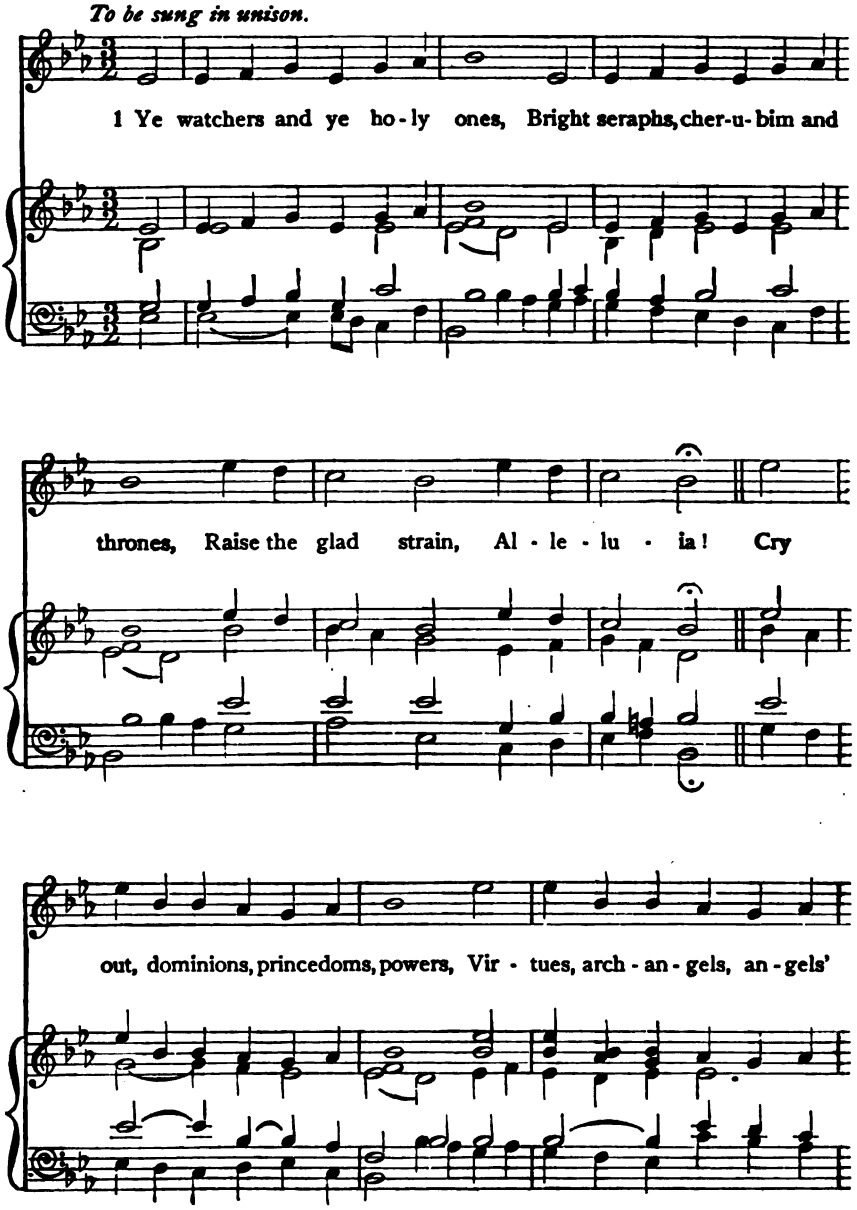
ALLELUIA PIIS EDITE (*Second Tune*). JOHN S. B. HODGES, 1830–1915.
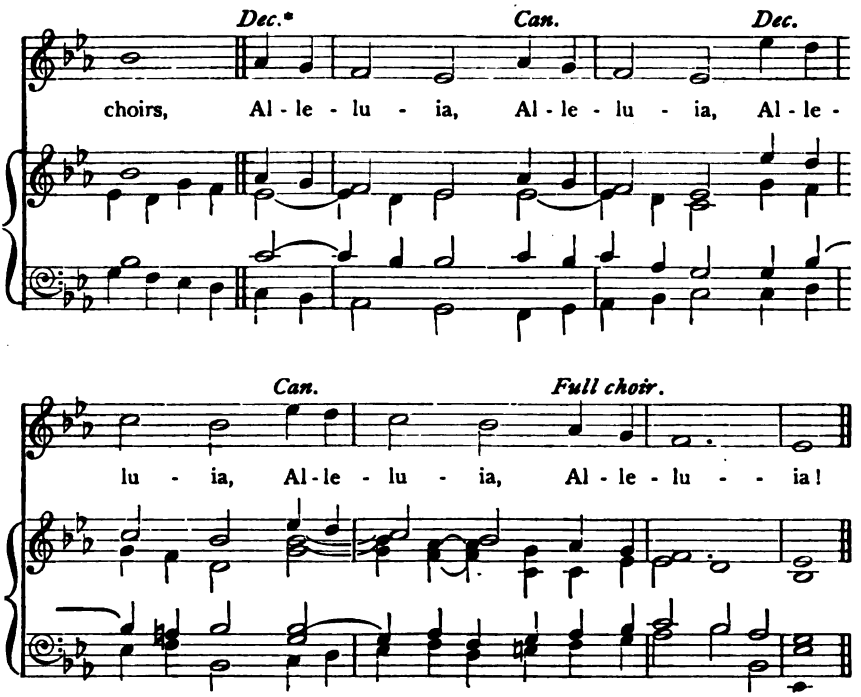


266

VIGILI ET SANCTI. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.4. Cologne, 1623, alt.

To be sung in unison.



Sundays after Trinity.
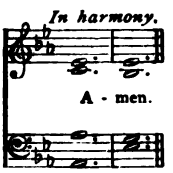


**The antiphonal Alleluias may be sung either as indicated; or between Choir and Congregation; or between men's and women's voices.*

2 O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia! Amen.
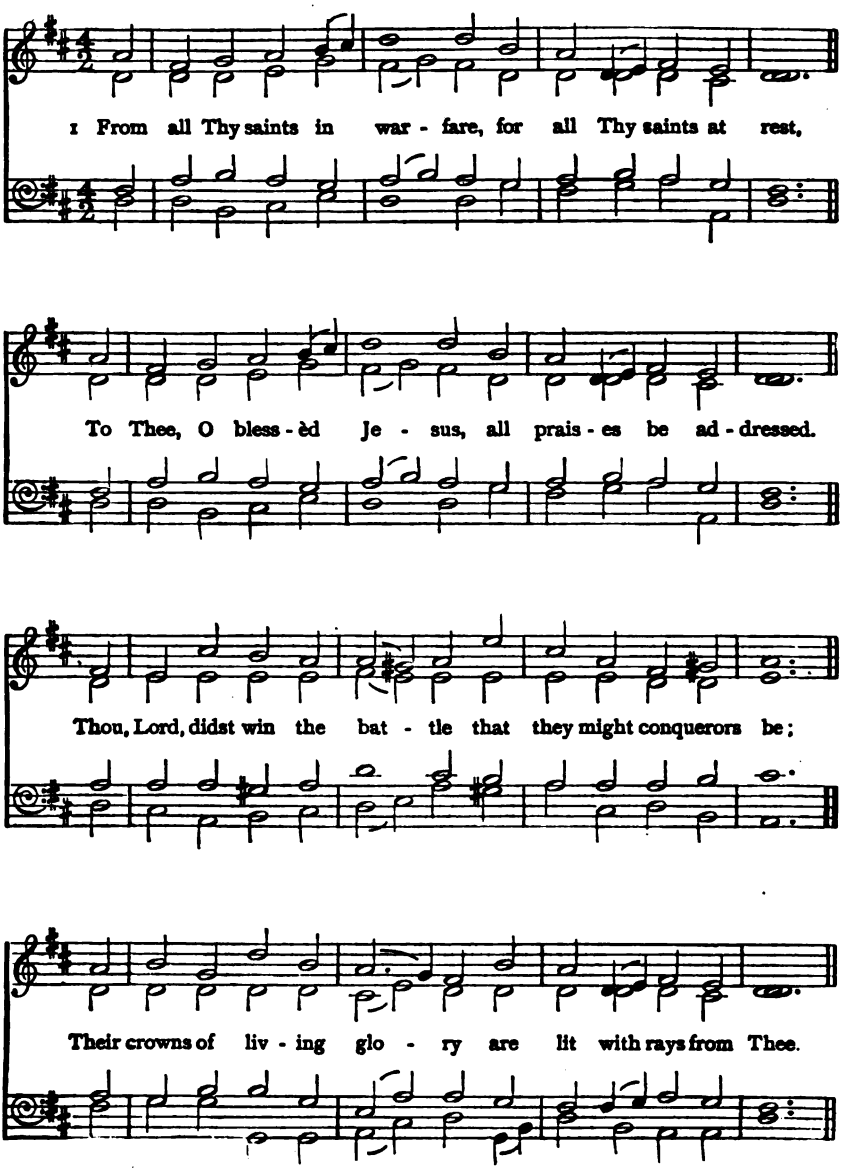


ATHELSTAN RILEY, 1909.

267 Holy Days.

General for Saints' Days.

Pæan. 7.6.7.6.D. Frederic Weber, 1856.



Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.

Holy Days.

St. Andrew.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

St. Thomas.

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fullness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

St. Stephen.

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

St. John the Evangelist.

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision through him to us revealed.
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

The Holy Innocents.

6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless and crowns as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

St. Matthias.

8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

St. Mark.
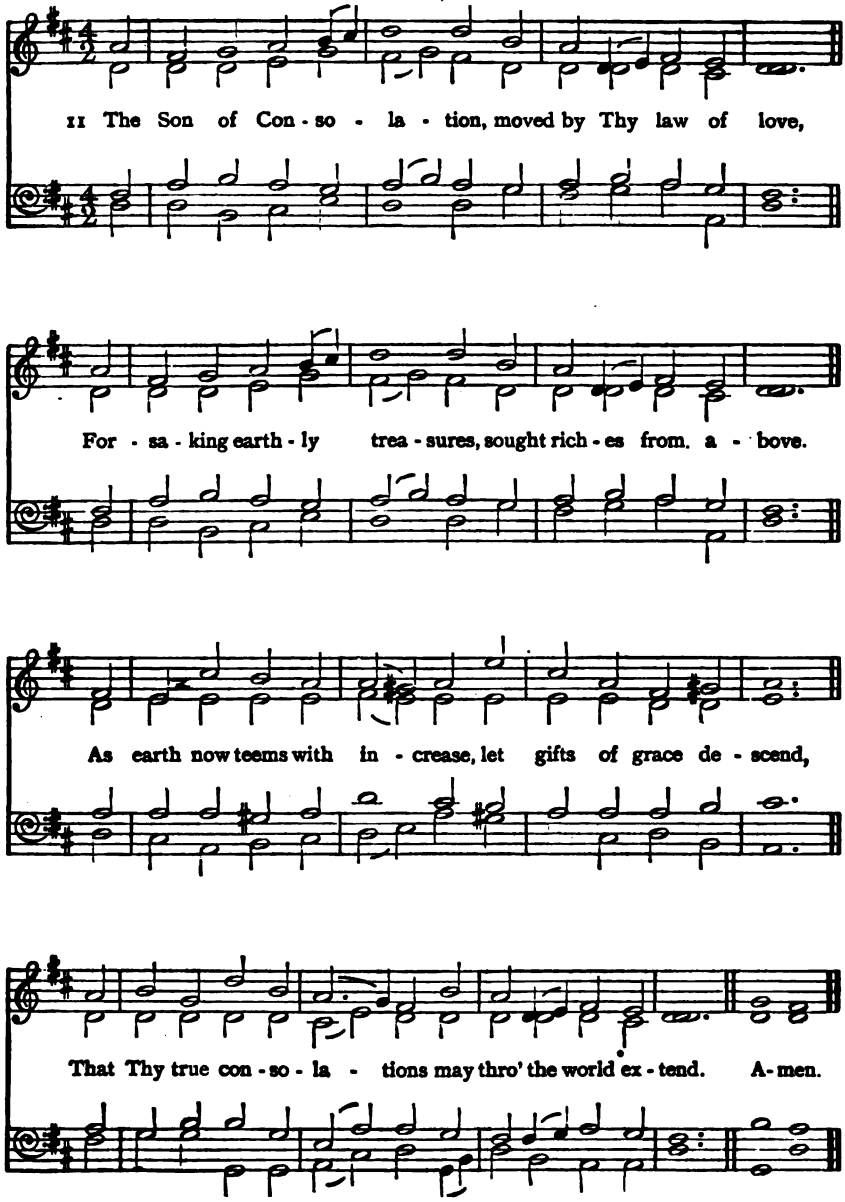
9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

St. Philip and St. James.

10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

[*For continuation see next page.*

ST. BARNABAS.


11 The Son of Con - so - la - tion, moved by Thy law of love,
For - sa - king earth - ly trea - sures, sought rich - es from a - bove.
As earth now teems with in - crease, let gifts of grace de - scend,
That Thy true con - so - la - tions may thro' the world ex - tend. A - men.



Holy Days.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray:
Make us the rather blessèd, who love Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.

13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.

17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.
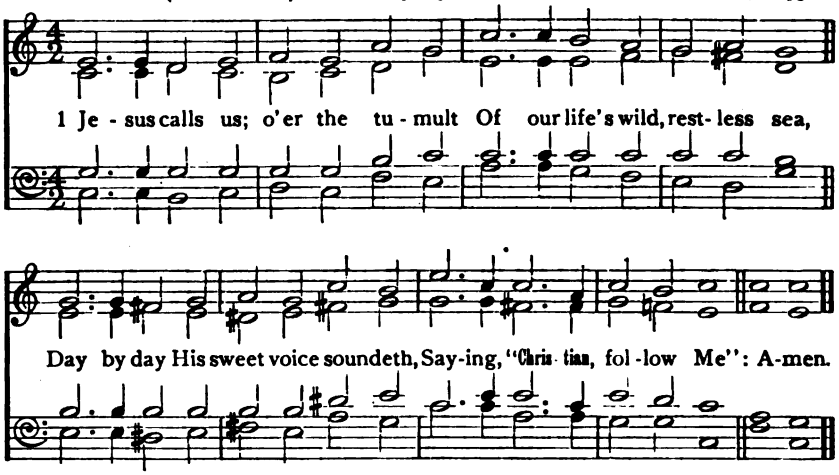
HORATIO NELSON, 1864.

Holy Days.

268

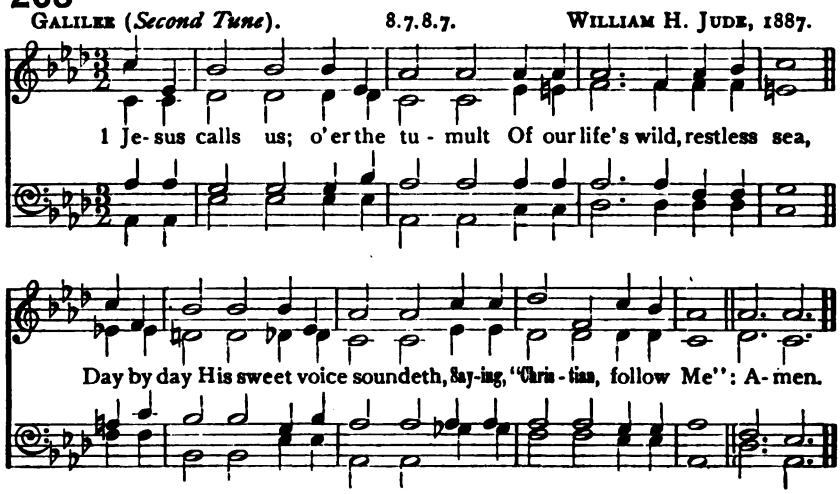
ST. ANDREW.

ST. ANDREW (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. EDWARD H. THORNE, 1875.



268

GALILEE (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. WILLIAM H. JUDE, 1887.



2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 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."

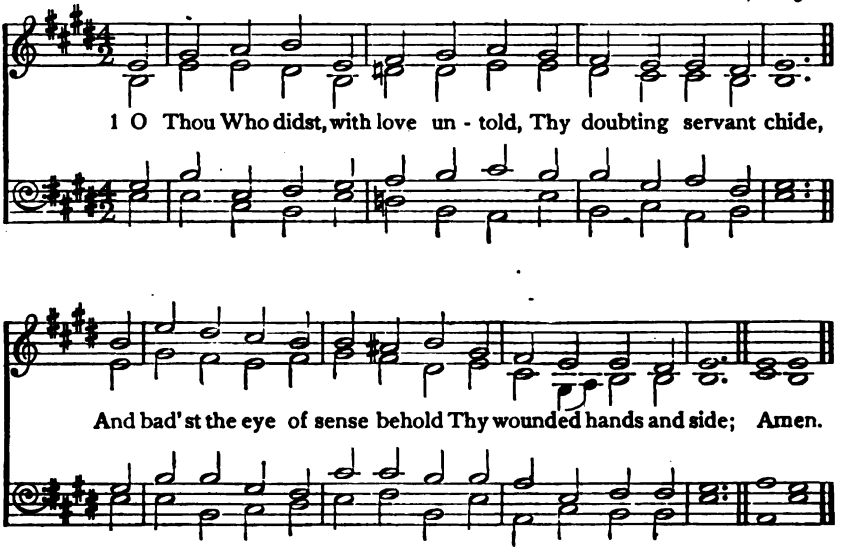
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

269

DUNDEE. ST. THOMAS. C.M. Scottish Psalter, 1615.



2 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.
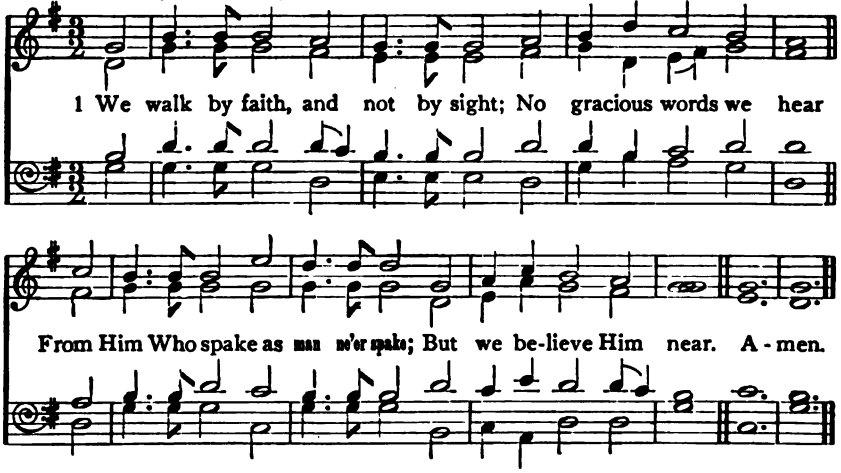
3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
O let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve,
But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe! Amen.

EMMA L. TOKE, 1851.

270

ARLINGTON (*First Tune*). C.M. THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"
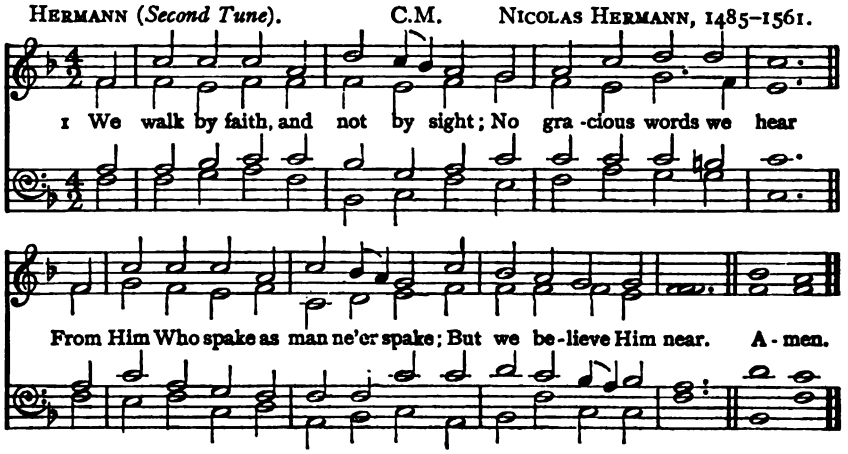
3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight. Amen.

HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

270
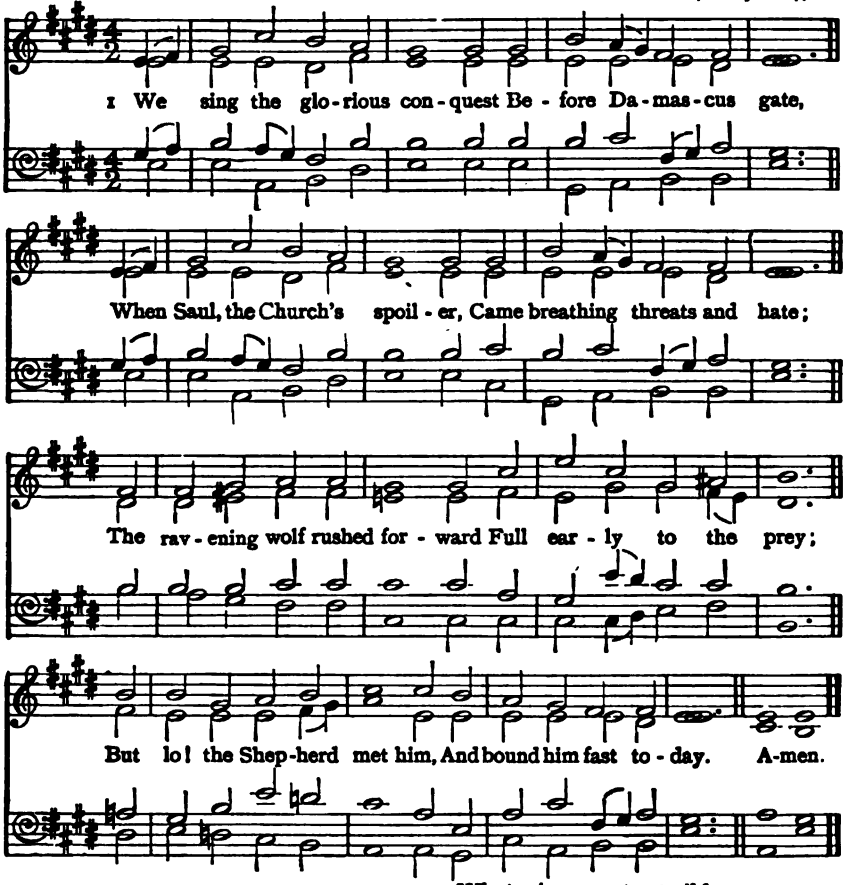
HERMANN (*Second Tune*). C.M. NICOLAS HERMANN, 1485–1561.



271 Holy Days.

Conversion of St. Paul.

Munich. 7.6.7.6.D. Meiningen, 1693; har. by Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.



2 O glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O voice that spake within him
The calm, reproving word!
O love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

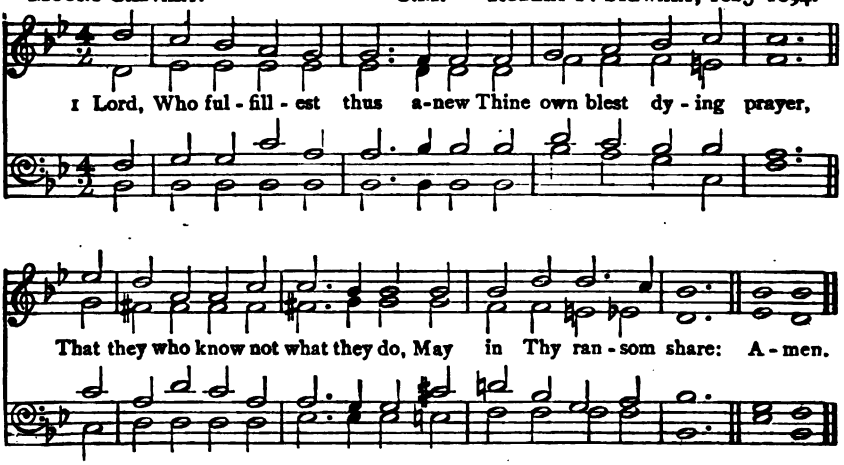
3 O Wisdom ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger,
To trust Thy hidden power:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find. Amen.

John Ellerton, 1871.

272

MOUNT CALVARY. C.M. ROBERT P. STEWART, 1825–1894.



2 When foes Thy Church's power defy,
Or slight Thy sacred word,
Or Thee, true God and Man, deny,
Grant them conversion, Lord.

3 Grant that the light may round them shine;
That, set from error free,
They in Thy word the truth divine,
Thee in Thy Church may see;

4 That so, when our brief time is done,
We may with them adore
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.
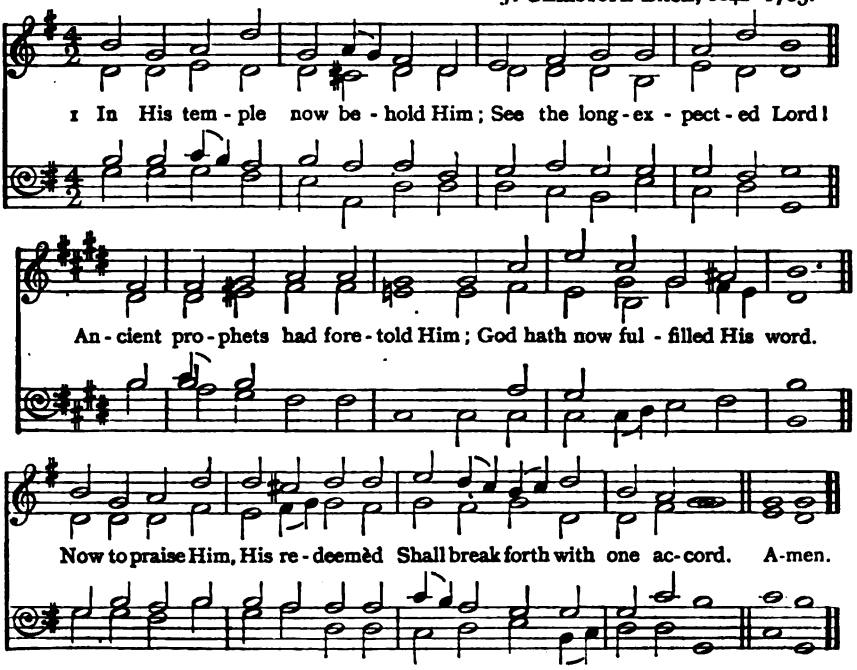
HENRY W. MOZLEY, 1866.

Also the following:

117 He who would valiant be
152 In the cross of Christ I glory
218 Jesus, I live to Thee

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST, *or* PURIFICATION OF SAINT MARY.

ST. LEONARD. 8-7.8.7.8.7. Meiningen, 1693; har. by J. CHRISTOPH BACH, 1642–1703.



2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His agèd saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

3 Jesus by Thy Presentation,
Thou Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.
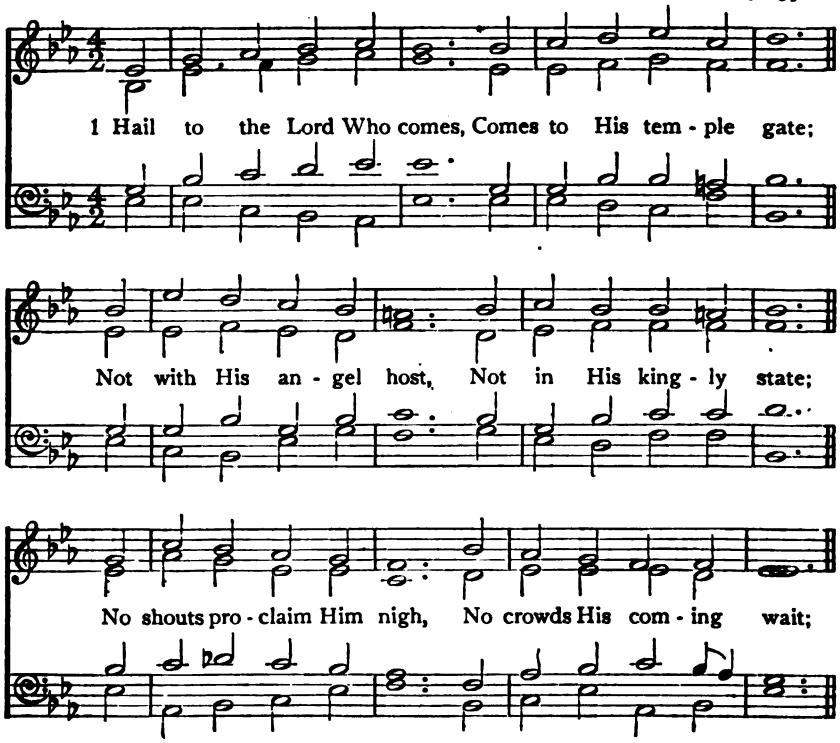
4 Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

Alternative Tune,
REGENT SQUARE, *No. 210.*

HENRY J. PYE, 1851.

274
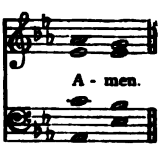
OLD ONE HUNDRED TWENTIETH. Six 6's. THOMAS EST'S Psalter, 1592.



2 But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heavenly Guest.

3 Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.
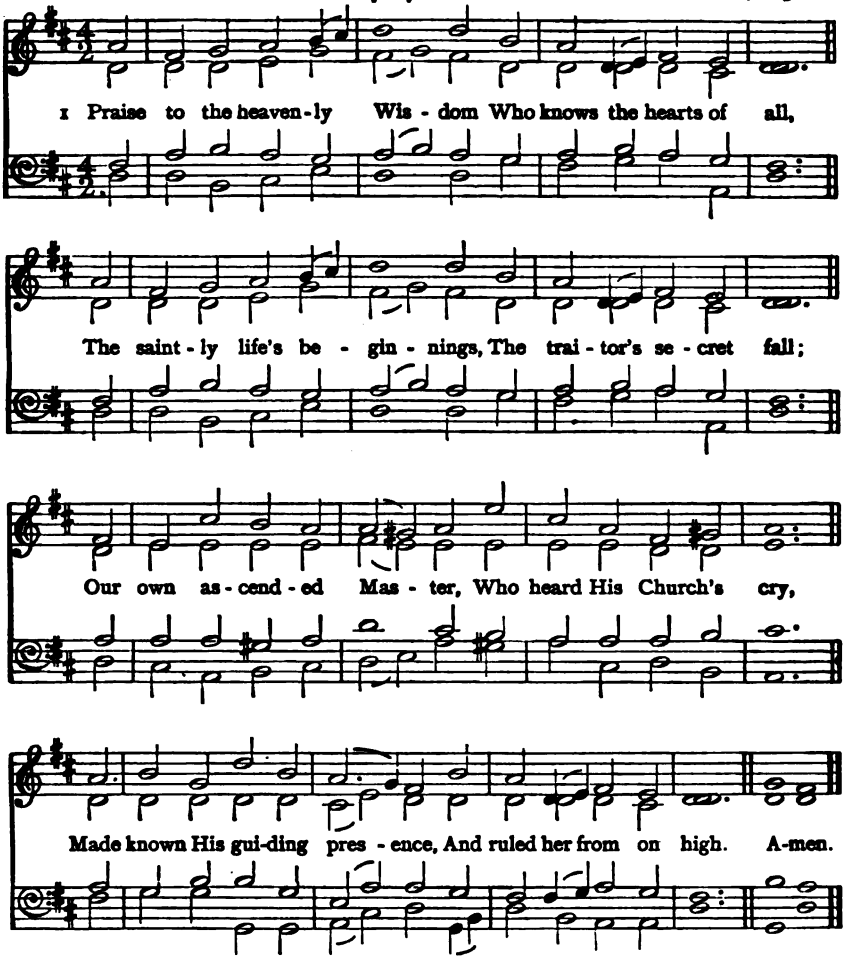
4 O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be! Amen.



JOHN ELLERTON. 1880.

St. Matthias.

Pæan. 7.6.7.6.D. Frederic Weber, 1856.



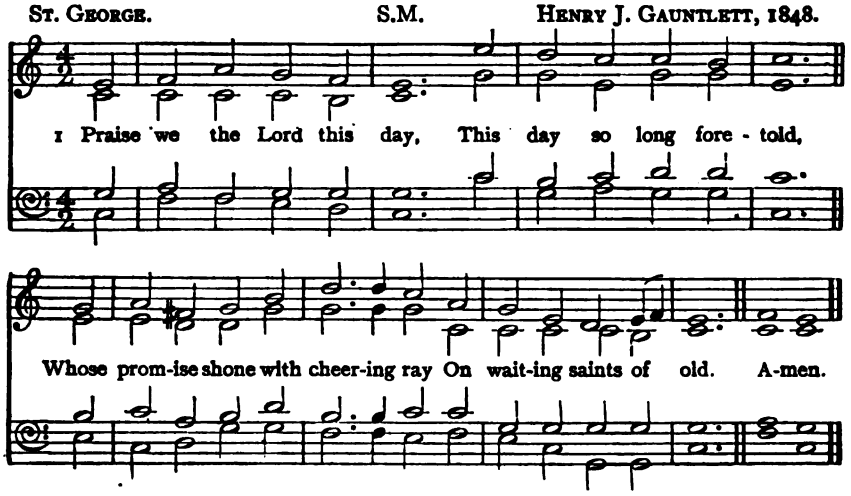
2 Elect in His foreknowledge,
To fill the lost one's place;
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace;
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd,
Her losses still renew;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee! Amen.

John Ellerton, 1888.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



2

The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4

Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

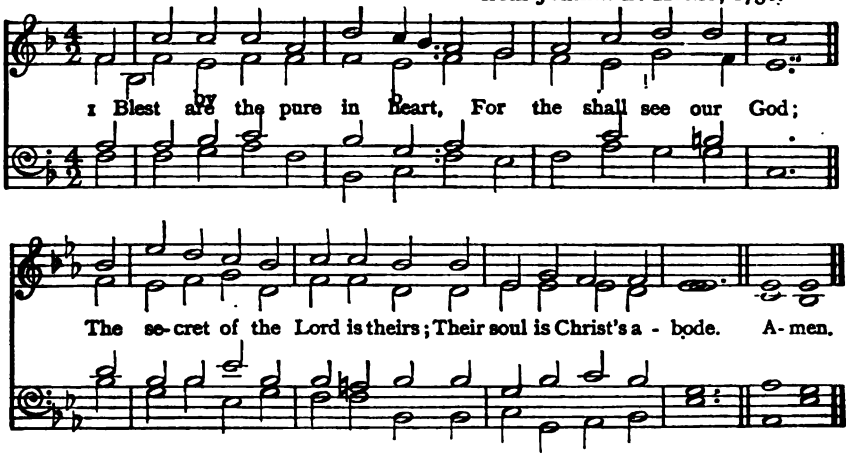
5

Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Saviour's birth.

Anonymous, 1846.

277 Holy Days.

FRANCONIA. S.M. Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1840, from JOHANN B. KÖNIG, 1738.



2

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King;

3

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4

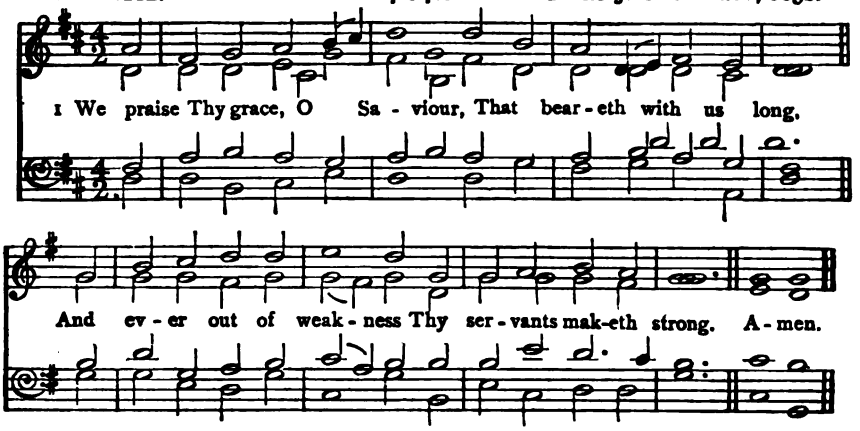
Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE, 1819, *alt.*, *cento.*

278 Holy Days.

ST. MARK.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.



2 The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy love Saint Mark hath numbered
Among the blessèd four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesus, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

Also the following:

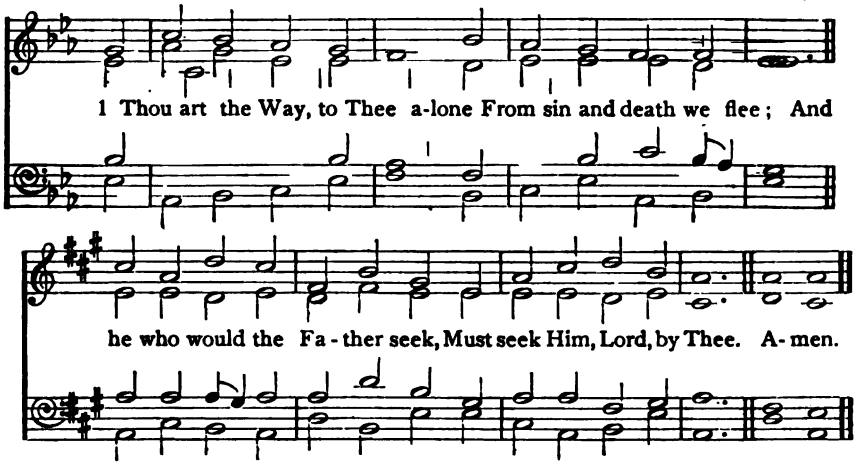
288 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

Holy Days.

279

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

ST. JAMES (*First Tune*). C.M. RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE, 1697.



2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

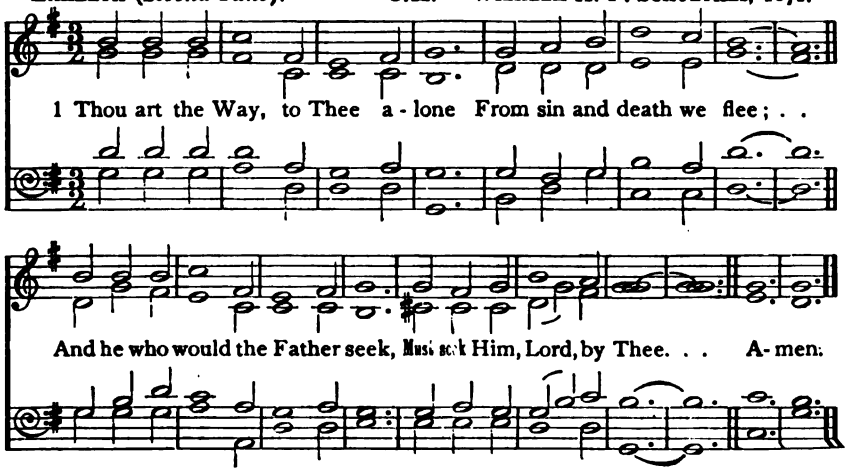
3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

279

LAMBETH (*Second Tune*). C.M. WILHELM A. F. SCHULTHES, 1871.
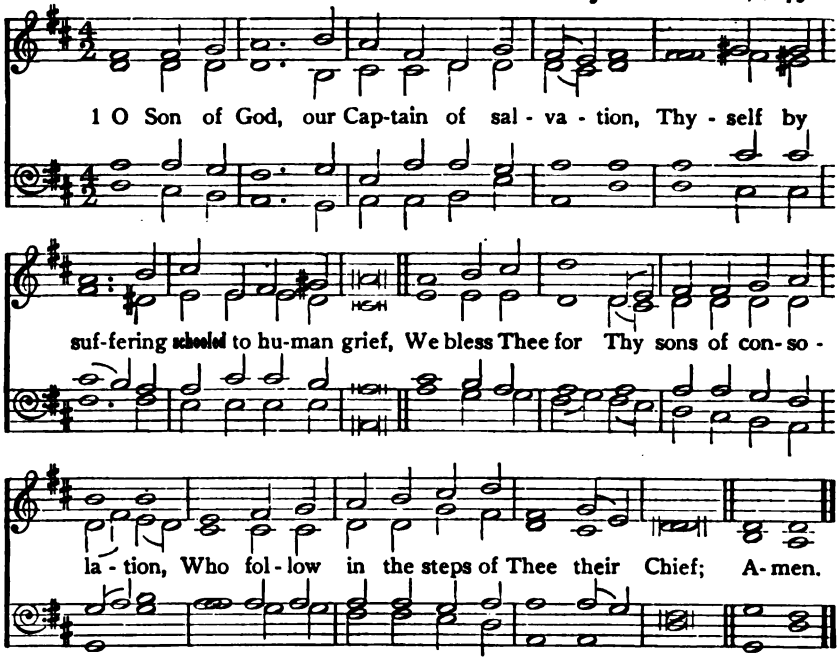


280

Holy Days.

St. Barnabas.

STRENGTH AND STAY. 11.10.11.10. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs,
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skillful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the willful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.
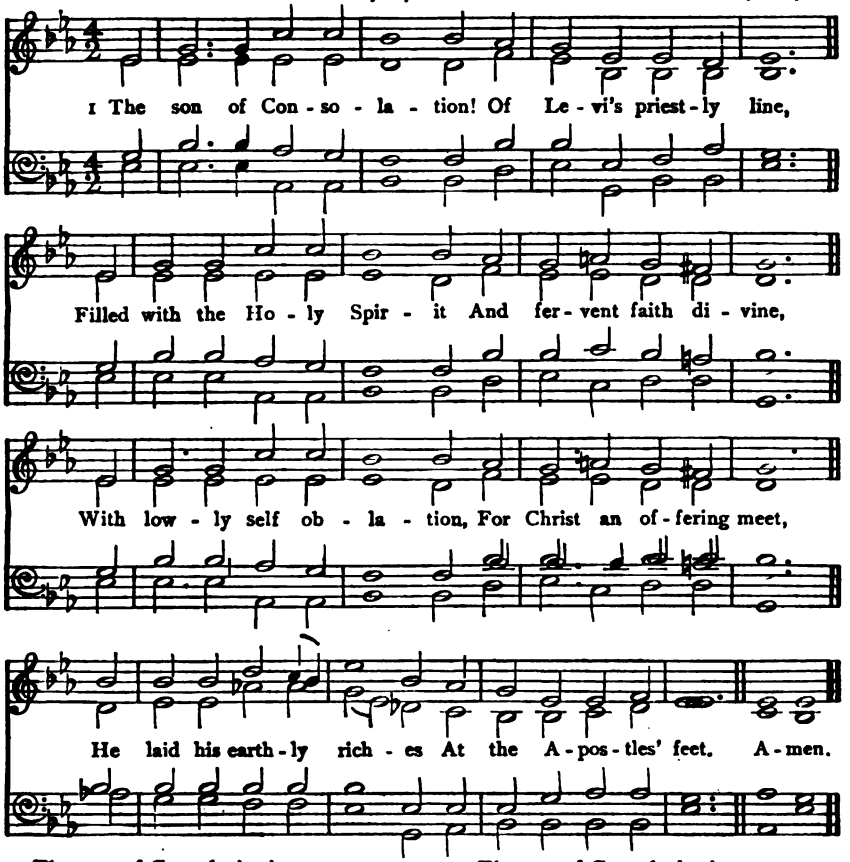
5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye,"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

281 Holy Days.

HOMELAND. 7.6.7.6.D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1867.



2 The son of Consolation!
O name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.

3 The son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

4 The son of Consolation!
Lord, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us Thy children
Such blessèd name may bear!
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

5 The sons of Consolation!
O what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto Me"!
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne.

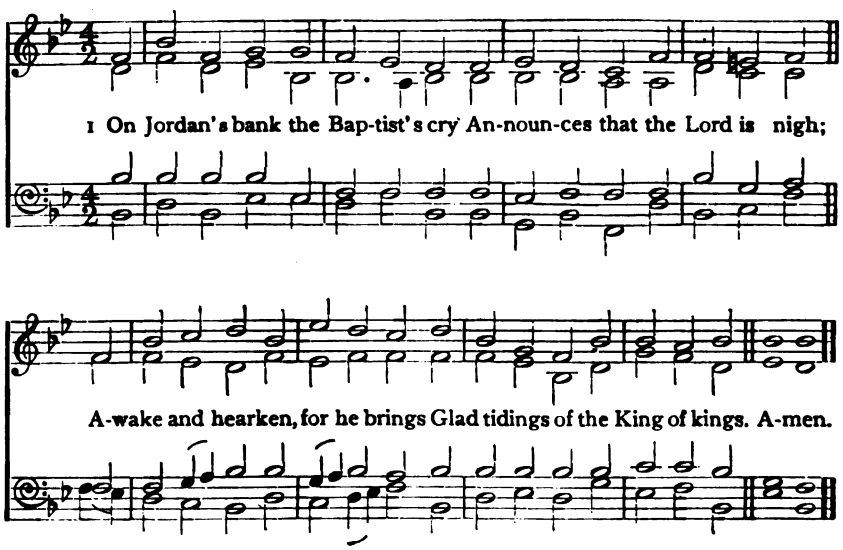
MAUD COOTE, 1871.

282

Holy Days.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. Hamburg, 1690.



2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

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

CHARLES COFFIN, 1736; *Tr.* JOHN CHANDLER, 1837, *alt.*

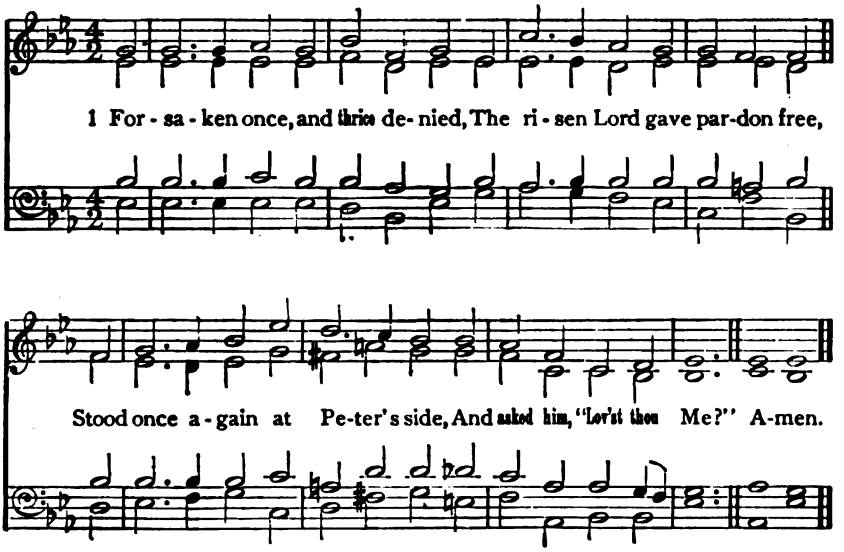
Also the following:

63 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding

283 Holy Days.

ST. PETER.

ELMHURST. 8.8.8.6. EDWIN DREWETT, 1887.



2 How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy Name,
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came!

3 Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

4 How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

5 O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from Thy Father's side,
And let that sweet look win.

6 Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1875.
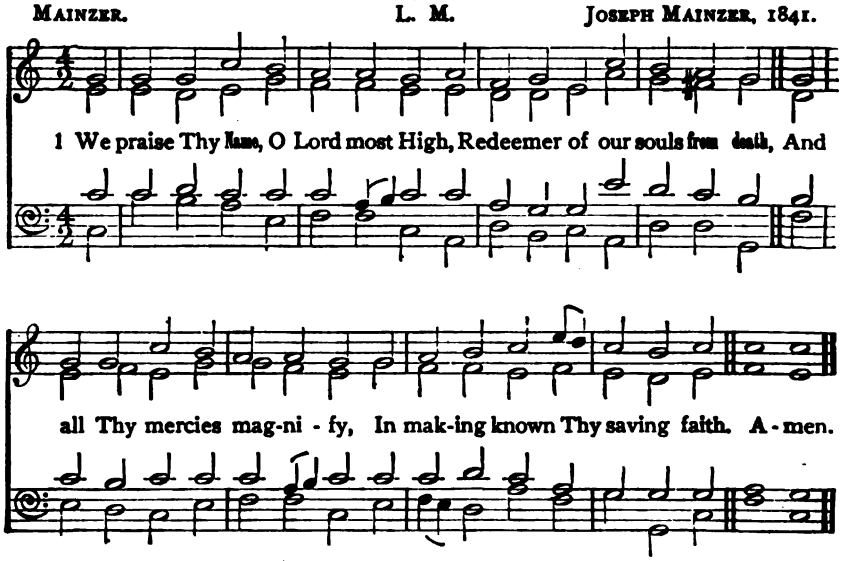
Also the following:

135 Jesus, and shall it ever be **147** In the hour of trial

284 Holy Days.

St. James.

Mainzer. L. M. Joseph Mainzer, 1841.



2 Thou didst the humble fisher call,
Beside the shores of Galilee:
At Thy command he gave up all,
And left his nets to follow Thee.

3 O happy choice, for earthly toil
The strife to rescue souls from sin;
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
The crown of heavenly life to win.

4 O favoured one, who, ere he knew
The sharpness of the coming cross,
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view
That turns to gain all earthly loss.
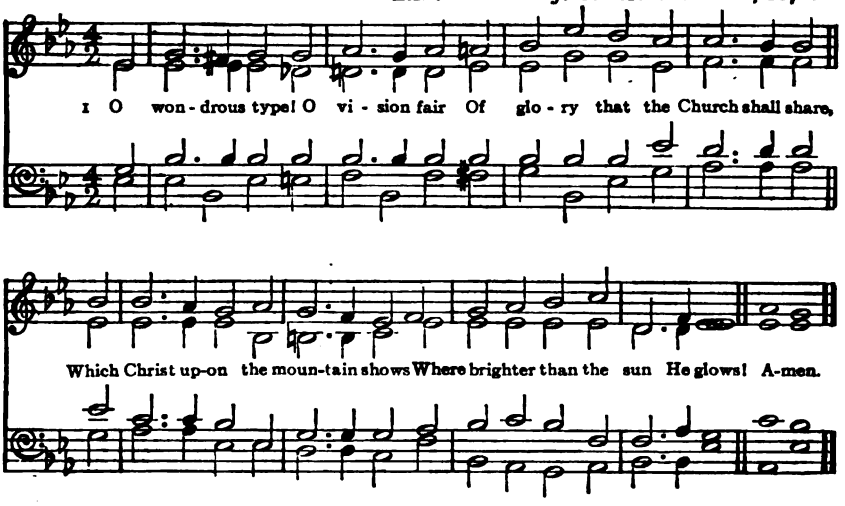
5 Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
Dares in Thy painful steps to go;
To drink Thy cup of agony,
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

6 Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee
In bliss may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
Our cross to bear, and Thee to serve. Amen.

Anonymous.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.



2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
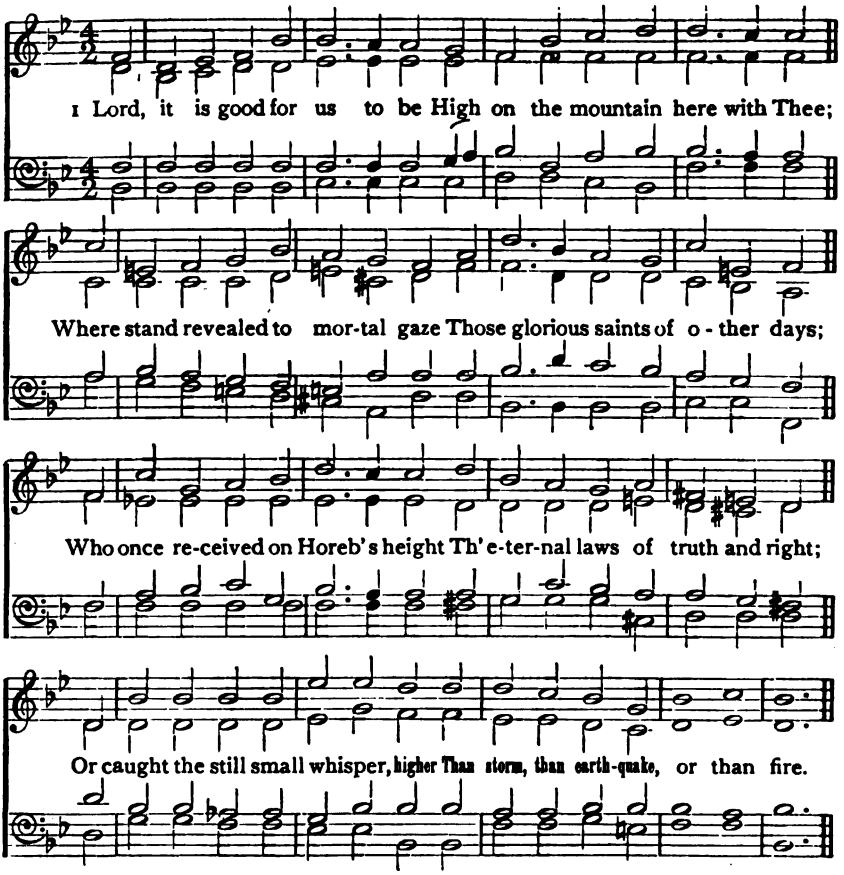
5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face. Amen.

Latin; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1854, *alt.*

Holy Days.

286
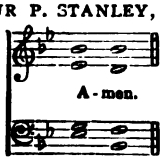
ST. CASIMER. L.M.D. JOHN GOSS. 1800-1880.



2 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is My Son; O hear ye Him!"
Amen.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY, 1870, *alt.*
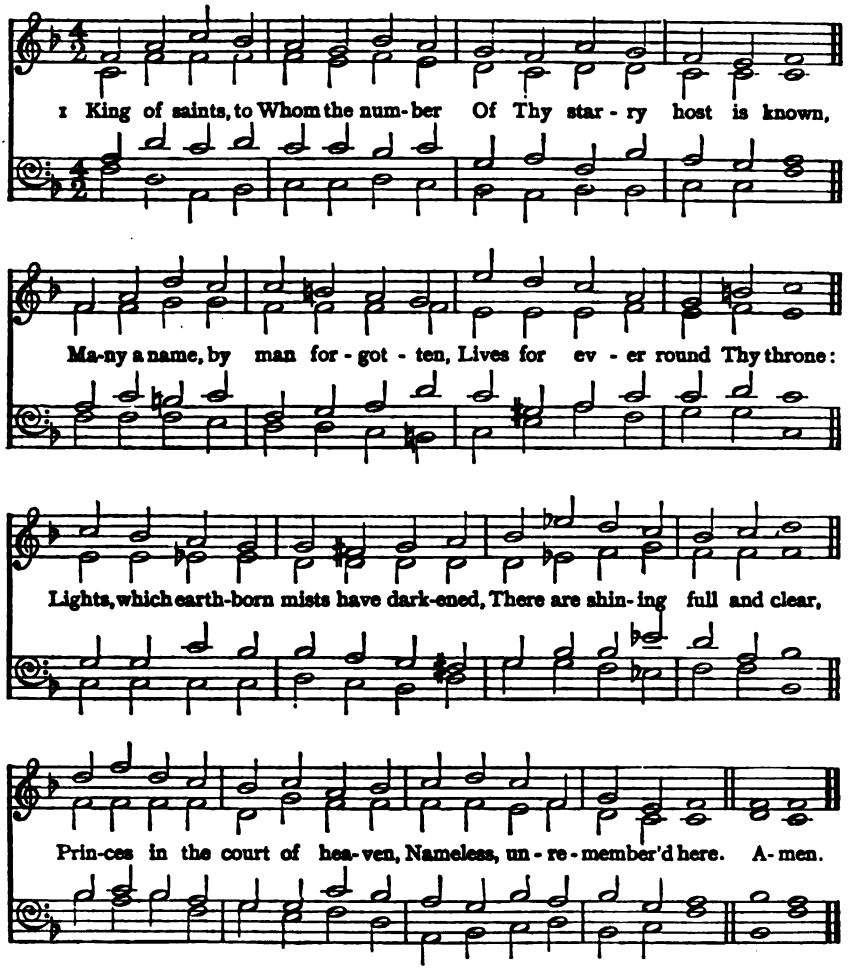


Original Key, C.

287 Holy Days.

St. Bartholomew.

Iona. 8.7.8.7.D. John Stainer, 1868.



2

In the roll of Thine Apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord;

3

None can tell us: all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife:
There are told Thy hidden treasures;
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem. Amen.
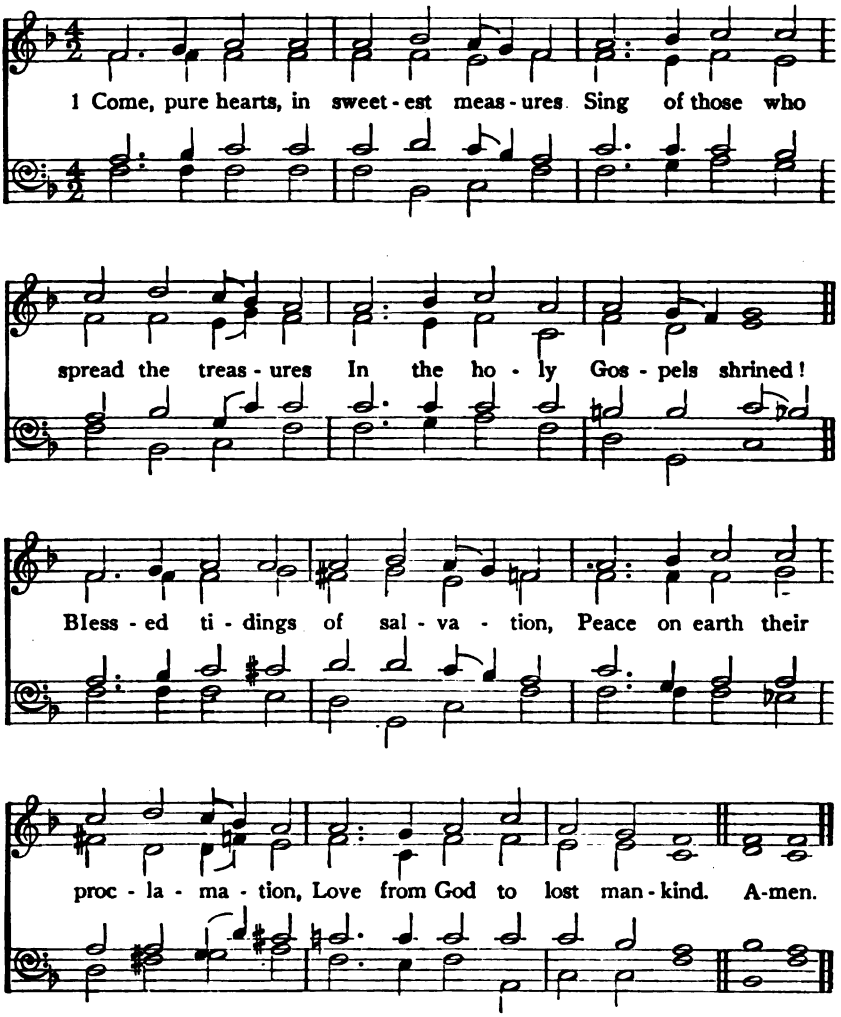
John Ellerton, 1871.

288

Holy Days.

ST. MATTHEW.

LAUDA SION. 8.8.7.8.8.7. GERARD F. COBB, 1838-1904.



2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.
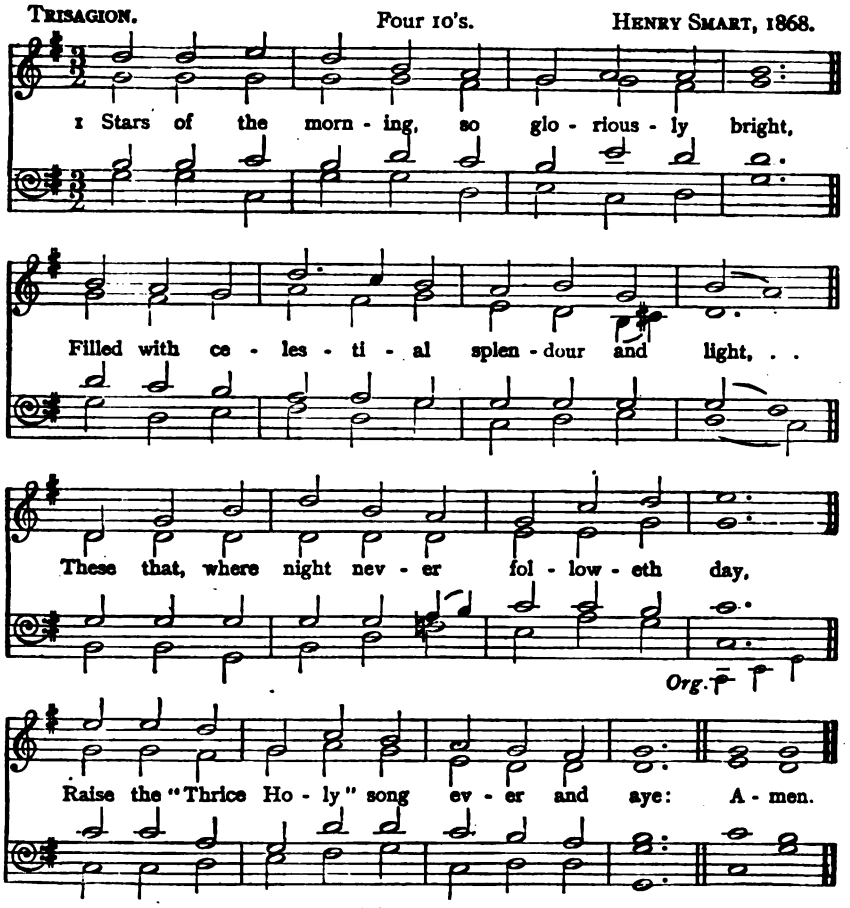
3 O that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore!
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

Latin, cento; Tr. ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1850.

289 Holy Days.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

TRISAGION. Four 10's. HENRY SMART, 1868.



2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.
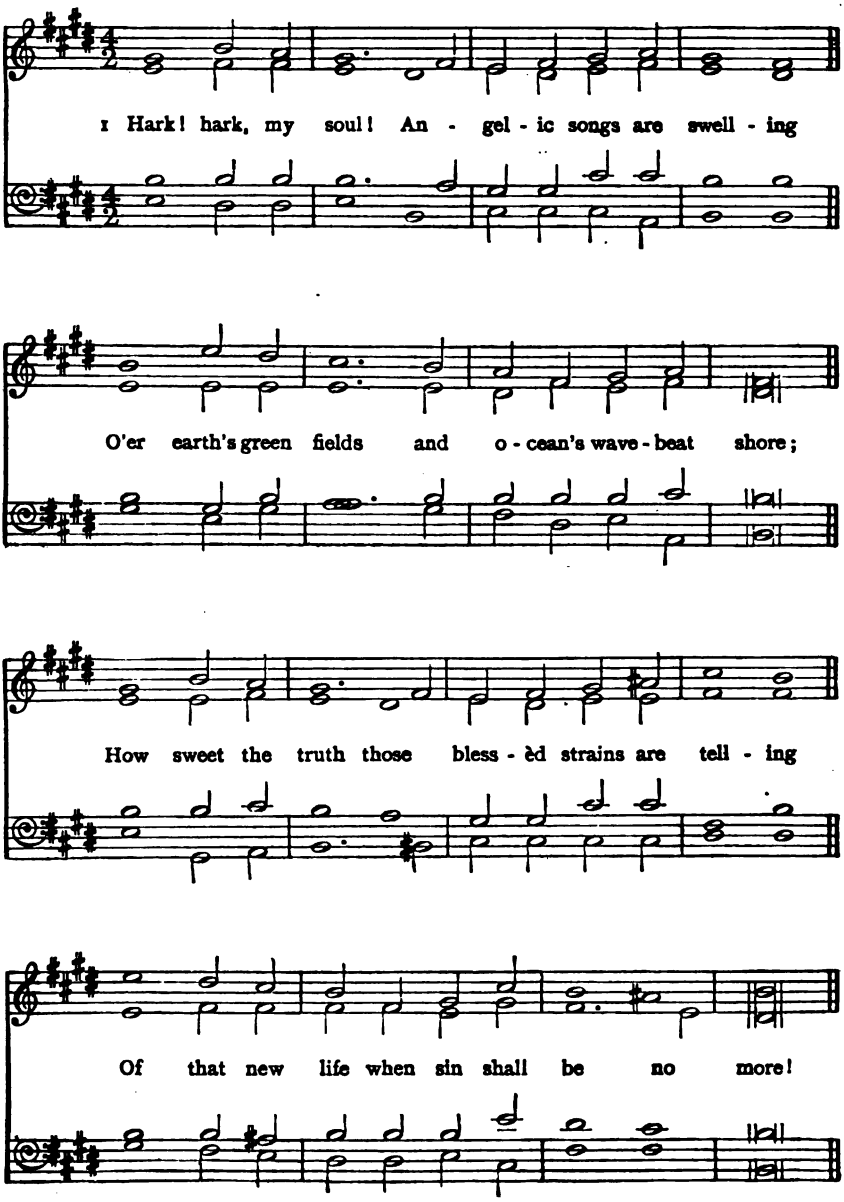
3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, principalities, virtues, and powers,
Where, with the living ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, seraphim bow and adore.
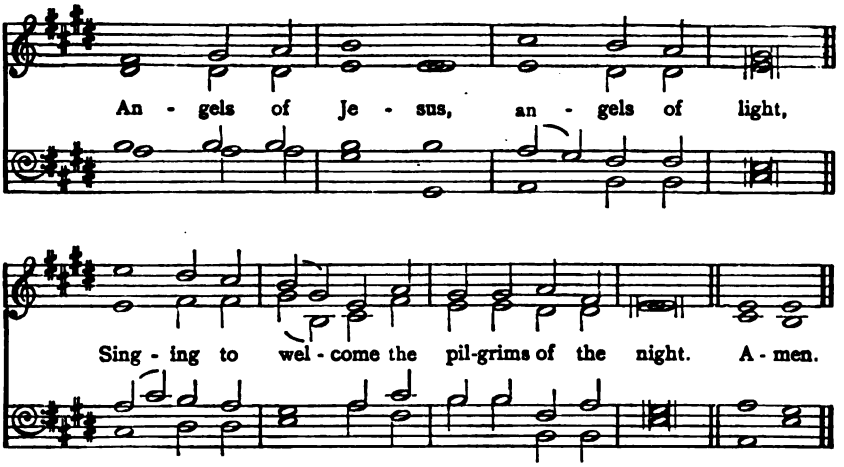
4 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore. Amen.

ST. JOSEPH THE HYMNOGRAPHER, 850; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

290 Holy Days.

PILGRIMS (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11. HENRY SMART, 1868.





2

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
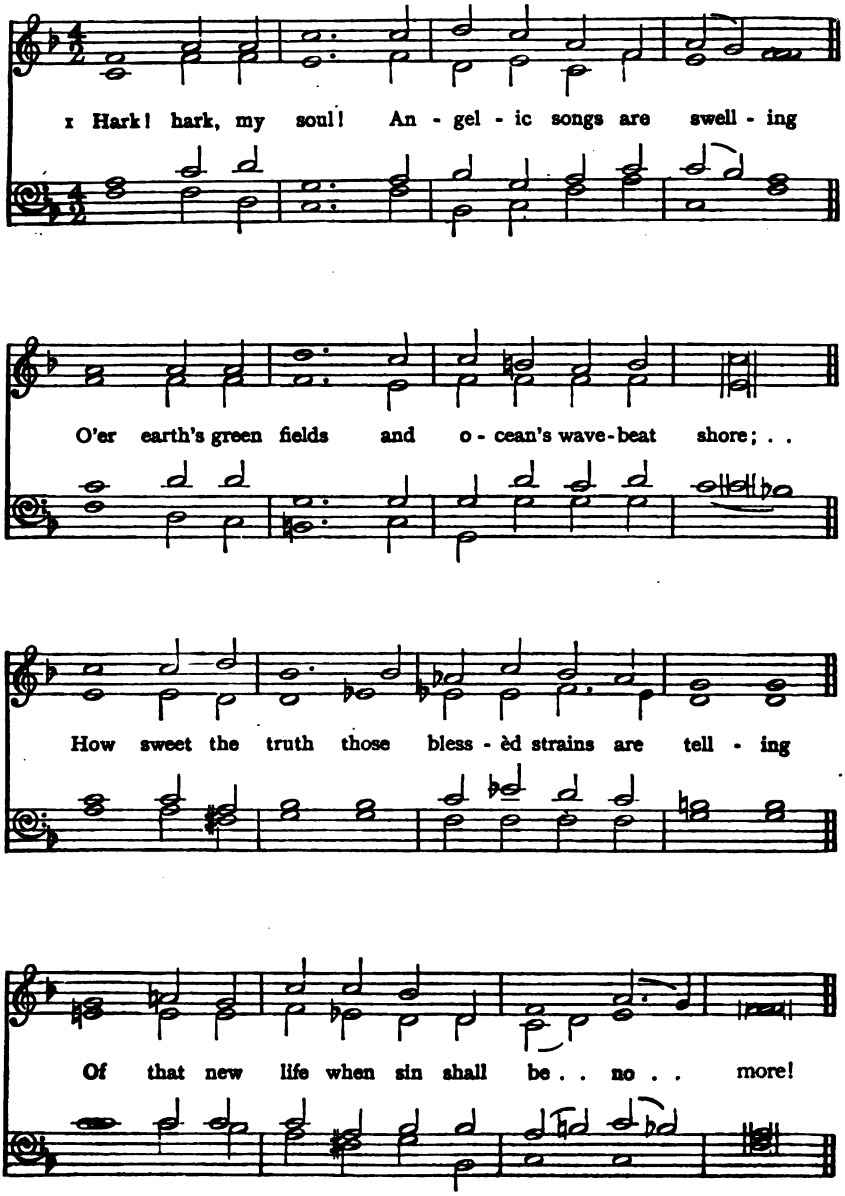
5

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
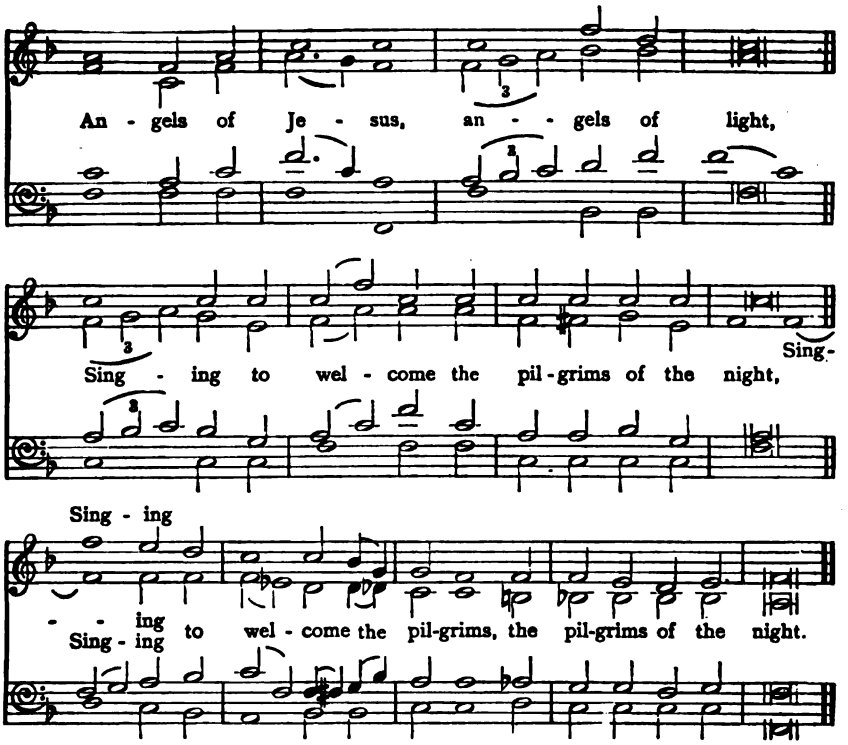
FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854, *alt.*

290 Holy Days.

VOX ANGELICA (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11 JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



Holy Days.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
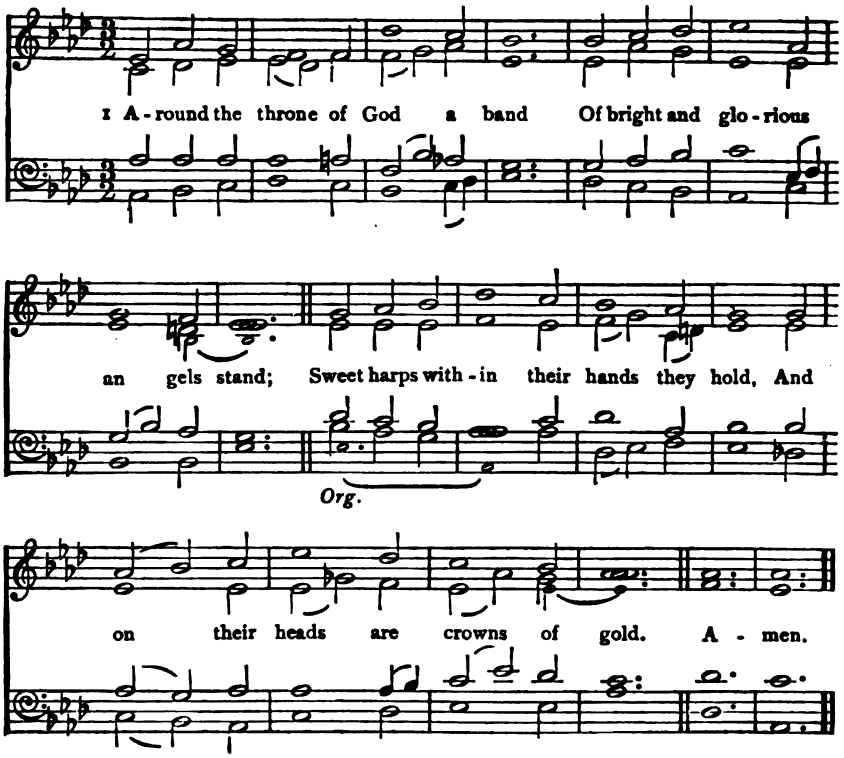
5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.



FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854, *alt.*

291 Holy Days.

ABENDS. L.M. HERBERT S. OAKELEY, 1874.



2 Some wait around Him ready still
To sing His praise and do His will,
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

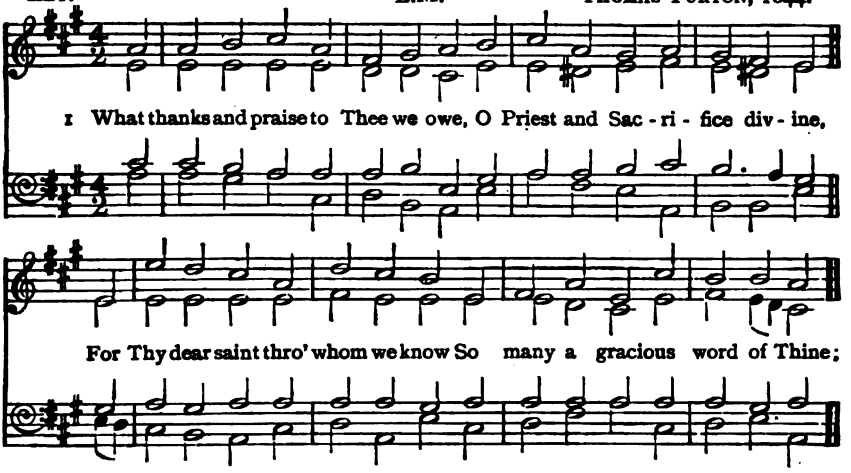
4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last. Amen.

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1842, *alt.*

292

ST. LUKE.

ELY. L.M. THOMAS TURTON, 1844.
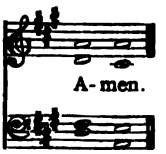


2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

3 And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

5 The witness of the Saviour's life,
The great apostle's chosen friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end.

6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.



WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN, 1873.

Also the following:

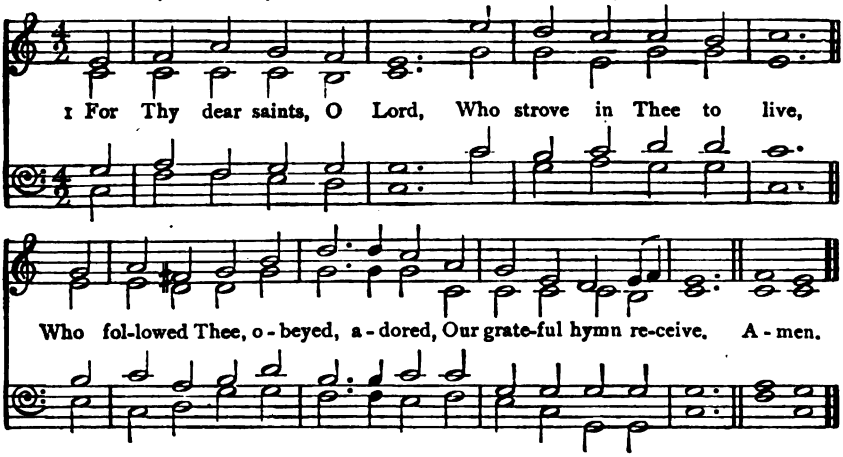
288 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures

Holy Days.

293

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

ST. GEORGE (*First Tune*). S.M. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

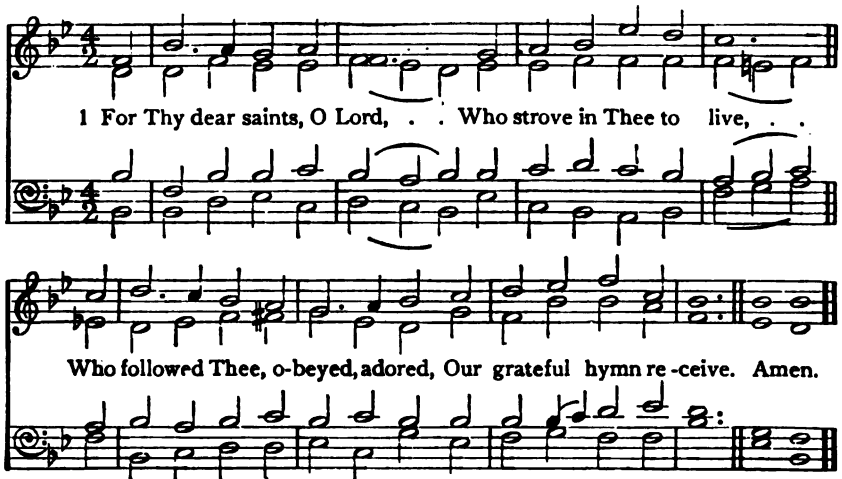
3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee. Amen.

293

RICHARD MANT, 1837, *alt.*

MINTO (*Second Tune*). S.M. GEORGE C. CROOK, 1918.
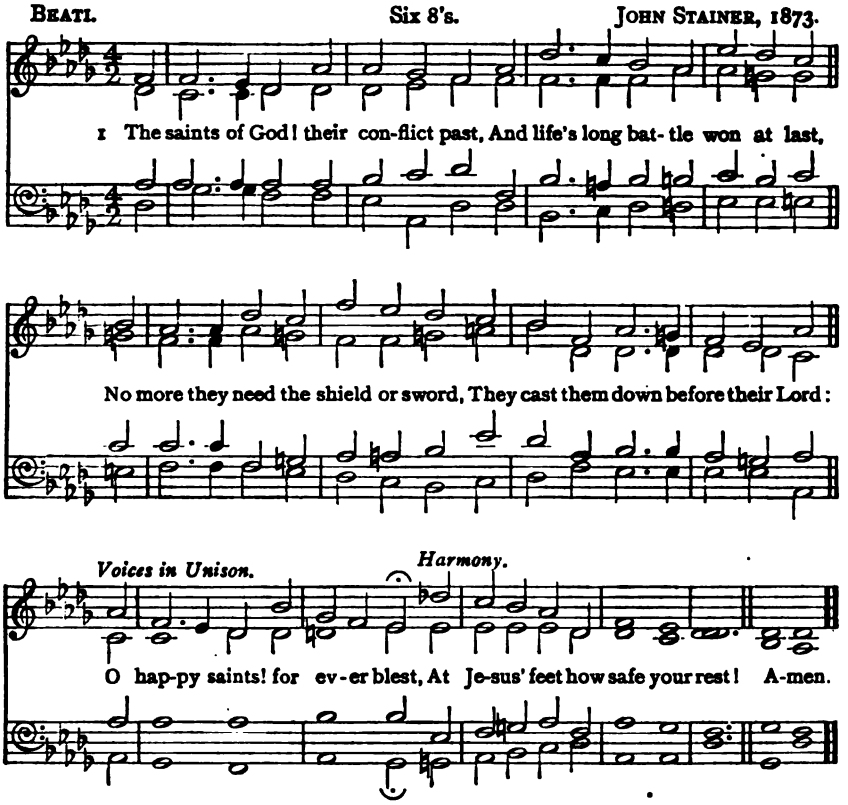


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294 Holy Days.

All Saints.

BEATI. Six 8's. JOHN STAINER, 1873.



2

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

3

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

4

The saints of God their vigil keep,
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!
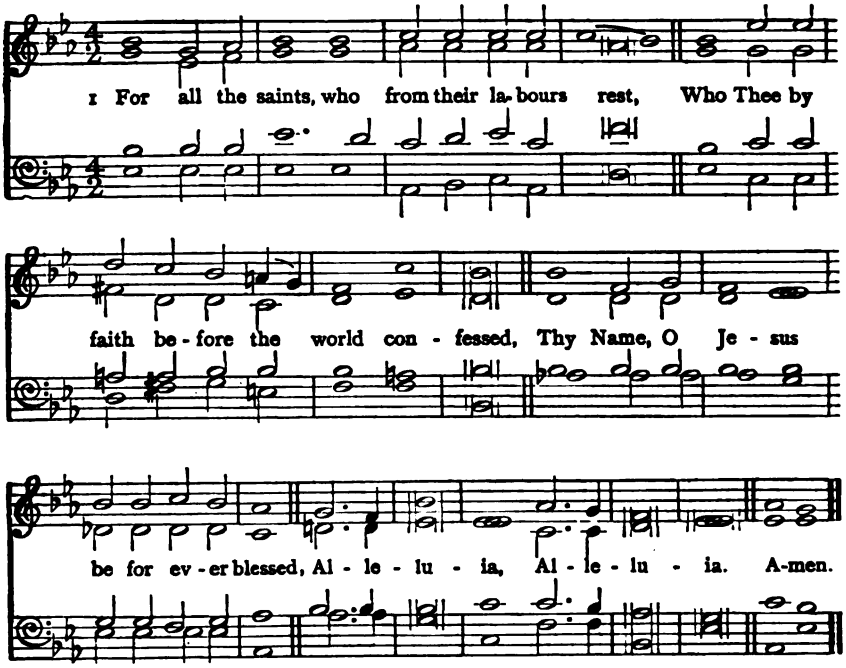
5

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

WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN, 1870.

295 Holy Days.

SARUM. 10.10.10.4. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.
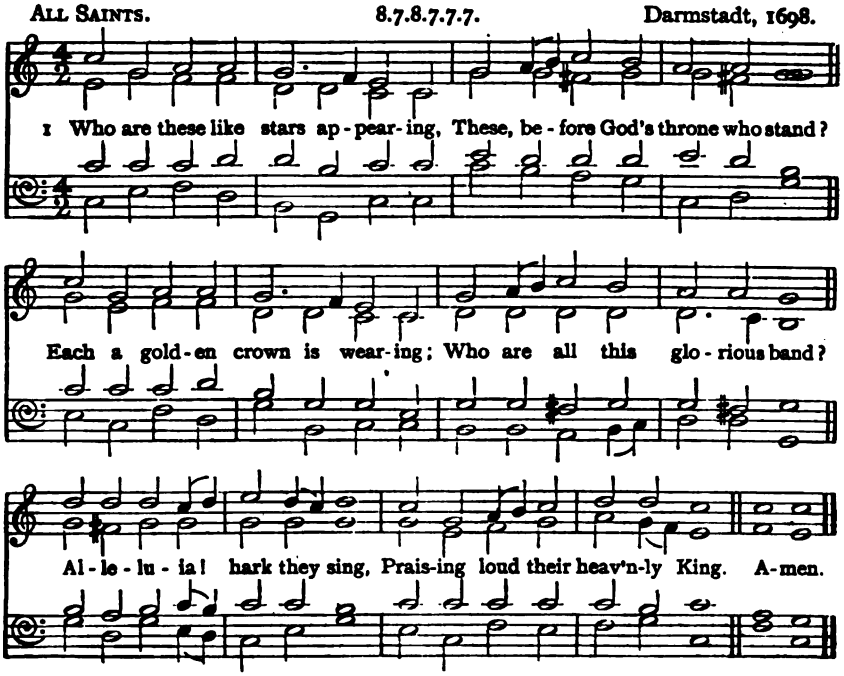
6 The golden evening brightens in the west; [rest;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; [array;
The saints triumphant rise in bright
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia! Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1864.

ALL SAINTS. 8.7.8.7.7.7. Darmstadt, 1698.



2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose luster ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?
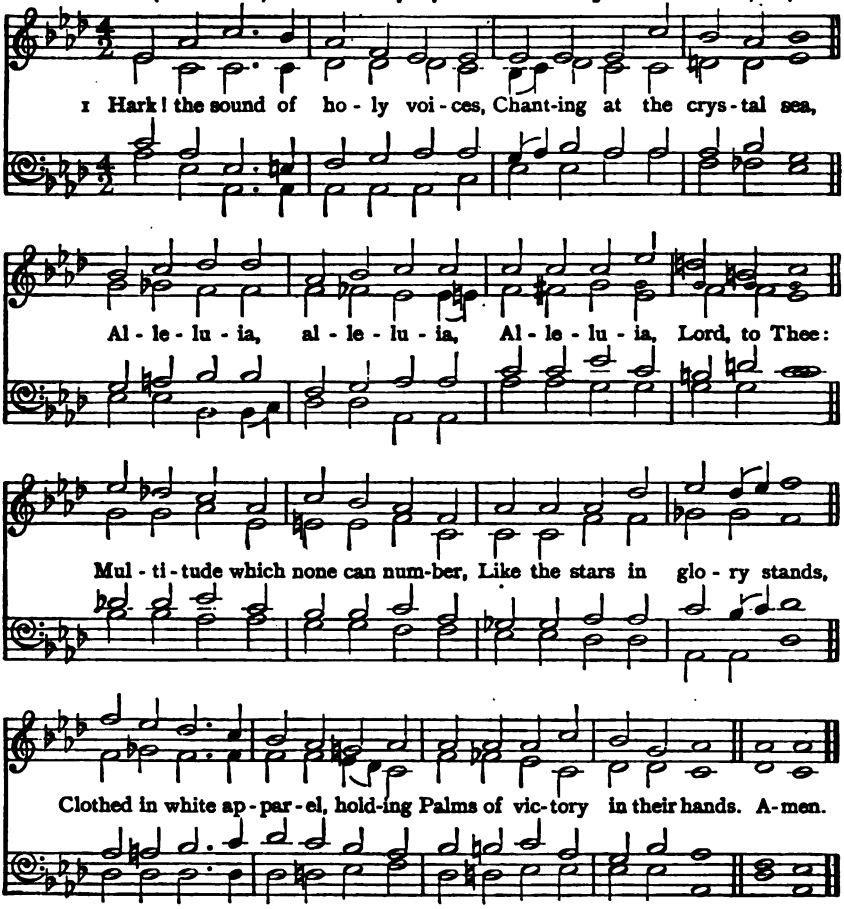
3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 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.

5 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

HEINRICH T. SCHENCK, 1719; *Tr.* FRANCES E. COX, 1841; *rev.* 1864.

SANCTUARY (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. JOHN B. DYKES, 1871.



2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
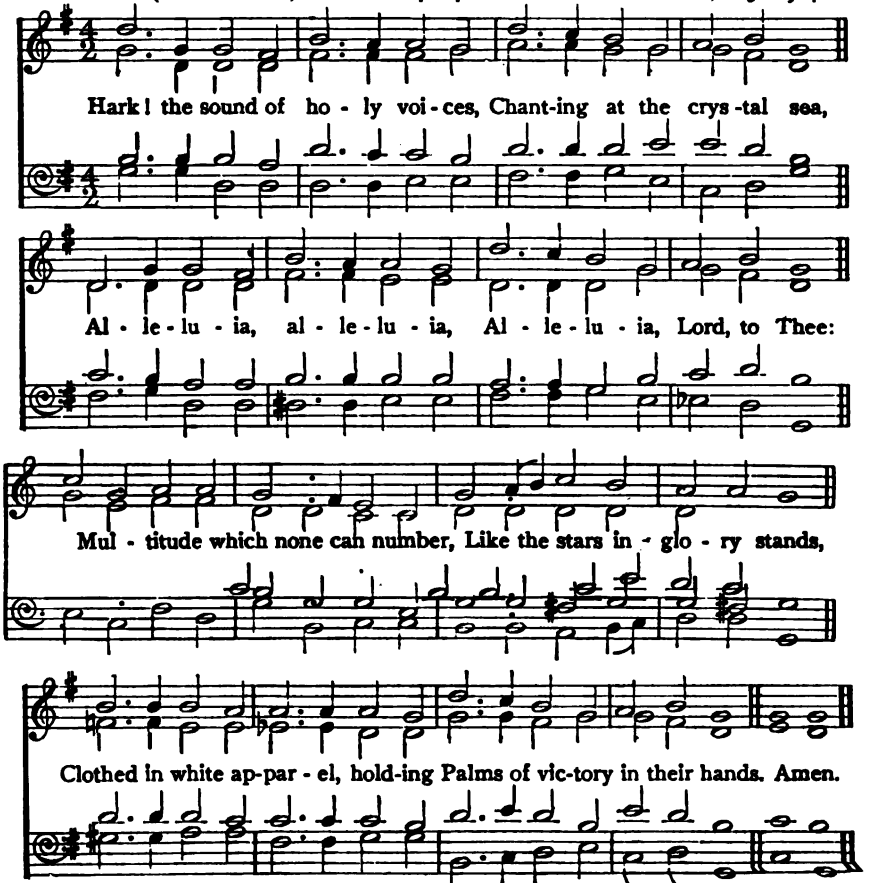
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.
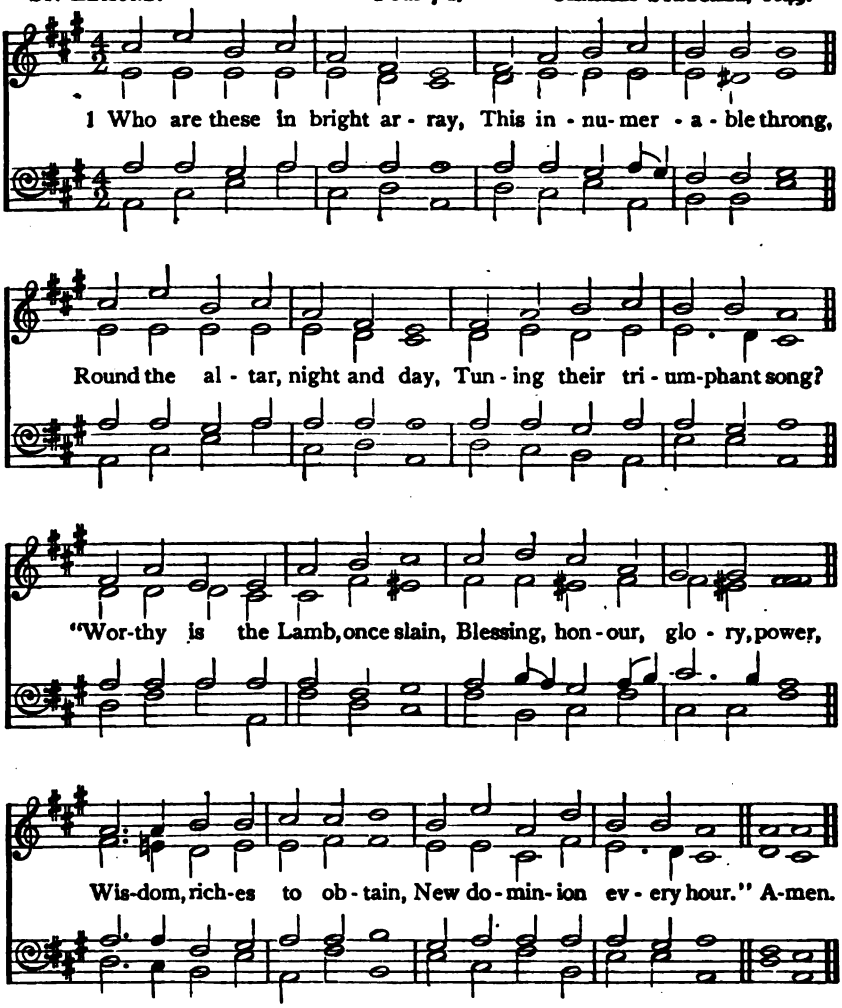
297

MOULTRIE (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.D. GERARD F. COBB, 1838-1904.



298 Holy Days.

ST. EDMUND. Four 7's. CHARLES STEGGALL, 1849.
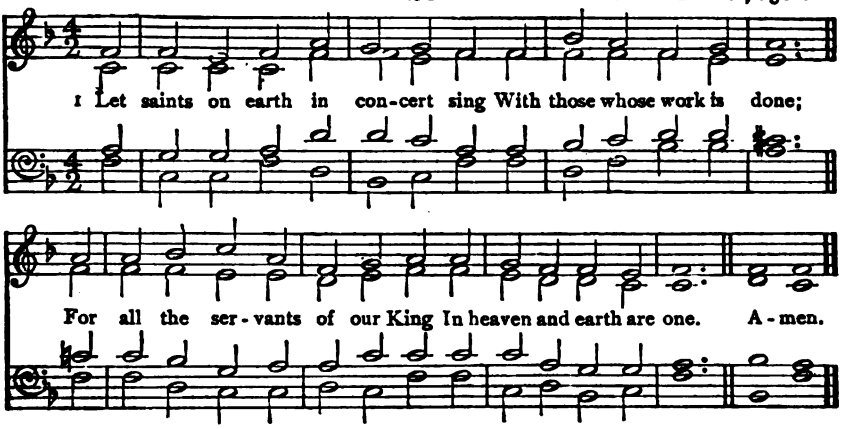


2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, *alt.*

299 Holy Days.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

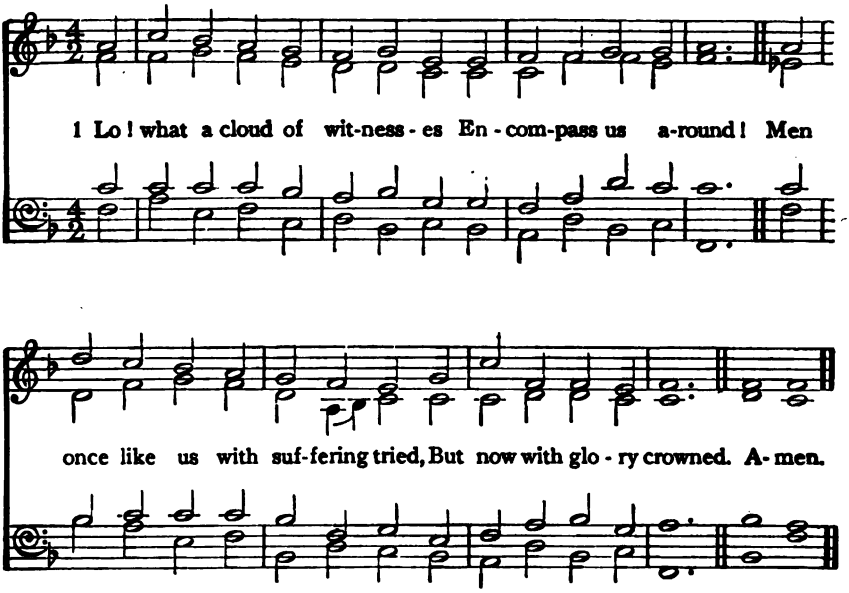
4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759.

300 Holy Days.

ALBANO. C.M. VINCENT NOVELLO, 1800.



2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.
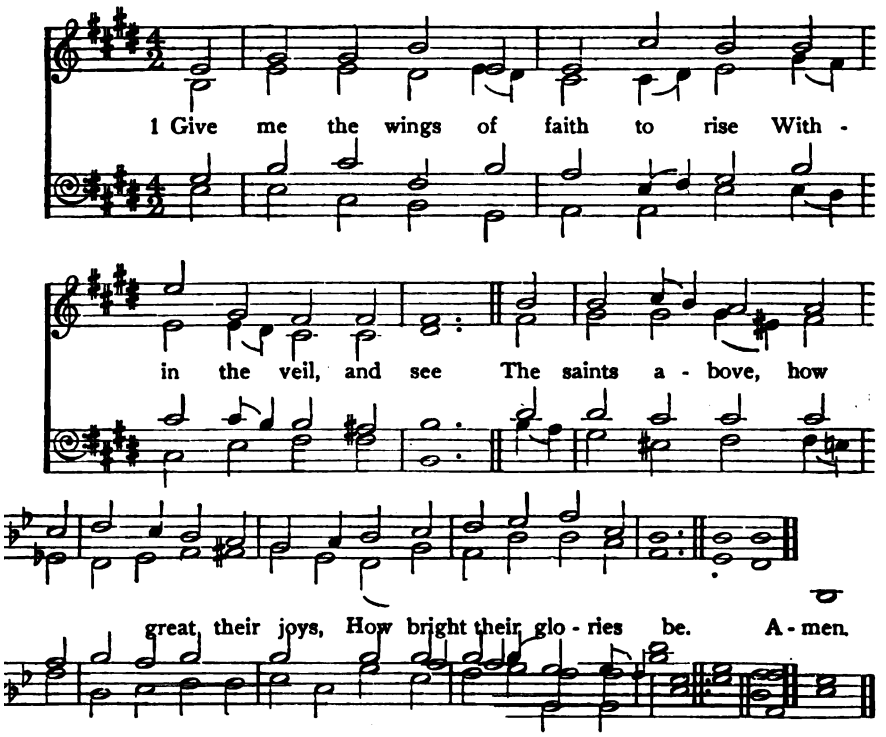
5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Scotch Paraphrase, 1745.

Holy Days.

301

SOUTHWELL. C.M. HERBERT S. IRONS, 1861.



2 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.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
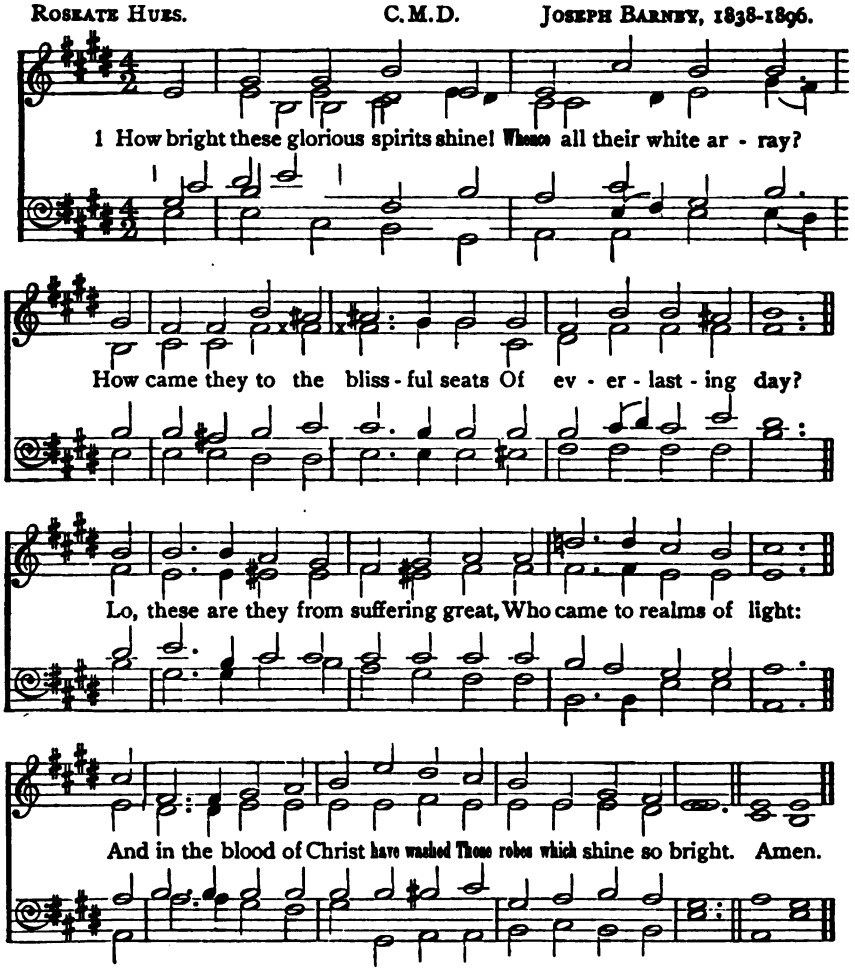
4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

302 Holy Days.

ROSEATE HUES. C.M.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.



2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707 *and* WILLIAM CAMERON, 1781.

Also the following:

85 The Son of God goes forth to war

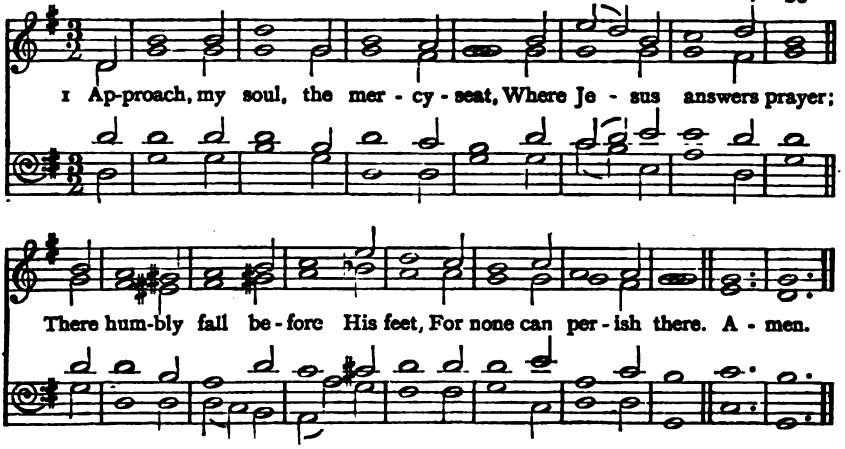
III.—SACRAMENTS AND RITES.

Holy Communion.

INTROITS.

303 *To be sung with the appropriate doxology.*

SPOHR. C.M. ARR. from LOUIS SPOHR, 1835.



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!
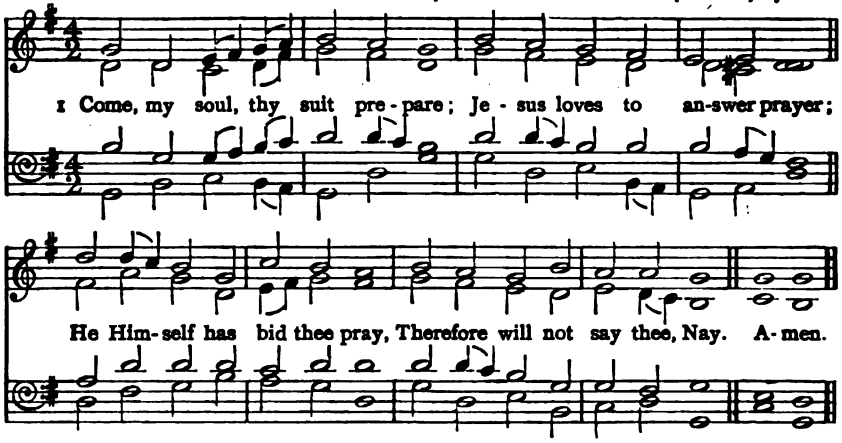
5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

DOXOLOGY.

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

BRASTED. Four 7's. GEORG P. WEIMAR, 1780.



2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.
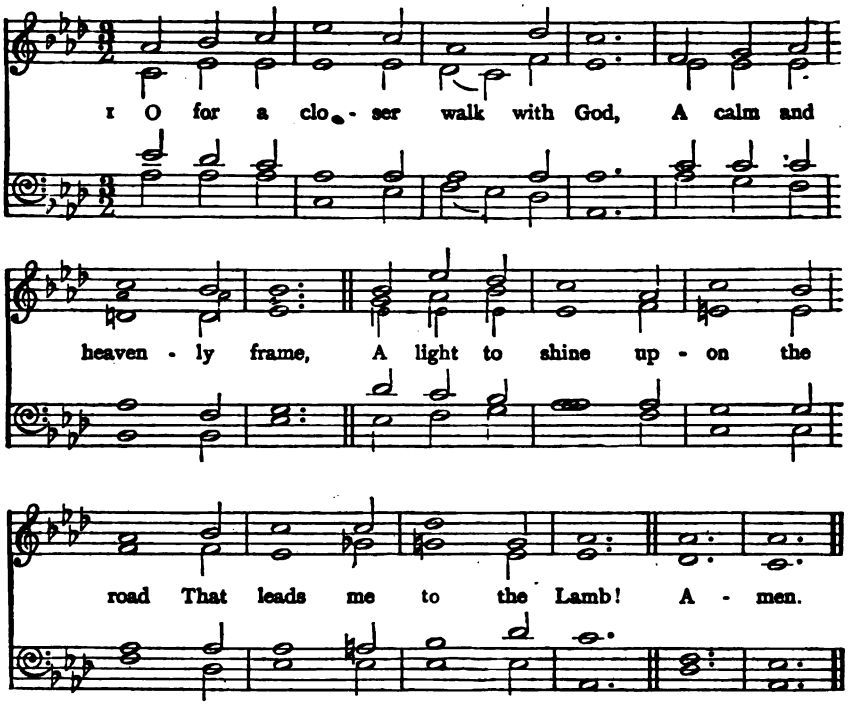
JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

DOXOLOGY.

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

305

BEATITUDO. C.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 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.
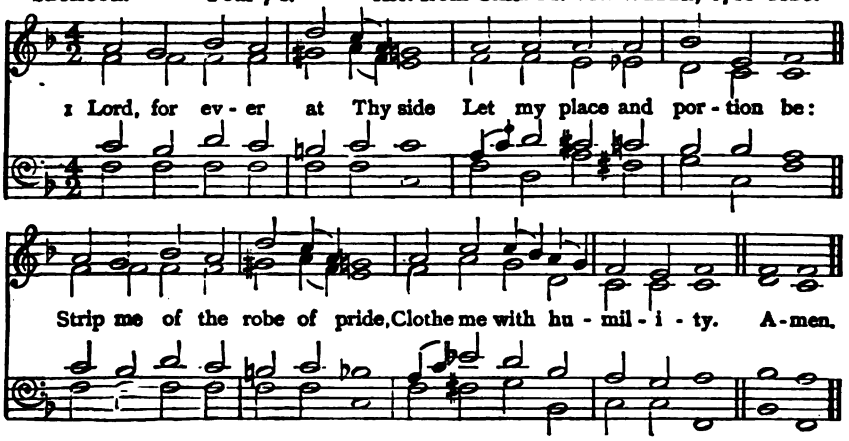
WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

DOXOLOGY.

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

306

SEYMOUR. Four 7's. Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER, 1786–1826.



2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.
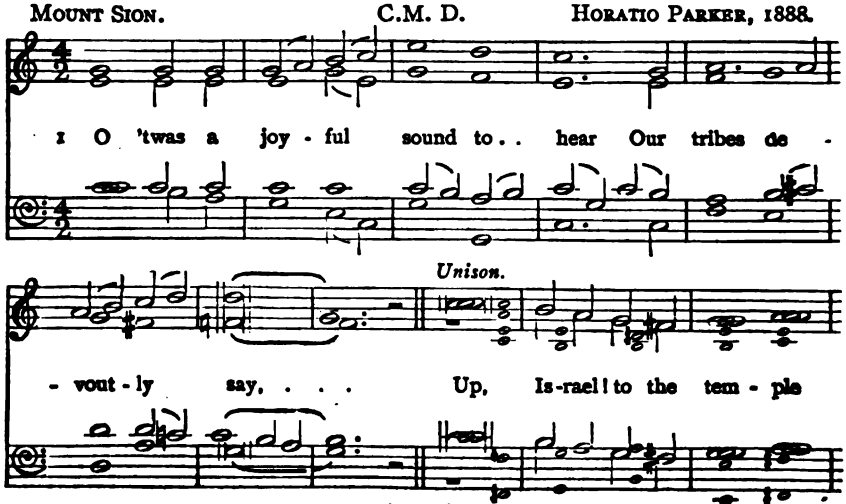
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822; *Psalm 131*

DOXOLOGY.
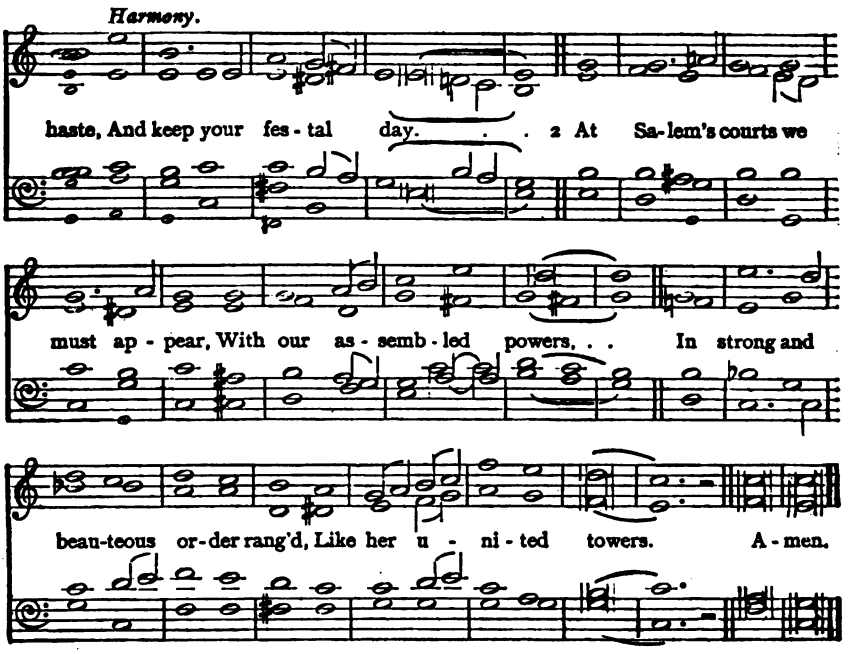
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

307

MOUNT SION. C.M. D. HORATIO PARKER, 1888.



Introits.



3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
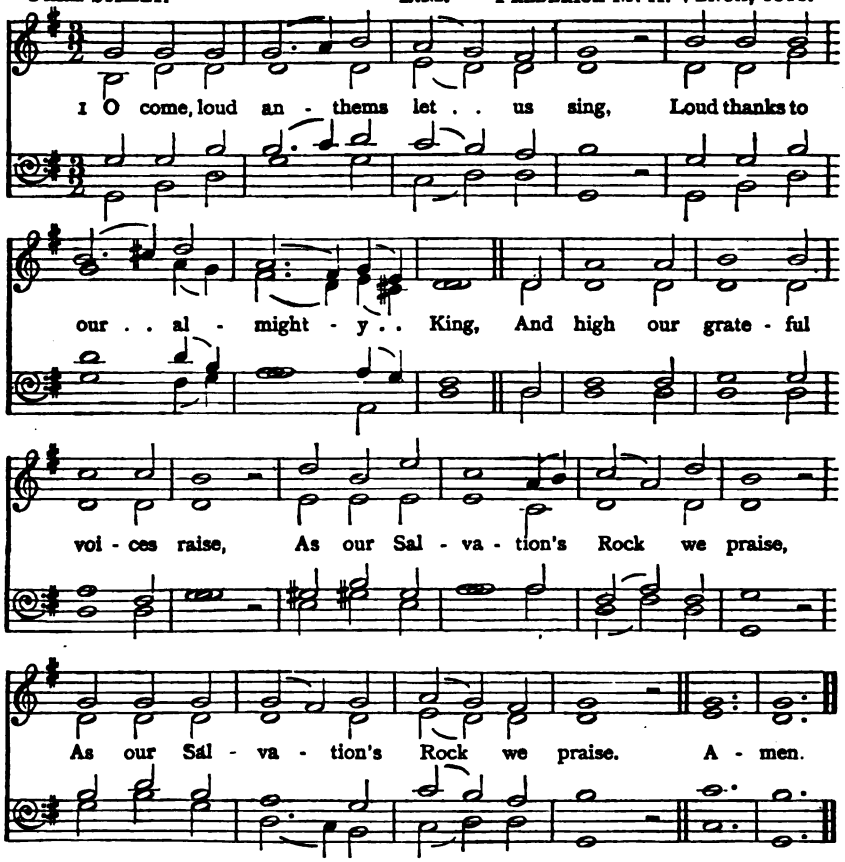
4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

TATE AND BRADY, 1698; *Psalm 122.*

PARK STREET. L.M. FREDERICK M. A. VENUA, 1810.



2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.
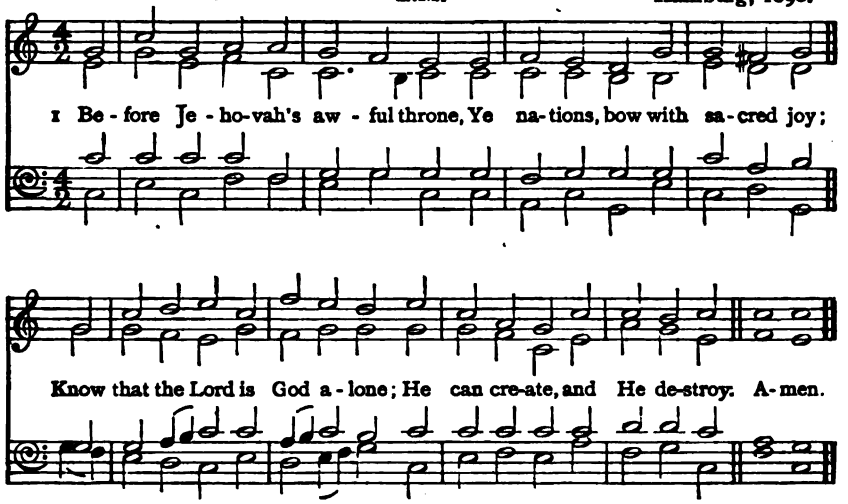
3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivaled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

TATE AND BRADY, 1698, *alt.; Psalm 95.*

Doxology as at number 309.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. Hamburg, 1690.



2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

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

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
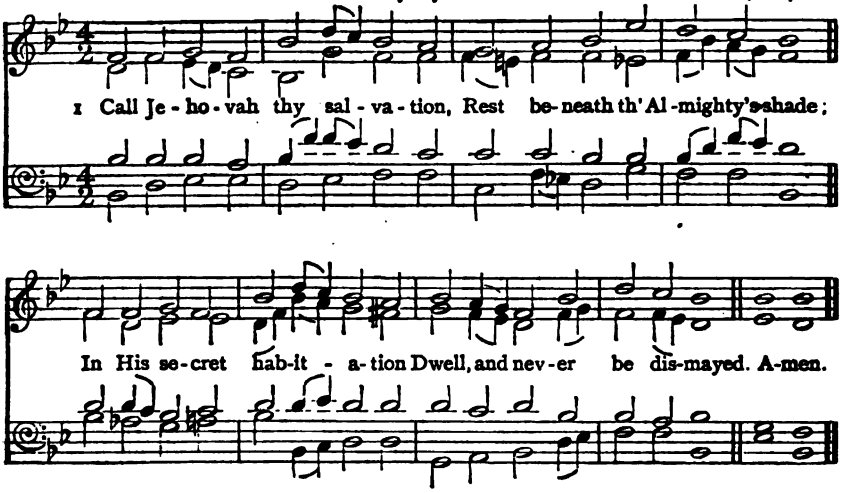
ISAAC WATTS, 1719; *arr.* JOHN WESLEY; *Psalm 100.*

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

310

TRUST. 8.7.8.7. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1840.



2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.
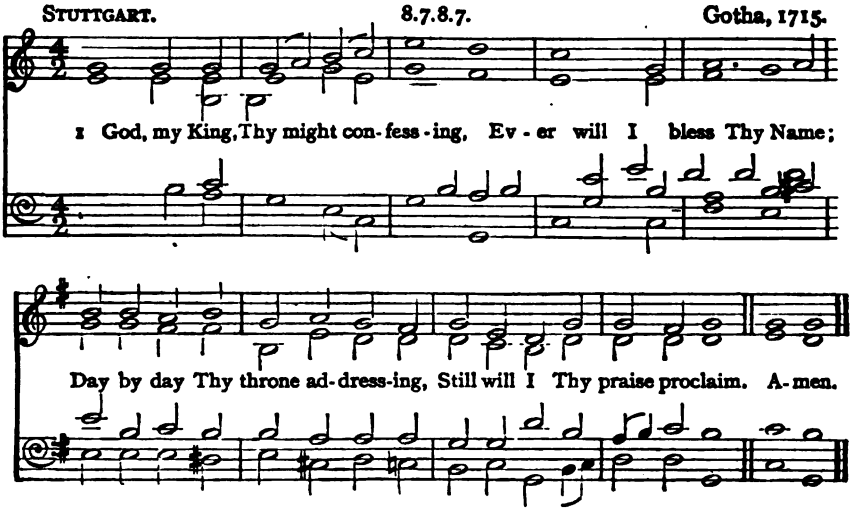
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822; *Psalm 91.*

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

311

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. Gotha, 1715.



2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

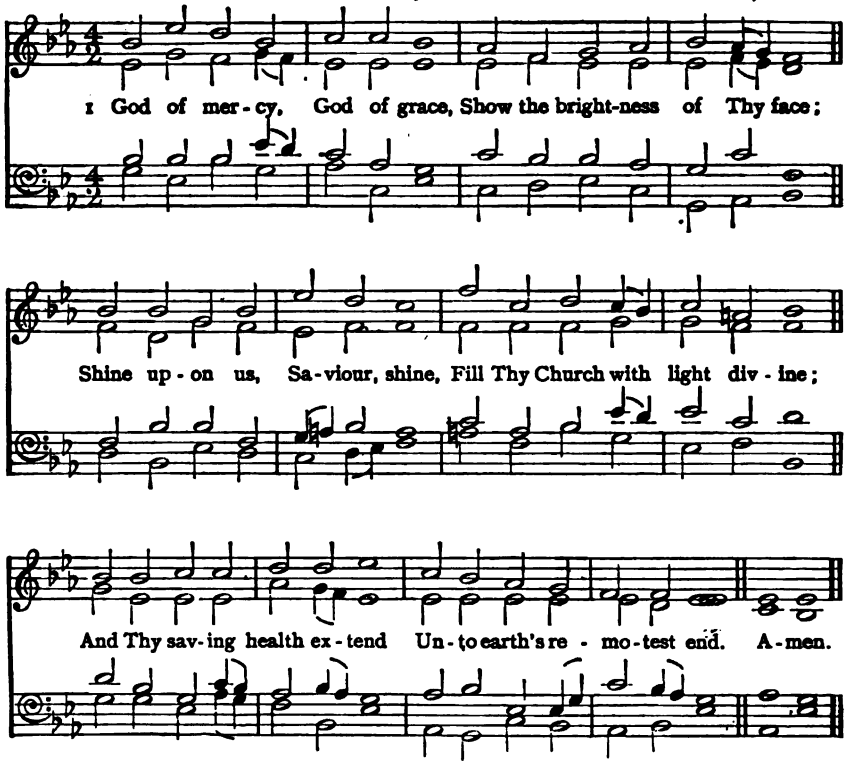
6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

RICHARD MANT, 1824; *Psalm 145.*

Doxology as at Number 310.

312

HEATHLANDS. Six 7's. HENRY SMART, 1866.



2 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.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessings give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.
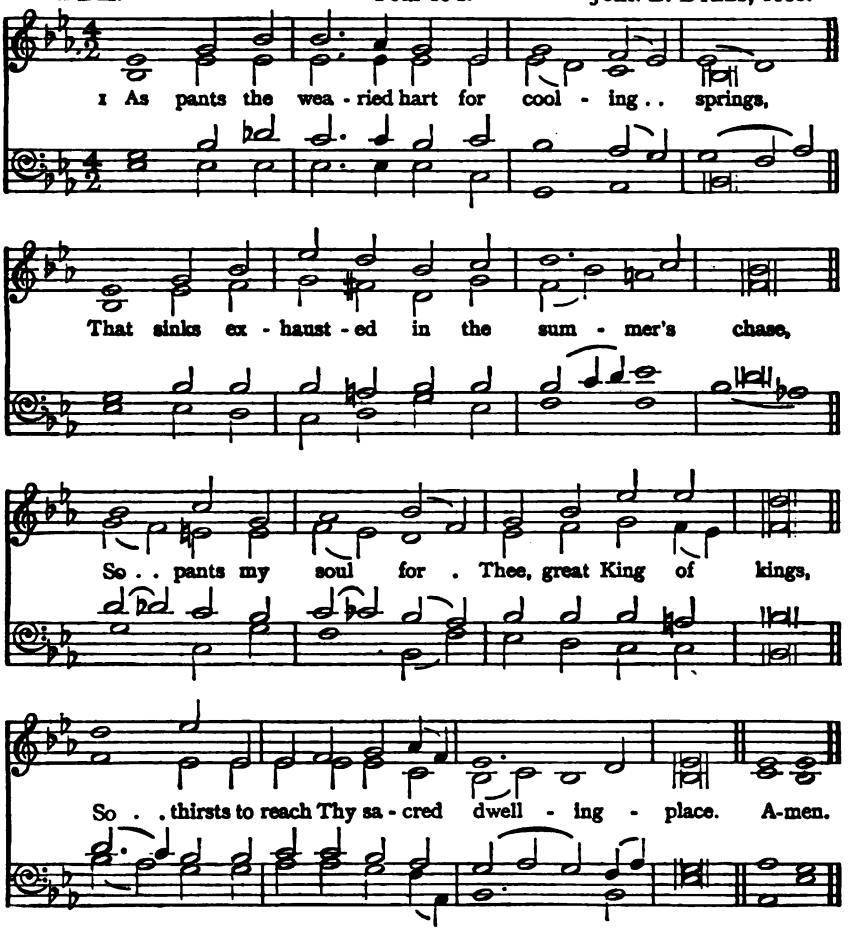
HENRY F. LYTE, 1834; *Psalm 67.*

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

313

PAX DEI. Four 10's. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.
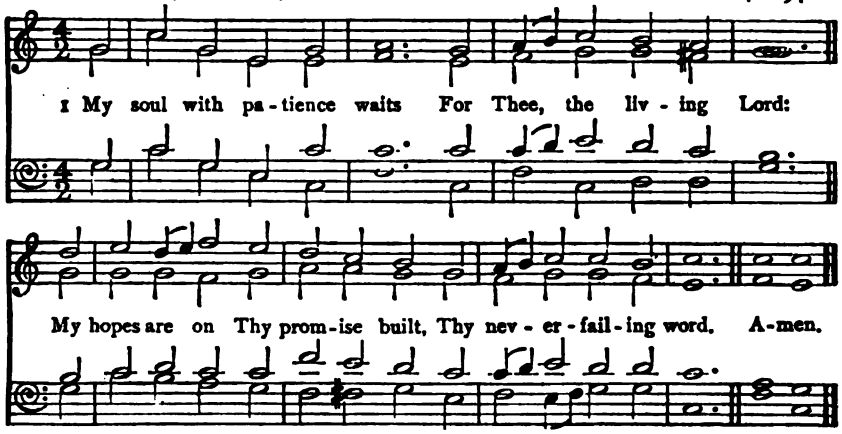


2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love. Amen.

Psalm 42; Latin version by
ROBERT LOWTH, 1753; *Tr.* GEORGE GREGORY, 1787.

314

FESTAL SONG (*First Tune*). S.M. WILLIAM H. WALTER, 1894.



2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows;
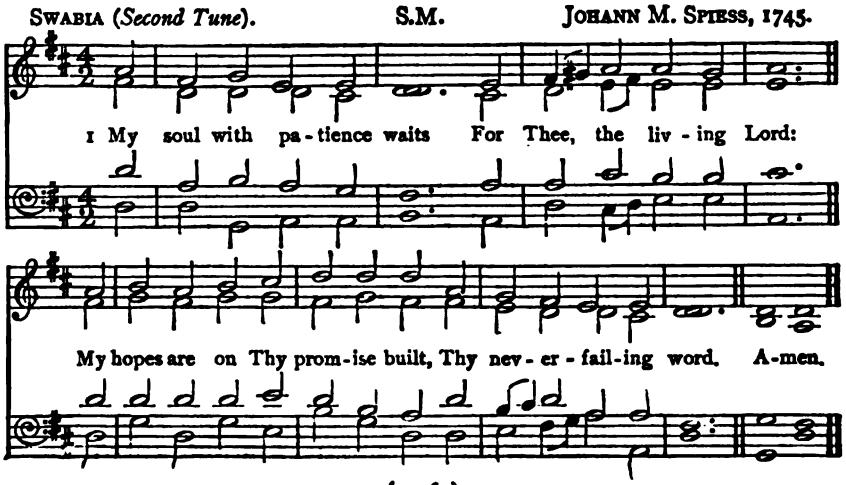
4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

TATE AND BRADY, 1698; *Psalm 130.*

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.
Amen.
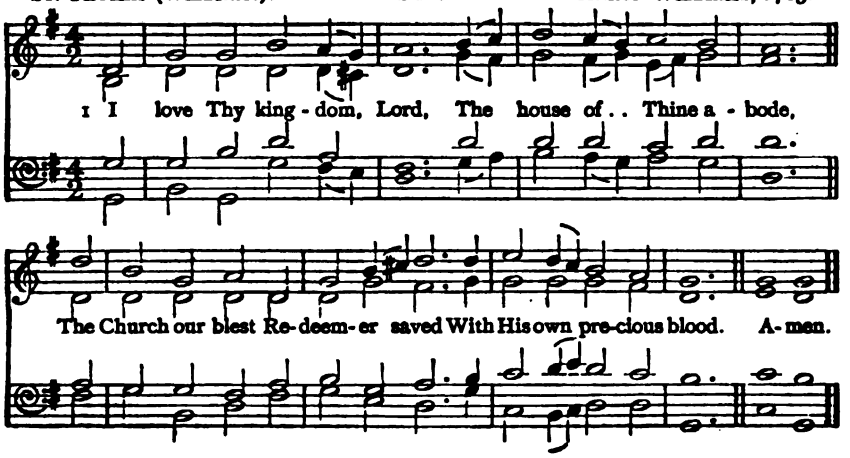
314

SWABIA (*Second Tune*). S.M. JOHANN M. SPIESS, 1745.



315

ST. THOMAS (WILLIAMS). S.M. AARON WILLIAMS, 1763.



2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

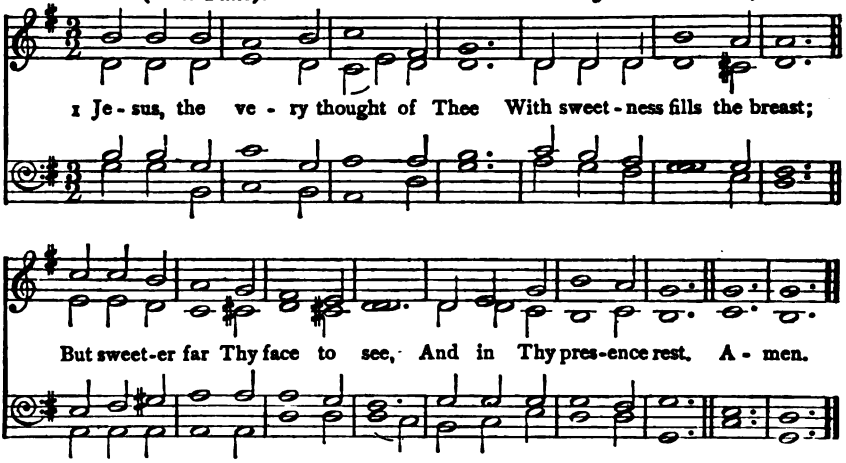
5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

ST. AGNES (*First Tune*). C.M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

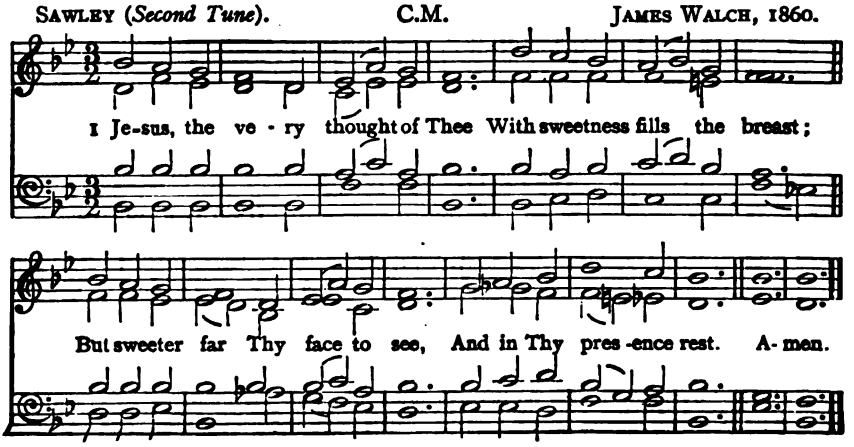
ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153; *Tr.* EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, *alt.*

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.
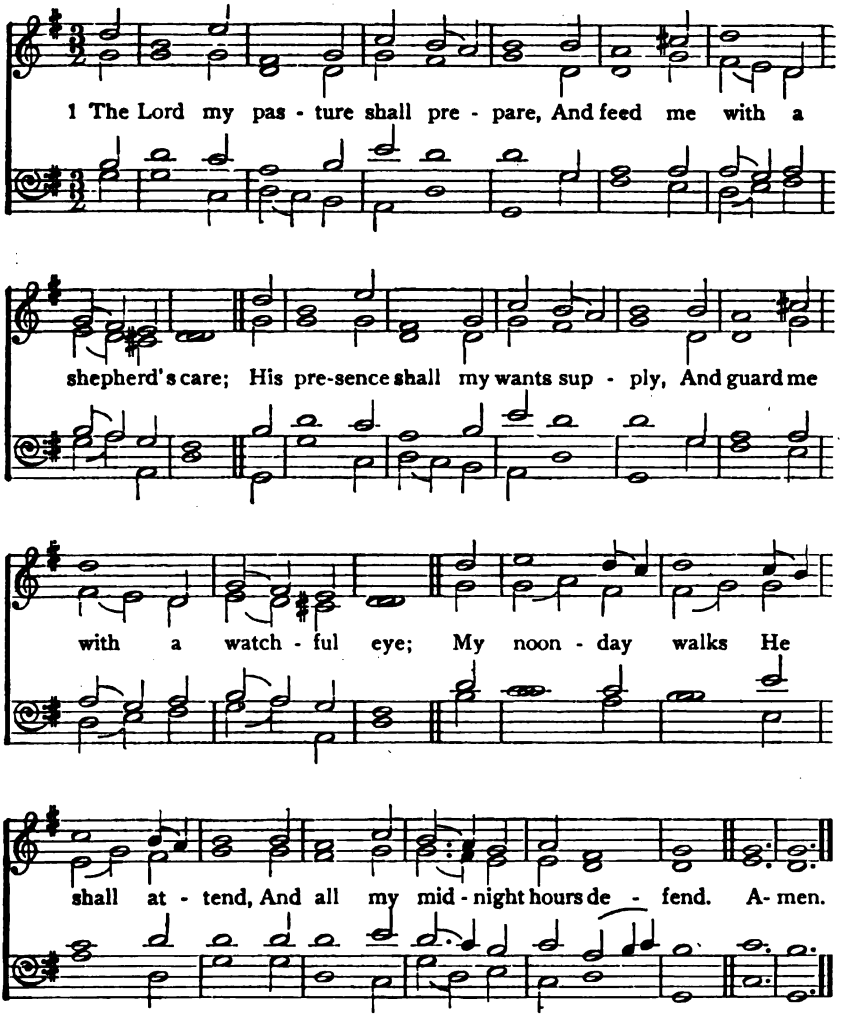
316

SAWLEY (*Second Tune*). C.M. JAMES WALCH, 1860.



317

CAREY. Six 8's. HENRY CAREY, 1723.
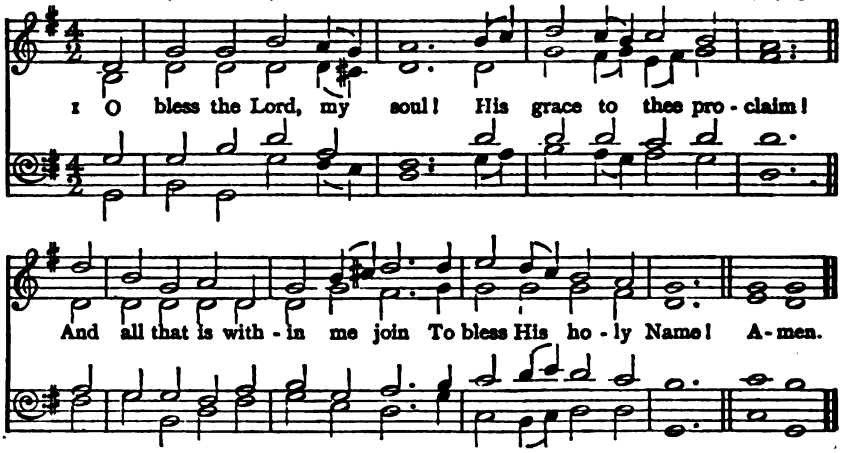


2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade. Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. Psalm 23.

318

ST. THOMAS (WILLIAMS). S.M. AARON WILLIAMS, 1763.



2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
O bless the Lord, my soul!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819; *Psalm 103.*

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

Also the following:
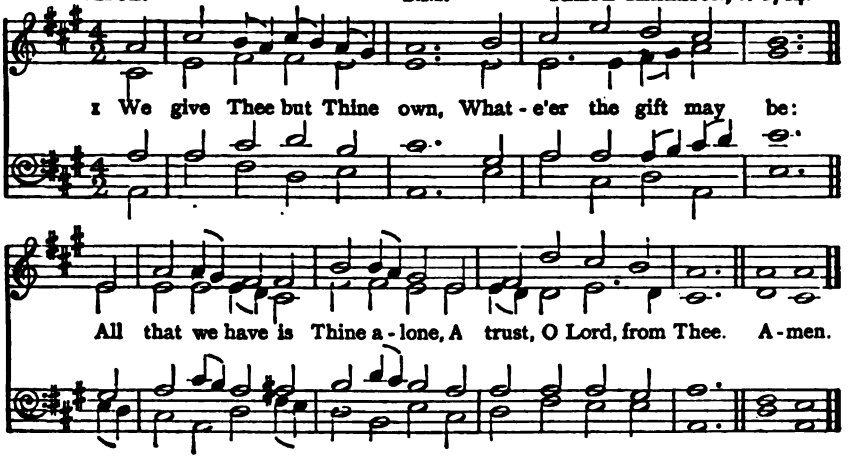
42 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah
119 O Thou to Whose all-searching sight
237 When all Thy mercies, O my God
252 The spacious firmament on high
254 How wondrous and great
445 O God, our help in ages past
446 O God of Bethel
465 We love the place, O God
467 Pleasant are Thy courts above
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
487 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake
489 Blest be the tie that binds

Offertory.

319

THE OFFERTORY.

CAMBRIDGE. S.M. RALPH HARRISON, *c.* 1784.



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the Fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.
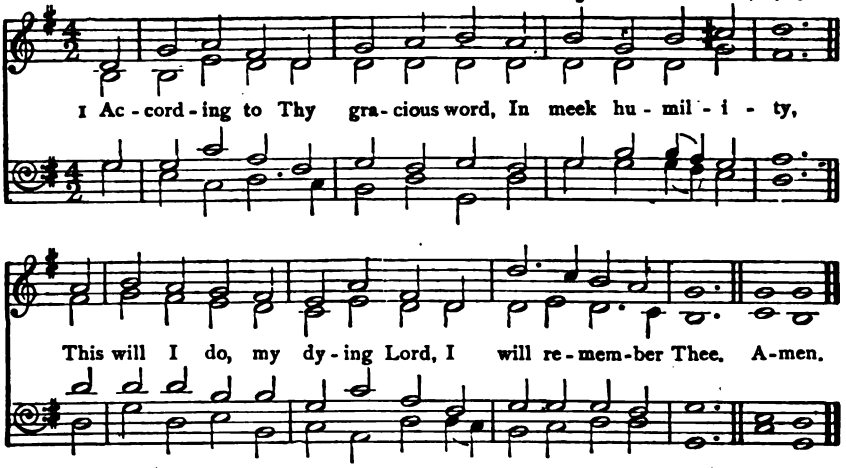
W. WALSHAM HOW, 1823.

Holy Communion.

320

THE COMMUNION.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1709.



2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, Thy precious Blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

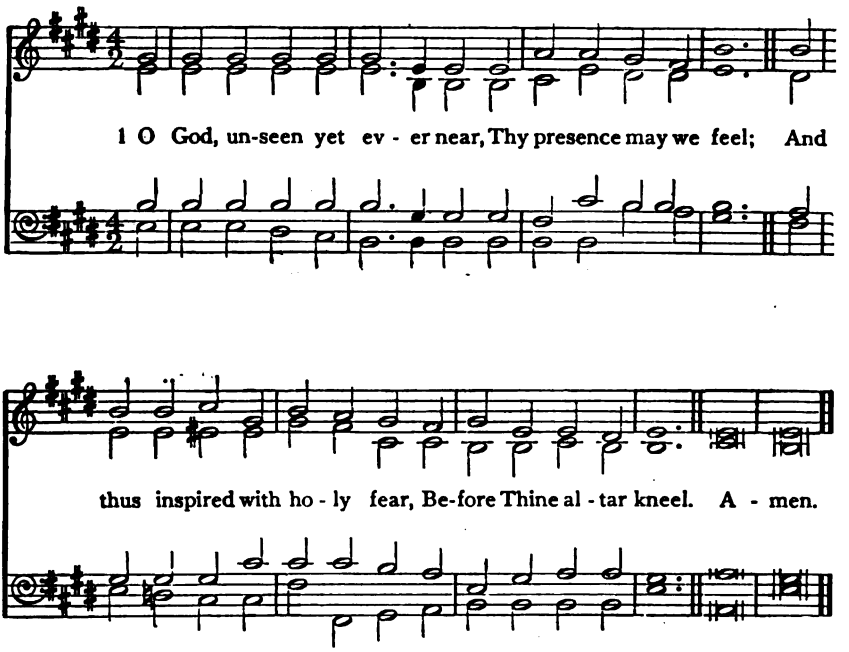
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

321 Holy Communion.

MEDITATION. C.M. JOHN H. GOWER, 1890.



2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.
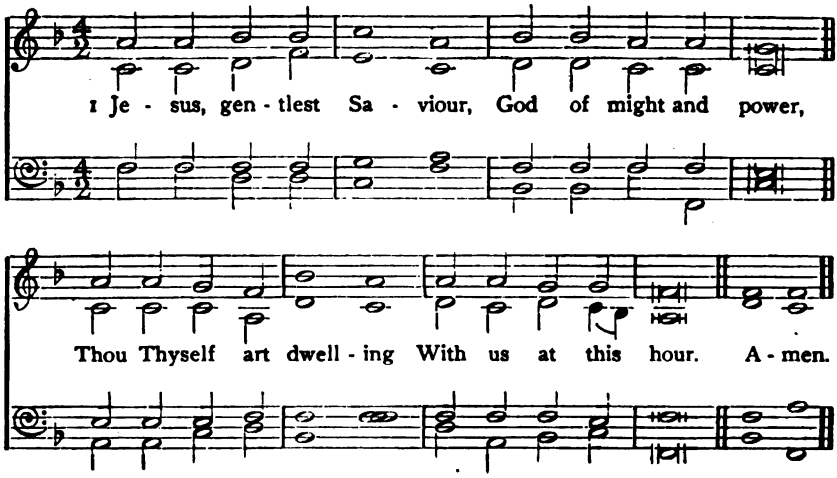
3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836, *alt.*

322

EUDOXIA. 6.5.6.5. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1868.



2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

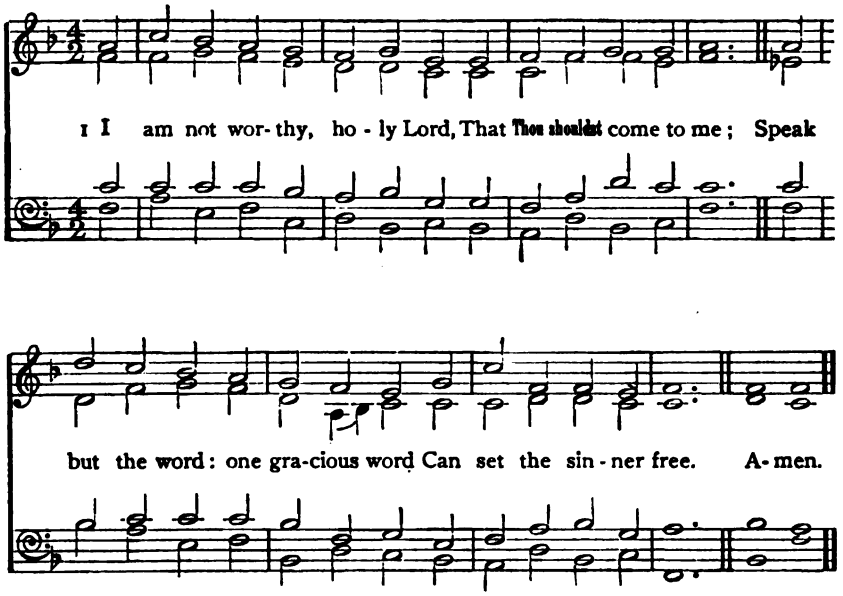
7 O how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss? Amen.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1854, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, CASWALL, *No.* 162.

323 Holy Communion.

ALBANO. C.M. VINCENT NOVELLO, 1800.



2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

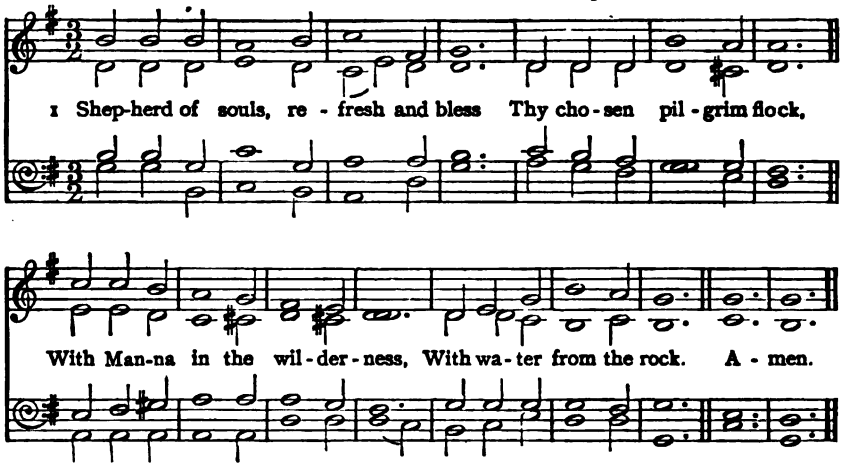
3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom price to pay?

4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1875.

324 Holy Communion.

St. Agnes. C.M. John B. Dykes, 1866.



2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by Thy word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

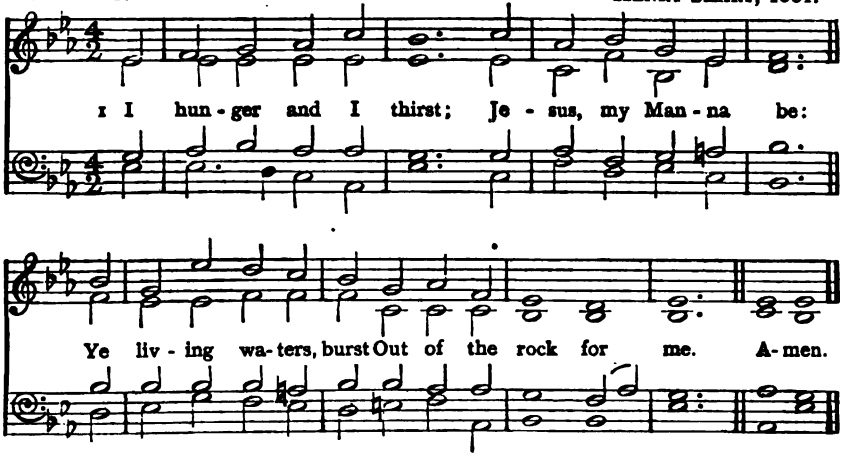
4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy Body and Thy Blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

James Montgomery, 1825, *alt., cento.*

325 Holy Communion.

MOSELEY. Four 6's. HENRY SMART, 1881.



2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

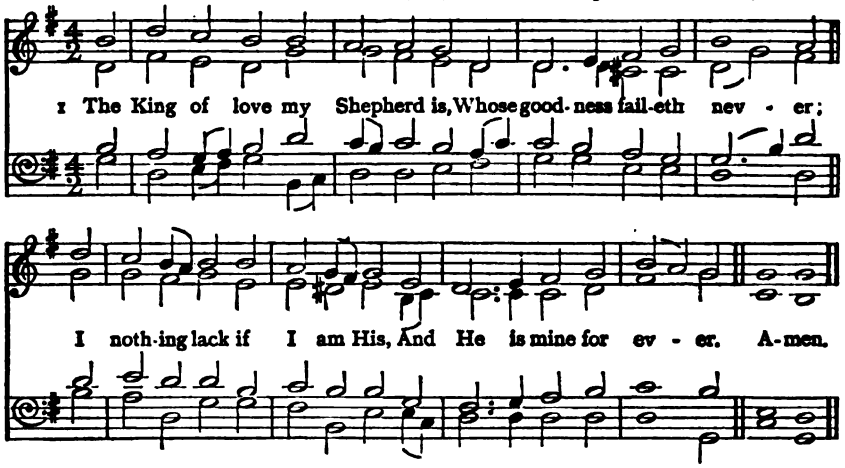
4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore! Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1866.

326 Holy Communion.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
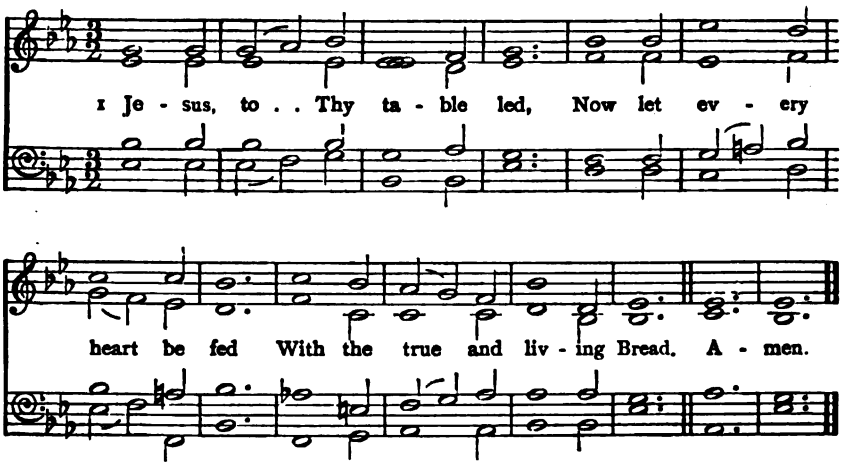
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1868; *Psalm 23.*

327 Holy Communion.

LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured Blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.
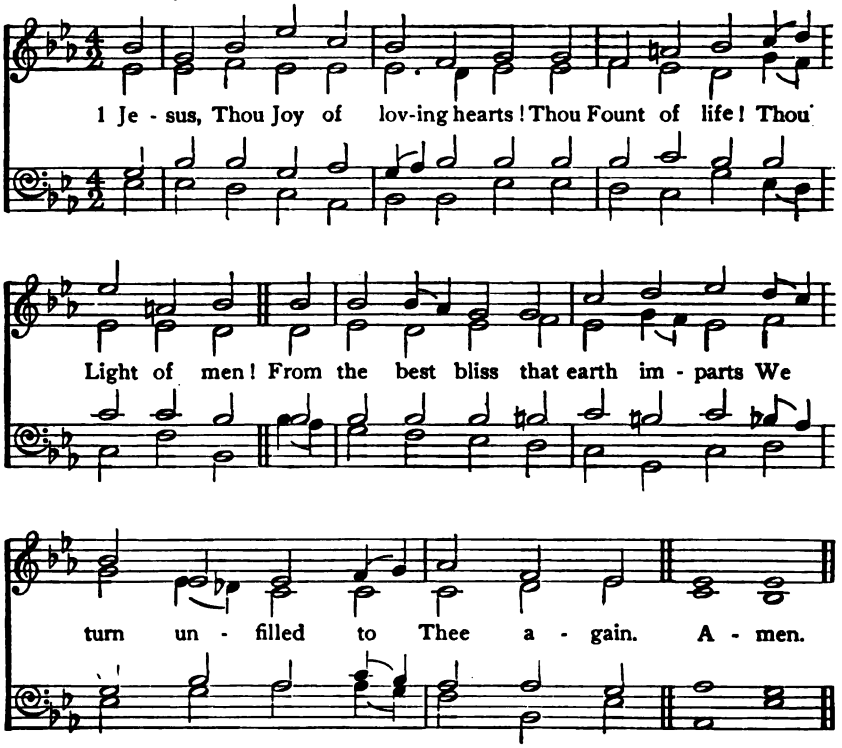
6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land. Amen.

ROBERT H. BAYNES, 1864.

328

ST. BERNARD (*First Tune*). L.M. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
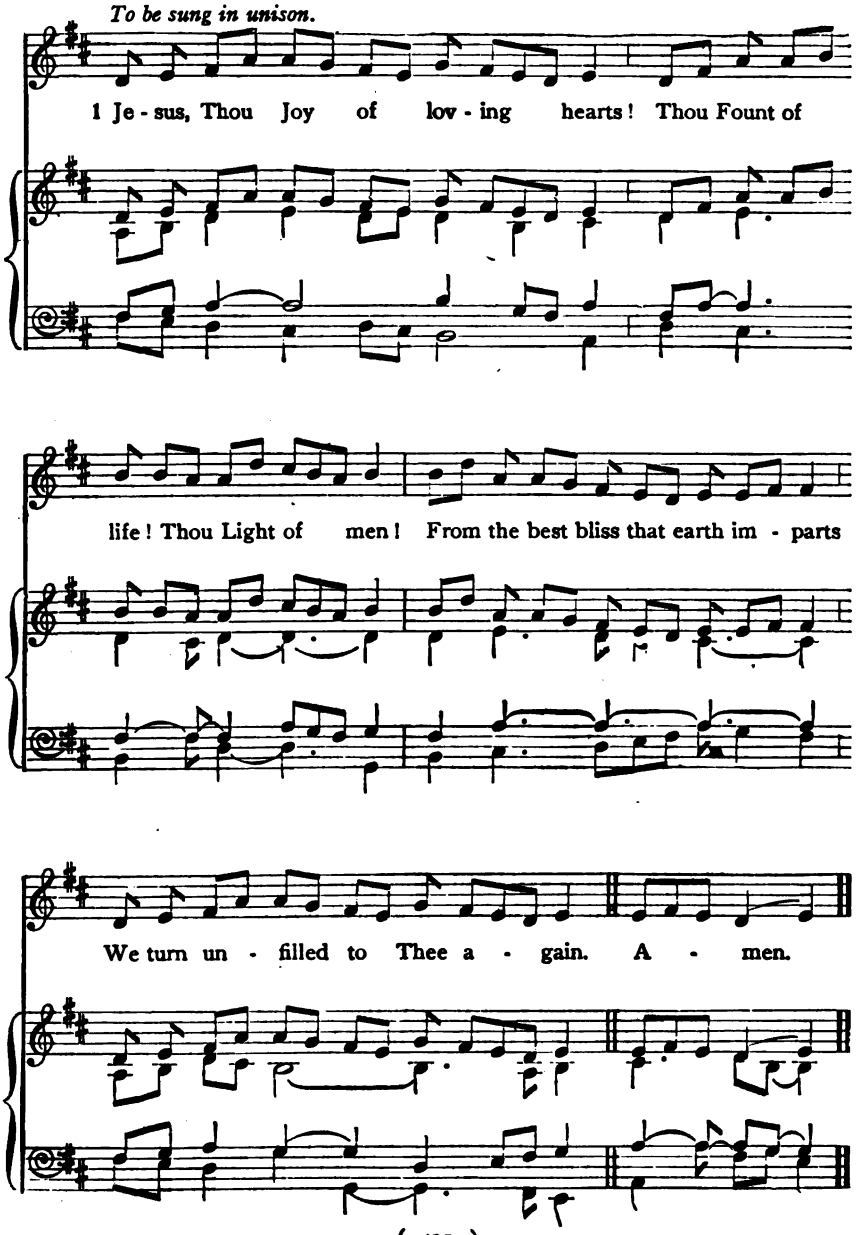
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light! Amen.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *c.* 1150; *Tr.* RAY PALMER, 1858.

328 Holy Communion.
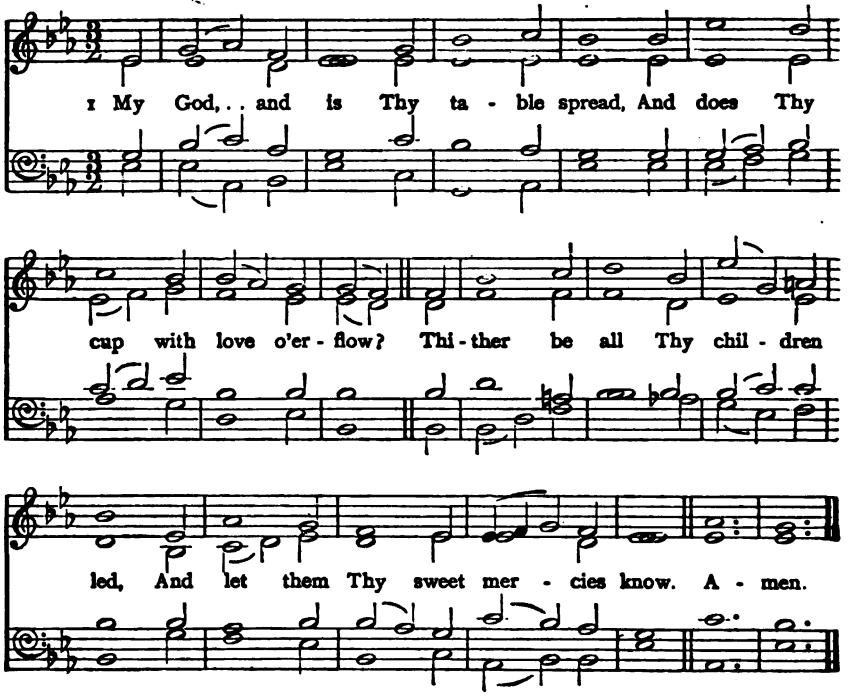
CHRISTE REDEMPTOR (*Second Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode I.

To be sung in unison.



329 Holy Communion.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Adapted by EDWARD MILLER, 1790.



2 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.

3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

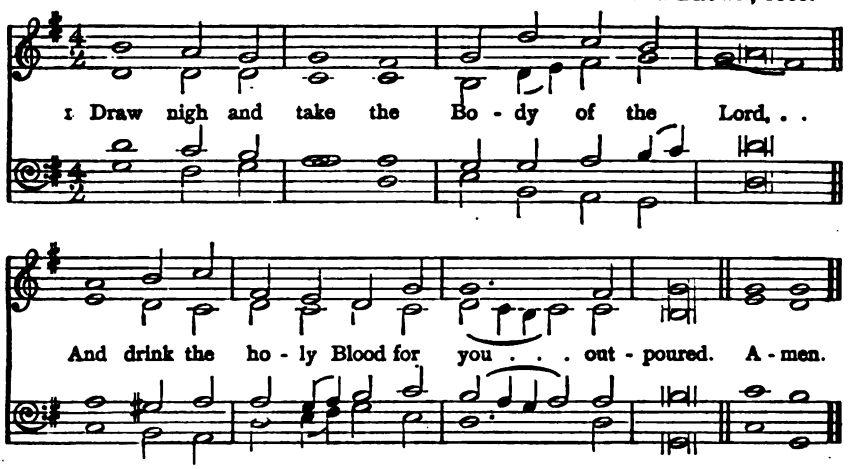
4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755, *cento.*

330 Holy Communion.

LAMMAS. 10.10. ARTHUR H. BROWN, 1868.



2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and Blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
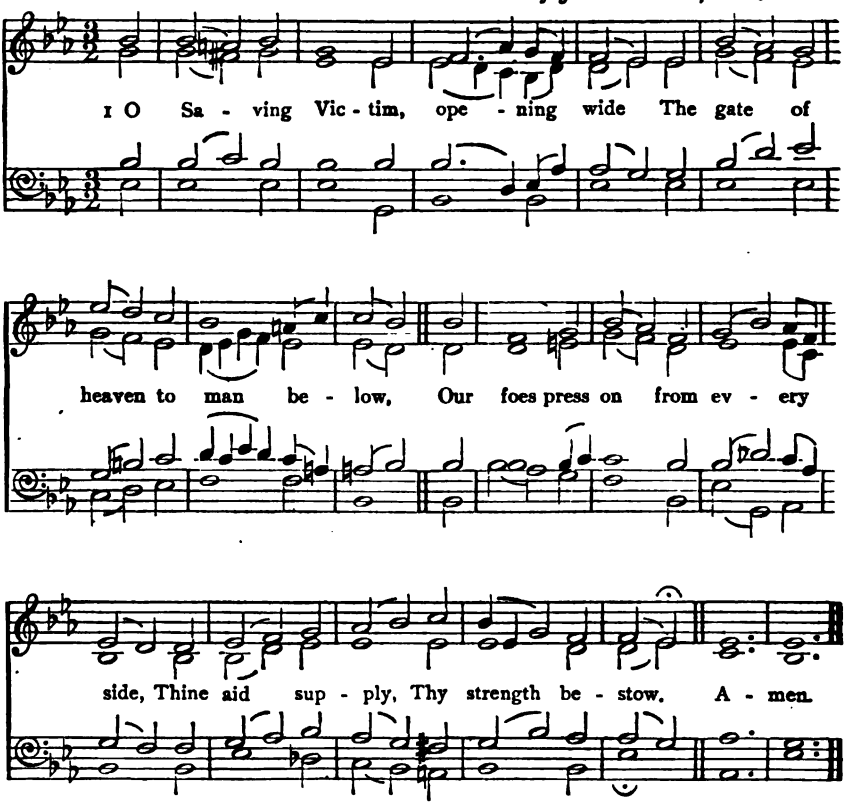
9 With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Latin, 7th cent.; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

331 Holy Communion.

ST. VINCENT (*First Tune*). L.M. Adapted from SIGISMUND NEUKOMM by JAMES UGLOW, 1868.



2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three;
O grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, *c.* 1227–1274;
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.
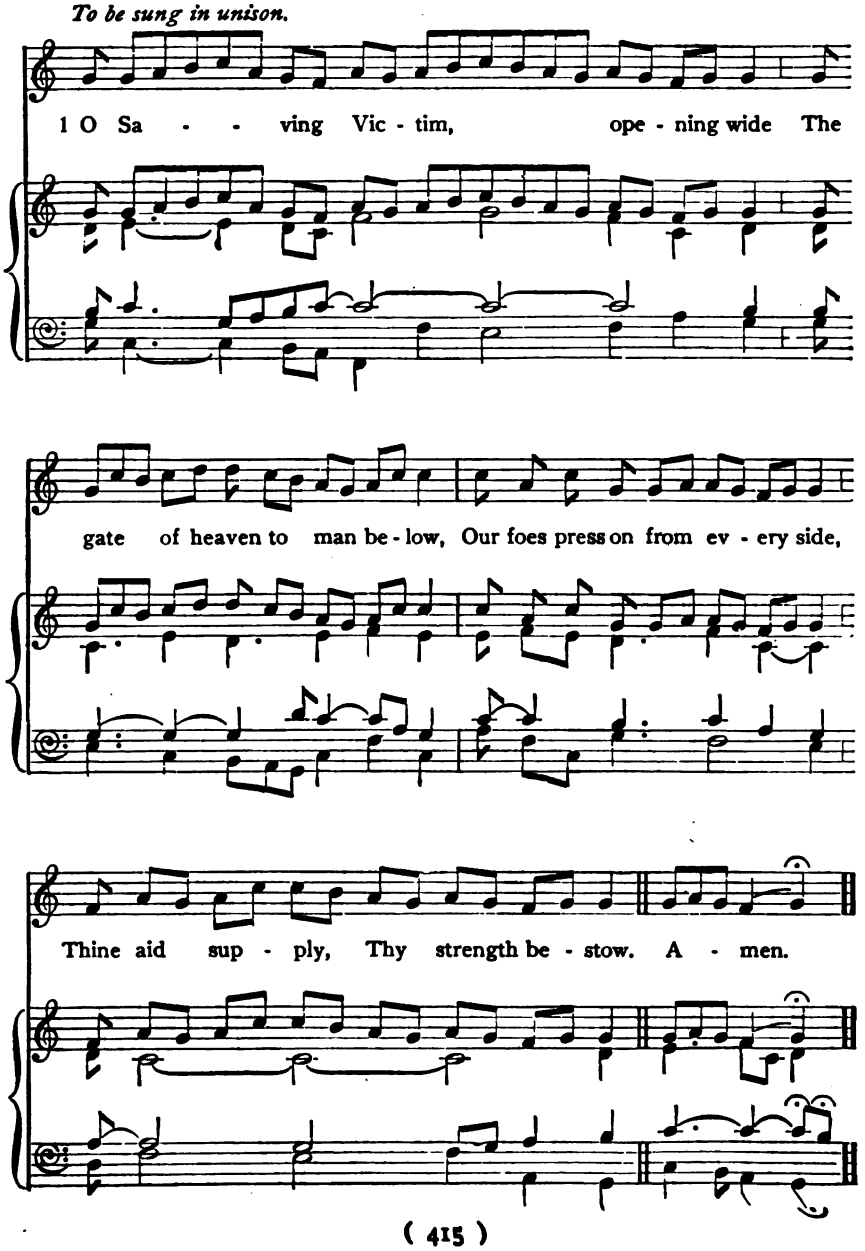
Alternative modern Tune, MELCOMBE, *No.* 1; *which was composed for these words.*

Holy Communion.

331
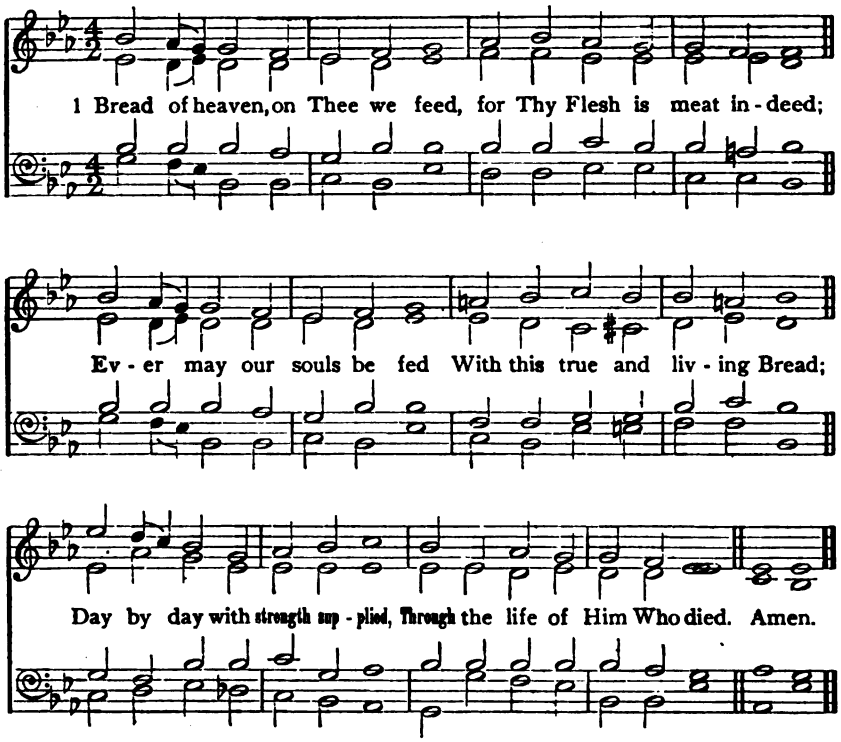
Aeterne Rex (*Second Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII.

To be sung in unison.



332

BREAD OF HEAVEN. Six 7's. WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN, 1875.

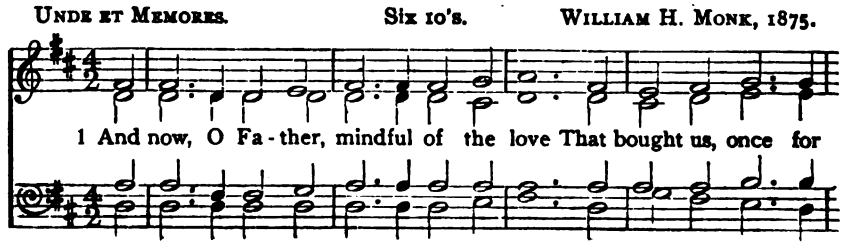


2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.
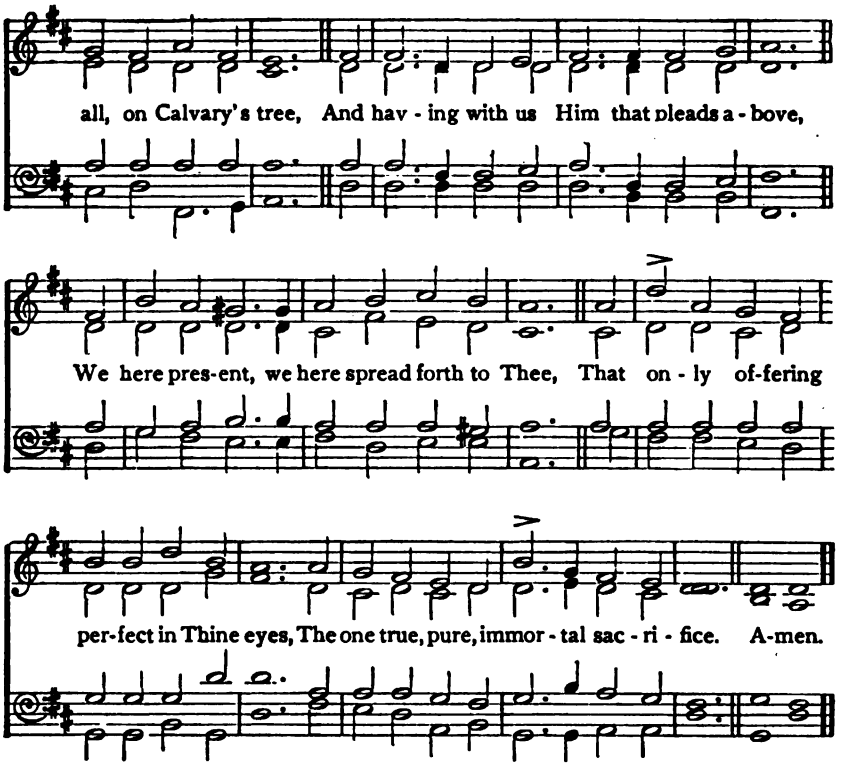
JOSIAH CONDER, 1824, *alt.*

333

UNDE ET MEMORES. Six 10's. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1875.



Holy Communion.



2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.
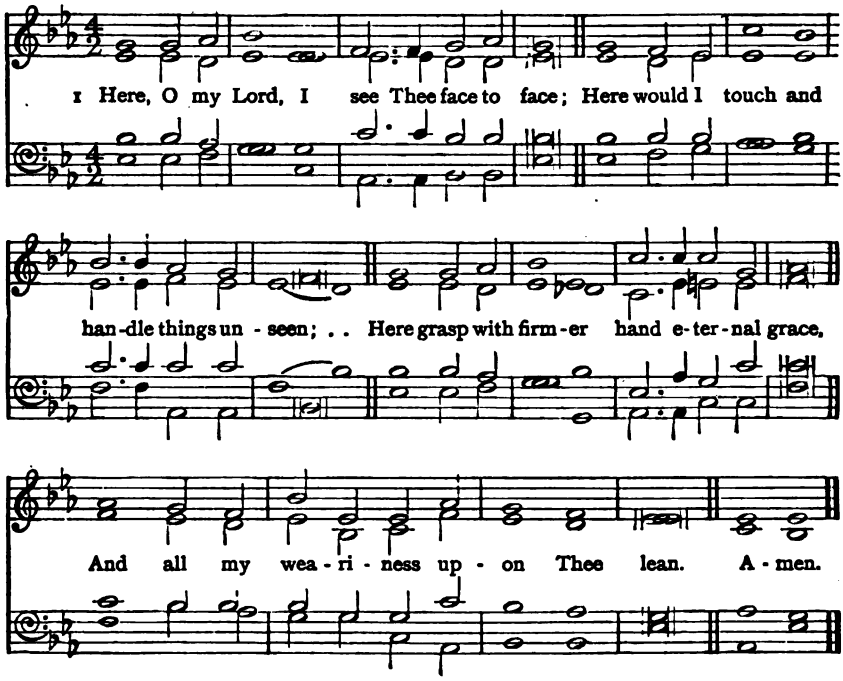
3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1874.

334 Holy Communion.

PENITENTIA. Four 10's. EDWARD DEARLE, 1880.



2

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

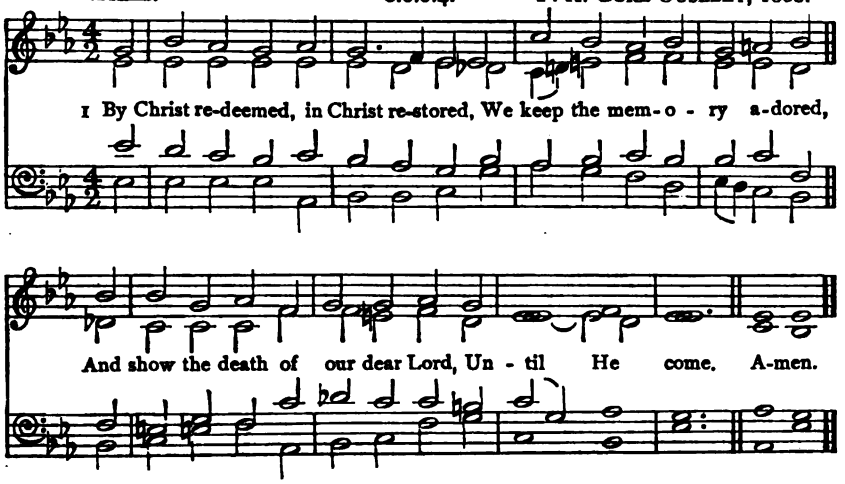
4

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God! Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1855.

335 Holy Communion.

ST. GABRIEL. 8.8.8.4. F. A. GORE OUSELEY, 1868.



2 His Body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His Life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite —
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

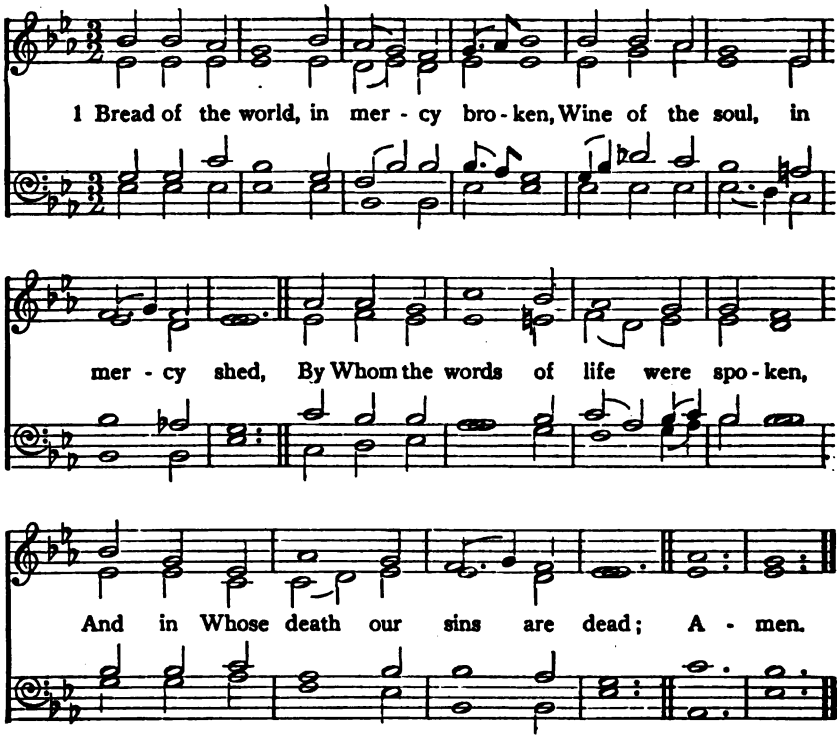
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1857, text of 1876.

336

EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9.8.9.8. JOHN S. B. HODGES, 1868.

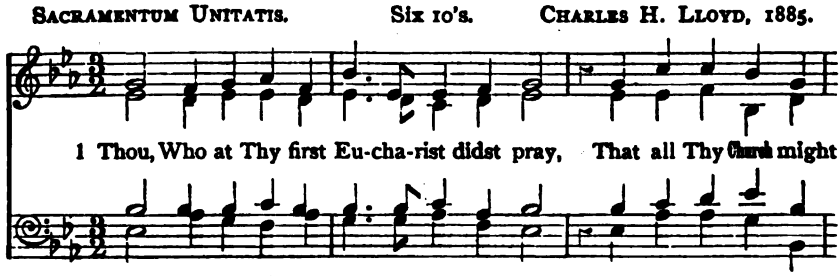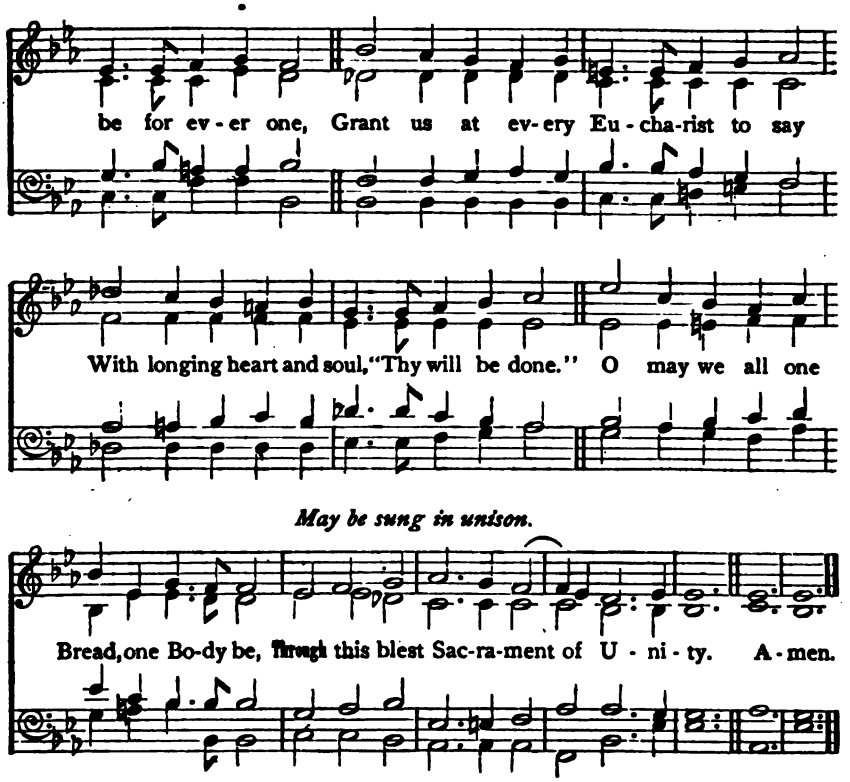


2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER, *pub.* 1827.

337

SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS. Six 10's. CHARLES H. LLOYD, 1885.





2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold;
O bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessèd still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity. Amen.
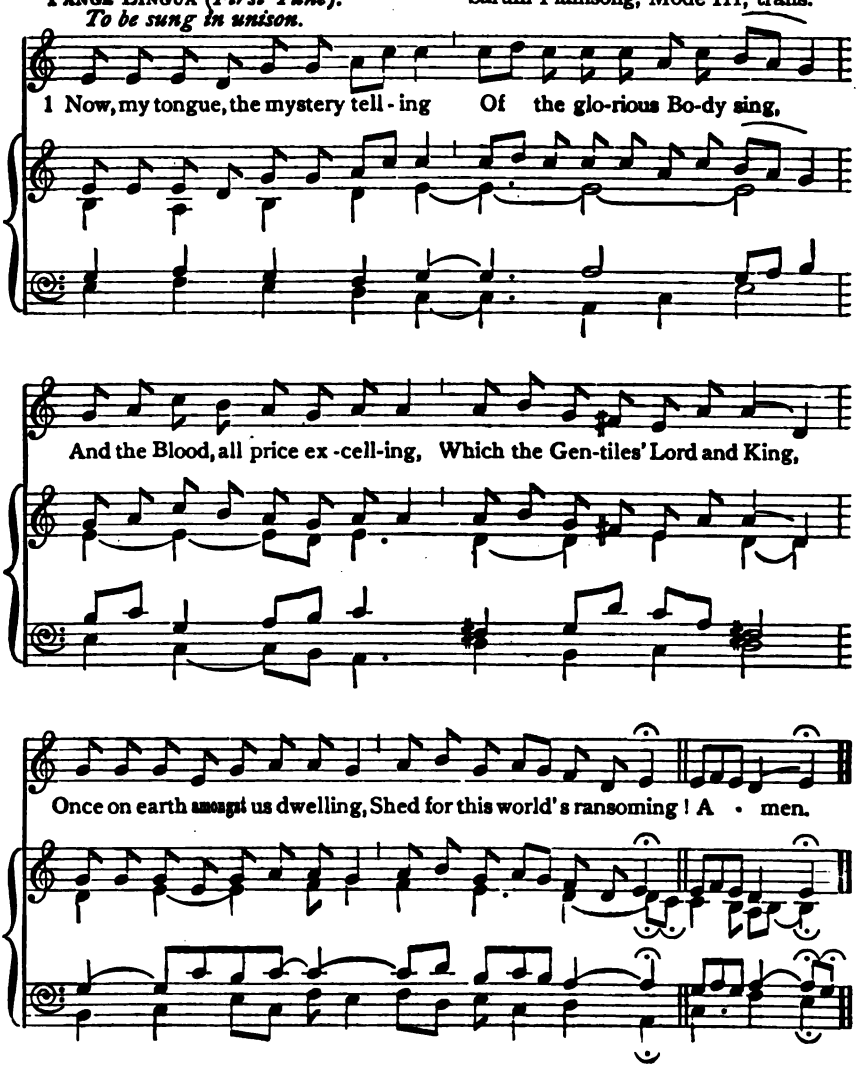
WILLIAM H. TURTON, 1881.

Holy Communion.

338

Pange Lingua (*First Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode III, trans.

To be sung in unison.



2 Given for us and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

3. That last night at supper lying,
Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the Feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

4 Word-made-flesh true bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

PART II.

5 Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

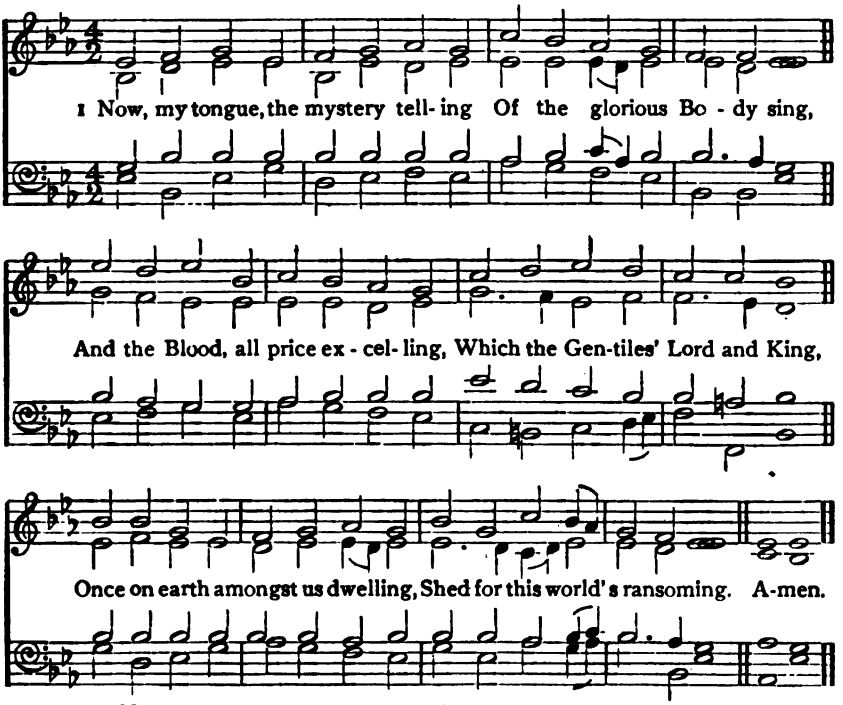
6 Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing
Who from Both with Both is One.
Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1263;
version from Oxford Hymn Book.

338

8.7.8.7.8.7.
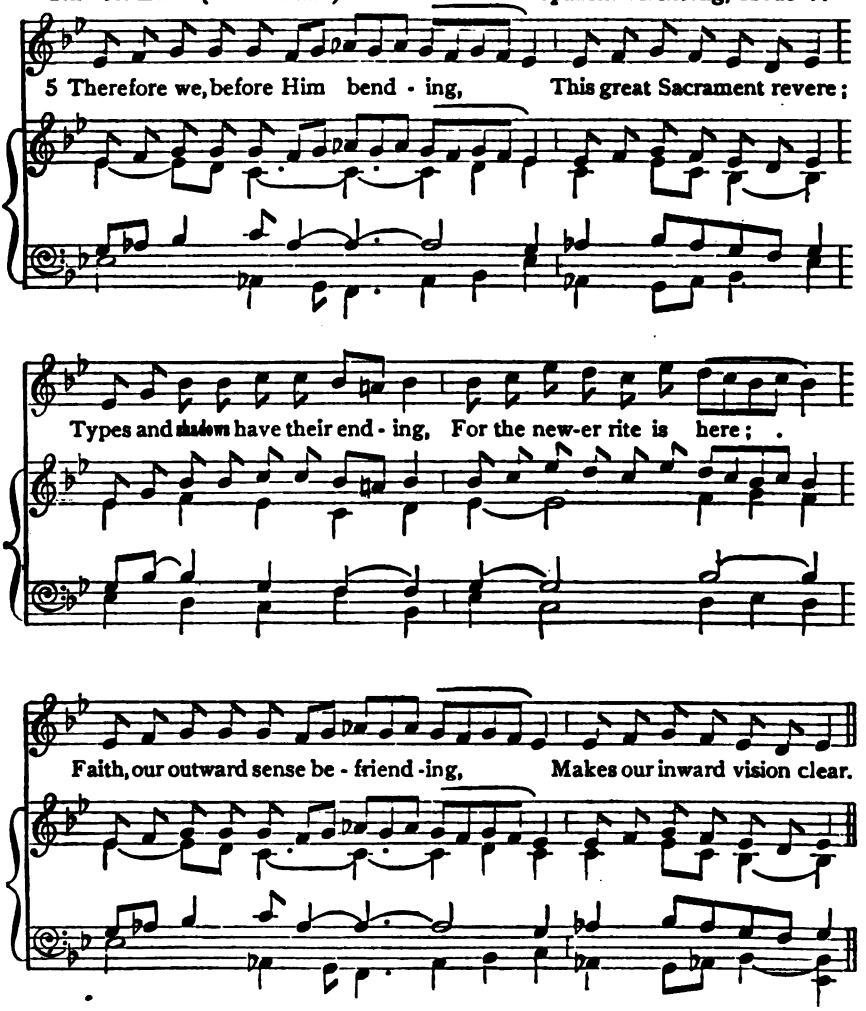
ST. THOMAS (*Second Tune*). J. F. WADE'S *Cantus Diversi*, 1751.



ORIEL, *No.* 89, *and* DULCE CARMEN, *No.* 247 *were composed for this hymn.*
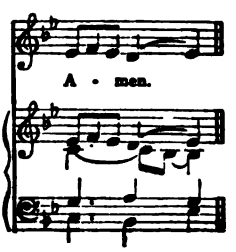
338, PART II.

TANTUM ERGO (*Third Tune*). Spanish Plainsong, Mode V.



6 Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing
Who from Both with Both is One.
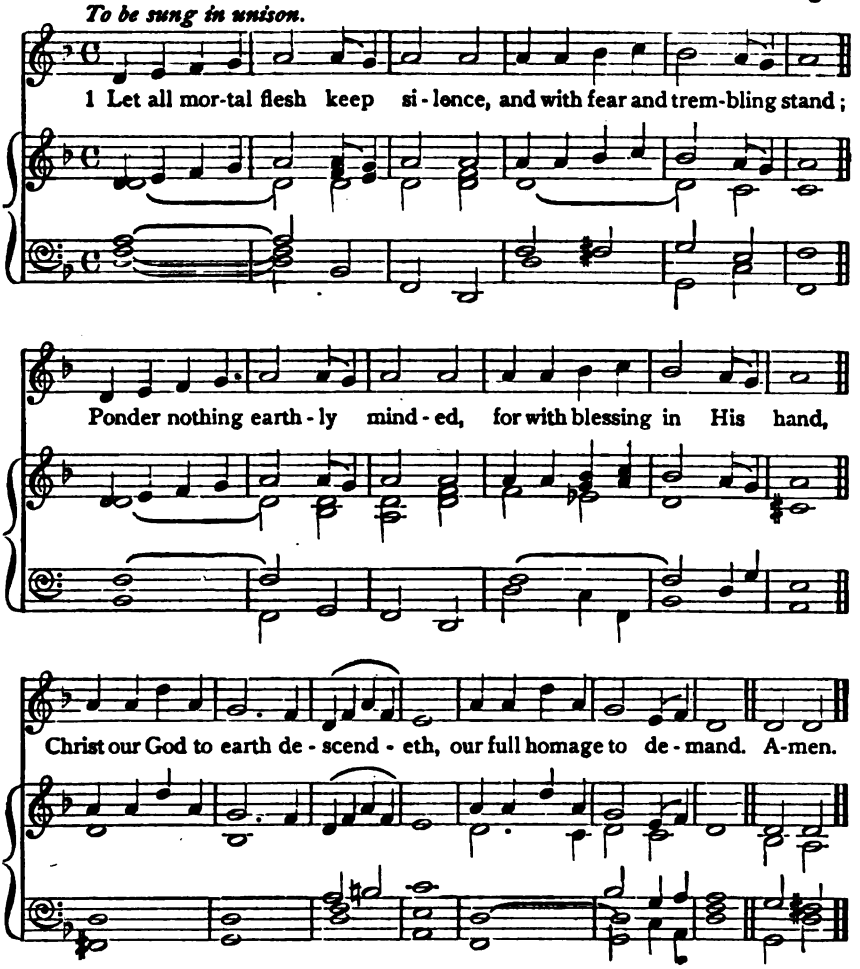
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1263.



339

PICARDY. 8.7.8.7.8.7. French Folksong.

To be sung in unison.



2 King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture — in the Body and the Blood —
He will give to all the faithful His own Self for heavenly Food.
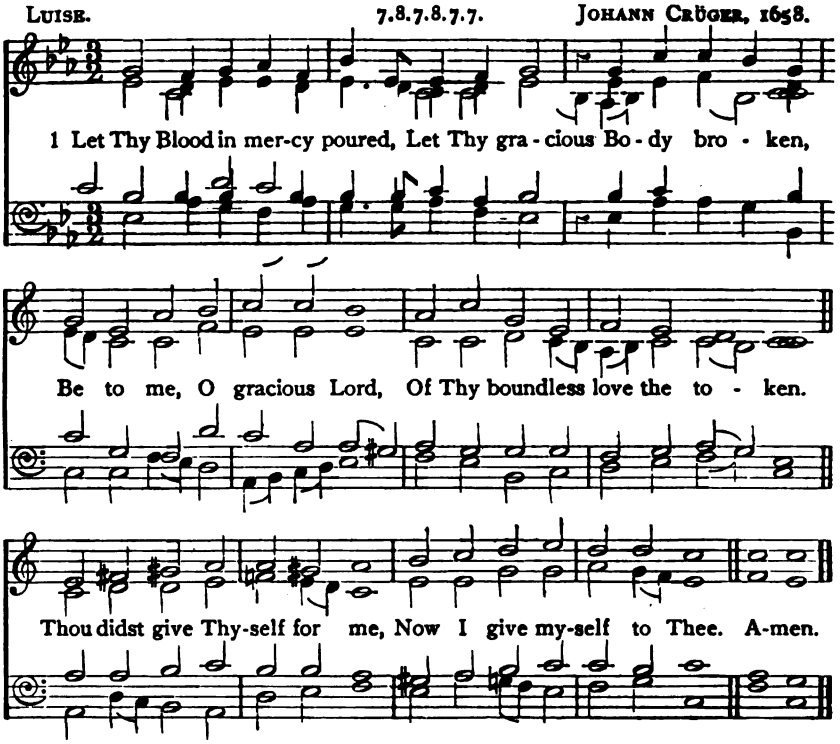
3 Rank on rank the host of heaven spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away.

4 At His feet the six-winged seraph; cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, Lord most high. Amen.

Liturgy of St. James; Tr. GERARD MOULTRIE, 1864.

340

LUISE. 7.8.7.8.7.7. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1658.



2 Thou didst die that I might live;
Blessèd Lord, Thou cam'st to save me;
All that love of God could give
Jesus by His sorrows gave me.
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

3 By the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
By the spear-wound and the nailing,
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, Thy love unfailing.
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

4 Wilt Thou own the gift I bring?
All my penitence I give Thee;
Thou art my exalted King,
Of Thy matchless love forgive me.
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee. Amen.

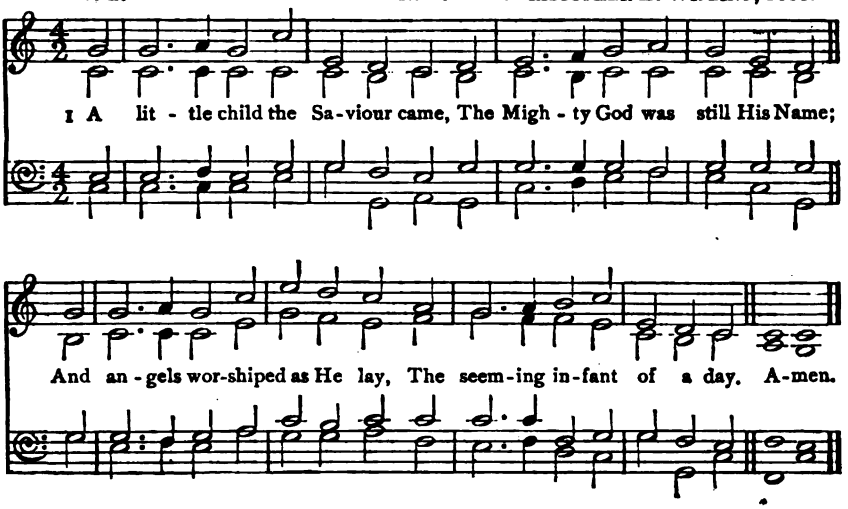
Greek; Tr. JOHN BROWNLIE, 1907.

Also the following:

193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus

341 Holy Baptism.

ALSTONE. L.M. CHRISTOPHER E. WILLING, 1868.



2 He Who a little child began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of cleansing water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.
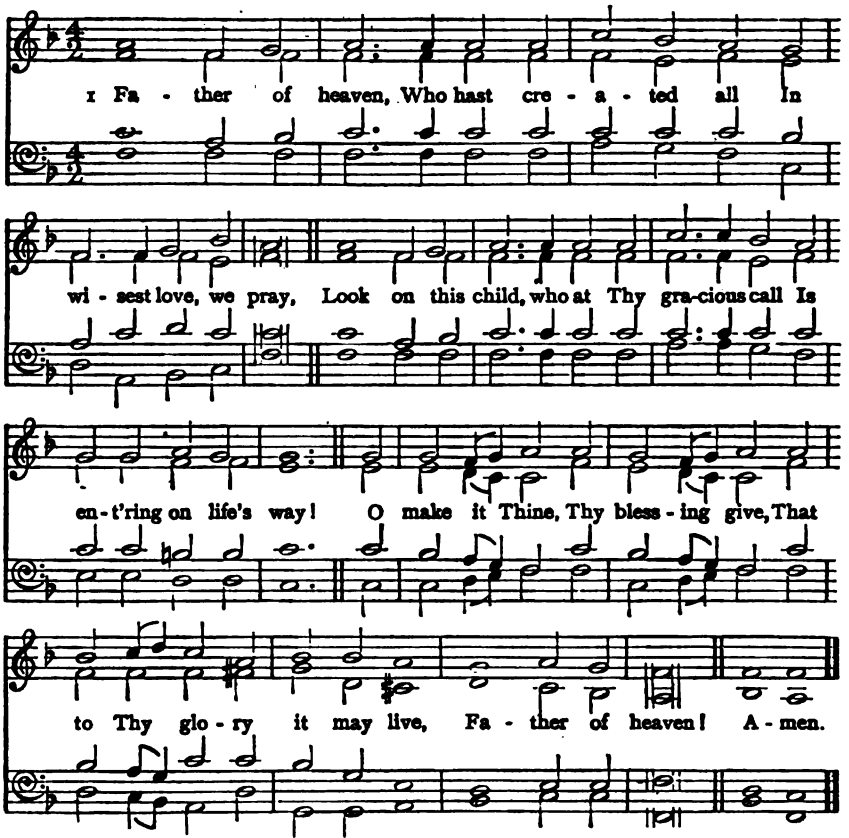
4 O give Thy angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1861.

342 Holy Baptism.

ST. FRANCIS. 10.6.10.6.8.8.4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold
We bring this child to Thee;
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy Fold,
For ever Thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it in the path of life,
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

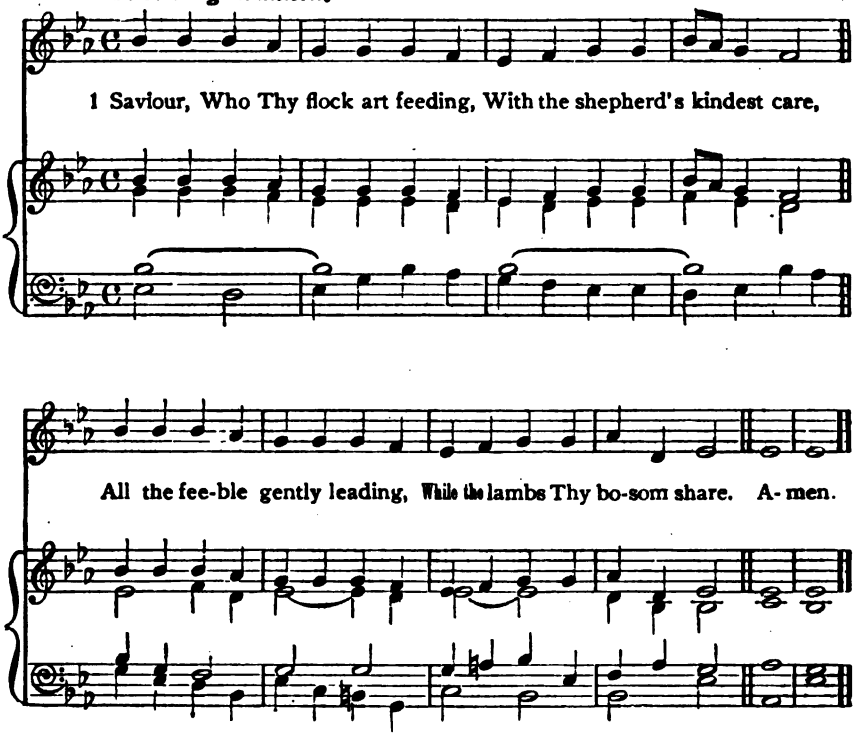
4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done;
We speak: but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on it Thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God. Amen.

ALBERT KNAPP, 1841; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858, *alt.*

343 Holy Baptism.

EVENING PRAYER. 8.7.8.7. JOHN STAINER, 1898.

To be sung in unison.



2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

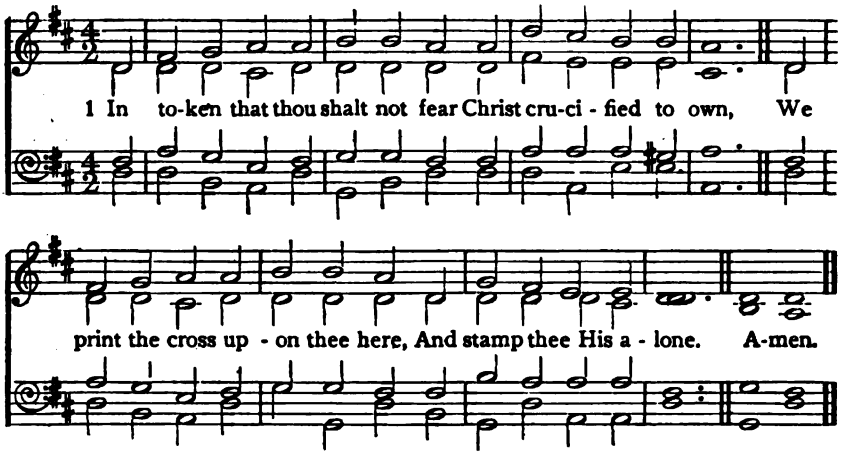
3 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG, 1826.

344

TALLIS' ORDINAL. C.M. THOMAS TALLIS, 1567.



2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.
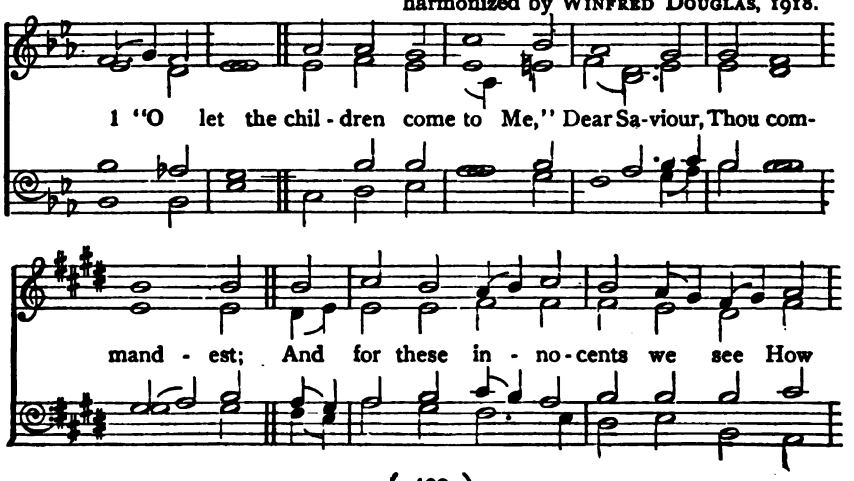
3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He traveled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown. Amen.
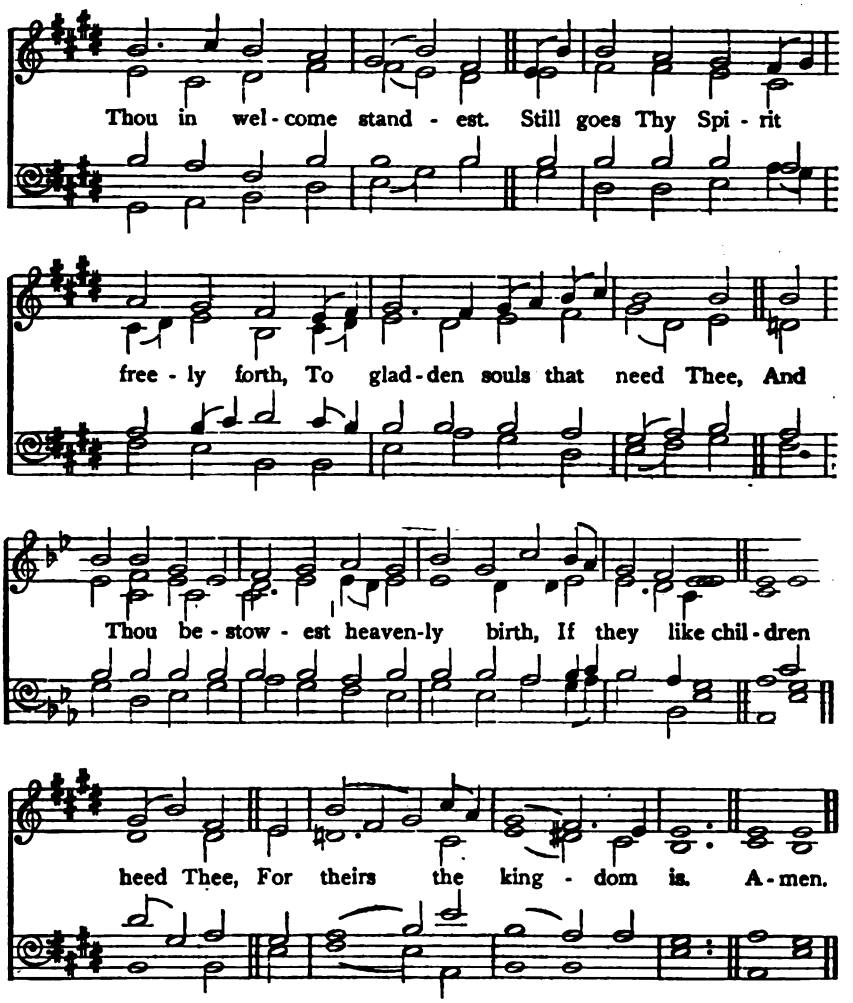
HENRY ALFORD, 1832.

345

SUSSEX. 8.7.8.7.D.,6. English Folksong, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS, 1918.



Holy Baptism.



2 By water and the Spirit Thou
Our sinful nature cleansest;
Thy word doth show the path to go,
And daily grace Thou sendest.
O may Thy sanctifying love
Surround us all with blessing;
And may we all Thy favour prove
In daily Thee confessing,
Abiding close to Thee.

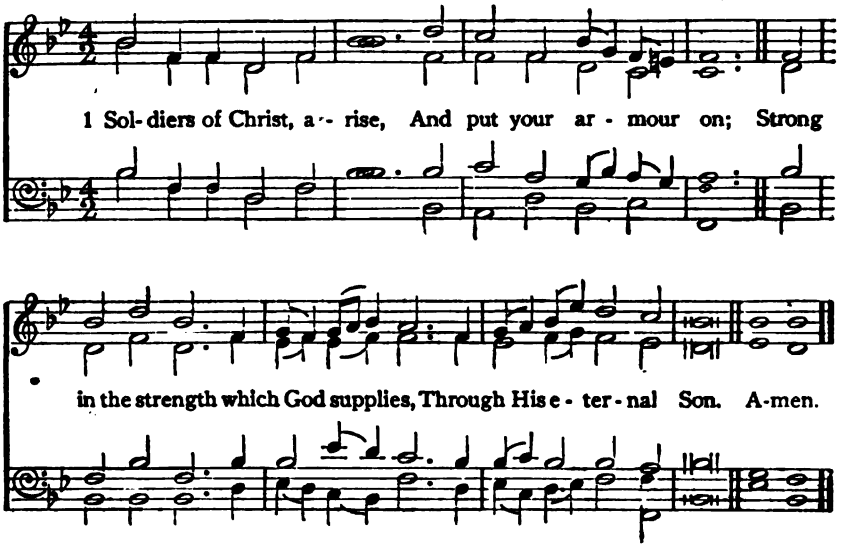
3 O soul of man, remember well
The holy Name thou bearest:
Of everything that tongue can tell
That Name is still the dearest.
O child of God, His voice attend,
Live worthy of His choosing;
For He is thy eternal friend:
Beware lest thou be losing
His grace so freely thine.

Swedish; JOHAN O. WALLIN, 1779-1839; *Tr.* G. MOTT WILLIAMS, 1915.

Holy Baptism.

ADULTS.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH, *c.* 1770.



2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

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

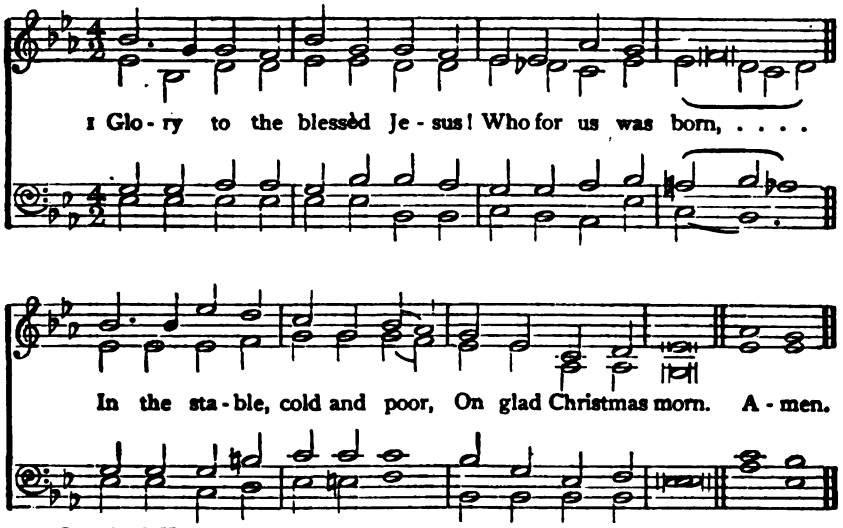
6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749, *cento.*

Catechism.

347

WOODCHESTER. 8.5.7.5. JOHN NAPLETON, 1850-



Original Key, F.

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

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

4 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
He, Who is our Way,
Went up in a cloud to heaven
On Ascension Day.
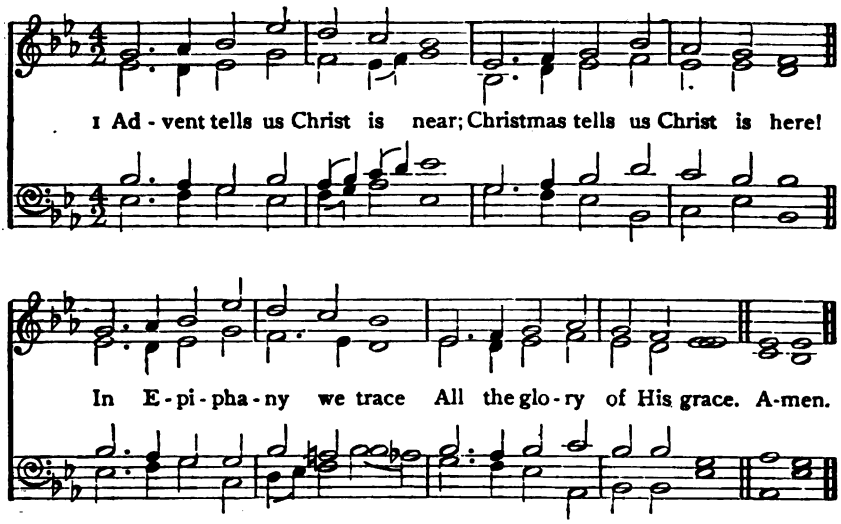
5 Glory to the blessèd Jesus!
Who at Whitsuntide
Sent His Holy Spirit down
With us to abide.

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

Anonymous.

348 Catechism.

INNOCENTS. Four 7's. ARR. from G. F. HANDEL, 1728.



2 Those three Sundays before Lent
Will prepare us to repent,
That in Lent we may begin
Earnestly to mourn for sin.

3 Holy Week and Easter, then,
Tell Who died and rose again:
O that happy Easter Day!
"Christ is risen indeed," we say.

4 Yes, and Christ ascended, too,
To prepare a place for you;
So we give Him special praise,
After those great forty days.
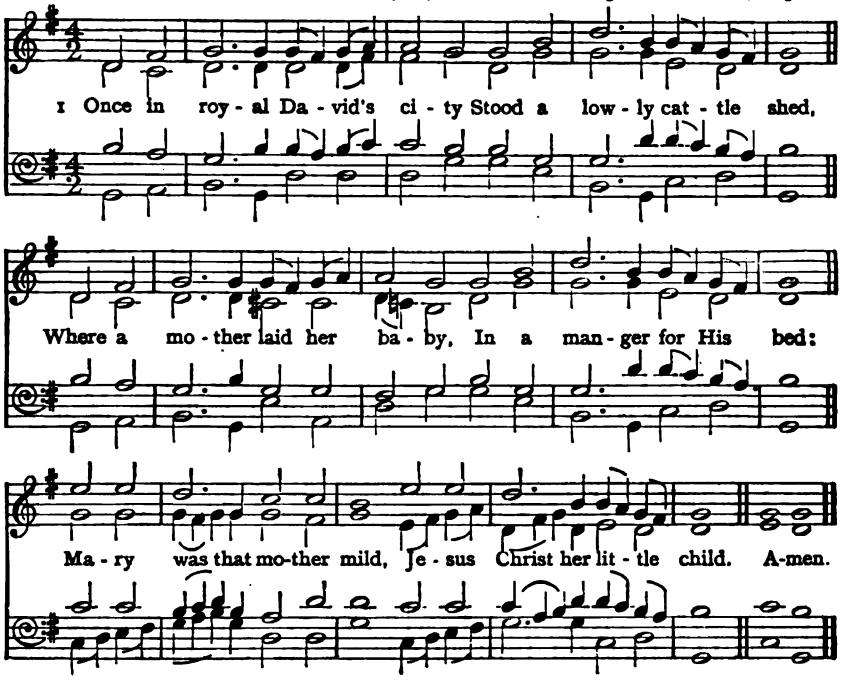
5 Then, He sent the Holy Ghost,
On the day of Pentecost,
With us ever to abide:
Well may we keep Whitsuntide!

6 Last of all, we humbly sing
Glory to our God and King,
Glory to the One in Three,
On the Feast of Trinity. Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY, 1888.

349 Catechism.

IRBY. 8.7.8.7.7.7. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



2

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4

For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6
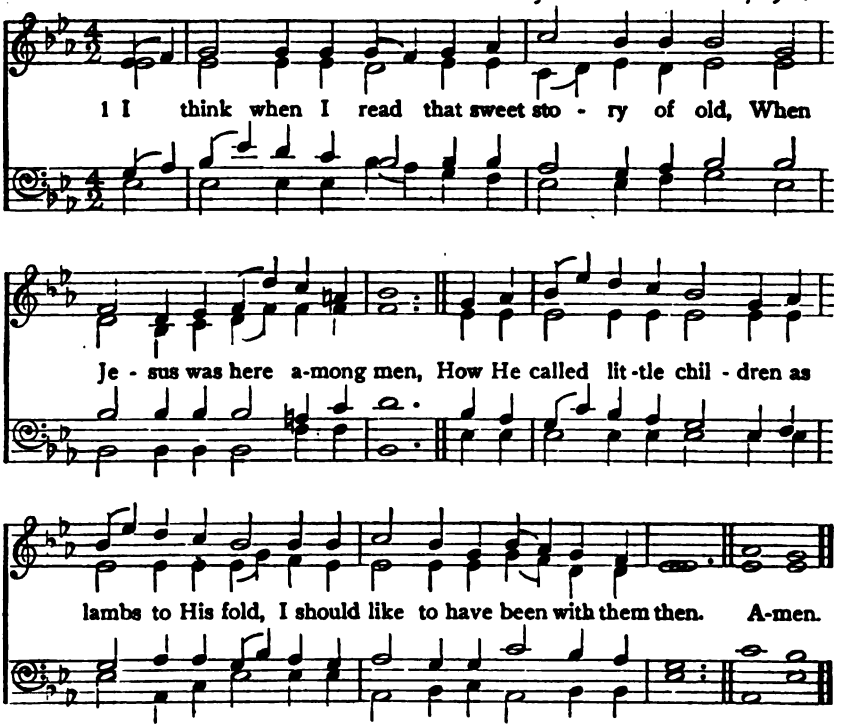
Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

350 Catechism.

11.8.11.9.

LUKE. Greek Folksong, arr. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1859; harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS, 1918.



2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
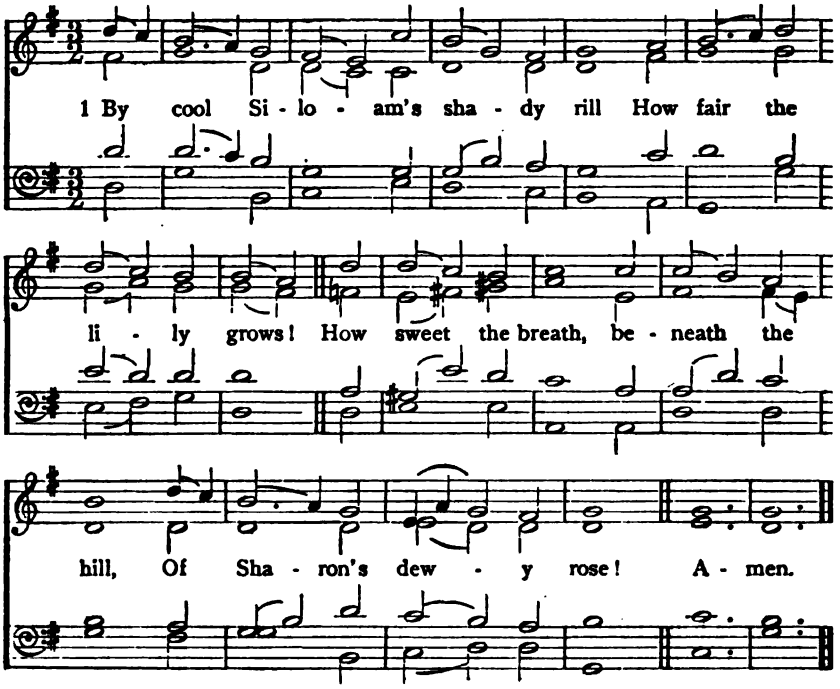
4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

351

BISHOPTHORPE. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1700.



2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
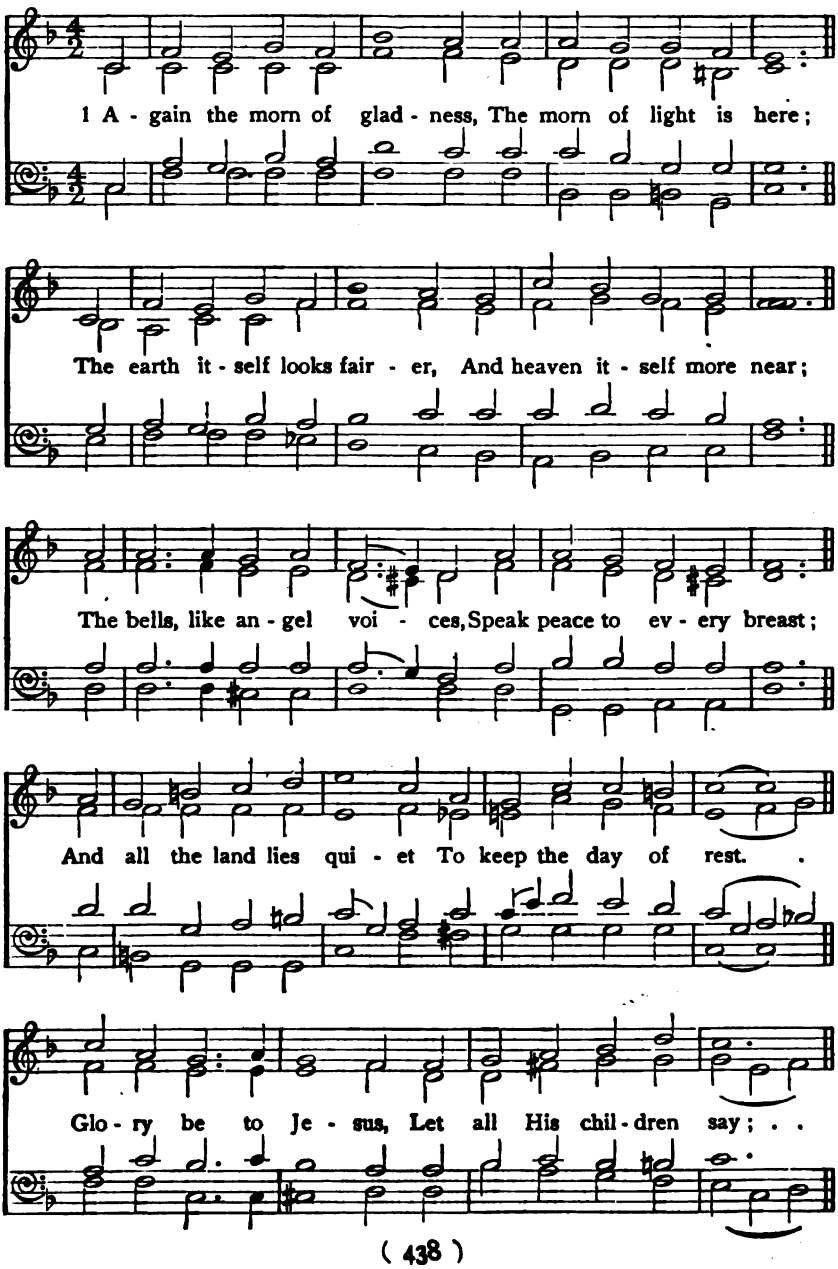
5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

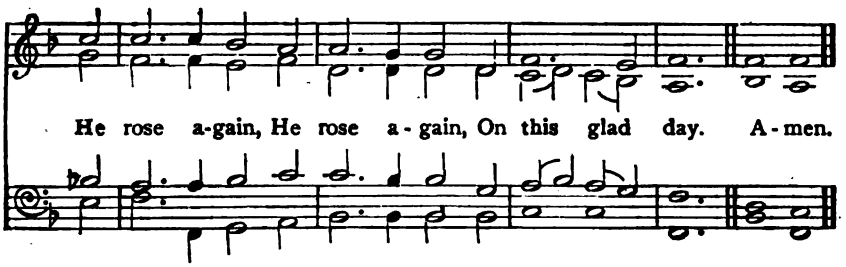
REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

352

MORN OF GLADNESS. 7.6.7.6.D.6.6.8.4. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1877.



Catechism.



2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
Glory, etc.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.
Glory, etc.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory, etc.
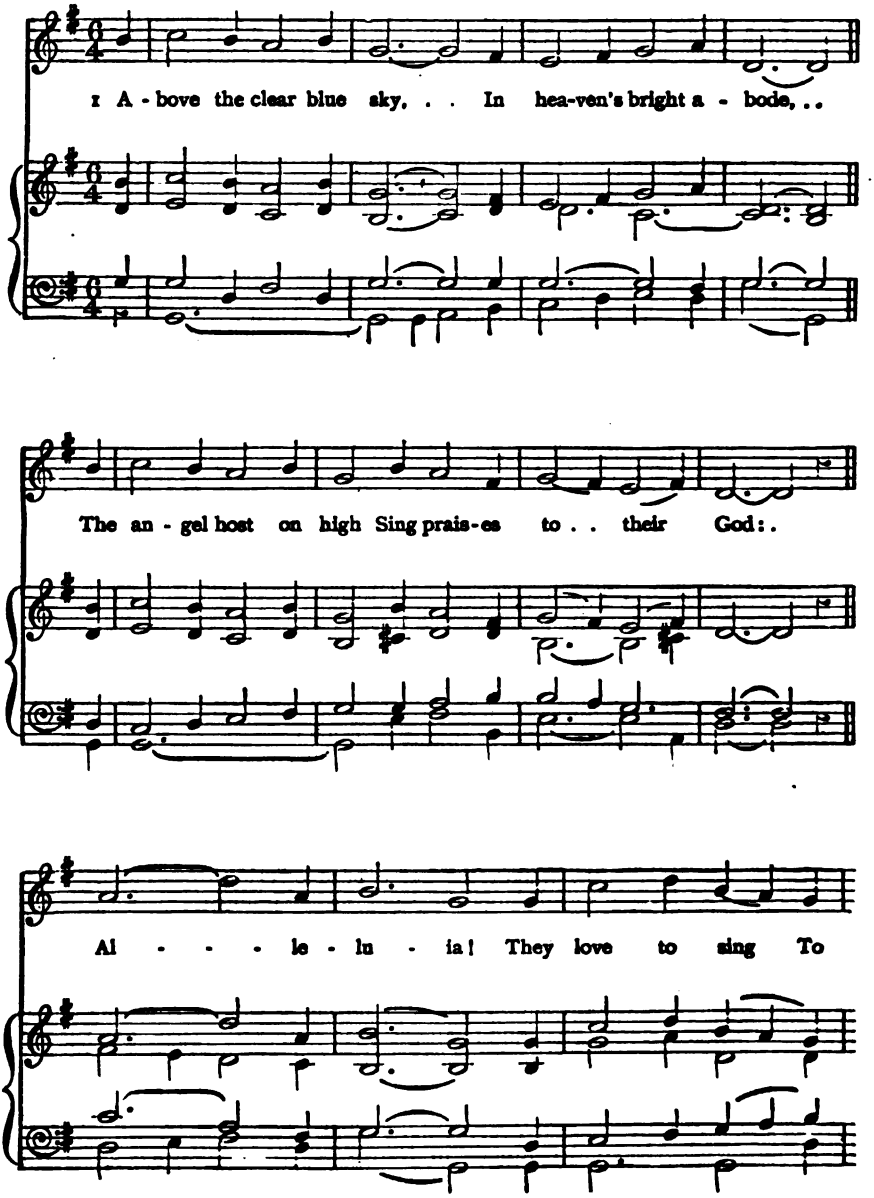
5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all creation say, etc. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1874.
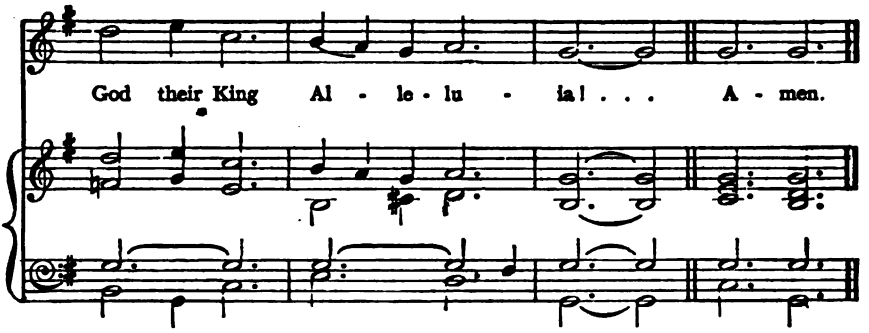
Alternative Tune, CLAUDIUS, *No.* 423.

353 Catechism.

CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1875.



Catechism.



2

But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3

O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

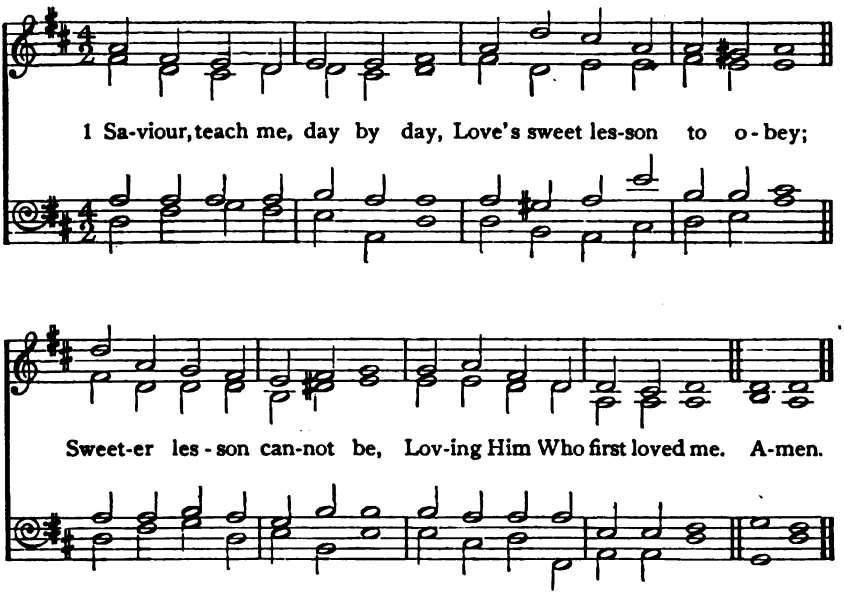
4

O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia! Amen.

JOHN CHANDLER, 1841.

354 Catechism.

BUCKLAND. Four 7's. LEIGHTON G. HAYNE, 1863.



2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

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

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
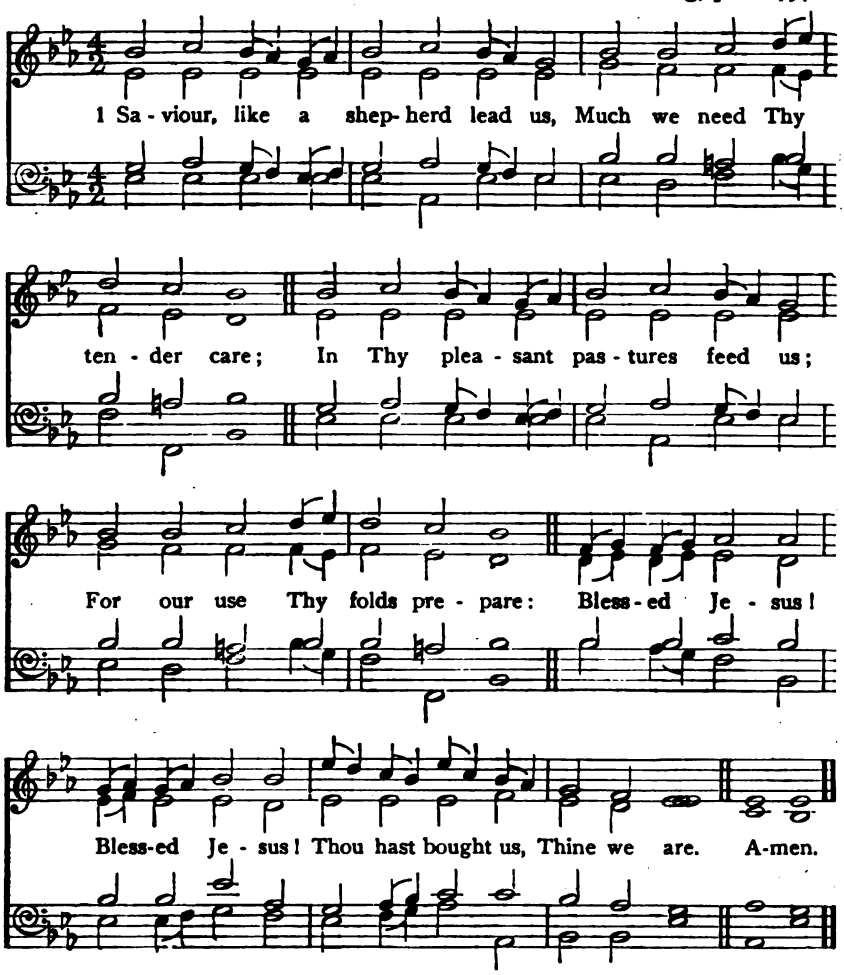
5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

355 Catechism.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

DISMISSAL (SICILIAN MARINERS). Sicilian Folksong, pub. 1794.



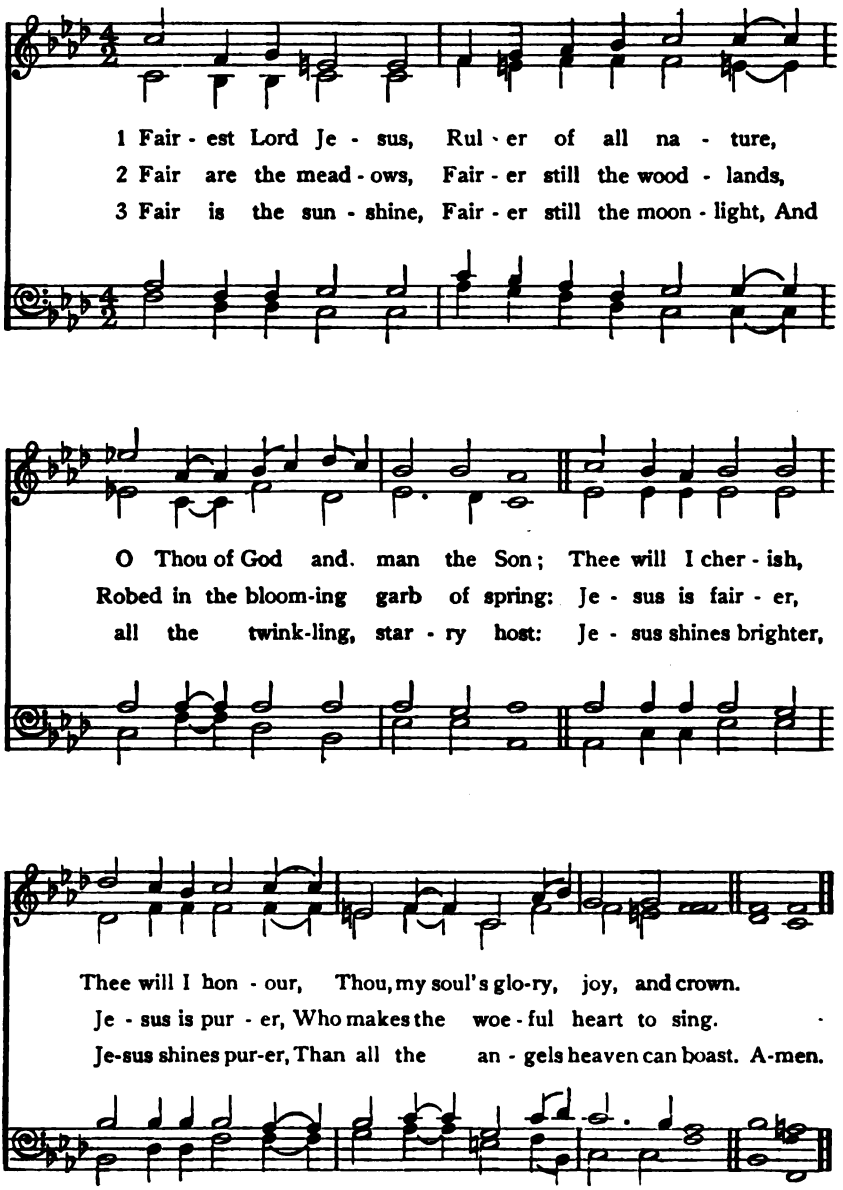
2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us: love us still.
Amen.

Anonymous, 1835.

356
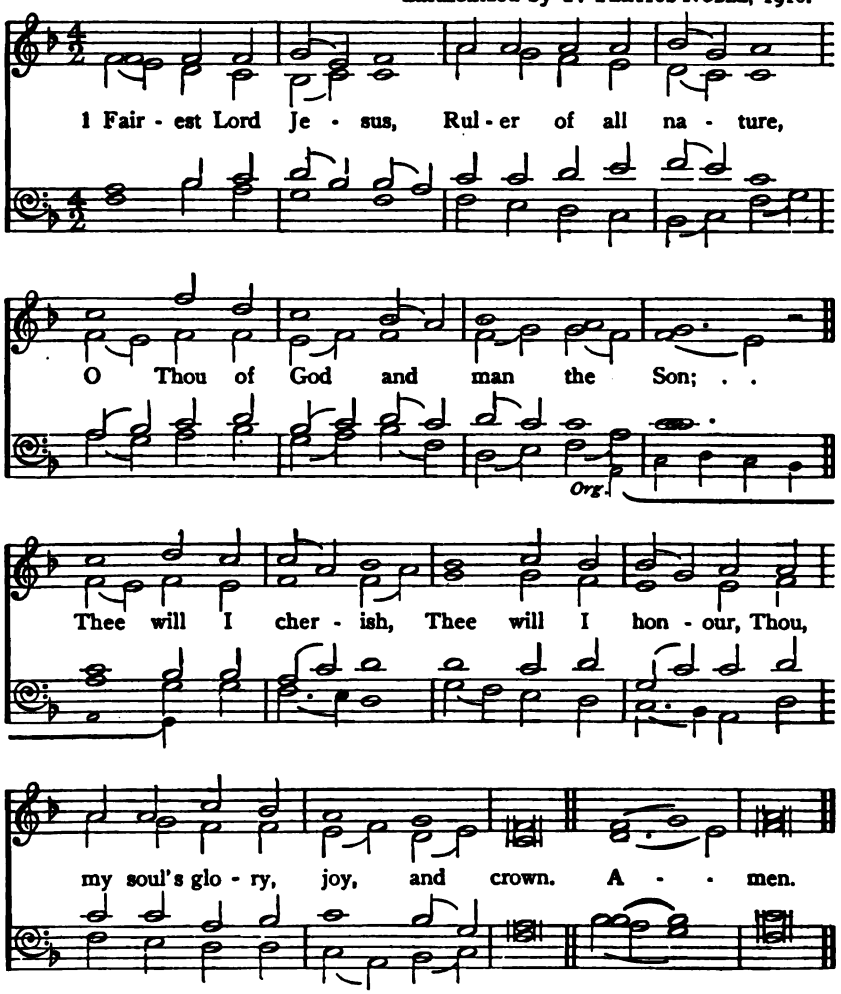
FAIREST LORD JESUS (*First Tune*). 5.6.8.5.5.8. Münster, 1677.



356 Catechism.

5.6.8.5.5.8.

ST. ELISABETH (*Second Tune*). Silesian Folksong, pub. 1842; harmonized by T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1918.



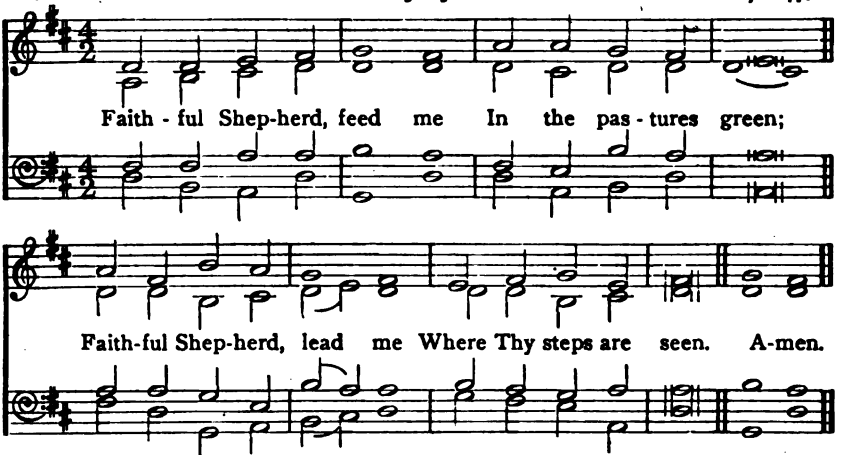
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anonymous; Münster, 1677;
Tr. unknown, pub. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850.

357

CLEWER. 6.5.6.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



2 Hold me fast and guide me
In the narrow way;
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

3 Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love Thee more.

4 Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

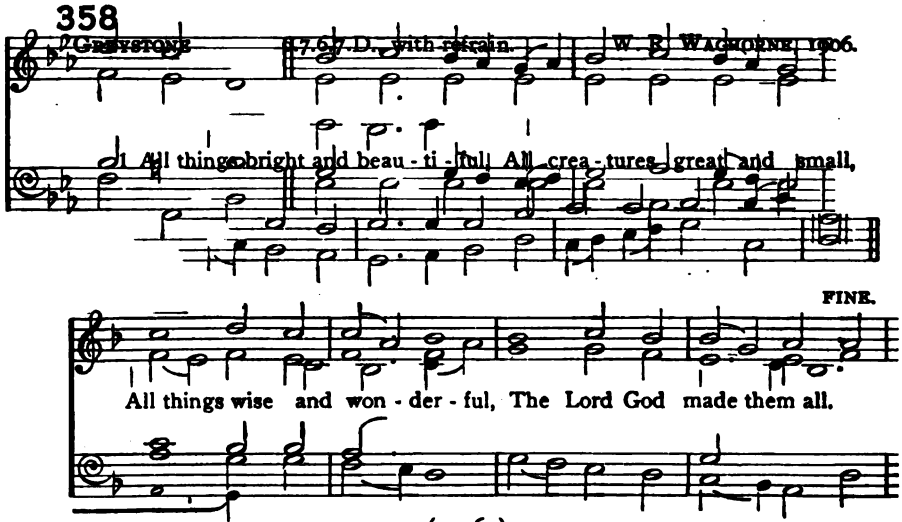
5 Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

6 Day by day prepare me,
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest. Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1868.

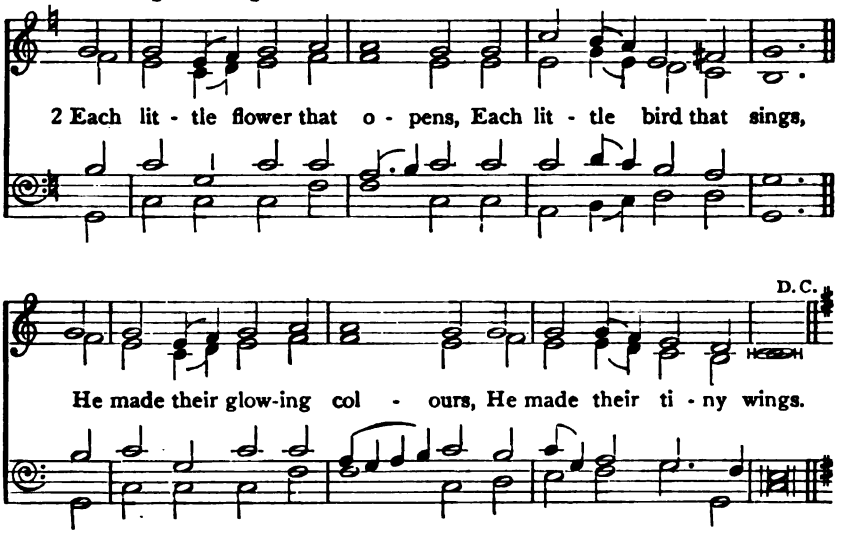
358

GREYSTONE 8.7.6.7.D., with refrain. W. B. WAGNORNE, 1906.



Catechism.

The remaining verses begin here.

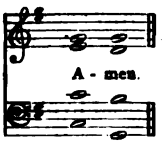


3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,
All things bright, etc.

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things bright, etc.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day,
All things bright, etc.

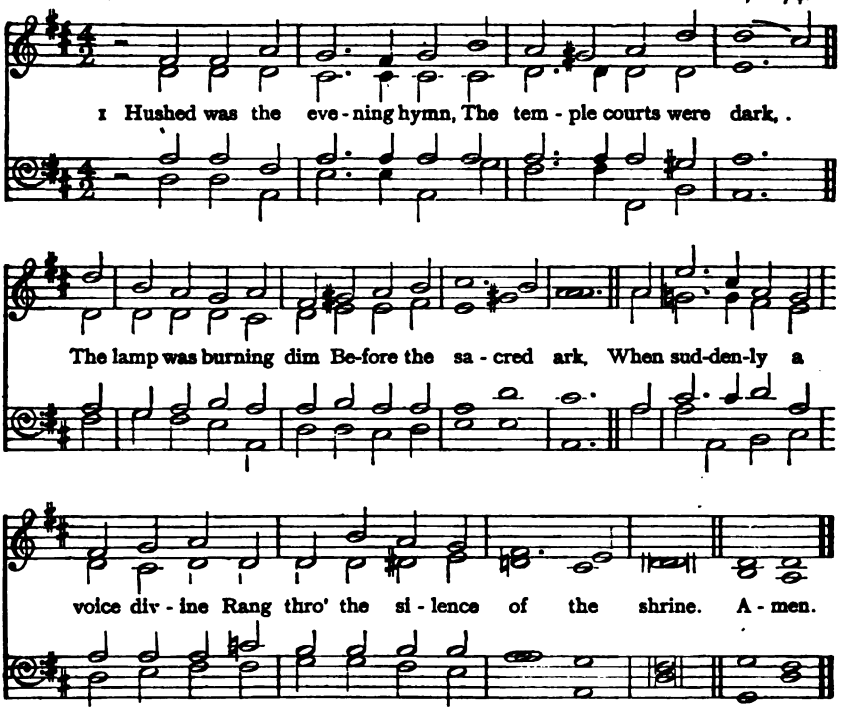
6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright, etc.



CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

359 Catechism.

SAMUEL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



2

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word!
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
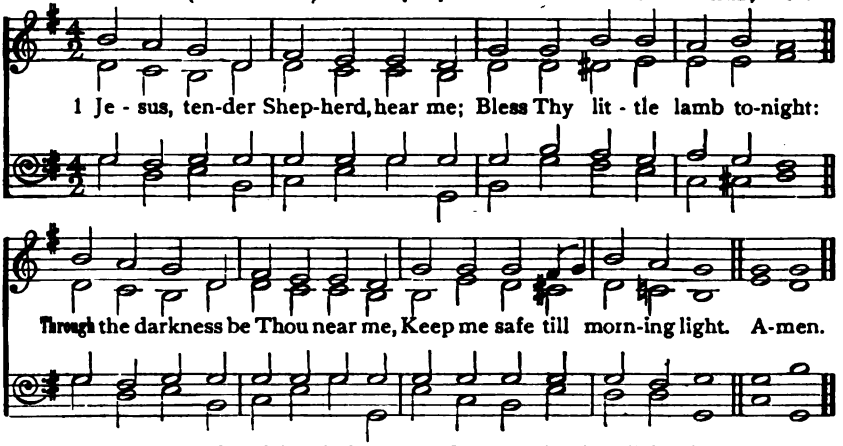
5

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1857.

360

BROCKLESBURY (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, 1868.



2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!
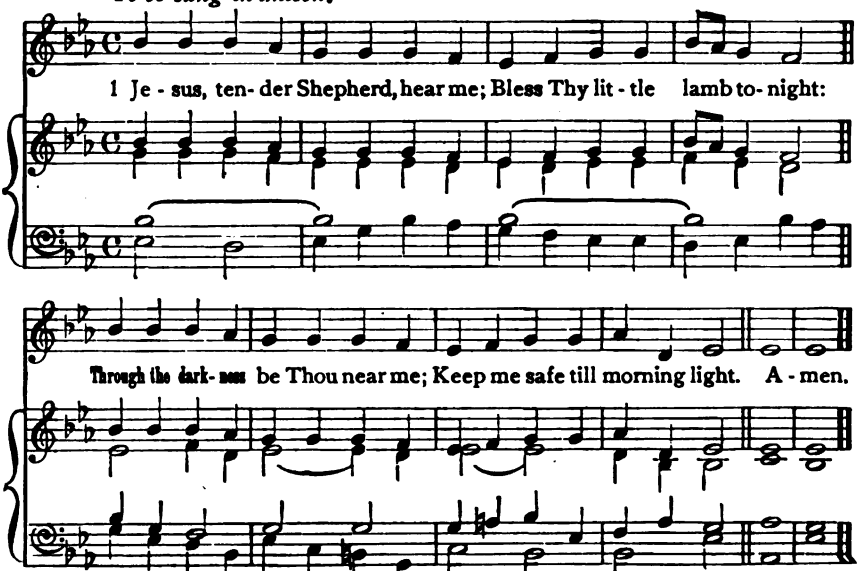
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
Amen.

MARY DUNCAN, 1839.

360
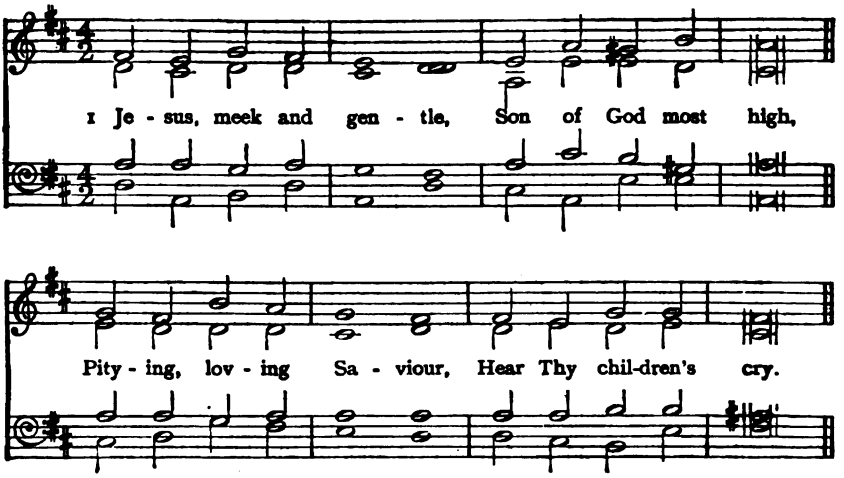
EVENING PRAYER (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. JOHN STAINER, 1898.

To be sung in unison.



361 Catechism.

St. Constantine. 6.5.6.5. William H. Monk, 1861.

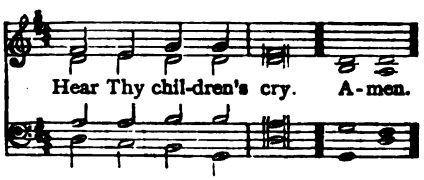


2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
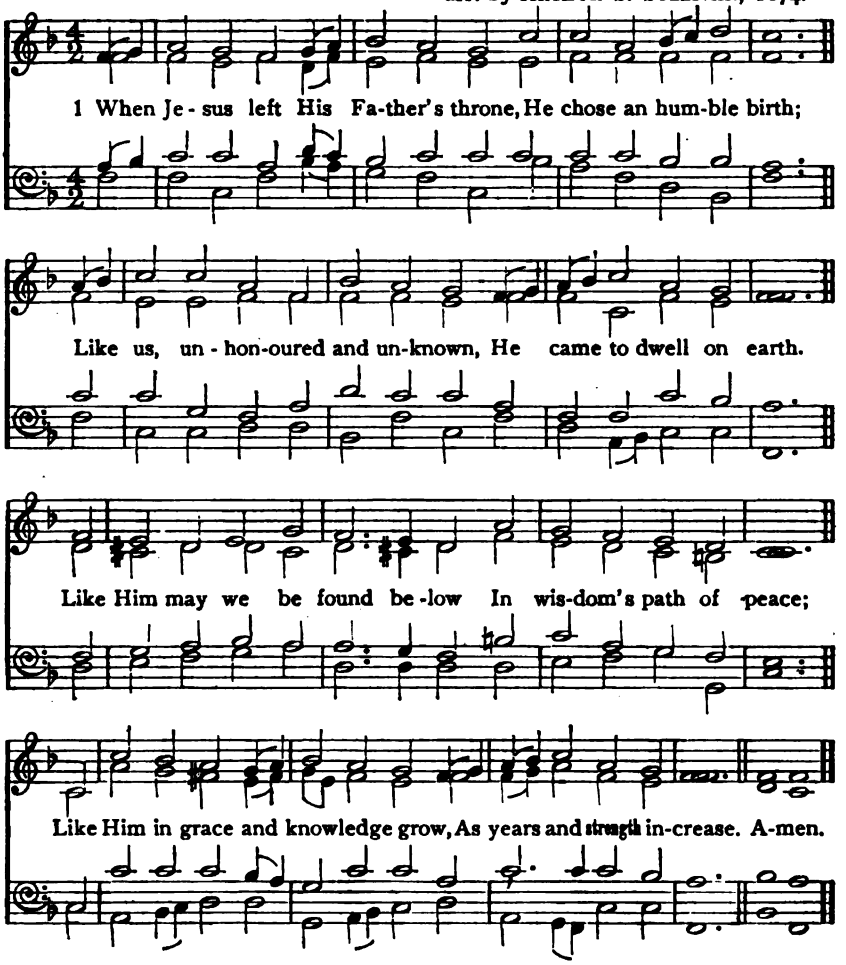


George R. Prynne, 1856.

Catechism.

362

Noel. C.M.D. English Folksong, arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874.



2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.
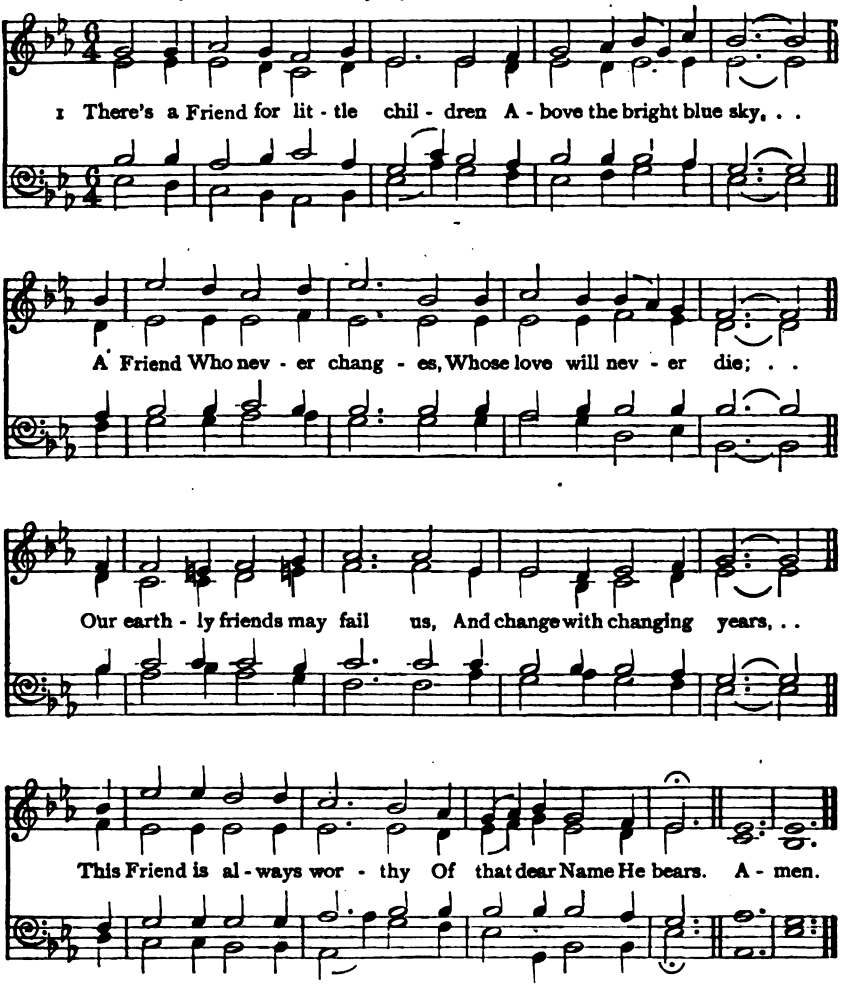
3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

James Montgomery, 1816.

Catechism.

363 (*First Tune*).

IN MEMORIAM (STAINER). 7.6.7.6. D. JOHN STAINER, 1875.



2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.
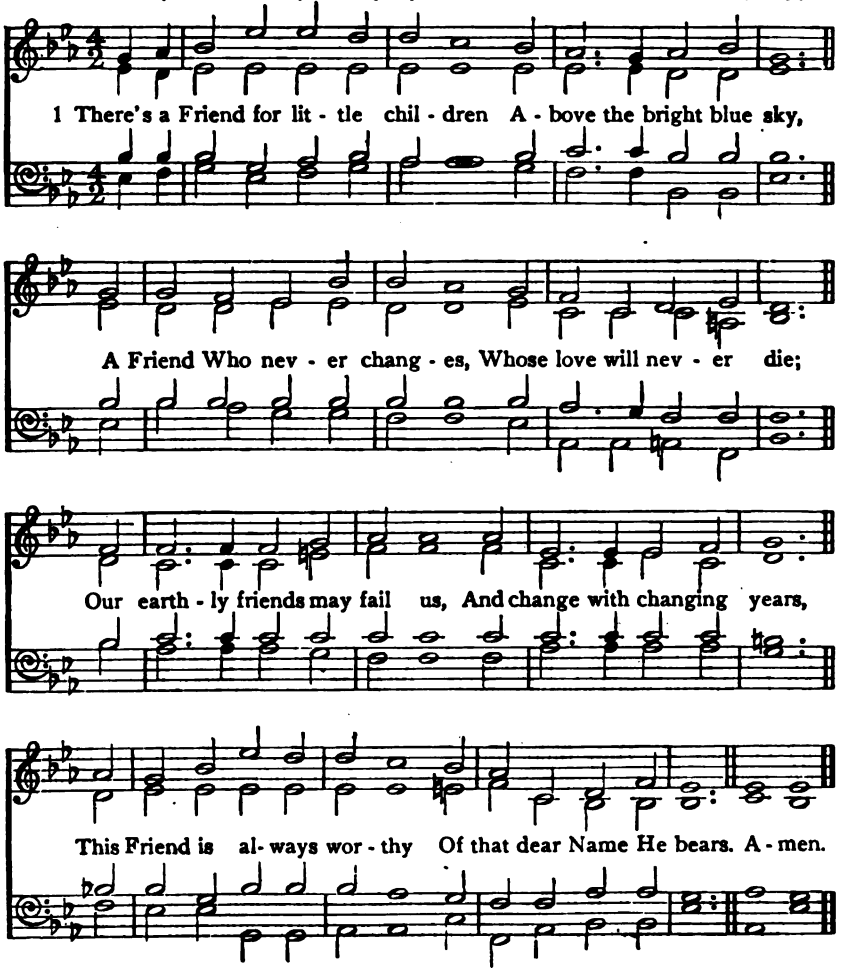
4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.
Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1859.
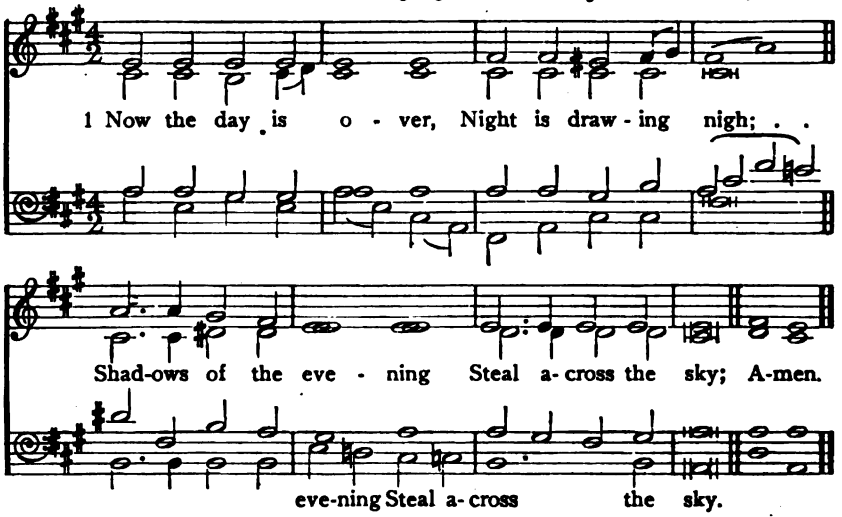
363

EDENGROVE (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. SAMUEL SMITH, 1874.



364

MERRIAL. 6.5.6.5. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

Alternative Tune, EUDOXIA, *No.* 322. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865.

Also the following:
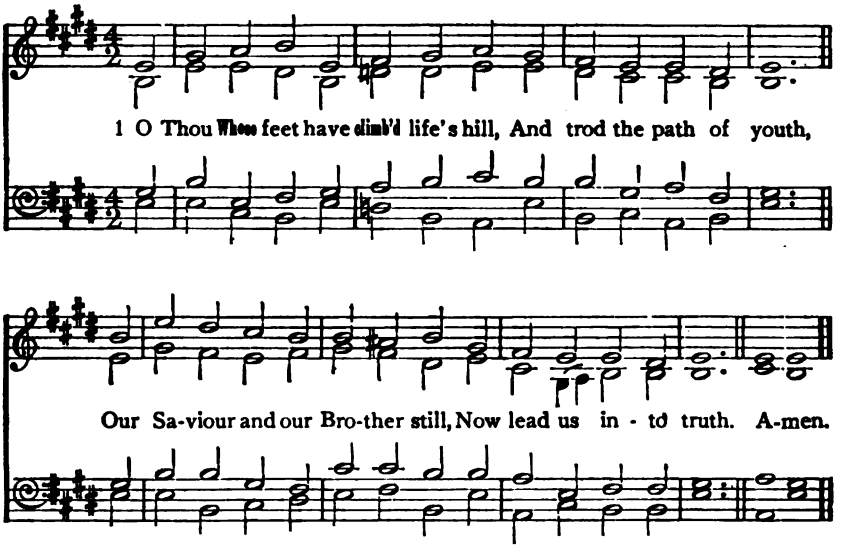
55 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus
59 Lord, Thy word abideth
78 O little town of Bethlehem
79 It came upon the midnight clear
87 O Lord, the Holy Innocents
90 Jesus, Name of wondrous love
95 Brightest and best
123 Forty days and forty nights
147 In the hour of trial
159 There is a green hill far away
193 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus
199 Our blest Redeemer
205 Holy, Holy, Holy!
211 My faith looks up to Thee
235 O Love that casts out fear
243 Saviour, source of every blessing
256 Songs of praise the angels sang
268 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
277 Blest are the pure in heart
291 Around the throne of God a band
295 For all the saints
322 Jesus, gentlest Saviour

See also Baptism, Confirmation, Missions, Brotherhood and Service, Processionals, and Carols.

School Life.

365

DUNDEE. C.M. Scottish Psalter, 1615.



2 The call is Thine: be Thou the Way,
And give us men, to guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

3 Who learn of Thee, the truth shall find;
Who follow, gain the goal:
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

4 Awake the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

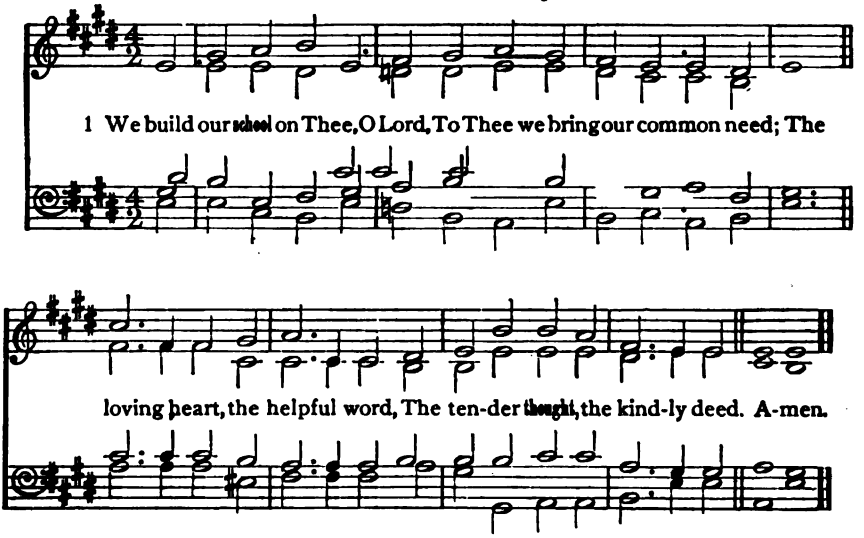
5 Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules;
Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools. Amen.

LOUIS F. BENSON, 1894.

School Life.

366

SEFTON. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.



2 We work together in Thy sight,
We live together in Thy love;
Guide Thou our faltering steps aright,
And lift our thought to heaven above.

3 Hold Thou each hand to keep it just,
Touch Thou our lips and make them pure;
If Thou art with us, Lord, we must
Be faithful friends and comrades sure.

4 We change, but Thou art still the same,
The same good Master, Teacher, Friend;
We change; but, Lord, we bear Thy Name,
To journey with it to the end. Amen.
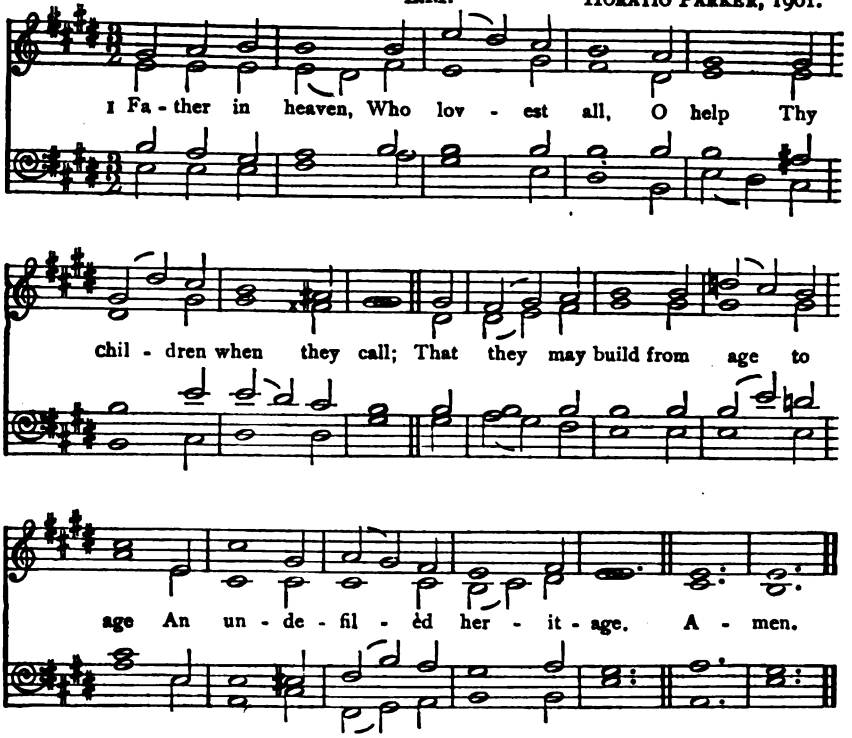
SEBASTIAN W. MEYER, 1908.

367

(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.)

367 School Life.

PIXHAM. L.M. HORATIO PARKER, 1901.



2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.
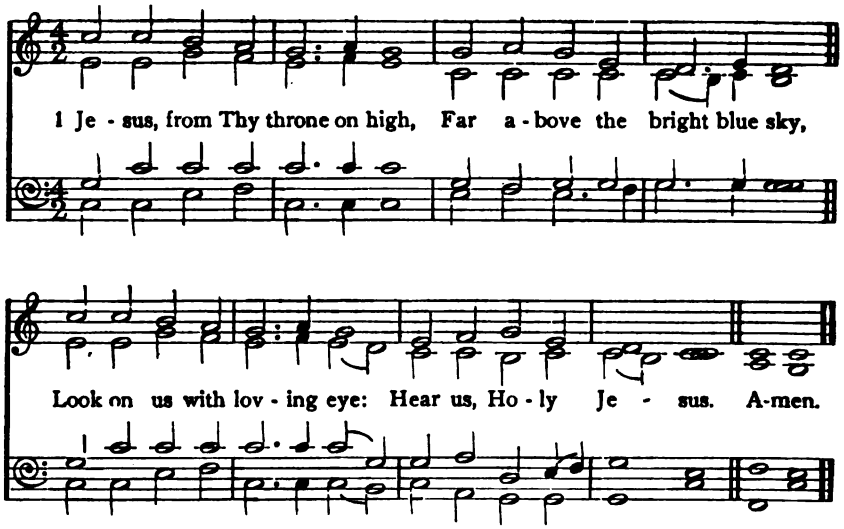
6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.
Amen.

(*Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,*
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1896.

368 Litany for Children.

ST. MEDAN. 7.7.7.6. Harmonized by WILLIAM H. MONK.



2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Litany for Children.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

15 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

16 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
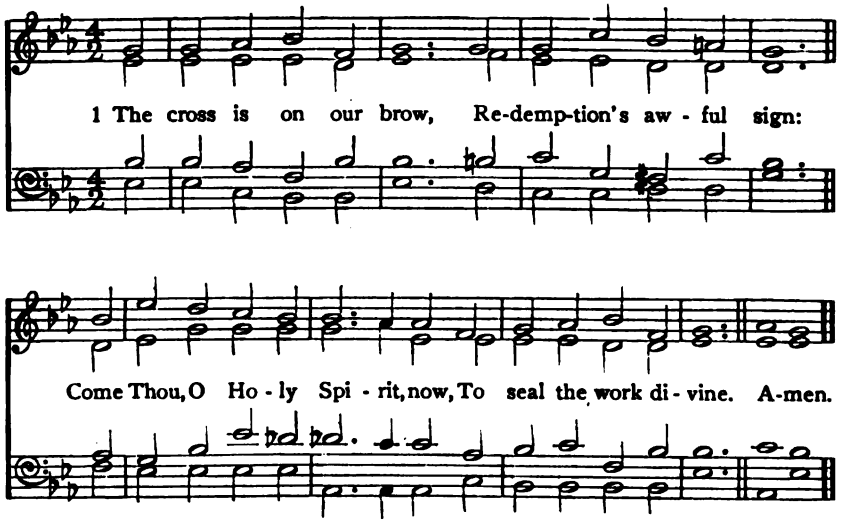
17 Jesus, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus. Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1871.

Confirmation.

369

ST. ANDREW. S.M. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

3 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel:
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.
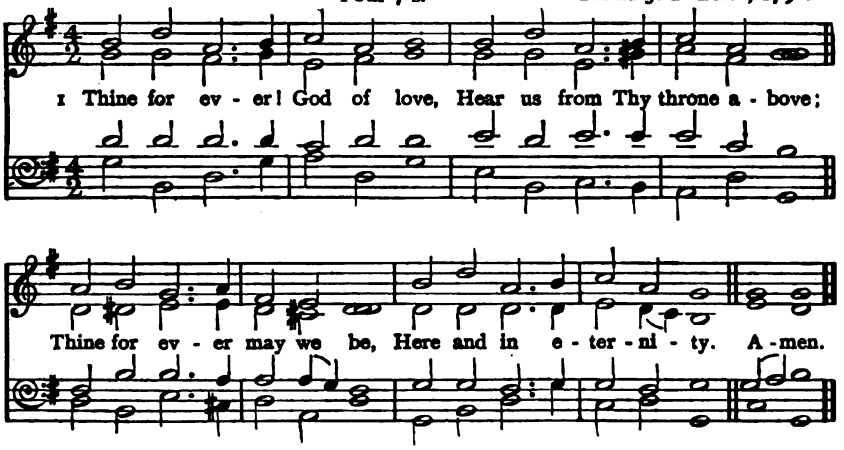
4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought:
Illume the souls with love's pure ray
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

5 No earth-forged arms we bear:
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity Divine. Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1869.

370 Confirmation.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. Four 7's. IGNAZ J. PLEYEL, 1790.



2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let them all Thy goodness share.

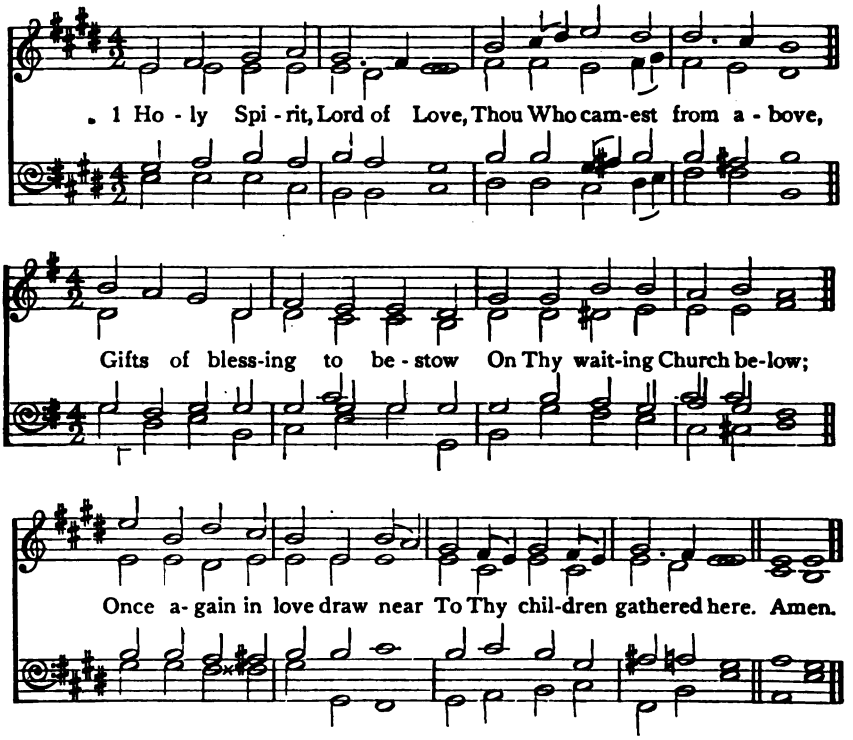
5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

MARY F. MAUDE, 1847.

Confirmation.

371

HOLY SPIRIT. Six 7's. GEORGE F. LEJEUNE, 1894.



2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

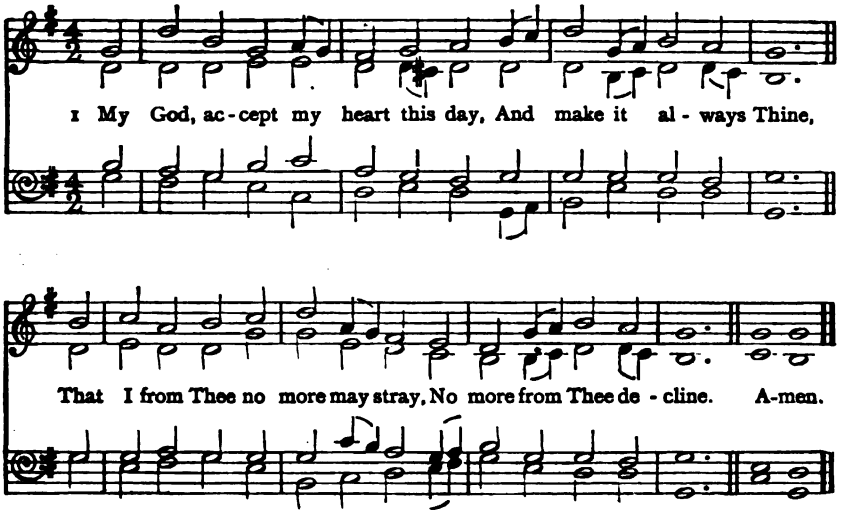
3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home. Amen.

WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN, 1873.

372 Confirmation.

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. WILLIAM JONES, 1789.



2

Before the cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.
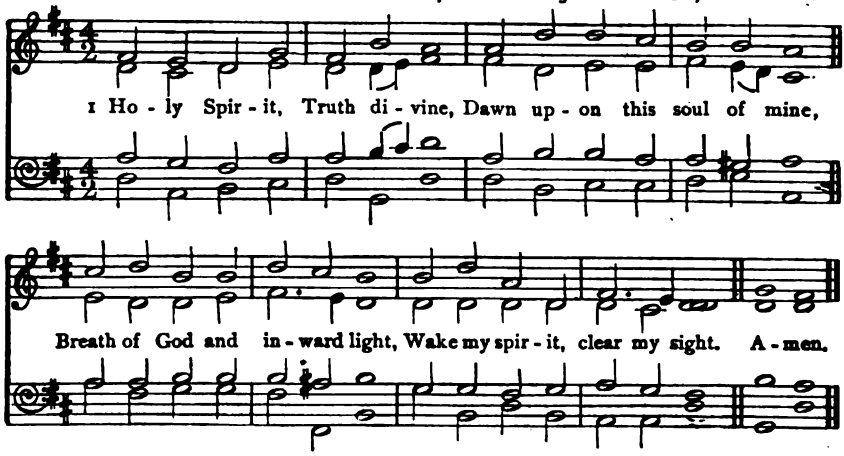
4

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven! Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848

373 Confirmation.

SANDRINGHAM. Four 7's. JAMES TURLE, 1802–1882.



2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring." Amen.

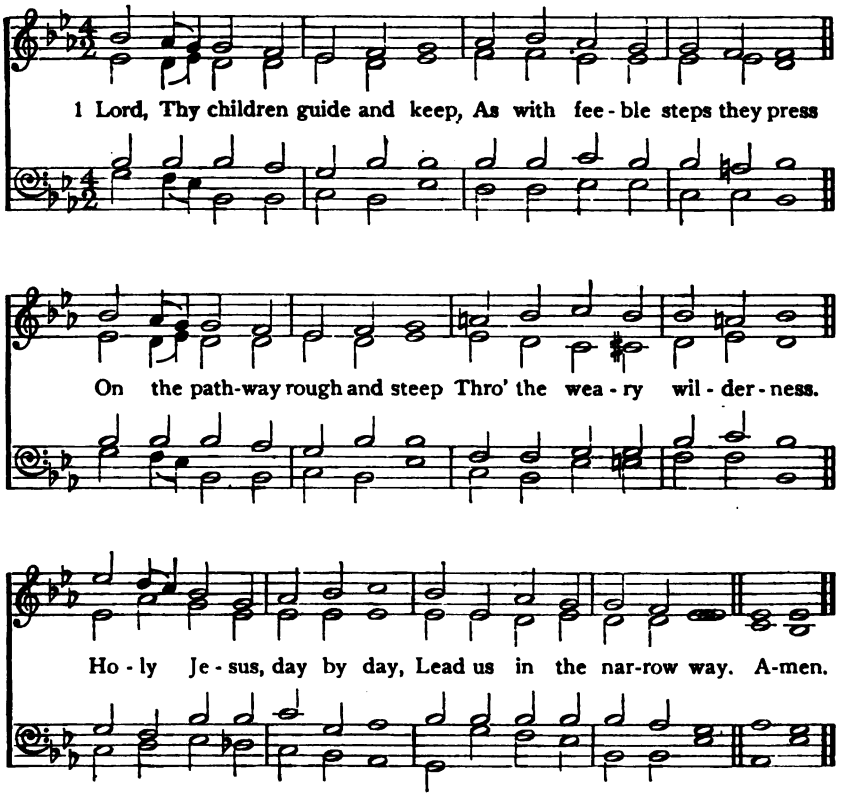
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

Alternative Tune, LEW TRENCHARD, *No.* 417.

Confirmation.

374

BREAD OF HEAVEN. Six 7's. WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN, 1875.



2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
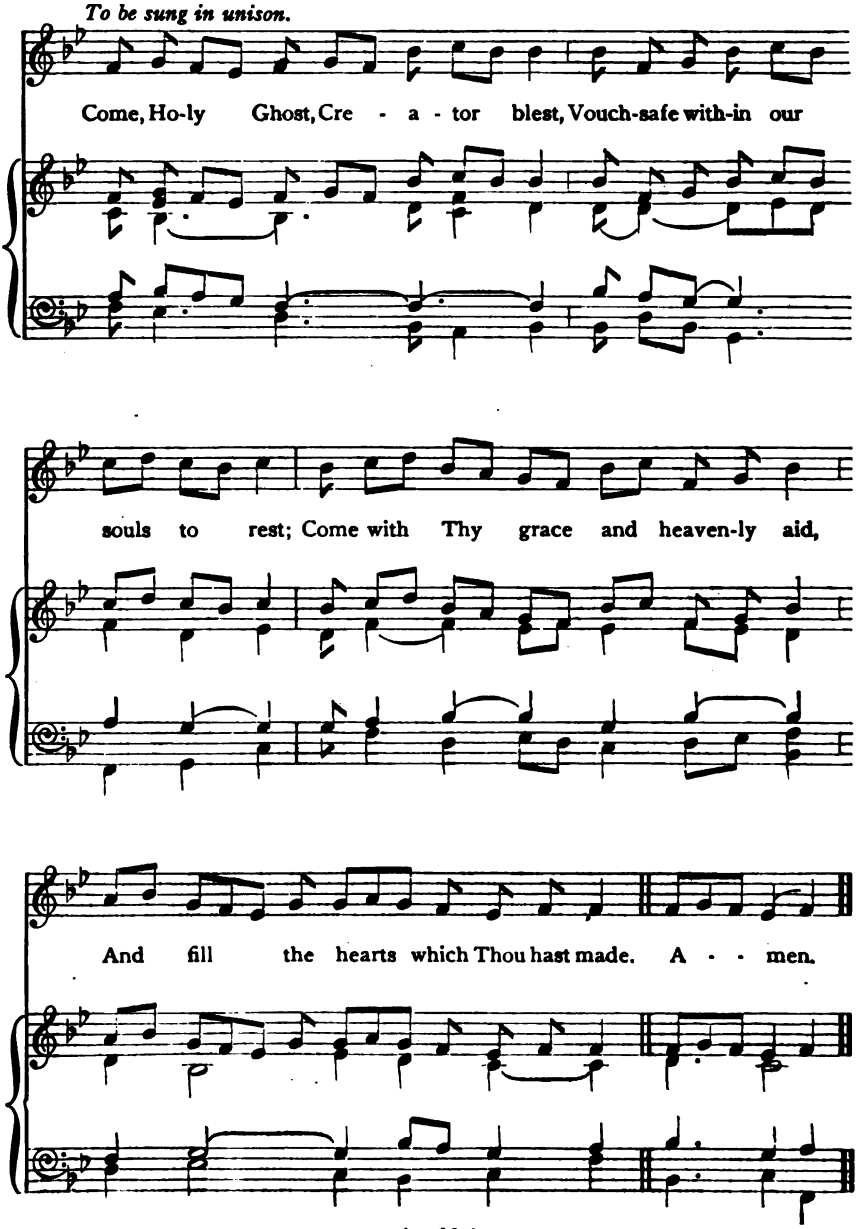
5 Upward still to purer heights!
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest!
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

375 Confirmation.
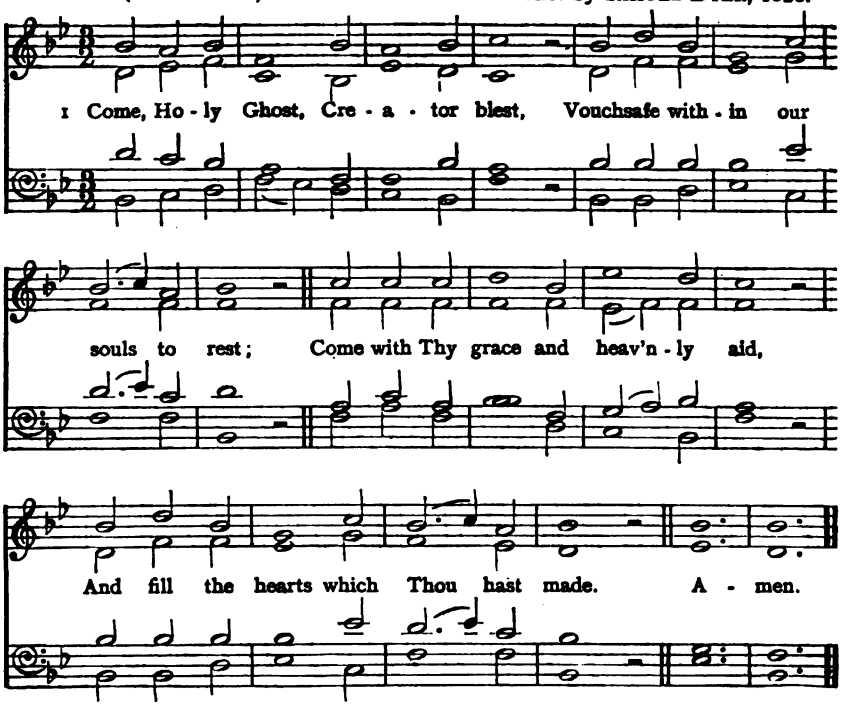
VENI CREATOR (*First Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII.

To be sung in unison.



375 Confirmation.

MENDON (*Second Tune*). L.M. Arr. by SAMUEL DYER, 1828.



2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The Fount of Life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.

3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.
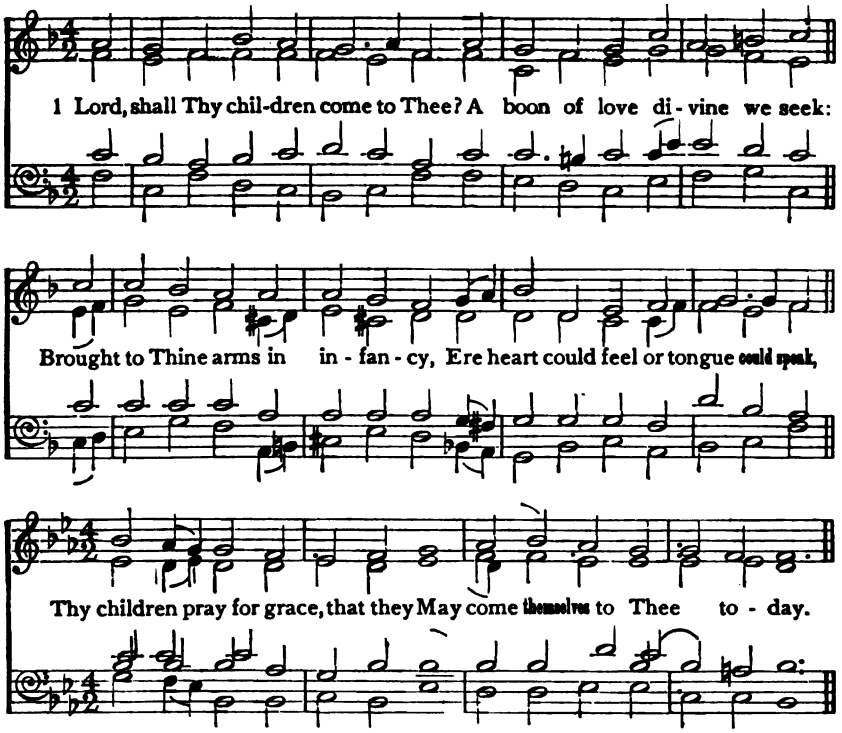
5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide. Amen.

Latin; Tr. EDWARD CASWALL *and compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861; *alt., from* RICHARD MANT, 1837.

Confirmation.

376
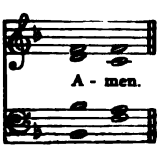
ST. MATTHIAS. Six 8's. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.



2 Lord, shall we come, and come again,
Oft as we see Thy table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread?
Bless Thou, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come—not thus alone
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be?

4 Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more:
To come, not now alone, but then—
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.
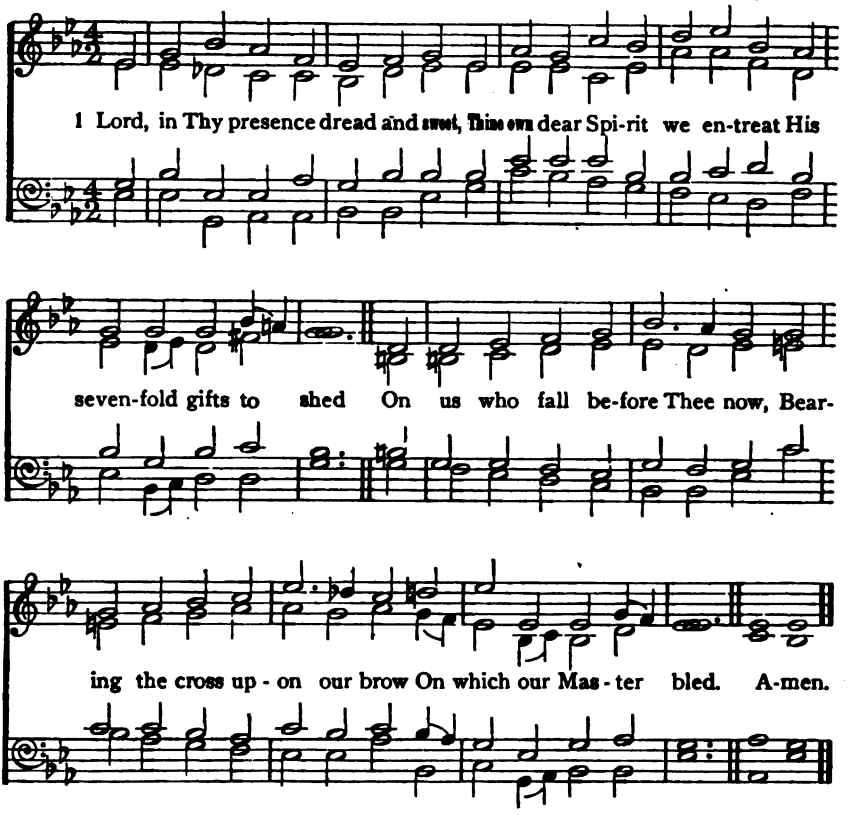


SAMUEL HINDS, 1834; *st. 3*, HENRY J. BUCKOLL, 1843;

Confirmation.

377

ESCA VIATORUM. 8.8.6.8.8.6. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



2 Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities,
To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true!
Our souls with holy light endue
To seek the things above.

3 Spirit of Counsel! be our Guide;
Teach us by earthly struggles tried
Our heavenly crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us free from sin.

4 Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In Thine own path secure and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod;
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle Piety!
To keep us close to God.

5 But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear!
In our hearts' inmost shrine:
Our souls with loving reverence fill,
To worship His most holy will,
All righteous and divine.
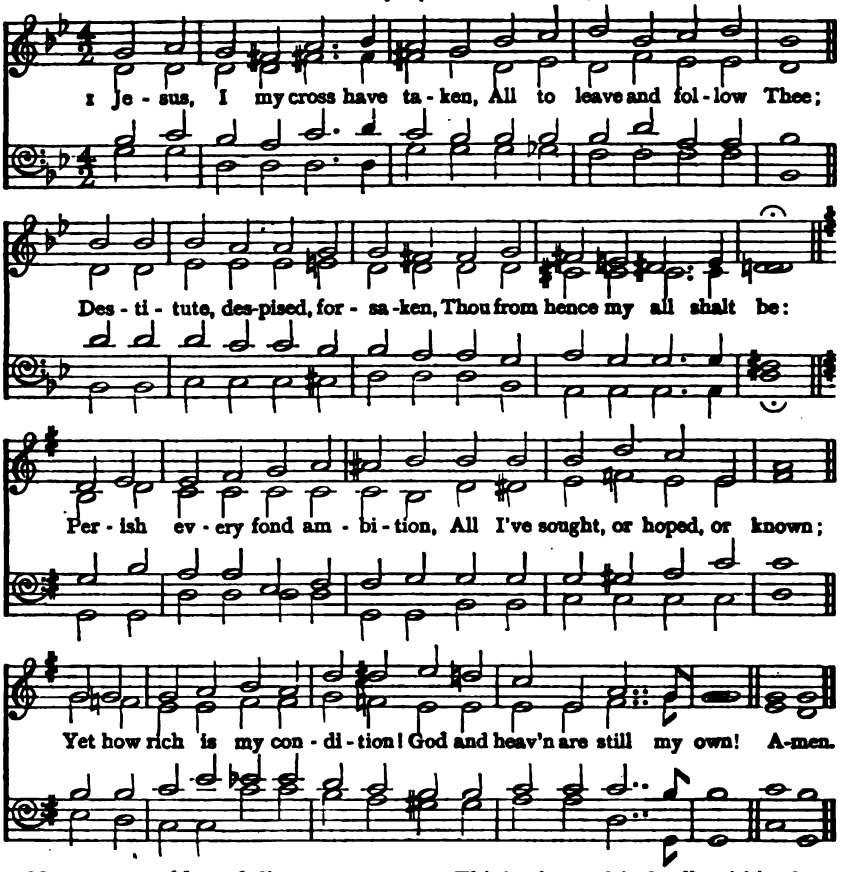
6 So, dearest Lord, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,
Where only rest may be.
What matter where our lot is cast,
If only it may end at last
In Paradise with Thee! Amen.

Anonymous, c. 1850.

Alternative Tune, INNSBRUCK, *No.* 174.

378 Confirmation.

St. Polycarp. 8.7.8.7.D. Joseph Barnby, 1869.



2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
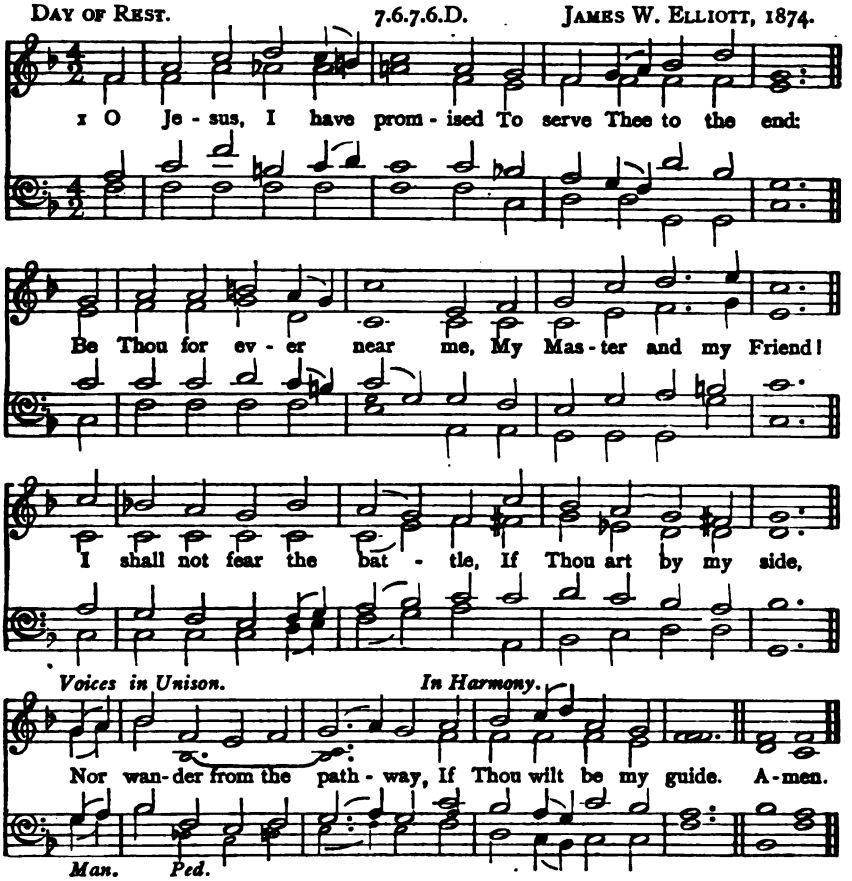
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte, 1824, *rev.* 1833.

379 Confirmation.

DAY OF REST. 7.6.7.6.D. JAMES W. ELLIOTT, 1874.



2 O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

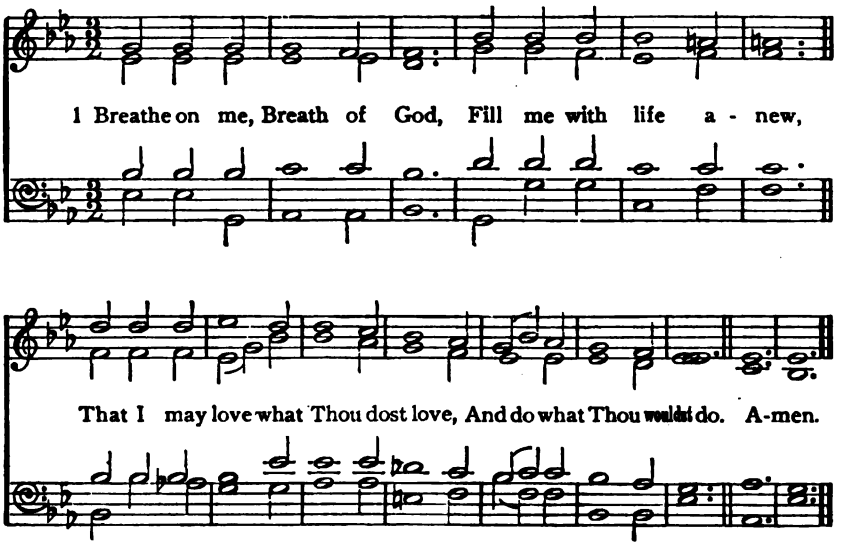
5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

JOHN E. BODE, 1869.

Confirmation.

380

NOVA VITA. S.M. LISTER R. PEACE, 1914.



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

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die;
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity. Amen.
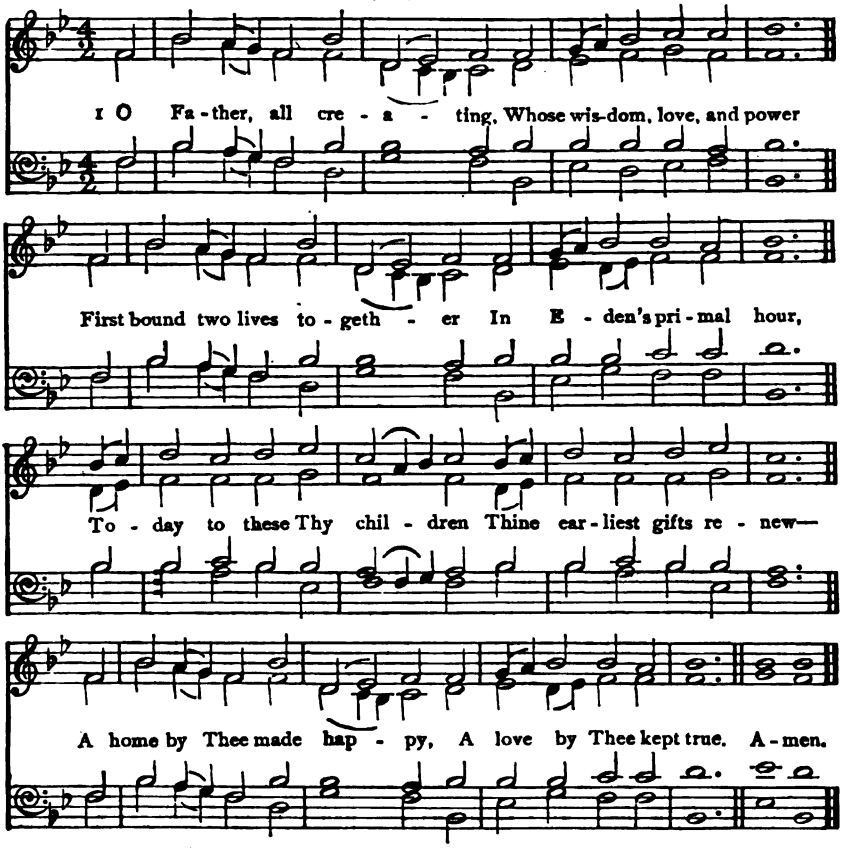
EDWIN HATCH, 1878.

Also the following:

117 He who would valiant be
211 My faith looks up to Thee
525 I bind unto myself today
535 Go forward, Christian soldier

381 Holy Matrimony.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6. D. Wirtemberg, 1784.



2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.
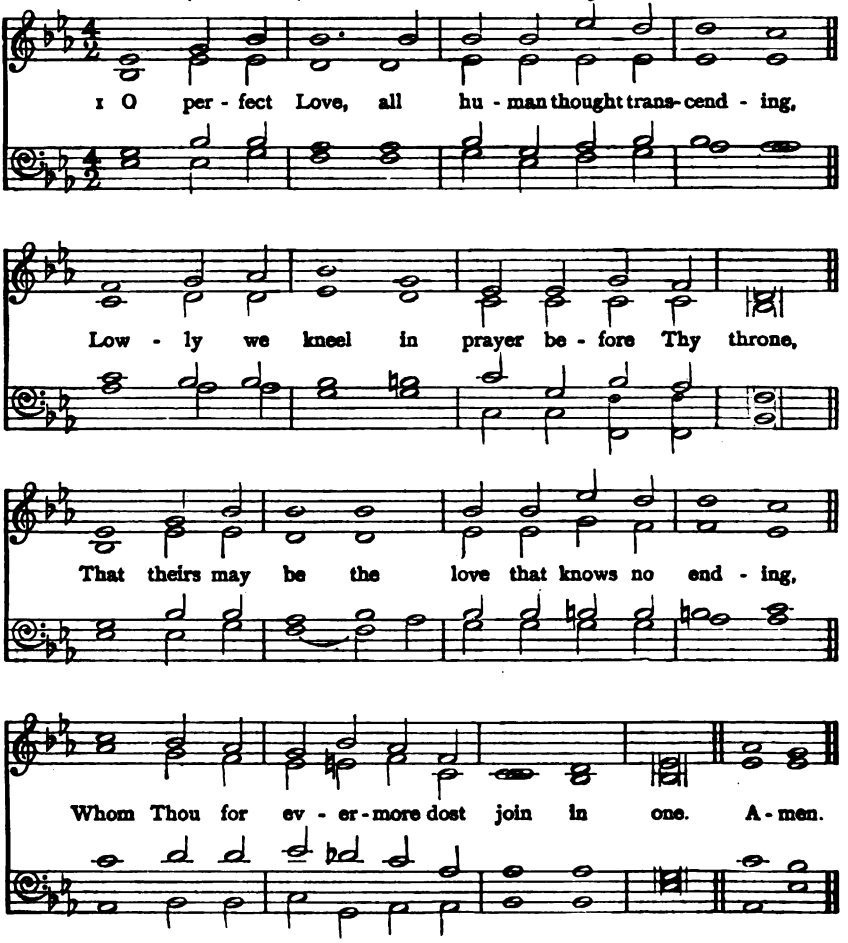
3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But naught can break the marriage
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1876.

382 Holy Matrimony.

PERFECT LOVE (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1889.
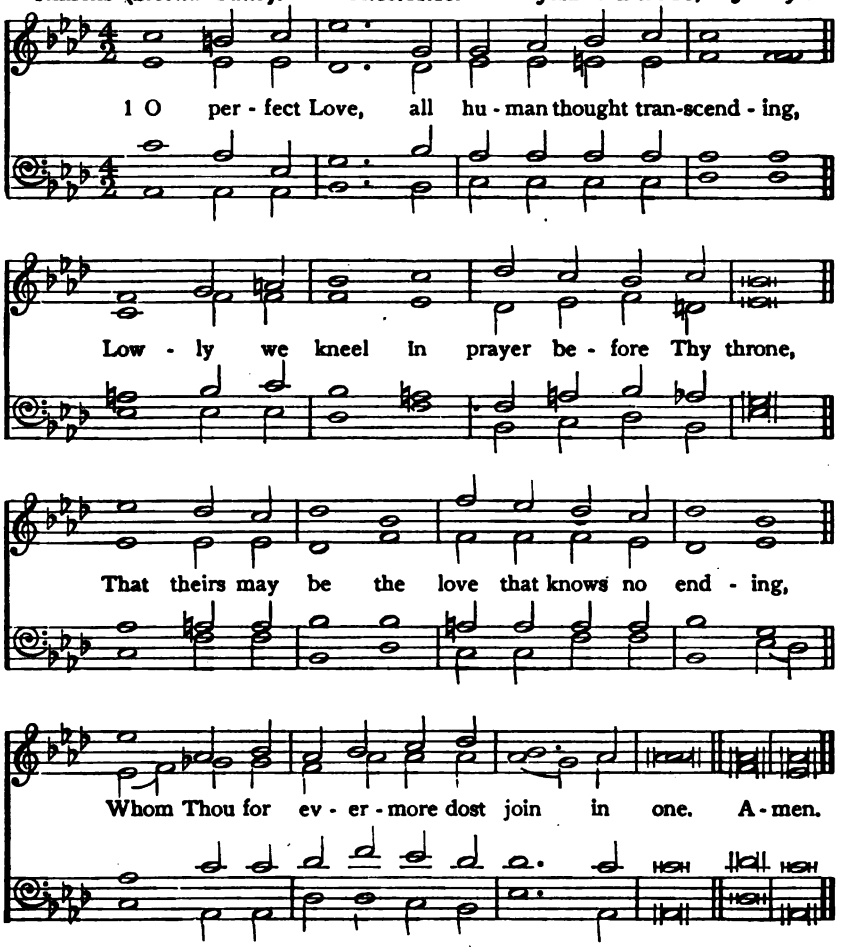


2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

DOROTHY F. GURNEY, 1883.

382 Holy Matrimony.

CARITAS (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.



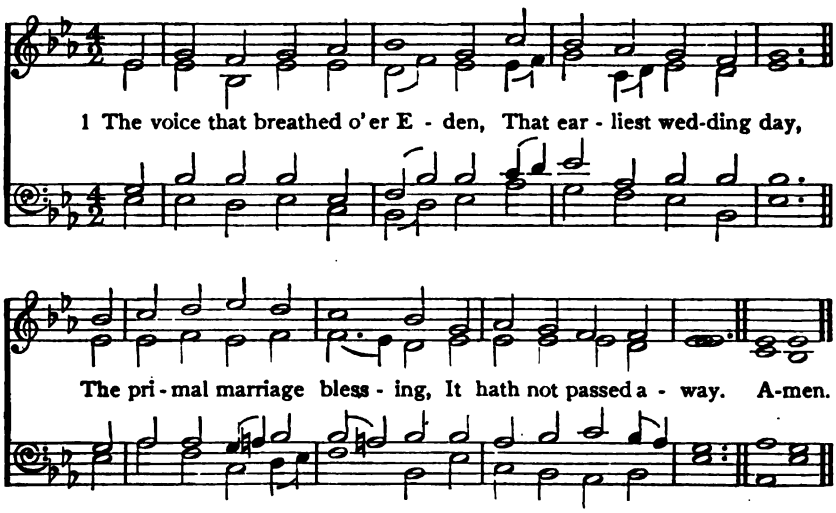
2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

DOROTHY F. GURNEY, 1883.

383 Holy Matrimony.

CANA. 7.6.7.6. MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, aweful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!
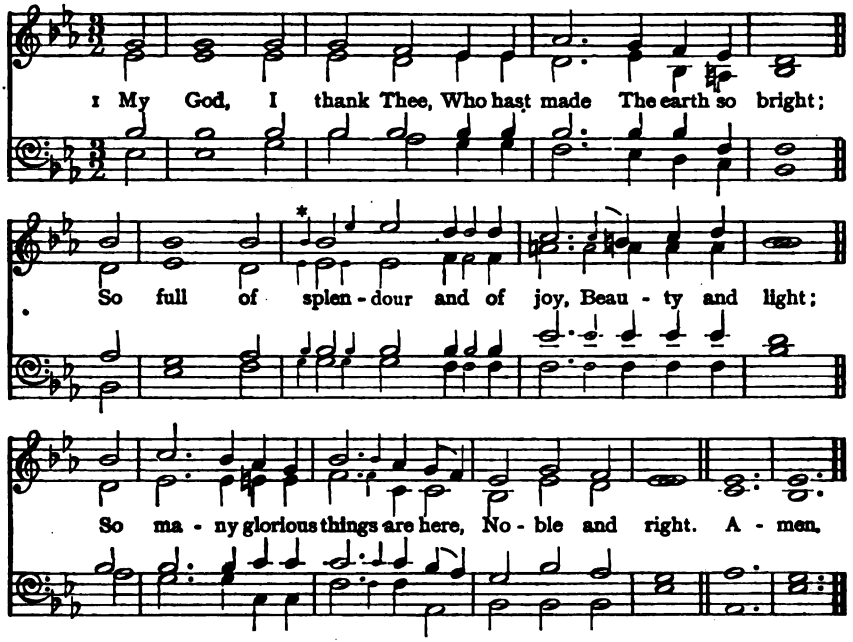
6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857.

384 Visitation.

CARROW. 8.4.8.4.8.4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1873.



2

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

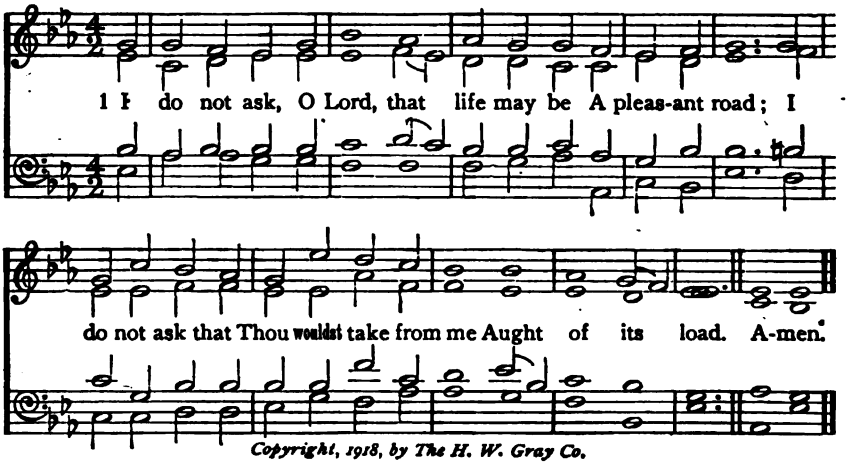
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR, 1858.

*Small notes for v. 2.

Visitation.

385

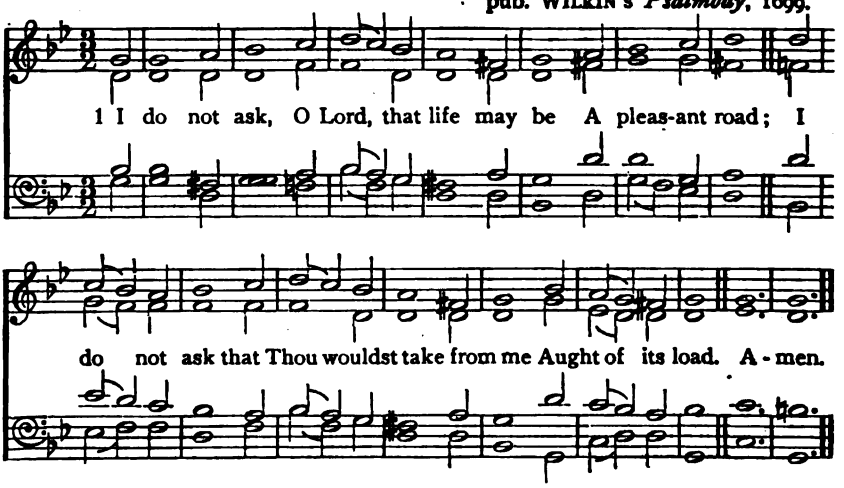
REIGATE (*First Tune*). 10.4.10.4. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1918.



Copyright, 1918, by The H. W. Gray Co.

385

BURFORD (*Second Tune*). HENRY PURCELL, pub. WILKIN'S *Psalmody*, 1699.



2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

Visitation.

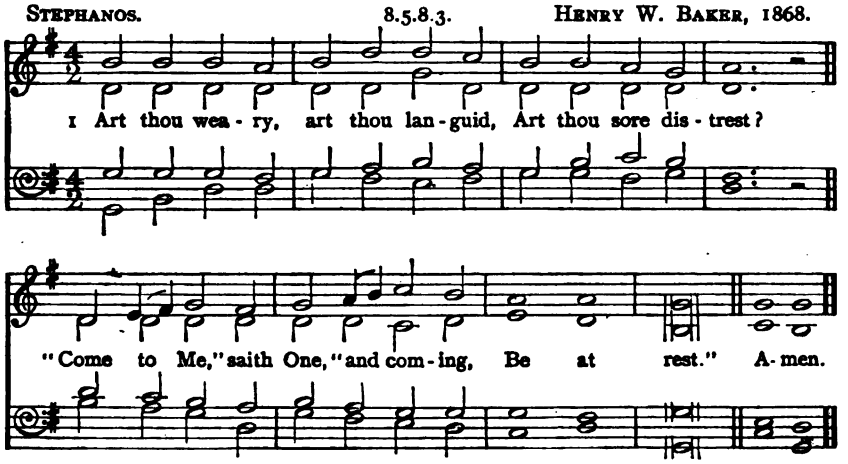
4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light. Amen.

386 ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR, 1862.

STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended
Jordan past."
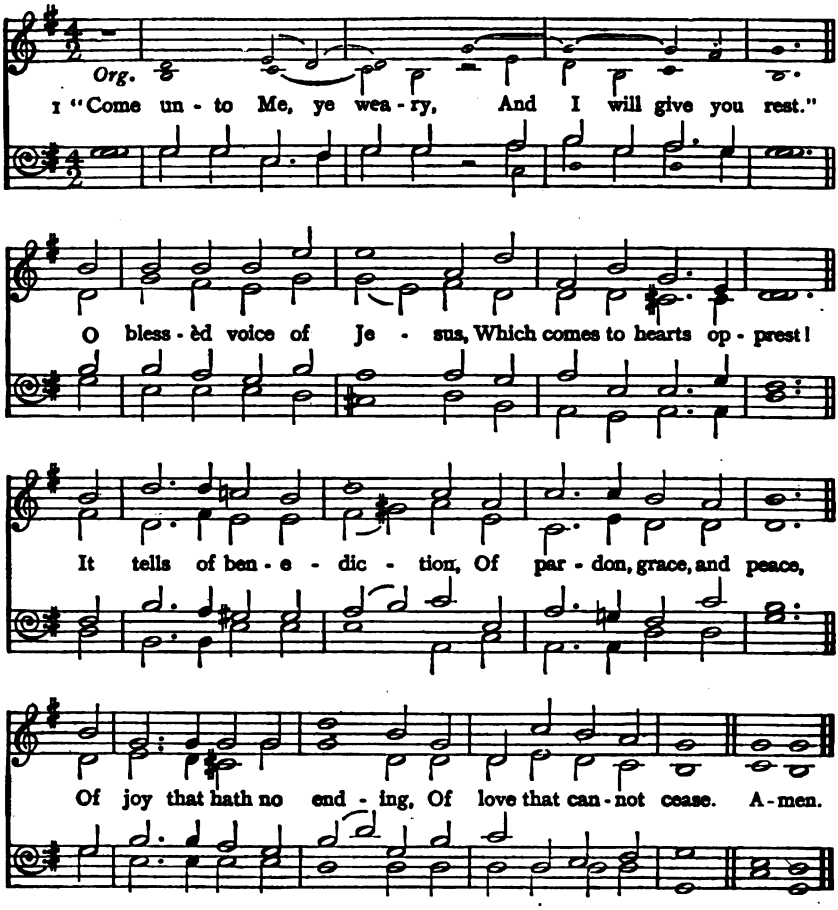
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, "Yes."

JOHN M. NEALE, 1862.

387 Visitation.

COME UNTO ME (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.
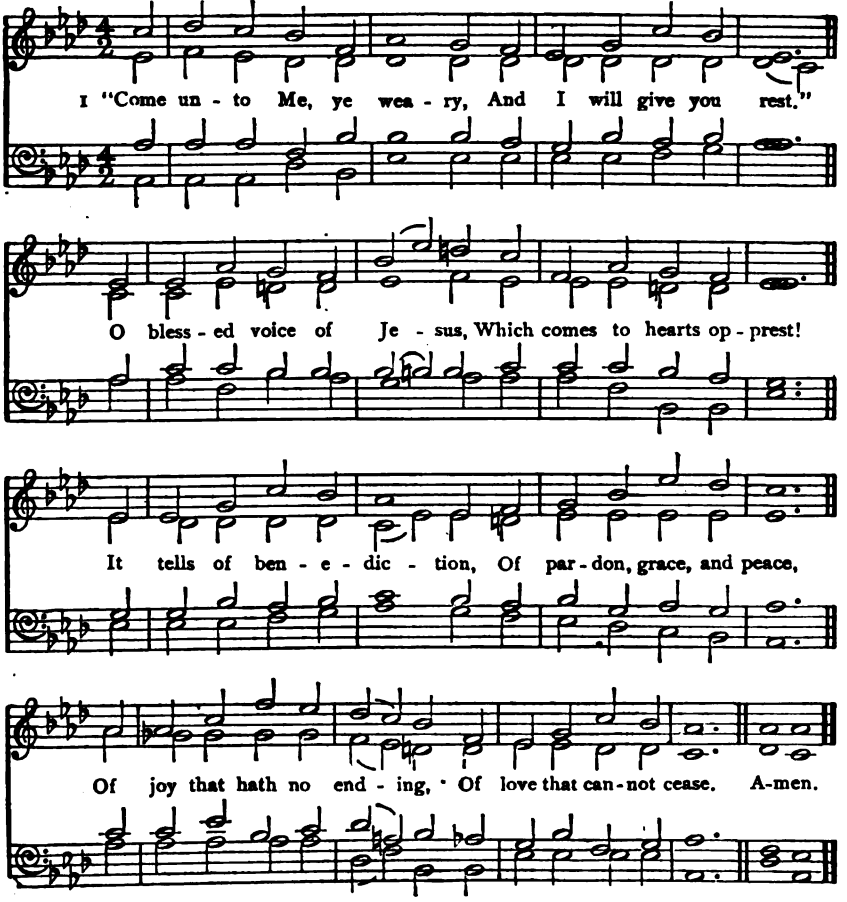
3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1867.
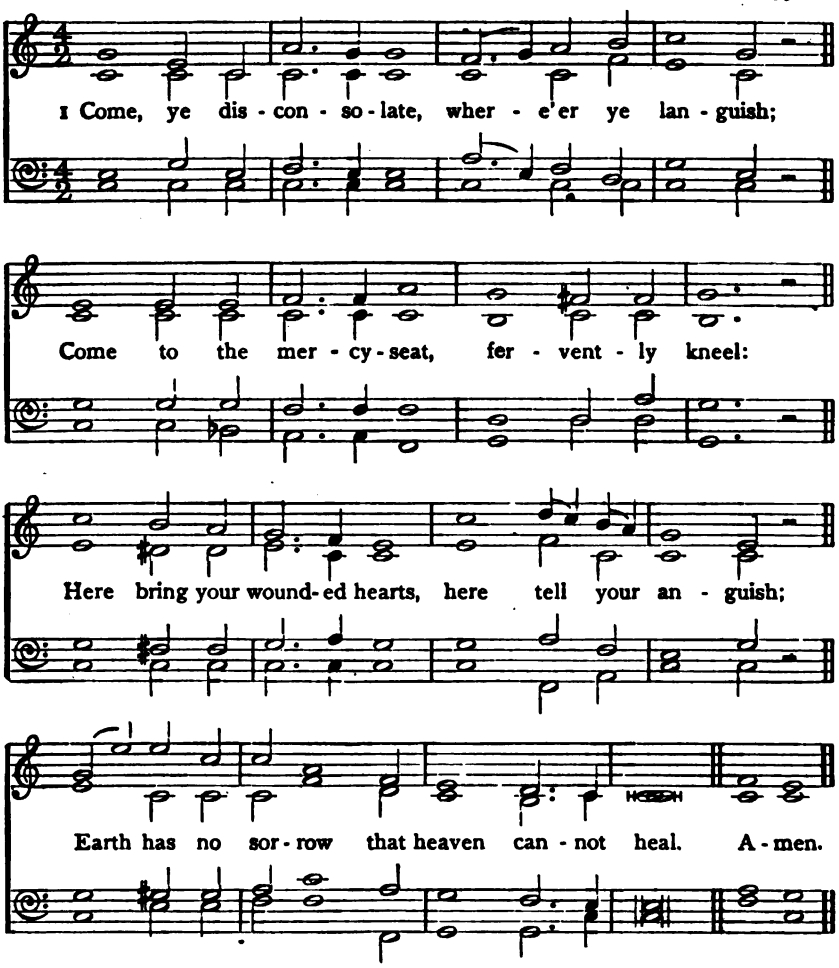
387

JESU DILECTISSIME (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. R. H. McCARTNEY, 1844–1895.



388

CONSOLATION. 11.10.11.10. ART. from SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.
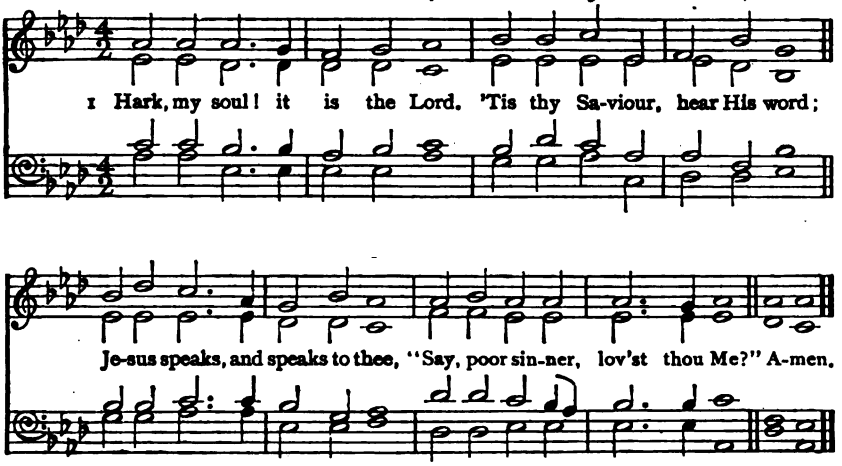


2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816; *st. 3*, THOMAS HASTINGS, 1831.

389 Visitation.

ST. BEES. Four 7's. JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.



2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

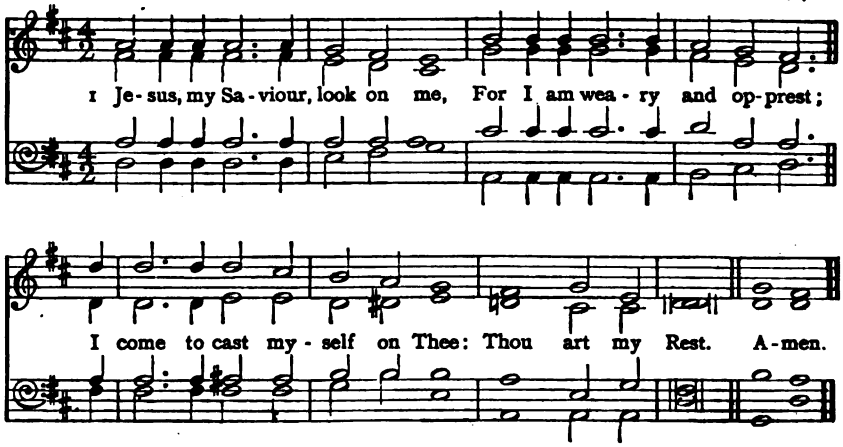
5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1768.

390 Visitation.

HANFORD. 8.8.8.4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length:
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

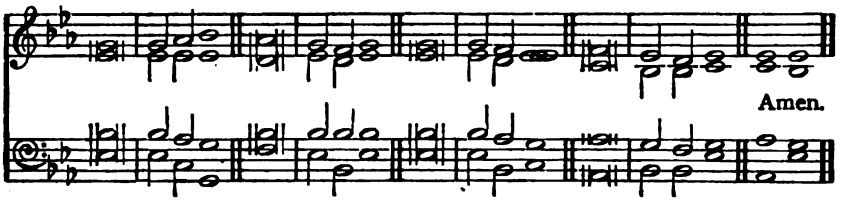
6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1869, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, TROYTE, *No.* 391.

391 Visitation.

TROYTE. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, 1860.



1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

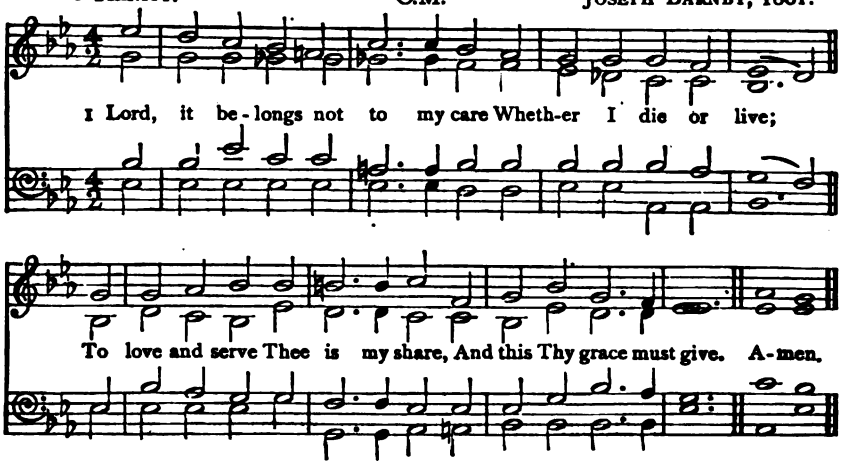
7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!" Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, HANFORD, *No.* 390.

392 Visitation.

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.



2 If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

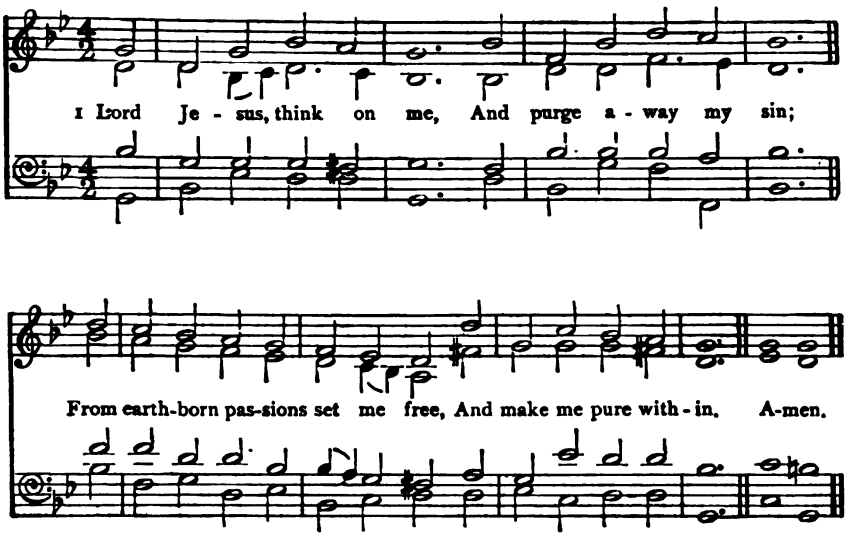
5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him. Amen.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681, *cento.*

393 Visitation.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.



2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.
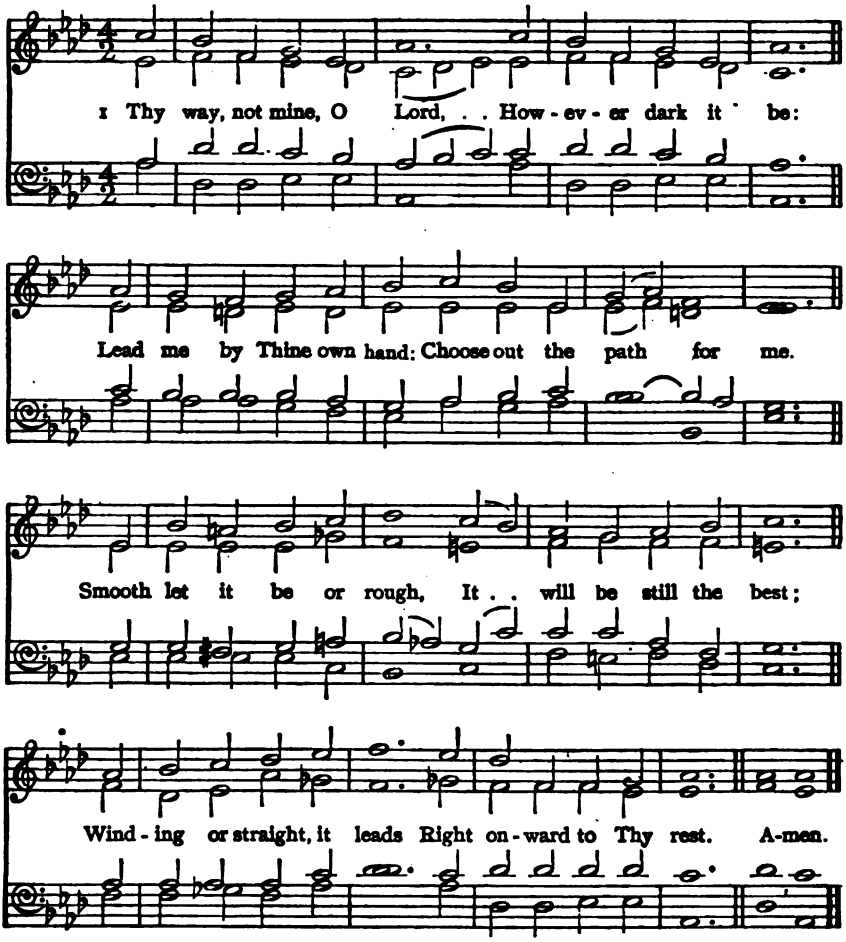
3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

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

SYNESIUS, *c.* 375–430; *Tr.* ALLEN W. CHATFIELD, 1876.

394 Visitation.

BLESSED HOME. Eight 6's. JOHN STAINER, 1875.
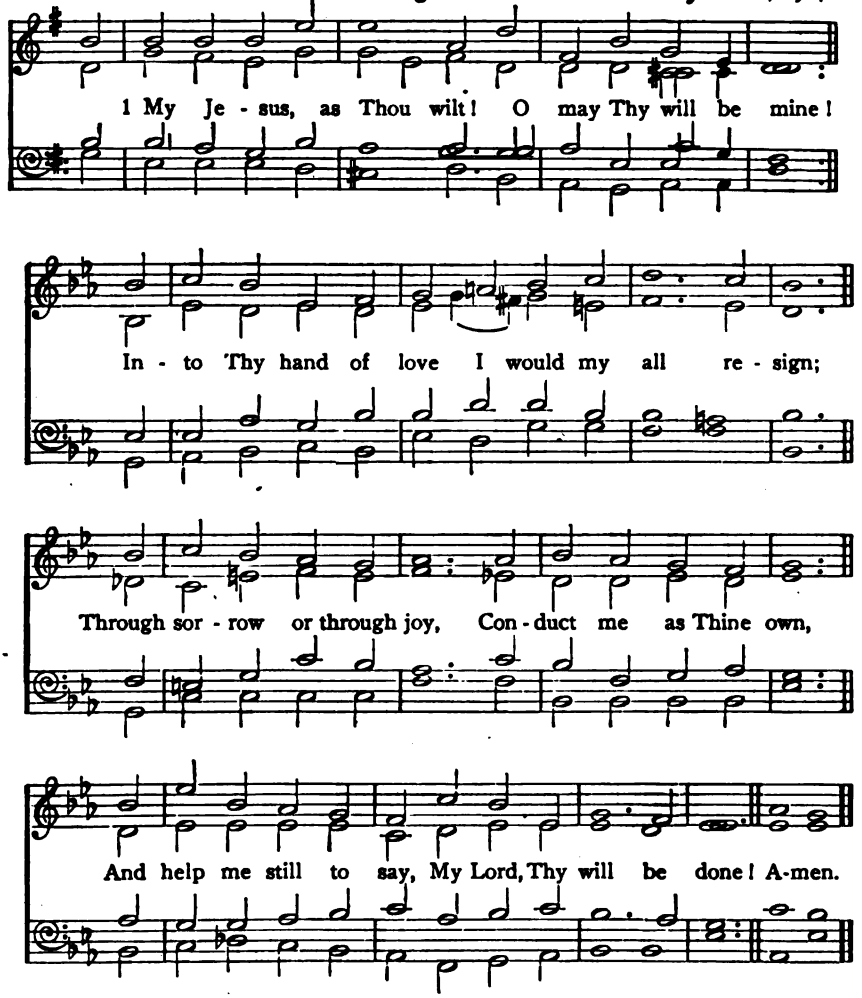


2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

395 Visitation.

DENBY. Eight 6's. CHARLES J. DALE, 1904.
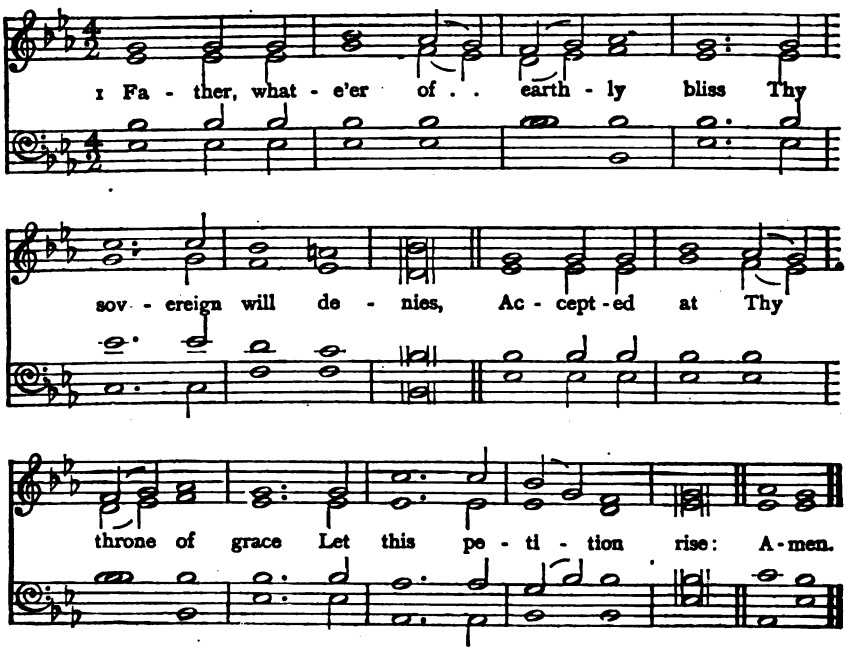


2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done! Amen.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, *c.* 1704; *Tr.* JANE BORTHWICK, 1854.

396 Visitation.

NAOMI. C.M. Arr. from JOHANN G. NAEGELI by LOWELL MASON, 1863.



2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
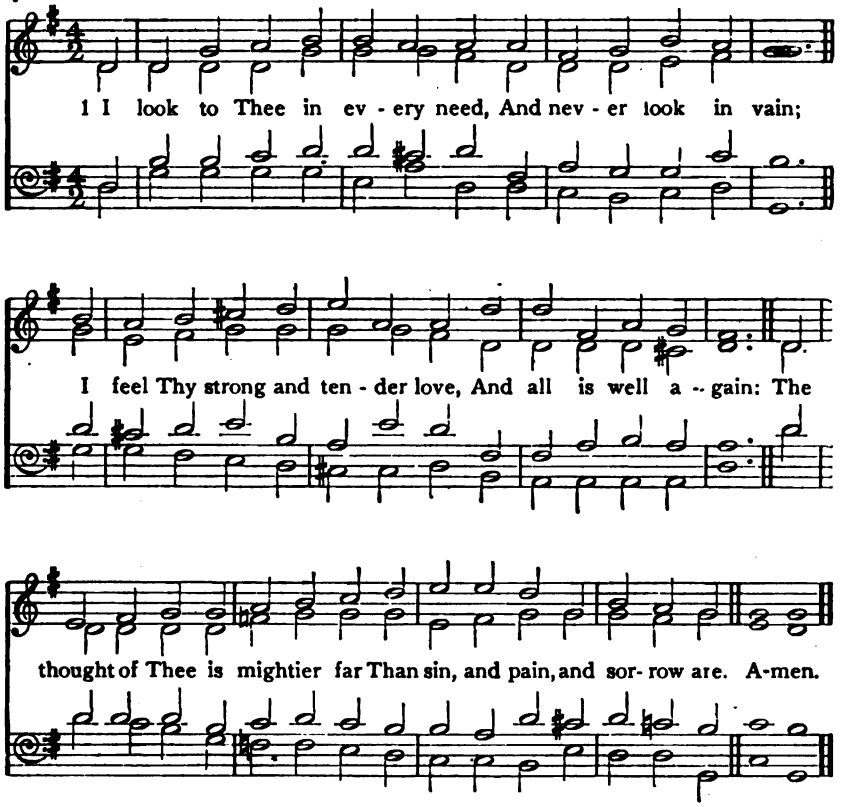
3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

ANNE STEELE, 1760, *cento.*

Visitation.

397

BRYANT. 8.6.8.6.8.8. WALTER G. ALCOCK, 1861.



2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.
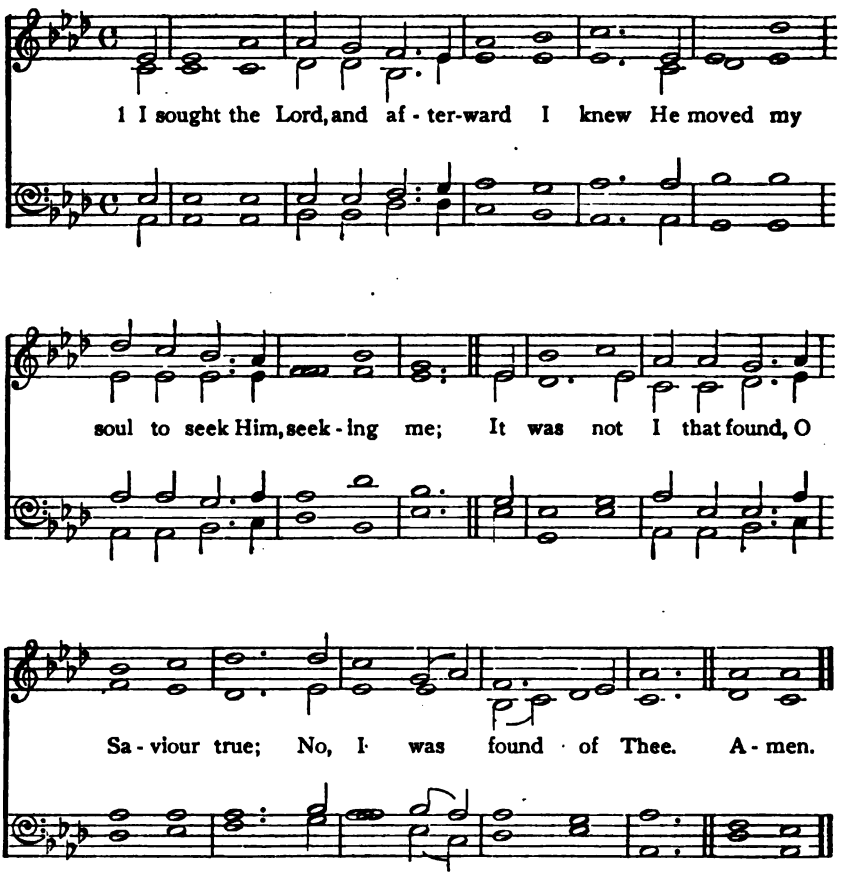
4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise. Amen.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

Visitation.

398

ARTAVIA. 10.10.10.6. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1887.



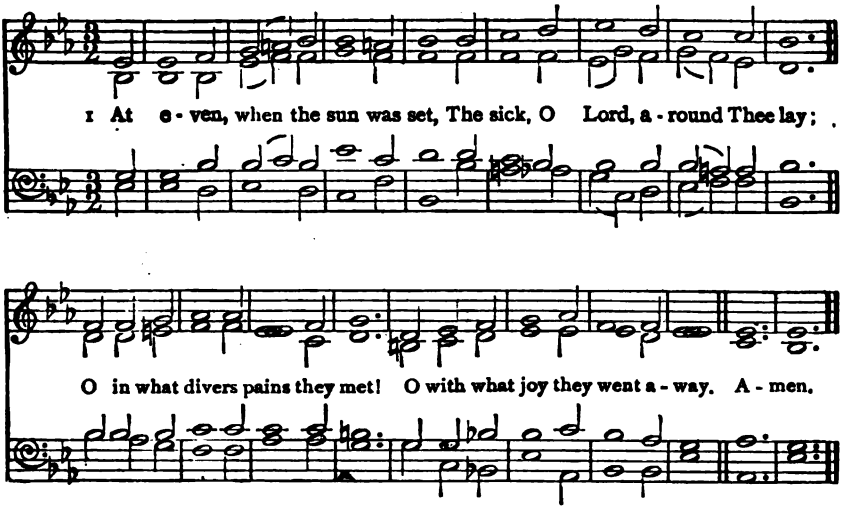
2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea—
'T was not so much that I on Thee took hold,
As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

3 I find, I walk, I love, but O the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always Thou lovedst me. Amen.

Anonymous, c. 1878.

399 Visitation.

ANGELUS. L.M. GEORG JOSEPH, 1657.



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had,

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
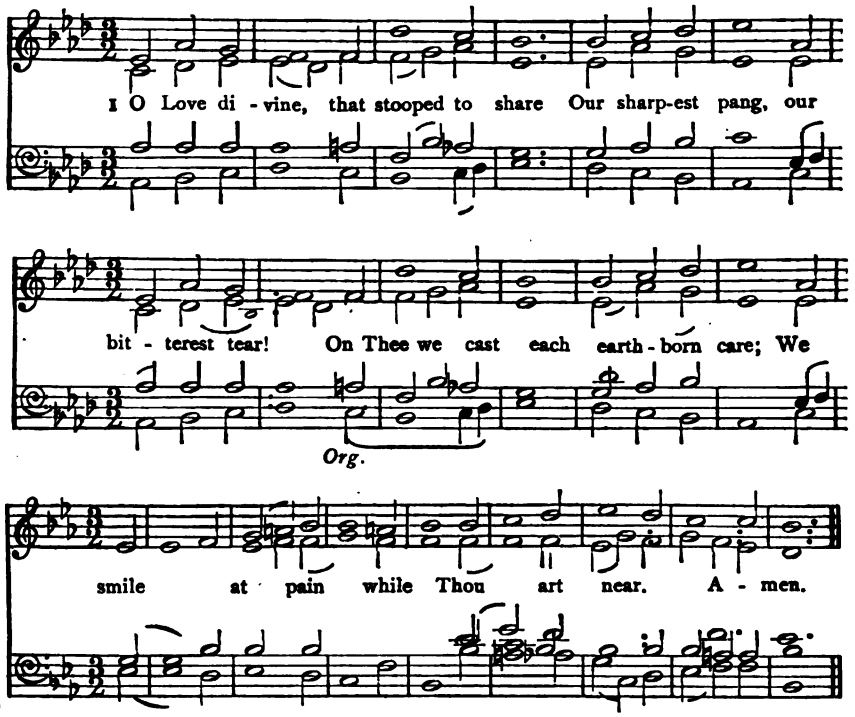
6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried,
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

HENRY TWELLS, 1868.

400 Visitation.

ABENDS. L.M. HERBERT S. OAKELEY, 1874.



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

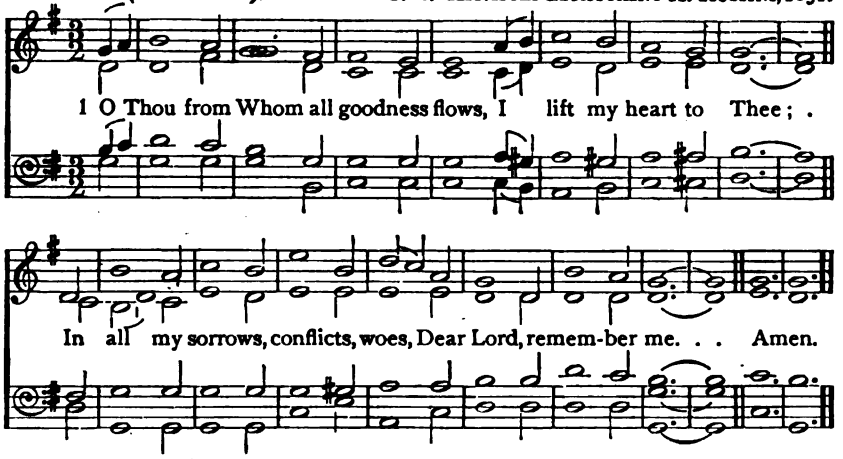
4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near. Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859.

Visitation.

401

MANOAH (*First Tune*). C.M. ARR. from GIOACCHINO A. ROSSINI, 1851.



2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.
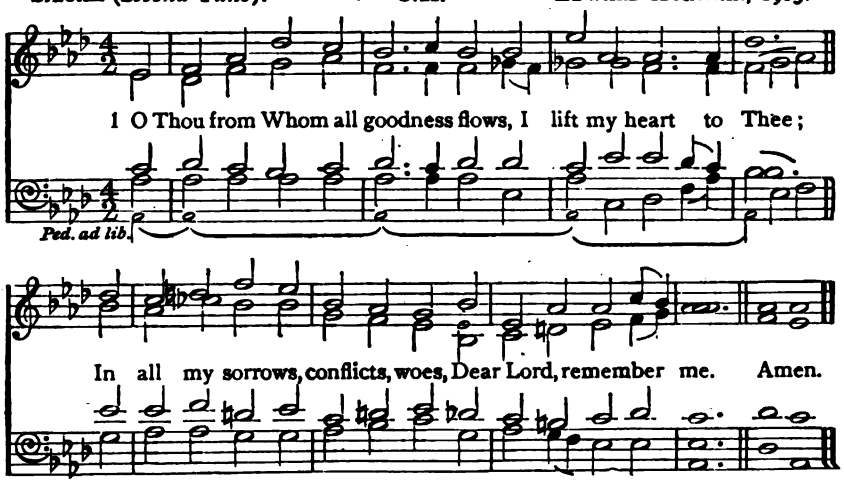
4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 And O when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me! Amen.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1791, *alt.*

401
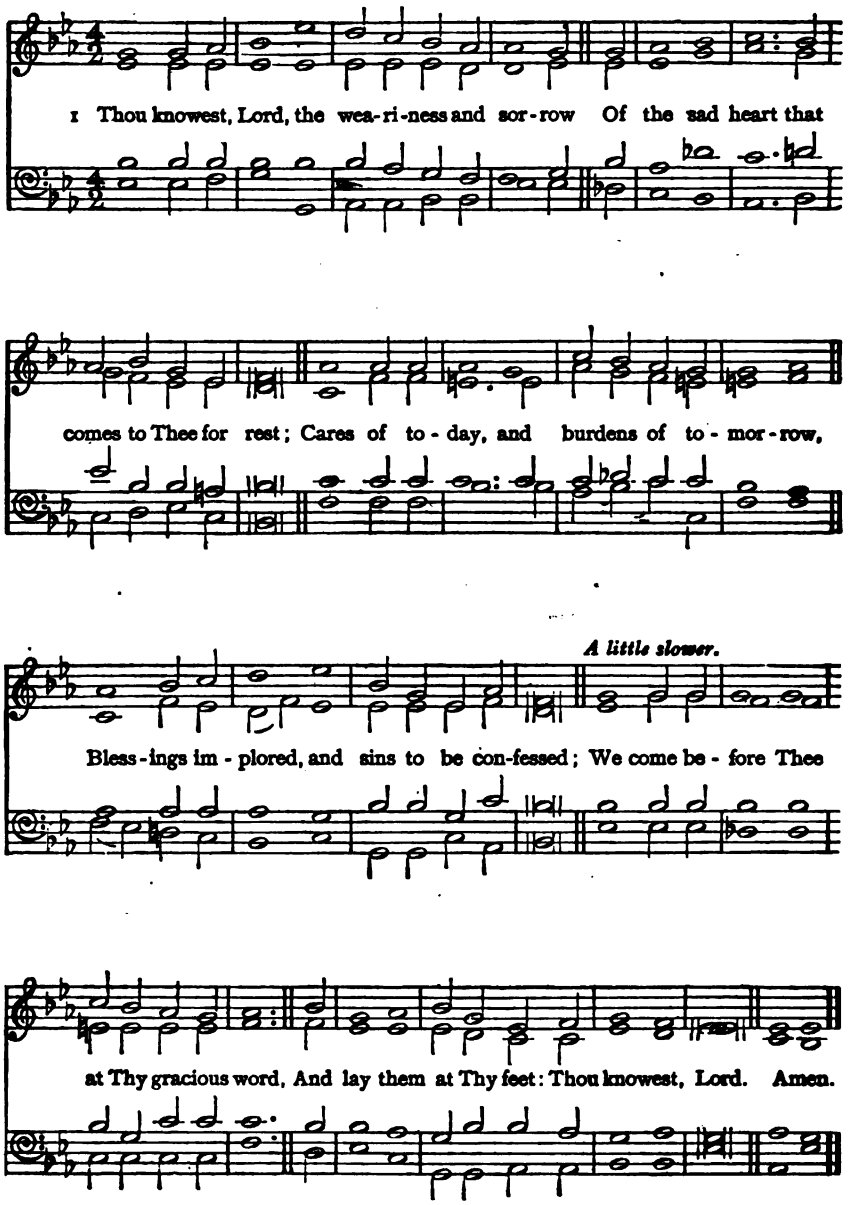
SILOAM (*Second Tune*). C.M. EDWARD HORSMAN, 1903.



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402 Visitation.

EDINBURGH. 11.10.11.10.10.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



Visitation.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

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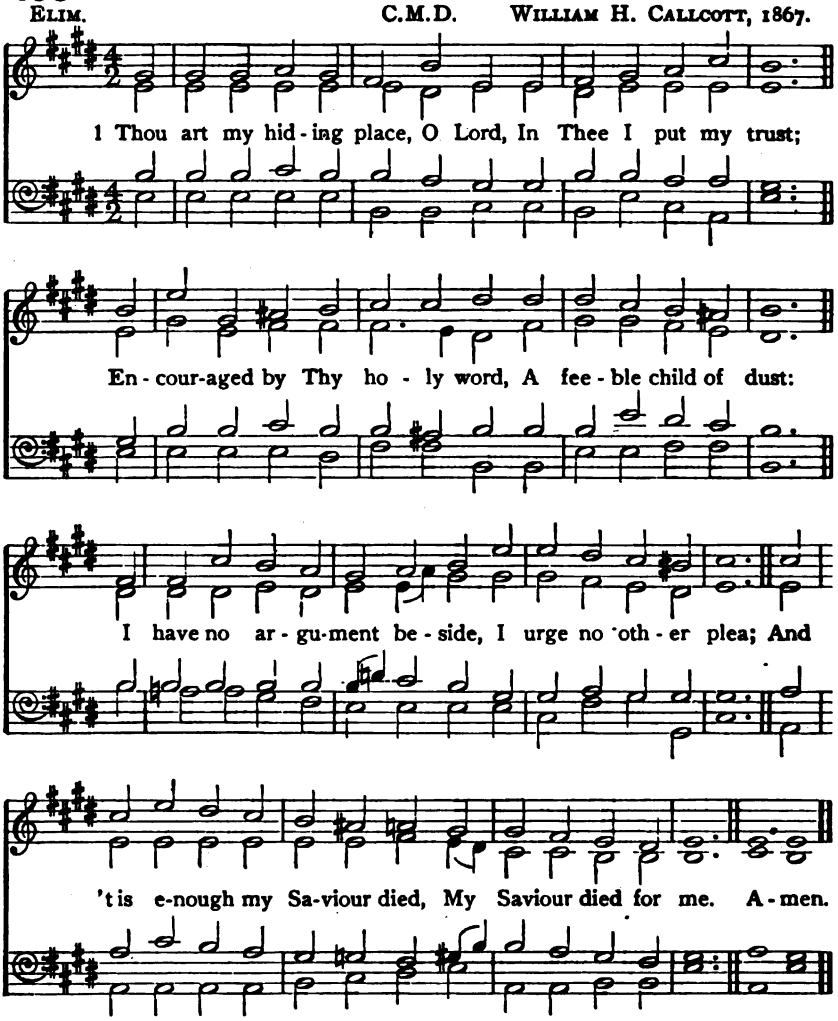
Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known. Amen.

JANE BORTHWICK, 1859.

Visitation.

403

ELIM. C.M.D. WILLIAM H. CALLCOTT, 1867.
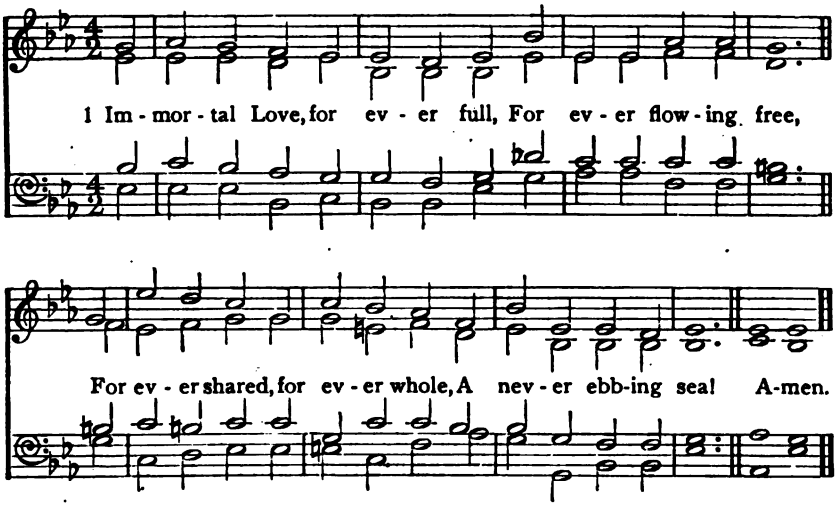


2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain,
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

THOMAS RAFFLES, 1833.

404 Visitation.

FINGAL. C.M. JAMES S. ANDERSON, 1885.



2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

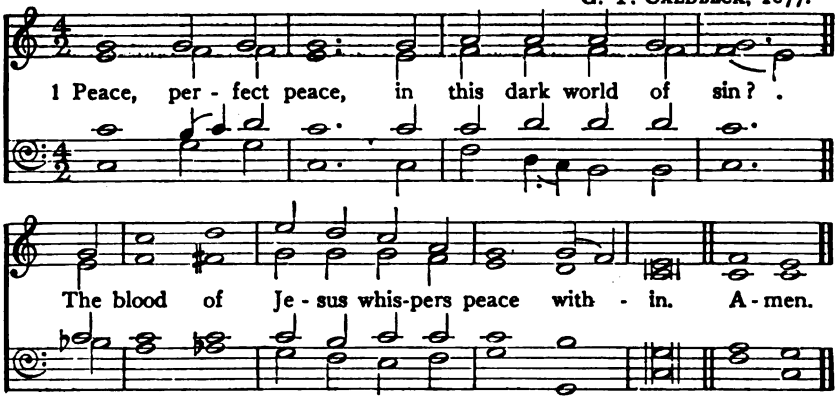
7 O Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine. Amen.

Alternative Tune,
WALSALL, *No.* 496.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1866.

405

PAX TECUM (*First Tune*). 10.10. CHARLES VINCENT and G. T. CALDBECK, 1877.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

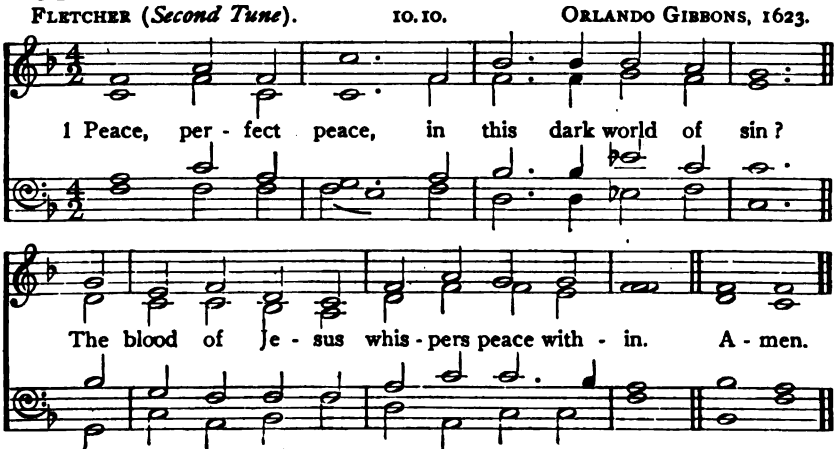
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1875.
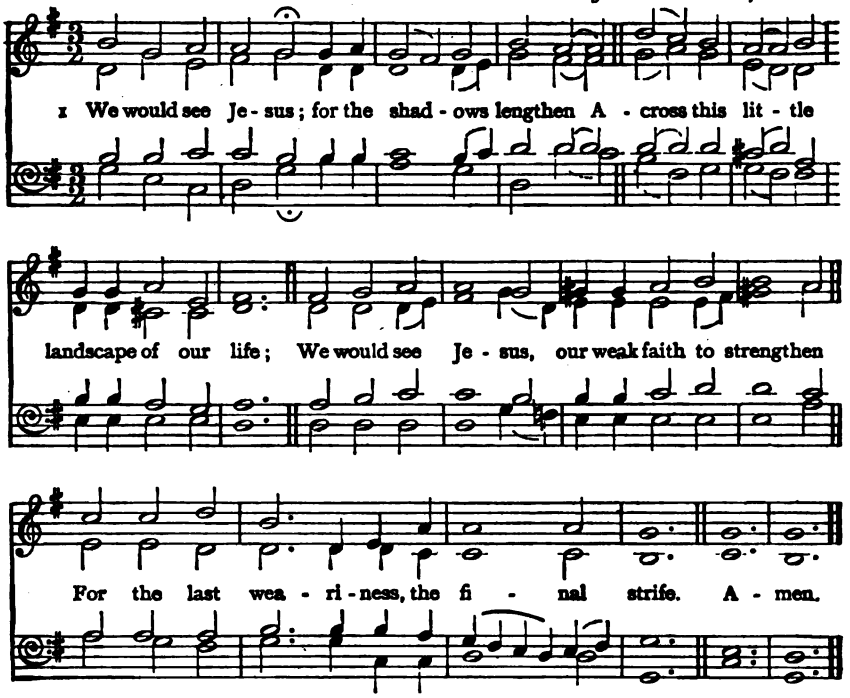
405

FLETCHER (*Second Tune*). 10.10. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



406 Visitation.

VISIO DOMINI. 11.10.11.10. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
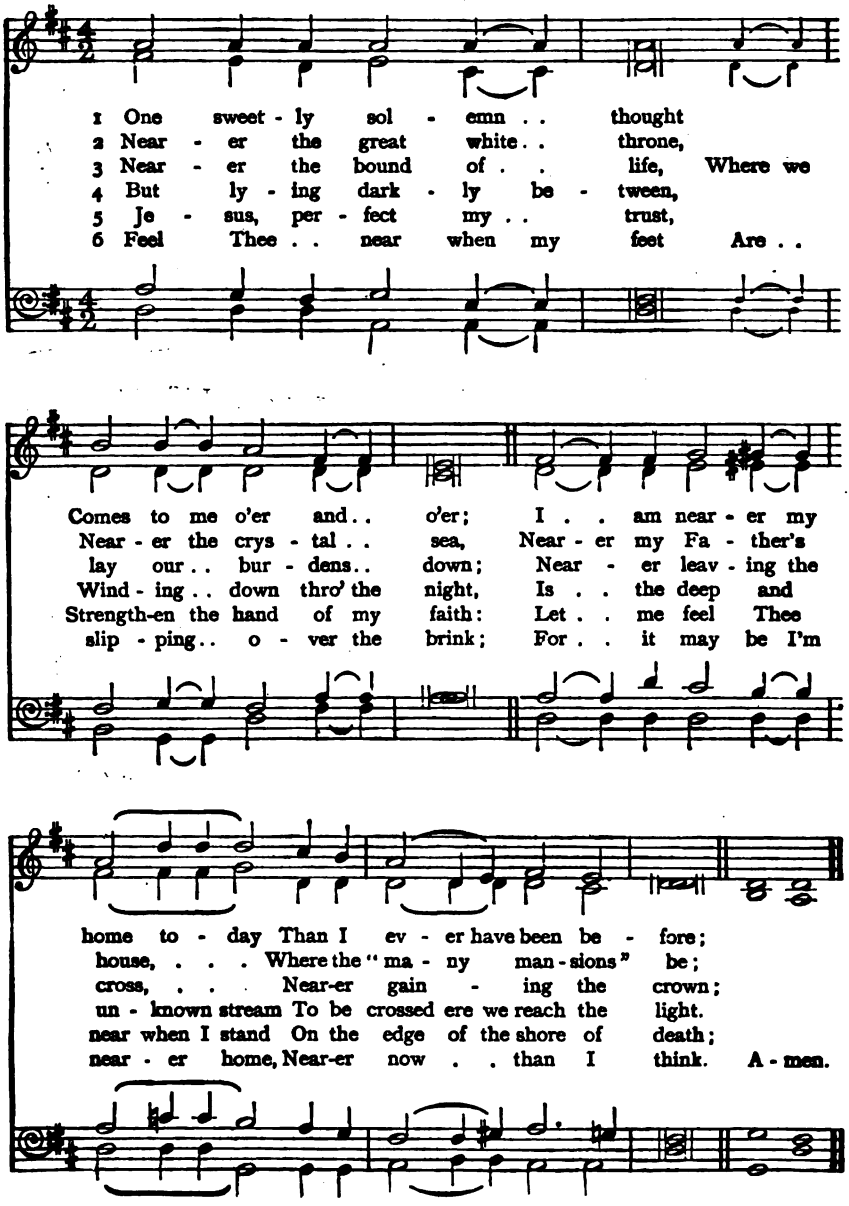
5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

ANNA B. WARNER, 1852.

407 Visitation.

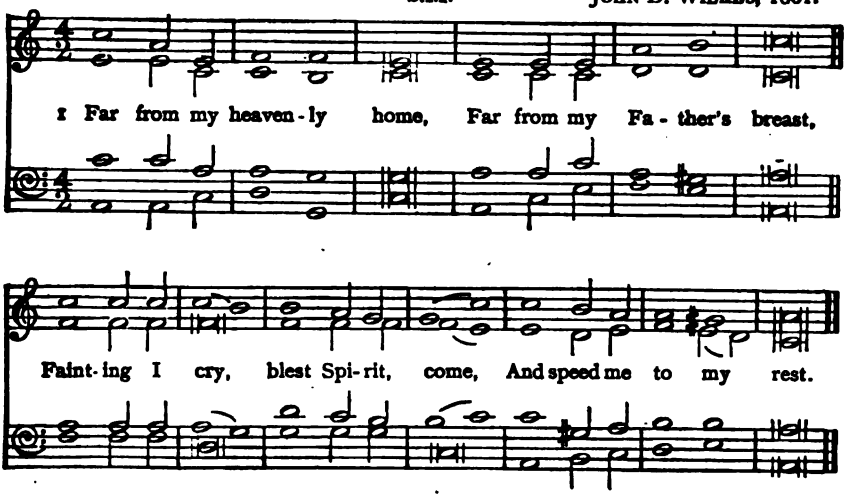
AMBROSE. P.M. ROBERT S. AMBROSE, 1876.



PHŒBE CARY, 1852.

408 Visitation.
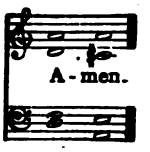
LYTE. S.M. JOHN B. WILKES, 1861.



2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last! Amen.
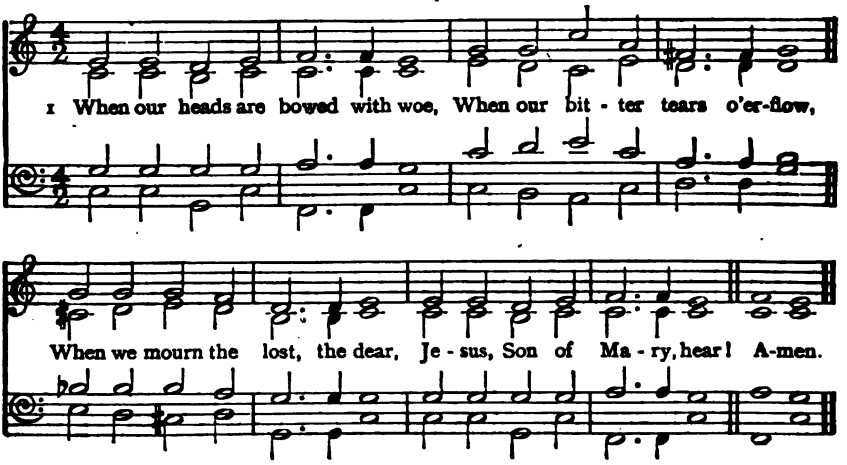


HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

Also the following:

16 Holy Father, cheer our way
36 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
42 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah
69 Brief life is here our portion
122 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day
149 O Lamb of God, still keep me
150 Beneath the cross of Jesus
157 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
176 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
211 My faith looks up to Thee.
215 Jesus, my strength, my hope
217 Rock of ages
222 Nearer, my God, to Thee
223 Jesus, lover of my soul
224 In heavenly love abiding
225 My spirit on Thy care
232 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
235 O Love that casts out fear
244 Lead, kindly Light
See also The Church Triumphant

409 Burial of the Dead.

ST. PRISCA. Four 7's. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortals griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
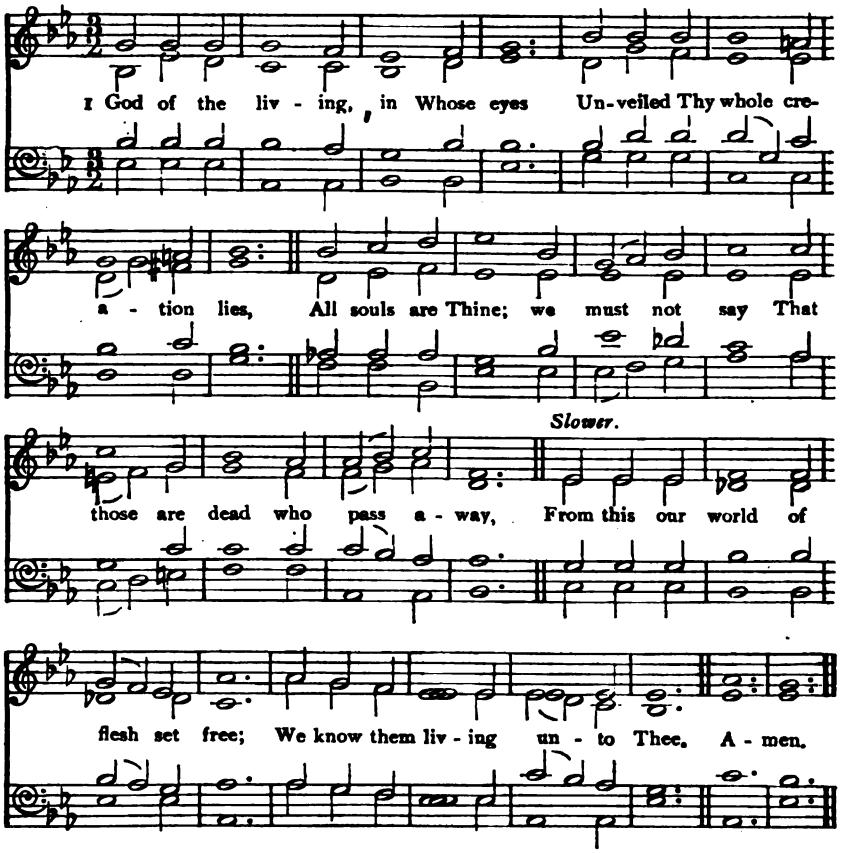
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

HENRY H. MILMAN, 1827.

410 Burial of the Dead.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM (*First Tune*). Six 8's. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1871.



2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.
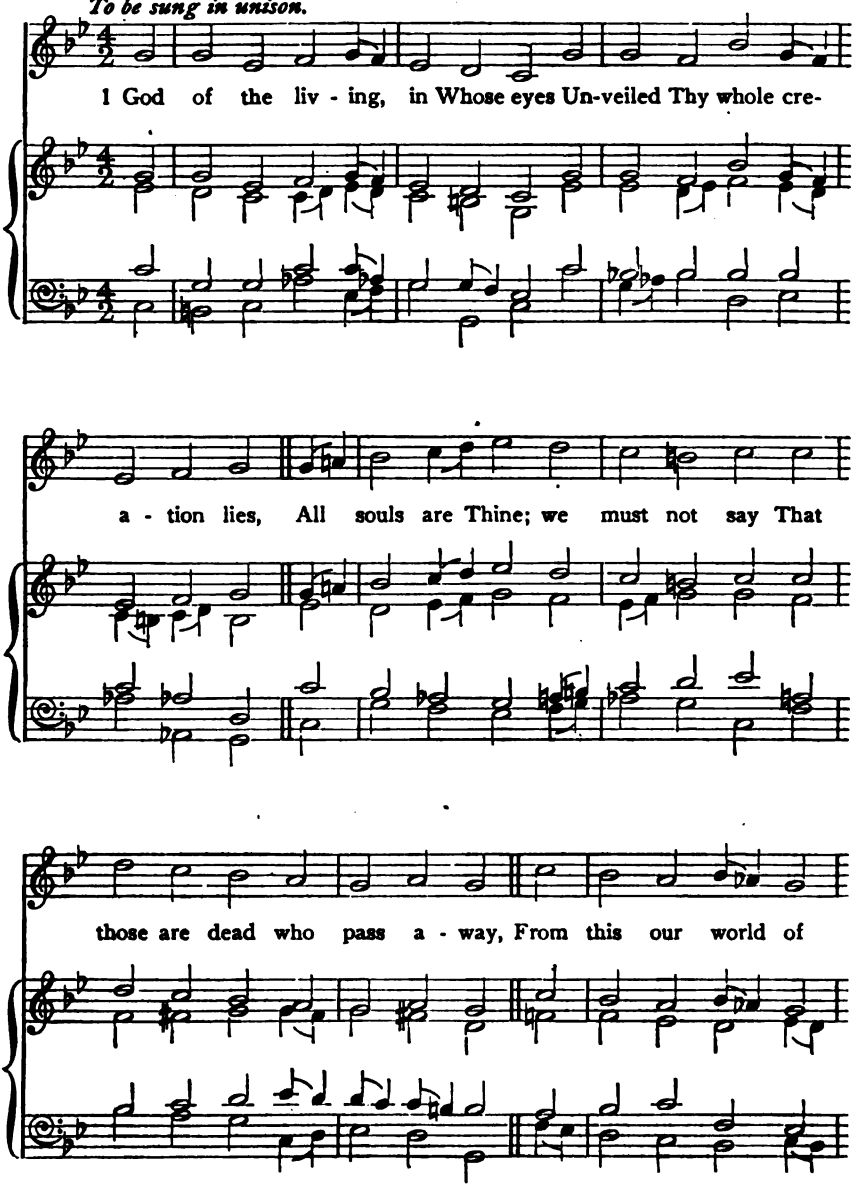
JOHN ELLERTON, 1858; *alt.* 1867.

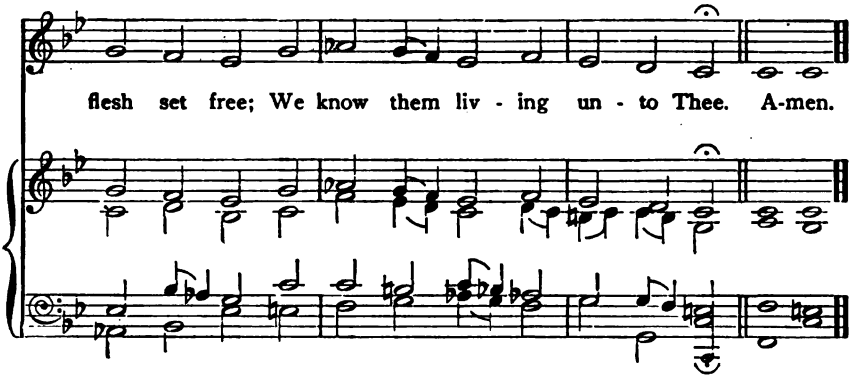
Burial of the Dead.

Six 8's.

OLD ONE HUNDRED TWELFTH (*Second Tune.*) Anonymous, 1530; Arr. and har. by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

To be sung in unison.





2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.
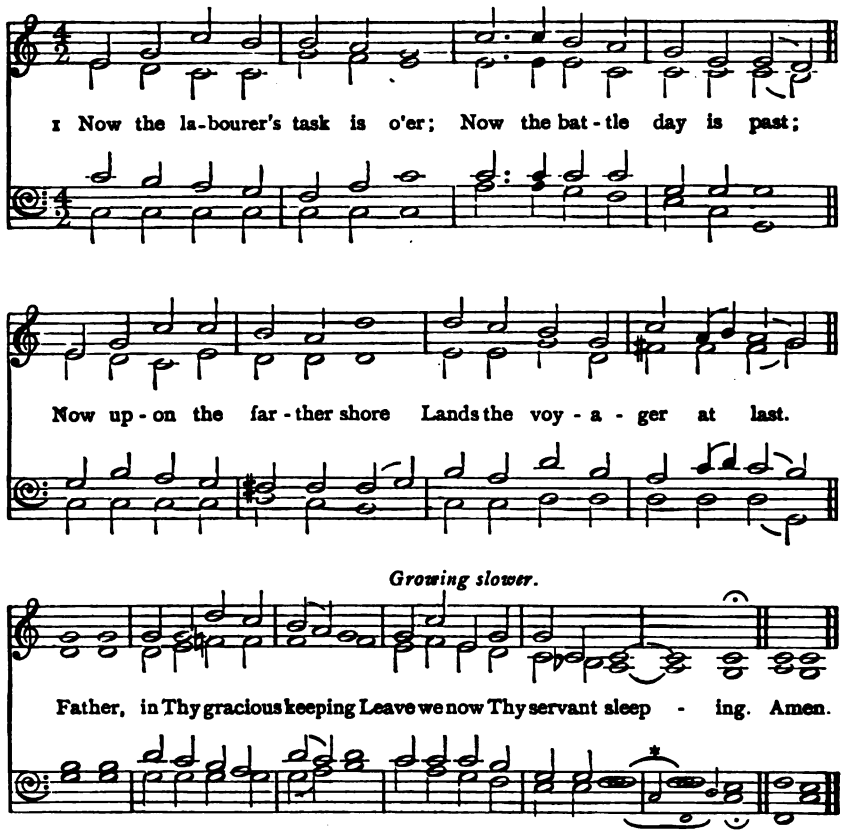
4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1858; *alt.* 1867.

411 Burial of the Dead.

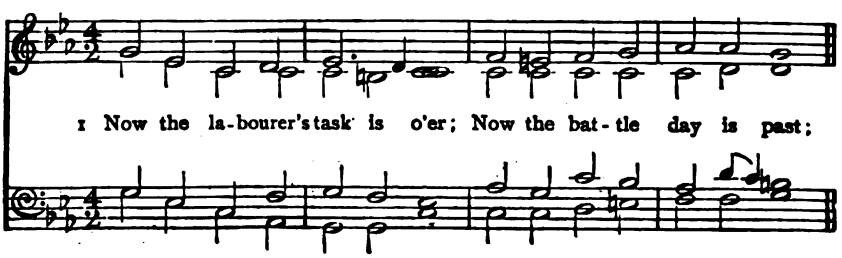
REQUIESCAT (*First Tune*). 7.7.7.7.8.8. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



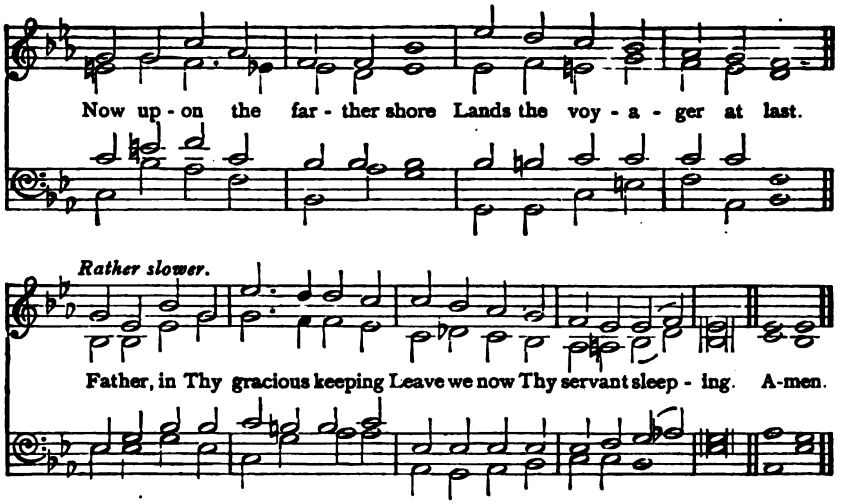
* If there is no accompaniment, the small notes must be sung.

411

HEBRON (*Second Tune*). 7.7.7.7.8.8. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1874.



Burial of the Dead.



2 There the tears of earth are dried;
  There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
  By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the penitents, that turn
  To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
  At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
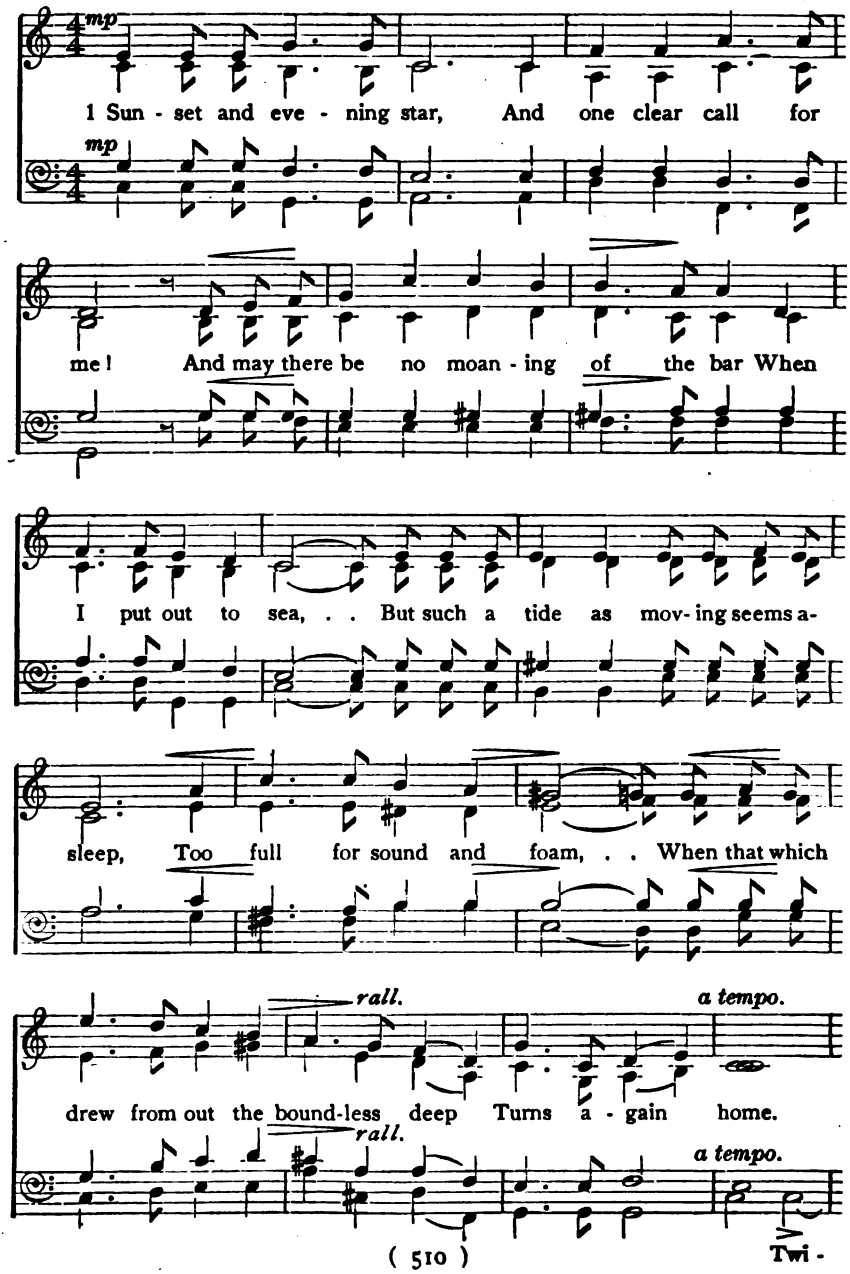
4 There no more the powers of hell
  Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
  He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
  Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
  For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.
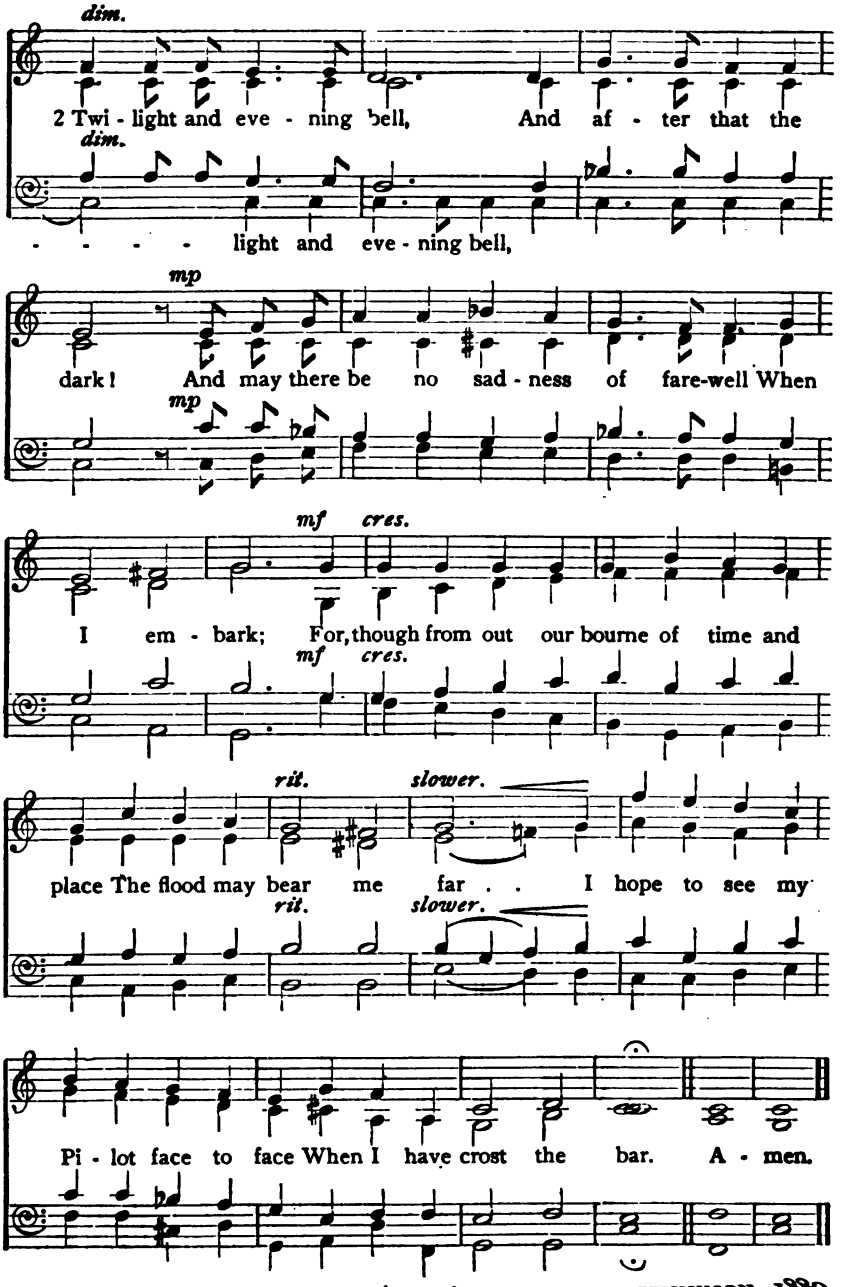
JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

412

CROSSING THE BAR. P.M JOSEPH BARNBY, 1892.



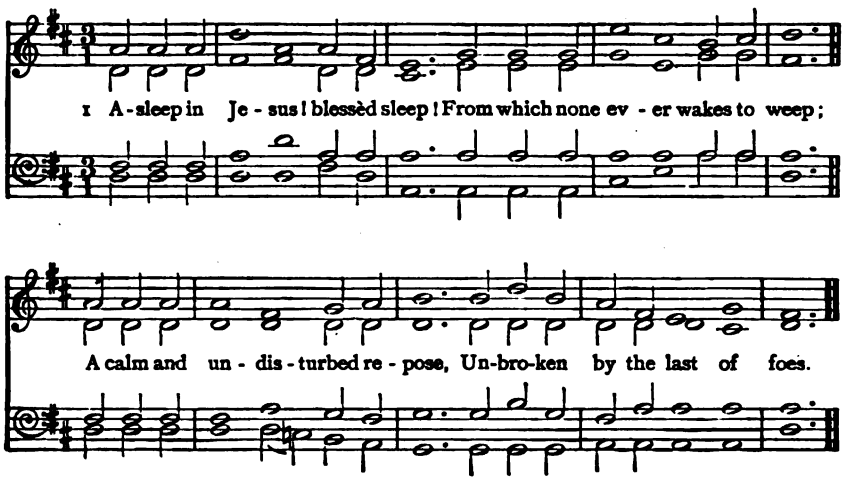
Burial of the Dead.



ALFRED TENNYSON, 1889.

413 Burial of the Dead.

REST (BRADBURY). (*First Tune*). L.M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843.

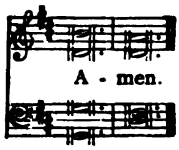


2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
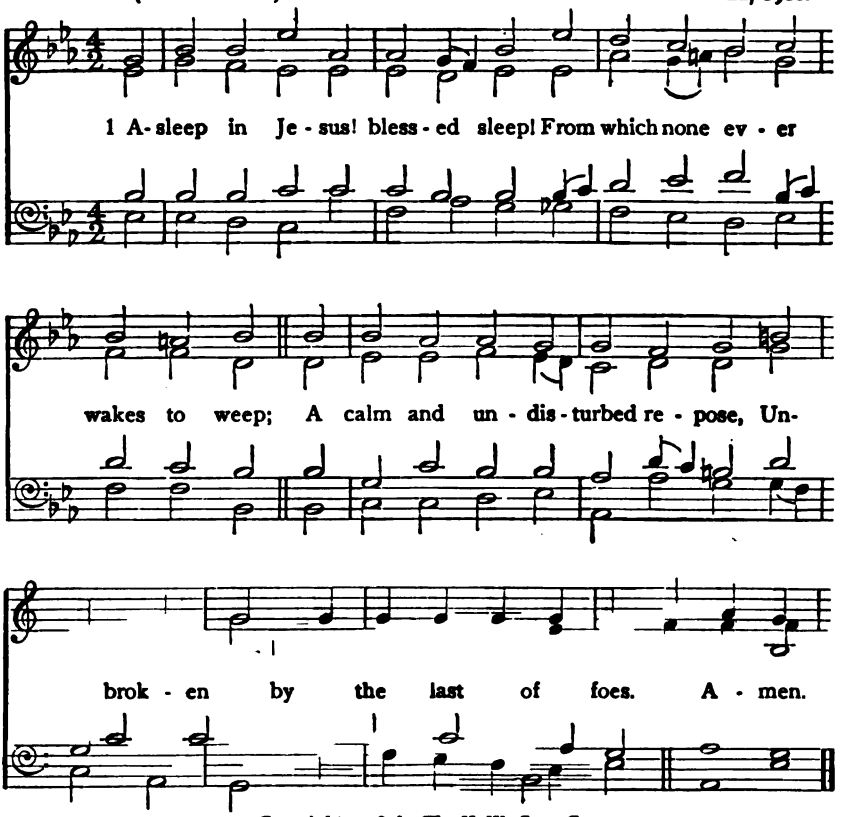


MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

Burial of the Dead.

413

ONEONTA (*Second Tune*). L.M. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1918.



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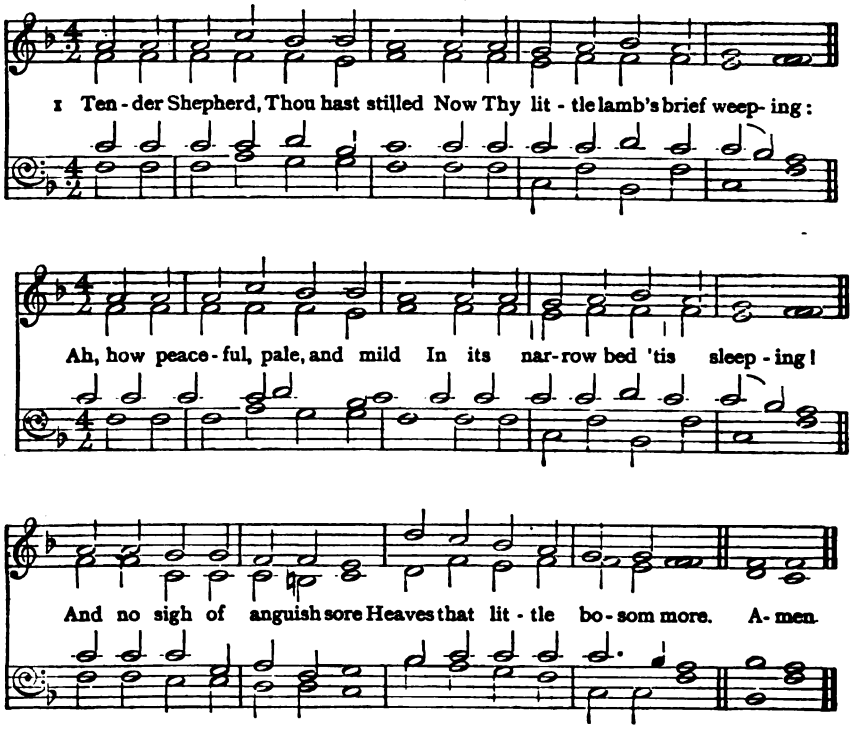
18 Abide with me
65 Day of wrath! O day of mourning
165 Resting from His work to-day
166 The grave itself a garden is
167 O Paradise, O Paradise
171 The day of resurrection
173 The strife is o'er, the battle done
176 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
222 Nearer, my God, to Thee
244 Lead, kindly Light
290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

See also The Church Triumphant.

414

FOR CHILDREN.

MEINHOLD. 7.8.7.8.7.7. Lüneburg, 1686.
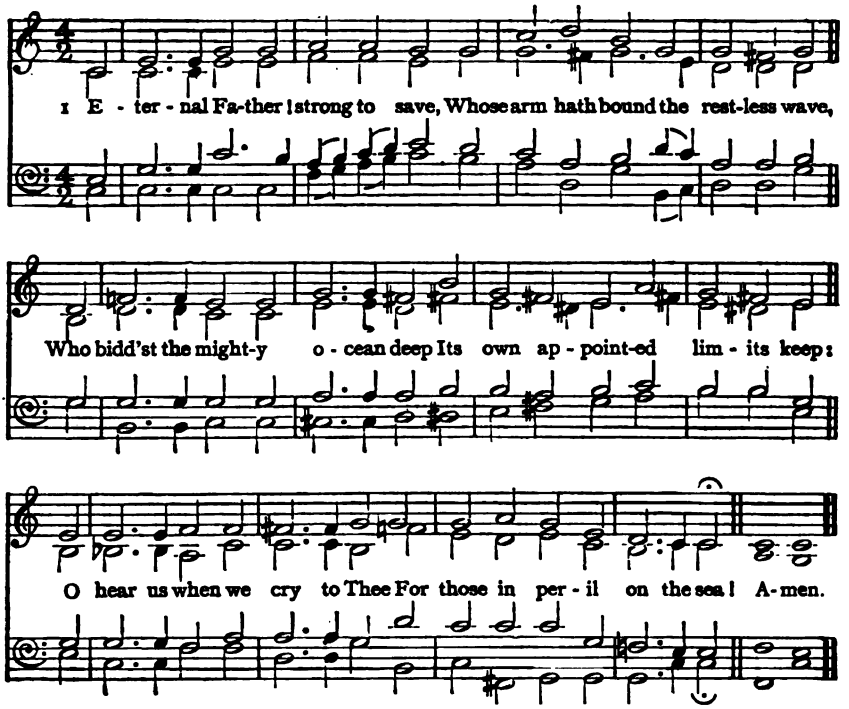


2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

JOHANN W. MEINHOLD, 1835; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

415 Travelers by Sea and Land.

MELITA. Six 8's. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st 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!

3 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!
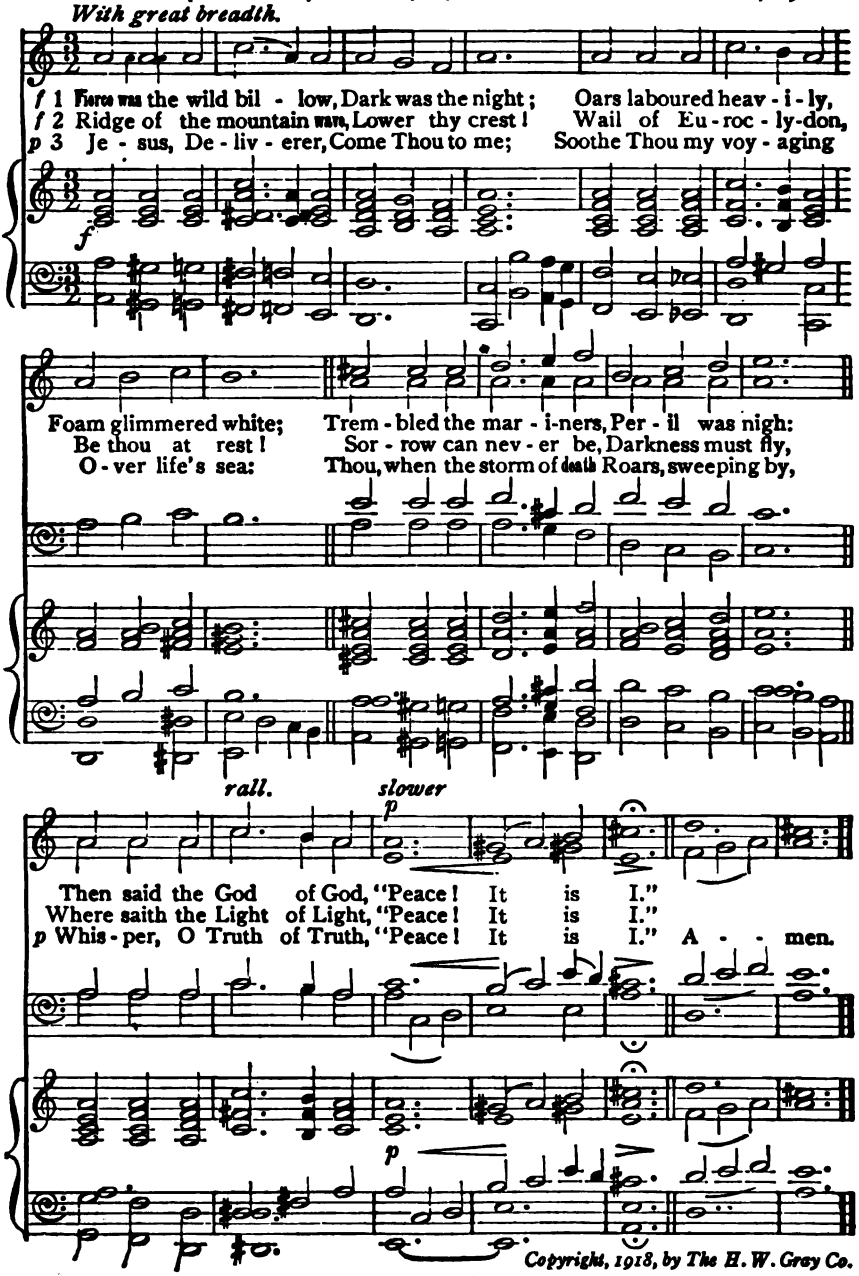
4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1860, alt.

416 Travelers by Sea and Land.

EUROCLYDON (*First Tune*). 6.4.6.4.D. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1918.
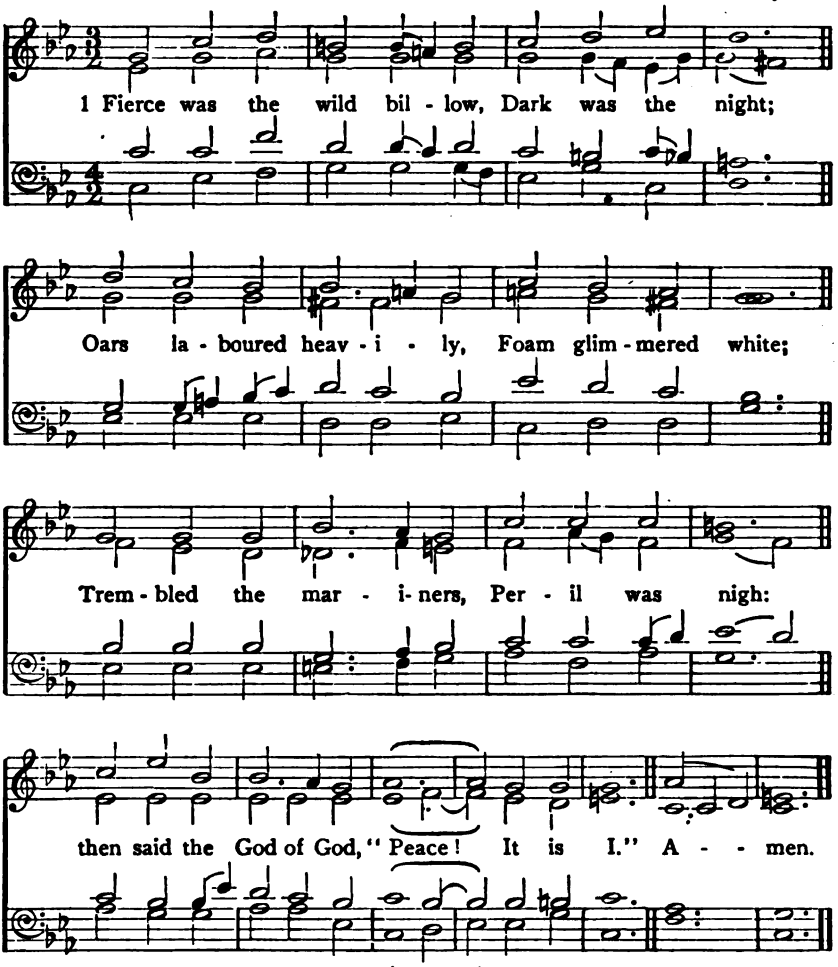
With great breadth.



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416 Travelers by Sea and Land.

ALETHEIA (*Second Tune*). 6.4.6.4.D. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1918.



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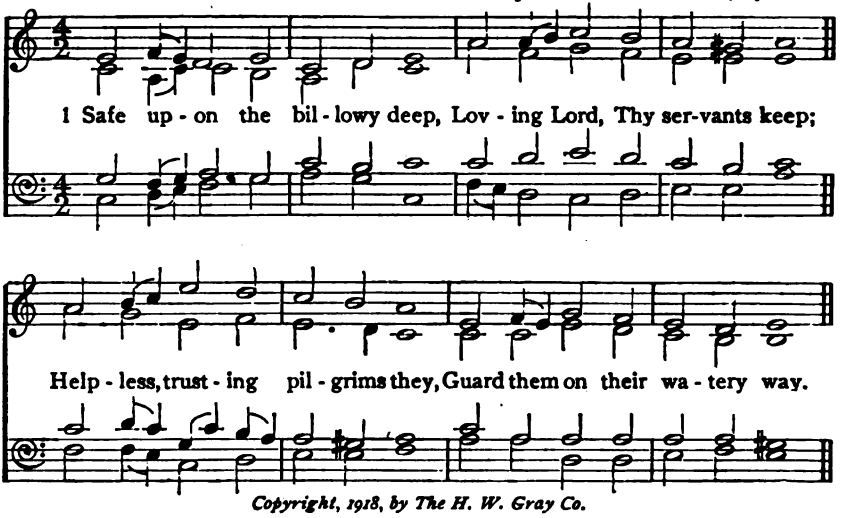
2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I." Amen.

Ascribed to ST. ANATOLIUS; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

417 Travelers by Sea and Land.

LEW TRENCHARD. Four 7's. Cornish Folksong.
Harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS, 1918.
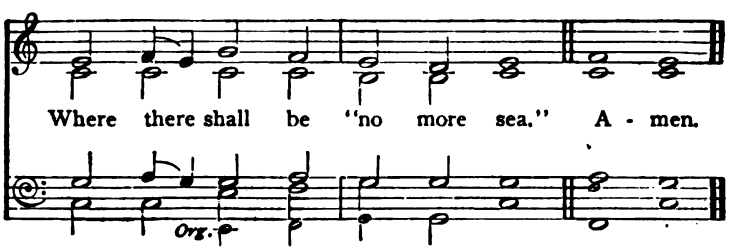


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2 In the morning fill their sails,
Mid the dark send favouring gales;
If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the watches of the night,
Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

4 Thus, as hour by hour rolls by,
Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:
Guide with Thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.
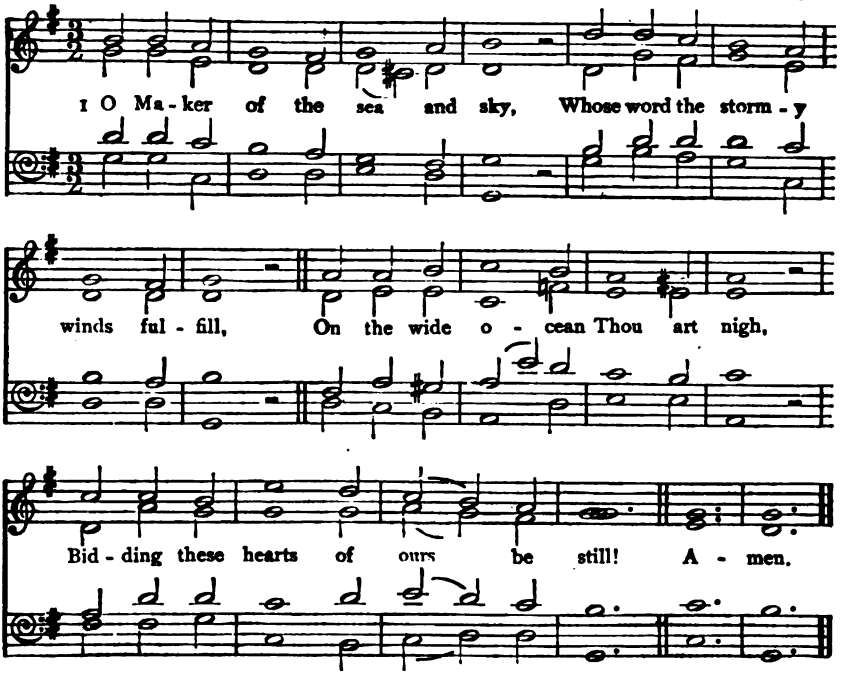
5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heavenly shore,
Safe in port, to dwell with Thee.



HENRY COPPÉE, 1887.

418 Travelers by Sea and Land.

GRACE CHURCH. L.M. IGNAZ J. PLEYEL, 1815.



2 What if Thy footsteps are not known?
We know Thy way is in the sea;
We trace the shadow of Thy throne,
Constant amid inconstancy.

3 Thou bidd'st the north or south wind blow;
The lonely sea-bird is Thy care;
And in the clouds which come and go,
We see Thy chariots everywhere.

4 The sun that lights the home-land dear
Spreads the new morning o'er the deep;
And in the dark Thy stars appear,
Keeping their watches while we sleep.

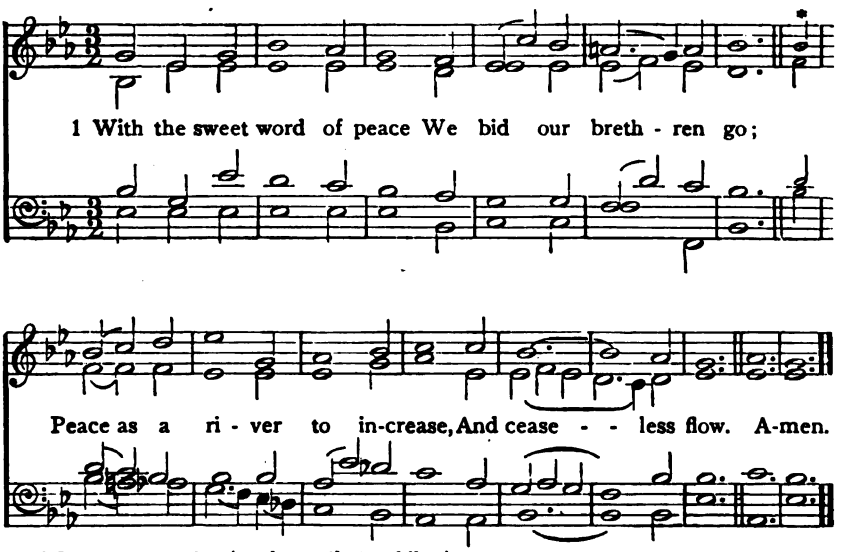
5 Our friends seem near when Thou art nigh;
And homeless on the ocean foam,
Beneath an ever-changing sky,
With Thee we are at rest, at home.

6 And so, secure from all alarms,
Thy seas beneath, Thy skies above,
Clasped in the everlasting arms,
We rest in Thine unslumbering love. Amen.

HENRY BURTON, 1905.

419 Travelers by Sea and Land.

VERBUM PACIS. 6.6.8.4. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1889.



* *In verses 2, 4, 5, 6, using slur on the two following notes.*

2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be;

5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till He Whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

GEORGE WATSON, 1867.

Also the following:
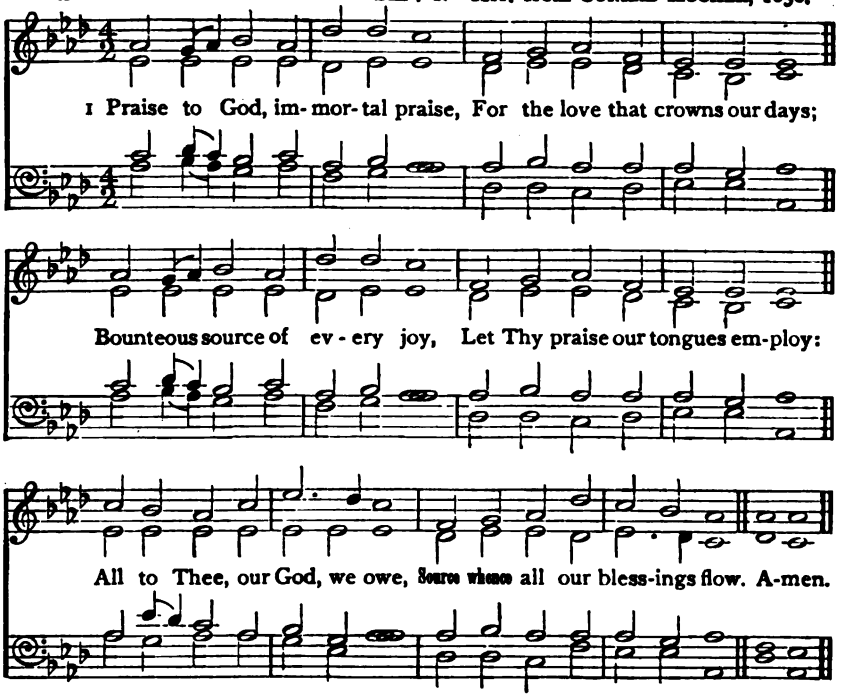
32 From every stormy wind that blows
244 Lead, kindly Light
248 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace
536 O happy band of pilgrims

IV.—SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Thanksgiving Day.

420

DIX. Six 7's. ARR. from CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.



2 All the plenty summer pours;
Antumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
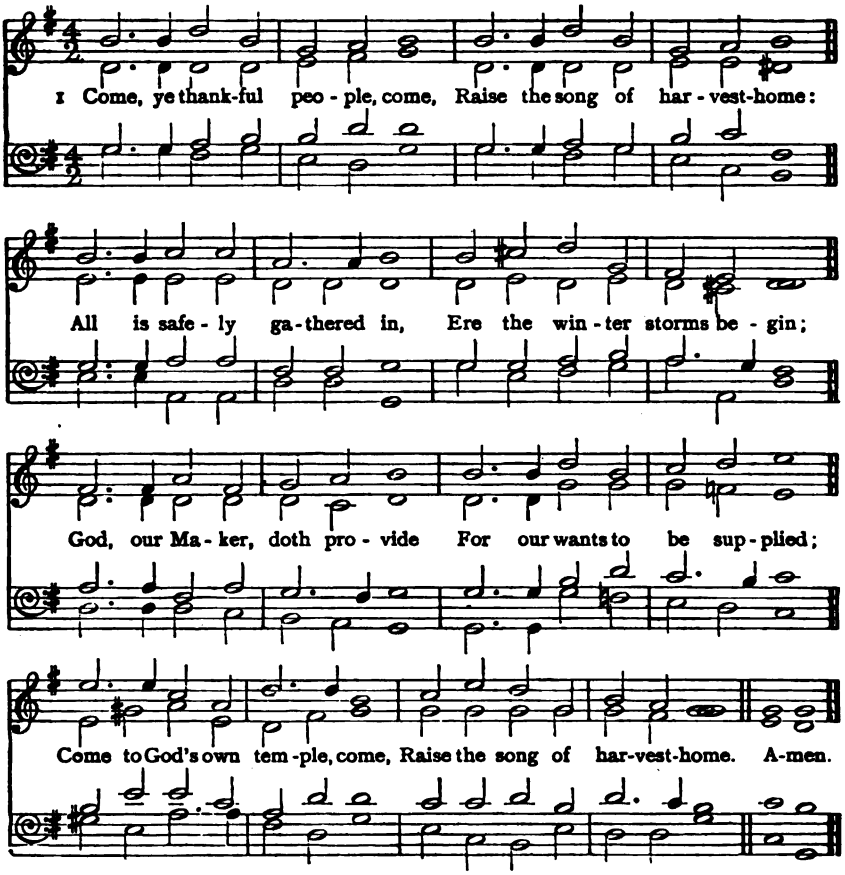
3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD, 1772.

421 Thanksgiving Day.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. Eight 7's. GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1858.



2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
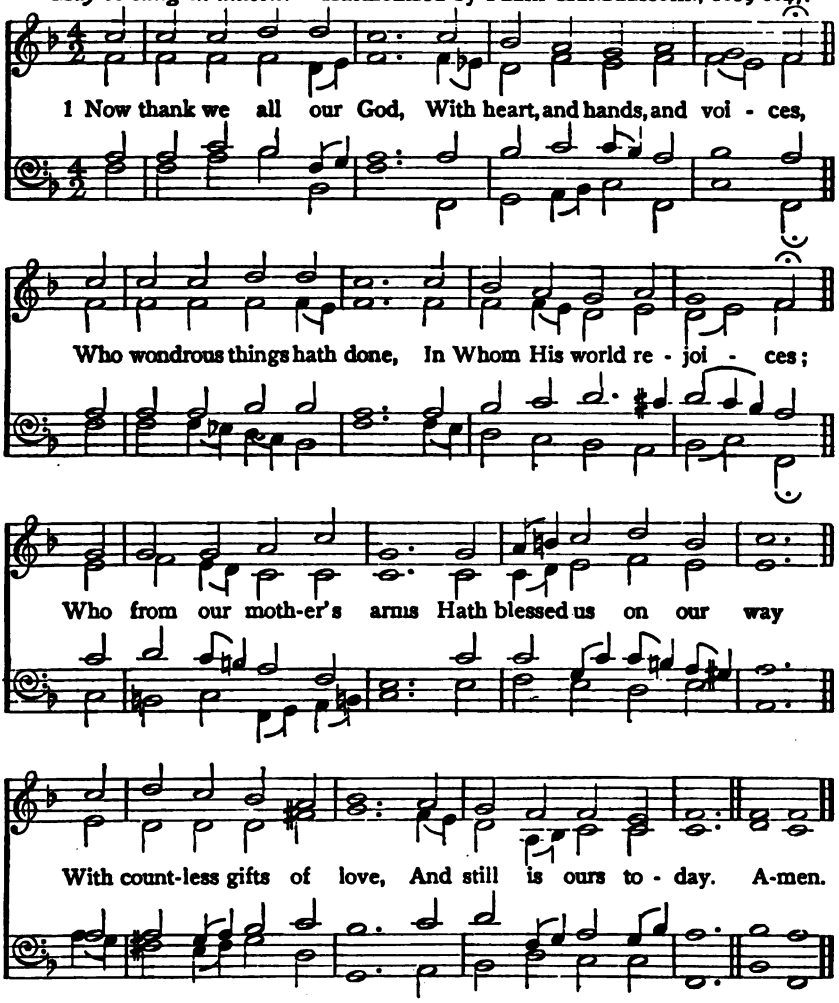
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.
Amen.

HENRY ALFORD, 1844; *revised* 1867.

Thanksgiving Day.

422

DEO GRATIAS. 6.7.6.7 6.6.6.6. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1647.
May be sung in unison. Harmonized by FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.
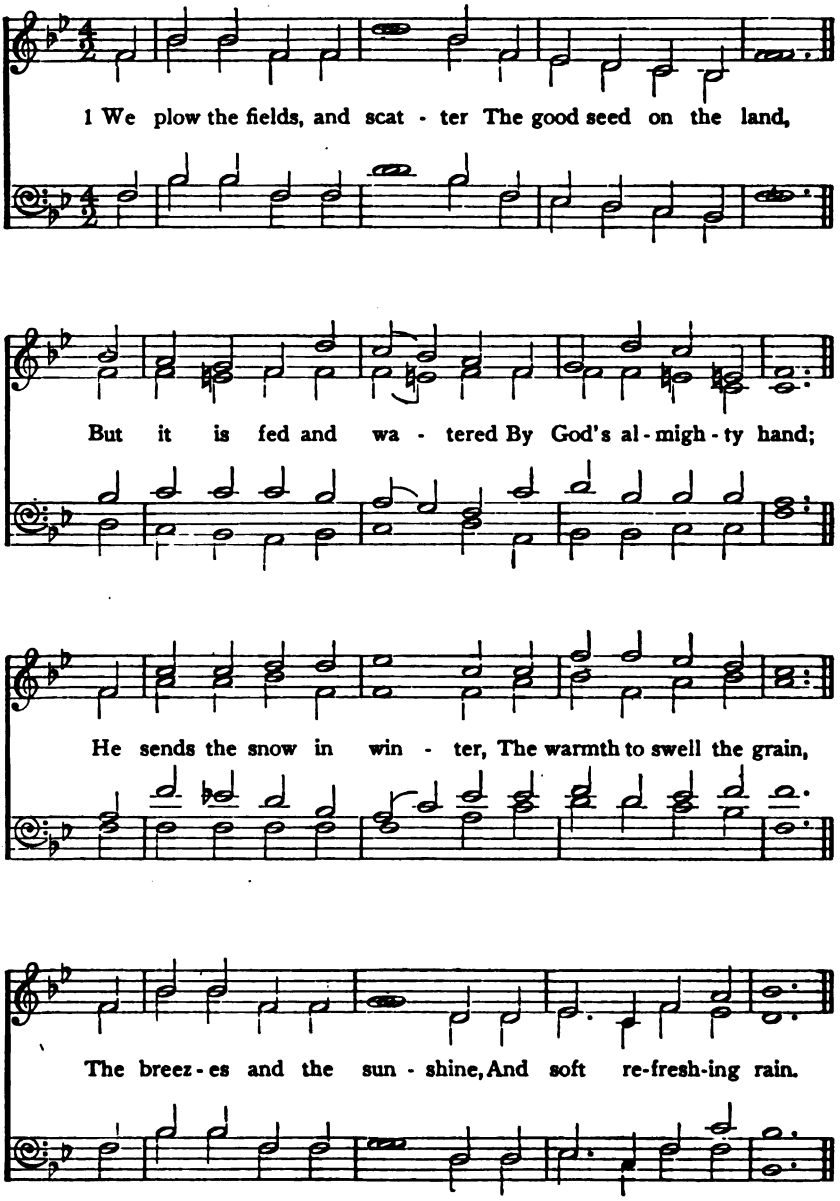


2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next. Amen.
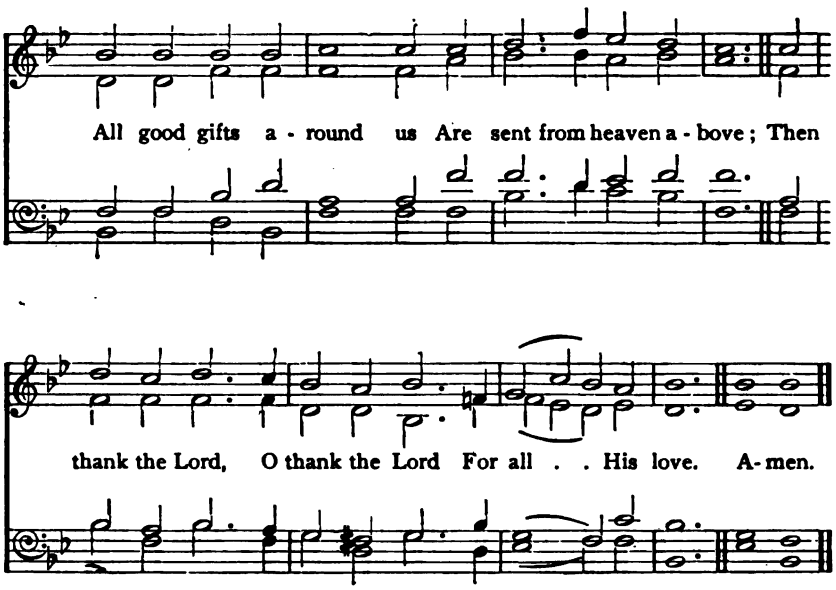
MARTIN RINKART, *c.* 1636; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

423 Thanksgiving Day.

CLAUDIUS. 7.6.7.6.D., refrain. JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ, 1800.



Thanksgiving Day.



2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc. Amen.
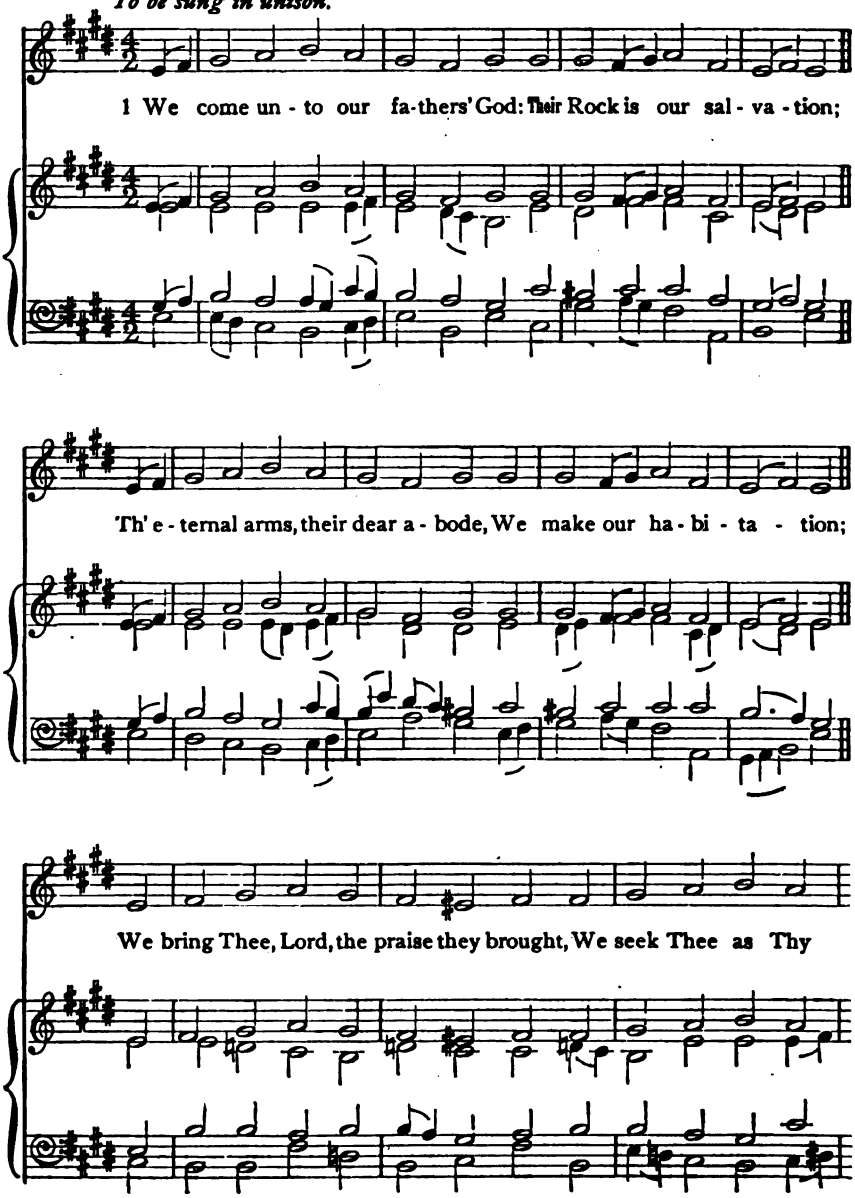
MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1782;
Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL, 1861.

Thanksgiving Day.

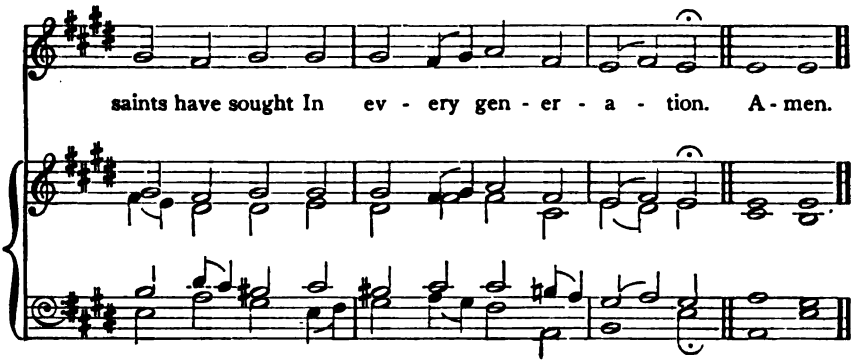
424

TO GOD ON HIGH. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. Adapted from Plainsong. 1539; Harmonized by FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.

To be sung in unison.



Thanksgiving Day.



2 The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us,
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.
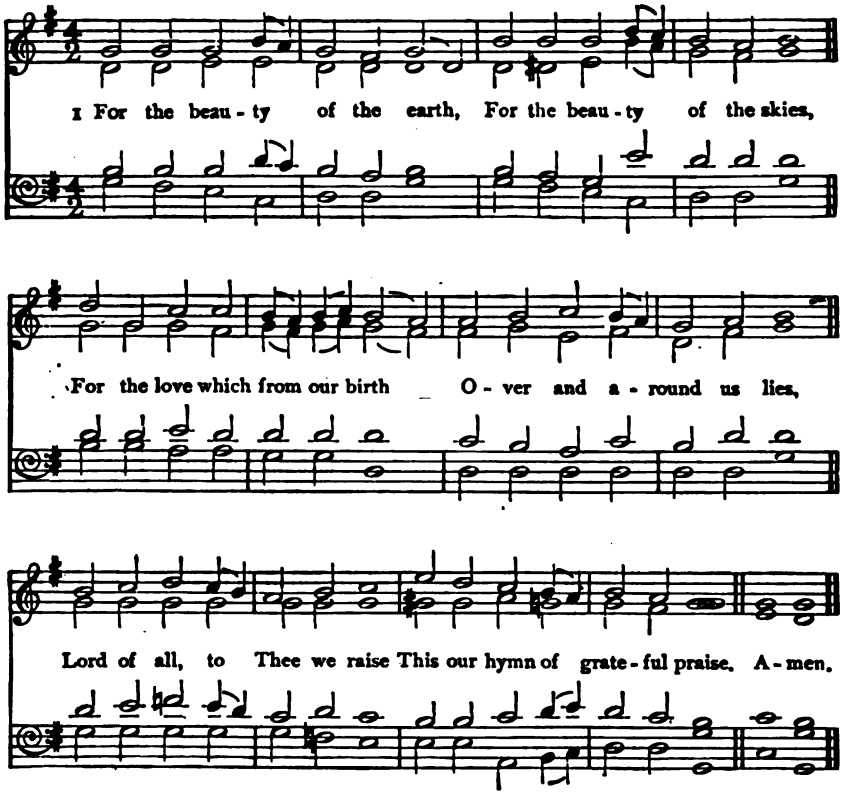
3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth.

4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver. Amen.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1868.

425 Thanksgiving Day.

LUX PRIMA. Six 7's. CHARLES F. GOUNOD, 1872.



2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
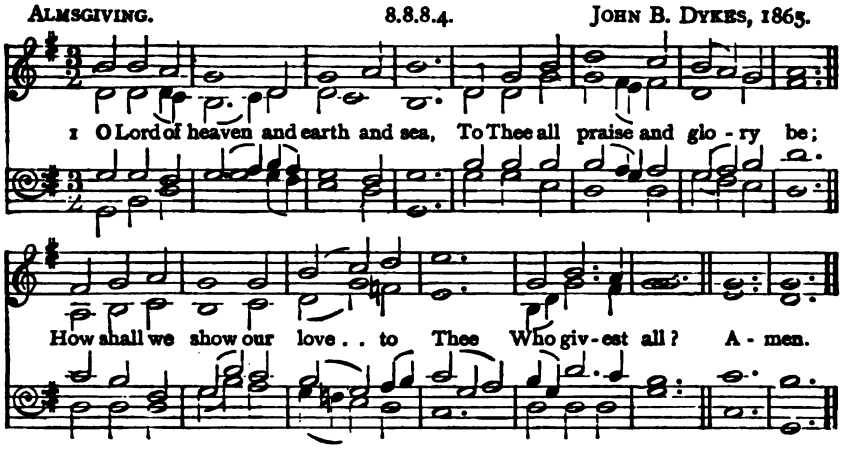
4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
Amen.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT, 1864.

426 Thanksgiving Day.

ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. JOHN B. DYKES, 1865.



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays;
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given
Who givest all?

7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all. Amen.
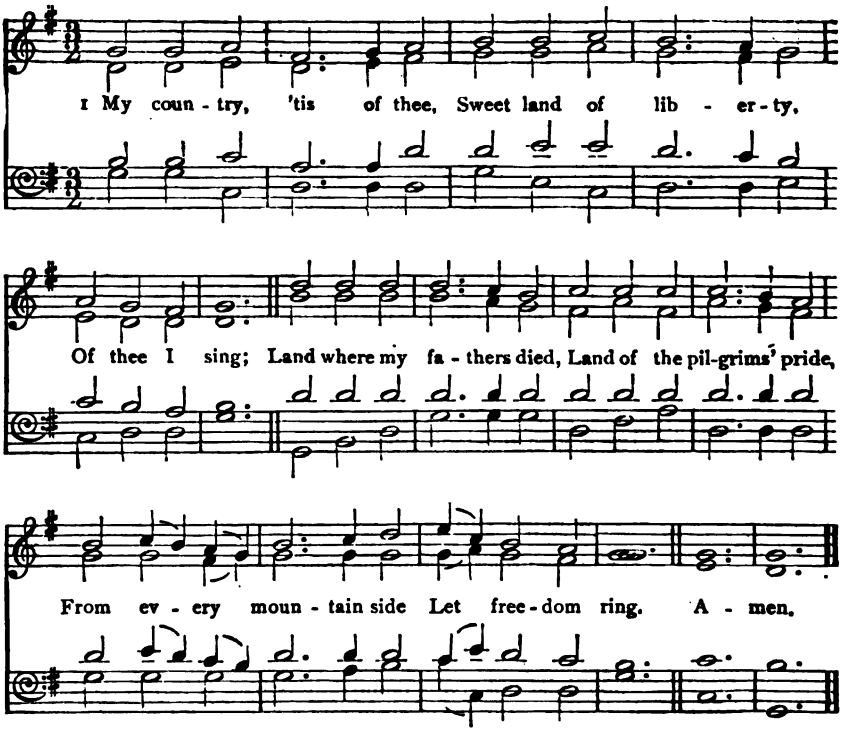
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863; *revised* 1872.

Also the following:

181 O Jesus, crowned with all renown

427 National Days.

AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. *Harmonia Anglicana, c.* 1742.



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
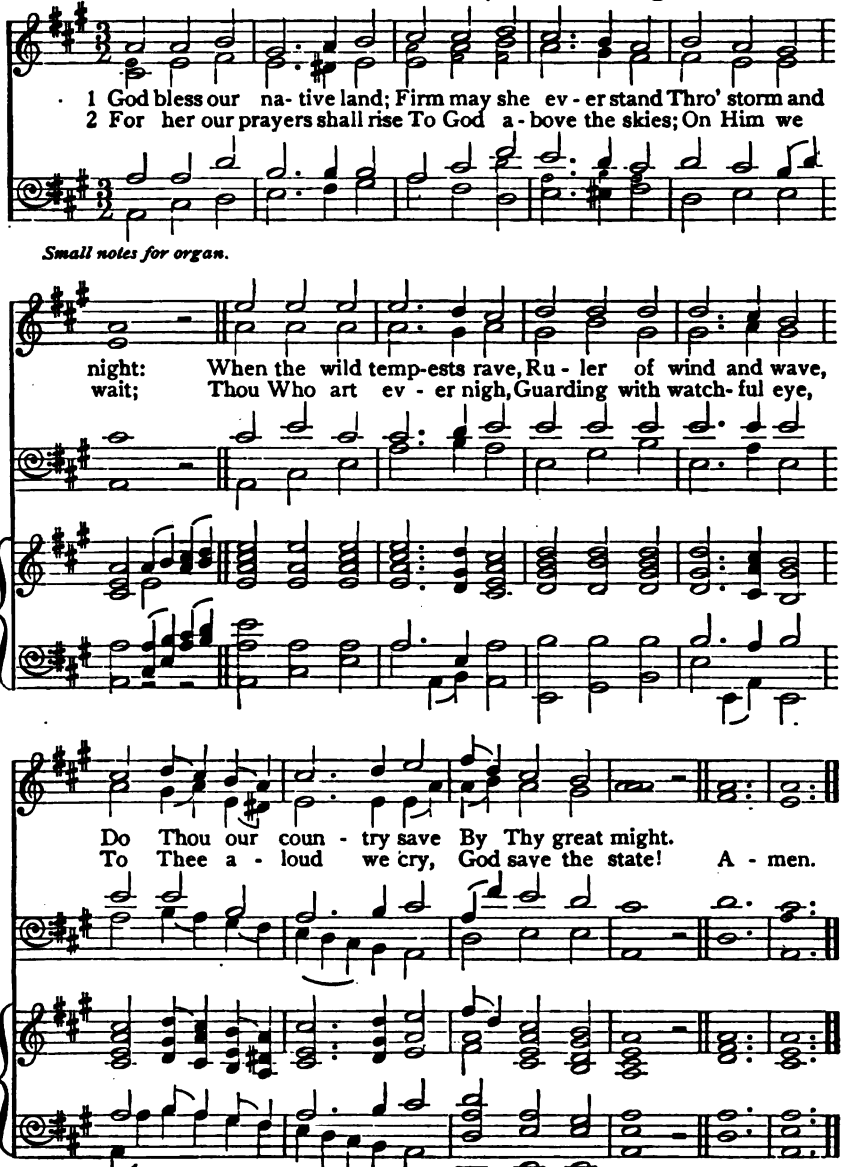
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King. Amen.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

428

AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. *Harmonia Anglicana, c.* 1742.
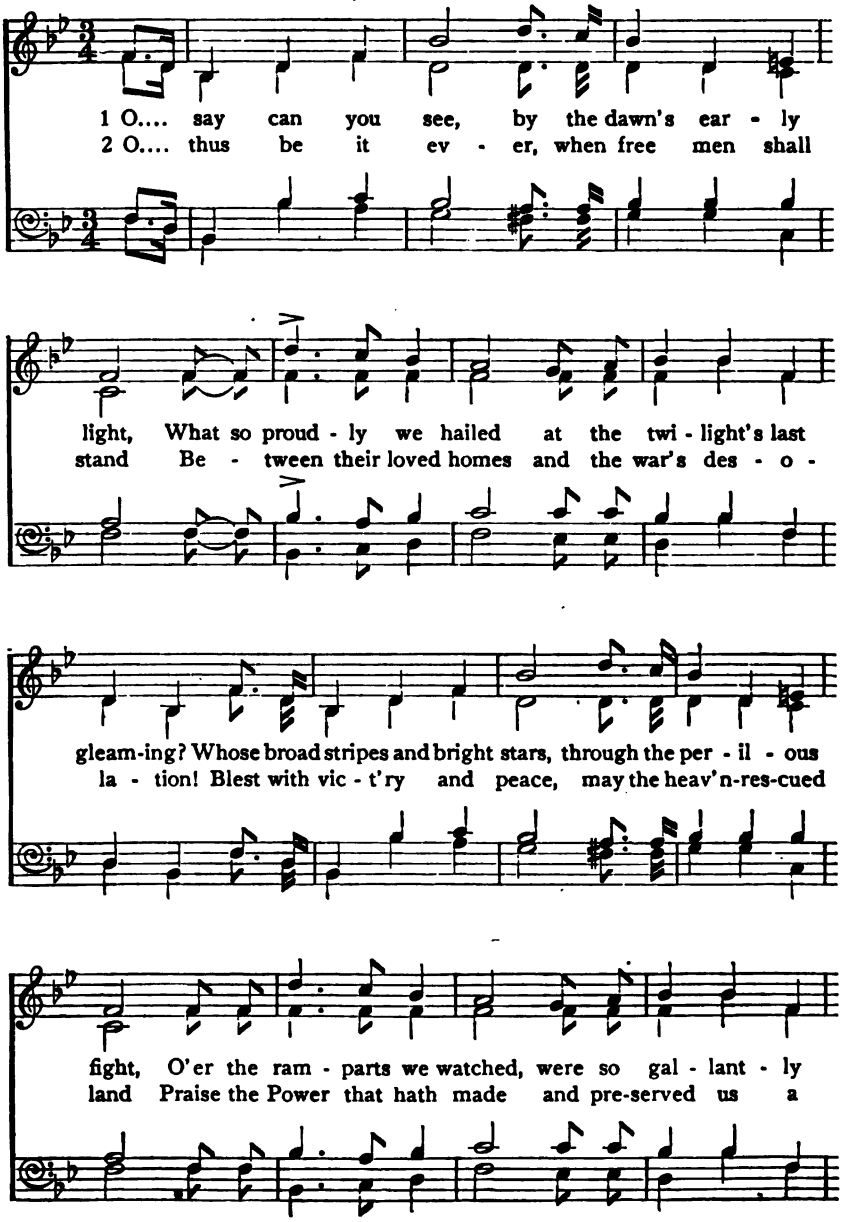


Small notes for organ.
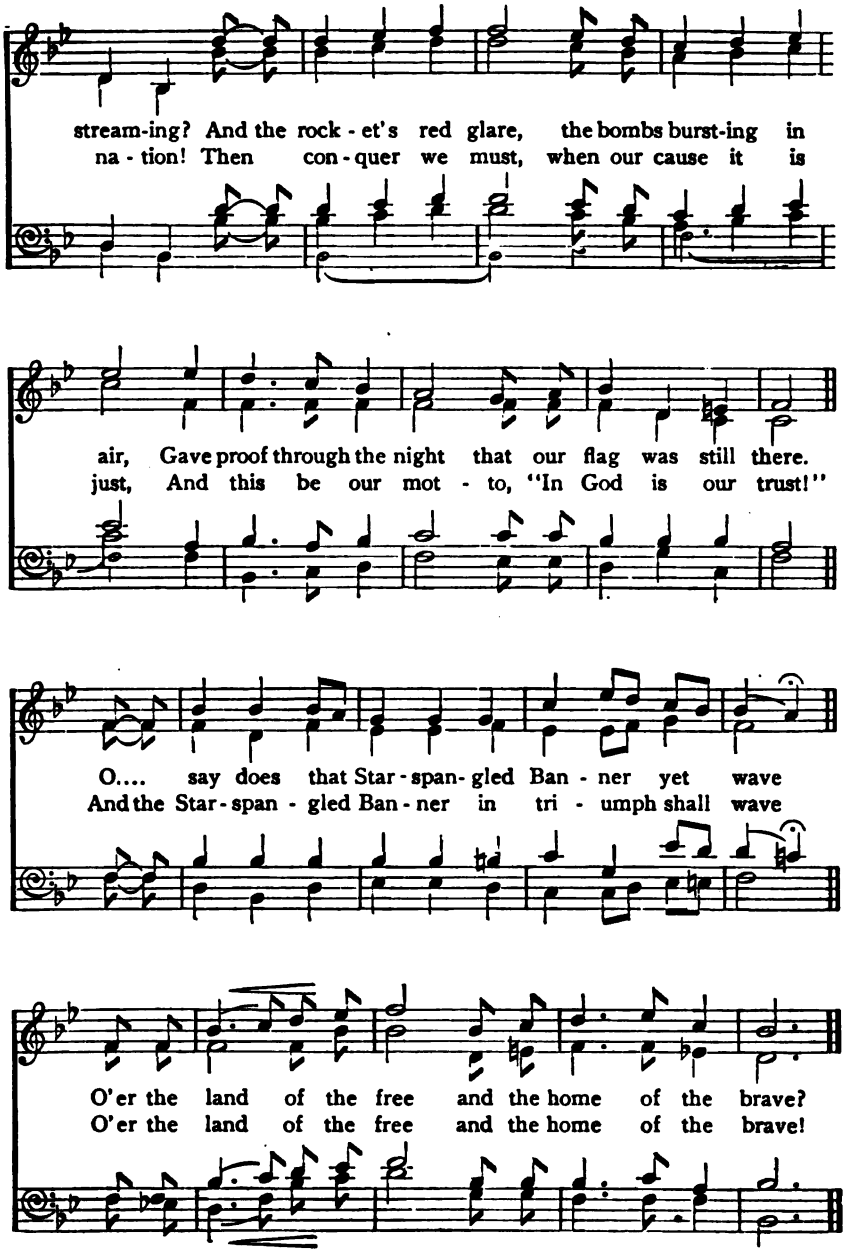
SIEGFRIED A. MAHLMANN, 1815;
Tr. CHARLES T. BROOKS, 1833, JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844.

429

NATIONAL ANTHEM. P.M. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, 1750-1836.



National Days.
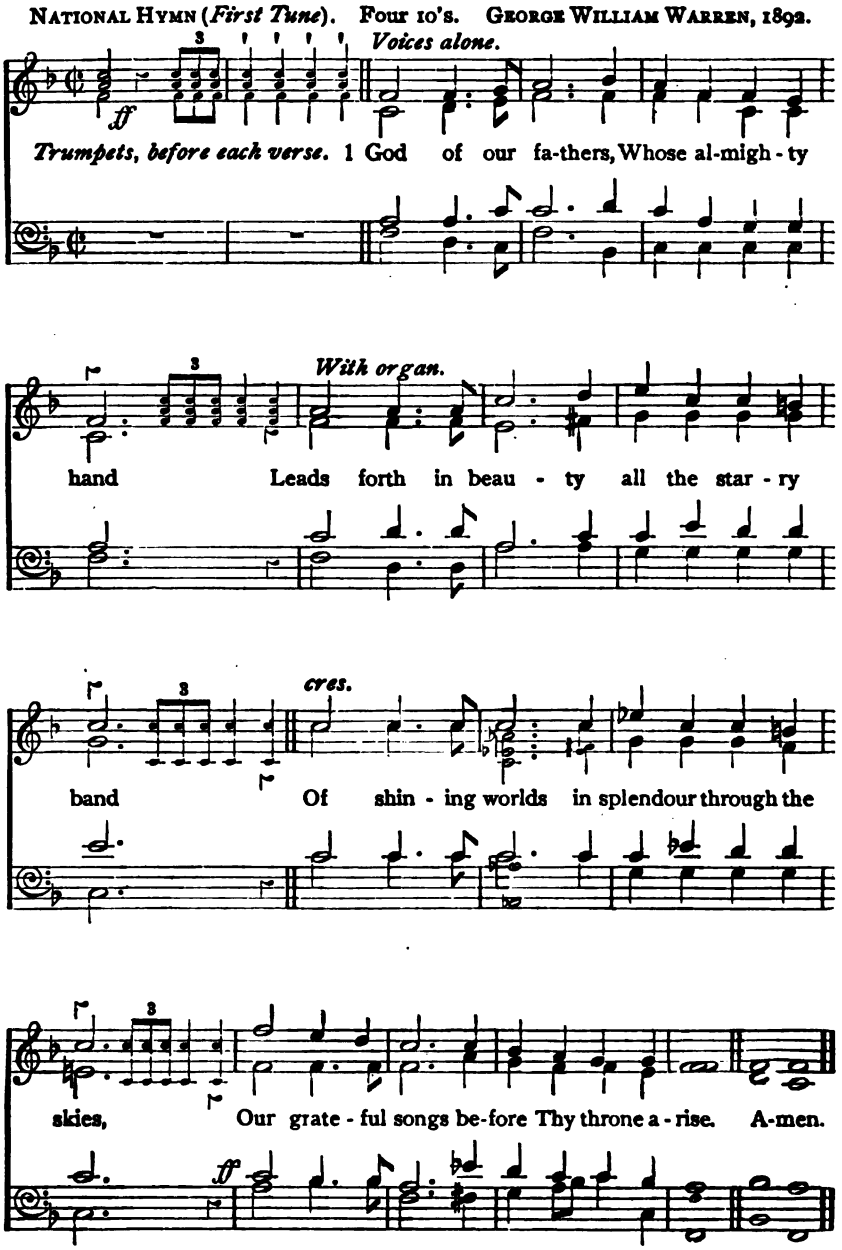


FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

National Days.
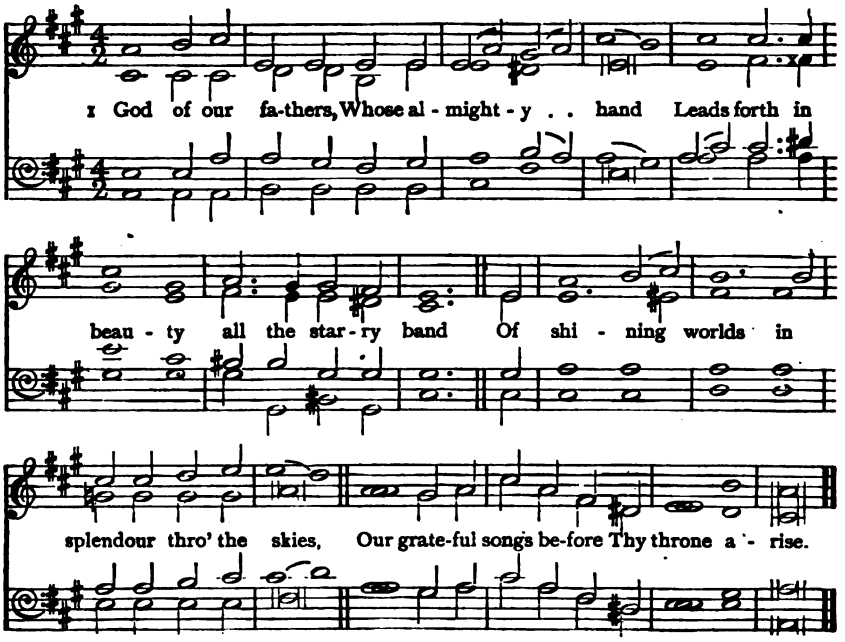
430

NATIONAL HYMN (*First Tune*). FOUR 10's. GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN, 1892.



430 National Days.
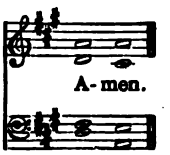
PRO PATRIA (*Second Tune*). FOUR 10's. HORATIO PARKER, 1900.



2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.
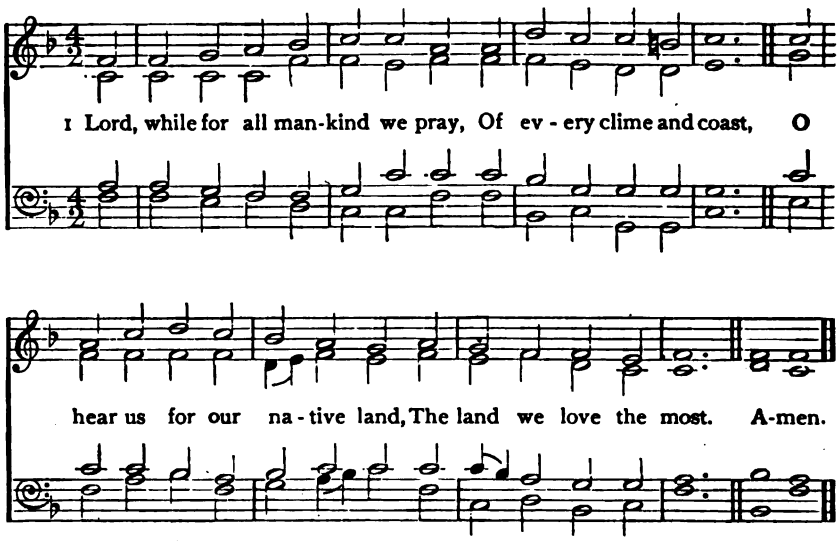


DANIEL C. ROBERTS, 1876.

National Days.

431

DUNFERMLINE. C.M. Scottish Psalter, 1615.



2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
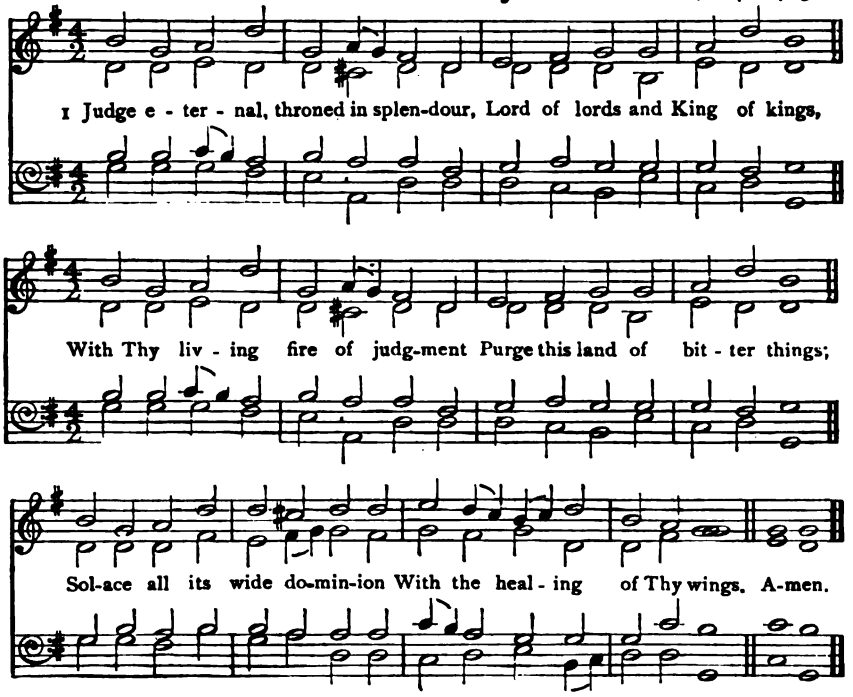
4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend. Amen.

JOHN R. WREFORD, 1837.

432 National Days.

ST. LEONARD. 8.7.8.7.8.7. Meiningen, 1693; Har. by J. CHRISTOPH BACH, 1642–1703.



2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord. Amen.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, 1902.
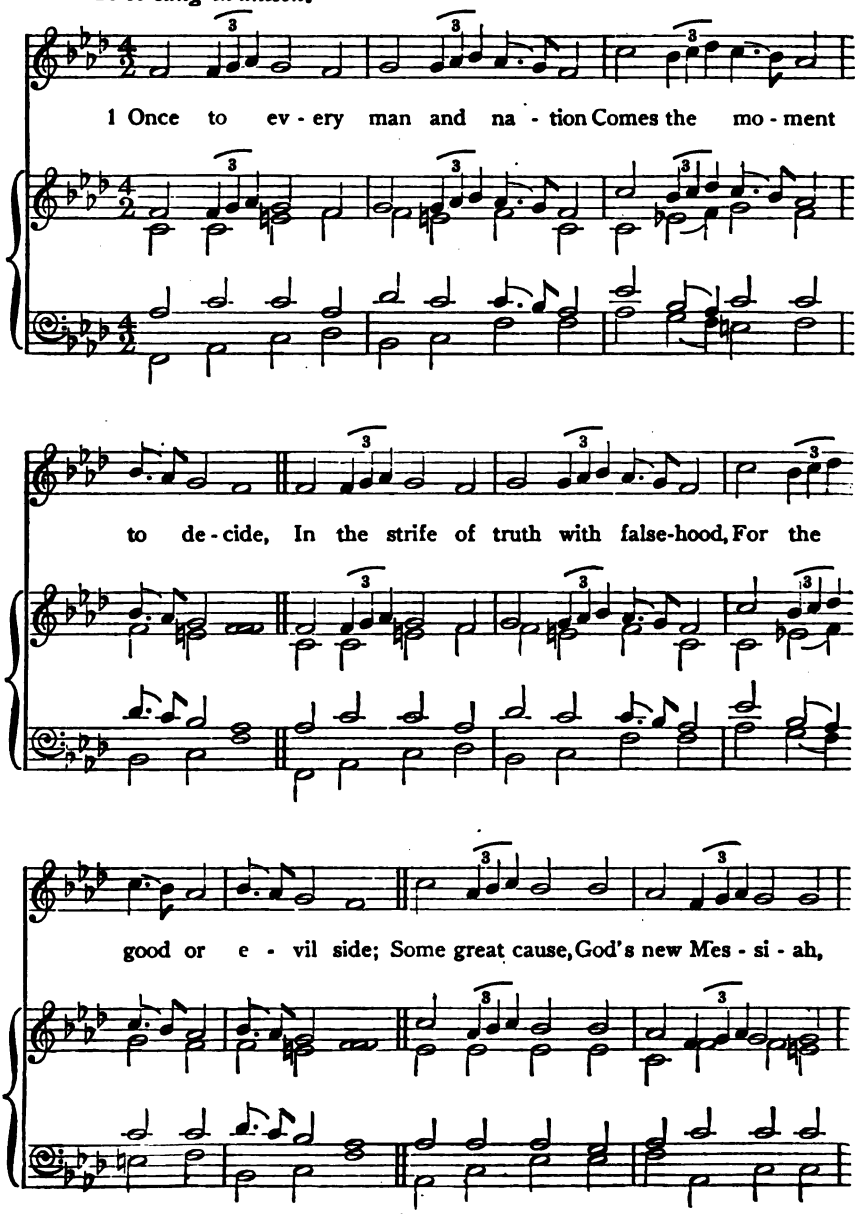
Alternative Tune, URBS BEATA, *No.* 508.

National Days.
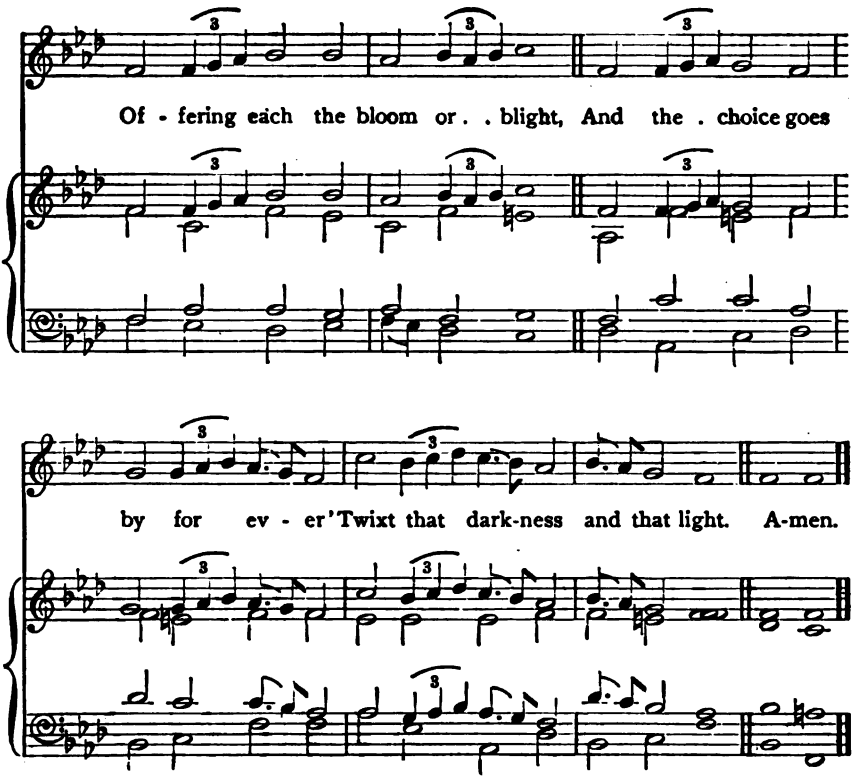
433

TON-Y-BOTEL. 8.7.8.7.D. Welsh Hymn Melody.

To be sung in unison.



National Days.



2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 't is prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.
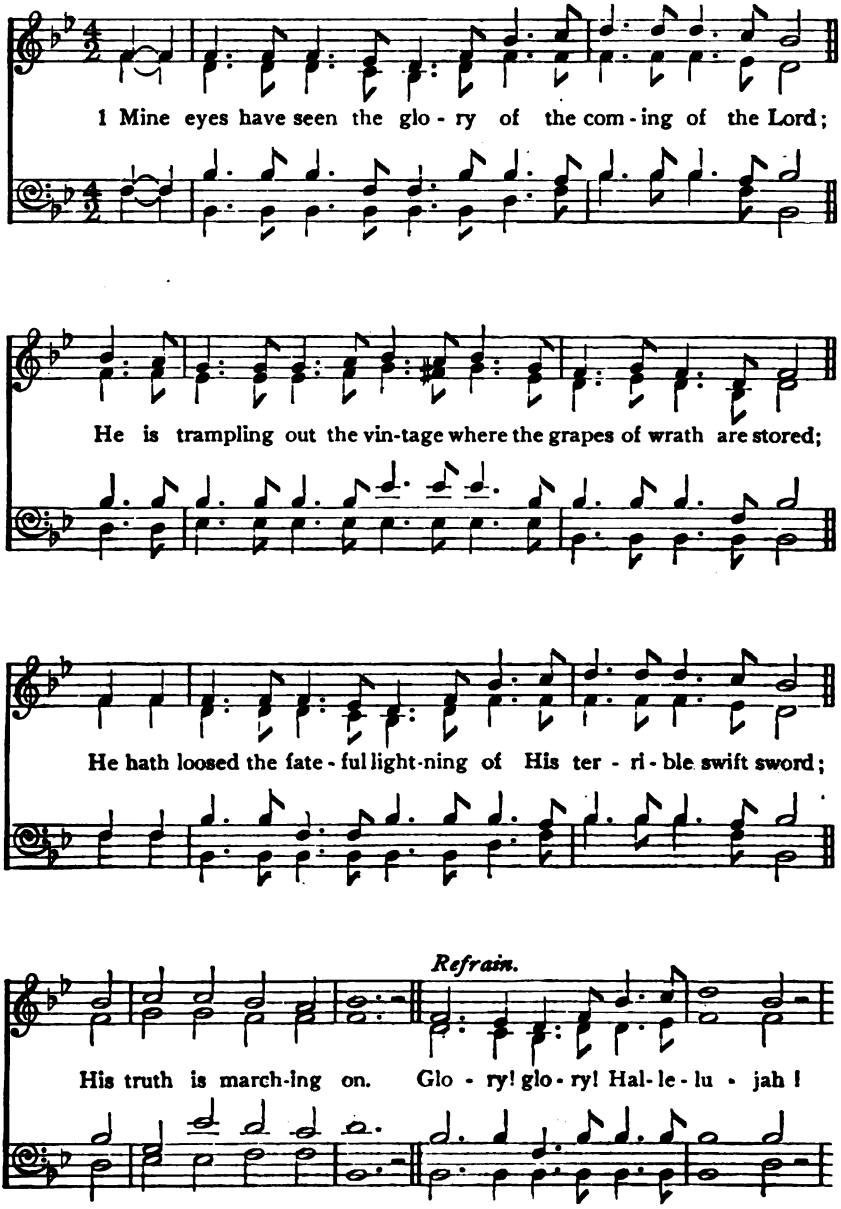
4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 't is truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

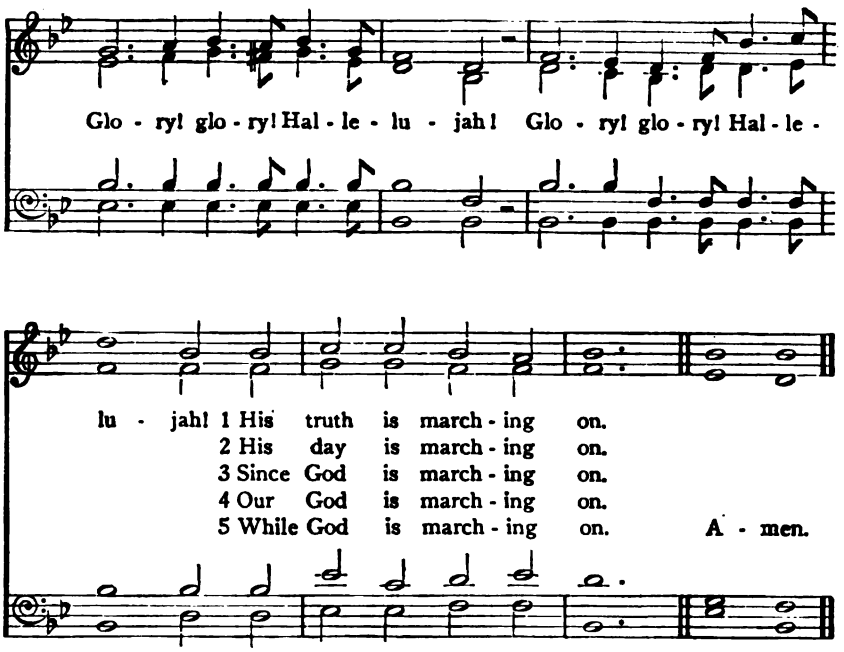
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1845, cento.

National Days.

434

BATTLE HYMN. 15.15.15.6. with Refrain. WILLIAM STEFFE, *c.* 1852.





2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

4 He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
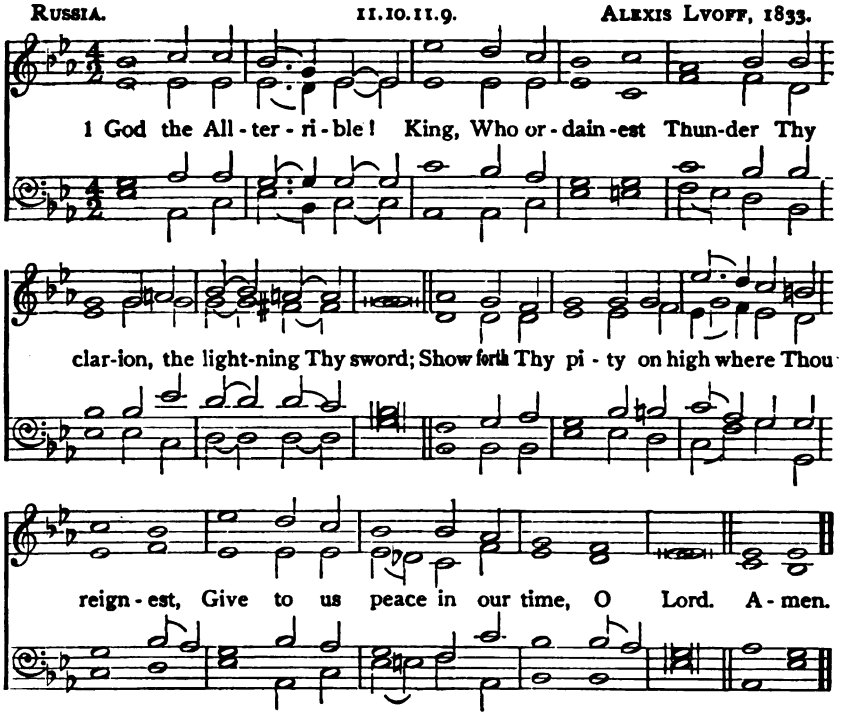
5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1862.

National Days.

435

RUSSIA. 11.10.11.9. ALEXIS LVOFF, 1833.



2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the Omnipotent! wisely ordaining
Judgments unsearchable, famine and sword;
Over the tumult of war Thou art reigning:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
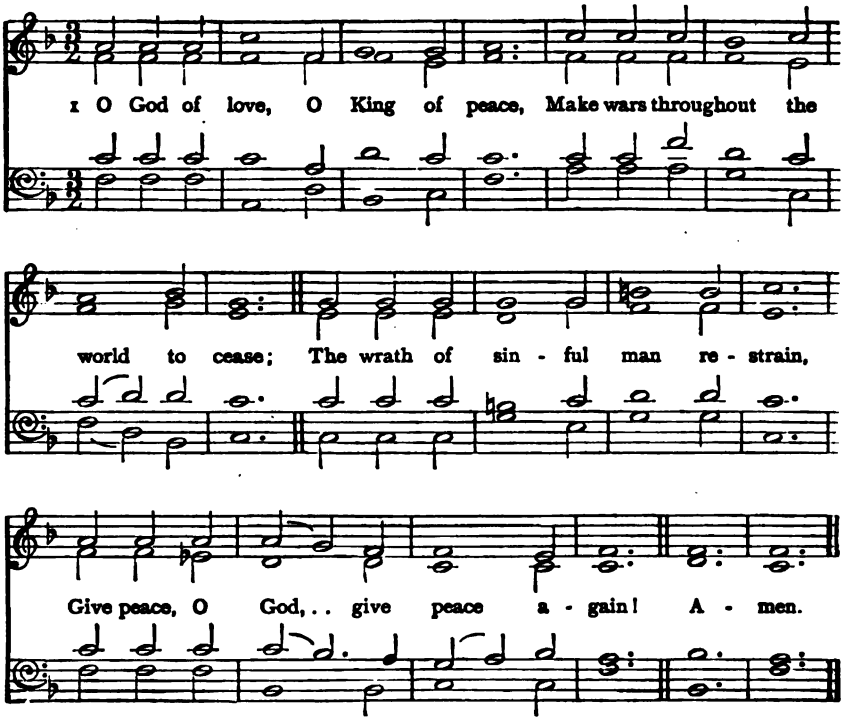
5 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

6 So shall Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

HENRY F. CHORLEY, 1842; JOHN ELLERTON, 1870: *alt.*

436 National Days.

HESPERUS. L.M. HENRY BAKER, 1866.



2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
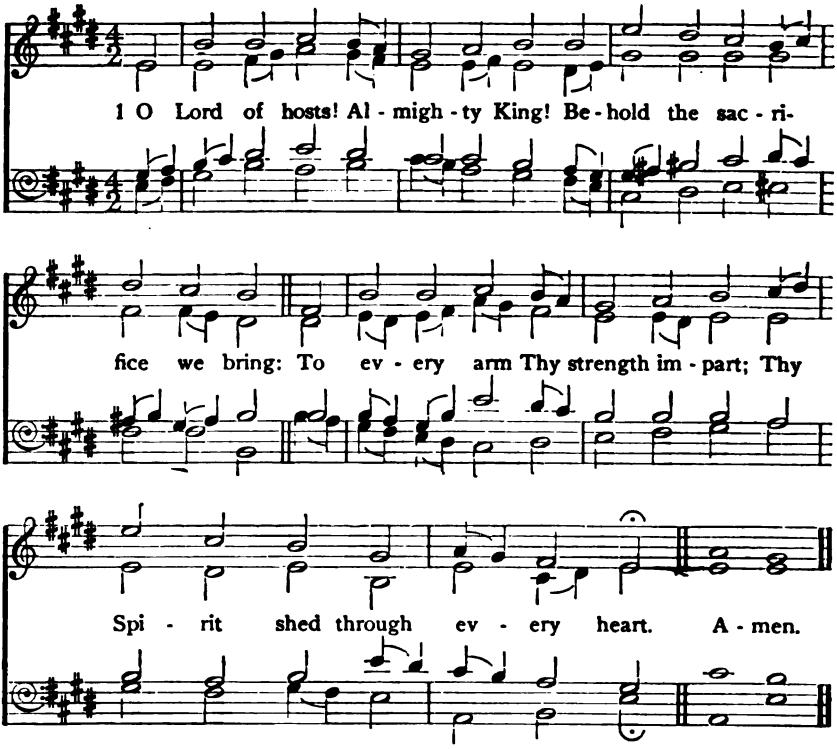
4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again! Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

National Days.

437

NEW YORK. L.M. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1917.



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2 Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

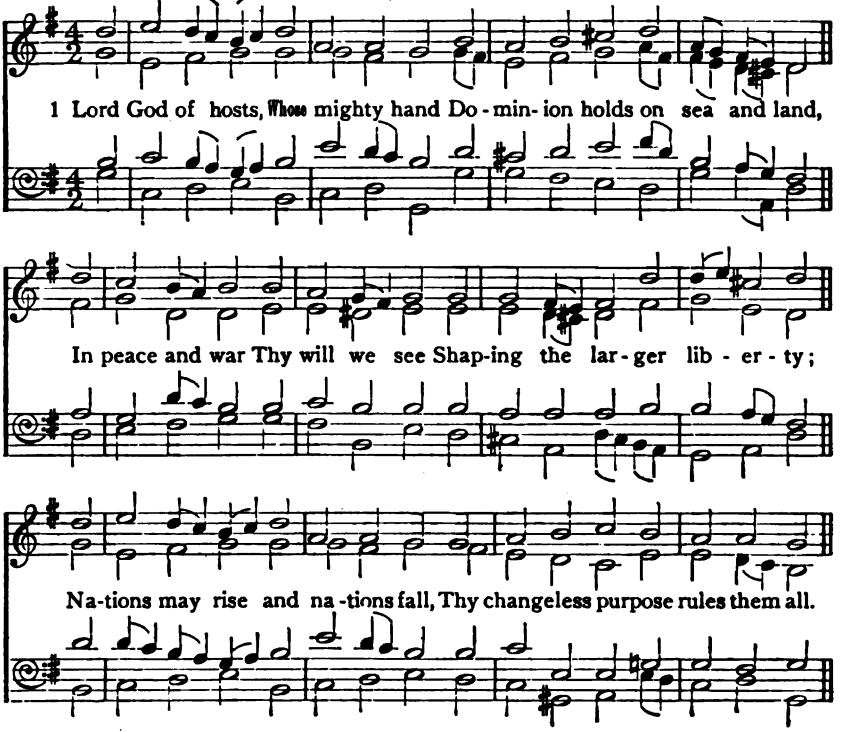
5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee! Amen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1861.

National Days.

438
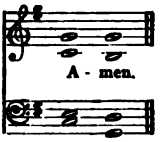
ST. JEROME. Six 8's. FRANCIS H. CHAMPNEYS, 1889.



2 For those who weak and broken lie
In weariness and agony,
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch and make them whole again.
O hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

3 For those to whom the call shall come,
We pray Thy tender welcome home;
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy love at last.
O hear a people's prayers for all
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

4 For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal;
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death:
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy peace on earth till time shall end.
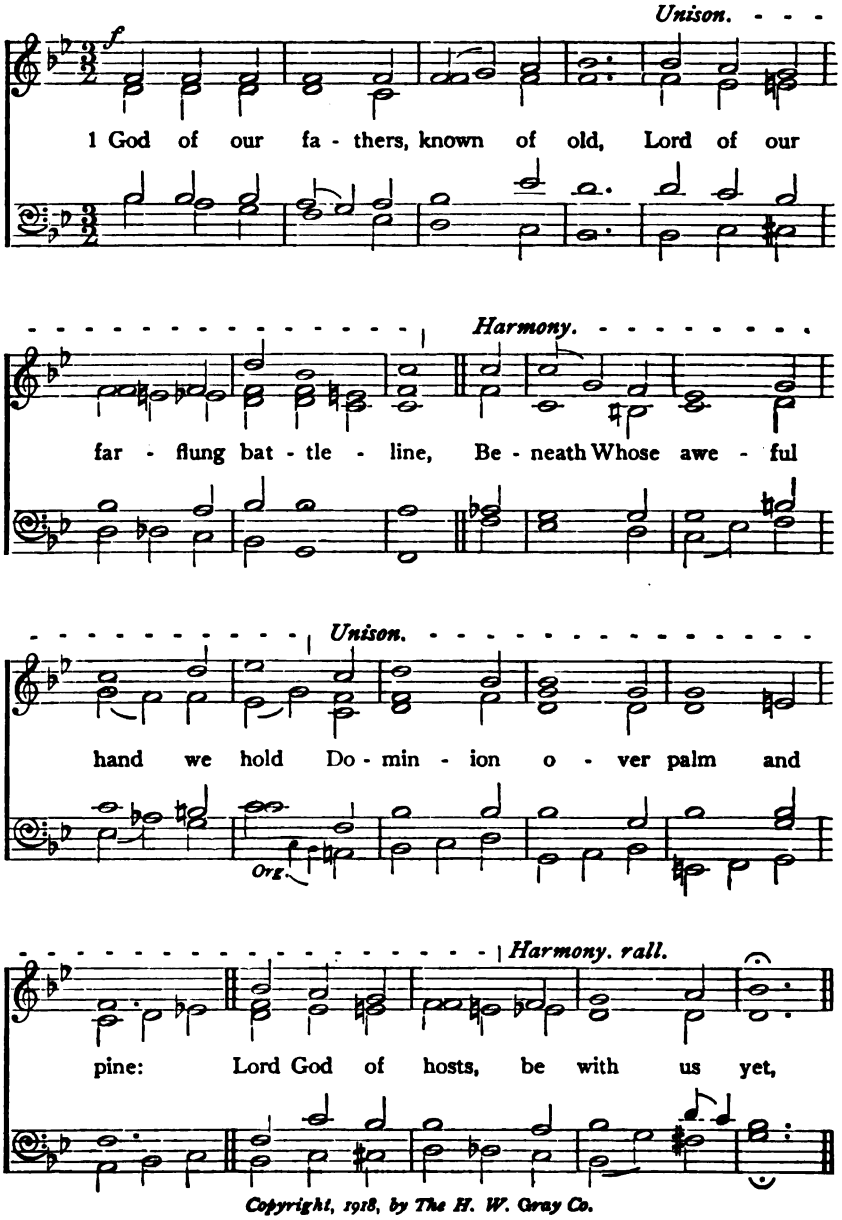


Alternative Tune, MELITA, *No.* 415. JOHN OXENHAM, 1915.

National Days.
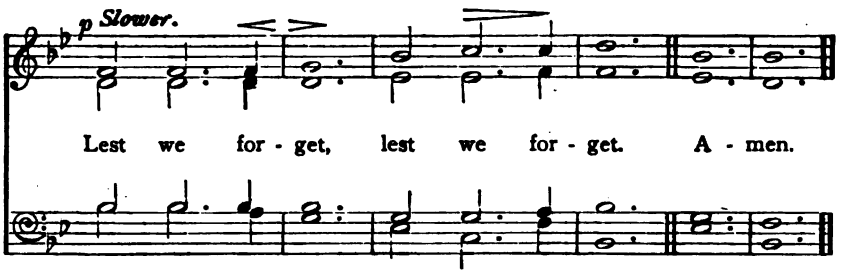
439

RECESSIONAL (*First Tune*). SIX 8's. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1918.



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National Days.



2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
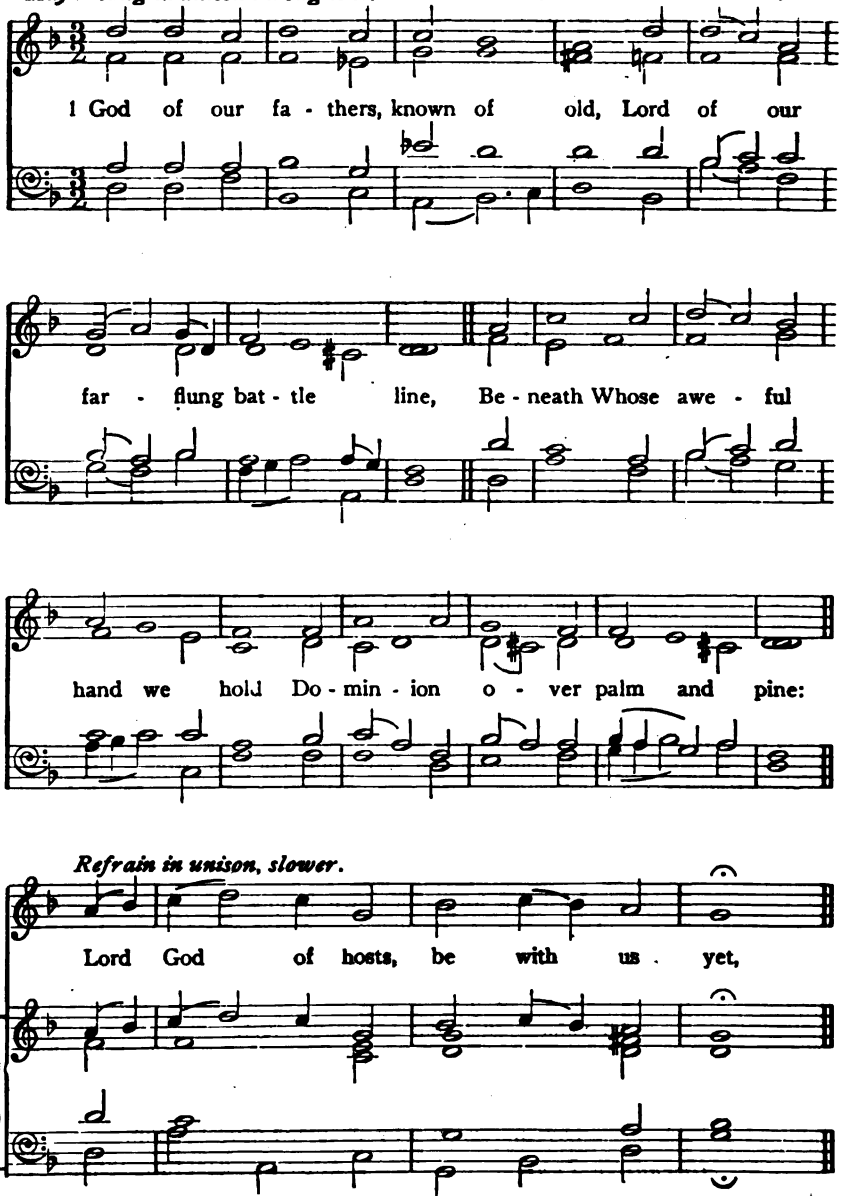
5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord. Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

Alternative Tune,
OLD ONE HUNDRED TWELFTH, *No.* 410.
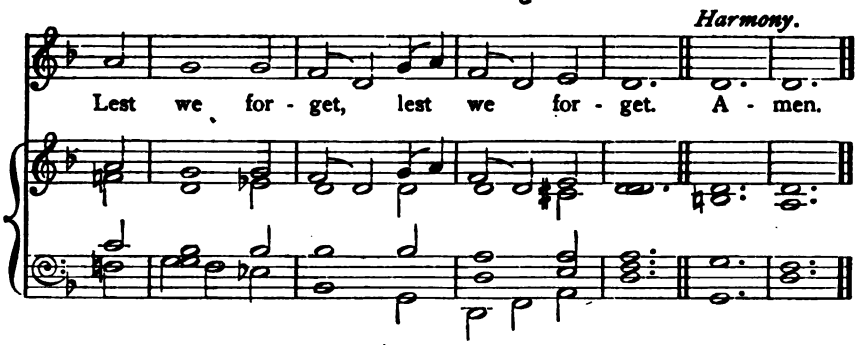
439

AGINCOURT (*Second Tune*). Six 8's. English Melody, *c.* 1415;
May be sung in unison throughout. Harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS, 1918.



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National Days.
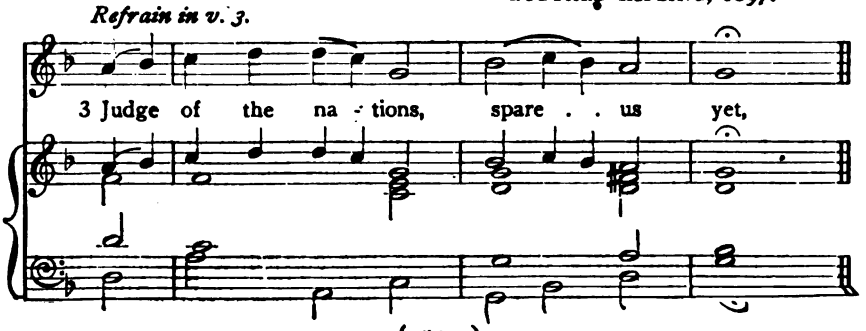


2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
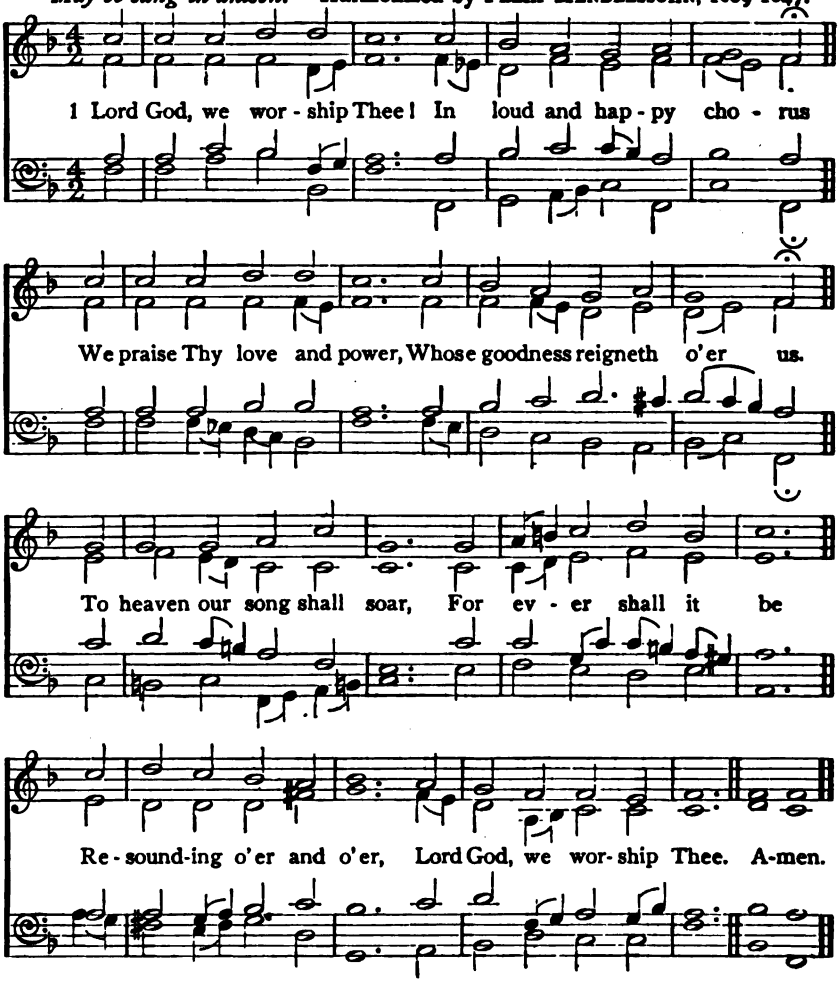
5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord. Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.



440

DEO GRATIAS. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1647.
May be sung in unison. Harmonized by FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.



2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!
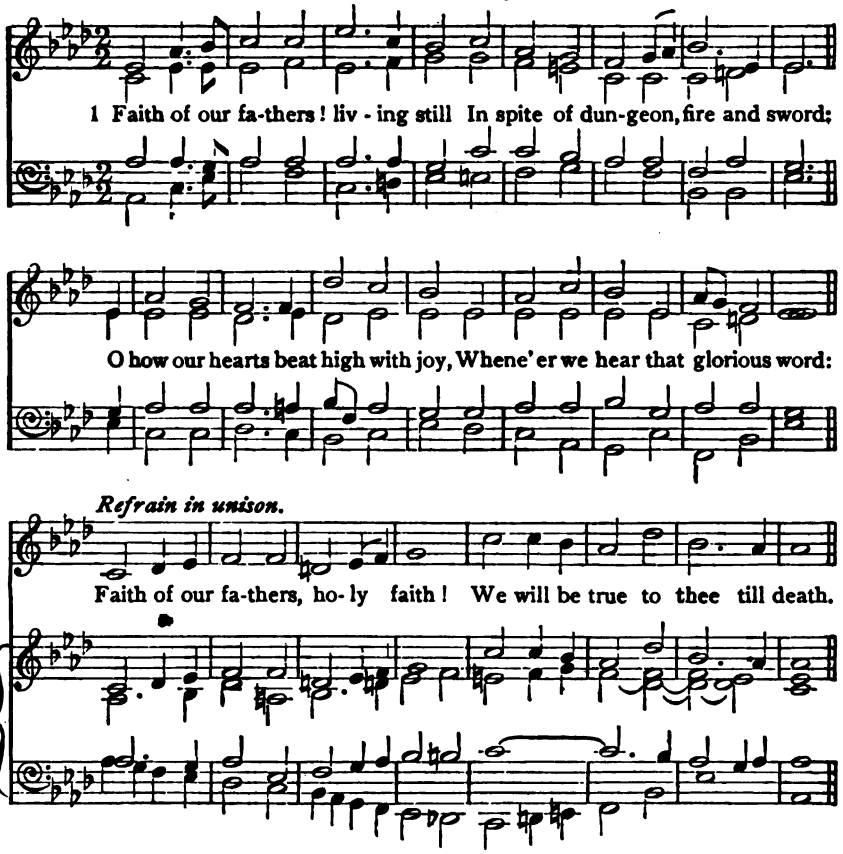
3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!
Amen.

JOHANN FRANCK, 1653; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863.

National Days.

441
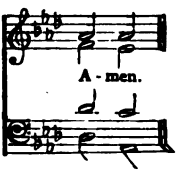
WHITEHEAD. Six 8's. J. BRINTON WHITEHEAD, 1909.



2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers! faith and prayer
Shall keep our country true to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly deeds and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.
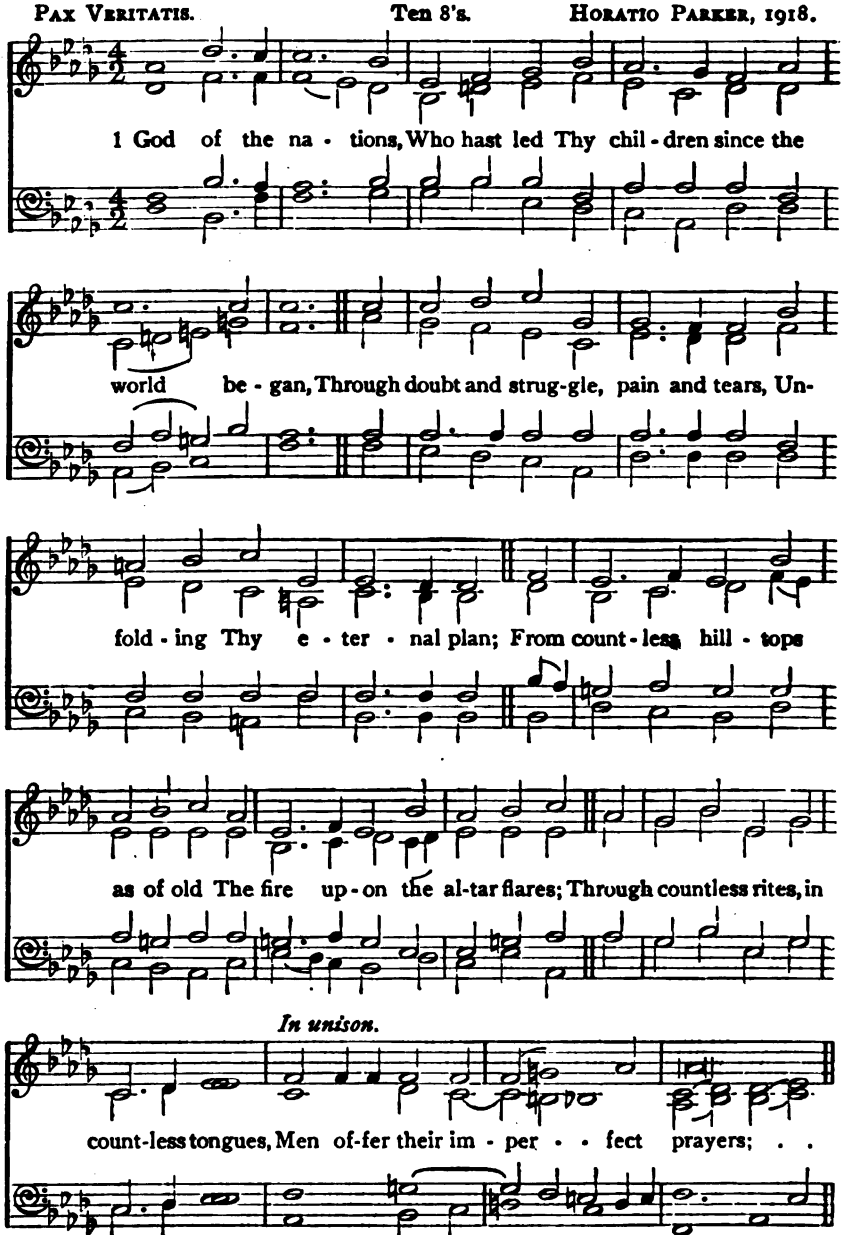


FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, ST. FINBAR, *No.* 227.
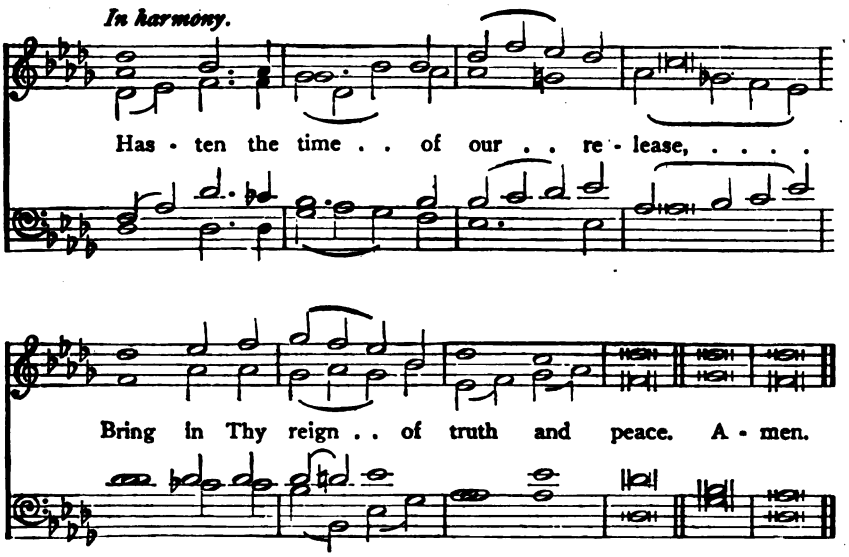
442

PAX VERITATIS. Ten 8's. HORATIO PARKER, 1918.



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National Days.



2 O Jesus Christ, Incarnate Son,
Who bore our flesh that men might
The Vision of the Perfect Life [see
Fashioned in their humanity;
By all Thy words of heavenly truth,
By all Thy deeds of mercy wrought,
By all the passion of Thy cross,
By the redemption Thou hast brought;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, who dost touch
The prophets with Thy sacred fire,
Eternal Wisdom to whose light
All seekers after truth aspire;
Behold the warring sons of men,
The helpless by the strong oppressed,
The truth with error still concealed,
The evil grudgingly confessed;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

4 O God Triune, Thy Church to-day
In penitence before Thee kneels,
Mourning her years of slothful ease,
Her deafness to the world's appeals;
Divided where she should be one,
Enamoured of a lesser strife,
Tithing the mint and cummin while
Men perish for the Bread of Life;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

5 Restore to us the vision, Lord,
Descend with fires of Pentecost;
Our tongues unloose, our hearts inflame,
To preach the Gospel to the lost:
Here at Thy feet our prayer is made,
Here life and wealth we dedicate;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Lord, Thy anointing we await;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reignof truth and peace.
Amen.
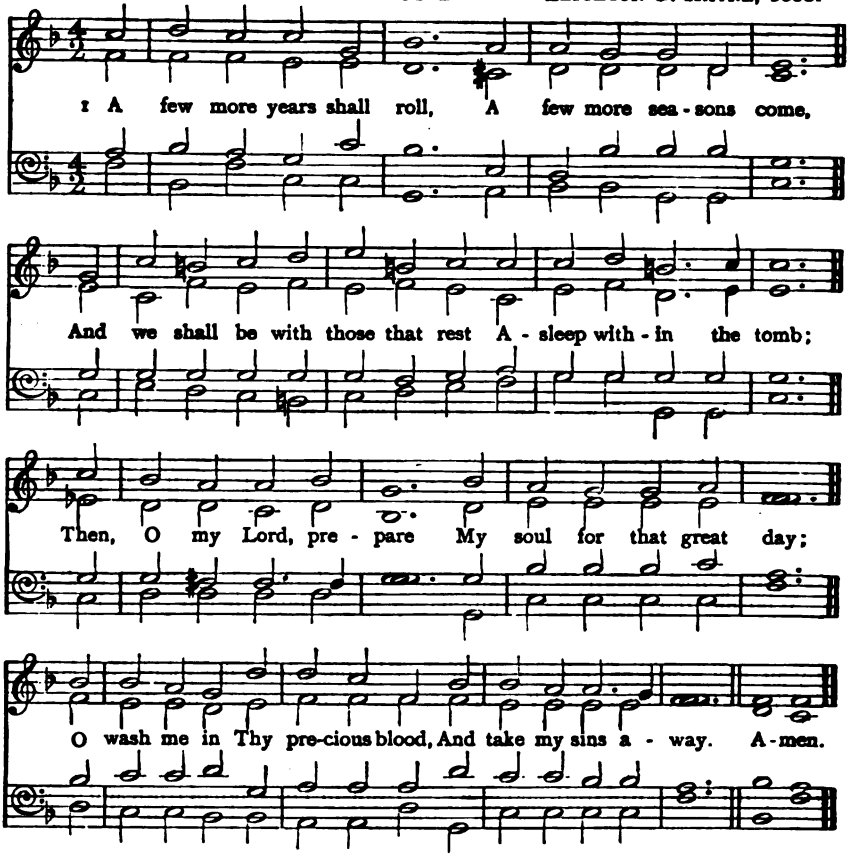
FREDERICK EDWARDS, 1906.

Also the following:

182 To Thee our God we fly
519 Ancient of Days

443 Old and New Year.

CHALVEY. S.M. D. LEIGHTON G. HAYNE, 1868.



2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
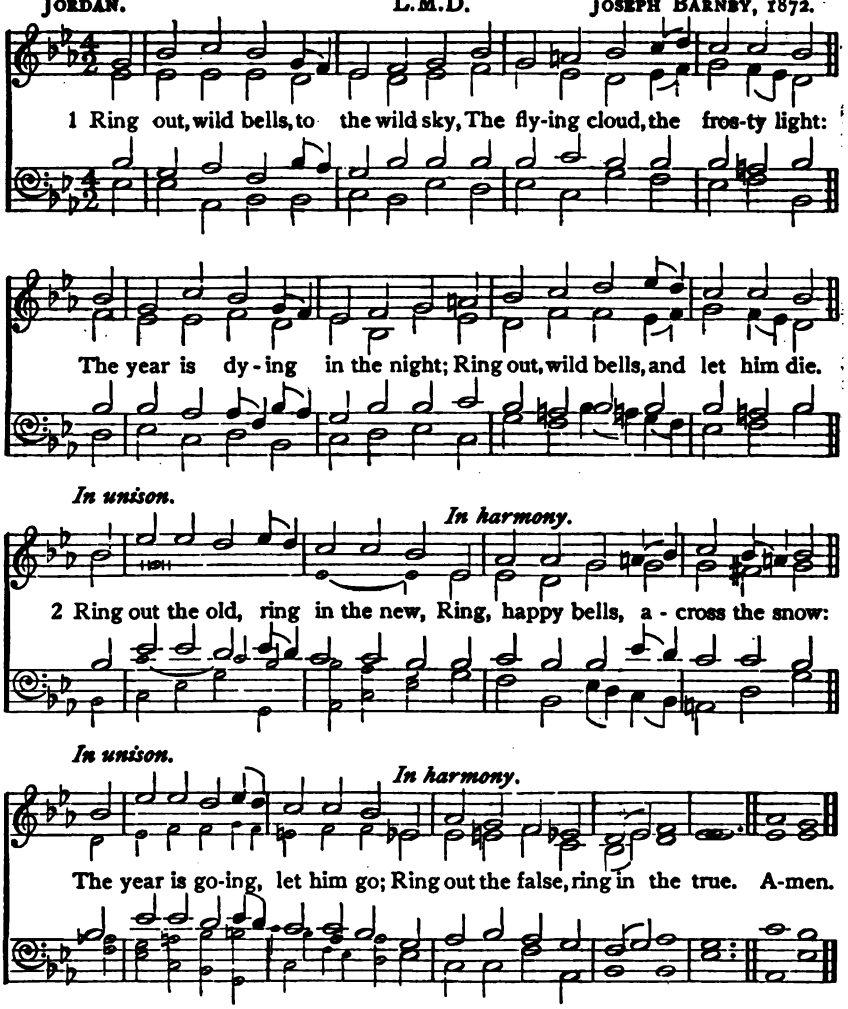
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1842.

444 Old and New Year.

JORDAN. L.M.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
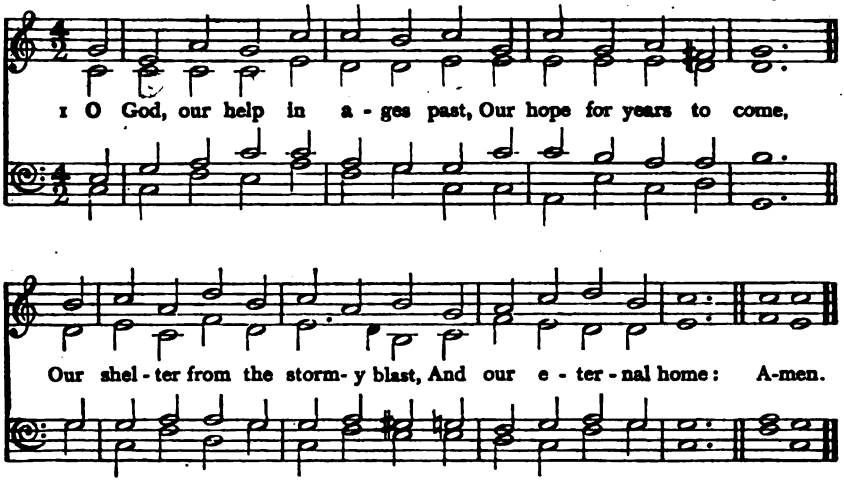
5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1850.

445 Old and New Year.

ST. ANNE. C.M. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
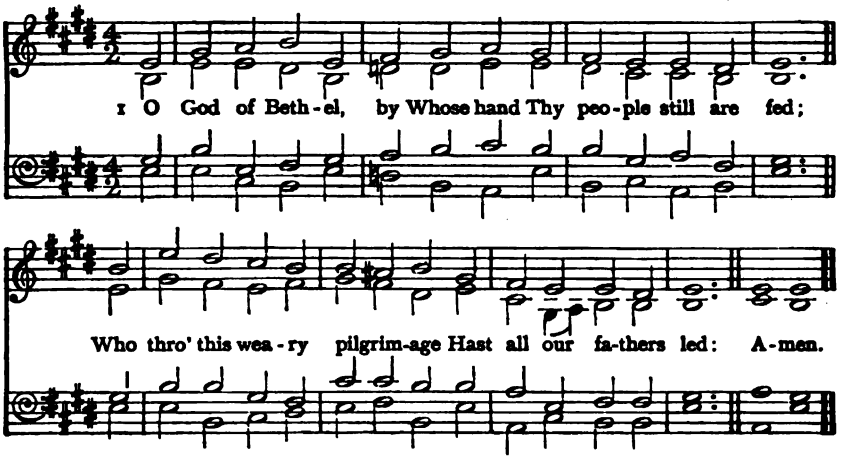
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719; *Psalm 90.*

446 Old and New Year.

DUNDEE. C.M. Scottish Psalter, 1615.



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

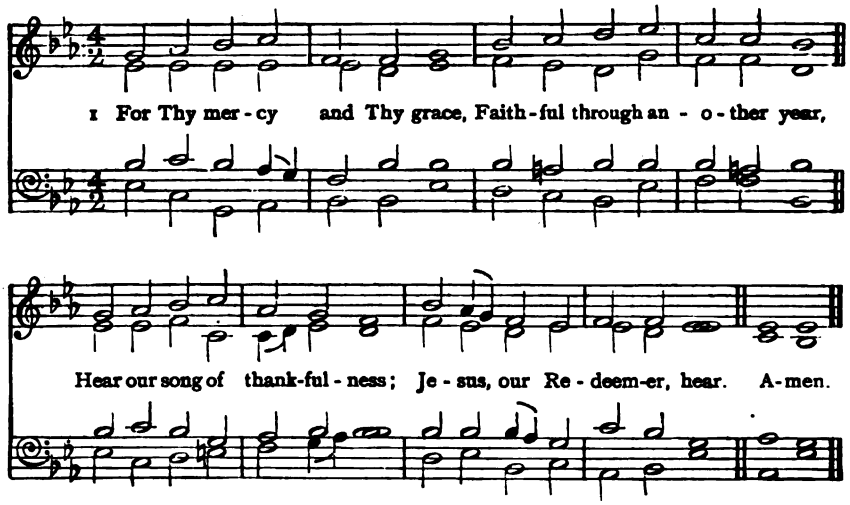
4 O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1736;
JOHN LOGAN, 1781.

447 Old and New Year.

GIBBONS. Four 7's. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee our perfect Sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
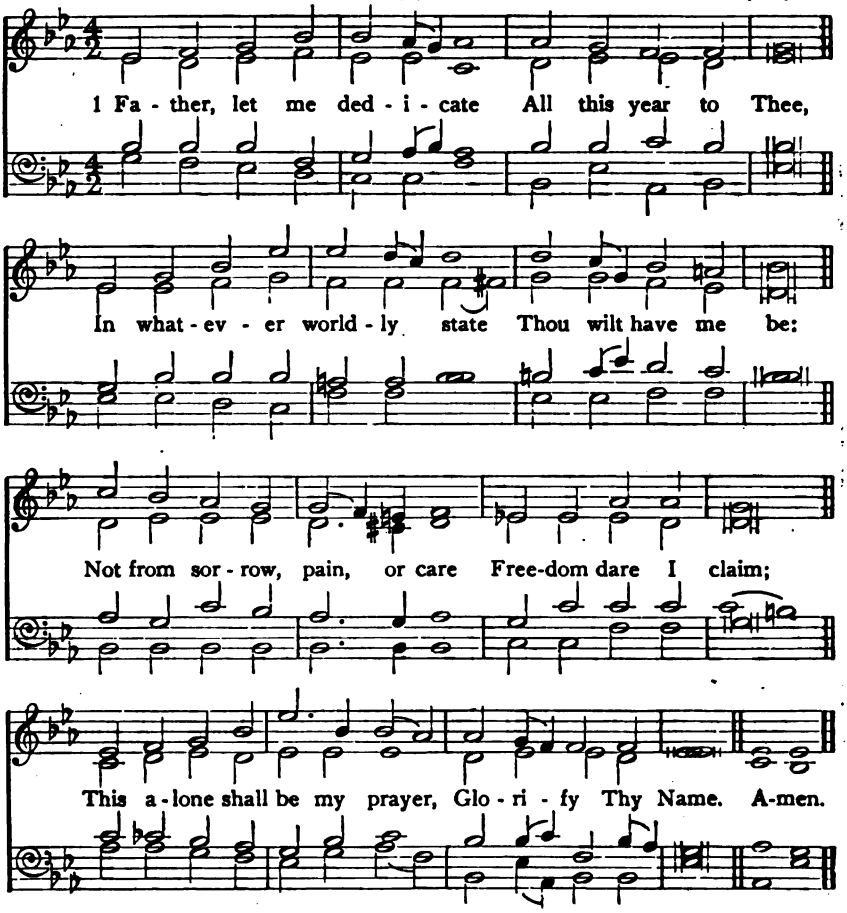
5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown. Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1841.

448 Old and New Year.

DEDICATION. 7.5.7.5.D. MYLES B. FOSTER, 1890.



2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.
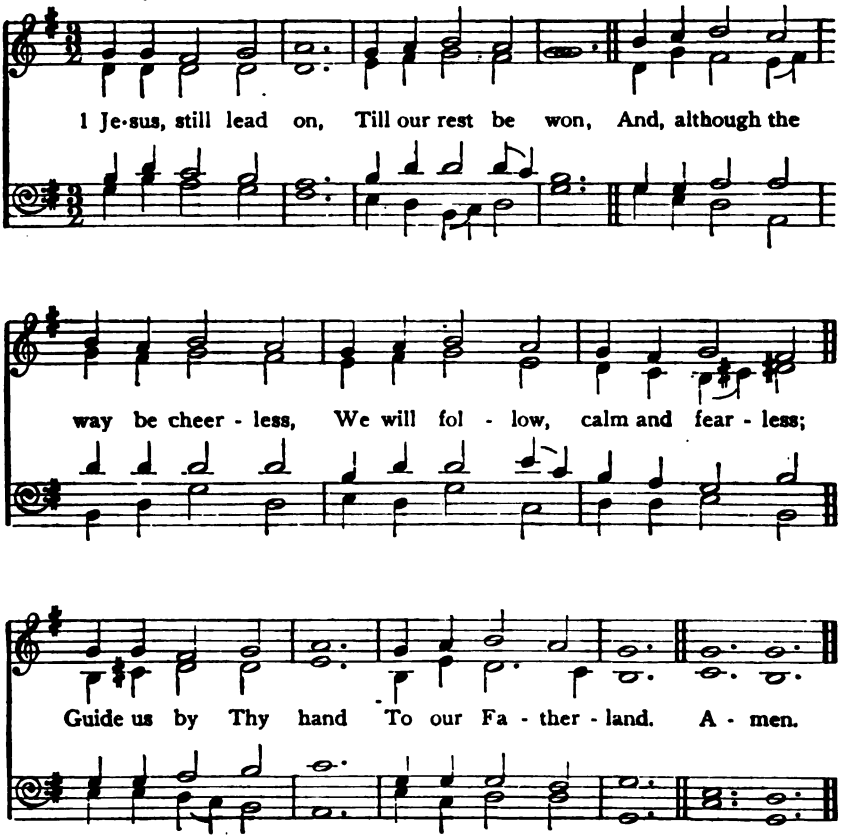
4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
Glorify Thy Name. Amen.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT, 1864.

Old and New Year.

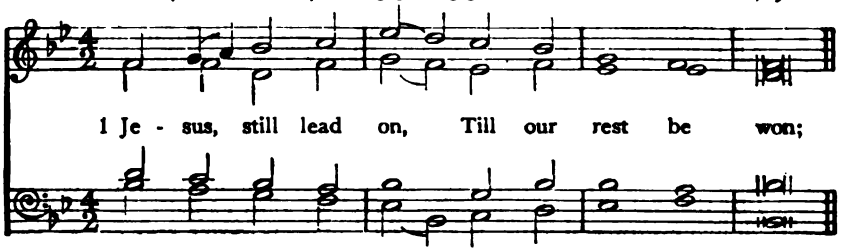
449

ROCHELLE (*First Tune*). 5.5.8.8.5.5. ADAM DRESE, 1698.
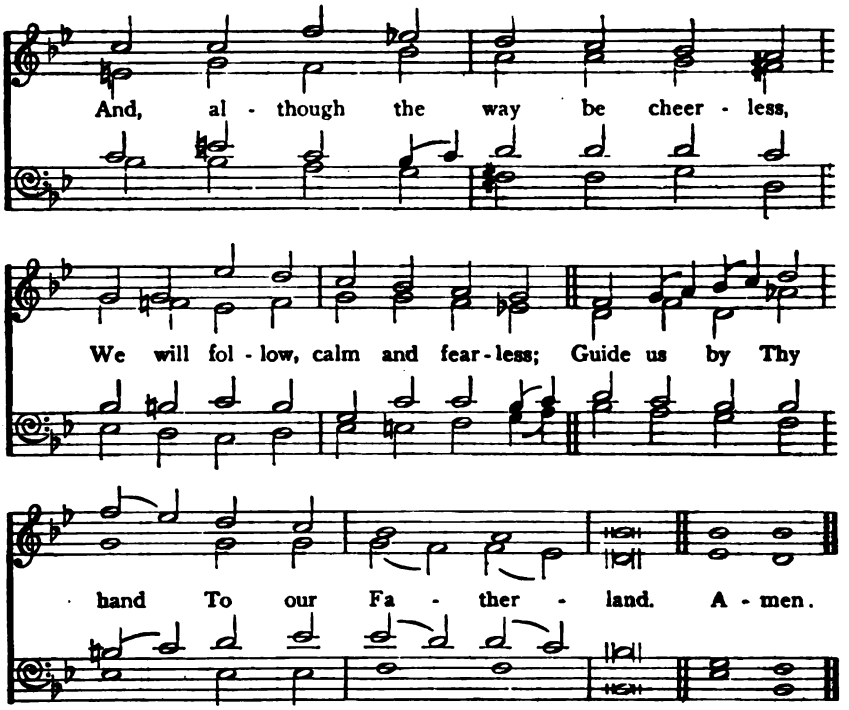


449

ST. WILFRID (*Second Tune*). 5.5.8.8.5.5. WALTER HENRY HALL, 1900.



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Old and New Year.



2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.
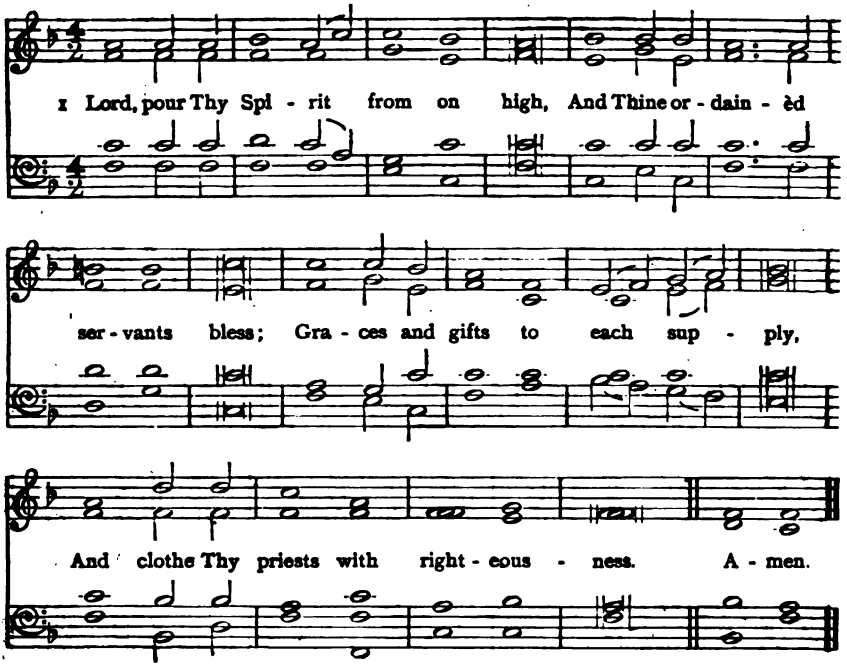
N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1721; *Tr.* JANE BORTHWICK, 1846.

Also the following:

483 God is working His purpose out

450 Ember Days and Ordination.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M. HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.



2 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.

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

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.

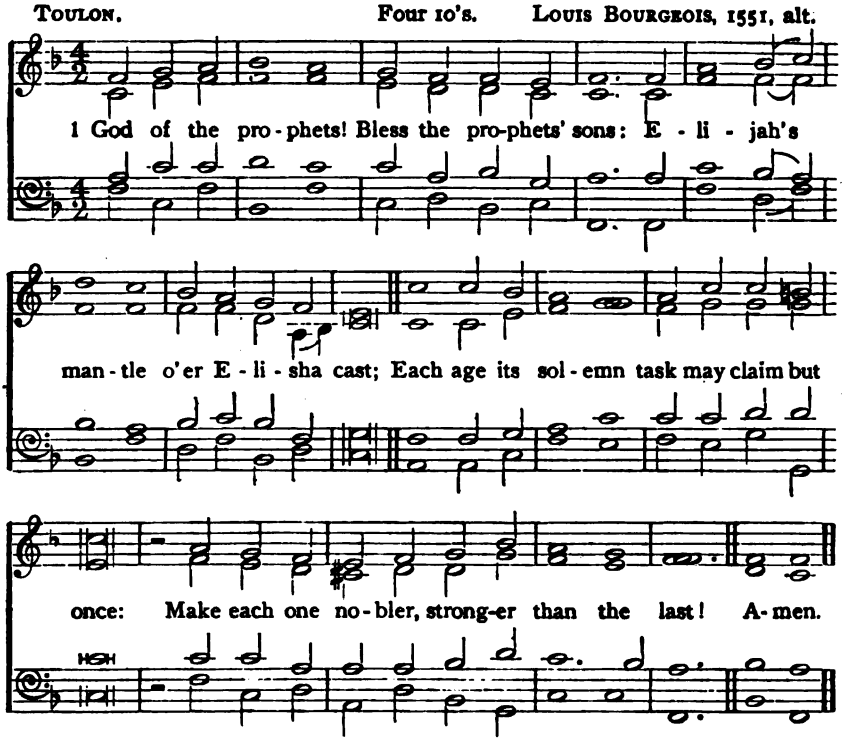
5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1833.

Ember Days and Ordination.

451

TOULON. Four 10's. LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551, alt.



2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! Aye, kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the Spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs not a jeweled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

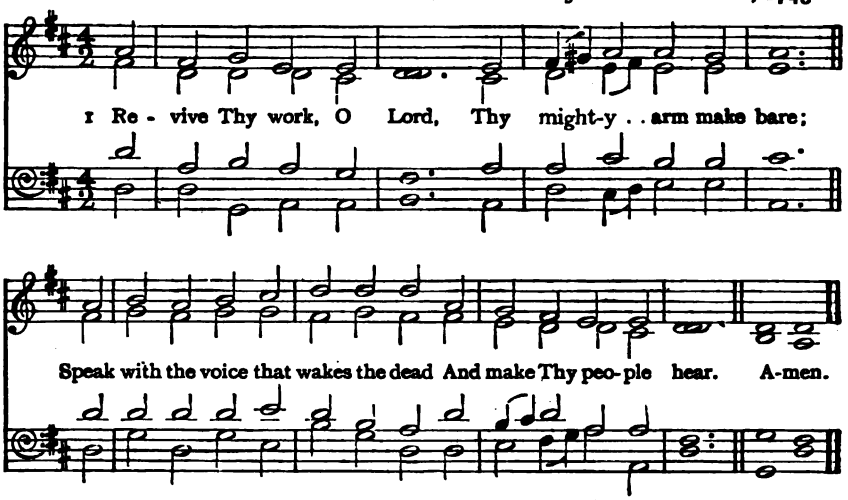
5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace:
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime! Amen.

DENIS WORTMAN, 1884.

452 Ember Days and Ordination.

SWABIA. S.M. JOHANN M. SPIESS, 1745.



2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
O may our spirits be!

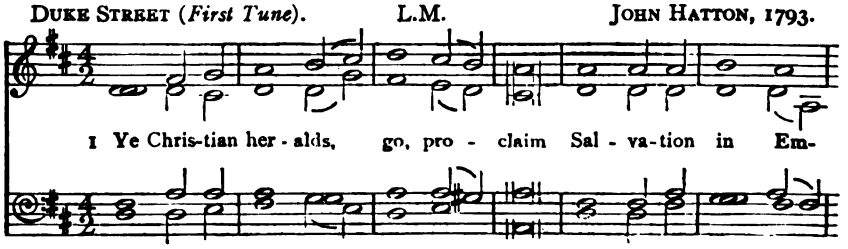
4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
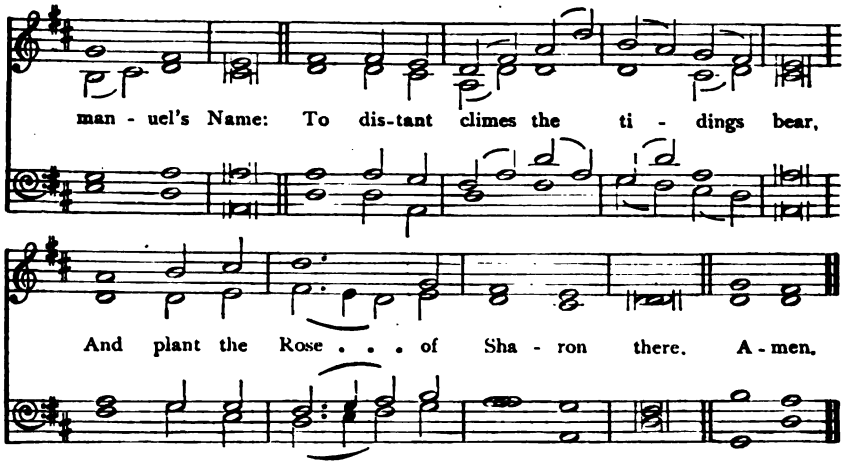
5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.
Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1858.

453

DUKE STREET (*First Tune*). L.M. JOHN HATTON, 1793.





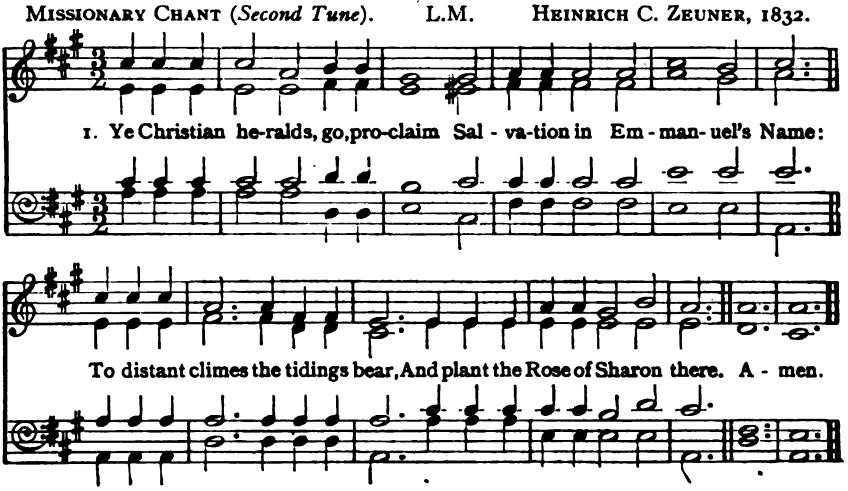
2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

BOURNE H. DRAPER, 1805.
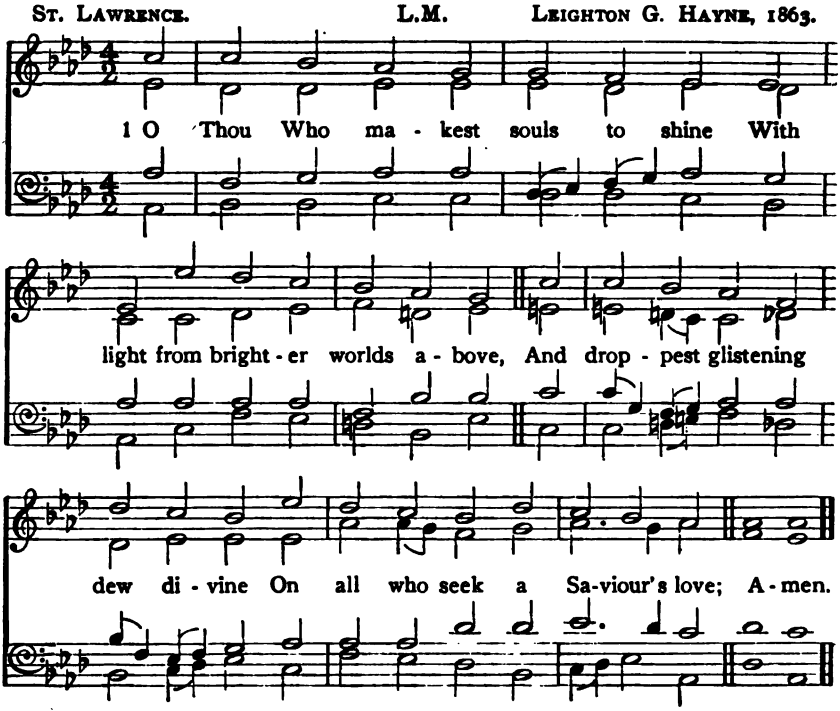
453

MISSIONARY CHANT (*Second Tune*). L.M. HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832.



454 Ember Days and Ordination.

ST. LAWRENCE. L.M. LEIGHTON G. HAYNE, 1863.



2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer:
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

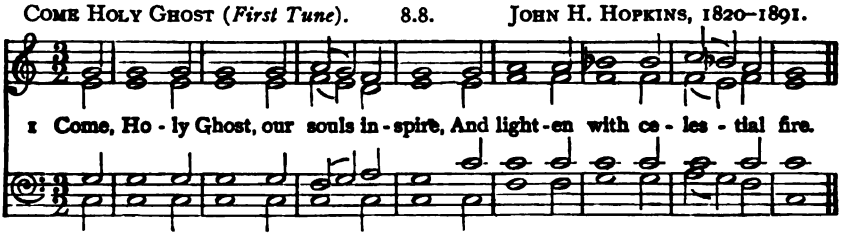
5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, 1847.

455 Ember Days and Ordination.

COME HOLY GHOST (*First Tune*). 8.8. JOHN H. HOPKINS, 1820–1891.



2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.
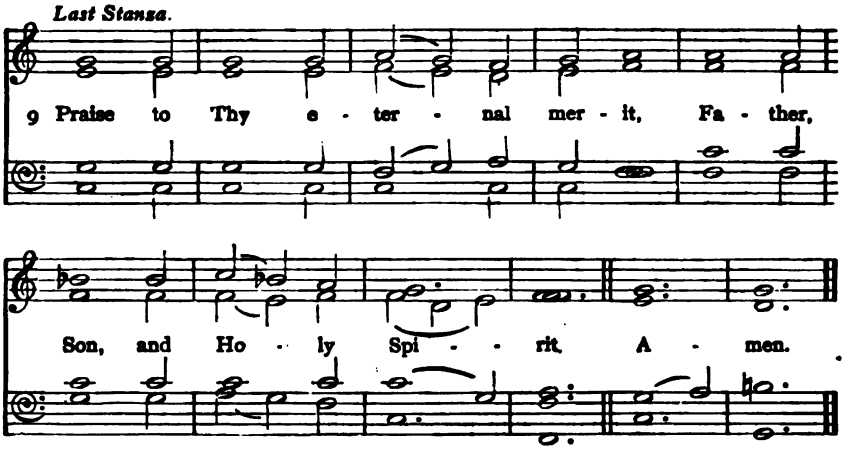
5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Last Stanza.
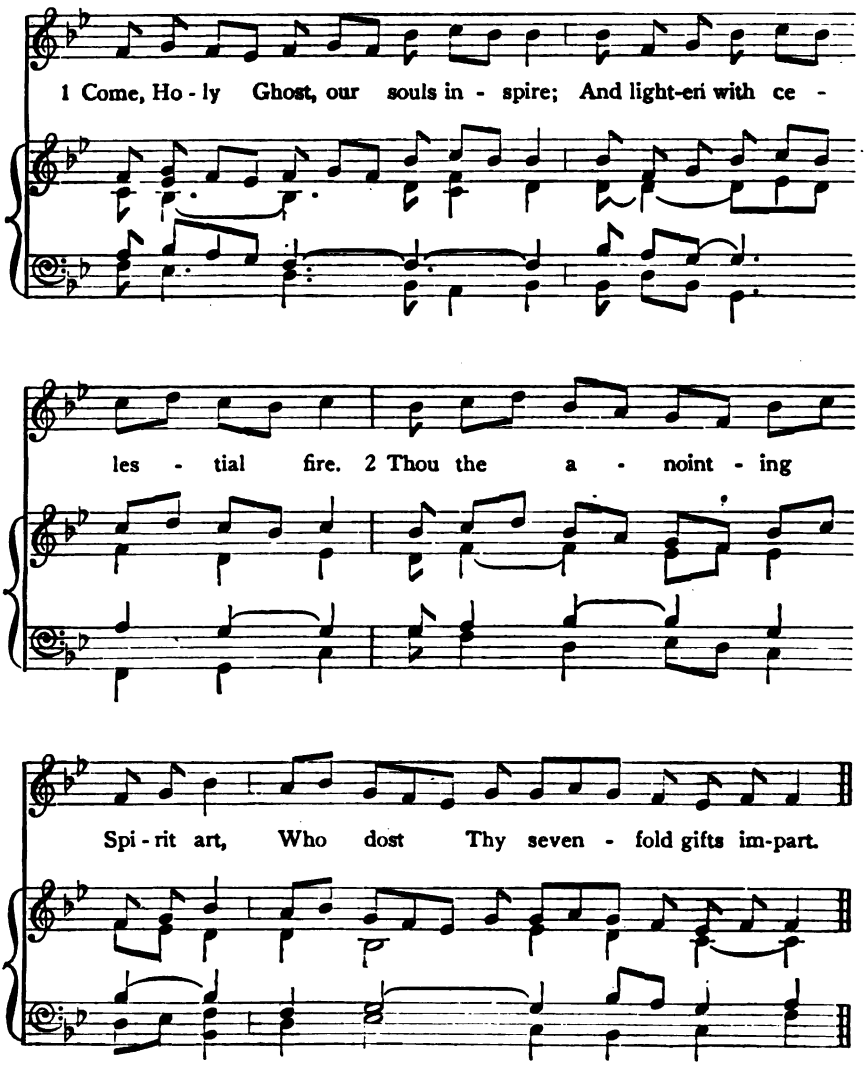


Latin; *Tr.* JOHN COSIN, 1627.

Ember Days and Ordination.

455

Veni Creator (*Second Tune*). **Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII.**
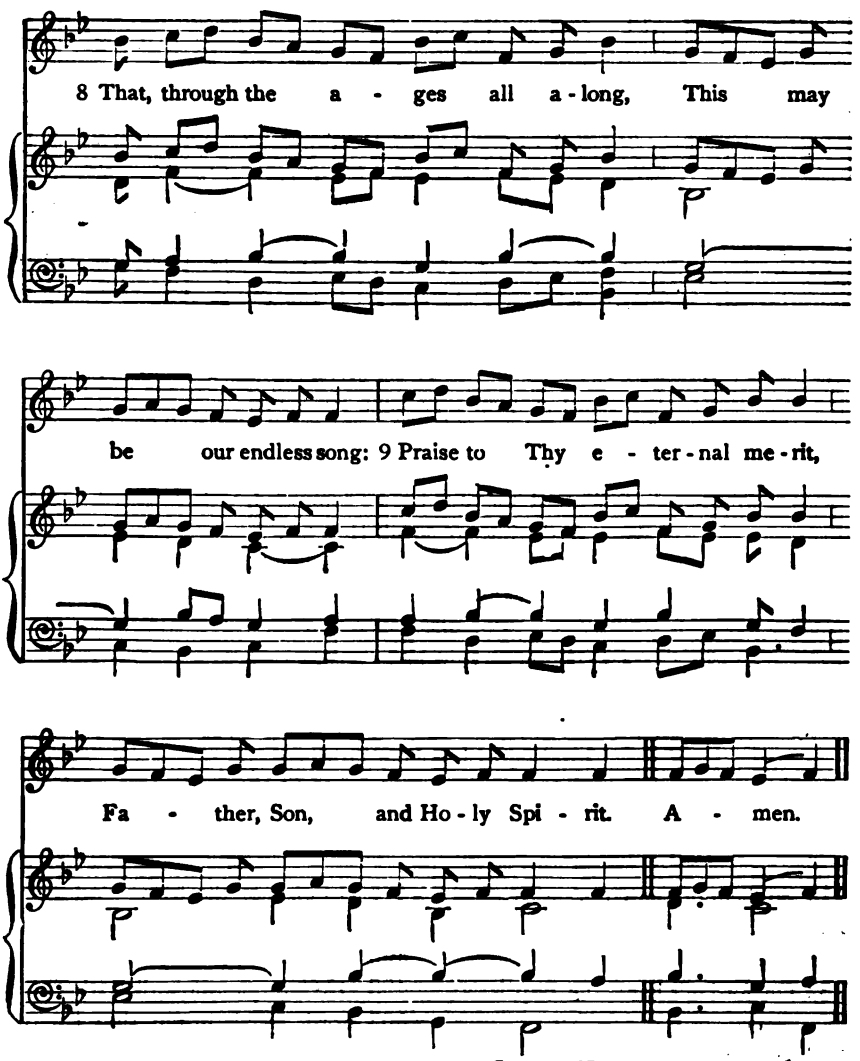


3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

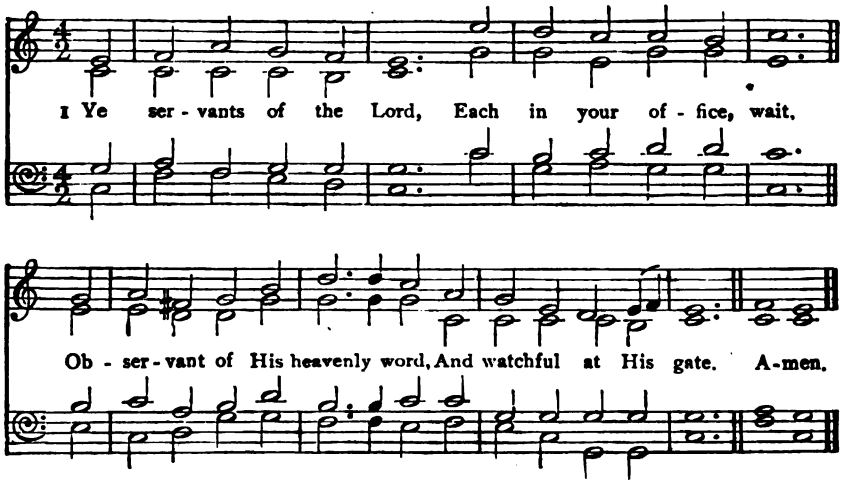
7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,



Latin; Tr. JOHN COSIN, 1627.

456 Ember Days and Ordination.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



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

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
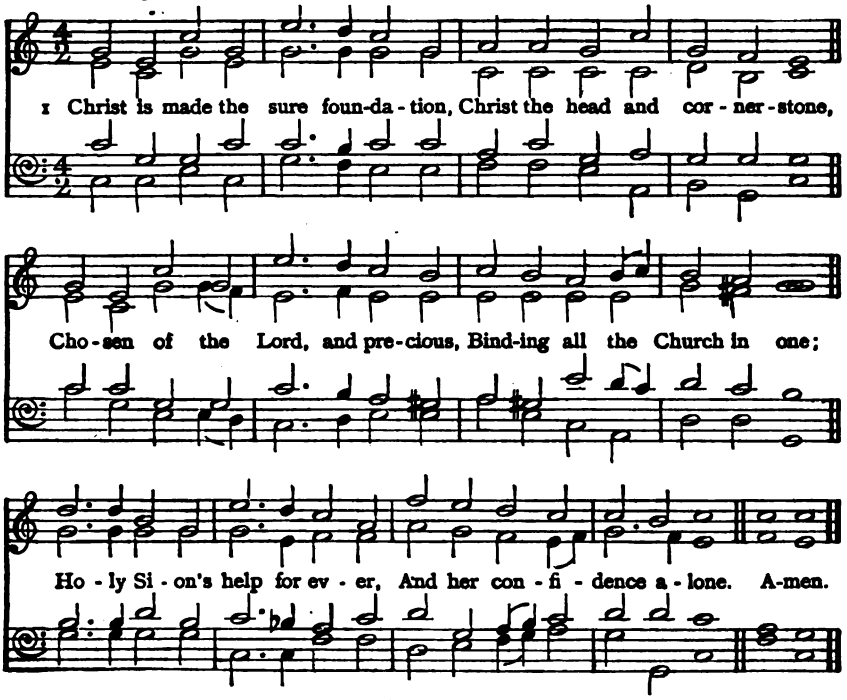
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

Also the following:

115 Soldiers of the cross, arise
246 Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross"
282 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
373 Holy Spirit, Truth divine
475 O Spirit of the living God
486 Christ for the world we sing
490 Go, labour on
493 O Master, let me walk with Thee
502 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

457 Church Building and Consecration.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. HENRY SMART, 1866.



2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.
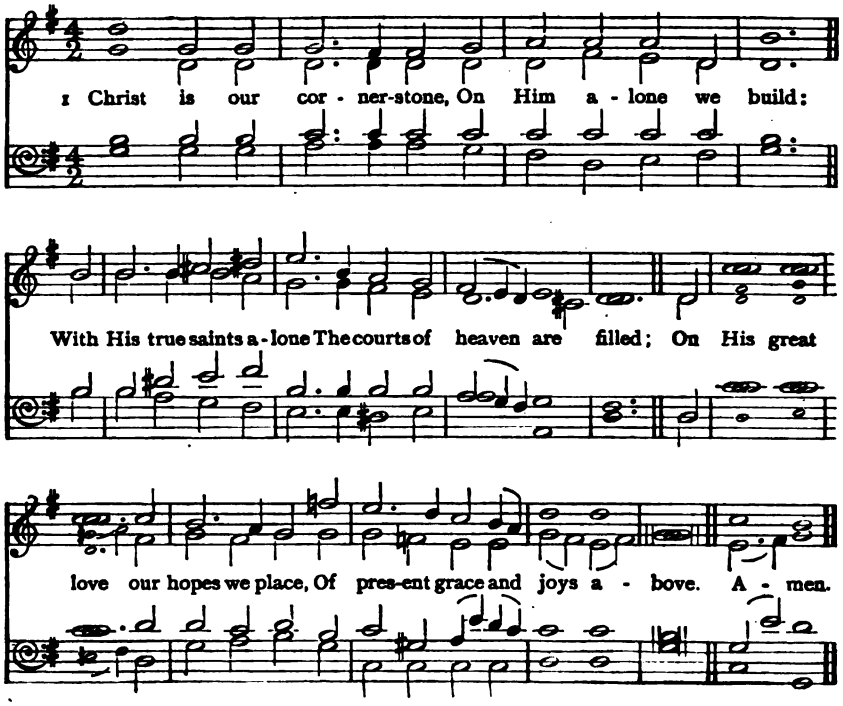
4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen.

Latin, 7th cent.; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1861.

Alternative Tune, URBS BEATA, *No.* 508.

458 Church Building and Consecration.

AUBURNDALE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. HORATIO PARKER, 1893.



2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.
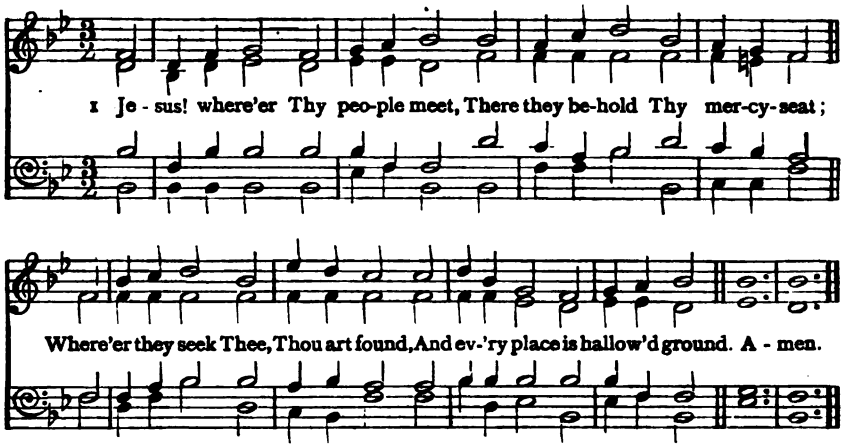
3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away. Amen.

Latin 7th cent.; Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

459 Church Building and Consecration.

HEBRON (MASON). L.M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!

4 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

5 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

6 Here to the babe newborn on earth,
Grant Thou the newer, better birth;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.
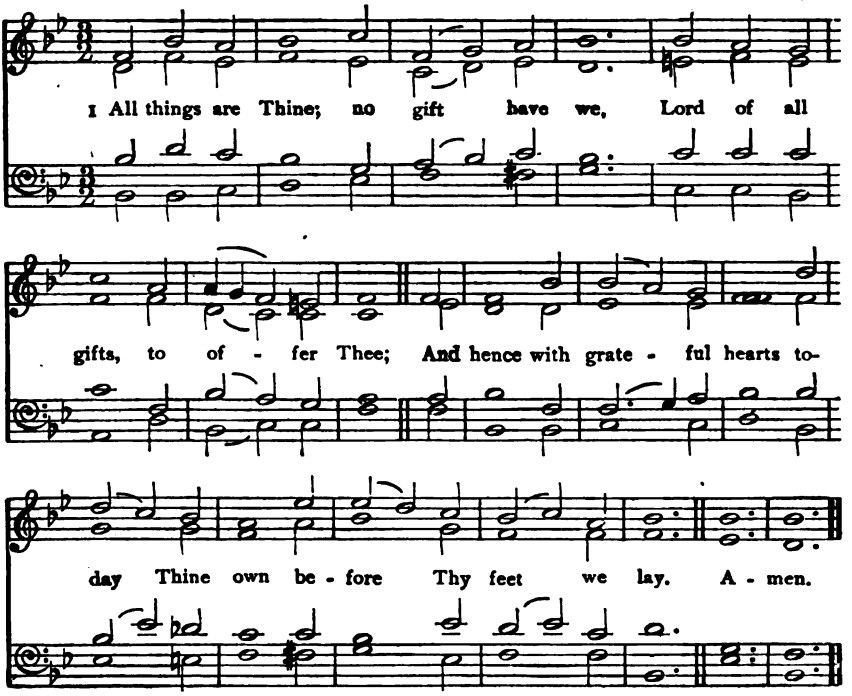
7 Here to the weary, hungry soul,
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's Flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's Blood.

8 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1769, alt.

460 Church Building and Consecration.

GARDINER. L.M. WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1815.



2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.
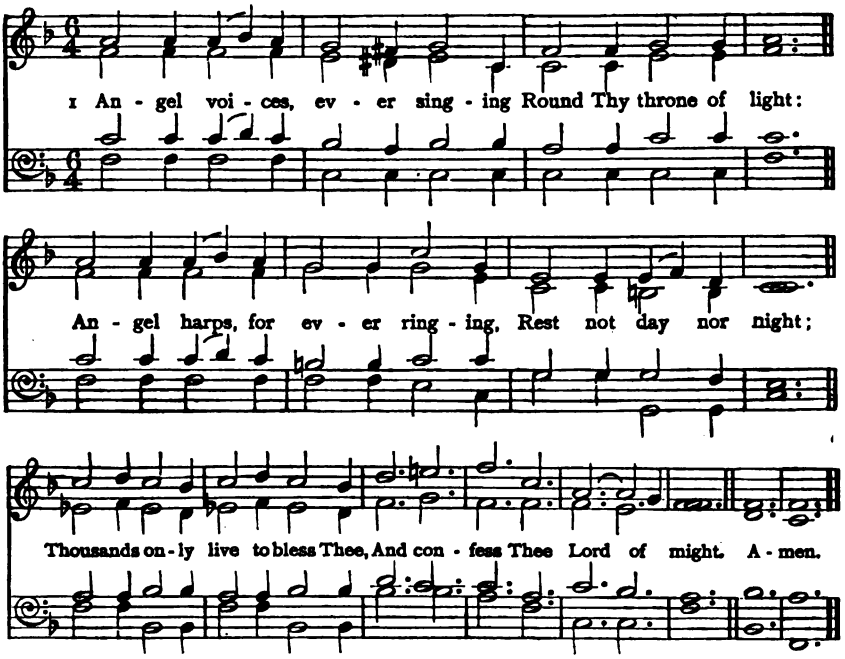
3 In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

4 O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee. Amen.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1872.

461 Church Building and Consecration.

ANGEL VOICES (*First Tune*). 8.5.8.5.8.7. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



2 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure didst design.
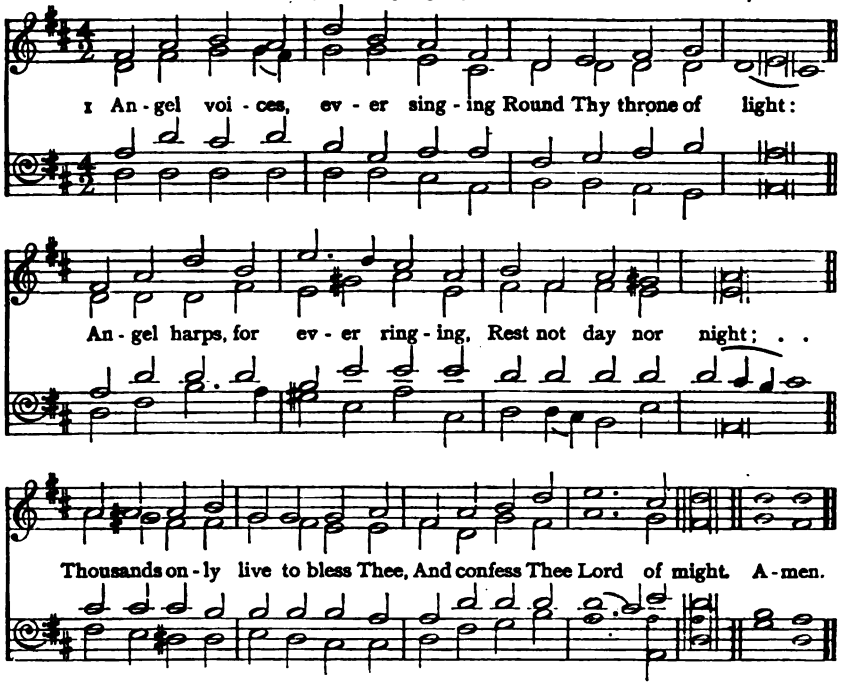
3 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

4 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render Thee. Amen.

FRANCIS POTT, 1861, alt.

461 Church Building and Consecration.

ANGEL VOICES (*Second Tune*). 8.5.8.5.8.7. EDWIN G. MONK, 1861.



2 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure didst design.

3 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

4 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render Thee. Amen.
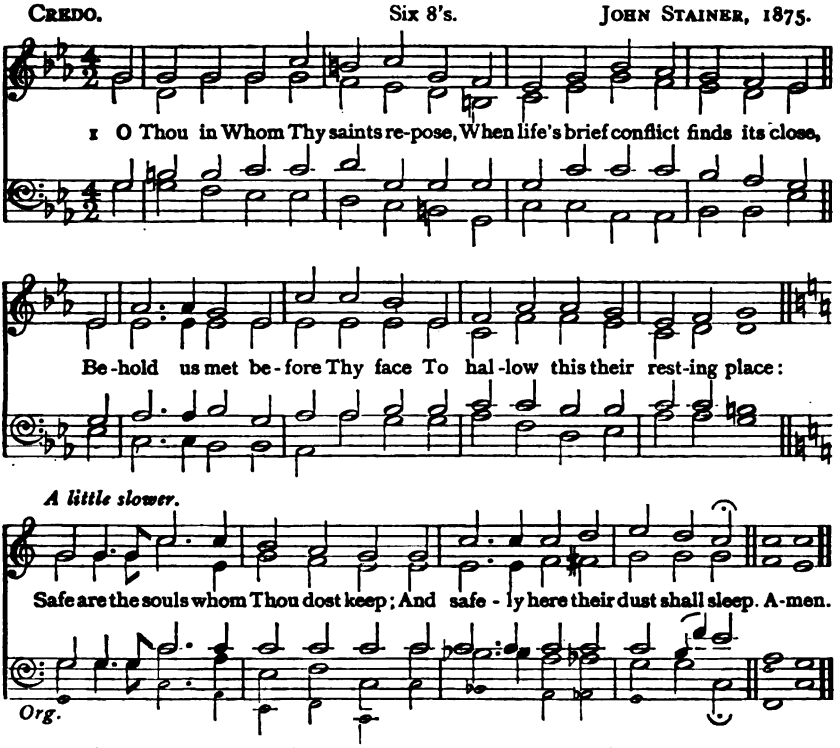
FRANCIS POTT, 1861, *alt.*

Also the following:

202 Spirit divine, attend our prayers
464 The Church's one foundation
465 We love the place, O God
466 Rise, crowned with light
467 Pleasant are Thy courts above
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
508 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.

462 THE BURIAL GROUND.

CREDO. Six 8's. JOHN STAINER, 1875.



2 Thou knowest, Lord, for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude,
Profane the sacred solitude.

4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

5 And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store,
Our fruit of tears for evermore.
Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.
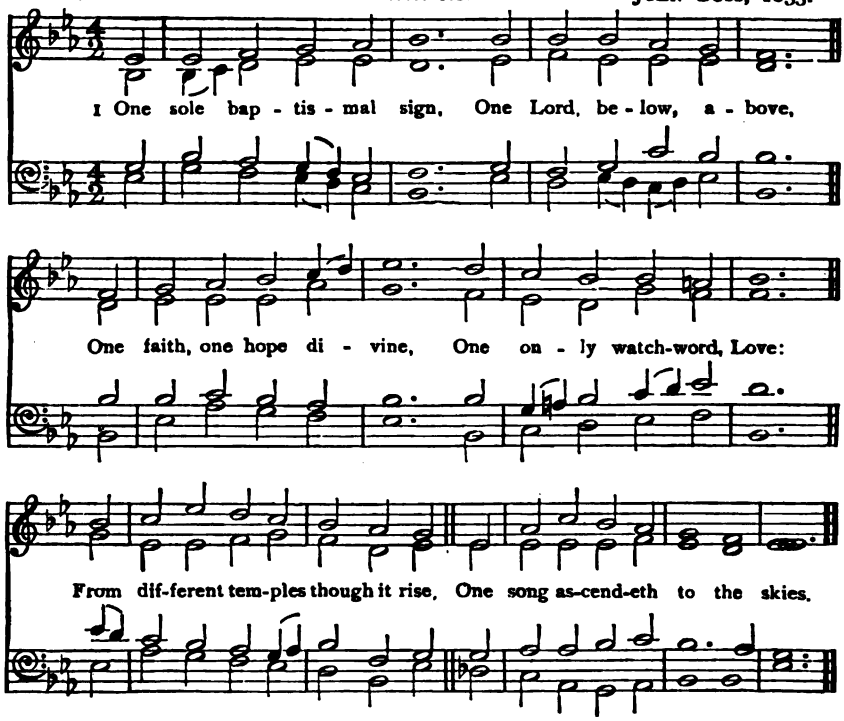
Also the following:

166 The grave itself a garden is

V.—THE CHURCH.

463 The Church Militant.

BEVAN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN GOSS, 1853.



2 Our sacrifice is one,
  One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
  Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
  Our chief, our choicest offering.
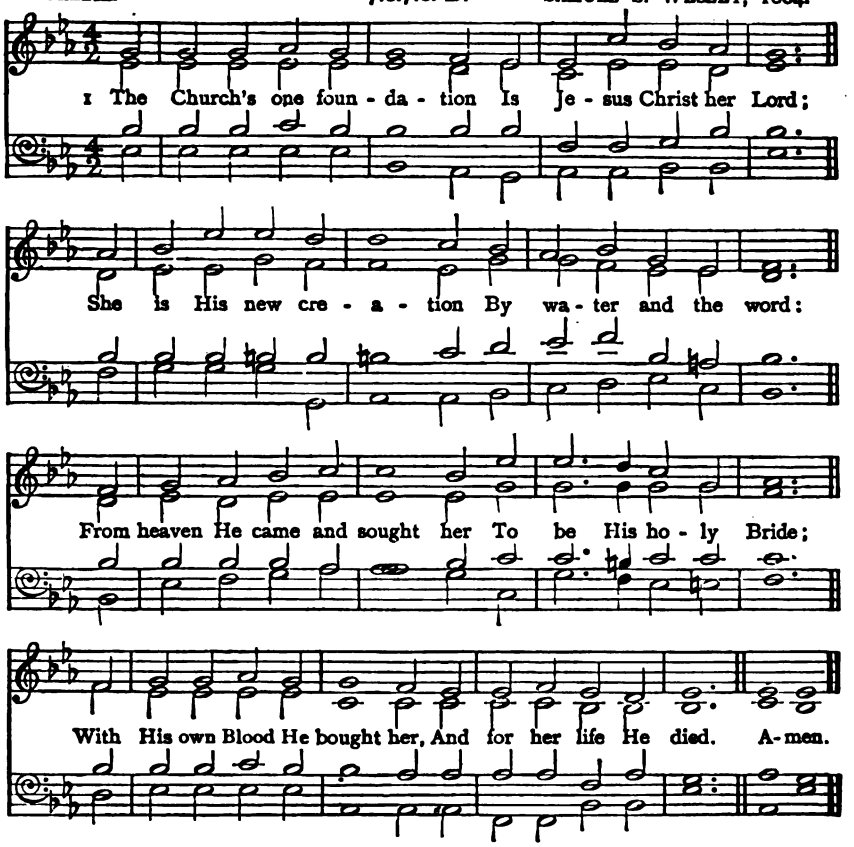
3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
  The Catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
  Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one. Amen.



GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842.

464 The Church Militant.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1864.



2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
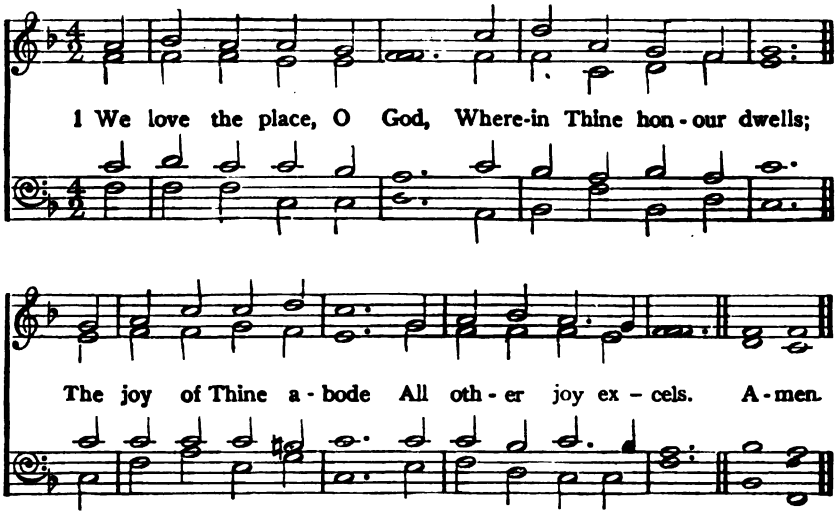
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee,
Amen.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1866.

The Church Militant.

465

QUAM DILECTA. Four 6's. HENRY L. JENNER, 1861.



2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there, in faith adored,
We find thy presence near.
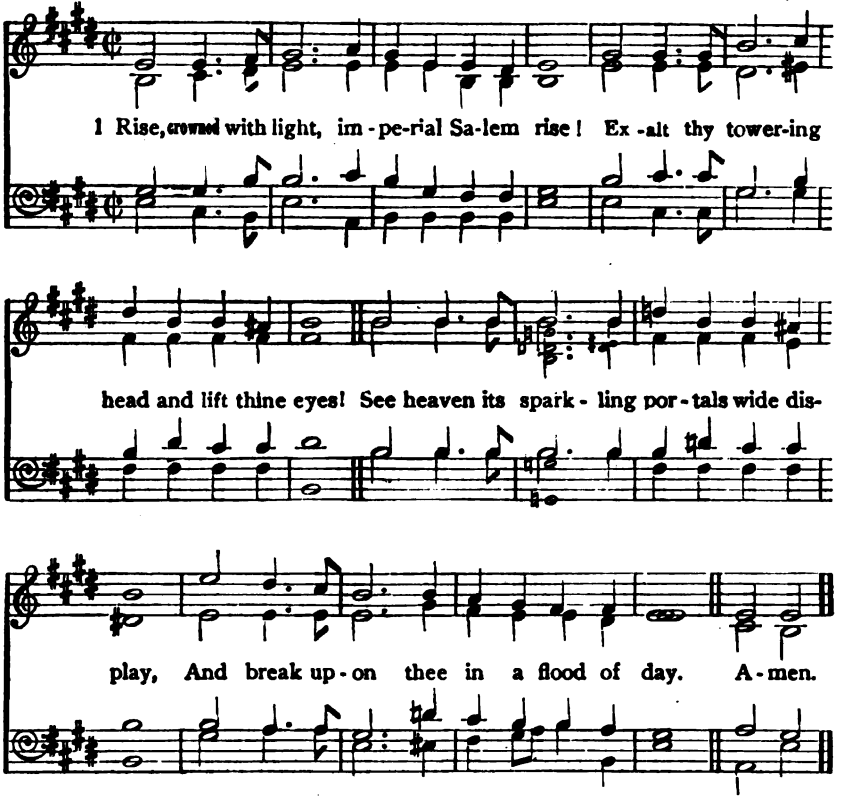
5 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph song of heaven! Amen.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, 1854, *alt.*

466 The Church Militant.

NATIONAL HYMN. FOUR 10's. GEORGE W. WARREN, 1892.



2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
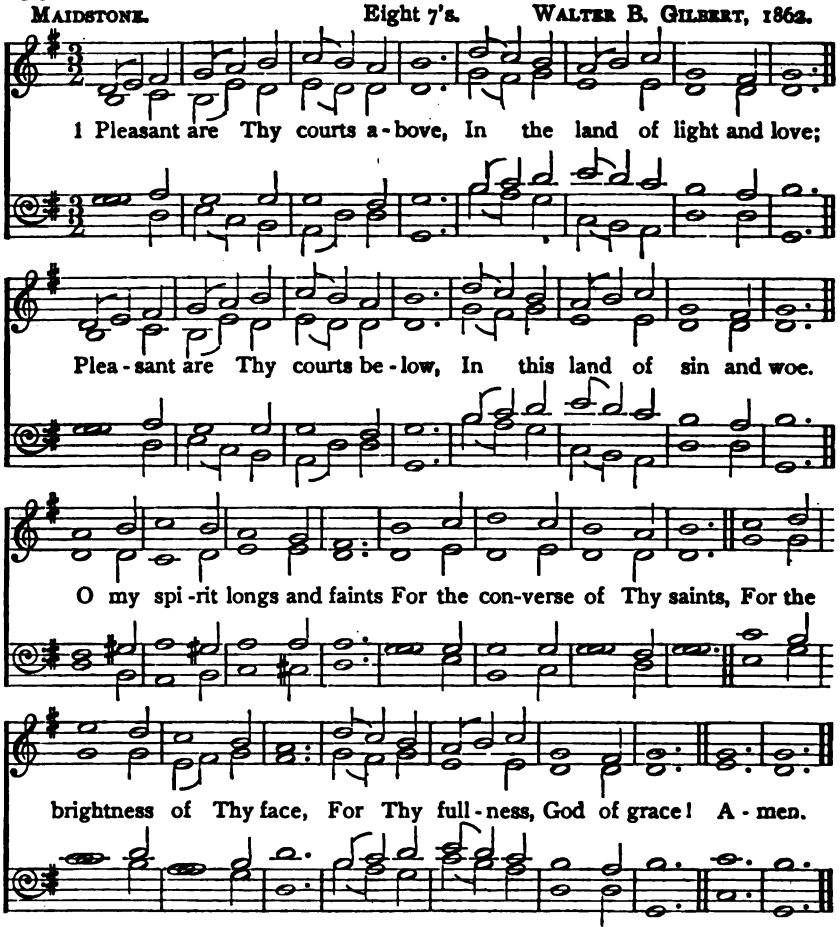
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1712.

The Church Militant.

467

MAIDSTONE. Eight 7's. WALTER B. GILBERT, 1862.



2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
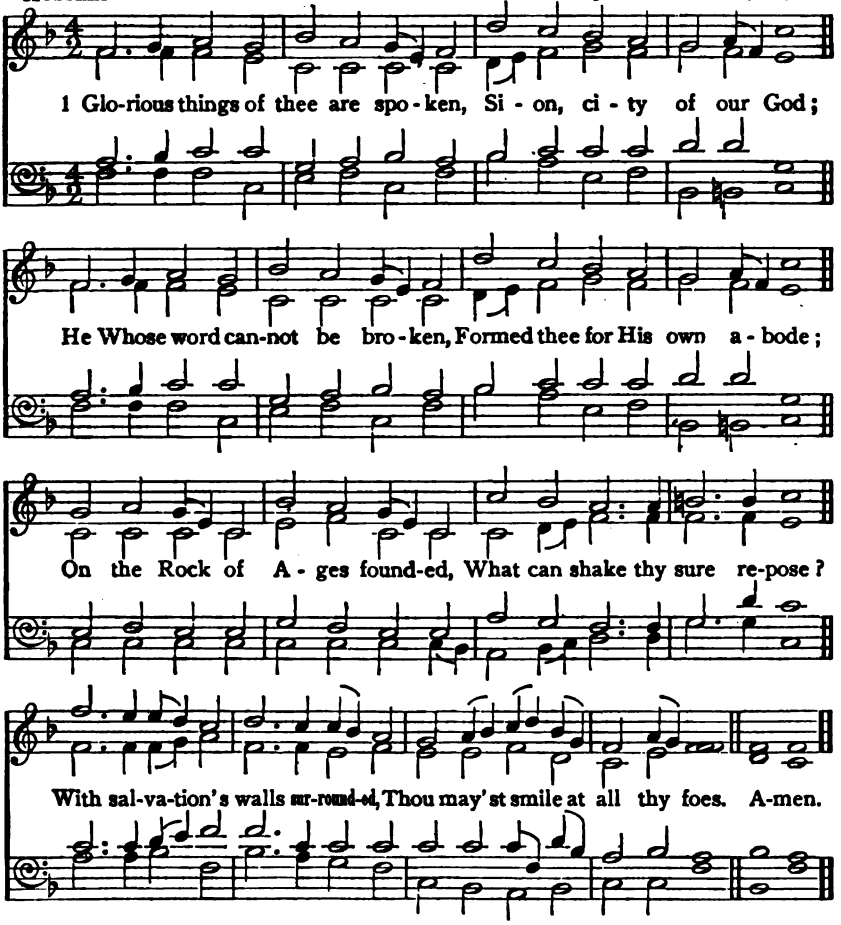
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!
Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834; *Psalm 84.*

The Church Militant.

468

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7.D. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.



2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
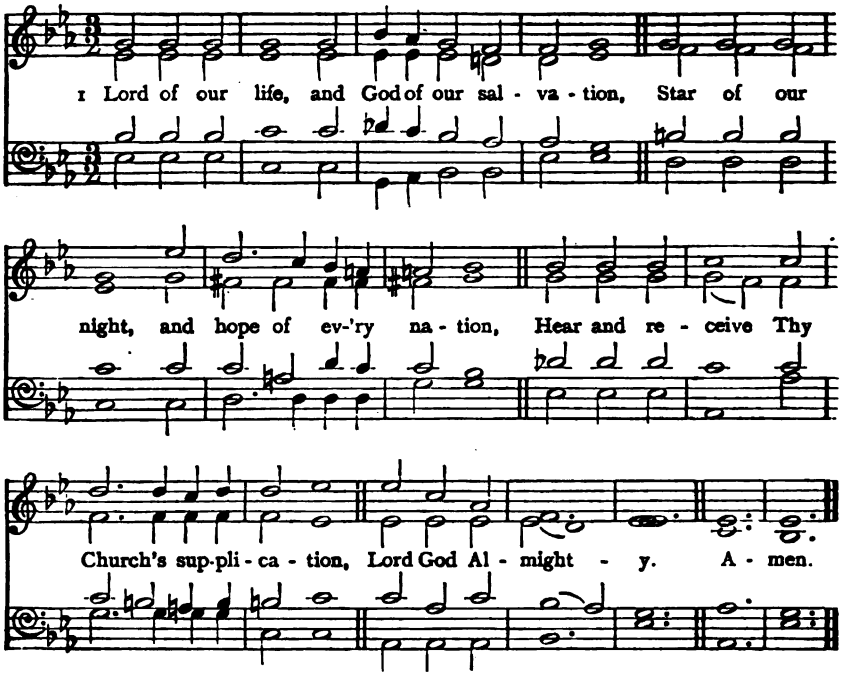
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779, *alt.*

469 The Church Militant.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

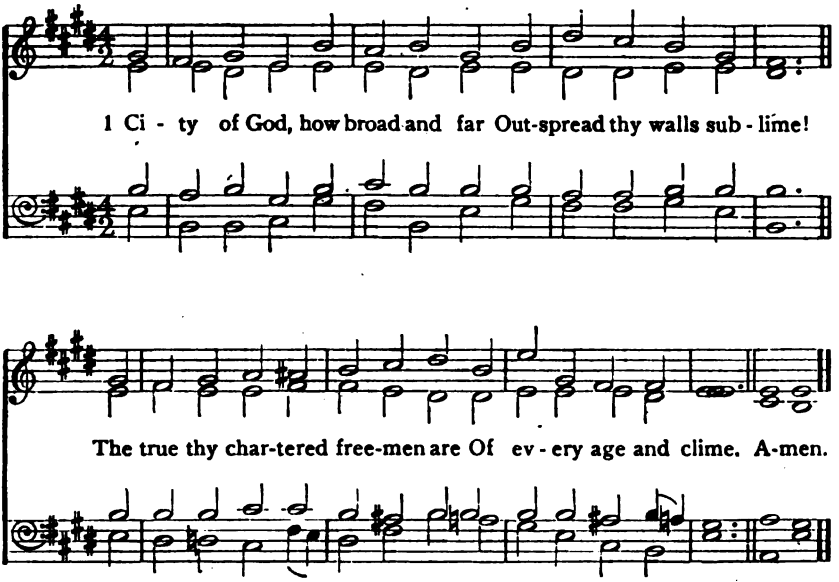
4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

PHILIP PUSEY, 1840; *based on*
MATTHÄUS A. VON LÖWENSTERN, 1644.

470 The Church Militant.

BEULAH. C.M. GEORGE M. GARRETT, 1889.



2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!
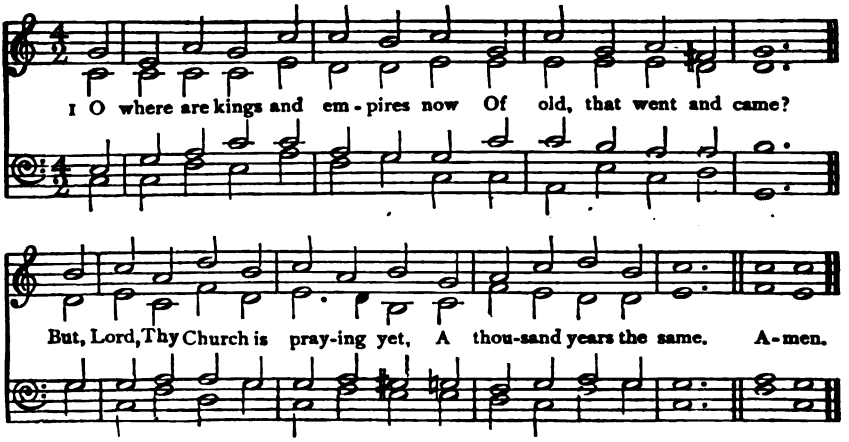
4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1866.

471 The Church Militant.

St. Anne. C.M. William Croft, 1708.



2

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;
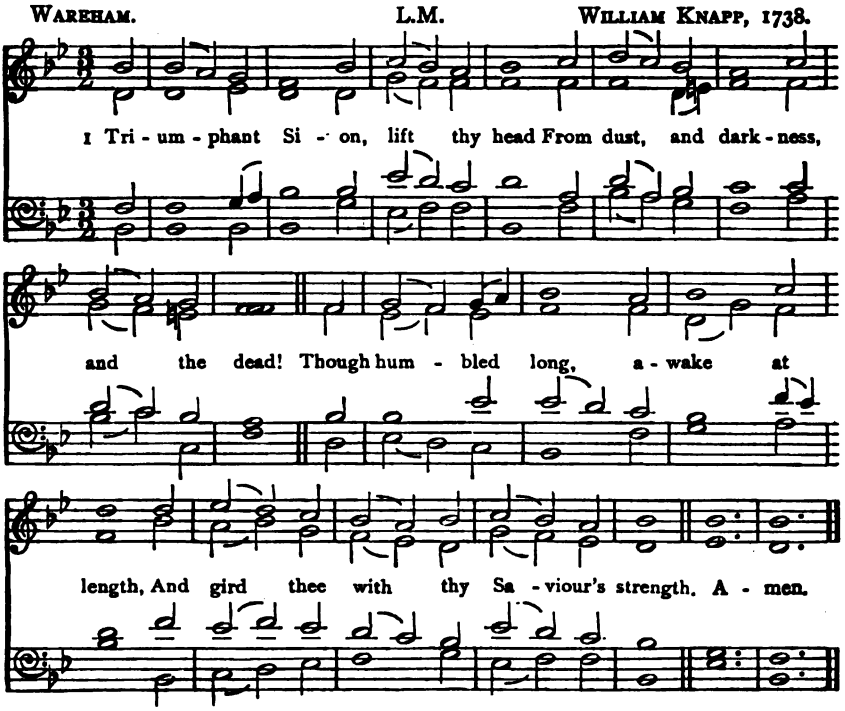
4

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839, *cento.*

472 The Church Militant.

WAREHAM. L.M. WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



2

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4

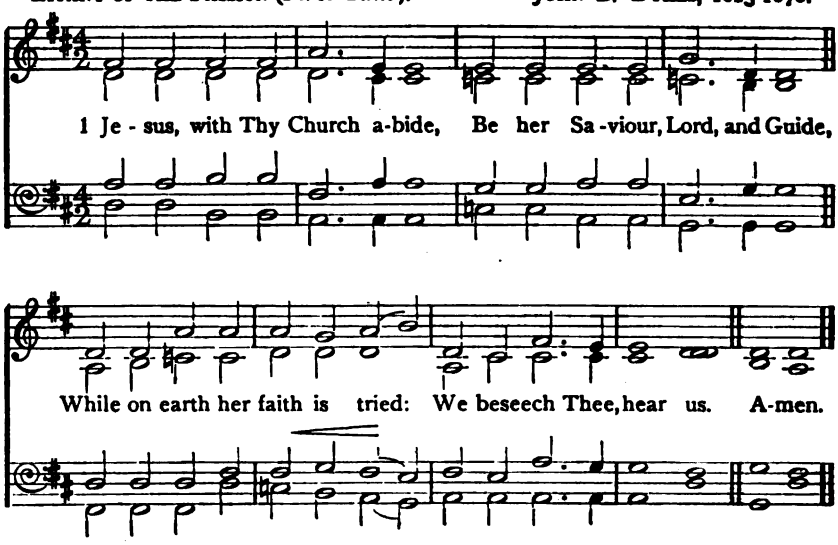
God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755, alt.

473 Litany of the Church.

7.7.7.6.

LITANY OF THE PASSION (*First Tune*). JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 All that she has lost, restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
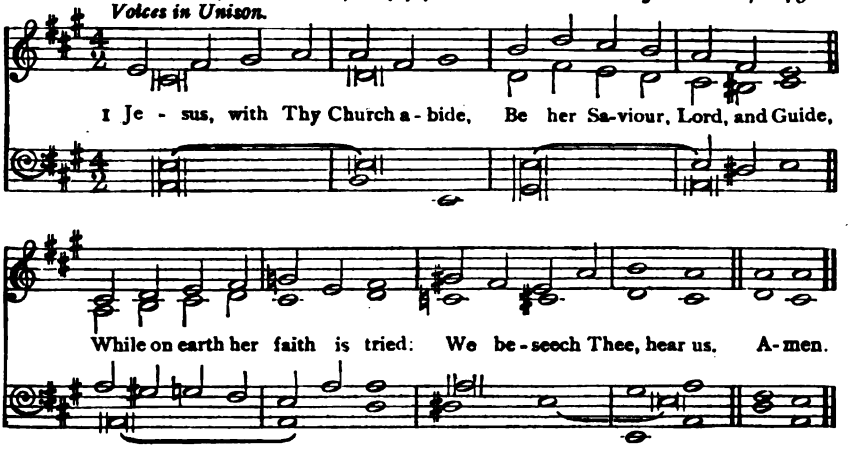
15 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1871.

473

HERVEY'S LITANY (*Second Tune*). 7.7.7.6. FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY, 1875.

Voices in Unison.
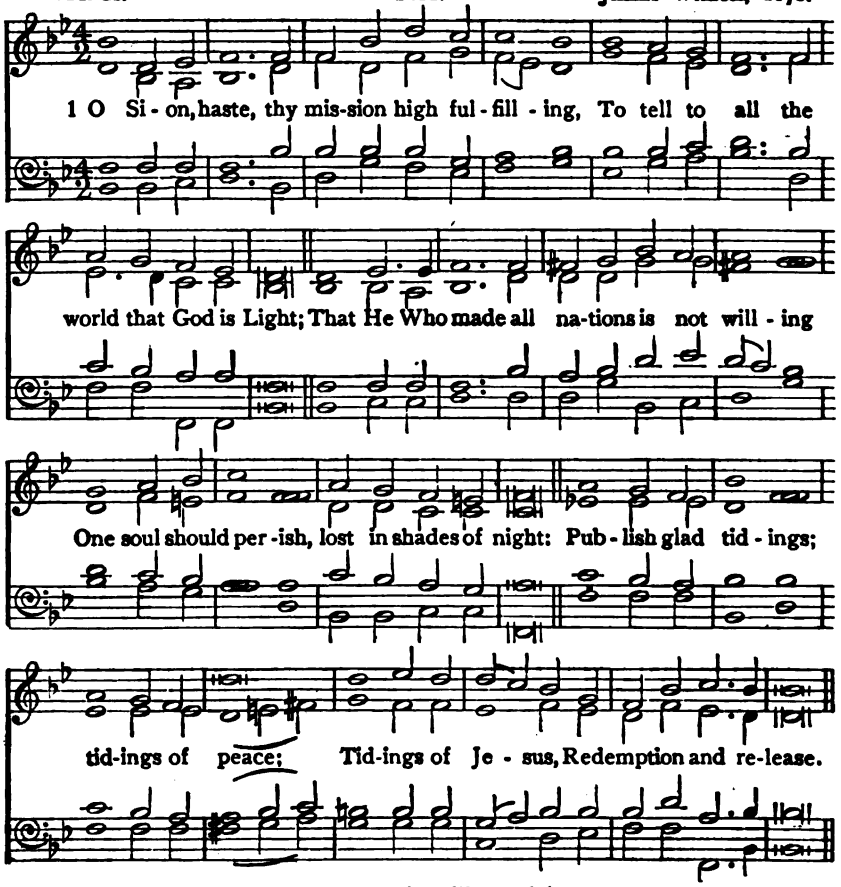


Also the following:

105 Thy kingdom come, O God
481 Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping

Missions.

474
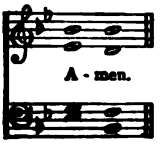
TIDINGS. P.M. JAMES WALCH, 1876.



2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish, etc.

3 'T is thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
Publish, etc.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move, is Love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
Publish, etc.



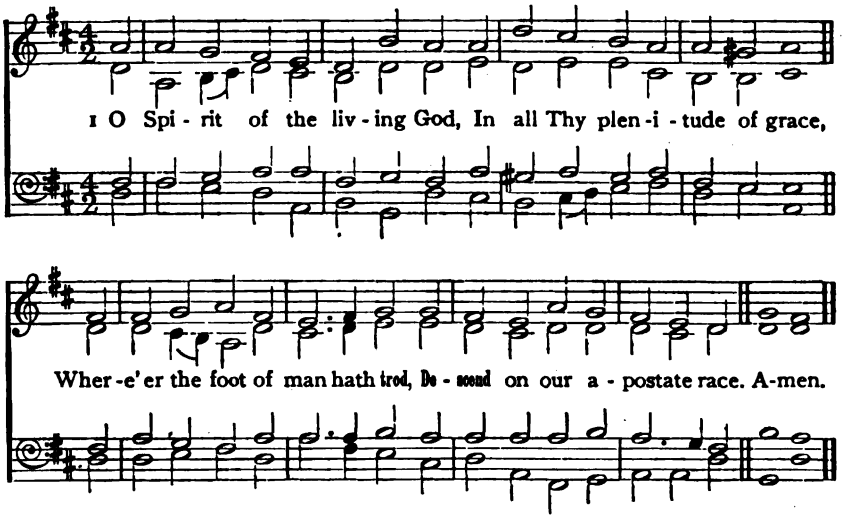
5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
Publish, etc.

6 He comes again! O Sion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
Publish, etc.

MARY A. THOMSON, 1870.

475

MELCOMBE. L.M. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1782.



2 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.
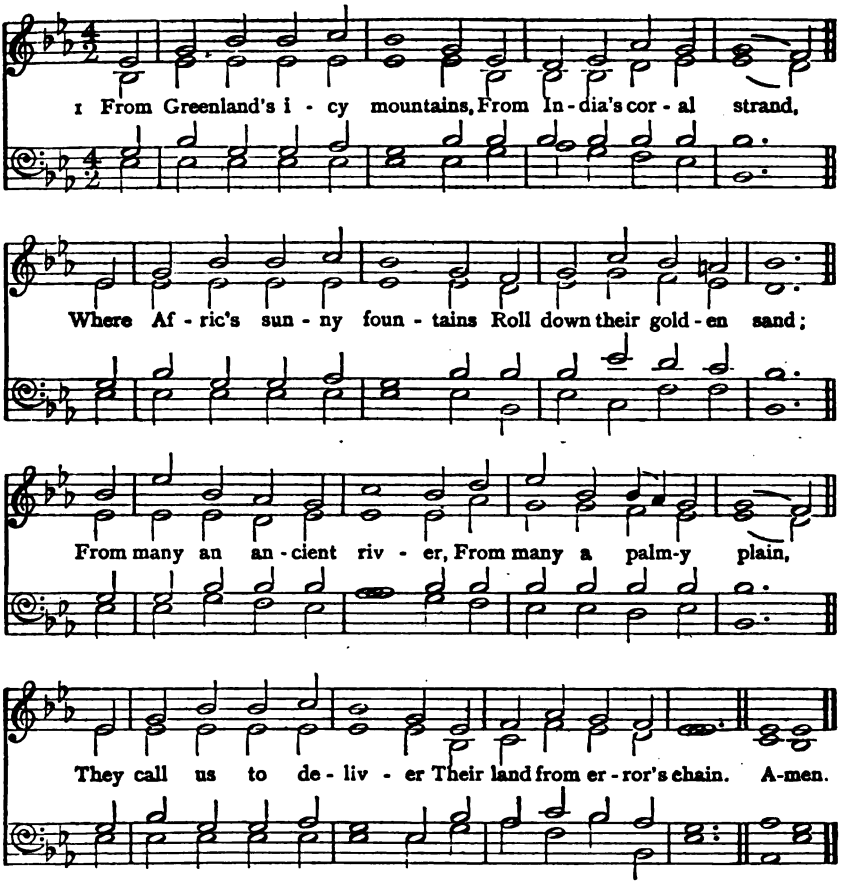
3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1823.

476

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6.7.6. D. LOWELL MASON, 1829.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
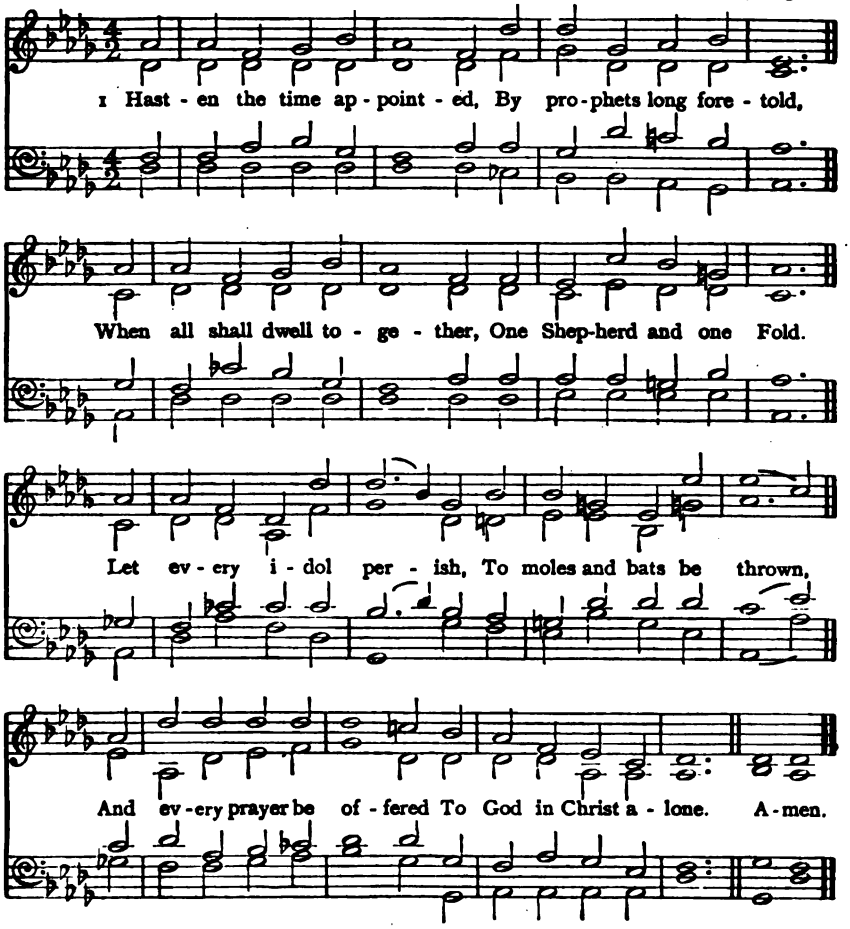
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

477 Missions.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. HENRY SMART, 1836.



2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
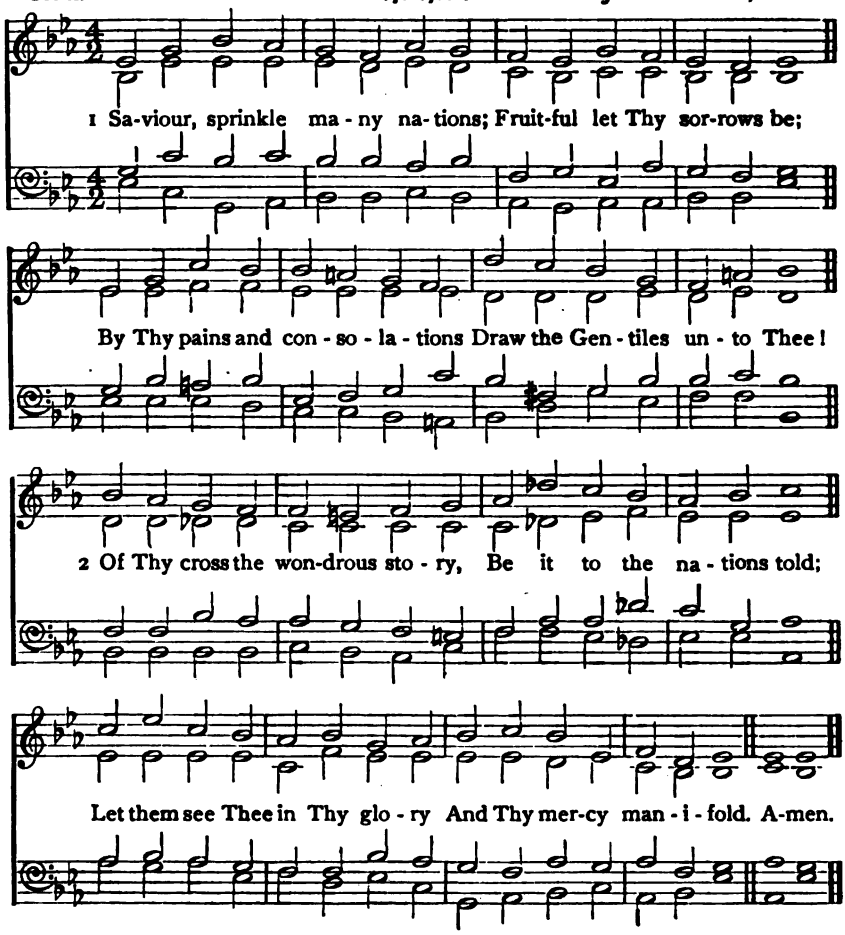
3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.
Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.

JANE BORTHWICK, 1859.

478

IONA. 8.7.8.7.D. JOHN STAINER, 1868.



3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.
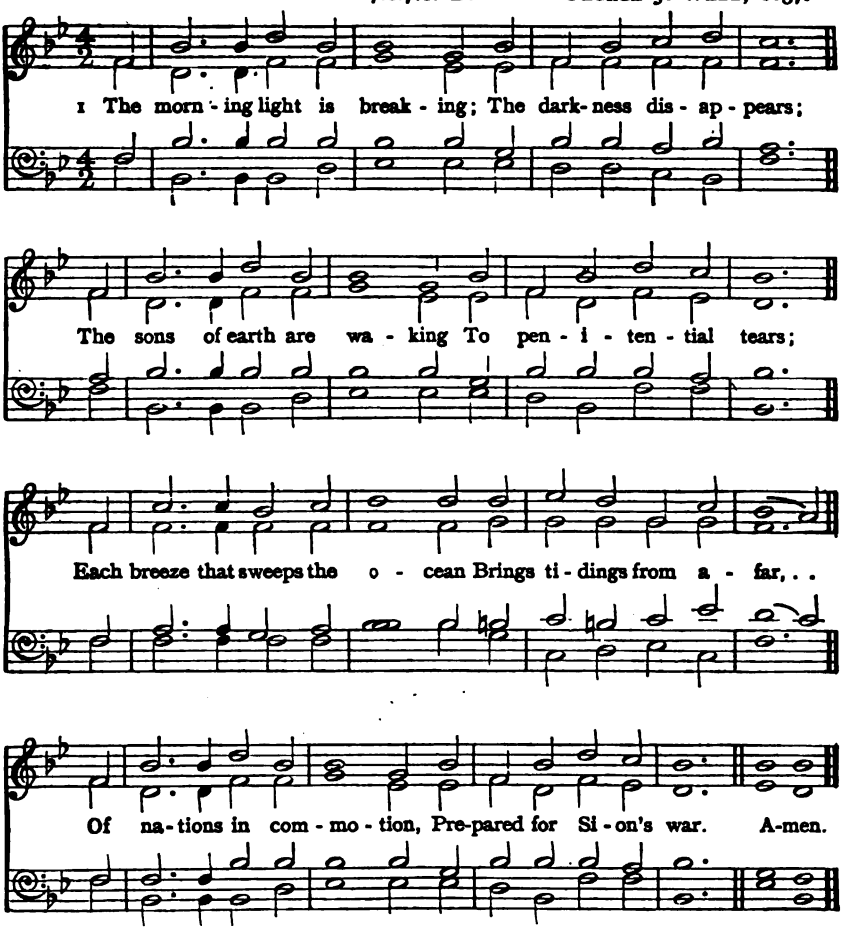
5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!
Amen.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1851.

479 Missions.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6. D. GEORGE J. WEBB, 1837.
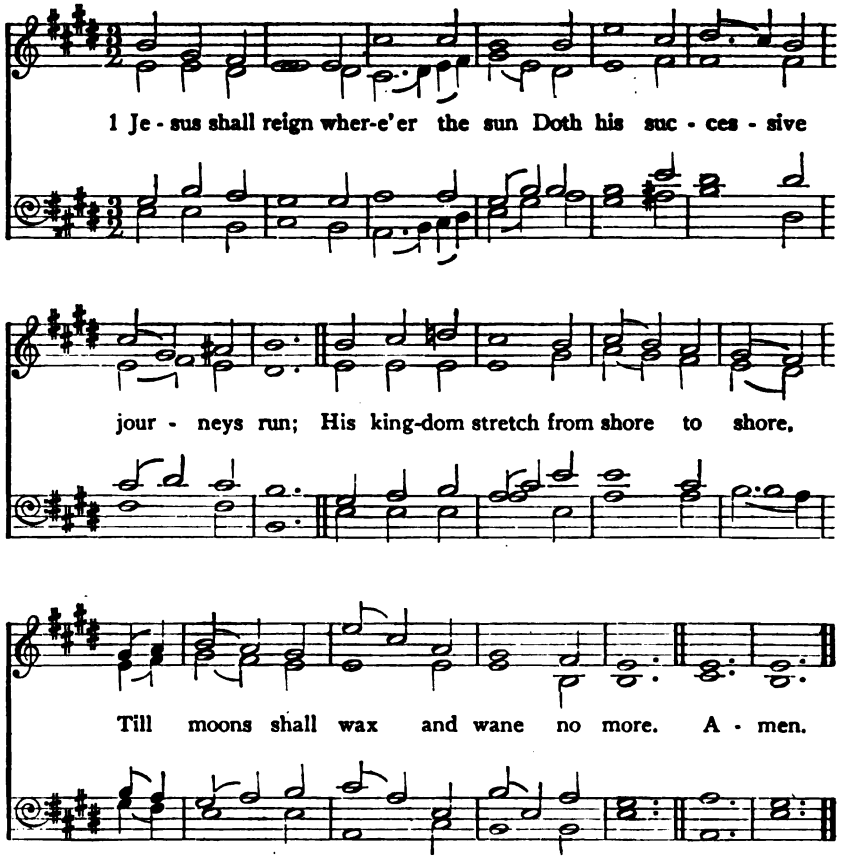


2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.
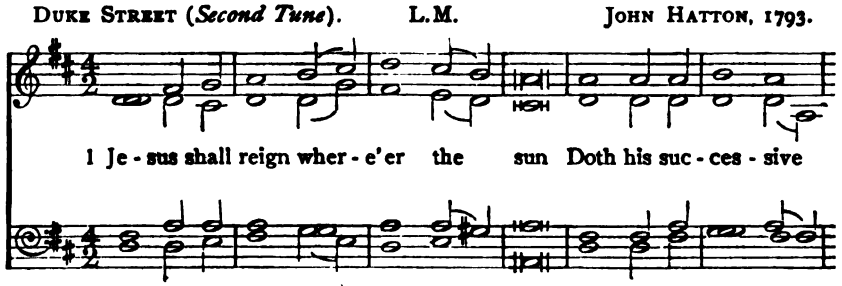
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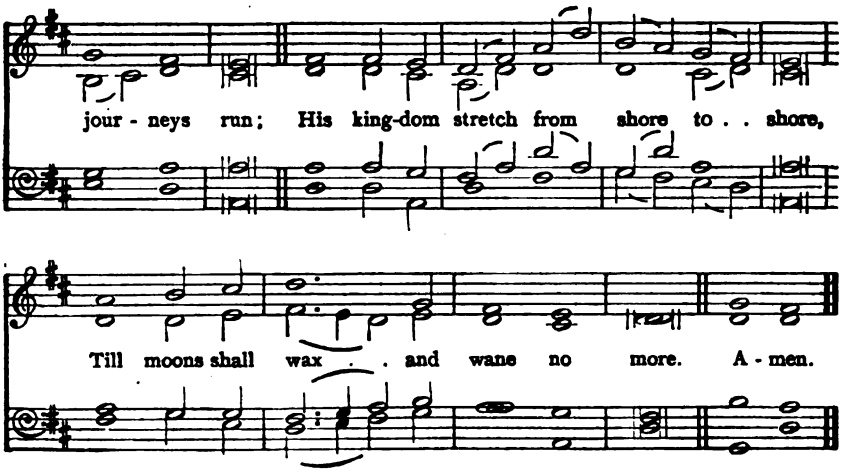
GALILEE (*First Tune*). L.M. PHILIP ARMES, 1875.



480

DUKE STREET (*Second Tune*). L.M. JOHN HATTON, 1793.





2

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3

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

4

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
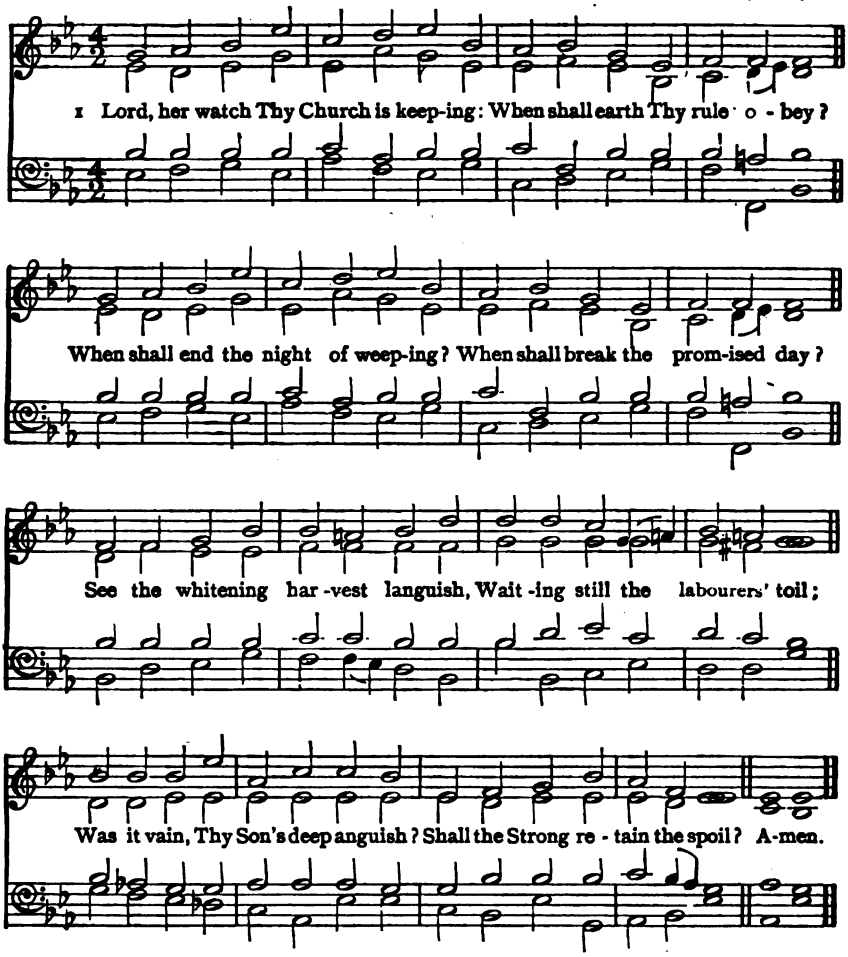
5

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

481 Missions.

EVERTON. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART, 1867.



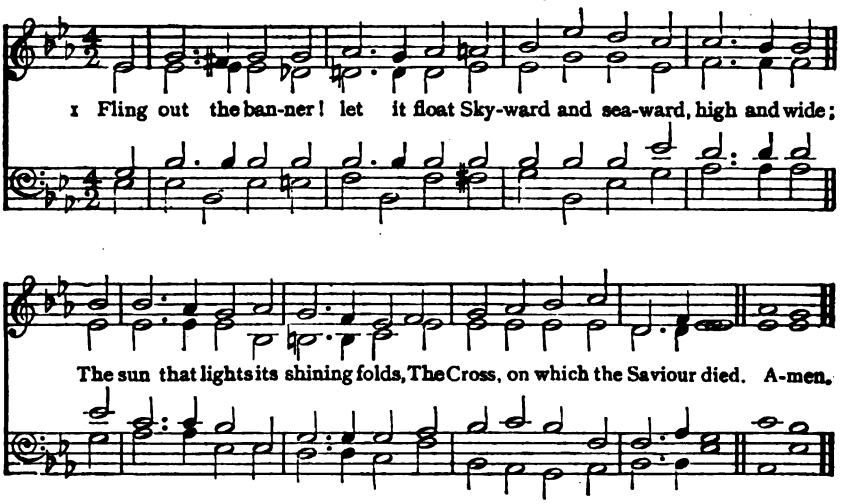
2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord almighty, give the word!
Give the word! in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!
Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1867.

482 Missions.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.



2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
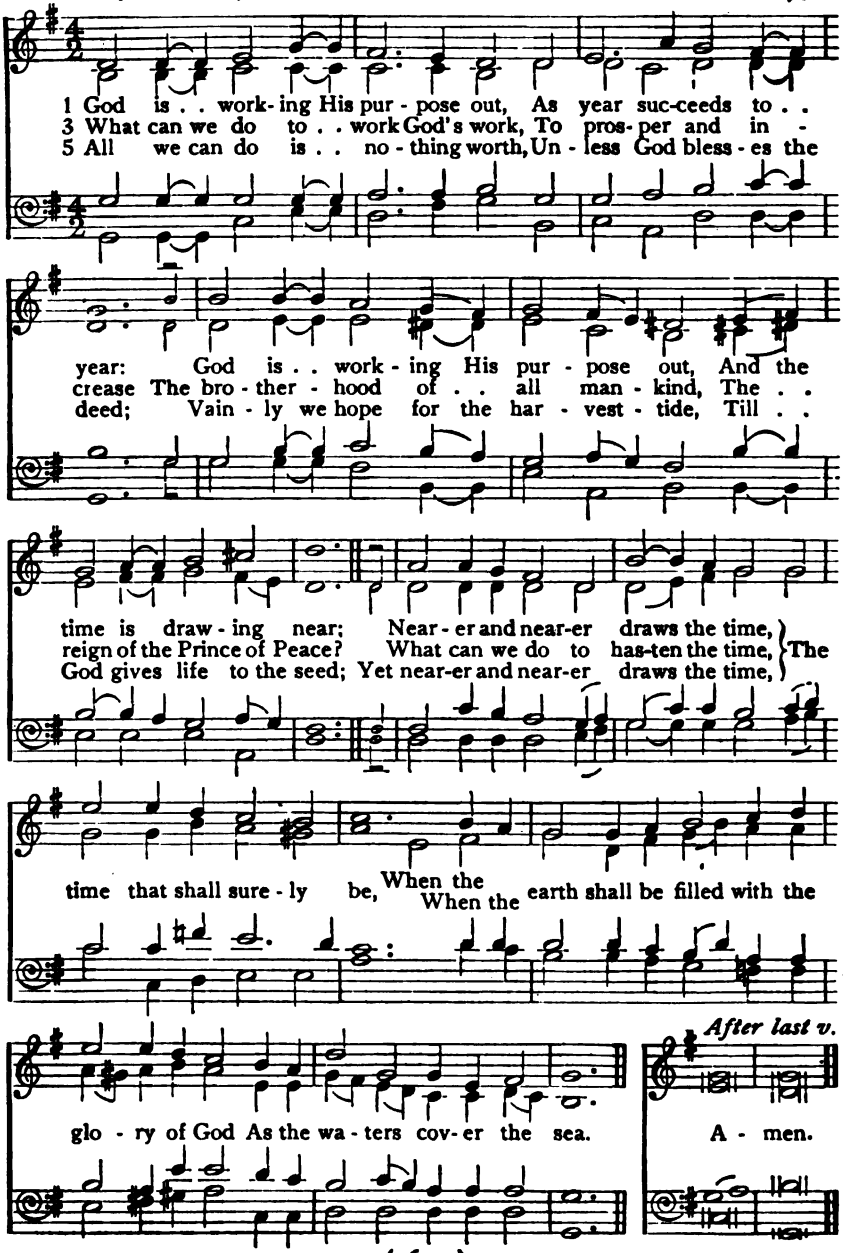
6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1848.

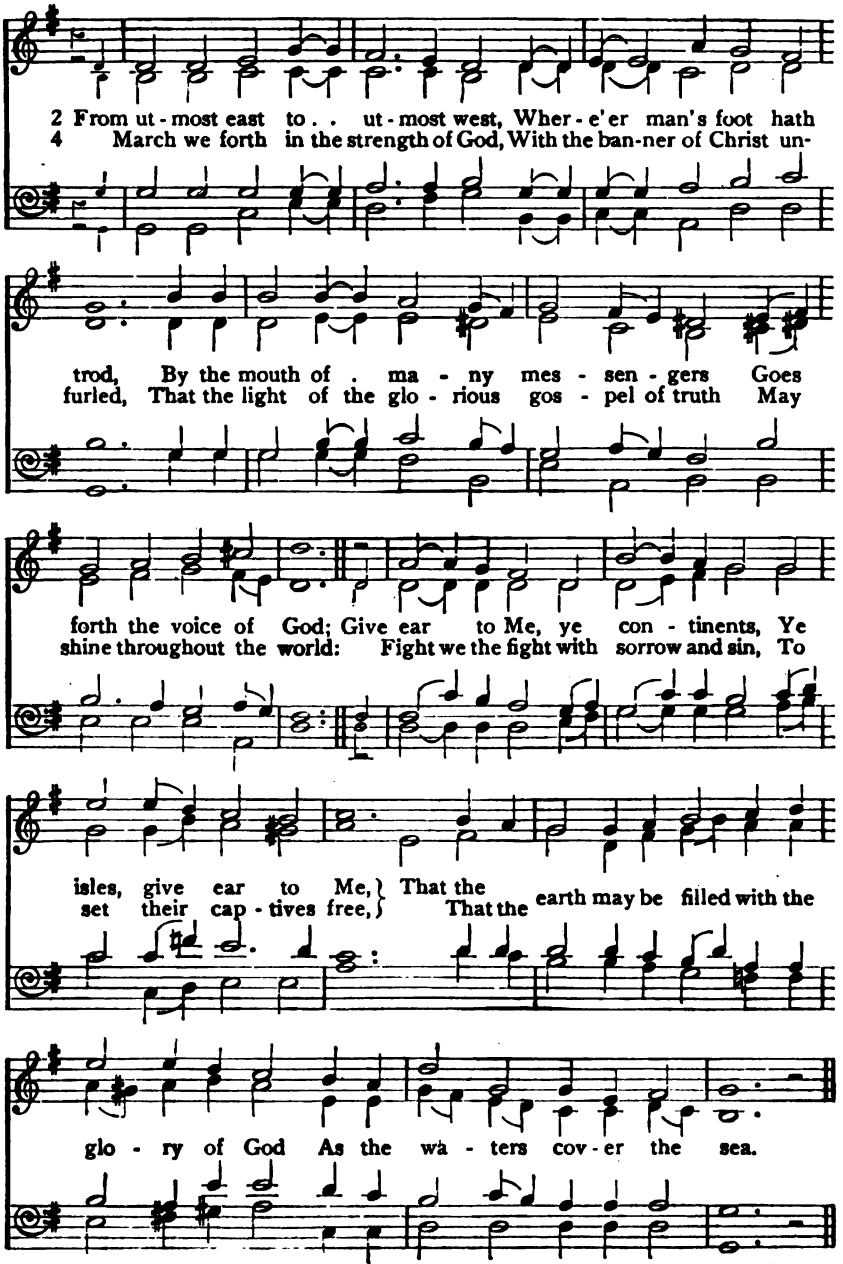
Missions.

483

BENSON (*First Tune*). P.M. MILLICENT D. KINGHAM, 1894.



Missions.
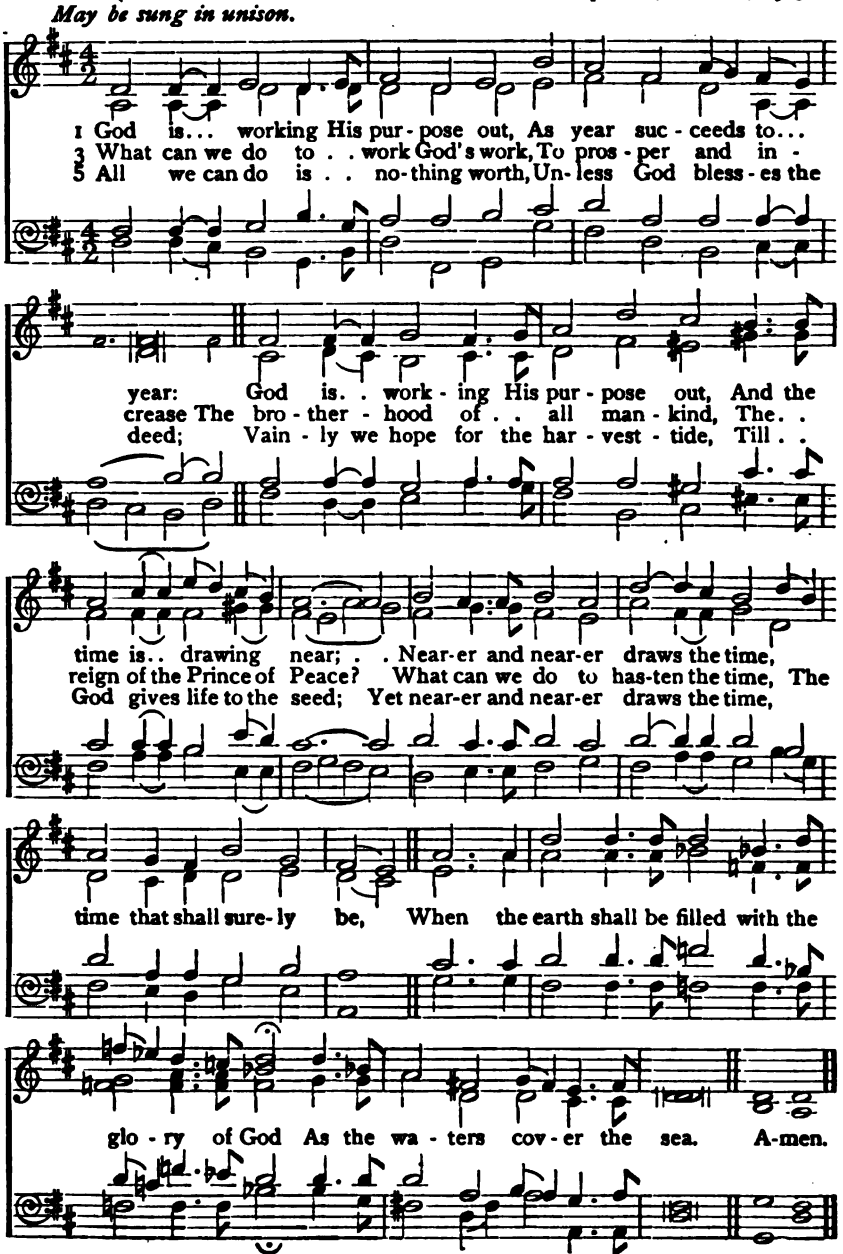


ARTHUR C. AINGER, 1894.

Missions.

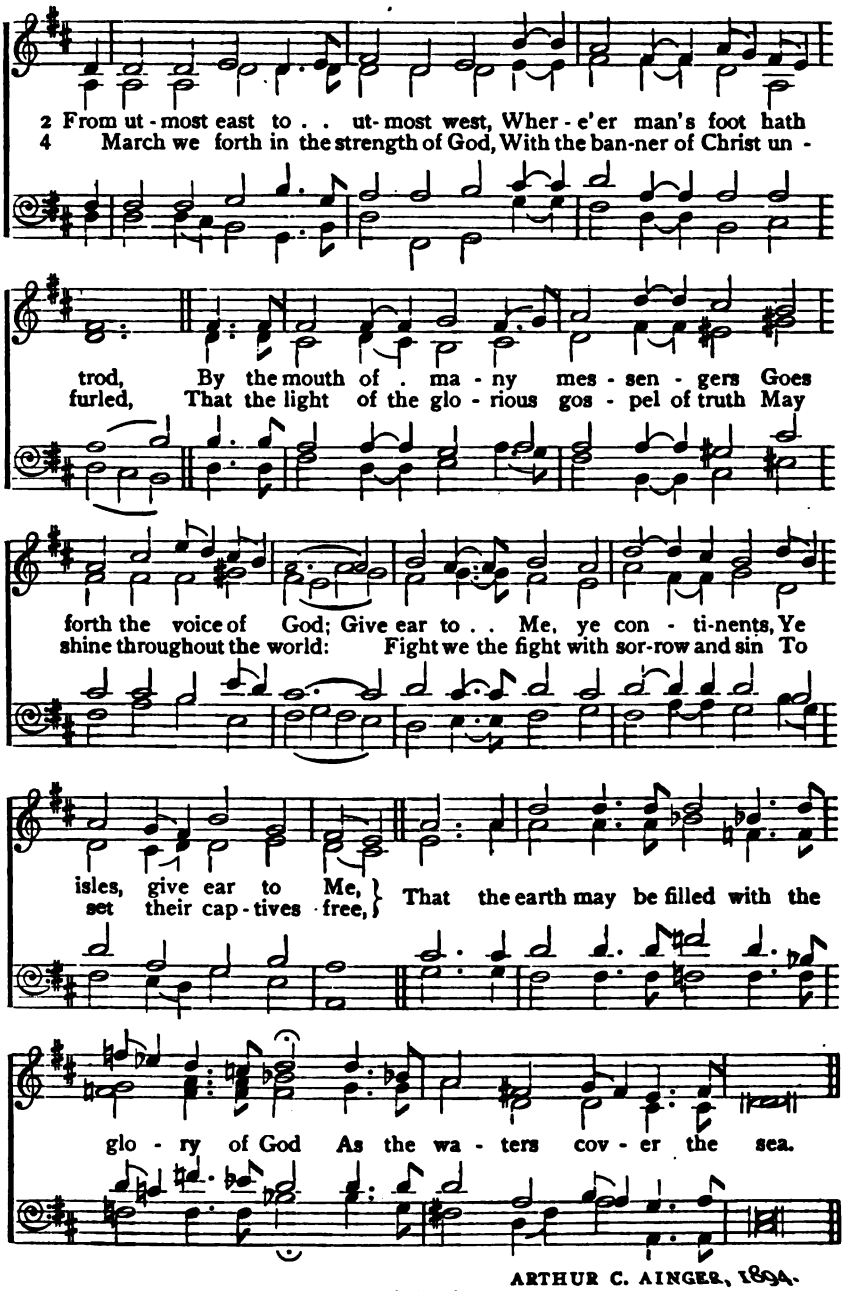
483

Ainger (*Second Tune*). P.M. Anonymous, London, 1915.

May be sung in unison.



Missions.
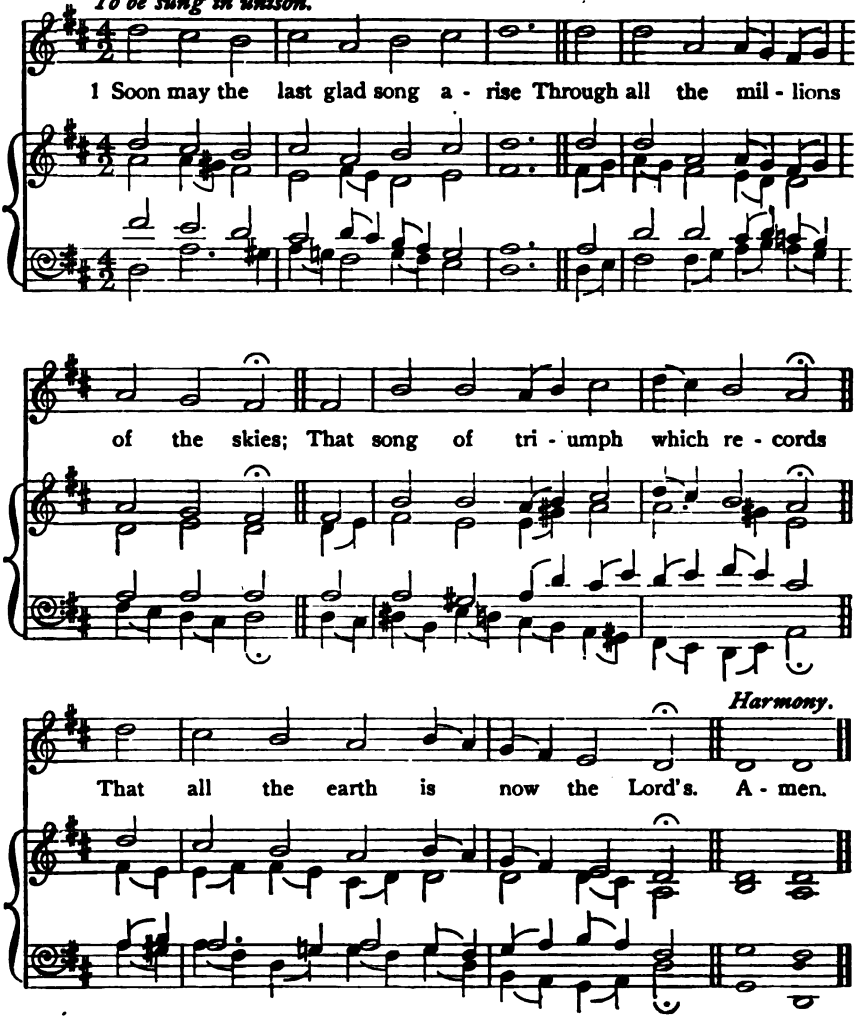


ARTHUR C. AINGER, 1894.

484

YULE. L.M. Mediaeval Melody, pub. 1539; Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1734.

To be sung in unison.



2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee; [be
And over land and stream and main
Wave Thou the scepter of Thy reign.
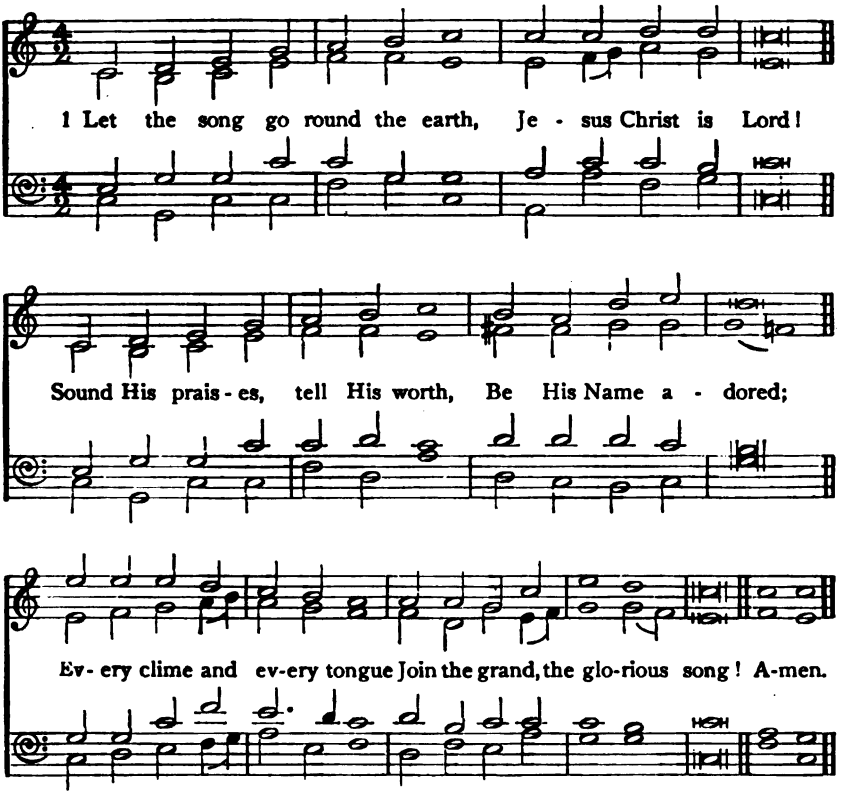
3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!
Amen.

Ascribed to MRS. VOKES, 1816.

Missions.

485

MOEL LLYS. 7.5.7.5.7.7. SARAH G. STOCK, 1899.



2 Let the song go round the earth!
From the eastern sea,
Where the daylight has its birth,
Glad, and bright, and free!
China's millions join the strains,
Waft them on to India's plains.

3 Let the song go round the earth!
Lands where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
Cast their bonds away!
Let His praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er.
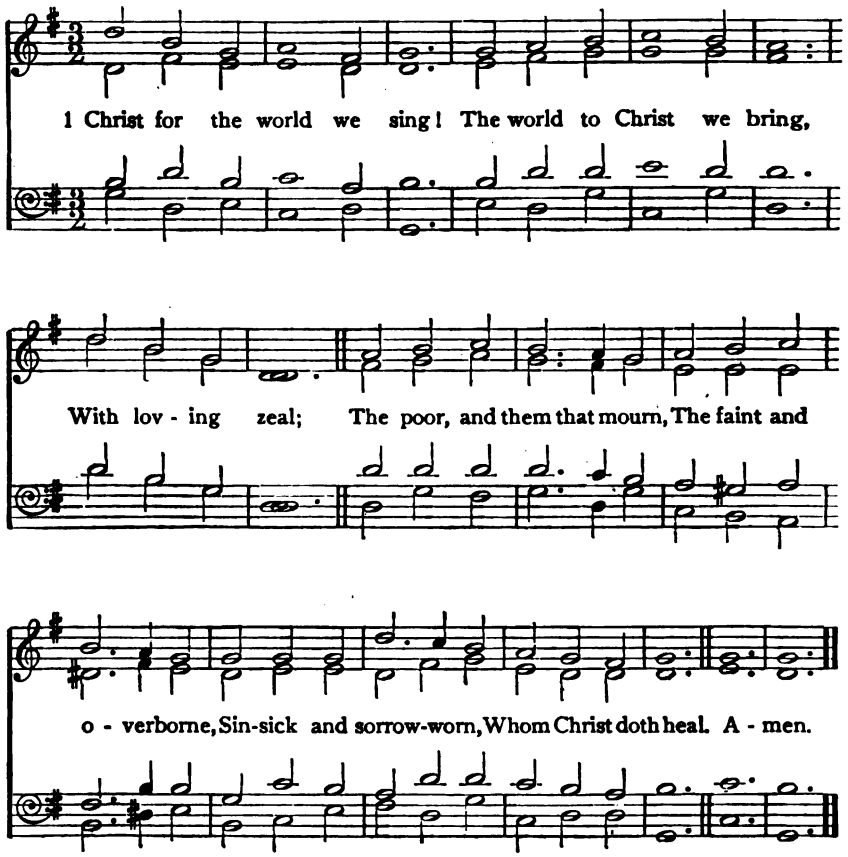
4 Let the song go round the earth!
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles!
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Icebound coasts give back the hymn.

5 Let the song go round the earth,
Jesus Christ is King!
With the story of His worth
Let the whole world ring!
Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK, 1899.

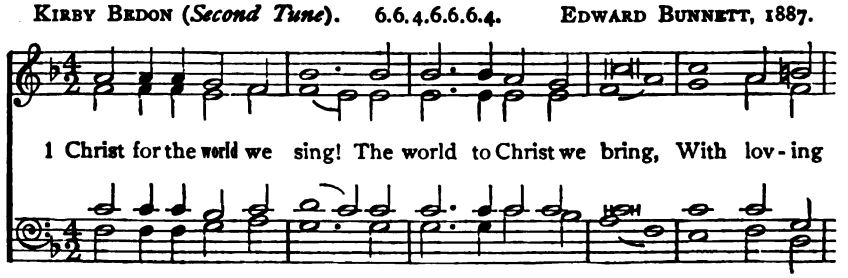
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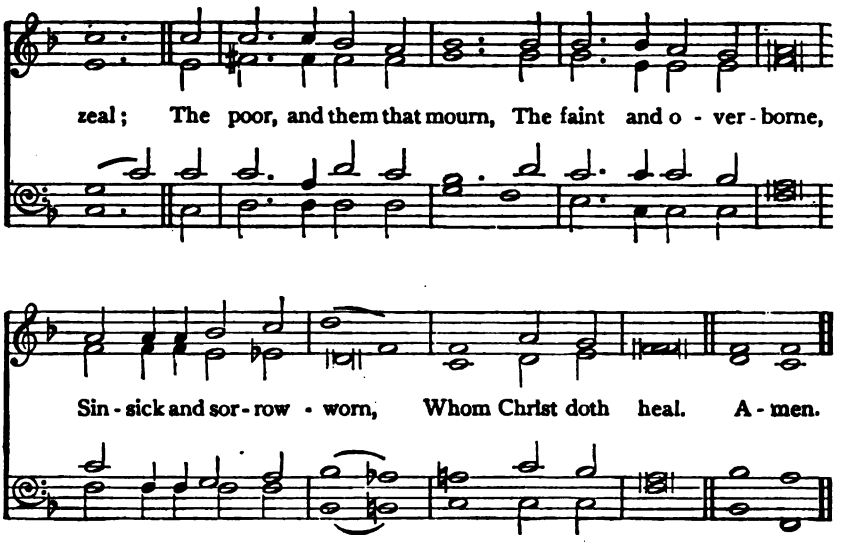
Moscow (*First Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Felice Giardini, 1769.



486

Kirby Bedon (*Second Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Edward Bunnett, 1887.





2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.
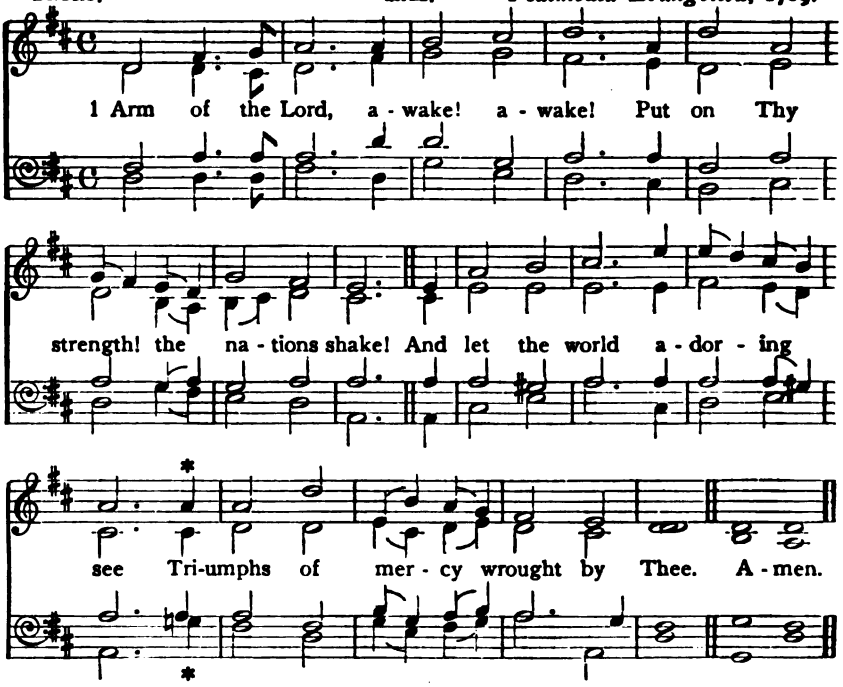
3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The newborn souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1869.

487

TRURO. L.M. *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1789.



2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

* ♩ *in v. 1 and 3.*
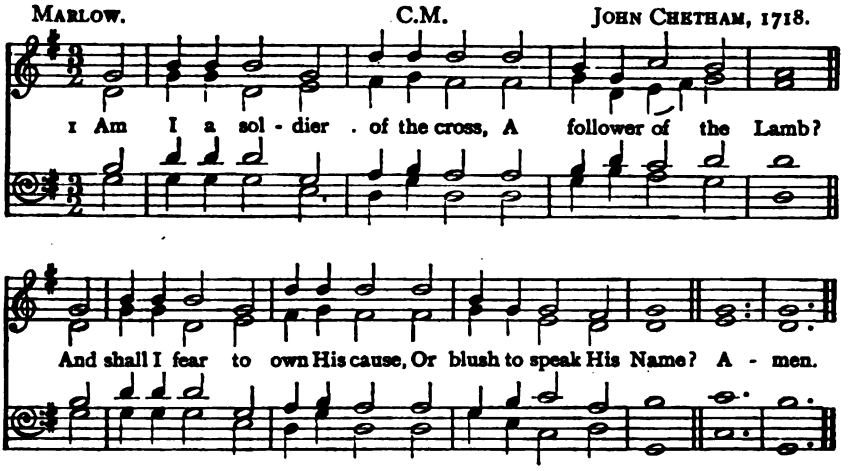
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1795.

Also the following:

54 Hark! the glad sound!
55 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus
66 O come, O come, Emmanuel
85 The Son of God goes forth to war
100 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
105 Thy kingdom come, O God
106 Watchman, tell us of the night
190 Crown Him with many crowns
193 Alleluia! sing to Jesus
238 Thy life was given for me
282 On Jordan's bank
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
494 Where cross the crowded ways of life
530 Onward, Christian soldiers

488 Brotherhood and Service.

MARLOW. C.M. JOHN CHETHAM, 1718.



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

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

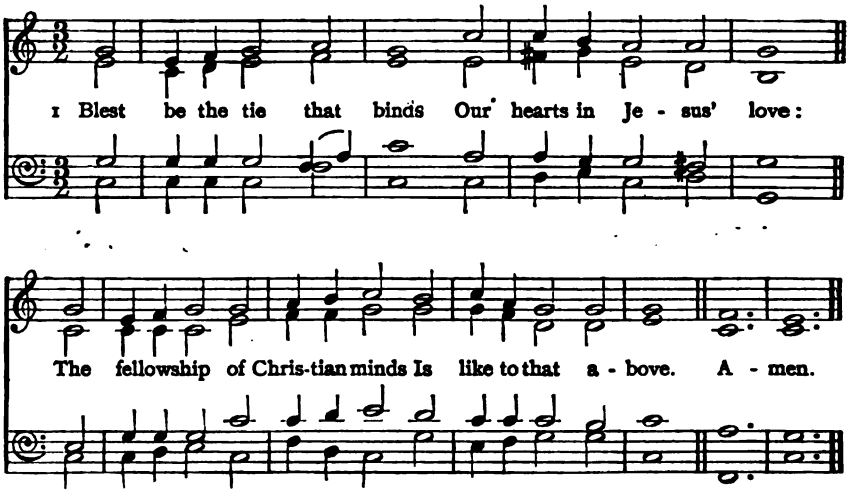
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1724.

489 Brotherhood and Service.

BOYLSTON. S.M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4

When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.
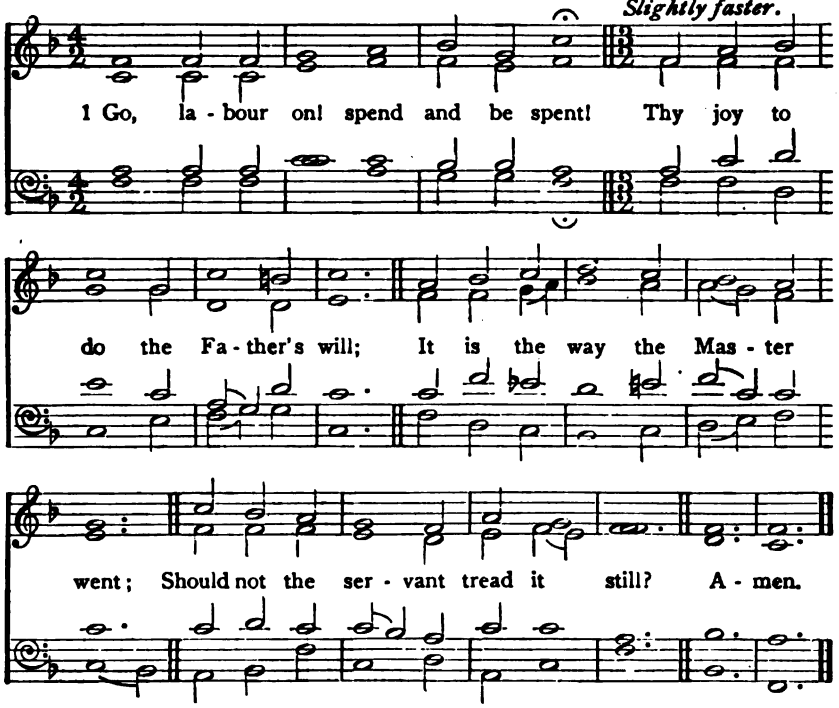
JOHN FAWCETT, 1782, *alt.*

Brotherhood and Service.

490

ANGEL'S SONG. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.

Slightly faster.



2 Go, labour on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labour on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labour on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!
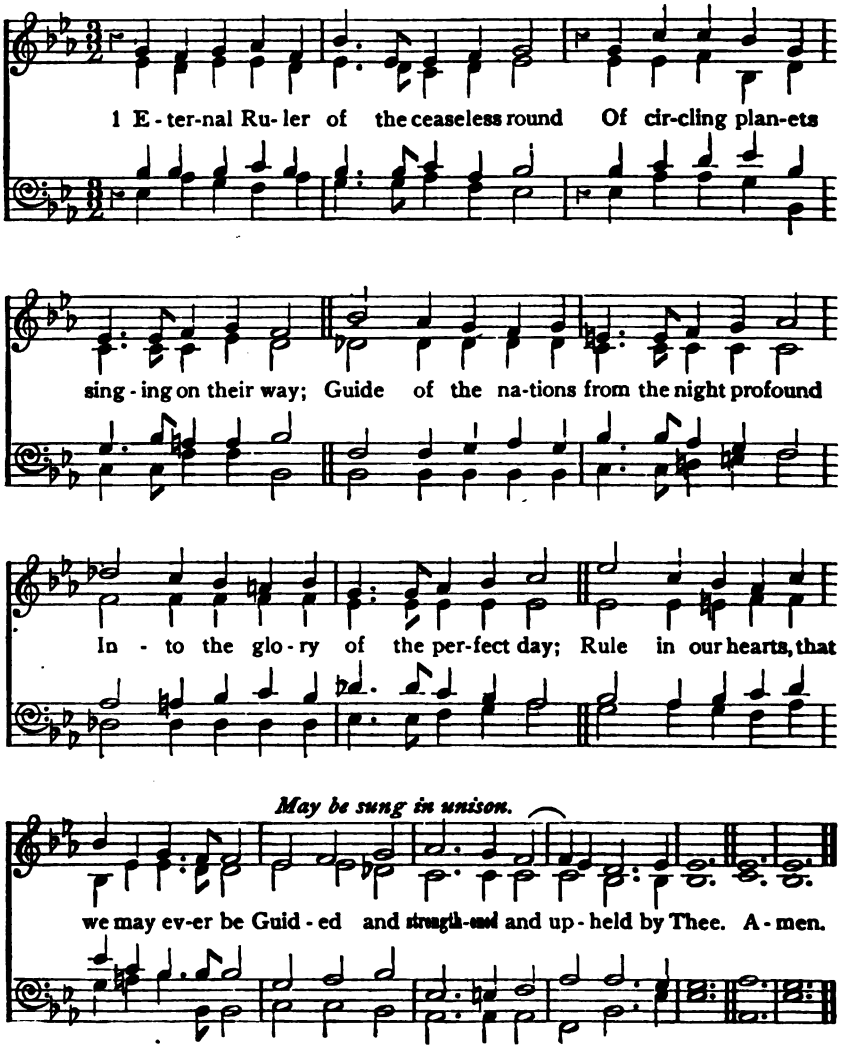
6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843.

Brotherhood and Service.

491

SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS. Six 10's. CHARLES H. LLOYD, 1885.



2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with Thee, to Whom we ever tend,
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.
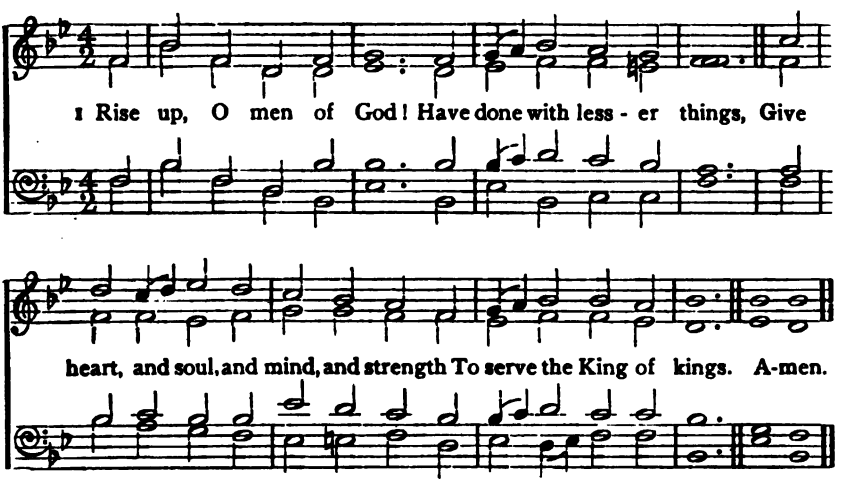
3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine:
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee. Amen.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, 1864.

492

FESTAL SONG. S.M. WILLIAM H. WALTER, 1894.



2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

3 Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod.
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!
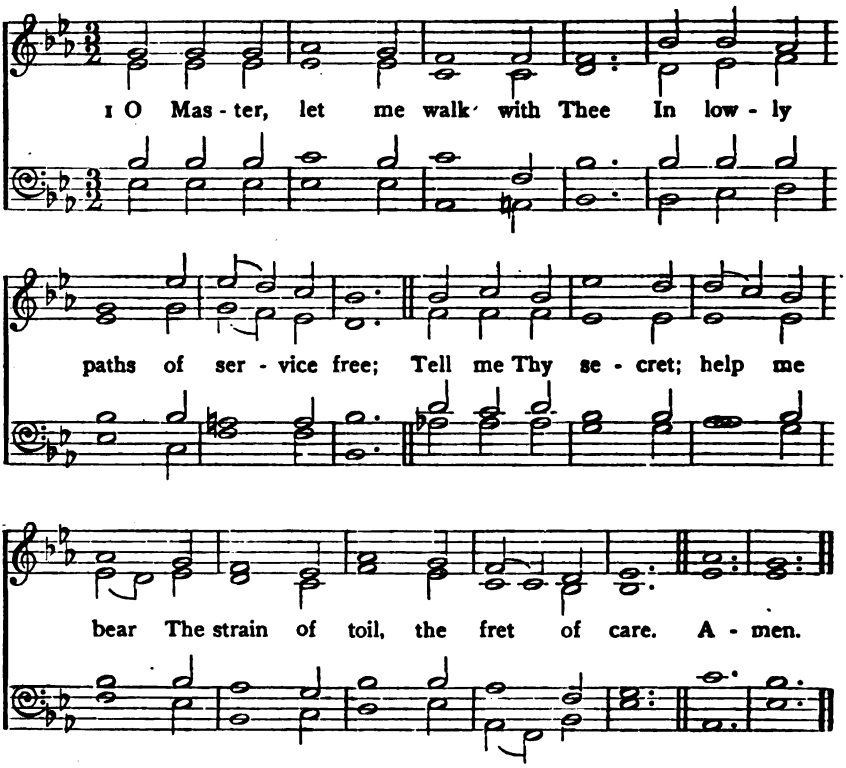
WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, 1911, *abr.*

Copyright, 1911, by "The Continent."

Brotherhood and Service.

493

MARYTON. L.M. H. PERCY SMITH, 1874.



2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
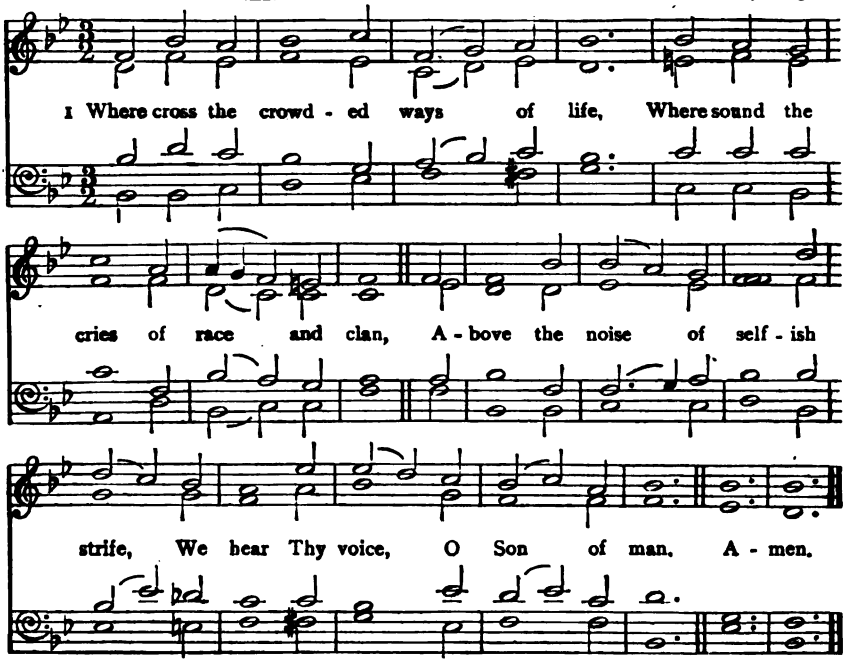
3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879.

494 Brotherhood and Service.

GARDINER. L.M. WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1815.



2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart hath never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.
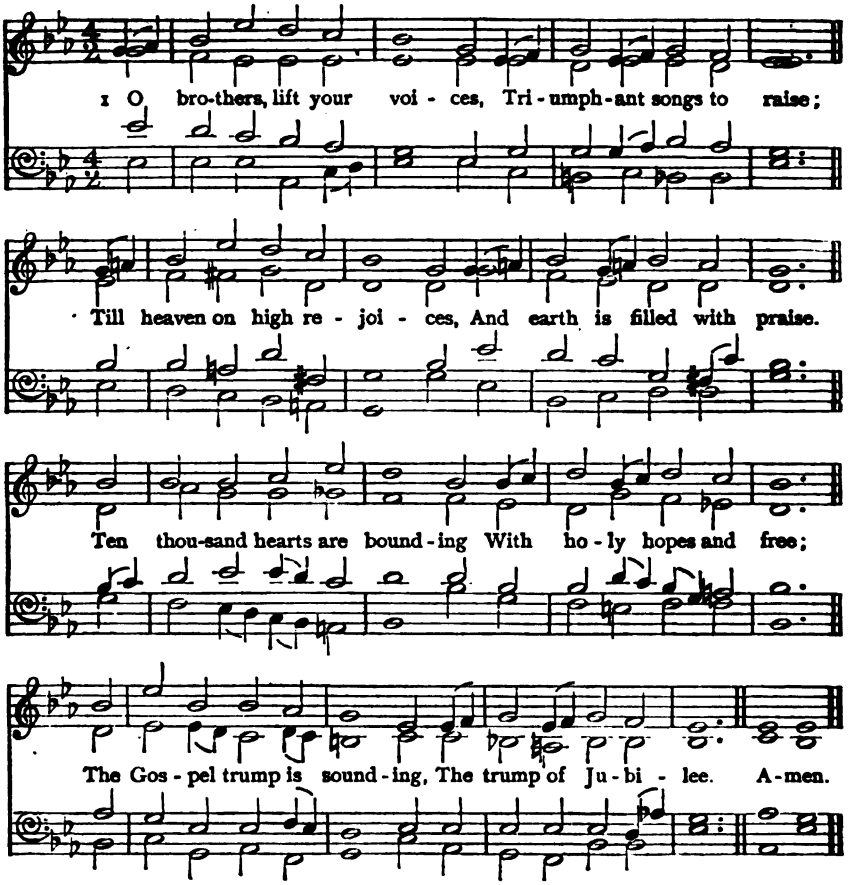
5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God. Amen.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1905.

495 Brotherhood and Service.

TOURS. 7.6.7.6.D. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.



2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due!
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

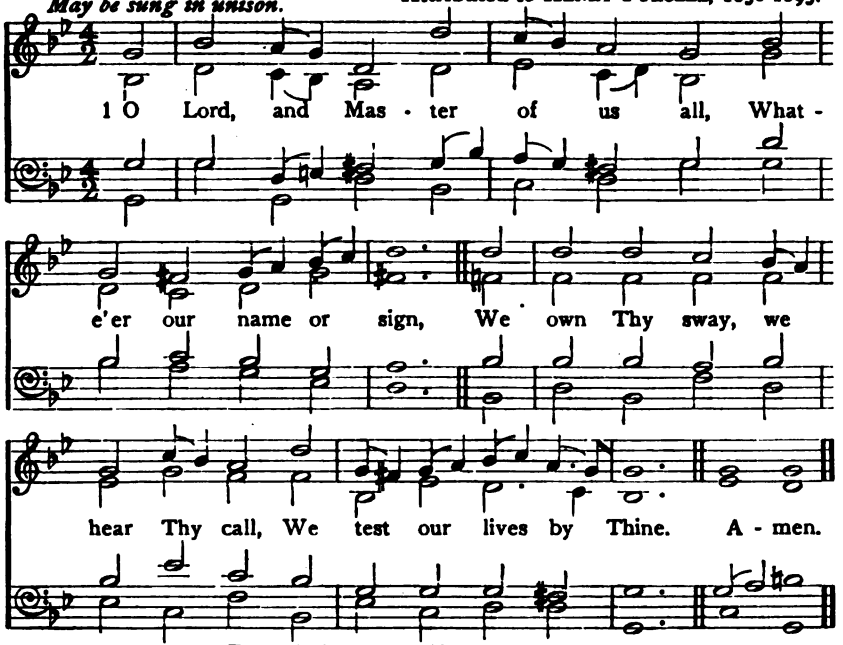
4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee, King of kings confessing,
Thee, crowning Lord of all. Amen.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1848.

Brotherhood and Service.

496

WALSALL. C.M. WILKINS' *Psalmody*, 1699.
May be sung in unison. Attributed to HENRY PURCELL, 1658-1695.



2 Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them;

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

4 Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.
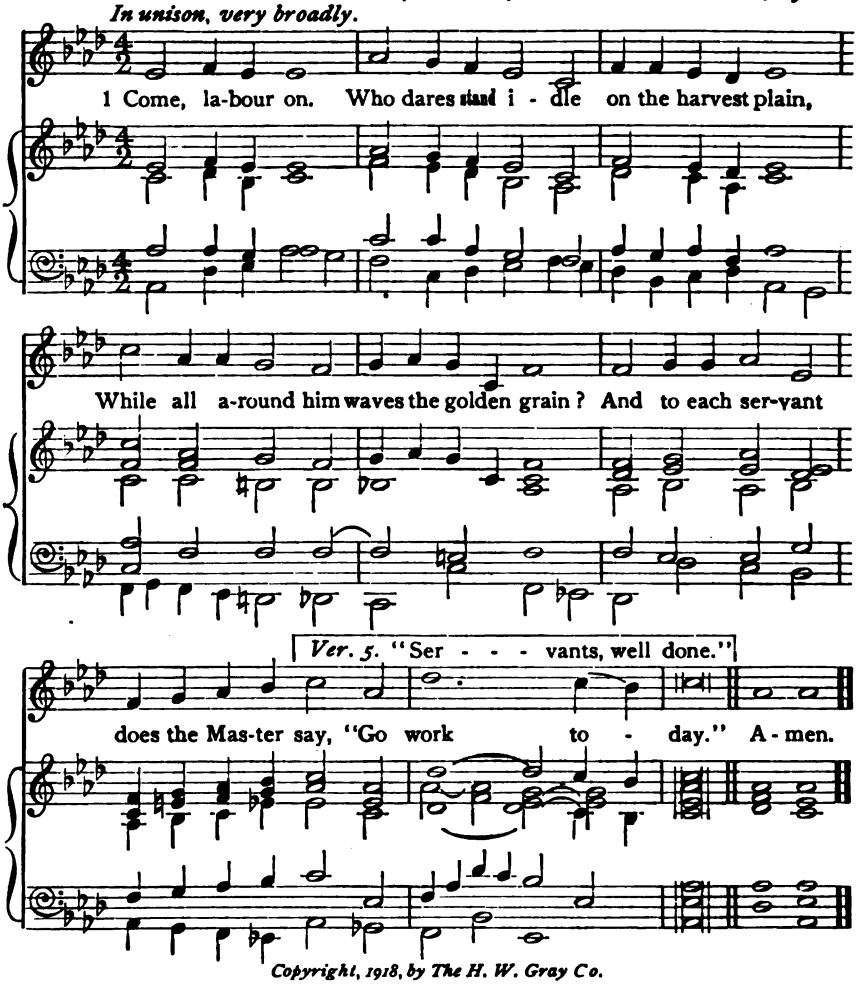
6 Who hates, hates Thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to Thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

7 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun. Amen.

(617) JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1856.

497 Brotherhood and Service.

ORA LABORA. 4.10.10.10.4. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1918.



Copyright, 1918, by The H. W. Gray Co.

2 Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the gospel gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labour on.
The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

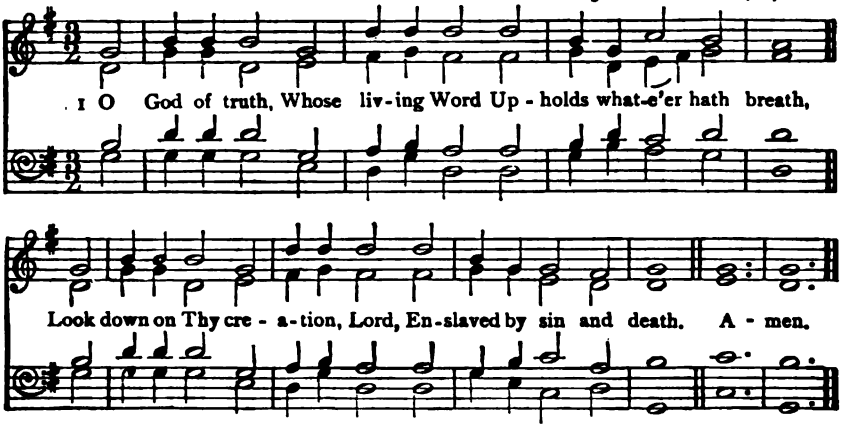
4 Come, labour on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents may our God fulfill
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done."

JANE BORTHWICK, 1859.

498

MARLOW. C.M. JOHN CHETHAM, 1718.



2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth for Whom we long,
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6 Still smite, still burn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.
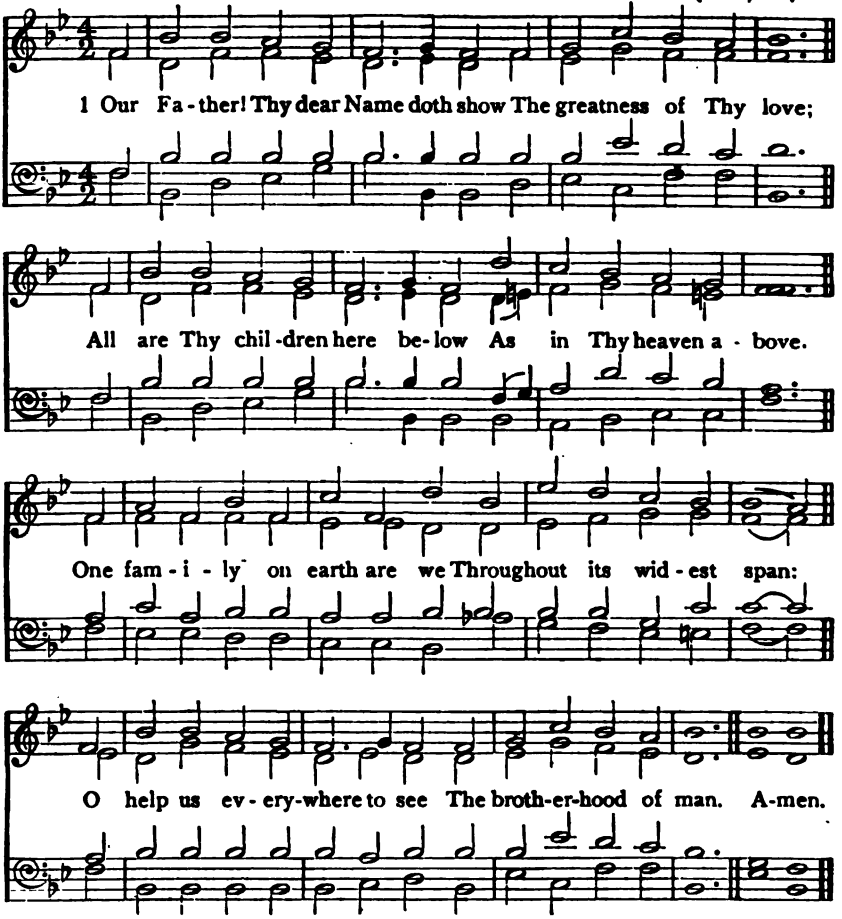
7 Yea, come; then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee. Amen.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1859.

Brotherhood and Service.

499

BETHLEHEM. C.M.D. GOTTFRIED W. FINK, 1842.



2 Alike we share Thy tender care;
We trust one heavenly Friend;
Before one mercy-seat in prayer
In confidence we bend;
Alike we hear Thy loving call;
One heavenly vision scan,
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all,
The brotherhood of man.
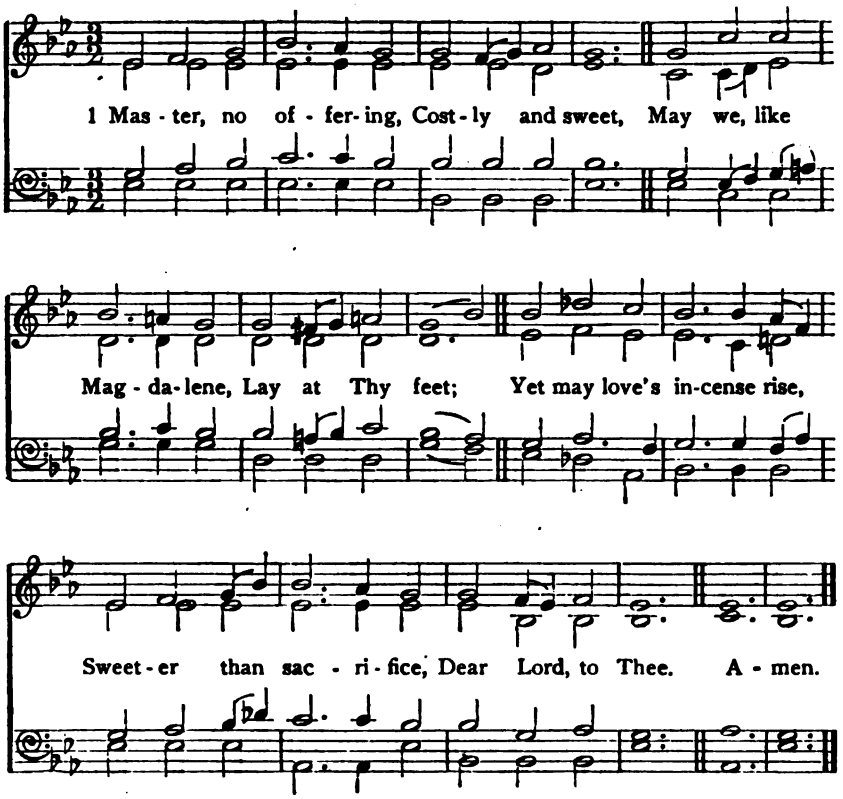
3 Bring in, we pray, the glorious day
When battle cries are stilled;
When bitter strife is swept away
And hearts with love are filled.
O help us banish pride and wrong,
Which since the world began
Have marred its peace; help us make
The brotherhood of man. [strong

4 Close knit the warm fraternal tie
That makes the whole world one;
Our discords change to harmony
Like angel-songs begun:
At last, upon that brighter shore
Complete Thy glorious plan,
And heaven shall crown for evermore
The brotherhood of man. Amen.

CHARLES H. RICHARDS, 1910.

500 Brotherhood and Service.

HORBURY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears:
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footstep led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.
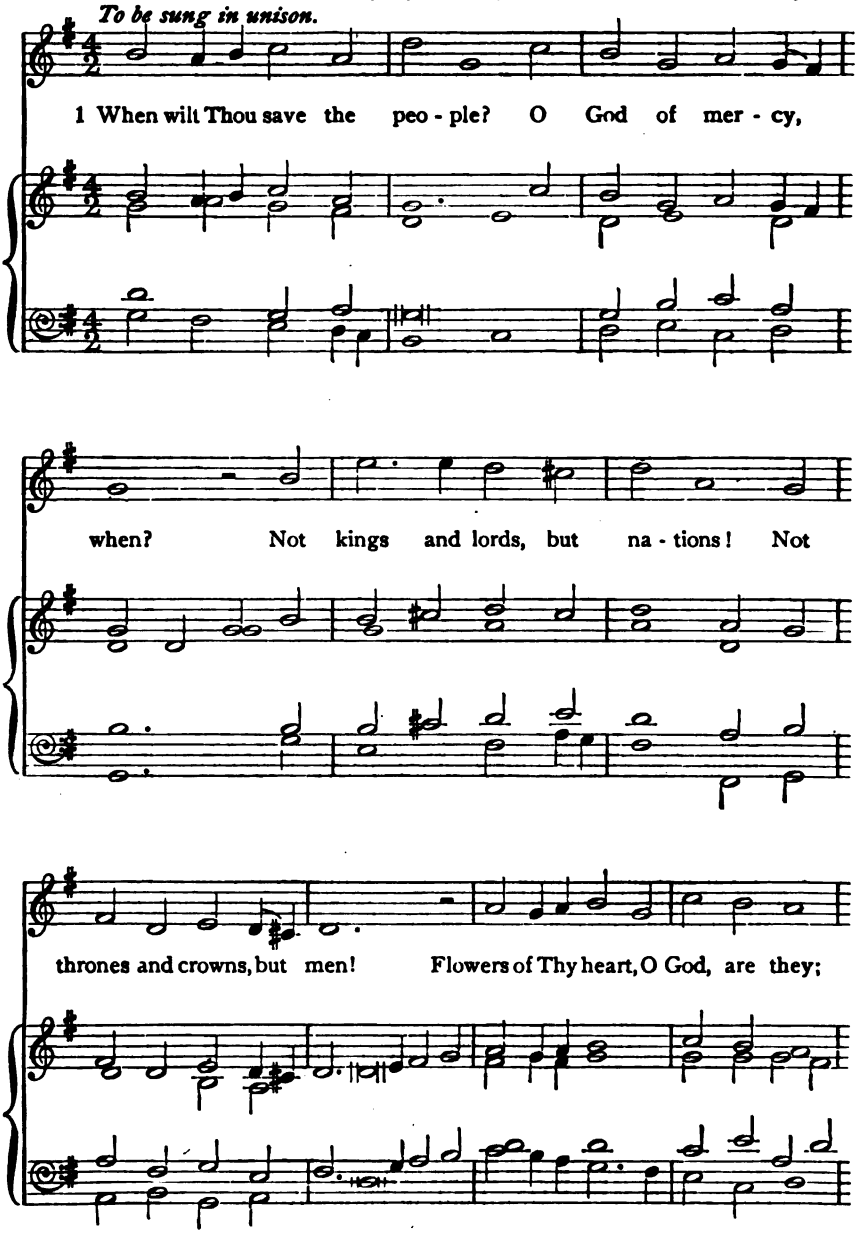
4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labours cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee. Amen.

EDWIN P. PARKER, 1888.
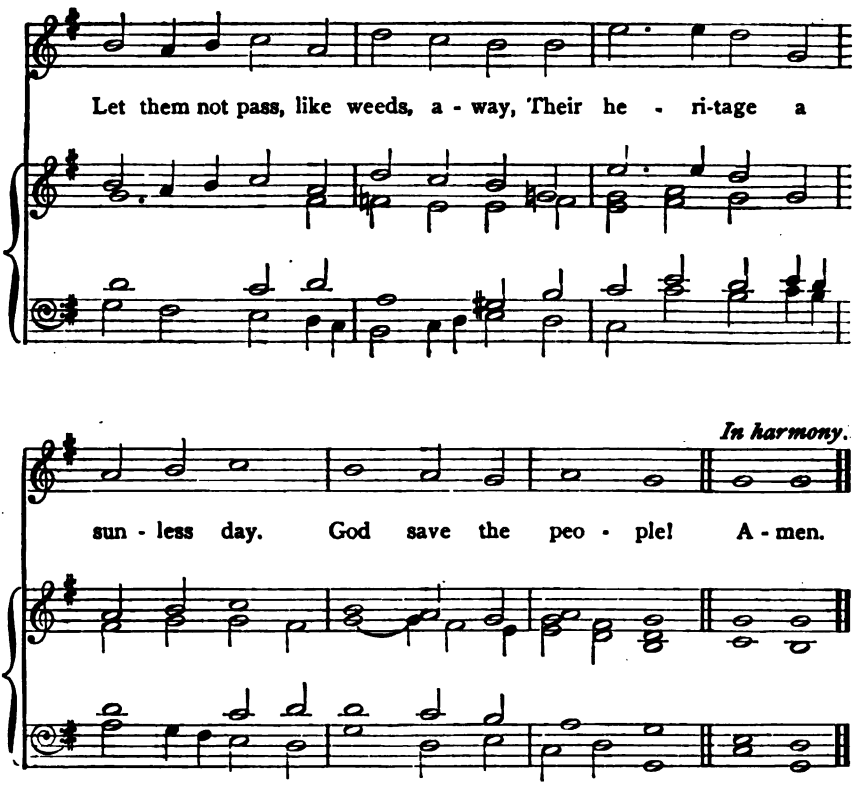
501 Brotherhood and Service.

KENDAL. 7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5. ARTHUR SOMERVELL, 1906.

To be sung in unison.



Brotherhood and Service.
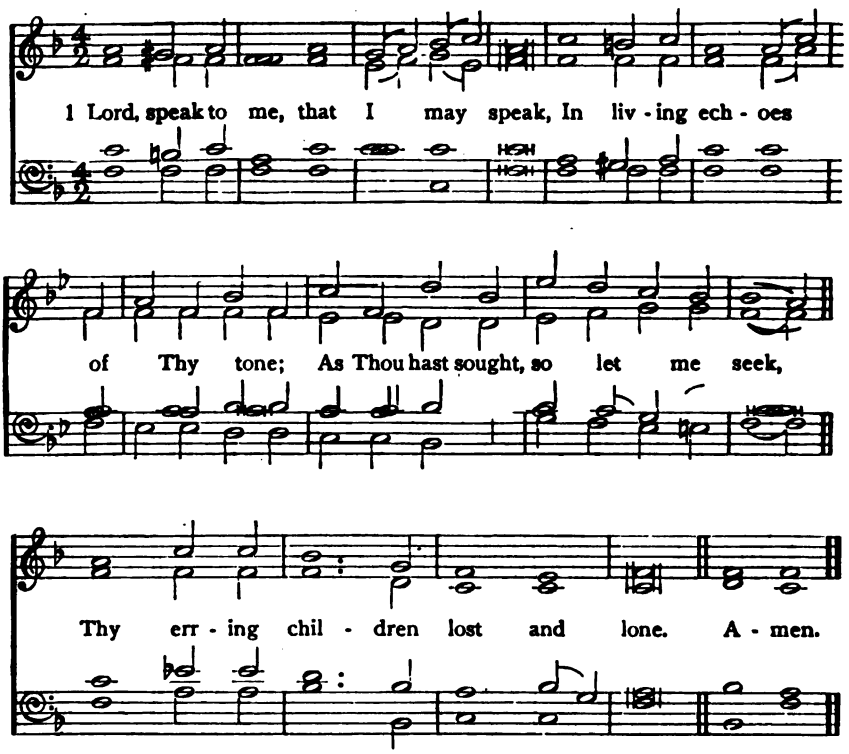


2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs;
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people! Amen.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, 1850.

502 Brotherhood and Service.

HOLLEY. L.M. GEORGE HEWS, 1835.



2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
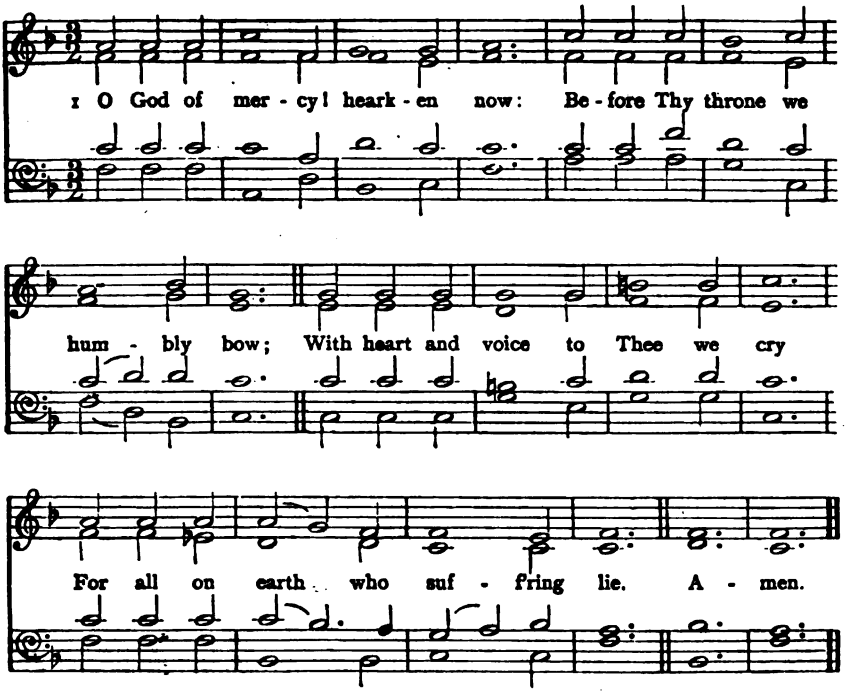
6 O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

503 Brotherhood and Service.

HESPERUS. L.M. HENRY BAKER, 1866.



2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,
Beyond the glittering, starry sky:
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below
Beside the beds of want and woe.

3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send Thou the help we cannot give;
Bid dying souls arise and live.

4 O let the healing waters spring,
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing;
With quickening power new strength impart
To palsied will, to withered heart.
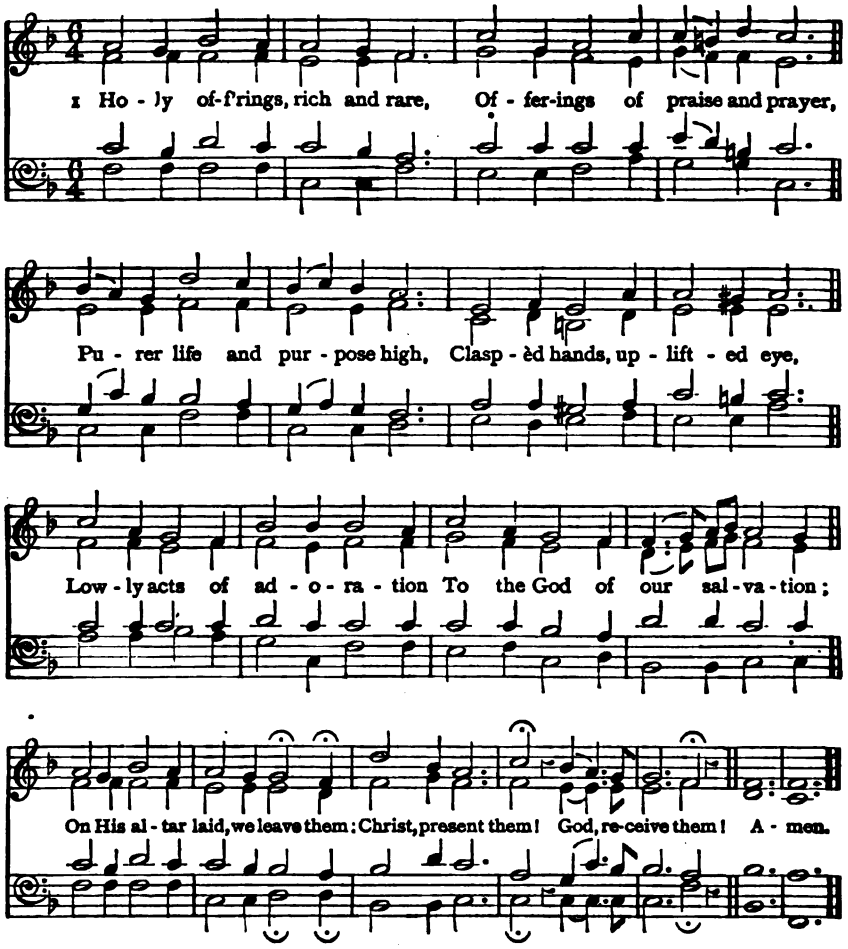
5 Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suffering children cry,
Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.

6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth confest!
Echo Thy praise from every shore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

EMILY V. CLARK, 1891.

504 Brotherhood and Service.

HOLY OFFERINGS. 7.7.7.7.8.8.8.8. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1870.



2

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

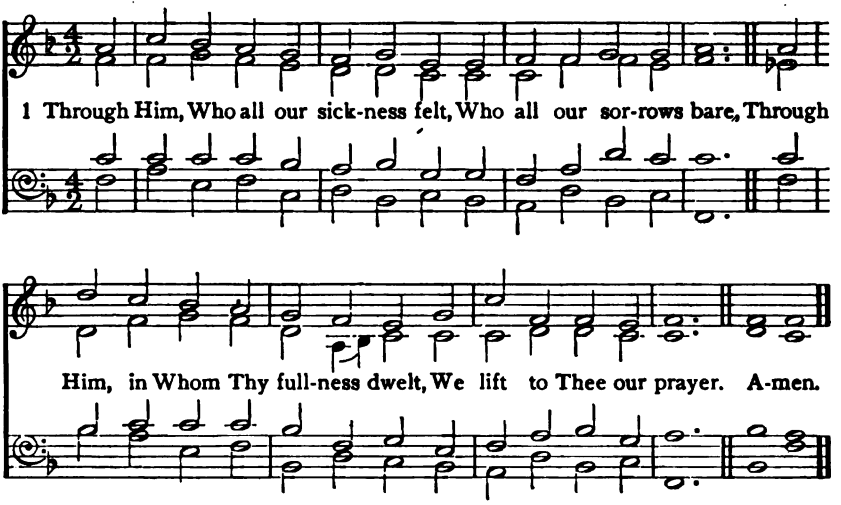
3

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them! Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1867 *abbr*

505 Brotherhood and Service.

ALBANO. C.M. VINCENT NOVELLO, 1800.



2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest. Amen.
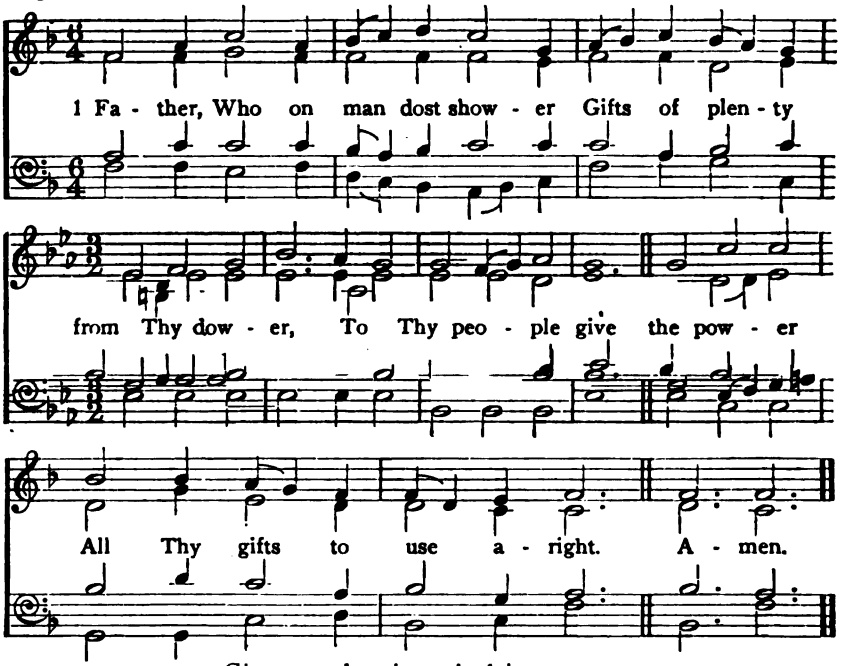
CHARLES WESLEY, 1782, *cento.*

Also the following:

99 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
105 Thy kingdom come, O God
115 Soldiers of the cross, arise
125 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee
181 O Jesus, crowned with all renown
268 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
280 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation
300 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
307 O 't was a joyful sound to hear
312 God of mercy, God of grace
337 Thou, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray
538 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus
539 Through the night of doubt and sorrow

506 Temperance.

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE. 8.8.8.7. Fifteenth Century Folksong.



2 Give pure happiness in leisure,
Temperance in every pleasure,
Holy use of earthly treasure,
Bodies clear and spirits bright.

3 Lift from this and every nation
All that brings us degradation;
Quell the forces of temptation;
Put Thine enemies to flight.

4 Be with us, Thy strength supplying,
That with energy undying,
Every foe of man defying,
We may rally to the fight.

5 Thou Who art our Captain, ever
Lead us on to great endeavour;
May Thy Church the world deliver,
Give us wisdom, courage, might.

6 Father, Who hast sought and found us,
Son of God, Whose love has bound us,
Holy Ghost, within us, round us,
Hear us, Godhead infinite. Amen.
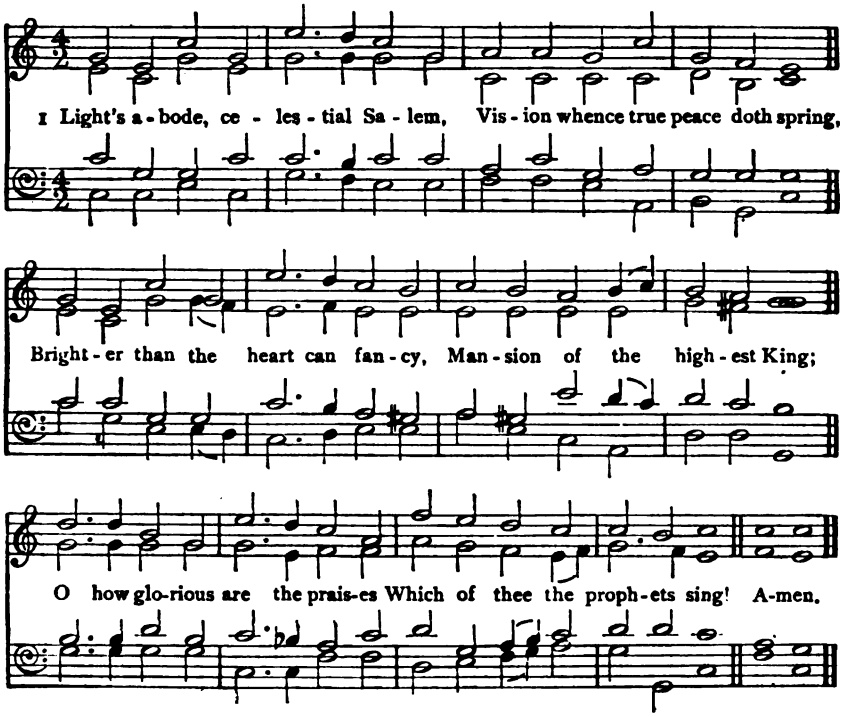
PERCY DEARMER, 1906.

Also the following:

215 Jesus, my strength, my hope

507 The Church Triumphant.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. HENRY SMART, 1866.



2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.
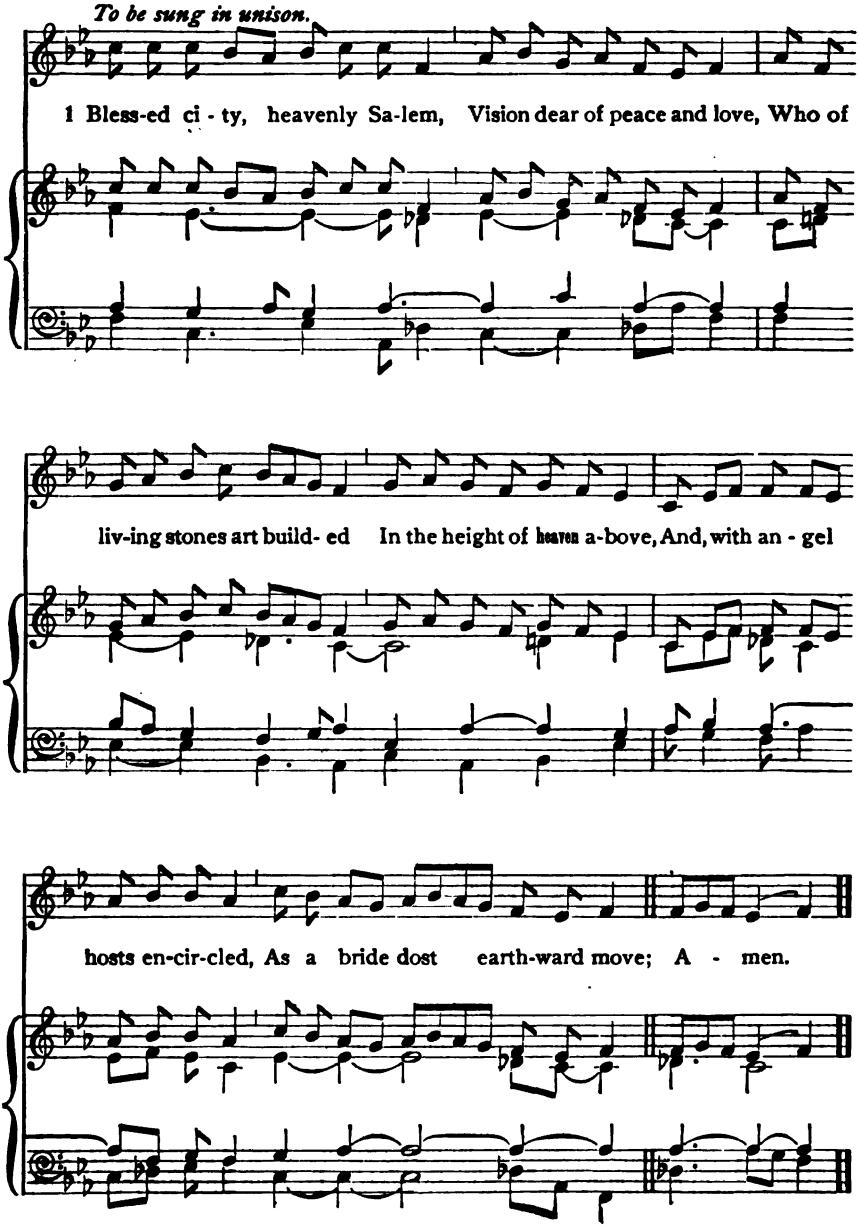
ST. THOMAS À KEMPIS, 1379–1471; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858.

Alternative Tune, URBS BEATA, *No.* 508.

508 The Church Triumphant.
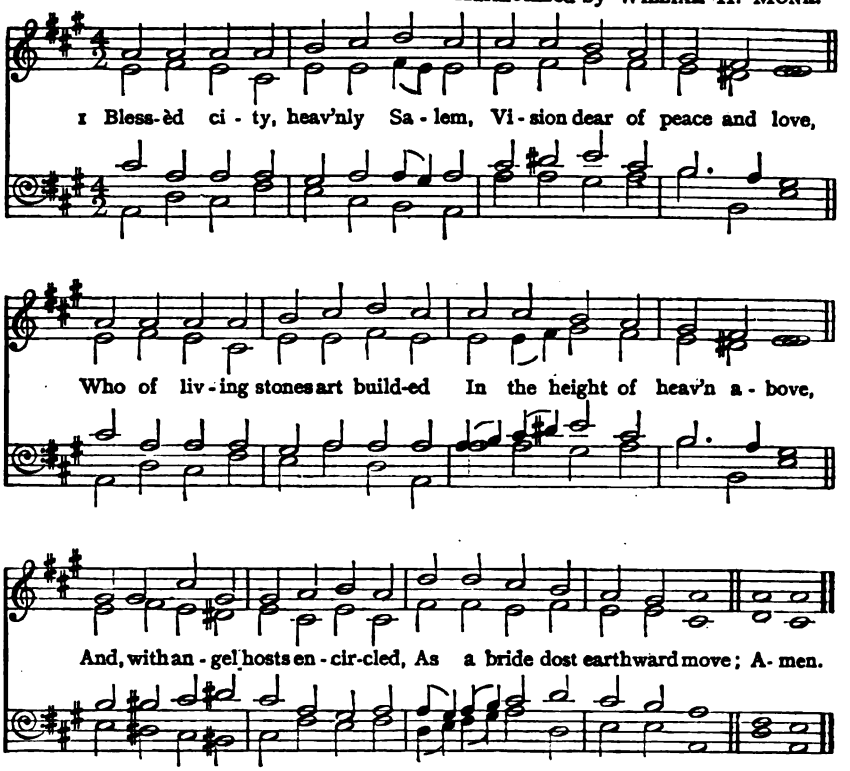
URBS BEATA (*First Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode II.

To be sung in unison.



508 The Church Triumphant.

ORIEL (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. ETT, *Cantica Sacra*, 1840; Harmonized by WILLIAM H. MONK.



2

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who, for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

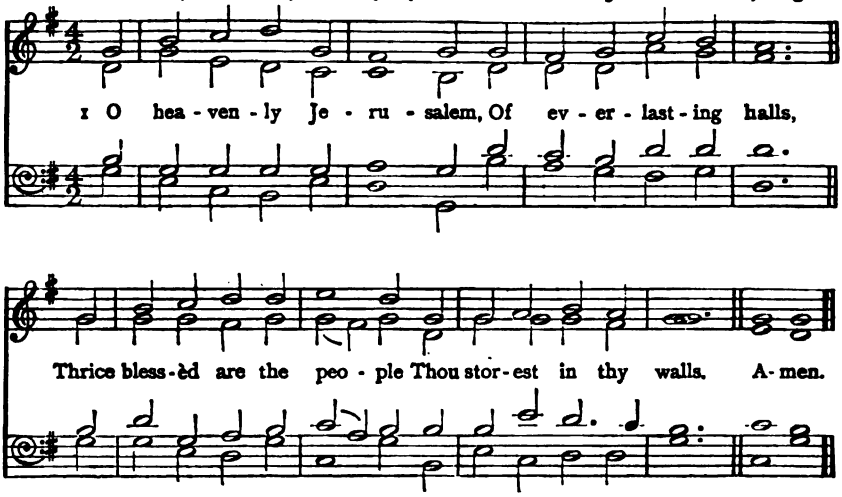
5

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Latin, c. 7th cent.; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

509 The Church Triumphant.
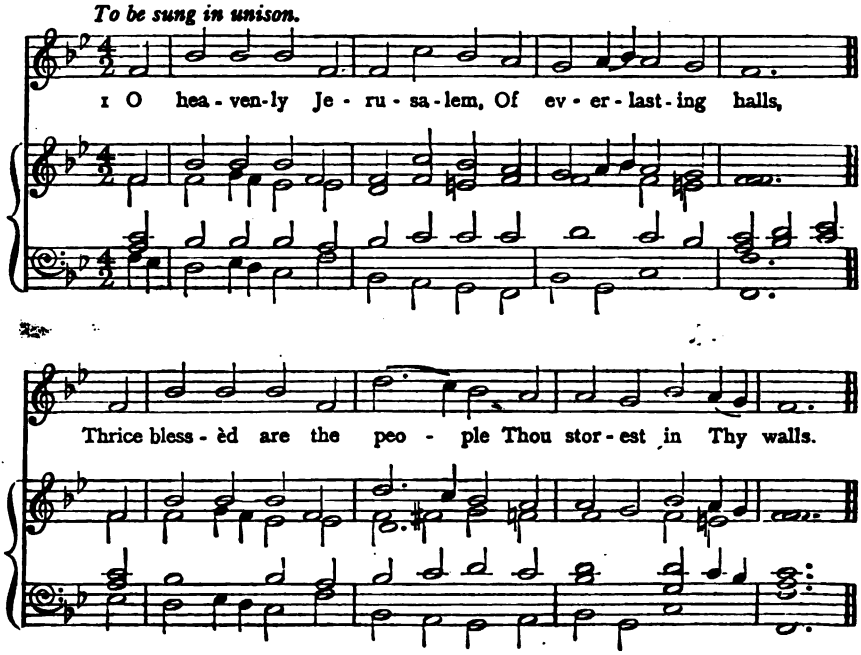
ST. ALPHEGE (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.
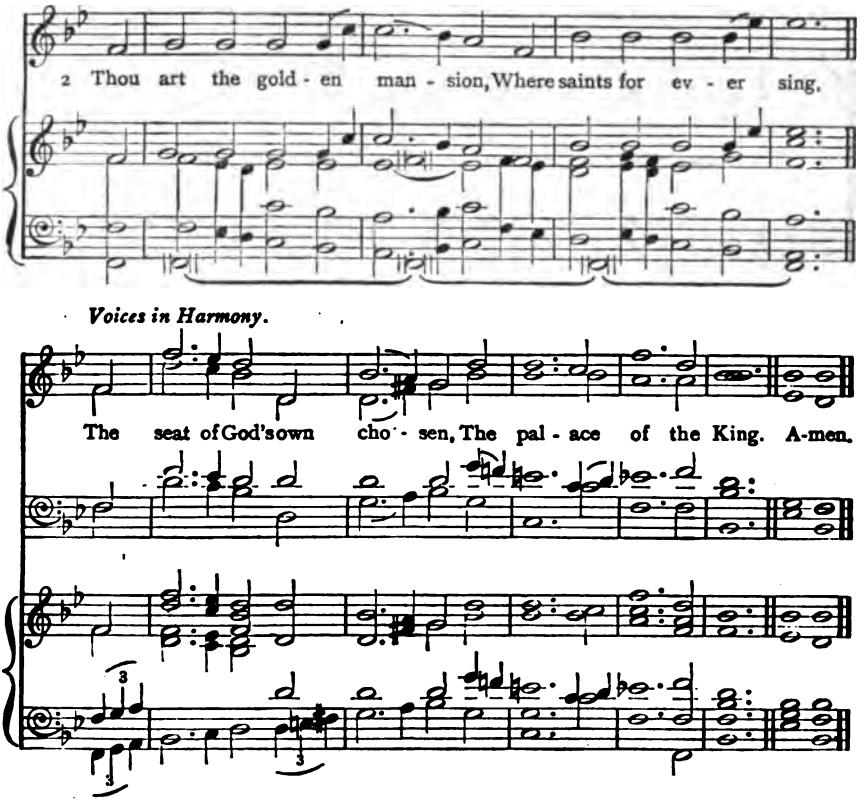


509

ALL HALLOWS (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7 6.D. GEORGE C. MARTIN, 1892.

To be sung in unison.



The Church Triumphant.



2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

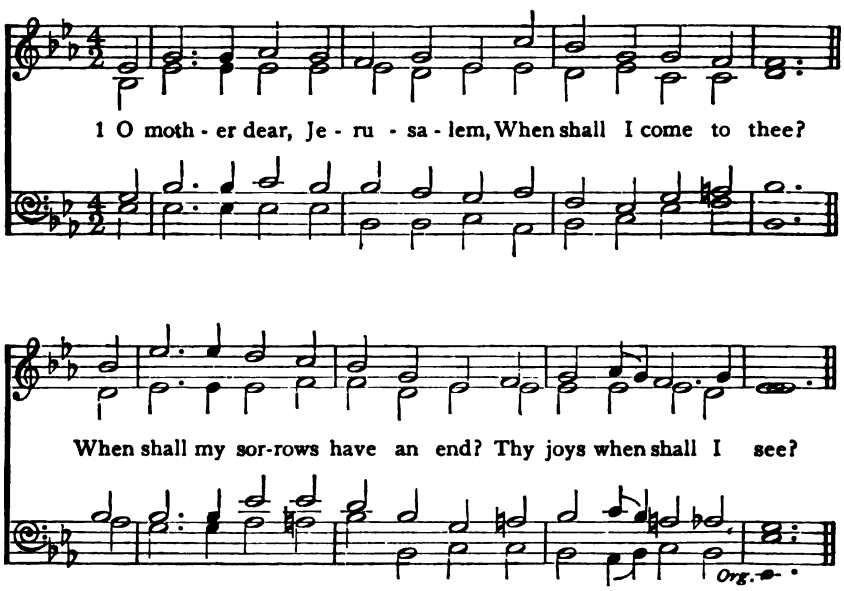
5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

Tr. ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1839.

510 The Church Triumphant.

JERUSALEM (*First Tune*). C.M. T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH, 1866.



2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.
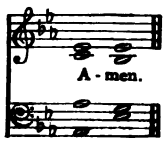
4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
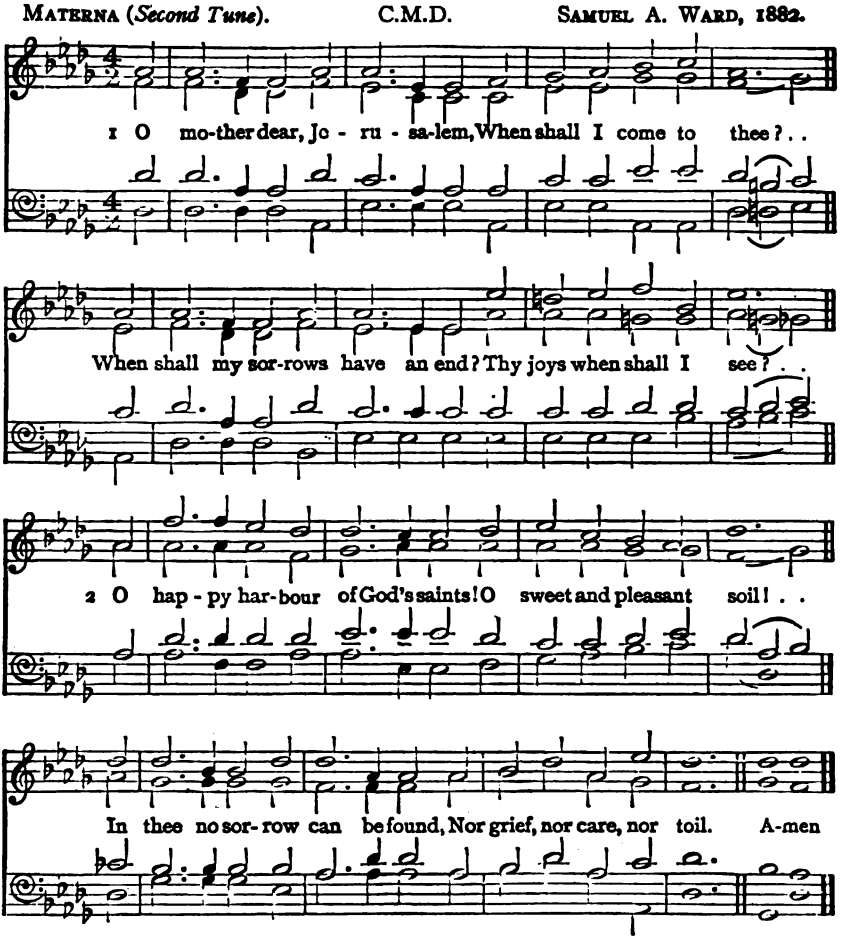
8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.



"F. B. P.," 1583, *alt.*

510 The Church Triumphant.

MATERNA (*Second Tune*). C.M.D. SAMUEL A. WARD, 1882.



3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
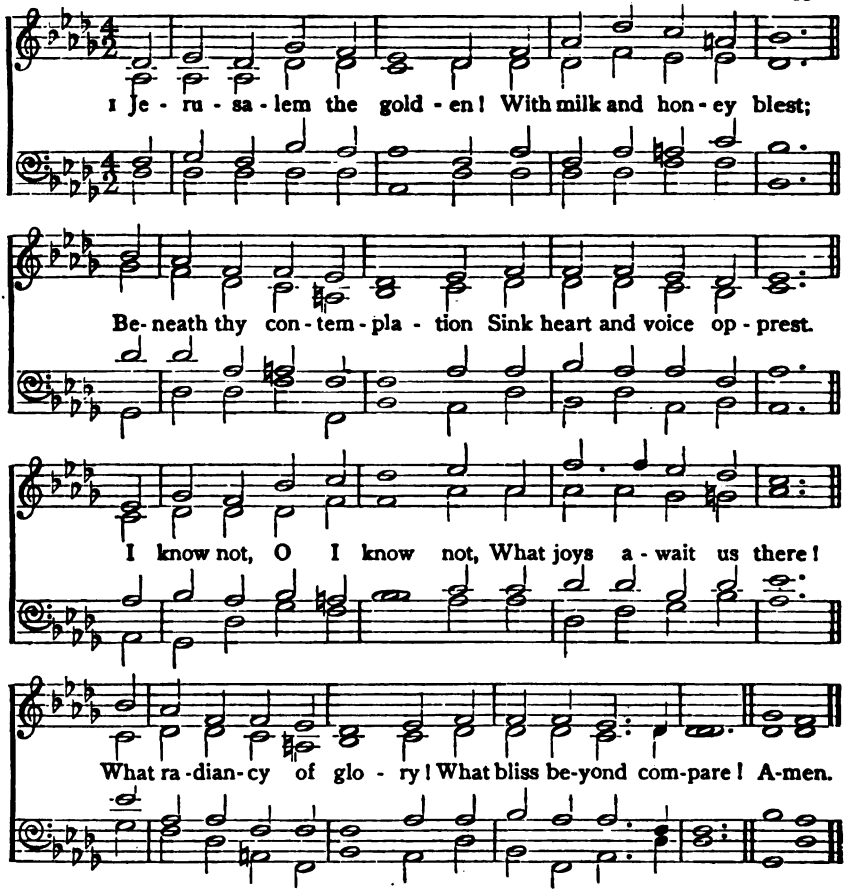
8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

"F. B. P.," 1583, alt.

The Church Triumphant.

511

EWING. 7.6.7.6.D. ALEXANDER C. EWING, 1853.



2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
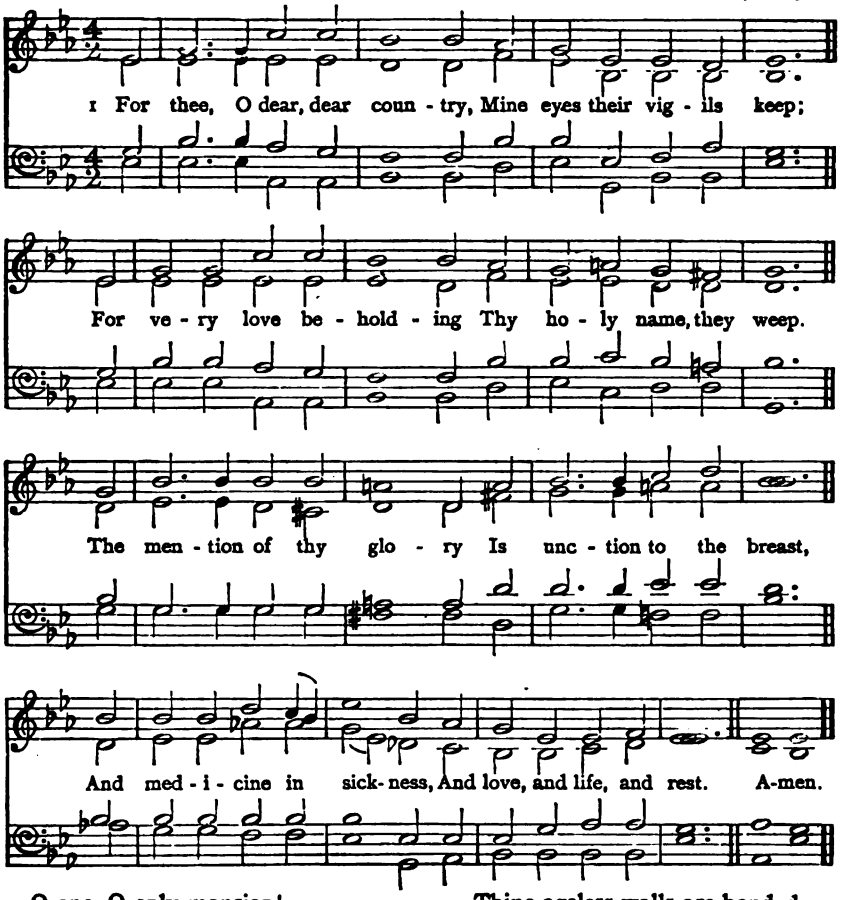
*4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858.

* *This verse may be sung also at the end of the following hymn.*

512 The Church Triumphant.

HOMELAND (*First Tune*). 7.6 7.6. D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1867.



2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
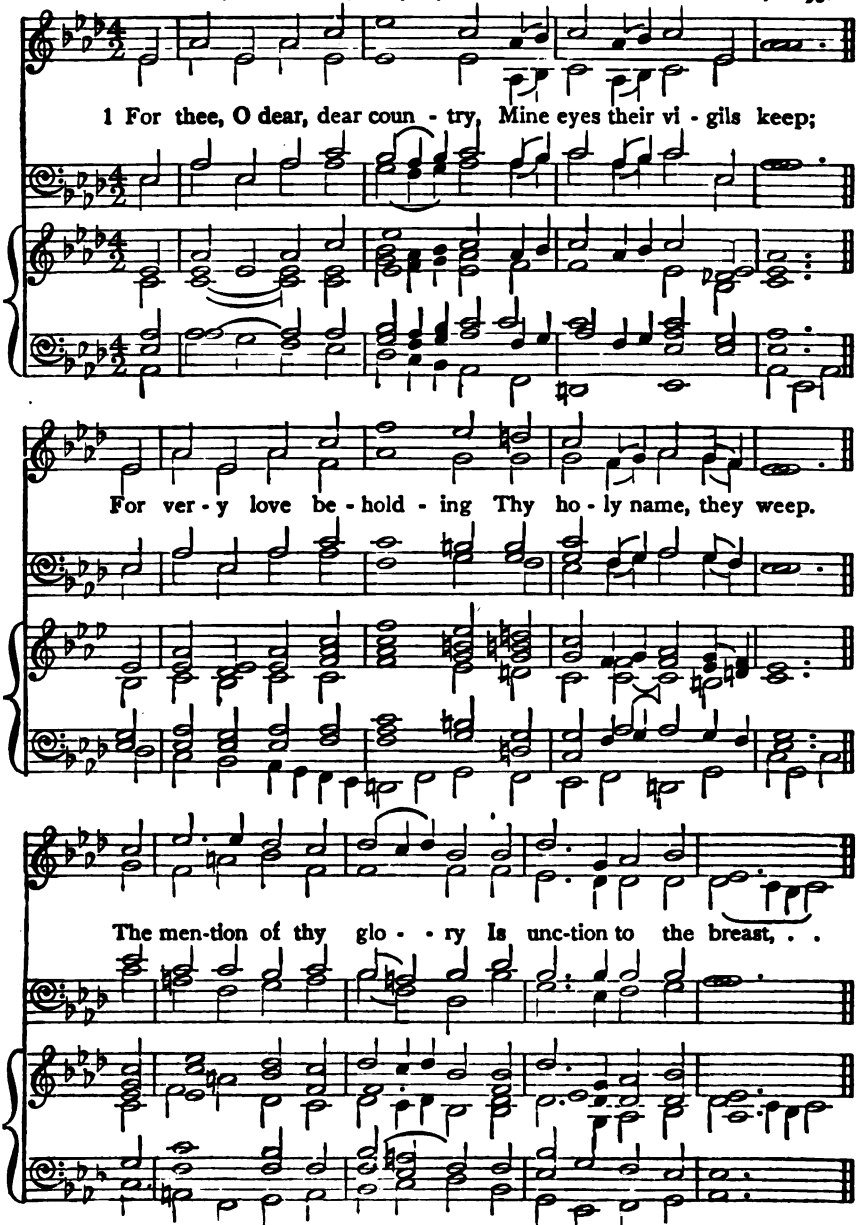
4 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

The Church Triumphant.
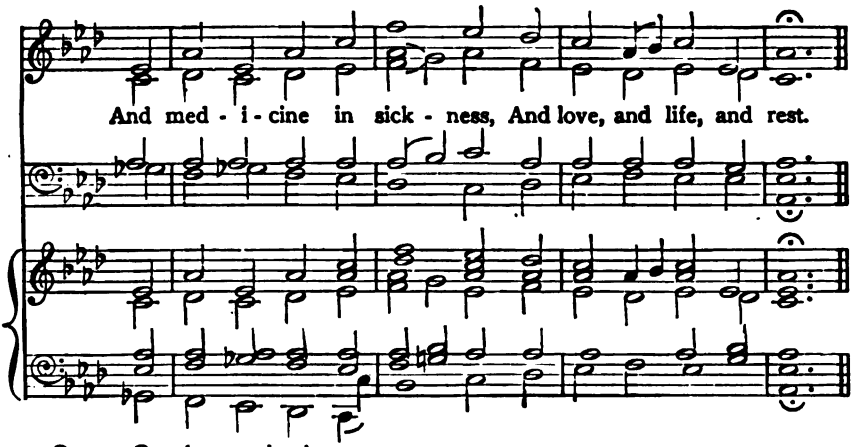
512

ELY CATHEDRAL (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1895.



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The Church Triumphant.



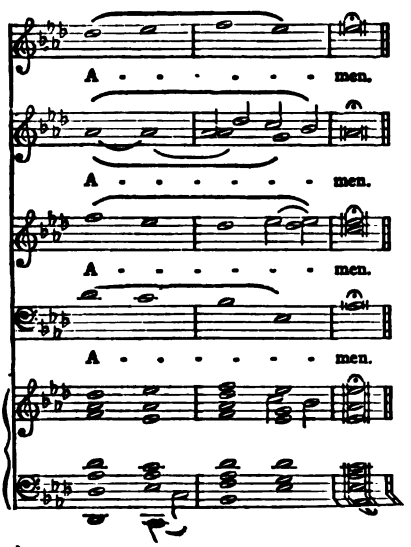
2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
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Upon the Rock of Ages
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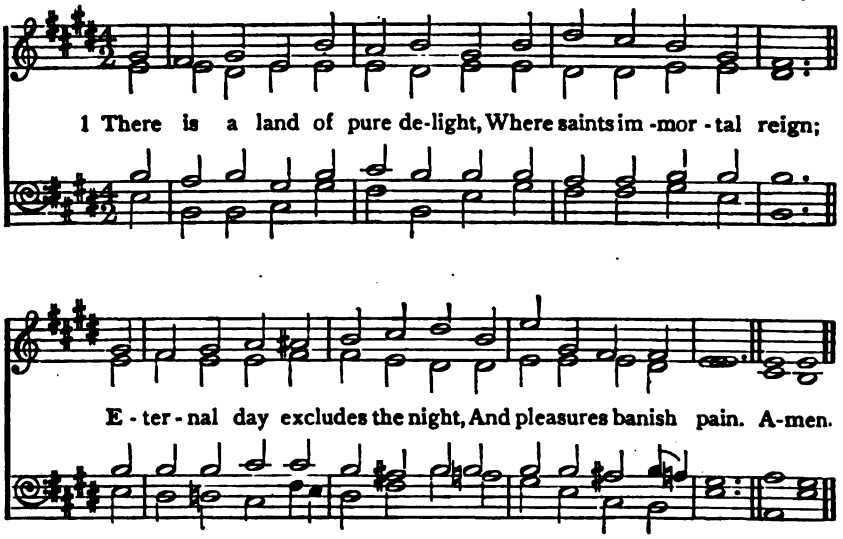
5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145;
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1858.



513 The Church Triumphant.

BEULAH. C.M. GEORGE M. GARRETT, 1889.



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

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:
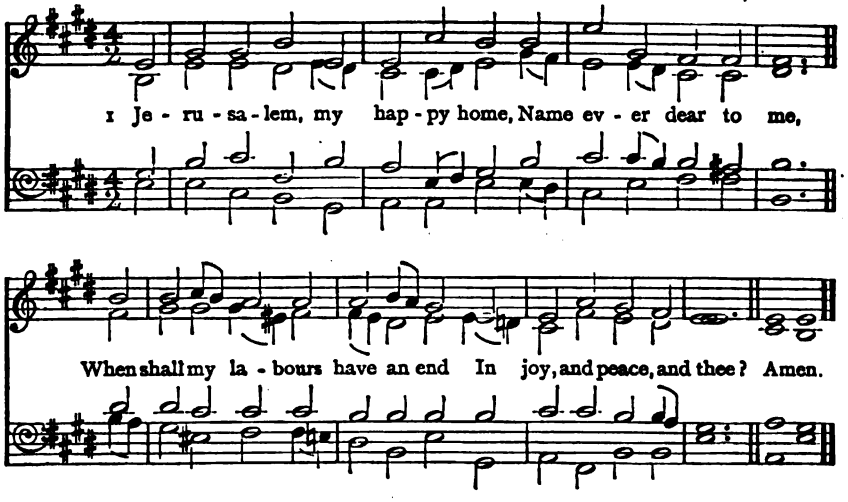
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709, *alt.*

Alternative Tune, SOUTHWELL, *No.* 514.

514 The Church Triumphant.

SOUTHWELL. C.M. HERBERT S. IRONS, 1861.



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

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
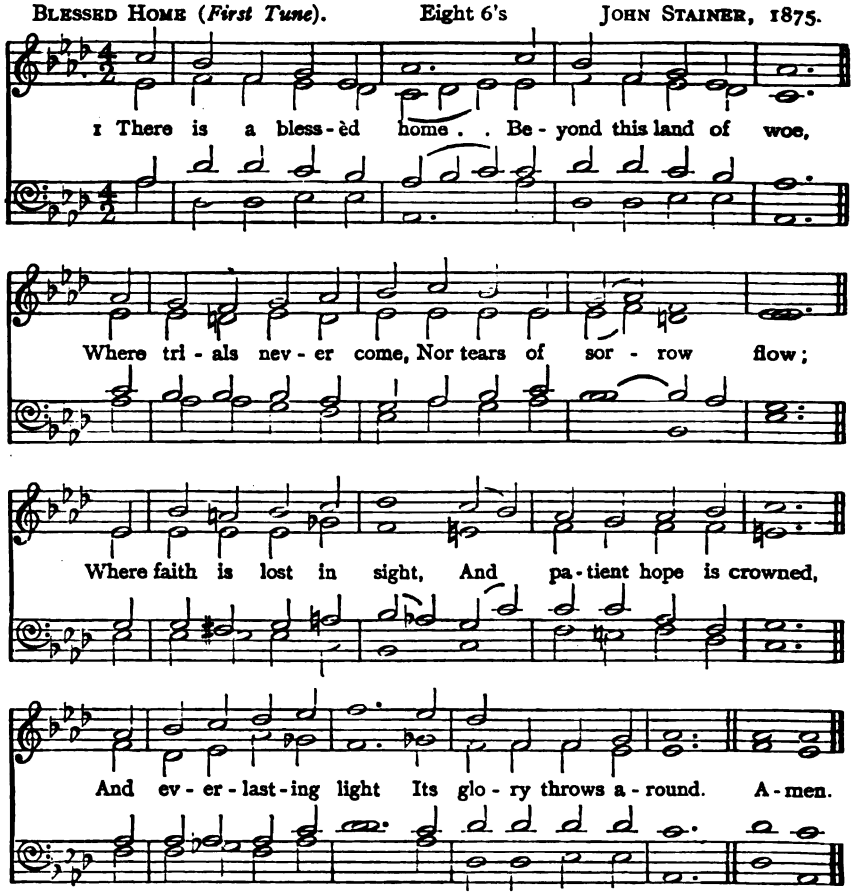
6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

JOSEPH BROMEHEAD, *1795, based on* "F. B. P.," 1583

Alternative Tune, JERUSALEM, *No.* 510 I.

515 The Church Triumphant.

BLESSED HOME (*First Tune*). Eight 6's JOHN STAINER, 1875.



2 There is a land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!
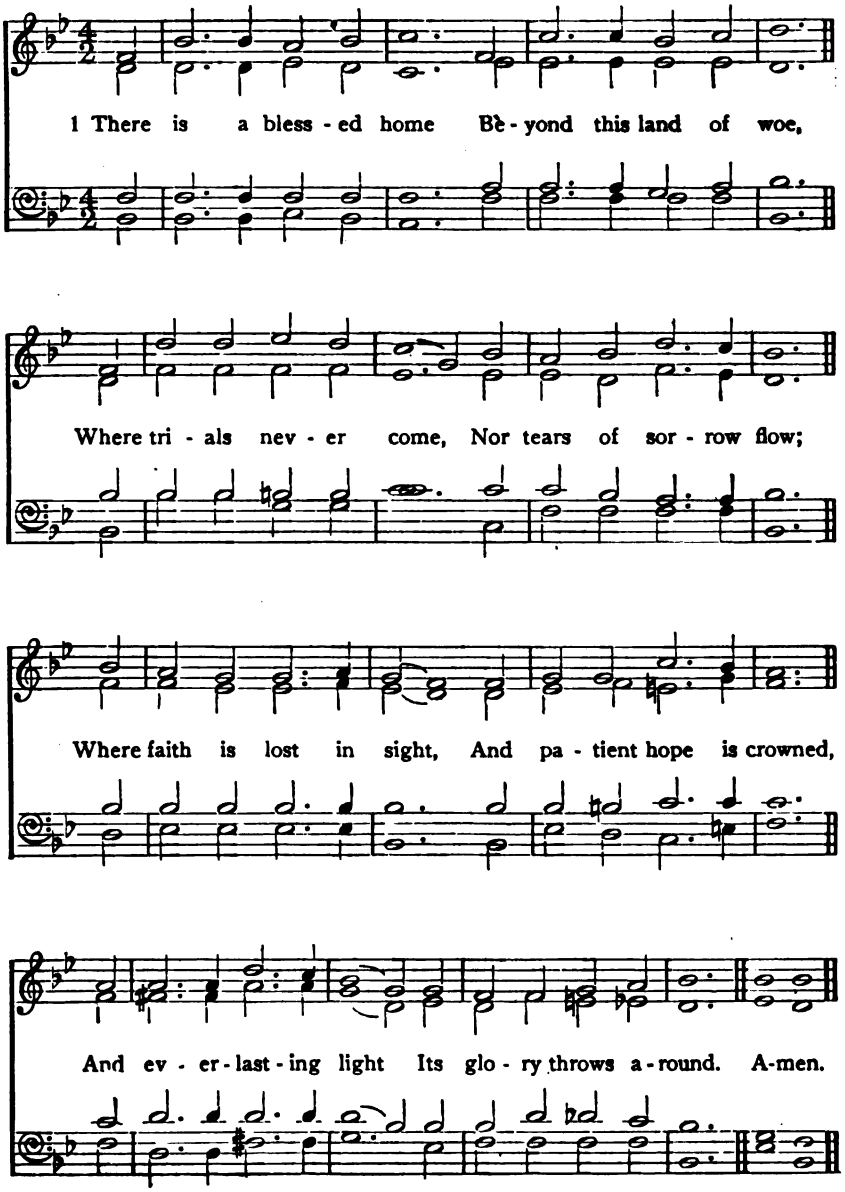
4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

515 The Church Triumphant.
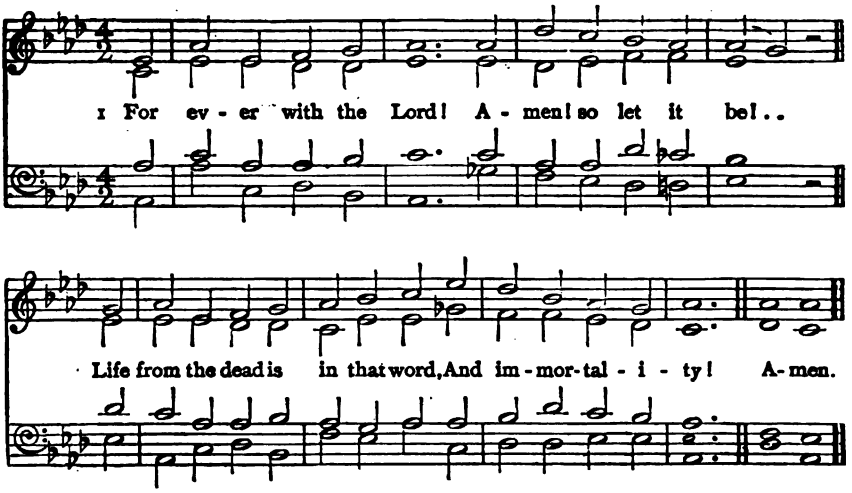
Eight 6's.

BEULAH (HEMY) (*Second Tune*). HENRI F. HEMY, 1818-1888.



516 The Church Triumphant.

HEATH. S.M. MASON AND WEBB'S *Cantica Laudis*, 1850.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.
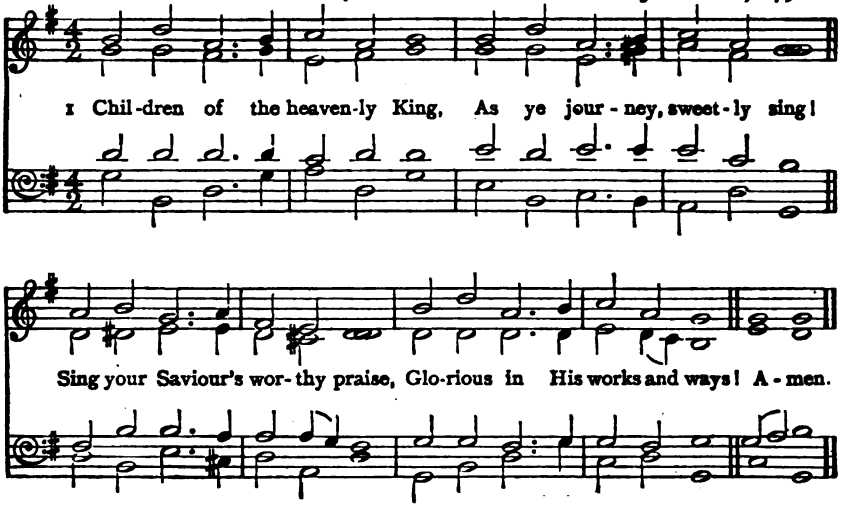
6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

VI.—PROCESSIONALS.

517

PLEYEL'S HYMN. Four 7's. Arr. from IGNAZ J. PLEYEL, 1790.



2

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

3

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
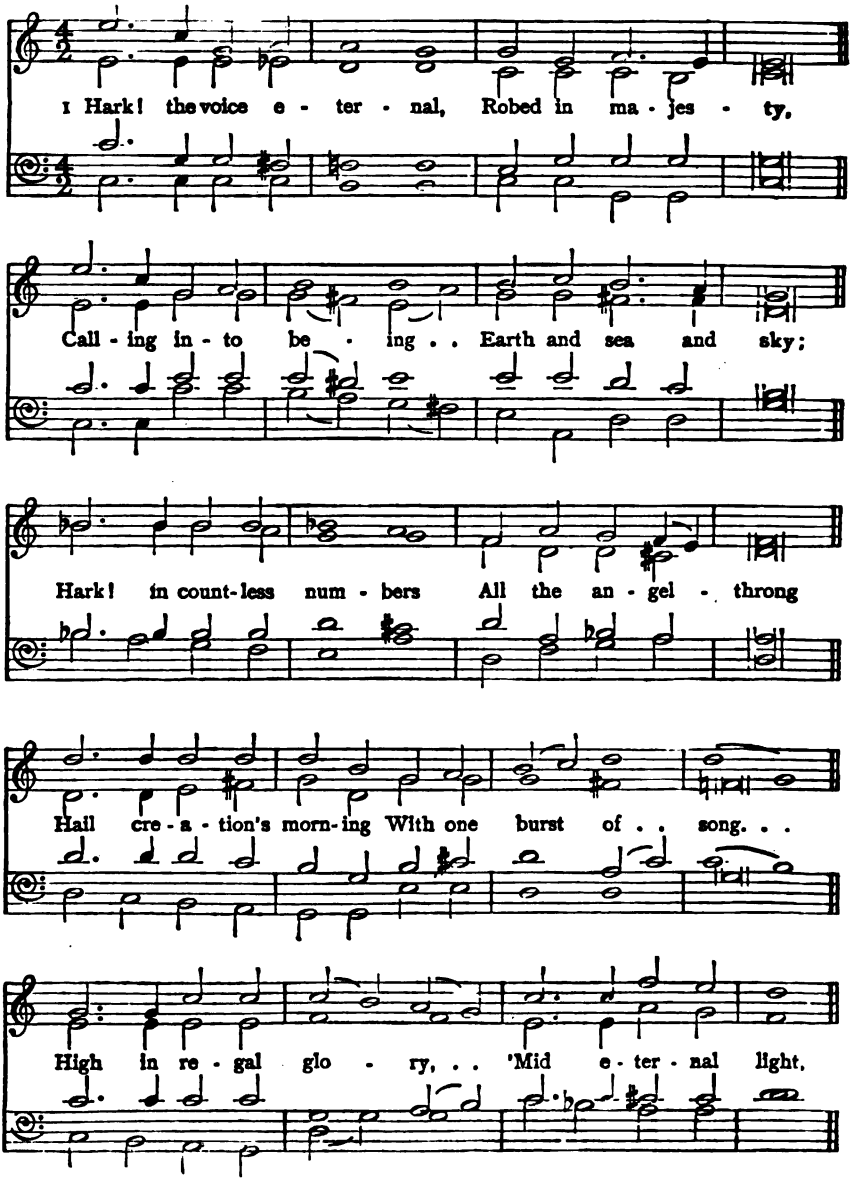
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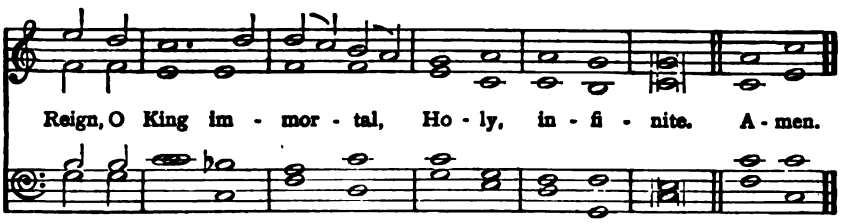
Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

JOHN CENNICK, 1743.

518

VOX ÆTERNA. 6.5., twelve lines. HORATIO PARKER, 1903.





2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning,
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.
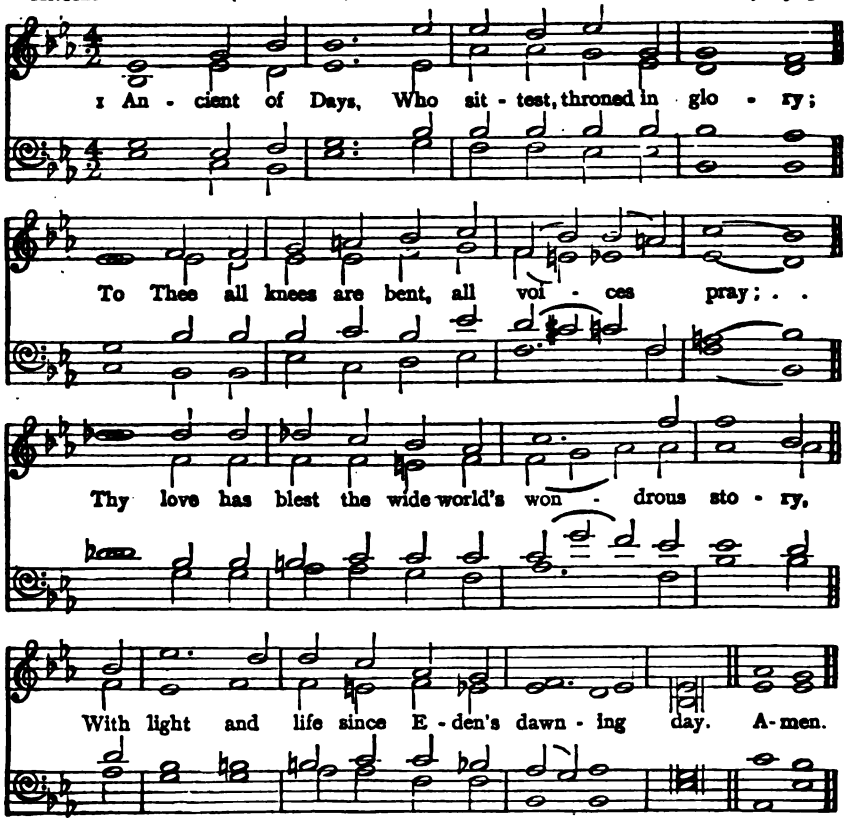
5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet, triumphant,
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite. Amen.

JOHN JULIAN, 1882.

519

ANCIENT OF DAYS (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10. HORATIO PARKER, 1903.



2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewildering,
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
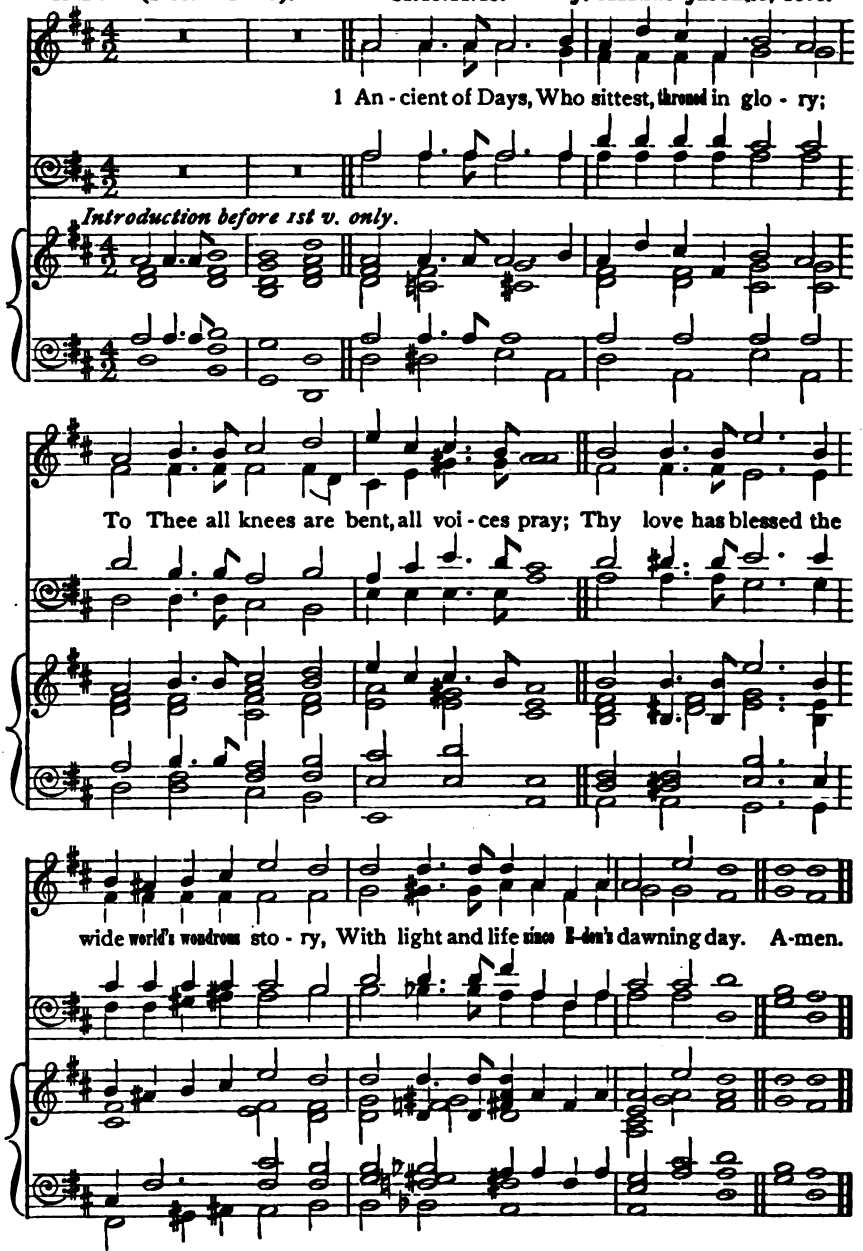
4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always. Amen.
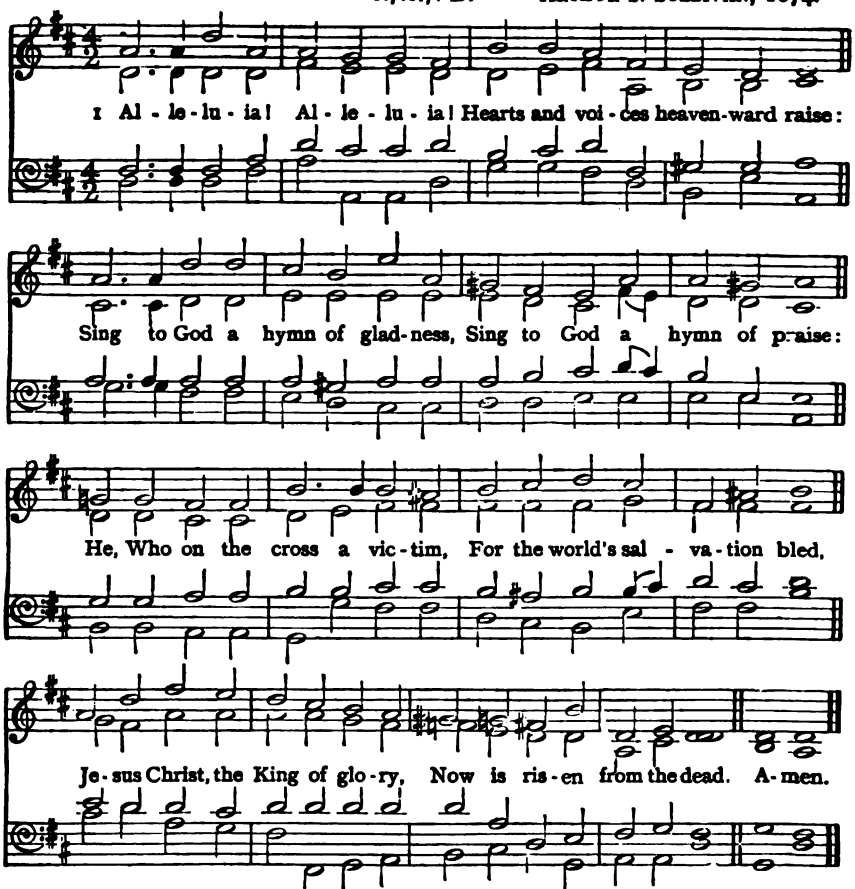
WILLIAM C. DOANE, 1886.

519

ALBANY (*Second Tune*). 11.10.11.10. J. ALBERT JEFFERY, 1886.



LUX EOL. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.



2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.
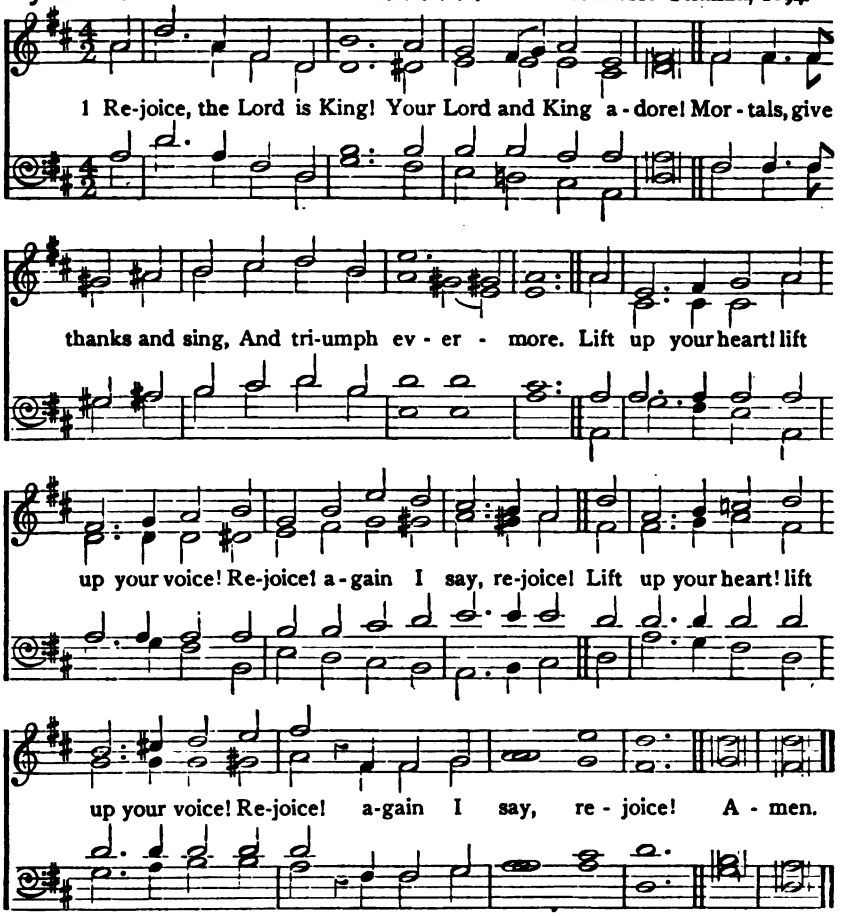
4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1872.

521

JUBILATE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. HORATIO PARKER, 1894.



2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
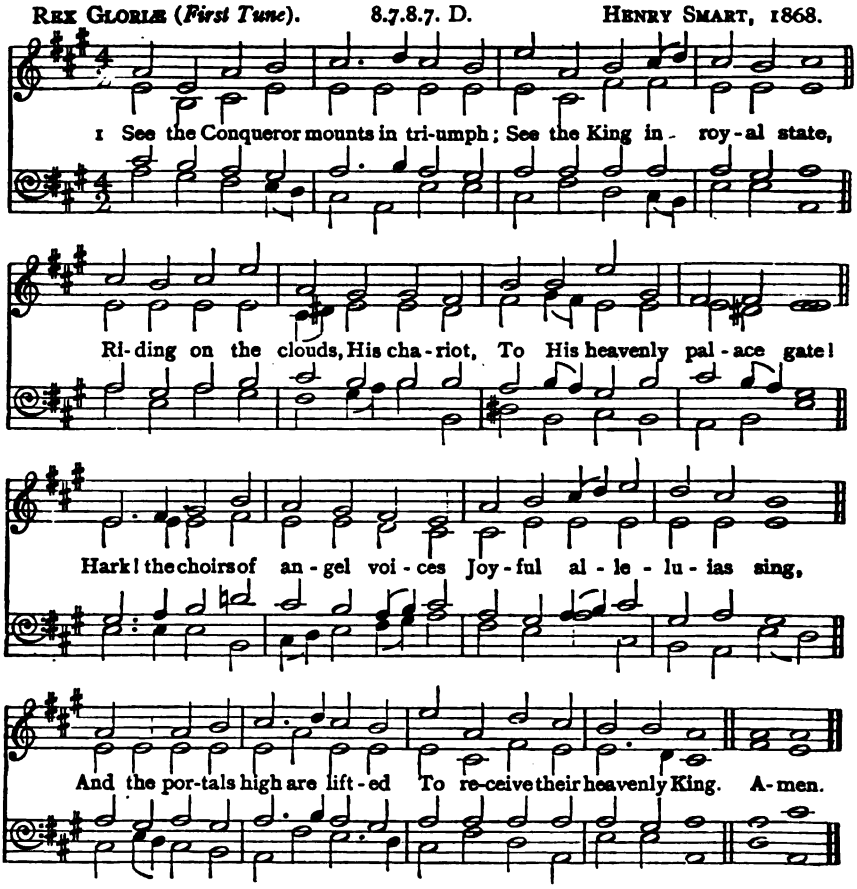
3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746; *alt.* JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

522

REX GLORIÆ (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART, 1868.



2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
He Who on the cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,
He Who walked with God and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.
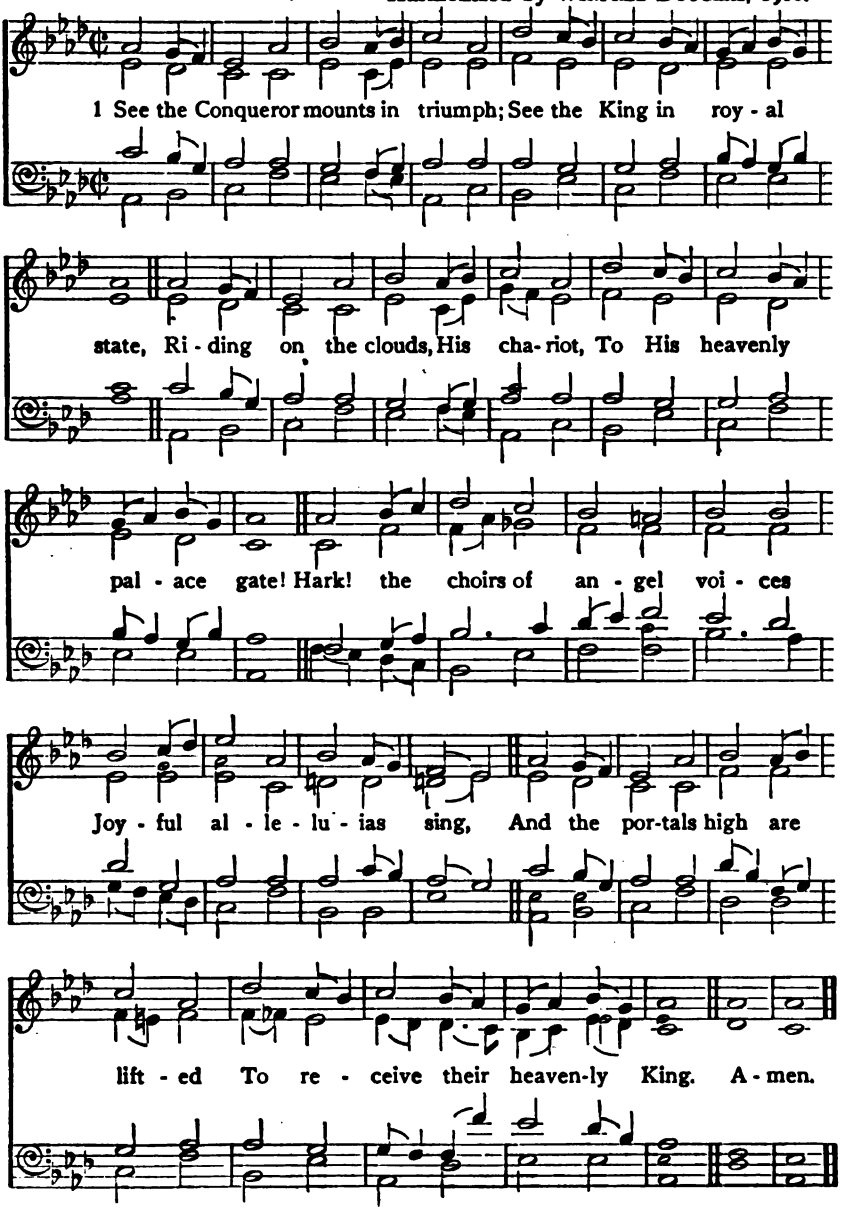
4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

522
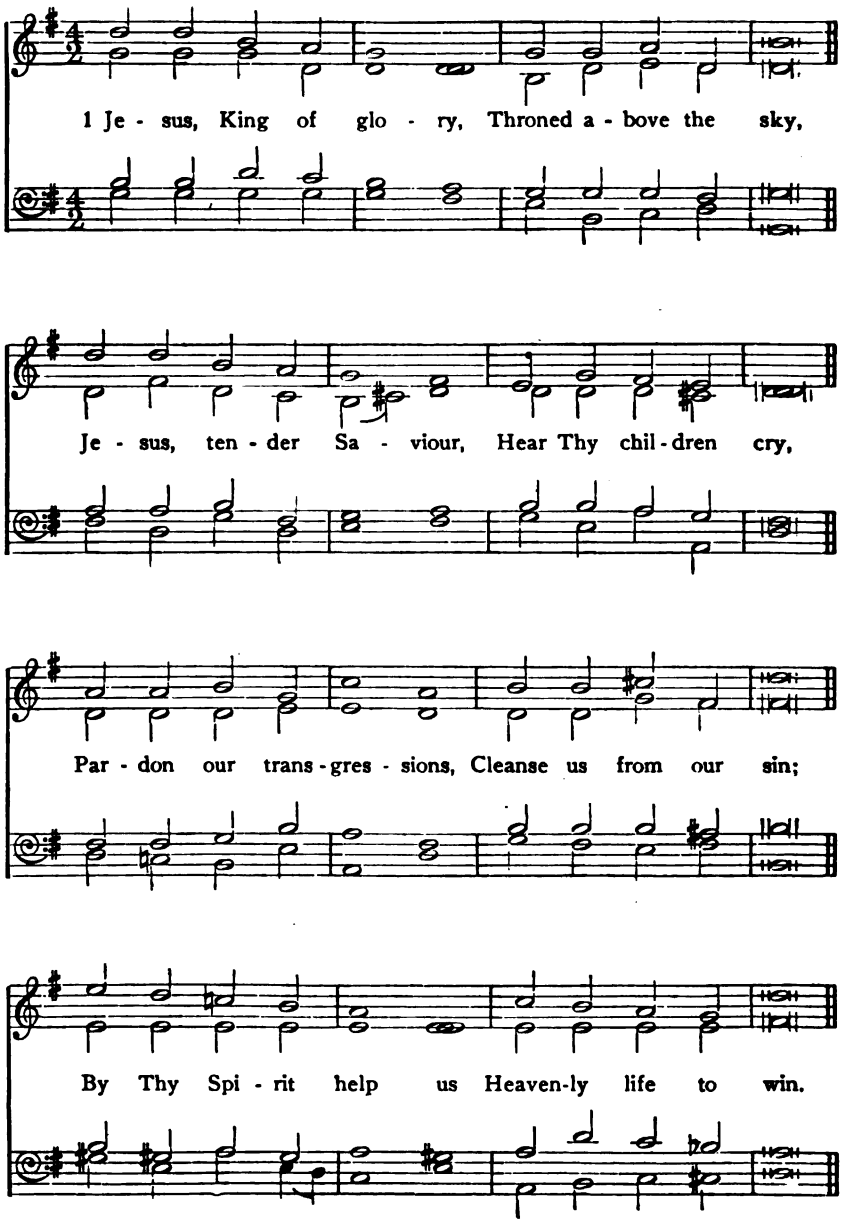
In Babilone (*Second Tune*).* 8.7.8.7.D. Ancient Dutch Melody;
Harmonized by **Winfred Douglas**, 1918.

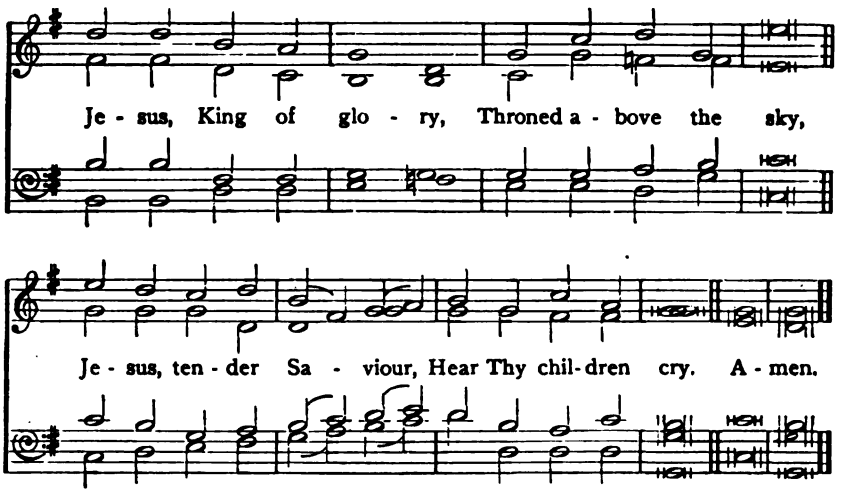


* *Another harmonization will be found at No.* 191.

523

SION. 6.5., 12 lines. HENRY SMART, 1872.





2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.
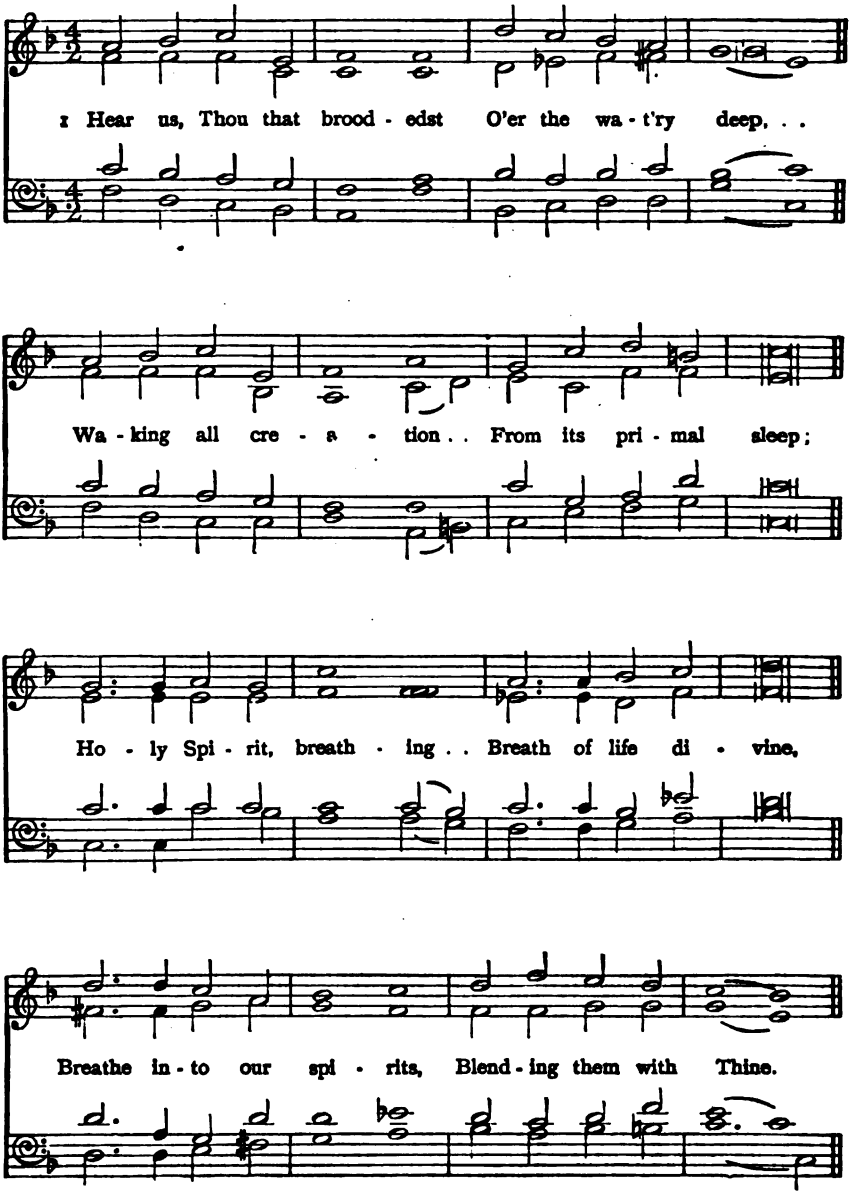
4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory,
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry. Amen.
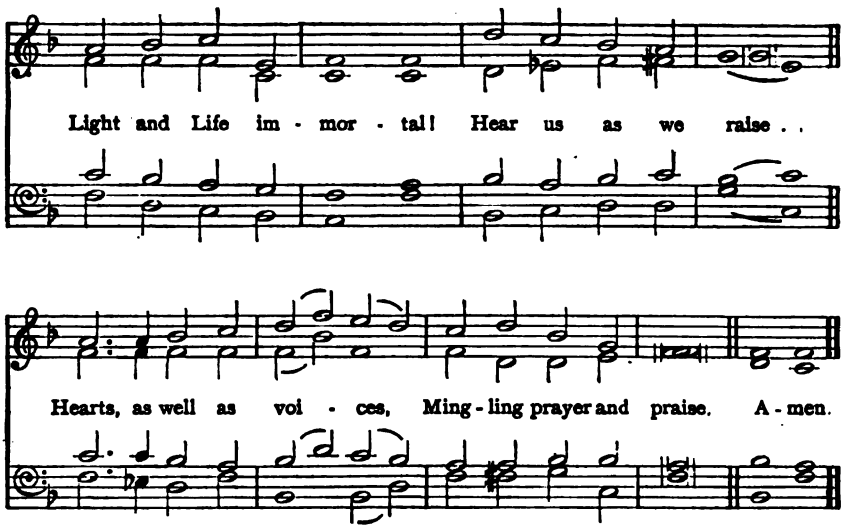
W. HOPE DAVISON, 1887.

524

KING'S COLLEGE. 6.5., 12 lines. ARTHUR H. MANN, 1850–



Processionals.



2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.
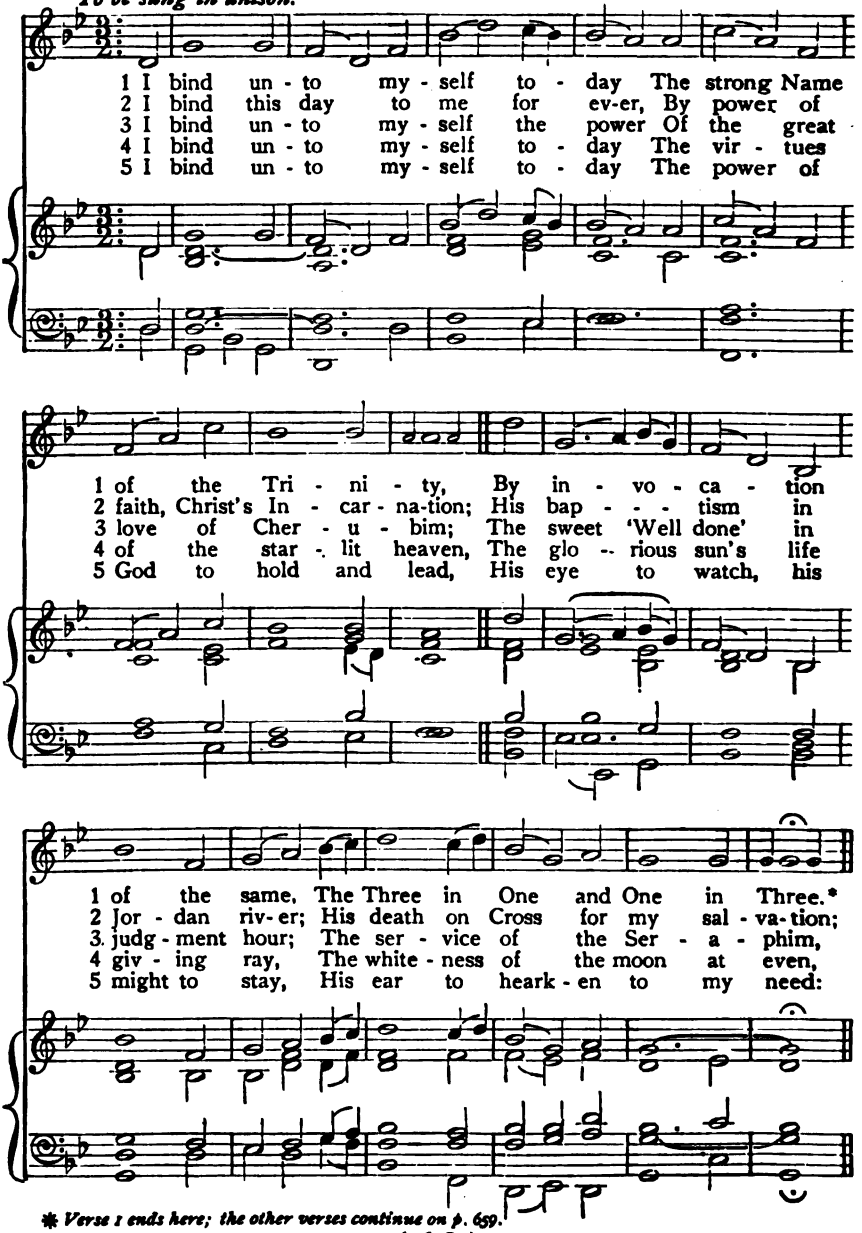
5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee:
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.
Amen.

GODFREY THRING, 1873.
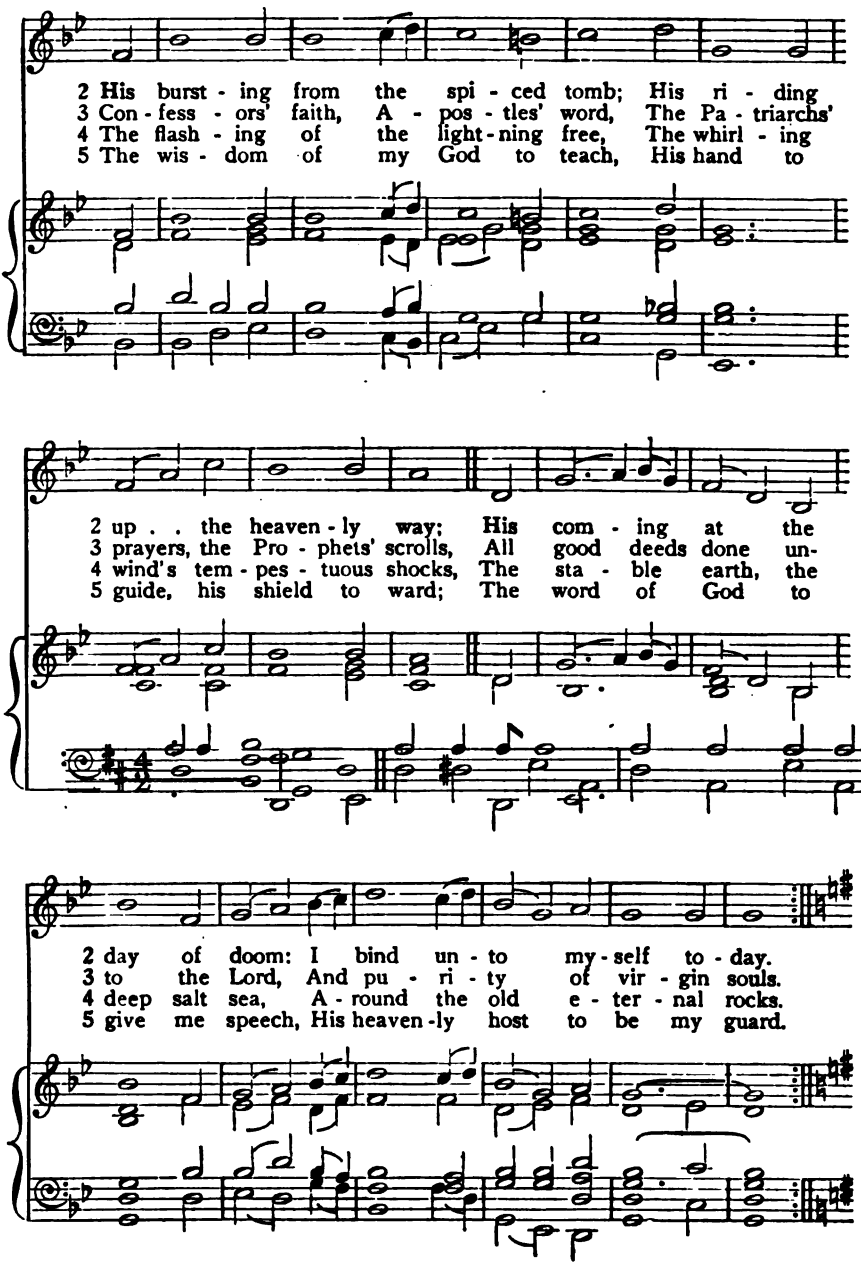
525, PART I.

St. Patrick. L.M.D. **Ancient Irish Melody.**

To be sung in unison.
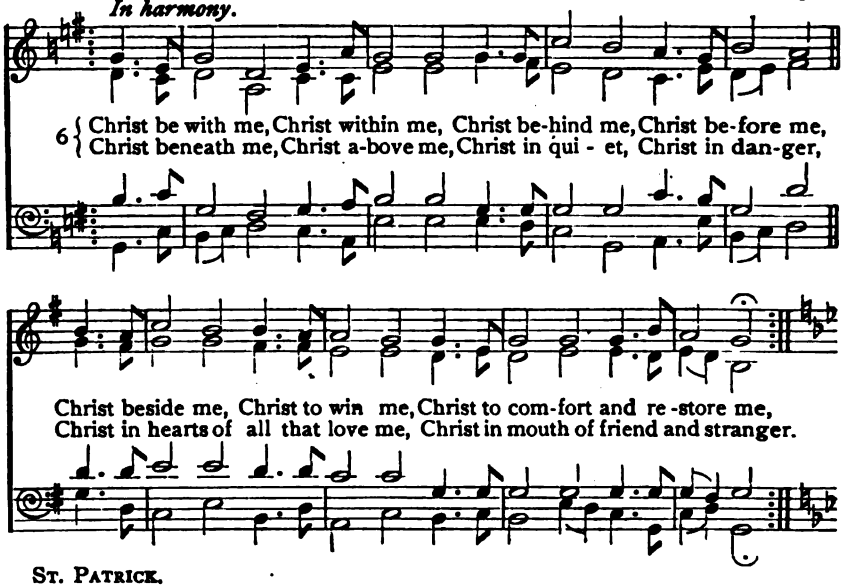


* *Verse 1 ends here; the other verses continue on p. 659.*


2 His burst - ing from the spi - ced tomb; His ri - ding
3 Con - fess - ors' faith, A - pos - tles' word, The Pa - triarchs'
4 The flash - ing of the light - ning free, The whirl - ing
5 The wis - dom of my God to teach, His hand to
2 up . . the heaven - ly way; His com - ing at the
3 prayers, the Pro - phets' scrolls, All good deeds done un-
4 wind's tem - pes - tuous shocks, The sta - ble earth, the
5 guide, his shield to ward; The word of God to
2 day of doom: I bind un - to my - self to - day.
3 to the Lord, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
4 deep salt sea, A - round the old e - ter - nal rocks.
5 give me speech, His heaven - ly host to be my guard.
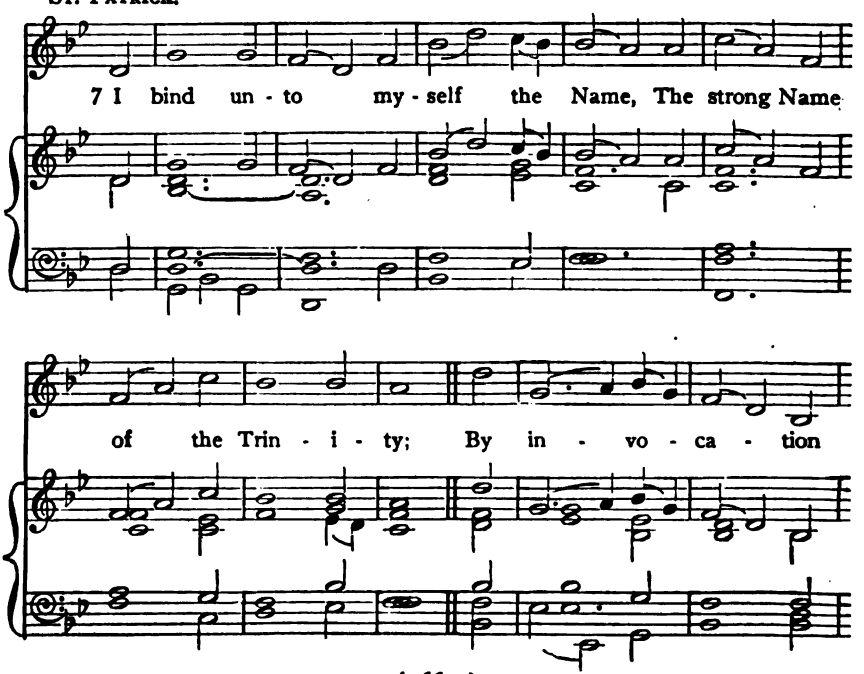
525, PART II.
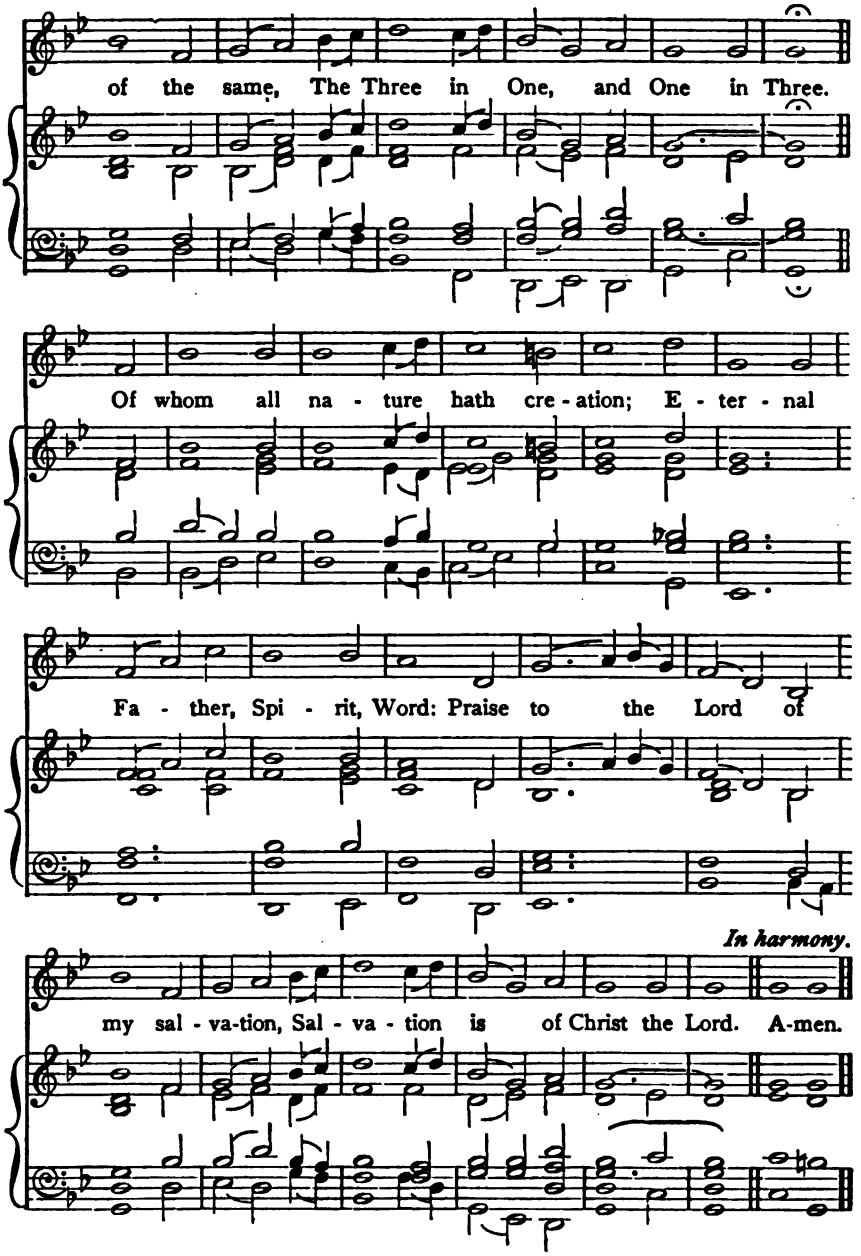
DEIRDRE. Four 8's. Ancient Irish Melody.

In harmony.



ST. PATRICK.
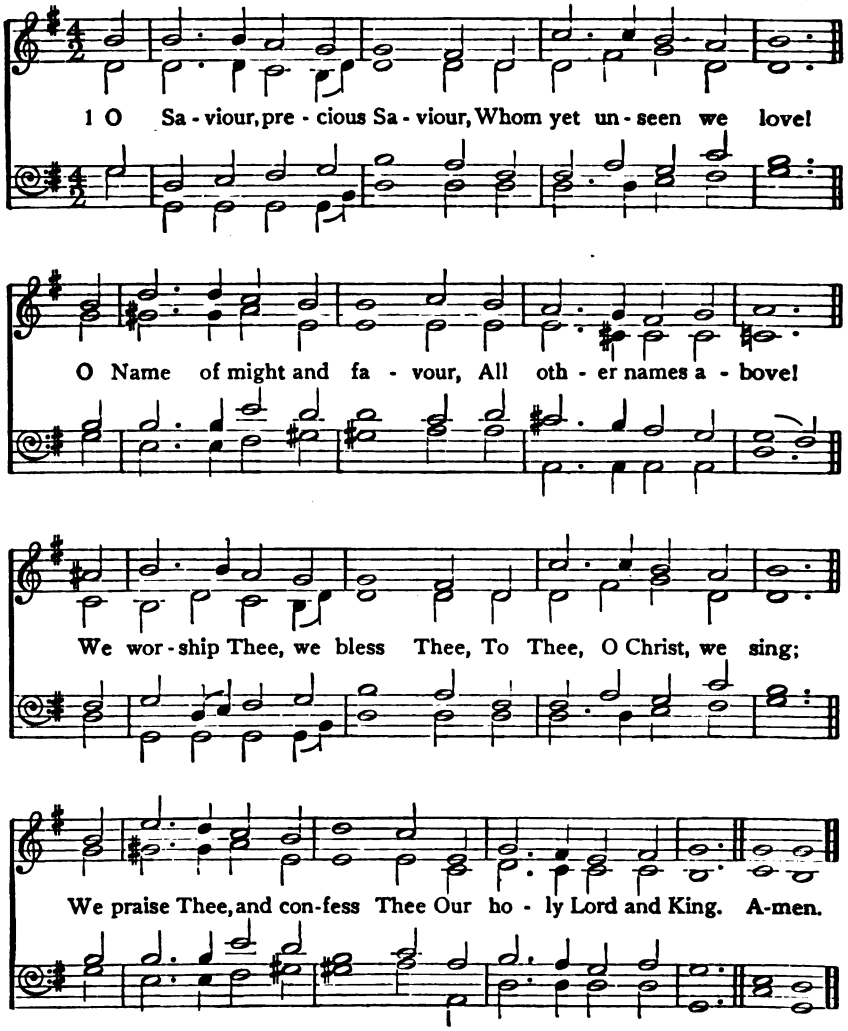




ST. PATRICK, 372–466; *Tr.* CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1885.

526

WATERMOUTH (*First Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. ARTHUR H. MANN, 1889.



2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.
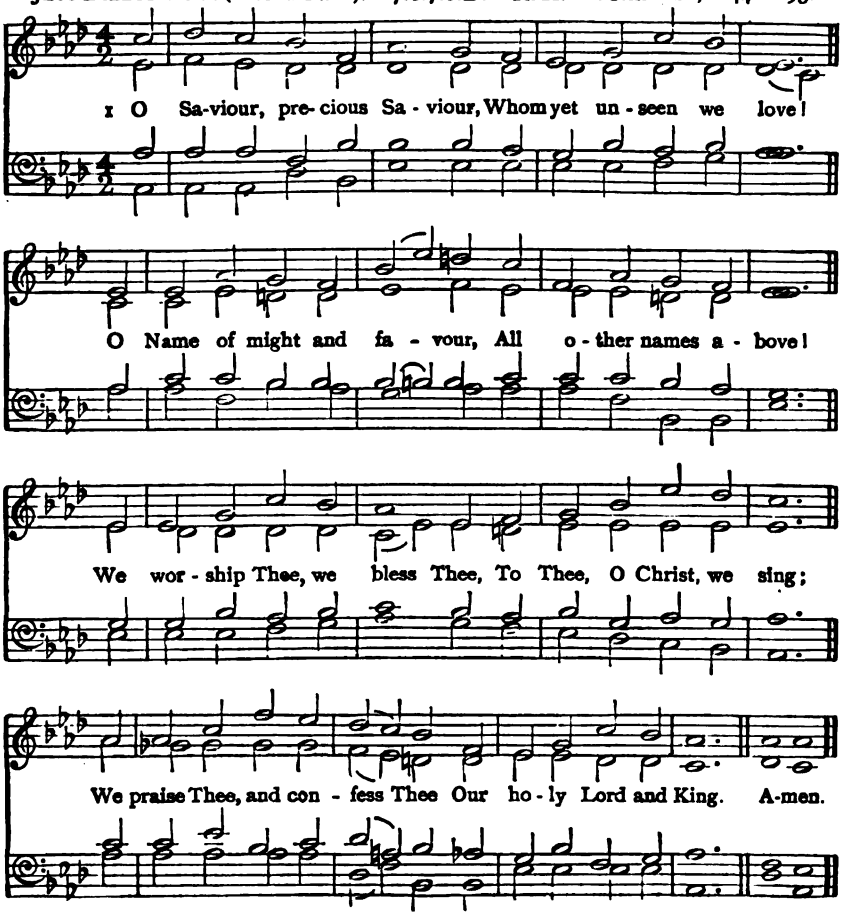
4

O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1870.
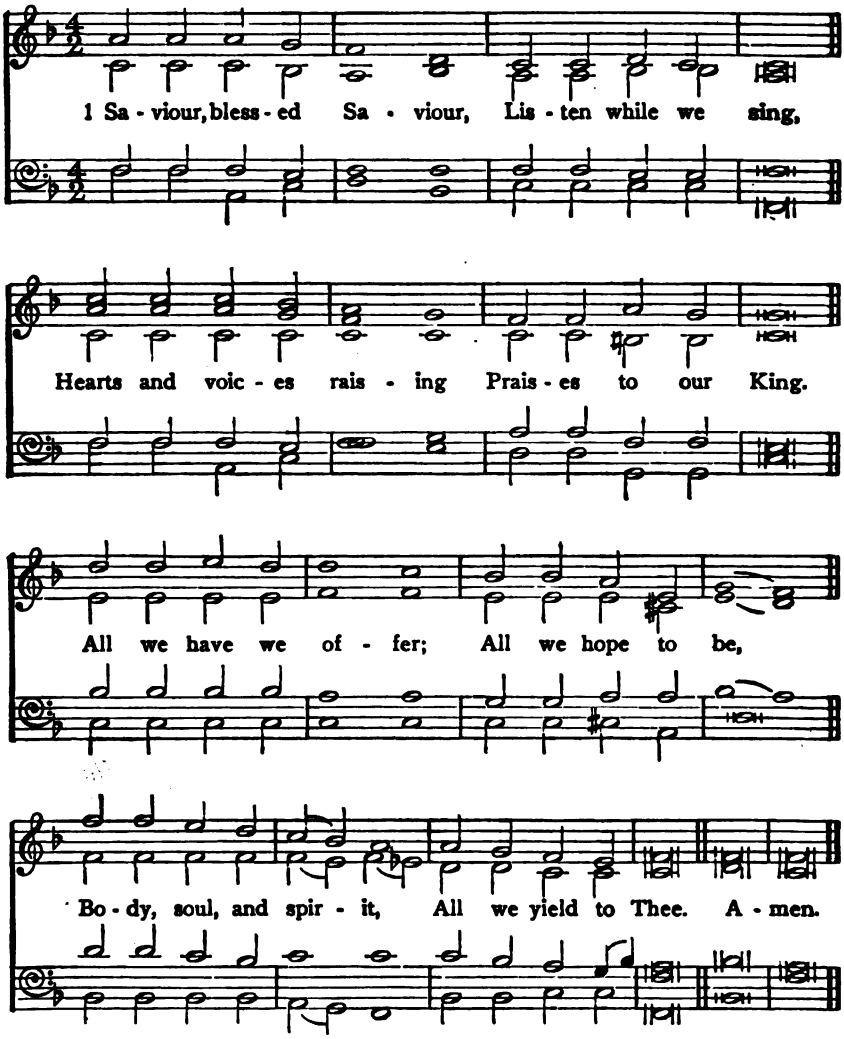
526

JESU DILECTISSIME (*Second Tune*). 7.6.7.6.D. R. H. McCARTNEY, 1844–1895.



527

ASAPH (*First Tune*). 6.5.6.5.D. G. EDWARD STUBBS, 1894.



2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!
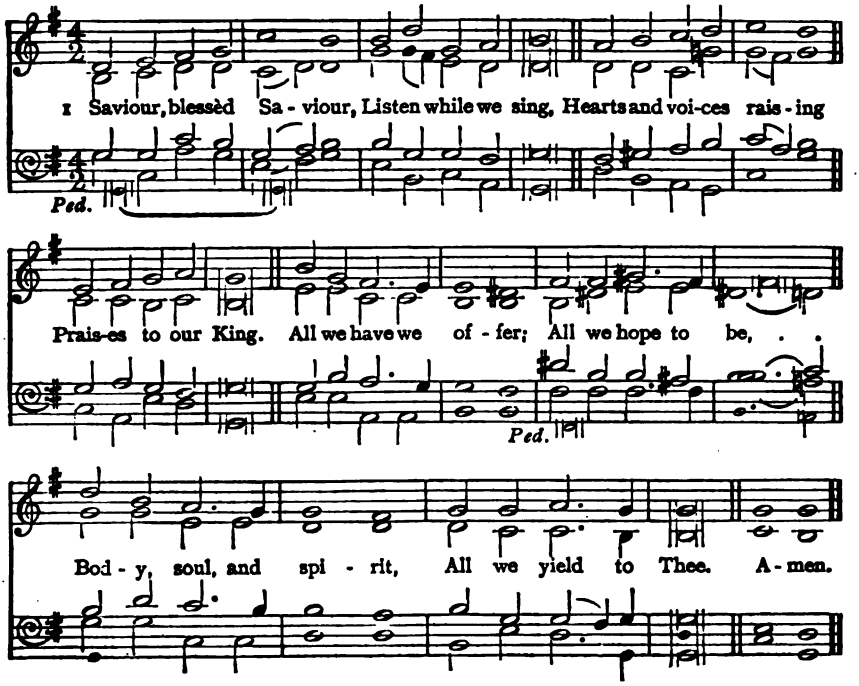
6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

GODFREY THRING, 1862.
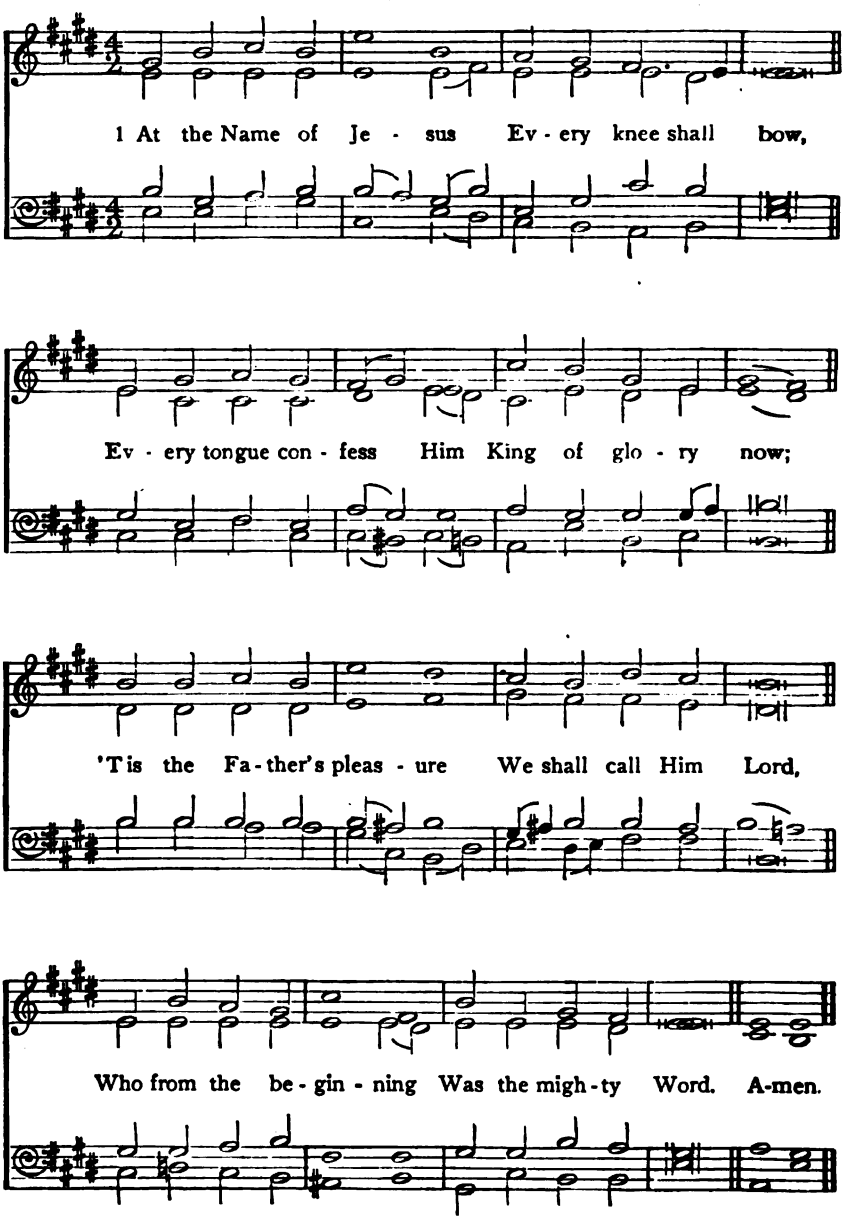
527

EDINA (*Second Tune*). 6.5.6.5.D. HERBERT S. OAKELEY, 1868.



528

EVELYNS. 6.5.6.5.D. WILLIAM H. MONK, 1875.





2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.
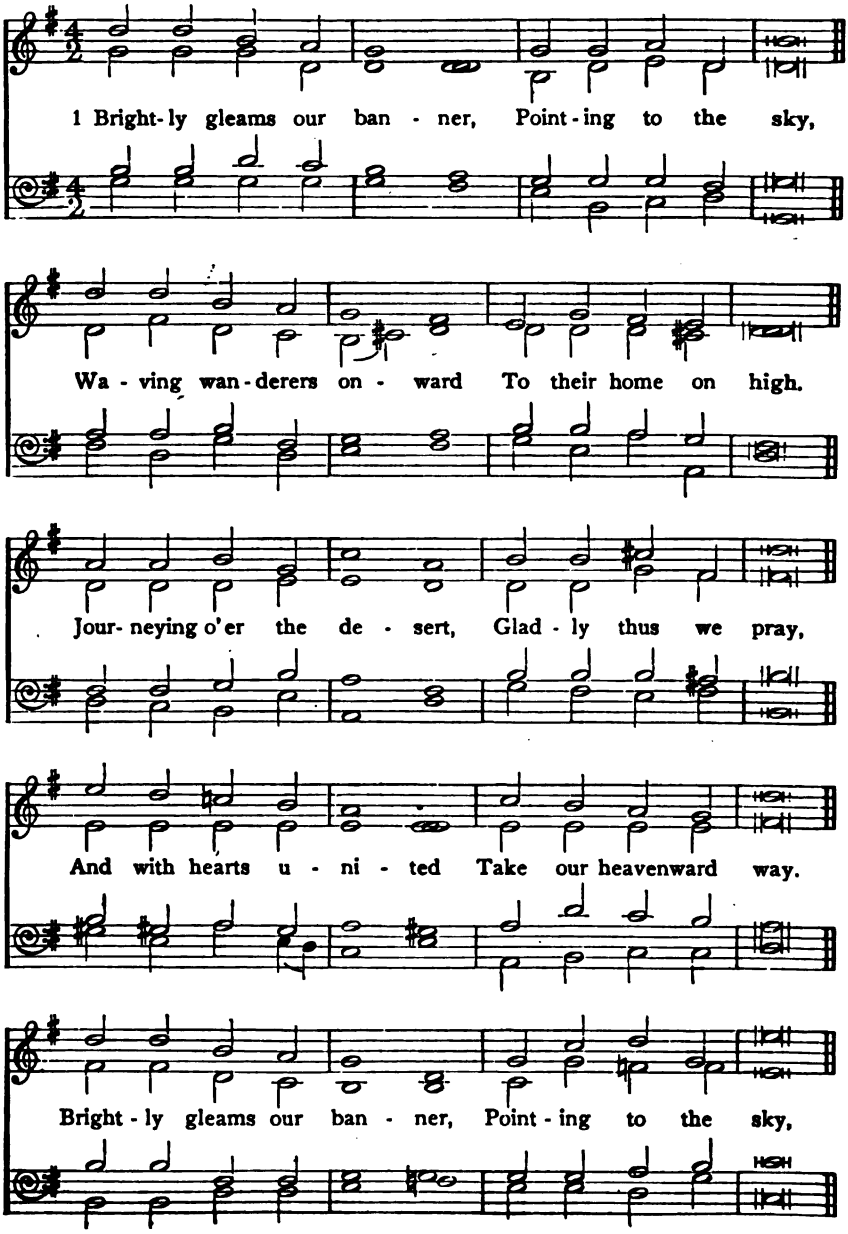
5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

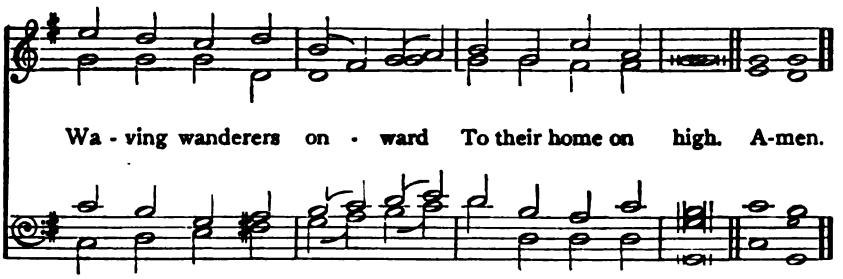
6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

CAROLINE MARIA NOEL, 1870.

529

SION. 6.5.6.5.D., with refrain. HENRY SMART, 1872.





2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.
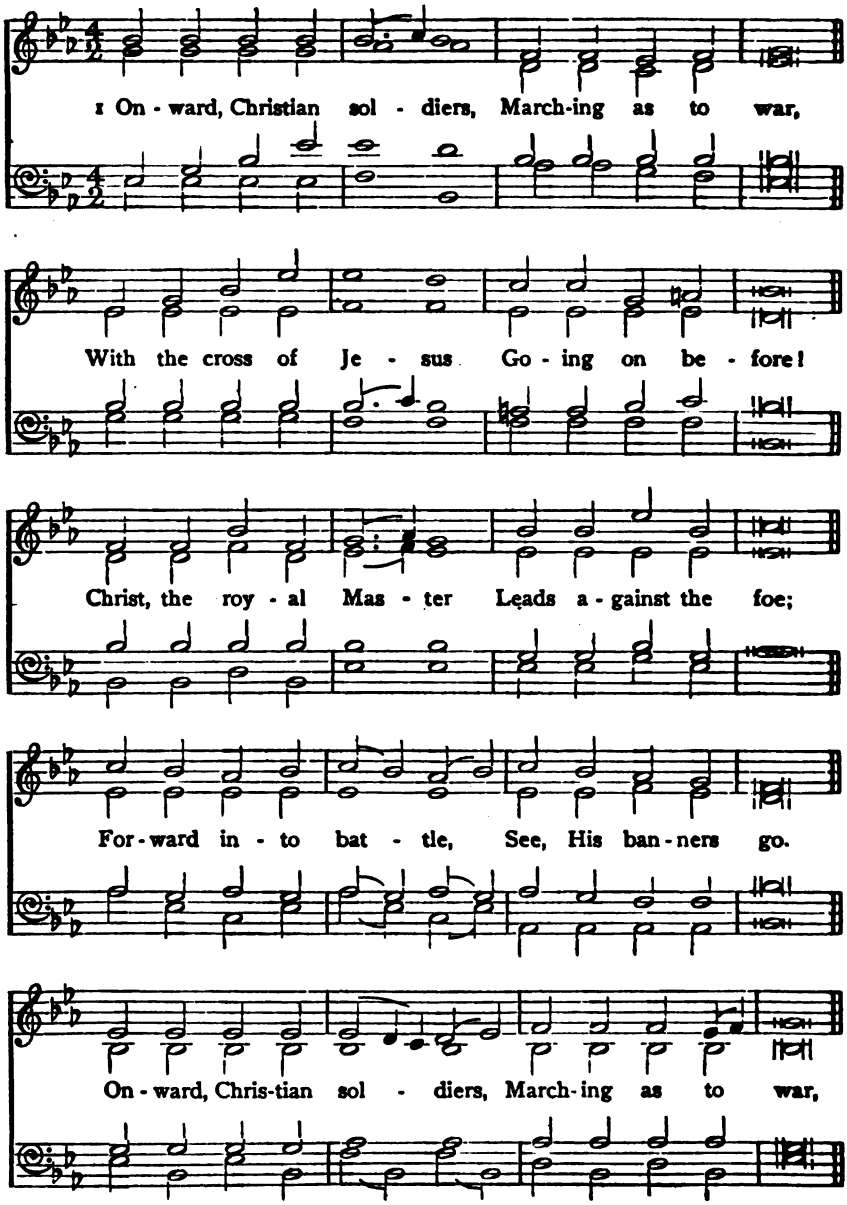
4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

THOMAS J. POTTER, 1860.
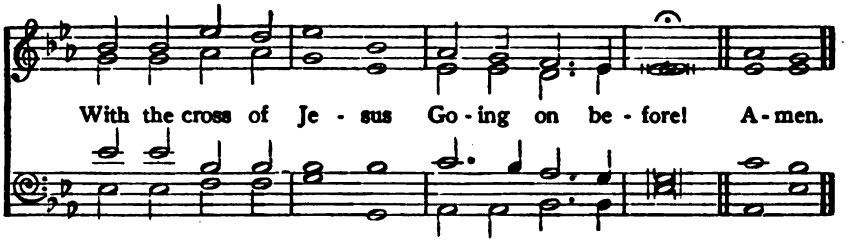
Alternative Tune, VEXILLUM, *No.* 557.

530

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5., 12 lines ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1871.



Original Key F.



2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.
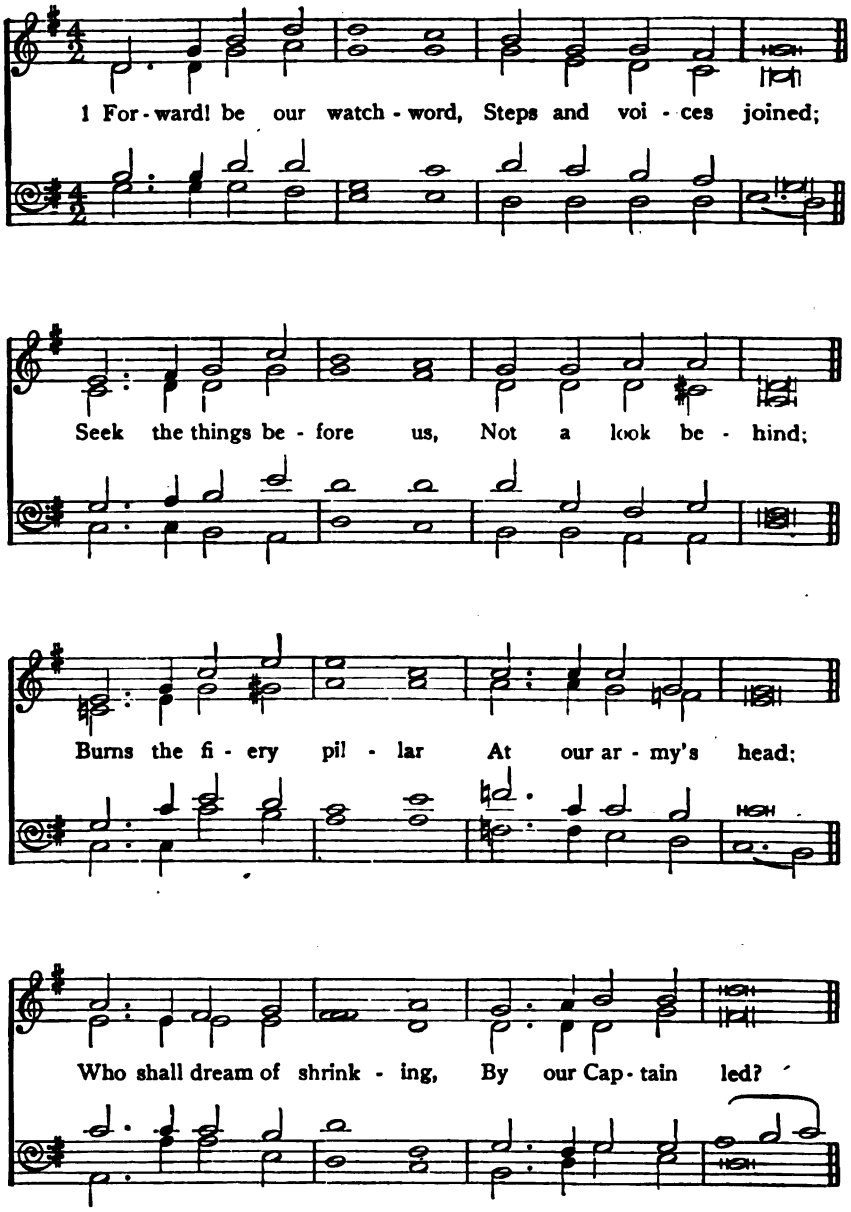
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

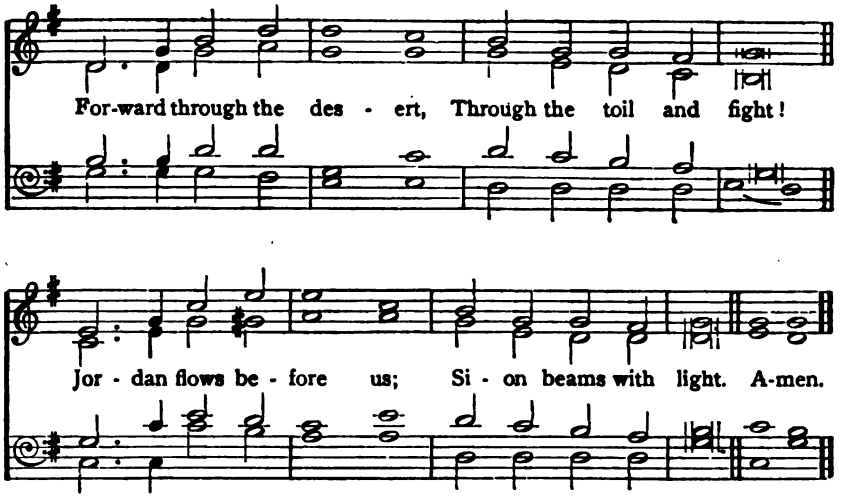
5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before! Amen.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1864.

531

ST. BONIFACE. 6.5., 12 lines. HENRY GADSBY, 1875.





2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.
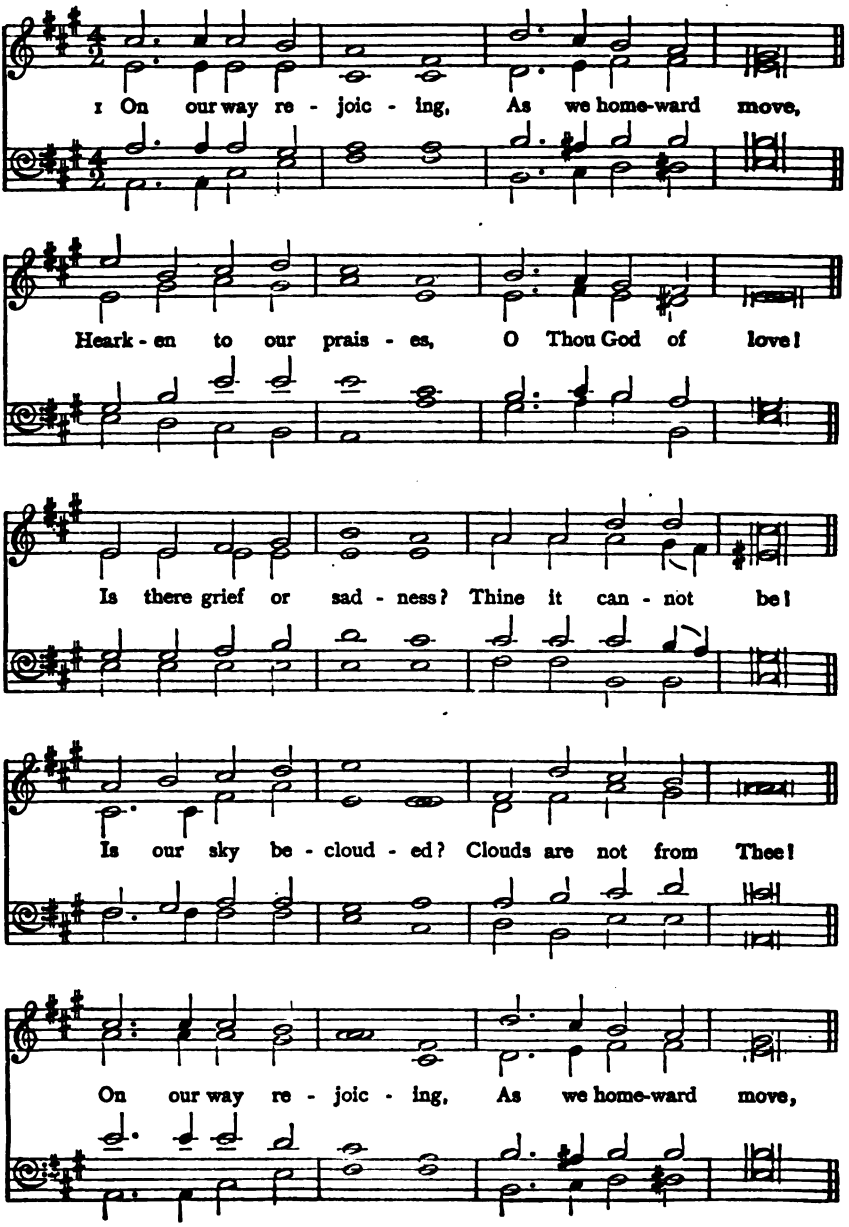
3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

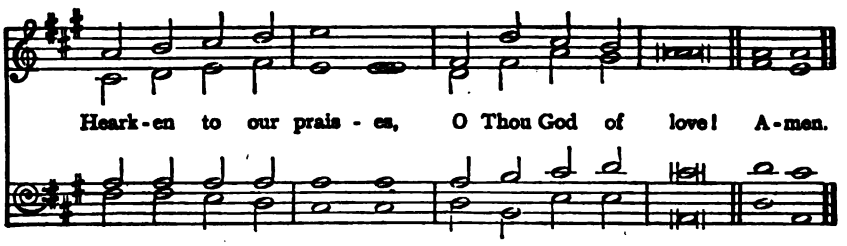
4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD, 1871.

532

HERMAS. 6.5., 12 lines. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.





2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.
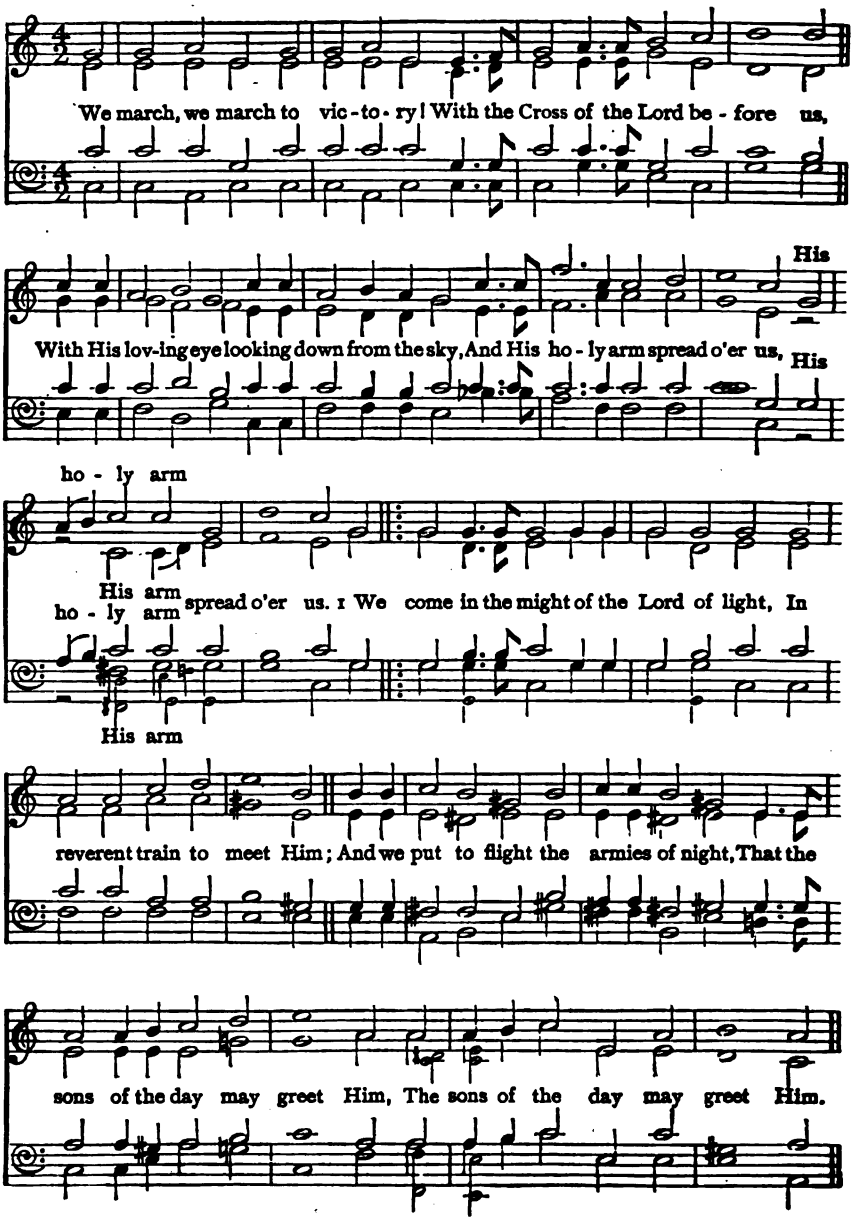
4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love! Amen.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863.
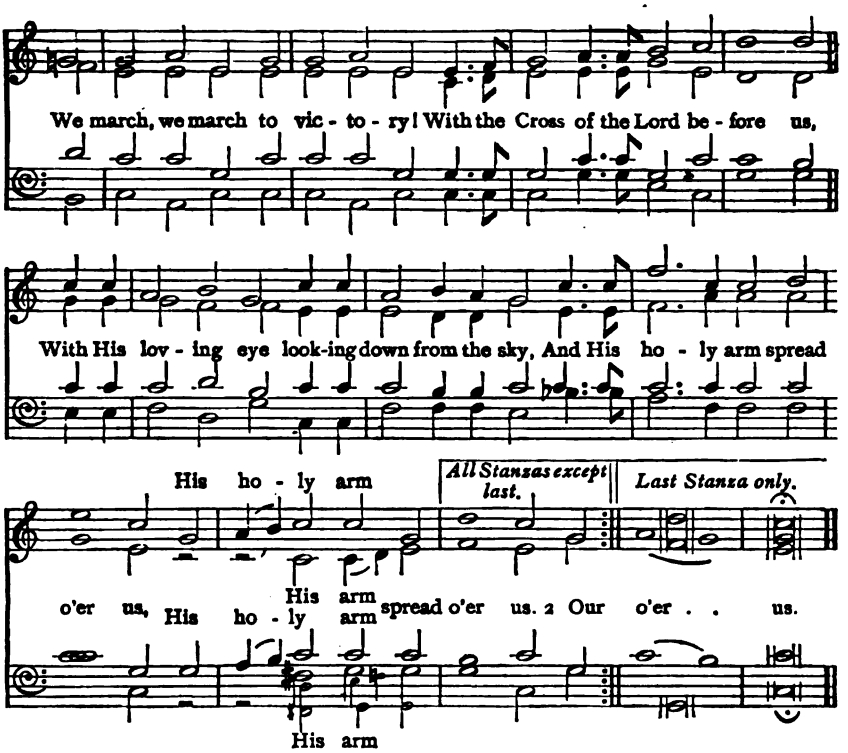
Alternative Tune, VALOUR, *No.* 92.

533

To Victory. P.M. Joseph Barnby, 1872.
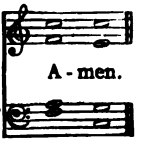


Processionals.



2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.
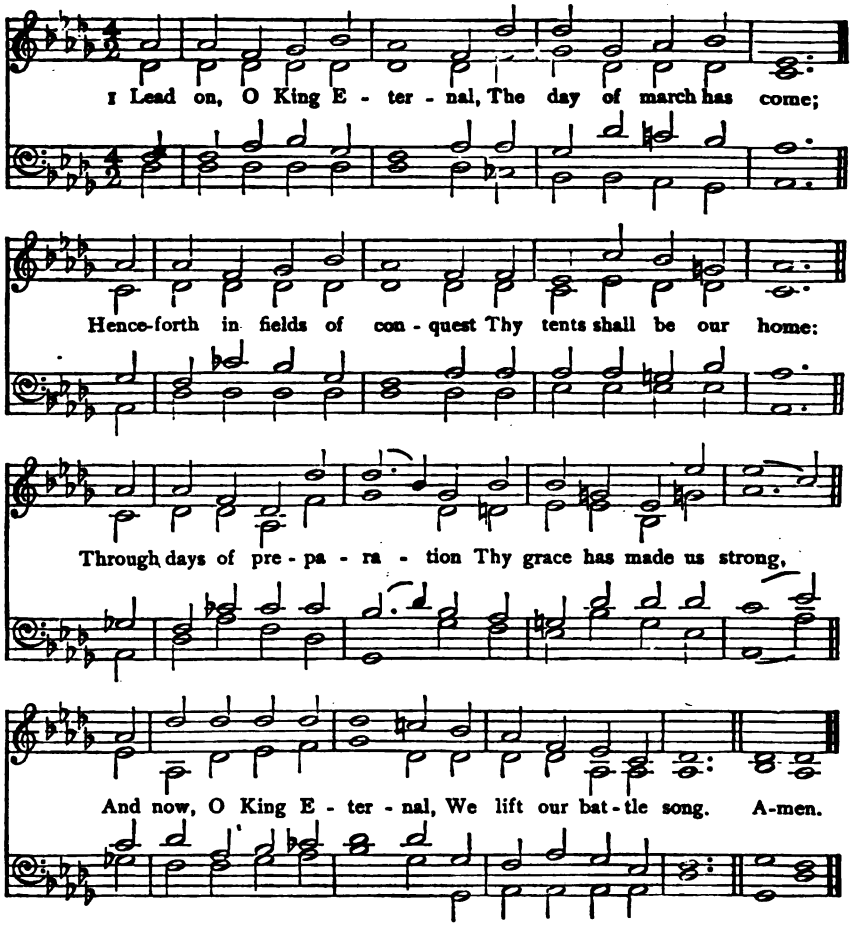
3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march to victory!
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.



GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. HENRY SMART, 1836.
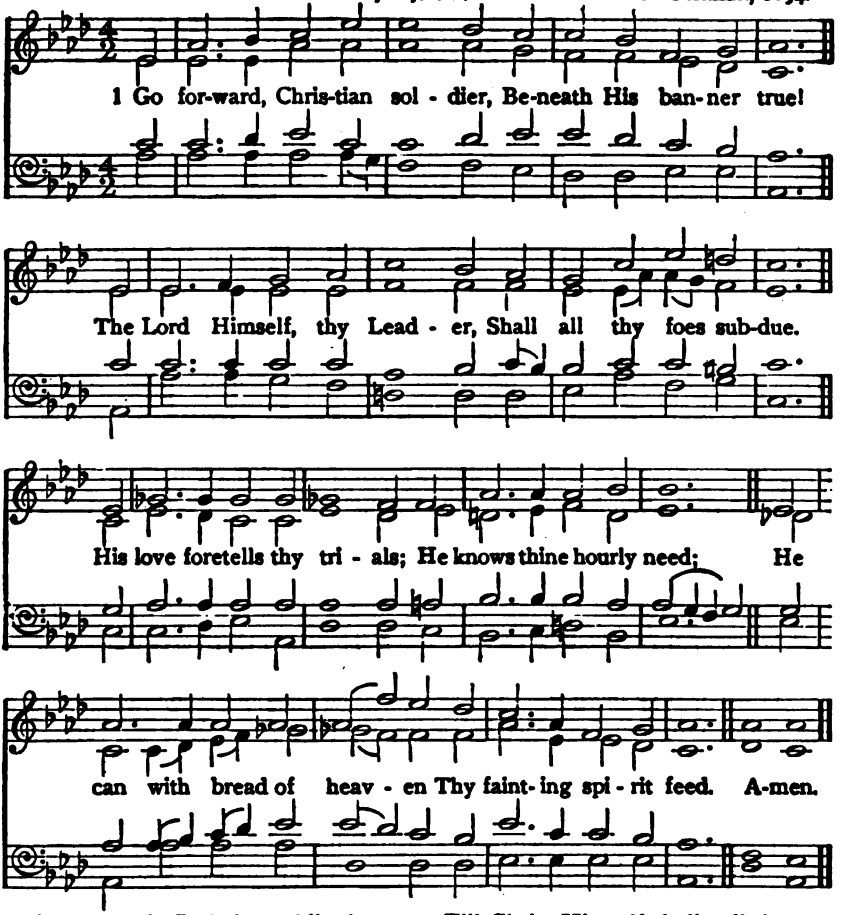


2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might. Amen.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF, 1888.

535

MISSION. 7.6.7.6.D. HORATIO PARKER, 1894.



2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.
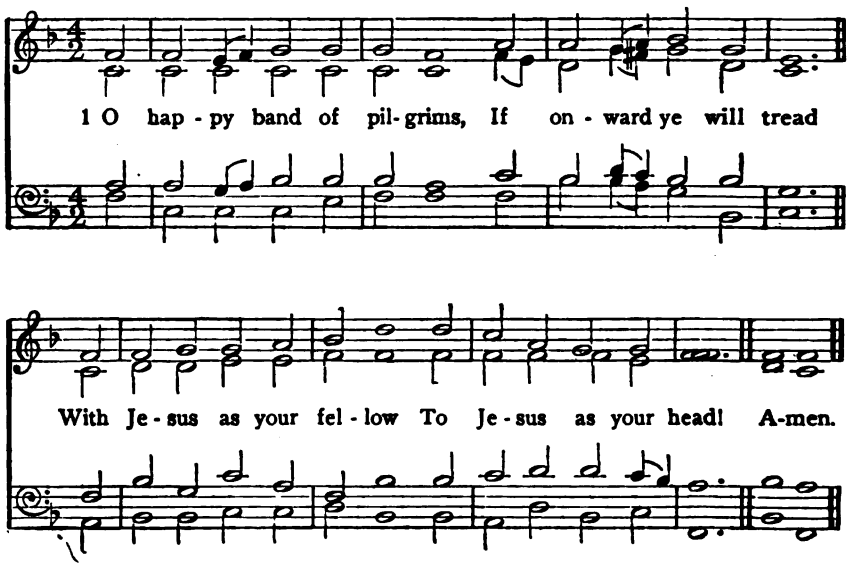
3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed!
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Alternative Tune, LANCASHIRE, *No.* 534. LAURENCE TUTTIETT, 1861.

536

KNECHT. 7.6.7.6. JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1799.



2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you,

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
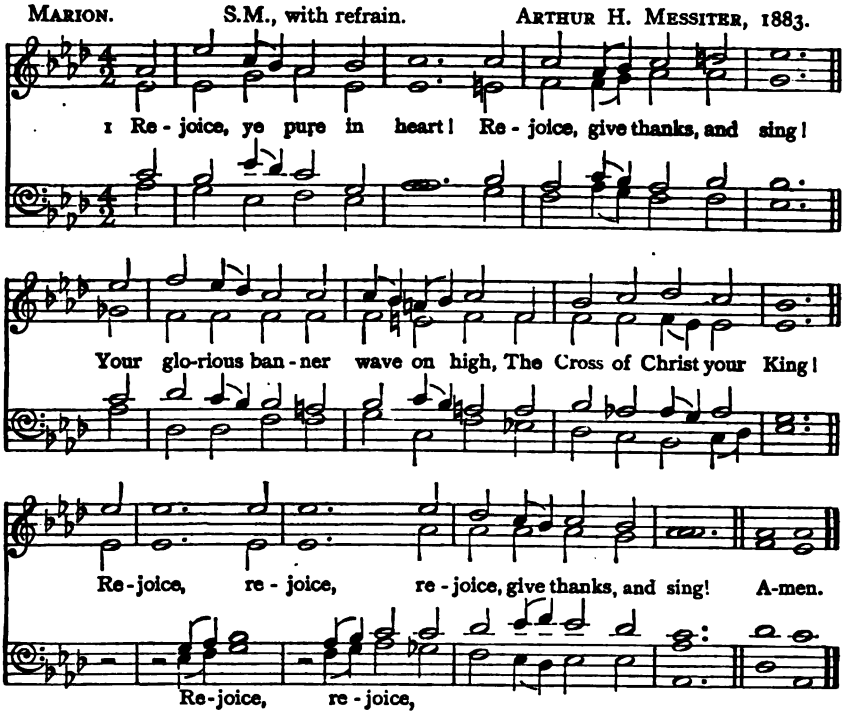
7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

8 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore. Amen.

ST. JOSEPH THE HYMNOGRAPHER, 850;
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862, *alt.*

537.

MARION. S.M., with refrain. ARTHUR H. MESSITER, 1883.



2

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

3

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4

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

5

Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array.
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

7
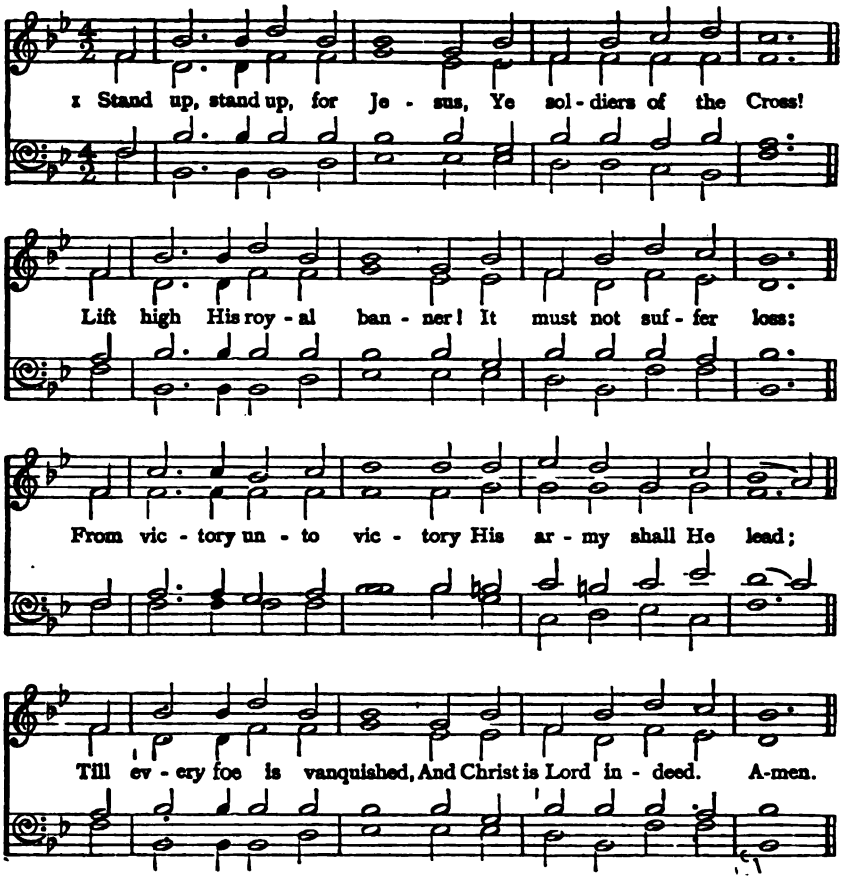
At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

8

Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1865.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6. D. GEORGE J. WEBB., 1837.



2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
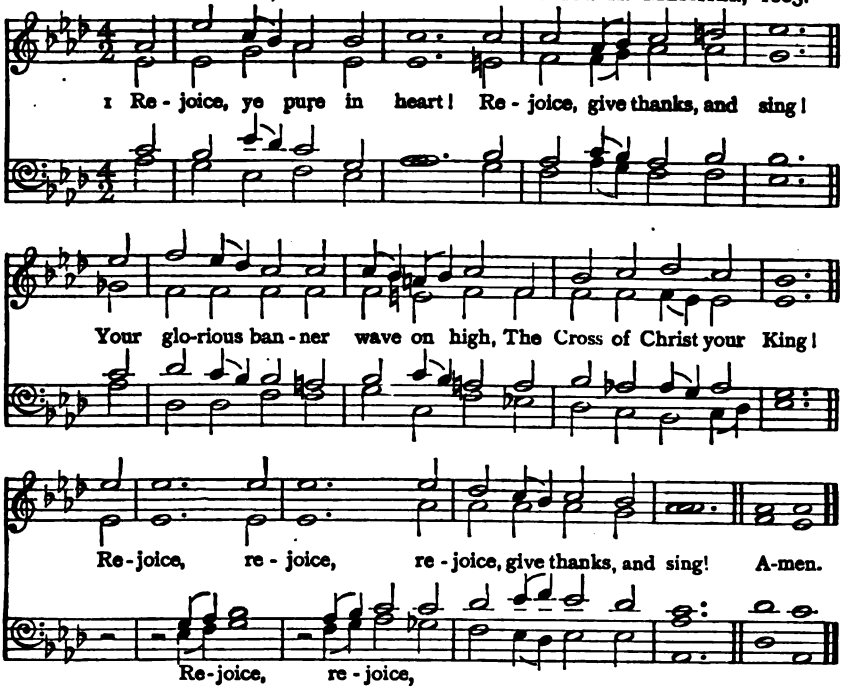
3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., 1858.

537. Processionals.

MARION. S.M., with refrain. ARTHUR H. MESSITER, 1883.



2

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

3

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4

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

5

Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array.
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

7
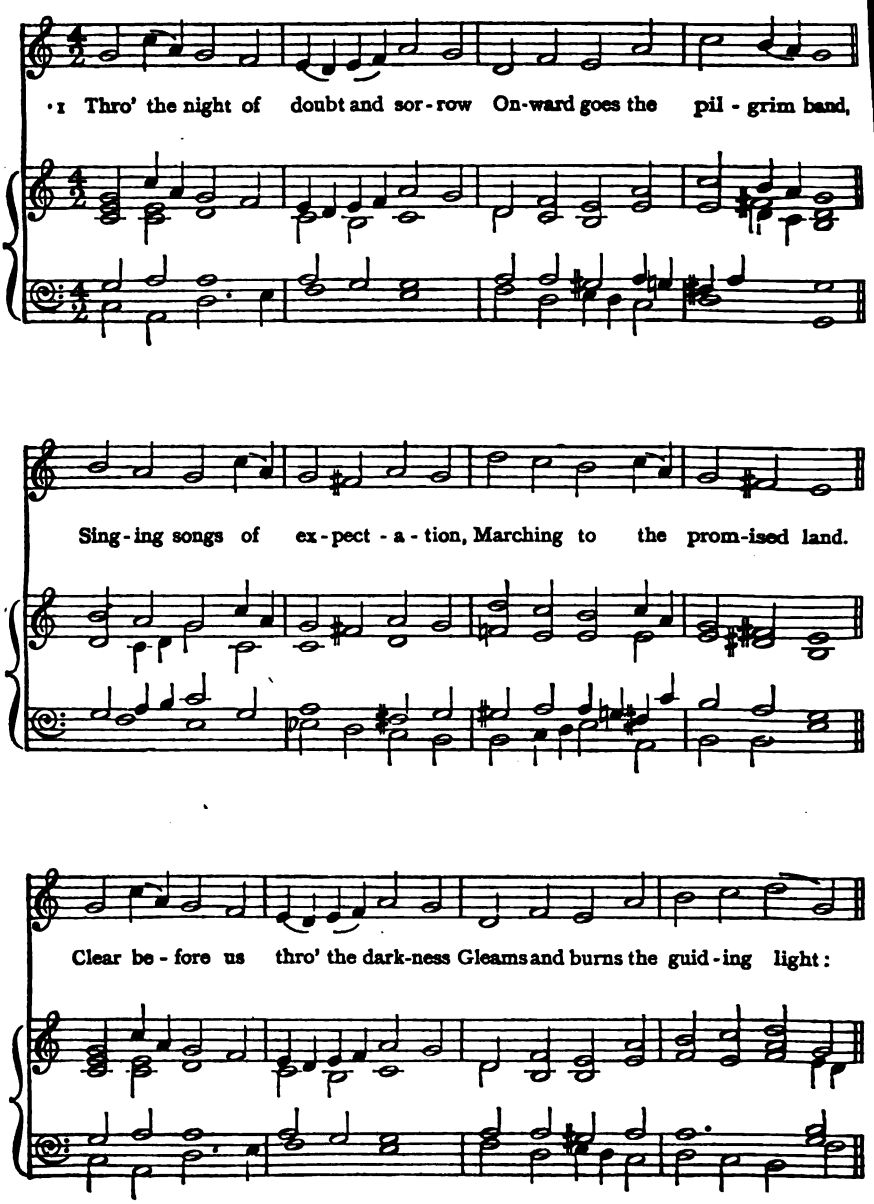
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The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

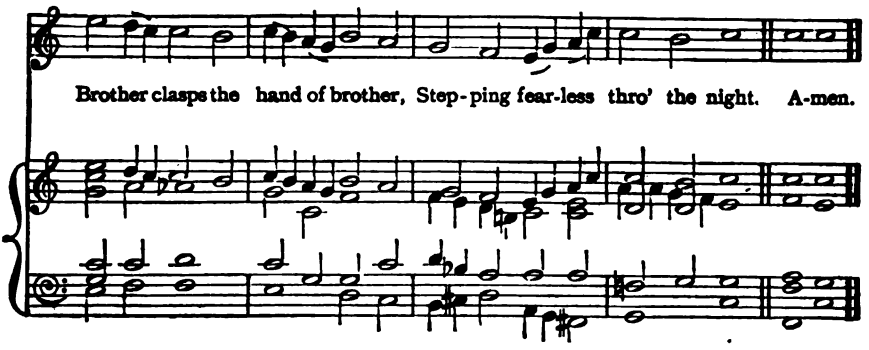
8

Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1865.

HARVARD HYMN (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. JOHN K. PAINE, 1839–1906.
To be sung in unison.





2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.
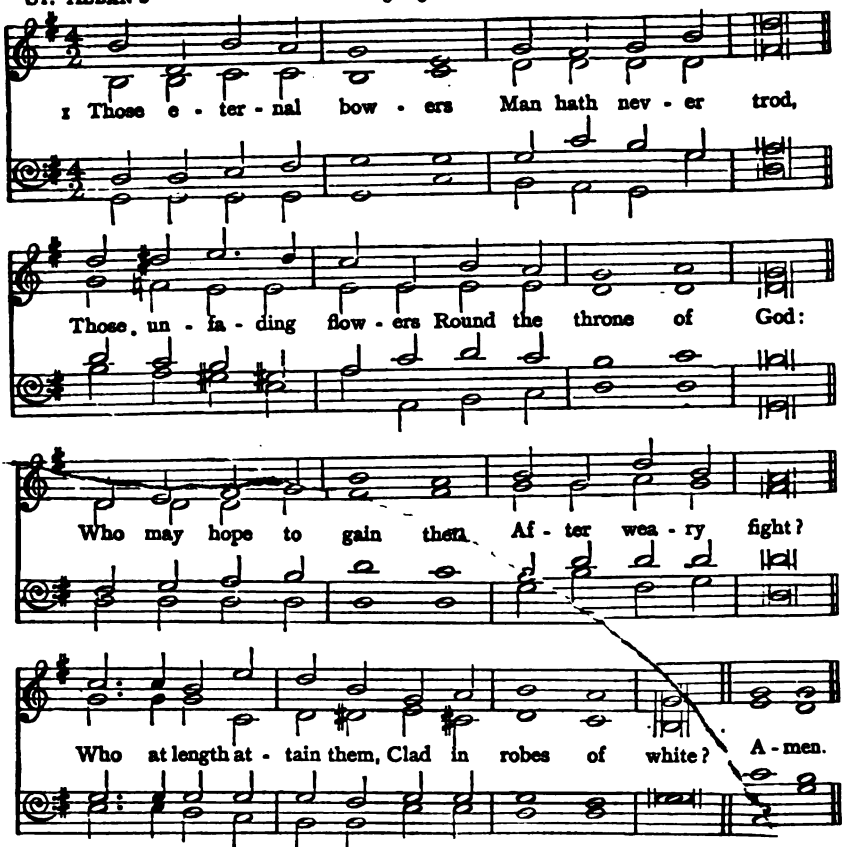
3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

Danish; BERNHARD S. INGEMANN, 1825;
Tr. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1867.

540

ST. ALBAN'S 6.5.6.5. D. THOMAS MORLEY, 1867.



2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.
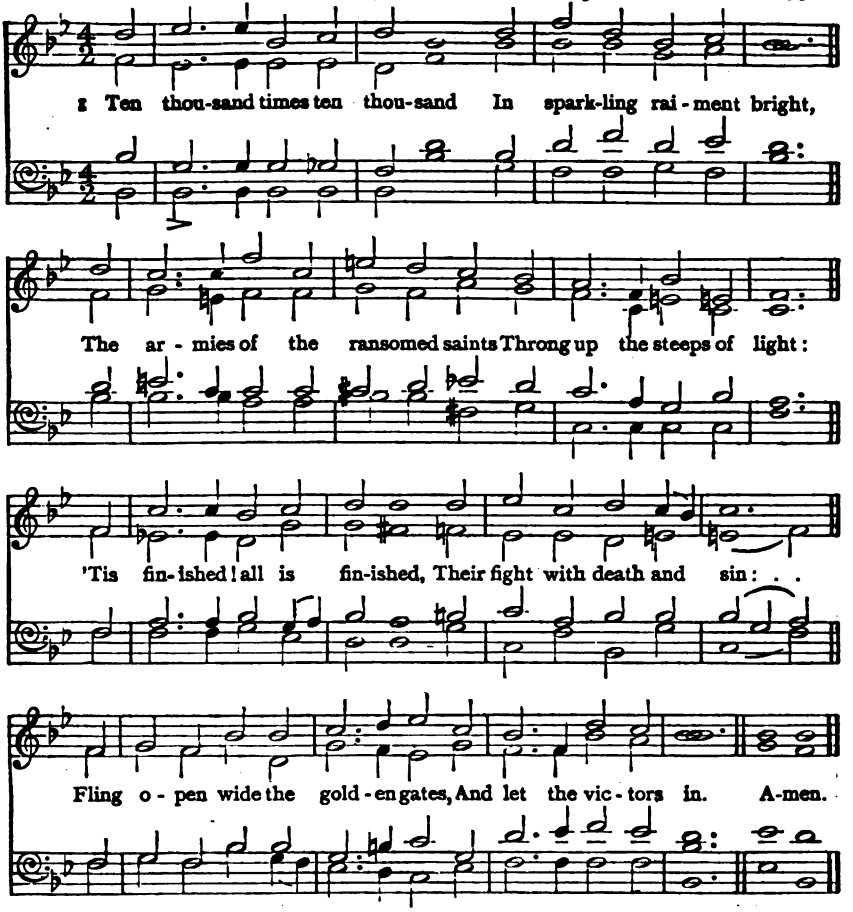
3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned";
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabour
Dream away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete. Amen.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, –
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862,

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6. D. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
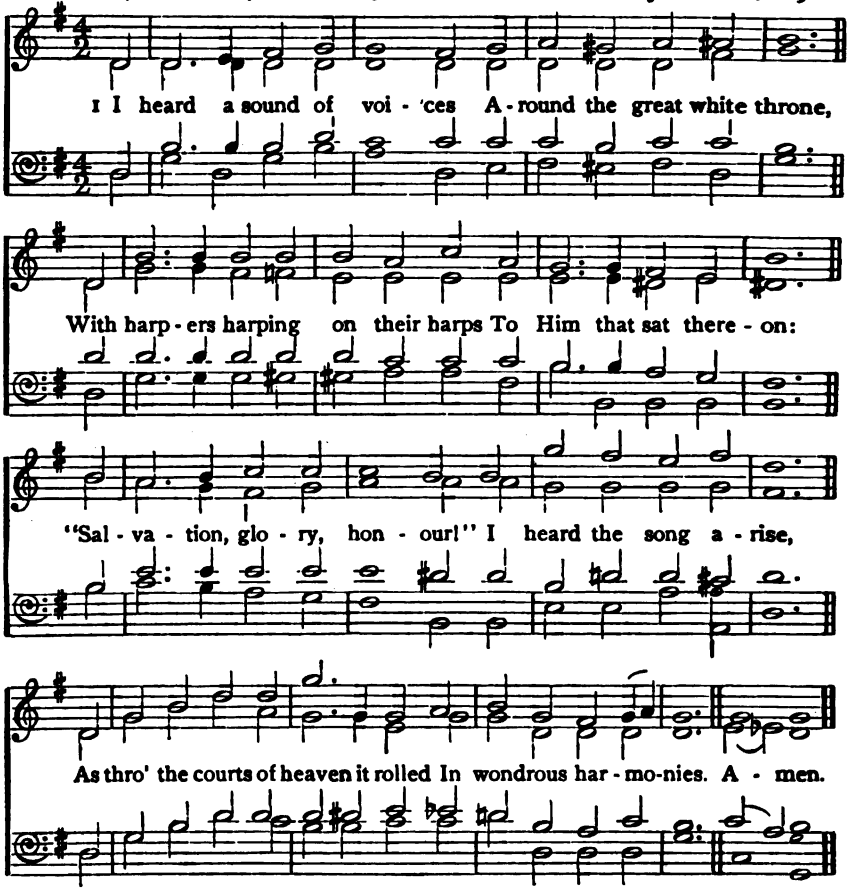
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home: [sign!
Show in the heavens Thy promised
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen.

HENRY ALFORD, 1857.

542

PATMOS (*First Tune*). 7.6.8.6.D. HENRY J. STORER, 1891.



2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jeweled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honours there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.
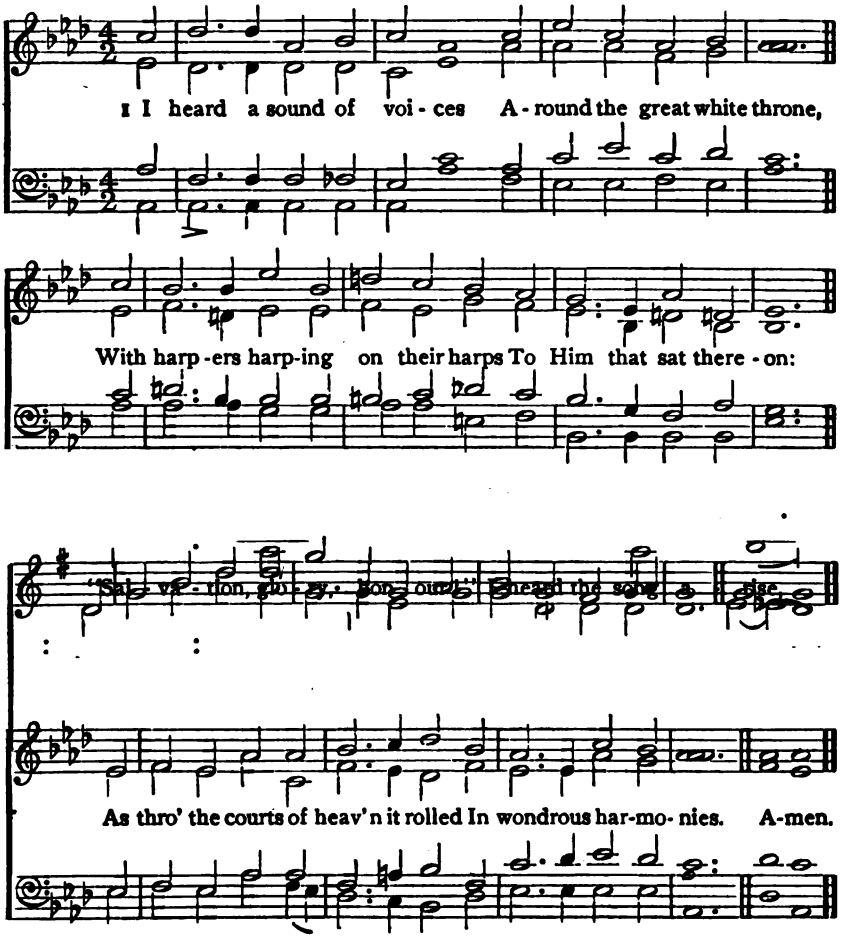
5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou bright and morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl
And call Thy servants home.
Amen.

GODFREY THRING, 1886.

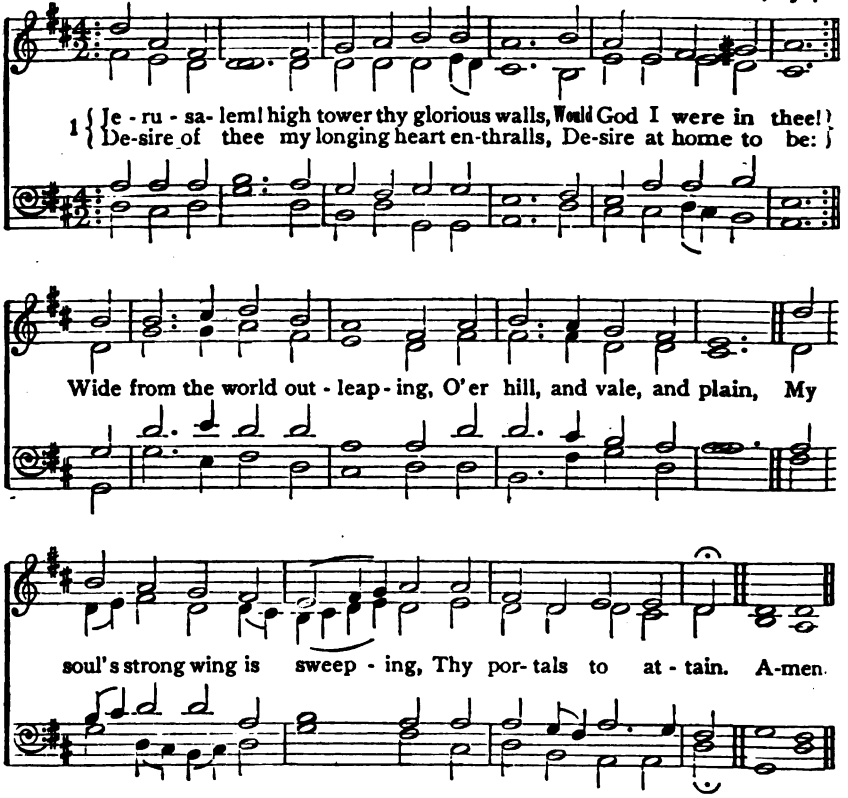
542

ALFORD (*Second Tune*). 7.6.8.6.D. JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



543

MELCHIOR (*First Tune*). 10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6. Erfurt, 1663; Har. by CHARLES WOOD, 1904.



2 O gladsome day and yet more gladsome hour!
When shall that hour have come,
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving
In trust to His own hand,
To dwell among the living
In that blest Fatherland.
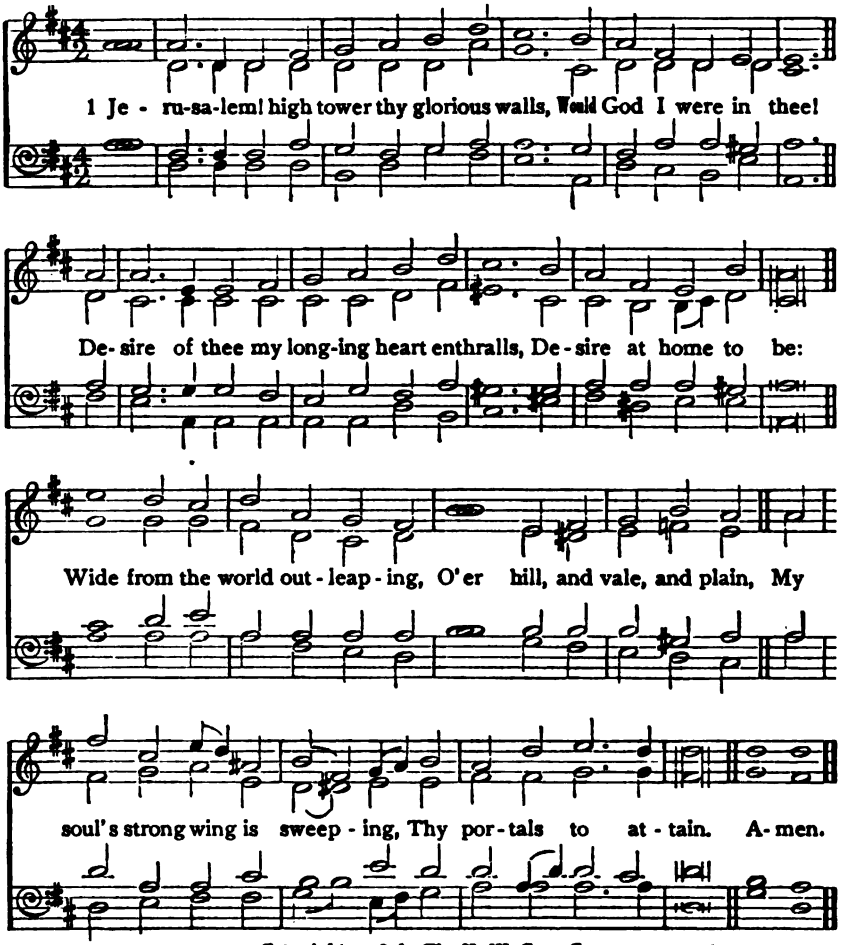
3 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I greet:
Throw wide thy gracious gate,
An entrance free to give these longing feet,
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning,
And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.

4 Unnumbered choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ecstasy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong.

JOHANN M. MEYFART, 1626;
Tr. WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM, 1860, *cento.*

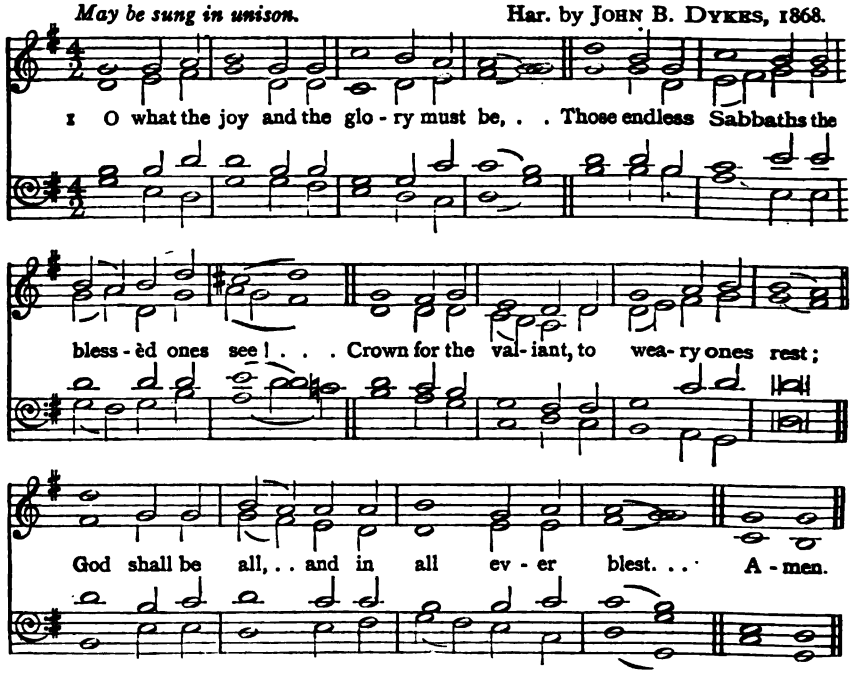
543

WHITTINGHAM (*Second Tune*). 10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6. HORATIO PARKER, 1887.



Copyright, 1918, by The H. W. Gray Co.

O QUANTA QUALIA. Four 10's. FRANÇOIS DE LA FEILLÉE, 1808;
May be sung in unison. Har. by JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



2

What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.



5

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6

Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

Ascribed to PETER ABELARD, 1079–1142;
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1854.
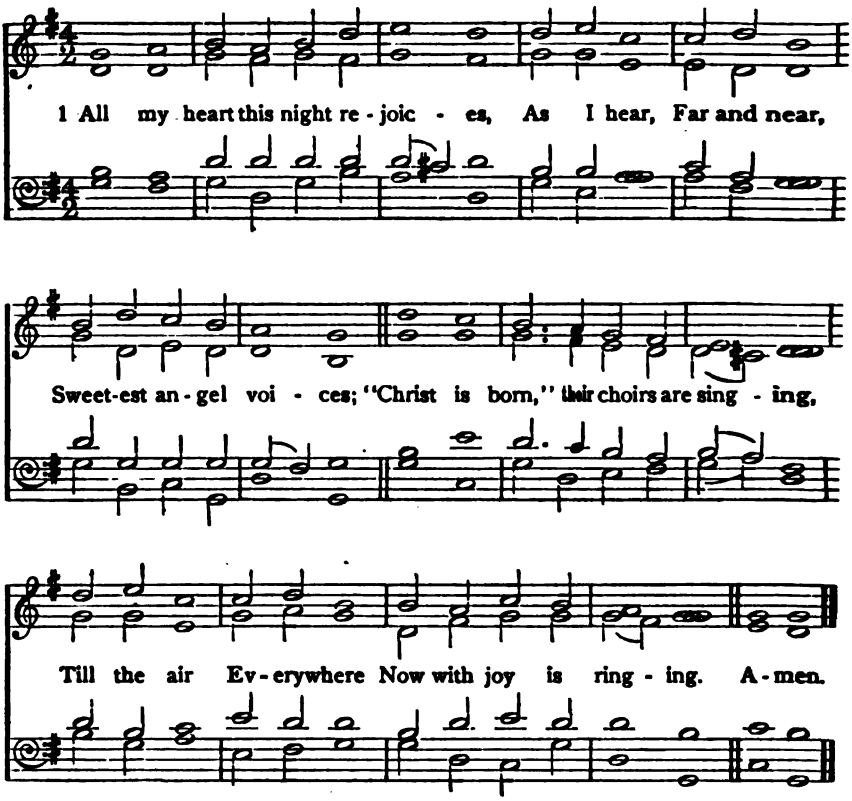
Also the following:

4 Christ, Whose glory fills the skies
61 Rejoice, rejoice, believers
72 O come, all ye faithful
76 Christians, awake
85 The Son of God goes forth to war
92 From the eastern mountains
103 Hark! the song of jubilee
110 Alleluia, song of gladness
113 Fight the good fight
143 All glory, laud, and honour
144 The royal banners forward go
167 O Paradise, O Paradise
168 Hail! festal day (Easter)
169 Welcome, happy morning
184 Hail! festal day (Ascension)
185 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious
195 Hail! festal day (Whitsun)
205 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty
253 The God of Abraham praise
266 Ye watchers and ye holy ones
295 For all the saints
297 Hark! the sound of holy voices
356 Fairest Lord Jesus
433 Once to every man and nation
468 Glorious things of thee are spoken
474 O Sion, haste, thy mission high
483 God is working His purpose out
501 When wilt Thou save the people
508 Blessed city, heavenly Salem
512 For thee, O dear, dear country
557 God hath sent His angels

VII.—CAROLS.

545

Eberling (*First Tune*). 8.3.3.6.D. **Johann G. Eberling, 1666.**
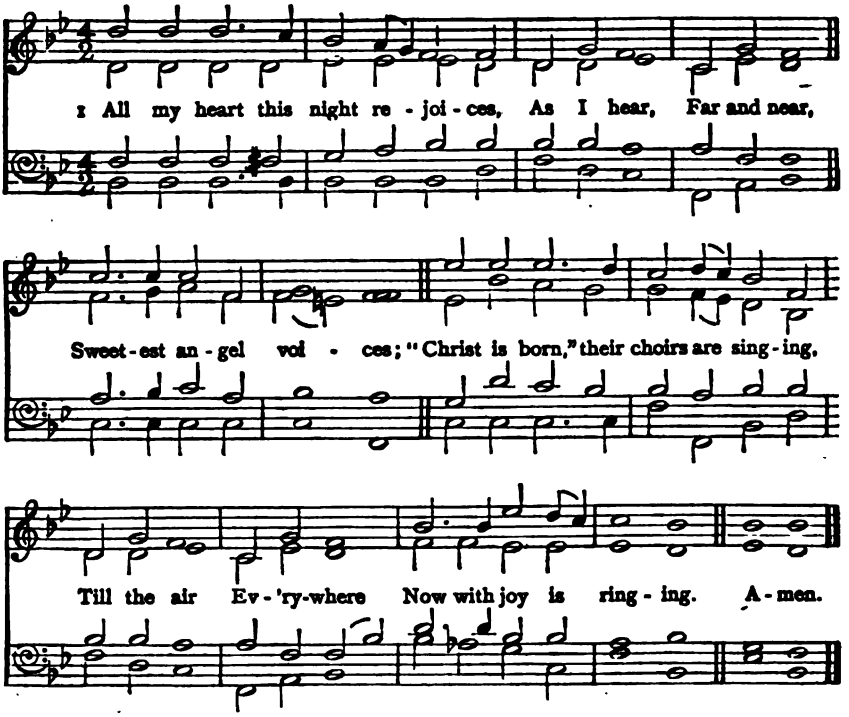


2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1656; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

STELLA (*Second Tune*). 8.3.3.6. D. HORATIO PARKER, 1893.



2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."
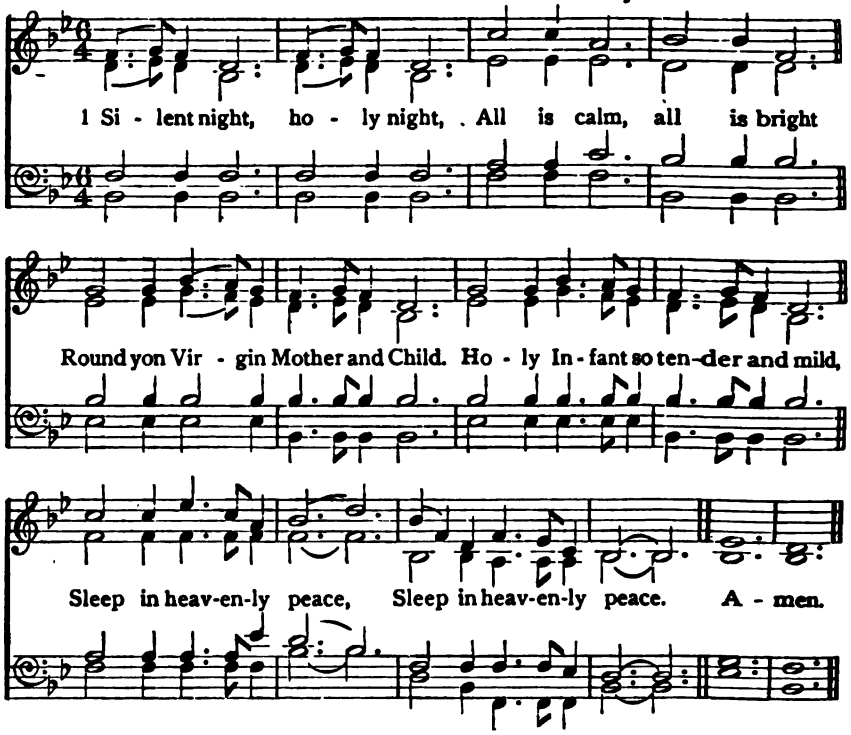
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1656; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

546

HOLY NIGHT. P.M. FRANZ GRÜBER, 1818; Harmonized by CARL REINECKE.



2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

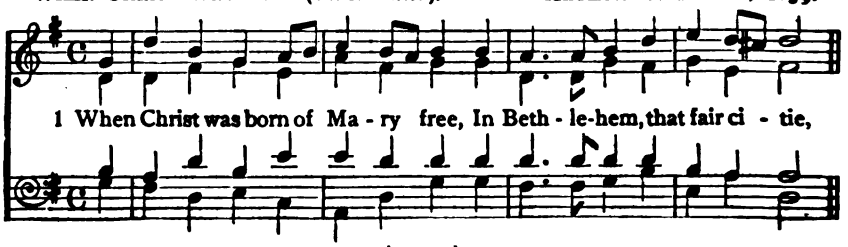
3 Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth. Amen.
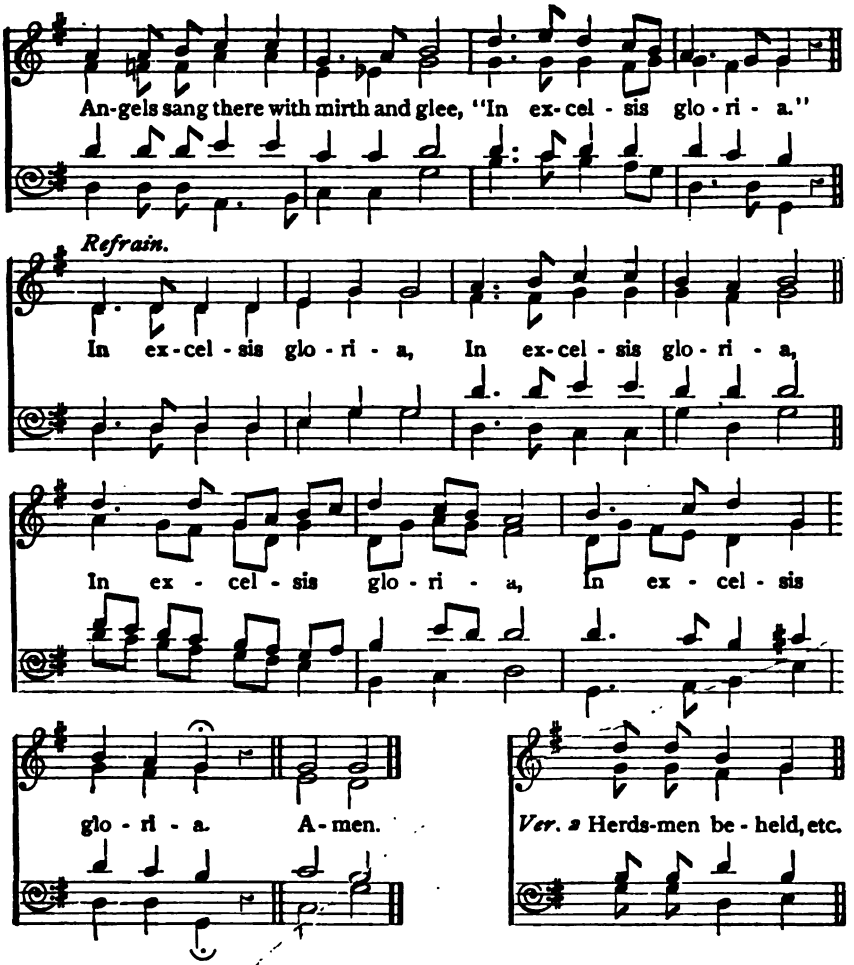
JOSEPH MOHR, 1818.

547

P.M.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN (*First Tune*). ARTHUR H. BROWN, 1859.





2 Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria."
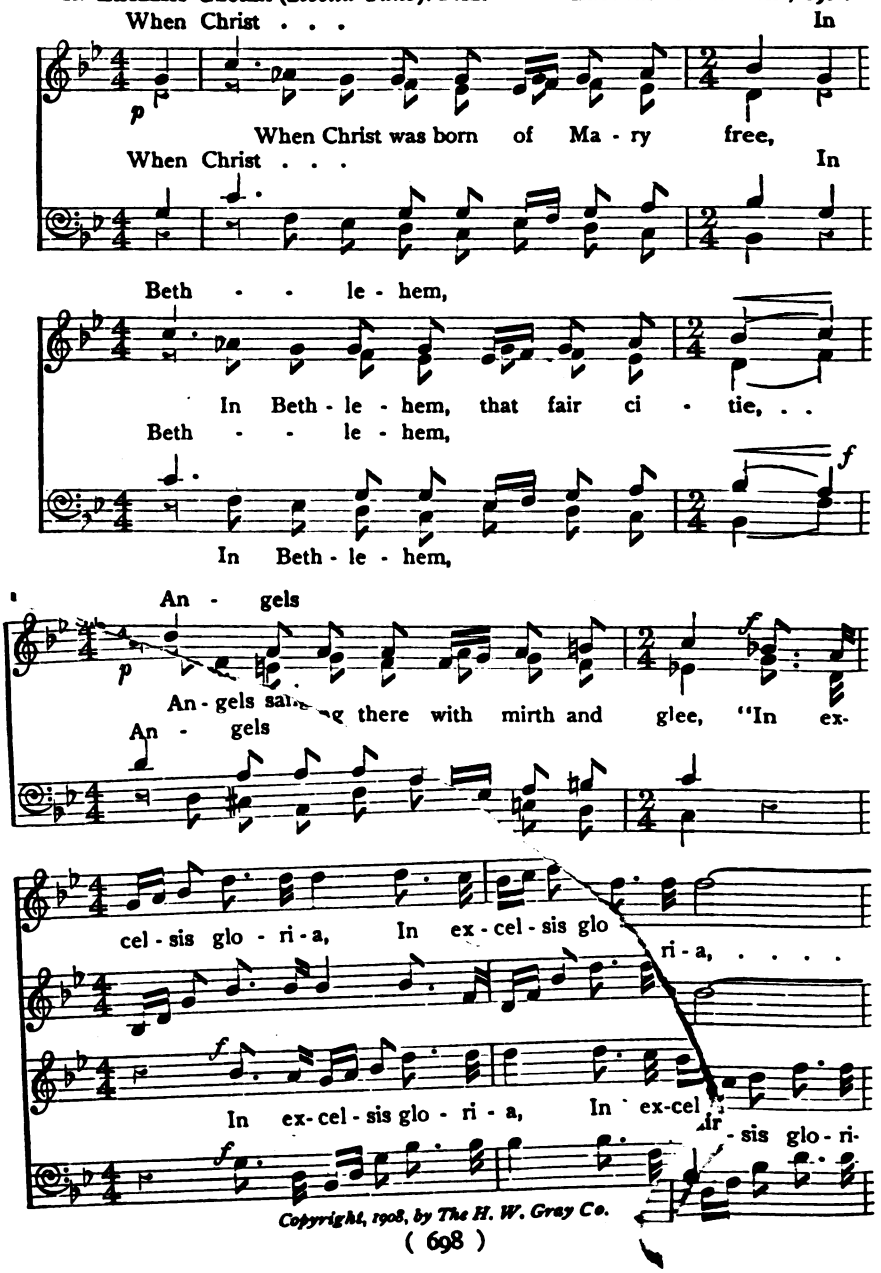
3 This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
"In excelsis gloria."

4 Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace,
In heaven in bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis gloria." Amen.
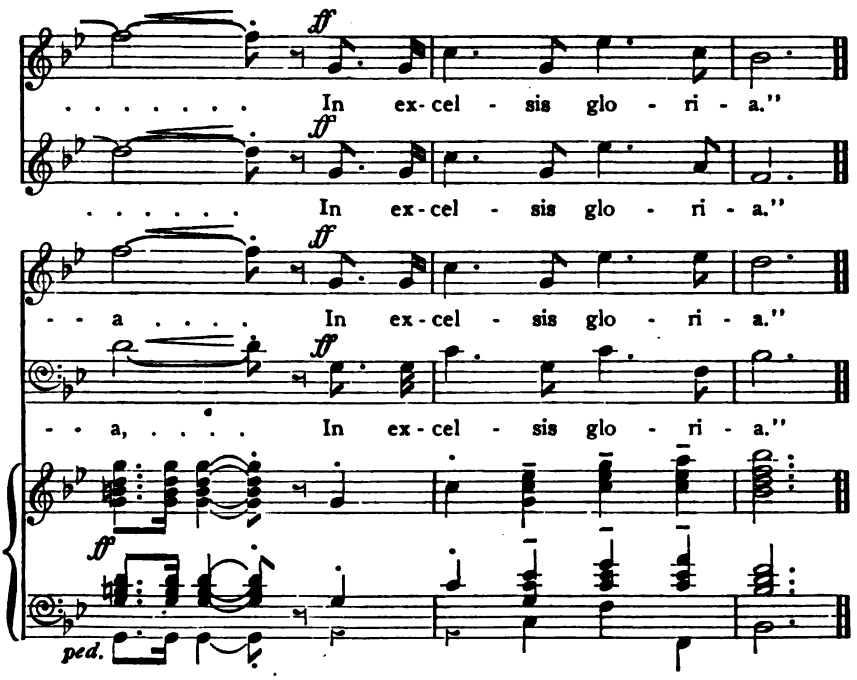
Traditional, 15th century.

547

IN EXCELSIS GLORIA (*Second Tune*). P.M. LEOPOLD STOKOVSKI, 1908.



Copyright, 1908, by The H. W. Gray Co.
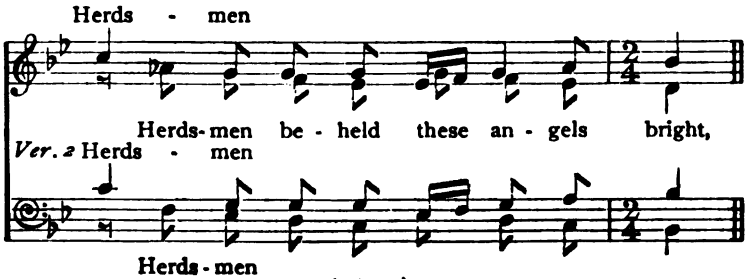


2 Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria."

3 This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
"In excelsis gloria."
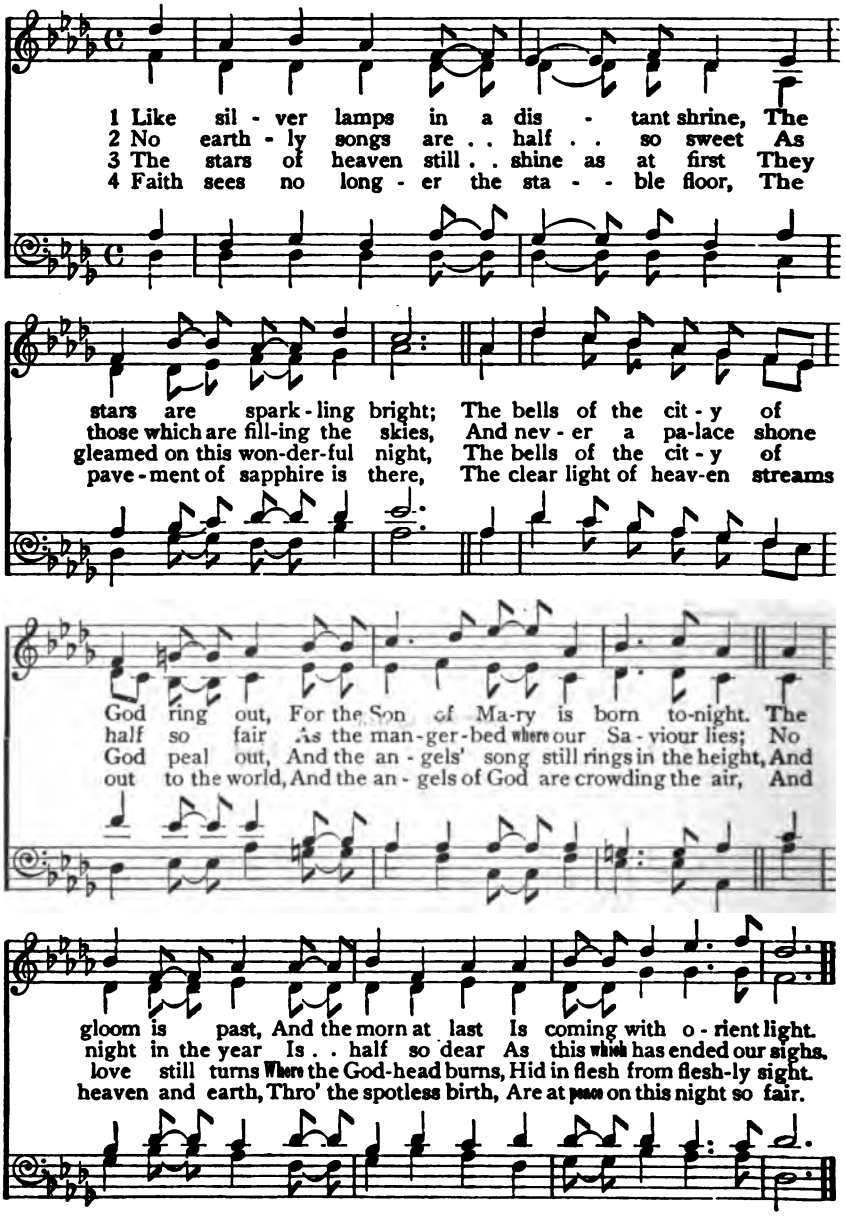
4 Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace,
In heaven in bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis gloria."

Traditional, 15th century.



548
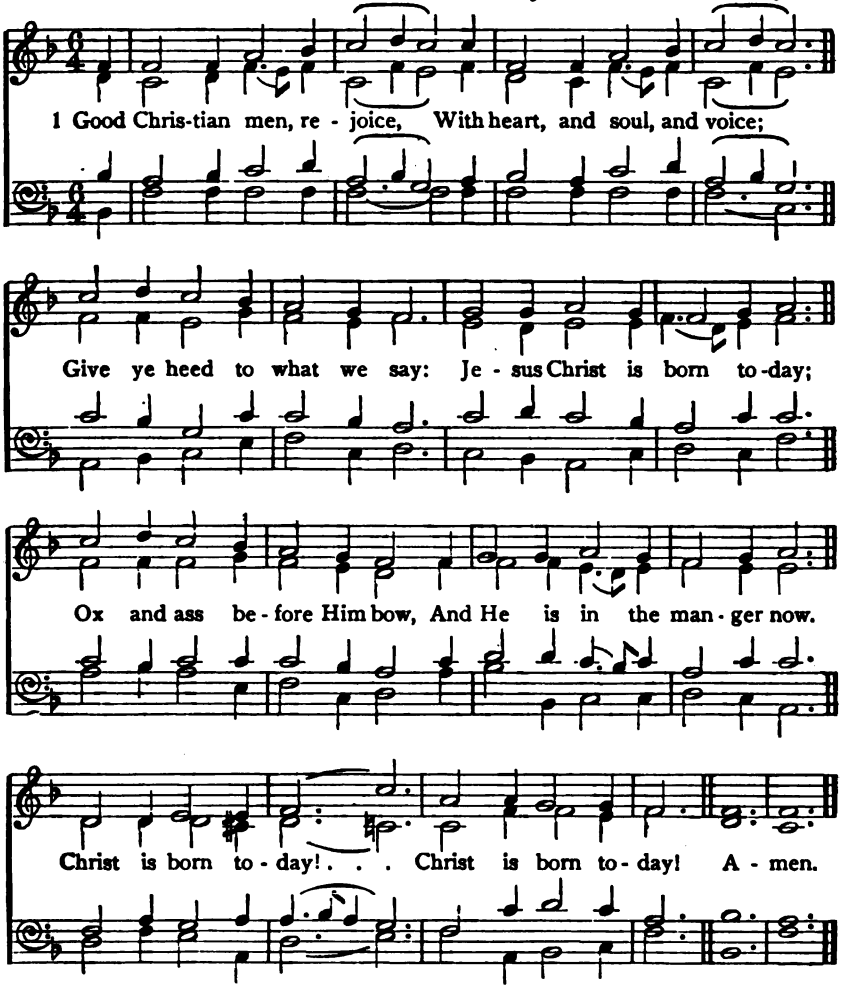
THE MANGER THRONE. P.M. CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867.



WILLIAM C. DIX, 1867.

549

IN DULCI JUBILO. P.M. Fourteenth Century Melody;
Harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS, 1918.



2 Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this!
Christ was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall;
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save! Amen.
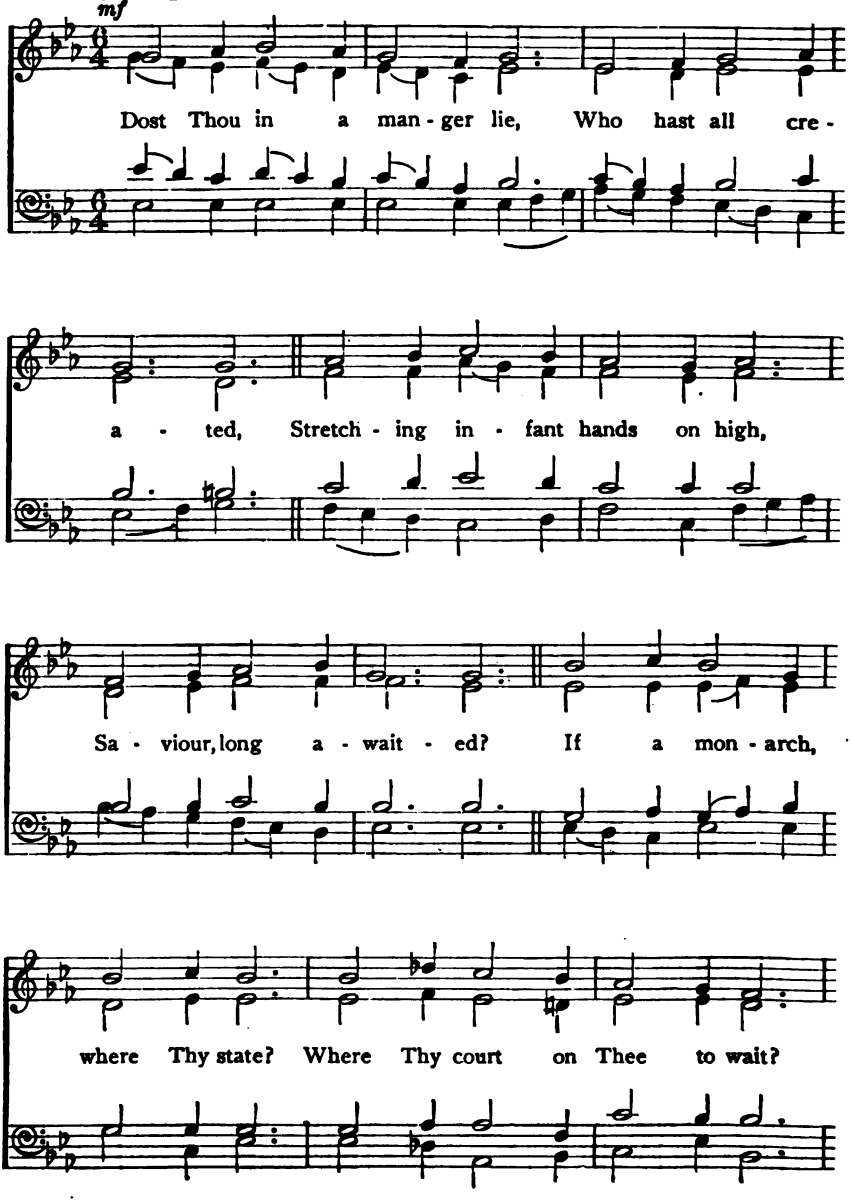
Latin; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1853.
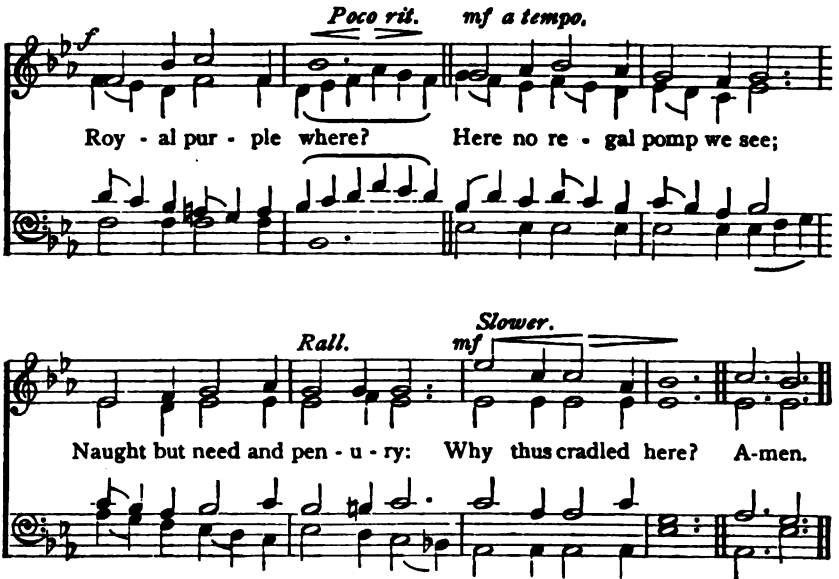
550

MAUBURN. P.M. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, 1918.

In a flowing manner.

mf





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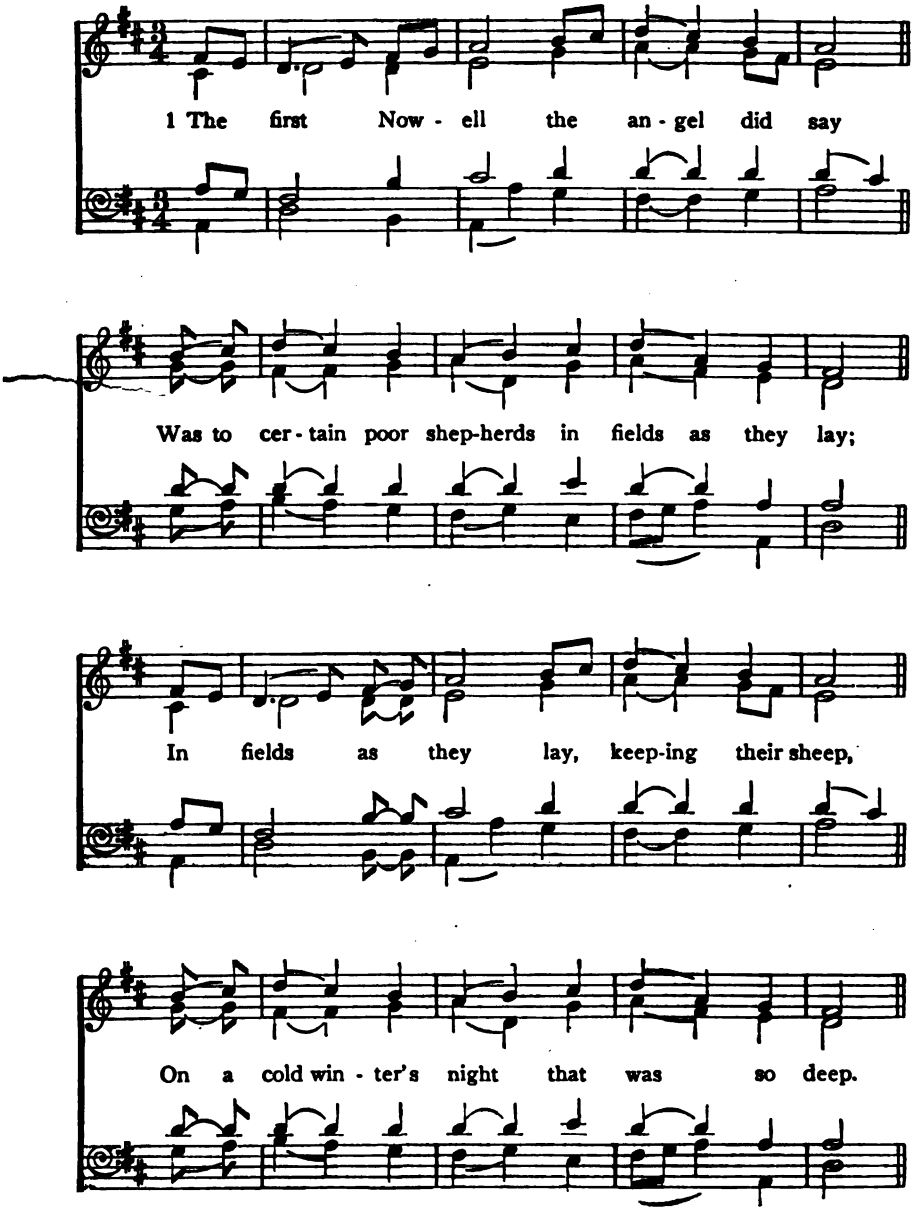
2 Pitying love for fallen man
Brought Me down thus low;
For a race deep lost in sin,
Came I into woe.
By this lowly birth of Mine,
Sinner, riches shall be thine,
Matchless gifts and free;
Willingly this yoke I take,
And this sacrifice I make,
Heaping joys for thee.
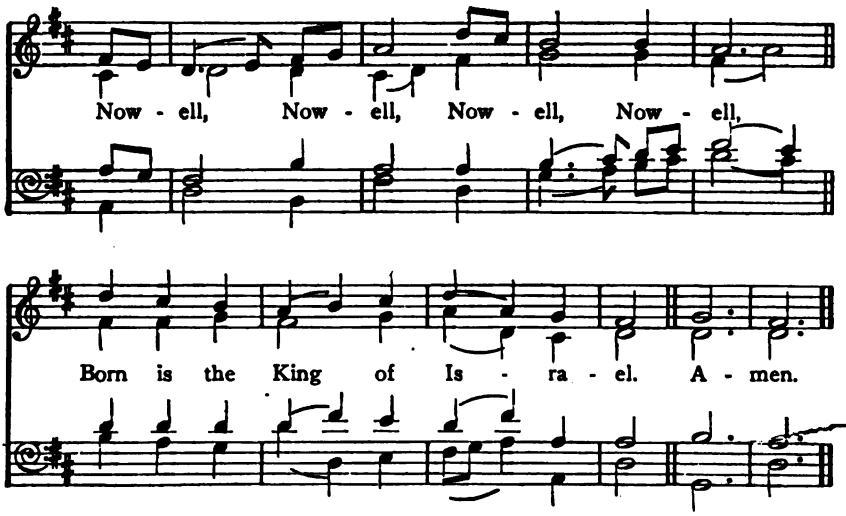
3 Fervent praise would I to Thee
Evermore be raising;
For Thy wondrous love to me
Thee be ever praising.
Glory, glory be for ever
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord!
Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
Angels' songs afford. Amen.

Latin, JEAN MAUBURN, 1494; *Tr.* ELIZABETH CHARLES, 1858.

551

THE FIRST NOWELL. P.M. Traditional Melody, pub. 1833.





2 They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, etc.

3 And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, etc.

4 This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, etc.
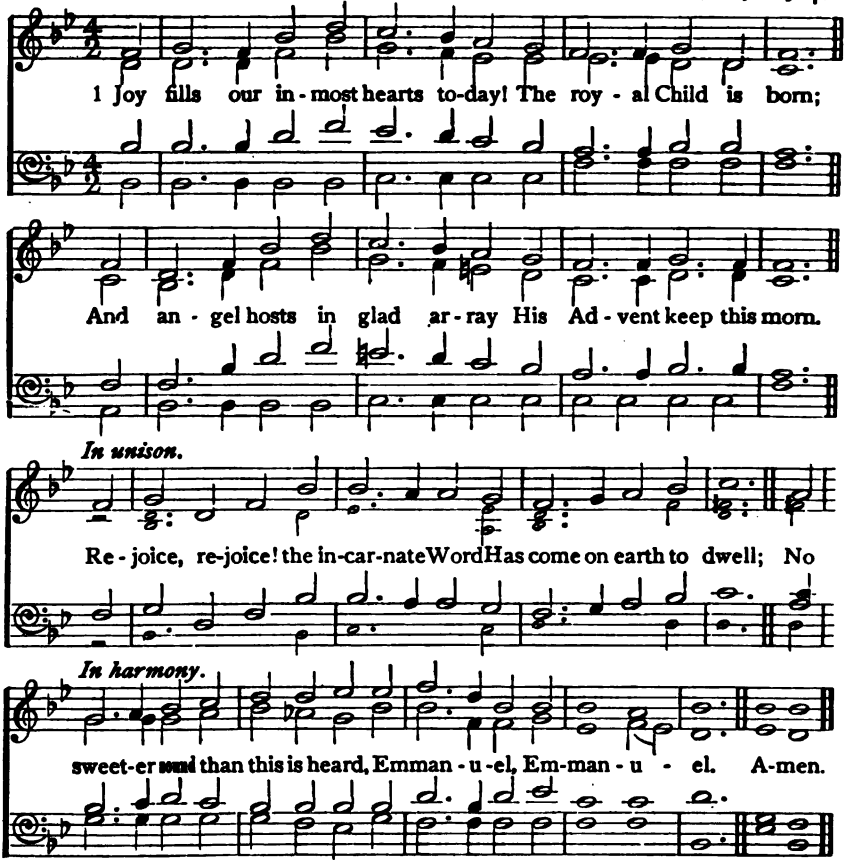
5 Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, etc.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, etc.

Traditional.

552

JOY. 8.6.8.6.8.6.8.8. HENRY GADSBY, 1842–1907.



2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, etc.
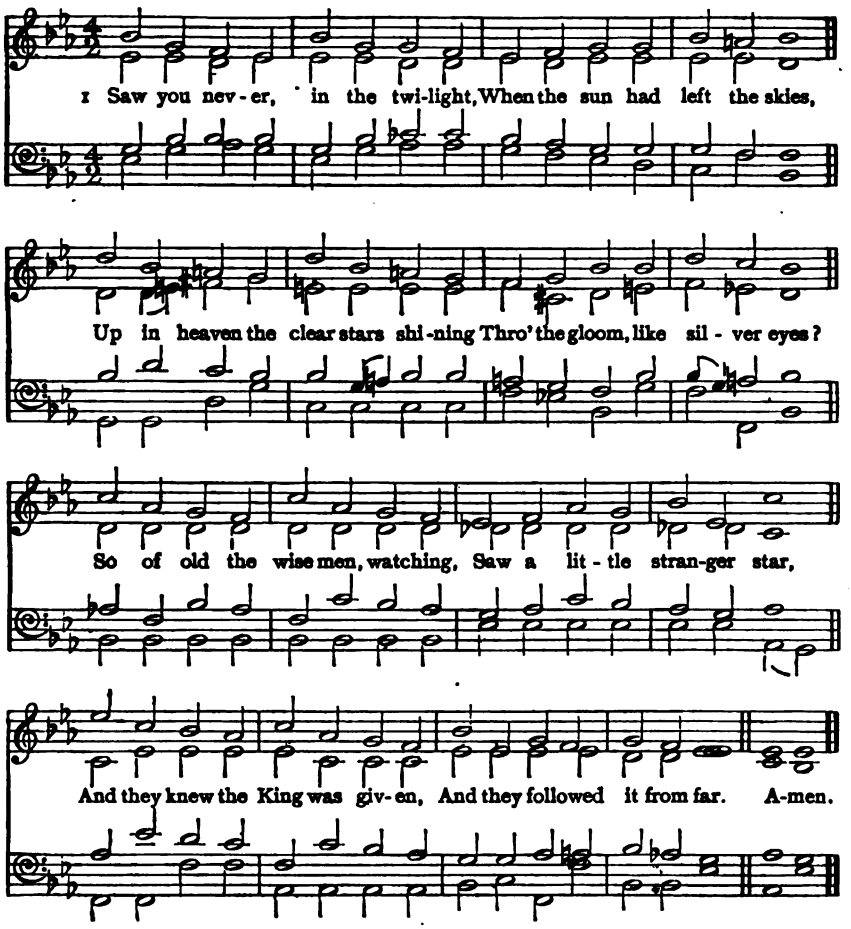
3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, etc. Amen.

(706) WILLIAM C. DIX, *c.* 1865.

553

THE WISE MEN. 8.7.8.7. D. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1881.



2

Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3
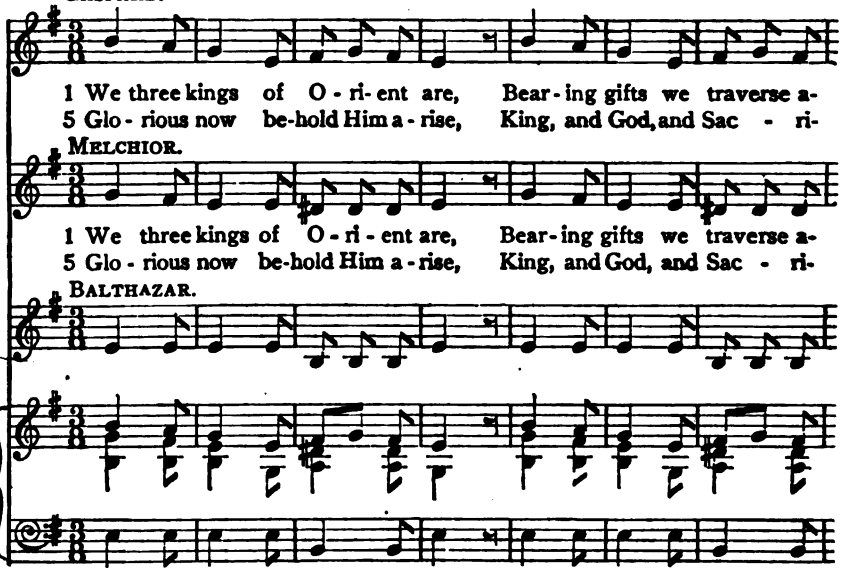
Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion
For our Saviour, God, and King.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1853.

554

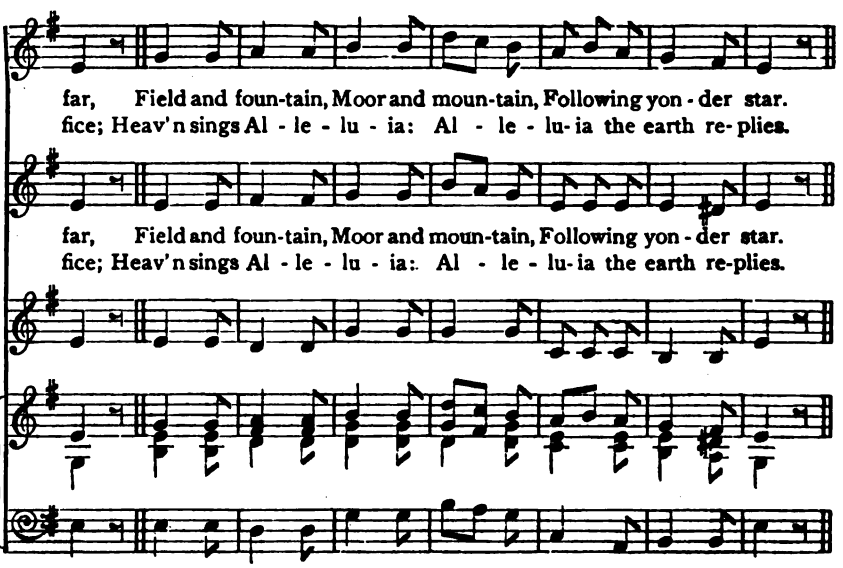
THREE KINGS OF ORIENT. P.M. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, JUN., 1857.
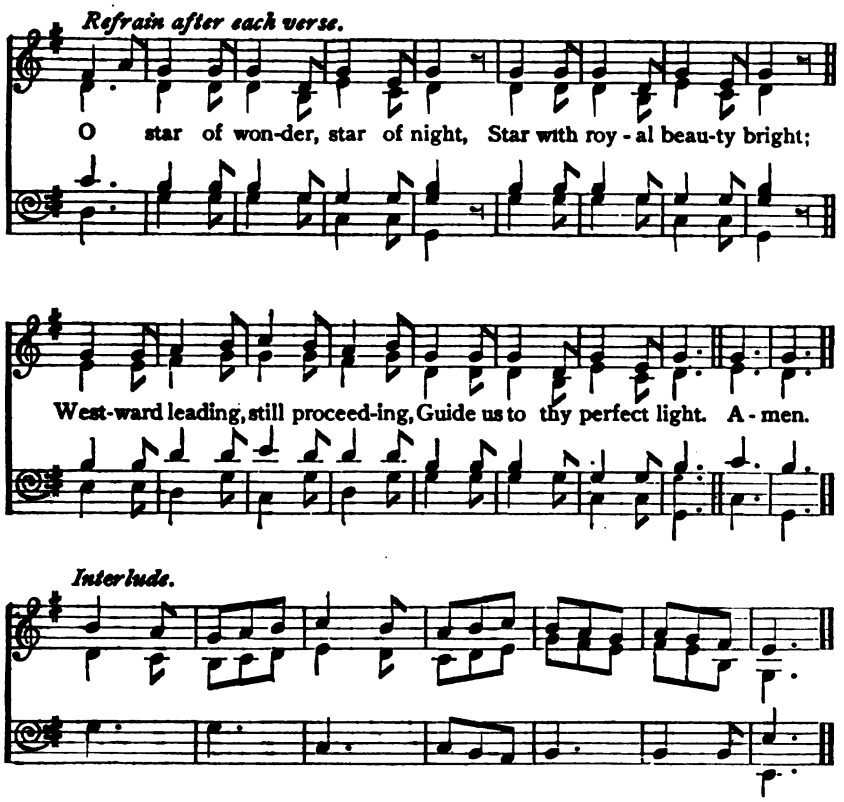
GASPARD.

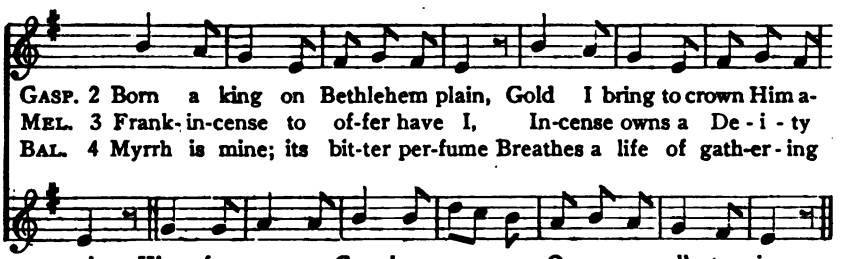


MELCHIOR.

BALTHAZAR.





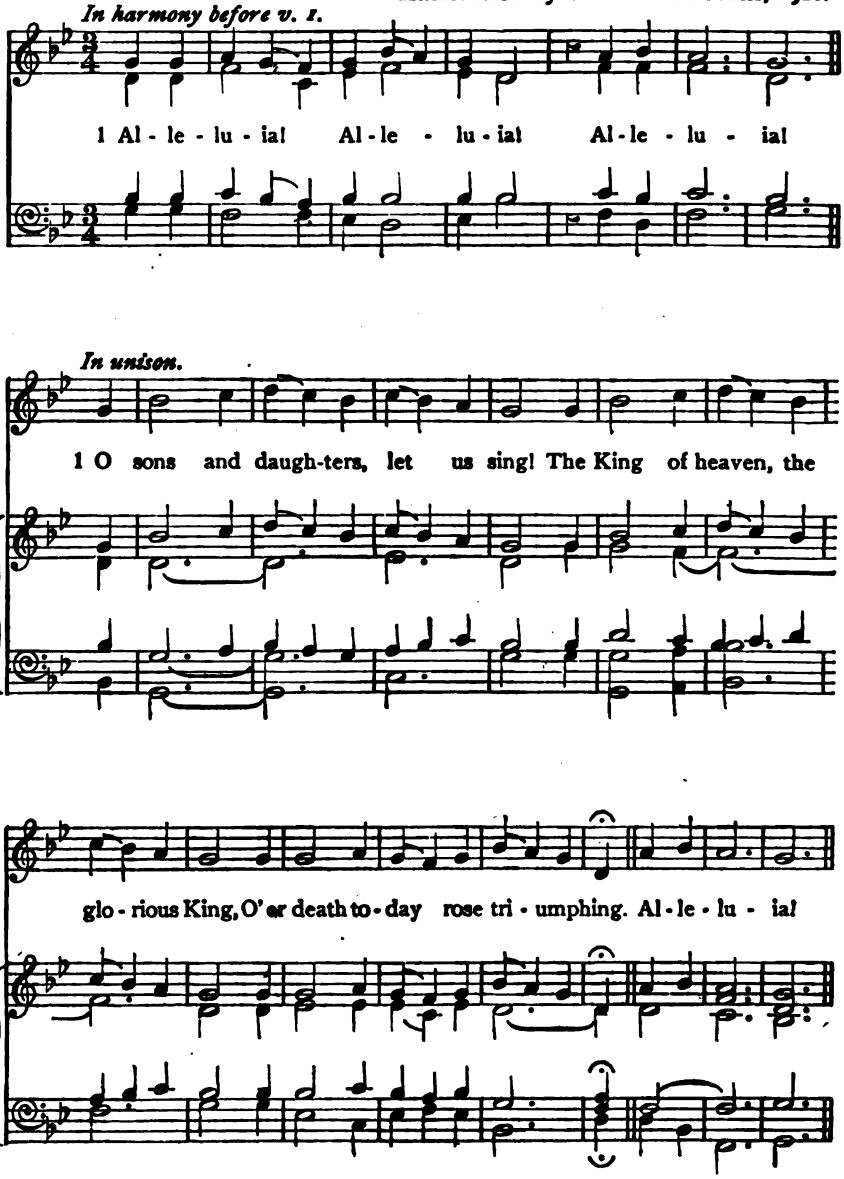


JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, JUN., 1857.
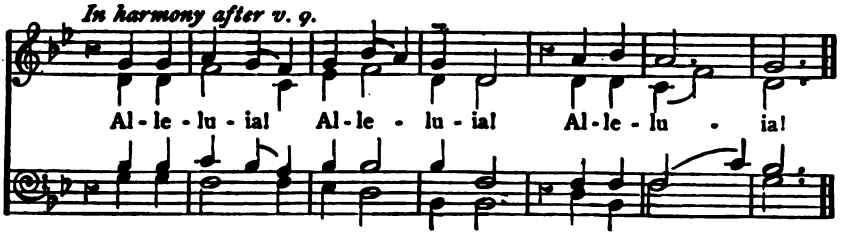
Verses 2, 3, and 4 should be sung as solos, the accompaniment and refrain being unchanged. Men's voices are preferable for the parts of the three kings.

555

O Filii et Filiae. 8.8.8. with alleluias. French, Fifteenth Century; Solesmes Version, Mode II. Harmonized by Winfred Douglas, 1918.



In harmony after v. 9.



2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced hands, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied,
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried,
Alleluia!
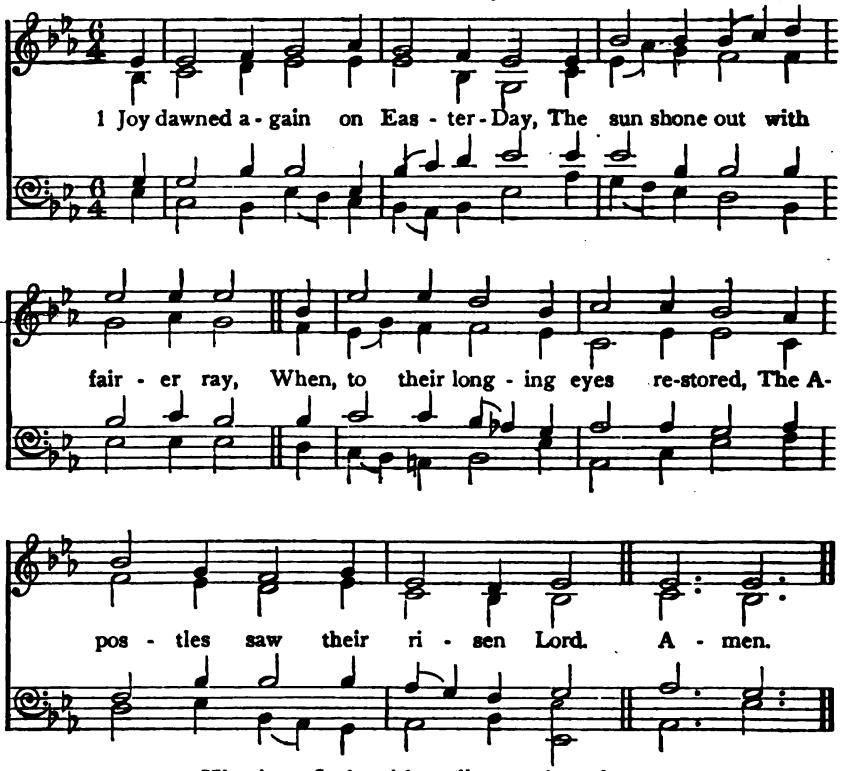
8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

JEAN TISSERAND, *d.* 1494; *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE, 1852.

556

PUER NOBIS (*First Tune*). L.M. MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1609;
Harmonized by GEORGE R. WOODWARD, 1904.



2 His risen flesh with radiance glowed;
His wounded hands and feet He showed:
Those scars their silent witness gave
That Christ was risen from the grave.

3 O Jesus, King of gentleness,
Do Thou our inmost hearts possess;
And we to Thee will ever raise
The tribute of our grateful praise.

4 Jesus, Who art the Lord of all,
In this our Easter festival,
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.
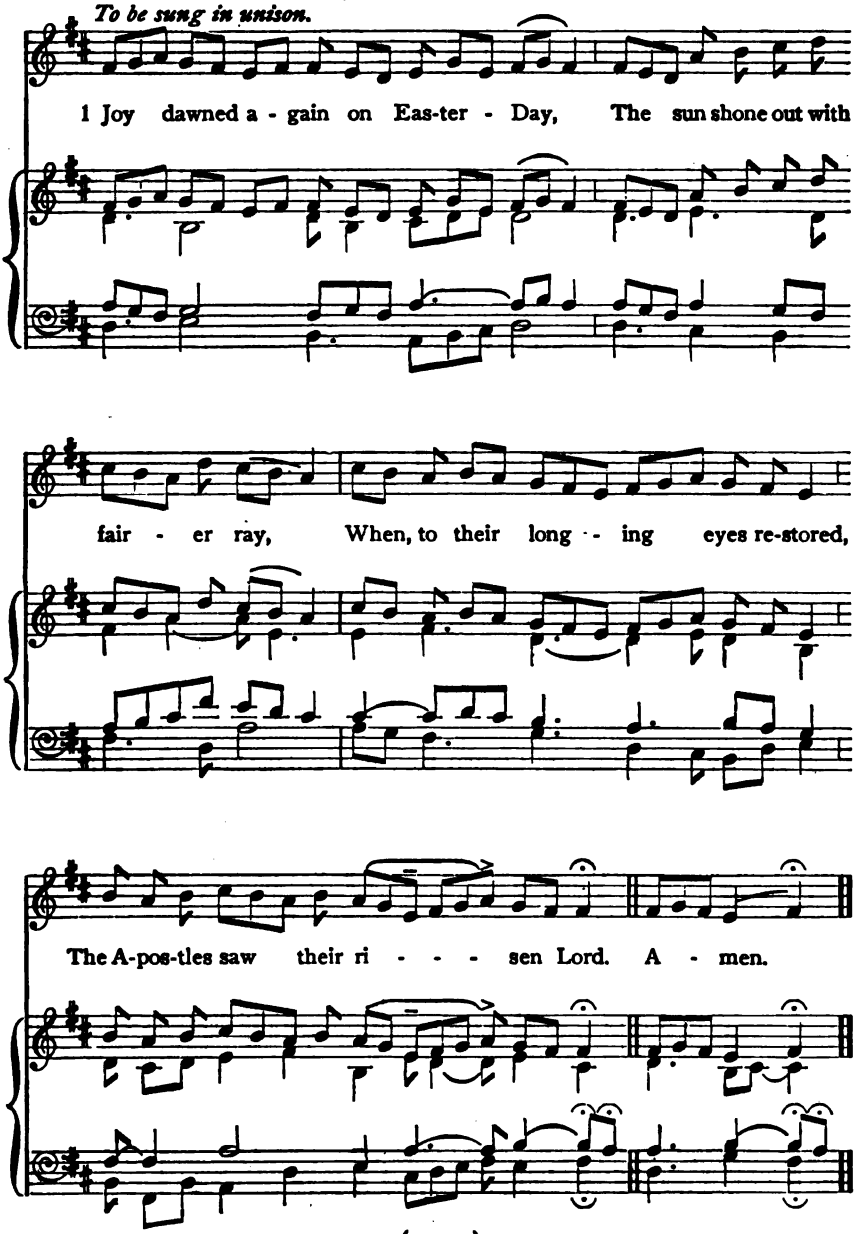
5 All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To Thee, Who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost, we raise. Amen.

Latin; Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1852.

556
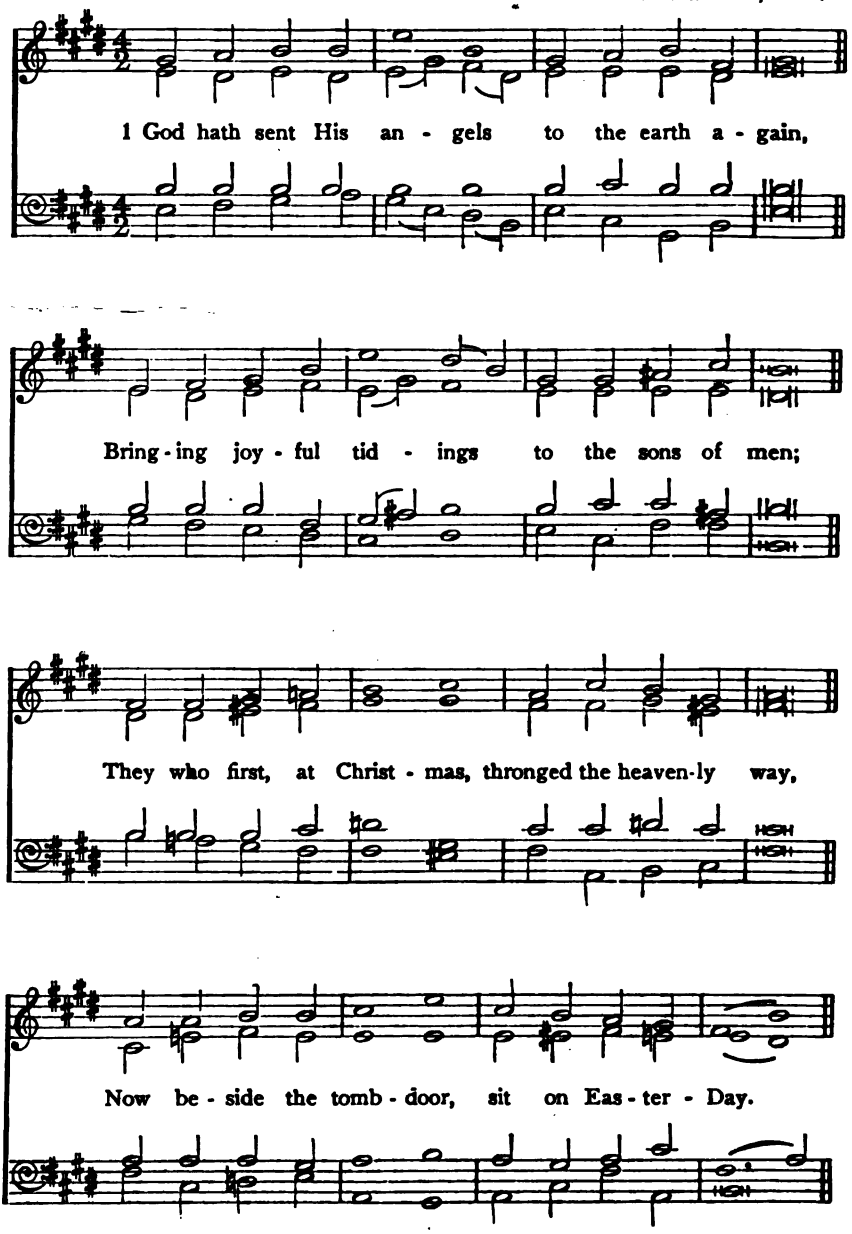
CHORUS NOVAE JERUSALEM (*Second Tune*). Sarum Plainsong, Mode III.

To be sung in unison.



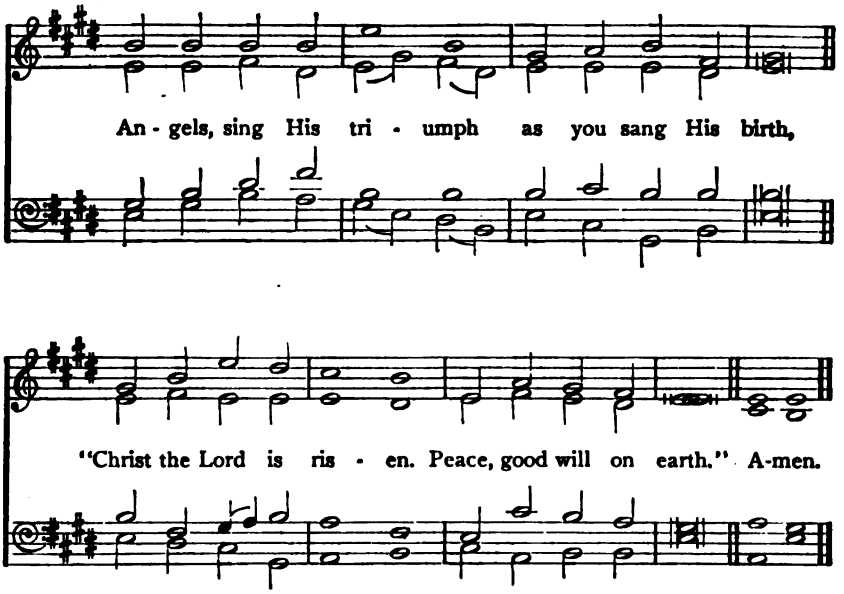
557

VEXILLUM. Six 11's. HENRY SMART, 1868.



Carols.

Refrain.



2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at His side;
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
Angels, sing His triumph as you sang His birth,
"Christ the Lord is risen. Peace, good will on earth."
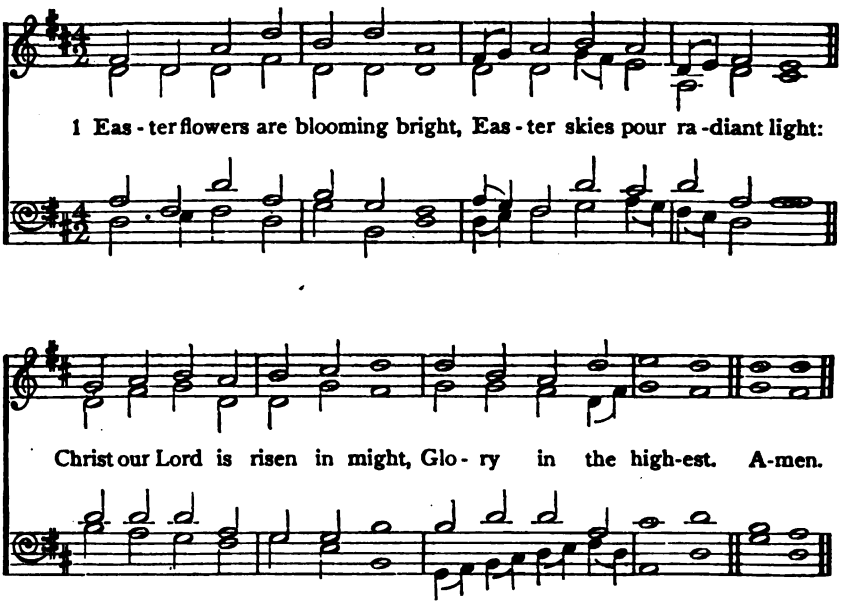
3 Yet the Christ they honour is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will;
And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it into victory.
Angels, sing His triumph as you sang His birth,
"Christ the Lord is risen. Peace, good will on earth."

4 God has still His angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.
Angels, sing His triumph as you sang His birth,
"Christ the Lord is risen. Peace, good will on earth."

PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1877.

558

GLORY IN THE HIGHEST. 7.7.7.6. FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY, 1877.



2 Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

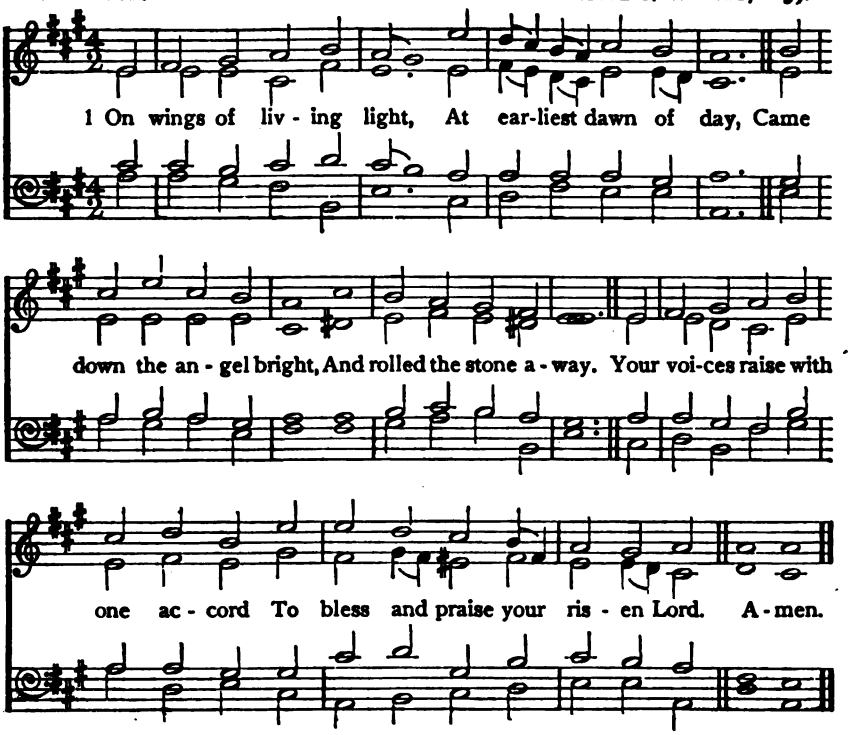
3 He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

4 As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest. Amen.

MARY A. NICHOLSON, 1875.

559

HARRWOOD. 6.6.6.6.8.8. SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1839.



2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.
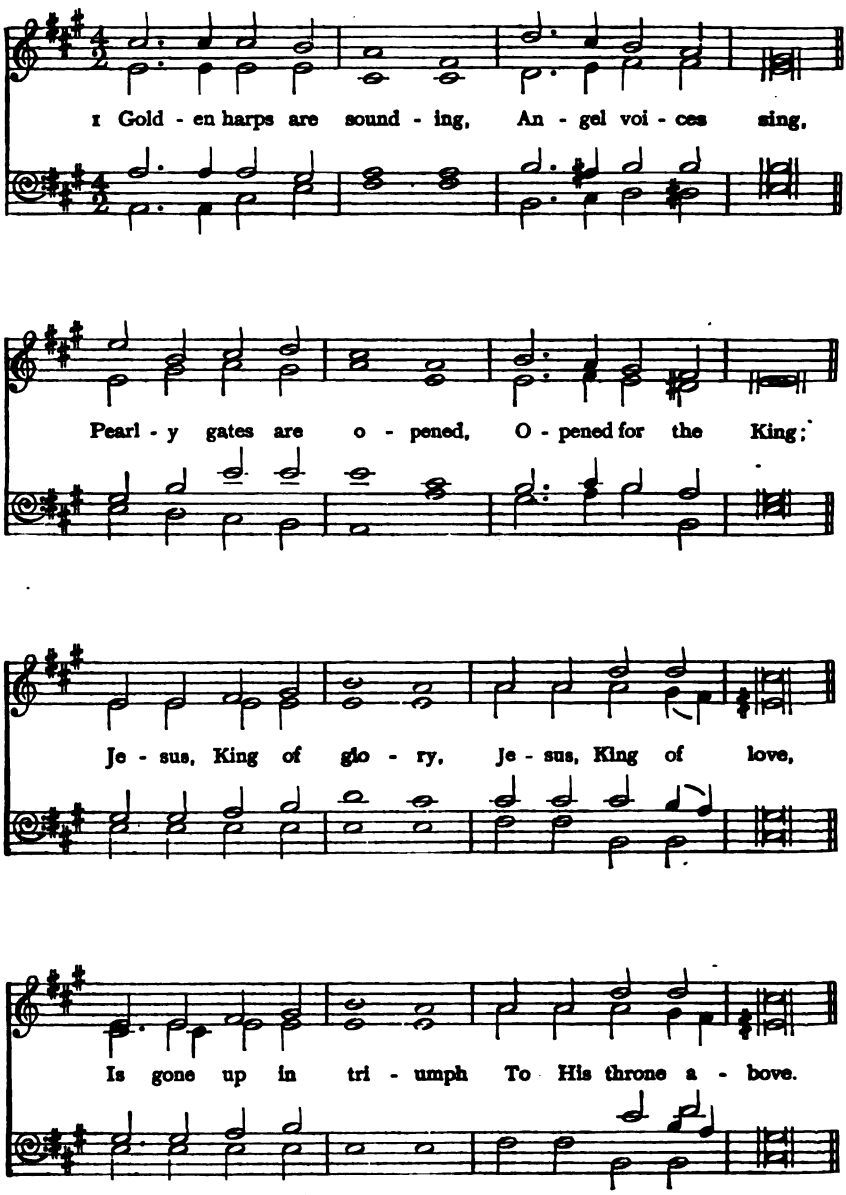
3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

4 O let your hearts be strong!
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies.
Your voices raise, etc. Amen.
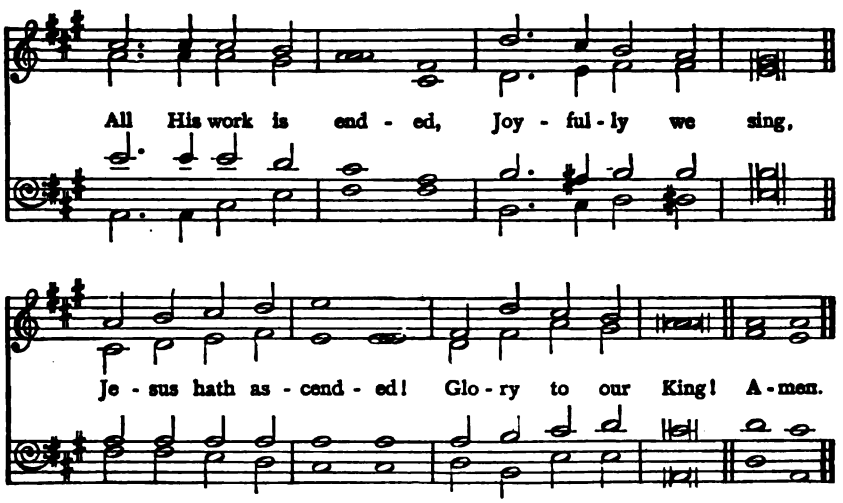
W. WALSHAM HOW, 1872.

560

HERMAS (*First Tune*). 6.5., 12 lines. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.



Carols.



2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Nevermore to suffer,
Nevermore to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King! Amen.
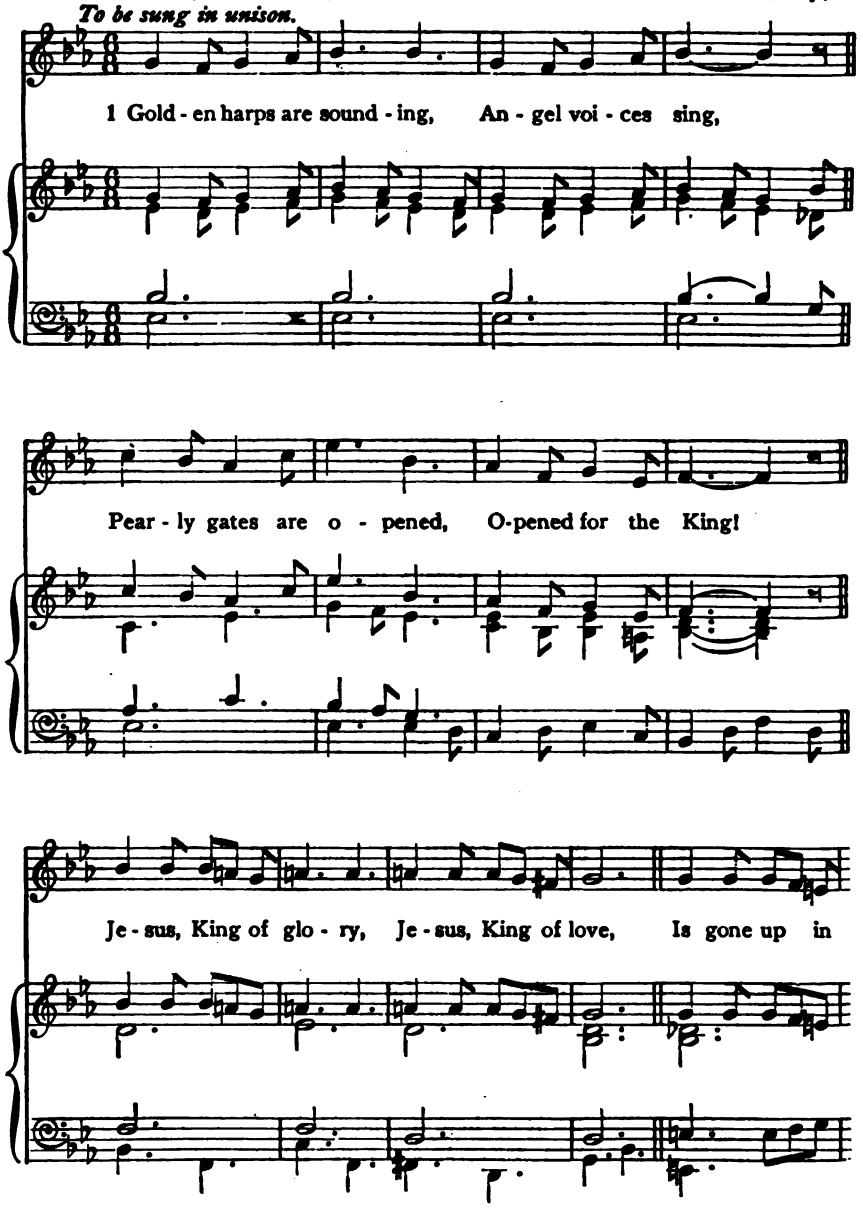
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.
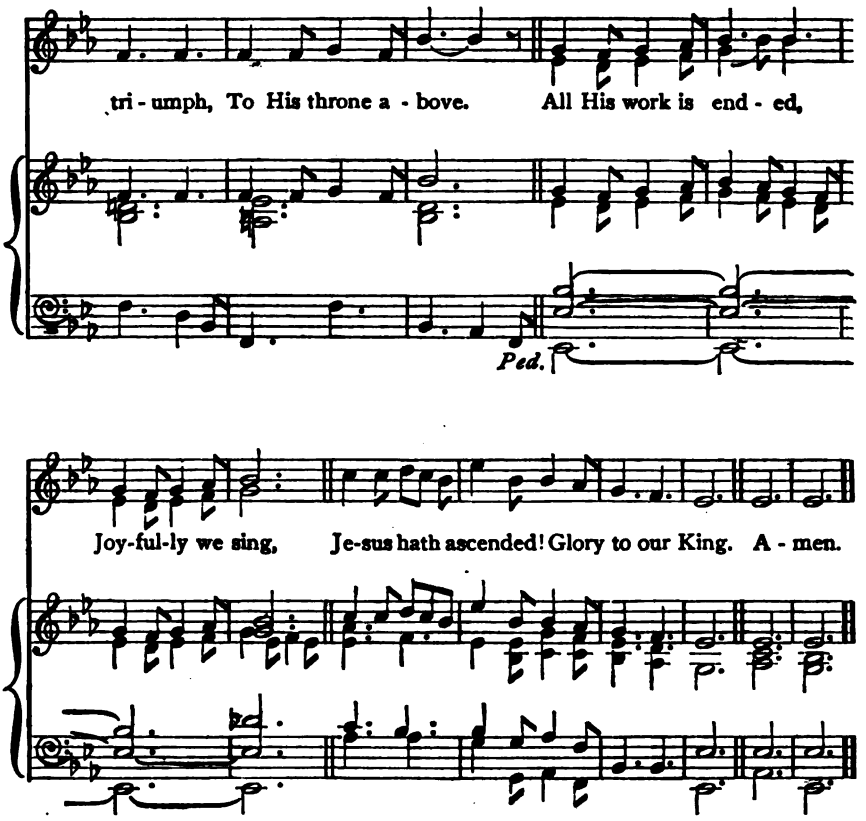
560

6.5., 12 lines.

ST. THERESA (*Second Tune*). ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

To be sung in unison.
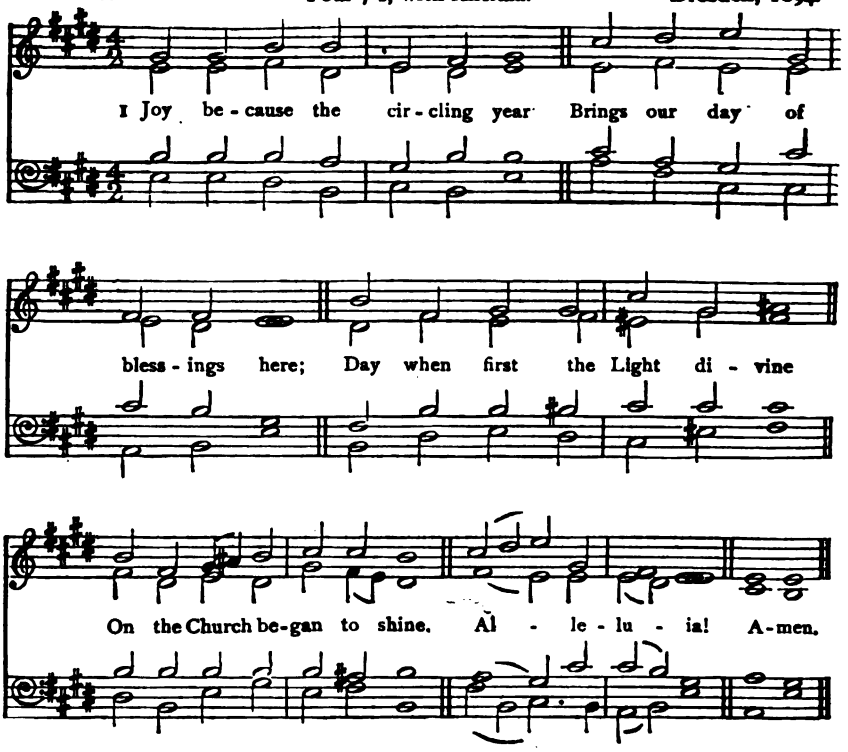




2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Nevermore to suffer,
Nevermore to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high!
All his work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.

561

NASSAU. Four 7's, with Alleluia. Dresden, 1694.



2 Like to quivering tongues of flame
Unto each the Spirit came:
Tongues that each might hear their call;
Fire, that love might burn in all. Alleluia!

3 So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known. Alleluia!

4 Still the Spirit's fullness, Lord,
On Thy waiting Church be poured!
Once Thou on Thy Church didst shower
Mighty signs and words of power; Alleluia!

5 Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts of heaven to men below;
Grant our burdened heart release,
Grant Thine own abiding peace. Alleluia! Amen.

Latin; Tr. JOHN ELLERTON *and* FENTON J. A. HORT, 1871.

THE MORNING AND EVENING

Canticles

AND

Occasional Anthems

NEWLY POINTED FOR BOTH ANGLICAN AND PLAINSONG CHANTING.

The following Pointing of the Canticles and Occasional Anthems has been prepared in response to an urgent and extensive demand for practical improvement in our methods of chanting; and for an adequate provision of Plainsong as well as of Anglican Chants. During the past twenty-five years, the principles of chanting, both Anglican and Gregorian, have become more clearly understood, and have been exemplified in many standard publications. It is now seen that the two methods are not mutually antagonistic, but rest alike upon the following

Common Principles of Chanting.

A Chant consists of one or more Recitations upon a fixed note, and of one or more melodic Inflections.

The Recitation may be of any length; it may be preceded by introductory melodic notes, known as the Intonation.

The Inflections must be capable of adjustment to the varying accents of a prose sentence. The difference between Anglican and Plainsong chanting consists in the method of this adjustment.

As ordinary Psalm verses consist of two parts, ordinary Chants likewise contain two Recitations and two Inflections. The latter are sometimes called the Mediation and the Ending.
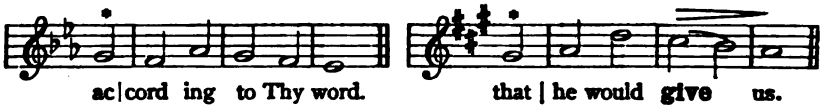
The words should be sung at the same pace in the Recitations and Inflections, thereby smoothly and naturally joining both Mediation and Ending with the previous Recitations. Weak syllables should not be hurried, nor strong ones retarded; every syllable should be clearly enunciated.

All accents, without exception, should be merely those of good reading. The tune derives its accents from the words; not the words from the tune. The words are more important than the music which adorns them.

Rules for Anglican Chanting.
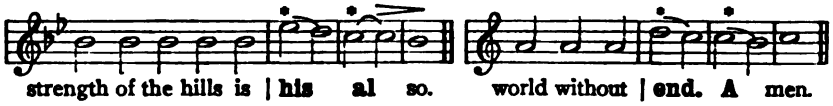
1. The Recitation extends from the beginning of each half-verse to the upright stroke | . Each word and syllable should be distinctly enunciated, without hurry or stiffness, and with only the natural accent of good reading.

2. When the Recitation consists of a single syllable only, it should be sung to a half-note, not to a whole note. _ (17 *examples in* Te Deum).
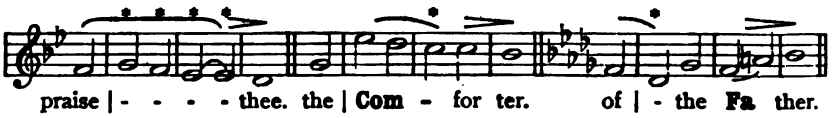


3. The syllables after the upright stroke | in each half-verse are sung to the Inflection. There is no break or pause between Recitation and Inflection, and the rate of speed is the same in both.

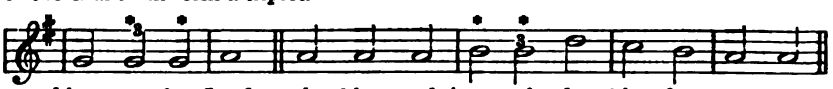
4. A syllable in heavy-faced type should be sung to two notes of the Inflection.



5. A hyphen indicates that an additional note of the Inflection should be sung to the preceding syllable.
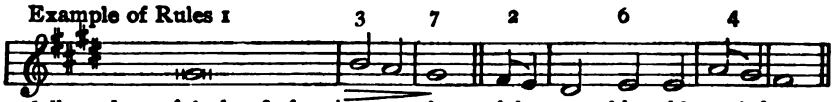


6. Two syllables followed by a dot should be sung to a single note of the Inflection, divided; but they should be somewhat retarded, so that that whole measure of the chant will form a triplet.



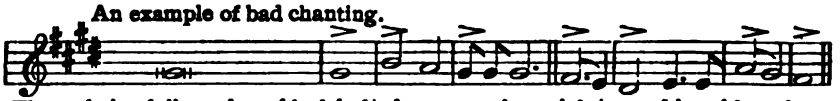
7. The final syllable of each half-verse ordinarily falls on the last note of each Inflection. If unaccented, it should be sung lightly and *diminuendo*, as marked above. In a few cases, two syllables fall upon this note. They should be sung quietly and evenly; not shortening the first, nor accenting it heavily.



Example of Rules 1 3 7 2 6 4



An example of bad chanting.



Rules for Plainsong Chanting.

1. The Intonation, together with the rest of the first half-verse, should be sung by a single voice; the Choir and Congregation beginning at the second half of the verse. The notes of the Intonation are not slower than those of the Recitation. The Intonation should not be sung with any other verse of the Canticle, or at the *Gloria;* except in the case of the three Gospel Canticles, *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc dimittis;* in which it should be sung with every verse: as on pages 740, 741, 749, 756, 757.

2. The Recitation should be sung precisely as in Anglican chanting.

3. The notes of the Intonation, Recitation, Mediation, and Ending, should move at the same pace, and irrespective of whether a single note or a group is sung to a syllable: except the final notes of both Mediation and Ending, which are to be lengthened as approximately indicated in the music; and when concluding with a weak syllable, should be sung *diminuendo:* as on pages 746, 747, 748, 756.

4. The syllable following the upright stroke | is sung to the first note which changes in pitch from the reciting note.

5. Groups of notes are never divided between syllables; nor are single notes ever combined to be sung to a single syllable. Examples on pages 740, 746, 747, 748.

6. Adaptation of the words to the Mediation and Ending is obtained by the addition as needed of the notes in parentheses; and in some cases by the omission of the Recitation, or of notes in the Mediation. The notes in parentheses are only used when needed: as on pages 728, 740, 743.

7. In the Mediation of Tones II, IV, V, and VIII, the final note is omitted if the half-verse ends with an accent: as on pages 728, 736, 737, 743, 749, 765. The Mediations of Tones III and VII are sometimes abbreviated by the omission of a note to obtain closer correspondence with the words: as on pages 740, 756, 767.

8. The central pause in each verse should be long enough to afford a plentiful and leisurely breath; and should be rhythmically related to the preceding cadence. Each half-verse should be sung with a single breath, except those printed in two lines; when an additional breath may be taken at the end of the first line. The sign † indicates an inflection of the voice used in many choirs at an unaccented syllable preceding such a breath; and is included for their convenience.

9. The two verses of *Gloria Patri* should be sung precisely as any other two verses; without either preliminary retard in the preceding verse or pause after it. Both verses may properly be sung by the full choir.
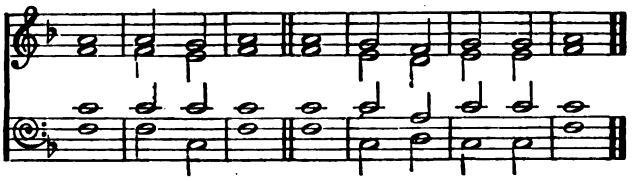
10. The melody only is sung by the voices. The verses may be sung antiphonally (1) between the two sides of the Choir, (2) between a single voice and the remaining singers, (3) between the Choir and Congregation, or (4) between sopranos and altos on the one hand, and tenors and basses on the other. The second method is preferable for a small congregation, the third or fourth for a larger church with a choir.

MILES FARROW
HORATIO PARKER
T. TERTIUS NOBLE
WALTER HENRY HALL
WINFRED DOUGLAS
WALLACE GOODRICH
PETER CHRISTIAN LUTKIN

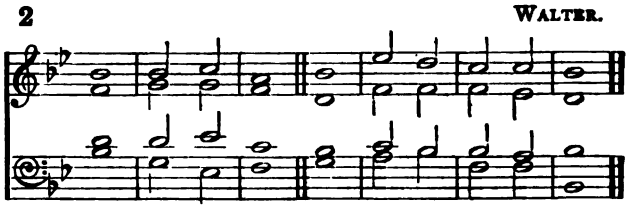
MORNING CANTICLES.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

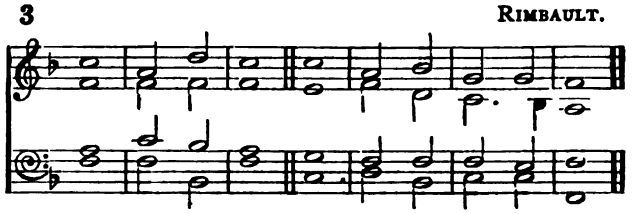
1 TALLIS.
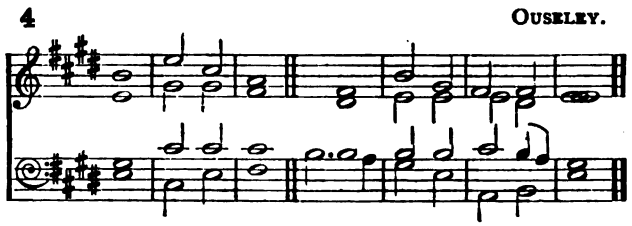


2 WALTER.
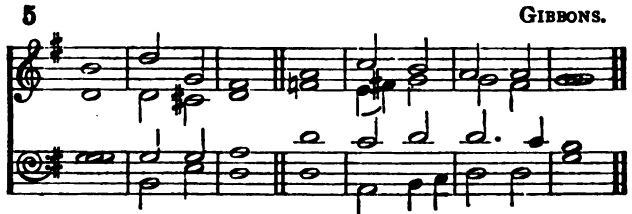


3 RIMBAULT.



4 OUSELEY.
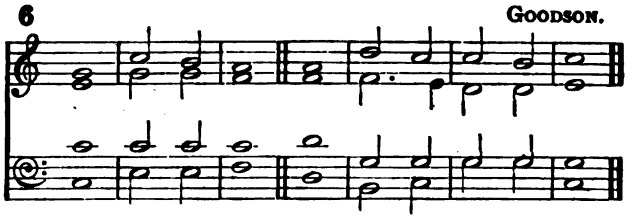


5 GIBBONS.
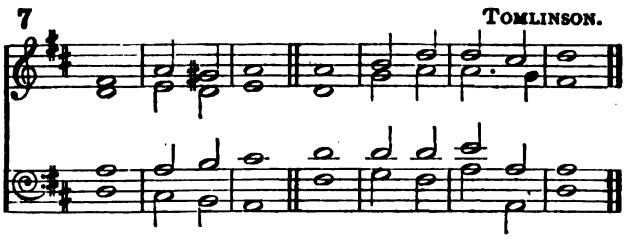


Venite, exultemus Domino.

6 GOODSON.



7 TOMLINSON.



O COME let us sing | unto • the LORD:
let us heartily rejoice in the strength of | our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with | thanksgiving:
and show ourselves | glad in him with psalms.

3 For the LORD is a | great God:
and a great | King above all gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the earth:
and the strength of the hills is | his also.

5 The sea is his and he | made it:
and his hands pre|pared • the dry land.

6 O come let us worship and | fall down:
and kneel before the | LORD our Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our God:
and we are the people of his pasture,
and the | sheep of his hand.

8 O worship the LORD in the beauty of | holiness:
let the whole earth | stand in awe of him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the earth:
and with righteousness to judge the world,
and the | people with his truth.
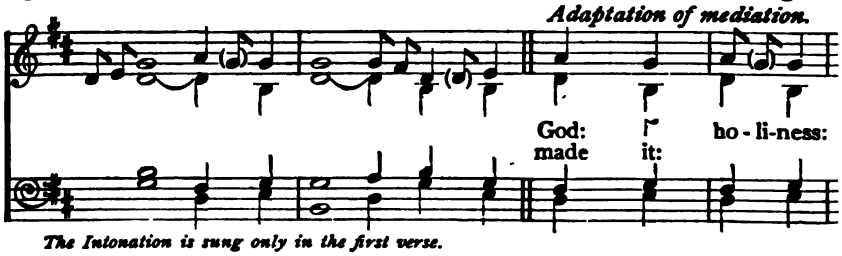
Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

8 Plainsong, Tone II, Ending 1.

Adaptation of mediation.



The Intonation is sung only in the first verse.

O COME let us sing unto the | LORD:
let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our | salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanks|giving:
and show ourselves glad | in him with psalms.

3 For the LORD is a great | God:
and a great King | above all gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners of the | earth:
and the strength of the hills is | his also.

5 The sea is his and he | made it:
and his hands prepared | the dry land.

6 O come let us worship and fall | down:
and kneel before the LORD | our Maker.

7 For he is the LORD our | God:
and we are the people of his pasture,
and the sheep | of his hand.
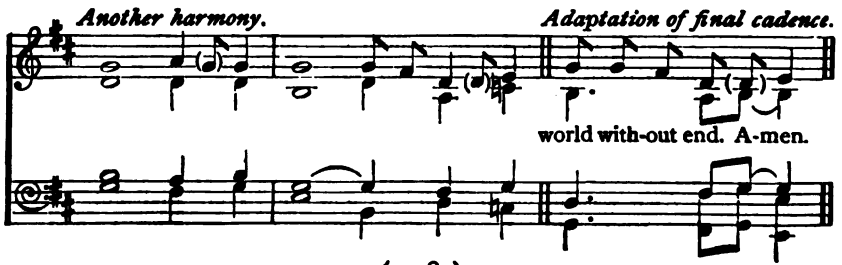
8 O worship the LORD in the beauty of | holiness:
let the whole earth stand | in awe of him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the | earth:
and with righteousness to judge the world,
and the peo|ple with his truth.

Glory be to the Father and to the | Son:
and to | the Holy Ghost;

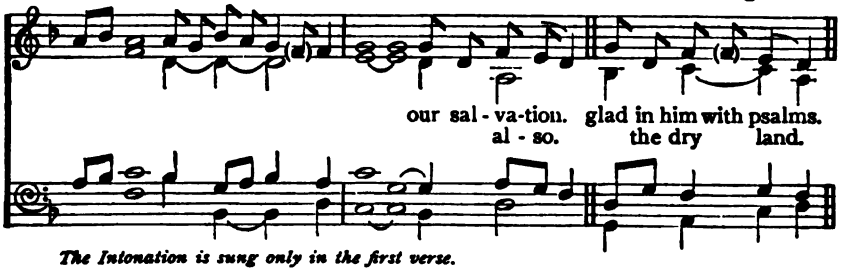
As it was in the beginning, † is now and ever | shall be:
world with|out end. Amen.

Another harmony. *Adaptation of final cadence.*



Venite, exultemus Domino.

9 Tonus Peregrinus.



The Intonation is sung only in the first verse.

O COME let | us sing unto the LORD:
let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our | salvation.

2 Let us come before his pre|sence with thanksgiving:
and show ourselves glad | in him with psalms.

3 For the | LORD is a great God:
and a great King | above all gods.

4 In his hand are all | the corners of the earth:
and the strength of the hills is | his also.

5 The sea is | his and he made it:
and his hands prepared | the dry land.

6 O come let us | worship and fall down:
and kneel before the LORD | our Maker.

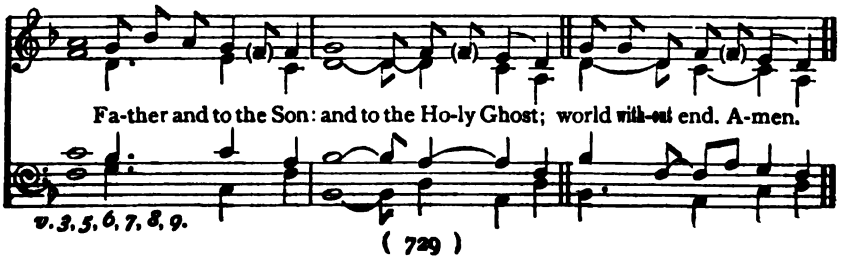
7 For | he is the Lord our God:
and we are the people of his pasture,
and the sheep | of his hand.

8 O worship the LORD in the | beauty of holiness:
let the whole earth stand | in awe of him.

9 For he cometh, for he | cometh to judge the earth:
and with righteousness to judge the world,
and the peo|ple with his truth.

Glory be to the | Father and to the Son:
and to | the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, † is now | and ever shall be:
world with|out end. Amen.

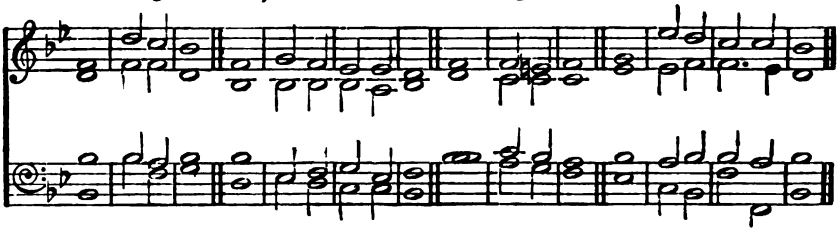


v. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Te Deum laudamus.
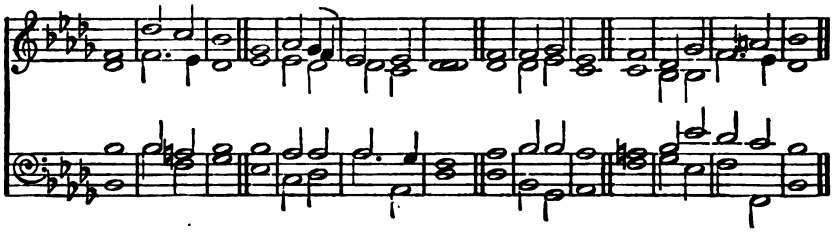
10

Verses 1–13 and 22–29. *Verse 13.* LAWES.



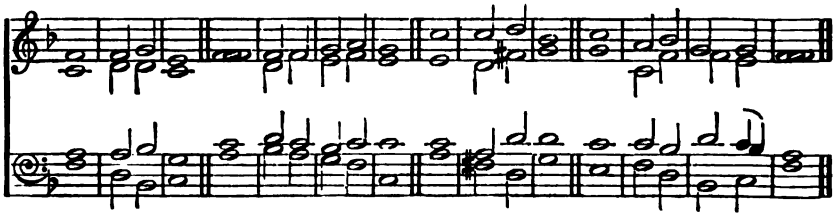
11

Verses 14–21. COOKE.



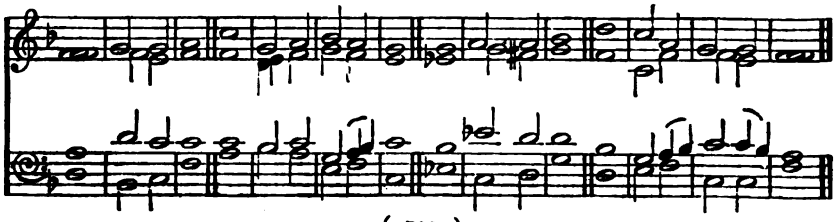
12

Verses 1–13 and 22–29. *Verse 13.* TURLE.



13

Verses 14–21. TURLE.



Te Deum laudamus.

WE praise | thee O God:
we acknowledge | thee to be the Lord.

2 All the earth doth | worship thee:
the Father | everlasting.

3 To thee all Angels | cry aloud:
the Heavens and | all the Powers therein;

4 To thee Cherubim and | Seraphim:
con|tinually do cry,

5 Holy | Holy Holy:
Lord | God of Sabaoth;

6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majesty:
of | thy glory.

7 The glorious company of the A|postles:
praise | - - - - thee.

8 The goodly fellowship of the | Prophets:
praise | - - - - thee.

9 The noble army of | Martyrs:
praise | - - - - thee.

10 The holy Church throughout | all the world:
doth ac|knowledge thee;

11 The | Father:
of an | infi•nite Majesty;

12 Thine a|dora•ble, true:
and | on-ly Son;

13 Also the | Holy Ghost:
the | Com-forter.

14 Thou art the King of | Glory:
O | - - - - Christ.

15 Thou art the ever | lasting Son.
of | the Father.

16 When thou tookest upon thee to de|liver man:
thou didst humble thyself to be | born • of a • Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness • of death:
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to | all believers.

18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of God:
in the glory | of the Father.

19 We believe that | thou shalt come:
to | be our Judge.

20 We therefore pray thee | help thy servants:
whom thou hast redeemed | with thy precious blood.

21 Make them to be numbered | with thy Saints:
in glory | everlasting.

22 O Lord | save thy people:
and | bless thine heritage.

23 Gov|- ern them:
and | lift them up for ever.

24 Day | by day:
we | magnify thee;

25 And we | worship • thy Name:
ever | world without end.

26 Vouch|safe O Lord:
to keep us this | day without sin.

27 O Lord have mercy up|on us:
have | mercy • upon us.
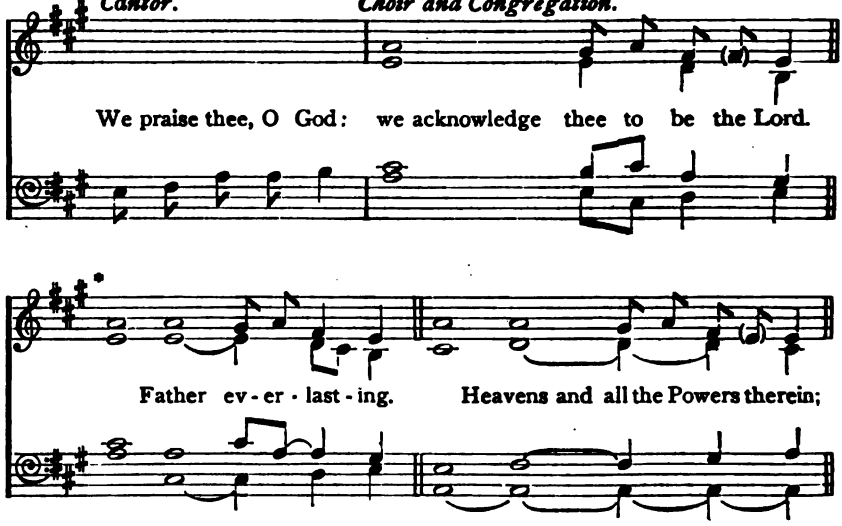
28 O Lord let thy mercy be up|on us:
as our | trust is in thee.

29 O Lord in thee have I | trusted
let me | never be confounded.
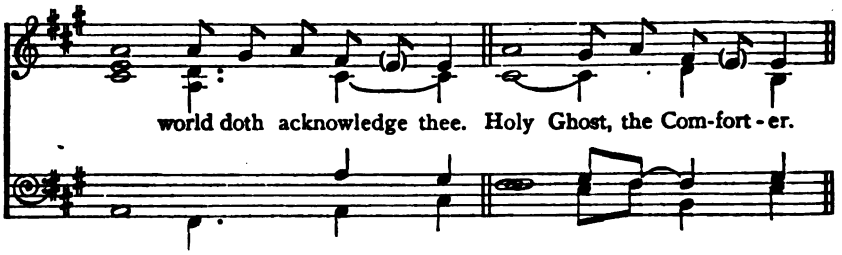
Te Deum laudamus.

14 Tone VIII, 1.

Cantor. *Choir and Congregation.*
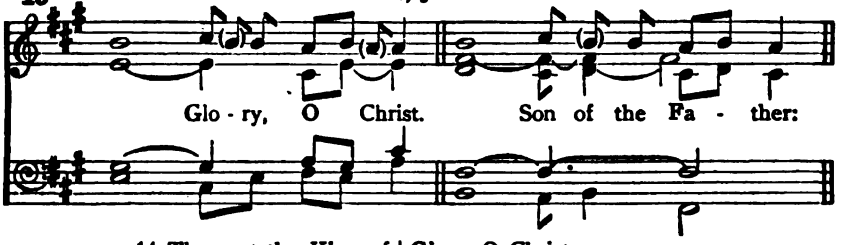


2 All the earth doth worship thee, the Father | everlasting.
3 To thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens and | all the Powers therein;
4 To thee Cherubim and Seraphim contin|ually do cry,
5 Holy, Holy, Holy, † Lord | God of Sabaoth;
6 Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty | of thy glory.
7 The glorious company of the A|postles praise thee.
8 The goodly fellowship of the | Prophets praise thee.
9 The noble army of | Martyrs praise thee.
10 The holy Church throughout all the world | doth acknowledge thee;
11 The Father, of an in|finite Majesty;
12 Thine adorable | true, and only Son;
13 Also the Holy | Ghost, the Comforter.



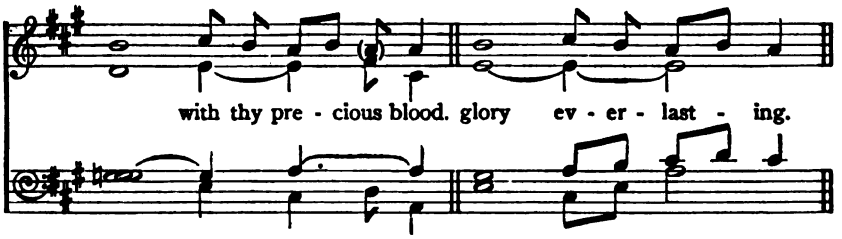
* *Intonation and Mediation only in first verse: the remaining verses are sung to an earlier form of the chant, consisting of Recitation and final Cadence only.*

Te Deum laudamus.
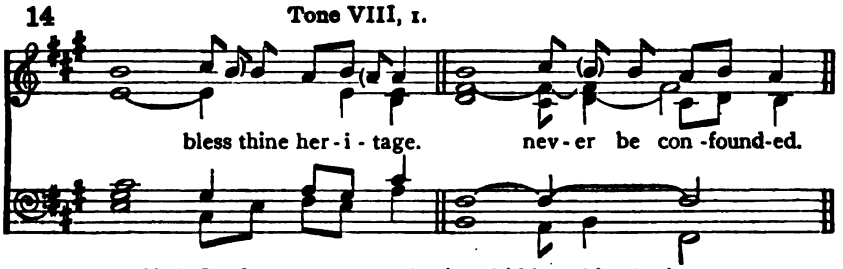
15 Tone VII, 5.



14 Thou art the King of | Glory, O Christ.
15 Thou art the everlasting | Son of the Father.
16 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
thou didst humble thyself to be | born of a Virgin.
17 When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to | all believers.
18 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory | of the Father.
19 We believe that thou shalt | come to be our Judge.
20 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, †
whom thou hast redeemed | with thy precious blood.
21 Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in glory | everlasting.



14 Tone VIII, 1.

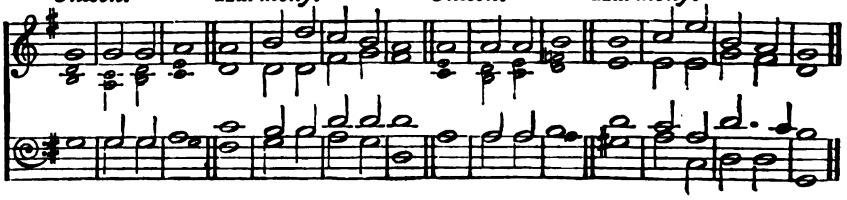


22 O Lord, save thy people, † and | bless thine heritage.
23 Govern them, and lift them | up for ever.
24 Day by day we | magnify thee;
25 And we worship thy Name ever | world without end.
26 Vouchsafe O Lord, to keep us this | day without sin.
27 O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mer|cy upon us.
28 O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our | trust is in thee.
29 O Lord, in thee have I trusted: † let me never | be confounded.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

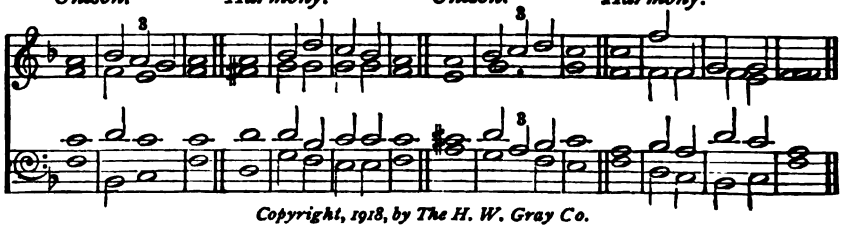
16 GARRETT.

Unison. *Harmony.* *Unison.* *Harmony.*



17 NOBLE, 1918.

Unison. *Harmony.* *Unison.* *Harmony.*



Copyright, 1918, by The H. W. Gray Co.

O ALL ye Works of the Lord | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lord | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

3 O ye Heavens | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lord | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

6 O ye Sun and Moon | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

7 O ye Stars of heaven | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

8 O ye Showers and Dew | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

9 O ye Winds of God | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

10 O ye Fire and Heat | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

11 O ye Winter and Summer | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frosts | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cold | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

14 O ye Ice and Snow | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

15 O ye Nights and Days | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

16 O ye Light and Darkness | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clouds | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

18 O let the Earth | bless the Lord:
yea let it praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

19 O ye Mountains and Hills | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the earth | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

21 O ye Wells | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

22 O ye Seas and Floods | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

23 O ye Whales and all that move in the waters,
| bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the air | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

26 O ye Children of Men | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

27 O let Israel | bless the Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lord | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lord | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.
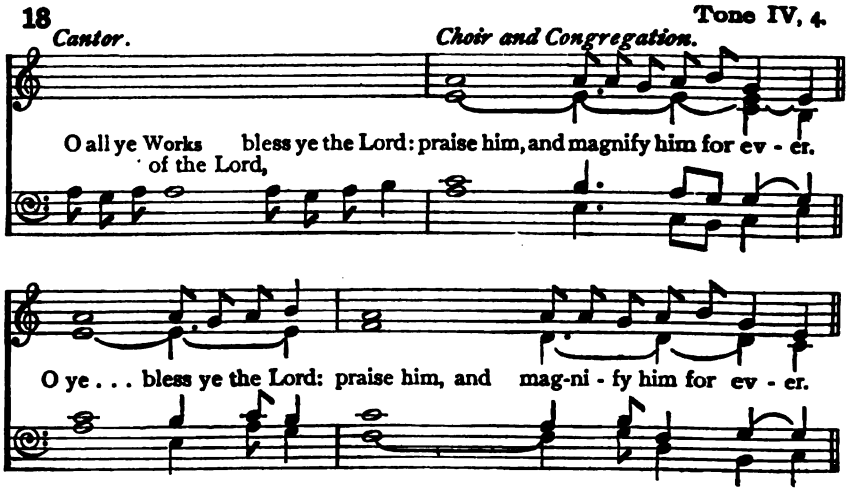
31 O ye holy and humble Men of heart | bless • ye the • Lord:
praise him, and | magni • fy him for ever.

Glory be to the Father | and • to the • Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

18 Tone IV, 4.



2 O ye Angels of the Lord, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him and magni|fy him for ever.

3 O ye Heavens, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

6 O ye Sun and Moon, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

7 O ye Stars of heaven, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

8 O ye Showers and Dew, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

9 O ye Winds of God, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

10 O ye Fire and Heat, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

11 O ye Winter and Summer, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frosts, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

13 O ye Frost and Cold, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.
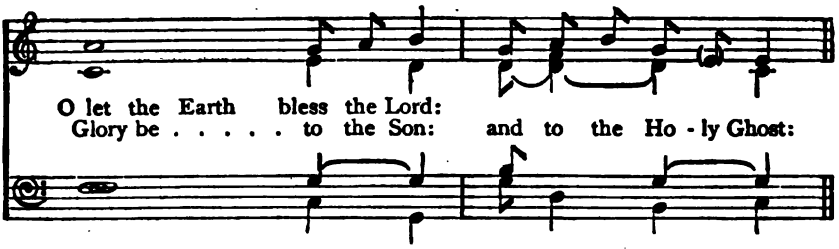
14 O ye Ice and Snow, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

15 O ye Nights and Days, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

16 O ye Light and Darkness, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.



18 O let the Earth | bless the Lord:
yea let it praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

19 O ye Mountains and Hills, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

21 O ye Wells, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

22 O ye Seas and Floods, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

23 O ye Whales and all that move in the waters, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the air, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

26 O ye Children of Men, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

27 O let Israel | bless the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.
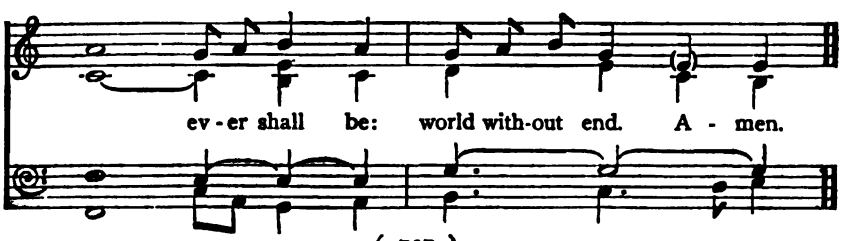
28 O ye Priests of the Lord, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lord, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.
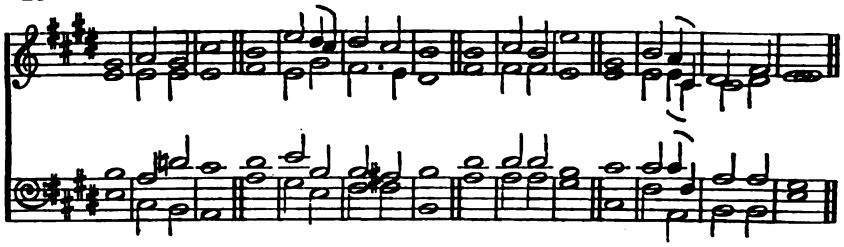
31 O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless | ye the Lord:
praise him, and magni|fy him for ever.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
| and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, † is now and | ever shall be:
| world without end. Amen.
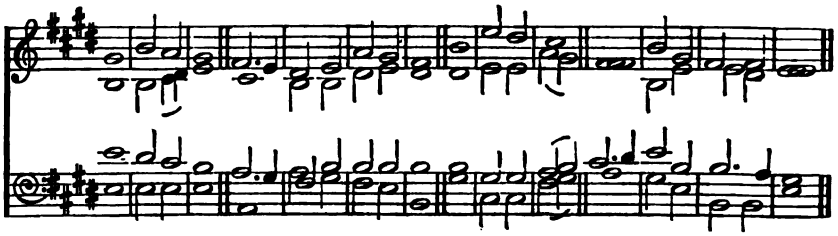


Benedictus.
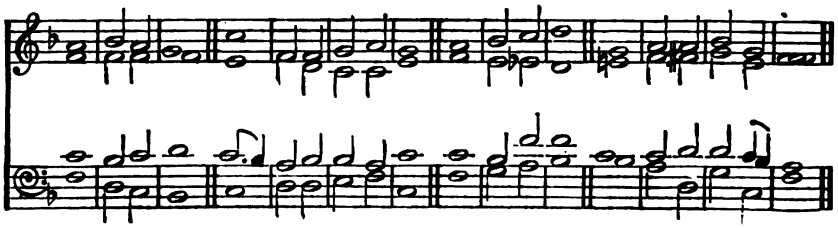
19 STEWART.



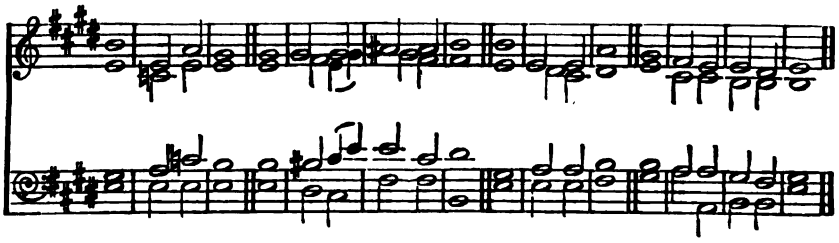
20 GOSS.



21 HOPKINS.
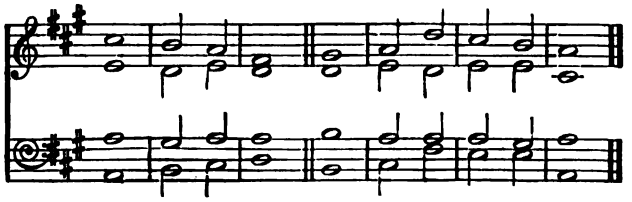


22 JACKMAN.



Benedictus.

23 MONK.



ST. LUKE i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord God of | Israel:
for he hath visited and re|deemed · his **people**;

2 And hath raised up a mighty salvation | **for** us:
in the house of his | servant **Da**vid;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his holy | **Pro**phets:
which have been | since the world began;

4 That we should be saved from our | enemies:
and from the hand of | all that **hate** us.

5 To perform the mercy promised to our | **fore**fathers:
and to remember his | holy covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our forefather | Abraham:
that | he would **give** us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hand of our | enemies:
might | serve · him with · **out** fear;

8 In holiness and righteousness be|**fore** him:
all the | days of **our** life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the prophet of the | **High**est:
for thou shalt go before the face of the | Lord · to pre · pare his ways

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto · his people:
for the re|mission of their sins,

11 Through the tender mercy of | **our** God:
whereby the day-spring from on | high hath · visit · ed us;
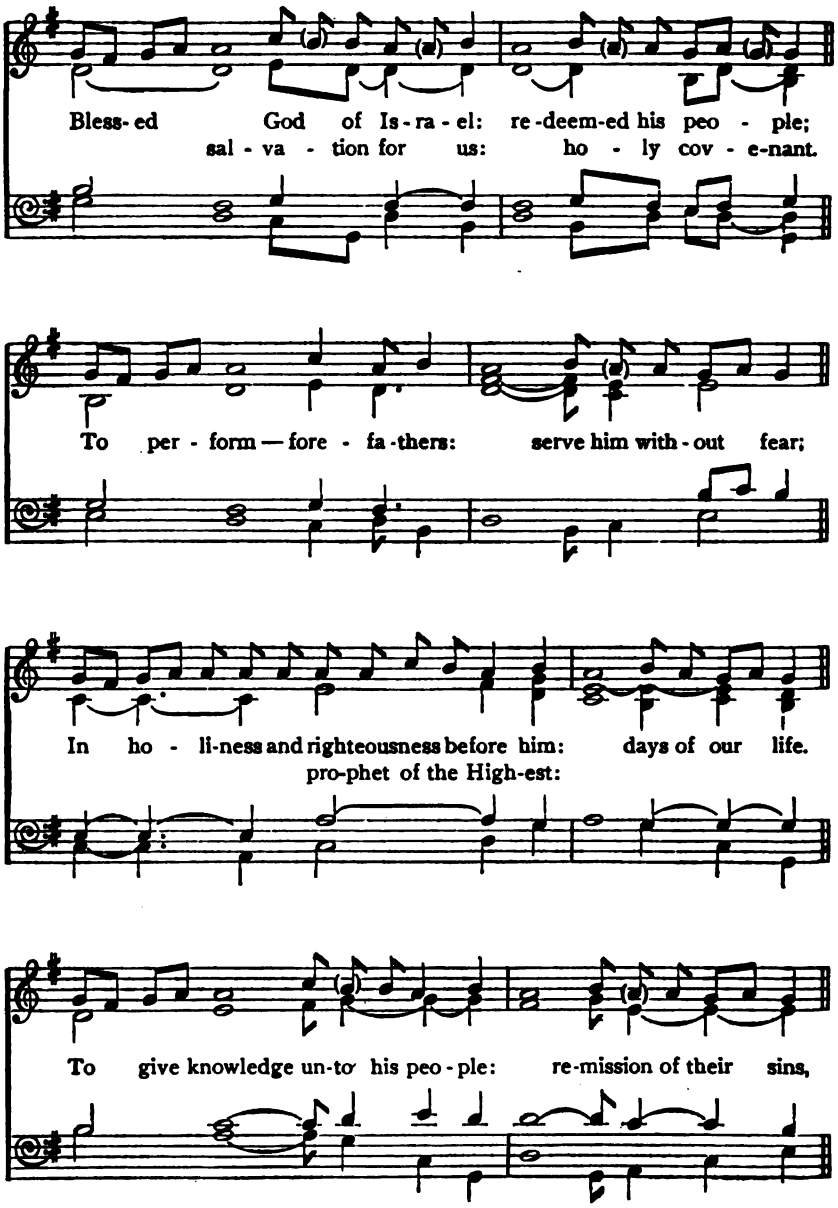
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness,
and in the | shadow · of death:
and to guide our feet into the | **way** - of peace.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever · shall be:
world without | **end.** Amen.

Benedictus.

24 Tone VII, 5.



The intonation is sung with each verse of the Gospel Canticles.

Benedictus.

St. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord | God of Israel:
for he hath visited and re|deemed his people;

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal|vation for us:
in the house of his | servant David;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy Prophets:
which have | been since the world began;

4 That we should be saved | from our enemies:
and from the hand of | all that hate us.

5 To perform the mercy promised to our | forefathers:
and to remember his | holy covenant.

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our | forefather Abraham:
that | he would give us;

7 That we being delivered out of the | hand of our enemies:
might | serve him without fear;

8 In holiness and righteous|ness before him:
all the | days of our life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the prophet | of the Highest:
for thou shalt go before the face of the | Lord to prepare his ways;

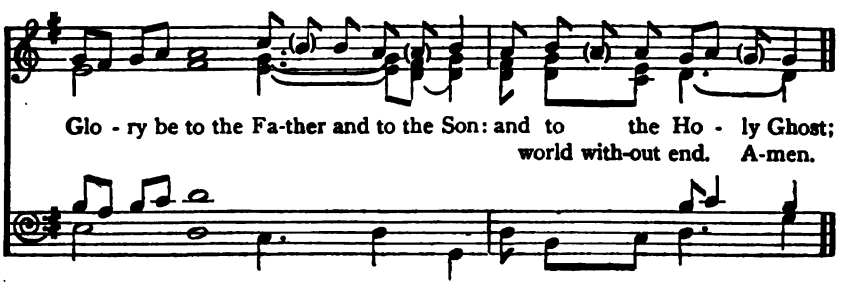
10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto his people:
for the re|mission of their sins,

11 Through the tender | mercy of our God:
whereby the day-spring from on high hath | visited us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, †
and in the | shadow of death:
and to guide our feet | into the way of peace.
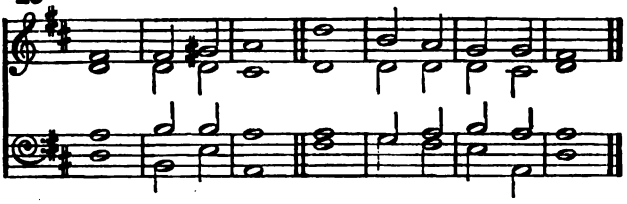
Glory be to the | Father and to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, † is now and | ever shall be:
| world without end. Amen.
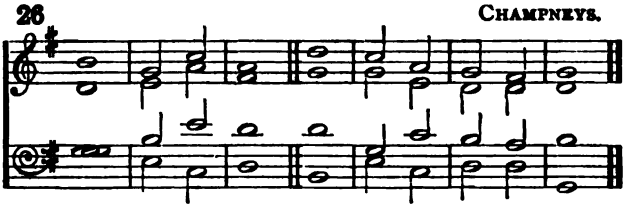


Jubilate Deo.

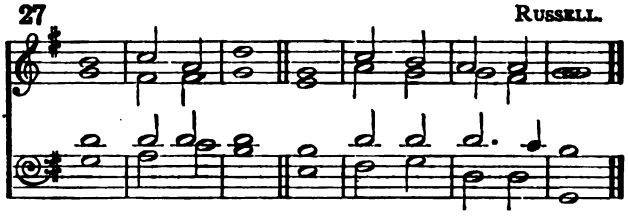
25 KELWAY.
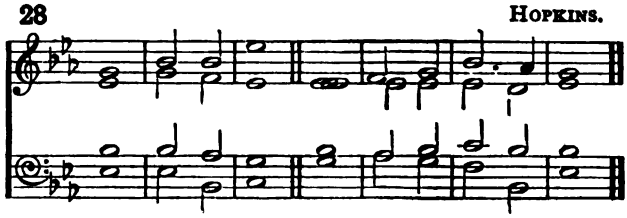


26 CHAMPNEYS.



27 RUSSELL.



28 HOPKINS.



PSALM C.

O BE joyful in the LORD | all ye lands:
serve the LORD with gladness,
and come before his | presence with a song.

2 Be ye sure that the LORD he is God;
it is he that hath made us and not | we ourselves:
we are his people and the | sheep of • his **pasture.**

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving,
and into his | courts with praise:
be thankful unto him and speak | **good** of his Name.

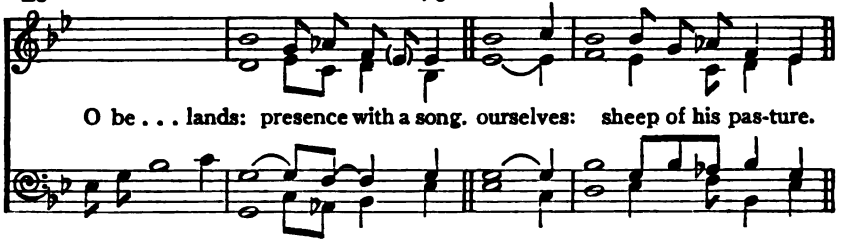
4 For the LORD is gracious, his mercy is ever|**lasting:**
and his truth endureth from generation to | gene**ration.**

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without **end.** **Amen.**

Jubilate Deo.

29 Tone V, 3.



PSALM C.

O BE joyful in the LORD, all ye | lands:
serve the LORD with gladness,
and come before his | presence with a song.
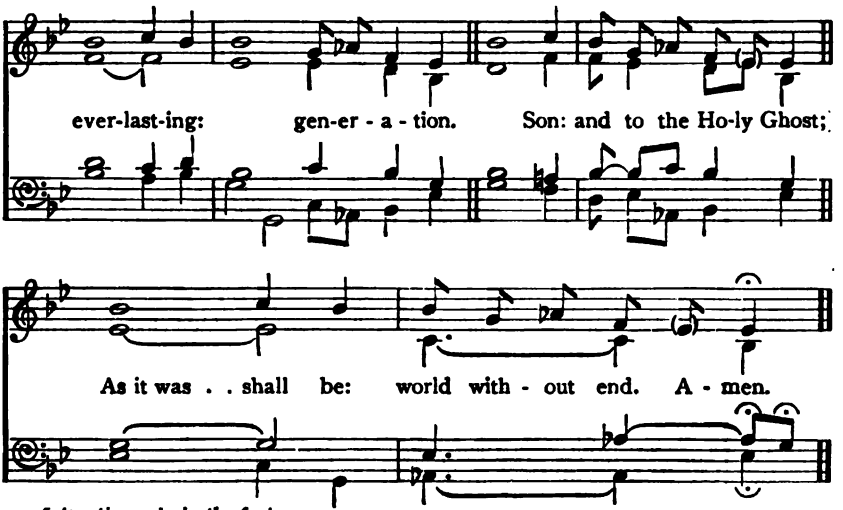
2 Be ye sure that the LORD he is God;
it is he that hath made us and not we our|selves:
we are his people and the sheep | of his pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving,†
and into his courts with | praise:
be thankful unto him and speak | good of his Name.

4 For the LORD is gracious, his mercy is ever|lasting:
and his truth endureth from generation to | generation.

Glory be to the Father and to the | Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
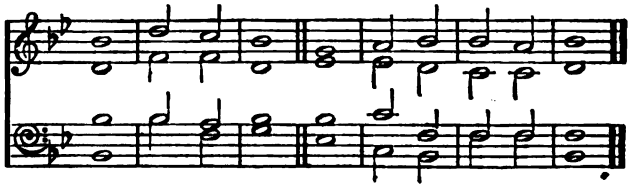
As it was in the beginning,† is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.



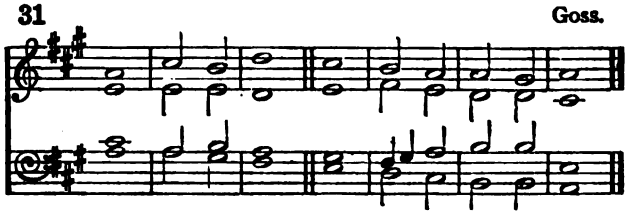
Intonation only in the first verse.

Magnificat.
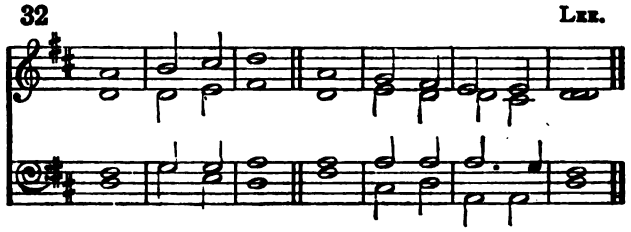
30 ELVEY.
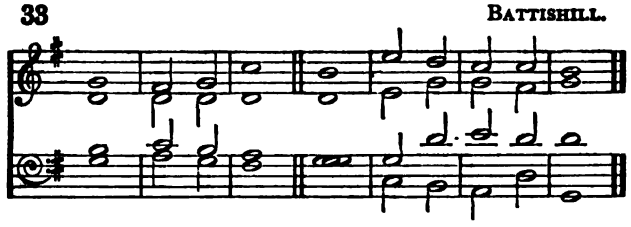


31 GOSS.
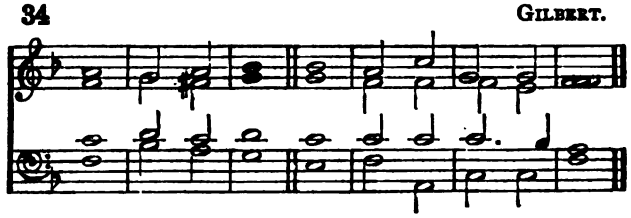


32 LEE.



33 BATTISHILL.

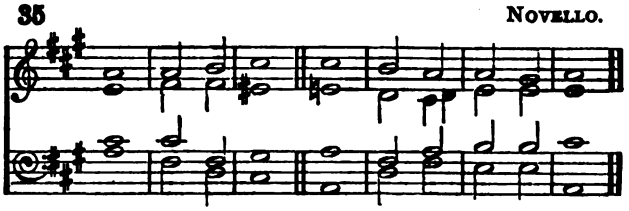


34 GILBERT.
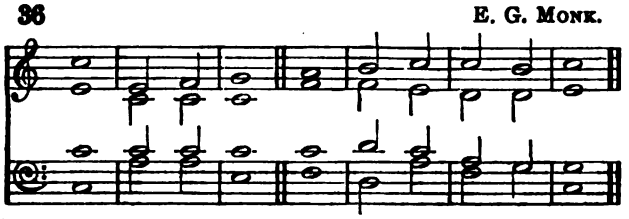


Magnificat.

35 NOVELLO.



36 E. G. MONK.



ST. LUKE i. 46.

MY soul doth magni|fy the Lord:
and my spirit hath rejoiced in | God my **Saviour.**

2 For he hath re|**garded**:
the lowliness | of his **handmaiden.**

3 For behold from | **henceforth**:
all generations shall | call me **blessed.**

4 For he that is mighty hath | magni • fied me:
and | holy is his Name.

5 And his mercy is on them that | **fear** him:
throughout all | gene**rations.**

6 He hath showed strength | with his arm:
he hath scattered the proud in the imagi|nation of their hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty | from their seat:
and hath exalted the | **humble** and meek.

8 He hath filled the hungry with | **good** things:
and the rich he hath | **sent** • empty • away.

9 He remembering his mercy hath holpen **his servant** | **Israel:**
as he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his | seed for **ever.**

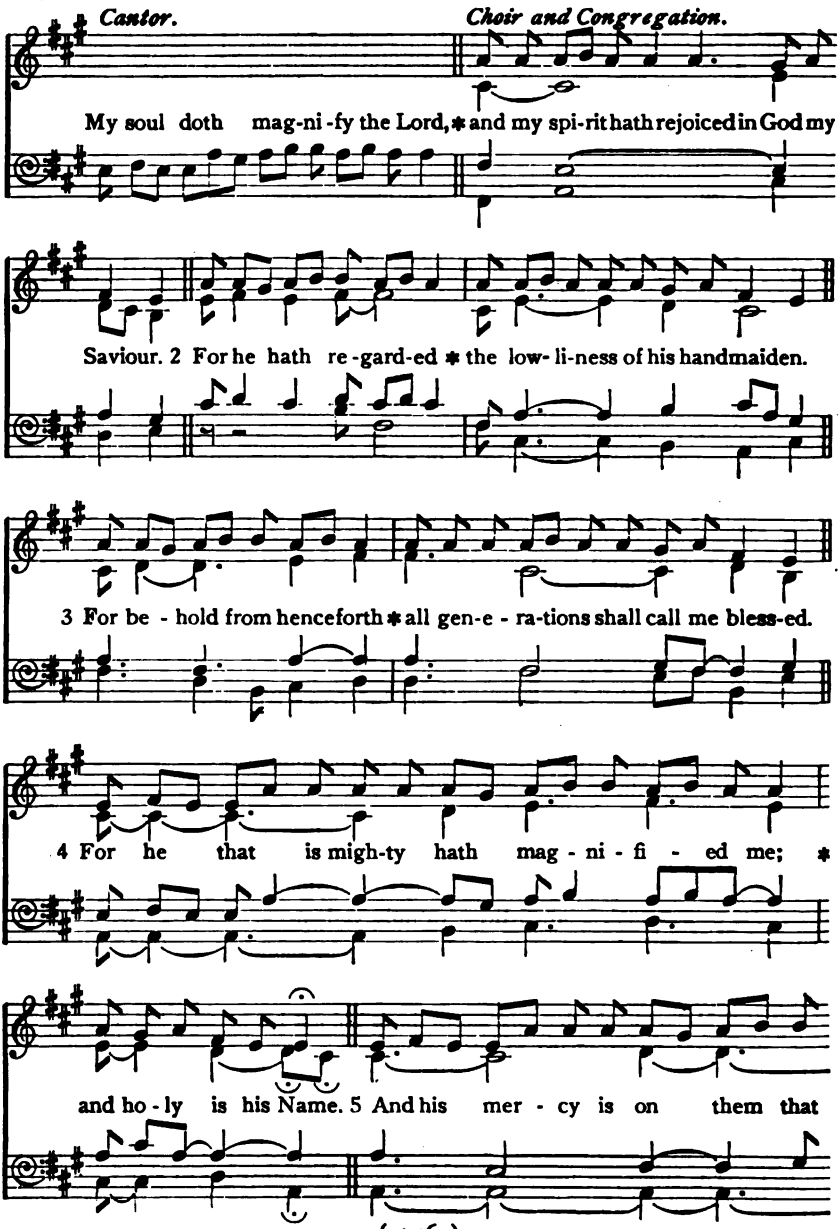
Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | **end.** **Amen.**
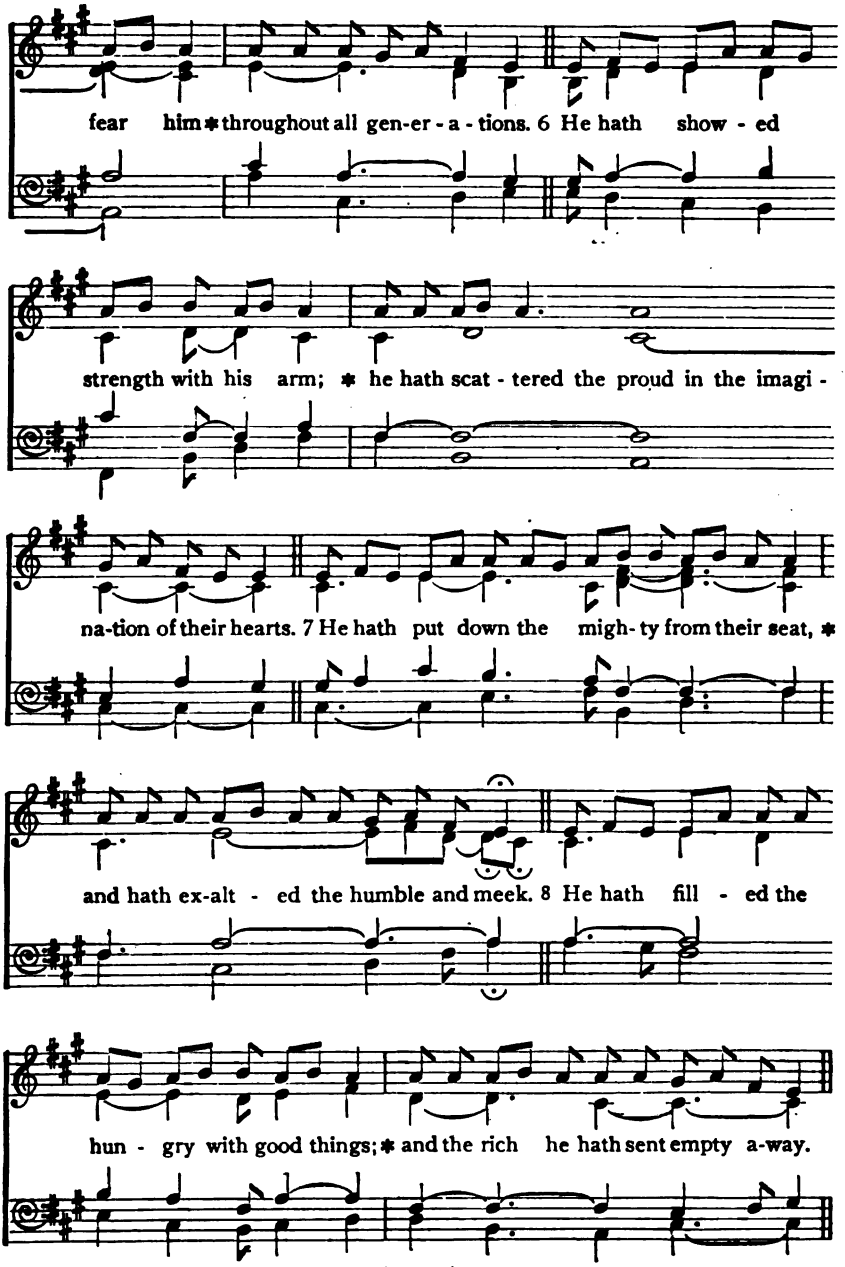
Magnificat.

St. Luke i. 46.

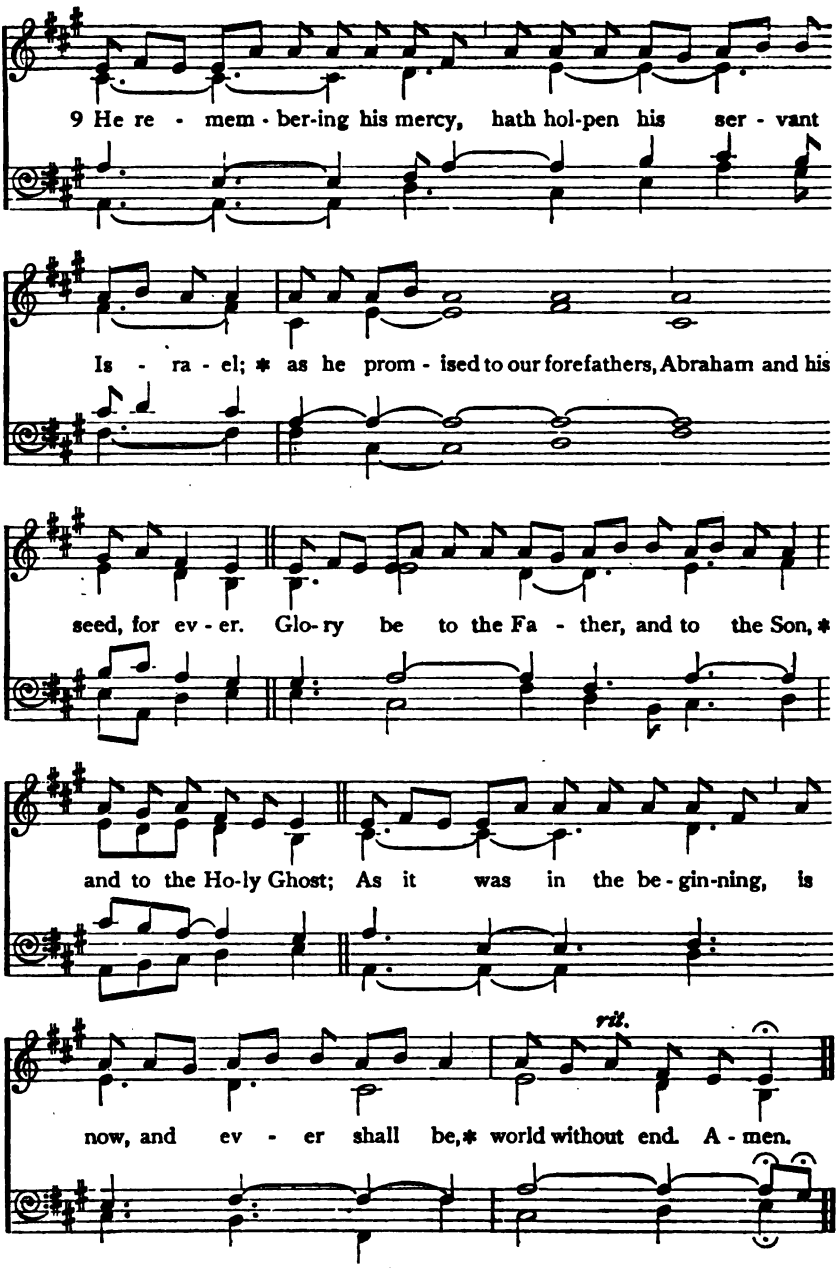
37 Tone VIII, 1; Solemn form.



Magnificat.

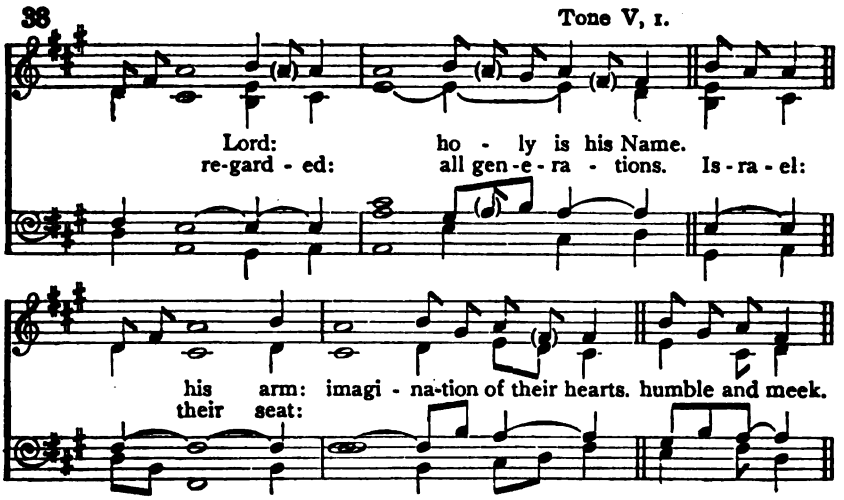

fear him * throughout all gen-er-a-tions. 6 He hath show-ed
strength with his arm; * he hath scat-tered the proud in the imagi-
na-tion of their hearts. 7 He hath put down the migh-ty from their seat, *
and hath ex-alt-ed the humble and meek. 8 He hath fill-ed the
hun-gry with good things; * and the rich he hath sent empty a-way.

Magnificat.


9 He re - mem - ber-ing his mercy, hath hol-pen his ser - vant
Is - ra - el; * as he prom - ised to our forefathers, Abraham and his
seed, for ev - er. Glo- ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, *
and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin-ning, is
rit.
now, and ev - er shall be, * world without end. A - men.

Magnificat.

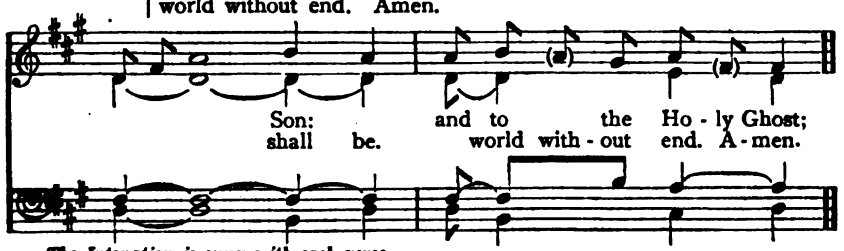
38 Tone V, 1.



St. Luke i. 46.

My soul doth magnify the | Lord:
and my spirit hath rejoiced in | God my Saviour.
2 For he hath re|garded:
the lowliness of | his handmaiden.
3 For behold from | henceforth:
all generations shall | call me blessed.
4 For he that is mighty hath magnified | me:
and | holy is his Name.
5 And his mercy is on them that | fear him:
throughout | all generations.
6 He hath showed strength with his | arm:
he hath scattered the proud in the imagi|nation of their hearts.
7 He hath put down the mighty from their | seat:
and hath exalted the | humble and meek.
8 He hath filled the hungry with good | things:
and the rich he hath sent | empty away.
9 He remembering his mercy † hath holpen his servant | Israel:
as he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his | seed for ever.
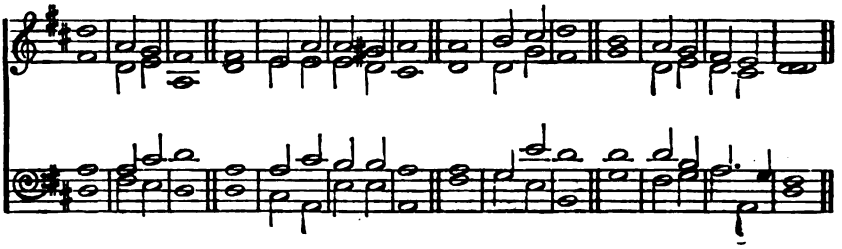
Glory be to the Father and to the | Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, † is now and ever | shall be:
| world without end. Amen.



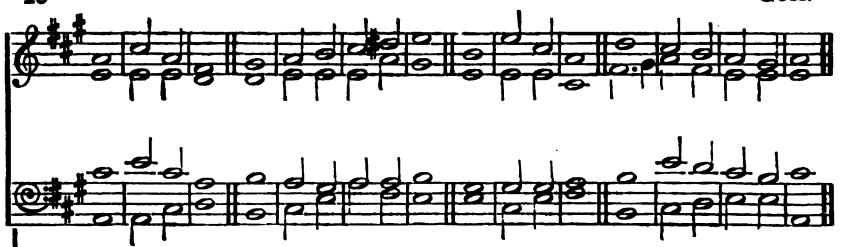
The Intonation is sung with each verse.

Cantate Domino.
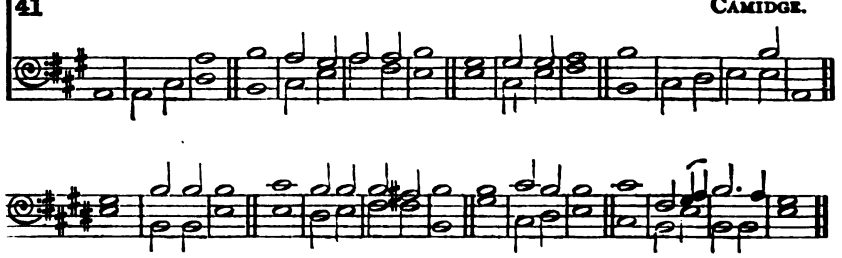
39 BOYCE.



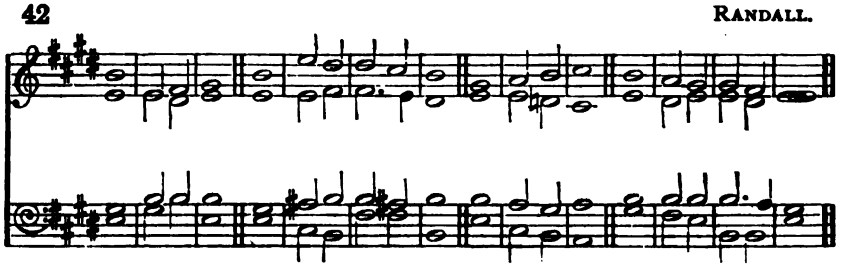
40 GOSS.



41 CAMIDGE.
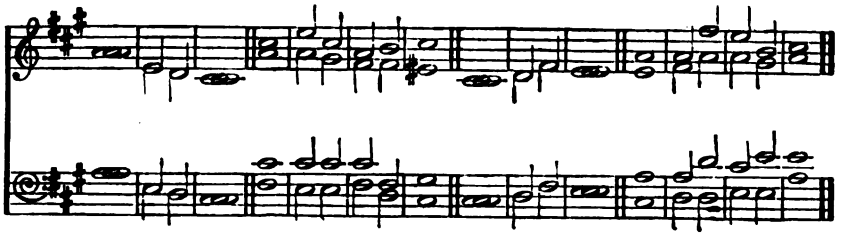


42 RANDALL.



Cantate Domino.

43 WALMISLEY.



PSALM xcviii.

O SING unto the LORD a | new song:
for he hath | done · marvel · lous things.

2 With his own right hand and with his | holy arm:
hath he gotten him | self the victory.

3 The LORD declared his sal | vation:
his righteousness hath he openly showed
in the | sight · of the · heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of | Israel:
and all the ends of the world have seen the sal | vation of our God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LORD | all ye lands:
sing, re | joice and give thanks.

6 Praise the LORD up | on the harp:
sing to the harp with a | psalm of thanksgiving.

7 With trumpets | also · and shawms:
O show yourselves joyful be | fore the LORD the King.

8 Let the sea make a noise and all that | therein is:
the round world and | they that dwell therein:

9 Let the floods clap their hands,
and let the hills be joyful together be | fore the LORD:
for he | cometh · to judge the earth:
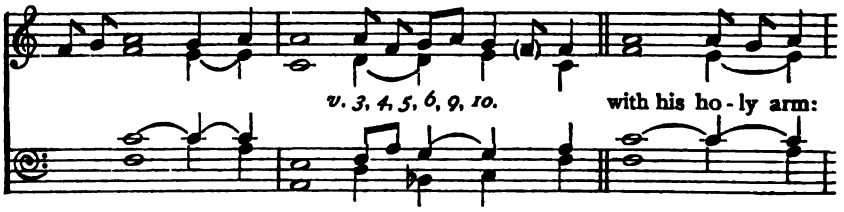
10 With righteousness shall he | judge the world:
and the | people · with equity.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever · shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Cantate Domino.

44 **Tone VI.**



PSALM xcviii.

O SING unto the LORD a | new song:
for he hath | done marvellous things.

2 With his own right hand and with his ho|ly arm:
hath he gotten him|self the victory.

3 The LORD declared his sal|vation:
his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight | of the heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Is|rael:
and all the ends of the world have seen the salva|tion of our God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LORD, all | ye lands:
sing | rejoice and give thanks.

6 Praise the LORD upon | the harp:
sing to the harp with a psalm | of thanksgiving.

7 With trumpets also | and shawms:
O show yourselves joyful be|fore the LORD the King.
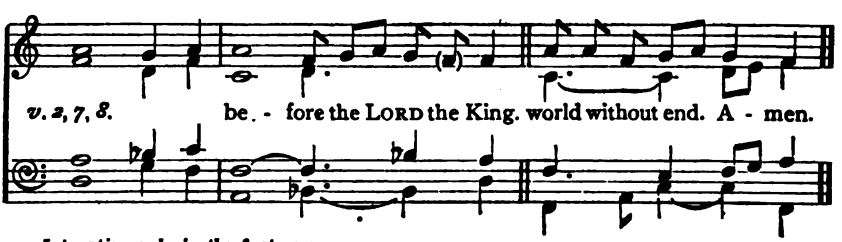
8 Let the sea make a noise and all that there|in is:
the round world and | they that dwell therein.

9 Let the floods clap their hands,
and let the hills be joyful together before | the LORD:
for he com|eth to judge the earth.

10 With righteousness shall he judge | the world:
and the peo|ple with equity.

Glory be to the Father and to | the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
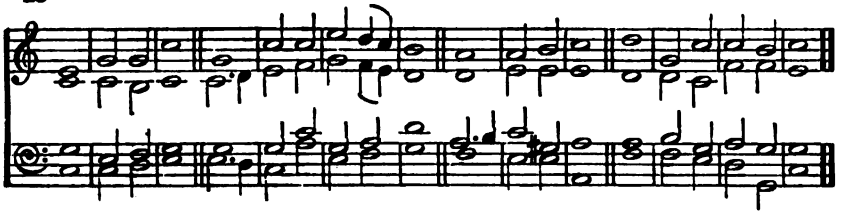
As it was in the beginning,† is now and ever | shall be:
world with|out end. Amen.
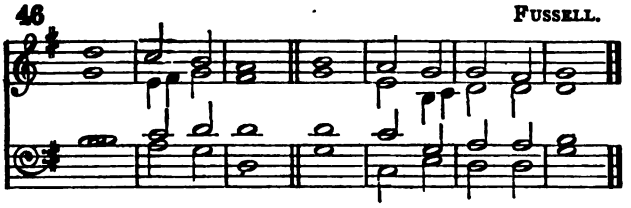


Intonation only in the first verse.

Bonum est confiteri.
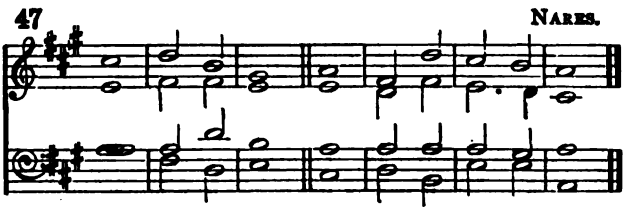
45 TURLE.



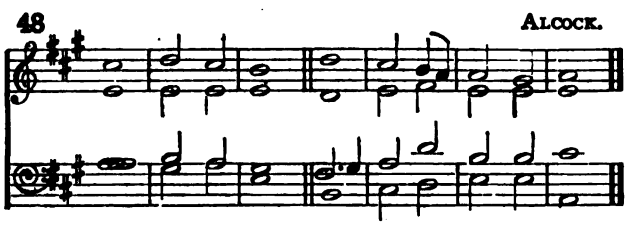
46 FUSSELL.



47 NARES.



48 ALCOCK.



PSALM xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thanks | unto · the LORD:
and to sing praises unto thy Name | O Most **Highest**;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early in the | **morn**ing:
and of thy truth in the | **night sea**son;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings and up|on the lute:
upon a loud instrument | and upon the harp.
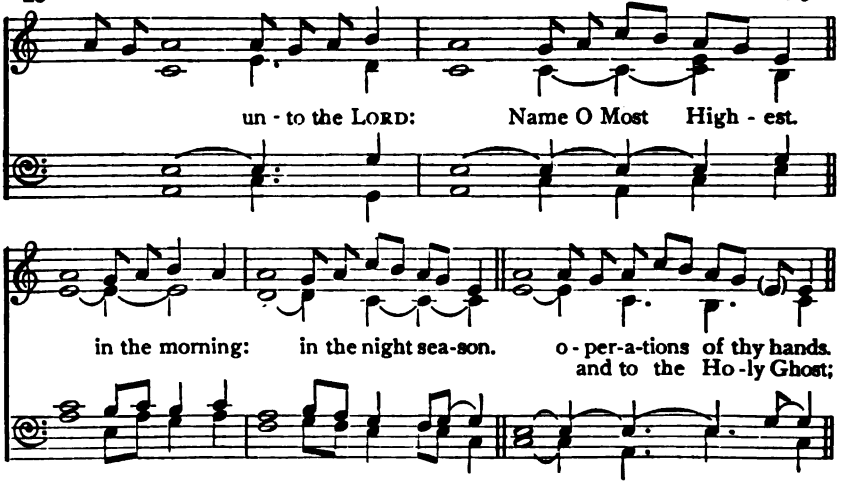
4 For thou LORD hast made me glad | through thy works:
and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper|ations of thy hands.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever · shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Bonum est confiteri.

49 Tone IV, 3.



PSALM xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un|to the LORD:
and to sing praises unto thy | Name O Most Highest;
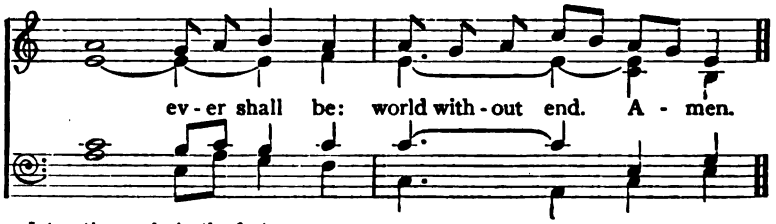
2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the morning:
and of thy truth | in the night season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings and up|on the lute:
upon a loud instru|ment and upon the harp.

4 For thou LORD hast made me glad | through thy works:
and I will rejoice in giving praise for the op|erations of thy hands.
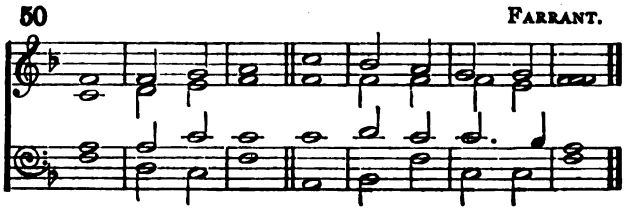
Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
| and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, † is now and | ever shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
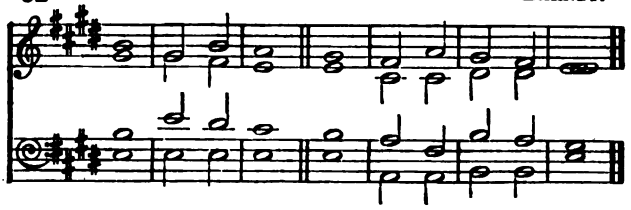


Intonation only in the first verse.

50 FARRANT.
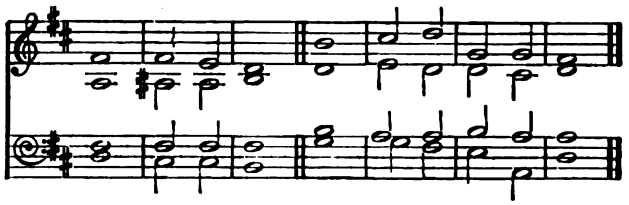


Nunc dimittis.

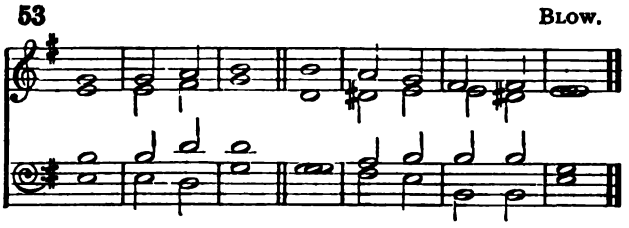
51 BARNBY.
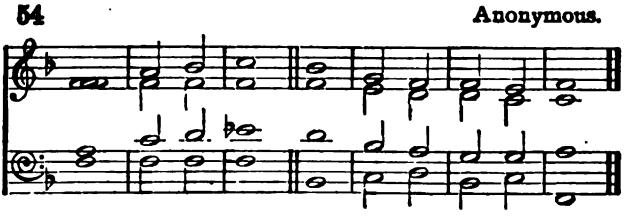


52 REINAGLE.



53 BLOW.



54 Anonymous.



ST. LUKE ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de | part in peace:
ac|cording to thy word.

2 For mine | eyes have seen:
thy |— salvation,

3 Which thou hast pre|pared:
before the face of | all people;

4 To be a light to lighten the | Gentiles:
and to be the glory of thy | people Israel.

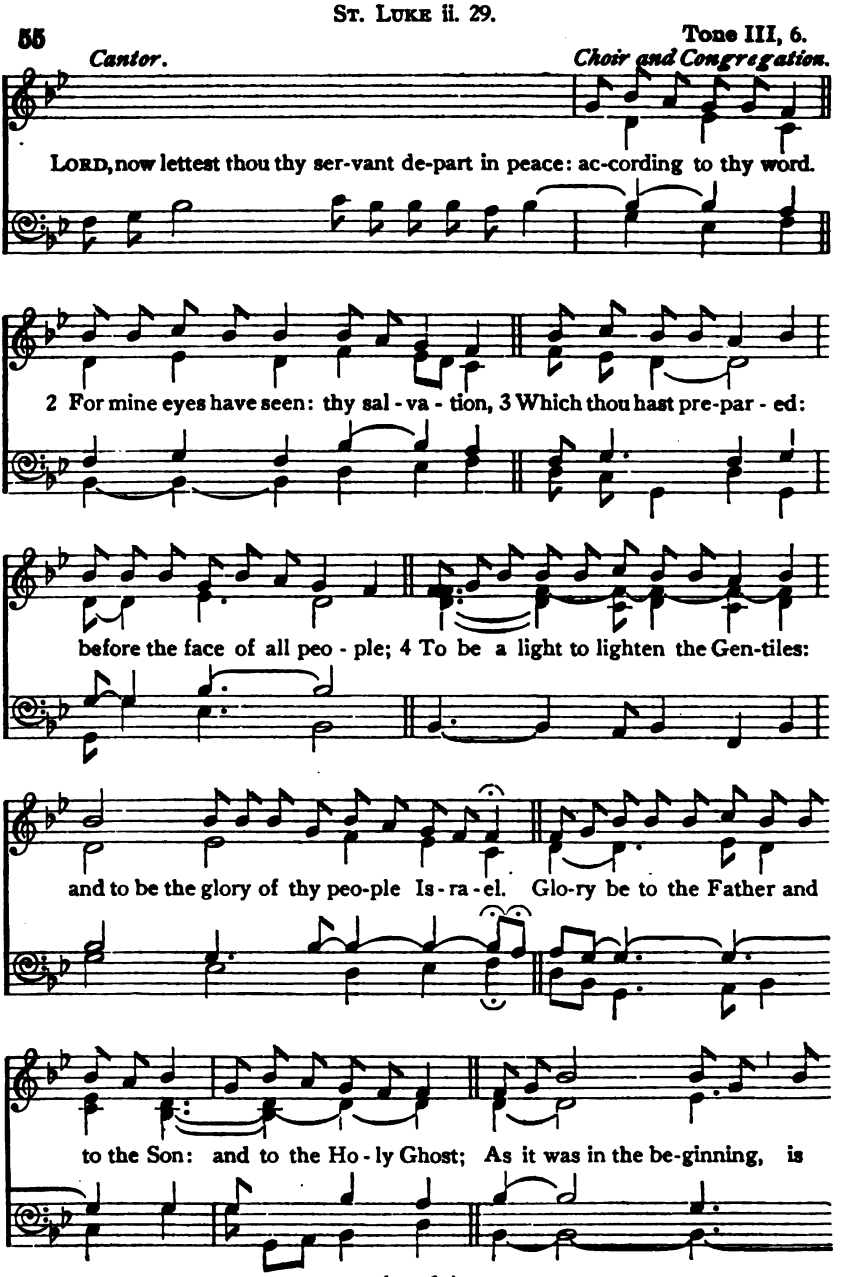
Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | end. Amen.
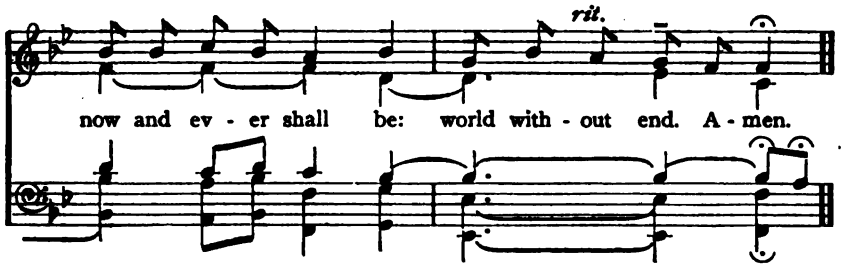
Nunc Dimittis.

St. Luke ii. 29.

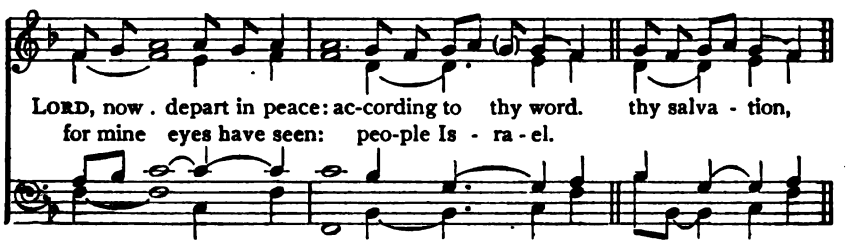
55 Tone III, 6.



Nunc Dimittis.



56 Tone I, 2.



ST. LUKE ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart | in peace:
ac|cording to thy word.

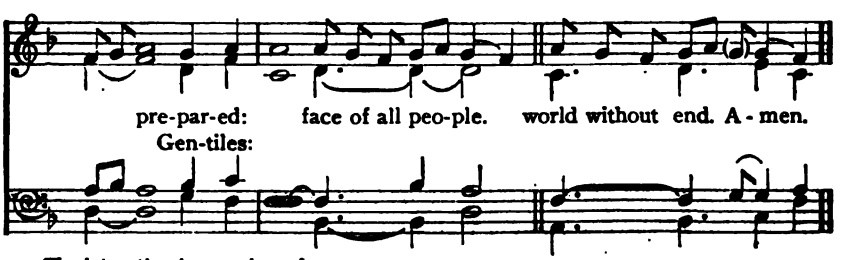
2 For mine eyes | have seen:
| thy salvation,

3 Which thou hast pre|pared:
before the face | of all people;

4 To be a light to lighten the | Gentiles:
and to be the glory of thy | people Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to | the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
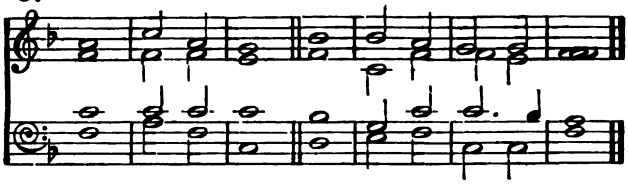
As it was in the beginning,† is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
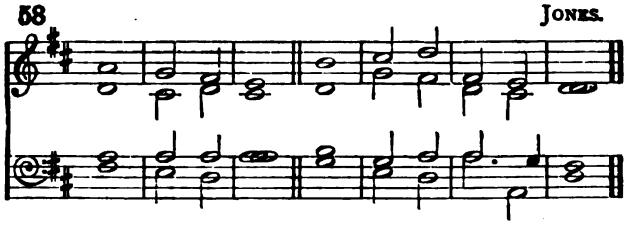


The intonation is sung in each verse.

Deus misereatur.

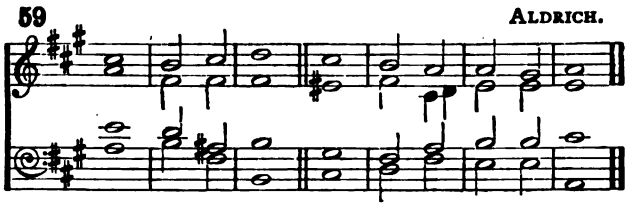
57 LEE.



58 JONES.



59 ALDRICH.



PSALM lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto us and | **bless** us:
and show us the light of his countenance,
and be | merci • ful unto us;

2 That thy way may be | known up • on earth:
thy saving health a|mong all **na**tions.

3 Let the people praise | thee O God:
yea let all the | people **praise** thee.

4 O let the nations re|joice and • be glad:
for thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and govern the | nations • upon earth.

5 Let the people praise | thee O God:
yea let all the | people **praise** thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her | **in**crease:
and God, even our own God, shall | give us • his **blessing.**
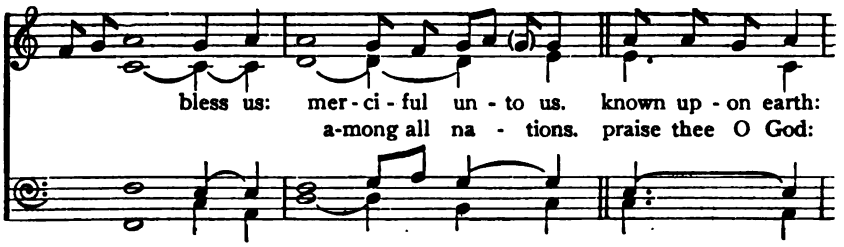
7 God shall | **bless** us:
and all the ends of the | world shall **fear** him.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | **end.** Amen.

Deus misereatur.

60 Tone I, 1.



PSALM lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto us and | bless us:
and show us the light of his countenance,
and be mer|ciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known up|on earth:
thy saving health a|mong all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee | O God:
yea let all the | people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and | be glad:
for thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and govern the na|tions upon earth.

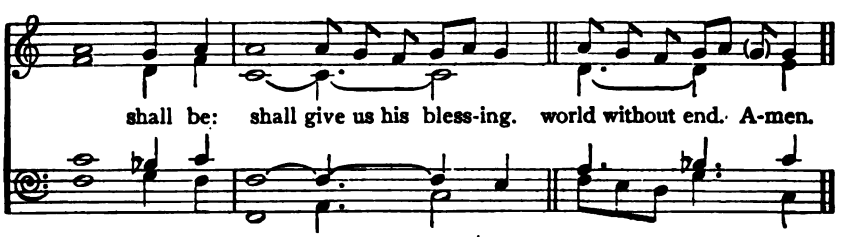
5 Let the people praise thee | O God:
yea let all the | people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her | increase:
and God, even our own God, shall give | us his blessing.

7 God shall | bless us:
and all the ends of the | world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father and to | the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
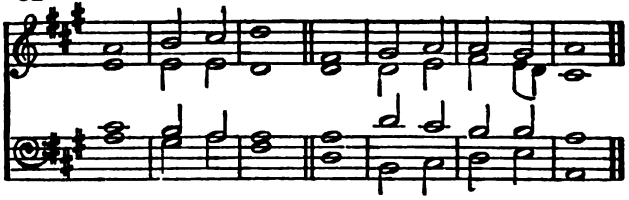
As it was in the beginning,† is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
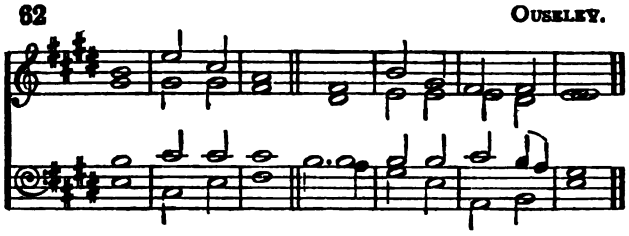


Intonation only in the first verse.

Benedic, anima mea.
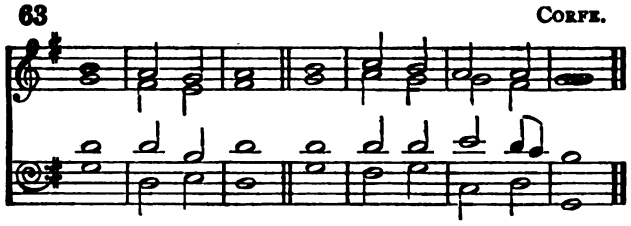
61 MACFARREN.



62 OUSELEY.



63 CORFE.



PSALM ciii.

PRAISE the LORD | O my soul:
and all that is within me | praise his holy Name.

2 Praise the LORD | O my soul:
and forget not | all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth | all thy sin:
and healeth all | thine infirmities;

4 Who saveth thy life from de|**struc**tion:
and crowneth thee with mercy and | loving-**kind**ness.

5 O praise the LORD ye angels of his,
ye that ex|cel in strength:
ye that fulfil his commandment,
and hearken unto the | **voice** of his word.

6 O praise the LORD all | ye his hosts:
ye servants of his that | do his **pleas**ure.

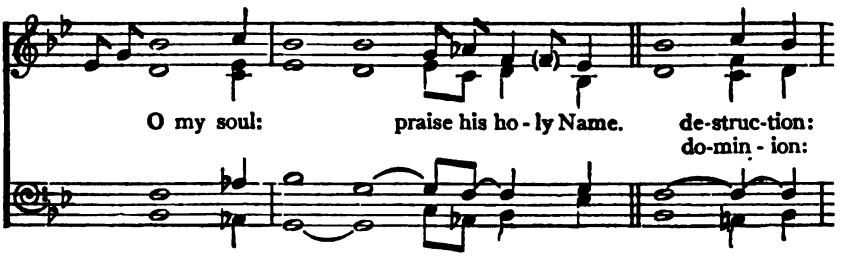
7 O speak good of the LORD all ye works of his,
in all places of his do|**min**ion:
praise thou the | **LORD** O my soul.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | **end.** Amen.

Benedic, anima mea.

64 Tone V, 3.



PSALM ciii

PRAISE the LORD, O my | soul:
and all that is within me | praise his holy Name.

2 Praise the LORD, O my | soul:
and forget not | all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thy | sin:
and healeth all | thine infirmities;

4 Who saveth thy life from de|struction;
and crowneth thee with mercy and | loving-kindness.

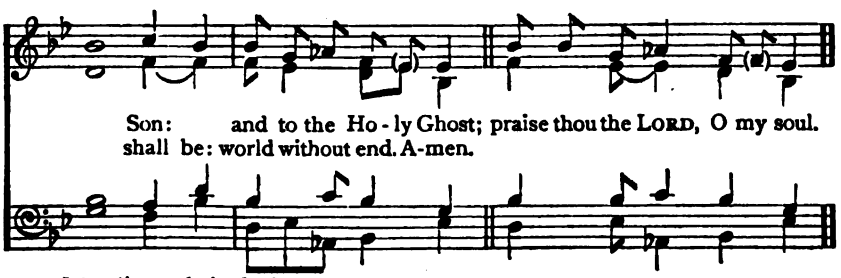
5 O praise the LORD ye angels of his,
ye that excel in | strength:
ye that fulfil his commandment,
and hearken unto the | voice of his word.

6 O praise the LORD all ye his | hosts:
ye servants of his that | do his pleasure.

7 O speak good of the LORD all ye works of his,
in all places of his do|minion:
praise thou | the LORD O my soul.

Glory be to the Father and to the | Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

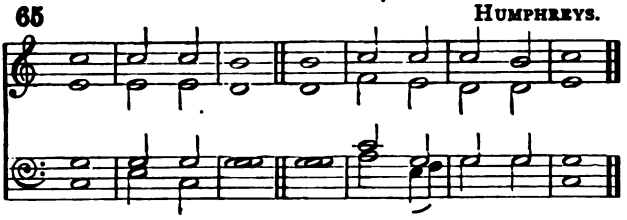
As it was in the beginning,† is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
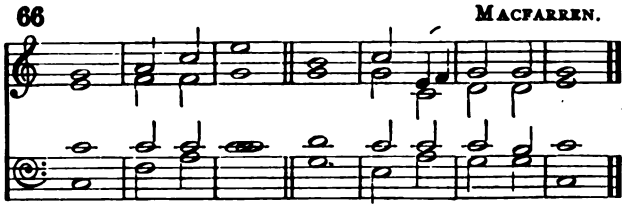


Intonation only in the first verse.

Easter-Day.

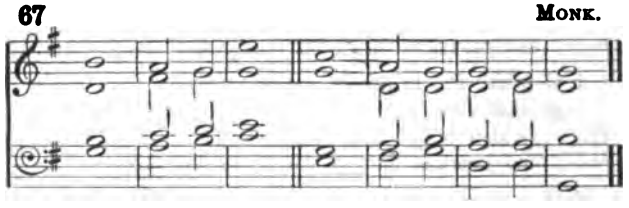
65 HUMPHREYS.



66 MACFARREN.



67 MONK.



(*Instead of the Psalm*, "O come, let us sing," *etc.*)

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed | for us:
therefore | let us keep the feast,

2 Not with the old leaven,
neither with the leaven of malice and | wickedness:
but with the unleavened bread of sin|cerity and truth. 1 *Cor.* v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the dead | dieth · no more:
death hath no more do|minion over him.

4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin once:
but in that he liveth, he | liveth unto God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto sin:
but alive unto God through | Jesus Christ our Lord. *Rom.* vi. 9.

CHRIST is risen | from the dead:
and become the | first · fruits of · them that slept.

7 For since by | man came death:
by man came also the resur|rection of the dead.
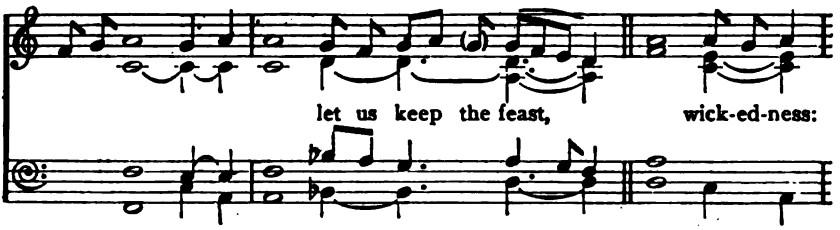
8 For as in Adam | all die:
even so in Christ shall | all be made alive. 1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever · shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Easter-Day.

68 Tone I, 5.



(*Instead of the Psalm*, "O come, let us sing," *etc.*)

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed | for us:
therefore | let us keep the feast,

2 Not with the old leaven, †
neither with the leaven of malice and wick|edness:
but with the unleavened bread of sin|cerity and truth.

3 Christ being raised from the dead dieth | no more:
death hath no more do|minion over him.

4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin once:
but in that he liveth, he | liveth unto God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed un|to sin
but alive unto God through | Jesus Christ our Lord.

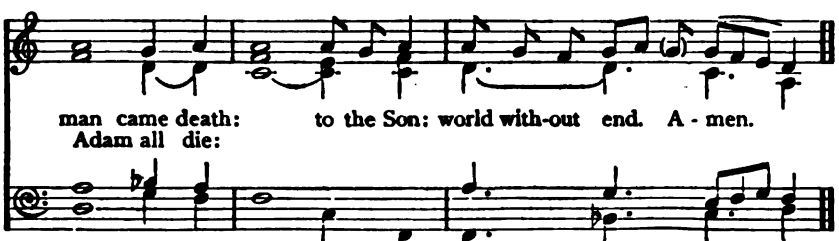
6 Christ is risen from | the dead:
and become the first | fruits of them that slept.

7 For since by man | came death:
by man came also the resur|rection of the dead.

8 For as in Adam | all die:
even so in Christ shall | all be made alive.

Glory be to the Father and to | the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
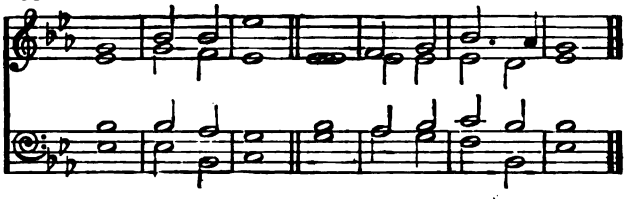
As it was in the beginning, † is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
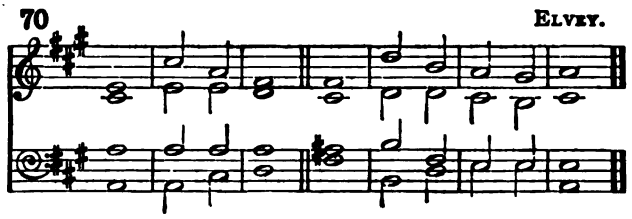


Intonation only in the first verse. The same pointing can be sung to the 2d Ending, No. 56.

Thanksgiving-Day.

69 HOPKINS.



70 ELVEY.



(*Instead of the Psalm*, "O come, let us sing," *etc.*)

O PRAISE the LORD, for it is a good thing to sing praises | unto • our God
yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it | is • to be • **thank**ful.

2 The LORD doth build up Je|rusalem:
and gather together the | outcasts • of Israel.

3 He healeth those that are | broken • in heart:
and giveth medicine to | heal their **sick**ness.

4 O sing unto the LORD with | **thanks**giving:
sing praises upon the | **harp** unto • our God:

5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
and prepareth | rain • for the • earth:
and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains,
and | herb • for the • use of men;

6 Who giveth fodder | unto • the cattle:
and feedeth the young ravens that | call upon him.

7 Praise the LORD, O Je|rusalem:
praise thy | God O Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the | bars of • thy gates:
and hath blessed thy | children • within thee.

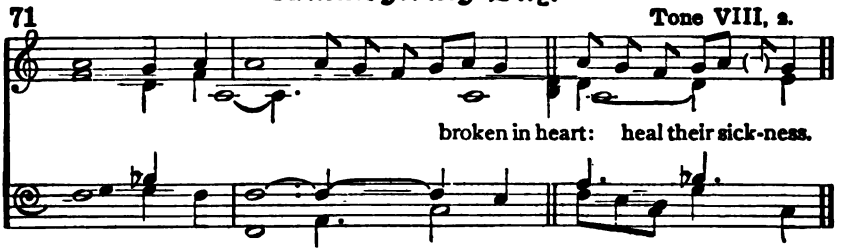
9 He maketh peace in thy | **bor**ders:
and filleth thee | with the flour of wheat.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever - shall de:
world without | **end.** Amen.

Thanksgiving-Day.

71 Tone VIII, 2.



(*Instead of the Psalm*, "O come, let us sing," *etc.*)

O PRAISE the LORD, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our | God:
yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is | to be thankful.

2 The LORD doth build up Je|rusalem:
and gather together the out|casts of Israel.

3 He healeth those that are broken in | heart:
and giveth medicine to | heal their sickness.

4 O sing unto the LORD with thanks|giving:
sing praises upon the harp | unto our God:

5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
and prepareth rain for the | earth:
and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains,
and herb | for the use of men;

6 Who giveth fodder unto the | cattle:
and feedeth the young ravens that | call upon him.
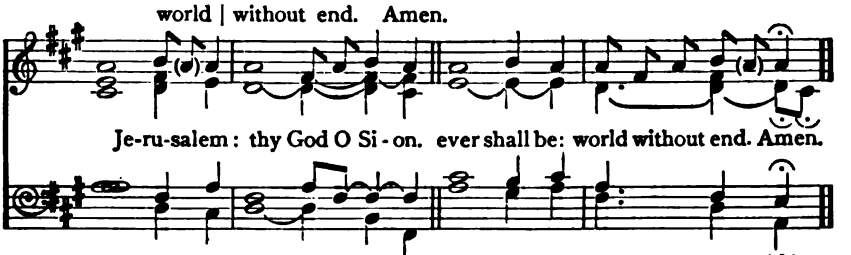
7 Praise the LORD, O Je|rusalem:
praise thy | God O Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the bars of thy | gates:
and hath blessed thy chil|dren within thee.

9 He maketh peace in thy | borders:
and filleth thee | with the flour of wheat.

Glory be to the Father and to the | Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
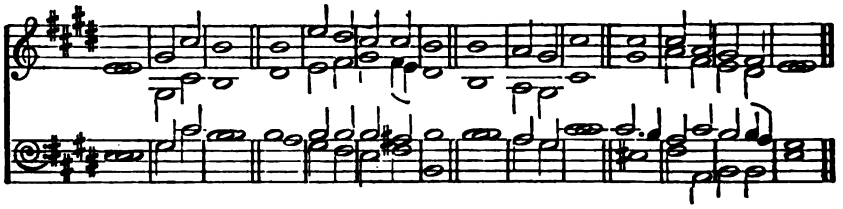
As it was in the beginning, † is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
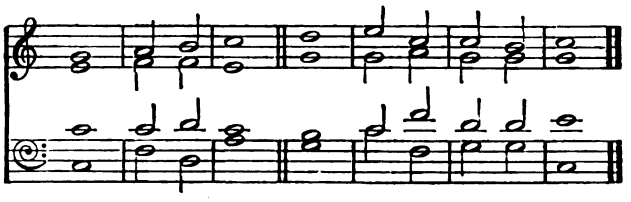


Intonation only in the first verse. The same pointing can be sung to the 1st Ending, No. 14.

Consecration of a Church.

72 BARNBY.



73 WOODWARD.



PSALM xxiv.

THE earth is the LORD'S, and all that | therein is:
the compass of the world, and | they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it up|on the seas:
and prepared it up|on - the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the | hill • of the • LORD:
or who shall rise up | in his holy place?

4 Even he that hath clean hands and a | pure heart:
and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity,
nor sworn to de|ceive his neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the LORD:
and righteousness from the God of | his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that | seek him:
even of them that seek thy | face O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates,
and be ye lift up ye ever|lasting doors:
and the King of | glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of | glory:
It is the LORD strong and mighty,
even the | LORD • mighty • in battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates,
and be ye lift up ye ever|lasting doors:
and the King of | glory shall come in.
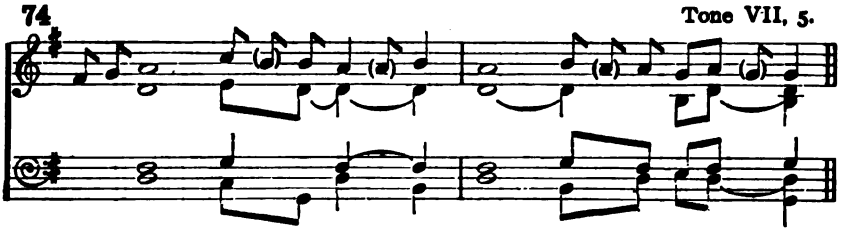
10 Who is this King of | glory:
Even the LORD of hosts, he is the | King of glory.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Consecration of a Church.

74 Tone VII, 5.



PSALM xxiv.

THE earth is the LORD'S, and | all that therein is:
the compass of the world, and | they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded | it upon the seas:
and prepared | it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the | hill of the LORD:
or who shall rise | up in his holy place?

4 Even he hath clean | hands and a pure heart:
and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity,
nor sworn to de|ceive his neighbour.

5 He shall receive the | blessing from the LORD:
and righteousness from the God of | his salvation.

6 This is the generation of | them that seek him:
even of them that seek thy | face O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates,
and be ye lift up ye ever|lasting doors:
and the King of | glory shall come in.

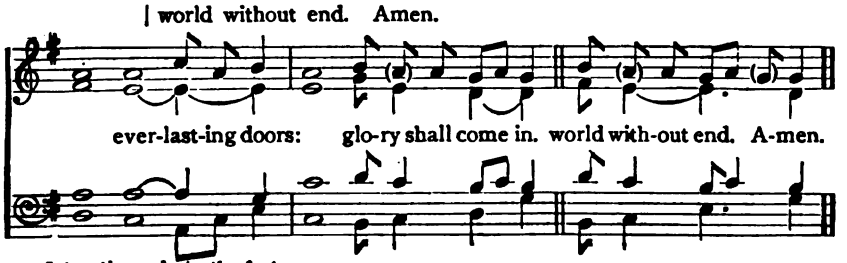
8 Who is this | King of glory:
It is the LORD strong and mighty, even the LORD | mighty in battle

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates,
and be ye lift up ye ever|lasting doors:
and the King of | glory shall come in.

10 Who is this | King of glory:
Even the LORD of hosts, he is the | King of glory.

Glory be to the | Father and to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;
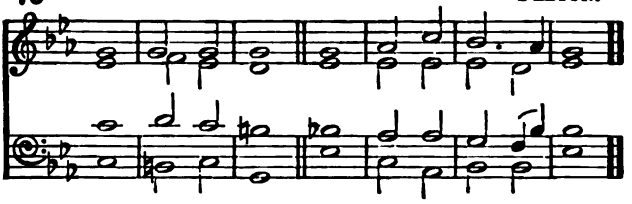
As it was in the beginning, † is now and | ever shall be:
| world without end. Amen.
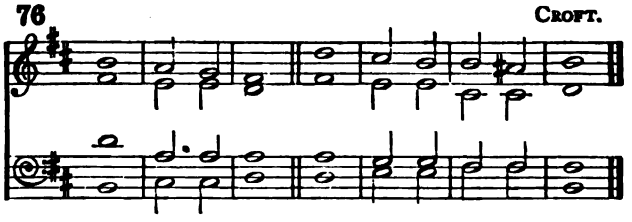


Intonation only in the first verse.

Burial of the Dead.
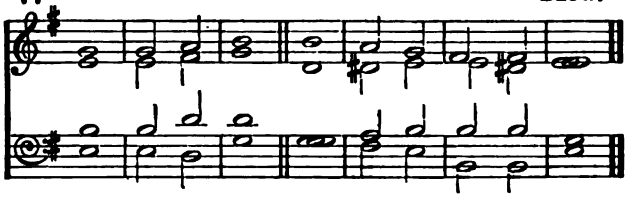
75 FELTON.



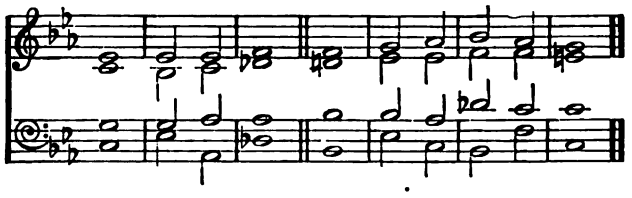
76 CROFT.



77 BLOW.



78 BEXFIELD.



LORD, let me know mine end, and the number | of my days:
that I may be certified how | long I have to live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span long:
and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee,
and verily every man living is alto|gether vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him|self in vain:
he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall gather them.

4 And now Lord, what | is my hope:
truly my | hope is • even • in thee.

5 Deliver me from all mine of|fences:
and make me not a rebuke | unto • the foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin,
thou makest his beauty to consume away
like as it were a moth fretting a | garment:
every man therefore | is but vanity.

7 Hear my prayer O LORD, and with thine ears consider my | calling;
hold not thy | peace at my tears.

8 For I am a stranger with thee and a | sojourner:
as | all my fathers were.

9 O spare me a little, that I may re|cover • my strength:
before I go hence and be | no more seen.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

LORD, thou hast | been our refuge:
from one generation | to another.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
or ever the earth and the | world were made:
thou art God from everlasting, and | world without end.

3 Thou turnest man to de|struction:
again thou sayest, Come again, ye | children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as | yesterday:
seeing that is past as a | watch in the night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them they are even | as a sleep:
and fade away | sudden-ly like the grass.

6 In the morning it is green and | groweth up:
but in the evening it is cut down, dried | up and withered.

7 For we consume away in thy dis|pleasure:
and are afraid at thy wrathful | indignation.

8 Thou hast set our misdeeds be|fore thee:
and our secret sins in the light | of thy countenance.

9 For when thou art angry all our | days are gone:
we bring our years to an end, as it were a | tale that is told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten;
and though men be so strong that they come to | fourscore years:
yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow;
so soon passeth it a|way and we are gone.

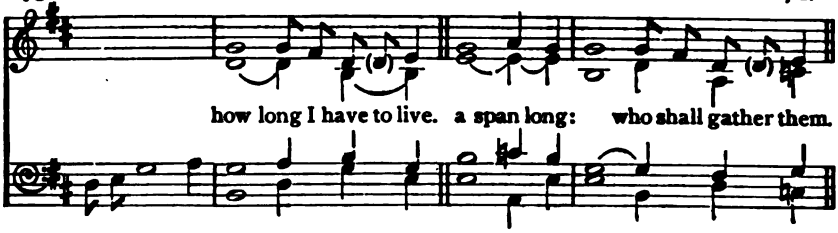
11 O teach us to | number • our days:
that we may apply our hearts | unto wisdom.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever-shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

Burial of the Dead.

79 Tone II, 1.



LORD, let me know mine end, and the number of my | days:
that I may be certified how long | I have to live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span long:
and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee,
and verily every man living is altogeth|er vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in | vain:
he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who | shall gather them.

4 And now Lord, what is my | hope:
truly my hope is e|ven in thee.

5 Deliver me from all mine of|fences:
and make me not a rebuke unto | the foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin,
thou makest his beauty to consume away
like as it were a moth fretting a | garment:
every man therefore is | but vanity.
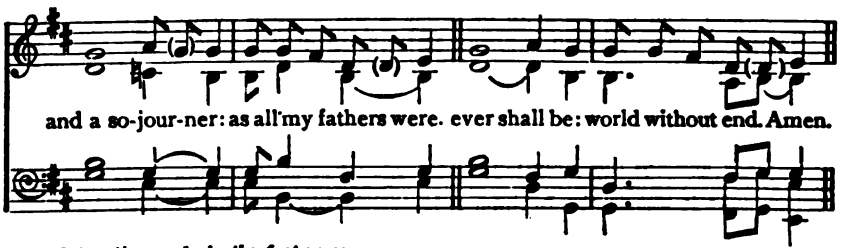
7 Hear my prayer O LORD, and with thine ears consider my | calling:
hold not thy peace | at my tears.

8 For I am a stranger with thee and a | sojourner:
as all | my fathers were.

9 O spare me a little, that I may recover my | strength:
before I go hence and be | no more seen.

Glory be to the Father and to the | Son:
and to | the Holy Ghost;
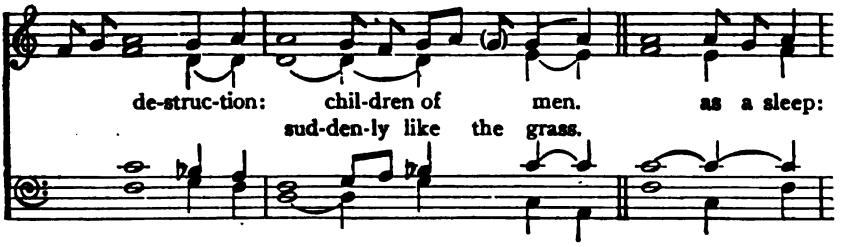
As it was in the beginning, † is now and ever | shall be:
world with|out end. Amen.



Intonation only in the first verse.

Burial of the Dead.

80 Tone I, 9.



LORD, thou hast been our | refuge:
from one generation | to another.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
or ever the earth and the world | were made.
thou art God from everlasting, and | world without end.

3 Thou turnest man to de|struction:
again thou sayest, Come again, ye | children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yes|terday:
seeing that is past as a | watch in the night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as | a sleep:
and fade away sud|denly like the grass.

6 In the morning it is green and grow|eth up:
but in the evening it is cut down, dried | up and withered.

7 For we consume away in thy dis|pleasure:
and are afraid at thy wrathful | indignation.

8 Thou hast set our misdeeds be|fore thee:
and our secret sins in the light | of thy countenance.

9 For when thou art angry all our days | are gone:
we bring our years to an end, as it were a | tale that is told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten;
and though men be so strong that they come to four|score years:
yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow;
so soon passeth it a|way and we are gone.

11 O teach us to number | our days:
that we may apply our hearts | unto wisdom.
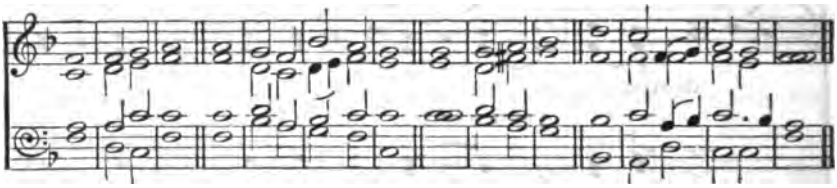
Glory be to the Father and to | the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning,† is now and ever | shall be:
world | without end. Amen.
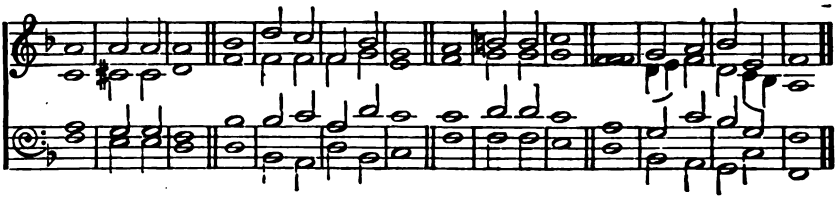
†Intonation only in the first verse.

Additional Chants.
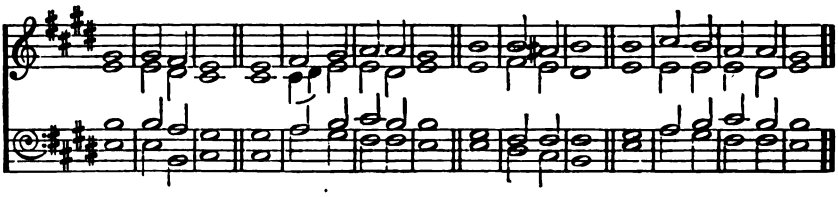
81 LANGDON.
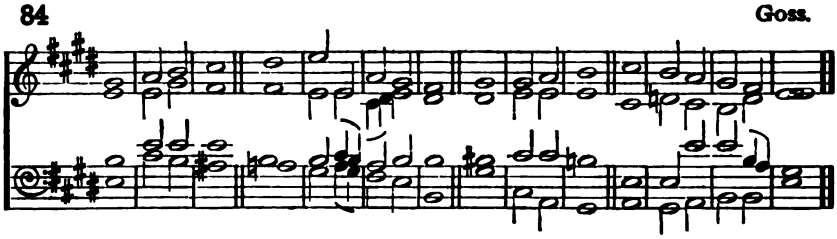


82 WALMISLEY.



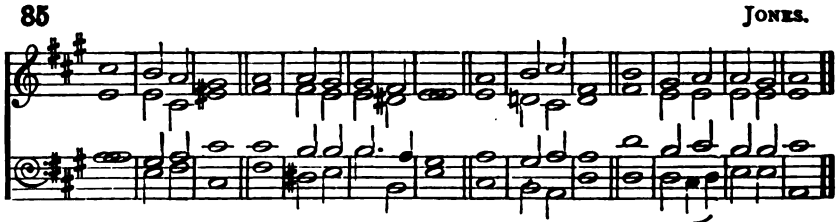
83 ELVEY.



84 GOSS.
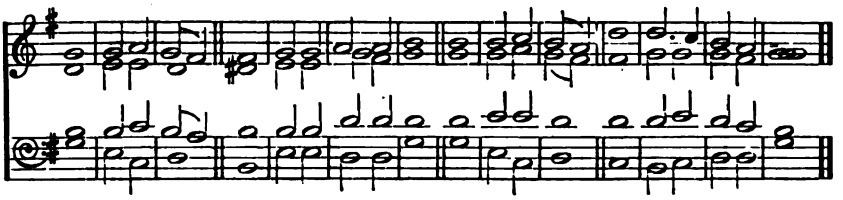


85 JONES.
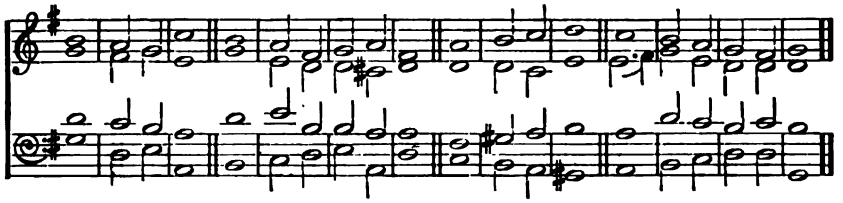


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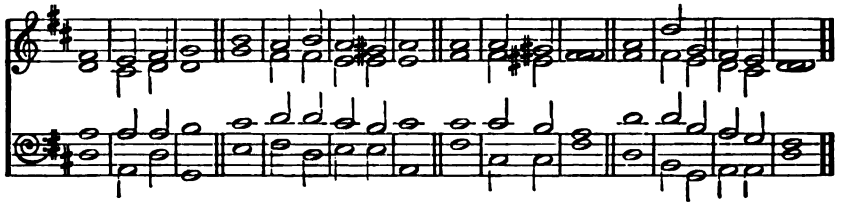
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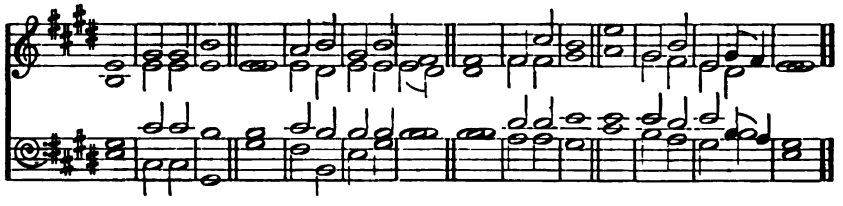


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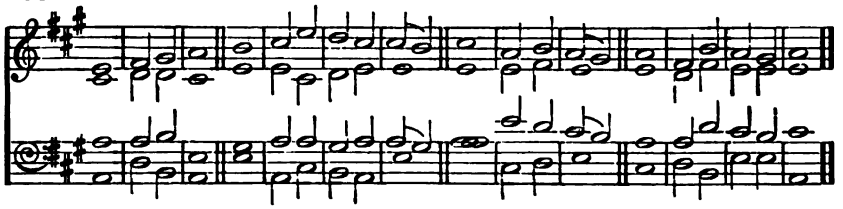


88 SOAPER.



89 ATTWOOD.

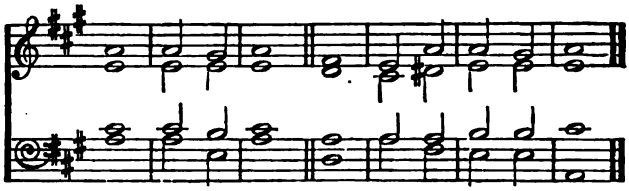


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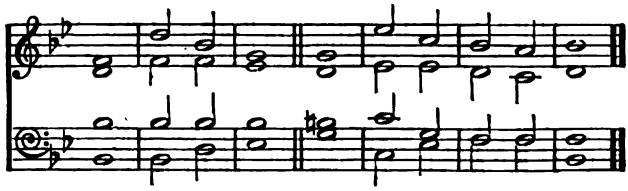


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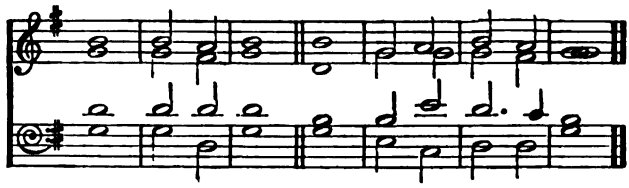
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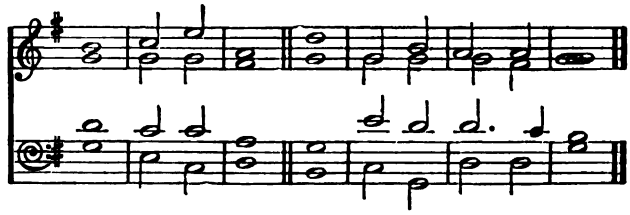


92 ELVEY.
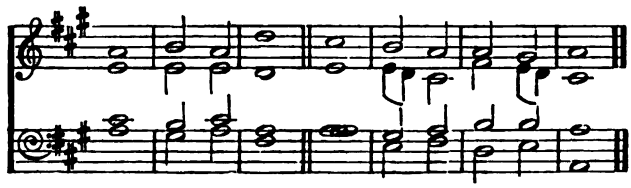


93 Ancient Theme.



94 KING.
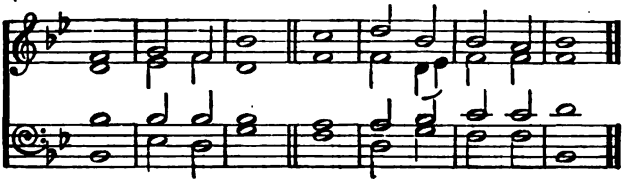


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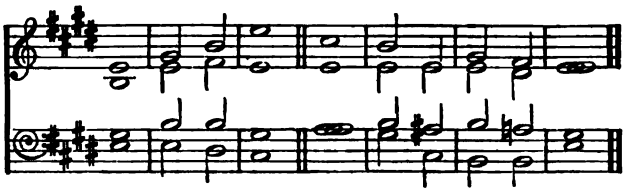


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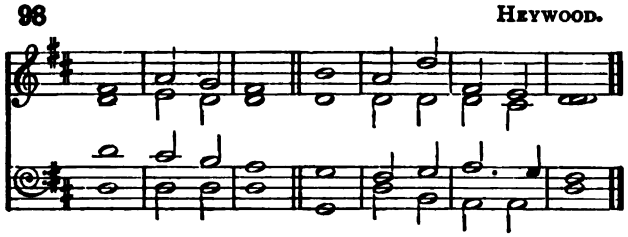
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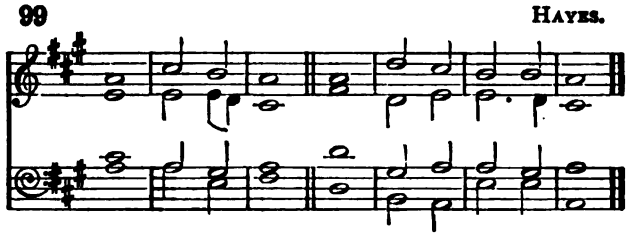


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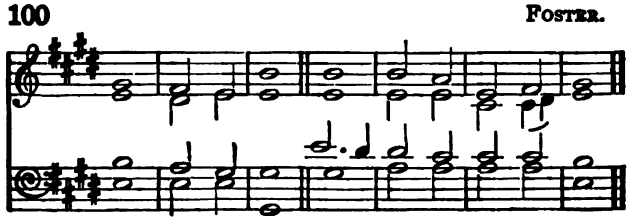


98 HEYWOOD.



99 HAYES.
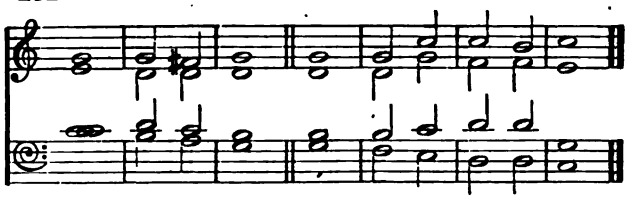


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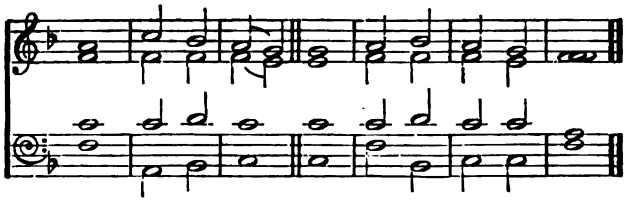


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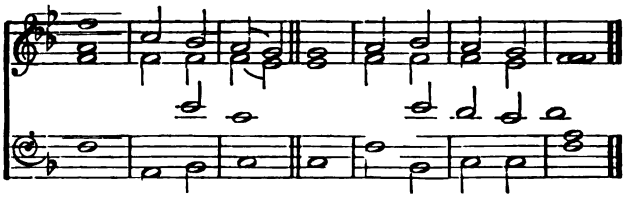
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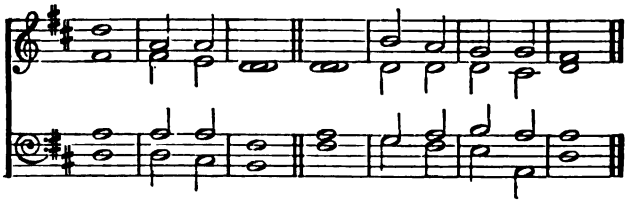


102 Arr. from French Chant.
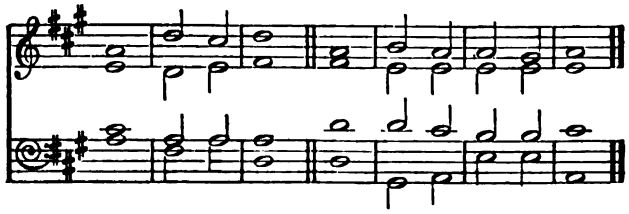


103 ARNOLD.



104 BATTISHILL.
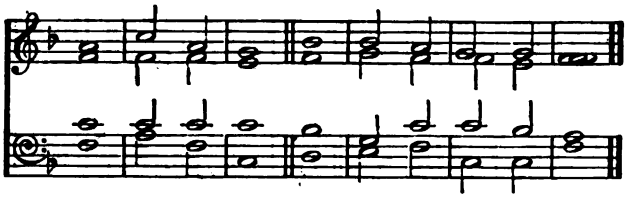


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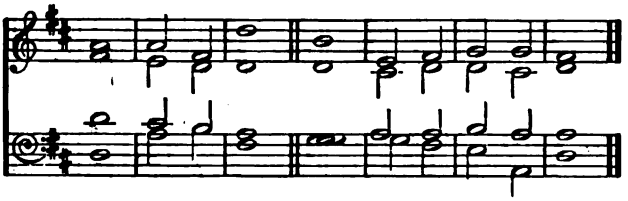


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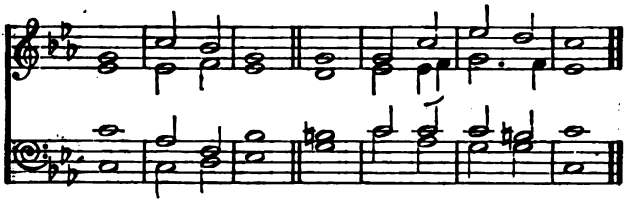
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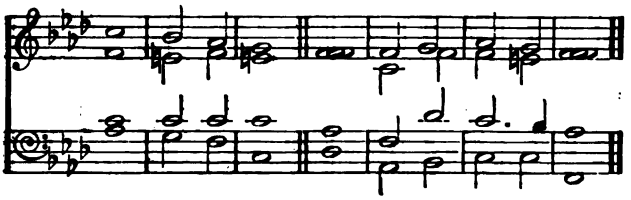


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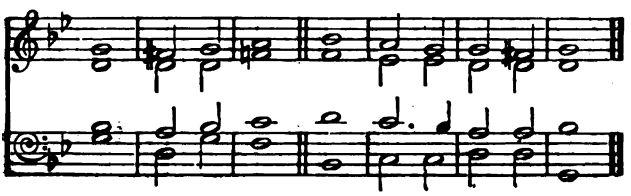


108 Rimbault.



109 Poland.
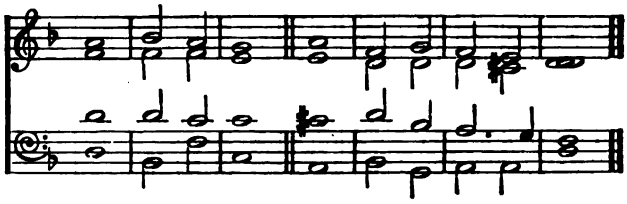


110 Hine.
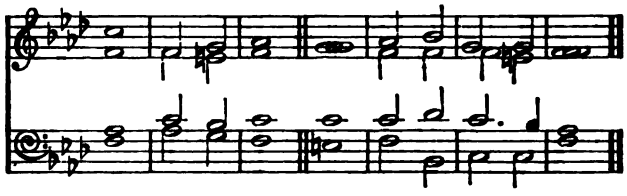


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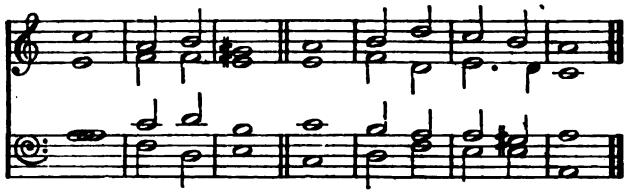
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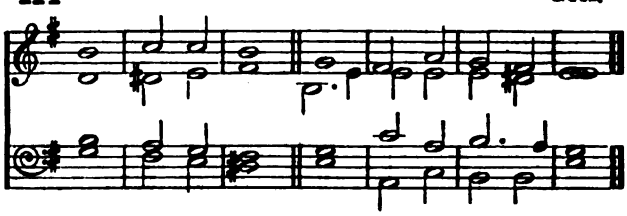


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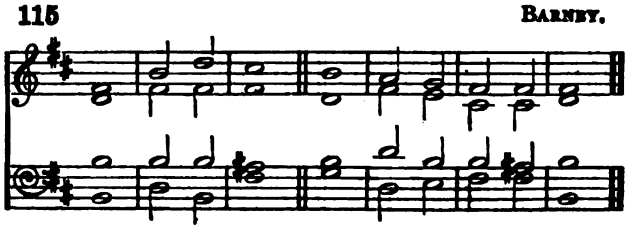
113 DUPUIS.



114 GOSS.
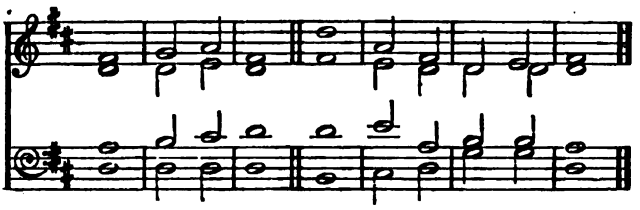


115 BARNBY.
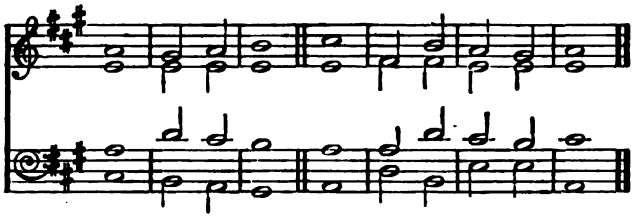


Benedictus es Domine.*

116 STEGGALL.



117 Anonymous.



BLESSED art thou, O Lord God of our | **Fa**thers:
praised and exalted above | all for **e**Ver.

2 Blessed art thou for the Name of thy | Majesty:
praised and exalted above | all for **e**Ver.

3 Blessed art thou in the temple of thy | holiness:
praised and exalted above | all for **e**Ver.

4 Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths,
and dwellest between the | Cherubim:
praised and exalted above | all for **e**Ver.

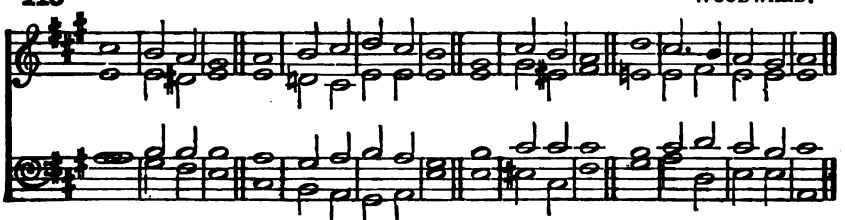
5 Blessed art thou on the glorious throne of thy | **king**dom:
praised and exalted above | all for **e**Ver.

6 Blessed art thou in the firmament of | **hea**ven:
praised and exalted above | all for **e**Ver.

Glory be to the Father and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | **end.** Amen.

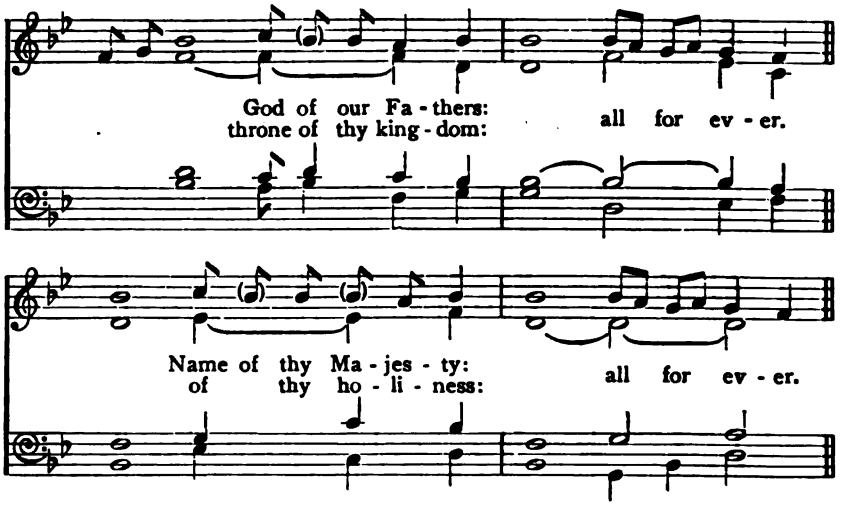
118 WOODWARD.



*May be sung in place of Te Deum.

Benedictus es Domine.

119 Tone III, 2.



BLESSED art thou, O Lord | God of our Fathers:
praised and exalted above | all for ever.

2 Blessed art thou for the | Name of thy Majesty:
praised and exalted above | all for ever.

3 Blessed art thou in the temple | of thy holiness:
praised and exalted above | all for ever.

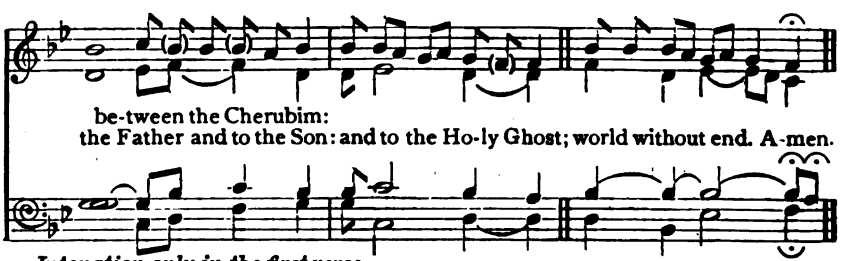
4 Blessed art thou that beholdest the depths,
and dwellest be|tween the Cherubim:
praised and exalted above | all for ever.

5 Blessed art thou on the glorious | throne of thy kingdom:
praised and exalted above | all for ever.

6 Blessed art thou in the firma|ment of heaven:
praised and exalted above | all for ever.

Glory be to the | Father and to the Son;
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning,† is now and | ever shall be:
world with|out end. Amen.
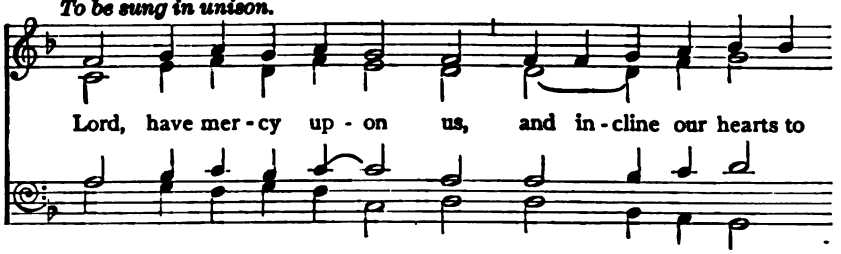


Intonation only in the first verse.

HOLY COMMUNION.
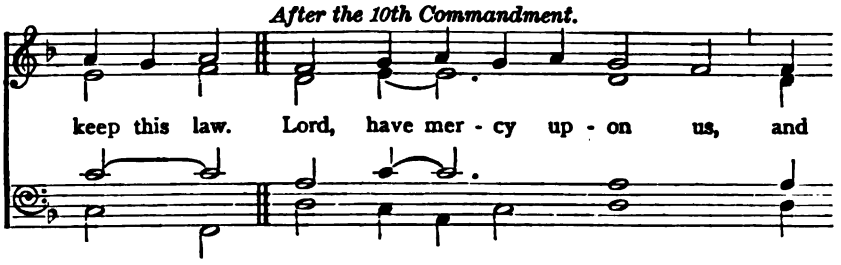
Kyrie eleison.
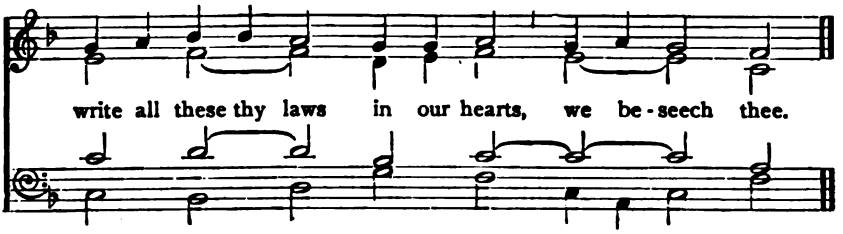
120 Mode VI. JOHN MERBECKE, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS.

To be sung in unison.

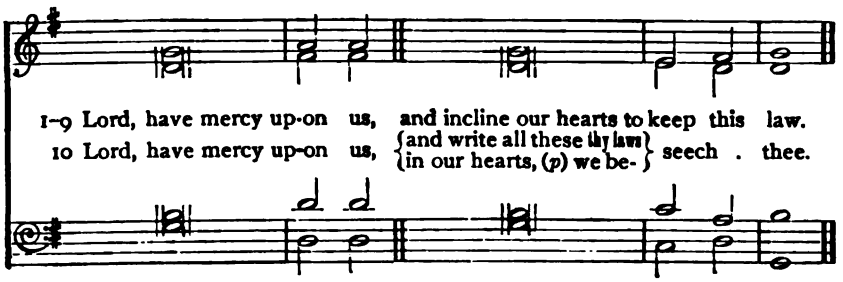


After the 10th Commandment.
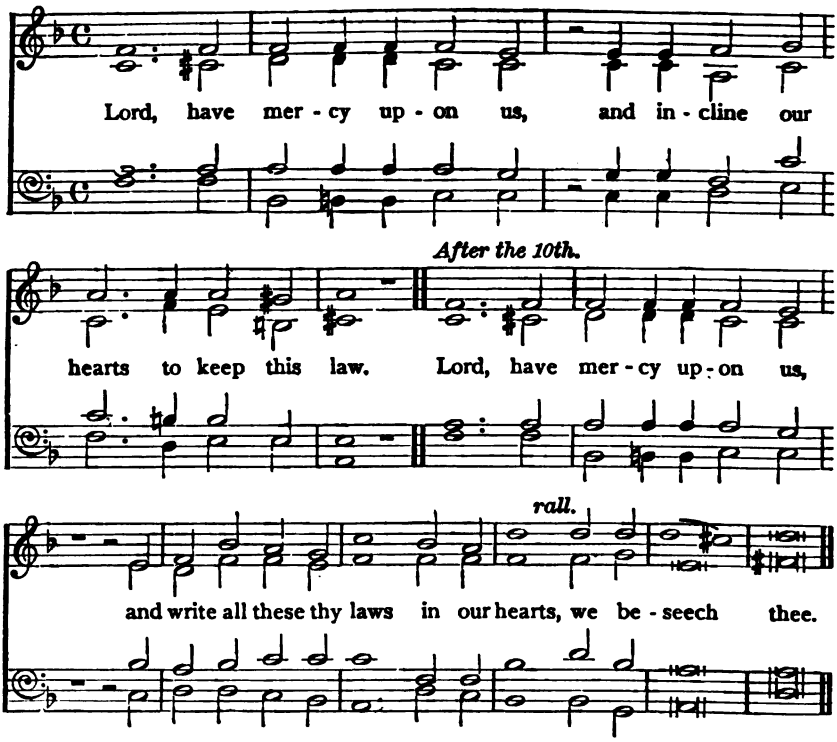




121 THOMAS TALLIS.

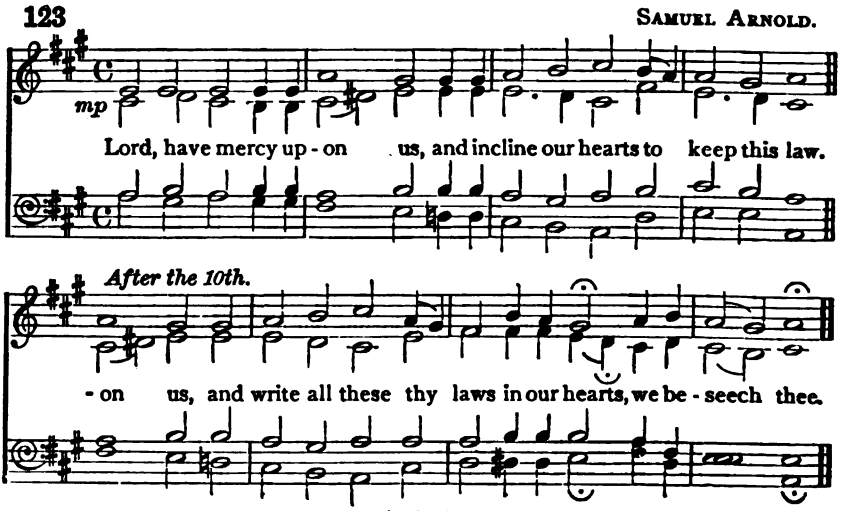


Kyrie eleison.

122 SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



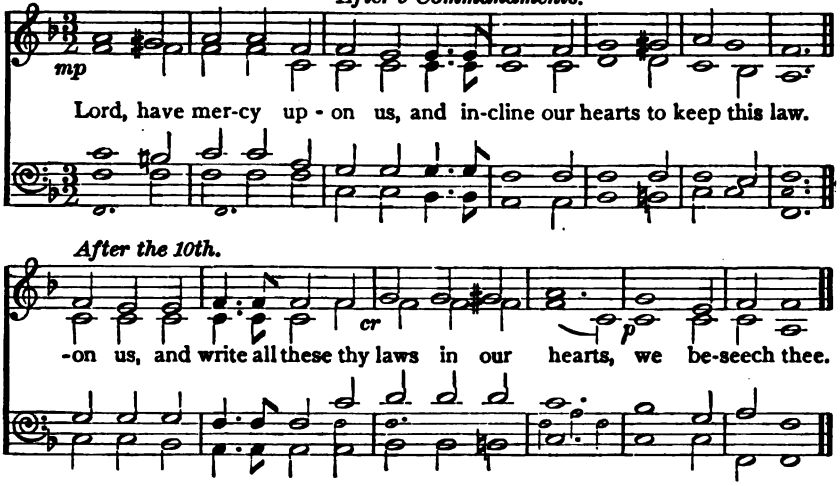
123 SAMUEL ARNOLD.



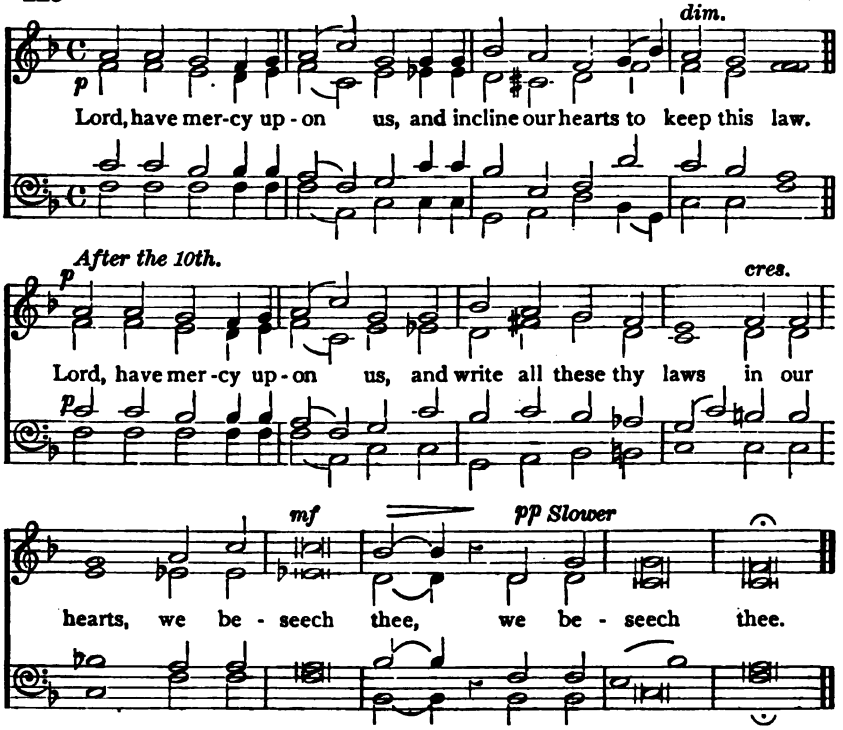
Kyrie eleison.

124 EDWARD HODGES.

After 9 Commandments.
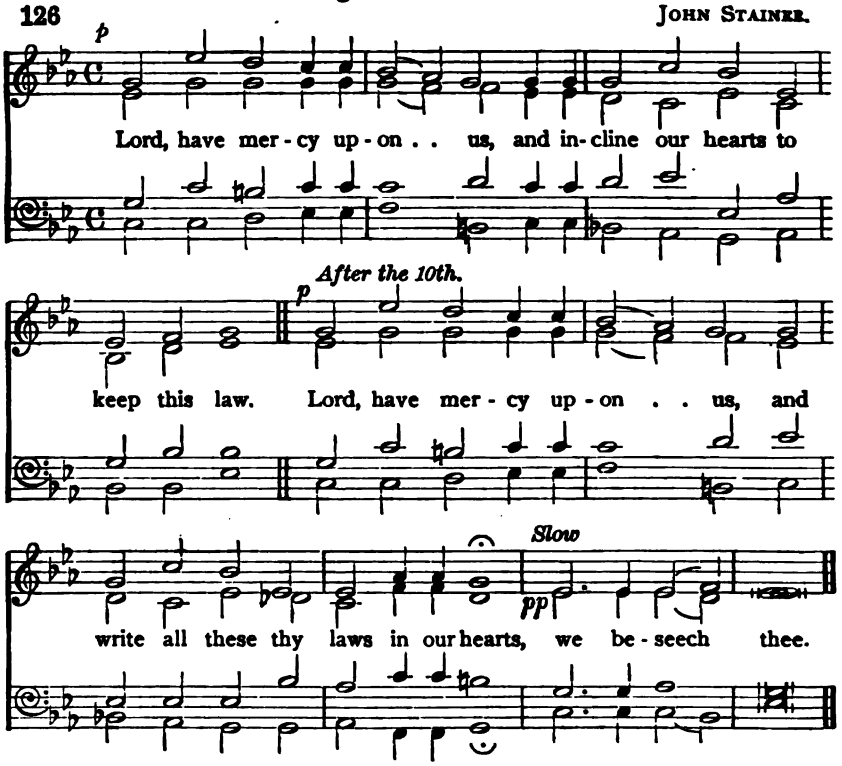


125 BERTHOLD TOURS.



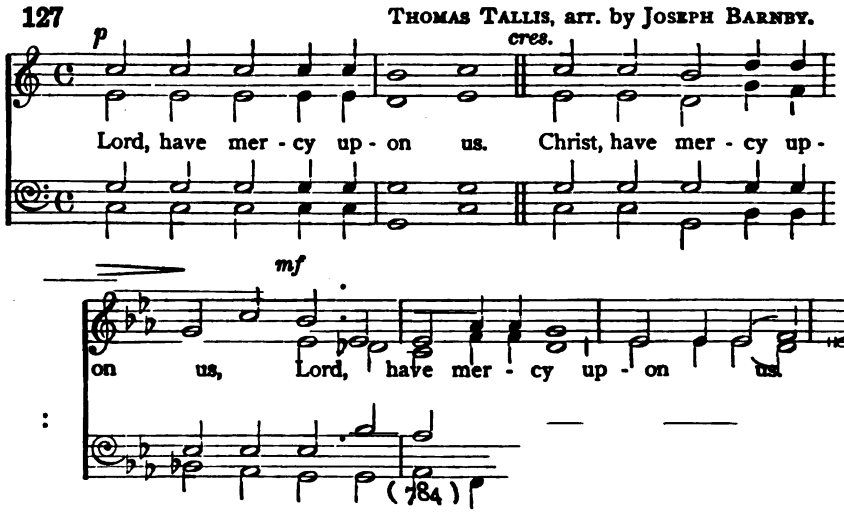
Kyrie eleison.

126 JOHN STAINER.



Three-fold Kyrie.

127 THOMAS TALLIS, arr. by JOSEPH BARNBY.
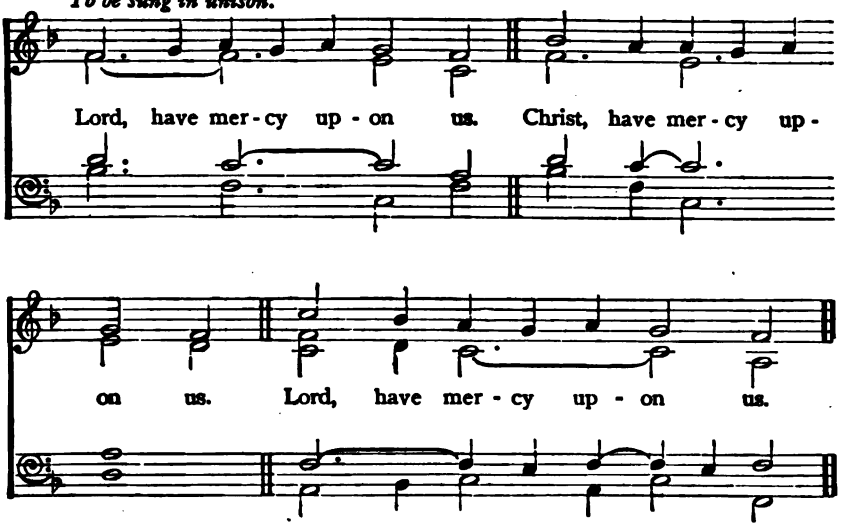


Three-fold Kyrie.

128

Mode VI.

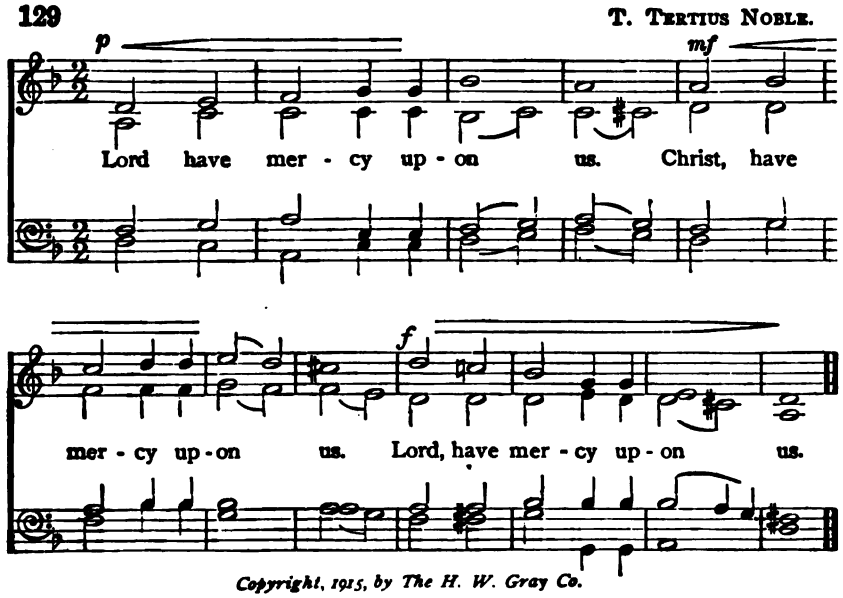
JOHN MERBECKE,
arr. and harmonized
by WINFRED DOUGLAS.

To be sung in unison.



129

T. TERTIUS NOBLE.
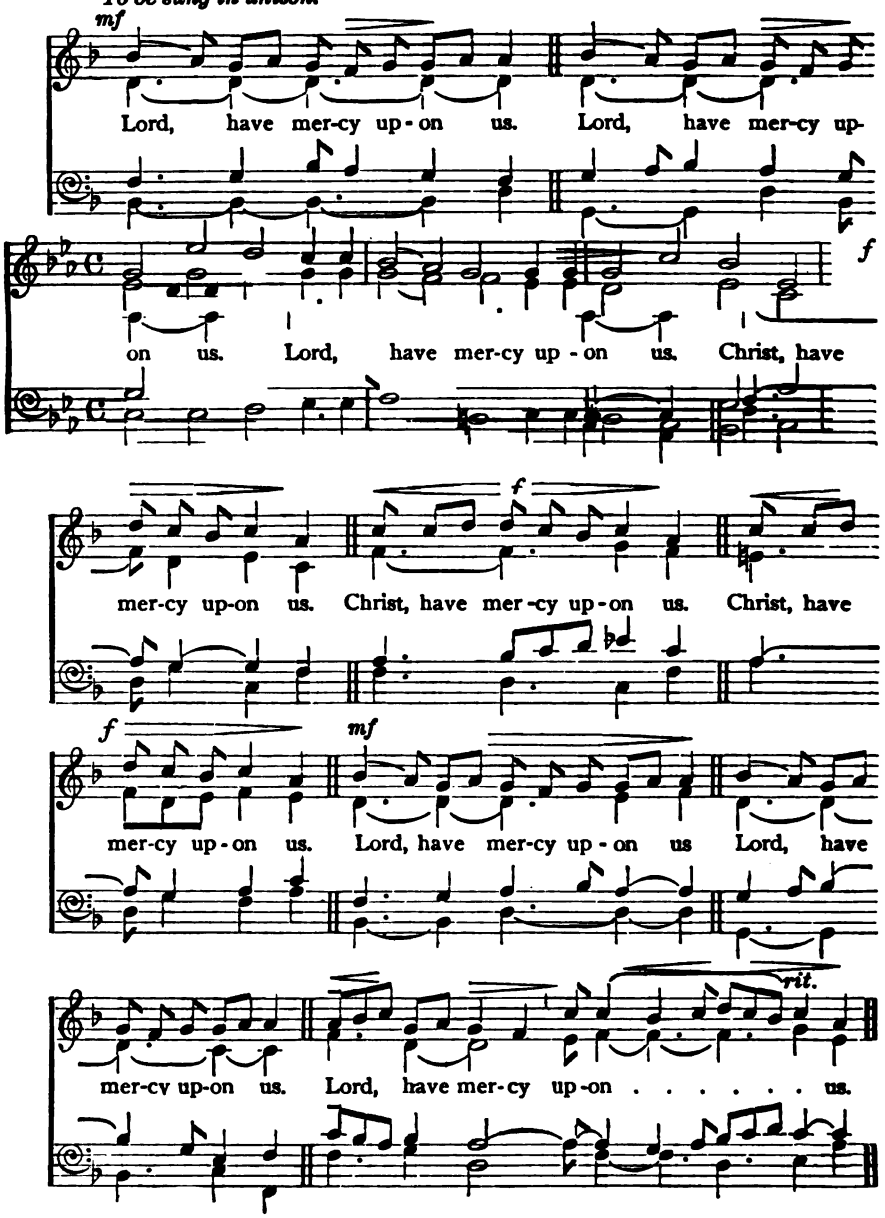


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Nine-fold Kyrie.

130 Eleventh Century Plainsong.

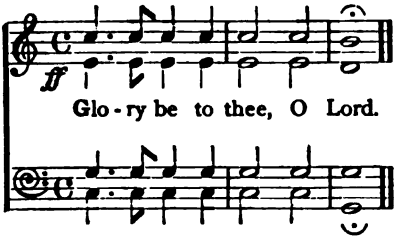
Mode IV transposed.

To be sung in unison.
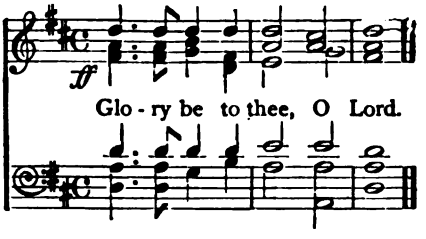


Gloria tibi.

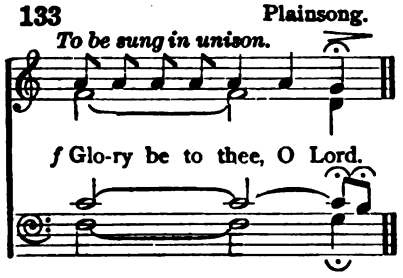
131 THOMAS TALLIS.



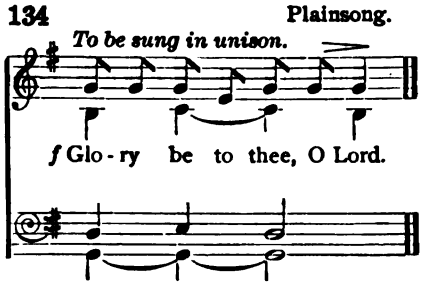
132 GEORGE M. GARRETT.



133 Plainsong.

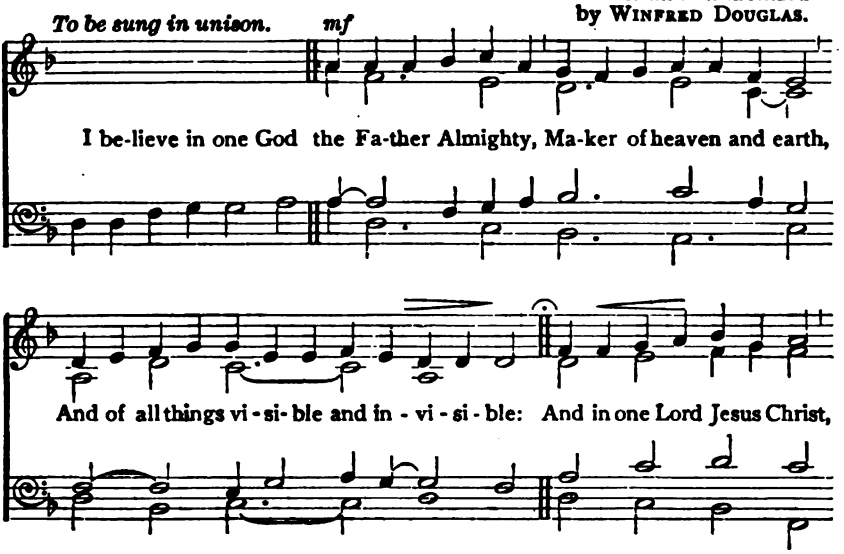


134 Plainsong.
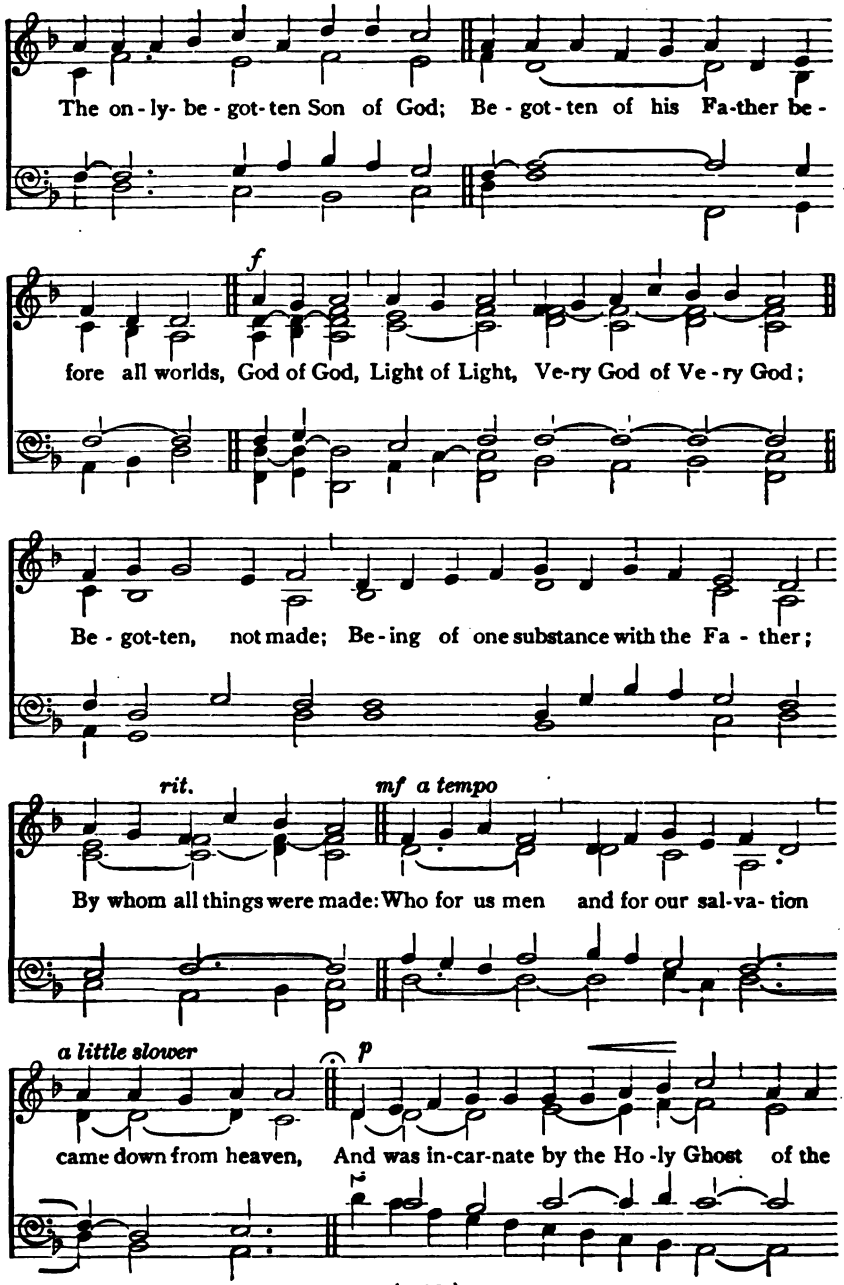


Credo.
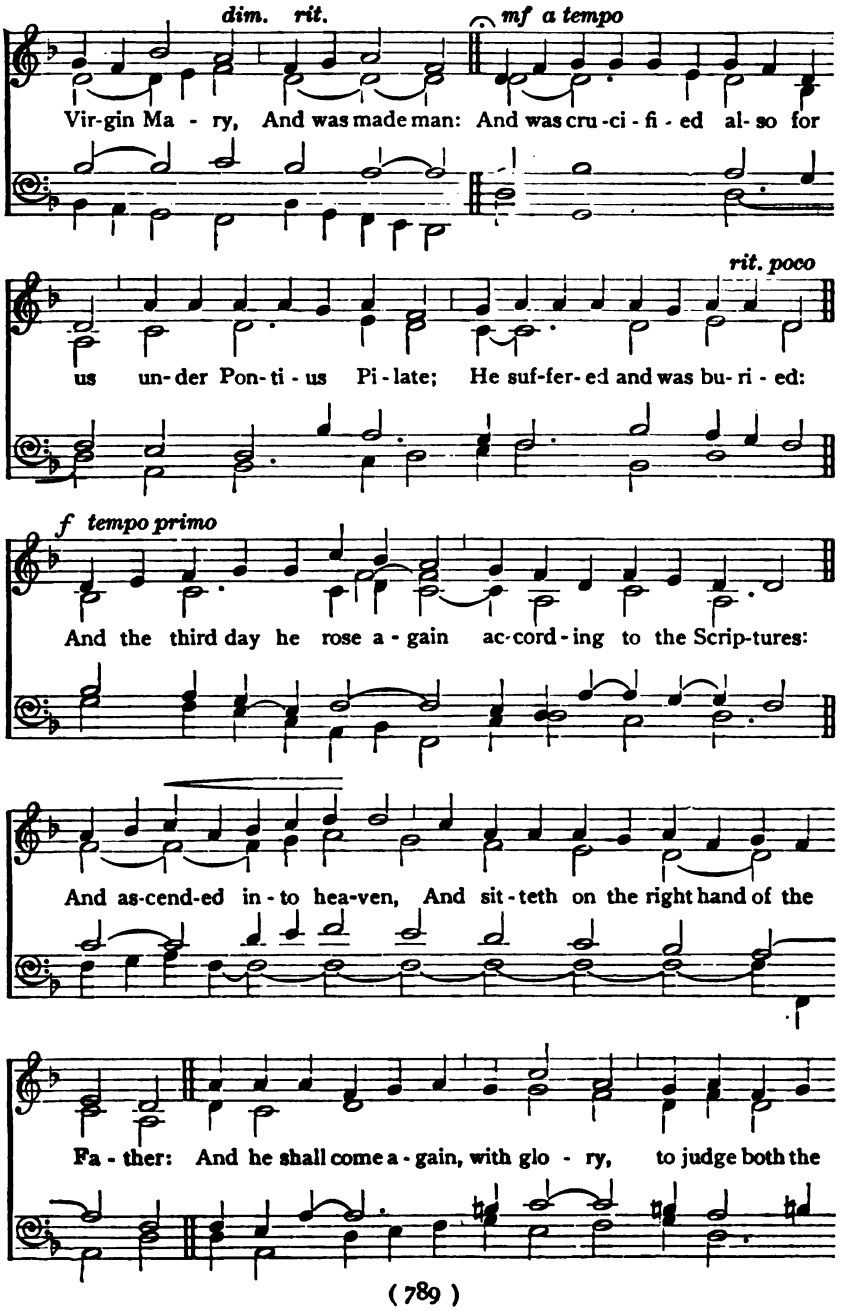
135 Mode I. JOHN MERBECKE, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS.
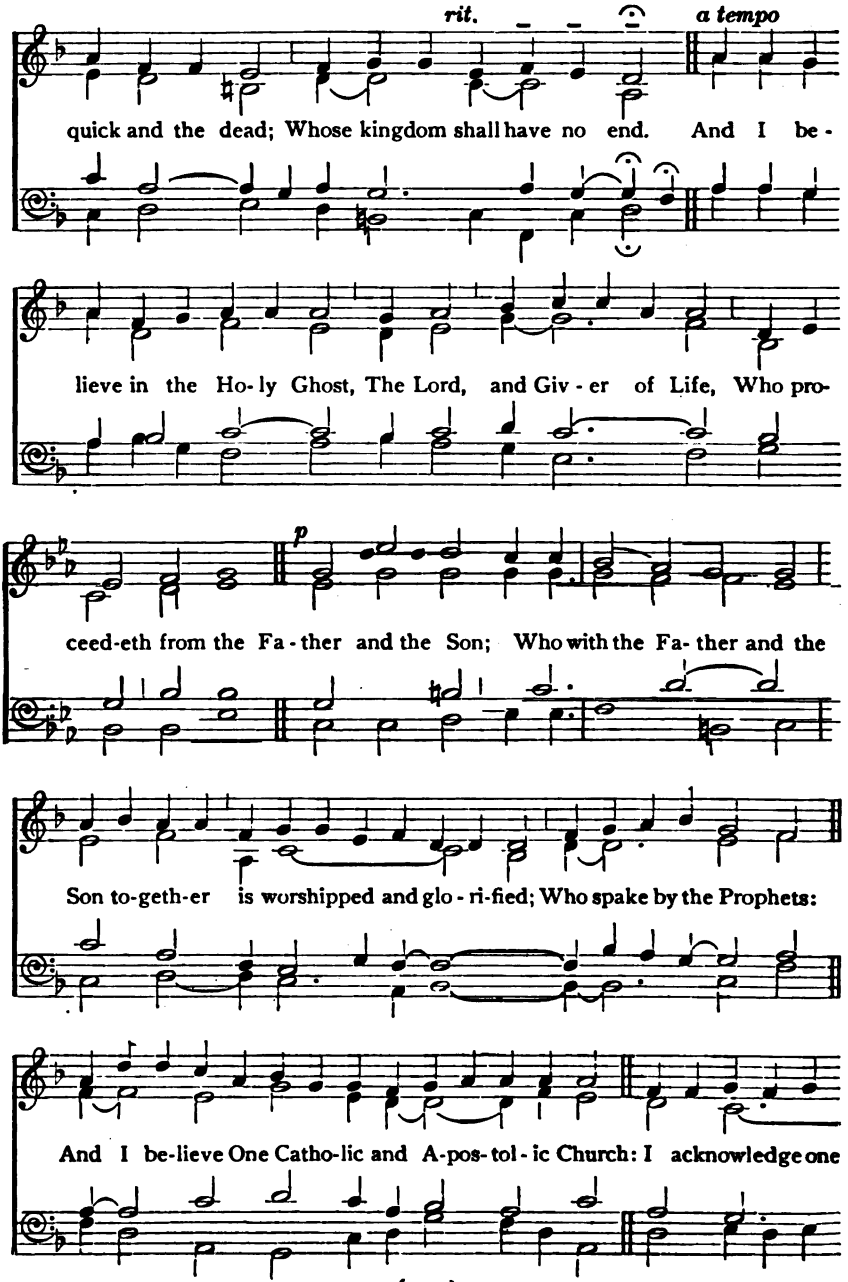


Credo.


The on-ly- be-got-ten Son of God; Be-got-ten of his Fa-ther be-
f
fore all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Ve-ry God of Ve-ry God;
Be-got-ten, not made; Be-ing of one substance with the Fa-ther;
rit.
mf a tempo
By whom all things were made: Who for us men and for our sal-va-tion
a little slower
p
came down from heaven, And was in-car-nate by the Ho-ly Ghost of the

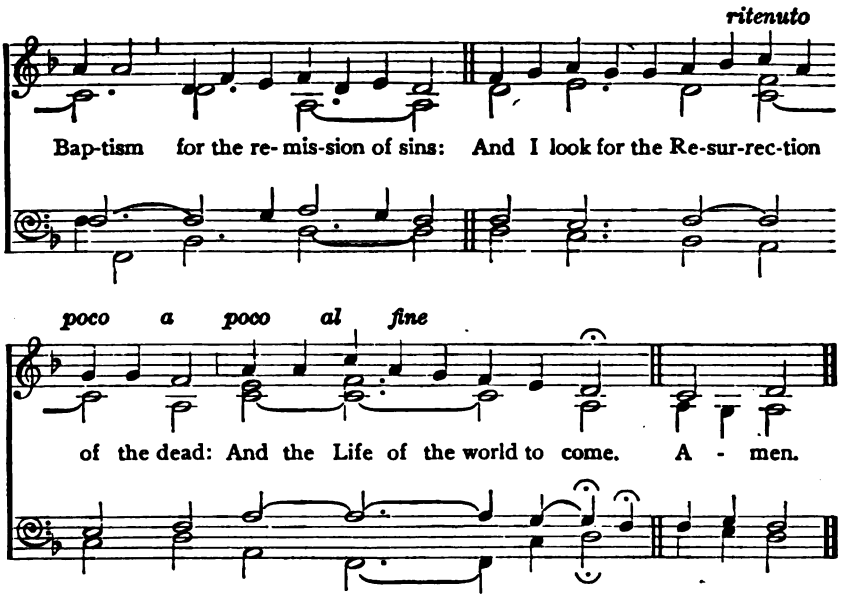
Credo.


dim. rit.
mf a tempo
Vir-gin Ma - ry, And was made man: And was cru-ci - fi - ed al- so for
rit. poco
us un-der Pon-ti - us Pi - late; He suf-fer-ed and was bu-ri - ed:
f tempo primo
And the third day he rose a - gain ac-cord - ing to the Scrip-tures:
And as-cend-ed in - to hea-ven, And sit - teth on the right hand of the
Fa - ther: And he shall come a - gain, with glo - ry, to judge both the

Credo.

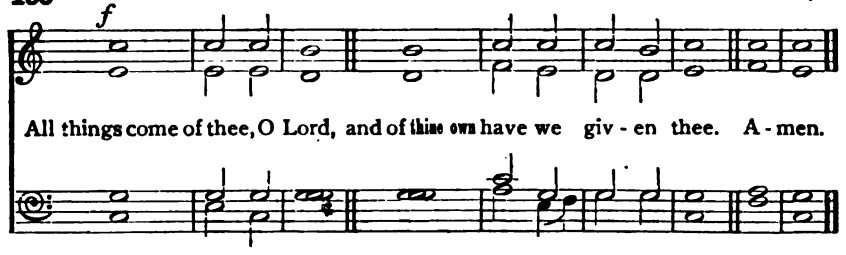

rit.
a tempo
quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end. And I be-
lieve in the Ho-ly Ghost, The Lord, and Giv-er of Life, Who pro-
p
ceed-eth from the Fa-ther and the Son; Who with the Fa-ther and the
Son to-geth-er is worshipped and glo-ri-fied; Who spake by the Prophets:
And I be-lieve One Catho-lic and A-pos-tol-ic Church: I acknowledge one

Credo.

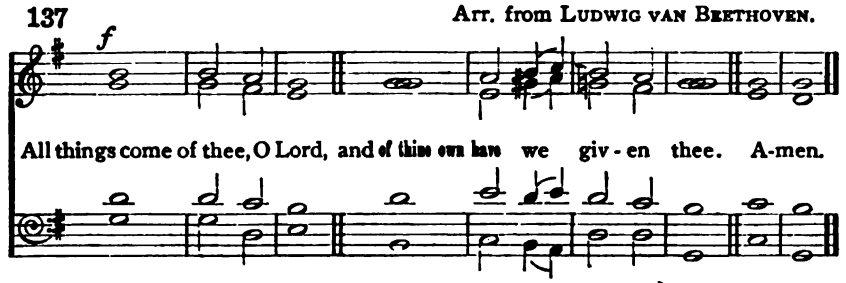


At the Presentation of the Alms.

136 PELHAM HUMPHREYS.

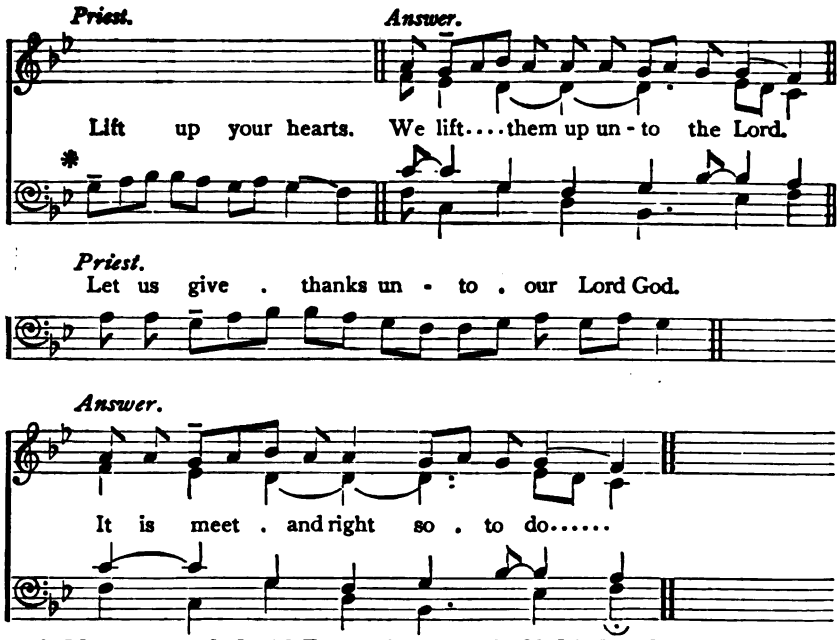


137 ARR. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.
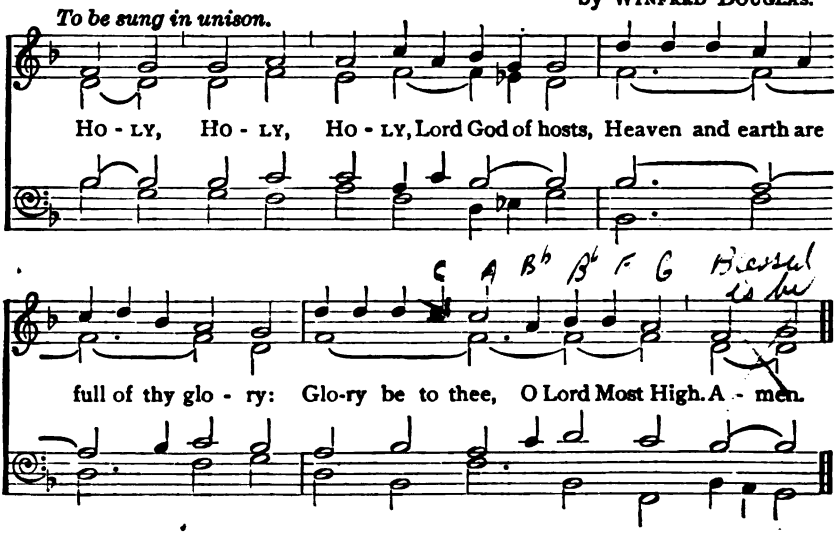


Sursum Corda and Sanctus.

138 Cantus Solemnis.
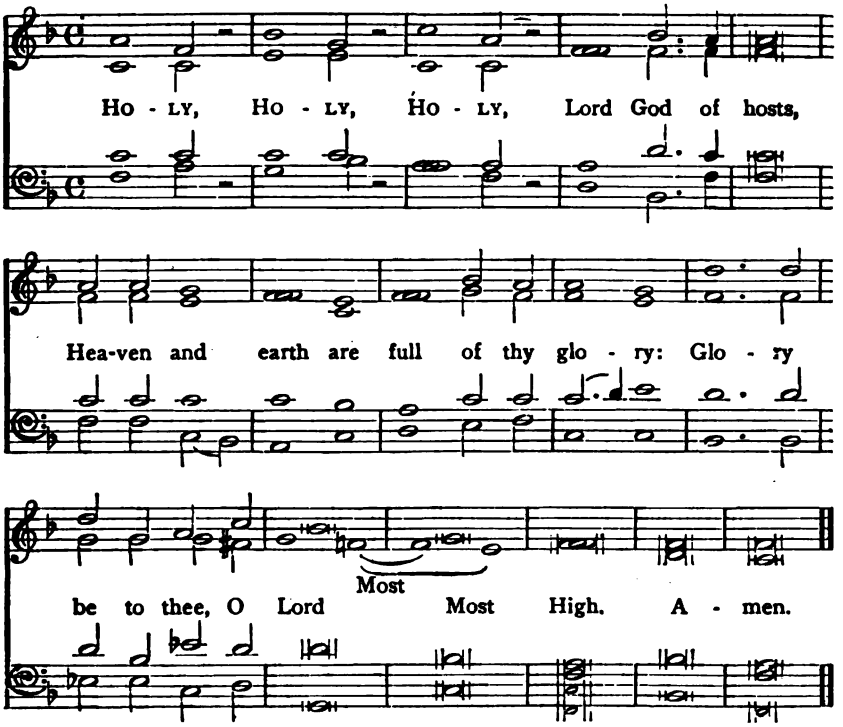


* *The notes marked with ¯ are to be nearly doubled in length.*

139 Mode II. JOHN MERBECKE, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS.
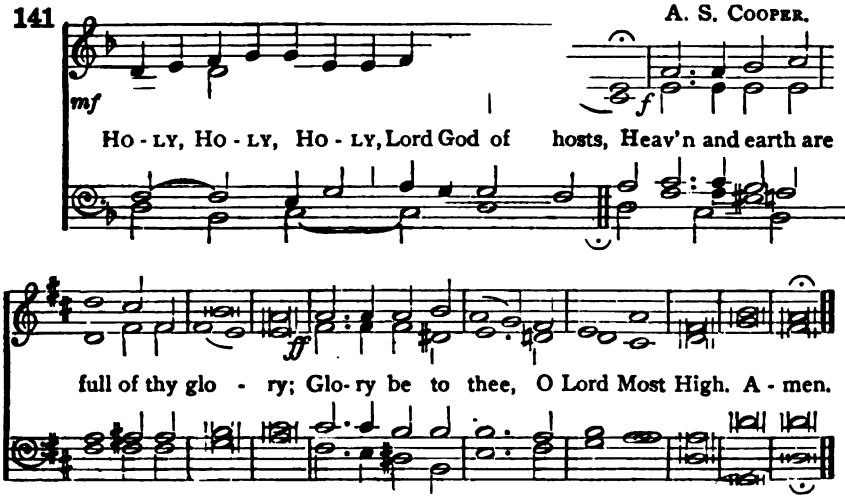


Sanctus.

140 SAMUEL S. WESLEY.
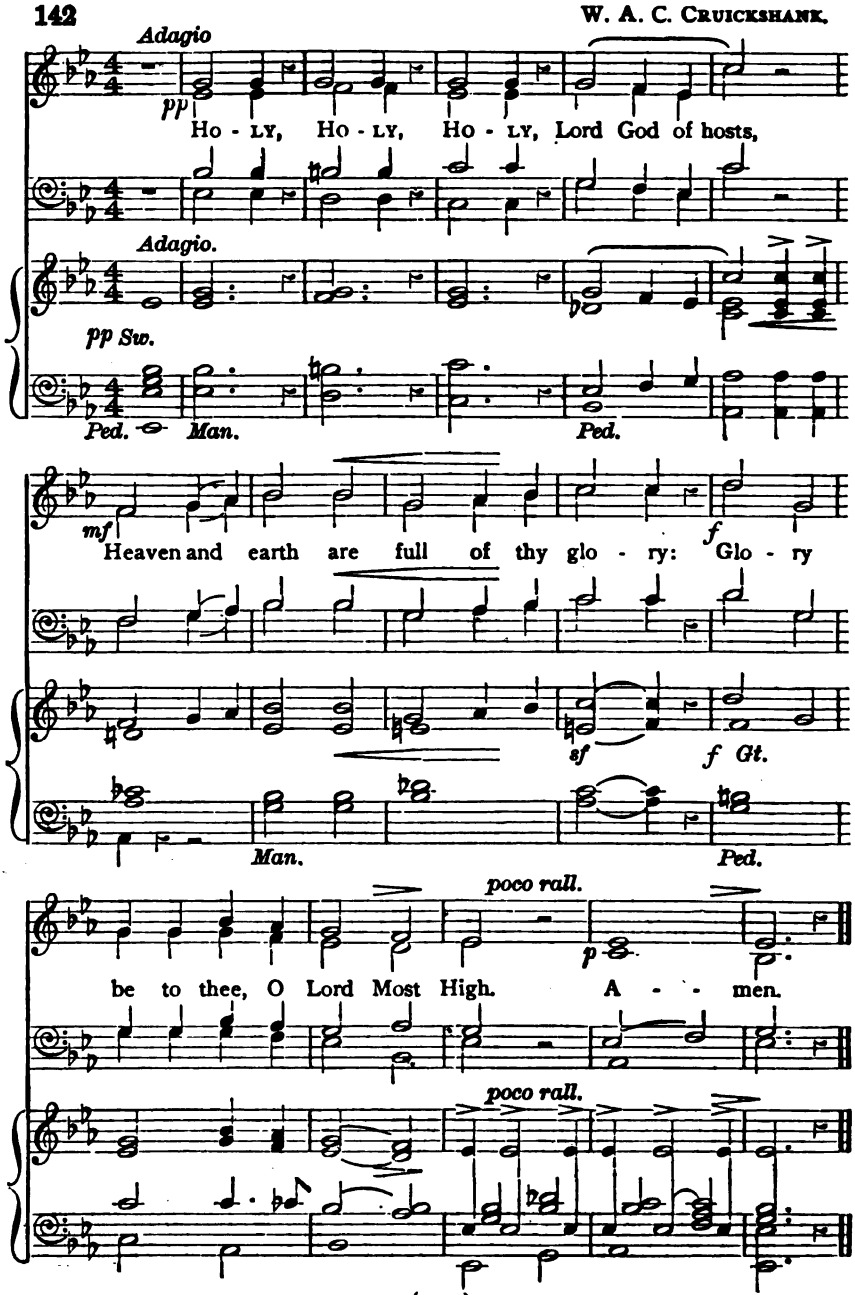


141 A. S. COOPER.



Sanctus.

142

W. A. C. CRUICKSHANK.
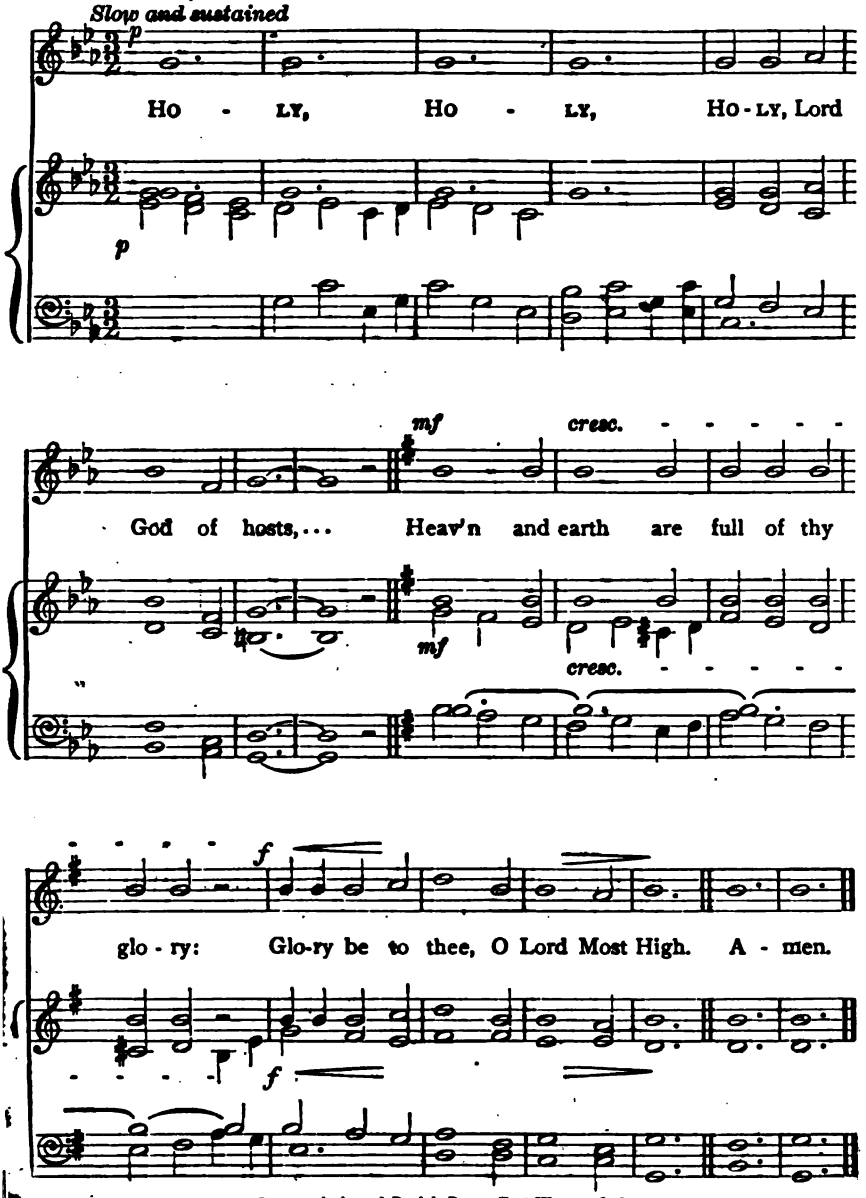


Sanctus.

143

To be sung in unison. PETER C. LUTKIN.

Slow and sustained
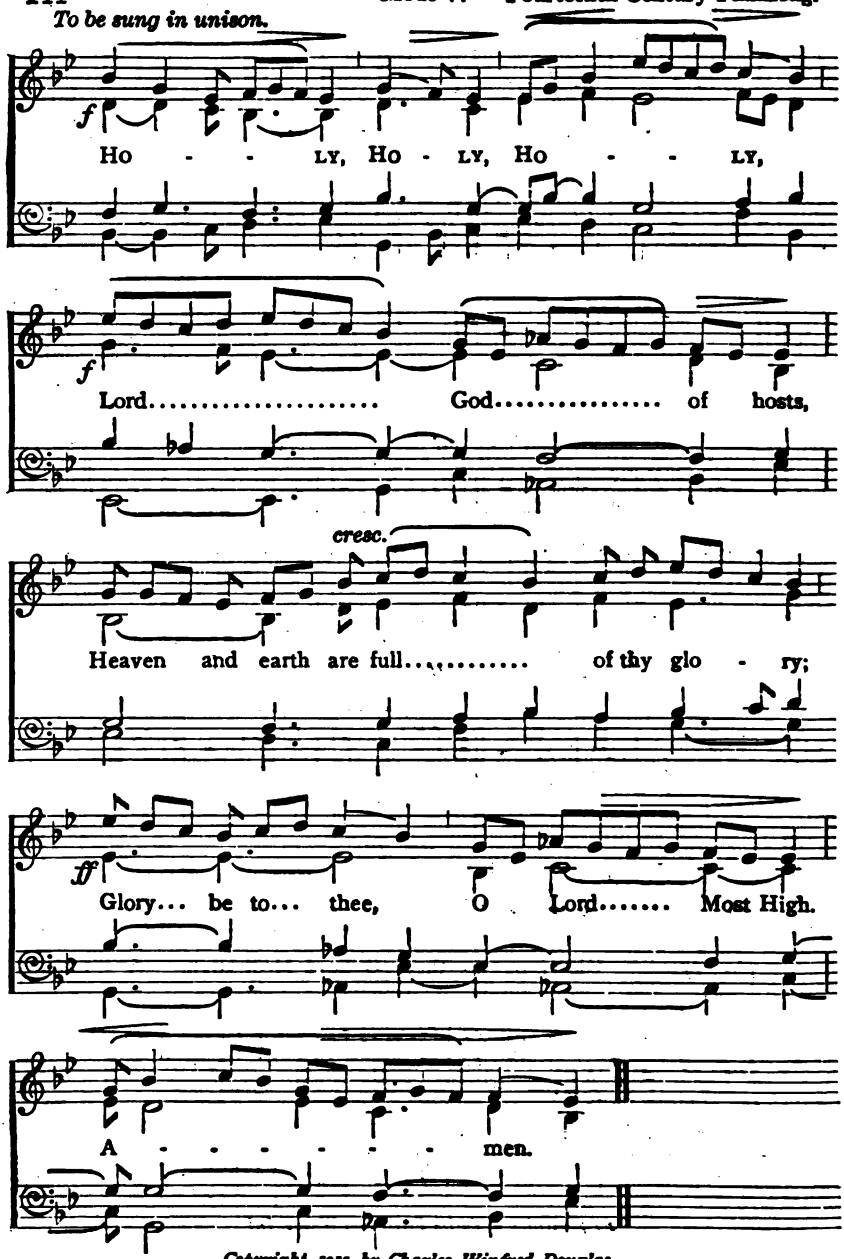


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Sanctus.

144 Mode V. Fourteenth Century Plainsong.

To be sung in unison.
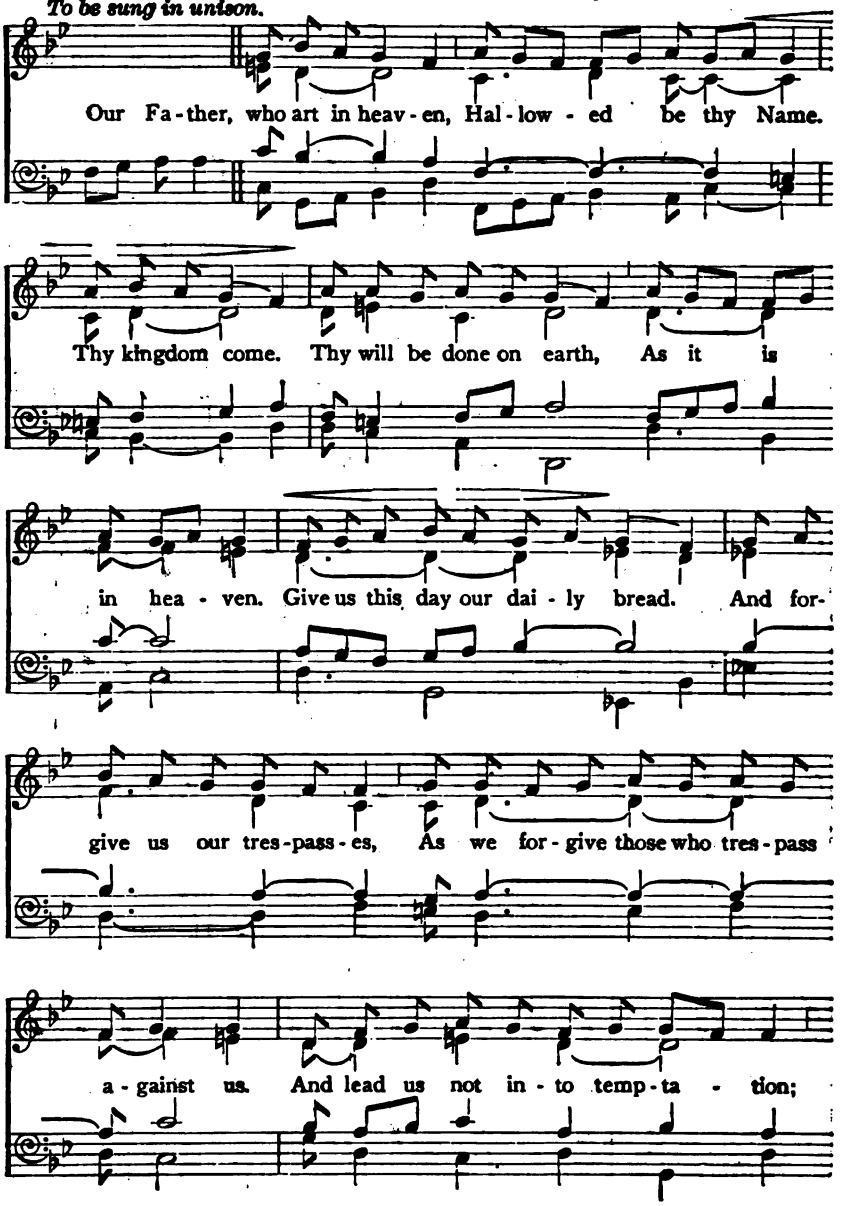


Copyright, 1915, by Charles Winfred Douglas.
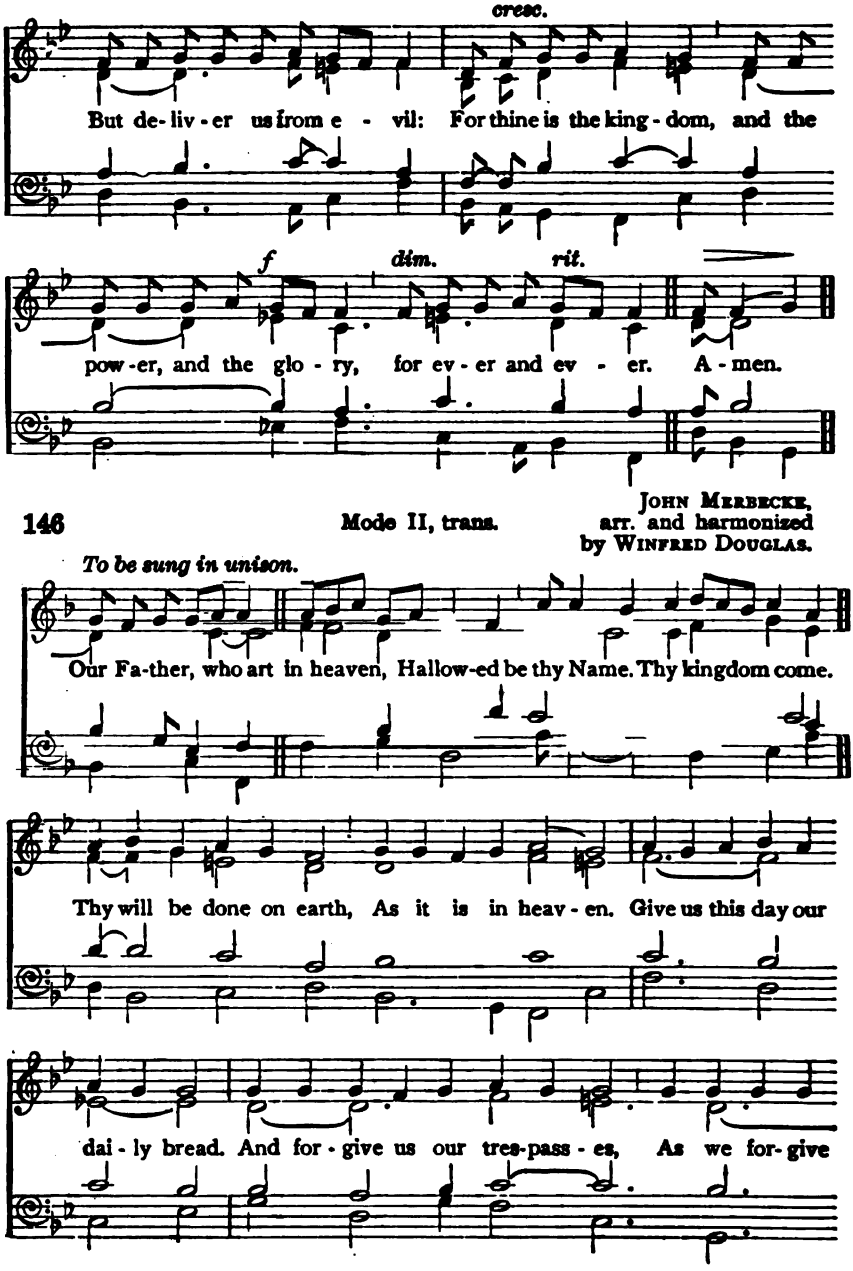
The Lord's Prayer.

145 Mode II, trans. Cantus Solemnis, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS.

To be sung in unison.
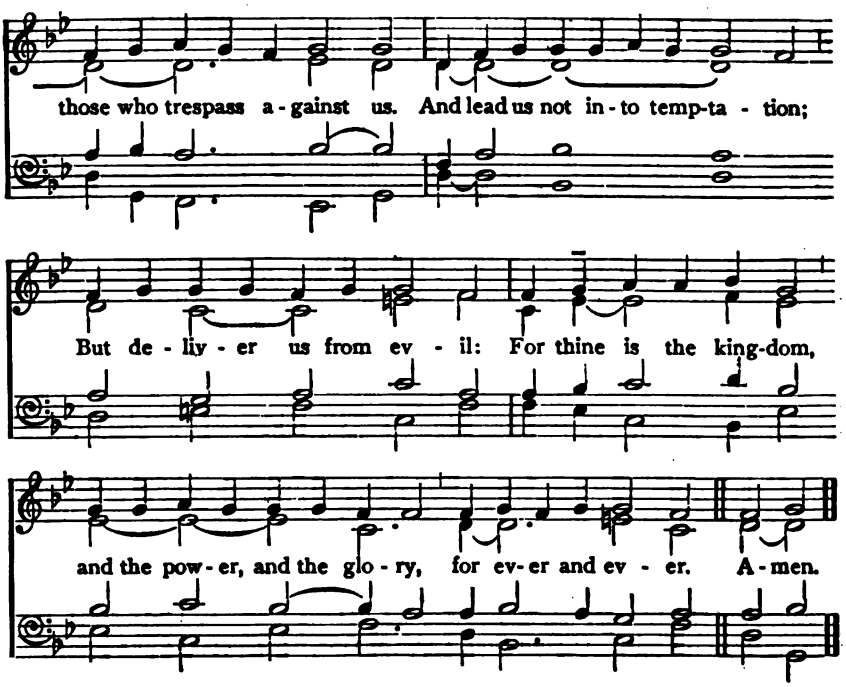


The Lord's Prayer.



146 Mode II, trans. JOHN MERBECKE, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS.

To be sung in unison.

The Lord's Prayer.
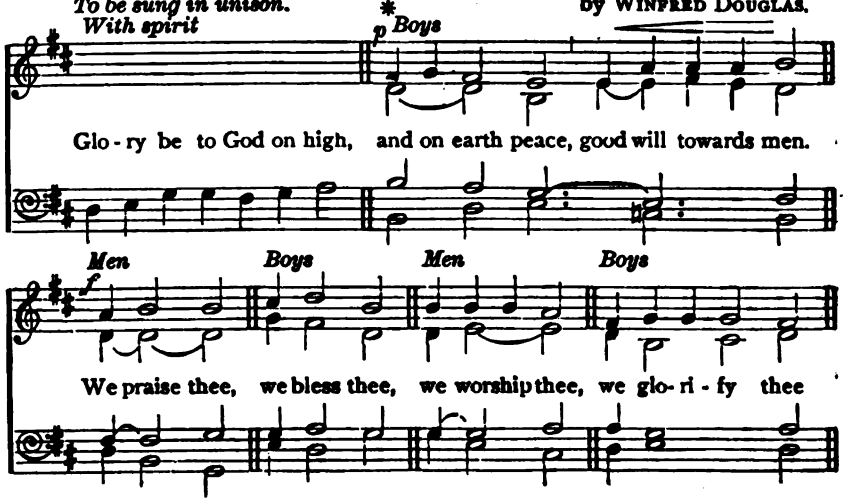


Gloria in excelsis.

147

To be sung in unison.
With spirit
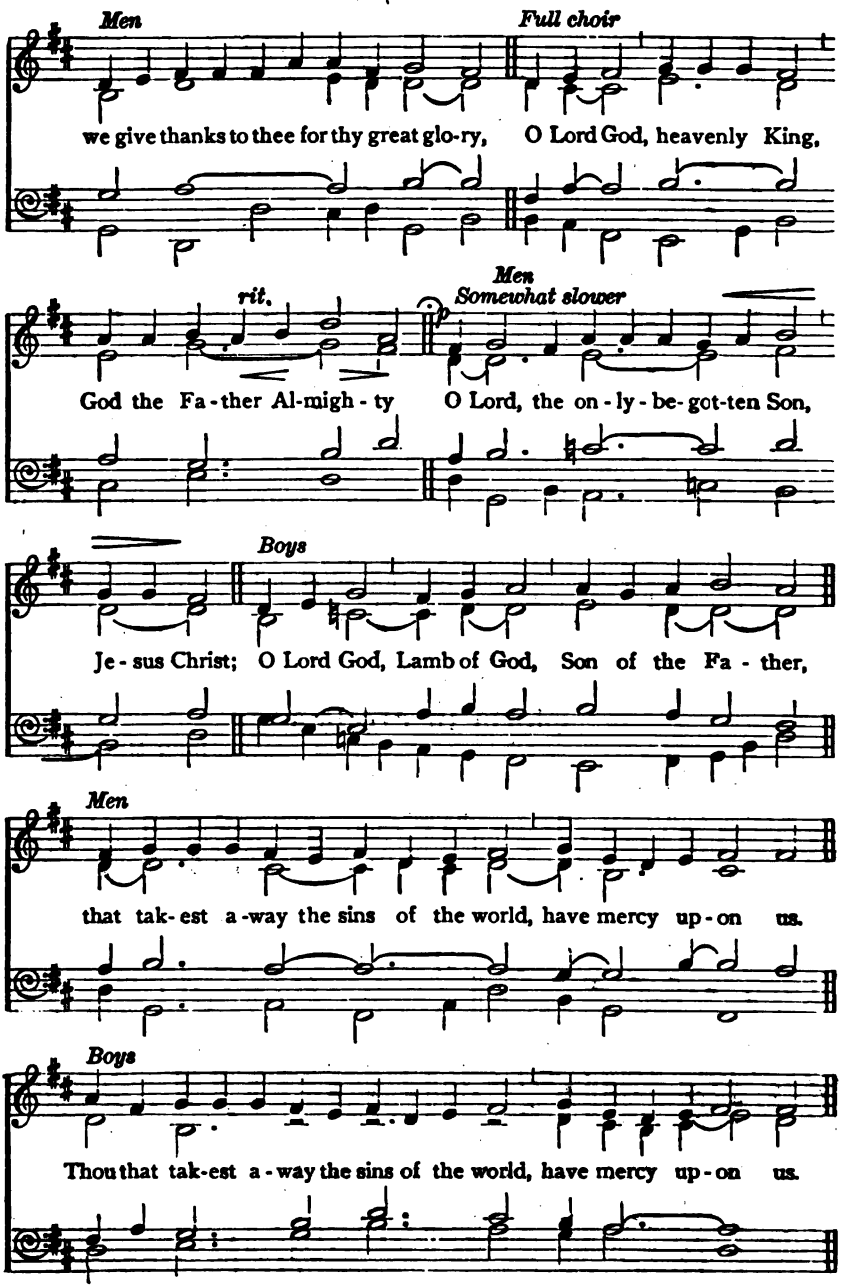
Mode III.

JOHN MERBECKE, arr. and harmonized by WINFRED DOUGLAS.
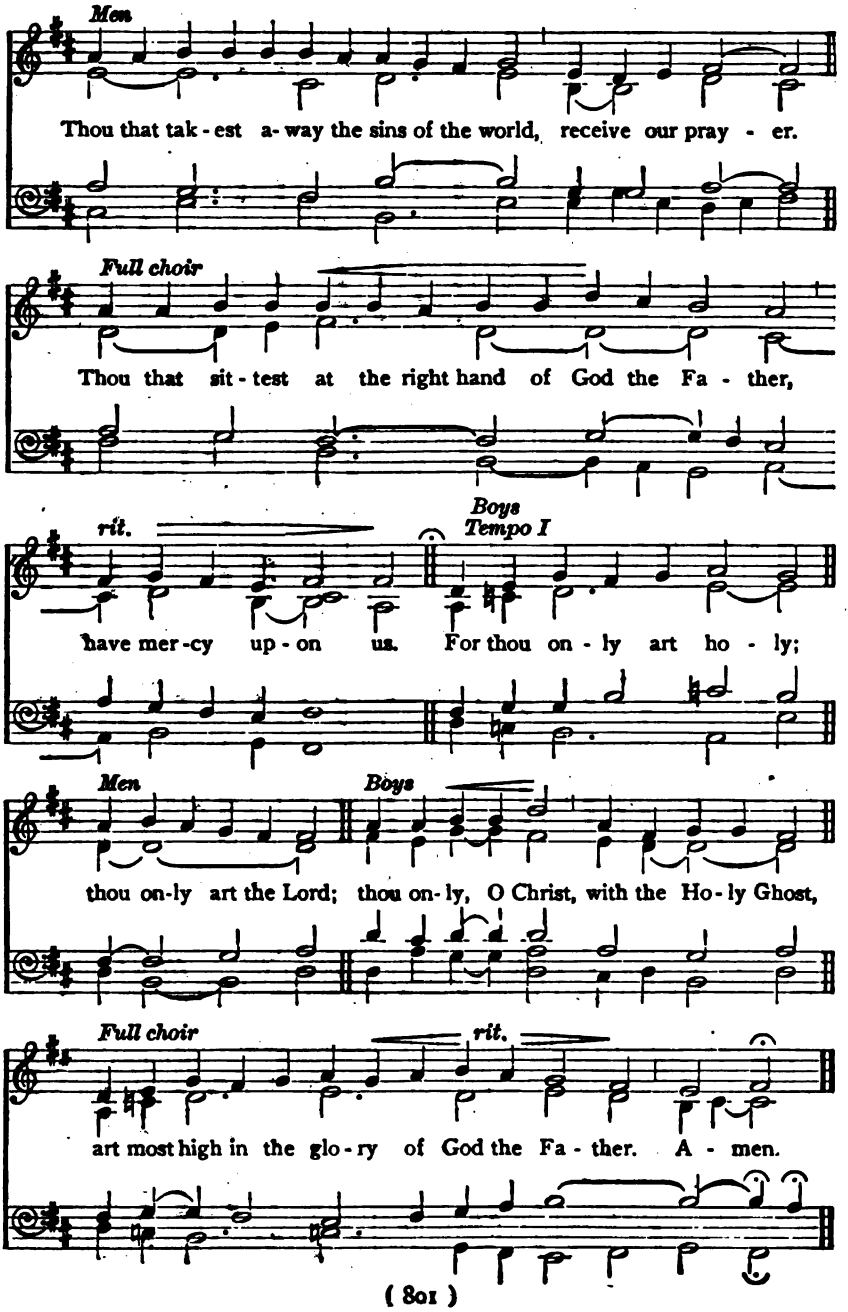


*See p. 725, rule 10.

Gloria in excelsis.
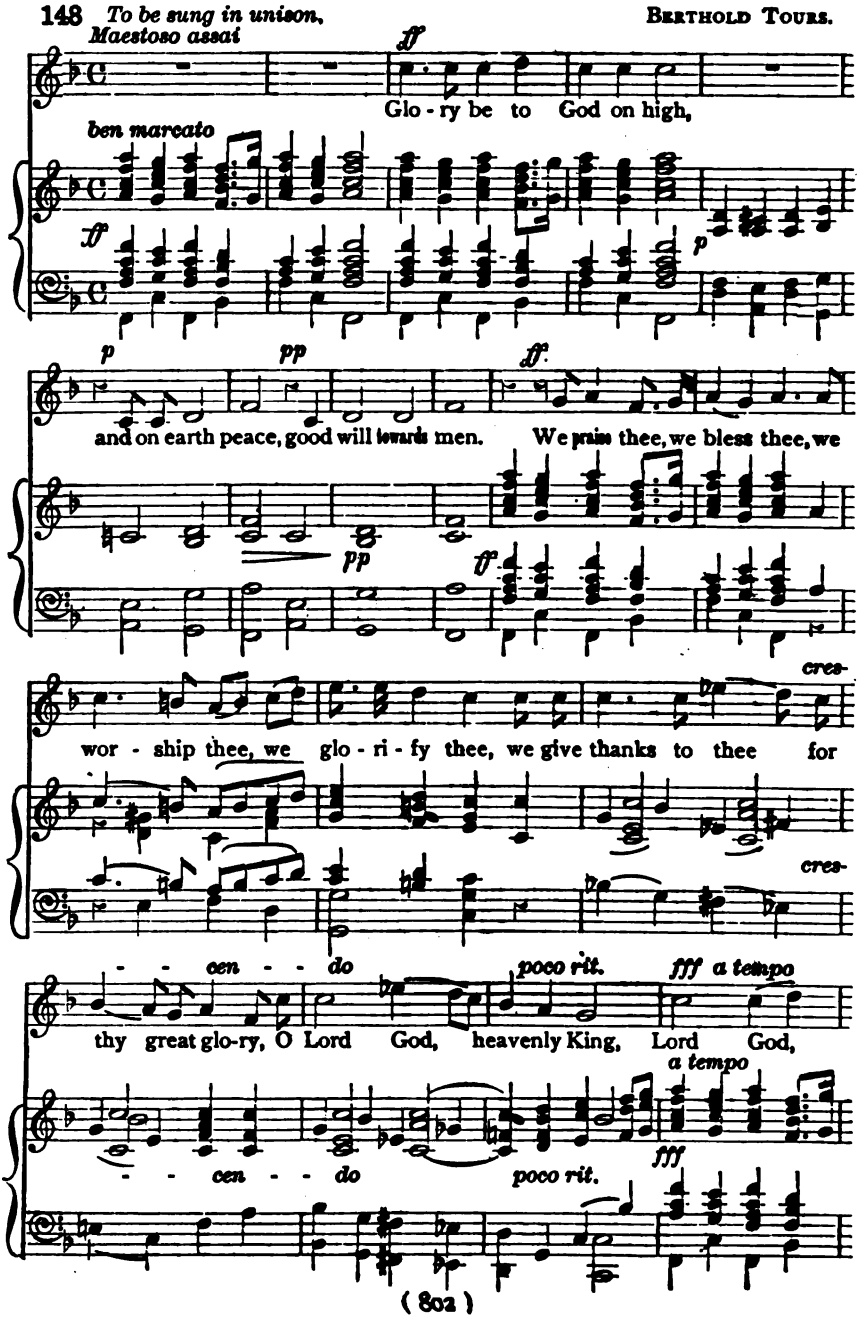


Gloria in excelsis.
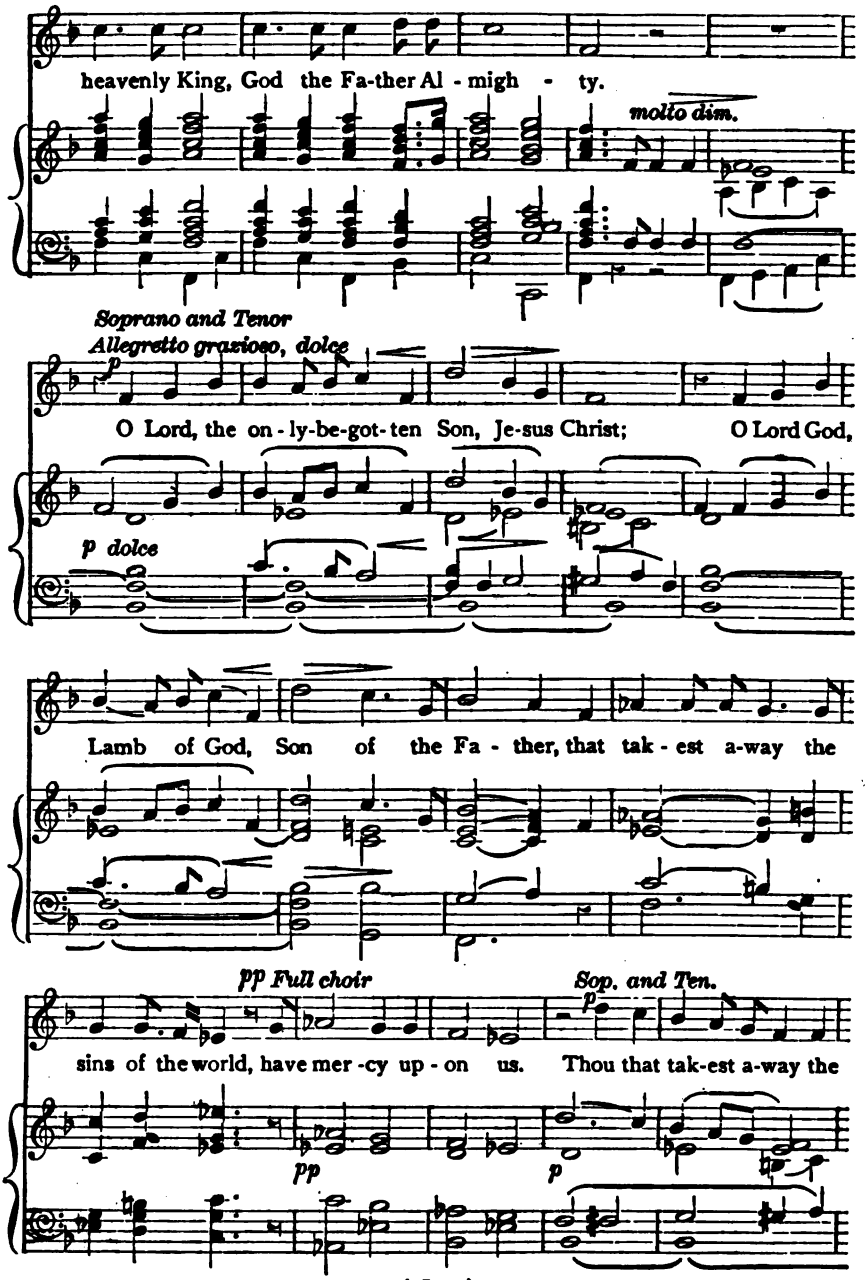


Gloria in excelsis.

148 *To be sung in unison.* BERTHOLD TOURS.
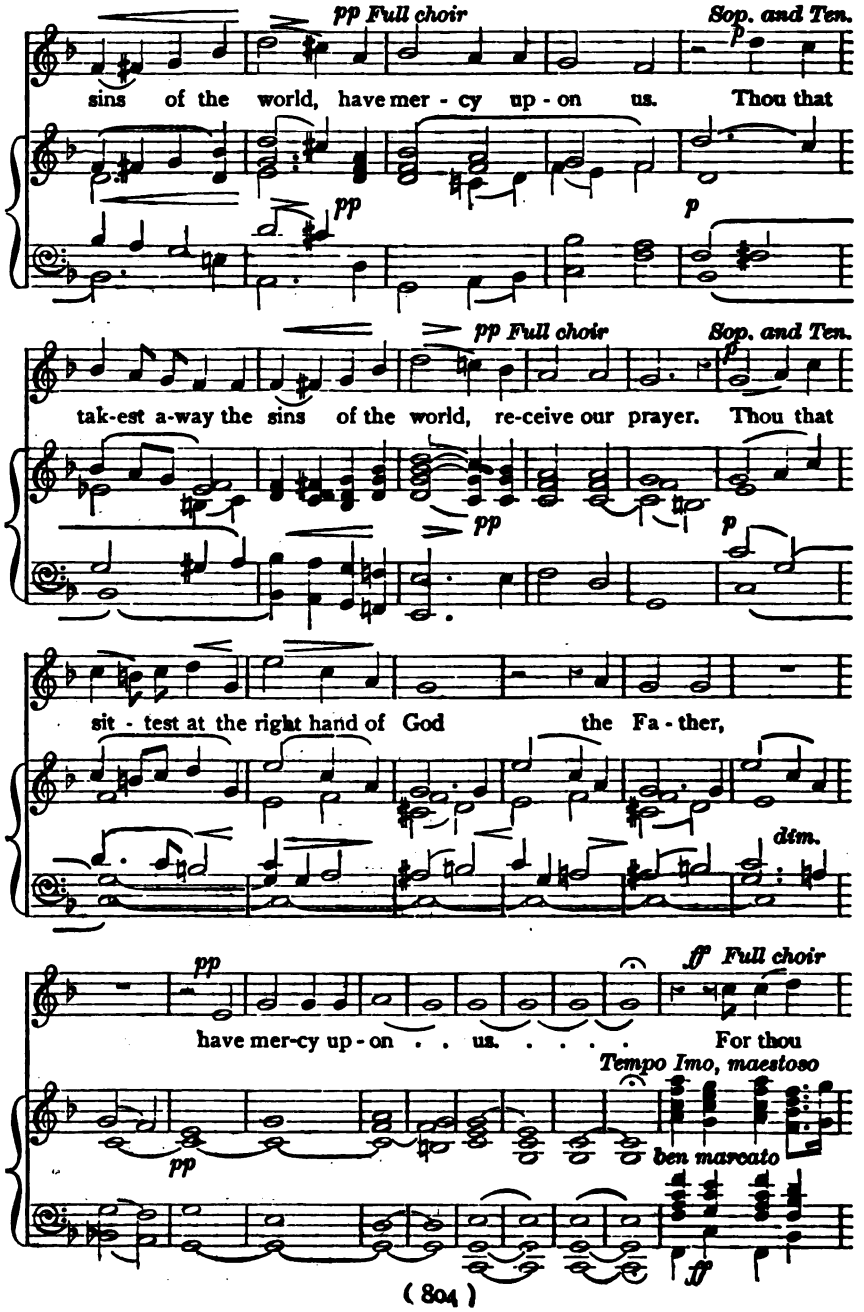
Maestoso assai
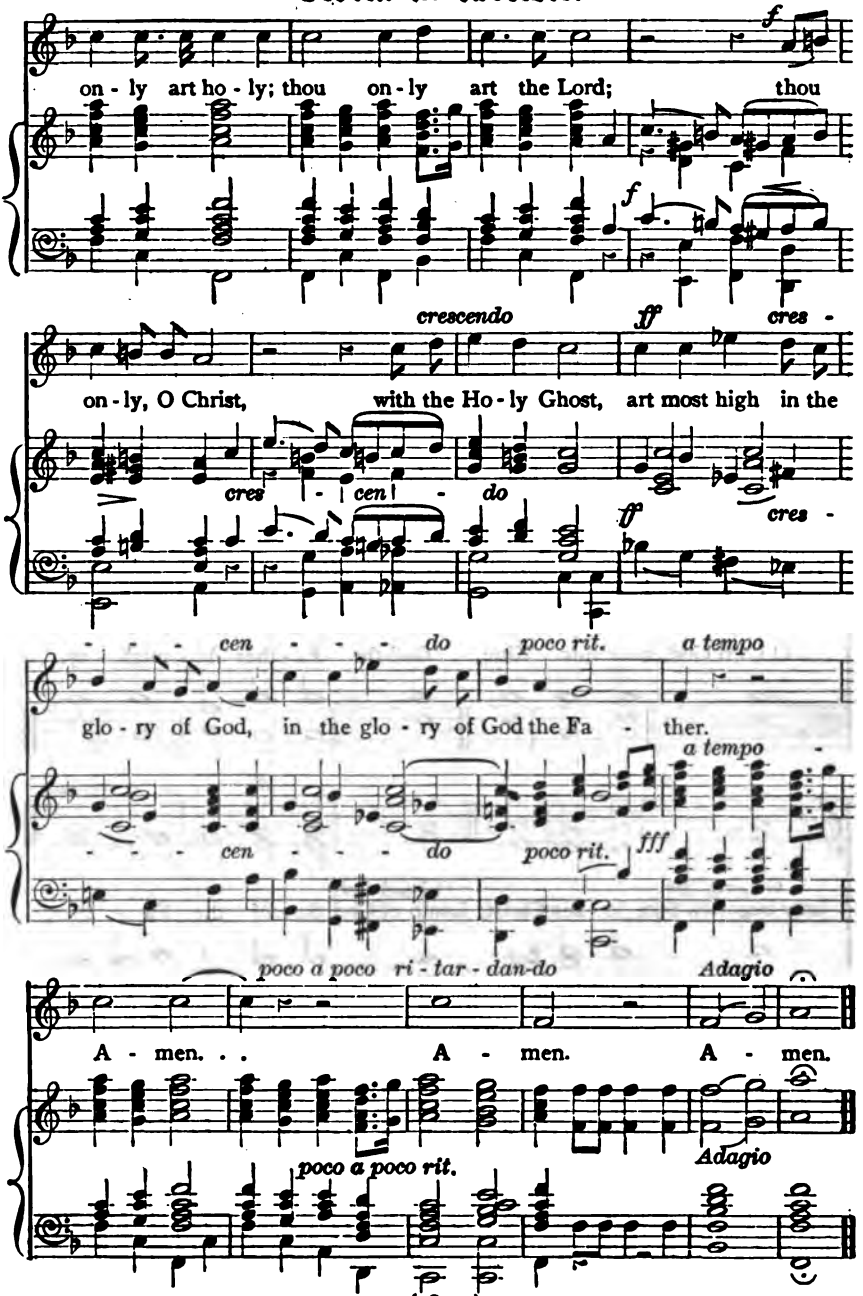


Gloria in excelsis.



Gloria in excelsis.
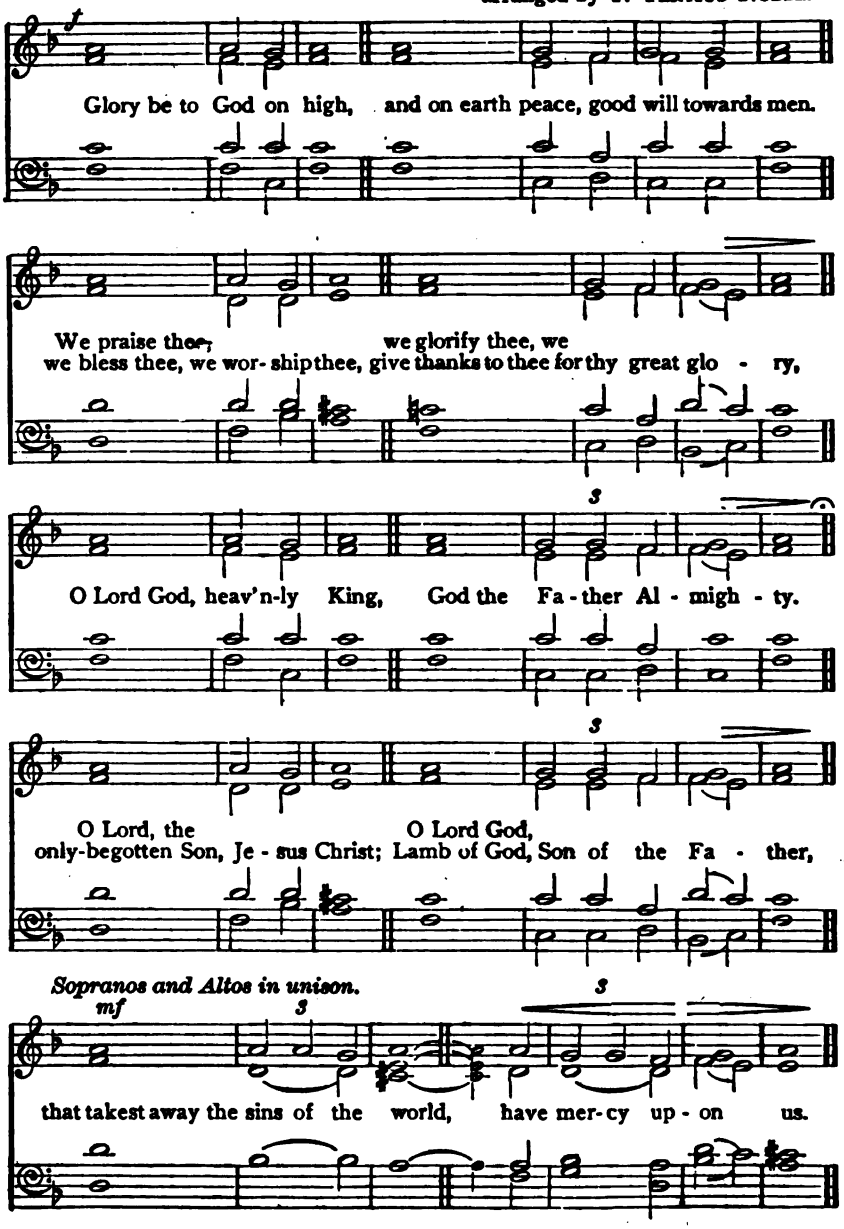


Gloria in excelsis.
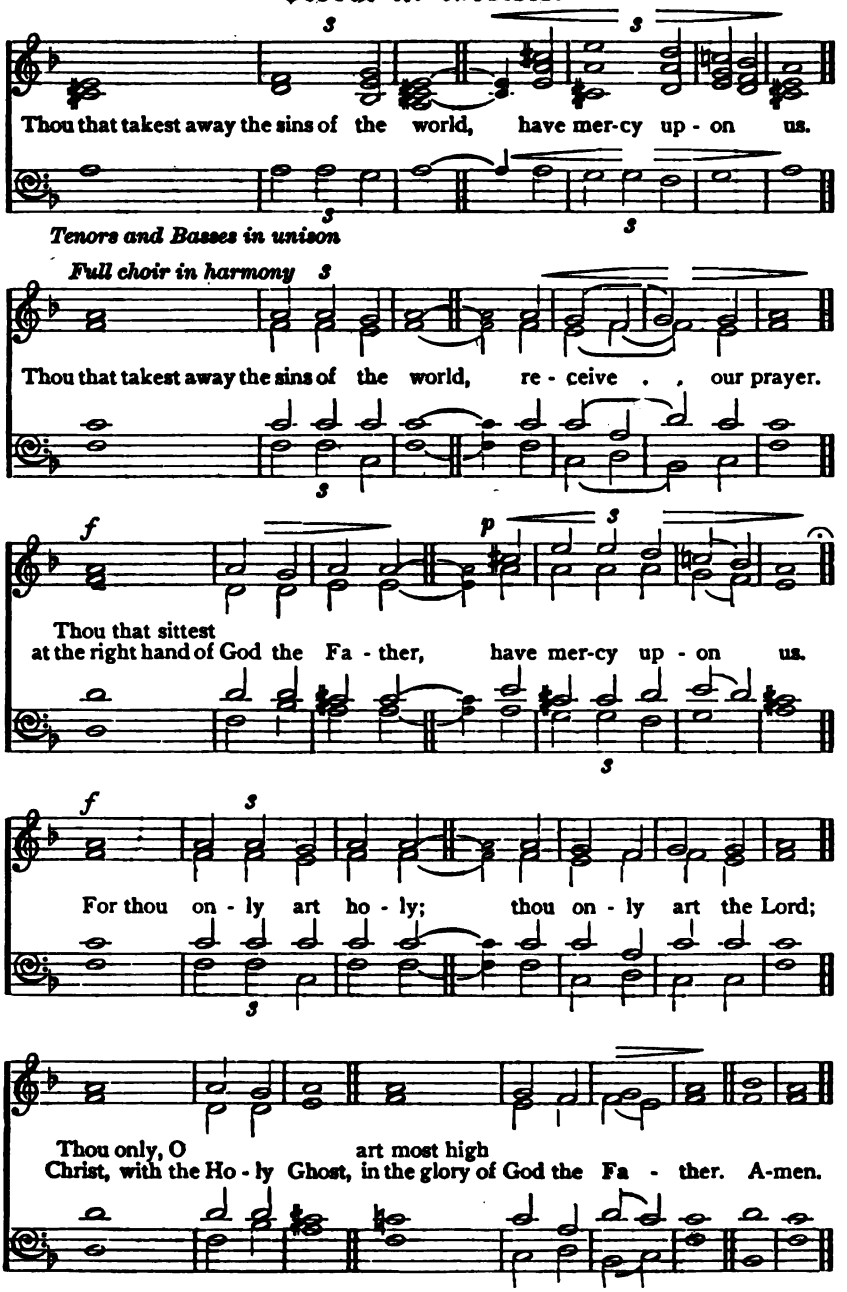


Gloria in excelsis.

149

THOMAS TALLIS,
arranged by T. TERTIUS NOBLE.

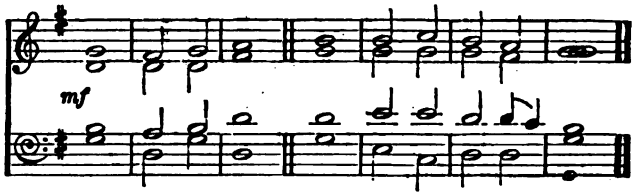


Gloria in excelsis.
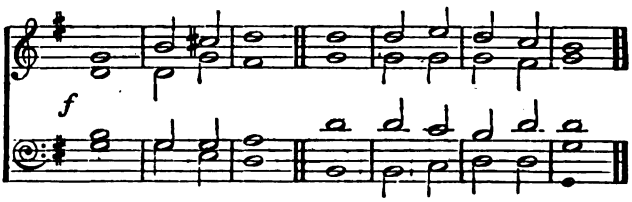


Gloria in excelsis.

150 Old Scottish Chant.
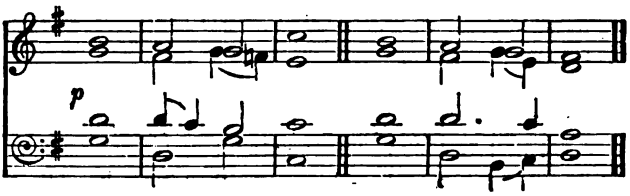


GLORY be to | God on high:
and on earth | peace, good will towards men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship thee:
we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for | thy great glory,



O Lord God, | heav'nly King:
God the | Father • Almighty.



O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus Christ:
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the | Father,
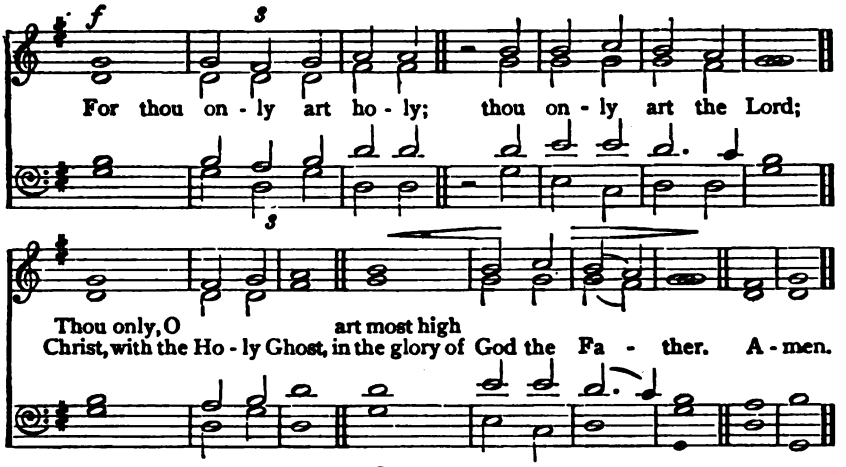
That takest away the | sins • of the • world:
have mercy up|on us.

Thou that takest away the | sins • of the • world:
have mercy up|on us.

Thou that takest away the | sins • of the • world:
re|ceive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the Father:
have mercy up|on us.

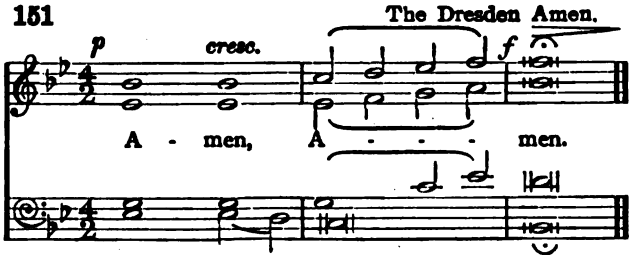
Amen.



Amen.

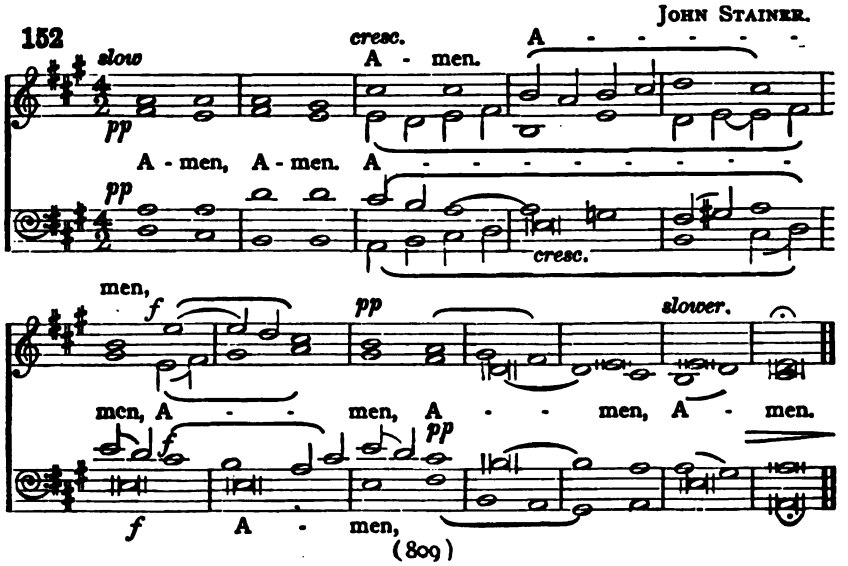
151

The Dresden Amen.



JOHN STAINER.

152





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