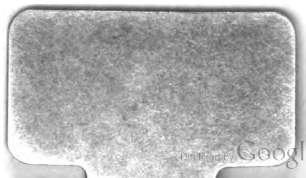

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44. P45.



PSALMS AND HYMNS

ADAPTED TO THE
SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR :

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Some Occasional Hymns.



SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

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LONDON :

FRANCIS & JOHN RIVINGTON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, & WATERLOO PLACE.

1844.

LONDON :
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

PREFACE.

IT has long been regretted by churchmen, that most of the collections of Psalms and Hymns used in our parishes contain many sentiments at variance with the recognition of the baptismal state of a Christian revealed in Scripture, which Christ's Holy Catholic Church places ever foremost in her acts of prayer and praise; and besides this first and most important fault, the restless and morbid tone of feeling prevalent among sectarian bodies has been found to accord but ill with the "quietness and confidence" which will ever be the inheritance of the faithful.

It is to obviate these objections that the present collection has been arranged, and partly composed. The Editor is aware, by his own dissatisfaction with his work, how imperfectly his end has been attained; and most thankful will he be, if some other person should take up the work, and serve Christ's Church better.

The Editor has endeavoured to adhere, as much as possible, to the compositions of church-

men; but he has not considered himself bound altogether to reject those of dissenters, provided they are found to be in accordance with the spirit of the Church. The command given in Numbers xvi. 38, will surely justify us in using for sacred purposes that which has been offered to the Lord, even though in error or sin. At the same time, he has adopted but few; and even these may be omitted if thought desirable, being distinguished by reference to the table of contents.

The agreeable task remains of expressing his thanks to those kind friends who have assisted him in his undertaking, which he would rather do in this general way, than (which he is sure no humble churchman would wish) make a parade of names in a book destined for the service of God. The table of contents will testify how much and how kindly he has been helped.

Wymeswold,

April 18, 1844.

* * * This Collection is uniform, and may be bound with "Prose Hymns, chiefly from Scripture," pointed for chanting.

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M. F. Tupper, Esq.

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 M. F. Tupper, Esq.

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M. F. Tupper, Esq.

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AUTHORS.

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PSALM CXXXVI. O high your voices raise.
Trumpet measure. Bishop Mant.
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H. A.
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Old Version.
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Watts.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

First Sunday in Advent.

HYMN I.

THE voice of one that cries
Along the wilds untrod ;
Prepare ye in the wilderness
A highway for our God.

Be every valley raised,
And every hill made low ;
The crooked straight, the rugged plain ;
For God hath willed it so.

The glory of the Lord
To all men shall appear ;
His word shall sound throughout the world,
And every nation hear.

Man's glory is a flower,
The flesh of man is grass :
Only the promise of our God
Is now, and ever was.

HYMN II.

COME to thy temple, Lord,
 Thy waiting Church to bless :
 Let here thy glory be ador'd,
 Give here thy word success.

Our inmost hearts refine,
 And for Thyself prepare :
 Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,
 And reign triumphant there.

Thy servants, Lord, we are,
 Baptiz'd into thy name :
 All hurtful things put from us far,
 All works of sin and shame.

Come to thy temple, Lord,
 Thine own assembly bless :
 That all may offer with accord
 Off'rings of righteousness.

 Second Sunday in Advent.

HYMN III.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away :
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;
 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

HYMN IV.

EARTH is past away and gone,
 All her glories every one :
 All her pomp is broken down,
 God is reigning—God alone !

All her high ones lowly lie,
 All her mirth hath passed by,
 All her merry-hearted sigh :
 God is reigning—God on high !

No more sorrow, no more night ;
 Perfect joy, and purest light ;
 With his spotless saints and bright,
 God is reigning in the height !

Blessing, praise, and glory bring ;
 Offer every holy thing :
 Everlasting praises sing ;
 God is reigning, God our King !

Third Sunday in Advent.

HYMN V.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created :
The Judge of mankind does appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

HYMN VI.

WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His messenger before Him went ;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he ;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and his Spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born ;
He, the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake thy word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice ;
Thus may thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus thy hearing Church rejoice.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

HYMN VII.

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

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

Watch, 'tis the Lord's command ;
And while we speak He's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found :
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand ;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

HYMN VIII.

IN patient faith, till Christ shall come
To call his duteous servants home,
Our hearts and minds we keep ;
Still looking for that glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall melt away,
And saints awake from sleep.

And still, as years roll swiftly by,
And signs fulfilled of prophecy
Declare Christ's coming near :
All heav'n and earth our spirits range,
Noting if signs of coming change
And brighter days appear.

We know that fearful darkness soon
Shall veil the face of sun and moon,
The stars forsake their spheres ;
The powers of heav'n with fear aghast,
Tremble and quake, until at last
Christ's sign in heav'n appears.

Then earth's rebellious tribes shall wail,
And sinful hearts with terror fail,
While Saints, despised so long,

From east and west and south and north,
By angel-trumpets summoned forth,
Raise one triumphant song.

Christmas Day.

HYMN IX.

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

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

Artless and watchful as these favour'd swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains,
Trace we the Babe who has retriev'd our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross :
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
To sing in heav'n a glad triumphant song ;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display :
Saved by his love, for ever we shall sing
Glory to God on high, our heav'nly King.

HYMN X.

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

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

To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign ;

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

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a heavenly throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song :

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

Hallelujah.

HYMN XI.

HARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing on his wings.

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

St. Stephen's Day.

HYMN XII.

Go forward in your course,
Ye armies of the sky ;
Because the Lord your God
Doth lead to victory.

Press onward to the mark,
Ye that have life and breath ;
Resolved for good or ill,
For peril or for death.

The first who dared to die
Had blessed visions given :
The glory on him shone
Down from the open heaven.

Look up into the skies,
Ye of the latter day :
The shining of that light
Shall never pass away.

Your bitter foes in vain
Their storms of malice shower :
Behold your Captain stand
At God's right hand in power.

Each scattering of the Church
The word of God shall sow :
For every cruel stroke,
The holy plant shall grow.

Lift up the voice of prayer
Before your enemies ;
And from their very ranks
Fresh martyrs shall arise.

St. John's Day.

HYMN XIII.

" LITTLE children, dwell in love ;
New begotten from above,
Ye by this your birth may know,
That ye dwell in love below.

" God your Father reigns on high,
Unbeheld by mortal eye ;
Him ye see not ; love Him then
In his types, your fellow men.

“ Not in semblance nor in word,
But in holy thoughts unheard,
But in very truth and deed,
Share their joy, and help their need.”

Thus the saint whom Jesus loved
Spoke in word, in action proved :
Lord, may thy disciples be
Like to him, and like to Thee.

The Holy Innocents.

HYMN XIV.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
And reigns in highest bliss ;
All wisdom, power, and majesty
For evermore are His.

He needeth not the strength of man,
To stand upon his side ;
Out of the mouths of sucking babes
His name is glorified.

The race is not unto the swift,
Nor to the strong the prize :
An infant band for Christ hath died,
And enters first the skies.

Thus every station, every age,
The creatures of his will,
His high behests of Providence
In life and death fulfil.

Full many a soul by God held dear
Man's pride hath overpast :
For there are last that shall be first,
And first that shall be last.

Sunday after Christmas Day.

HYMN XV.

BEHOLD the long predicted sign,
The Star of Jacob's ancient line :
The eastern sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.

And soon within their hearts there shine
Rays fairer still and more divine,
Which gently summon them to rise
And trust the guidance of the skies.

When God commands, the wise obey :
Love sees no danger in the way :
House, neighbours, friends, their steps recall ;
The voice of God outweighs them all.

O while the Star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Nor quench that light which shines so well !

HYMN XVI.

O YE, your Saviour's name who bear,
Who know the truth his words declare,
Are bought with his most precious blood,
Buried in his baptismal flood ;—

Bear not the name of Christ alone,
If ye would reach his glorious throne ;
Oh never from his laws depart,
But Christians be in life and heart.

He who would reign with Christ above,
Must here, in faith, and patient love,
First tread that rough and thorny road
Which Christ before him meekly trod.

He who his Saviour rightly knows,
And on his way devoutly goes,
When life is o'er shall sweetly rest,
And be with God for ever blest.

Circumcision of Christ.

HYMN XVII.

THY blood, O Christ, hath made our peace ;
 Not only that, whereby
The ground of Calvary was stained,
 When Thou wert hung on high ;

Nor only that, which in thine hour
 Of fear and agony,
Distilled upon thy trembling frame
 In dark Gethsemane :

But that shed from Thee, when at first
 In childhood Thou didst deign
Thus to endure for sinful man
 The legal rite of pain.

And as with suffering and with Thee
 Our yearly course begins ;
So teach us to renounce the flesh
 And put away our sins ;

That in the Israel of thy Church
 We may not lose our part :
In spirit and in body pure,
 And circumcised in heart.

Epiphany.

HYMN XVIII.

THOU that art the Father's Word,
 Thou that art the Lamb of God,
 Thou that art the Virgin's Son,
 Thou that savest souls undone,
 Sacred sacrifice for sin,
 Fount of piety within,

Hail, Lord Jesus.

Thou to whom thine angels raise
 Quiring songs of sweetest praise,
 Thou that art the flower and fruit,
 Virgin-born from Jesse's root,
 Shedding holy peace abroad,
 Perfect man and perfect God,

Hail, Lord Jesus.

Thou that art the door of heaven,
 Living bread in mercy given,
 Brightness of the Father's face,
 Everlasting Prince of Peace,
 Precious pearl beyond all price,
 Brightest star in all the skies,

Hail, Lord Jesus.

King and Spouse of holy hearts,
 Fount of love that ne'er departs,

Sweetest life, and brightest day,
Truest truth, and surest way
That leads onward to the blest
Sabbath of eternal rest,

Hail, Lord Jesus.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

HYMN XIX.

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
Good it is with joyful tongue
To resound thy praise in song :
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fires the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy gospel, pay our vows,
Songs to heaven's high mansion raise,
Fill thy courts with songs of praise,
And in psalms and hymns proclaim
Honours to thy glorious name.

From thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise ;
Who thy wonders can express ?
All thy thoughts are fathomless :
Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
And with songs of praise inspire ;
All our powers with all their might
Ever in thy praise unite.

PSALM CXI.—Ver. 1, 2, 3. 10.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth confirm'd through ages past
Shall to eternal ages last.

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

HYMN XX.

VOUCHSAFE thy gracious presence, Lord,
 Dispose us now to hear thy word ;
 In meekness grant us to receive,
 And with the heart its truths believe :
 Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

To us that sacred word apply,
 With sovereign power and energy ;
 And cause us in thy faith and fear,
 To practise all that we shall hear :
 Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

Father, in us thy Son reveal,
 Teach us to know and do thy will :
 Thy saving strength and love display ;
 And guide us to the realms of day :
 Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

HYMN XXI.

ALL we, like wandering sheep, have stray'd
 From fold, from pasture, and from stall :
 Our guilt on Innocence was laid ;
 He bore the burden of us all.

Though many a secret tear He shed,
 Yet still He uncomplaining stands,
 Like the dumb lamb to slaughter led :
 As the mute sheep in shearer's hands.

He wept no misdeeds of his own ;
 For others' faults He bore the rod,
 Yet we esteem'd Him stricken down
 By the avenging hand of God.

For our delinquencies He bled :
 A cursed death for sin He died :
 To make our peace He bow'd his head ;
 To heal us, He was crucified.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

HYMN XXII.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known ;
 Where love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

The prisoner here may break his chains ;
 The weary rest from all his pains ;
 The captive feel his bondage cease ;
 The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To mark and learn thy holy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

PSALM LXXII.—c. m.

THE glory of Messiah's name
Through endless years shall run :
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

In Him the nations of the world
Shall be completely blest,
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confest.

The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring :
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Seba's king.

To Him shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.**HYMN XXIII.**

Lo, the storms of life are breaking,—
 Faithless fears our hearts are shaking ;
 For our succour undertaking,
 Lord and Saviour, help us !

Lo, the world, from Thee rebelling,
 Round thy Church in pride is swelling :
 With thy word their madness quelling,
 Lord and Saviour, help us !

On thine own command relying,
 We our onward task are plying ;
 Unto Thee for safety sighing,
 Lord and Saviour, help us !

By thy birth, thy cross, and passion,
 By thy tears of deep compassion,
 By thy mighty intercession,
 Lord and Saviour, help us !

PSALM LVII.—Ver. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And with my heart my voice I'll raise
 To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory, harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute ;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round ;
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

PSALM CXXXIX.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and paths surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways ;
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand ;
 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting Thee,
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
 Or whither from thy presence run ?

PSALM XCIII.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundations strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see !
 For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

HYMN XXIV.

THE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,
 The mountains to their centre shake ;
 And withering from the vault of night,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come, but not the same
 As once in lowliness He came ;
 A silent lamb before his foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come, a dreadful form,
 With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway
 Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
 The Nazarene—the Crucified ?

While sinners in despair shall call,
 “ Rocks, hide us ; mountains on us fall ? ”
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, “ The Lord is come.”

PSALM CII.—PART II.—Ver. 23, 24, 25, 26.

THOU the foundation of the earth
 Before all time hast laid ;
 The heavens also, they are the work
 Which thy own hands have made.

They all shall perish and decay ;
 But Thou remainest still ;
 And they shall all in time wax old,
 E'en as a garment will.

Thou as a vesture shalt them change,
 And changed shall they be ;
 But Thou dost still abide the same,
 Thy years do never flee.

The children of thy servants shall
 Continue and endure,
 And in thy sight their happy seed
 For ever shall stand sure.

 Septuagesima Sunday.

HYMN XXV.

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

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

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

Blessed and holy 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 !

PSALM CXLVIII.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;

Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay ;
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose Almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last
 From changes free ;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

Sexagesima Sunday.

HYMN XXVI.

O THOU, at whose divine command
 Good seed is sown in every land,
 Thine Holy Ghost to us impart,
 And for thy word prepare each heart.

Not among thorns of worldly thought,
 Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,
 Nor lacking depth the root to feed,
 May we receive thy Spirit's seed ;
 But may it, while thy sowers toil,
 Fall in a good and honest soil ;
 And springing up from firmest root,
 With patience bear abundant fruit.

PSALM CL.—Ver. 1, 2. 6.

O PRAISE the Lord in that bless'd place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in heav'n, where He his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts,
 Which He in our behalf hath done ;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath He does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ :
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

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

Quinquagesima Sunday.

HYMN XXVII.

JESUS, Thou man of sorrows, born
 To suffering here below,
 To toil through poverty and scorn,
 Through weakness and through woe ;

Emmanuel, who, by every grief,
 By each temptation tried,
 Hast lived to yield our wants relief,
 And, to redeem us, died ;

If gaily clothed and proudly fed
 In careless ease we dwell ;
 Remind us of thy manger-bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.

If, press'd with penury severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 May conscience whisper in our ear
 A poorer lot was thine.

From all the viewless snares of sin,
 Preserve us firm and free :
 As Thou like us hast tempted been,
 May we rejoice with Thee.

PSALM XXXIII.—PART II.

Ver. 1. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise ;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

'Tis God who those that trust in Him
 Beholds with gracious eyes :
 He frees their souls from death ; their want
 In time of dearth supplies.

Our souls on God with patience wait ;
 Our help and shield is He :
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in Thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do Thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On Thee alone depend.

Ash Wednesday.

HYMN XXVIII.

TURN not, O Lord, thy face from me,
 Who tremble at thy feet,
 Lamenting sore my sinful life
 Before thy mercy-seat.

O call me not to strict account,
 Thou who my faults canst tell :
 What I have been, and what I am,
 O Lord, Thou know'st it well.

The circumstances of my crimes,
 Their number, and their kind ;
 Thou know'st them all, and more, much more,
 Than I can call to mind.

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

First Sunday in Lent.

HYMN XXIX.

JESUS our Lord, who tempted wast
 In all points like as we ;
 And didst achieve in that dread fight
 Undoubted victory ;

Behold thy Spouse, a season laid
 Beneath the tempter's power ;
 Led up into the wilderness
 To wait her trying hour.

May she her forces ready make,
 And gird her weapons fast ;
 And with the armour of her God
 Stand fearless to the last.

Teach us, when anger'd at our lot
Our faithless souls repine,
Man liveth not by bread alone,
But every word divine.

When we would rush on danger's point,
And dare the lifted sword,
Speak in our ears the warning voice,
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord."

And when deceived by pride or power,
Earth's idols we espouse,
Teach us that Thou art God alone,
And on us are thy vows.

Thus shall we more than conquerors
With Thee pass through the strife ;
And angels come and minister
Around the heirs of life.

PSALM CXXIII.—L. M.

UP unto Thee I lift mine eyes,
O Thou, that dwellest in the skies ;
As servants wait their lord's command,
As maidens to their mistress' hand.

E'en thus we wait upon the Lord,
Till He his saving grace afford.
Have mercy, mercy, God most high,—
We are contemned exceedingly !

Our soul is filled with the scorn
 Of worldly men, and droops forlorn :
 Our heart is withered in the blight
 Of godless sinners' proud despite.

Second Sunday in Lent.

PSALM LI.—Ver. 1, 2, 3. 11, 12.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As Thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin ;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.

Withdraw not Thou thy help,
 Nor cast me from thy sight ;
 Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
 Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives
 Let me again obtain ;
 And thy free Spirit's firm support
 My fainting soul sustain.

PSALM XXXVIII.—Ver. 1, 2. 4. 21.

THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
 Though I deserve it all :
 Nor let at once on me the storm
 Of thy displeasure fall.

In every wretched part of me
 Thy arrows deep remain :
 Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
 I can no more sustain.

My sins that to a deluge swell,
 My sinking head o'erflow,
 And for my feeble strength to bear
 Too vast a burden grow.

Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
 Nor far from me depart ;
 Make haste to my relief, O Thou
 Who my salvation art.

 Third Sunday in Lent.

HYMN XXX.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 Oh how shall I appear ?

If yet while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought ;
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought ;
When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh how shall I appear ?
But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
That doth her sins lament,
Of Him who suffered unto death,
Her sufferings to prevent.
Then why, my soul, should'st thou despair
Full pardon to procure,
Since Christ, the Lord of Glory, died,
To make that pardon sure.

PSALM CXXX.—Ver. 1, 2. 5. 7, 8.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows ;
 The plenteous source and spring from whence
 Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey ;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
 And wash our guilt away.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

HYMN XXXI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
 Let the repenting sinner live ;
 Is not thy mercy great and free ?
 May not the sinner trust in Thee ?

Wash us from all our sins, O God,
 In thy dear Son's atoning blood ;
 Hear those who come before thy throne,
 Pleading his merits, not their own.

Though we have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
 His gracious presence still afford ;
 And still salvation's joys impart,
 To heal the broken contrite heart.

E

A broken heart, O God, our King,
Is all the sacrifice we bring ;
Thou, God of Grace, wilt not despise
A broken heart in sacrifice.

PSALM CXLIII.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend :
In Thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be try'd ;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey ;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

O ! for the sake of thy great name,
Revive my drooping heart ;
For thy truth's sake, to me, distress'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.**HYMN XXXII.**

THE Lord, who once on Calvary bled,
 And rose triumphant from the dead,
 Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
 The Friend of man's apostate race.

There as our Advocate He reigns,
 Touched with the feeling of our pains ;
 And still remembers in the skies,
 His tears, and groans, and agonies.

In every pang that rends the heart,
 This Man of sorrows bears a part :
 In all our grief, our grief He shares,
 And rescues us from Satan's snares.

Oh let us then before his throne
 With boldness make our sorrows known ;
 And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
 His grace to help in time of need.

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, Thou hast shower'd on thy land
 Thy favourable grace ;
 Thou hast brought home again the band
 Of Jacob's captive race.

Thou hast forgiv'n thy people's crimes
And wash'd away their sin,
From thy fierce anger turn'd betimes,
And rein'd thy vengeance in.

Turn us, O God that savest us !
And bid thine anger cease :
Wilt Thou in wrath be ever thus,
Nor smile on us in peace ?

O wilt Thou not thy work revive,
That we may joy in Thee ?
Yea, Lord, thy constant mercy give,
And thy salvation free.

Sunday next before Easter.

HYMN XXXIII.

GLORY of thy Father's face,
Fountain deep of Love and Grace,
Who, Lord, can repay Thee thus,
As Thou gav'st Thyself for us ?

What to Thee shall we reply,
Who for us didst bleed and die,
When Thou shalt the question make,
" What have ye done for My sake ?"

Hard in heart, in action weak,
Lord, thy grace divine we seek :
Set us from our bondage free ;
Draw us, and we follow Thee.

PSALM CXXV.

Who place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.

Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem inclose ;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy ;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

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

Good Friday.**HYMN XXXIV.**

HAIL that head with sorrows bowing,
Crown'd with thorns, with anguish flowing ;
And that body pierced and shaken,
Mock'd of man, of God forsaken,
 Marr'd beyond the sons of men ;

By thy death of life the giver,
When we suffer, O deliver !
In our sorrow and our weakness,
Thou who didst prevail by meekness,
 Think upon thy woes again !

When the hour of death is near us,
Be thou present, Lord, to cheer us :
In that time of fear and sadness
Tarry not, our help and gladness,
 Saviour of the sons of men !

When our latest breath is failing,
Be thy Spirit all-prevailing :
When the tempter's wiles shall prove us,
Show thy sacred sign above us,
 Hold us, save us, free us then !

HYMN XXXV.

CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain:
For Christ our sacrifice is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

Lo! nature's face of beaming light
She veils in darkness at the sight
Of Him, her God, the Crucified:
'Tis man alone that dares deride
The Saviour who for him hath died.

The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kiss'd affliction's rod,
That by his stripes we might be heal'd,
Our pardon by his blood be seal'd,
And boundless mercy stand reveal'd.

Oh let us cast each vice away
Which thus the Son of God could slay!
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And ev'ry sin and folly fly!

So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above:
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which wert, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb, slain from eternity!

Easter Eben.

PSALM XVI.

I STRIVE each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye ;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because He still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice ;
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free,
 Nor let thy holy one in death
 The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead :
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

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

Easter Day.

HYMN XXXVI.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,	Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holiday,	Hallelujah.
Who did once upon the cross,	Hallelujah.
Suffer to redeem our loss.	Hallelujah.
Hymns of praise then let us sing	Hallelujah.
Unto Christ our heavenly King ;	Hallelujah.
For the pain which He endured,	Hallelujah.
Our salvation hath procured.	Hallelujah.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day,	Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holiday,	Hallelujah.
Let us loud our triumph raise,	Hallelujah.
To our great Redeemer's praise.	Hallelujah.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wondrous things has done ;
 With his right hand and holy arm
 The conquest He has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might ;
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathen's sight.

Of Israel's house his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been ;
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
 Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

Monday in Easter Week.

PSALM LXXXIX.—Ver. 8. 13, 14.

LORD God of Hosts, in all the world
 What one is like to Thee ?
 On every side, most mighty Lord,
 Thy truth is seen to be.

Thine arm is strong and full of pow'r,
 All might therein doth lie ;
 The strength of thy right hand each hour
 Thou liftest up on high.

In righteousness and equity
 Thou hast thy seat and place ;
 Mercy and truth are still with Thee,
 And go before thy face.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore ;
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tuesday in Easter Week.

PSALM CXXIV.

IF God were not on our side,
May Israel now say,
If God were not on our side,
When men rose up to slay,—

Then had they crush'd us in their wrath,
Proud waters then had drown'd
Our panting soul ; the waves of death
Had darkly foam'd around !

But blessed, blessed be the Lord,
For He hath rescued us !
As from the fowler's snare the bird,
We are delivered thus.

The snare is broken—and, escap'd,
Our help is in the name
Of God, who this fair earth hath shap'd,
And heaven's glorious frame.

First Sunday after Easter.**PSALM CXXXVI.**

PRAISE the Lord, for He is love,
 And his mercy lives for ever ;
 God of all the gods above,
 For his mercy lives for ever.

Who by wisdom heaven array'd,
 For his mercy lives for ever ;
 Earth above the waters laid,
 For his mercy lives for ever.

Who did wondrous lights ordain,
 For his mercy lives for ever ;
 The bright sun o'er day to reign,
 For his mercy lives for ever.

Moon and stars for midnight sway,
 For his mercy lives for ever :—
 Who did Egypt's first-born slay,
 For his mercy lives for ever.

Ransom'd Israel from their land,
 For his mercy lives for ever ;
 With strong arm, and outstretch'd hand,
 For his mercy lives for ever.

Praise God in his heavenly shrine,
For his mercy lives for ever :—
Lord of Lords, all praise be thine,
For his mercy lives for ever.

PSALM XXXIV.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name :
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

Second Sunday after Easter.

HYMN XXXVII.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
 And He that doth me feed :
 While He is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender grass,
 Where I both feed and rest :
 Then to the streams that gently pass ;
 In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert,
 And bring my mind in frame ;
 And all this not for my desert,
 But for his holy Name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
 Well may I walk, not fear ;
 For Thou art with me, and thy rod
 To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
 Shall measure all my days :
 And as it never shall remove,
 So neither shall my praise.

HYMN XXXVIII.

THOU Saviour, who Thyself didst give
 That all the world might turn and live,
 Who dost the careless sinner draw
 With cords of love to thy pure law,
 Who dost thy Church with fondness call,
 And by thy grace receivest all :

Behold us, Lord ! before thy throne,
 Inspire and make our hearts thine own :
 Bind to thy cross our wandering will,
 Each act with holy purpose fill :
 Our weakness let thy strength defend,
 Thou Author of our Faith, and End.

 Third Sunday after Easter.

HYMN XXXIX.

INCARNATE God, the soul that knows
 Thy name's mysterious power,
 Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.

Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
 And bear them in their arms :

To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

Himself, the Lord of angels, keeps
The souls that love his name :
Israel's Shepherd never sleeps ;
He always is the same.

Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But since the Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear ?

PSALM LXXII.—L.M.

ALL kings to Christ's superior sway
Shall at his feet their homage pay :
All nations serve with one accord
Him King of Kings, of Lords the Lord.

For He the poor man's cry shall hear,
And wipe the helpless mourner's tear :
And He shall stay the sinking soul,
And bid the broken heart be whole.

From open force, and secret snare,
He their deliverance shall prepare,
For high, before his presence view'd,
The value of his subjects' blood.

His name, enduring as the sun,
Like Him a glorious course shall run:
His blessing on the world shall rest,
And by the world his Name be blest.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

HYMN XL.

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

Convince us of our sin,
And lead us to the Lord;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of thy word.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove:
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of everlasting love.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be:
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

PSALM CVII.

HALLELUJAH! praise the Lord!
Loud Jehovah's name record,
Evermore his love shall last,
Stands his goodness firm and fast.
For the dry and thirsty soul
He hath filled to the full:
And the soul that pines for food
He hath satisfied with good.

They who sit in darkness dread
Mid the shadows of the dead,
Iron chains about them wound,
And their souls with misery bound:
When to God their sorrows flow,
He relieves them from their woe:
Breaks their chain: and from the gloom
Brings them of the darkling tomb.

Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Let men all his love record,
All the wonders of his grace
To the sons of Adam's race.
Let them cause the sacrifice
Of the grateful heart to rise:
And the thankful tongue employ
In triumphant shouts of joy!

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

HYMN XLI.

JESUS, immortal King, display
Thine arm of strength, and win the day ;
Let all thy foes astonished flee,
And leave the conquered world to Thee.

Gird on thy thigh thy conquering sword,
Victorious King, most mighty Lord ;
Finish the work Thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

Let heavenly hosts triumphant sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King ;
Let all his saints rejoice at this :
The kingdoms of the world are his.

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.

HYMN XLII.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name—
Ye Angels, prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call :
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 Throughout this earthly ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all!



Ascension Day.

HYMN XLIII.

Lo! God to heav'n ascendeth—
 Throughout its regions vast,
 With shouts triumphant blendeth
 The trumpet's thrilling blast :
 Sing praise with exultation,
 Sing praise to Christ the Lord—
 King of each heathen nation,
 The God of Hosts ador'd.

With joy is heav'n resounding,
 Christ's glad return to see :
 Behold the saints surrounding
 The Lord, who set them free :
 The cherub band rejoices,
 Bright myriads thronging come,
 And loud seraphic voices
 Welcome Messiah home.

No more the way is hidden,
 Since Christ our Head arose ;
 No more to man forbidden
 The road to heav'n that goes.
 Where Jesus Christ has enter'd,
 There may our hearts be found ;
 There let our hopes be centred,
 Our journey thither bound.

PSALM XXIV.—PART I.

THE earth is God's, the fulness too
 Of all that therein is :
 Upon the floods He founded it,
 And built it on the seas.

Who shall go up the hill of God,
 And in his dwelling stand ?
 Even the man of pure intent
 And undefiled hand.

Who hath not lifted up his heart
To trust in vanity :
Nor dealt untruly by his friend,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

The family of Israel,
The men who seek his grace,
These shall be blest and righteous held
Before the God of grace.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

HYMN XLIV.

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

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

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

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

To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and power belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And never-ending songs.

PSALM XXIV. PART II.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of Glory : See ! He comes
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, for strength renown'd ;
 In battle mighty, o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, unfold
 In state to entertain
 The King of Glory : See ! He comes
 With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd ;
 Of glory He alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

Whit Sunday.

HYMN XLV.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator come,
 Inspire the souls of thine :
 Till every heart which Thou hast made
 Is filled with grace divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God, and fire of love :
 The everlasting Spring of Joy,
 And unction from above.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace :
 Assist our minds, by nature frail,
 With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And give us peace within :
 That by thy guidance bless'd, we may
 Escape the snares of sin.

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

HYMN XLVI.

SAVIOUR, thy Father's promise send—
 Spirit of holiness, descend :
 Lo, we are waiting for Thee, Lord,
 All in one place with one accord.

Come and convince us all of sin,
 Lighting thy lamp our hearts within ;
 Thy temples,—but alas ! how slow
 Thy presence and thy voice to know.

Convince us all of righteousness :—
 By that great work thy people bless,
 Which our High Priest hath wrought alone,
 And carried to his Father's throne.

Of judgment, Lord, convince us too :
 Teach us in Christ all things to view :
 O make us pure, with lighten'd eyes,
 Harmless as doves, as serpents wise.

Monday in Whitsun Week.

PSALM XLIV.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
 In our attentive ears,
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 And elder times than theirs ;

For not their courage, nor their sword,
 To them possession gave ;
 Nor strength, that from unequal force
 Their fainting troops could save ;

But thy right hand and pow'rful arm,
 Whose succour they implor'd ;
 Thy presence with the chosen race,
 Who thy great name ador'd.

To Thee the triumph we ascribe,
 From whom the conquest came ;
 In God we will rejoice alway,
 And ever bless his name.



Tuesday in Whitsun Week.

PSALM CXLIX.

SING ye unto the Lord our God
 A new rejoicing song,
 And let the praise of Him be heard
 His holy saints among,

Let them sound praise with voice of lute
 Unto his holy name,
 And with the timbrel and the harp
 Sing praises to the same.

For why? the Lord his pleasure all
Hath in his people set;
And by deliv'rance He will raise
The meek to glory great.

Trinity Sunday.

HYMN XLVII.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea:
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wast, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

**All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea;**

**Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!**

HYMN XLVIII.

**FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.**

**Almighty Son, incarnate Word;
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord;
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy saving grace extend.**

**Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.**

**Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.**

First Sunday after Trinity.

PSALM XXIII.

My shepherd is the living Lord,
 Nothing therefore I need :
 In pastures fair, near pleasant streams
 He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
 And bring my mind in frame,
 To walk in paths of righteousness,
 For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
 Yet will I fear no ill ;
 Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
 And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life thy favour is
 So frankly shown to me,
 That in thy house for evermore
 My dwelling place shall be.

HYMN XLIX.

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

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

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

Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see :
 For while we minister to them,
 We do it, Lord, to Thee.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN L.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly :
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray :
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain :

Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

PSALM IV.—Ver. 1. 6, 7, 8.

O LORD, Thou art my righteous Judge,
To my complaint give ear ;
Thou still redeem'st me from distress,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than their's who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest ;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LI.

HARK, through the courts of heaven
Voices of angels sound ;

“ He that was dead now lives again ;
He that was lost is found.”

God of unfailing grace,
Send down thy Spirit now ;
Raise the dejected soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.

In countries far from home,
On earthly husks we feed ;
Back to our Father’s house, O Lord,
Our wandering footsteps lead.

Then at each soul’s return
The heavenly harp shall sound,
“ He that was dead now lives again ;
He that was lost is found.”

PSALM LXVII.

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

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

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

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LII.

O God for ever near !
We humbly will rejoice,
For well we know that Thou art here,
And listening to our voice.

Up to thy mercy seat
'Tis good for us to go :
For there Thou dost thy people meet.
Rich blessings to bestow.

And now, no longer veil'd,
The mercy seat is free :
The great High-Priest for man prevail'd,
To clear our way to Thee.

We praise Thee as we bend,
And here thy praise forth tell,
Because thy love doth condescend
Within this house to dwell.

PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who walketh not
In sinners' evil ways :
Nor with the wicked joins his lot,
Nor gives the scorner praise.

But all his solace and delight
Is in his Father's word,
His meditation day and night
The doctrine of the Lord.

As some green tree near flowing streams,
That yields its timely fruit,
Unblighted still his foliage seems ;
He prospers, branch and root.

Not so th' ungodly ; they are all
Like chaff before the blast :
In the dread judgment they shall fall,
And perish at the last.

For the Lord loveth and doth keep
The good man day by day ;
But as for sinners, He shall sweep
And scatter them away.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LIII.

HAPPY the Church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits :
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell ;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

God is our shield, and God our sun ;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 Shed on us, Lord, thy beams of grace,
 That men by us may give Thee praise.

PSALM XCI.

HE who in the secret cell
 Of the Highest loves to dwell ;
 He who His abode hath made
 Under the Almighty's shade ;
 He who to the Lord can say,
 " Thou my shelter art, and stay ;
 Thou my fortress and defence,
 Thou my only confidence,"—

He whose hopes on God rely,
 And whose home is the Most High ;—
 Evil ne'er shall mar his rest,
 Plague shall not his tent molest :
 God his angels shall command
 To sustain him with their hand,
 And to lead his footsteps on,
 Lest they strike against a stone.

He shall call, and God shall hear ;
 In affliction He is near ;
 He will save him from distress,
 He will crown him with success.

He his soul's desire will give,
Endless length of days to live,
And with fulness of delight
Cheer his heart, and glad his sight.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

PSALM LXVII.

To bless thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

HYMN LIV.

O THOU good Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thy little flock in safety keep ;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old,
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.

Secure them from the scorching beam,
 And lead them to the living stream :
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them ever with thine eye.

O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
 And in its sacred sound rejoice :
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but Thee.

Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
 And let the number be complete :
 Then bid thy flock from earth remove,
 To occupy thy fold above.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LV.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
 Come pour thy joys on all mankind :

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

Thou Strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does Heaven and earth command,
Thrice Holy Fount, Thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee :
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and our strength
When trouble's hour is near :
A very present help is He,
Therefore we will not fear :

Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removed be :
The very mountains carried forth
And cast into the sea :

Although the waters rage and swell
So that the earth shall shake ;
Yea, and the solid mountain-roots
Shall with the tempest quake :

The Lord of Hosts our refuge is
When trouble's hour is near :
The God of Jacob is with us,
Therefore we will not fear.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LVI.

O THOU who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by thy fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown ;

While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord ;
Give us an heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the Spirit sing.

And in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go :
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

PSALM XCVI.

PART II.

FALL down, and worship ye the Lord,
Within his temple bright ;
Let all the people of the world
Be fearful at his sight.

The heavens shall joyfully begin,
The earth likewise rejoice ;
The sea, with all that is therein,
Shall shout and make a noise.

The fields shall joy, and every thing
That springeth on the earth ;
The wood, and every tree shall sing,
With gladness and with mirth.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all eternity.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LVII.

O FATHER of long-suffering grace,
 Thou who hast sworn to stay
 Pleading with sinners face to face
 Through all their devious way :

How shall we speak to Thee, O Lord,
 Or how in silence lie ?
 Look on us,—and we are abhorred :
 Turn from us,—and we die.

Too oft, within this camp of thine,
 Rebellious murmurs rise :
 Sin cannot bear to see Thee shine
 So awful to her eyes.

Fain would our lawless hearts escape
 And with the heathen be,
 To worship every monstrous shape
 In fancied darkness free.

Vain thought, that shall not be at all—
 Refuse we or obey,
 Our ears have heard th' Almighty's call,
 We cannot be as they.

Lord, wave again thy chastening rod,
Till every idol throne
Crumble to dust, and Thou, O God,
Reign in our hearts alone.

PSALM XXXI.

INTO thy hands, Lord, I commit
My soul, which is thy due ;
Because Thou hast redeemed it,
O Lord, my God, most true.

To me thy servant, Lord, express,
And show thy joyful face ;
And save me, Lord, for thy goodness,
Thy mercy and thy grace.

Ye saints, love ye the Lord alway ;
The faithful He doth guide ;
And to the proud He doth repay,
According to their pride.

Be of good courage, all ye just,
On God your strength depend ;
For those in Him that put their trust
He ever will defend.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LVIII.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love ;

Visit our minds, into our hearts
 Thy heavenly grace inspire :
 That truth and godliness we may
 Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
 In grief and all distress ;
 The heavenly gift of God most high,
 No tongue can it express.

Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
 By them Christ's church doth stand :
 In faithful hearts Thou writ'st thy law,
 The finger of God's hand.

O Holy Ghost, into our mind
 Send down thy heavenly light ;
 Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal
 To serve God day and night.

PSALM XX.

God in time of trouble hear thee,
And the name of Jacob's Lord
From his sanctuary near thee,
Out of Zion, help afford :—
Crown thy sacrifice with fire,
All thy gifts remember still,
Grant thee all thy heart's desire
And thy choicest wish fulfil.

We will joy in thy salvation,
And will set our banners high
In our God :—thy supplication
Be accomplish'd at thy cry.
Now I know the Lord from heaven
Saveth still his Christ from harm :
Now to Him will strength be given
By the might of his right arm.

Some in chariots, some in horses,—
We in God Jehovah trust ;
And while He our sure Resource is,
They are fallen in the dust !
Save, Jehovah, save and hear us,
King of glory, King of might !
When we call, be ever near us,
Ever for thy servants fight !

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

PSALM XCIII.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
 Rob'd in his own glorious light,
 God hath rob'd Him, and He reigneth,
 He hath girded Him with might.—
 Hallelujah !
 God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
 Earth is pois'd, to swerve no more ;
 Thou hast laid thy throne's foundation
 From all time where thought can soar :
 Hallelujah !
 Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the words thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity ;
 Of thine high eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be.
 Hallelujah !
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

HYMN LIX.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield :
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial heat diffuse ;
Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land :
All that liberal autumn pours
From her overflowing stores.

These, great God, to Thee we owe :
Source whence all our blessings flow :
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LX.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek their home above :
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love :
 Our strength, thy grace : our rule, thy word :
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray :
 By thy paternal bounty fed,
 We shall not lack in all our way :
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While thine Almighty Love is near.

PSALM CXXXVI.

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

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods He is the God ;
 For his mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who with all commanding might
 Filled the new-made world with light :
 For his mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

All his creatures He doth feed
 And his hand supplies their need ;
 For his mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a piteous eye
 Seen us in our misery :
 For his mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Therefore will we warble forth
 His great majesty and worth ;
 For his mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXI.

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

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

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

The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

PSALM XXXVI.

THY mercy is above all things ;
 O God ! it doth excel ;
 In trust whereof, as in thy wings,
 The sons of men shall dwell.

Within thy house they shall be fed
 With plenty at their will ;
 Of all delights they shall be sped,
 And fear therein no ill.

Because the well of life most pure
 Doth ever flow from Thee ;
 And in thy light, we are full sure
 Eternal light to see.

From such as Thee desire to know,
 Let not thy grace depart ;
 Thy righteousness declare and show
 To men of upright heart.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXII.

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

Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod :
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout ye little flock and blest,
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

PSALM XCIX.

**THE Lord is King of Heav'n and earth,
Though nations rise and swell ;
He sits between the Cherubim,
Though multitudes rebel.**

**He casts his eyes on Sion's hill,
And on his chosen race,
Who meet to celebrate his name
In that most holy place.**

**The chosen servants of the Lord
Of old invok'd his name ;
They called upon Him in their pray'rs,
And instantly He came.**

**God heard their pray'rs for simple men :
Then seek Him on his hill.
Exalt with praise the Lord our God,
For He is holy still.**

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

PSALM XC.

O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God ;
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an ev'ning gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

So teach us to compute our days,
 And so our hearts apply,
 That safely we, through wisdom's ways,
 May reach eternity.

O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard, while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

PSALM CXIX.—Part II.

How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?

By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,
To Thee for succour pray ;

O! suffer not my careless steps,
From thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;

To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name :

O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXIII.

O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of Life, arise,
 Nor let thy conquests cease :
 Far spread the glory of thy name,
 And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
 Expand thy quickening wing ;
 And o'er a dark and ruined world
 Let light and order spring.

All on the earth, arise,
 To God the Saviour sing :
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let the loud anthem ring.

PSALM XIX.

HEAV'N declares its Maker's glory,
 And the firmament his might ;
 Day to day the wondrous story
 Echoes on, and night to night.
 All is silence, yet Creation
 Knows and hears that voiceless speech,
 Which, to every tribe and nation,
 Doth their Maker's glory teach.

From his chamber bright in Heaven,
 So the bridegroom of the earth
 Gladness by his smile hath given,
 And hath woke the morn to mirth.
 Not less full of life and pleasure
 Is God's truth, nor less complete :
 'Tis more precious than all treasure,—
 Than the honeycomb more sweet.

It rejoices, heals, and teaches,
 Ever holy, just, and good :
 To the inmost feeling reaches,
 And leads up the heart to God.
 Warned by that, thy servant turneth
 To the path that leads to bliss ;
 Yet who all his faults discerneth ?
 Cleanse me, if I err in this.

Let not pride be ruler in me,
 But deliver, cleanse, forgive :
 Thus, corruption quench'd within me,
 I shall be upright, and live.
 Let my words and meditation,
 Ever pleasing in thy sight,
 Meet with gracious acceptation,
 My Redeemer, and my might !

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXIV.

O PURIFY my soul from stain,
 All tendencies to ill restrain ;
 My soul with warm devotion fire,
 Which may with sighs and groans aspire ;
 Invigorate me when afraid,
 When weak, vouchsafe me heav'nly aid.

Truth sacred in my memory keep,
 For sin create contrition deep ;
 All filial grace in me excite ;
 Be witness that I walk aright ;
 Seal pardon for transgressions past ;
 Support me, when I breathe my last !

HYMN LXV.

GREAT the joy when Christians meet ;
 Christian fellowship, how sweet,
 When (their theme of praise the same)
 They exalt Jehovah's name.

Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move :
 He beheld the world undone ;
 Loved the world, and gave his Son.

Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
 How he left the realms above ;
 Took our nature and our place ;
 Lived and died to save our race.

Sing we to the Spirit's love ;
 With our stubborn hearts he strove ;
 Chased the mists of sin away ;
 Turned our night to glorious day.

Great the joy, the union sweet,
 When the saints in glory meet ;
 Where the theme is still the same,
 Where they praise Jehovah's name.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXVI.

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

Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 They who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree.
Hallelujah, Amen.

Yea, amen—let all adore Thee,
 High on thy eternal throne ;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Take the kingdom for thine own.
 Hallelujah, Amen.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us lift up our voice,
 And sing unto the Lord ;
 In Him our rock of health rejoice
 Let us with one accord.

Yea, let us come before his face,
 To give Him thanks and praise ;
 In singing psalms unto his grace,
 Let us be glad always.

Come, let us bow and praise the Lord,
 Before Him let us fall ;
 And kneel to Him with one accord,
 For He hath made us all.

For why ? He is the Lord our God,
 For us He doth provide ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 His sheep, and He our guide.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXVII.

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

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

**Jesus, who, in the form of God,
 Didst equal honour claim ;
 Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame ;**

**Oh may that mind in us be formed,
 Which shone so bright in Thee ;
 An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free.**

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

PSALM IV.

OFFER to God the sacrifice
 Of righteousness and praise ;
 And look that in the living Lord
 Ye put your trust always.

The greater sort crave worldly goods,
 And riches do embrace ;
 But, Lord, grant us thy countenance,
 Thy favour and thy grace.

For Thou thereby shalt make my heart
 More joyful and more glad,
 Than they that of their corn and wine
 Full great increase have had.

In peace therefore lie down will I,
 Taking my rest and sleep ;
 For Thou only dost me, O Lord,
 Preserve and safely keep.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXVIII.

FORTH to the land of promise bound,
 Our desert path we tread ;
 God's fiery pillar for our guide,
 His Captain at our head.

E'en now we faintly glimpse the hills,
 And catch their distant blue ;
 And the bright city's gleaming spires
 Rise dimly on our view.

Soon, when the desert shall be cross'd,
 The flood of death past o'er,
 Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
 On Canaan's peaceful shore.

There love shall have its perfect work,
 And prayer be lost in praise ;
 And all the servants of our God
 Their endless anthem raise.

PSALM VIII.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame ;
 Through all the world how great art Thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight ;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light.

What's man, I say, that, Lord, Thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind ;
 Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind ?

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

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXIX.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son,

Stand boldly in his might,
 With all his strength endued ;
 And take to arm you for the fight,
 The armour of your God.

From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

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

HYMN LXX.

O THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
These wayward erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires control :
Mould every purpose of the soul :
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe, ourselves to fear :
And each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.

Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail :
Thy word, our safety from alarm,
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXXI.

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

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity thy helpless sheep ;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there thy wanderers keep.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burden bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To sooth his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Complete at length thy work of grace,
And take us to thy rest,
Among thy saints who see thy face,
To be for ever blest.

HYMN LXXII.

Good and pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren dwell in unity,
When the law which Jesus taught
Rules each word, and deed, and thought.

God has promis'd there, we know,
Blessings richly to bestow :
Life on earth, with all its store,
Life in heav'n for evermore.

Jesus! Head of Christians all!
 Grant that we, both great and small,
 Through thy Gospel's power divine,
 May be one, and wholly thine.

Bring back all that go astray,
 Heavenly Shepherd, to thy way;
 In thy favour and thy light
 All thy pasture-sheep unite.

Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXXIII.

ALL, all is vanity below,
 An airy dream, an empty show:
 What sinners value we resign;
 Lord 'tis enough that we are thine.

All, all is vanity below;
 But the bright world to which we go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall we wake and find Thee there?

O glorious hour, O blest abode,
 We shall be near and like our God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

Our flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
 And in thy perfect image rise.

PSALM LXXI.—Part I.

IN Thee I put my stedfast trust,
 Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
 For righteous is thy name.

Be Thou my strong abiding place,
 To which I may resort ;
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my rock and fort.

Thy constant care did safely guard
 My tender infant days ;
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
 To sing thy constant praise.

Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
 When I with age decay,
 Forsake me not, when, worn with years,
 My vigour fades away.

Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.**HYMN LXXIV.**

PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens adore Him,
 Praise Him angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon rejoice before Him,
 Praise Him all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord ; for He hath spoken,
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 He hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
 Evermore his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth and all creation
 Laud and magnify his name.

HYMN LXXV.

HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
 God's eternal praise declare :
 Up my soul, awake and raise
 Grateful hymns and songs of praise.

See the Sun with glorious ray,
Pierce the clouds at opening day :
Moon and stars in splendour bright,
Praise their God through silent night.

See the billows rolling o'er,
Chafing with incessant roar :
Hear them as they sink or swell,
Loud their Maker's praises tell.

Through the world, great God, I trace
Wonders of thy power and grace :
Write more deeply on my heart
What I am, and what Thou art.

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN LXXVI.

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

Son of God, to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord and only Thou :
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing :
Thee we praise, our Priest and King :
Worthy is thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought :
Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

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

N.B.—This Hymn is to be used together with the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, on the Sunday next preceding Advent.

HYMN LXXVII.

CHRIST to my heart true joy can give,
Christ who was born that I might live ;
He saves me from the pains of hell,
He deigns e'en here with me to dwell ;
And when from earth I wing my flight,
Will take me to Himself in light.

Jesus ! thy name alone hath power
To cheer me in affliction's hour ;
If Thou dost in my soul abide,
I ask for nought on earth beside ;
Thou art my fortress, tower, and rock,
My strong defence in every shock.

When soul and body both shall fail,
No terrors shall my mind assail ;
For Thou shalt be my hope and stay,
My Saviour, in that solemn day :
Through Thee I'm victor in the strife,
And find in death the gate of life.

Saint Andrew's Day.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove ;
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil ;
 Or like the early drops that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

For Sion is the chosen seat,
 Where the Almighty King
 The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
 And life's eternal spring.

Saint Thomas the Apostle.

HYMN LXXVIII.

WE walk by faith and not by sight ;
 No gracious words we hear
 From Him who spoke as never man,
 But we believe Him near.

We may not touch his hands and side,
 Nor follow where He trod ;
 But in his promise we rejoice,
 And cry " My Lord and God."

Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief:
 And may our faith abound,
 To call on Thee when Thou art near,
 And seek, where Thou art found :

That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

Conversion of Saint Paul.

HYMN LXXIX.

THE great Apostle, called by grace,
Weaned from all works beside,
Preached the same faith he once abhorred,
And Christ, whom he denied.

In perils and in troubles oft,
His toilsome life he past ;
But He who turned his heart at first,
Upheld him to the last.

A chosen vessel of his will,
He fought the fight of faith ;
And gained the crown of righteousness,
Obedient unto death.

Thus, Lord of grace, to all thy will
Obedient may we be ;
And follow meekly in his steps,
E'en as he followed Thee.

The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

HYMN LXXX.

“BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.”

Might mortal thought presume
 To guess an angel's lay,
 Such are the notes that echo through
 The courts of Heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
 On Sion's Prince that wait,
 In high procession passing on
 Towards his temple-gate.

His throne, thy bosom blest,
 O mother undefiled—
 That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
 Beseems the sinless Child.

Wide open from that hour
 The temple-gates are set,
 And still the saints rejoicing there
 The holy Child have met.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Saint Matthias's Day.

HYMN LXXXI.

THE highest and the holiest place
Guards not the heart from sin ;
The church that safest seems without,
May harbour foes within.

Thus in the small and chosen band
Beloved above the rest,
One fell from his apostleship,
A traitor-soul unblest.

But not the great designs of God
Man's sin shall overthrow ;
Another witness to the truth
Forth to the lands shall go.

Righteous, O Lord, are all thy ways ;
Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
Thy Church shall stand secure ;

The soul that sinneth, it shall die ;
 But thine shall never fail ;
 The word of grace no less shall sound,
 The truth no less prevail.

**The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin
 Mary.**

HYMN LXXXII.

THE first sad hours of shame
 One promise bright bestow ;
 The woman's seed shall rise at length,
 And bruise the deadly foe.

Where sin abounded once,
 Grace shall abound much more ;
 Woman, the first gave ear to sin,
 The great Redeemer bore.

Blest was her favoured womb,
 Happy her sacred breast ;
 The sojourn of the Lord of life,
 And where his lips were prest.

But doubly blest are they
 Who hear and keep his will ;
 In them by faith is Jesus formed,
 And dwells within them still.

And still the gracious words
 To each believer sound ;
 " Hail, highly-favoured ; with the Lord
 Thou hast acceptance found."

Saint Philip and Saint James's Day.

PSALM CXIII.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

WITH GLORIA PATRI.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record ;
 His sacred name for ever bless.
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.

God through the world extends his sway,
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are.
 With Him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And suffering saints on earth adore,
 Be glory ; as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself must be no more.

Saint Barnabas the Apostle.**HYMN LXXXIV.**

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines ;
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever new delight,
And still fresh beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And find salvation there.

Saint John Baptist's Day.

PSALM XCIII.

GOD reigns in his eternal rest
 Array'd in robes of light ;
 He hath put on his royal vest,
 And girt himself with might.

The universe He made secure,
 And bound its mass so fast,
 That without harm it shall endure
 As long as time shall last.

If to remotest time we go,
 Thy years beyond extend :
 Thou never didst beginning know,
 Nor shalt Thou know an end.

The floods are mingling with the sky,
 The tempest howls and raves ;
 But yet the Lord, who dwells on high,
 Is mightier than the waves.

Lord ! of thy goodness and thy pow'r
 Such varied proofs are given,
 That men should praise Thee every hour,
 And live like saints in heaven.

Saint Peter's Day.**HYMN LXXXV.**

WHEN, within sight of danger's hour,
 We boast of self-possessing power,
 Teach us, O Lord, betimes to know
 How weak are we, how strong the foe.

And when, beset by snares around,
 Faithless to Thee our hearts are found,
 Look Thou upon us, and renew
 Our wandering thoughts, our vows untrue.

Then though Thou doubt us, and our love
 By question and temptation prove ;
 Faithful to Thee we shall abide,
 In honour, as in weakness tried.

**St. Mark's Day.****HYMN LXXXIII.**

O who shall dare in this frail scene,
 On holiest, happiest thoughts to lean,
 On friendship, kindred, or on love ;
 Since not apostles' hands can clasp
 Each other in so firm a grasp,
 But they shall change, and variance prove?

O then the glory and the bliss
When all that pain'd, or seem'd amiss,
Shall melt with earth and sin away :
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Fill'd with each other's company,
Shall spend in love th' eternal day !

Saint James the Apostle.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Lo, round the throne at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand :
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame :
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

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

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

Saint Bartholomew the Apostle.

PSALM XV.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

WITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,
 Who shall inhabit still ?
 Or whom wilt Thou receive to dwell
 In thy most holy hill ?

The man whose life is incorrupt,
 Whose works are just and straight,
 Whose heart doth think the very truth,
 And tongue speaks no deceit :

That to his neighbour doth no ill,
 In body, goods, or name :
 Nor willingly doth slanders raise
 Which might impair the same.

That in his heart regardeth not
 Malicious wicked men ;
 But those that love and fear the Lord,
 He maketh much of them.

Saint Matthew the Apostle.

HYMN LXXXVII.

YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim ;
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name ;

The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

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

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

Saint Michael and all Angels.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

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

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

Lord, Thou art worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
For evermore be thine.

Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Saint Luke the Evangelist.

PSALM XIX. PART II.—Ver. 7, 8, 9, 10.

God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
 On sure foundations laid ;
 His equal laws are in the scales
 Of truth and justice weigh'd.

Of more esteem than golden mines,
 Or gold refin'd with skill ;
 More sweet than honey, or the drops
 That from the comb distil.

St. Simon and Saint Jude, Apostles.

HYMN LXXXIX.

How honourable is the place
 Where we adoring stand,
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land.

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell ;
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy the assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling ;
 Enter, ye nations that obey
 The statutes of our King.

Here shall we taste eternal joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
We that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

All Saints' Day.

HYMN XC.

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

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

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And all my friends in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

At a Baptism.

HYMN XCI.

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

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in his name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and his shame.

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

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travelled by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit thee down on high ·

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

Before the Holy Communion.

HYMN XCII.

Lo, the feast is spread to-day,
Jesus summons, come away !
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus giv'n,
Come, and taste the Bread of Heav'n.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn his mercy once again ?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepar'd :
Freely giv'n, be freely shar'd.

Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast ;
Blessed, who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed ;
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er ;
They shall never hunger more.

Make then once again your choice,
Hear to-day his calling voice :
Servants, do your Master's will ;
Bidden guests, his table fill ;
Come, before his wrath shall swear
Ye shall never enter there.

HYMN XCIII.

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

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for you the victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

O let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes !

Holy Communion.**HYMN XCIV.**

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
 Art worthy to receive ;
 Since all things by thy power were made,
 And by thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb all power,
 Honour, and wealth to gain,
 Glory and strength ; Who for our sins
 A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou who hast redeem'd
 And ransom'd us to God,
 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
 By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, and pow'r,
 By all in earth and Heav'n,
 To Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN XCV.

ALL ye who faithful servants are
 Of our Almighty King,
 Both high and low, and small and great,
 His praise devoutly sing.

Let us rejoice and render thanks
 To his most holy name:
 Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
 The marriage of the Lamb.

His Bride herself has ready made,
 How pure and white her dress!
 Even her saints' integrity,
 And spotless holiness.

O therefore blest is every one,
 Who to the marriage-feast,
 And holy supper of the Lamb,
 Is made a welcome guest.

Burial of the Dead.

HYMN XCVI.

BROTHER, }
 SISTER, } thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
 And sorrow is unknown:
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear releas'd,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode :
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”
The solemn Priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, { brother, } soars away
 { sister, }
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find !
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest !

HYMN XCVII.

AT length releas'd from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep ;
How calm and peaceful thy repose,
While Christ thy soul doth keep.

In earth's wide field thy body now
We sow, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.

Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine :
Thy toils and woes are finished ;
A happy lot is thine.

The Bridegroom will not long delay,
The Shepherd soon will come,
And take his cherish'd lamb away
To his eternal home.

PSALM XC.—Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when Thou speak'st the word, " Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams ;
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams ;
But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows ;
'Tis all cut down, and withered quite
Before the ev'ning close.

HYMN XCVIII.

ETERNITY! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
A moment's pleasure sinners know,
Through which they pass to endless woe :
A moment's woe the righteous taste,
Through which to endless joys they haste :
Mark well, O man, eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
Awful art thou, eternity!
Who looks to thee, alone is wise :
Sin's pleasures all he can despise :
The world attracts him now no more,
His love for vain delights is o'er :
His thoughts are on eternity!

Eternity ! eternity !
 How dreadful is eternity !
 O thou eternal King and God,
 Here, prove us with thy chast'ning rod ;
 Here, let us all thy judgments bear ;
 Hereafter, Lord, in mercy spare :
 Oh, spare us in eternity !

Churching of Women.

PSALM CIII.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

My soul give praise unto the Lord,
 My spirit, do the same ;
 And all the secrets of my heart,
 Praise ye his holy name.

Praise thou the Lord, my soul, who hath
 To thee been very kind ;
 And suffer not his benefits
 To slip out of thy mind.

That gave thee pardon for thy faults,
 And thee restored again
 From all thy weak and frail disease,
 And heal'd thee of thy pain.

That did redeem thy life from death,
 From which thou could'st not flee :
 His mercy and compassion both
 He did extend to thee.

For a Fast-Day.

PSALM CXXX.—C.M.

Out of the deep we call to Thee :
 Lord, we are weak and faint :
 O let thine ears consider well
 The voice of our complaint.

Wert thou our sins extreme to mark,
 O Lord, who should be spared ?
 But there is mercy with Thee, Lord,
 Therefore Thou shalt be fear'd.

We look for Thee ; our spirits wait :
 Our trust is in thy word :
 Even before the morning watch
 We flee unto the Lord.

Trust in the Lord, O Israel,
 For there is mercy there ;
 And He his people shall redeem
 From sin, and guilt, and care.

For a Thanksgiving-Day.**HYMN XCIX.**

LIFT high the sound of thanks and praise—
Hallelujah !

In God's own church your voices raise—
Hallelujah !

For all the mercies of his love
Our lips and lives shall grateful prove :
Hallelujah !

He is our Strength : He is our King :
Hallelujah !

He will his church to glory bring :
Hallelujah !

To God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Be everlasting honour done :
Hallelujah !

For Sunday Morning.**HYMN C.**

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which when He made the world Jehovah blest,
When, like his own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote his consecrated day
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;
 In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
 And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
 That only tribute man has power to give ;
 So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of Heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
 guide ;
 In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend ;
 Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

For Sunday Evening.

HYMN CI.

Soon shall the evening star, with silver ray,
 Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day ;
 Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
 The rites that holiness and heaven ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
 That shines reveal'd on inspiration's page ;
 Nor those blest hours in vain amusement waste,
 Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

Father of Heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide ;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend ;
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

For Morning.

HYMN CII.

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

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast preserved me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Let all my converse be sincere,
My conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For thine all-seeing eye surveys
Mine inmost thoughts, my words and ways.

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

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

HYMN CIII.

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.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my time may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will ;
O may I never more do ill !

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.

HYMN CIV.

O GOD, how constant is thy love,
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And strengthens nature's wearied powers.

Thine eye sustain'd us while we slept,
Else had our eyelids clos'd in death :
Our life in safety still is kept,
And still we breathe our wonted breath.

That life we yield to thy command ;
To Thee we consecrate our days :
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN CV.

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

New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove :
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought.

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

HYMN CVI.

Now hath aris'n the star of day,
 And with his rising let us pray
 That we throughout his course be freed
 From sinful thought, and hurtful deed.

O may the Lord our tongues restrain
 From sounding strife, and converse vain :
 And from his servants' eyesight hide
 The toys of vanity and pride.

May He our inner thoughts make pure,
 From sins presumptuous us secure,
 Grant us to use such abstinence
 As may subdue the things of sense.

That we, when night succeeds to day,
 And this bright sun hath past away,
 Unspotted from the world may raise
 To God, our Saviour, songs of praise.

The Labourers' Noon-day Hymn.

HYMN CVII.

UP to the throne of God is borne
 The voice of praise at early morn ;
 And He accepts the punctual hymn
 Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn His ear aside
 From holy off'rings at noontide :
 Then, here reposing, let us raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
 We need not toil from morn till night :
 The respite of the mid-day hour
 Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
 That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
 Are with a ready heart bestow'd
 Upon the service of our God.

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

Lord ! since his rising in the east,
 If we have falter'd or transgress'd,
 Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course.

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

For Evening.

HYMN CVIII.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

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

HYMN CIX.

SUNK is the sun's last beam of light,
And darkness wraps the world in night :
Christ ! light us with thy heav'nly ray,
Nor let our feet in darkness stray.

Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
Hast kept all grief and harm away :
That angels tarried round about
Our coming in, and going out.

Whate'er of wrong we've done or said,
Let not on us the charge be laid ;
That through thy free forgiveness blest,
In peaceful slumber we may rest.

Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase :
Both soul and body while we sleep,
In safety, gracious Father, keep.

HYMN CX.

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

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

HYMN CXI.

IF some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine ;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

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

HYMN CXII.

O MAY my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil ;
Stop ev'ry avenue of ill.

May He celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid ?
Protected by thy powerful arm,
Though death may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest ;
Then welcome death or sleep to me,
I'm still secure, if still with Thee.

Midnight Hymn.

PART I.

HYMN CXIII.

My God, now I from sleep awake,
 Do Thou possession of me take :
 From midnight terrors me secure,
 And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest angels, while we silent lie,
 You Hallelujahs sing on high :
 You joyful hymn the ever-blest
 Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
 In off'ring up a hymn divine :
 With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,
 And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
 Lord, in thine arms I will entrust ;
 O make me thy peculiar care,
 Some mansion for my soul prepare.

O may I always ready stand,
 With my lamp burning in my hand :
 May I in sight of heav'n rejoice,
 Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

PART II.

HYMN CXIV.

ALL praise to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made ;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thine all-glorious Godhead streams.

Blest Jesus, Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
While I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart ;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of thy all quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

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.

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At the Consecration of a Church.**HYMN CXV.**

LORD, whose temple once did glisten
 With a monarch's rich supplies,
 To our humbler praises listen,
 Bless our willing sacrifice :
 Be our votive offering given
 To the Father and the Son,
 Sweeter in the sight of heaven
 Than the scents of Lebanon.

Clouds and darkness veil'd thy dwelling
 In thine earthly house of old,
 Though the hymn of praise was swelling
 'Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold :
 Here thy love our hearts shall brighten,
 Hence ye earth-born clouds away !
 Here thy Spirit shall enlighten,
 Shining to the perfect day !

Hither on the Sabbath-morning,
 Guide us on our Church-way-path ;
 Here, O Lord, in life's first dawning,
 Sprinkle every child of wrath ;
 Here around thine altar bending,
 Feed us with the living bread !
 Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
 Hallow'd earth, receive the dead !

When our Israel's sore transgression
 Stops the windows of the sky,
 When we sink beneath oppression,
 When we see our thousands die ;
 Father, when we here adore Thee
 In thy house, our prayer receive :
 When we spread our hands before Thee,
 Here behold us, and forgive !

After Harvest.

HYMN CXVI.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !
 All is safely gather'd in,
 Ere the winter storms begin :
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied :—
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !

We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :

Grant, O Harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his Harvest home :
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day :
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home ;
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide :
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home !

For Times of Sorrow.

HYMN CXVII.

O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner, weeping,
 Sheds the secret tear,
 God his watch is keeping,
 Though none else is near.

God will never leave us,
 All our wants He knows,
 Feels the pains that grieve us,
 Sees our cares and woes :
 When in grief we languish,
 He will dry the tear,
 Who his children's anguish
 Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness
 In this world below,
 Balance not the gladness
 We in heav'n shall know,
 When our gracious Saviour
 In the realms above,
 Crowns us with his favour,
 Fills us with his love.

Judgment Hymn.

PART I.

HYMN CXVIII.

DAY of anger, that dread day
 Shall the sign in Heav'n display,
 And the earth in ashes lay.

O what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear !
When the trumpet shall command,
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the Throne to stand !

Death shall shrink and nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their Judge to make.
See the Book divinely penn'd,
In which all is found contain'd,
Whence the world shall be arraign'd !
When the Judge is on his throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpunish'd or unknown !

What shall I before Him say ?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may ?
King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me !
Leave me not, my Saviour ! one
For whose soul thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.

PART II.

HYMN CXIX.

THOU didst toil my soul to gain,
Didst redeem me with thy pain,
Be such labour not in vain.
Thou just Judge of wrath severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
Ere thy reckoning day appear.
My transgressions grievous are,
Scarce look up for shame I dare :
Lord, thy guilty suppliant spare.

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief :—
Even I may hope relief.
All unworthy is my prayer ;
Make my soul thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare.
Place me with thy sheep—that band
Who shall separated stand
From the goats, on thy right hand.

When thy voice in wrath shall say,
Cursed ones, depart away !
Call me with the blest, I pray.
Lord, thine ear in mercy bow ;
Broken is my heart and low :
Guard of my last end be Thou.

In that day, that mournful day,
 When to judgment wakes our clay,
 Shew me mercy, Lord, I pray.

Propagation of the Gospel.

PSALM LXXIV.

ARISE, O God! thy cause on earth maintain,
 Against thy foes who take thy name in vain :
 But let the poor and needy give Thee praise,
 And let the righteous triumph in thy ways.

Think on thy congregation and thy fold,
 Which Thou hast purchased and redeem'd of old :
 Think on thy people, still in covenant thine :
 Oh, think on Zion, and her hallow'd shrine.

By Thee creation's work at first begun ;
 Thou didst prepare the light and glorious sun ;
 The borders of the earth Thou didst assign ;
 Summer and winter, day and night are thine.

The floods of old thy mandate did obey,
 And for thy people made a wond'rous way ;
 Fountains and waters from the hard rocks flow'd :
 And daily food the wilderness bestow'd.

Arise, O God! thy cause on earth maintain,
 Against thy foes who take thy name in vain :
 But let the poor and needy give Thee praise.
 And let the righteous triumph in thy ways.

Offertory Hymns.

HYMN CXX.

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

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

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

So Jesus look'd on dying man,
 Enthroned above the skies ;
 And when He saw their lost estate,
 Felt His compassion rise.

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

HYMN CXXI.

OUR God is love ; and all his saints
His image bear below ;
The heart, with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of Thee :
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
“ See how these Christians love.”



For Family Worship.

HYMN CXXII.

SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee,
 Once more, with supplicating cries,
 We lift the heart, and bend the knee,
 And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,—
 The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven ;
 Thy helping arm,—thy guiding word,
 And answered prayers,—and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
 Or walk temptation's slippery way,
 Be still, to steer our steps aright,
 Thy word our guide, thine arm our stay.

Be ours thy fear and favour still,
 United hearts,—unchanging love ;
 No scheme that contradicts thy will,
 No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,
 Support us when the hour shall come :
 Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,—
 Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

Commemoration of Saints.

HYMN CXXIII.

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

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Cloth'd in God's own righteousness ;
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness
 Shall their lustre still possess ;
 Still untouch'd by time's rude hand ;
 Whence come all this glorious band ?

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

These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they magnified :
 Now their painful conflict's o'er :
 God has bid them weep no more.

These, th' Almighty contemplating,
 Here as priests before Him stand :
 Soul and body always waiting,
 Day and night, at his command.
 Now in God's most holy place,
 Thus they stand before his face.

HYMN CXXIV.

STAND up before your God,
 You army bold and bright,
 Saints, martyrs, and confessors,
 In your robes of white :
 The church below would join with you
 In the glad act of praise :
 Ready with mirth in all the earth
 Her matin song to raise.

Stand up before your God,
 Although we cannot hear
 The new song He hath taught you
 With our fleshly ear :
 Our bosoms burn that hymn to learn,
 And from the church below
 Ev'n while we sing, on heav'nward wing
 Some happy souls shall go.

Ye stand before your God,
But we press onward still,
The soldiers of his army,
The servants of his will :
A captive band in foreign land,
Long ages we have been ;
But our dearest theme, our fondest dream,
Is the home we have not seen.

We soon shall meet our God,
The hour is waxing on ;
The day-spring from on high hath ris'n,
The night is spent and gone :
This heav'n and earth, they had their birth,
And they shall have their doom :
And the blessed dead shall lift the head
With singing from the tomb.

Hymn for Sunday Schools.

HYMN CXXV.

WHEN in the Lord Jehovah's name,
The Saviour lowly riding came,
Loudest and first an infant throng
Greeted His coming with their song,
Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest.

We too are taught to know the Lord,
 To fear his name, to read his word,
 And though we simple are and young,
 Can praise Him with our joyful song,
 Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest.

Soon shall the Lord again pass by,
 To judgment from his throne on high;
 And from the saints' assembled throng,
 Shall burst upon the world the song
 Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest.

Then may our youthful band be found
 With coronals of triumph crown'd;
 Raising, the heavenly hosts among,
 Our chorus of eternal song,
 Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest.

Hymns of General Praise.

PSALM C.

ALL people that on earth do dwell
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make;
 We are his flock, He doth us feed,
 And for his sheep He doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King :
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

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.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King, superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM XIX.

THE fear of God is excellent,
And ever doth endure ;
The judgments of the Lord also
Most righteous are and pure ;

And more to be desired are
Than much fine gold alway ;
The honey and the honeycomb
Are not so sweet as they.

By them thy servant is forewarn'd
To have God in regard ;
And in performance of the same
There shall be great reward.

Accept my mouth, and heart also,
My words and thoughts each one ;
For my Redeemer and my strength,
O Lord, Thou art alone.

PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'ful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd ;
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

PSALM CXXXVI.

O HIGH your voices raise
With glad and thankful mind :
To chant Jehovah's praise,
The mighty and the kind :
For evermore his love shall last,
For ever sure, for ever fast.

O blaze his name abroad,
O loud his glory sing :
For He of gods is God,
And He of kings is King.
For evermore his love shall last,
For ever sure, for ever fast.

PSALM CXLVIII.

GEMS serene of heavenly brilliance,
Beaming on the dark blue sky,
Fires of planetary radiance,
Praise, O praise the Lord on high!

Ye that, borne on wings of swiftness,
Soaring to the source of day,
Roam the liquid fields of ether,
Praise Him on your airy way!

Ye that climb the craggy mountains,
Ye that graze the plains below;
Swelling torrents, gushing fountains,
Praise Him as ye live or flow!

Thou with front upright, majestic,
Last and noblest work of God;
Monarch of the scenes around thee,
Praise Him in thy fair abode!

Tribes of air, and shores of ocean,
Urns of brightness in the sky;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Praise, O praise the Lord on high!

PSALM XCII.

It is a thing both good and meet,
To praise the highest Lord;
And to thy name, O Thou Most High,
To sing with one accord.

To show the kindness of the Lord,
Before the day be light,
And to declare his truth abroad,
When it doth draw to night.

On a ten-stringed instrument,
On lute and harp so sweet,
With all the mirth you can invent
Of instruments most meet.

For Thou hast made me to rejoice
In things so wrought by Thee,
That I have joy in heart and voice
Thy handy works to see.

HYMN CXXVI.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE END.

GILBERT & RIVINGTON, Printers, St. John's Square, London.



