FOURTH EDITION.

THE

Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book.

(WITH NEW APPENDIX).

Under the sanction of the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

OXFORD: W. R. BOWDEN; EVESHAM: W. AND H. SMITH.

(A small Edition of the Words alone, for Congregational use, neatly bound in cloth, price Sixpence.)
"On earth join all ye creatures to extol
"Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."
TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS VICTORIA,
PRINCESS IMPERIAL OF GERMANY, PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND,

THIS BOOK IS (BY SPECIAL PERMISSION)
DEDICATED WITH ALL RESPECT,

BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S
MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.
"The Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book" was at first intended to be a collection of about five-and-twenty Hymns and original Tunes in the form of a pamphlet, to enable a comparatively limited circle of the Compiler's friends and others to obtain copies of those which, from their popularity wherever they were introduced, involved, owing to the frequency of application for them, no slight labour in copying. But the work, through the kindness of contributors, and for many other reasons, has assumed its present more extended and elaborate form. A cursory glance at its pages will, however, shew that it still retains its supplemental character, and is insufficient by itself for the purposes of a Hymnal.

Most of the Hymns being for "general" use, it has not been thought necessary to arrange them in the order of the Church's Seasons—but the few which are adapted for particular Seasons and occasions will be found arranged accordingly in a separate index.

It is of course impossible (unless it be entirely original) but that in such a work as the present one, which is to be generally supplemental, a few Hymns and perhaps one or two Tunes may here and there be found which may appear also in other collections to which it may be used as a Supplement. But there are few, if any, such books to which this work as a whole will not, it is hoped, prove a serviceable addition, especially as regards the Tunes. For example,—if used in conjunction with "Hymns Ancient and Modern," "The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book," or "Psalms and Hymns with Appropriate Tunes," it will be supplemental principally as regards the Tunes, although some excellent Hymns will be found here, which have no place in the collections just named. To other Hymnals it
will be found supplemental as regards not only the Tunes but also the Hymns.

One or two well-known old Tunes appear in this work, because they are not found in many of the principal and most popular collections now in use, and because they should not, in the humble opinion of the Editor, be absent from any general collection.

In order to render this book available for general congregational use, an edition of the words alone in a more portable shape has been published, the small expense of which (sixpence) will bring it within reach of all.

Having stated so much, it now only remains for the Editor to express, as he does with extreme gratitude, his great obligations to

Miss Catherine Winkworth for her kind permission to reprint from “Lyra Germanica” Hymn 51.

Miss Waring, for the use of Hymn 47.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Dunedin, for Tune 46b.


The Rev. R. H. Baynes, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael’s, Coventry, for his Hymn 58.


The Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, Precentor of Hereford, &c., for his Tunes 2 and 49, both composed expressly for this work.

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc., Vicar of St. Oswald’s, Durham, and late Precentor of the Cathedral, for Tunes 21, 38, and 47, the two latter composed expressly for this work.


The Rev. J. D. Glennie, M.A., for the use of Tune 5.

The Rev. R. Haking, Vicar of Rodbourne, Swindon, for Tunes 1, 30, and 44, all composed expressly for this work.
PREFACE.

The Rev. R. R. Chope, B.A., for permission to use Mr. Turle's arrangement of Tune 63 (No. 180 in "The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book").
John Stuart Blackie, Esq., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, for the use of his Hymn No. 2.
John Macray, Esq., of Oxford, for his Hymn 57.
Thomas Gambier Parry, Esq., of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire, for Tunes 4 and 13.
C. Hubert H. Parry, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., for Tunes 8, 57, and 58, all composed expressly for this work.
James Turle, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey, for the use of Tune 15.
John Stainer, Esq., M.A., Mus. Doc., Organist to the University of Oxford and of Magdalen College, for Tunes 3, 37, and 48, the first composed expressly for this work.
Joseph Barnby, Esq., Organist of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, for Tunes 7, 20, 24, 56, and 59, the first and last composed expressly for this work.
A. R. Reinagle, Esq., of Oxford, for Tunes 9, 14, 29, 36, 42, 46a, and 52, the second and last of which are here published for the first time.
James Taylor, Esq., Organist of New College, Oxford, for Tunes 28 and 60.
J. Baptiste Calkin, Esq., for Tunes 16, 62, and 66, composed expressly for this work.
W. A. Barrett, Esq., of Magdalen College and St. Mary Hall, Oxford, for Tunes 22, 27, and 31, all composed expressly for this work.

Samuel Gee, Esq., R.A.M., Precentor and Organist of Christ Church, Clapham, for his Tune 65a.

T. M. Grizelle, Esq., Organist of St. John's College, Oxford, for Tune 40.

Hamilton Clarke, Esq., Organist of Queen's College, Oxford, for Tune 45, composed expressly for this work.

W. K. Wheatley, Esq., Organist of All Saints', Evesham, for Tune 64b.

To F. Hervey, Esq., for Tune 67.

To Messrs. Masters and Son, for the use of Hymn 21.

And to Messrs. Nelson, Edinburgh, for the use of their arrangement of Tunes 10 and 17.

The Editor has used every endeavour to avoid infringement of copyright, either in the Hymns or Tunes. Should he, however, by any chance, have unwittingly erred in respect of the rights of others, he begs to express his regret. He does not hold himself responsible for the harmonies of any tunes but his own and those harmonized by him.

The Editor's thanks are especially due to his friends Dr. Stainer and the Rev. R. Haking, for valuable assistance; and to Mr. Joseph Barnby, for his great kindness in finally revising the proof sheets of the Tunes.

He cannot close this Preface without expressing his gratitude to the Lord Bishop of Worcester, for allowing this work to be published under His Lordship's sanction, and he prays that He to whom the meanest work of man, if done to His glory, is acceptable, may bless this humble effort for the good of the Church, not only in the Diocese of Worcester, but throughout the land.
PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAD the Editor foreseen the important place among the Church musical publications of the day, that the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book" would take, and the large circulation it would attain, he would have produced a very different work from the book as originally published.

This he feels it due to himself to place on record. In committing to the press a third edition, therefore, he answers the demand of the public, but in doing so he would recall to his readers the claim put forth in his Preface to the first and second editions, that the work is not to be judged as would be the result of his studied endeavour to compile a book for congregational use, or taken as his idea of what a Church Tune-Book ought to be. It is simply the amplification of a collection of Tunes which had gradually accumulated in his hands, and which from their great demand, some for Church use, others for drawing-room performance (a very different thing) he was induced to print. To this collection he added others of different styles till the work assumed its present dimensions.

The Editor cannot sufficiently impress upon those who use this volume the fact that, not being originally designed for Church use, it contains various hymns which are not, in his judgment, adapted for public worship. The settings of these he believes will be found to correspond with their character as "chamber music." The greater part, however, both of the hymns and tunes here given are put forth with confidence as likely to prove a really valuable supplement to every Congregational Hymn and Tune Book, and eminently fitted for use in Divine Service.

Having said so much, he commends the third edition of his work to
the criticism of musicians, with the conviction that while the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book" contains some Tunes intended chiefly for occasional performance in the family circle, there will be found others which for solidity, dignity, melody and grace, are unsurpassed, and which will bear the test of time for use either in congregational worship or by "Choirs of many skilful voices."

And here the Editor cannot resist this opportunity of impressing upon those of his brother clergy and lay amateurs, who take a real interest in the cause of Church music, the necessity of resisting the present infatuation for melodies unsuited to Church use, which are threatening, under the delusion of thus encouraging "hearty" singing, to destroy the dignity of the musical service of the sanctuary. It must be borne in mind that the multitudinous bellow of a secular tune (albeit a lively one) to sacred words, does not argue heartiness in the sense in which it is the object of Church art to foster it, and that undignified rapidity does not in any way add to true "spirit" in hymn-singing. The music of our Churches is becoming thoroughly debased by the almost exclusive adoption of what are called "pretty" tunes, and the frivolous effusions which greet the ear Sunday after Sunday (in too many cases to the exclusion of our noble Psalm Tunes), are enough to make a musician weep. It is an error to suppose that, in order to obtain congregational singing, recourse must be had to semi-secular melodies, or to those worse violations of good taste and true reverence (in the shape of adaptations) which too often find a home in churches where the niceties of worship are supposed to be most punctiliously studied.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the Editor would for one moment insinuate that Church musicians and choirmasters are for ever to remain within the fetters of antiquity, and adhere slavishly to "cut and dry" progressions. On the contrary, he rejoices that our best composers are not only
doing much to preserve from oblivion the rich stores of ancient and more recent Psalm-Tunes, but are, at the same time, "launching out into the deep" of music, and developing its undiscovered resources and unknown beauties.

The Editor trusts that these few remarks will be received in the spirit in which they are with diffidence offered. If they shall be the means of directing the minds and energies of the clergy and choirmasters generally to the subject, he will feel himself rewarded.

In the Appendix to this edition will be found some of our standard Psalm Tunes, arranged for unison singing with *obbligato* organ accompaniment. It is not without some slight hesitation that the Editor has ventured to introduce in type so great an innovation. And this hesitation does not proceed from any misgivings as to the legitimacy or advantage of such rendering, as an alternative to the original harmonies, when the accompaniments are judicious and scholarly; but from the fear lest the precedent should open the door to the ambitious efforts of aspiring but unqualified musicians. The Editor, however, feels that in the hands of such composers as those to whom he is indebted for the arrangements in his Appendix, this mode of executing our Psalm and Hymn Tunes (both old and new) will prove, for congregational worship, a useful and pleasing variety.

In conclusion, he must express his thanks to

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Wordsworth) for the use of Hymn 90, from the "Holy Year."

His friend the Rev. John Ellerton for the use of his Hymns (Nos. 81, 87, 89 and 92), as well as for his kind assistance in drawing up the Index of Authors, which adds so much to the value of the work.

His friend the Rev. A. Eubule Evans for his Hymns (Nos. 70, 80 and 88).
The Rev. F. Pott for the use of his Hymn (No. 76).
The Rev. Dr. Bonar for his Hymn (No. 82).
Mrs. Hogg, daughter of the late Henry Francis Lyte, for the use of his Hymn (No. 69).
Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. for the use of the words of Hymns (Nos. 68 and 91).
The Religious Tract Society for permission to use Mr. James Edmeston's beautiful Hymn (No. 75).
Messrs. Burns, Oates and Co. for the use of Hymn 86, as well as for Tunes 77, 78 and 48 in the Addenda.
Mr. Charles Fox for permission to print Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams's Hymn (No. 72).
His thanks are also tendered to the Rev. William Mercer for the use of Tune 72, from his scholarly "Oxford Edition" of the "Church Psalter and Hymn Book."
John Goss, Esq., for his masterly settings (Nos. 69 and 75).
Edward J. Hopkins, Esq., for Tunes 89, 92, and 45 in the Addenda.
James Turle, Esq., for Tune 76.
Dr. Steggall for Tune 87.
Frederick Westlake, Esq., for Tune 78.
His friends, J. Baptiste Calkin, Esq., for his Tunes and arrangements (Nos. 70, 81, 83, 84 and 86).
C. G. Verrinder for his Tune (No. 79).
Dr. John Stainer for his composition (No. 71).
Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. for their kind permission to use any of the Tunes and Arrangements in their admirable book "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship,"—of which permission he has availed himself by inserting Tunes 73 and 80b.
John C. Ward, Esq., for his Tunes (Nos. 90 and 91).

The Rev. Thomas Darling for his kindness in permitting him to insert Dr. Steggall's Tune 85 from "Hymns for the Church of England," a tune which the Editor ventures to think is one of the finest of modern date.

"Last, but not least," to his friend, Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq., for his splendid setting of "The strain upraise" (No. 68), and his masterly arrangement of "St. Ann's" (No. 74).

It only remains for the Editor to add, that he has endeavoured, in this Appendix, to avoid infringing in any way on the copyright property of others. Should he, however, have unintentionally transgressed in this respect, he hereby begs to offer his apologies.
LIST OF HYMNS FOR SPECIAL SEASONS
AND OCCASIONS.

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</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty</td>
<td>John Cawood</td>
<td>Moredon</td>
<td>R. Haking</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Come, let us join our friends above</td>
<td>Reginald Heber</td>
<td>St. Asaph</td>
<td>W. A. Barrett</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>33</td>
<td>No change of time shall ever shock</td>
<td>Charles Wesley</td>
<td>Passion</td>
<td>Arr. by J. S. Bach</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Sweet Saviour, blest are we we go</td>
<td>Tate and Brady</td>
<td>Magdalen</td>
<td>Humphrey E. Owen</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>35</td>
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<td>Frederick William Faber</td>
<td>Benifon</td>
<td>———, 1707</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
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<td>Isaac Watts and William Cameron</td>
<td>North Coates</td>
<td>T. R. Matthews</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Where high the heavenly temple stands</td>
<td>John Cennick</td>
<td>Lancaster</td>
<td>A. R. Reinagle</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>38</td>
<td>Hark! the herald angels sing</td>
<td>Michael Bruce, d. 1767</td>
<td>St. Andrew's</td>
<td>Har. by J. Stainer</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>39</td>
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<td>Bethlehem</td>
<td>J. B. Dykes</td>
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<td>40</td>
<td>In the hour of trial</td>
<td>James Montgomery</td>
<td>A. R. Reinagle</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>41</td>
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<td>Horatius Bonar</td>
<td>Tpt. and Brady</td>
<td>R. Brown-Borthwick</td>
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<tr>
<td>42</td>
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<td>T. M. Grisselle</td>
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<tr>
<td>43</td>
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<td>A. R. Reinagle</td>
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<td>44</td>
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<td>Charles Wesley</td>
<td>Suter (B)</td>
<td>R. Brown-Borthwick</td>
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<td>45</td>
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<td>Walter Leigh</td>
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<td>Eveham</td>
<td>R. Haking</td>
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<td>Horatius Bonar</td>
<td>Eveham</td>
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<tr>
<td>48</td>
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<td>John Mason Neale</td>
<td>St. Sabbas (A)</td>
<td>J. Hamilton Clarke</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Souter (B)</td>
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<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>50</td>
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<td>52</td>
<td>Awake, my soul, and with the sun</td>
<td>Thomas Ken, 1709</td>
<td>Leigh</td>
<td>Har. by Sebastian Bach</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Hymn</td>
<td>Author, or Source</td>
<td>Name of Tune</td>
<td>Composer, or Source</td>
<td>Metre</td>
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<td>John Keble...</td>
<td>Didbrook</td>
<td>R. Brown-Borthwick</td>
<td>L.M.</td>
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<td>{ Francis Roule, 1643}</td>
<td>(from Ps. 124)</td>
<td>From Marot and Beza's Songs.</td>
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<td>Wareham</td>
<td>W. Knapp, 1768</td>
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<td>Warham</td>
<td>L.M.</td>
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<td>Clinton</td>
<td>C. H. H. Parry</td>
<td>C.M.</td>
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<td>58</td>
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<td>Exeter</td>
<td>C. H. H. Parry</td>
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<td>Alleluia</td>
<td>Joseph Barnby</td>
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<tr>
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<td>La Spezia</td>
<td>James Taylor</td>
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<tr>
<td>61</td>
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<td>Charles Wesley</td>
<td>St. Giles'</td>
<td>C. G. Verrinder</td>
<td>C.M.</td>
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<td>Horatius Bonar</td>
<td>Bonar</td>
<td>J. Baptiste Calkin</td>
<td>8,8,7,8,7.</td>
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<tr>
<td>63</td>
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<td>Henry Kirke White, and Fanny Fuller</td>
<td>Vienna</td>
<td>Arr. by J. Turle</td>
<td>7,7,7,7.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>{ John Mason Neale, from Bernard of Morlaix}</td>
<td>{ Chrift Church (A) Jerusalem (B) }</td>
<td>Samuel Gee, W. K. Wheatley</td>
<td>7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.</td>
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<td>64</td>
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<td>Thomas Gibbons, 1784</td>
<td>Braemar</td>
<td>R. Brown-Borthwick</td>
<td>C.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>{ John Mason Neale, from Bernard of Morlaix}</td>
<td>{ Horatius Bonar }</td>
<td>Winchcombe, J. Baptiste Calkin</td>
<td>4,6,6,4.</td>
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<tr>
<td>65</td>
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<td>Cecil Frances Alexander</td>
<td>Castle Rising</td>
<td>Frederick Hervey</td>
<td>D.C.M.</td>
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APPENDIX.

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<th>Composer, or Source</th>
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<td>Arthur S. Sullivan</td>
<td>Irregular.</td>
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<td>J. Baptiste Calkin</td>
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<td>John Stainer</td>
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<td>Arthur S. Sullivan</td>
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<td>75</td>
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<tr>
<td>77</td>
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<tr>
<td>80</td>
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<td>A. Eubule Evans</td>
<td>(A) Har. by J. S. Bach</td>
<td>8,8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.</td>
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<td>81</td>
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<td>J. Baptiste Calkin</td>
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<td>R. Brown-Borthwick</td>
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<td>William Kethe, or John Hopkins</td>
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<td>l.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Forty days and forty nights</td>
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<td>J. Baptiste Calkin</td>
<td>l.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>85</td>
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<td>Samuel Croftman, 1664</td>
<td>Charles Steggall</td>
<td>6,6,6,4,4,4,4.</td>
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<tr>
<td>86</td>
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<td>J. Baptiste Calkin</td>
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<td>The day of praise is done</td>
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<td>Charles Steggall</td>
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<td>89</td>
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<td>John Ellerton</td>
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<td>E. J. Hopkins</td>
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<td>R. Brown-Borthwick</td>
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</tbody>
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ADDENDA.

<table>
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<th>Hymn.</th>
<th>Author, or Source</th>
<th>Composer, or Source</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>(See No. 45).</td>
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<td>As thro' this wilderness I stray (No. 48)</td>
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<td>G. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Original text of Hymn 69</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hymn 81 (repeated here for convenience)</td>
<td>(See No. 81).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Original text of Hymn 85</td>
<td>(See No. 85).</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

* From Godescalus, d. 912.
Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:—
Therefore watch and pray.

Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,
Him thou Lovest to obey;
It is He Who speaks the word:—
Therefore watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one:—
Therefore watch and pray.

'Twas by watching and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear:—
Therefore watch and pray.

Watch, for thou thy guard must keep;
Pray, for God must speed thy way:
Narrow is the road and steep:—
Therefore watch and pray. Amen.
St. Winifred's.

No. 2.

Frederick A. Gore Ouseley.
Hymn 2.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle’s pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind’s madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain’s deep vein poured,
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o’er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord.
Amen.
Sudeley.

No. 3.

John Stainer.
Jesu, the very thought of Thee
    With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
    And in Thy presence rest.

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

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

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

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
    As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
    And through eternity. Amen.
St. Agatha.

No. 4.

T. Gambier Parry.
Hymn 4.

According to Thy gracious Word,
   In deep humility,
This will we do, O dying Lord,
   We will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for our sake,
   Our Bread from Heaven shall be;
The Cup, Thy precious Blood, we take,
   And thus remember Thee.

Can we Gethsemane forget?
   Or there Thy Conflict see,
Thine Agony and bloody Sweat,
   And not remember Thee?

When to the Cross we turn our eyes,
   And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, our Sacrifice,
   We must remember Thee.

To Thee, O Jesu, Light of Light,
   All praise and glory be;
To God the Father Infinite,
   And Holy Ghost to Thee. Amen.
Hymn 5.

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

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

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

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

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

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

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

Words printed by permission of the late Rev. John Keble.
* Aberdeen.

No. 6 A.

R. Brown-Borthwick.

* Another arrangement of this tune will be found on the next page, which may be sung to every alternate verse.
Hymn 6.

*Give thanks to God, for good is He,  
For mercy hath He ever.  
Thanks to the God of gods give ye:  
For His grace faileth never.

*Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:  
For mercy hath He ever.  
Who only wonders great can do:  
For His grace faileth never.

*Who by His wisdom made heav'n:  
For mercy hath He ever.  
Who stretch'd the earth above the sea:  
For His grace faileth never.

To Him that made the great lights  
For mercy hath He ever.  
The sun to rule till day decline:  
For His grace faileth never.

The moon and stars to rule by night:  
For mercy hath He ever.  
Who Egypt's first-born kill'd outright:  
For His grace faileth never.

And Isr'el brought from Egypt land:  
For mercy hath He ever.  
With stretch'd-out arm and with strong  
For His grace faileth never.  
*Who doth all flesh with food relieve:  
For He hath mercy ever.  
Thanks to the God of heaven give:  
For His grace faileth never.  
Amen.

By Whom the Red Sea parted was:  
For mercy hath He ever.  
And through its midst made Isr'el pass:  
For His grace faileth never.

But Phar'oh and his host did drown  
For mercy hath He ever.  
Who through the desert led His own  
For His grace faileth never.

To Him great Kings Who overthrew:  
For He hath mercy ever.  
Yea, famous Kings in battle slew:  
For His grace faileth never.

E'en Sihon, King of Amorites:  
For He hath mercy ever.  
And Og the King of Bashanites:  
For His grace faileth never.

Their land in heritage to have  
(For mercy hath He ever)  
His servant Isr'el right He gave:  
For His grace faileth never.

In our low state Who on us thought,  
For He hath mercy ever.  
And from our foes our freedom  
wrought:  
For His grace faileth never.

It has been thought advisable to print the whole of this quaint version (Scotch authorized) of Psalm cxvii. For ordinary congregational use, however, the verses marked (*) will suffice. It is introduced here in consequence of its great popularity in many parts of Scotland, and the acceptance which the tune "Aberdeen" (written expressly for it) has met with wherever it has been sung.
Aberdeen.

No. 6 B.

R. Brown-Borthwick.
Hymn 6.

*Give thanks to God, for good is He,
For mercy hath He ever."
Thanks to the God of gods give ye:
For His grace faileth never.

*Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
For mercy hath He ever.
Who only wonders great can do:
For His grace faileth never.

*Who by His wisdom made heav'ns
For mercy hath He ever. [high:
Who stretch'd the earth above the sea:
For His grace faileth never.

To Him that made the great lights
For mercy hath He ever. [shine:
The sun to rule till day decline:
For His grace faileth never."

The moon and stars to rule by night:
For mercy hath He ever.
Who Egypt's first-born kill'd outright:
For His grace faileth never.

And Isr'el brought from Egypt land:
For mercy hath He ever.
With stretch'd-out arm and with strong
For His grace faileth never. [hand:

*Who doth all flesh with food relieve:
For He hath mercy ever.
Thanks to the God of heaven give:
For His grace faileth never. Amen.

It has been thought advisable to print the whole of this quaint version (Scotch authorised) of Psalm cxxvi. For ordinary congregational use, however, the verses marked (*) will suffice. It is introduced here in consequence of its great popularity in many parts of Scotland, and the acceptance which the tune "Aberdeen" (written expressly for it) has met with wherever it has been sung.
Hymn 7.

From the Cross the blood is falling,  
And to us a voice is calling,  
    Like a trumpet silver-clear.  
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,  
It is finished is its burden,  
    Pardon to the far and near.

Peace that precious blood is sealing,  
All our wounds for ever healing,  
And removing every load;  
Words of peace that voice has spoken,  
Peace that shall no more be broken,  
    Peace between the soul and God.

Love its fulness there unfolding,  
Stand we here in joy beholding,  
To the exiled sons of men;  
Love the gladness past all naming,  
Of an open heaven proclaiming,  
    Love that bids us enter in.

God is love;—we read the writing,  
Traced so deeply in the smiting  
    Of the glorious Surety there.  
God is light;—we see it beaming,  
Like a heavenly day spring gleaming  
So divinely sweet and fair.

Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,  
Round thee winds the one great story  
    Of this ever-changing earth  
Centre of the true and holy,  
Grave of human sin and folly,  
O God! Thou art my God alone,
   Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
   A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze
   Better than life itself Thy love,
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
   Dearer than all beside to me;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
   For whom have I in heaven above,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
   Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
   For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
   My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.  Amen.
Saint Peter's Tune.

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

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

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

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

No. 10.

M. Haydn.
§gmm Io.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
    All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
    And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
    Had seiz'd their troubled mind),
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
    To you and all mankind.

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

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

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

All glory be to God on high,
    And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
    Begin, and never cease. Amen.
Stanton Court.

No. 11.  

R. Brown-Borthwick.
Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

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

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

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Amen.
Littleton.

No. 12.

H. M. F.


*Hymn 12.*

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
   Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day,
   Alleluia!

Who did once, upon the Cross,
   Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our loss.
   Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
   Alleluia!

Unto Christ our heavenly King,
   Alleluia!

Who endured the Cross and Grave,
   Alleluia!

Sinners to redeem and save.
   Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured
   Alleluia!

Our salvation hath procured;
   Alleluia!

Now above the sky He's King,
   Alleluia!

Where the angels ever sing.
   Alleluia! Amen.
Highnam.

No. 13.

This is now commonly used as a Hymn Tune; but it was originally written as a grace before dinner, for my children, to these words:—

"We bless Thee for Thy bounty, Lord!
But feed us from Thy heavenly store,
Until we sit around Thy Board,
Where we shall never hunger more." T. G. P.
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray:
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply:
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.
HYMN 14

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

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

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 troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.
Westminster.

No. 15

JAMES TURLE.

A-men.
Hymn 15.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood
  Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day;
And there would I, as vile as he,
  Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious Blood
  Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
  Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
  I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
  (Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
  A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
  And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
  No other Name but Thine. Amen.
I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of

God; He bears them all and frees us From

the accursed load. I bring my guilt to Jesus, To

wash my crimson stains White in His blood most
I lay my sins on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

II.
I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured!

III.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song. Amen.
Hymn 17.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and pray'r.

Tribunals stand erected there,
Where equity takes place;
There stand the courts and palaces
Of royal David's race.

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall pros'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
Who bear true love to Thee.

May peace within Thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd. Amen.
Gretton.

No. 18.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.
Hymn 18.

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

O magnify the Lord with me,
   With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
   He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
   The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
   Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
   Experience will decide,
How bless'd they are, and only they,
   Who in his truth confide.

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

While hungry lions lack their prey,
   The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in Him,
   And see their needs supplied. Amen.
Dumbleton.

No. 19.

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

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things 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!

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

To Him Who gave His Son to die,
To Him Whose Dying bids me live,
To Him, the Spirit blest, will I
My heart, my life, my spirit give. Amen.

* This Hymn may be sung to tune No. 13.
Holy Trinity.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, Why restless, why cast down, my soul, When heated in the chase: Trust God, who will employ
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, His aid for thee, and change those sighs And Thy refreshing grace. To thankful hymns of joy.
For Thee, my God, the living God, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost My thirsty soul doth pine; The God whom we adore, O when shall I behold Thy face, Be glory; as it was, is now, Thou Majesty divine! And shall be evermore. Amen.
Jesus, holy, undefiled, Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
Listen to a little child, As becomes a little child;  
Thou hast sent the glorious light, All day long, in every way,  
Chasing far the silent night. Teach me what to do and say.

Thou hast sent the sun to shine Help me never to forget  
O'er this glorious world of Thine, That in Thy great book is set  
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow, All that children think and say  
On each tender flower below For the awful Judgment Day.

Now the little birds arise, Let me never say a word  
Chirping gaily in the skies; That will make Thee angry, Lord,  
Thee their tiny voices praise, Help me so to live in love,  
In the early songs they raise As Thine Angels do above.

Thou by whom the birds are fed, Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Give to me my daily bread; Thine more truly every day  
And Thy Holy Spirit give, And when Thou at last shalt come,  
Without Whom I cannot live Take me to Thy heavenly home.

Amen.
No. 22.

* Kelso.  

W. A. Barrett.

Last verse.

* This tune may be transposed to a lower key for congregational use.  † Small notes for the organ
The last long note has sounded,
The dead from dust to call;
The sinner stands confounded,
With fear on fear surrounded,
As by a sea unbounded,
Before the Judge of all.

No longer now delaying
The hour of dreaded doom,
No more the sentence staying,
No more the Cross displaying,
In wrath His throne arraying,
The Judge, the Judge has come.

What wild shrill voice of mourning
Comes up from hill and plain?
Dark spirits, pardon scornning,
Proud hearts, long mercy spurning,
Bold rebels, deaf to warning,
Now cry, but cry in vain!

See how these heavens are rended
By yon sky-filling blast;
Earth's year of grace is ended,
He Who in clouds ascended,
Now, with heaven's hosts attended,
Returns, returns at last.

Cease, man, thy God-defying,
Cease thy best Friend to grieve!
Cease, man, thy self-relying;
Flee from endless dying;
Swiftly thy time is flying;
Embrace the Son and live!

Give up the vain endeavour
To heal thy wounds and woes;
He is of life the Giver,
And from His Cross the river
Which quenches thirst for ever
All freely to thee flows.

With gush, and gleam, and singing,
See the bright fountain rise.
For thee that fount is springing,
To thee its gladness bringing;
Why then so madly clinging
To vanity and lies?
Tenbury.

No. 23.

J. Hampton.
Hymn 23.

High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelick throng,
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

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

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n 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 proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains? Amen.
Hymn 24.

O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
The Saviour, by Almighty pow'r,
    Revives and leaves the grave.
In all His works behold Him great!
Before, almighty to create;
    Almighty now to save.

The First-begotten from the dead
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
    To make their life secure.
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath,
Like Him shall burst the bands of death;
    Their resurrection sure.

Why should His people fear the grave?
Since He, who died their souls to save,
    Will raise their bodies too:
What though their earthly house shall fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,
    To build it up anew.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant host
    And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As it now is, and so shall last
    When time shall be no more. Amen.
Hymn 25.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.
Hymn 25.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
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Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.
St. Asaph.

Giornovichi.

Harmonized by R. Brown-Borthwick.

No. 26.
Hymn 26.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great,  
Who came to realms of light;  
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd  
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.

His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With loud Hosannas ring.

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

The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,  
The God Whom we adore;  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
When time shall be no more. Amen.
Santa Laura.

No. 27.

W. A. Barrett.
Hymn 27.

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.

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? —

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
   Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

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.

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

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

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With 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.

A-men.
Ben Rydding.

No. 29. A. R. REINAGLE.

Not all the blood of beasts, My faith would lay her hand
On Jewish altars slain, On that dear Head of Thine,
Could give the guilty conscience peace, While like a penitent I stand,
Or wash away the stain, And there confess my sin.

But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, My soul looks back to see
Takes all our sins away; The burdens Thou didst bear,
A sacrifice of nobler name When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And richer blood than they. And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing His dying love. Amen.
Almighty God! Thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground:
Oh! may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it in converted minds
Produce the fruits of joy.

Let not Thy word so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy Throne
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Great God! come down, and on Thy Word
Thy mighty power bestow;
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know. Amen.
St. Lawrence.

No. 31.

W. A. Barrett.
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
   Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
   God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
   Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
   Which 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, blesséd Trinity! Amen.
Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
On earth and heaven are one.
One family, we dwell in Him;
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have passed the flood
And part are crossing now.
Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly:
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Be Thou, O God, our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Thou, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven. Amen.
No. 33. 

HUMPHREY E. OWEN.
Hymn 33.

No change of times shall ever shock
· My firm affection, Lord, to Thee:
For Thou hast always been my rock.
   A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
   My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
   At home my safeguard and my tower.

To Thee I will address my prayer,
   To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
   Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
   To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclined His ear,
   And heard me from His lofty throne.

Amen.
* Originally in \( \frac{3}{4} \) time,
Hymn 34.

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

Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

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

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

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,
Amen.
Glory be to Jesus,  
Who, in bitter pains,  
Poured for me the life-blood  
From His sacred veins!  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleased to the skies;  
But the Blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

Grace and life eternal  
In that Blood I find,  
Blest be His compassion  
Infinitely kind!  
Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs;  
Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel-hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem!  
Lift ye then your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the precious Blood.
Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

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

O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.

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

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

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

Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

Seal our love, our labours end;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy kingdom come;
Lord! we long to be at home.

Amen.
St. Andrews.

No. 37.

Harmonized by J. Stamitz.
Hymn 37.

Where high the heavenly Temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of Heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
    Hark! the herald-angels sing
    Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
    Hark! the herald-angels sing
    Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
    Hark! the herald-angels sing
    Glory to the new-born King. Amen.
Islay.

No. 39.

R. Brown-Borthwick.
Hymn 39.

Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand
Of ev'ry tongue, redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood!

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

Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore;
The tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face,
They sing the triumphs of His grace:
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise:

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!" Amen.
St. Fabian.

No. 40.

T. M. Grizzelle.

\[\text{crescendo} \quad \text{dim.} \quad \text{A-men.}\]
§ pmu 40.

In the hour of trial,
Jesu! succour me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread, to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy Mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy Hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain;
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy Truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To Eternal Life. Amen.
Flensburg.

No. 41.

Harmonized by J. Barney.

Louis Spohr.
Hymn 41.

**pp.** I heard the voice of Jesus say,
**cres.** Come unto Me and rest;
    Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
    Thy head upon my breast.
**mf.** I came to Jesus as I was,
**pp.** Weary and worn and sad,
**cres.** I found in Him a resting-place,
**F.F.** And He has made me glad.

**pp.** I heard the voice of Jesus say,
**mf.** Behold, I freely give
    The living water,—thirsty one,
**mf. cres. ff.** Stoop down, and drink, and live.
**mf.** I came to Jesus, and I drank
    Of that life-giving stream;
**cres.** My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
**F.F.** And now I live in Him.

**pp.** I heard the voice of Jesus say,
**cres.** I am this dark world's light,
**cres.** Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
**mf.** And all thy day be bright.
**pp.** I looked to Jesus and I found
**cres.** In Him, my Star, my Sun;
**cres.** And in that light of life I'll walk,
**F.F.F.** Till travelling days are done. **pp. Amen.**
To bless Thy chosen race,  
Let diff'ring nations join
In mercy, Lord, incline;  
To celebrate Thy fame;
And cause the brightness of Thy face  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
On all Thy saints to shine.  
To praise Thy glorious Name.
That so Thy wondrous way  
O let them shout and sing
May through the world be known,  
With joy and pious mirth,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and
And thy salvation own.  
Shalt govern all the earth. [King, 
Amen.
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place,  
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st  
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire  
To view Thy blest abode;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,  
My just request regard;  
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r  
Be still with favour heard.

For in Thy courts one single day  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any place besides  
A thousand days to spend.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
Much rather in God's house will I  
The meaneast office take,  
My pompous dwelling make.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they,  
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display!

Much rather in God's house will I  
The meanest office take,  
Than in the wealthy tents of sin  
My pompous dwelling make.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee  
For God, Who is our sun and shield,  
Their sure protection made;  
Will grace and glory give;

Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to Thy dwelling lead!  
And no good thing will He withhold  
From them that justly live.

Thou God, Whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,  
Is still repos'd on Thee! Amen.
No. 43 B.

Voices in Unis.

Organ.
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

My longingsoul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

Thrice happythey, whose choicehasThee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead!

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
My just request regard;
Thou, God of Jacob, let my pray'r
Be still with favour heard.

For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

For God, Who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

Thou God, Whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on Thee!
St. Cyril.

No. 44.

R. Haking.
Hymn 44.

Jesu, refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to 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.
*Evesham.*

No. 45.  

J. HAMILTON CLARKE.

* An alternative to this tune will be found in the Appendix.
Hymn 45.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew’s cooling balm
Upon earth’s fevered brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretched wing,
Be like the shade of Elim’s palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet’s solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame;
Calm ’mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm when the great world’s news with power
My listening spirit stif:
Let not the tidings of the hour
E’er find too fond an ear:

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth’s war
Th’ eternal calm to gain! Amen.

Another Tune to this Hymn will be found in the Appendix.
Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me, saith One, and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and Hands are Wound-
And His Side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!" Amen.
Art thou weary, art thou languid? If I find Him, if I follow,   
Art thou sore distrest? What His guerdon here?   
"Come to Me, saith One, and coming "Many a sorrow, many a labour,   
Be at rest!" Many a tear."   

Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If I still hold closely to Him,   
If He be my guide? What hath He at last?   
"In His feet and hands are wound- "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,   
And His side." Jordan past!"   

Is there diadem, as Monarch, If I ask Him to receive me,   
That His brow adorns? Will He say me nay?   
"Yea, a crown, in very surety, "Not till earth, and not till heaven   
But of thorns!" Pass away!" Amen.
Hymn 47.

Father! I know that all my life
Is portion’d out for me,
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a subject mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
To wipe the weeping eyes;—
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

My God, I ask for daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

*And if some things I do not ask
Thy will allots to me,
Still be my spirit fill’d the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much,
Than please Thee perfectly.

Briars beset my every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught “the truth”
That makes Thy children “free;”
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty! Amen.

*Wherever in the world I am—
In whatso’er estate,
I have a fellowship with saints
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

* These verses may be omitted if the hymn be thought too long.
Gideon.

No. 48.

JOHN STAINER.

* From the Oratorio of "Gideon."
Hymn 48.

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

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

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

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

Amen.

Another Tune, which may be sung to this Hymn, will be found in the Addenda.
Pruen.

No. 49.

Frederick A. Gore Ouseley.
Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child;
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live alone with Thee. Amen.
Hymn 50.

Now is the hour of darkness past;
Christ has assumed His reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

'Twas by Thy Blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by Thy word and powerful Name
They gained the battle and renown.

Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky!
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's Name on high!
Amen.
Angus.

No. 51.

R. Brown-Borthwick.

*With exultation.*

*rall.  a tempo.*

*Amen.*
All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.
For it dawns,—the promised morrow
Of His birth;
Who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth,
Of His grace
To our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

*Yes, so truly for us careth,
That His Son
All we've done
As our offering beareth:
As our Lamb Who, dying for us,
Bears our load,
And to God
Doth in peace restore us.
Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth intreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren come, from a th doth grieve you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."
Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him Who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more
For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

*Hither come, ye heavy-hearted
Who for sin,
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poison'd wounds you're feeling
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing.

*Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
Know His will
Is to still
Every hand outstretched;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.
Blessed Saviour, let us find Thee!
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!

Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee,
Dying shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high.
In the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

* These verses may be omitted if the hymn be thought too long.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

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

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

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part:
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King! Amen.
No. 53.

R. Brown-Borthwick.

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

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

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

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

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

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.
Old Hundred and twenty-fourth.

From Marot and Beza's Psalms,
Geneva, 1562.

No. 54.

A - men.
Hymn 54.

Now Israel may say, and that truly,
   If that the Lord had not our cause maintained;
   If that the Lord had not our right sustain'd,
When cruel men against us furiously
Rose up in wrath, to make of us their prey;

Then certainly they had devour'd us all,
   And swallow'd quick, for ought that we could deem;
   Such was their rage, as we might well esteem,
And as fierce floods before them all things drown,
So had they brought our soul to death quite down.

The raging streams, with their proud swelling waves,
   Had then our soul o'erwhelmèd in the deep.
   But, bless'd be God, who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n us for a living prey
Unto their teeth, and bloody cruelty.

Ev'n as a bird out of the fowler's snare
   Escapes away, so is our soul set free:
   Broke are their nets, and thus escapèd we.
Therefore our help is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth by His great power did frame.

    Amen.

* Old Scottish version of Psalm cxxvi.
Wareham.

No. 55.

W. Knapp, 1768.

A-men.
Beneath Thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see Thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein;
Love is the spring of all His pain.

Here, Jesus I shall ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away,
Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate Thy woes again.

The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without, and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove
Or from Thy cross, or from Thy love.

Secure from harms beneath Thy shade,
Here death and hell shall ne'er invade;
Nor Sinai, with its thundering noise,
Shall e'er disturb my happier joys.

O unmolested happy rest!
Where inward fears are all supprest;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure. Amen.
St. Hilda.

No. 56.  

J. Barney.
Hymn 56.

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
    Earth is with its fulness stor'd;
Unto Thee be glory given,
    Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Here Thy glorious Name confessing,
    We adopt Thy angels' cry
Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing
    Thee, the Lord of Hosts most High!

Amen.
Clinton.

No. 57.

C. H. H. Parry.
Hymn 57.

O Thou Who lendest unto prayer
Its highest power and fire,
And in the bosom’s darkest lair
Can kindle pure desire.

Lord of the heaven of heavens Thou art,
All life and light are Thine;
O breathe upon my sinking heart,
And life and light be mine!

Where suns in myriads roll afar
And sing their wondrous song,
Heard in response by every star
Amid the countless throng,

All jubilant the ransom’d host
In adoration kneel,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They wake one mighty peal;—

A peal of triumph, when the soul
Its prison house forsakes,
And, darting to its distant goal,
Its heavenward journey takes.

O vision of that blissful hour!
With angels hov’ring nigh—
To guide and guard from Satan’s power,
How sweet such death to die!

Another Victor comes to join
The Saviour’s choir above;
Another charm’d by Grace Divine,
Another won by Love. Amen.

* The first three verses were suggested by a poem of Arndt’s.
Exeter.

No. 58.

C. H. H. Parry.

A - men.
Hymn 58.

Great Shepherd of Thy ransomed flock
    Send down on all Thy gifts to-day,—
The water from the riven Rock,
    The manna gleaming on our way.

Yea, more! from out Thy pierced side,
    Whence flowed the Water and the Blood,
Pour on our souls the crimson tide,
    And wash us in that cleansing flood.

Still journeying on amid the waste,
    And fainting oft beneath the strife,
Our longing spirits yearn to taste
    Thy heavenly food, O Bread of Life!

And when our broken cisterns fail,
    And leave us thirsting on the sod;
When all the powers of sin assail,
    We need Thy strength, O Wine of God!

Come to each waiting heart, O Christ!
    In all the fulness of Thy love;
Make now this blessed Eucharist
    The earnest of Thy joys above. Amen.
No. 59.  

*Alleluia.*  

J. Barnby.

Full. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in duerous praise, O citizens of heaven; in  
Dec. 2. Ye next, who stand before the eternal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo  
Can. 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding,  
Can. 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice, To render to the Lord with  
Dec. 5. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall  
Can. 6. From those exalted lips for ever ring The strains which tell the honour  

Dec. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink which  

Org.

Full. 8. While Thee, Creator of the world, we praise For ever, and tell out in  
9. To Thee, Eternal Son, our voices sing With them, to Thee, O Holy  

* Composed expressly for this work.

The performance of this Tune is capable of various modifications, e.g., the whole may be sung in Unison; or, only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 8th and 6th verses may be sung by Trebles only.
sweet notes raise An endless Alleluia!
to the Height An endless Alleluia!
wake again An endless Alleluia!
thank ful voice An endless Alleluia!

still be this—An endless Alleluia!
of your King, An endless Alleluia!

none shall lack,—An endless Alleluia.

Ghost we bring, An endless Alleluia. Amen.

The above is a translation, by the Rev. John Ellerton, of a noble hymn, supposed to be older than the eighth century. The Rev. E. Brown-Borthwick is responsible for verse 9 as it now stands.
To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

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

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God. Amen.
St. Giles.

No. 61.  

C. G. Verrinder.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His eternal Son:

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

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,  
A crown of joy at last.

Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

Jesu, Eternal Son,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with God the Father One  
And Spirit evermore. Amen.
1. Upward where the stars are burning, Silent, silent
2. Far beyond that arch of gladness, Far beyond these
3. Where the glory brightly dwelleth, Where the new song

in their turning, Round the never changing pole;
clouds of sadness, Are the many mansions fair.
sweetly swelleth, And the discord never comes;
Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the
Far from pain and sin and fol - ly, In that pa - lace
Where life's stream is ev - er la - ving, And the palm is

blue is light-est, Lift I now my long-ing soul.
of the ho - ly— I would find my man-sion there.
ev - er wa - ving;— That must be the home of homes.

4. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thou sand
5. Bless - ing, ho - nor, with - out mea - sure, Heav'n - ly rich - es,
voices greeted; Lord of Lords, and King of Kings. Son of man, they
earthly treasure, Lay we at His blessed feet. Poor the praise that

SERMON FOR PENTECOST

crown, they crown Him, Son of God, they own, they own Him,
now we render, Loud shall be our voices yonder,

rit.

With His name the palace rings. When before His throne we meet. Amen.

a tempo.
Vienna.

No. 63.  

Arranged by J. Turla.

Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Let your drooping hearts be glad;  

Onward, Christians, onward go;  
March, in heavenly armour clad;  

Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  

Strengthened with the Bread of Life.  
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Onward then in battle move;  

Soon shall every tear be dry;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  

Let not fear your course impede,  
Though opposed by many a foe,  

Great your strength, if great your need.  
Christian soldiers, onward go!

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

Amen.
Christ Church.

No. 64 A.  

SAMUEL GEE.
Jerusalem the golden!
   With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
   Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh! I know not
   What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
   What bliss beyond compare.
They stand, those halls of Sion,
   All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
   And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
   The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
   Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David;
   And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
   The song of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
   Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
   Are clad in robes of white.
O sweet and blessèd country,
   The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
   That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
   To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
   And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.
Jerusalem.

No. 64 B.

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

They stand, those halls of Sion,
    All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
    And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
    The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
    Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
    And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
    The song of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
    Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
    Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
    The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
    That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
    To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
    And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, Thy bounty every season crowns
Thy goodness we adore; With all the bliss it yields,
A spring, whose blessings never fail, With joyful clusters bend the vines,
A sea without a shore. With harvests wave the fields.

Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
In every cheerful ray; Are in the Gospel seen;
Love draws the curtains of the night, There, like the Sun, Thy mercy shines
And love restores the day. Without a cloud between. Amen.
Winchcombe.

No. 66.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

Animato.

The Bride-groom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake!

The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep forsake.

The marriage-day Has come; lift up thy head,

Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread. Amen.

Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; Arise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet.

Sing the new song! Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! Amen.
The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.
N.B.—Some of the following Hymns, and most of the Tunes and Arrangements,—as also the greater part of the preceding Tunes,—are copyright, and may not be multiplied, either in print or manuscript, without permission.
APPENDIX.

HYMNS SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL SEASONS AND OCCASIONS.

Conclusion of Evening Service . . 75, 87.

Advent . . . . . . . . . . . . 71.

Sunday . . . . . . . . . . . . 50.

Lent . . . . . . . . . . . . 84.

Easter . . . . . . . . . . . . 76, 81, 91.
The strain upraise of joy and praise.

HYMN.

No. 68.

Allegro Moderato, e con brio.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Treble.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Organ.

The strain up - raise of joy and
praise, Alleluia. To the glory of their

King Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia.
mf

ia. And the choirs that dwell on high Shall re-

e-cho thro' the

y thro' the fields of

Ped.
Paradise that roam, The blessed ones repeat thro' that bright home, Alleluia; The planets, glitt'ring on their heav'nly...
way, The thin-ing con-ſte-lations join and say Al-le-lu-raff rall.

Ped.
Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wildly bright.

In sweet consent unite your Alleluia! Ye floods and ocean billows! Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloud-lefs beauty!  
Hoar frost and  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests sing  
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious forests sing  
Al - le - lu - ia!

First let the birds with painted plumage gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Al - le - lu - ia!


without Pedal.
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain, join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again, Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth no-rous Alleluia! Here let the valleys sing in gentler chorus.
Al-le-lu-ia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Al-le-lu-ia!

Ye tracts of earth and continents reply Al-le-lu-ia!

To God, Who all creation made,
This is the strain, the eternal strain,
The Lord of all things loves, Alleluia!

The frequent hymn
be duly paid, Alleluia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ himself
proves, Alleluia!
Wherefore we sing,
both heart and voice a wa-king, Al-le-lu-ia! { And childrens' voices echo, anſwer ma-king,

Full Swell. crescendo.

Al-le-lu-ia! Now from all men be out-poured Al-le-lu-ia to the

a tempo 1mo.
Lord, With Alleluia evermore, The Son and Spirit we adore,
Praise be done to the Three in One, Praise be done to the Three in
One, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.

No. 69 A.

Voices.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven; To His

feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,

Organ.

* The original text of this hymn, which is inserted by the kind permission of Mrs. Hogg (the author's daughter), will be found in the Addenda.
E - ver - more His prais - es sing; Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the e - ver - laft - ing King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our
Fa\-thers in dis\-tress; Pra\-ise Him still the same for e\-ver,

Slow to chide, and swift to ble\-fs; Al\-le\-lu\-ia!

Al\-le\-lu\-ia! Gl\-ori\-ous in His faith\-ful\-ness.
3. Father-like He tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame He knows; In His hand He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our foes; Alleluia!

Slower.
4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish; Blows the wind and it is gone; But while mortals rise and perish,
5. Angels all, with us adore Him; Ye be-

God endures unchanging on. Alleluia!

Alleluia! Praise the high Eternal One.
hold Him face to face; Sun and moon bow down before Him;

Dwellers all in time and space, Alleluia!

Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.

No. 69 B. (Arranged for Four Vocal Parts).

John Goss.

* This Tune, as harmonized for four voices, is transposed to E, as the key of D would be too low for the basses.
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

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;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him!  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him!  
Gathered in from every race:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise us with the God of Grace. Amen.
**Lord, to Thee alone we turn.**

No. 70.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

**Voices.**

1. Lord, to Thee a- lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe-ty fly;
3. In the midst of sin and strife, In the depths of mor-tal woe,

**Organ.**

There, as pe- ni-tents, to learn How to live and how to die.
Teach us how to live a life Meet for so-journ-ers be-low.

\[ \text{\[ Sheet music\]} \]
2. On our sinful knees we fall, Hear us as for help we plead,

4. Tho' the road be oft-times dark, Tho' the feet in weakness stray,

Hear us when on Thee we call: Aid us in our time of need.
Lead us, Saviour, as the Ark Led Thy chosen on their way.

5. When, weak, weary, and alone, Death's grim valley we must tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love display'd.

6. Guard us in that darksome hour,
   Lead us to the land of rest,

Where, secure from Satan's pow'r,
   We may lie upon Thy breast. Amen.
Day of wrath! O Day of mourning!

No. 71.

JOHN STAINER.

TREBLE
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
ORGAN

1. Day of wrath! O Day of mourning! See, once more the cross returning, Heav'n and earth in ashes burning.

d = 69.
Organ, and Voices in harmony.

2. O what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heav'n the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth.

Voices. 3. Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth; Thro' earth's sepulchre.
it ring-eth; All before the throne it bring-eth.

Organ, and Voices in harmony.

4. Lo! the Book, exactly worded, Wherein all hath been recorded; Then shall judgment be awarded.
5. When the Judge His seat attainseth, And each hidden deed arraigneth, Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

Organ. p

rall.

ndo. dim. rall. pp
6. What shall I, frail man, be pleading? Who for me be interceding? When the just are mercy needing.
7. King of Majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity! then befriend us.
8. Think, kind Jesus, my salvation Caused Thy wondrous

Inarnation, Leave me not to reprobation.
(Without accomp.) rather slower.

9. Faint and weary Thou hast fought me,

On the Cross of suffering bought me,

Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
10. Guilt - ty, now, I pour my moan - ing, All my shame with
Organ, and Voices in harmony.

11. Low I kneel, with heart submission, See, like ashes,

my contrition: Help me in my last condition.

12. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of
Adagio. Organ and Voices.

13. Spare, O God, in mercy spare him! Lord! all-pitying Jesus blest;

Solemnly.

Grant us Thine eternal rest, Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

Verstes 4, 5, 9, 10, may (if necessary) be omitted.
*Hearer, my God, to Thee.*

Adapted by John Goss.

---

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

*This Tune, in Mercers' Oxford Edition of the "Church Psalter and Hymn Book," is set to the Hymn "Brightest and best," &c.*
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness come over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I'll fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Love divine, all loves excelling.

No. 73.  

Arthur S. Sullivan.
Hymn 73.

mf Love divine, all loves excelling,
   Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
   All Thy faithful mercies crown:
P Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
   Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
cres. Visit us with Thy salvation,
   Enter every trembling heart.

pp Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
   Into every troubled breast;
   Let us all in Thee inherit,
   Let us find that second rest:
   Take away our power of sinning,
   Alpha and Omega be;
   End of faith, as its beginning,
   Set our hearts at liberty.

p Come, Almighty to deliver!
   Let us all Thy life receive;
   Suddenly return, and never,
   Never more Thy temples leave.
cres. Then we would be always blessing,
   Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
   Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
   Pure and sinless let us be;
   Let us see Thy great salvation,
   Perfectly restored in Thee:
cres. Changed from glory into glory,
   Till in heaven we take our place;
   Till we cast our crown before Thee,
   Lost in wonder, love and praise.
The Son of God goes forth to war.

(Arranged to St. Ann's Tune, with organ obbligato.)

No. 74

ARThUR S. SULLIVAN.

Treble.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Organ.

$\text{f}$

The Son of God goes forth to war, a king-ly
crown to gain; . . . His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far:
Who follows in His train? 2. Who best can drink His cup of woe,

Triumphant over pain? Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

Unis. Men's Voices.

3. The Martyr first, whose eagle eye


Could pierce beyond the grave: Who saw his Master in the sky,
4. Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
And call'd on Him to save.

In midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train? 5. A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. 6. They met the
cres.

tyrant's brandished steel, The lion's gory

mane; They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train? 7. A noble army, men and boys,

The matron and the maid, A round the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array’d. 8. They climb’d the steep ascent of heav’n, Thro’ peril, toil, and
God! to us may grace be giv'n

To follow in their train. Amen, Amen.

16 ft. Ped. only.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

Voices.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal;

Accomp.

Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Tho' destruction walk a-round us, Tho' the arrows past us fly,

---

Slower.

Ann-gel guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.

SECOND VERSE.

Tho' the night be dark and drea-ry, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch become our tomb,

When the judgment day shall wake us, May we rise in death-less bloom. Amen.
The strife is o'er, the battle done.

JAMES TURLE.
The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won!
O let the song of praise be sung!
    Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst!
    Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
    Alleluia!

He closed they yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell,
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell!
    Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
    Alleluia! Amen.
O Thou whose bounty fills my cup.

No. 77.

G. H.
O Thou Whose bounty fills my cup  
With every blessing meet,  
I give Thee thanks for every drop,  
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,  
And for the river-side;  
For all Thy goodness hath bestow'd,  
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee both for smile and frown,  
And for the gain and loss;  
I praise Thee for the future crown,  
And for the present cross.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,  
And for the waning joy;  
And for this strange, this settled peace,  
Which nothing can destroy. Amen.
O Heavenly Jerusalem.

No. 78.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE.
O heavenly Jerusalem,
Eternal are thy halls,
And blessèd are the chosen ones
That dwell within thy walls;
Thou art the golden home of peace,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own heritage,
The palace of the King.

There God the Lord for ever reigns,
Himself of all the Crown,
The Lamb the Light that shineth clear,
And never goeth down;
Nought to this seat can e'er approach,
To break the saints' sweet rest,
They praise their God for evermore,
Nor day nor night they rest. Amen.
Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

No. 79.

Voices in unison.

Organ.

Voices in harmony.

Tenor and Bass.

A - men.
Hymn 79.

Thou, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

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

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

Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, Love, and Might:
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide
Let there be light! Amen.
Look up, look up, my soul, still higher.

No. 80 A. Harmonized by J. S. Bach.

This arrangement by John Sebastian Bach (nomen venerabile!) is beyond the powers of most choirs. An easier setting will be found on page 212. The Editor entreats those who may use 80 A not to murder it by undue rapidity.
Hymn 80.

Look up, look up, my soul,—still higher;
On to the heav'nly goal—aspire,
   On God's love ever leaning:
Burst this dull earth's control,—and wing
Thy way where no clouds roll,—and sing
   Thy deep heart's inner meaning.

What though thy way be dark,—and earth
With ceaseless care do cark,—'till mirth
   To thee no sweet strain singeth,
Still hide thy life above,—and still
Believe that God is love:—fulfil
   Whatever lot He bringeth.

For this is best for thee,—and best
The meaning not to see,—to rest
   Thy helplessness confessing;
Whereby thine eager heart—may learn
A lesson in life's art—and turn
   E'en sin into a blessing.

For, if thou now didst know—the maze
Through which thy feet must go,—thy gaze
   Would weary and would falter;
But, since it is unseen,—thine eyes
May seek with purpose keen—the skies,
   Where love builds up her altar.

A little longer wait;—be brave
To bear what men call fate;—the grave
   Stands open as Heav'n's portal:
Narrow indeed that gate,—and so
The way it shows is strait,—but, lo!
   It brings thee joy immortal.

* This hymn is, in the Editor's judgment, unsuited to congregational use. Occasions, however, may occur on which the musical settings will prove useful elsewhere than in Church.
Look up, look up, my soul, still higher.

No. 80 B.

Swiss Melody.

A - men.
Hymn 80.

Look up, look up, my soul,—still higher,
On to the heav'ly goal—aspire,
    On God's love ever leaning:
Burst this dull earth's control,—and wing
Thy way where no clouds roll,—and sing
    Thy deep heart's inner meaning.

What though thy way be dark,—and earth
With ceaseless care do cark,—'till mirth
    To thee no sweet strain singeth,
Still hide thy life above,—and still
Believe that God is love:—fulfil
    Whatever lot He bringeth.

For this is best for thee,—and best
The meaning not to see,—to rest
    Thy helplessness confessing;
Whereby thine eager heart—may learn
A lesson in life's art—and turn
    E'en sin into a blessing.

For, if thou now didst know—the maze
Through which thy feet must go,—thy gaze
    Would weary and would falter,
But, since it is unseen,—thine eyes
May seek with purpose keen—the skies,
    Where love builds up her altar.

A little longer wait;—be brave
To bear what men call fate;—the grave
    Stands open as Heav'n's portal:
Narrow indeed that gate,—and so
The way it shows is strait,—but, lo!
    It brings thee joy immortal.
Welcome, happy morning.

1. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
2. Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
3. Months in due succession, days of length'ning light,
4. Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
5. Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
6. Loose the souls long-prison'd, bound with Satan's chain;

Hell today is vanquish'd, Heav'n is won today!
All good gifts return'd with her returning King:
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Thou from Heav'n behold ing human nature's fall,
Tread the path of dark nets, shewing strength to shew;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;

* See note on page 217.
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,

Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-qui-sher of dark-ness, bring their praise to Thee!
Man-hood to de-liv-er, man-hood did't put on.
'Tis Thine own Third Morn-ing, rise, my bu-ried Lord!
Bring a-gain our day-light; day re-turns with Thee!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,

Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-qui-sher of dark-ness, bring their praise to Thee!
Man-hood to de-liv-er, man-hood did't put on.
'Tis Thine own Third Morn-ing, rise, my bu-ried Lord!
Bring a-gain our day-light; day re-turns with Thee!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,

Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-qui-sher of dark-ness, bring their praise to Thee!
Man-hood to de-liv-er, man-hood did't put on.
'Tis Thine own Third Morn-ing, rise, my bu-ried Lord!
Bring a-gain our day-light; day re-turns with Thee!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,

Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-qui-sher of dark-ness, bring their praise to Thee!
Man-hood to de-liv-er, man-hood did't put on.
'Tis Thine own Third Morn-ing, rise, my bu-ried Lord!
Bring a-gain our day-light; day re-turns with Thee!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,

Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-qui-sher of dark-ness, bring their praise to Thee!
Man-hood to de-liv-er, man-hood did't put on.
'Tis Thine own Third Morn-ing, rise, my bu-ried Lord!
Bring a-gain our day-light; day re-turns with Thee!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,

Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore!
Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
Van-qui-sher of dark-ness, bring their praise to Thee!
Man-hood to de-liv-er, man-hood did't put on.
'Tis Thine own Third Morn-ing, rise, my bu-ried Lord!
Bring a-gain our day-light; day re-turns with Thee!

Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Bright-ness of the morn-ing, sky and fields and sea,
Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on-ly Son,
Come, then, True and Faith-ful, now ful-fill Thy word,
Shew Thy face in bright-ness, bid the na-tions see,
Refrain, in unis.

Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say,

Hell today is vanquished, Heaven is won today!
Lo, the Dead is living, God forever more.

Him, their true Creator, All His works adore. Amen.

*After those verses which require the full organ for accompaniment, the refrain may be taken piano to the end of the third line.

Note.—This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter Day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favourite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers.
No; not despairingly come I to Thee.

Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul!

Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee;
Infinite sin.

Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am, tell I Thee;
All I have been!
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between!

* This tune may also be sung to the Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
All people that on earth do dwell.

1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with
cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice. 2. 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. 3. O en-
then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always, For it is seem-
ly
so to do. 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mercy

is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood,

And shall from age to age endure. 5. To Father, Son, and

To Father, Son, and
Holy Ghost, The God Whom heav'n and earth adore, From men and
from the angel-host Be praise and glory ever more. Amen.
Forty days and forty nights.

No. 84

Harmonized by J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Forty days and forty nights Thou wast fasting in the wild;

2. Sunbeams scorching all the day; Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;

Organ.

Gl. Org.

Disp.

Cal.

Full Sw. with Reeds.

Ped.

 Voices.
Prowling beasts about Thy way; Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

3. Shall not we Thy sorrows share, And from earthly joys abstain

Fast ing with un ceasing prayer, Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
4. And if Satan, vexing sore, Flesh or spirit should fail, Thou, his vanquisher before, Grant we may not faint or fail.

5. So shall we have peace divine; Holier gladness ours shall be:
Round us, too, shall angels shine, Such as minister'd to Thee.

6. Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear, Ever constant by Thy side;

That with Thee we may appear At the eternal Easter-tide. Amen.
Sweet place! sweet place alone!

No. 85.

CHARLES STEGGALL.
Hymn 85.

Union.

Sweet place, sweet place alone! There dwells my Lord and King,
The court of God most high; Judged here unfit to live:
The heav'n of heav'ns, the throne There countless angels sing
Of spotless purity: And lowly homage give:
O happy place! O happy place, &c.
When shall I be, No tears from any eyes
My God, with Thee, Drop in that holy choir;
To see Thy face? But death itself there dies,

Harmony.

Jerusalem on high And signs themselves expire:
My hope and city is, O happy place, &c.
My home whene'er I die, No place like that on high:
The centre of my bliss: Lord, thither speed my way!
O happy place, &c. O happy place!

dim. No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night:
These wholly needless are,
The Lamb's the city's light:
O happy place, &c.

pp

cres. Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents must stay:
No place like that on high:
Lord, thither speed my way!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

* The original text of this Hymn will be found in the Addenda.
No. 86

*Lead, kindly Light.*

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

*For giving out.*

**Solo. Great Org. or Choir.**

**Organ.**

\( p \) **Sw. Oboe.**

**Organ.**

**Ped.**

**Man.**

**Ped.**
Voices in unison.

1. Lead, Kindly Light, amid th’encircling gloom, Lead
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray’d that Thou Should’st

Thou me on! Lead Thou me on! The night is
lead me on! Should’st lead me on! I lov’d to

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on! Lead
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! Lead
Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Thou me on! I lov’d the garish day, and, spite of

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3. So long Thy pow’r hath blest me, Sure it still will lead me on, will lead me
on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is

gone, The night is gone: And with the morn those angel faces

smile Which I have lov'd long since and lost a while. Amen.
The Day of praise is done.

No. 87.

CHARLES STEGGALL.

The day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
Yet pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

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

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.

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

Shine Thou within us, then,  
A Day that knows no end,  
Till songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.  
Amen.
O, render thanks unto the Lord.

No. 88.

O, render thanks unto the Lord,
(And cease your praises never,) Whose countless benefits are pour'd
On us His children ever.

His works bear witness to the might Which fails His chosen never;
And hymn His praises in the sight Of men and angels ever.

By day the glorious sun ascends Heav'n's arch, and tarries never— An emblem of the God Who lends His light and love for ever.

By night the borrow'd moonbeams shed A grace which faileth never; And tell us of a Church, Whose Head Enlightens her for ever.

And so each star, however faint, Which shines and loiters never, Reminds us of some earnest saint Whose life is bright for ever.

So tending heav'nward, Lord, may we Soon meet Thee to part never, And all Thy matchless beauty see, And taste Thy love for ever.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Whose mercy changeth never, From man and from the angel host Be praise and glory ever. Amen.
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.

No. 89.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Voices.

Organ.

mf

Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raife.

\[
\text{cre - scen - do.}
\]

With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praife.
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,

diminuendo.

Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our home-ward way;
With Thee began, With Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;

From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
diminuendo and rallentando. pp

Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.
O Day of rest and gladness.

No. 90.

John C. Ward.

† Length about 30 seconds.

* Each alternate verse, or ad. lib.
Hymn 90.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune."

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

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home.
A day of sweet refection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

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

Amen.
The foe behind, the deep before.

No. 91.

Decani and Cantoris.

MEN only, in unison.

\(d = 104.\)

Ver. 1. The foe behind, the deep before, Our hosts have

Alla Marcia.

Organ.

\[\text{Diaps.}\]

dared and pass'd the sea: And Pharaoh's warriors fired the shore, and Israel's

* The music may be timed by allowing for verses 1 and 2, 40 seconds; verse 3, 35 to 37 sec.; verses 4 to 7, 1 min. 45 to 47 sec.; verse 8, 25 to 28 sec.; verses 9, 10, 11, 1 min.; verse 12, 25 sec.; verse 13, 32 to 34 sec.; total about 5 min. 22 to 26 sec. NB. There should be no break of time whatever at the double bars, except at those where a pause is marked.
(Tenors and Basses go to Bass Slave).

ransom'd tribes are free.

FULL. In harmony.

2. Lift up, lift up your voices

now! The whole wide world rejoices now; The Lord hath triumph'd glorious-

Unis.

Unaccompanied

* See note, p. 244.

(245)
mor-row, Turn-ing sor-row In-to peace and mirth! Bond-age

end-ing, Love descend-ing O'er the earth! Seals af-

scatter'd: Christ hath ris'n.

Org. Ped.  
(445) 16 and 32-fl.
CHORUS.  

Marcia. 4. No longer must the mourners weep, Nor call parted Christians dead; For death is hallow'd into sleep, and every grave becomes a bed.

Marcia. 5. Now once more Eden's door open stands to mortal
eyes: for Christ hath risen and man shall rise.

Now at last, all things past, Hope and joy and peace begin; for Christ hath won, and man shall win.

6. It is not exile, rest on high: It is not sadness, peace from
strife: To fall asleep is not to die: To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us, we may safely go;

Where our Chief precedes us we may face the foe.
His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be:

Christ hath gone before us; Christians! follow ye!
8. He shall soon deliver from every woe, Alleluia! If His paths ye tread: Pleasures, as a river shall round you flow, Alleluia! when ye see your Head.

* See Note, page 244.
9. With loins up-girt, and staff in hand, And hasty

Marcia.

Ch. 8-ft. & 4-ft.

Small notes ad lib.

mien, and sandal'd feet, Around the Paschal Lamb we stand, And of the Paschal Lamb we eat.

* See note, p. 244.
io. So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us From

Full.

Full.

Get to Prin. (or Full.)
Coup to Sw.

Another accomp.

Get to Prin. (or Full.)
Coup. to Sw.

Egypt's strand; So shall He precede us, and

Add 16th.

Add 16th.
Toils and foes a-failing, friends quailing, hearts failing, Shall
threat in vain; If He be providing, proceed-
ing, and guiding To Him a gain.

(rall.
silent.)

(rall.
silent.)
12. Christ, our leader, Monarch, Plead-er, In-ter-ceder,

RECIT. in tempo.

Full Ped. with Reeds. 8 and 16ft.

Praise we and adore. Ex-ul-ta-tion, ve-ne-ra-tion, gra-tu-

* See note, page 244.

( 256 )
—sation, bringing ever more. 13. Once des-

Marcia.

Gt. Diaps. Comp. to Sw.

Man.

Without Reeds.

"See note, page 244.

(257)
-lected, To a corner stone perfected, — As a

(Small notes to be played for 2nd ending.)

1st ending.

glorious trophy stands erected.

1st ending.

Full Ped. with reeds, 8-ft. and 16-ft.
God of the living, in whose eyes.

No. 92.

E. J. Hopkins.
God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.
Come, O Jesu, to Thy Table.

No. 93

R. Brown-Borthwick.
Come, O Jesu, to Thy Table,
Come, for else we are not able
True refreshment to receive;

But if Thou vouchsafe to feed us,
To this Feast of blessings lead us,
There to taste Thee and believe.

In the bread which here is broken,
In the wine, no empty token
Of an absent Lord we see.

Very Flesh and Blood is given,
When by faith, O Bread of Heaven,
Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee,
In Thy sacrament to greet Thee,
Thee, our God, as Host and Friend.

By Thy presence here prepare us
For the day when Thou shalt bear us
To the Feast that knows no end.

Amen.
ADDENDA.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.

No. 94.

Edward J. Hopkins.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretched wing,
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir:
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear:

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war
Th' eternal calm to gain!  Amen.

* This is the same Hymn as No. 45, and is repeated here, for the sake of convenience, opposite to Tune 94, to which it may be sung as an alternative with Tune 45.
As through this wilderness I stray.

No. 95 A.

G. H.
Hymn 48.

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

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

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

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

Amen.

* This Hymn is repeated here for the sake of convenience, opposite a Tune to which it may be sung by choirs who find Tune 48 A too difficult.
Original Text of Hymn 69.*

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet Thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me 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 as 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!
(Frail as summer's flowers we flourish;
    Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
    God endures unchanging on.
    Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high Eternal One!
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!

* This is the original text of Hymn 69, as supplied by the Author's daughter. It is inserted by her desire, and would have taken the place of Hymn 69 had not the music been set to the other version before the Editor was aware of the text having been altered.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say;  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!  
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!  
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.  

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All good gifts returned with her returning King.  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.  

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!  

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,  
Thou from Heav'n beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead True and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to shew;  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,  
'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord!  

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!  

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

[ * This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers,  
was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter Day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages.  
So great a favourite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague  
sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a  
view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is  
now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers ]
Original text of Hymn 85.

**HEAVEN.**

Sweet place! sweet place alone!
The court of God most high;
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty;
Oh, happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest;
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
Oh, happy place! &c.

Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitch'd for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
Oh, happy place! &c.

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
Oh, happy place! &c.

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace,
In th'arms of my best Friend.
Oh, happy place! &c.

**SECOND PART.**

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is;
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
Oh, happy place! &c.

Ah, me! ah, me! That I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
Oh, happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee;
To see Thy face?

Thy walls, sweet city! Thine
With pearls are garnished;
Thy gates with praises shine
The streets with gold are spread.
Oh, happy place! &c.

No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
Oh, no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
Oh, happy place! &c.

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
Oh, happy place! &c.

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd for Prince of Peace.
Oh, happy place! &c.

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
Oh, happy place! &c.

The bleeding martyrs, they,
Within those courts are found;
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd.
Oh, happy place! &c.
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