

HYMNS FOR CHURCHMEN.

Advent.

1.

THE advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on his road
With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting Son
Incarnate now shall be:
He will a servant's form put on
To make his people free.

Daughter of Sion, rise
And greet thy lowly King;
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.

As Judge, in clouds of light
He will come down again,
And all his scattered saints unite
With Him in heav'n to reign.

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

Praise to the Saviour Son,
Who came to seek the lost;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

2.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry,
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Abide in this thy house of prayer,
Where we thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in thy sacred name!
Hosanna in the highest!

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

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

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.
Hosanna in the highest!

SUPPLEMENT TO PARISH CHOIR, No. LIX.

3.

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

Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

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

So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He with his mercy shield us!
May He to forgive draw near!

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

4.

THE Lord will come: the earth shall quake;
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruise'd, the suffer'ing, and the dead.

The Lord will come: a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, sinners, to the rocks complain:
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain:
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come.

To Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,
Incarnate God, all praise be given,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From men on earth and angel-host.

5.

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

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

Then cleans'd be every Christian breast,
And furnish'd for so great a guest :
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward ;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decay'd.

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

To Him who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given ;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

6.

Lo He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Alleluia !
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers :
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
High on thy eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
Christ, Creator,
Everlasting God ! come down.

7.

O THOU, who thine own Father's breast
Forsaking, Word sublime,
Didst come to aid a world distress
In thy appointed time :

Our hearts enlighten with thy ray,
And kindle with thy love,
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above.

So when before thy judgment-throne
Our trial-day shall come,
When hidden deeds and thoughts, made known,
Shall meet a righteous doom,

Safe from the black and fiery flood
That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the face of God
In everlasting bliss !

Now to the Father, with the Son
And Spirit, evermore
Be glory, while the ages run,
As in all time before.

8.

CHRISTMAS.

WHILE humble shepherds watch'd their flocks
In Bethlehem's plains by night,
An angel sent from heaven appear'd,
And fill'd the plains with light.

Fear not, said he (for sudden 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 swaddling-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 is shown by Heaven to men,
And never more shall cease.

9.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Rejoicing, triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten with glad accord :
See in a manger
The Monarch of angels ;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

He, God of gods,
Light of light eternal,
The womb of a Virgin hath not abhorr'd :
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Through heaven's wide courts be your praises pour'd ;
To God in the highest
Be glory, be glory,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, for aye be thy name ador'd :
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

10.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcile'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, Incarnate Deity,
Pleas'd as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

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

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin born, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Prais'd by men and heavenly host.

11.

JESU, Redeemer of the world,
Who, e'er the earliest dawn of light,
Wast from eternal ages born,
Immense in glory as in might :

Immortal hope of all mankind,
In whom the Father's face we see,
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour
This day throughout the world to Thee.

Remember, O Creator Lord,
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceiv'd, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

This ever blest recurring day
Its witness bears, that all alone
From thy own Father's bosom forth,
To save the world, Thou camest down.

To this great day the seas and sky,
Earth, heaven itself, glad welcome sing,
The day which heal'd our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King.

We too, dear Lord, who have been cleans'd
In thy own fount of blood divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song
On this blest natal day of thine.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee ;
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

12.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born :
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
With hosts of angels chanting from above ;
By whom the joyful tidings first were sung
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with halleluias rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill ;
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

O let us keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind :
Trace we the Babe, who hath retriev'd our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross :
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, thl' angelic choir among,
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphant song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around his saints his glory shall display :
Saved by his grace, unceasing we shall sing,
Eternal praise to God our heavenly King.

13.

High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

Goodwill to sinful man 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 heaven and earth in concert join,
"To us a Child is born."

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips 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?

14.

St. Stephen's Day.

RIGHTFUL prince of martyrs thou,
Bind the chaplet on thy brow;
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem, each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood shone,
Nor could stars more brightly shine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an angel's glance.

Thou, the first-slain victim free
To Him, the Victim slain for thee;
Thou the first thy Lord to own,
Sharer of his thorny crown;

First to tread th' appointed road
Through the deep red sea of blood,—
Prince of martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind!

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Prais'd by men and heavenly host.

15.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

O God, who gav'st thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distress,
To look on thine incarnate face,
And lean on thy protecting breast;

To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclips'd for us in sorrow pale,
Pure image of the Eternal One!
Through shadows of thy mortal veil;

Be our's, O King of mercy, still
To feel thy presence from above,
And in thy word and in thy will
To hear thy voice, and know thy love;

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
All honour, praise, and glory be;
To God the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

16.

The Innocents' Day.

LITTLE flowers of martyrdom,
Whom the ruthless sword hath torn
On the threshold of the morn,
Rosebuds by the whirlwind shorn!

All regardless of their doom,
'Neath the altar where they lay,
Jesus' tenderest victims, they
With their palm and chaplets play.

Tyrant! What avails their tomb?
He shall scape the bloody blade,
Which hath many childless made,
Infant born of Mother-maid.

Thus the type of Him to come,
Saviour of lost Israel,
Moses scap'd the tyrant fell,
Guarded by the Invisible.

Jesu, born of Virgin's womb,
Father, Spirit, One and Three,
Sing we glory unto Thee,
Sing we everlastingly.

17.

The Circumcision of Christ.

O HAPPY day, when first was pour'd
The blood of our redeeming Lord!
O happy day, when first began
His sufferings for sinful man!

Scarce enter'd on this world of woe,
His infant blood begins to flow;
Thus early was his love confest,
His future sacrifice exprest.

Beneath the knife behold the Child,
The innocent, the undefil'd:
Of guilt the penalty He pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
Our fleshly natures purge away;
Thy name, thy likeness, may they bear!
Yea, stamp thy holy image there.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise,
The Holy Ghost we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

18.

'Tis for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain:
Jesu, thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.

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

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

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

Jesu, who dost condescend
'To be call'd the sinner's friend,
To our prayer propitious be,
While we make our boast of Thee.

Glory to the Heavenly King,
Glory, all ye angels, sing
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

19.

The Epiphany.

WHAT star is this, with beam so fair,
Above the orb of day?
It does the new-born King declare,
To Christ 'twill point the way.

Now prophecies of ancient seers
With faithfulness are crown'd,
And Jacob's star at length appears,
The East enlightening round.

Without, the star displays its sign,
Within, a purer light
The Magi draws with power divine,
To seek the Giver's sight.

Their love no dull delay can brook,
Nor toils nor risk appal:
Home, kindred, country, they o'erlook,
T' obey the Almighty's call.

O Christ, when 'Thou our souls dost move
By thy clear star of grace,
Permit not sin, or earthly love,
Its brightness to efface.

Praise to the Father in the height,
Praise to the new-born Son,
Like praise be to the Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

20.

Wux, Herod, rage with impious fear,
When told Judæa's King is near?
Not earthly crowns away to bear,
He comes, but heavenly to confer.

The wiser Magi spread their store,
And th' Incarnate God adore,
Led by the star, which ruled their sight,
To seek and find the Lord of light.

Th' Incarnate God the heavens proclaim,
When He, baptis'd in Jordan's stream,
Hallow'd the water, by his grace
To cleanse from sin the human race.

Their God the blushing waters own
By mighty sign, before unknown,
When the pure spring, pour'd forth in wine,
Obey'd his will and power divine.

Now unto Him, the Incarnate Son,
Whose Godhead to the world was shown,
With God the Father, glory be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

21.

PRAISE God, who sent his guiding star
To shed its hopeful beams afar,
As once his fiery pillar's light
Led Israel in their toilsome flight.

Where all in Gentile darkness lay,
The Eastern princes track'd its ray,
And while in faith they journey'd on,
O'er Bethlehem's lowly walls it shone.

First-fruits of all the Gentile race,
They sought the Saviour's resting-place,
And worshipp'd with their costly store
Their new-born Lord, unknown before.

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

We, by the chosen people's sin,
On the true vine are grafted in ;
Our heart's best homage let us give
To Him whose mercy bade us live.

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

22.

IN stature grows the heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes,
A Lamb unblemish'd, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor,
And He who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that stay the sky,
No earthly toil refuse,
And He, who set the stars on high,
An humble trade pursues.

He, before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields Himself to man's command,
And lays his glory by.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

23.

FAIR as a beauteous tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race,
The heavenly Saviour rose.

Rejected and despis'd of men !
Behold a Man of Woe !
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.

Yet all the griefs He felt were our's,
Our's were the woes He bore :
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain ;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our souls again.

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

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

24.

IN duty and in suffering too,
Lord, we thy steps would trace ;
As Thou hast done, so would we do,
Depending on thy grace.

With earnest zeal 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will :
O may that zeal our souls excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil !

As one with Thee, may holy love
Through all our conduct shine !
And thus our lives shall ever prove
That we, O Lord, are thine.

Supported by Almighty grace,
We'll tread the heavenly road,
And still thy sacred footsteps trace,
And rise to thine abode.

Now let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

25.

JESU, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

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

O hope of every contrite heart,
 To penitents how kind,
 To those who seek how good Thou art;—
 But what to those who find?

Ah! this no tongue can utter; this
 No mortal page can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his lov'd ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be:
 Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

26.

O JESU, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renown'd,
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom true joys are found;

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

O Jesu, light of all below,
 Fountain of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire:

May all confess thy saving name,
 Thy wondrous love adore,
 And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
 To love Thee more and more!

To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

27.

LORD, whose love, in power excelling,
 Wash'd the leper's stain away,
 Jesus, from thy heavenly dwelling,
 Hear us, help us when we pray.

From the filth of vice and folly,
 From infuriate passion's rage,
 Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth, and selfish age:

From the lusts, whose deep pollutions
 Adam's ancient taint disclose;
 From the tempter's dark intrusions,
 Restless doubt, and blind repose:

From the miser's cursed treasure,
 From the drunkard's jest obscene,
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
 Jesus! Master! make us clean.

Unto Jesus, Master lowly,
 Him who made the leper whole,
 Son and Sire, and Spirit Holy,
 Praise resound from pole to pole.

28.

O GOD of our salvation, Lord
 Of wondrous power and love,
 May faith, salvation's holy seed,
 Be sent us from above!

'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,
 That we our foes may quell,
 And with the shield of faith we quench
 The fiery darts of hell.

By faith we make our prayers to Thee
 In that most holy name,
 On which, for mercy and for peace,
 Hope rests her steadfast claim.

For that name's sake assist us, Lord,
 To run our heaven-ward race,
 And, oh! may no unholy life
 Our holy faith disgrace!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise and glory given,
 Who pour into the hearts of men
 True light and life from heaven.

29.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life 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 stay'd,
 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.

30.

THE angel comes, he comes to reap
 The harvest of the Lord;
 O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
 Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they in sheaves, to bide
 The fire of vengeance, bound?
 The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
 Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they reserved in store,
 God's treasure-house to fill?
 The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
 Amid surrounding ill.

O King of mercy! grant us power
 Thy fiery wrath to flee;
 In thy destroying angel's hour,
 O gather us to Thee!

To Jesus, Lord of heavenly host,
 All glory be addrest,
 With Father and with Holy Ghost,
 One God by all confest.

31.

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

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
 And greet the archangel's warning;
 To meet the Saviour in the skies
 On this most awful morning.
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

Th' ungodly, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 In woe they rise, but all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unrepair'd to meet Him.

Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
 In deep abasement bending;
 O shield us through that last dread hour,
 Thy wondrous love extending.
 May we, in this our trial-day,
 With wakeful hearts thy word obey,
 And thus prepare to meet Thee!

32.

ALLELUIA! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above:
 Alleluia! Thou repeatest,
 Angel-host, these notes of love:
 This ye utter,
 While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky:
 Alleluia! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high:
 We poor exiles
 Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn:
 Alleluia! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn:
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to Thee;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Make us all thy joys to see:
 Alleluia!
 Our's at length this strain shall be.

HYMNS FOR CHURCHMEN.

33.

Septuagesima Sunday.

AMIDST the mighty, where is he
 Who saith, and it is done?
 Each varying scene of changeful life
 Is from the Lord alone.

He gives in gladsome bowers to dwell,
 He clothes in sorrow's shroud:
 His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
 Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

Why should a living man complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod?
 Our sins afflict us; and the Cross
 Must bring us back to God.

O sons of men, with anxious care
 Your hearts and ways explore;
 Return from paths of vice to God;
 Return, and sin no more.

Glory to God, who reigns above,
 Th' Eternal Three in One;
 Who, by the wonders of his love,
 Has made his nature known.

34.

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

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

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

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

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

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

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

35.

Septuagesima Sunday.

MAKER of earth, to Thee alone
 Perpetual rest belongs,
 And the bright choirs around thy throne,
 May pour their endless songs.

But we—ah! holy now no more,
 Are doom'd to toil and pain:
 Yet exiles on an alien shore
 May sing their country's strain.

Father, whose promise binds Thee still
 To heal the suppliant throng,
 Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
 That banish us so long.

And, while we mourn, in faith to rest
 Upon thy love and care:
 Till Thou restore us, with the blest
 The song of heaven to share.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 Great Three in One, be glory done
 By men and angel-host.

36.

JESU, Creator of the world,
 Of all mankind Redeemer blest,
 True God of God, in whom we see
 The Father's image clear express.

'Twas love alone prevail'd on Thee,
 Our human nature to assume,
 For the first Adam's ruin'd race
 A second Adam to become.

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

O Saviour, may that living power
 Of love still in thy bosom glow,
 And pard'ning mercy to mankind
 From that exhaustless fountain flow.

Was't not for this thy wounded heart
 Pour'd forth the water and the blood,
 To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
 And reconcile the world to God?

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

37.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

O YE who followed Christ in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above;
First children of Almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race;

Who can, in words of equal worth,
The wonders of your faith set forth;
Or tell of all the panting sighs
Your hope uplifted to the skies?

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Ye deem'd the world an empty show;
To purer joys your hearts were given,
The resting-place ye sought was Heaven.

The soul that truly cleaves to God,
Still longs to gain that blest abode;
Saviour, forbid our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Laud, honour, glory, majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

38.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

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

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

39.

Lent.

THOU gracious author of our days,
O! be thine ear attent
Unto the mournful prayer we raise,
In this our fast of Lent.

Thou, the heart-searching God, dost know
How vile and weak we be;
But, Lord, thy pardoning mercy show,
And draw us back to thee.

Great is our sin and great our shame,
But still do Thou forgive;
Help, for the glory of thy name,
And let poor sinners live.

May this, our outward abstinence,
Chasten our souls within;
That so we rescue every sense
From every stain of sin.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
Glory to God, the Three in One,
To God, the One in Three.

40.

O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state;
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy gate:

A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourn'd here,
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life
To Thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am,
I know thou know'st it well.

Therefore with tears I come to beg
Of my offended God
For pardon, like a child that dreads
His angry parent's rod.

So come I to thy mercy gate,
Where mercy doth abound;
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit,
O, let thy mercy come.

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

41.

FATHER of all, whose wondrous grace
 Moved Thee to save our guilty race,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us thy pard'ning love extend.

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

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
 Mankind are raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us thy quickening power extend.

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

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, be glory done :
 Let equal praise to each be given
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

42.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
 The angels wondering see :
 Hast thou no wonder, O my soul ?
 He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep,
 Might weep our sin and shame ;
 He wept to show his love for us,
 And bid us love the same.

Then tender be our hearts,
 Our eyes in sorrow dim,
 Till every tear from every eye
 Is wiped away by Him.

To God the Son, who came
 Lost sinners to restore,
 The Father and the Holy Ghost,
 Be glory evermore.

43.

God of our life, to Thee we call,
 Afflicted at thy feet we fall :
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where shall we lodge our sad complaint ?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever sinner plead with Thee,
 And Thou reject his lowly plea ?
 Does not thy word still pledged remain
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
 And bend on us thy pitying eye !
 To Thee their prayer thy people make ;
 Hear us for our Redeemer's sake.

Grant, ever blessed Three in One,
 Grant, Thou who art One God alone,
 Our fast, through all its holy round,
 May with the Spirit's fruits be crown'd.

44.

CANST Thou, O Lord, forgive so soon
 A soul hath sinn'd so long ?
 Canst Thou submit Thyself to one
 That loads thee still with wrong ?

Canst Thou invite me to repent,
 And woo me to return ?
 And will thine anger, Lord, relent,
 And bid me cease to mourn ?

It is no merit of my own,
 But blood of Him that died,
 Our elder brother, and thy son,
 Whom my sins crucified.

For every drop of crimson dye
 Thus shed to make me live,
 O wherefore, wherefore have not I
 A thousand souls to give ?

Praise we the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit evermore :
 Glory to God, the Three in One,
 Whom heaven and earth adore.

45.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?

Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss to ensure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with Thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

46.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart ;
 And let a healing ray from Thee
 Beam hope on every heart.

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

In meek submission to thy will
 Let every prayer arise ;
 And teach us, Lord, 'tis goodness still,
 That grants it, or denies.

To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

47.

WHEN Israel left th' Egyptians' land,
 Through the Red Sea they trod ;
 The cloud above was brooding o'er,
 The token of their God.

Then man was fed with angels' food,
 For meat enough He sent ;
 Their drink was of the living stream,
 The rock that Moses rent.

They journey'd to a promis'd land
 Along a toilsome way ;
 They pass'd through Jordan's parted stream,
 The ark of God their stay.

Our manna is the living Bread,
 Which hath come down from Heaven ;
 The Rock that follows, Christ the Lord,
 From whom our drink is given.

Our promis'd land shall ever last :
 O, may our faith be strong,
 That we may never murmur : sure
 He cannot lead us wrong.

That so, when we have pass'd the flood
 This earth and heaven between,
 We find th' eternal joy, the bliss
 That eye hath never seen.

To Christ, our Manna, Rock, and Ark,
 God's own eternal Son,
 With Father and the Spirit blest,
 Eternal praise be done.

48.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
 In my hand no price I bring.
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

49.

CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before ;
 He that into God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, and daily make us meet
 Thy blessed face to see :
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What must thy glory be.

Then shall we end our sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days ;
 And join with those triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

Our knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 Enough for us that He knows all,
 And we shall be with Him.

To Christ who came to save the lost,
 And lead us back to Heaven,
 With Father and the Holy Ghost,
 Be praise for ever given.

50.

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

Holy Jesu, when the night
 Of sorrow blinds our clouded sight ;
 Round the cheering day to throw,
 Saviour, then THE TRUTH art Thou.

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

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

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

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

51.

THE HOLY WEEK.

Sunday next before Easter.

(PALM SUNDAY.)

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry :
 Thine humble beast pursues his road,
 With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

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

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

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

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

Reign on! reign on in majesty!
 Reign on in triumph, Lord most High!
 We hymn Thee on thy throne of love,
 Dread Triune King in realms above.

52.

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

The Lord of love, on Calvary,
 A weak and suffering stranger,
 Uprais'd to Heaven his languid eye
 In nature's hour of danger.
 For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave his blood to flow,
 And met his Father's anger.

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

53.

Monday before Easter.

O'ERWHELM'D in raging depths of woe,
 With racking anguish torn,
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 Upon the tree of scorn.
 The reuding nails his hands and feet
 Transfix with cruel wound:
 From head, breast, limbs, the sacred blood
 Flows streaming to the ground.
 He weeps; He prays; with awful cry,
 His spirit takes its flight:
 That cry, it pierc'd his mother's heart,
 And whelm'd her soul in night.
 Earth hears: her sepulchres are burst,
 The rocks and mountains quail;
 The fields, the floods, and sea are moved;
 Rent is the temple-vail.
 Sun, moon, and stars, the heavens, grown dim,
 Their Maker's death bemoan:
 Will ye alone, O men, be mute,
 Ye whom He calls his own?
 O come and weep before his cross,
 Come, youth and hoary hairs!
 Come, maid and matron, all mankind,
 And bathe his feet in tears!
 Thou, Victim of pure charity,
 Did'st shed thy healing blood
 For us adoption to procure,
 And make us sons of God.
 Jesu, our peace and joy be Thou,
 Our life and endless rest!
 Our guide, while pilgrims upon earth,
 Our crown amid the blest!

54.

Tuesday before Easter.

Is there a thing that moves and breaks
 A heart as hard as stone,
 Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
 'Tis Jesus' blood alone.
 One drop of this can truly cheer
 And heal the afflicted soul:
 What multitudes of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole!
 Hark, O my soul, what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne?
 Hark! the slain Lamb for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone.
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all, both night and day,
 Sing praise to Him that shed His blood,
 And wash'd their guilt away.
 But thou, O Lord, make every day
 Thy grace to us more sweet:
 Till we behold thy wounded side,
 And worship at thy feet.
 To God, th' Incarnate Son, who died
 Lost sinners to restore,
 The Father, and the Holy Ghost,
 Be glory evermore.

55.

Wednesday before Easter.

My God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for heaven thereby;
 Nor because those who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.
 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon thy cross embrace;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace;
 And griefs and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony,
 Yea, death itself; and all for one
 That was thine enemy.
 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well?
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell;
 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Not seeking a reward;
 But as Thyself hast loved me,
 O everlasting Lord.
 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
 And in thy praise will sing,
 Solely because Thou art my God
 And my Eternal King.

56.

Thursday before Easter.

SPEAK, O tongue, the body broken,
 Giv'n to be the spirit's food;
 And the word Almighty spoken,
 Which hath turn'd the wine to blood,
 Of the King the awful token,
 And celestial brotherhood.
 Born for us, and for us given,
 Of a Virgin undefil'd,
 Scattering wide the seeds of Heaven,
 Sojourn'd He in this world's wild;
 And on that remember'd even
 His appointed course fulfill'd.
 Meckly to the law complying,
 He had finish'd its commands;
 And to them at supper lying,
 Gave Himself with his own hands,
 A memorial of his dying
 Thence to be unto all lands.
 'Tis his word to our receiving
 Makes the bread his flesh to be,
 And the wine, our sins relieving,
 Blood that flow'd upon the tree.
 Though not seeing, yet believing,
 Take we this great mystery.
 Yes, in love and heart's prostration,
 Own we this great Sacrament;
 Gospel-rite, come, take thy station,
 Ancient law be gone and spent!
 Faith, thine earnest adoration,
 Passing eye and touch, present.
 Sire and Son, all power possessing,
 Unto Thee all glory be,
 Might, salvation, honour, blessing,
 Now and through eternity;
 Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
 Equal glory be to Thee.

57.

Good Friday.

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing aloud in mournful strain
Of the sorrows most amazing,
And the agonizing pain,
Which our Saviour
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

He, the ruthless scourge enduring.
Ransom for our sins to pay,
Sinners by his own stripes enring,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Bore our sorrows,
And remov'd our pains away.

He to liberty restor'd us,
By the very bonds He bare,
And his nail-pierc'd limbs afford us
Each a stream of mercy rare;
Nail'd He draws us
To the cross, and keeps us there.

When his painful life was ended,
Then the spear transfix'd his side;
Blood and water thence descended,
Pouring forth a double tide:
This to cleanse us,
That to heal us, is applied.

Jesu, may thy promis'd blessing
Comfort to our souls afford,
May we, now thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
As our ever glorious Lord.

58.

BEHOLD the Saviour on the Cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow:
Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head!

'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice:
Those sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.
'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own:
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd Him with their spoils.

'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

59.

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

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

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 an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

60.

Easter Eve.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more, to seal his doom
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of Death was o'er;
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruis'd and crush'd the Serpent's head.

All night long with plaintive voicing
Chant his requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumph'd, Christ doth reign."

61.

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 our's.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts 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.

62.

Easter-day.

MORNING spreads her crimson rays,
Heaven resounds with hymns of praise;
Through the earth loud anthems swell,
Heard with rage in vanquish'd hell.

From the dark sepulchral gloom
See the King of glory come;
See Him now to daylight lead
All his saints, from bondage freed.

Vain the tomb, securely barr'd,
Sealed stone, and armed guard;
Death is crush'd, and finds his bier
In the conqueror's sepulchre.

Hence with mourning, hence with tears,
Hence with anxious griefs and fears:
Death's subduer is not here,
Cries his angel minister.

That these thoughts of paschal joy
Ever may our minds employ,
Dead to sin, thy servants give,
Lord, in holiness to live.

Now be God the Father prais'd,
With the Son in triumph rais'd
From the grave, his glory's heir,
And the blessed Comforter.

63.

Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day,—Alleluia.
Our triumphant holiday;—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 endur'd the Cross and grave—Alleluia
Sinners to redeem and save.—Alleluia.

But the pain which he endur'd—Alleluia.
Our salvation hath procur'd:—Alleluia.
Now above the sky He's king,—Alleluia.
Where the angels ever sing.—Alleluia.

64.

PROTECTED by th' Almighty hand,
We travers'd safe the sever'd main;
No more we see th' Egyptian land,
No more we feel the tyrant's chain.

O then to God, with one accord,
Be joyful thanks and homage paid,
And let us come before the Lord;
In robes of innocence array'd.

Yea, let us at his table meet,
And banquet at his feast of love;
So shall our soul with transport beat,
And God's own presence sweetly prove.

Christ is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
To Him the Christian looks for food,
Nor will th' avenging Angel slay
Those who are sprinkled with His blood.

Hail, Victim worthy of the sky,
Beneath whose power Death vanquish'd fell,
Who saved mankind from misery,
And burst the dungeon-gates of hell!

Praise we the Father and the Son,
Who bids us welcome to the skies,
And Holy Ghost, by whom alone
We share the Saviour's victories.

65.

Monday in Easter Week.

THE Sun of righteousness appears
 To set in blood no more ;
 Adore the Period of your tears,
 Your rising Sun adore.

The saints, when He resign'd his breath,
 Unseal'd their sleeping eyes ;
 Again He breaks the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise.

Alone the combat He began,
 Alone the wine-press trod ;
 He suffer'd and He died as man,
 He rises very God.

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Forbid the Lord to rise ;
 The Lord who breaks the gates of Hell,
 And opens Paradise.

O render, then, high thanks and praise
 To Christ our God and King ;
 Who, by his power Himself did raise :
 Let saints and angels sing.

66.

Tuesday in Easter Week.

TH' apostles mourn'd with hearts of gloom
 Their Lord committed to the tomb,
 Whom, by a death of blood and pain,
 His servants' wicked hands had slain.

Yet had the holy women heard
 The angel's sure and welcome word ;
 " Full soon the faithful flock shall see
 Their risen Lord in Galilee,"

E'en now, as fast they bear along
 The tidings to the sorrowing throng,
 The Lord's resplendent form they meet,
 And run to clasp his sacred feet.

To Galilee's appointed land
 Th' apostles speed, a hopeful band :
 And, of their hearts' desire possess'd,
 With Jesus' kindly light are blest.

That Thou, O Saviour, may'st impart
 A lasting joy to every heart,
 From death of sin, from life of shame,
 The new-born sons of light reclaim.

Father, to Thee, to Thee, O Son,
 Who hast o'er death the victory won,
 With Holy Ghost, One God confest,
 Be everlasting praise address.

67.

Sundays after Easter.

A FAIRER sun is risen on earth
 To kindle high her Paschal mirth ;
 A purer far than earthly beam
 Th' apostles see from Jesus stream.

They in his flesh the wounds divine
 Behold like stars serenely shine,
 And, faithful witnesses, declare
 The wondrous sight they gaze on there.

Great king of love, our hearts possess,
 And with thy fostering presence bless,
 So may our tongues in ceaseless praise
 To thy great name meet anthems raise.

Father, to Thee, to Thee, O Son,
 Who hast o'er death the victory won,
 With Holy Ghost, One God confest,
 Be everlasting praise address.

68.

O THOU, the heaven's eternal king,
 Lord of the starry spheres,
 Who with the Father equal art
 From everlasting years :
 All praise to thy most holy name,
 Who, when the world began,
 Yoking the soul with clay, didst form,
 In thine own image, man.

And praise to Thee who, when the foe
 Had marr'd thy work sublime,
 Clothing Thyself in flesh, didst mould
 Our race a second time.
 New-born from out the tomb, as from
 A virgin born before,
 Thou didst reverse our fallen state
 And life to man restore.

Eternal Shepherd, who thy flock
 In thy pure fount dost lave,
 Where souls are cleans'd, and all their guilt
 Buried, as in a grave ;
 Far from the wretched death of sin
 Keep us, so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all new-born to Thee.

69.

FATHER of peace and God of love,
 We own thy power to save;
 That power by which our Shepherd rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
 When, by his sacred blood
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
 Th' eternal covenant stood.

O may thy spirit seal our souls
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still:

That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise;
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in thine eyes.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:
 Glory to God, the Three in One,
 To God, the One in Three.

70.

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

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

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

Yea, in death's shady, black abode
 Well may I walk, nor fear:
 For Thou art with me; and thy rod
 To guide, thy staff to bear.

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

71.

BROUGHT to the font with holy care
 And wash'd from nature's shame,
 New-born in Christ, we thenceforth bear
 The Christian's sacred name.

Blest privilege: but all in vain
 Our new and heavenly birth,
 If we the truth of God profane,
 And cleave to things of earth.

Lord, we would keep that blest estate,
 Our three-fold vow fulfil;
 Submissive at thine altar wait,
 And cleanse our souls from ill.

Then daily, Lord, Thy grace impart
 To aid the grace first given,
 That love, abiding in the heart,
 May lift our souls to heaven.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:
 Glory to God, the Three in One,
 To God, the One in Three.

72.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
 Lift your hearts and voices up:
 Jointly let us rise and sing
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Monuments of Jesus' grace,
 Speak we by our lives His praise;
 Walk in Him we have receiv'd;
 Show we not in vain believ'd.

Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
 Thee th' unholy cannot see;
 Make, O make us meet for Thee:
 Every vile affection kill,
 Root out every seed of ill,
 Utterly abolish sin,
 Write thy law of love within.

Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to Thee.
 Love, thine image, love impart,
 Stamp it on our life and heart;
 Only love to us be given;
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

73.

WHEN earthly joys glide swift away,
 When hopes and comforts flee,
 When foes beset and friends betray,
 I turn, my God, to Thee.

Thy nature, Lord, no change can know ;
 Thy promise still is sure ;
 And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow,
 But Thou canst find a cure.

Deliverance comes most bright and blest
 At danger's darkest hour ;
 And man's extremity is best
 To prove Almighty power.

High as Thou art, Thou still art near,
 When suppliants succour crave ;
 And as thine ear is swift to hear,
 Thine arm is strong to save.

Now to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose, be glory given ;
 And Holy Ghost, great Three in One,
 By all in earth and heaven.

74.

LOUD was the wind and wild the tide :
 The ship her course delay'd :
 The Lord came to their help, and cried
 "'Tis I : be not afraid."

He mounts the deck : down lulls the sea ;
 The tempest is allay'd ;
 The prostrate crew adore ; and He
 Exclaims, "Be not afraid."

Thus, when the storm of life is high,
 Come, Saviour to my aid !
 Come, when no other help is nigh,
 And say, "Be not afraid."

When on the bed of death I lie,
 And stretch my hands for aid,
 Stand Thou before my glazing eye,
 And say, "Be not afraid."

Before thy judgment-seat above,
 When nature sinks dismay'd,
 O, cheer me with a word of love—
 "'Tis I : be not afraid."

Worlds may around to wreck be driven,
 If then I hear it said,
 By Him who rules through earth and heav'n,
 "'Tis I : be not afraid."

75.

How can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heavens abroad?

How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead ?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From our anointed head.

All that I am and all I have
 Shall be for ever thine ;
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.

Glory to God that reigns above,
 Th' eternal Three in One,
 Who by the wonders of his love
 Has made his nature known.

76.

The Ascension Day.

THE Saviour stood on Olivet ;
 His earthly task was o'er :
 And wherefore should he linger yet
 On this world's dreary shore ?
 He rais'd on high his hands divine,
 And bless'd his faithful train :
 O when shall Adam's guilty line
 Such blessing hear again !

Then slowly towards th' expecting sky
 The sky's Creator rose :
 Angelic watchers, rang'd on high,
 Bade heaven's bright gates unclose.
 He enter'd in, the Lord of might,
 Eternal and supreme,
 Whose presence e'en the realms of light
 Illum'd with brighter beam.

O Thou who thus exalted art,
 On whom our souls rely,
 Grant to us now in mind and heart
 To dwell with Thee on high.
 And when, at length, redeem'd by Thee,
 The just from sleep shall rise,
 With their's our happy portion be,
 A home beyond the skies.

77.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Redeemer of our guilty race,
On Thee our waiting eyes we bend,
The saint's delight, the sinner's friend.

What wondrous love prevail'd on Thee
The bearer of our sins to be,
Thyself in sacrifice to give,
That sinners might not die, but live!

Now crush'd is Satan's doleful reign,
And broken is the tyrant's chain,
And Thou art in thy meet abode
A conqueror on the throne of God.

O let thy clemency prevail
To heal the losses we bewail:
O cheer us with thy beaming face,
Enrich us with thy gifts of grace.

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In life, our pathway to the skies;
In death, our everlasting prize.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise for aye be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

78.

KING eternal, power unbounded,
Strong thy faithful ones to save,
Death, to Thee all deadly wounded,
Triumph and high glory gave.

Through the starry orbs ascending
Where Thy throne of glory call'd,
Rob'd from heaven with power unending,
By no human hand install'd;

There thy kingdoms three adore Thee;
Heaven above and earth below,
Darkest hell beneath; before Thee,
All the knee submissive bow.

Heaven's high host with awe beholdeth
Death to life restored again:
Flesh corrupteth, flesh remouldeth,
Flesh true God of God doth reign.

Lord, from earth our prayers pursue Thee;
Saviour, all our sins forgive:
Lift our hearts on high unto Thee,
By thy grace uprais'd to live.

So, when thou, at thy swift coming,
From thy judgment-cloud shalt shine,
Thou may'st stay our righteous dooming,
And our forfeit crowns assign.

79.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

Now, let us raise our cheerful strains
And join the blissful choir above,
Where our exalted Saviour reigns,
And angels sing his wondrous love.

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
May every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died to redeem our ruin'd race;
Say, what return can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

Alas, for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Still, Jesu, may our hearts be Thine,
And all our lives proclaim Thy praise.

To God the Son, in triumph rais'd,
And God the Father, glory be;
With them the Holy Ghost be prais'd
Now, and throughout eternity.

80.

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 pour'd 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 hath 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 aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

81.

Whitsunday.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire :
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart :
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight ;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of thy grace :
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
 Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
 That, through the ages all along,
 This, this may be our endless song ;
 Praise be to thine eternal merit,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

82.

THOU who earnest from above,
 Bringing light and shedding love,
 Teaching thy all-perfect way,
 Giving gifts to man to-day ;

Thou who once didst change our state
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto Thee.

Where Thou art not, none can do
 What is holy, just, and true ;
 They whose heart thy wisdom leads
 Think good thoughts and do good deeds.

Often have we griev'd Thee sore ;
 Never may we grieve Thee more :
 Thou the feeble canst protect,
 Thou the wandering direct !

We are dark—be Thou our light ;
 We are blind—be Thou our sight ;
 Be our comfort in distress,
 Guide us through the wilderness.

Praise the blessed Three in One ;
 Praise the Father and the Son ;
 To the Holy Ghost arise
 Praise from all below the skies.

83.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
 In power and wrath He came ;
 Before his feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame :

Around the trembling mountain's base
 The prostrate people lay ;
 A day of wrath and not of grace ;
 A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
 He came in power and love ;
 Softer than gale at morning prime
 Hover'd his holy dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light a glorious crown
 On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
 Wing'd with the sinner's doom,
 But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
 Proclaiming life to come.

O Father, Spirit, Word of power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear.

84.

Monday in Whitsun Week.

O God of holiness and grace,
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who love thy sacred steps to trace,
 And strive thy precepts to obey.
 Thy law is written in their hearts,
 Thy service is their best employ ;
 The Holy Ghost their strength imparts,
 And fills their souls with peace and joy.

Father! we plead that gracious name,
 For we are thine, with all our powers ;
 Thy children's place we humbly claim ;
 O let their blessedness be ours.

By all thy love, that wondrous love,
 Which gave thy Son for us to die,
 Help us to live for things above,
 Lead us through Him to joys on high.

Now to the Father and the Son
 And Holy Ghost all glory be :
 All glory to the Three in One,
 Now and throughout eternity.

85.

Tuesday in Whitsun Week.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy soft wings, Celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

86.

Trinity Sunday.

FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The tribute of our grateful praise,
Who for our twofold life hast given
Bread from the earth and bread from heaven.

Thou too, O Jesu, be ador'd,
The only Son, th' Almighty Lord;
Who, to save sinners from their doom,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:

Who, on the cross a victim made,
The ransom of the world hast paid;
Through whom alone on guilty men
The hope of life has dawn'd again.

And Thou, by whose almighty aid
The pure and highly favour'd maid
Brought forth Incarnate Deity,
Eternal Spirit, praise to Thee.

Three Persons but One God! whose grace
Hath form'd and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee,
We hymn this mighty mystery.

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Threc in One,
Laud, honour, glory, majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

87.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Lo! elders worship at his feet,
The Church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

These odours are the prayers of saints,
These sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
He loves to hear their praise.

Hark how th' adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.

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

To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

88.

THRICE holy God, of wondrous might,
O Trinity of love divine,
To Thee belongs unclouded light,
And everlasting joys are thine.

Before thy throne dark clouds abound,
Around Thee shine such dazzling rays,
That angels, as they stand around,
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious Lord,
Confess Thee in thine own great name;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which faith already dares to claim.

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

Yea, Father, may thy will be done,
And may we thus thy name adore,
Together with thy blessed Son
And Holy Spirit, evermore.

89.

Sundays after Trinity.

In glorious majesty how great
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity.

Our soaring spirits upward rise
Towards the celestial throne :
We meditate the blessed Three
And the Almighty One.

Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies ;
But still how far beneath Thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies.

Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore ;
For the weak pinions of the mind
Can stretch a thought no more.

In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious king,
While angels strain their nobler powers
And sweep th' immortal string.

90.

O JESU, who art gone before
To realms of heavenly light,
Thither may all our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

With holy love may we aspire
To those pure joys divine,
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
But in faith's mirror shine :

Where to His saints their great reward
Himself Jehovah gives ;
And Him, the all-sufficient Lord,
Each faithful soul receives.

To guide us to Thy glories, Lord,
And lift us to the sky,
O, may Thy Holy Ghost be pour'd
Upon us from on high.

Praise to the Father, and the Son
Who reigns above in heaven,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise be given.

91.

LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity :
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.

SELF, O let me cast aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride ;
Not to man but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet.

Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,
Docile, helpless, as a child ;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine impart,
Life eternal to my heart.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Son of God, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Prais'd by men and angel host.

92.

O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe !
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who then shall be our foe ?

He who his only son gave up
To death that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give ?

Who now his people shall accuse ?
'Tis God hath justified :
Who now his people shall condemn ?
The Lamb of God hath died.

And He who died hath ris'n again
Triumphant from the grave ;
At God's right hand for us He pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

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

93.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky :
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my master's will !

Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely ;
 Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

94.

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

Let all your lamps be bright,
 Steady the wavering flame,
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.

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

O happy servant he
 In such attention found :
 He shall his Lord with pleasure see,
 And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread,
 With his own royal hand,
 And raise that faithful servant's head
 Among his angel band.

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

95.

BLEST is the broken, bleeding heart,
 For sin constrained to ache !
 Soon heavenly hands shall bind it up,
 No more to bleed or break.

Blest are the eyes whose burning tears
 O'er past transgressions fall !
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 To dry or light them all.

That broken heart, that tearful eye,
 That pensive pilgrim guise,
 Are heaven's own gifts, and more than all
 That worldlings seek or prize.

Who has them, claims and titles has
 Which none beside can own ;
 Pledges of more than eye hath seen,
 Or heart conceiv'd or known.

Through clouds and sunshine, storm and calm,
 He on to glory goes,
 With hope to light him o'er his way
 And bliss to crown its close.

He goes, he goes, his fadeless crown
 From Christ's own hand to win ;
 And angels throng round heaven's high gate
 To hail the stranger in.

96.

O LORD, refresh thy flock,
 Athirst to Thee they cry :
 Thou art the spiritual rock
 Whence they must drink or die.

O Lord, our sickness heal ;
 Thou, in our sufferings sore,
 Wert lifted up, that we might feel
 Sin's poison-fangs no more.

Preserve us, Lord, from death :
 Thou art the Lamb whose blood
 Sprinkled o'er Israel's doors in faith,
 A token was for good.

With many a bitter herb
 Of wishes dear subdued,
 'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,
 We take Thee for our food.

Away those types are cast,
 And now Thyself we see ;
 Yet let each hint that cheer'd the past
 Still lift our hearts to Thee.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost, be praise,
 As in the ancient times was done,
 And shall through endless days.

97.

God of Almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
We lift our hearts to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;
Through Jesus Christ the just
Our faint desires receive;
And let us in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

Whate'er we say or do,
Thy glory be our aim:
Our offerings all be offer'd through
Thy ever blessed name:
Jesus, our single eye
Be fix'd on Thee alone:
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high
Thy will by all be done.

Spirit of faith, inspire
Each consecrated heart;
Fill us with pure celestial fire,
With all Thou hast, and art:
Daily, good Lord, renew
The grace in childhood given;
Each rising thought of sin subdue,
And make us meet for heaven.

98.

WHEN gathering clouds around we view,
When days are dark and friends are few,
May He be near, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every mortal pain,
To share our griefs, allay our fears,
And count and treasure up our tears.

If aught should tempt our souls to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good we should pursue,
Or do the ill we should not do;—
May He who felt temptation's power
Protect us in that dangerous hour.

And O! when we have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
Our bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SUPPLEMENT TO NO. 63.

99.

SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

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

100.

PAST is her day of grace,
Her cup of wrath o'erflows:
Yet Jesus views the guilty place,
And weeps her coming woes.

“If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace—but now
Thine hour hath pass'd away!”

And doth the Saviour weep
Over his people's sin,
Because they will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?

Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

Z

101.

LORD, we do not seek to know
 What shall be our lot below :
 In one thought alone we rest,
 What Thou sendest, that is best :
 Take our thoughts and wills and powers,
 And dispose of us and ours.

Since Thou knowest what we need,
 Guard and guide us, clothe and feed :
 Flowers, that neither toil nor spin,
 From thy hand their beauty win :
 And thine ear is ever nigh
 To the ravens when they cry.

We, whom Thou hast taught thy way,
 Are of much more worth than they :
 Thine, with needful things to bless,
 Ours, to seek thy righteousness :
 Give us, as our hands are spread,
 Day by day, our daily bread !

Chiefly, Lord, our souls supply
 With the bread that cannot die ;
 Holy Father, let us be
 One with Christ, and one with Thee,
 Till we reach thine own blest place
 Through thy Holy Spirit's grace.

102.

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

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

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

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

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

103.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 And all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth.
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
 What though nor voice nor minstrel sound,
 Among their radiant orbs be found ?
 With saints and angels they rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice :
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is Divine ! "

104.

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 Thyself thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years have ceas'd to move.

105.

Saint Andrew's Day.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great,
Who makes the church his own abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall remain,
Throughout eternity.

106.

Saint Thomas the Apostle.

HAIL, Son of God, in glory crown'd
E'er time began to be;
Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the round
Of wide eternity!

Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their Author's power,
And each exalted Seraph flame,
Creator, Thee adore!

Thy wondrous love the GODHEAD shew'd
Contracted to a span;
The co-eternal Son of God,
Th' incarnate Son of Man.

To save mankind from lost estate
Behold his life-blood stream,
Hail, Lord! Almighty to create!
Almighty to redeem!

The Mediator's godlike sway
His Church beneath sustains;
Till nature shall her judge survey,
The KING MESSIAH reigns.

Hail, with essential glory crown'd
When time shall cease to be;
Thron'd with thy Father thro' the round
Of whole eternity.

107.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

'GAINST what fœmen art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on?
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the sinless One.
O! how shortly
Shall He make his vengeance known.

See the Lord, from heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow:
See him rising!
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.

Christ, thy power is man's salvation,
And thy love is here made known:
He who wrought such desolation
That thy cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that sacred cause his own.

Praise the Father, God of Heaven,
Him who reigns supreme on high;
Praise the Son for sinners given
Both to suffer and to die:
Praise the Spirit,
Who prepares us for the sky.

108.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,
Commonly called

The Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin.

Stow, ope thy hallow'd dome,
To his temple Christ is come:
Lifeless shadows haste away,
Grace and truth beam out to-day.

Lo! the Virgin's downcast eye
Owns his hidden Godhead nigh:
Heavenly musings all unheard,
Meekly hail the silent Word:

While to heaven her pious love,
Duly vows the sacred dove,
And upon her bosom lies
More than dove-like sacrifice.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Prais'd by men and angel-host.

109.

Saint Matthias's Day.

CHRIST is gone up : yet ere He pass'd
From earth in heaven to reign,
He formed one holy church to last
Till he should come again.

His twelve apostles first He made
His ministers of grace :
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on ;
And still the holy church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold ;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost ;
By man on earth be glory done,
And by the heavenly host.

110.

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

SEE ! mercy, mercy from on high
Descends to rebels doom'd to die :
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound,
How grand, how gladsome is the sound !

Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announced the early news,
"The woman's seed thy head shall bruise !"

Brightly it beam'd on man forlorn,
When Christ, th' Incarnate God, was born ;
And in its fullest splendour shone,
When Jesus, dying, cried "'Tis done !"

It triumph'd, when from death He rose,
And broke the pow'r of all his foes ;
And since He took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.

To Him, who left the throne of heaven,
To save mankind, all praise be given :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

111.

Saint Mark's Day.

HERALDS of Christ ! to every age
Who open wide the gospel page,
Unfolding all the wondrous plan
Of love divine to sinful man :

The myst'ries which beneath the law
The holy prophets dimly saw,
By you were seen in open day ;
For Christ remov'd those shades away.

The woes He bore, the words He taught,
The mighty miracles He wrought,
All this ye wrote, as God decreed,
That ages yet unborn might read.

The Holy Spirit was the guide
On whom your faithful minds relied :
O may that Spirit still be given
To teach our hearts the laws of heaven.

Praise we the Father, praise the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won ;
Praise to the Holy Ghost be given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

112.

Saint Philip and Saint James's Day.

SERVANTS of Christ, his truth who know,
Forth to your glorious warfare go,
Strong in Jehovah's name and might :
Gladly take up the hallowed cross,
And, counting all beside as dross,
Beneath its sacred banner fight.

Above the world, its smile or frown,
On all its vanities look down,
Its wealth and pleasure, power and state :
The man who dares the world despise,
The Christian, he alone is wise ;
The Christian, he alone is great.

O God, let all our lives declare
How blest thy faithful servants are ;
How far above these earthly things ;
How pure, when wash'd in Jesus' blood ;
How great the chosen sons of God,
A holy race of priests and kings.

113.

Saint Barnabas the Apostle.

O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee!
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord, to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee;
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above,
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

114.

Saint John Baptist's Day.

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

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

Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
Thrice-blessed Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing thy praise
Eternally.

115.

Saint Peter's Day.

CREATOR of the rolling flood,
On whom thy people hope alone;
Who eam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone:

Who from the labours of the deep
Did'st set thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless church to Thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on thy bounteous hand,
To seek thy help in humble prayer,
And on thy sacred rock to stand:

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burden down,
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

All blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
From men on earth and heavenly host,
To Thee whom all thy saints adore,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

116.

Saint James the Apostle.

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son;
The east of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and will'd that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage:
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne;
Thus God grants prayer; but in his love
Makes times and ways his own.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By saints below be honour done
And by the heavenly host.

117.

Saint Bartholomew the Apostle.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice :
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold :
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

118.

Saint Matthew the Apostle.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Shall tow'r above the meaner hills
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
"Ascend the hill of God," they say,
"And to his temple go!"

The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
The King that reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years :
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come, then, O come from ev'ry land
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Be honour done by men on earth,
And by the angel-host.

119.

Saint Michael and all Angels.

YE holy angels bright
Who stand before God's throne
And dwell in glorious light,
Praise ye the Lord each one.
You there so nigh,
Fitter than we
Dark sinners be,
For things so high.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who see your Saviour's face,
Whose glory, e'en the least,
Is far above our grace.
God's praises sound,
As in his sight
With sweet delight
You do abound.

Thou, Christian, bear thy part,
Triumph in God above ;
With a well tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.
Thou art his own,
Whose precious blood
Shed for thy good
His love made known.

All nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King ;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing.
For He still reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest foe
That Him disdains.

120.

Saint Luke the Evangelist.

LIFT high the song of praise,
For him whose holy pen
Gave down the hymns of other days,
To glad the sons of men.

Glory to God on high,
And peace upon the earth,
Goodwill to men be now proclaim'd,
As at the Saviour's birth.

The Lord to magnify
Be lifted every voice,
And in our Saviour, King, and God,
Let every soul rejoice.

With benedictions high
Let Israel's God be prais'd,
Who hath salvation's mighty horn
Among his people rais'd.

And when around our path
The call of death is heard,
Lord, let Thou us depart in peace
According to thy word.

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

121.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude, Apostles.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!

Once they went mourning here below,
 In penitence and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promis'd rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
 While the long crowd of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

122.

All Saints' Day.

WHAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their master stood;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,
 Followers of the dying God.

More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er;
 They have all their sufferings pass'd,
 Hunger now and thirst no more:
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead:
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up every soul with love.

123.

Festival of an Apostle.

LET the round world with songs rejoice,
 Let heaven return th' exulting voice,
 As, mindful of th' apostles' fame,
 Their master's glory they proclaim.

Thou at whose word they spread the light
 Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
 O still to us that light impart,
 To guide our steps, and cheer our heart.

Thou at whose will to them 'twas given
 To bind or loose in earth and heaven,
 Our chains unbind, our sins remove,
 And lift our souls to things above.

Thou in whose might they spake the word,
 Which cur'd disease and health restor'd,
 To us its healing power prolong,
 Support the weak, confirm the strong.

That when thy Son again shall come
 To speak the world's unerring doom,
 He may with them pronounce us blest,
 And place us in thy endless rest.

To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee,
 To Thee, blest Spirit, glory be;
 As it was done through ages past,
 And shall through endless ages last.

124.

Festival of an Evangelist.

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

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

How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light:
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.

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

125.

Festival of a Martyr.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go!
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live the life of glory,
 Suffer, with the Lord to reign.

126.

Ember Days.

LORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,
 And thine ordained servants bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
 Within thy temple when they stand
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
 Let all the church's pastors be.
 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
 Firmness and meekness, from above,
 To bear thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
 To watch and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night their guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
 So, when their work is finish'd here,
 They may in hope their charge resign:
 So, when their master shall appear,
 They may with crowns of glory shine.

127.

O KING of Salem, Prince of Peace,
 Bid strife among thy subjects cease;
 One is our Father, one our Lord,
 One body, spirit, hope, reward:
 One God and Father of us all,
 On whom thy church and people call;
 O, may we one communion be,
 One with each other, one with Thee.
 Bless those whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things:
 Thy bishops, priests, and deacons bless,
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
 Let many in the judgment day,
 Turn'd from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear:
 Save those who preach and those who hear.
 So may we join the song of love,
 Which saints and angels sing above;
 All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
 Great Trinity in Unity.

128.

Rogation Days.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee:
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
 O, by all thy pains and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.
 By thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness:
 By thy victory in that hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Jesu! look with pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.
 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns:
 By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
 By thy perfect sacrifice,—
 Jesu! look with pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.
 By the deep expiring groan:
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
 By thy triumph o'er the grave:
 By thy power from death to save,—
 Mighty God, ascending Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restor'd;
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

129.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
 Help us to look on Thee and mourn,
 On Thee whom we have slain;
 Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,
 And by reiterated crimes
 Renew'd thy mortal pain.

Vouchsafe us eyes of faith, to see
 The Man transfix'd on Calvary,
 To know Thee who Thou art,
 The One Eternal God and True!
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break each stubborn heart.

O let thy dying love constrain
 Our souls to love their God again,
 Their God to glorify;
 That we may come thy cross to share,
 Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
 And with our Saviour die.

130.

After a Baptism.

CHILDREN of God, your mother's voice
 Bids you remember now
 The seal within your heart of hearts,
 The sign upon your brow.

Say, have ye loiter'd heedlessly
 Upon your Christian way?
 She bids you mark your erring steps,
 And thus would have you pray: †

“O holy Lord, who scornedst not
 A child of wrath like me,
 But did'st in mercy join me to
 Thy blessed company:

“Pardon my sins against thy love,
 Restore thy wasted grace,
 And fit me in thine own good time
 To see Thee face to face.”

131.

O HOLY Lord, content to dwell
 In a poor home, a lowly child,
 With meek obedience noting well
 Each mandate of thy mother mild:
 Lead every child that bears thy name
 To walk in thy pure upright way,
 To shun the paths of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like thyself, obey.
 Let not this world's unhallow'd glow
 The fresh baptismal dew efface,
 Nor blast of sin too roughly blow,
 And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather thy lambs within thine arm,
 And gently in thy bosom bear,
 Protect them still from hurt and harm,
 And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below,
 Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
 In wisdom and in stature grow,
 And favour both with God and man.

132.

Holy Communion.

O THOU eternal victim slain
 A sacrifice for guilty Man,
 By the eternal Spirit made
 An offering in the sinner's stead;
 Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
 And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

Thy offering still continues new,
 Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue,
 Thou stand'st the ever slaughter'd Lamb,
 Thy Priesthood still remains the same;
 Thy years, O God, can never fail,
 Thy goodness is unchangeable.

O that our faith may never move,
 But stand unshaken as thy love;
 Sure evidence of things unseen,
 Now let it pass the years between,
 And in thy sacrament adore
 The Lamb that liveth evermore.

133.

COME to the feast, for Christ invites,
 And promises to feed;
 'Tis here his closest love unites
 The members to their Head.
 'Tis here He nourishes his own
 With living bread from heaven,
 Or makes Himself to mourners known,
 And shows their sins forgiven!
 Still in his instituted ways
 He bids us ask the power,
 The pard'ning or the hallowing grace,
 And wait th' appointed hour.
 'Tis not for us to set our God
 A time his grace to give;
 The benefit, whene'er bestow'd,
 We gladly should receive.
 Expect we then the quick'ning word,
 Who at his altar bow:
 But if it be thy pleasure, Lord,
 O let us find Thee now.

134.

O THE depth of love divine,
 Th' unfathomable grace!
 Who shall say how bread and wine
 God into man conveys?
 How the bread his flesh imparts,
 How the wine transmits his blood,
 Fills his faithful people's hearts
 With all the life of God!
 How can heavenly spirits rise
 By earthly matter fed,
 Drink herewith divine supplies,
 And eat immortal bread?
 Ask the Father's wisdom *low*;
 Him that did the means ordain!
 Angels round our altars bow,
 To search it out in vain.
 Sure and real is the grace,
 The manner be unknown;
 Only meet us in thy ways,
 And perfect us in one.
 Let us taste the heavenly powers,
 Lord, we ask for nothing more;
 Thine to bless, 'tis only ours
 To wonder and adore.

135.

SAVIOUR, and can it be
 That Thou should'st dwell with me?
 From thy high and lofty throne,
 Throne of everlasting bliss,
 Will thy Majesty stoop down
 To so mean a house as this?
 I am not worthy, Lord,
 So foul, so self-abhorr'd,
 Thee, my God, to entertain
 In this poor polluted heart:
 I am a frail, sinful man,
 All my nature cries, Depart!
 Yet come, thou heavenly guest,
 And purify my breast;
 Come, thou great and glorious King,
 While before thy cross I bow;
 With Thyself salvation bring,
 Cleanse the house by entering now.

136.

Burial of the Dead.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven.
 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flow'r;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour.
 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And death descend, in sudden night,
 On manhood's middle day.
 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly towards the tomb;
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?
 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given;
 The bones that underneath thee lie
 Shall live for hell or heaven.

137.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains:
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

138.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear;
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray:

To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown;
 When rob'd in majesty and pow'r
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 Th' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

O may we thus be found,
 Obedient to thy word;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord:
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment, to secure
 An everlasting rest.

139.

Public Worship.

To thy temple we repair:
 Lord, we love to worship there,
 And within the veil to meet
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.

While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,
 That our joyful souls may bless
 Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to ours attend;
 Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon through thy name,
 In their voices may we own
 Jesus speaking from his throne.

From thy house when we return,
 May our hearts within us burn;
 And at ev'ning let us say,
 "We have walk'd with God to-day."

140.

Harvest.

Lord of the harvest, once again
 We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain;
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
 Thy servants through another year;
 For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
 By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

The bare, dead grain, in autumn sown,
 Its robe of vernal green puts on:
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs
 Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings:
 So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of thy word we ask
 A lesson from the reaper's task:
 So shall thine angels issue forth;
 The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
 The sport of sun and storm no more,
 Be gather'd to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
 As thou hast taught, for DAILY BREAD;
 But not alone our bodies feed,—
 Supply our fainting spirits' need.
 O Bread of life, from day to day
 Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay.

141.

Morning.

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 mis-spent 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 noon-day 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 th' eternal King!

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

142.

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

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

We yield those powers to thy command,
To Thee we consecrate our days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

All honour, praise, and glory be
To God whom heaven and earth adore:
Laud we the Holy Trinity,
Sire, Son, and Spirit, evermore.

143.

Evening.

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

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

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

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

144.

SUN of the soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from thy servants' eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
Our wearied eyelids gently steep;
Be our last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on our Saviour's breast!

If in the night we sleepless lie,
Our souls with heavenly thoughts supply,
Thy love angelical instil,
And stop the avenues of ill.

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

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

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