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THE
SARUM HYMNAL

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THE
SARUM HYMNAL.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO
THE RIGHT REV. WALTER KERR,
Lord Bishop of Salisbury,
AND
Precentor of the Province of Canterbury.

SALISBURY :
BROWN AND CO. AND W. P. AYLWARD;
LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1868.

BENNETT,
Typographical Music and General Printer.
JOURNAL OFFICE, SALISBURY.

THE PREFACE.

Some apology may seem to be needed in these days for bringing out a new Hymn Book, even when, as in this case, it takes the form of a revised and enlarged edition of an existing work.

Although the sale of the Salisbury Hymn Book had exceeded 100,000 copies, there were many in the diocese who did not think it equal to their wants, and a large Committee was appointed by the Bishop to review and sit in judgment upon the book.

After much patient investigation, they proposed the omission of several hymns, selected about 150 new ones, and laid down certain general principles. 1st. That original hymns should be given so far as possible in their original form. 2nd. That all translated hymns should be carefully compared with the originals, and re-translated when thought necessary. 3rd. That a few of the Metrical Psalms should be added to the Book. 4th. That a Tune Book with a special tune for each hymn should accompany the work.

The Bishop appointed the undersigned to carry out this work. This task, which at first appeared comparatively light, grew under our hands. We found it necessary to re-arrange the Book from the beginning, and to ensure the completeness of this new arrangement, new hymns had to be written, and additional selections to be made.

In our desire to avoid the alteration of hymns, we have found it necessary to omit some altogether, as being inadmissible without great alterations. Some, as varied by Mr. Keble, we have inserted as new hymns, for many of the best hymns extant have been made by variations on originals, and John Wesley has himself varied for the sake of metre many of George Herbert's original compositions.

By dividing a hymn into parts, or by prefixing an asterisk to those verses which may be omitted if the hymn should be found too long, we have been enabled to preserve the strength and freshness of the original composition, and

THE PREFACE.

to provide hymns of good length under nearly every Season, for use at Choir Festivals and on other occasions.

The hymns have been arranged under each Season after the Order of the Book of Common Prayer ; and all hymns of a character suitable to the teaching of each Season will be found under that particular heading ; thus all Penitential Hymns will be found together under Lent, Litany Hymns under Rogation Days, all Hymns of Praise under Trinity Sunday.

In the Large Edition we have printed at the head of all translated hymns the whole or part of the first line of the Greek, Latin, or German of the original, and in our Index have put the Name and Date of the Authors of all the hymns.

To this edition we have also appended a Calendar arranged in three columns.

In the 1st—The hymn or hymns more especially suited to the teaching of the Epistle and Gospel, and of the Morning Lessons.

In the 2nd—The Introit Psalms from Edward VI. Prayer Book are noted with hymns suitable for singing before the Office for Holy Communion.

In the 3rd—Hymns more generally teaching the lessons of the particular Season or Sunday Services, for Afternoon or Evening use.

The two sizes now printed will bind up with the S.P.C.K. Prayer Book, *yy* Nonpareil 16mo, Oxford, and Pica 16mo, Oxford.

The double column and square form of the books enables us to print the 15 syllable hymns without a break, as they were written, and to keep each hymn distinct by its surrounding lines.

The Salisbury Hymn Book never was a closed book, and those collectors of hymns who had borrowed from it have liberally helped in return. Selections have been made by permission from Hymns Ancient and Modern, the Parish Hymn Book, How and Morell's last edition with Appendix, and the Holy Year, which we have thought it right to acknowledge in our Index. For this kindness our thanks are especially due to the Rev. Sir H. Williams Baker, Bart., the Rev. Greville Phillimore, the Rev. W. Walsham How, and Archdeacon Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. ; and we also tender our thanks to the Dean of Canterbury, the Dean of St. Paul's, and to many others for their kind courtesy and assistance.

THE PREFACE.

We have spared no pains in the work we were given to do, and have endeavoured to keep in mind the general views and principles of the large Committee, for though appointed independently of them, we are fully sensible of the great assistance they have afforded in so carefully laying the foundations of the New Book.

We commend the book to the Diocese of Sarum, and to the Province of Canterbury, of which the Bishop of Salisbury is ex-officio Precentor, and through these to the whole Church, in the humble hope that it may tend to God's Glory, to the unity of His people, and to the furtherance of the Faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

NELSON.

J. R. WOODFORD.

E. A. DAYMAN.

THE TUNE BOOK.

A Book of Tunes with the Words is in the press, and will be produced in two sizes corresponding in type with the two Editions of the Hymns. The Hymns will also be published with separate vocal parts.

This work has been compiled upon the following general principles:—

1. That the two extremes of dulness on the one hand and levity on the other should be equally avoided.
2. That, as far as is consistent with this principle, all well-known Tunes should be given to the Hymns with which they are supposed to be usually associated.
3. That *adaptations* of secular and sacred melodies should be carefully excluded as unreal and incongruous; and that Tunes which have been varied should be restored, as far as has been deemed practicable, to their original form.
4. That where Ancient Melodies have been introduced, they should be attached to translations of Ancient Hymns.
5. That no single Tune should be attached to more than one Hymn, nor more than one Tune to any single Hymn. Thus every Hymn will be associated with its own Tune, and every Tune with its own Hymn: all confusion of thought will be avoided, and both Hymn and Tune will be more readily remembered.

Special acknowledgments and thanks to all who have assisted in the compilation of the Tune Book will be duly inserted in the work when published.

G. NOEL FREELING.

T. E. AYLWARD.

KALENDAR.

Feast Day and Octave.	Before Service or Processional	After Third Collect.	Introits before Communion Service.		Evensong.	General.
			Psalms*	Hymns.		
Advent.						
1st Sunday	2, 33, 36	21, 25	1	22, 29	28, 24, 14	117, 198, 158
2nd Sunday	2, 3, 36	251, 32	120	22, 23	28, 31, 14	34, 76, 30, 25
3rd Sunday	6, 26, 36	27, 25	4	22, 300	28, 252, 14	200, 243, 242
4th Sunday	9, 36	34, 35	5	22, 36	28, 250, 14	25, 255
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S. John	48	297	11	37, 48	49, 50	298, 299
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1st Sunday	6, 61	71	13	68, 61	66, 67, 16	
2nd Sunday	6, 61	72	14	68, 61	238, 67, 16	
3rd Sunday	6, 61	73	15	68, 61	91, 67, 16	69, 70
4th Sunday	6, 61	74	2	68, 61	30, 67, 16	246—255
5th Sunday	6, 61	75	20	68, 61	198, 67, 16	
6th Sunday	6, 61	76	20	68, 61	220, 67, 16	
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Sexagesima	5	75, 82	24	217	34, 11	79, 77,
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Sunday next before Easter	117	118	61	117	156, 18	...
Monday	100	119	...	109	156, 18	...
Tuesday... ..	100	120	...	109	156, 18	...
Wednesday	100	121	...	109	156, 18	...
Thursday	100	123, 124	...	109	122, 125, 18	...
Good Friday	126	129, 130	22	109	131—133, 18	18, 127, 128
Holy Saturday	136	103, 134	88	109	135, 136, 18	

* The Introit Psalms are from Edward VI. Book of Common Prayer.

KALENDAR.

Feast Day and Octave.	Before Service or Processional.	After Third Collect.	Introits before Communion Service.		Evensong.	General.
			Psalms.	Hymns.		
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1st Sunday after Easter ...	149, 219	147	112	146, 141	143, 145	
2nd Sunday	293, 219	151	70	146, 141	138, 273	
3rd Sunday	294, 219	152	75	146, 141	138, 153	60
4th Sunday	295, 219	153	83	146, 141	138, 213	60
5th Sunday	295, 219	154	84	146, 141	138, 57	56
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KALENDAR.

Feast Day and Octave.	Before Service or Processional.	After Third Collect.	Introits before Communion Service.		Evensong.	General.
			Psalms.	Hymns.		
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SARUM HYMNAL.

Hymns, Morning and Evening.

1

They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.—Rev. iv. 8.

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, blessèd Trinity !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art Holy : there is none beside Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea :

Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty ;

God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity ! Amen.

Awake up my glory—I myself will awake right early.—Ps. lvii. 8.

PART I.

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

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

PART II.

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 age 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.

Had I your wings, to Heaven I'd fly,
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

PART III.

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

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart ;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

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

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

Doxology to be sung at the end of each Part.

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

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Prov. iii. 6.

Matutinus altiora.

As the sun doth daily rise
Brightening all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord !

Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good ;
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord !

Be our Guard in sin and strife ;
Be the Leader of our life ;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord !

Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy Will to trace,
While we daily search Thy Word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord !

When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord !

When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord !

Praise we, with the Heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord !

Amen.

His compassions fail not : they are new every morning.—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

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,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

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

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

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and
prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

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

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

Amen.

And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord.—Exod. xvi. 7.

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

O SPLENDOUR of the Father's Might,
From Thine own Light creating light,
Light's fountain and eternal spring,
True Morn, the morn illumining !

Glide in, Thou very Sun divine,
With everlasting brightness shine,
And shed abroad on every sense
The Spirit's light and influence.

Thee, Father! Thee! our souls confess,
Thine is all power and holiness,
O Father, save, if sin prevail,
Sin that betrays the serpent's trail.

Direct us right in all we do,
The tempter's envious rage subdue,
Assist us in the hour of woe,
And patience to endure bestow.

Our spirits, whatsoe'er betide,
In chaste and loyal bodies guide,
O kindle fervent faith in Thee,
From falsehood's subtle poison free.

May Christ, our Bread, be ever nigh,
And faith our daily Cup supply,
So from the Spirit's boundless store
The soul shall drink to thirst no more !

Then joyously shall pass the day,
With meekness for its morning ray,
With faith for its bright noon-tide glow
The Soul a twilight never know !

O Morning Spirit ! light our way
By Morning Prayer to perfect day,
Shine on, until in Heaven we see
The Word, the Father, One with Thee!
Amen.

He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.

2 Sam. xxiii. 4.

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

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

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

In Thy Light shall we see light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

Seele, du mußt munter werden.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day :
Come to Him, Who made this splendour ;
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.
Gladly hail the sun returning :
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended ;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.
Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within ;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,

And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,

Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,

Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,

But His Spirit's voice obey ;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding,

All things in unclouded day.

Glory, Honour, Exaltation,
Adoration !

Be to the eternal One :
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.—Ps. v. 3.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

WHILE now the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
May He restrain our tongues from
strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And wrap around and close our eyes
To earth's absorbing vanities.

O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
And holy abstinence control
The fleshly lusts which hurt the soul.

So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
With conscience, by the world unstained,

Shall praise His Name for victory gained.
Amen.

*Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of
Righteousness arise.—Mal. iv. 2.*

Wie schön leucht't uns der Morgenstern.

How beautiful the morning star
Shines from the firmament afar !

Night's shadows are departed :
Each creature, casting sleep away,
Drinketh the light's refreshing ray ;
Even the broken-hearted.

The deep, the steep,
Ocean's treasure, Heaven's azure,
Sing the story,
Lord, of Thine exceeding glory.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shine
Within this darkened heart of mine,

Where sin yet strives with duty :
Drive back dark passion's cloud anew ;
On godly tears, wept forth as dew,

Pour down Thy golden beauty ;
Whose beams, in streams,
As they brighten, shall enlighten
Every feature
Of Thy weak repentant creature.

Yon sun that lights these nether skies
Shall set in gloom—no more to rise :

Thou shinest on for ever !
Warm every Christian bosom here ;
Gleam brightly through each mourner's
tear ;

That, from Thee turning never,
We may, Thy ray
Gladly hailing, after wailing,
Meet to praise Thee
In that Heaven whose light arrays Thee.
Amen.

*Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death.
Ps. xiii. 3.*

Rerum Deus tenax.

O GOD, of all the strength and stay,
Who dost Thyself unmoved abide,
And all the changing hours of day
In their ordained succession guide ;

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our life no sunset see ;
But death to us an holy door
Of everlasting glory be.

Father of mercies, grant our prayer,
And Thou, co-equal, only Son,
Who with the Holy Spirit art
Through everlasting ages One.
Amen.

*Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night.
Ps. xci. 5.*

Te lucis ante terminum.

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That Thou with wonted love wouldst
keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

O let no evil dreams be near,
Nor phantoms of the night appear ;
Our ghostly enemy restrain,
Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.

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

Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. xci. 4.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed !
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day !

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

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

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 !

*With my soul have I desired Thee in the night.
Is. xxvi. 9.*

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.

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

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

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

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store :

Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we
take ;

Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

*Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together
with Him.—1 Thess. v. 10.*

GOD, that madest earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

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

Three in One, in power excelling,
Whom thrones confess ;
Whom, above the Heavens dwelling,
Dominions bless ;
May we in the new creation,
Ever joy in Thy salvation,
And to Thee with adoration
All praise address.

Amen.

*It is Thou, Lord, only, that makest us to dwell in
safety.—Ps. iv. 9.*

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

THE day is past and over :
We lift our hearts to Thee :
And pray Thee, now that sinless
The hours of night may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

The joys of day are over :
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :
We ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of night may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

The toils of day are over :
We raise our hymn to Thee :
And ask, that free from danger
The hours of night may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

Be Thou our soul's Defender,
Good Lord, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go :
Thou, ever wakeful, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

Amen.

The Lord is my Light.—Ps. xxvii. 1.

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

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

All toil is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Let not our works by strife be soiled,
 Or by deceit our hearts ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's
 dark night,
 O gentle Jesu be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful—unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad :
 Thou art our Saviour and our All !
 Through life's long day and death's
 dark night,
 O gentle Jesu be our Light.

Sweet Saviour, now the night is come ;
 Through night and darkness near us be ;
 Good Angels watch about our home ;
 And we are one day nearer Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu be our Light. Amen.

I will lay me down in peace and take my rest.—Ps. iv. 9.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared
 us,
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;
 Jesu, Thou our Guardian be ;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

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

*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw
all men unto Me.—John xii. 32.*

Labente jam solis rota.

As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend ;
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.
Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were
stretched
To draw Thy people nigh ;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.
All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Thy sun shall no more go down.—Is. lx. 20.

THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.
We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy Angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore ! Amen.

Abide with us ; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—Luke xxiv. 29.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the even-tide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

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

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

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

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

H Y M N S

SUITABLE FOR

The Season of Advent.

21

Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—Matt. xxi. 5.

Instantis Adventum Dei.

THE Advent of our God !

Behold, the Lord is near !

Greet His approach, ye saints, again,

With hymns of love and fear.

The everlasting Son

Scorns not the Virgin's womb :

That we from bondage may be freed

He bears a bondsman's doom.

Daughter of Sion, rise,

Behold thy lowly King !

And haste to meet Him, nor reject

The peace He deigns to bring.

As Judge He will return

On clouds with lightning riven,

And the One Body of His Saints

In triumph bear to Heaven.

Before that day appears,

Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;

The old man all be put away,

The new man all put on.

Till He shall come again,

With all the heavenly host,

Praise God the Father, God the Son,

And God the Holy Ghost.

Amen.

Behold He cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.

Rev. i. 7.

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand Saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train :
Alleluia !
Christ will take His power and reign.

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

Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :
Alleluia !

Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone !

Amen.

I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.

Rev. xx. 12.

Es ist gewißlich an der Zeit.

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

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

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

Great God ! may we to Thee draw near,
In deep abasement bending :
Oh shield us in that hour of fear,
Thy wondrous love extending—
Behold the Judge is at the door,
Ere this our trial day is o'er,
May we prepare to meet Him.

Amen.

And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.

Matt. xxv. 6.

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

WAKE, ye holy maidens, fearing
To slumber out your Lord's appearing ;
Hear ye the watchful herald's cry !

Wake, Jerusalem—midnight tolleth ;
Hark, how His chariot onward rolleth !

List, virgins wise, He draweth nigh :
Rise up ; with willing feet

Go out, the Bridegroom meet :
Alleluia !

Bear through the night
Your well-trimmed light,
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

Sion hears the herald's singing ;
Her heart of hearts with joy is springing,
She starteth up, she hastes away :

Onward her Bridegroom cometh glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious ;
Her grief is joy, her night is day.

Come, worthy Champion,
Christ, God Almighty's Son !
Alleluia !

We glide along
In pomp of song,
In haste to join the marriage throng.

Hymns of praise to Thee be given
By men on earth and saints in Heaven,
With harp and lute and psaltery :
Gates of pearl do guard Thy treasure,
We stand before them, keeping measure,
In bursts of choral melody :

No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such joy and pleasure :

We will therefore
For evermore
With Alleluias Thee adore. Amen.

25

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep ; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

Rom. xiii. 11.

En clara vox redarguit.

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

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

Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heaven :
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.

So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us ;
And with words of love draw near.

Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. iii. 2.

Nunc suis tandem novus e latebris.

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

Your God and Judge doth stand
At Heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor ;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows,
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your heads that seek the sky ;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Be lifted up on high ;

Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

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

O God, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
Thy soldiers for the fight
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice blessed Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy-praise
Eternally. Amen.

Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me.—Mal. iii. 1.

Jordanis oras prævia.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Tells that the Lamb of God is nigh :
Come near and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand :
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin :
Make straight the way for God within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty guest may come.

For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine Hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let Thy light once more
The long-lost Paradise restore.

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

*Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and
He will save us.—Is. xxv. 9.*

Conditor Alme siderum.

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

When our nature fainting lay,
Crushed by Satan's cruel sway,
Blest Physician! Thou in love
Gavest healing from above.

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

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

Thou, Who on the judgment day
Our most secret thoughts shalt weigh,
Shield us while we dwell below,
From the weapons of the Foe.

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

Amen.

*Hosanna to the Son of David; Blessed is He that
cometh in the Name of the Lord; Hosanna in the
highest.—Matt. xxi. 9.*

HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna! Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

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

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

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

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

God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.—Ps. xlii. 1.

Deus noster Refugium.

God, our Hope and Strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh :
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving,
Where in ocean's heart they lie.

Let them roar—his awful surges—
Let them boil, each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges :
Here is yet one quiet rill ;
Her calm waters,
Zion's joy, flow clear and still :

Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent :
God is there a strong salvation ;
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.

Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away :
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our rock and stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below ;
How He knapped the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war-chariots
Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

"Silence—for the Almighty know Me ;
O'er the heathen throned am I,
Throned where earth must crouch
below Me :"
Lord of Hosts we know Thee nigh :
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our Rock on high.
Amen.

31

The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.—2 Pet. iii. 10.

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 parchèd 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, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.

Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths.—Ps. cxix. 105.

LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

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

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

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

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

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

33

They that went before and they that followed cried, saying, "Hosanna !" . . . And Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple.—Mark xi. 9, 15.

DRAW nigh to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord,
Thy faithful people cry with one accord ;
Ride on triumphantly ! Behold, we lay
Our passions, lusts, and proud wills in Thy way !

Thy road is ready ; and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet !
And silently Thy promised Advent greet !

Hosanna ! Welcome to our hearts ! for here
Thou hast a temple too, as Sion dear,
Yes, dear as Sion, and as full of sin :
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !
O'erthrow them all, that they may never more
Profane, with traffic vile, that holy place,
Where Thou hast chosen, Lord, to set Thy Face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall faithlessly
Be mute in praises of Thy Deity,
The very temple stones shall loud repeat
Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet ! Amen.

Great and marvellous are Thy works, O Lord God Almighty: just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.—Rev. xv. 3.

Ira justa Conditoris.

HE Who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it,
With His own most precious Blood ;
Coming from His Throne on high,
On the bitter Cross to die.

O the wisdom of the Eternal !
O the depth of love divine !
O the sweetness of that mercy,
Which in Jesus Christ doth shine !
We were sinners doomed to die—
Jesus paid our penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May His Blood in that dread moment
Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
Bid our fears for ever cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

Prince and Author of salvation,
Lord, of majesty supreme,
Jesu, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem ;
Glory to the Father be,
And the Spirit, One with Thee.

Amen.

Rejoice in the Lord always.—Phil. iv. 4.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour
comes,

The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song !

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

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

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

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

Amen.

The Advent Anthems.

36

The desire of all nations shall come.—Hagg. ii. 7.

DEC. 16.—O SAPIENTIA.

O Wisdom ! spreading mightily
From out the Mouth of God most High,
All nature sweetly ordering,
Within Thy paths Thy children bring.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

DEC. 17.—O ADONAI.

Ruler of Israel, Lord of Might,
Who gavest the Law from Sinai's height ;
Once in the fiery Bush revealed,
With out-stretched Arm Thy chosen shield.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

DEC. 18.—O RADIX JESSE.

O Root of Jesse ! Ensign Thou !
To Whom all gentile kings shall bow,
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

DEC. 19.—O CLAVIS DAVID.

O Israel's sceptre ! David's Key !—
Come, Thou, and set death's captives free ;
Unlock the gate that bars their road,
And lead them to the Throne of God.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

19

DEC. 20.—O ORIENS.

O Day Spring and Eternal Light !
Pierce through the gloom of error's night ;

Predestined Sun of Righteousness !
Haste with Thy rising beams to bless.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

DEC 22.—O REX GENTIUM.

O King ! Desire of Nations ! come
Lead sons of earth to Heaven's high home ;

Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,
Binding the severed into one.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

DEC. 23.—O EMMANUEL.

O Law-giver ! Emmanuel ! King !
Thy praises we would ever sing ;
The Gentiles' Hope, the Saviour blest
Take us to Thine eternal rest.

Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save Thine Israel.

Amen.

N.B.—*These Anthems may be sung separately,
or as one Hymn.*

The Nativity of our Lord or the Birthday of Christ,

COMMONLY CALLED

Christmas-Day.

37

Let us go now even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.—Luke ii. 15.

Adeste fideles.

DRAW nigh, all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant,
And greet ye at Bethlehem the Babe, the Word !
In lowly manger lies the King of Angels !

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

God of God Almighty, Light of Light Eternal,
Thou hast not, O Christ, the Virgin's womb abhorred :
Very God of Very God, begotten not created !

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Shout Alleluia, all ye choirs of Angels,
Rejoice, heavenly citizens, with glad accord :
Glory to God ! to God on high be glory,

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Here, Lord ! we would greet Thee, born this happy morning,
O Jesu ! for ever be Thy Name adored,
Word of the Father, now for us Incarnate !

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord ! Amen.

*Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. . .
They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy
mountain.—Is. lxx. 17, 25.*

It came upon the midnight air,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :
“Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven’s all-gracious King ;”
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the Angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they
come

With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed Angels sing.

O ye, beneath life’s crushing load
Who now are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall
own

The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the
song
Which now the Angels sing. Amen.

*And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude
of the heavenly host, praising God.—Luke ii. 5.*

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion’s hill ;
When Bethlehem’s shepherds through
the night
Watched o’er their flocks by starry
light—

Hark ! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant Alleluias stole,
Wild murmuring o’er the raptured
soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her Spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious Hosts of Zion came ;
High Heaven with songs of triumph
rang,
While loud they struck their harps
and sang.

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

He comes ! to cheer the trembling
heart—

Bid Satan and his wiles depart :
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh.
Sing praises, with the Angel-host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

He is our Peace.—Eph. ii. 14.

Jam desinant suspiria.

God from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease,
Lo, from the opening Heaven
Descends the promised peace !

Hark ! through the silent night
Angelic voices swell ;
The Hosts of Heaven proclaim
God ! born on earth to dwell.

Now with the shepherd band
Speed on with eager feet,
Come seek the hallowed cave,
The holy Babe to greet.

But O ! what sight appears
Within that lowly door !
Behold a manger rude,
A Child and mother poor.

Art Thou the Christ ! the Son !
Of light the very Light ;
Who holdest in Thine Hand
Earth and the starry height ?

Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils Thy glory now ;
And hail Thee God and Lord,
To Whom all creatures bow.

Faith sees the sapphire throne,
Where Angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

A silent Teacher now,
Thou bidst us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.

Be born within us, Lord,
By that pure love of Thine ;
And make each contrite heart
Thy cradle and Thy shrine. Amen.

41

Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son.—Matt. i. 23.

Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα.

A GREAT and mighty wonder !
A wonder, great and sure ;
The Virgin bears the Infant,
With Virgin-honour pure.
The Word is made Incarnate,
And yet remains on high ;
And Angel-choirs to shepherds,
Sing anthems from the sky.
And we with them triumphant,
Repeat the hymn again ;
“ To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men ! ”

While thus they praise your Maker,
Those bright Angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains !
Ye oceans, clap your hands !
Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour Christ the Lord.
And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
Our Lord and God away. Amen.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.—Luke ii. 14.

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 Angel-host 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.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
 Hail Incarnate Deity !
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings ;

Now 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.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head ;
 Now display Thy saving power,
 Ruined nature now restore,
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;
 Stamp Thine Image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstall us in Thy love ;
 Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
 Thee, the Life, the heavenly Man.
 O to all Thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart.
 Amen.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

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, Who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign :

23

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

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

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

God was manifest in the flesh.—John i. 14.

Corde natus ex Parentis.

OF the Father's Love begotten, ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been, and that future years shall see,
Ever and for evermore !

At His word the worlds were framèd ; He commanded ; it was done :
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean in their threefold order one ;
All that grows beneath the shining of the moon and burning sun,
Ever and for evermore !

He is found in human fashion, death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children, doomed by Law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish in the dreadful gulf below,
Ever and for evermore !

This is He Whom Psalmist voices hymned of old with one accord ;
Whom the fellowship of Prophets promised in their faithful word ;
As foreshewn, His star is gleaming ; let creation praise its Lord,
Ever and for evermore !

O that ever blessèd birthday, when the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving, bare the Saviour of our race ;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer, first revealed His sacred Face,
Ever and for evermore !

O ye heights of Heaven adore Him ! Angel-hosts His praises sing !
All dominions bow before Him, and extol our God and King :
Let no tongue on earth be silent, mightily all voices ring,
Ever and for evermore !

*Righteous Judge of souls departed ! Righteous King of them that live !
On the Father's Throne exalted, none in might with Thee may strive ;
Who at last in vengeance coming, sinners from Thy Face shalt drive,
Ever and for evermore !

*Thee let old men, Thee let young men, Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens, with glad voices answering ;
Let their guileless songs re-echo, and the heart its praises bring,
Ever and for evermore !

*The Verses with * affixed may be omitted when the Hymn is found to be too long.*

Christ to Thee—to God the Father, and the Holy Spirit be
Praise unwearied, high thanksgiving, and eternal victory ;
Honour, glory, might, dominion to the Blessèd Trinity,
Ever and for evermore. Amen.

45

The Word was made flesh.—John i. 14.

Χριστός γεννᾶται δοξάζετε.

CHRIST is born ! exalt His Name !
Christ from Heaven ! His love proclaim !
Christ on earth ! for us He came !
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation ;
Break forth in glad thanksgiving every nation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously !

Man, in God's own Image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of Life and of Salvation,
To-day Christ maketh him a new creation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously !

For the Maker, when his foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the Heavens and came below,
And in the Virgin's womb His dwelling making,
Became true Man ! Man's very nature taking,
For He hath triumphed gloriously !

He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might !
God, and Son, and Light of Light !
Undiscovered by the sight
Of earthly monarch or Infernal Spirit,
Incarnate was that we should Heaven inherit,
For He hath triumphed gloriously. Amen.

St. Stephen's Day.

46

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life.—Rev. ii. 10.

Duci cruento Martyrum.

To Thee, O Christ, our hymn we raise,
Thee for Thy champion crowned we
praise,

The first of all the Martyr-train
To tread Thy steps of blood and pain.

Let saints to all the Churches tell,
How he, God's well-proved servant fell,
How trampling death, the warrior bold
Has won the crown his name foretold.

O depth of love, how glorious !
O Faith o'er death victorious !
God's servant, faithful unto death,
Stains with his blood his victor-wreath.

In fulness of the Spirit's grace,
Serenely firm with Angel face,
For Jesus' faith the champion stood,
And bought the triumph with his blood.
He looked, and saw alive again
Him Who was numbered with the slain,
Heaven opening, and at God's right
hand

The Son of Man in glory stand.

But darker looks around him lower,
Hearts harder than the stony shower,
And there the soldier-saint they gave
A martyr's death—a martyr's grave.

Yet ere that joyous spirit passed,
His Master's prayer he breathed, the last,
His dying lips his murderers blessed,
Then sank that saintly soul to rest.

O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee
Be praise for Faith's high victory,
And Martyr-armies evermore
The Triune God in Heaven adore !
26 Amen.

47

He went forth conquering and to conquer.
Rev. vi. 2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

48

That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life.—1 Ep. S. John i. 1.

Verbum Dei, Deo natum.

PART I.

WORD of God, so long awaited,
Son not made, Thou uncreated,
Thou hast come from Heaven to man;
To Thy loved disciple sealing
Faith by sight and touch, revealing
Visions of the wondrous plan.

He hath reached the crystal river
Flowing from the throne for ever,
Primal Truth's eternal spring:
He hath taught the sons and daughters
Of the world those living waters
Soul-refreshing thence to bring.

Far beyond this earth's dominion
He hath soared on eagle's pinion,
Gazed upon the sapphire throne;
Where the Seraphim are veiling
Their immortal faces, hailing
God in Majesty alone!

He beneath the opened heaven
Saw the thrones, the lamps, the seven,
Looked along the crystal sea—
Heard the number of the sealèd,
Bare the record, thus revealèd,
Of the Triune Mystery.

Who so fitted for the telling
Of the Holy Ghost, indwelling
In the flesh of Him, the Son,
As the chosen, dearest brother,
Guardian of the Virgin-Mother,
Pledge of love till life were done?

PART II.

Higher soars his eagle, higher,
Never bard or prophet nigher
To the Heaven of God hath flown!
None more pure the pure beholding,
Past and future none unfolding,
Secrets of the world unknown!

See in crimson robe arrayèd
With the bridal pomp displayèd,
Christ, the scorned of friend and foe,
Homeward now in triumph wendeth,
Say what message thence He sendeth
To His waiting Bride below!

Speak to stay her soul's keen longing,
Calm the fears around her thronging,
Tell her thou, the Bridegroom's friend,
Though she feel all broken-hearted,
From her Lord for ages parted,
Time and earth are not the end!

Tell, for thou hast known, the treasure,
Garnered in no stinted measure,
For the faithful loving heart,
Tell how God's own Angels glorious,
Hold high festival victorious,
When He comes no more to part!

Thou, that on His breast wast leaning,
Tell the deep, the mystic meaning
Of that Marriage-feast on high!
Tell it out—the wondrous story—
That the Soul, entranced in glory,
Praise Him through eternity!

Amen.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

49

He then lying on Jesus' breast.—John xiii. 25.

And I, John, saw these things, and heard them.—Rev. xxii. 8.

WORD supreme, before creation,
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation
To be born on earth and die ;
Well Thy saints have kept their station,
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.
Now 'tis come, and faith espies Thee ;
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,
Thy beloved, Thy latest born :
In Thy glory He describes Thee,
Reigning from the tree of scorn.
He, upon Thy bosom lying,
Thy true tokens learned by heart ;
And Thy dearest pledge in dying,
Lord, Thou didst to him impart—
Shewedst him how, all grace supplying,
Blood and water from Thee start.
He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore ;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore ;

And his witness we receiving
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Much he asked in loving wonder,
On Thy bosom leaning, Lord !
In that secret place of thunder
Answer kind didst Thou accord,
Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder
Till the day of dread award.

Lo ! Heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgments earthward move,
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine cups from the wrath above ;
Yet o'er all a soft Voice stealing—
“ Little children, trust and love ! ”

Thee, the almighty King eternal,
Father of the eternal Word,
Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
Thee, of Both, the Breath adored,
Heaven and earth and realms infernal
Own—One glorious God and Lord.
Amen.

50

I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

Rev. i. 9.

Jussu tyranni pro Fide.

AN exile for the faith
Of his Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
His soul in vision soared :
There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead ;
There Judah's Lion and the Lamb,
That for our ransom bled ;
There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime ;

28

How, sown in martyr's blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
Lord, give us grace, like him,
In Thee to live and die ;
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high.
Jesu, our risen Lord,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

The Holy Innocents' Day.

51

These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.

Rev. xiv. 4.

At Thy birth, Incarnate Lord,
Early slain by Herod's sword,
These sweet flowers of spring unblown
Thou didst weave within Thy crown.

Thou, an Infant born, didst give
Life by which they dying live.
Now, beneath the altar, they
Wait the Resurrection-day.

Weeping Rachel weeps no more ;
They have gained the promised shore ;
Lost awhile, they come again,
One with all the martyr-train.

They unconscious witness gave
Unto Him Who came to save ;
Grant, good Lord, that we may be
Conscious witnesses to Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Praise to Thee, Incarnate Son,
With the Spirit, Three in One.

Amen.

29

52

Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Mark x. 14.

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

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

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy
call,
And reached the quiet land !

Oh ! that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright :
Oh ! that, as free from wilful sin,
We shrunk not from Thy sight !

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
In life, to glorify Thy power,
In death, to praise Thy Name.

Amen.

A little while.—John xvi. 16.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that dread day ;
Oh ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that bright day ;
Oh ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that sweet day ;
Oh ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

Yet but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that glad day ;
Oh ! wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away. Amen.

Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.—Is. xxx. 21.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear !
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength ! be Thou our stay !
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way !

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head !

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own !
Help, O help us to endure !
Fit us for Thy promised crown !

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

The Circumcision of Christ.

55

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus.—Luke ii. 21.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy Babe has been ;
Long named in Heaven, He now must go
To take that Name on Him below—
Jesus, Who saves from sin.

The secret of the Heaven-taught Word
His mother pondered o'er ;
The world, by fear and love unstirred,
Unconscious of its meaning, heard
The Name the Infant bore.

The traitor sought Him by that Name,
When all the murderous crew
With swords and staves against Him
came :
And on the Cross, the tree of shame,
That Name was fixed in view.

Yet in His hour of glory, now,
That precious Name is given,
Above all names, to deck His brow ;
And at the Name of Jesus bow
The powers and thrones of Heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
O Christ, for evermore ;
Thou, Who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should that Name profane
Which Seraphim adore !

Almighty Father, praise to Thee ;
And praise we in the height
The Son and Spirit's majesty,
As was of old, is now, shall be,
In worlds of endless light.

31

Amen.

56

Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. i. 21.

Victis sibi cognomina.

WARRIOR kings fresh glory gain
From the nations they enchain !
Jesu ! Thou by worthier deed
From the thousands Thou hast freed.

Yea none other Name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
None to make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

All that Christ so hardly wrought,
All that He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals say,
Will ye madly cast away ?

Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame :
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

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

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the Saints and Angel-host.

Amen.

There is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts iv. 12.

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

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

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

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

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

Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name ;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Therefore we, in love revering,
Holy Jesu ! Thee implore,
So to write Thy Name endearing
In our hearts for evermore
That, at length in Heaven appearing,
We with Angels may adore.

Amen.

But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.—Eph. ii. 13.

Debilis cessent elementa legis.

THE ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease ;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A Holy Spotless Child.

His Infant Body now
Begins our pain to feel ;
Those precious drops of Blood that flow
For death the Victim seal.

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

All praise, Eternal Son,
For Thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
In glorious might above. Amen.

Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.—Cant. i. 3.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

PART I.

JESU, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
 And in Thy Presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
 The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall how kind Thou art,
 How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 In Thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity. Amen.

PART II.

O Jesu, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned,
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
 In Whom all joys are found !

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu, Light of all below,
 Thou Fount of living fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire ;

Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,
 Thy wondrous love adore ;
 And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless ;
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine Own. Amen.

PART III.

O Jesu, Thou the Beauty art
 Of Angel-worlds above ;
 Thy Name is music to the heart
 Inflaming it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
 Who eat Thee, hunger still :
 Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
 Which nought but Thou can fill.

O most sweet Jesu, hear the sighs
 Which unto Thee we send ;
 To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
 To Thee our prayers ascend.

Abide with us, and let Thy light
 Shine, Lord, on every heart ;
 Dispel the darkness of our night,
 And joy to all impart.

Jesu, our Love and Joy, to Thee
 The Virgin's Holy Son,
 All might and praise and glory be
 While endless ages run. Amen.

Unto you which believe He is precious.—1 Pet. ii. 7.

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

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
Is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesu, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

HYMNS

SUITABLE FOR

The Season of The Epiphany,

OR

The Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

61

The revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest.
Rom. xvi. 25, 26.

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise ;
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar ;
Branch of royal David's stem,
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem,
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;
And at Cana Wedding-Guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest :
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into Wine ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the Devil's might ;

35

Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the Heavens shall flee ;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious Sign ;
All will then the trumpet hear ;
All will see the Judge appear ;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

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

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. ii. 10.

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

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

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

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

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

There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.—Numb. xxiv. 17.

Quæ Stella sole pulchrior.

WHAT star is this with beams so bright
Which shames the sun with fairer light?
It heralds in a New-King's Day,
To God's own cradle points the way.

The Gentile prophet from afar
Foretold the rise of Jacob's Star ;
And now the kings of Eastern lands,
Expectant wait their Lord's commands.

The star moves on its path of fire,
Within their souls burns one desire,
To worship and behold Him nigh,
Who kindled that strange light on high.

Impatient love knows no delay,
Nor toils nor dangers bar their way ;
From life-long watch they leave their
home,
To hail the Star of Jacob come.

Lord, ever let the light of grace
So lead us on to seek Thy Face,
That we, from sin and darkness free,
May tread the path that leads to Thee.

Jesu, to Thee be praise address,
To Gentiles now made manifest ;
One with the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost, Whom all adore.

Amen.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda.—Matt. ii. 6.

Sola magnarum urbium.

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities

None in praise can thee excel ;
Out of thee the Lord from Heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Shone the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Veiled beneath a form of earth.

By its radiant beauty guided
Eastern kings their wealth unfold,
Bending low their gifts they offer,
Gifts of incense, myrrh, and gold,
Offerings all of mystic meaning :
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

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

And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.—Luke ii. 51.

Divine, crescebas, Puer.

THE heavenly Child in stature grows,
And growing learns to die ;
And still His early training shows
His coming agony.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor :
And He Who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty Hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse ;
The Maker of the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

He Whom the choirs of Angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys,
In deep humility.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
We, Jesu, Thee adore,
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

When Herod the King heard these things he was troubled.—Matt. ii. 3.

Herodes hostis impie.

WHY doth the wicked Herod fear
The coming of the Christ to hear ?
He takes not earthly crowns away
Who gives the crowns which ne'er

The wiser Magi saw from far [decay.
And followed on the guiding star ;
By light their way to Light they trod,
And by their gifts confessed their God.

Within the Jordan's hallowed flood
The heavenly Lamb in meekness stood,
That He, to Whom no sin was known,
Might cleanse His people from their

And oh ! what miracle divine, [own.
When water reddened into wine ;
The stream when once that voice it
Forgot its nature at His word. [heard,

All glory, Jesu, be to Thee
This day for Thine Epiphany :
Thee, with the Father, we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Thy Name is as ointment poured forth: therefore do the virgins love Thee.—Cant. i. 3.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

JESU! sweet memories of Thy Name
With truest joys the heart enflame;
But O! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of Thy Presence are.

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

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

Abiding sweetness of the heart,
Thy Light true wisdom doth impart,
Truth's Fountain, all that heart requires,
Exceeding e'en its deep desires!

No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesu, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be exprest,
And altogether loveliest!

Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
And fill us with Thy grace to-day;
And with Thine own rich sweetness feed
Our souls, from sin and darkness freed.
Amen.

PART II.

Jesus, to God the Father gone,
Is seated on the Heavenly Throne;
My heart hath also passed from me,
That where He is, there it may be.

By day, in closet or in throng,
I evermore for Jesus long;
I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my bed night's shadows close.

With Mary, in the morning gloom
I seek for Jesus at the tomb;
For Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart, and not with eye.

I follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise;
That He may make me fit to dwell
Within His Heavenly citadel. Amen.

I am the Light of the World.—John viii. 12.

Lux alma, Jesu, mentium.

LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesu! Thou dost appear,
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

Joyous is he with whom,
God's Word! Thou dost abide,
Sweet Light of our eternal home,
To fleshly sense denied.

Brightness of God above,
Unfathomable Grace,
Thy Presence be a fount of Love,
Within Thy chosen place. Amen.

The kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.
Ps. lxxii. 10.

HAIL, Thou source of every blessing,
 Sovereign Father of mankind !
 Gentiles now, Thy truth possessing,
 To Thy courts admission find.

Gratefully we bow before Thee,
 In Thy Church obtain a place ;
 Now believe, and now adore Thee,
 Praise Thy Name, and taste Thy
 grace.

Hail, Almighty Son of Mary !
 East and west their offerings bring,
 Never doubting, never weary,
 Seek in Bethlehem their true King.

So may we, with gifts appointed,
 In Thy temple minister ;
 Every one, a priest anointed,
 Incense bring, and gold, and myrrh.

Gold, for Thou art King immortal ;
 Incense, for Thou hearest prayer ;
 Myrrh, for through the grave's dim
 portal
 Thou didst pass our doom to share.

May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise ;
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

Amen.

I am the bright and morning Star.
Rev. xxii. 16.

SONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long expected star :
 Jacob's star that gilds the night,
 Guides bewildered nature right.

Fear not hence that ills should flow,
 Wars or pestilence below ;
 Hence should war and tumults cease,
 For it brings the Prince of Peace.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shade of death,
 Scattering error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all far off and near,
 Hasten to see your God appear ;
 Hasten for Him your hearts prepare,
 Meet Him manifested there.

There behold the Day-spring rise,
 Pouring eyesight on your eyes ;
 God in His own Light survey,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Sing ye morning stars again,
 God descends on earth to reign ;
 Deigns for man His life to give,
 Conquering death that we may live.

Shout ye sons of God for joy,
 Let His praise your tongues employ ;
 Praise ye with the Angel-host
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

Sundays after the Epiphany.

71

They found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.—Luke ii. 46.

WITHIN the Father's house
The Son hath found His home,
And to His Temple suddenly
The Lord of life hath come.

The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefined.

Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshly veil which hides
The Incarnate God below.

The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace ;

Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day ;

Till we behold Thy Face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

40

72

And manifested forth His glory ; and His disciples believed on Him.—John ii. 11.

ALL praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who by Thy mighty power
Didst manifest Thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.

Thou speakest, it is done ;
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine,
Proclaims the present Lord.

Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee !

And blessèd they, who know
Thine unseen Presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Thine is the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the Heavenly Bread.

Oh ! may that grace be ours,
Ever in Thee to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give.

So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany. Amen.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.—Matt. viii. 2.

O LORD of health and life, what tongue can tell
How at Thy word were loosed the bands of hell ;
How Thy pure touch removed the leprous stain,
And the polluted flesh grew clean again.

Oh ! wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make us whole ;
Oh ! bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee,
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy love,
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain remove ;
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.

We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace ;
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy Face,
So, when that Face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

Then grant us strength to pray, "Thy kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in the Father's home,
And at Thy great Epiphany adore
The Co-eternal Godhead evermore. Amen.

And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.—Mark iv. 39.

FIERCE was the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed the disciples' hearts with fear,
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

So now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.

And, when amid the signs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fill faithless hearts with fear ;

May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy,
Thy great Epiphany.

Glory to Thee of old
By sign and wonder known,
Glory to Thee to be revealed
Upon the judgment throne. Amen.

The kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field.—Matt. xiii. 24.

NOT by Thy mighty hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of Thy word
Thy glory, Christ, is known.

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

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

And Thou wilt come again,
To reap what Thou hast sown,
The Sower and the Reaper Thou,
The Gatherer of Thine own.

Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany ;

So, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
May we be gathered in Thy barn
With all Thy saints to Thee.

All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Now by Thy word made known,
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the judgment throne. Amen.

Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—Matt. xxiv. 42.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,

Before whose bar severe,

With holy joy, or guilty dread,

We all shall soon appear ;

Oh ! teach us to prepare

For that tremendous day ;

And fill us now with watchful care,

And stir us up to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour,

That awful hour unknown ;

When, robed in majesty and power,

Thou shalt from Heaven come down,

The immortal Son of Man,

To judge the human race,

With all Thy Father's dazzling train,

With all Thy glorious grace.

To temper earthly joys,

To waken duteous fears,

For ever let the Archangel's voice

Be sounding in our ears

The solemn midnight cry,

“ Arise ! the Judge is come ;

Ye saints, go meet Him in the sky,—

Ye sinners, wait your doom.”

Oh ! may we thus be found,

Obedient to His word,

Still listening for the trumpet's sound,

And looking for our Lord :

Oh ! may we thus insure

Our lot among the blest,

And watch a moment, to secure

An everlasting rest. Amen.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

O Amor quam exstaticus.

O LOVE, how deep ! how broad ! how high !

It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no Angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But clothed Himself in human frame
And to redeem this lost world came.

His pleasure was with us to dwell,
He came the true Immanuel ;
True God and Man with man to be
The thrice ten years of destiny.

For us baptized ! then Spirit-led
He fasted—Who the thousands fed ;
For us He felt temptation's power,
And conquered in the Tempter's hour.

For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

For us, to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe
arrayed,

He bore the shameful Cross and death,
For us at length gave up His breath:

For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through the Son,
To God the Father, glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

*Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.—Gal. iv. 26.
By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered Thee, O Sion.—Ps. cxxxvii. 1.*

Alleluia, dulce carmen.

ALLELUIA, sweetest anthem, voice of joy that may not die ;
Alleluia, voice of gladness, e'en to blessed choirs on high ;
Sung by holy ones abiding in God's home eternally !

Alleluia, joyful Mother, Salem, crowned above and free—
Alleluia is thy watchword, where thine own rejoice with thee :
But as yet by Babel's waters mourning exiles still are we.

Alleluia cannot always be our song while here below ;
Alleluia our transgressions make us for a while forego ;
For the solemn time is coming when our tears for sin must flow.

Wherefore in our hymns we pray Thee, blessed, Holy Trinity,
May we see Thine Easter glory in the Heavens with undimmed eye,
There to Thee our Alleluia singing everlastingly. Amen.

Day unto day uttereth speech ; night unto night sheweth knowledge.—Ps. xix. 2.

Cœli enarrant.

LORD, the Heavens declare Thy glory,
Seen throughout their wondrous frame,
And the firmament the story
Of Thy doings doth proclaim ;
Day to day the wonder telleth,
Night to night doth utter speech ;
Through all lands the anthem swelleth,
Earth's last bound the voices reach.

Lord, Thy law, the soul converting,
Is a doctrine undefiled ;
Constant is Thy truth, imparting
Wisdom to a simple child.

Joy is in the heart obeying
Words of peace and pure commands ;
Light unto the eyes conveying,
Lord, Thy fear for ever stands.

Me to good Thy warning stirreth,
Fearing Thee, reward I win ;
Who can tell how oft he erreth ?
Cleanse Thou me from secret sin.
Let my bosom's meditation,
Let my words, inspired by Thee,
Lord, my strength and my salvation,
In Thy sight accepted be. Amen.

The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.—Rom. i. 20.

THERE is a Book, who runs may read,
Which Heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.
The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.
The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.
The Saviour lends the light and heat,
That crown His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.
The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display :
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou, Who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All honour by the Church be done,
And by the Heavenly host. Amen.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?—Ps. cxxxvii. 4.

Te læta Mundi Conditor.

THOU, great Creator, art possesst,
And Thou alone, of endless rest ;
To Angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.
But we must toil and toil again,
And bear the penalty of pain ;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here ?

Oh ! Thou, Who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws :
Then to such salutary grief,
Let Faith and Hope bring due relief
And we, too, soon shall be possesst
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.
Amen.

Sexagesima.

82

*As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners,
so by the obedience of One shall many be made
righteous.—Rom. v. 19.*

Auctor beate sæculi.

THOU blest Creator of the world,
Redeemer of our fallen race,
True God of God ! in Whom we see
The brightness of the Father's face.

What moved Thee, Saviour ! to descend
And make our mortal flesh Thine own !
What called the second Adam forth,
For the first Adam to atone !

Thy love ! the mighty love, which made
The starry sky, and sea and earth,
Took pity on our lost estate,
And brake the bondage of our birth.

For this Thy sacred side was pierced,
Whence mystic blood and water
flowed,
To cleanse us from the stain of guilt,
And reconcile the world to God.

O Jesu ! in Thy heart divine,
That self-same love doth ever glow ;
For ever mercy to mankind
Doth from that ceaseless fountain
flow.

To Thee Creator, Saviour, Son,
All honour, praise, dominion be !
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
For ever One eternally. Amen.

Quinquagesima.

83

*And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three : but
the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.*

Supreme Motor cordium.

LORD of the hearts of men !
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, Thy chosen saints
With fruits of holiness.

Here Faith, and Hope, and Love
Reign in sweet bond allied ;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall Love alone abide.

O Love, O Truth, O Light !
Light never to decay !
O rest from thousand labours past !
O endless Sabbath day !

Here amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come ;
There with rejoicing hearts we bring
Our harvest-burdens home.

Give, mighty Lord Divine,
The fruits Thyself dost love ;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment
seat,
Crown Thine own gifts above.

From all the Heavenly Host,
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

H Y M N S

SUITABLE FOR

The Season of Lent.

84

So run, that ye may obtain.—1 Cor. ix. 24.

Rerum Creator omnium.

CREATOR of the world, do Thou
In all our works be near ;
That our chaste lives may worthier prove
The Name of Christ to bear.

Thou only mighty, only good,
Art to Thyself the way ;
For He alone Who gave the law,
Can help us to obey.

Through all the perils of the road,
Thy wearied saints defend,
That we, with surer steps, may press
Right onward to the end.

O home of bliss ! where true repose
And peace for ever dwell ;
Where Thou to Thine dost give to drink
From life's unfailling well.

For Thee, O Triune God, my heart
Doth pant, my spirit sighs ;
Grant unto all Thy grace hath saved,
To win the eternal prize. Amen.

47

85

*Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned, for Thou
art the Lord my God.—Jer. xxxi. 18.*

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

Which gate Thou openest wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to mine account,
How I have lived here ;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

So come I to the throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin.
To heal my deadly wound.

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

*Turn ye even to Me with all your heart, and with
fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning.*
Joel ii. 12.

Solemne nos jejunii.

ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy Fast to keep ;
And now within the temple walls
Let priest and people weep.

But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruised reed ;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow ;
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To rise, from fasts of earth below,
To Thy great feast above. Amen.

*He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for
the transgressors.—Is. liiii. 12.*

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving, lovest them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me !

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me.

When the full light of Heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away,
Say, Thou wilt plead for me !

Amen.

If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear.

1 Pet. iv. 18.

Τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν.

O WILT Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I,
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear,—
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

My soul, make all things known
To Him Who all things sees :
That so the Lamb may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul !
And me, by many a sin opprest,
Restore, and keep me whole !

I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love ;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above ! Amen.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness : according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.—Ps. li. 1.

Miserere mei Deus.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest 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.

A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized ;
By Him a broken, contrite heart,
Shall never be despised.

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

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

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.—Ps. xxx. 10.

Audi benigne Conditor.

FATHER of mercies, hear,
Thy pardon we implore ;
While daily through this sacred Fast
Our prayers and tears we pour.

Searcher of hearts, to Thee
Our helplessness is known ;
Be then to those who seek Thy Face
Thy free forgiveness shown.

How numberless our sins,
Lord, we confess with shame ;
Yet spare, and heal our broken hearts
Spare, for Thy glorious Name. Amen.

*Thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou
lover of souls.—Wis. xi. 26.*

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

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

*Christ is all, and in all.
Col. iii. 11.*

JESU ! my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest ;
I come to cast myself on Thee,
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid Omnipotent I seek :
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray,
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee ; my terrors cease ;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink !
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall,
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

*Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth
for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.*

LORD ! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

*If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.

*Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long ?
Would I long sin against my God,
And His dear mercy wrong ?

*How much is sinful flesh my foe,
That doth my soul pervert,
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steal from God my heart !

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
meet
Thy blessed Face to see ;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant Saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
Enough for me that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

*If any man will come after Me, let him deny him-
self, and take up his cross, and follow Me.*
Matt. xvi. 24.

"TAKE up the Cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldest My disciple be,
"Deny thyself, the world forsake,
"And humbly follow after Me."

Take up the Cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm :
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine
arm.

Take up the Cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up the Cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
It guides thee to a better home,
It gives thee victory o'er the grave.

Take up the Cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he, who bears the cross,
May hope to win and wear the crown.

"Take up the Cross," the Saviour said !
Tread we on earth this sacred road,
Until we stand with songs of praise,
In Presence of the Triune God.

Amen.

For three transgressions, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment.—Amos i. 3.

NOT for three or four transgressions,
But for added sin to sin :
Lord, we pour our late confessions,
Pardon from our Judge to win.

For our pride and self-reliance,
For intemperance and shame ;
For the lusts, and evil-speakings,
Which profane Thy Holy Name ;
For each cold and lukewarm service,
For each false and loveless word,
For the Cross, despised and slighted,
On which hung our dying Lord.

God have mercy ! God have pity !
Hear our earnest, contrite, prayer !
Ere Thine anger turn to vengeance,
God of life and healing spare !

Maker of this earth and Heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Unto Thee we cry for pardon,
Through the Saviour of the lost.
Amen.

As the hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee.—Ps. xlii. 1.

Quemadmodum.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.—Cant. iv. 6.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And His Right Arm though strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring
And cheer the thirsty ground ;

So shall His Presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

To Christ, Who came to save the lost,
And point the way to Heaven,
To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
Be praise for ever given. Amen.

*Make me a clean heart and renew a right spirit
within me.—Ps. li. 10.*

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest,
Till Thou art formed within ;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled
breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in Heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

*Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth,
and the Life.—John xiv. 6.*

THOU art the Way ; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee :
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rended tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whence joys eternal flow. Amen.

100

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,	art thou sore distress ?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,	be at rest !"
Hath He marks to lead me to Him,	if He be my Guide ?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,	and His Side."
Is there diadem, as Monarch,	that His brow adorns ?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,	but of thorns !"
If I find Him, if I follow,	what reward is here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,	many a tear."
If I still hold closely to Him,	what hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,	Jordan past !"
If I ask Him to receive me,	will He say me nay ?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven	pass away."
Finding, following, keeping, struggling,	is He sure to bless ?
"Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,	answer 'Yes.'"

Sundays in Lent.

101

In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.

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

Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed.

Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
With Thee watching unto prayer,
With Thee strong to suffer pain ?

Then, if Satan shall assail,
Flesh or spirit vexing sore,
May we in Thy strength prevail,
Who didst vanquish him before.

So shall we have peace divine,
Chastened gladness ours shall be ;
Round us too shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy Side ;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide ! Amen.

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102

Lord, help me.—Matt. xv. 25.

Oh help us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !

Oh ! help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh ! help us, Lord, the more !

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

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy Feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh ! help us, Jesu, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee :
Oh ! help us, so to live and die,
As Thine in Heaven to be ! Amen.

Vex the Midianites and smite them, for they vex you with their wives.—Num. xxv. 17, 18.

Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς παράπτοντας.

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

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

Christian ! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair,
Bid thee give up watching,
Cease from fast and prayer ?
Christian ! answer boldly,
While I breathe I pray ;
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

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

Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?—John vi. 5.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep ;
To Thee the lions roaring call ;
The common Father, kind to all :
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine ;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine :

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Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

And oh ! when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our Heavenly home ;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;
Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant Thy servants, Lord ! we pray,
The Bread of life from day to day.

Amen.

God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

THE King's bright banners forward go
The mystery of the Cross to show,
Where God-Incarnate death endured,
And life by death for man procured.

With outstretched hands, transfixed and torn
With bleeding brow and crown of thorn,
The One, the willing Victim see,
Self-sacrificed, mankind to free.

Pierced by the spear His sacred side
For us sent forth a mingled tide,
A cleansing and a saving flood,
Thence flowed the Water and the Blood.

Fulfilled is all that saints of old
In true prophetic song foretold,
The accursed Tree becomes a Throne,
Whence reigns our King, the Lord alone !

True Tree of Life ! O Tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
In royal majesty it stood,
Empurpled with a Saviour's Blood !

Upon its arms, extended wide,
The sinless One for sinners died,
The ransom of the world to pay,
He spoils the spoiler of his prey.

Prisoners of hope, Thy Cross we hail,
Christ, by this sign may we prevail,
Saints find Thy glory here revealed,
And penitents their pardon sealed.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
By all that breathe be homage done,
By that mysterious Cross restore,
And guide us, safe for evermore ! Amen.

Great is the mystery of godliness.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

Pange lingua gloriosi lauream.

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's triumph, tell His glory far and wide ;
Tell aloud the famous story of His Body crucified ;
How upon the Cross a Victim, vanquishing in death, He died.

*Eating of the tree forbidden, man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator did this second tree prepare,
Destined many ages after that first evil to repair.

*Such the order God appointed, when for sin He would atone ;
To the Serpent thus opposing schemes yet deeper than his own ;
Thence the remedy procuring whence the fatal wound had grown.

So when now at length the fulness of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator, left His Father's Throne on high,
From a Virgin's womb appearing, clothed in our mortality.

*All within a lonely manger, lo, a tender Babe He lies ;
See His gentle Virgin Mother lull to sleep His infant cries,
While the limbs of God-Incarnate round with swathing bands she ties.

Thrice ten years among us dwelling, all the time to flesh assigned,
Born for this, He meets His Passion, to His Agony resigned ;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted, there the Sacrifice they bind.

He endures the nails, the spitting, vinegar, and spear, and reed ;
From that holy Body broken Blood and Water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean, by that Flood from stain are freed.

Equal praises to the Father, equal praises to the Son,
Equal praises to the Spirit, while unending ages run ;
Praise from all in earth and Heaven to the Eternal Three in One. Amen.

*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold,
and see if there be any sorrow like unto My
sorrow.—Lam. i. 12.*

Prome vocem mens canorum.

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing the Cross in mournful strain;
Tell the sorrows all-amazing,
Tell the agonising pain,
Which the Saviour, God-Incarnate,
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

He the cruel scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
By His stripes transgressors curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Soothed our griefs and bore our sorrows,
And removed our pains away.

He to freedom hath restored us,
By the very bonds He bare;
And His sacred wounds afford us,
Each a stream of mercy rare;
Pierced by the nails, He draws us
To the Cross, and keeps us there.

When His painful life was ended,
From that fount, His wounded Side,
Blood and Water straight descended,
Each a sacramental tide;
One from stain of sin to cleanse us,
One to feed our souls applied.

Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise with grateful anthems,
Thee our ever-glorious Lord!

Amen.

*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw
all men unto Me.—John xii. 32.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
Through the sinner's dying Friend.
Kneel we now, in wonder, viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops our souls bedewing,
From the all-cleansing, healing flood.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Here would we resign our breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thine,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled Thy glories shine.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase,
Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever blessed One and Three.

Amen.

*Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord
JEHOVAH is the Rock of Ages.—Is. xxvi. 4.*

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

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

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

*Ye are come . . . to Jesus, the mediator of the new
covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that
speaketh better things than that of Abel.
Heb. xii. 24.*

Viva! Viva! Gesu.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for us the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood we find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through all the ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from death eternal
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Of as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

Of as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.

My soul longeth for Thee.—Ps. lxxiii. 1.

My spirit longs for Thee,
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest.

Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love :
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

Amen.

Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.—Ps. iv. 6.

ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy Face
Upon my heart to shine.

My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

Give me Thyself ; from every boast,
From every wish set free ;
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
But give Thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given ;
Thy Presence makes my Paradise,
And where Thou art is Heaven.

Amen.

What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.—Phil. iii. 7.

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

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

60

See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

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

She loved much.—Luke vii. 47.

WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless
gifts

On ocean and on land ;
For these, Thy mercies, gracious Lord,
Yet not for these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy Throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because, when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
A guiding ray was granted us
From Thy pure fount of light :

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to die
That we might live above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of Heaven :
We love because we much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

We love Him because He first loved us.
1 John iv. 19.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

I LOVE Thee, O my God, my Lord !
But not for hope of Thy reward
Of bliss above,
Nor from the fear of endless woes,
And endless torments due to those
Who slight Thy love.

Thou Jesu ! Thou ! the Cross didst bear,
The crown of thorn, the nails, the spear,
Yea death for me,
Whose sins afresh have crucified,
Afresh in feet, and hands, and side,
Have wounded Thee.

Such love, O Jesu ! made Thee mine,
Such love shall ever make me Thine,
My God and King.
Thee will I love, and Thee adore,
My heart my voice for evermore,
Thy praise shall sing.
Amen.

The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John i. 7.

LAMB of God, Whose dying love
Now Thy saints recall to mind,
Hear us, bless us from above ;
May we all Thy mercy find.

Let Thy Blood, to us applied,
Every sinner's pardon seal ;
All in Thee be sanctified ;
Every soul Thy comfort feel ;
61

By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious Blood, we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from every stain ;
Take our load of guilt away :

Burst our bonds, and set us free ;
Bid our fears and sorrows cease ;
Lord, remember Calvary !
Saviour ! bid us go in peace. Amen.

Palm Sunday.

117

And the children cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.—Matt. xxi. 9.

Gloria laus et honor Tibi Rex.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King !
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Judah,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Whom, in the Lord's name coming,
Our blessed King we own.
The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
On earth, do make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
Grant us the palms of Heaven
For palms of earth below,
That in Thy final triumph
This strain may ever flow—
All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King ;
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring. Amen.

118

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion ; behold thy King cometh unto thee. He is just, and having salvation ; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass.—Zech. ix. 9.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.

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

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering
eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.
Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

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

Monday before Easter.

119

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah.—Is. lxiii. 1.

“WHO is this with garments dyed,
This that comes from Edom,
Travelling from Bozrah's side,
In the might of freedom?”—
“I, the Conqueror o'er the grave,
I, the mighty One to save !”

“Why is Thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking,
Why Thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape, say why
Such strange garb of victory ?”

“I have trodden all alone
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of mine own
None the foe could trample !
Rescue then My vengeance brought,
Mine own Arm salvation wrought !”

Yes, I know Thee now !—the Word,
Writ in sacred story ;
Angel of the Presence, Lord,
Christ the King of Glory—
Know Thy deeds in days of old :
Kindness—pity—love untold !

*Thou Thine Israel didst lead,
And from chains deliver,
As the wearied horse, to feed
By the quiet river ;
There in greenest pasture blest,
Thy free Spirit gave him rest.

*Though, for rebel sons we are,
Israel hath not known us,
When we crave a Father's care,
Thou wilt not disown us—
As Thy people in the sea
Of Thy Blood baptized are we !

Yes ! Thy secret, Lord, is known,
Whence Thy red-dyed raiment !
Not Thy foeman's blood—Thine own,
Lavished for the payment
Of the debt none else could pay,
Guilt none else could wash away !

Lord ! though erring from Thy grace,
Though our heart be hardened,
Grant Thine exiled sons a place
In Thy City, pardoned !
There to meet—life's warfare done—
Thy true Godhead, Three in One !

Amen.

Tuesday before Easter.

120

The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious.—Is. 1.

O MAN of Sorrows ! Thy prophetic eye
Foresees the coming strife, the agony,
Yet counting all the cost, for man to die
Thou dost consent.

Thyself to bear the worst that can be borne,
The loathsome mockery, the crown of thorn,
The nails, the griding lance, the sharper scorn,
Thou art content.

Thy face, like flint, is set to do God's will,
Thy pierced ear shall slavery's law fulfil,
And that self-chosen bondage to man's ill
Shall set man free.

Who shall condemn Thee, Lord, what foe withstand
The power to pardon, wielded by Thy hand,
When Satan's vassals freed Thou dost command
Thine own to be ?

O restless soul, that walkest on in fear,
Willing, yet weak, to feel thy Saviour near,
Watch for His Light, through sin and darkness drear
Still doth it gleam.

Then kindle not thyself the fire, nor borrow
The flickering spark that endeth soon in sorrow,
Lest thou sleep on the sleep that knows no morrow,
Lost, like a dream !

Thou Man of Sorrows ! best by sorrow known,
That bearest all our griefs as if Thine own,
May Thy true Light on darkened souls be thrown,
There let it shine.

Nail to Thy Cross our sins, that crucified
They there may die where Thou for them hast died,
And clasp us closely, Saviour, to Thy side,
For ever Thine ! Amen.

Wednesday before Easter.

121

*Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of
Melchizedek.—Ps. cx. 4.*

O THOU, before the world began,
Ordained a Sacrifice for man ;
And by the Eternal Spirit made
An Offering in the sinner's stead ;
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

Thy offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its blood-stained hue ;
Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain,
Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain ;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the Veil.

O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love !
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
Our Victim and our Priest to be.

Amen.

65

122

*Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that
ye should follow His steps.—1 Pet. ii. 21.*

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

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned ;
Sad, forsaken, mocked by all,
O, the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, nor loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

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

Amen.

Thursday before Easter.

123

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?—1 Cor. x. 16.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi Corporis mysterium.

Of that glorious Body broken, O my soul, the mystery sing,
And the Blood, all price exceeding, shed by Him who came to bring
To a fallen world redemption, Christ, our Saviour and our King.

Of a pure unsullied Virgin born for us, on earth below ;
He, as Man with man conversing, dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed, in solemn order, this His sojourning of woe.

On the night of that last supper, seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating first fulfils the law's command,
Then, as food, to His disciples gives Himself with His Own Hand.

By His Word the Word incarnate causeth bread His Flesh to be ;
Wine to us His Blood becometh in a sacred mystery ;
But in every guileless spirit faith accepts the verity.

This great Sacrament ordainèd let us all revering hail ;
Ancient rites are past for ever, newer means of grace prevail ;
Willing faith the lack supplieth, where our earthly senses fail.

To the everlasting Father, to the everlasting Son,
To the co-eternal Spirit, undivided Three in One,
Honour, praise, salvation, blessing, now and evermore be done.

Amen.

Thursday before Easter.

124

I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus in the same night in which He was betrayed took Bread.—1 Cor. xi. 23.

Το μέγα μυστήριον.

O THE mystery, passing wonder, when, reclining at the board,
Thou didst say to Thy disciples, gathered round their dying Lord,
“Take and eat, this is My Body, Drink ye all My Blood outpoured.”

Then the glorious upper chamber was the Lord's own temple made,
And the table of the feasters as an altar stood displayed,
Where the bloodless rite was offered, and the soul's true service paid.

Christ is now our Paschal Victim, eaten for our mystic bread ;
As a lamb led out to slaughter, and for this world offerèd ;
Take we of His Body broken, drink we of the Blood He shed.

To the twelve spake Truth eternal, to the branches spake the Vine :
“Never more from this day forward shall I taste again this wine,
Till I drink it in the kingdom of My Father, and with Mine.”

Christ to all the world gives banquet on that most celestial meat ;
Him, although with lips unworthy, yet with loving hearts we greet ;
Him, the Lamb of God we worship, Priest and Victim all complete.

Amen.

Thursday before Easter.

125

And there appeared an Angel unto Him from Heaven, strengthening Him; and being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly.—Luke xxii. 43, 44.

Lugete, pacis Angeli.

ANGELS of peace, look down from Heaven and mourn,
See, your own God low to the earth is bent ;
Wearing guilt's image, of His glories shorn,
Of wicked men He bears the punishment.

O miracle stupendous of vast love !
O deadness of man's heart that still remains !
To die for you your God comes from above ;
Ye sinful ones yet grudge to share His pains !

It is Thy Cross alone,—alone Thy Cross,
From everlasting flames our souls sets free ;
Here chasten us with sword, fire, worldly loss,
Only, Lord, spare us for eternity.

The flesh shrinks back, it is the Father's will :
He bows His Head, and drinks the bitter cup.
Strong in Thy strength, may we Thy law fulfil,
Take from Thy Hand the chalice and look up.

Healed by the stripes which Thy pure Body stain,
Washed by the Blood that floweth from Thy Side,
Leave us not, lest we sin, and fall again,
And thus the Cross afresh for Thee provide.

Glory to Him, who gave His Son to die ;
Glory to Him, who for the guilty dies ;
Glory to Him, who came down from on high
To sanctify the Holy Sacrifice. Amen.

Good Friday.

126

That I may know Him and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.
Phil. iii. 10.

PART I.

JESU, Thy blessed Brow is torn
In mockery by that crown of thorn ;

Thy Feet and outstretched Hands I see,
Fast nailed to the accursèd tree.

Those wounds are sending forth their
flood
Of anguish, Thy most precious Blood.

I hear from Thee that bitter cry,
Those words of unknown agony.

Parched is Thy Throat, Thy Head sinks
down ;
Almighty One, Thy strength is gone.

Trembling I watch Thy parting breath,
Thou Lord of Life, resigned to death.

I see that white and crimson tide
Outgushing from Thy sacred Side.

For sinful man Thou dost atone—
Thou spotless Lamb—Thou sinless
One !

69

PART II.

JESU, the King of Glory Thou,
Oh, turn on me that bleeding Brow ;

Hide me within Thy wounded Side,
And let me ever there abide.

Oh, may the union be complete—
Mine be Thy Hands, Thy piercèd Feet ;

One in Thy sufferings on the tree,
Let me be crucified with Thee.

The anguish of Thy parting breath,
Thine agony be mine—Thy death.

O great High Priest, O Victim pure,
My penalty Thou didst endure.

Present me at Thy Father's Throne,
Thy sufferings made all my own.

God's pardoning love to me incline,
And let Thy Sacrifice be mine.
Amen.

Good Friday.

127

We are verily guilty concerning our brother.
Gen. xlii. 21.

YE that pass by, behold the Man !
The Man of griefs and wonders too !
The Lamb-slain ere the world began,
Now on His way to die for you.

See ! how His Back the scourges tear,
Unto the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers make long furrows there
Till all His Body is one wound.

In scorn they robe Him, crown, adore ;
In spite they rend His robe away :
They crush Him with that burden sore,
They drag Him up the accursèd way.

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear ;
With nails they fasten to the wood :
His sacred Limbs exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His Blood.

Behold His Temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding Hands spread out so wide !
His streaming Feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His Side !

Beneath our load He faints and dies—
We filled His Soul with pangs un-
known ;
We caused those mortal groans and cries ;
We slew the Father's Only Son.

Yet we through Him may humbly bring
Our thankful praise to Heaven's High
King ;
To Him Who came to save the lost ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

128

*My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee,
in a dry and thirsty land.—Ps. lxxiii. 1.*

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee !
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there !

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding Side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power Thy grace to
move :
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

Hence our hearts melt ; our eyes o'erflow ;
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
“ My Lord, my Love is crucified.”

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast
wrought ;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren Thou !
To Thee, lo ! all our souls we bow :
To Thee our hearts and hands we give :
Thine may we die : Thine may we live !
Amen.

Good Friday.

129

They crucified Him.—S. Matt. xxvii. 35.

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

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

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed !
His Throat with parching thirst is
dried ;
His failing Eyes are dimmed with blood ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of
love ;

And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified,

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;
So may the Blood from out His Side
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Amen.

130

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Is. liii. 3.

Salve caput cruentatum.

HAIL that Head with sorrows bowing,
Crowned with thorns, with anguish
flowing ;
And that Body, pierced and shaken,
Mocked of man, of God forsaken,
Marred 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 !

71

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 !

Amen.

Good Friday.

131

A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

Luke ii. 35.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

By the Cross her station keeping,
Still the mournful mother, weeping,
Watched beside the dying Lord ;
For her soul, of joy bereaved,
Worn with sorrow, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh ! how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, the mother blessed
Of the High, Eternal One !
Oh ! how bitter her affliction,
There to see the crucifixion
Of her own most glorious Son.

Who, with Christ's fond mother gazing,
On that anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep ?
Who, on Christ's fond mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep ?

For His people's sins chastised,
There she saw her Son despoised,
Saw the thorns His temples bind ;
Saw Him next from judgment taken,
Then in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

Jesu, Lord ! may such devotion
Stir in us the same emotion,
Fount of Love, Redeemer blest ;
That our hearts, fresh ardour gaining,
And a higher love attaining,
May on Thee for ever rest. Amen.

132

Wilt Thou shew wonders to the dead ? Shall the dead arise and praise Thee !—Ps. lxxxviii. 10.

DARKLY frowns the evening sky,
Fails for woe the mourner's eye ;
Silent in the silent cave,
Where the dead no being have,
Armèd soldiers by the side,
They have left the crucified.

God ! my God ! and dost Thou show
Wonders 'midst the dead below ?
They who slumber 'neath the earth,
Shall they wake to second birth ?
Who shall those dread gates unfold,
Barred through all the days of old ?

Lo ! the doors are opening,
And the dead behold their King.
See ! the awful fathers know
Him, Who lays death's terrors low.
Hark ! He bids the ancients rise,
Sharers in His sacrifice.

When we sink into the dust,
May we fix on Thee our trust ;
May Thy mighty works be known
Where we helpless lie alone,
Unforgotten in Thy sight,
Where in darkness Thou art Light !

Lord, the day approaches near,
Shield us in that hour of fear ;
Saviour of the sons of men,
May we die to live again !
Dying, may our faith recall
Thy dear death and burial. Amen.

133

It is finished.—John xix. 30.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary :
See ! the rocks are rent asunder ;
Darkness veils the mid-day sky !
“ It is finished ! ”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

O what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
“ It is finished ! ”
Saints His dying words record.

All the types and shadows finished
Of the Ceremonial law :
Man's redemption now completed,
Death and hell no more shall awe :
“ It is finished ! ”
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs ;
Join the triumph to proclaim ;
All on earth and all in Heaven
Join to praise the Saviour's Name :
Alleluia !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! Amen.

134

And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre.—Matt. xxvii. 61.

RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet ;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

Late at even there was seen,
Watching long, the Magdalene.
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine ;
Where, in pure embalmèd cell,
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.—1 Pet. iii. 19.

FATHER and Lord of our whole life,—
As Thine our burden and our strife,
As Thine it was to die and rise,
So Thine the grave and Paradise.

Lord of the eternal Sabbath day,
Lo, at Thy tomb for rest we pray :
Here, rest from our own work ; and there,
The perfect rest with Thee to share.

True God, true Flesh of Mary made,
In a true grave for sinners laid,
With Thee this mortal frame we trust :
O guard and glorify our dust !

Soul of the Lord, so freely breathed,
And to the Father's hands bequeathed,
Draw us with hearts' desire to Thee,
When we among the dead are free.

*Dread Preacher, Who to fathers old
Didst wonders in the gloom unfold ;
Thy perfect creed O may we learn
In Eden, waiting Thy return.

*They saw Thy day, and heard Thy voice,
And in Thy glory did rejoice ;
And Thou didst break their prison-bars,
And lead them high above the stars.

*"Captivity led captive" then
Was sung by Angels and by men :
Grant us the same to sing by faith,
Both now, and at the hour of death.

Our souls and bodies, Lord, receive
To Thine own blessed Easter-Eve :
All our beloved in mercy keep.
As one by one they fall asleep. Amen.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. xxx. 5.

WEEPING as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even !—who are they ?

These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursed tree.

All is over—in the tomb
Sleeps He, as in death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

All is over—fought the fight ;
Heaviness is for a night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we deep His grave within
Shame and doubt and every sin,
Would we rise His crown to win.

Glory to the Lord Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
All from sin and death to save.
Amen.

HYMNS

FOR

Easter.

137

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke xxiv. 34.

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

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

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

Amen.

Judah is a Lion's whelp : from the prey, My Son, Thou art gone up.—Gen. xlix. 9.

Chorus novæ Jerusalem.

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

For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud, through death's do-
mains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.

Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

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

While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace courts to bring
And keep us evermore.

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

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things.—Ps. xcvi. 1.

Finita jam sunt prælia.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
No more of strife! no more of pain!
The Lord of life has risen again!
Uplift ye all the joyful strain;
Alleluia!

The fear of death upon Him fell,
But by that death He conquered hell;
Let earth and Heaven His praise forth-
tell;
Alleluia!

He lay in death's dark prison free,
His Flesh might no corruption see;
Sing out the song of jubilee;
Alleluia!

His Soul in that great day of rest
Was with the spirits of the blest;
And Paradise His Name confessed;
Alleluia!

On that third morn triumphantly,
He rose in glorious majesty!
O, hymn we then His victory;
Alleluia!

The reign of hell and death is o'er,
He holds the keys for evermore;
O, then your songs of praise outpour;
Alleluia!

Lord, by Thy Wounds we call on Thee,
So from death's power to set us free,
That all our life thanksgiving be;
Alleluia! Amen.

Jesus Christ, who is the Faithful Witness, the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.—Rev. i. 5.

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic-watchers say,
"He lives, Who once was slain :
Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

O, joyful sound ! O, glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave !
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring ;
What though the saints like Him shall die
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust :
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

141

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us ; therefore let us keep the Feast.—1 Cor. v. 7.

Ad Regias Agni dapes.

AT the Lamb's high Feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd Side ;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the Feast ;
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat the Manna from above.

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Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight ;
Thou hast brought us life and light :
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall ;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy—
Sin alone can this destroy ;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

And as they went to tell His disciples, behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail.—Matt. xxviii. 9.

Ἀναστᾶντες ἡμεῖρα.

THE Day of Resurrection ! earth, tell it out abroad !
The Passover of gladness ! the Passover of God !
From death to life eternal, from earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over, with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil, that we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal of resurrection-light !
And, listening to His accents, may hear, so calm and plain,
His own " All hail !" and, hearing, may raise the victor-strain.

Now let the Heavens be joyful, let earth her song begin ;
Let the round world keep triumph, and all that is therein ;
Invisible and visible, their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen, our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

Death is swallowed up in victory.—1 Cor. xv. 54.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and Angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids Him rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O Grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below ;
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God :

Hid, till Christ our Life appear,
Glorious in His members here ;
Joined to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of earth and Heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now !
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.—Rom. iv. 25.

THE happy morn is come !
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save ;
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.

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

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address.
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, and was dead.
Amen.

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over Him.—Rom. vi. 9.

HE is risen, He is risen !
Tell it out with joyful voice,
He hath burst His three days' prison ;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice :
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds of darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping—
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ hath conquered hell to-day !

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow :
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now.
Jesus all our sorrows bore :
Sin and pain can vex no more.

He is risen, He is risen !
Open stands the eternal gate ;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state ;
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Three in One, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in Heaven ;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given :
Death's dominion now is o'er ;
Praise to Thee for evermore. Amen.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the Firstfruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! hearts to Heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise.
He, Who on the Cross a Victim, once for man's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ, the First fruits of the holy harvest field,
Which shall all its full abundance at His second coming yield.
Then the golden ears of harvest shall their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine from the furrows of the grave.

Jesus ! we in Thee are risen ! Shed on us Thy quickening grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy Face ;
That, with hearts in Heaven dwelling, we on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gathered safe for evermore with Thee.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! glory be to God on high,
To the Father, and the Saviour Who has gained the victory ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of love and sanctity ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! to the Triune Majesty. Amen.

This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

O filii filiæ.

Allelulia ! Allelulia ! Allelulia !

O SONS and daughters, let us sing !
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.

Allelulia !

That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

Allelulia !

An Angel robed in white they see,
Who forthwith spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."

Allelulia !

That night the Apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them stood their Lord most dear,
And said "My peace be on all here."

Allelulia !

On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise. Allelulia ! Amen.

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake this word :
Allelulia !

"My Hands, My Feet I show to thee,"
"My Side—stretch forth thy hand and
see,"

"Nor faithless, but believing be."

Allelulia !

No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side ;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.

Allelulia !

Blest they, whose eyes did not perceive,
Who firmly yet in Him believe ;
Immortal life they shall receive.

Allelulia !

Why seek ye the living among the dead. He is not here, but is risen !—Luke xxiv. 5, 6.

Jesús lebt, mit Ihm auch ich.

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

Allelulia !

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

Allelulia !

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

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

Allelulia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Far above all power is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven !
Allelulia ! Amen.

Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.—Exod. xv. 21.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and past the
sea ;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

Lift up, lift up your voices now !
The whole wide world rejoices now ;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously :
The Lord shall reign victoriously !

Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth !
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth !
Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison :
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen !

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead ;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

Now once more—Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes :
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise.

Now at last—all things past,
Hope and joy and peace begin :
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :
It is not sadness, peace from strife :
To fall asleep is not to die :
To dwell with Christ is better life. _

Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go ;
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe :
His right Arm is o'er us,
He our guide will be :
Christ hath gone before us ;
Christians ! follow ye !

He shall soon deliver
From every woe,
Alleluia,
If His paths ye tread,
Pleasures, as a river
Shall round you flow,
Alleluia,
When ye see your Head.

With loins up-girt, and staff in hand,
And hasty mien and sandalled feet,
Around the Paschal Feast we stand,
And of the Paschal Lamb we eat.

So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us,
From Egypt's strand :
So shall He precede us, and feed us, and lead us
To Canaan's land.

Toils and foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts failing,
Shall threat in vain :
If He be providing, presiding, and guiding
To Him again.

Christ, our Leader, Monarch, Pleader, Interceder,
Praise we and adore :
Exultation, veneration, gratulation,
Bringing evermore.

Once despised, and once rejected,
Was this Stone ; that now, elected,
To a Corner-stone perfected,
As a glorious trophy stands erected. Amen.

150

And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.—Luke xxiv. 27.

IN Thy glorious Resurrection,
Lord, we see a world's erection,
Man in Thee is glorified ;
Bliss for which the Patriarchs panted,
Joys by holy Psalmists chanted
Now in Thee are verified.

Oracles of former ages,
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,
Now lie open to the sight ;
Now the Types, which glimmered
darkling
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday light.

Isaac from the wood is risen ;
Joseph issues from the prison ;
See the Paschal Lamb which saves !
Israel through the sea is landed,
Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded
And o'erwhelmèd in the waves.

See the cloudy Pillar leading,
Rock refreshing, Manna feeding ;
Joshua fights and Moses prays.
See the lifted Wave-sheaf, cheering
Pledge of Harvest-fruits appearing,
Joyful dawn of happy days.

Samson see at night uptearing
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing
To the top of Hebron's hill ;
Jonah comes from stormy surges,
From his three-days' grave emerges,
Bids beware of coming ill.

Thus Thy Resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story ;
And it casts a forward ray,
Beacon light of solemn warning,
To the dawn of that great Morning
Ushering in the Judgment Day.

Sundays after Easter.

151

*I am the good shepherd, and know My sheep, and
am known of Mine.—John x. 14.*

O JESU ! ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above :
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,—
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way.
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in.

O Shepherd good ! I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold ;—
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal Fold !

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Amen.

152

*Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be
turned into joy.—John xvi. 20.*

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

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

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

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

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

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Praise to Thee, O Christ, our King,
And the Holy Ghost, we sing.

Amen.

153

*Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above,
and cometh down from the Father of lights.—
James i. 17.*

THOU, Who camest from above,
Bringing light, and breathing love,
Teaching us Thy perfect way,
Giving gifts from day to day.

Thou, Who once didst change our state,
Making us regenerate,—
Help us evermore to be
Loving children unto Thee.

Where Thou art not, none can do
What is holy, just, and true ;
Those, whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
Think good thoughts, and do good
deeds.

We have often grieved Thee sore ;
May we never grieve Thee more ;
Thou the feeble canst protect,
Thou the wandering canst direct.

We are dark—be Thou our light ;
We are blind—be Thou our sight ;
Be our comfort in distress ;
Guide us through life's wilderness.

Praise the blessed Three in One ;
Praise the Father and the Son ;
To the Holy Ghost arise
Praise from all beneath the skies !

Amen.

154

*Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name,
He will give it you.—John xvi. 23.*

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

Jesus ! Name decreed of old ;
To the maiden Mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

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

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

Jesus ! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty Heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Burst his fetters, and is saved.

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

Amen.

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name: ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full.
John xvi. 24.

FATHER, we humbly pray
 To Thee, in Whom we live ;
 Our countless sins, for Jesu's sake,
 Forgive, O Lord, forgive.

We have unthankful been
 For all Thy tender care ;
 Thy indignation we deserve ;
 But spare, O Father, spare.

The creatures of Thy hand
 Made for Thy glory are ;
 But we those creatures have abused ;
 Spare us, O Father, spare.

From hard and stubborn hearts,
 Scorning Thy holy Word,
 From Discord, Strife, and Heresy,
 Deliver us, O Lord.

From Plague and Pestilence,
 From Famine, Fire, and Sword,
 From Flood and Storm, from Dearth
 and Drought,
 Deliver us, O Lord.

With genial rains and dews
 Temper the circling year,
 With golden sunshine and fresh breeze ;
 Hear us, O Father, hear.

Sheepfolds and Garners fill,
 The Homestead and the Stall ;
 Orchards and Gardens crown with Fruits,
 Maker and Lord of all.

Love in our households breathe ;
 Hearts ready to obey
 As in Thy sight, and as to Thee,
 Give us, O Lord, we pray.

The Widow desolate,
 The Children fatherless,
 All who in grief and sorrow are,
 Comfort, O Lord, and bless.

The erring and in sin,
 All those who from Thee stray,
 Bring them, O bring them back, good
 Lord,
 To Thy most holy Way.

All who to heathen climes
 Go forth and preach Thy Word,
 Bearing glad tidings of good things,
 Speed them, and help them, Lord.

May all who sit in gloom
 Thy glorious light behold,
 One Faith, one Father, and one Lord,
 One Shepherd, and one Fold.

So may we all with Christ
 To highest Heaven ascend,
 And Alleuias sing to Thee
 In glory without end. Amen.

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.—Luke xvii. 13.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh ! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

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

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

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

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sealed sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany ! Amen.

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it ; Thou makest it very plenteous.—Ps. lxxv. 9.

LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew
wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee :
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that
brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new Heaven and Earth
We never may forego. Amen.

Thy rod, and Thy staff, they comfort me.—Ps. xxiii. 4.

JESU ! Lord, we kneel before Thee,
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear !
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord !

Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
 Boldly we draw nigh to God ;
 Only in Thy spotless merit,
 Only through Thy precious Blood :
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord !

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

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

In the weary night of sickness,
 In the throes of grief and pain,
 When we feel our mortal weakness,
 When the creature's help is vain,
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord !

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

Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford :
 May we, now Thy love possessing,
 And at length our full reward,
 Ever praise Thee,
 Thee, our ever glorious Lord ! Amen.

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.—John xiv. 26.

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations sore oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
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Yet mine eyes their vigil keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 When the priest his last has prayed,
 And I nod to what is said,
 Because my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 When the judgment is revealed,
 And that opened which was sealed,
 When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !
 Amen.

Ask, and it shall be given you.—Matt. vii. 7.

God the Father, from Thy throne,

Hear us, we beseech Thee ;

God the co-eternal Son,

Hear us, we beseech Thee ;

God the Spirit, mighty Lord,

Hear us, we beseech Thee ;

Three in One, by all adored,

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Jesu ! Jesu !

By Thy wondrous Incarnation,

By Thy Birth for our salvation,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu ! Jesu !

By Thy Fasting and Temptation,

By Thy nights of supplication,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu ! Jesu !

By Thy works of sweet compassion,

By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu ! Jesu !

By Thy Blood for sinners flowing,

By Thy Death, true life bestowing,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu ! Jesu !

By Thy glorious Resurrection,

Earnest of our own perfection,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu ! Jesu !

To the Father's throne ascended ;

All Thy pain and sorrows ended,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

Jesu ! Jesu !

Advocate for sinners pleading,

With the Father interceding,

We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,

From every ill defend us,

Thy grace and mercy send us.

HYMNS

FOR

Ascension-Day.

161

While He blessed them He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.—Luke xxiv. 51.

Ἰησοῦς ὁ ἡγούμενος.

JESUS, Lord of Life eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
And His own the last time blest.
Then, though He had never left it,
Sought again His Father's Breast.

Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands,
Call the world to highest festal,
Floods and oceans clap your hands
Angels raise the song of triumph,
Make response ye distant lands.

Trampling death, with all its terrors,
Thou ascendedst up on high,
And to mortals, now immortal,
Gavest immortality;
As Thine own disciples saw Thee,
Mount in triumph to the sky. Amen.

While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native Heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits :
“ Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of Glory in.”

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin ;
Take the King of Glory in !

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

*Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

*Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

*Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in Thee.
Amen.

Alleluia may be added to each line in singing.

Behold, One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him.—Dan. vii. 13.

PART I.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph, see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate ;
Hark ! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their Heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He hath gained the victory ;
He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

He who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting Home,
He, eternal King of Salem, He, true King of Righteousness,
Stands exalted, all the faithful sons of Abraham to bless.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His blood within the veil !
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail ;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place ;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

PART II.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army, succouring His faithful band,

See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who for us is pleading ever with prevailing prayer ;
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet, and with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

Lift us up from earth to Heaven ; give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations, wafting us to realms above ;
That with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory, in His Heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our Heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven, We may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

DOXOLOGY.

Glory be to God the Father, glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, and ascending, Who the Heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit ; to One God in Persons Three,
Glory both in earth and Heaven, glory, endless glory be ! Amen.

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Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the Heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.—Heb. iv. 14.

Jesu, nostra Redemptio.

O CHRIST ! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only Spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom hath been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious might arrayed.

O may Thy wondrous love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.

O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward ;—
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord. Amen.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.—Ps. lxxxix. 1.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be—
 Body, soul, and spirit—
 All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration,
 Bending low the knee.
 Thou for our redemption
 Camest on earth to die ;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

Great, and ever greater,
 Are Thy mercies here,
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there ;
 Where no pain or sorrow
 Toil or care is known ;
 Where the Angel-legions
 Circle round Thy Throne.

Brighter still, and brighter,
 Glows the western sun,
 Shedding all its gladness
 O'er our work that's done,
 Time will soon be over,
 Toil and sorrow past,
 May we, blessed Saviour,
 Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by Saints before us,
 Journeying on to God ;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hurry on,
 Backward never looking,
 Till the prize is won.

Higher still, and higher,
 Soars the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgetting,
 Hastening to its goal ;
 Where in joys unheard of
 Saints with Angels sing,
 Never weary raising
 Praises to their King.

Amen.

*Thou art a Priest for ever, after the order of
Melchisedek.—Ps. cx. 4.*

THE atoning work is done,
No more the Victim bleeds ;
Christ hath the victory won,
And now for us He pleads ;
In Heaven our great High Priest appears
Our names upon His breast He bears.

And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory He shall come,
And take His waiting people home.

To God, the ascended Son,
Father, and Spirit blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed :
Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing
All praise to our High Priest and King.
Amen.

The King of Glory shall come in.—Ps. xxiv. 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high !
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky ;
There His triumphant chariot waits,
And Angels chant the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of Glory in !

*A day in thy Courts is better than a thousand.
Ps. lxxxiv. 10.*

Quam dilecta.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shewest
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has
Their sure protection made ; [Thee
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead !

Thus they proceed from strength to
strength,

And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display !

Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord, of glorious power possest,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all for ever blest

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—Col. iii. 1.

CHRIST, above all glory seated,
King triumphant, strong to save !
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of Heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below !
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and amazed bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
Follow Thee beyond the sky ;
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of Heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

Hail ! all hail ! in Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With One Spirit evermore !

Amen.

This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.—Acts i. 11.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansion, in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord ! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest !

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee !

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

Amen.

He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. vii. 25.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By Almighty love anointed
Thou hast full atonement made :
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood ;
Opened is the gate of Heaven ;
Peace is made for man with God.

Jesu, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the Heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give !
Help, ye bright Angelic Spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !
Amen.

For we have not an High Priest, which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.
Heb. iv. 15.

WHERE high the Heavenly temple stands,
The House of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of Heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Amen.

HYMNS

FOR

Whitsuntide.

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And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.—Acts ii. 2.

WHEN God of old came down from
Heaven,

In power and wrath He came,
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay ;
A day of wrath, and not of grace ;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

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Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom ;
But these—like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and
Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place.—Acts ii. 1.

Jam Christus astra ascenderat.

CHRIST had regained the sky,
To send down whence He came
The promise from on high,
Made in the Father's Name ;
His own await the hour
That seals their coming power.

The mystic destined day
Of sevenfold circling years
Speeds onward on its way
To herald hopes and fears ;
To set the bondmen free :
Great year of Jubilee !

Within the Temple there
In silence all lay hushed—
Down, at that hour of prayer,
Sudden the whirlwind rushed !
Not voiceless as of old,
God's Presence now it told.

And cloven tongues of flame
The Word's full warmth inspire ;
And from the Father came
The Lamp of living fire,
To fill the faithful heart,
And light and life impart.

The Holy Ghost on each
The gift of tongues hath poured,
To tell in varied speech
The wonders of the Lord !
And Babel's work undone
He binds the Church in one.

*Parthian and Elamite,
And strangers far and near,
Greek, Arab, Proselyte,
Their own loved language hear :
All lands where man hath trod
Shall hear the voice of God.

*Though Israelites combine
With Infidels to mock,
Nor drunkenness nor wine
The faltering lips unlock,
But different tongues confess
God's truth in soberness.

*Outspake the Apostle bold,
How God fulfilled His word,
And Prophets had foretold
The coming of the Lord ;
By dream and vision known,
The Spirit seals His own.

Christ, may the Comforter
From God the Father come,
And grace and power confer,
And guide us to Thy Home !
Renew the face of earth,
And give the world new birth. Amen.

For in Thee is the Fountain of Life, and in Thy Light shall we see Light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come;
And, from Thine eternal Home,
Shed the ray of light divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

Sweetest Comforter and best,
Be our souls' abiding guest,
Wiping every tear away;
In our toil refreshment sweet,
Shadow from the noontide heat,
Rest in life's most weary day.

Light eternal ! Light divine !
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And within us ever dwell ;
Shouldst Thou, Lord, withdraw Thy grace,
Hide the shining of Thy Face,
Nought the darkness can dispel.

Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away ;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

Come to every faithful heart,
Come, Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
That Thine own in Thee may live ;
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Everlasting gladness give. Amen.

*Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.
Rom. v. 5.*

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still in Thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove ;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

Having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear.—Acts ii. 33.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every lowly mind ;
Come pour Thy joys on all mankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples meet for Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete.
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with Heavenly love inspire !
Come and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
Thou strength of His Almighty Hand,
Whose power does Heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe ;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete to Thee ! Amen.

*It filled all the house where they were sitting.
Acts ii. 2.*

HE comes ! He comes ! the Holy One
From Heaven's eternal shore ;
His uncreated freshness fills
His saints as they adore.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
How mightily the tempest wheels
That upper Room around !

What gifts He gave those chosen men,
Past ages can display ;
Nay more, their vigour still inspires
The weakness of to-day.

Those tongues still speak within the
Church,
That fire is undecayed ;
Its well-spring was that upper Room,
Where those Twelve Princes prayed.

The Spirit came upon the Church
With His unfailing power ;
And He the Living Heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

O let us worship Him, the bond
Of Father and of Son,
That Holy Spirit of our God,
The Co-eternal One !

Ah ! see how like the Incarnate Word
His Blessed Self He lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
And make His riches ours.

Most tender Spirit, Mighty God !
Sweet must Thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee ! Amen.

HYMNS

FOR

Trinity Sunday.

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*I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending,
saith the Lord, Which is, and Which was, and
Which is to come: the Almighty.—Rev. i. 8.*

Adesto Sancta Trinitas.

BE present, Holy Trinity,
Co-equal Light, One Deity ;
The One Eternal Source confest
Of all things moving or at rest.

Thee all the Heavenly hosts above
Praise, glorify, adore, in love :
Earth, sea, sky, nature's threefold frame,
From age to age doth bless Thy Name.

We, bending low, are present too,
Thee to adore as servants true ;
The prayer and praise we humbly bring,
Join Thou to what Thine Angels sing.

The one sole Light we Thee confess ;
Whom yet in worship thrice we bless :
Alpha and Omega art Thou,
Before Whom all the Spirits bow.

Praise to the unbegotten One,
Praise to His sole-begotten Son,
Praise to the Holy Spirit be ;
One God and Lord, in Persons Three.

Amen.

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*And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy,
Holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full
of His glory.—Is. vi. 3.*

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn ;

“ Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord ! ”

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
“ Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! ” singing,
“ Lord of hosts, the Lord most High ! ”

With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

“ Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord ! ”

Amen.

God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.—1 Cor. ii. 10.

Te Deum Patrem colimus.

FATHER of all ! to Thee we raise
The grateful tribute of our praise,
Who for our two-fold life hast given
Bread from the earth and Bread from
Heaven.

Thou, too, O Jesu ! be adored,
The Only Son, the Almighty Lord,
Who our Salvation to become
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

And Thou, Who didst vouchsafe to rest
Upon the Virgin Mother Blest,
Eternal Spirit ! thanks and praise,
With heart and voice to Thee we raise.

Three Persons but One God ! Whose
grace
Preserves and saves our human race,
With hearts rejoicing, Lord, in Thee,
We hymn this mighty Mystery.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, glory, majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

Amen.

Thousand thousands ministered unto Him.
Dan. vii. 10.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord,
God of Hosts, Eternal King,
By the Heavens and earth adored
Angels and Archangels sing,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy Throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command,
And, when Thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Cherubim and Seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings
Eyes of Angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Thee Apostles, Prophets Thee,
Thee the noble Martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee ;
Thee the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Godhead One and Persons Three ;
May we join the Heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity. Amen.

*Let us therefore come boldly unto the Throne of grace,
that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help
in time of need.—Heb. iv. 16.*

FATHER of Heaven, Whose love profound

A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death ;
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Thrice Holy ! Father, Spirit, Son ;
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to all extend.
Amen.

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*O Lord, Our Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all
the earth.—Ps. viii. 1.*

LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King !
The Heavens are not too high ;
His praise may thither fly :
The earth is not too low ;
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King ;
The Church with psalms must shout ;
No door can keep them out ;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King ! Amen.

And again they said, Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 3.

Alleluia piis.

Now Alleluias sound ye
In strains of holy praise ;
Sing, citizens of Heaven,
To God your voices raise ;
Alleluias evermore
With adoring hearts outpour.

Ye, in the holy City
Shall reign with God on high,
Which ever joyful waketh
To strains of melody ;
Alleluias evermore
In adoring praise outpour.

Thee, Christ, we laud and worship,
Thy glory we proclaim ;
And hail Thee God Almighty
In songs of glad acclaim ;
Alleluias evermore
In adoring praise outpour.

Thou art the grace and glory
Of Heaven's starry plain,
Where unto Thee Thy chosen
Uplift the eternal strain ;
Alleluias evermore
They with thankful hearts outpour.

We too, with souls adoring,
Our Lord and Saviour sing ;
And with full hearts to greet Thee
Our laud and music bring ;
Alleluias evermore
In triumphant hymns outpour.

Amen.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.
Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

Quam dilecta.

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

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill !

They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each in Heaven at length
 Before the Throne appears.
 O glorious seat
 Of God our King !
 Lord, thither bring
 Our willing feet.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be addressed ;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now
 And shall be so
 For evermore. Amen.

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
Ps. civ. 1.

Benedic, anima mea.

O WORSHIP the King
 All glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love :
 Our Shield and Defender,
 The Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned with splendour,
 And girded with praise.

O tell of His might
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space ;
 His chariots of wrath
 The thunder clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail.
 Thy mercies how tender !
 How firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer and Friend.

O measureless Might,
 Ineffable Love :
 While Angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy ransomed creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.—Job xxxviii. 7.

Songs of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias sang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new Heaven and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above. Amen.

Praise ye the Lord from the Heavens, praise Him in the heights.—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

PRAYSE 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, that never shall be broken,

For their guidance He hath made.

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Let the Heaven and earth praise Him.—Ps. lxxix. 34.

Cantate Domino.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing ;
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them His great Name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

By Angels in Heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address ;
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest,
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.
As the Saints in Heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done !

Amen.

Let them praise the Name of the Lord.—Ps. cxlviii. 13.

Laudate Dominum.

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 rulest the night,
And sun, that guidest the day ;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay ;
His praise declare,
Ye Heavens 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.

United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise ! Amen.

Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name.—1 Chronicles xxix. 13.

Nun danket alle Gott.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices !
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way,
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;

And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills,
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Let the Heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.—Ps. xcvi. 11, 12.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia.

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia. Alleluia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous, Alleluia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Alleluia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Praise be done to the Three in One.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

Sundays after Trinity.

194

The Lord magnified Joshua.—Joshua iv. 14.

GUIDE us Thou, Whose Name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land ;
We are weak, and Thou Almighty ;
Hold us with Thy strong right Hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

Let the cloud and fire supernal
Day and night before us go ;
Lead us to the rock and fountain,
Whence the living waters flow ;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us, till no want we know.

When we touch the cold dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide ;
Through the flood and through the
whirlpool
Let Thine Ark our footsteps guide :
Jesu lead us ;
Land us safe on Canaan's side.

Praise the Father, God of Heaven,
Him Who reigns supreme on high ;
Praise the Son, for sinners given,
E'en to suffer and to die ;
Praise the Spirit,
Guiding us so lovingly. Amen.

195

If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.
1 John iv. 11.

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."

110

196

The God which fed me all my life long unto this day.
Gen. xlviii. 15.

O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease, -
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !
Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

He was lost, and is found.—Luke xv. 24.

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 home, O Lord,
Our wandering footsteps lead.

Then at each soul's return
The Heavenly harps shall sound,
“He that was dead now lives again,
He that was lost is found !” Amen.

The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God.—Rom. viii. 19.

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, Thou art all compassion ;
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation ;
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, Thy temples leave :

Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen.

They forsook all, and followed Him.—Luke v. 11.

CREATOR of the rolling flood !
On Whom Thy people hope alone ;
Who camest by water and by Blood,
For man's offences to atone :

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless Church to Thee.

III

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on thy sacred Rock to stand.

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord ! and follow Thee.
Amen.

200

Walk in newness of life.—Romans vi. 4.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
By Thy mercy born again,
For Thy guidance still we pray,
Lest from grace we fall away.

By the mystic cleansing flood,
By the water and the Blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Pure and holy let us be.

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

Thanks and praise, from all on earth,
To the God of our new birth ;
Praise Him, all ye Heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

201

I have compassion on the multitude.—Mark viii. 2.

O HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By Whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord ! to Thee,
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine !

The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at Thy mandate stood,
How well they knew Thy voice Divine,
Whose works they were, and only Thine !

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to Thy word and will
We seek Thy daily mercy still ;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine.

202

Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.—Romans viii. 17.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing !
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise
Glorious in His works and ways !

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

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

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !
Zion's city is in sight :
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

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

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !

Seal our love, our labours end ;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend ;
Let us to Thy kingdom come ;
Lord, we long to be at Home. Amen.

They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.—1 Cor. x. 4.

PART I.

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken
 Zion, City of our God ;
 He, Whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed Thee for His own abode :
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all Thy foes.

Thine the pure and living waters
 From the glorious Throne above ;
 Thither speed thy sons and daughters
 There all thirst they slake in love.
 Streams from that o'erflowing river
 Well each fevered heart assuage ;
 Grace, which, like the Lord ! the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

On their way, around them hovering,
 Pillared cloud or fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering ;
 Shewing that the Lord is near.
 From the holy sign deriving
 Light in darkness, shade by day,
 Bread from Heaven, all heart-reviving,
 For their daily food have they.

PART II.

Blessed city, holy nation,
 Walking where the Saviour trod ;
 Christ, Whose Blood is their salvation,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 His deep love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings ;
 And, as priests, with solemn praises,
 Each the pure thank-offering brings.

Lord ! our portion in Thy city
 Keep Thou by strong grace entire ;
 Christ ! while foes deride or pity,
 Be our hope and hearts' desire.
 Save us from the world's dim pleasure,
 From the false one's pomp and show :
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

Am en.

If thou hadst known . . . the things which belong unto thy peace.—Luke xix. 42.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! enthronèd once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth, thou Heaven below the sky,
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath the wing
Of Him Who called Thee lovingly, thine own anointed King ;
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

“ Her day of grace is sunk in night, her time of mercy spent,
For heavy was her children’s crime, and strange their punishment ;
Yet gaze not idly on her fall, but, sinner, warnèd be :
Who sparèd not His chosen seed may send His wrath on thee !

“ Her day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime ;
Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour’s face in this accepted time !
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be !” Amen.

205

God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.

LORD, in this Thy mercy’s day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

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

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

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

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

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

Amen.

Our sufficiency is of God.—2 Cor. iii. 5.

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

Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

Amen.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and
with all thy strength.—Mark xii. 30.*

Ich will Dich lieben.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone :
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain !
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to mine heart chaste, hallowed
fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all Heaven's host in-
spires ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile,—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod ;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day !

Amen.

*And one of them, when he saw that he was healed,
turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.
Luke xvii. 15.*

Laudate pueri.

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 Heaven in which He
dwells,

Let no created power compare.

Although beneath His state to view
In highest Heaven what Angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care.

He takes the needy from his cell,
Sets him in Zion's courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

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 shall be no more.

Amen.

Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His Work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause ; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused Thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to Thee :
Oh ! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy stedfast Truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care !

Amen.

Of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named.—Eph. iii. 15.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle
 Still His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee ;
 On, then Christian soldiers,
 On to victory !
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God.
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the Saints have trod,
 We are not divided,
 All one Body we,
 One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of Hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail,
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with our's your voices
 In the triumph song.
 Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, &c. Amen.

*One Body and one Spirit, even as ye are called, in
one Hope of your calling.—Eph. iv. 4.*

LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and Heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Oh ! that we now might grasp our Guide !
Oh ! that the word were given !
Come Lord of Hosts the waves divide,
And land us safe in Heaven. Amen.

*Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine
enemies Thy footstool.—Ps. cx. i.*

THE Head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know,

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.—Eph. iv. 30.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear.
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee !

Praise we the Father, praise the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise we Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. Amen.

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. viii. 14.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove ;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin, and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray :
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants and seek supply :
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign. Amen.

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.

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

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

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

Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, " Come ;"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.

Jesu, Eternal Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

*I was daily His delight . . . and My delights
were with the sons of men.—Prov. viii. 30, 31.*

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills,
Brought forth from everlasting,
I, Wisdom, dwelt with Him ;
In joyance never wasting,
And brightness never dim.

When like a tent to dwell in
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood ;
He wrought by weight and measure ;
And I was with Him, then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race !
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above ;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And couldest Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree ?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, " Sinner, I am thine ! " Amen.

*Whose is this image and superscription ?
Matt. xxii. 20.*

IN Thine Image Thou didst make us,
Great Creator, God of love ;
When we fell, Thy mercy sent us
Blest redemption from above :
For Thy love O may we be
Thine to all eternity !

Saviour, Thou for us Incarnate,
Suffering pains no tongue can tell,
By Thy Cross mankind hast rescued
From the power of sin and hell :
For Thy love O may we be
Thine to all eternity !

By Thy Spirit new-created
Lead us on from grace to grace :
Till our body, soul, and spirit
Purified reflect Thy Face.
For Thy love O may we be
Thine to all eternity !

Praise to Thee, our great Creator,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Blest life-giving Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One :
May Thy perfect Image be
Ours to all eternity. Amen.

*I am the Lord that healeth thee.
Exod. xv. 26.*

HEAL us Emmanuel ! here we are
Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls to Thee repair
And, Saviour, we are such !

Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord !

Remember him, who once applied
With trembling for relief !
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“ Help Thou mine unbelief.”

She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace ;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view :
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Strong her misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee if we may ;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away. Amen.

I am the root and the offspring of David.—Rev. xxii. 16.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne ;
Hark ! how the Heavenly anthem
drowns
All music but its own !

Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee ;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son !
The God Incarnate born,—
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won,
Which now His Brow adorn.

Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's Stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem !

Crown Him the Lord of Love !
Behold His Hands and Side,—
Those Wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified :

No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace !
Whose power a sceptre sways
In Heaven and earth—that wars may
cease,
And all be prayer and praise :

His reign shall know no end ;
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime ;

Glassed in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Form,—the Infinite !
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven !
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through Him given
From yonder Triune Throne !

All hail,—Redeemer,—hail !
For Thou hast died for me :
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.—Is. lxx. 18.

Who shall ascend the holy place,

And stand on the holy hill ?

Who shall the boundless realms of space,

With shouts of rapture thrill ?

Alleluia,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

The servants of the Lord are they,

The pure in heart and hand, -

For whom the eternal bars give way,

The eternal gates expand.

Alleluia,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

The noble, self-esteemèd strong,

The wealthy, or the wise,

Have not a part in the Angel-song,

That music of the skies.

Alleluia,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

All who, in humble lowly fear,

With childlike faith and love

Serve Jesus as their Master here,

Shall praise their Lord above.

Alleluia,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

All who in early youth to Him

Their morn of life have given,

With Cherubim and Seraphim,

And all the host of Heaven,

Alleluia,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

Shall stand in robes of purest white,

And to the Lamb shall raise

The song that rests not day or night,

The eternity of praise.

Alleluia,

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

Amen.

Hymns on the Holy Communion.

221

Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life.—John vi. 35.

Adoro Te latens Deitas.

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament art pleased to be ;
Both flesh and spirit in Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O, blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford !
O, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ ! for ever precious be.

Fountain of goodness ! Jesu, Lord and God !
Cleanse us unclean with Thy most cleansing Blood ;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace, which from Thy Presence flow.

O Christ ! Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy Face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

222

This do in remembrance of Me.—Luke xxii. 19.

BREAD of Heaven ! on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is Meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread !
Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of Heaven ! Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of Sacrifice ;
Lord ! Thy wounds our healing give ;
To Thy Cross we look and live ;
Lord of Life ! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Amen.

Come, for all things are now ready.—Luke xiv. 17.

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 its 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 displayed?
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.

Let crowds approach, with hearts pre-
pared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

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

*And lo! in the midst of the Throne . . . stood a
Lamb as it had been slain.—Rev. v. 6.*

Thou, God, all glory, honour, power,
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 redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and Heaven,
To Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb be given. Amen.

*Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him,
for the marriage of the Lamb is come.—Rev. xix. 7.*

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!
Which is 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! Amen.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast.—1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim,
While thus Thy precious death we
show :

Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the Throne.

Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain ;
The blood of sprinkling speaks and
prays,

All prevalent for helpless man.
Thy Blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

The smoke of Thy Atonement here
Darkened the sun and rent the veil,
Made the new way to Heaven appear,
And showed the great Invisible :
Well pleased in Thee, our God looked
down,
And calls His rebels to a crown.

He still respects Thy Sacrifice ;
Its savour sweet does always please :
The Offering smokes through earth and
skies,

Diffusing life, and joy and peace :
To these, Thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

We need not now ascend to Heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now Thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real Presence here ! Amen.

My Flesh is Meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.—John vi. 55.

O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on Heavenly Food ;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus, may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God are Thine !
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

He that cometh to Me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.—John vi. 35.

Verbum Supernum prodiens.

THE Word from His eternal Home,
Yet leaving not His Father's Side,
Forth to His work on earth had come,
At this world's solemn eventide.

By one disciple to be given
For death to envious foes, accurst ;
Himself, the very Bread from Heaven,
He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,
His holy Flesh, His precious Blood ;
That the whole man therein may find
Of body and of soul the food.

When born, their Fellow-man was He ;
Their Food, when gathered at the board ;
He died their Ransomer to be ;
He ever reigns their great Reward.

O salutary Victim, slain
To open wide the gates of Heaven ;
When powers of hell press on amain,
May health and strength by Thee be given !

Praise, Three in One, to Thee we give,
Who dost this saving grace afford.
Saying to sinners eat and live,
And living grow more like your Lord !
Amen.

Eat, O friends ; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved !—Song of Sol. v. 1.

Jesu dulcedo cordium.

JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee All in All !

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still !
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesu, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !
Amen.

Hymns on Baptism.

230

Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—John iii. 5.

GLAD sight ! the Holy Church
Spreads forth her wings of love,
To welcome to her breast a child,
Begotten from above.

Begotten at the Font,
By God the Spirit's power,
A gentle lamb from Satan snatched
In childhood's helpless hour.

E'en now around the Font
Unseen by mortal eye,
Bright ministering Angels watch
The wondrous mystery.

There to receive their charge
In readiness they stand,
And long to guide its feeble steps
To their own happy land.

And all the Host of Heaven
Rejoice before the Lord,
To see one child of fallen man
A child of God restored.

Thus did the Baptist's word,
O'er Jordan's stream proclaim
Behold One greater shall baptize
With Spirit and with flame.

Marked by the tasted stream
Was Gideon's chosen band,
Now by the Font Christ marks His own,
Within His courts to stand.

Praise Him who made ! praise Him
Who did redeem our race !
Praise Him who us doth sanctify
With pure baptismal grace. Amen.

231

Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

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 ! Amen.

On the Baptism of those of Riper Years.

232

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. xxviii. 19.

COME Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by Thee;
Make good our Apostolic boast,
And own Thy glorious ministry.

We now Thy promised Presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptise into Thy Name,
We now Thy promised Presence find.

Father ! in these reveal Thy Son :
In these, for whom we seek Thy Face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, Baptismal grace.

Jesu ! with us Thou always art :
Effectuate now the sacred sign ;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

Eternal Spirit ! from on high,
Baptiser of our spirits Thou !
The Sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now !

O that the souls baptised therein
May now Thy truth and mercy feel ;
May rise and wash away their sin !
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.
Amen.

233

The like figure whereunto, even Baptism, doth also now save us.—1 Pet. iii. 21.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down !
Present with Thy Heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown :
See a sinful worm of earth !
Bless to him the cleansing flood !
Plunge him by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.

Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign ;
On his new-born soul impress
The character divine !
Father, all Thy Name reveal !
Jesu, all Thy Name impart !
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in his heart ! Amen.

Hymns on Confirmation.

234

This is the way, walk ye in it.—Is. xxx. 21.

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem, cleave the skies with shouts of praise ;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom, Ancient of eternal days ;
God Eternal, Word Incarnate, Whom the Heaven of heavens obeys !

Ere He raised the lofty mountains, formed the sea, or built the sky ;
Love eternal, free and boundless, forced the Lord of Life to die :
Lifted up the Prince of Princes on the throne of Calvary.

·If H is people walk in darkness through the thickest clouds of night,
He, according to His promise, sends the pillar-beam of light ;
Then they pass along His highway, turning not to left or right.

When the thirsty pant for water, and no cooling streams are found,
He descends, like showers in spring time, softening all the parchèd ground ;
While the smitten Rock its torrents pours in ample streams around.

Hungry souls that faint and languish, by His bounteous Hand are fed !
Yes, He gives them Food immortal ! gives Himself, the living Bread ;
Gives the chalice of His Passion, rich with Blood on Calvary shed.

Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims,—who shall pluck you from His Hand ?
Pledged He stands for their salvation, who are fighting for His land.
Oh ! that we, amidst His true ones, round His Throne may one day stand !

Amen.

And in the place where the Cloud abode, there the children of Israel pitched their tents.—Numb. ix. 17.

THE shadow of the Almighty's Cloud
Calm on the tents of Israel lay,
While drooping paused twelve banners
proud,

Till He arise and lead the way.

Then to the desert breeze unrolled,
Cheerly the waving pennons fly,
Lion or eagle—each bright fold
A load-star to a warrior's eye.

So should Thy champions, ere the strife,
By holy hands o'ershadowed kneel,
So, fearless for their charmed life,
Bear to the end Thy Spirit's seal.

*Steady and pure as stars that beam
In middle heaven, all mist above,
Seen deepest in the frozen stream ;—
Such is their high courageous love.

*And soft as pure, and warm as bright,
They brood upon life's peaceful hour,
As if the dove that guides their flight
Shook from her plumes a downy
shower.

Spirit of might and sweetness too !
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod.

Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth ;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

*And, oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do Thou renew,
When, beckoned up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward Thee we
drew ;

*When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own Thee to the death.

*For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in Memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.
Amen.

And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.—Mal. iii. 17.

THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity !

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest ;

Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O protect us to the end.

Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to Heaven.
Amen.

Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.—Exod. xiv. 15.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Beneath His banner true ;
 The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials :
 He knows thine hourly need ;
 He can with Bread of Heaven
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Fear not the secret foe ;
 Far more o'er thee are watching
 Than human eyes can know ;
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain ;
 Cease not to watch and pray ;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished,
 And Heaven is all possessed ;
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armour by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Fear not the gathering night :
 The Lord has been thy shelter ;
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn His Face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past :
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last ! Amen.

Come unto Me . . . for I am meek and lowly of heart.—Matt. xi. 28, 29.

JESU ! meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
 Loose our captive chains,
 Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love ;
 Draw us, holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the Way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

Jesu ! meek and gentle,
 Son of God Most High ;
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

Hymns at Holy Matrimony.

239

A threefold cord is not quickly broken.—Eccl. iv. 12.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away :

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break ;

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gavest to Adam
Out of his own pierced side :

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands :

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The Heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's Own Bride they rise.
Amen.

240

Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.—John ii. 2.

How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.

And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He Who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day ;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced Side.

Before Thine Altar-throne
This mercy we implore ;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

Hymns at Ordinations, Ember Days, and for Missions.

241

It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.—Acts ii. 17.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart :

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight :

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace :

Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One :

That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song ;

Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

242

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.
Is. lii. 7.

How beautiful the feet that bring the gladsome tidings here !
What gracious messengers of peace to longing eyes appear !
Baptized by them, the souls arise that did in Adam die ;
And, fed with living Bread from heaven, are trained for rest on high.

Thy servants speak ;—Thou only dost the hearing ear bestow ;
They smite the rock ;—Thou Lord alone dost bid the waters flow.
They seek ;—but only Thou hast skill to bring lost wanderers home :
They call ;—but Thy love must compel, and then the invited come.

Lord, Thou art in them of a truth, lest we should go astray :
The twelve bright banners march before, and show us Canaan's way.
All praise to Him Who thus vouchsafes to guide us on the road,
Until we rest on Sion's Hill, in Presence of our God. Amen.

And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.—2 Tim. ii. 2.

CHRIST is gone up ; yet ere He passed
From earth, in Heaven to reign,
He formed One holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

His twelve Apostles first he made
His ministers of grace :
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

So age by age, and year by year,
The stream of grace flows on ;
And still the holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
Whose faith and love are cold ;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one Fold.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By Thy whole Church be glory done,
And by the Angel host. Amen.

Their line is gone out through all the earth.—Ps. xix. 4.

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed
them !

Thou art Lord of winds and waves :
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
them ;

Now they go to free the slaves :

Be Thou with them !

'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord ! they go at Thy command ;

As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land :

Be Thou with them !

Lead them safely by the hand !

Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,

When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay :

Be Thou with them !

Drive their terrors far away.

In the midst of opposition

Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee :

When success attends their mission,

Let Thy servants humbler be :

Never leave them,

Till Thy Face in Heaven they see ;

There to reap, in joy for ever,

Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;

There to be with Him, Who never

Ceases to preserve His own.

And with triumph

Sing a Saviour's grace alone !

Amen.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Is. vi. 8.

LORD of Life, Prophetic Spirit, in sweet measure evermore,
To the holy children dealing each his gift from Thy rich store :
Bless Thy Family, adoring as in Israel's schools of yore.

Holy Jesus, Eye most loving on each young disciple bent ;—
Voice That, seeming earthly, summoned Samuel in the awful tent ;—
Hand That cast Elijah's mantle : Thine be all Thy grace hath lent.

As to Thine own seventy scholars, Thou of old Thine Arm didst reach,
Under Thy majestic shadow, guiding them to do and teach,
Till their hour of solemn unction ; so be with us all and each.

God and Father of all Spirits, Whose dread call young Joshua knew,
Forty days in darkness waiting with Thy servant good and true,
Thence to wage Thy war descending, own us, Lord, Thy champions too.

One Thy Light, the temple filling, Holy, Holy, Holy, Three ;
Meanest men and brightest angels wait alike the word from Thee ;
Highest musings, lowliest worship, must their preparation be.

PART II.

Now Thou speakest—hear we trembling—from the Glory comes a voice—
“ Who accepts the Almighty's mission? Who will make Christ's work his
choice ?

Who for Us proclaim to sinners, turn, believe, endure, rejoice ?”

Here are we, Redeemer, send us ! but because Thy work is fire,
And our lips, unclean and earthly, breathe no breath of high desire,
Send Thy Seraph from Thine altar, veiled but in his bright attire.

Cause him, Lord, to fly full swiftly with the Mystic Coal in hand,
Sin consuming, soul transforming, (faith and love will understand ;)
Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy, with Thine own keen healing brand.

Thou didst come that Fire to kindle ; fain would we Thy torches prove ;
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting with the undying spark of love ;
Only feed our flame, we pray Thee, with Thy breathings from above.

Now to God, the soul's Creator, to His Word and Wisdom sure,
To His all-enlightening Spirit, patron of the frail and poor,
Three in One, be praise and glory, here, and while the heavens endure.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him.—Ps. lxxii. 11.

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

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

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth ;

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

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

Amen.

247

His dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth.

Zech. ix. 10.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;

The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no
more ;

In Him the Sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen !

Then shall the earth yield her increase.—Ps. lxxvii. 6.

RISE gracious God, and shine
 In all Thy saving might,
 And prosper each design
 To spread Thy glorious light ;
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.

Bring distant nations near,
 To sing Thy glorious praise ;
 Let every people hear,
 And learn Thy holy ways !
 Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
 And govern by Thy righteous laws !

O be Thy way revealed,
 That Gentiles all may see,
 And earth her increase yield
 In converts born to Thee :
 God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
 And fill the earth with righteousness.

To God, the only wise,
 The one immortal King,
 Let Alleluia rise
 From every living thing ;
 Let earth and Heaven with all their host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Amen.

Serve the Lord with gladness, all ye lands.—Ps. c. 2.

Jubilate Deo.

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.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom Heaven and earth adore.
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
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 !

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

The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers.—Ps. lxxviii. 11.

O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky !

We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifeth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the Heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled ;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

Oh make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old,

Oh teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended
They see Thee face to face.

Amen.

The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.
Is. xxxv. 1.

LÔ! He comes! let all adore Him!
He! the God of grace and truth!
Go! prepare the way before Him,
Make the rugged places smooth!
Lô! He comes, the mighty Lord!
Great His work, and His reward.

Let the valleys all be raised;
Go and make the crooked straight;
Let the mountains be abased;
Let all nature change its state;
Through the desert mark a road,
Make a Highway for our God.

Through the desert God is going;
Through the desert waste and wild,
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled;
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.

Where the thorn and briar flourished,
Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord and nourished,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too;
They shall rise on every side,
They shall spread their branches wide.

From the hills and lofty mountains
Rivers shall be seen to flow,
There the Lord will open fountains,
Thence supply the plains below;
As He passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful hand.

Amen.

Freely ye have received, freely give.
Matt. x. 8.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll!
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

That I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.—Eph. iii. 8.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken ! None has taught
them

Of His love so deep and dear ;
Of the precious price that bought
them !

Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness
drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings,
Wide to earth's remotest strand ;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore ;
Seaward far the islands brighten ;
Light of nations ! lead us o'er :
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Amen.

*Alleluia ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.
Rev. xix. 6.*

HARK ! the song of Jubilee—
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Alleluia ! for the Lord
God Omnipotent doth reign ;
Alleluia ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia ! hark, the sound
From earth's centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks,
'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the Kingdom of His Son.

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

Amen.

For the Service at the Burial of the Dead, and in Times of Affliction.

256

Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in Heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn.
Matt. xxiv. 30.

Dies Iræ, Dies illa.

DAY of wrath ! O day of mourning !
See ! the Son's dread sign returning ;
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

Oh ! what fear the sinner rendeth,
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth !

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

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

When the Judge His Seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing undisclosed remaineth.

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

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

Think, good Jesu—my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation :
Leave me not to reprobation ;

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

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

For my past transgressions grieving,
Clothed with shame, with anguish
writhing,
Spare ! Thy suppliant's doom reprieving.

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

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

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

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

Low I kneel with heart-submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition—
Save, O save me from perdition !

Day of sorrow, day of fear,
When the summons all shall hear,
And before the Judge appear.

Lord, all-pitying Jesu blest,
Save the souls with sin opprest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.—Heb. xii. 6.

THOUGH, by sorrows overtaken,
Lord, Thy servants seem forsaken ;
Thine Almighty hand, we know,
Blendeth love with human woe.

Over earth, and over ocean,
Claiming sinful man's devotion,
Round the living and the dead,
Lord, Thy boundless love is spread.

All to death in this world hasteth,
Riches vanish, beauty wasteth ;
Yet within the mourner's breast
Love is an undying guest.

Love, unlike all worldly pleasures,
Wraps in grief its golden treasures ;
But to meek and wounded hearts
Lasting joy Thy love imparts.

Love, that strength and pardon bringest,
Through His Cross, from whence thou
springest,
Win us with Thy gracious force ;
Heavenward turn our spirits' course.

Come, our darkened souls adorning,
Come, reveal salvation's morning ;
Sin's drear midnight roll away,
Bring the light of endless day. Amen.

Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—Is. liii. 4.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head.
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.—1 Tim. vi. 7.

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But oh ! the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er.

The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly he had failed,—
 How nearly had the foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penned :
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end !
 But One came by with wounded Side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home,
 O nights and days of tears,
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins, and doubts and fears,—
 What matter now, when, so men say,
 The King has wiped those tears away ?
 Amen.

Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.
Ps. cxix. 117.

IN the hour of trial,
 Jesu ! pray for me ;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee ;
 When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

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

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

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

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. viii. 18.

WHERE the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near,

He will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy hidden woes.

Raise thine eyes to Heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

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 Heaven shall know ;

Jesu ! holy Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love. Amen.

The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.—Jer. x. 23.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own Hand ;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, O God ;
So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All ! Amen.

They that dwell under His shadow shall return: they shall revive as the corn.—Hos. xiv. 7.

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow,
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

Thy will be done.—Matt. xxvi. 42.

MY God, My Father, while I stray
Far from my Home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

If thou shouldest call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy free Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done." Amen.

Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.—Gen. xxviii. 16.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-El I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ! Amen.

The Lord went before them . . . by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.—Exod. xiii. 21.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path—but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,—
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

On the Consecration of a Church.

267

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her Husband.—Rev. xxi. 2.

Urbs beata, Hierusalem.

BLESSED city, Heavenly Salem, vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded day by day in courts above ;
And, with Angel-hosts encircled, as a bride to earth dost move

New and newly Heaven-descended, grace and glory round her shed,
From her robing and espousals to her Lord shall she be led :
Purest gold are all her bulwarks, in her street on gold they tread.

Her pearl gates in brightness glitter, gates for ever open wide ;
And, by virtue of His merits thither entering, there abide
Whoso for the Name of Jesus in this world are crushed and tried.

Many a blow and dint most heavy well prepared those stones elect,
In their places now compacted by the Heavenly Architect ;
Who with their eternal order wills His mansions should be decked.

PART II.

Angulare fundamentum.

CHRIST is laid the sure foundation, and the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two walls underlying, bound in each, binds both in one.
Holy Sion's help for ever, and her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city, dearly loved of God on high,
Full of tuneful praise and gladness, jubilant with melody,
To each co-eternal Person owns the Triune Deity.

In this temple, Lord most mighty, won by prayer do Thou draw near ;
In Thy loving mercy bending to each heart's deep vows and dear :
Thine own lavish benediction night and day pour on us here.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants what they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever with the blessed to retain,
And, to Paradise translated, there in rest with Thee to reign.

Doxology common to both parts.

Glory to our God, and honour ; highest He above all height :
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, One in praise, and One in might ;
Might and praise enduring ever in the changeless worlds of light. Amen.

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—Is. lvii. 15.

JESU ! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

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

Yet everywhere Thou guidest Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne ;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them,
Lord !

Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name !

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

Here to the babe new born on earth
Grant Thou the newer, better birth ;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.

Here to the weary, hungry soul
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole ;
The bread that is Christ's Flesh for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's Blood.

Behold, at Thy heart-stirring word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come with Thy glory fill the place,
Let all around be light and grace.

Come, with Thy mighty, rushing wind,
Thy fire that rages unconfined !
Shake every soul, win every heart,
Come, nor for evermore depart ! Amen.

269

Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house ; and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.—Ps. xxvi. 8.

Patris Æterni Soboles Coeva.

O WORD of God above
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this house with Thy sure love,
And bless our festival.

Here from the Font is poured
Grace on each guilty child ;
The blest anointing of the Lord
Brightens the once defiled.

Here Christ to faithful hearts
His Body gives for food ;
The Lamb of God Himself imparts -
The Chalice of His Blood.

Here guilty souls that pine
May health and pardon win ;
The Judge absolve, and grace divine
Restore the dead in sin.

Yea, God enthroned on high
Here also dwells to bless ;
Here trains adoring souls that sigh
His mansions to possess.

Against this holy home
Rude tempests harmless beat,
And Satan's angels fiercely come
But to endure defeat.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.—Ps. ii. 11.

Gott ist gegenwärtig.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His Face!
Who know His power, His grace who
prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! Him day and night
United choirs of Angels sing:
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises
bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a faltering tongue!

Grant us the toys of earth to leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee
alone:
Our spirit, soul, and flesh to give;
O take us, seal us for Thine own!
Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!
Be Thou by all Thy Works adored!

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy Face,
Thence speed to work Thy sovereign
will.
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

In Thee we move; all things of Thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all!
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men; for God is Man!
All may we lose, so Thee we gain. Amen.

This is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven.—Gen. xxviii. 17.

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All other joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

We love the sacred Font;
Wherein the Holy Dove
Pours out as He was wont
The effluence from above.

We love our Father's board,
Its altar steps are dear;
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.

We love Thy saints who come
Thy mercy to proclaim,
To call the wanderers home,
And magnify Thy Name.

Our first and latest love
To Zion shall be given.
The House of God above,
On earth the Gate of Heaven.
Amen.

On the Restoration of a Church.

272

We are the servants of the God of Heaven and earth, and build the House that was builded these many years ago.—Ezra v. 11.

Urbs beata, Hierusalem.

BLESSED City, Heavenly Salem ; land of glory, land of rest ;
Joyous ever and triumphant with the armies of the blest ;
Where the King, thy grace renewing, doth His glory manifest.

Now and henceforth this Thy temple shall a holier memory own,
By the right of restoration from the old foundation-stone,
Than the former House, here builded, had in other ages known.

Come Thou now, and be among us, Lord and Maker, while we pray :
Let Thy Presence fill the Temple which we dedicate to-day ;
And, Thyself its Consecrator, dwell within its walls alway !

Grant that all Thy faithful people may Thy truer Temple be ;
Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit know another Lord than Thee :
But, to Thee once dedicated, serve Thee everlastingly.

Bright be here the Monarch's Altar with the presents that we bring :
Held in holy veneration, rich with many an offering ;
Ever hallowed, ever quiet, ever dear to God its King !

Here our souls as Thy true Altars deign to hallow and to bless,
O Thou future Judge of all men, with Thy grace and holiness ;
That Thy gifts sent down from Heaven, we may evermore possess.

Glory to our God and honour ; highest He above all height ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, One in praise, and One in might ;
Might and praise enduring ever in the changeless realms of light.

Amen.

School Festivals.

273

He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—Is. xl. ii.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd, little ones are dear to Thee ;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried in Thy bosom may they be ;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended, from all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave them from Thy fold to go astray ;
By Thy look of love directed, may they walk the narrow way ;
Thus direct them, and defend them, lest they fall an easy prey.

Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly in the stream Thy love supplied :
Mingled streams of blood and water flowing from Thy wounded Side ;
And to Heavenly pastures lead them, where Thine own still waters glide.

Let Thy holy Word instruct them ; fill their minds with Heavenly light !
Let Thy love and grace constrain them to approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it, and to feel Thy burden light.

Taught to lisp the holy praises which on earth Thy children sing,—
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned may they their thank-offerings bring ;
Then with all the Saints in glory join to praise their Lord and King !

Amen.

274

That signs and wonders may be done by the Name of Thy Holy Child Jesus.—Acts iv. 30.

LORD Jesus, God and Man,
For love of men a Child,
The very God, yet born on earth
Of Mary, undefiled ;

Lord Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for childlike hearts
For gentle holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As Angels do above.

152

We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessed Saints.

O joy to live for Thee !
O joy in Thee to die !
O very joy of joys to see
Thy Face eternally.

Lord Jesu, God and Man,
We praise Thee, and adore,
Who art, with God the Father, One,
And Spirit, evermore. Amen.

Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.—Mark x. 15.

LAMB of God I look to Thee ;
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild ;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart !
Thou art pitiful and kind ;
Let me have Thy loving mind !

Meek and lowly may I be ;
Thou art all humility !
Let me to my betters bow :
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will ;
Never His good Spirit grieve ;
Only to His glory live !

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art !
Live Thyself within my heart !

Then shall I shew forth Thy praise ;
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.
Amen.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an Heavenly.—Heb. xi. 16.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on
And the dark, cold night :
There's a bright land far away,
Where is never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay ;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long ;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him !
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His Face.

Who shall go to that bright land ?
All who do the right :
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white.
For that Heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

277

He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.—Jer. v. 24.

SUMMER ended, harvest o'er,
Lord, to Thee our song we pour,
For the valley's golden yield,
For the fruits of tree and field ;

For the promise ever sure
That while Heaven and earth endure,
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat
Shall their yearly round complete ;

For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,
Watch o'er all the buried grain,
Soon to burst to life again.

Lord, when earthly gifts must fail,
And our years have told their tale,
When in death our flesh is sown,
Watch, O Jesu, o'er Thine own.

When the unknown hour is come,
And the last great Harvest-home,
And the reaping Angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King :

When the tribes of earth shall weep,
And the goats shall leave the sheep,
Jesu, may we gathered be
In the Heavenly barn to Thee.

Then the Angel cry shall sound,
" Praise the Lamb, the lost are found,"
And the answering song shall be,
" Alleluia! praise to Thee ;

" Praise to Thee, the toil is o'er ;
Blight and curse shall be no more ;
Lo ! the mighty work is done,
Glory to the Three in One." Amen.

*They joy before Thee, according to the joy in
harvest.—Is. ix. 3.*

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

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From His field shall 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 gathered 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 !

155

Amen.

*For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
Ps. cxvi. 7.*

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise !
The God of our salvation
Is love in all His ways !
He blesseth us, and feedeth
The creatures of His hand,
To succour him that needeth,
And gladden all the land.

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime,
From every belfried steeple,
In symphony sublime.
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods and hills and valleys
Re-echo the glad voice.

O praise the Hand that giveth—
And giveth evermore—
To every soul that liveth,
Abundance flowing o'er.
For every soul He filleth
With Manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of His love.

To God the loving Father,
Who biddeth us rejoice,
Let all within His temple
Lift high their thankful voice.
To Jesus, our Redeemer,
On His bright Throne in Heaven,
To Holy Ghost Eternal
Be praise for ever given.

Amen.

When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.—Deut. viii. 10.

LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned ;

Our thanks we pay

This holy day ;

O let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth ;
If Summer warms the fruitful earth ;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain ;

Still do we sing

To Thee our King ;

Through all their changes Thou dost
reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal Hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;

We too will raise

Our hymn of praise,

For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest ! all is Thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed, once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound !

New, every year,

Thy gifts appear ;

New praises from our lips shall sound !
Amen.

281

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.—John xii. 24.

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

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

156

Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall Thine Angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
The sport of wind and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Lord, daily let our prayer be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread :
But not alone our bodies feed ;
Supply our fainting spirits' need.
O Bread of life, from day to day
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay.

Amen.

*While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat shall not cease.
Gen. viii. 22.*

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

When in the bsoom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine!
The plants in beauty grew,
Thou gavest summer suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

Thy Hand unseen, that works above,
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain,

Seed time and harvest Thou alone
Dost, Lord! on man bestow;
Then let not man forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow.

The fulness of the earth is Thine,
To Thee our songs we raise,
And with the Angel host combine
The Triune God to praise! Amen.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness.—Ps. lxxv. 11.

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 joys which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores:

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

In the Time of God's Judgments.

284

*And when the even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and He alone on the land.
Mark vi. 47.*

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling ;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth :
Grant us Thy peace, Lord !

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging ;
Calm Thy foes raging :

Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven. Amen.

The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

Benedicam Domino.

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

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

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;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

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

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

In wrath remember mercy.—Hab. iii. 2.

WHEN the messengers of wrath,
Famine, Pestilence, or War,
March upon their deadly path;
When Thine arrow fieth far,
Trembling man the lesson learns,
Unto Thee, O God! he turns.

Suddenly Thy judgments come,
Hurrying onward on their way,
Desolating heart and home,
While Thy summons they obey,
Yet the Heavenly mercy can
Still in wrath remember man.

When the foe in silence slept,
Fiercely Thine Almighty Word
Down upon the first-born swept,
Like a sharp avenging sword.
Keen the weapon, keen the breath,
Of the Angel launching death!

Yet though righteously Thine arm
Egypt's sons to slaughter gave,
Thy redeemed from death's alarm,
Christ, the Passover, did save;
And the cloudy pillar rose,
Light to friends, but dark to foes.

Lord! Thy judgments sent abroad
Justice and Thy love declare,
May our souls by them be awed,
For Thy mystery they share.
In thy councils have their birth,
Reach to Heaven, but rest on earth. Amen.

Hymns to be used at Sea.

287

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters : these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.—Ps. cvii. 23, 24.

GENERAL HEADING.

O LORD ! be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For Thou, O God, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thine Hand !

PART I.

As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save.

So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, " Peace, be still !"

PART II.

If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar—

Be Thou the mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

PART III.

When tempest-tost in seas of doubt
Hearts sink, and cheeks grow pale,
May we within the Church, Thine Ark,
Secure out-ride the gale.

And may our anchor, grappling still,
Fast moored to that firm Rock,
By being held of Thee hold on,
And brave the tempest's shock.

Then may Thy Word the compass prove
To steer our course afar,
Thy Hope our anchor lest we drift,
Thy Love our polar-star.

Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

Doxology to be sung at the end of each part.

To Thee, the Father, Thee the Son, Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep, be praise for evermore ! Amen.

Lord, save us : we perish.—Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker :—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed to cherish ;
Rebuke the destroyer ; "Save, Lord, or we perish." Amen.

Even the winds and the sea obey Him.—Matt. viii. 27.

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

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkèdst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea. Amen.

The Lord reigneth.—Ps. xciii. 1.

Dominus regnavit.

God the Lord a King remaineth,
 Robed in His own glorious light ;
 God hath robed Him, and He reigneth :
 He hath girded Him with might.
 Alleluia !
 God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
 Earth is poised, to swerve no more ;
 Thou hast laid Thy Throne's foundation,
 From all time where thought can soar.
 Alleluia !
 Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have lift their roar,
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore.
 Alleluia !
 For the ocean's sounding store !

With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep ;
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God who reigns on Heaven's high
 Alleluia ! [steep.
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

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

291

Be of good cheer, it is I ; be not afraid.—Matt. xiv. 27.

Ζοφερασ τρικυμίας.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night ;
 Oars laboured heavily,
 Foam glimmered white ;
 Mariners trembled,
 Peril was nigh !
 Then said the God of God,
 " Peace ! it is I !"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest ;
 Wail of the tempest-wind,
 Be thou at rest ;

Peril can none be,
 Sorrow must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light,
 " Peace ! it is I !"

Jesu, Deliverer !
 Come Thou to me ;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea :
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
 " Peace ! it is I !" Amen.

Offertory Hymn.

292

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.
1 Cor. xvi. 2.

GENERAL HEADING.

ALMIGHTY Father! Heaven and earth
With lavish wealth before Thee bow;
Those treasures owe to Thee their birth,
Creator, Ruler, Giver, Thou.

The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,
The waving corn, the bending tree,
Are Thine, to us Thou lendest them.

PART I.

To Thee, as early morning's dew,
Our incense, alms and prayer, should
rise,

As rose, when joyous earth was new,
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.

And when Thine Israel travel-sore
With offerings to Thy courts would
come,

With free and willing hearts they bore
Gifts, even from their desert-home.

Or when to dread Jehovah's praise
To rear a Temple monarchs sought,
No worthless building would they raise,
Nor offer that which cost them nought.

Thus kings and prophets decked the
place
Where Israel's God in glory dwelt,
And there His Name they loved to trace,
And there His nearer Presence felt.

GENERAL ENDING.

We, Lord, would lay at Thy behest
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine,
But when we give, and give our best,
We only give Thee that is Thine.

So still to God the incense breath
Of prayer and praise and alms abound,
When freed from suffering, sin, and death,
Thesaints of God the Thrones surround.

PART II.

And Thou, O Christ, didst not disdain
The gifts love gave with pure intent;
Her offerings were not made in vain
By that forgiven penitent.

The Gentile Soldier's alms and prayer
To Heaven ascend to win the crown;
They rest for a memorial there.
They help to bring an Angel down.

Offerings of poverty or wealth,
Rich treasures, or the widow's all,
Alms known to men, or done by stealth,
None unrecorded ever fall.

For deeds of mercy Christ will own,
Though love grow cold, or faith be
dim;
The living works endure alone,
And live, for they are done to Him.

Doxology to be sung at the end of each part.

O Father! whence all blessings come, O Son! dispenser of God's store,
O Spirit! bear our offerings home, and make them Thine for evermore!
Amen.

HYMNS

FOR

The Festivals of the Church.

Sunday.

293

I am the Light of the World: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—John viii. 12.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

Now morning lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned,
Then let us haste her light to hail
In courts of holy ground.

But Christ hath shed a fairer morn,
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
Then walk we in His light new-born,
And sing His power to save.

When from the swaddling bands of night
Sprang forth the world so fair,
Arrayed in all her robes of light,
O what a power was there !

When He, Who gave His guiltless Son
A guilty world to spare,
Gave back to life the sinless One,
Oh, what a love was there !

When forth from its Creator's hand
The earth in beauty stood,
All decked with light at His command,
He saw, and called it good.

But still more lovely in His sight,
The earth still fairer stood,
When Christ the Lamb had washed it
In His atoning blood. [white

Oft as the morning rays return
To holy souls is given
In fancy's mirror to discern
The radiant domes of Heaven.

But now that our eternal Sun
Hath shed His beams abroad,
In Him we see the Holy One,
And mount at once to God.

Oh, holy, blessed Three in One !
May Thy pure light be given,
That we the paths of death may shun,
And keep the road to Heaven ! Amen.

In Thy Light shall we see light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

Dies Dieum principe.

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

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard ;
O shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay ?

Nature yet in shadow lies,
Let the sons of light arise
And prevent the morning rays
With sweet canticles of praise.

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

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

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

This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal Throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

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

O day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love ;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
When Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams ;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

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

Amen.

The Transfiguration.

296

And this Voice which came from Heaven we heard when we were with Him in the holy mount.—2 Peter i. 18.

UPON the solitary mountain's height,
In radiant beauty, but with power concealed,
The Son of Man, unveiled to mortal sight,
Once stands revealed !

Yet not alone—the witnesses are there,
The deathless and the dead are at His side,
Their lips the end predestinate declare,
Nor seek to hide !

But why this world from thy mysterious grave,
Lawgiver of God's people hast thou trod—
Why come thy steeds of fire o'er Jordan's wave,
Prophet of God ?

Do ye revisit earth to testify
That Law and Voice Prophetic, shadows dim,
Are swallowed up in Christ's last victory,
Finished in Him ?

Yet on the passing brightness of that hour
The shadow of the Cross still darkly fell,
As if alone the hiding of His power
Ye dared to tell.

Come, O my soul ! in holy rapture hear
Tabor and Hermon in His Name rejoice,
How good for us to be for ever near,
Listening His voice.

Lord, pour Thy Spirit all our souls to fill,
Transfigured to the image of Thine own,
Until we rest upon Thy holy hill,
Before the Throne. Amen.

Hymns for Saints Days.

297

Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.—Rev. xv. 3.

GENERAL HEADING.

FROM all Thy Saints in warfare, for all Thy Saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessed Jesu, all praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be.
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

GENERAL ENDING.

Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour! we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the Throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.

Saint Andrew.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

Saint Thomas.

All praise for Thine Apostle whose short lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect two-fold Nature, the fulness of Thy Love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord!
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's Right-hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in Heaven the martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos' shore ;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed ;
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

The Holy Innocents.

Praise for Thine infant Martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping ; they rest from pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

Praise for the light from Heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the Persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify to-day :
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

Saint Matthias.

Lord, Thine abiding Presence directs the wondrous choice :
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false Apostles for evermore defend,
And, by Thy parting promise, be with Her to the end.

Saint Mark.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine abide.

Saint Philip and Saint James.

All praise for Thine Apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother ; keep us Thy brethren true.
And grant the grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

Saint Barnabas.

The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

We praise Thee for the Baptist, Forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray,
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious Day.

Saint Peter.

Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold ;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to feed Thy fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill ;
And grant them dauntless courage with humble earnest will.

Saint James.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree ;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom, underneath the fig-tree, Thine Eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites in deed ;
That Thine abiding Presence our longing souls may feed.

Saint Matthew.

Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, Oh, give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

Saint Luke.

For that "Beloved Physician," all praise ! whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true Balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who sealed their Faith to-day,
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And bound in love as brethren at length Thy rest attain.

298

Wherefore He saith, When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.—Eph. iv. 8.

Eterna Christi Munera.

THE Eternal Spirit's gifts,
The gifts of Christ the King,
The glories of the chosen Twelve
To His great praise we sing.

Princes of Israel they,
Triumphant chiefs of war,
Brave soldiers of the Heavenly court,
Lights shining from afar.

Theirs was the shield of faith,
The hope God's chosen know,
The charity of Christ, which laid
The powers of this world low.

In them the Father shone,
The Son His triumph had,
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
And Angel-hosts were glad.

Then to the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be ;
From the blest Fellowship of Saints
Complete, O Christ ! in Thee. Amen.

We also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.

For all Thy Saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest. Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light. Alleluia !

*For the Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world,—we sing to Thee Alleluia !

*For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful,—be Thy Name adored. Alleluia !

*For Martyrs, who with rapture-kindled eye
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And died to grasp it,—Thee we glorify. Alleluia !

Oh ! may Thy soldiers, faithful still and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia !

O blest Communion ! Fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious Day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost Alleluia ! Amen.

For God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts . . . But we have this treasure in earthen vessels.—2 Cor. iv. 6. 7.

See also Judges vii. 16—20.

Supreme quales Arbitrer.

DISPOSER supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for Thine
The weak and the poor ;
To frail earthen vessels,
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches,
Which ever endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light ;
They at Thy decree
Are broken and gone ;
Then brightly appeareth
The Arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking
The lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will ;
And, swift as the winds,
About the world go ;
All full of Thy Presence,
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth,
Christ Jesus the Lord !
Then Satan doth fear ;
His citadels fall !
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanites' wall.

O loud be Thy trump,
And stirring the sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From sin's deadly sleep :
May lights which Thou kindest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep !

All glory to Thee,
Who, though hid from sight,
Art for us revealed
As One and yet Three :
Thou, with Thy love filling
The regions of light,
Dost call us from darkness
Thy glory to see. Amen.

For Martyrs.

301

Jesus Christ . . . the Faithful Witness, the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.—Rev. i. 5.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His Very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Amen.

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302

I've shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized.—Mark x. 39.

O! WHAT, if we are Christ's
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe
When martyred saints, baptized in
blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above;
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

Give to the Father praise;
Praise to the Holy Son;
And praise the Holy Spirit's Name:
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 14.

Wer find die vor Gottes Throne?

Who are these before God's Throne,
What the crownèd host I see?
As the skies with stars thick-strown
Is their shining company:
Alleluias, hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

Who are these arrayed in light,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes most pure and white,
That unstained shall ever shine:
What the war and what the strife,
Whence came such victorious life?

These are they who, strong in faith,
Battled for their Saviour long,
Conquerors o'er the world and death,
Following not the sinful throng:
Bravely they the fight sustained,
And through Him the triumph gained.

These are they who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer;
Now all tribulation o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

As the deer at noonday pant
For the river fresh and clear;
Oft their souls did long and faint
For the Living Fountain here:
Thirsting now no more, they dwell
With the Lord they loved so well.

Thitherwards I stretch my hands,
O Lord Jesu; day by day,
In Thy house in these strange lands,
Compassèd round with foes, I pray:
Near the Throne with Thee and Thine
May a place at last be mine. Amen.

304

Therefore are they before the Throne, and serve Him day and night in His Temple.—Rev. vii. 15.

How bright these glorious spirits shine:
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His Presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred Courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal Day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the
Shall o'er them still preside, [Throne,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

305

And when the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord.
Luke ii. 22.

In His temple now behold Him,
See the long expected Lord !
Ancient Prophets had foretold Him ;
God hath now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him His redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.

In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged Saints adore Him,
Now revealed to mortal eye ;
Having seen the world's Redeemer,
Ere in perfect faith they die.

Jesu, by Thy Presentation,
Thou who didst for us endure,
Make us see our great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure ;
And present us by Thy Spirit
To the Father cleansed and pure.
Amen.

307

Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it.—Luke xi. 28.

VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before Thee,
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee,
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessèd was she in her Child.

Blessèd was the breast that fed Thee,
Blessèd was the hand that led Thee,
Blessèd she whose anxious eye
Watched Thy slumbering infancy.

175

306

The Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His Temple.—Mal. iii. 1.

Templi sacratas pande.

O SION, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear,
A Priest and Victim both in one,
The truth Himself, is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed,
Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to His own altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young
Her tender offerings. [doves,

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's Hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the mother blest
Of the yet silent Word,
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

Blessèd she of all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation ;
But above all others blest,
They who love and serve Thee best.

Virgin-born we bow before Thee,
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee,
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessèd was she in her Child. Amen.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

308

The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.—Luke i. 35.

PRAISE we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold ;
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting Saints of old.

The Prophet gave the sign,
For faithful men to read :
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore :
Like her, whom Heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy
came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.

Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

Saint Michael and all Angels.

309

And I heard the voice of many Angels round about the Throne.—Rev. v. 11.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's Throne :
Prepare new honours for His Name ;
A song before unknown !

Lo ! Elders worship at His Feet ;
The Church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

Hark, how the adoring Hosts above
With praise surround the Throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their voices one :

"Worthy the Lamb," the ransomed cry,
"For He was slain for us !"
"Worthy the Lamb," high powers reply,
"To be exalted thus."

We too on earth would join their song :
For power and strength divine,
And glory, riches, wisdom, praise,
All, Saviour ! all are Thine.

Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood ;
Hast set us prisoners free :
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
In hope to reign with Thee !

To Him Who sits upon the Throne,
The God whom we adore ;
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?
Hebrews i. 14.

O GOD the Son Eternal, Thy dread might
 Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of Heaven,
 And from the starry height
 Cast down in burning fight
 Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

Thee for Thine Angel-host O Lord we praise,
 Our elder brethren of the crystal sky :
 Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
 Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,
 And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
 Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
 The mercies of their King
 To mortal saints to bring
 Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify ;
 Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
 Not with Thine hierarchy,
 The armies of the sky,
 But didst with Thine own arm the battle win ;

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
 Alone didst tread the wine-press ; and alone,
 All glorious in Thy gore,
 Didst light and life restore
 For us who lay in darkness and undone !

Therefore with Angels and Archangels we
 To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
 And tune our songs to Thee,
 Who art, and art to be ;
 And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise. Amen.

For He shall give His Angels charge over Thee, to keep Thee in all Thy ways.—Ps. xci. 11.

O YE immortal throng
Of Angels round the throne,
Join in our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known.
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace,
His beauteous Face
In Heaven ye view.

Ye saw the Heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid ;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth
Proclaimed aloud.

Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter foiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat spoiled ;
And joyed to crown
The Victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before His frown.

Around the blood-stained tree,
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of Life expire ;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there
In sad surprise.

Around His sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse Him from His sleep ;
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.

When all arrayed in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
Up to the Throne of God ;
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise ;
And then, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part. Amen.

And all the Angels stood round about the Throne.—Rev. vii. 11.

AROUND the throne in circling band,
The bright and glorious Angels stand,
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise, and do His will ;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear ;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy throne at last.
Amen.

All Saints.

And, lo ! a great multitude, which no man could number.—Rev. vii. 9.

HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee ;
Multitudes, which none can number, like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor, Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, Widows who have watched in prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation, and have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus ; tried they were and firm they stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee, their Saviour, and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

Lo! Thy sons come . . . they come gathered together, from the east to the west, by the word of the Holy One.—Baruch iv. 37.

Sponsa Christi quæ per orbem.

BRIDE, of Christ, through Him con-
tending

In each clime beneath the sun,
Blend with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices,
All her Saints in one to join.
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in harmony divine.

King of all the ransomed nation,
Who for us the victory won,
Who wast slain for our salvation,
Thee we praise, Eternal Son.

Mary leads the sacred story,
Handmaid of the Lord confest,
Mother of the Lord of Glory,
Ever Virgin, ever blest.

John, whose warning voice hath
sounded,
More than Prophet owned to be ;
Patriarchs with Seers surrounded,
Raise the hymn of victory.

All their earthly toils completed,
Hark! the Twelve the anthem swell,
And on thrones of glory seated
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

Priests and Levites, Gospel Preachers,
And Confessors numberless,
Bishops meek, and holy Teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.

All who sin and death defying,
Jesus faithfully confest,
Living on, yet daily dying,
Numbered now among the blest.

All are one together praising
God's Eternal Majesty :
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To the All-Holy Trinity.

So may we, with hearts devoted,
Serve our God in holiness ;
So at last by God promoted,
Thrones in Heaven with them possess. Amen.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

PART I.

Quisquis valet numerare.

WHO of men hath skill to reckon all the number of the blest,
Who can fully tell the gladness of the everlasting rest,
Which—their earthly warfare finished—they through suffering have possest.

Through the vale of lamentation happily and safely passed,
Now the years of their affliction in their memory they recast;
And the end of all perfection they can contemplate at last.

For they see their cruel tempter overthrown for evermore;
To the Saviour that redeemed them, those redeemed ones praises pour,
And the Monarch that rewards them, those rewarded Saints adore.

Through a glass, through types and shadows, darkly here we see alone;
There serenely, purely, clearly, we shall know as we are known,
Fixing our enlightened vision on the glory of the Throne.

There the Trinity of Persons unbeclouded we shall see;
There the Unity of Essence shall revealed in glory be;
While we hail the Three-fold Godhead, and the perfect Unity. Amen.

PART II.

Jerusalem luminosa.

LIGHT's abode, thou Heavenly Salem, vision dear, whence peace doth spring;
Brighter than man's heart conceiveth, mansion of the Most High King;
O how wondrous are the praises which of thee the prophets sing!

Reared with precious stones, like crystal, thou in beauty dost abide;
Thou with gems of unknown lustre shinest as the Royal Bride;
Each one pearl thy twelve gates glisten; all thy street pure gold and tried.

There for ever and for ever Alleluia is out-poured;
For unending and unbroken is the feast-day of the Lord.
All is pure, and all is holy, that within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud may dim the vision, the bright vision, all shall share;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday, from the Sun of suns is there:
There no night brings rest from labour, for unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent, weak frail body, shalt thou be,
When, endued with Christ's own beauty, glorified and changed as He,
Clothed upon with God's true image, thou shalt live eternally! Amen.

In Thy Presence is fulness of joy.—Ps. xvi. 11.

SWEET place, sweet place alone !
 The court of God most high,
 The Heaven of Heavens' Throne,
 Of spotless majesty !
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

Jerusalem on high
 My song and City is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss :
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
 With pearls are garnishèd ;
 Thy gates with praises shine,
 Thy street with gold is spread ;
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
 Who deigned on earth to live ;
 There Angels to Him sing,
 And lovely homage give.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

The Patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease ;
 The Prophets there behold
 Their longed for Prince of Peace.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

The Lamb's Apostles there
 I might with joy behold ;
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within these courts are found,
 All clothed in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crowned.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

Ah ! woe is me, that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay !
 No place like this on high ;
 Thither, Lord, guide my way.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ? Amen.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.

THERE is a blessèd Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good Angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ with the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

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I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.—Ps. xxiii. 6.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee ?
When shall these eyes thy Heaven-
built walls,
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And street of shining gold ?
There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes

Why should I shrink from pain and
woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee :
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.

PART I.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur.

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

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

The morning shall awaken, the shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant shall shine as doth the day :
There God, our King and Portion, in fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever, and worship face to face.

PART II.

O bona Patria.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of Thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion ! O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendour, the Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints build up its fabric, and the Corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean ! thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.

PART III.

Urbs Sion aurea.

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

They stand, those halls of Sion, all jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel, and all the Martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ; and there from care set free,
The song of them that triumph, the shout of victory ;
And they, who with their Leader have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.

GENERAL ENDING.

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

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God.—Rev. xxi. 10.

Ad perennis Vitæ fontem.

For the fount of life eternal thirstily the spirit yearns ;
Swift the soul to break her prison in the flesh, a prisoner, burns,
And, like exile, panting, writhing, struggling, homeward ever turns.

*Who shall dare the joyous fulness of celestial peace unfold,
Round whose palace-courts, uprising, lines of living pearls are told,
Towers and roofs and festal couches blend a radiance all good ?

*Winter searching, summer scorching, never wreak their fury there ;
Roses bud in bloom unailing for unailing spring to wear ;
Balm is gushing, saffron blushing, lily blanching ever fair.

Sun, nor moon, nor starry courses, changing season, there obey,
For the Lamb is that blest city's light of undeclining ray ;
He, o'er night and time triumphant, bringeth in perpetual day.

Nay, His Saints are each one shining as the sun's meridian glow :
Crowned by victor's wreath, in loud Hosannas now their greetings flow ;
And at last secure they number conflicts of the prostrate foe.

*Pure from all alloy, the warfare of the flesh they know no more ;
Mind with body raised to spirit feels her union at the core ;
They, in perfect peace reposing, bear not now the cross they bore.

*To their native source they gather, freed from all things mutable ;
There, embodied Truth in Presence ever contemplating, dwell ;
Thence imbibe a vital sweetness, drinking deep at living well.

Knowing Him that knoweth all things, nought can be to them unknown,
For they fathom each another's inmost secrets as his own ;
One thing will they, One thing nill they—consciously their minds are one.

Where the Body lies, must eagles flocking come by right of kind ;
Saintly souls on That are nourished, with Angelic hosts combined :
Denizens of earth or Heaven, One the Bread of Life they find.

*Ever new the voice of music makes harmonious anthems ring,
Long-drawn swell of solemn organs charmed ears enrapturing ;
To the King by Whom they conquered hymning worthy praise they sing.

Gazing on that kingly Presence throned in Heaven, how blest the soul !
While beneath her feet she views this univereal framework roll,
Sun and moon, and, mixed with planets, sphyery stars, from pole to pole.

Christ, Thou palm of holy warriors, entrance to my spirit give,
Once my soldier's-belt unbuckled, freeman of this guild to live :
Make me, with those happy dwellers, partner in Thy donative.

While I toil in unexhausted battle, Thou the strength afford :
Nor, when war's alarms are over, grudge Thy veteran rest, O Lord ;
Thee to earn, I serve—be Thou for endless ages my reward. Amen.

FINIS.

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In the Index, the name of the Author of Hymn 126, parts 1 and 2, should be Walter Blunt, instead of William Blunt.

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