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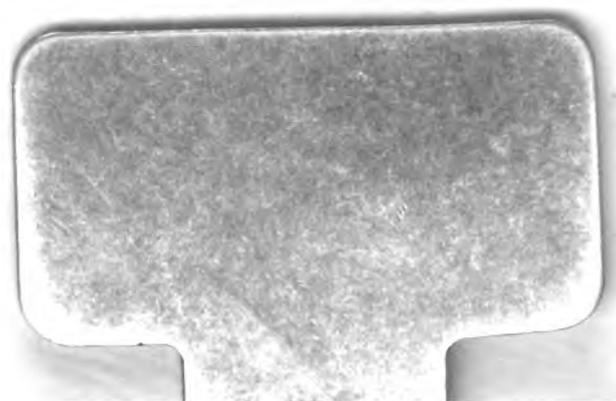
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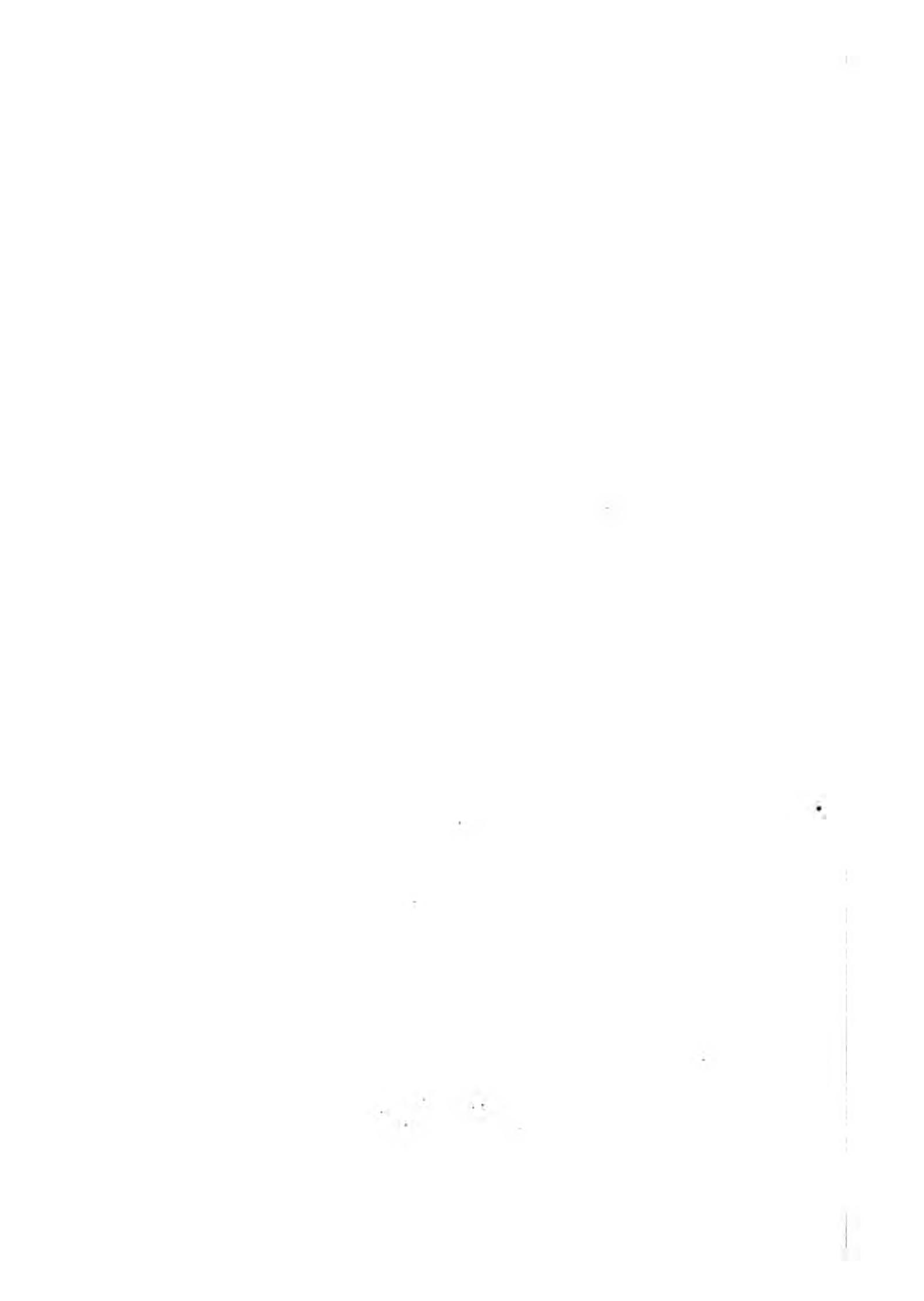


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HYMN'S

I47. d.
I32.





HYMNS

FOR

COMMON WORSHIP.

COMPILED BY

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VICAR OF BANBURY, OXON.

J. G. RUSHER, BANBURY.

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PREFACE.

HINTS TO THE CONGREGATION.

Common praise is a part of Christian privilege and duty in the Worship of God, equally with common prayer.

One highest cause of the coldness and inefficiency in one half of our Common Worship, our Common Prayer, arises from the even greater coldness of the other half, our Common Praise.

The power of rightly expressing our praises increases with practice; praise, as prayer, grows fervent, as the struggle against coldness is heartily prolonged.

Every christian should sing with voice and heart, and both will improve by the act of praise.

He who represses the outpouring of praise, will weaken at the same time, both it, and that of faithful prayer also.

Before the perfection of the accessory harmony obtained by the excellence of the Church Quire, undoubtedly stands, the strength and distinct utterance of the melody itself by the body of the congregation.

PREFACE.

That comparatively only a few in every congregation have by nature or education the power of part singing, is no reason that the great body of worshippers should refrain from singing at all.

While the most advanced singers should, if convenient, join the selected Quire, no member of the congregation, man, woman, or child, should hold back through vanity, fear, or shame, from doing his best; let all others heartily join in singing, in unison, the leading part of the tune.

The weakest may thus, by the practice of praise in God's house, learn to praise him better.

Thus may we all help each other towards that perfection of fervent grateful harmony of voice and heart, which should be the support of our Common Worship now, and is always set before us as its fulness in heaven.



N.B. The marks .. . : placed after the number of each Hymn, denote whether its tone tends towards joy, or prayer.

It is advised that generally the first Hymn of the Morning or Evening Service should be either . or : and the Second either .. or .

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- 36 Affliction is a stormy deep,
189 Again, O Lord, mine eyes I raise
163 All, all is vanity below ;
70 All hail the great Emmanuel's name !
100 All people that on earth do dwell,
101 Alleluia! song of gladness,
11 Angels, from the realms of glory,
138 Around the throne of God a band
153 At thy footstool lowly bending
190 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
7 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
178 Beset with snares on every hand,
136 Blest are the pure in heart
146 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
147 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed ;
29 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
175 Children of the heavenly King,
71 Christ, above all glory seated
62 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
191 Christ, whose glory fills the sky,
148 Come, and let us sweetly join,
87 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
88 Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
160 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
89 Come, Holy Spirit, come !
86 Come, let our praises fill the sky !
74 Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
76 Come, praise the Lord enthron'd on high ;
14 Come, Redeemer, blessed Jesus !
102 Come, sound his praise abroad,
84 Creator Spirit ! by whose aid
85 Creator, Spirit, Lord of grace,

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37 Eternal God! we look to thee,
90 Eternal Spirit! source of truth!
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78 Far from the gloomy scenes of night
195 Father! by thy love and power
92 Father of heaven, whose love profound
98 Father of mercies! let our songs
180 Father of mercies! send thy grace
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120 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
187 Father! who the light this day
140 For all thy saints, O Lord,
149 Forgive, O Lord, our wand'rings past;
188 Forth in thy name, O Lord! I go,
32 From all that dwell below the skies,
50 From calvary's cross a fountain flows
64 From Egypt's bondage come,
181 From Greenland's icy mountains,
38 From lowest depths of woe
103 Give to our God immortal praise!
121 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
196 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
48 Go to dark Gethsemane,
122 God of mercy, God of grace,
39 God of our life, to thee we call,
123 God moves in a mysterious way
5 Great God! what do I see and hear!
152 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah!
124 Happy saint, that free from harms,
125 Happy they that find a rest
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49 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,

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- 10 Hark! the herald angels sing,
9 Hark! the song of jubilee,
51 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
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66 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken,
12 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
197 Holiest, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
24 Holy Jesus! in whose name
25 Holy Jesu, Saviour Blest!
91 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God, Almighty!
93 Hosanna to the living Lord!
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26 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
126 If God be on our side,
155 In token that thou shalt not fear
15 Incarnate God! the soul that knows
158 Into Christ's flock we are received,
184 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
79 Jerusalem, our happy home,
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69 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
127 Jesus, Creator of the world,
77 Jesus! exalted far on high,
23 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
55 Jesus, lover of my soul,
30 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
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 40 Lord, do thou thy grace impart,
168 Lord of Hosts, to thee we raise
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170 Lord of the worlds above,
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 34 Lord! when we bend before thy throne,
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105 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name!
106 My soul repeat his praise,
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 75 Now let us join, with hearts and tongues,
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 82 O Christ! who hast prepared a place
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 95 O Father! who didst all things make,
 41 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
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 54 Saviour, when, in dust, to thee
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113 Thou, God, all glory, honour, power,
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97 Thrice holy God, of wondrous might !
133 Through all the changing scenes of life,
200 Through the day thy love hath spared us
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H Y M N S.



ADVENT.

1.. HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!

c. 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 riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name!

ADVENT.

2.. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Jesus, once for sinners slain!
P. Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Alleluia! Mortals, catch their joyful strain.
Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those, who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.
Blest redemption, long expected!
See! his solemn pomp to share,
All his saints by man rejected,
Rise to meet him in the air:
Alleluia! Lo, the Son of God is there!
Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour! worlds bow down before thee;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
Alleluia! Come, and make thy glories known!

3. THE Advent of our God
Our thoughts must now employ,
S. And we must meet him on his road
With hymns of holy joy.
The Everlasting Son
Incarnate now shall be:
He will a servant's form put on
To make his people free.
Daughter of Zion! rise,
And greet thy lowly King;
And do not faithlessly despise
The peace he deigns to bring.

ADVENT.

As Judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again,
And all his scattered saints unite,
In heaven with him to reign.

Before that dreadful day
May all our sin be gone!
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on!

Let endless praise be done
To FATHER ever blest,
To SPIRIT, and Eternal SON
In flesh made manifest.

4. THE SAVIOUR comes; no outward pomp

Bespeaks his presence nigh,
c. No earthly beauty shines in him
To draw the carnal eye.

Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was his heavy burden here,
Through all his life below.

Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
And ours the woes he bore;
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain;
His stripes have healed us, and his death
Revived our souls again.

We all like sheep had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road:
On him were man's transgressions laid;
He bore the mighty load.

ADVENT.

He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven ;
He lives to bless them, and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

To GOD the SON, who lowly came
Lost sinners to restore ;
All glory to his holy name,
All glory evermore.

5. GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !

The end of things created !

P. The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds ! The graves restore
The dead, which they contained before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
To meet their Saviour in the skies,
With joy his throne surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, to thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending ;

ADVENT.

O shield us in that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending.
May we, in this our trial-day,
With wakeful hearts thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet him. Amen.

- 6.** THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth his voice of thunder;
P. And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And at his left hand and his right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And Alleluias loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

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

ADVENT.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

8. EARTH is past away, and gone,
All her glories every one :
7s. All her pomp is broken down ;
GOD IS REIGNING—GOD ALONE !
All her high ones lowly lie,
All her mirth hath passed by,
All her merry-hearted sigh ;
GOD IS REIGNING—GOD ON HIGH !
No more sorrow, no more night,
Perfect joy, and purest light ;
With the saints in glory bright,
GOD IS REIGNING IN THE HEIGHT !
Blessing, praise, and glory bring,
Offer every holy thing !
Everlasting praises sing ;
GOD IS REIGNING—GOD IS KING !

- 9.. HARK ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
7s. Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;

ADVENT.

“ Alleluia ! for the Lord
“ God omnipotent shall reign ;”—
“ Alleluia ! ” let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

“ Alleluia ! ” Hark ! the sound
From the 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 kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With an ever-boundless 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 !

CHRISTMAS.

- 10.. HARK ! the herald angels sing,
“ Glory to the new-born King ;
7s. Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.”
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem ! ”

CHRISTMAS.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

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

Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Sing we then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King :
Glory in the highest heaven.
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven.

- 11.. ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
P. Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing ;

CHRISTMAS.

Yonder shines the infant light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King ?

- 12.. HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
c. For angels no such love have known,
To awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For, lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
“ To us a Child is born.”

Glory to God in highest strains
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

CHRISTMAS.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains?

13. WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,

C. The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind)

“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“To you and all mankind.

“To you, this day, in David's town,
“Is born of David's line

“A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
“And this shall be the sign;

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
“To human view display'd,

“All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
“And in a manger laid.”

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

“All glory be to God on high,
“And to the earth be peace;

“Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
“Begin, and never cease!”

14. COME, Redeemer, blessed Jesus!

Born to set thy people free;
8.7. From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

CHRISTMAS.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every humble heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign supreme for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone!
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

PSALM XCI.

15. INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
c. Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Angels unseen, attend thy saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

The angels', Lord, himself is nigh
To them that love his name,
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and changes are our lot,
Long as we sojourn here;
But since our Saviour changes not,
What have thy saints to fear?

CHRISTMAS.

16. SON of God, to thee we bow ;
Thou art God and only thou ;
7s. Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Of thy Church the crown and head.
Thee the angels ever sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King,
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
Thou hast gladsome tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
May we follow, and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;
Do thou guide us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

END OF YEAR.

PSALM XC.

17. O GOD, our help, in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
c. 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.

END OF YEAR.

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

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

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

- 18:** **O**H ! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
s. **'**Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around " the second death !"
Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone. **A**men.

END OF YEAR.

19. SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing !

8.7. Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise,
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
Thou, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

NEW YEAR.

20: O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;

c. 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 wandring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

NEW YEAR.

Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessing from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

21. **TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,**
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand :
s. And, if its sun arise and shine,
 It is at thy command.

 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
Oh ! may thy servants, truly wise,
 Improve each passing day.

 Since on each winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
 The aged and the young.

 One thing demands our care ;—
 Be that one thing pursued,
Lest, now despised, we never hear
 Thy pardoning voice renewed.

 Teach us thy name to fear ;
 Spread an alarm abroad !
And cry, in every careless ear,
 “ Prepare to meet thy God ! ”

NEW YEAR.

22: WHEN gathering clouds around we view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
8s. On him we lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees our wants, allays our fears,
And counts and treasures up our tears.

If aught should tempt our souls to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good we would pursue,
Or do the sin we would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard us in that dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within arise,
And sore dismayed the spirit dies,
Then he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

And, oh ! when we have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
The dying bed, for thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

CIRCUMCISION.

23. JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
7s. Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.—

CIRCUMCISION.

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 boundless heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.—

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above!
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

24: **HOLY JESUS!** in whose name
Thou hast bid thy servants claim
7s. Of the Father's love, to grant
All the good they ask or want;
Trusting in thy name alone,
Draw me near thy Father's throne.

HOLY JESUS! at whose name,
Through the universal frame,
By th' Almighty Lord's decree,
Every one shall bow the knee;
To thy Father's name we join
In co-equal worship thine.

CIRCUMCISION.

SON OF MAN! to whom is given,
With the majesty of heaven,
For mankind to mediate;
Partner thou of man's estate!
Hear us, when to thee we plead,
For thy flock to intercede.

SON OF GOD! to whom of right,
Partner of thy Father's might,
Sole, adorable, and true,
Empire o'er the world is due:
Hear us, when on thee we call
For thy blessing, Lord of all!

Thou hast gladsome tidings brought;
Thine own arm salvation wrought;
May we follow and adore
Thee our Saviour more and more;
Guide us with thy steadfast love
To thy home in heaven above. Amen.

25. HOLY Jesu! Saviour blest!
As, by passion strong possest,
7s. Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art THE WAY.

Holy Jesu! when the night
Dims with tears our clouded sight,
Day's bright beams around to throw,
Saviour! then THE TRUTH art thou.

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

CIRCUMCISION.

Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's presence see,
Jesu ! he must come by thee.

Channel of the Father's grace !
Image of the Father's face !
Saviour blest ! Incarnate Son !
With the Father thou art one.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, only Son, to thee ;
And, of equal power confest,
Glory to the Spirit blest.

26. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

c. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

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

Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought ;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

Till then we would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our soul in death.

CIRCUMCISION.

- 27.** **JESUS!** the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
C. But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus Son of God.

JESUS! who dost all hearts below
With life and light inspire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire ;

JESUS! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
JESUS, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

EPIPHANY.

- 28..** **PRAISE** God who sent his guiding star,
To shed its hopeful beams afar,
L. As once his fiery pillar's ray
Led Israel on their toilsome way.

That star with strange and sudden light,
Gleamed on the Eastern sages' sight ;
They left their land, and journeyed on,
Till fixed o'er Bethlehem's walls it shone.

EPIPHANY.

The first fruits of the gentile race,
They sought the Saviour's dwelling place,
And knelt before the Babe divine
Led thither by th' unerring sign.

O may we too with offerings meet,
Be found at our Redeemer's feet,
With richer gifts than theirs of old
Of incense, myrrh, and shining gold.

We by the chosen people's sin
On the true vine are grafted in :
Our hearts best homage let us give
To him whose mercy bade us live !

All glory, Lord, to thee we pay
For thine Epiphany to day :
All glory as is ever meet
To Father, and to Paraclete.

29. **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
P. Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

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

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

EPIPHANY.

Freely we'll offer each grateful oblation,
Though never can gifts his favour secure;
Chosen by God is the heart's adoration,
Dearest to him are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

PSALM LXXII.

30.. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
L. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
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.

EPIPHANY.

- 31.** O'ER the realms of pagan darkness !
Let the eye of pity gaze ;
P. See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze :
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
Light of them that sit in darkness !
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring
Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
Rise with healing on thy wing :
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone :
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word :—at thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy Name from land to land :
Lord ! be with them
Always, to the end of time.

PSALM CXVII.

- 32..** FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
L. Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

EPIPHANY.

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 !

LENT.

- 33:** O LORD ! turn not thy face away
From us who lie prostrate,
C. Lamenting sore our sinful life
Before thy mercy's gate ;
Which thou dost open wide to those
That do lament their sin :
O shut it not against us, Lord !
But let us enter in.
Call us not to strict account,
How we have lived here ;
For then we know right well, O Lord !
Most vile we shall appear.
O Lord, we need not to repeat
What now we beg and crave !
For thou dost know before we ask,
The thing that we would have.
Mercy, good Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum,
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit,
O let thy mercy come ! Amen.
- 34:** LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confession make,
C. Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And what we feel forsake ?

LENT.

When we make known our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

When mercy wakes our thankful songs,
Do thou our spirits raise ;
And let our grateful hearts and tongues
Unite in joyful praise.

And when thy sacred word we hear,
Thy wisdom, Lord, impart :
Oh ! grant th' obedient, wakeful ear,
And understanding heart. Amen.

35: THOUGH we have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;

L. And let us venture near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

A broken heart, O God our King,
Is all the sacrifice we bring :
Thou, gracious Lord, wilt ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

Our souls lie humbled in the dust,
And own thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

So shall thy love inspire our tongue ;
Salvation shall be all our song ;
And all our powers shall join to bless
The Lord, our Strength and Righteousness !

PSALM XLII.

Amen.

36: AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave :

C. Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

LENT.

The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can yet restore my peace ;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er :
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
On him, my soul ! still rest thy hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to thee—
Thy Health, thy Life, thy God ! Amen.

- 37:** ETERNAL God ! we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly ;
C. Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
From path to path we roam for rest,
But all our search is vain ;
We seek for life among the dead,
For joy, where sorrows reign.
Alas ! by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will ;
We blindly shun the latent good,
And choose the specious ill.
Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh ! let thy grace supply ;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

PSALM CXXX.

- 38:** FROM lowest depths of woe
To God we raised our cry :
S. Lord ! hear our supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

LENT.

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond
And quite renounce thy fear.
Our souls with patience wait
For thee, the living Lord ;
Our hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
Still let us trust in God ;
No bound his mercy knows—
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows. Amen.

39: God of our life, to thee we call,
Afflicted at thy feet we fall ;
L. When the great water-floods prevail ;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should we lodge our deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
Poor though we are, despised, forgot,
Yet God, our God, forgets us not ;
And they are safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead. Amen.

40: LORD, do thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart ;
7s. Let us as our Master be,
Rooted in humility.

LENT.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Like unto a little child,
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix each soul on thee,
Every evil let us flee ;
Only seek above, below,
Thee to serve, and thee to know.

O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd ;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore. Amen.

41: OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
C. A light, to shine upon the road,
Which leads me to the Lamb.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

LENT.

42: OH ! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;

C. A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

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

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write the " new name " upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love. Amen.

43: OH, help us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;

C. 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.

LENT.

Oh, help us, Jesus ! from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
Oh, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be. Amen.

44: OH, that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !

c. Oh, that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will !

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart ;

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,

No covetous desires arise,
Nor selfish wish be mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road !

Nor let my head, my heart, or hands,
Offend against my God. Amen.

45: OH, thou, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,

L. Try me and prove my treach'rous heart,
And bid the power of sin depart.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross

Nail its affections to the cross ;

Hallow each thought ; let all within,

Be clean, as thou my Lord art clean.

LENT.

As through the wilderness I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my stay ;
Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,
That leads me to the mount of God.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus thy timely aid impart,
Raise thou my head, cheer thou my heart.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee !
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
Until I reach thy holy hill. Amen.

46: TRY us, O God ! and search the ground
Of every evil heart ;

c. Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh ! bid it all depart.

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

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

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

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

HOLY WEEK.

47. **RIDE** on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
L. O **SAVIOUR** meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die !
O **CHRIST**, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The 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.
Reign on ! reign on in majesty !
Reign on in triumph, **LORD** most High !
We hymn thee on thy throne of love,
ALMIGHTY KING, in realms above.

- 48: Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
7s. Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away :
Learn from him to watch and pray.

HOLY WEEK.

See him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned :
See him meekly bearing all !
Love to man his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view ;
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree :
" It is finished," hear him cry ;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
Angels kept their vigils there :
Who hath taken him away ?
" Christ is risen !" he seeks the skies ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

49. HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !

8.7. Thou didst suffer to release us ;
'Thou didst free salvation bring.

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 :
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is sealed to man by God.

HOLY WEEK.

Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide :
All the heav'nly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year ;
There for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

50. FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood,
c. More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see,
That fountain in his day ;
And there may sinners, vile as he,
Wash all their guilt away.

Redeeming Lord! thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till the whole ransom'd Church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

May we, by faith, behold the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply ;
So love divine shall be our theme
From henceforth till we die.

Then in far nobler, sweeter songs,
We'll sing thy power to save,
When our poor lisping stamm'ring tongues
Lie silent in the grave.

HOLY WEEK.

51. HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,

Sounds aloud from Calvary :

P. See the rocks are rent asunder ;
Darkness veils the mid-day sky :

“ It is finished !”

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

Oh, 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 !

52: ROCK of ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee ;

7s. Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,

Be of sin the double cure,

Cleanse from guilt, and make me pure.

HOLY WEEK.

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 ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Amen.

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

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

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

HOLY WEEK.

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

54: SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend th' adoring knee,
7s. When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
Oh ! by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high
Hear our solemn Litany.

By thy birth, and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in that hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save ;

HOLY WEEK.

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored ;
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany. Amen.

55: JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy shelter fly,
7s. While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is staid,
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 cleanse from every sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

56: My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
P. O teach me from my heart to say—
“ Thy will be done ! ”

HOLY WEEK.

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize; it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine—

“Thy will be done!”

If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet 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!”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore—

“Thy will be done!” Amen.

- 57: NEARER, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
P. Still all my song shall be—“nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.”

Though like a wanderer the sun goes down,
Darkness comes over me—my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then let the way appear steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me in mercy given,
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

HOLY WEEK.

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be—"nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

58: O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;

C. In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

When on my fearful burdened heart,
My sins press heavily;
My pardon speak, thy peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, or grief
And ills I cannot flee;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.

59: When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,

7s. When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Son of Man! Oh Jesu! hear!

HOLY WEEK.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Son of God ! Oh Jesu ! hear !

When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Son of Man ! Oh Jesu ! hear !
Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Son of God ! Oh Jesu ! hear !

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Son of Man ! O Jesu ! hear !
Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Son of God ! Oh Jesu ! hear ! Amen.

EASTER.

60.. The happy morn is come !
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
P. The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led !
 For Jesus liveth that was dead.

EASTER.

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 that 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 that was dead.

61..	JESUS Christ is risen to day,	Alleluia !
	Our triumphant holiday ;	Alleluia !
P.	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 pain which he endured	Alleluia !
	Our salvation hath procured :	Alleluia !
	Now above the sky he's King,	Alleluia !
	Where the angels ever sing.	Alleluia !
	Sons of God, triumphant rise,	Alleluia !
	Sing the accomplished Sacrifice,	Alleluia !
	See your sins in Christ forgiven,	Alleluia !
	Sons of God and heirs of heaven.	Alleluia !
	Christ to laud in songs divine,	Alleluia !
	Angels and archangels join ;	Alleluia !
	We with them our voices raise,	Alleluia !
	Echoing thy eternal praise.	Alleluia !

EASTER.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord,	Alleluia!
Live, by heaven and earth adored ;	Alleluia!
Full of thee, they ever cry,	Alleluia!
Glory be to God most high.	Alleluia!

62.. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say !
7s. Raise your songs 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 his 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's thy victory, O grave ?
Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head :
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !
Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee, by both, be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now :
Hail ! the RESURRECTION, thou !

63.. SALVATION ! oh, the joyful sound !
Glad tidings to our ears ;
P. A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial to our fears.

EASTER.

Cho. Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Alleluia! Praise ye the Lord.

Salvation! Let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to swell the sound. &c.
Salvation! Oh, thou dying Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall our hearts inflame,
And dwell upon our tongues. &c.

- 64.. FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
P. We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain; Alleluia.
Bring us safe to thee, O God.
There sin and sorrow cease,
And, every conflict o'er,
Thy saints repose in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more. Alleluia, &c.
There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing,
And love in every bosom reigns;
For God himself is King. Alleluia, &c.
We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there. Alleluia, &c.

65. FAINT are the hopes which nature gives
That man again shall rise;
C. Too faint to guide him while he lives,
Or cheer him when he dies.

EASTER.

That night which saw the sealed stone
Roll'd from thine empty tomb,
That night assurance gives alone,
O Lord, of life to come.

To those at dawn, who thither sped,
How sweet the seraph strain,
"Seek ye the living with the dead?
Your Lord is risen again."

Our Lord is risen; but if we seek
To heaven with him to go,
We must like him be pure and meek,
And bear his yoke below.

If, by his love and power upborne,
On him in faith we stay,
The worldling's dread, the judgment morn
Shall be our Easter-day.

66. HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O! my people, faint and few,

8.7. Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
Ye shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow:
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturb'd possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

EASTER.

Ye, no more, your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see ;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night :
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

67.. THE God of Abra'am praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above :
D.S. Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd,
We bow and bless thy sacred name,
For ever bless'd.
Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way,
At his command ;
The watery deep we pass,
With Jesus in our view ;
And, through the howling wilderness,
Our way pursue.
The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest :
There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.

EASTER.

He keeps his own secure,
And guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

The whole triumphant host,
Give thanks to God on high ;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry.

Hail Abra'am's God, and mine,
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty be thine,
And endless praise !

ASCENSION.

68..	HAIL the day that sees him rise	Alleluia !
	Glorious to his native skies !	Alleluia !
P.	Christ, awhile to mortals given,	Alleluia !
	Enters now the highest heaven.	Alleluia !
	There the glorious triumph waits ;	Alleluia !
	Lift your heads, eternal gates !	Alleluia !
	Christ hath vanquished death and sin,	Alleluia !
	Take the King of Glory in !	Alleluia !
	Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives !	Alleluia !
	Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;	Alleluia !
	Though returning to his throne,	Alleluia !
	Still he calls mankind his own.	Alleluia !
	Still for us he intercedes,	Alleluia !
	His prevailing death he pleads,	Alleluia !
	Near himself prepares our place ;	Alleluia !
	Great Forerunner of our race.	Alleluia !

ASCENSION.

Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above yon azure height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking thee above the skies. Alleluia!

69.. JESUS comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward ;
P. Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord ;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him Everlasting King !
Oh, what honours now await him !
Friends and foes shall hear his voice ;
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;
Ye, who love his name, rejoice ;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him Everlasting King !
Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat ;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected !
Angels worship at his feet :
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him Everlasting King !
Day and night they cry before him,
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word ;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown him Everlasting King !

70.. ALL hail the great Emmanuel's name !
Ye angels, prostrate fall ;
C. Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all !

ASCENSION.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call !
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all !
Ye saints, redeemed of Adam's race,
From sin and Satan's thrall ;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all !
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball ;
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all !
Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him—Lord of all !

71. CHRIST, above all glory seated,
KING Eternal, strong to save,
8.7. To thee death, in death defeated,
Triumph high, and glory, gave.
Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain,
On the judgment-throne of heaven,
In thy FATHER'S power to reign.
There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above, and earth below ;
While dark hell's abyss before thee
Trembling doth submissive bow.
Heaven's high host with awe beholdeth
Death to life restored again ;
GOD made flesh our flesh remouldeth,
MAN true GOD of GOD, doth reign.

ASCENSION.

Thou whose life our bliss remaineth,
Comfort give, when cares annoy ;
Thou, whose strength the world sustaineth,
Temper all our worldly joy.

LORD, from earth our prayers pursue thee ;
SAVIOUR, all our sins forgive ;
Lift our hearts on high unto thee.
By thy grace upraised to live.

So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We may stand forgiven before thee,
And be owned for ever thine.

72. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
L. The 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,
Our Saviour still, in heaven above,
Pursues his mighty work of love.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his prayers, his agonies.

In every pang that rends the heart
The " Man of Sorrows " hath a part ;
He sympathizes 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.

HEAVEN.

- 73.** HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;
But those who hope to enter there,
L. Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
Clean hearts, O God, in us create ;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew,
That we may reach the heavenly state,
And do thy will as angels do.
Lord ! in thy footsteps may we tread ;
Learn every lesson of thy love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above !
- 74..** COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
C. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
“ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus :”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For he was slain for us.”
Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
Let all that dwell above the sky,
Through air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HEAVEN.

- 75.. Now let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
L. Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
They praise, " the Lamb that once was slain, "
Yet we can add a higher strain ;
Not only say " he suffered thus, "
But that " he suffered all for us ! "
But ah ! how faint our praises rise
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
O glorious hour ! it comes with speed ;
We shall behold, from darkness freed,
Th' incarnate God, who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

PSALM CL.

- 76.. COME, praise the Lord, enthron'd on high ;
Yea, praise him in his sanctity !
8s. Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Praise him who in his power exceeds !
Let every tongue, with one accord,
Sing praise to God, the mighty Lord !
Ye sons of earth, his praises sing,
And wake to joy each tuneful string !
And on your harps of golden wire
Sound ye his praise, ye heavenly choir !
Let heaven and earth, with one accord,
Sing praise to God, the mighty Lord !
Let all that vital breath enjoy,
Unto his praise that breath employ ;

HEAVEN.

While all that stand his throne around,
Sweet songs of praise to him resound!
Let heaven and earth, with one accord,
Sing praise to God, the mighty Lord!

- 77.. JESUS! exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given,
c. A name surpassing every name
 That's known in earth or heaven:
Before whose throne shall every knee
 Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue,
 Confess that thou art Lord.
Jesus! who in the form of God
 Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame.
Oh! may that mind in us be formed,
 Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free!
May we to others stoop, and learn
 To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thy image here,
 And share thy throne above!

78. FAR from the gloomy scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
c. And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
Fair, heavenly land! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!

HEAVEN.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

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

The King Eternal there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.

Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above!

79. JERUSALEM, our happy home,
When shall we come to thee?
c. When shall our labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall we see?
When shall our eyes thy heavenly walls,
And gates of pearl behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation, strong,
And streets of shining gold?
Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around their Saviour stand;
And those we loved in Christ are gone
To join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, our happy home,
When shall we come to thee?
When shall our labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall we see?

HEAVEN.

80. O ZION, when we think on thee,
We long for pinions like a dove;
L. And mourn to think that we should be
So distant from the land we love.
While here we walk on hostile ground;
The few that we can call our friends,
Are like ourselves in fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
But yet we shall behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return;
When all our griefs shall flee away,
And we no more again shall mourn.
The hope that such a day shall come,
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

81. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
C. Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between:
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

HEAVEN.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's unclouded eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

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

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

With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see thee as thou art:
There love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

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

O future Judge! Eternal Lord!
Thy name be hallowed and adored:
To God the Father, King of Heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

WHITSUNTIDE.

83. O JESU! who art gone before
To thy bless'd realms of light;
c. Ah! whither may our spirits soar
And wing their upward flight?
To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
And lift us to the sky:
Oh! may thy Holy Ghost be poured
Upon us from on high!
Thus to his saints, as their reward,
Himself Jehovah, gives;
And thus its all-sufficient Lord
The faithful soul receives.
Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to thee;
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
Which faith alone can see!
Praise to the Father, and the Son,
Exalted high in heaven;
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
May equal praise be given!
84. CREATOR, SPIRIT! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
8s. Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy 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?

WHITSUNTIDE.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense.

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 Comforter, to thee.

85. CREATOR, SPIRIT, LORD of grace,
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
L. And, with thy might celestial, aid
The souls of men, whom thou hast made.
Come from thy throne of light above,
Thou Comforter, thou Holy Dove !
Come, Oil of Gladness, Cleansing Fire,
And Living Spring of pure desire !
O Finger of the Hand Divine,
The seven-fold Gifts of Grace are thine ;
And touched by thee the lips proclaim
All praise to God's most holy name !
Enter our souls, thy light impart,
And give thy love to every heart :
Turn all our weakness into might,
O thou the Source of life and light.
Protect us from th' assailing foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
Upheld by thee, our Strength and Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Spirit of Faith, on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know;
That with them we may worship thee,
Eternal One, Eternal Three!

To God the Father, let us sing;
To God the Son, our risen King;
And equally with them adore
The Spirit, God for evermore.

86. COME, let our praises fill the sky!

Christ, our ascended Lord,

C. Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:

And quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;

The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;

Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

87. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;

L. Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its joy to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.

88. COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above,
c. Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love.
Thou art the only Comforter
 Of all who are distress'd ;
The heavenly Gift of God most High,
 Which cannot be express'd.
Illumine all our minds, we pray,
 And all our hearts inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may,
 Pursue with full desire.
And, that our wants may be supplied,
 Assist us when we pray,
And be our blessed Comforter,
 In judgment's awful day. Amen.

89. COME, Holy Spirit, come !
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
s. Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
Convince us all of sin,
 Then lead us to the Lord,
And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of thy word.

WHITSUNTIDE.

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

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

- 90: ETERNAL Spirit ! Source of truth !
Our contrite hearts inspire :
C. Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing soul,
With guilt and fears opprest :
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

Let no false joy deceive our minds ;
Lest, while we boast thy light,
We fall from all our towering hopes,
Down to eternal night.

Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be ;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood. Amen.

TRINITY.

- 91.. HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;
P. Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not
see,

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and
sky and sea,

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

92. FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
L. 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.

TRINITY.

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

93. HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
P. 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,
Be with us in 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, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

TRINITY.

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

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe :
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

- 95: O FATHER! Who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do thy will,
L. Bless us this eve for JESU'S sake,
And for thy work preserve us still.

O Son! Who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with thee.

O Holy Ghost! Who by thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
Our hearts and members purify.

TRINITY.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
Blest Spirit, equal praise to thee ;
Glory to God, the Three in One ;
Glory to God, the One in Three. Amen.

- 96.. THEE we adore, Eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord :
L. Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee :
To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high ;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.
Th' apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell th' immortal song ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise !
Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King !
Thee, the Lord God of Hosts, they sing !
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love !

97. THRICE Holy God, of wondrous might !
O Trinity of Love Divine !
L. To thee belongs unclouded light,
And everlasting joys are thine.
Before thy throne dark clouds are rolled,
Around thee shine such dazzling rays,
That angels, who thy face behold,
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.
Thy new-born people, gracious Lord,
Confess thee in thine own great name ;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which faith already dares to claim.

TRINITY.

Father, may we thy law fulfil ;
Blest Son, may we thy precepts learn ;
And thou, Blest Spirit, guide our will,
Our feet unto thy counsels turn.

Yea, Father, may thy will be done,
May we thy hallowed name adore,
Together with th' Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, evermore. Amen.

98.. FATHER of mercies ! let our songs
With thee acceptance find !

c. Thy loving kindness we confess
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation are thy due,
For life preserv'd by thee,
For all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free !

Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given ;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

Oh ! let a sense of this thy grace
Our best affections move ;
That, whilst our lips thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel thy love. Amen.

PSALM CXLVI.

99.. WE'LL praise our Maker while we've breath ;
And, when our voice is lost in death,

8s. Praise shall employ our nobler powers :
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

TRINITY.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

We'll praise him while he lends us breath,
And, when our voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ our nobler powers :
Our days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM C.

100.. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
L. 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.

AFTER TRINITY.

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 earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

101.. ALLELUIA! song of gladness,
Voice of everlasting joy:
8.7. Alleluia! sound the sweetest
Heard among the choirs on high,
Hymning in God's blissful mansion,
Day and night incessantly!

Alleluia! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain!
Alleluia! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train!
Faint and feeble are our praises
While in exile we remain.

Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not now our souls forlorn;
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Midst our joyous strains are borne:

AFTER TRINITY.

For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.
Praises with our prayers uniting,
Hear us, blessed Trinity ;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see ;
There to thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

PSALM XCV.

- 102.. COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing !
S. Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are his alone,
And all the solid ground.
Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.
To day obey his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod :
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

PSALM CXXXVI.

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

AFTER TRINITY.

Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

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

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

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

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

- 104.. MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
L. Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crowned.
The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His wakened wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

AFTER TRINITY.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

PSALM CIV.

105.. MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name!
O Lord, let my voice thy greatness proclaim :
P. Surpassing in glory, dominion, and might,
Thy throne is the heaven, thy robe is the light.
High-circling, the sky above thee is spread ;
On waters beneath thy chambers are laid :
The clouds are a chariot thy glory to bear,
Upon the wings wafted of winds in the air.
Thy word is obey'd by angels on high ;
Thy will to perform thy ministers fly ;
The earth on its basis by thee is sustain'd,
Firm fix'd in the station thy wisdom ordain'd.
Descending in dews, clouds plenteousness pour ;
All nature revives, earth smiles in the shower ;
A mantle of verdure apparels the plain,
Fruits swell in the garden, fields wave thick with grain.
Thy bounties, O Lord, what creature can see,
And lift not his heart in praises to thee ?
Th' Almighty Creator his works loud proclaim :
My soul, praise Jehovah! speak good of his name !

PSALM CIII.

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

AFTER TRINITY.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord,
To them that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

All thy compassions, Lord,
Through endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CL.

107.. O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows :
L. Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.

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

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice,
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Let every tongue in praise rejoice,
And join the organ's solemn sound.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
That breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
Let every creature praise the Lord.

AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXXXV.

108.. O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name :

C. Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

O praise him, ye that round his throne
Attend with constant care ;
And ye, who to his Church on earth
With humble zeal repair.

Their sense of his unbounded love
Let all mankind express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord
His name and mercies bless.

Let us, with thanks, his wondrous works
Within his courts proclaim :
Let all the world with one consent
Exalt his holy name.

PSALM CXLIX.

109.. O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing :

P. In Christ our Redeemer let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

From death and from hell, redeemed by his grace,
In hymns and in songs his praises express ;
Who soon in his glory his servants will place,
And with his salvation the humble will bless.

AFTER TRINITY.

Then let them declare, that sin to destroy,
And men to redeem, the Son of God came :
Such honour and triumph his saints shall enjoy ;
Oh, therefore, for ever exalt his great name !

By angels in heaven, of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be addressed,
(As it has been, now is, and always shall be,)
To God in Three Persons, one God, ever blessed.

PSALM CV.

- 110.. O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;
Invoke his sacred name :
C. Acquaint the nations with his deeds,—
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
The subject of your verse.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
For endless ages yet to come
In equal force shall last.

AFTER TRINITY.

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

PSALM CXLVIII.

111.. PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
8.7. Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light !

Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken—
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail :
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation !
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name !

112.. SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
7s. When Jehovah's work began,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

AFTER TRINITY.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

113.. THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive ;

C. Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.

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

All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From 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.

AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM IX.

114.. To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
We will our hearts prepare ;

C. To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to our souls
Exalted pleasure bring ;
While to thy name, O thou Most High !
Triumphant praise we sing.

All those who have thy goodness prov'd,
Will in thy truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on thy help relied.

Our grateful songs to thee, O Lord,
We therefore will address ;
Proclaim thy deeds, till all the world
No other God confess.

115.. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,

C. Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ten thousand thousand goodly gifts,
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
To taste those gifts with joy.

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

AFTER TRINITY.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

PSALM C.

116.. WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
L. Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
O enter then his temple-gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CXLVIII.

117.. YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
P. His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

AFTER TRINITY.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
 His praise declare,
 Ye 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.

PSALM CXLVI.

118.. YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
8s. 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 heavens, in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

AFTER TRINITY.

Though 'tis 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,
Within his sacred courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And holy men on earth adore,—
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

- 119.** FATHER of peace, and God of love !
We own thy power to save ;
c. That power by which the Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still.
Thus to perfection's sacred height
Still nearer may we rise ;
And all we think, and wish, and do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.
Praise to the Father, and the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to thee :
Glory to God, the Three in One,
To God the One in Three.
- 120.** FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
c. Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—

AFTER TRINITY.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

PSALM LXXXV.

121. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
8.7. He, whose word can ne'er 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 art safe from all thy foes.
Here the stream of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of want remove:
None can faint, where such a river
Freely pours their thirst t' assuage,
Blessings which, like God the giver,
Never fail from age to age.
Saviour! since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I may well endure the shame:
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

AFTER TRINITY.

122. GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of thy face ;
7s. Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
 Fill thy church with light divine ;
 And thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Let thy love on all be poured ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

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

123. GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
c. He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

AFTER TRINITY.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

124. HAPPY saint, that, free from harms,
 Rests within his Saviour's arms !
7s. Who his quiet shall molest ?
 Who shall violate his rest ?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear :
 Jesus takes his every care :
 He, who found the wandering sheep,
 Jesus, still delights to keep.

O that we might so believe,
Steadfast so to Jesus cleave ;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh.
Free from sin and servile fear,
Trust our Saviour ever near ;
All his care rejoice to prove ;
All his paradise of love.

Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep ;
Bring us back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee our every care ;
Bear us, on thy bosom bear :
Let us know our Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive ;
Ever in thy Spirit live :

AFTER TRINITY.

Live, till all thy life we know
Perfect, through our Lord, below ;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
Oh, that we at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand ;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven ! Amen.

125.

7s.

HAPPY they that find a rest
On a heavenly Father's breast ;
Happy they whose praises flow
Even in this vale of woe.

They may mount from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length ;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be ours this prize to win ;
Guide us, through this world of sin ;
Keep us, by thy saving grace ;
Give us, at thy side a place.

Sun and Shield alike thou art ;
Guide and Guard our erring heart ;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above. Amen.

126.

s.

IF GOD be on our side
Then let who will oppose,
For oft 'ere now to him we cried,
And he hath quell'd our foes.

If Jesus be our friend,
If God doth love us well,
What matters all our foes intend,
Though strong they be and fell.

AFTER TRINITY.

Here we can firmly rest,
We dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
Our Friend and Father is.

We rest upon the ground,
Of Jesus and his blood,
For 'tis through him that we have found
The true Eternal good.

His Spirit in us dwells,
O'er all our minds he reigns,
All care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away all pains.

There is prepared on high
Our heritage, our lot,
Though here on earth we sink and die,
Our heaven shall fail us not.

127. JESUS, Creator of the world,
Of all mankind Redeemer blest,
L. True God of God, in whom we see
The Father's Image clear exprest.

'Twas love alone prevailed on thee
Our human nature to assume,
For the first Adam's ruined race
A second Adam to become.

That love all bountiful, which made
The starry sky, the sea, and earth,
Took pity on our misery,
And brake the bondage of our birth.

O Jesus, in thy heart divine
May that same love for ever glow ;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow.

AFTER TRINITY.

For this thy sacred heart was pierced,
Poured forth the water and the blood,
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And reconcile the world to God.

All honour, praise, and glory be,
To God the Father and the Son,
With thee, O Holy Comforter,
Now, and while endless ages run.

PSALM CXXXIX.

128. LORD! thou hast search'd and seen me through :

L. Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
To thee are all distinctly known :
Thou know'st the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I roam, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

AFTER TRINITY.

129. SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
Our God, our heavenly King;

C. Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves:
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the soul he loves.

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

130. THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And lead me with a shepherd's care;

8s. His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

AFTER TRINITY.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

PSALM XIX.

- 131.** THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
8s. And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.
- Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing, as they shine,—
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

AFTER TRINITY.

132. THOU art the Way,—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
C. And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

PSALM XXXIV.

133. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
C. Still shall the praises of my God
My heart and tongue employ.
Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.
Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
Oh ! make but trial of his love :
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

AFTER TRINITY.

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

PSALM LXI.

134. WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
S. Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head ;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade !
Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.
My lot is cast with those
That fear thy holy name :
Eternal life is their reward ;
O grant to me the same. Amen.

ANNUNCIATION.

135. O DAY of glad solemnity !
Which God appointed to convey
L. Tidings, that made our sorrows cease,
Glad news of mercy and of peace.
We, by our parents' one offence,
Were fallen all from innocence ;
But now, to raise us from our fall,
On earth descends the Lord of all.

ANNUNCIATION.

Yes! he, who was th' Eternal Son,
Ere time had yet its course begun,
Our life of pain and weakness bore,
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on him our mortal state,
That he might bear the sinner's fate ;
That so his blood, in ransom given,
Might take away the wrath of heaven.

Redeemer of the world, to thee
All praise and glory offered be ;
To God the Father, King of Heaven,
And Holy Ghost, all praise be given.

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

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King ;—

He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart ;
And for his dwelling and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
O make the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for thee.

JOHN BAPTIST.

137. ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh :
L. Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest :
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare,
That Christ may deign to enter there.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

Stretch forth thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Upon thy pardoned people shine,
And fill the world with grace divine.

To him, who came the world to free,
To God the Son all glory be ;
To God the Father, as is meet,
To God the blessed Paraclete.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

138. AROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious Angels stand ;
L. 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.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Lord, give thy Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.
Grant that no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm, or cause us fear,
And may we dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round thy throne at last.

ST. THOMAS.

139. WE walk by faith, and not by sight,
No words, no voice we hear,
c. From him whose gracious lips were wont,
The lowly heart to cheer.
We cannot touch his hands and side,
Nor see the path he trod ;
Yet firmly we in him believe,
In him, our Lord and God !
Oh Jesu, help our unbelief,
And let our love abound,
That we at thy return may be
All true and faithful found.
Thus may we through eternity
Exalt thy saving might,
Made meet to share for evermore
The bliss of saints in light. Amen.

ALL SAINTS.

140. FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
s. Who follow'd thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.

ALL SAINTS.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With thee their Lord in view,
Learn'd from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

SAINTS' DAYS.

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

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

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

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

SAINTS' DAYS.

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

142. THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :

C. 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 follow in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;

Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And met the cross and flame.

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 !

143. THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,

C. Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

SAINTS' DAYS.

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.

Lord Jesu, be our constant Guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven. Amen.

144. WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
7s. Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying God.
- Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night :
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more :

SAINTS' DAYS.

No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's director ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

They with him shall ever reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead :
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fulfil every soul with love.

145. How bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?

C. 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 triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

SAINTS' DAYS.

'Mid pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

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

HOLY COMMUNION.

146: BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
9.8. By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

147. BREAD of Heav'n ! on thee we feed ;
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
7s. Ever let our souls be fed
With the true and living bread !
Vine of Heav'n ! thy pierced side,
Hath salvation's cup supplied ;
Lord ! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.
Mighty Saviour ! risen Lord,
Day by day thy strength afford ;
Lord of Life ! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee ! Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

148. COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine ;
7s. Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above ;
Celebrate the feast of love.
Strive we, in affection strive ;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Champions dying for their God :
We, like them, may live and love ;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.
Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified ;
Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
We his quickening Spirit breathe ;
Christ is now gone up on high,
Thither all our wishes fly ;
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with him we reign in love !
149. FORGIVE, O Lord, our wand'rings past ;
Henceforth we would obey thy call :
8s. Our sins far from us let us cast,
And turn to thee devoutly all :
Then with Archangels shall we sing
Praises to heaven's Eternal King.
Hear us, O God, in mercy hear !
With sorrow we our guilt deplore :

HOLY COMMUNION.

Pity our anguish, calm our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more!
Then with Archangels shall we sing
Praises to heaven's Eternal King.

While, at thy table, low we kneel,
And of thy sacred feast partake,
Our pardon, Lord, vouchsafe to seal,
For Jesus our Redeemer's sake!
Then with Archangels shall we sing
Praises to heaven's Eternal King.

- 150:** LORD, when before thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
P. From heaven th' eternal mercy-seat,
On us thy blessings pour;
And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation meet for thee.
Thy body for our ransom given,
Thy blood in mercy shed!
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round thy table kneel,
Help us thy quick'ning grace to feel.
Be thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh!
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies. Amen.

- 151.** OH GOD! and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
L. Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy goodness know.

HOLY COMMUNION.

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

O let thy table honoured be
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
Revive thy dying churches Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live,
And more, that energy afford ?
A Saviour's blood alone can give.
Nor let thy spreading glory rest,
Till through the world thy truth hath run,
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. Amen.

152. **GUIDE** us, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
P. We are weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold us with thy powerful hand :
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.
Open thou the heavenly Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.
When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Bear us through the swelling current,
Land us safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

HOLY COMMUNION.

153: AT thy footstool lowly bending
See us sinners, gracious Lord!
P. Thou art kind and condescending ;
Now thy powerful aid afford !
Thou hast promis'd ;
We rely upon thy word.
May we deeply be concerned
All thy precepts to obey ;
And by thy good Spirit turned,
Jesus make our trust and stay !
Thus prepared,
Lead us ever in thy way.
May we ever be maintaining
Holy intercourse with heaven ;
Christian character sustaining,
Cleans'd from earth's polluting leaven ;
To thy glory,
Hearts and lives and all be given !
Let the bond of sacred union
Strength of our religion prove ;
And its mutual pure communion
Edify our souls in love :
Sweet resemblance,
To thy family above ! Amen.

154. O GOD, how infinite thy love !
Its height or depth what tongue can tell ?
L. It raises man to heaven above,
And saves him from the curse of hell.
It dries the contrite sinner's tears,
Strengthens the feeble child of dust,
Bids him dismiss his anxious fears,
And in a Saviour's merits trust.

HOLY COMMUNION.

What shall we render to the Lord
For all his mercy, all his love?
Or what can sinful man afford,
That shall a grateful offering prove?

His gracious will let us obey,
Salvation's offered cup receive;
Glad homage at his altar pay,
And thanks and praises ever give.

HOLY BAPTISM.

155. IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,

c. 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 conflict to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travel'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And set 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!

HOLY BAPTISM.

- 156: **P**OUR down thy Spirit, Lord,
 On all assembled here ;
 S. Let us receive the engrafted word
 With meekness and with fear.
 Our inmost hearts refine,
 And for thyself prepare ;
 Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,
 And reign triumphant there.
 Thy servants, Lord, we are,
 Baptized into thy name,
 All hurtful things put from us far,
 All works of sin and shame.
 Come to thy temple, Lord ;
 Thy waiting people bless ;
 Here let thy glory be adored,
 Here give thy word success. **Amen.**
- 157: **O** SAVIOUR blest, who once hast trod
 For us death's dreary dark abode,
 L. Hear us, we pray, and lend thine aid,
 For thee we have our refuge made.
 Baptized into thy death, may we
 Be dead to all iniquity,
 Put every evil thought away,
 And grow in goodness day by day.
 O help us in the hour of strife,
 And guide us in our daily life,
 And make the gates of death the road,
 To lead our ransomed souls to God.
 All praise to him who died to save ;
 Praise for his cross, his wounds, his grave,
 And glory to the Father be,
 And Holy Ghost eternally. **Amen.**

HOLY BAPTISM.

158. INTO Christ's flock we are received,
And signed with his sign,
c. In token that we shall not shun
To do his will divine,
To fight with sin, the world, and flesh,
Beneath his banner'd cross ;
To scorn the world and its delights,
Nor fear the shame and loss.
Our fight begins in earliest youth,
In childhood we must wear
Our armour 'gainst the crafty foe,
And for the fight prepare.
High faith in him our shield must be,
To quench all fiery darts,
Temptations of the evil one
To gain our wavering hearts.
Our helmet is his saving grace,
Our sword the word of God ;
Our Lord himself these helps did use
When the same way he trod.

CONFIRMATION.

159. OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
7s. Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe ;
Flee we not in danger's hour,
Know we not our Captain's power ?

CONFIRMATION.

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

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

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

ORDINATION.

160: COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :

P.L. 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 still may be our endless song :—

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

MATRIMONY.

161: THOU boundless Source of every good !

Our best desires fulfil ;

C. And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

Do thou direct our steps aright ;
Help us thy name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If thou art with us there. Amen.

BURIAL.

162. THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not
deplore thee,

P. Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is our guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

BURIAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

164.. PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven :
To his feet thy tribute bring ;

P. Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing ?
Praise him ! praise him !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;

Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless :
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness !

Father-like, he tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame he knows ;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows !

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

165.. PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders
Earth, and air, and seas display ;

8.7. Him, who high in tempests thunders,
Him, whom countless worlds obey.
In the eastern skies ascending,
Praise him, glorious orb of day ;
Ocean, round the globe extending,
Praise him, o'er thy boundless way.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

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

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

166.. PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
7s. Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow.

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

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

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for these our souls shall raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth ;
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams :

Lord, for these our souls shall raise,
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 167..** LORD of the harvest ! thee we hail,
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
8s. The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned :
Our thanks we pay this holy day ;
Oh ! let our hearts in tune be found !
If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
If winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain ;
Still do we sing to thee, our King ;
Through all earth's changes thou dost reign.
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.

FOUNDATION OF CHURCH.

- 168:** LORD OF HOSTS, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise ;
7s. Thou thy peoples' hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and pray'r.

FOUNDATION OF CHURCH.

Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heav'nly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

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

CONSECRATION OF CHURCH.

- 169.. Lo ! God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
8s. 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
The united choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone ;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;
Oh, take, oh, seal them for thine own :
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord ;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PSALM LXXXIV.

170..

P.

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

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

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

The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

171. JESUS, thy people love to meet,
And bow before thy mercy-seat ;
L. Whene'er they seek thee, thou art found,
Within thy temple's hallow'd ground.
Great Shepherd of thy faithful few !
Thy former mercies here renew :
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The glories of thy saving name.
Now may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
Lord, we are weak, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear !
O ! rend the heav'ns, thyself make known,
And make our sinful hearts thine own. Amen.
- 172: LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
C. Yet still how weak our faith is found,
How slow to learn thy word !
Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;
Such faint impressions of thy grace
Our languid powers retain.
How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hopes of joys above !
How few affections there !
Great God ! thy sovereign aid impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on our heart,
And deep its truths impress.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Oh ! speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high !
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die. Amen.

173. LORD, { dismiss } us with thy blessing,
 { refresh }

P. Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One :
Praise him ! praise him !
Praise the Father, Spirit, Son.

CHURCH SCHOOLS.

174: O HOLY LORD, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly Child,
L. And, in subjection meek, to give
Obedience to thy mother mild ;
Lead every child that bears thy name
To walk in thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like thyself, obey.
O let not this world's scorching glow,
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.
Gather thy lambs within thine arm,
And gently in thy bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there. Amen.

175. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
7s. 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.
Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Onward then we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness ;
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

CHURCH SCHOOLS.

PSALM CXIX.

176. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
c. Thy word, O Lord, the way imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
When that pervades the sinner's mind,
And spreads its light abroad,
The meanest may instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
To guide us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
God's word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
Oh ! may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age !

PSALM XV.

177. WHO, O Lord, with favour blest,
On thy holy hill shall rest ?
7s. He, who with a heart sincere
Walks directed by thy fear.
Rules of righteousness divine
Daily in his practice shine ;
Ne'er from truth his lips depart,
Sacred held within his heart.
He will not his neighbour wrong,
By his actions nor his tongue ;
He, whose ways are truth and love,
From thy favour shall not move.

CHURCH SCHOOLS.

He thy grace shall largely share,
All his wants shall be thy care ;
He O Lord, a welcome guest,
On thy holy hill shall rest.

178. BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand :
L. Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light,
And guide our doubtful steps aright.
Engage each weak and erring heart,
Early to choose the better part ;
To yield the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
Then, should the wildest storms arise,
And tempest mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.
If thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die ;
Secure, when human comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

PSALM I.

179. How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
c. Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk :
But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend ;
So he shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Alike in ruin end.

CHURCH ALMS.

180: FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace
All-powerful from above ;
c. To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

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

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

Thee Lord, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see,
For while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.

CHURCH MISSIONS.

181.. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
7.6. 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 Celon'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 ! oh ! Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

CHURCH MISSIONS.

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

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

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

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

183. JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep !
Powerful is thine arm to keep
7s. All thy flock with safest care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.

Thee their Guide and Guard they own ;
Thee they love, and thee alone ;
Thee they follow day by day,
Fearful lest their feet should stray.

Lord ! thy helpless sheep behold ;
Gather all into thy fold :
Gently lead the wand'ers home ;
Watch them, lest again they roam.

CHURCH MISSIONS.

Bring thy sheep now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way :
Then—the fold and Shepherd one—
We shall praise thee round the throne. Amen.

184. JERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !
 Enthroned once on high,
C. Thou favoured house 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 !—
But now thy day is sunk in night,
 Thy time of mercy spent ;
For heavy was thy children's crime,
 And strange its punishment.
O gaze not idly on their fall,
 But sinner warned be :
He who spared not his chosen seed,
 May send his wrath on thee ;
Their day of grace is sunk in night—
 Thy day is in its prime :
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face,
 In this accepted time !

LORD'S DAY.

- 185.. THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
C. Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

LORD'S DAY.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

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

Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

- 186:** LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
L. Accept as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from thy temple rise.
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
Oh, that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.
In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

LORD'S DAY.

O long expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And pass from death to rest in God. Amen.

MORNING.

SUNDAY.

187: FATHER ! who the light this day
Out of darkness didst create,
7s. Shine upon us now, we pray,
While within thy courts we wait.
Cast we off the works of night,—
Walk as children of the light.

Saviour ! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid our slumbering souls awake,
Shine through all their sin and gloom :
Let us, from our bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee !

Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !
Sent this day, with power from high,
Lord, on us thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify :
Be thine influence shed abroad,
Lead us to the truth of God. Amen.

MONDAY.

188: FORTH in thy name, O Lord ! we go,
Our daily labour to pursue ;
L. Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

MORNING.

The task thy wisdom has assign'd,
Oh ! let us cheerfully fulfil ;
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thine own accepted will.

Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all our works to thee.

Give us to bear thy easy yoke,
And ev'ry moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day—

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven. Amen.

TUESDAY.

- 189: AGAIN, O Lord, I raise mine eyes
Thy glorious light to see,
c. And share the gifts so largely lent
To thankless man, by thee.
- And why has God o'er me this night
The watch so kindly kept ?
And why have I so safely waked,
And why so sweetly slept ?
- Is it to waste another day,
In folly, sin, and shame ?
To give to these my heart and hand,
And spurn my Maker's claim ?

MORNING.

No! thus too many days I've spent,
To thee, Lord, this be given ;
Teach what I owe to man below,
And to thyself in heaven.

O bring me to my Saviour's Cross
For mercy for the past ;
And make me live the coming day
As if it were my last. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

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

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

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

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

THURSDAY.

191. CHRIST, whose glory fills the sky,
Christ, the true, and only light,
7s. Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring, from on high, draw near,
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

MORNING.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see ;
Lord ! thy inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

Visit every soul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief ;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

FRIDAY.

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

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife,
From anger's din would hide our life :
From all ill sights would turn our eyes :
Would close our ears from vanities :

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

So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise his name for victory gained. Amen.

MORNING.

SATURDAY.

193: OUR limbs refreshed with slumbers now,
Our sloth cast off, in prayer we bow :

L. And while we sing thy praises clear,
O Father, be thou present here.

To thee our earliest morning song,
To thee our hearts' full powers belong :
Do thou, O Holy One, prevent
Each following action and intent.

As shades of morning flee away,
And night before the star of day,
So each transgression of the night,
Be purged by thee, Celestial Light.

Cut off, we pray thee, each offence,
And every lust of thought and sense ;
That, by their lips who thee adore,
Thou mayest be prais'd for evermore.

Father, may that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee.
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

EVENING.

SUNDAY.

194. SWEET is the work, my God ! my King !
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;

L. To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No earthly cares shall fill my breast ;
Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

EVENING.

These sacred hours of rest we love,
For now we taste of bliss above,
Of bliss which righteous souls shall gain,
When they the crown of life obtain.

Oh Saviour, with protecting care,
Watch daily o'er this house of prayer,
Where, gathered in thy holy name,
We at thy hands a blessing claim. Amen.

MONDAY.

195: FATHER! by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour,
7s. Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Saviour! to thy Father bear
This, our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray.
Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet, awhile, before we sleep,
We with thee will vigils keep.
Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear,
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are. Amen.

TUESDAY.

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

EVENING.

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgement-day.

O let 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.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs 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 !

WEDNESDAY.

- 197.** HOLIEST, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
8.7. Sin and want we come confessing :
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

EVENING.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

THURSDAY.

198. O GOD, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
L. And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

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

FRIDAY.

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

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 !

EVENING.

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 slumber, 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.

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 !

SATURDAY.

200. THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us ;
Wearied we lie down to rest :

P. Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, thou our Guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

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

