The Standard Tune Book

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The Standard Tune Book

AND

Metrical Companion to all Hymn Books

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY HYMN CHORALES, &c., INCLUDING THE CHOICEST OF LUTHER'S AND THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL COMPOSERS, IN ABOUT EIGHTY DIFFERENT METRES,

With an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte,

BY THE AUTHORS OF "STUDIES IN CONGREGATIONAL SINGING."

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PREFACE.

THE design of this Volume is two-fold, *First*, and principally, its object is to meet a demand, the attempts at which, in the continuous production of Tune Collections, have hitherto most signally failed. This, in multitudinous instances, is most apparent in the silent dissatisfaction or listless indifference of a moody congregation.

After almost every such effort, congregations have eventually returned to the usual bald, and inartistical forms, which were their familiars previously; nor is this difficult of explanation, as in most existing Psalm Tune Collections it is but too obvious that no spirit has animated their compilation at all proportionate with the high and prominent service which they have professed to render to the praise-worship of the sanctuary.

On two extremes have these continually wrecked—the Scylla and Charybdis of Psalm Tune Collectors—a lowness and looseness of idea in the ever and anon re-arrangement of the vulgar currencies, or a professional flight into the scientifically abstruse, and, if we may hazard the remark, the soulless accuracies of a merely mathematical or mechanical knowledge. The one being altogether devoid of science and singularly graceless, which every fresh attempt at improvement but the more deforms; whilst the other is too far removed from a natural interest, and the ordinary habits and attainments of those for whom it is prepared, to ensure a permanent, if even a temporary adoption.

In contradistinction to these, we have been induced to present a class of Melodies which are themselves, for the greater part, the very poetry of sound, as Hymn Music, bearing about them the unmistakable veracities and great lines of genius; and which cannot fail to attract, and win entrance into the affections of the most inveterate opponent of Psalmodic reform.

That there is a music in the world which the affix sacred most properly designates, is not in these days a matter of debate, and that some certain, grand principles lie at its base, and are involved in its production, is not less clear. It is equally determinate that these principles have issued in Melodic forms, which though traceable to no man, and having no epoch from which they may date themselves, live on, and rightfully, since they touch the deep springs of religious emotion, and are at once responded to and acknowledged. Yet this is no new fact. From time immemorial these principles had existed, and tradition accounted not for their origin. The early Christian Church adopting them from the Hebrew, incorporated them with her own simple routine of services. Later, by the invention of symbolical notation, to represent sounds, they assumed place, and became with the Gamuts to which they referred, mechanical formulæ, which all Musicians, to the period of the Reformation, recognized and worked upon.

The Reformers adopted them, BACH and HANDEL wrought from them, BEETHOVEN is said to have received them as a direct revelation to himself. The pages of MENDELSSOHN teem with their rich ever-recurring phraseology. And we and all Christendom have known this, or at least have received it with our earliest lore; and yet, strange to say—in this country, around no family hearth-stone, or altar, from no Sabbath congregation, though these, week by week, sang their customary thanksgiving Hymns to sounds which were not theirs, and had no kinship therewith—did these circle or ascend. These had no place, memory, or acquaintance, or agency, in their hours and houses of worship.

Why was this? Because at the separation of the Anglican from the Romish Church, when a vernacular Hymnody was substituted for a Latin, our English Reformers, neglecting these divine emanations, chose those of the French-Genevan school, or one of the equally bare and rugged ditties of their own; so that in this country, with but one exception, the olden Melodies were never adopted; besides that a new manner of writing arose and "contention swayed the land."

If, however, there be a Music which is sacred to religion, it follows that it must always be impersonal, and of no class; for worship is always

independent of sect or creed, and therefore of universal application and use. And if the definite end of all such Music be the expression of religious emotion, and this a Christian duty, its re-adoption is not optional but imperative. Full of wiseness and beauty is it—wondrously emotive and simply grand is this real heart music. More wise in this respect than the Anglican Reformers, the strong-minded, complacent LUTHER, secured many of the best of these sublime compositions for his own *Chorale-book*, by metricalizing the Bible Psalms to their own peculiarities, and composed to other measures on these principles many a bold, fervent strain of his own, which no musician "would willingly let die."

The high mental reverence to which this class of Music is entitled, and will ever gain from the cultivated mind, it can also exact, in its lower and sensuous condition of interest, from the most untutored. Everything about them is consistent to its purpose. Not a superfluity—no blemish—inequalities—but settled, massive, and grand; and which, like the strains of Handel, while seeming to gather their form from the voice of a multitude, as though that could only answer their broad intentions, are yet fully as powerful and effective in the private chamber.

The Chorales of LUTHER, KUGELMAN, GOUDIMEL, and other such minded composers, whether resounding in the solemn majesty of their capable utterances through the lofty aisles of a Cathedral, or from the less imposing structure of a village Church or Chapel, always seem to breathe of an ease and purity, a vigour of thought and firmness of expression, which render them the most suitable media for the simultaneous enunciation of a common sentiment by congregated masses, assembled for the purpose of rendering homage to Him "who inhabiteth the praises of Israel."

This order of Music, so purely ecclesiastical, not vamped up to meet the fictitious want or the false taste of the secular amateur—not to give indulgence to the indolent, and license by delegation to choirs—also bears with it a tone of strength and sweetness which was the very spirit of the early Reformers. No one hearing, or having the veriest trifling acquaintance with these, will suppose them to have otherwise advented. They, too, are characterised by an ever-living energy, a wonderful simplicity and earnestness of purpose, which carries them straight home to the heart. Moreover, there is an *air* about these fine old Hymn songs, an exultation and exuberance of thought, proclaiming their parentage and birthplace. Music so universal in its character, so stable in its tone, so consistent in its principles, could have originated only where superior musical organization and education is generally prevalent. Some of these melodies, though transferred by Luther from the treasuries of the Latin Church, are distinguished by a similar markedness of character which may explain and justify the remark of the venerable historian* of the Christian Church, who says, "Luther has been called the true Orpheus of Germany, and to his praise it is added that he applied his knowledge of musical numbers and harmonies to the excitation of the most pious and fervid emotions in the soul." Luther himself also said, that he had subjoined suitable tunes to his thirty-eight German Hymns† "to show that the fine arts were by no means abolished through the preaching of the Gospel, but that in particular the art of Music should be employed to the glory of God. Next to theology," he adds, "I am not ashamed to confess, there is no art or science to be compared to Music. It awakens and moves me so that I preach with pleasure."

While we do not presume to specify each separate excellence, we may be allowed to cite for special commendation and attention, among others, the grand verities of the immortal JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, such as the Tunes EISANACH, PRESBURG, &c., with their unperishing and imperishable spirit; and the beautiful and flowing song of direct Lutheran extraction of which the sweet tunes PRAGUE and COLOGNE offer each an admirable illustration. Passing these, we proceed at once to the ever sublime and truly untempered Hymn-songs of the great Luther himself. That he was the founder of this species of composition is not his half merit as a Church musician. He not only

* Milner.

† A translation of several of these admirable Hymns we have herein given.

created its form, but excelled every other individual in its formation; and we look in vain throughout the teeming pages of gigantic folios, of subsequent men and ages, for anything that approaches in conception, imitation, or adaptation, these magnificent structures.

"Of all the master singers," says Spangenberg, "Luther is the best and richest." And Dr. Cumming, of the Scotch National Church, who has distinguished himself as an eloquent and intrepid champion of Protestantism, most truly and beautifully observes, in his recently published Lecture on "Music in Relation to Religion," that "If Luther had left nothing else, his Tunes and Hymns had been enough. The highest evidence of the power and excellency of the Hymns and Music of Luther is the fact that the Roman Catholics adopted them. The people would sing them, and therefore the Priests introduced them into the Romish Churches. A Carmelite friar observed, 'Luther's Hymns helped his cause astonishingly; they spread among all classes of the people, and were sung, not only in the Churches and Schools, but also in the houses and workshops, in the streets and market-places, in lanes and fields.'"

The Tune called AUSBURG, as here given, has been well pronounced the very perfection of an ecclesiastical and Congregational Hymn Tune, whilst the more extended melodies of COBURG, WORMS, LUTHER'S TUNE, and OLD ST. MAGNUS, are superbly peerless, and challenge rivalry in vain.

As a farther exemplification of the contents of this Work, a sentence or two may be permitted, in which to particularise some of these other finely formed Melodies of the Lutheran Church, as MELANCTHON, MUNICH, WITTEMBERG, MORAVIA, FRANKFORT,* and also to direct attention to those excellent specimens from the English Choral Schools of different epochs, ST. DAVID, DUNDEE, SALISBURY, MELCOMBE, &c., besides the exhibitions from the Latin and Genevan Church, under the titles of PALESTRINA'S TUNE, SARUM, LUCERNE, OLD ST. PETER, ST. GREGORY, AMIENS, TURIN, and the well known OLD HUNDREDTH, &c., &c.

The Dismission Hymn, No. 173, is the early Italian composition, "Alla Trinita," from the "Laudi Spirituali" of 1310, sung at almost all the gatherings of the Ancient Concerts, and of the Philharmonic Society. No. 268, a splendid composition by the celebrated Henry Purcell, which may also be sung to any hymn of 8.7. measure, is an exquisite strain, as fresh and as vigorous as the last new air, and will always remain an unwithering memento of the matchless genius which created it.

It may be necessary to observe, that a few compositions have been inserted less for congregational use than for choir practice. Of these we mention LUBECK, which is a noble melody to the Lutheran Metrical Paternoster, "Unser Vater," with its quire music, by Mendelssohn,—ST. JOHN is the "O Lux beata Trinitas" of the Latin Church, and found in most of the Lutheran Choir Books, but is here given rather as a curious specimen of an ancient style of Church Song, by the formation of melody in different modes, than for general adoption.

The SANCTUS, No. 253, is by Orlando Gibbons. The KYRIE ELEISON, No. 271, is the Peregrine Tone, from J. S. Bach. The INTROIT, No. 270, is the favourite one by Cecil, "I will arise." The ANCIENT TONES or Psalm Chants, commonly called the Gregorian, with varied terminations, are herein inserted, as also the LITANY TONES, or prayer songs of daily use in the Cathedral Services of the English Church, together with the choicest established modern SINGLE and DOUBLE CHANTS, from Purcell, Boyce, Dupuis, Mornington, Robinson, Crotch, and others. Such an inventory is its own witness, and "its integrity well preserveth."

We may be permitted to make yet further reference to the appended

* To MENDELSSOHN England owes much in this distinguishing feature of his great works. It announced a highly daring thought—and where these occur in their old unisonal setting for men's voices, as in the "Athalie," "Lauda, Sion," &c.—not exceeded by any foregone conception of the chiefest of the masters. The Hymn-music assigned to the early congregated Christians in his "St. Paul," and to the ancient true worshipper in his "Elijah," with other adopted Chorales and original compositions of this greatest of all masters of the sacred art in modern times, we have transferred to our pages.

Chants for the prose psalms, as introduced into the services of the Church in the fourth century, by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and by Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century. If it were at all necessary to cite authorities for their introduction, they would be found to be most abundant and satisfactory. "I have," says the profound Andrew Fuller, "long wished to see introduced into the Churches (and I almost believe it will be at some future time) *A Selection of Divine Hymns or Songs*, taking place of all human compositions. By Divine Hymns or Songs I mean the pure Word of God, set to plain, serious, and solemn Music, adapted to the sentiments." Respecting their presentation in responsorial form, the same judicious writer says, "It is manifest that the original singing was much of it responsive, and that justice cannot otherwise be done to it." To the same purport, the venerable Mr. Jay, of Bath, thus remarks:—"Their singing was alternate and responsive; I wish the practice had not been discontinued."

"There is to me," says Mr. Binney, "something very pleasing and impressive in the thought of singing the very words of the Ancient Church,—those songs that kings, prophets, and apostles were accustomed to chant forth in praise to God; and there is something very interesting in the idea that *we are quite sure that we have got the truth, and are uttering the truth*, and, perhaps, while we sing, the truth may sink deep into our hearts, and produce most hallowed and beneficial results. In the confessions of St. Augustine, the great contemporary of St. Ambrose, there are some really touching statements as to their moral effect on the feelings of the writer. 'How many tears I shed,' says he, addressing St. Ambrose, 'during the performance of thy Hymns and Chants. My ears drunk up these sounds, and they distilled into my heart as sacred truth. And yet,' he says, 'I was affected, not by the mere Music, but by the subject, brought out as it was by clear voices and appropriate tunes.'"

"It was after our Lord united in these songs," says Mr. Binney, "that He went forth to that great agony which was to be the subject of the song of the New dispensation. I cannot see," adds Mr. B., "that there was room for anything but this kind of praise in the Apostolic Church. I am very much disposed to think that, when the disciples carried out the injunction which had been given them, 'to teach one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs,' that they answered one another in their songs, many of the Psalms being composed for chanting antiphonally."

To revive attention towards those deep and reverential intonations, characterising the more Ancient Music of the Church, those earliest results of an artistical observation, and to connect with them some pertinent applications from the Choir-books of the Reformed Churches generally, especially from the justly far-famed supervised and harmonised Choral-books of Bach, Winterfeldt, Bunsen, &c., was the originally proposed object of the Editors; and some two years since, a portion of the present work having appeared in Part books, attracted such attention, as led to the expression of a wish amongst several congregations, to whom it had been introduced, that it should be issued with such additions of the Tunes in common use amongst themselves, as might favour its *exclusive* adoption. In compliance with the idea, a selection was made in conjunction with a Committee convened for the purpose, consisting of Choir leaders, and others interested in the praise-worship of the several congregations to which they belonged. Whilst to render it of a more comprehensive and permanent character, it was endeavoured still to retain its original features in their old prominence by enlargement, and to complete it by the introduction of such compositions as had received some sanction, and were not altogether without the restricted limits, or beyond the high standard it assumed. In this varied character they beg to present it to those Congregations and the public as a standard compilation, *alone* in the attainment of its professed purpose, and as of more coherent grasp and suitability than has heretofore appeared, and containing, beyond this, such specimens of Hymn-music and its possible harmonisation, as may suit even a Choir practice, and present the diverse genius, both in stamp and style, of a Palestrina,

a Bach, and a Meudelssohn, and of which, if it can be said that greater omissions would havo better perfected it, it may at the same time be added, that its excellencies almost justify any admissions.

Such are the compositions we have selected for the praise-worship of the sanctuary, and which form this volume. Nor has any means been spared or denied, either as to the melodic forms here presented, or to their harmonical arrangements, that could lead to the realization of a standard idea and order of the music proper to a religious service; recourse having been had, as already intimated, to Continental works of reputition and rarity, as well as to the very best Anglican authorities and collections, both ancient and modern; and which, we may be allowed to add, we present to the Congregations of this land with the utmost confidence and satisfaction. By most of our Anglican communities they will be regarded as hidden treasures—brilliants of auother hemisphere—pearls of a purer water, bright and glittering—the same lovely and matchless creations as at their first delivery—not changed by the world's fashions, or the fleeting vagaries of opinion, but seeming rather as if compounded of those invisible and mysterious elements, which, whilst they exhaust all, seem not themselves subject to mutation. These, which many causes have not suffered to become common property, we trust, by this mode of publication, to render permanently such. And whilst we rejoice that by possession they may now be as ardently admired as they deserve to be, and as they will, when known, indubitably become, we doubt not that, having once entered the inner temple, and beholding the costly array, the lovely and durable forms of the olden melodies, a taste and a practice may be as speedily obtained for the sterling, in preference to the unmelodic and heterogeneous consecution of sounds now too generally heard.

With reference to the Choice, Motion, and Expression of the Tunes herein given, as well as other matters necessary for their proper presentation, the Editors beg to subjoin the following practical observations from their recently published, "Studies in Congregational Singing," in which the Musical Student will find ample directions for a correct celebration of the Songs of the Sanctuary.

By a choice of Tunes we do not meau simply selecting from this collection of Hymn tunes the one most suited to a grave and serious expression in our places of worship, although we would be understood as including this also in the phrase, but principally, the after and practical adaptation of the Psalm or Hymn to be announced from the desk, to the tune most accordant in character therewith.

As a rule, the Hymn and Tune should be chosen and determined previously, that the Leader may not be distracted by the process of mental comparison from the other duties of the service, and that Tune be invariably selected that may best correspond with the sentiment of the Hymn.

It is *precatory* or a song of *laud?*

Each may have its own demonstrative Melody, from which it, at any rate as a class should never be dissevered or disassociated. Sentiments of sorrow obviously require a different order of Melody to those of joy, nor can a transposition, or even a temporary adaptation, be resorted to without violence.

The individual to whose care is committed the very difficult and delicate task of this adjustment, should take intelligent possession of his office; that is, he should come to it well furnished with a sound knowledge of the principles of rhythm which regulate the accent, and a full feeling of the spirit of both words and music.

He should, moreover, be able to discern and exhibit that melodial unity which it is the prerogative of a true Church-song to preserve.

He should farther heedfully reject Tunes which seem to require high or loud singing. With regard to these two latter remarks, we shall offer the following somewhat extended observations.

A Church-song should be written within the compass of the octave, or at the most, inclusive of the eight Notes, and the less in extent the better, both for practice analysis.

A Tune Melody extending either way beyond the compass of the

stave, is clearly unsuitable for practice, and therefore inadmissable. In very few cases even, should a Tune reaching to this limit in any key be allowed.

Unless nature has been very bountiful indeed, few voices have full tonal ability beyond E on the fourth space, and many not farther than D.

Now, in the case of a Tune extending beyond this compass upwards, it is evident that great exertion must be made by such voices to give out sounds not naturally belonging to their range.

This strain on the larynx too invariably induces a flatness during performance, which years of compliance and habit confirm to the whole voice, and eventually leave it incurably discordant.

We are aware that this flattening of the voice during the progress of singing through all the verses of a Hymn, may be attributed to other causes, and doubtless it is generally the product and result of a combination of helping causes, which may be stated as, *first*, from an endeavour to force and sustain the voice on a part lying beyond its own natural Register, as the Tenor on the Alto, &c., &c.; *secondly*, from loud singing; and *thirdly*, from a want of earnestness and attention in the governance of the voice, or in other words, indolence; but that the cue is originally given by the leading part, or melody of a Tune, is fairly inferable; because, as long as that part can be and is well sustained, the Bass below having rather an upward tendency, the inner or dependent parts must of needs, at whatever effort, maintain themselves at a corresponding pitch.

To resume, however, and this suggestively—

Let a Choral of that sweet and solemn order used in the Lutheran Churches be invariably preferred, with a plain yet sufficiently various harmony, to avoid the frequent monotonous recurrence of the commonplace major chords, conjoined with easy intervals, whose only difficulty shall be that of novelty.

There are many reasons for asserting the superior excellence of this species of Hymn-song, the one it is sufficient for us to name here, is that of melodial perspicuity. Then their rhythm is unmistakable, and their admitted phases of motion multifold. Lest we should here, however, seem to lend covert sanction and support to a popular fallacy on this point, we may just remark, that the motion cannot in all Tunes of the same order, or even in the same Tunes, be always taken alike, is no advocative argument in favour of Tunes whose irregular accent necessitates an uncertain, if not a change of motion through every phrase.

Indeed it is obvious, that unless a consentaneous and an unvarying rhythm can be often recognised, that no body of voices can long move simultaneously together. For such reasons it is, that the plain and unvarnished Chorale must and will ever remain, notwithstanding its natural simplicity of structure, more grand and effective for the masses, than the highest and most elaborate forms of melody, though presented by all the art of a trained body.

Of the motion properly belonging to Metrical Melody, it may be observed, that *ordinarily* its time is taken *too slow*, and especially if it happen to be written in Minims.

This misapprehension has arisen from the false idea that each form of Note is in itself absolute, and in its time measured off mechanically, so that it can never be taken in any other time, whereas, the time of the Minim, as of every other form of Note, is entirely comparative.

Under certain circumstances a Minum may be accelerated from its originally imagined slowness of motion, and occupy in its delivery but the same supposed length of time in which it seems to be considered a Crotchet should be taken; and again, under precisely contrary circumstances, may have its motion equally retarded. For instance,—the much outraged Old Hundreth Tune, whose melody, because written in Minims, has commonly all the unction of heaviness with which slowness of motion, unsustained by energy, can invest it, should, to be delivered in the motion proper to its melody, be sung according to the popular idea of a Tune written in Crotchets.

Let it be understood, however, that where both are used in the same composition, the Crotchet (with every other form of Note) always reduces its time proportionately to the Minim, whose half it is.

Nor let it be forgotten either, that as rapidity is not reverent, and protraction induces weariness, so, whilst we would not be considered as inculcating a light and frivolous style of delivery, we would as strenuously protest against that pseudo-gravity, which, in affecting a double seriousness, mocks the exercise altogether.

The particular Motion in which any given Melody should be sung will appear from examination of its peculiar characteristics.

If a Tune be in all its parts isochronal, or having equal Notes and syllabic, or but one Note to a syllable, less difficulty will be experienced in deciding its motion; yet the following questions may not unadvisedly occur.

What are the notes most predominating? Of what class or order? In what combination with others?

The Tune having been selected to the hymn by an appropriate similarity of character, the same appropriate similarity of motion would, it is obvious, suit both.

Perhaps, however, it may not be superfluous to remark that, if the Tune be of a figurative cast, that is, if its inner parts carry much motion, and we may not deny that this is often productive of admirable effect, though as a rule exceptionable, its march or motion of time must be without regard to its style, or that of the Hymn, somewhat impeded; for no hurry, which is the parent of gabble, should at any time or under any circumstances be suffered to appear, but deliberate energy and a manly vigour breathe from the whole.

Of the CHANT the following distinctions are to be taken:—

1. That it is intended for Prose Composition, and not Metrical.

2. That it is governed entirely by the Rythmical structure of the sentence to which it is attached.

3. That its Duration and Character are dependent entirely upon the length of the Rhythms.

4. That these are not Barr'd out as in a Tune or Melody generally.

5. That these do not contain a regular succession of long and short syllables.

6. That the Chant itself consists of two branches or parts, viz. Declamation, and Inflection or Melody.

7. That as to the Reciting Note, it is unmeasured, and may be spoken on indefinitely.

8. That the Melodial Terminal or Cadence has always a duplicated Notation, and not a monothic or single, as in the Tune; and that the first Inflection, which immediately follows the Reciting Note, and has a Bar before it, always bears the chief accent. One, two, or even three syllables may be put upon this accent; but where the last syllable of the sentence is a monosyllable, the last Note should be omitted, and tied together, and the first equally augmented; or both may take augmentation, according to the quantity or dignity of the word terminating.

In Motion its delivery should be ever decorous and stately; far removed from the irreverent and voluble utterances of our Modern manner; the Rhythms of the Recited portion of the sentence as marked and intelligible as those of the Inflected part, and the whole a profoundly fervid, passionately-living embodiment of those lofty inspirations, those glorious old Temple Songs, which its professed aim is to personate.

The two classes of motion under which Melodies might generally range, are the BOLD and JUBILANT, or *fast* motion, and the DIGNIFIED and SOLEMN, or *slow* motion. To the former appertain all Hymns of gratulation, expressive of confidence, and the common praise hymns; to the latter, Hymns on the attributes, descriptive, and those of a graver and more reflective cast.

Of course, many are the shades of motion, both between and around these two species, nor do we by any means pretend to prescribe for each distinct category.

The Intonation and Expression of sound in accordance with the feeling it contains or may evoke, is so thoroughly essential to the interest of both piece and performance, that without its observance, song itself is unmeaning and rhythm so much monotonous order. Much art is required to effect this, for Expression is of difficult attainment, even after a complete subduement and control over the voice has been obtained.

To secure a correct Melodial Intonation, the voice must neither drawl, thus running one sound into the next, nor yet suddenly jerk itself from Note to Note; always avoiding too that unhappy method, now so general in Hymn singing, of abruptly heaving the voice with a swell like pulsation on the middle of a Note, or at its end if the Note be dotted, and then striking or throwing out the next sound as with a blow; but with artistical ease and an unexerted force, give to each Note its full and even intonation.

Let every word or syllable be pronounced, not with a sing-song swaying motion, or vulgar loudness, nor yet with a mincing affectation, but clearly, and with due regard to the importance of the idea it represents, and the accent or emphasis it requires from its situation.

But how much soever mechanically perfect the composition may be delivered, the most polished performance lacking warmth of soul has no charm.

It is the presence and colouring of the soul that lends life and sanctity to its utterances.

Without this there may issue sounds, but never music. A true perception and apprehension of the feeling embodied is so equally necessary to the perfect delivery of melodic phraseology, and the grammatical meaning of the words, that the whole interest may be said to centre thereon.

Correct intonation and exact attunement are doubtless indispensable to the vocalist, but, above all, we repeat, must his mind be imbued with the spirit and character of both the words and music he desires to portray, and endeavour to render them so again.

No direction, farther than that of pointing out the natural method adopted by the true and independent mind in such cases, will avail.

It cannot, nor should it be of an artificial tenor: that were mere imitation, often mockery.

The true artist does not do this. He appropriates to himself the latent feeling of the written sentiment; he does not merely assume it for a purpose, but he is himself the character who is speaking; the words are his own as really and effectually as if they had originated with his own mind. He has identified himself with the emotion which at first produced the sentiment, and he lets the feeling go naturally forth in sound.

His voice is always and just so much obedient to his power as he has permitted it to be.

It weeps, it fires, it glows, is gentle or impetuous; loving, denunciates, breathes, burns, flows like a gliding ripple over the calm surface of the inland lakes, or shakes the resonant welkin with the majesty of its thunder tones; and, in fine, weaves and winds around and within the mazes of that exquisite region, the human heart, such a web of enchantments as may well captivate its very will to welcome and hail so sweet a bondage.

In this enumeration we do not include or speak of the mere seusuous interest, which we sometimes, to our regret, have seen Congregations exhibit as the fruit and effect of mere masses of sound, but of that high spiritual tone, which having the heart for its basis, is thence enguided and controlled, and engenders in all intelligent minds a like emotion. We mention this, because a notion is abroad that a species of satisfaction is and can be produced from the united voices of a large Congregation, despite the goodness or badness of the Music or its performance, though commonly referred to both; but it is obvious that the effect so produced must be disassociated from either. For instance, with regard to composition, it may be capable of expression or incapable. Coleridge relates of himself, that he was once taken to an evening concert, where the performance was, he was assured, truly admirable. The first piece on the programme was a composition of Rossini's, loudly applauded. "But this to me," says the poet, "was tame and ineffective. I could hardly contain myself, however, when a thing of Beethoven's followed." Now, as both pieces were equally well given, it is obvious that the difference in point of power was purely the capacity for expression. A like illustration would be applicable to its performance.

No! an enthusiasm, a rapture is needed, must inherit and spring from the inner depths of the heart, must stream over and suffuse composition, voice, performance, as a mental current not inapt, but instinct with spirit; an odour of the imagination, mist-like rising, stealing and swathing round the whole being with a feeling as indescribable as fascinating and permanently changeless.

Perhaps we may also be allowed to add, that Congregational Singing ought always to be independently conducted, that is, there should be no reliance by the Congregation on the Choir, and that where an Organ is used, it should be remembered that it is not for the purpose of *leading* a tune, but for the sake of its sustaining power or support, and the additional richness and variety of sound thus obtained. Hence it should always be played *plain*, and never allowed to predominate above the voice.

A judicious organist will invariably suit the power of the instrument to the volume of voice he has to accompany. All fanciful combinations of its different stops during the singing should be deprecated as vicious, and no change farther than that of increasing or lessening their number according to the expression required, should for a moment be submitted to.

In accompanying a Chant, the Reciting Note, with its Harmonies, unless, indeed, these change during progress, should be *sustained* by the fingers, nor ever re-struck throughout the whole extent of that part of the passage declaimed, and this irrespective of the comparative value of the written Note. So, if there be in this Chord and in that of the Inflection which follows it, any Note on the *same* line or space, even though the two be not tied to each other, the fingers must not be lifted but continue the sound on until the Time of the whole shall expire.

The same Direction is observable in extempore adaptations of Chants to Metrical Psalms and Hymns, as also to the playing of Tunes, their Interludes, and indeed all Organ Music, unless it be for the express marking of its subjects, or for the obtainment of other effects.

Secondly. In making this selection, especial regard has been had to the varieties of Metre found in the Hymn Collections, now used in Congregational worship, which contain many admirable Hymns, for which no suitable tunes have been heretofore provided. With but few unimportant exceptions, this desideratum in our Metrical Hymnody is supplied by the "Standard Tune Book."

It may also be proper to state, that many very beautiful Hymn compositions are also given, the insertion of which, while they will be of very considerable service in singing the Melodies to which they have been wedded, and opposite to which they are herein placed, will, it is presumed, be no unacceptable or unimportant addition to the Hymn repertories now in use.*

It is hoped, therefore, that its metrical adaptation, cheap issue, and its musical and general appropriateness, for the song services of the sanctuary, will not only not fail to secure for the "Standard Tune Book," immediate and extensive adoption into our Churches, but also root out those vulgar fallacies and meaningless abortions, mis-called Psalm Tunes, which we believe have become well nigh universal, simply for the want of some such collection as the present.

THE AUTHORS OF "STUDIES IN CONGREGATIONAL SINGING."

February 16th, 1852.

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* The Hymns inserted in this Collection may be obtained of the Publisher in a separate form, neatly bound in cloth, price 6d.

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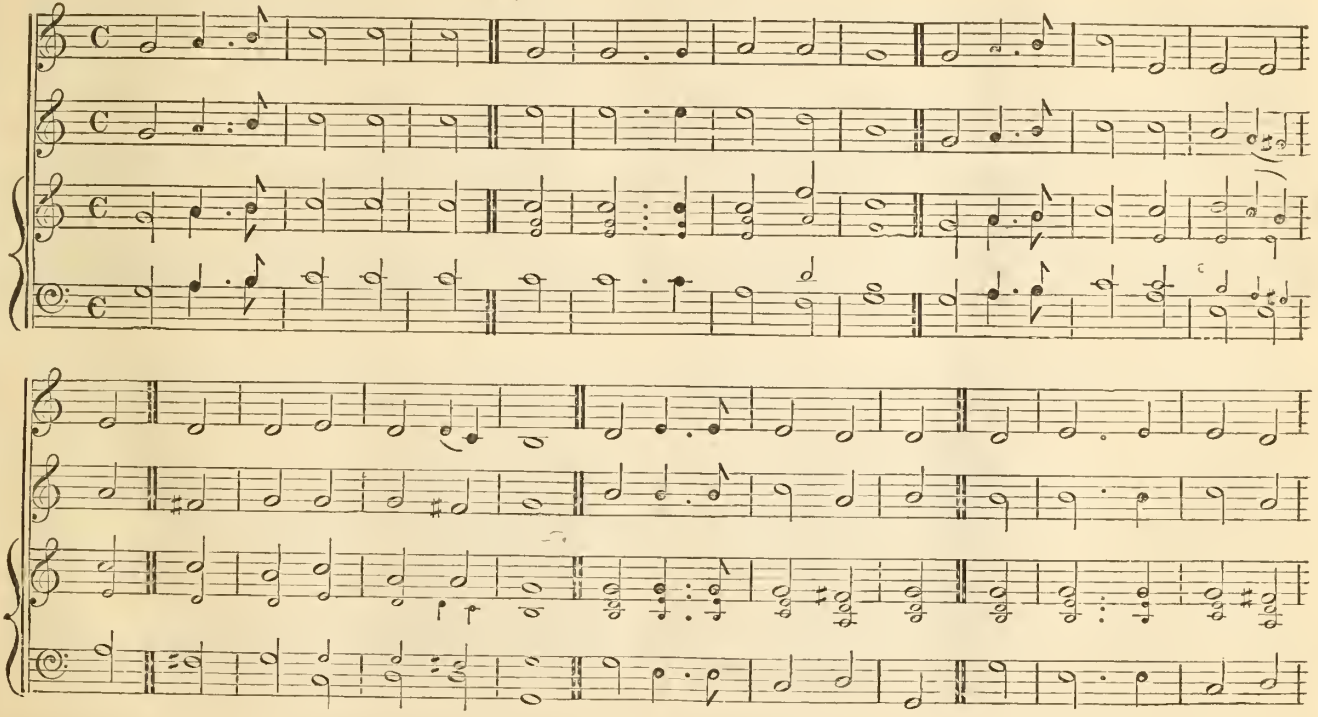
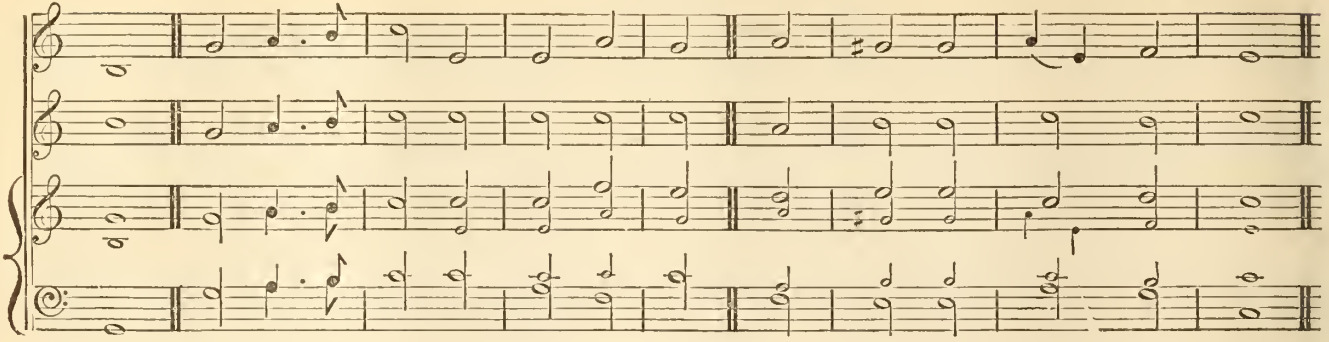
№ 1. St JOSEPH. S. M. D.



ST. JOSEPH (Continued.)



1.—S.M. *On the Spread of Divine Truth.*

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

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

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quick'ning wing;
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
Let light and order spring.

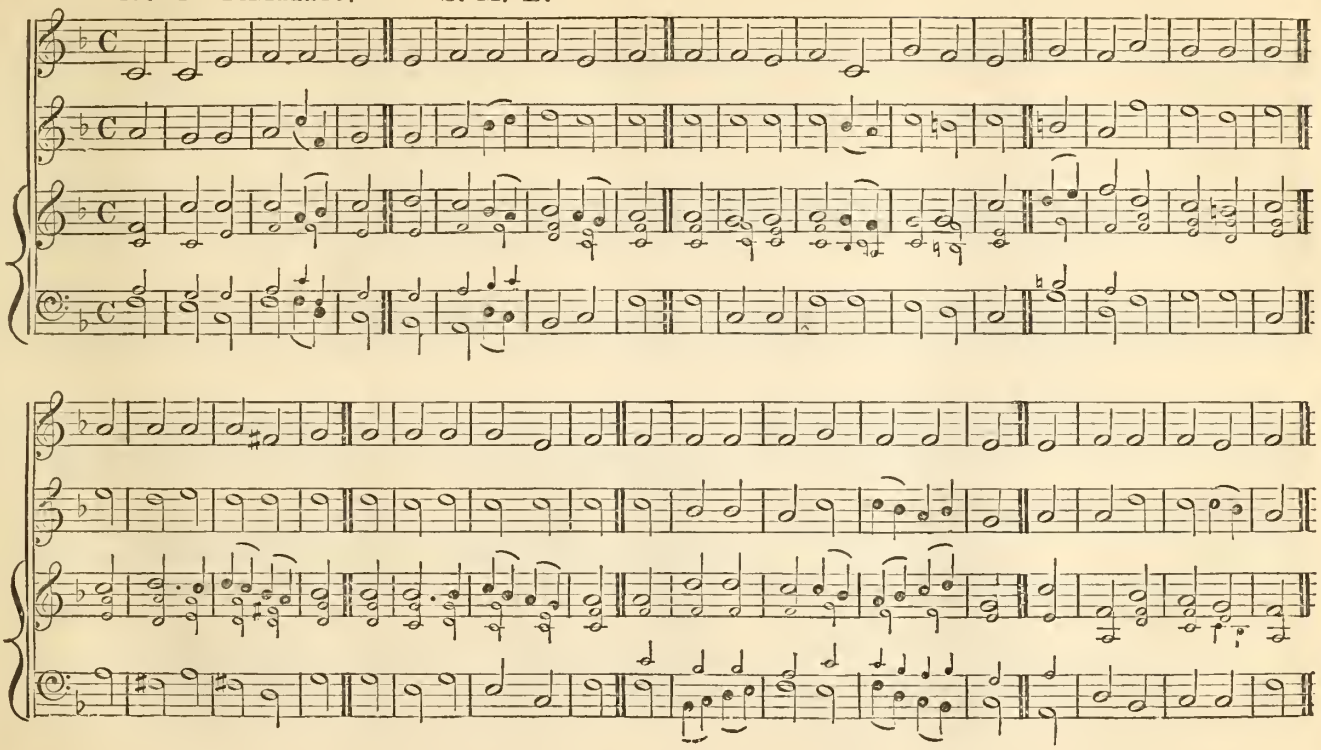
4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let the loud anthem ring.

8.—S.M. *Spiritual Husbandry*

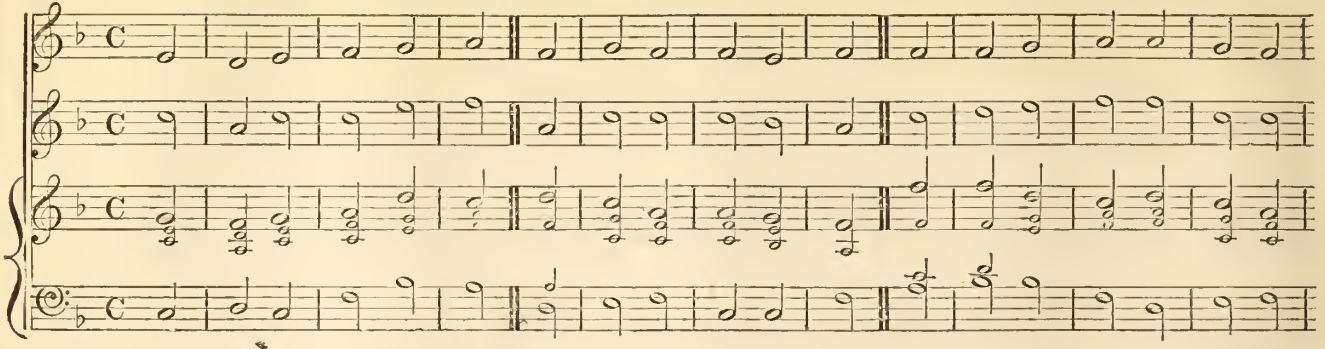
1 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given—
So let thy word, oh Lord,
Accomplish thy design;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

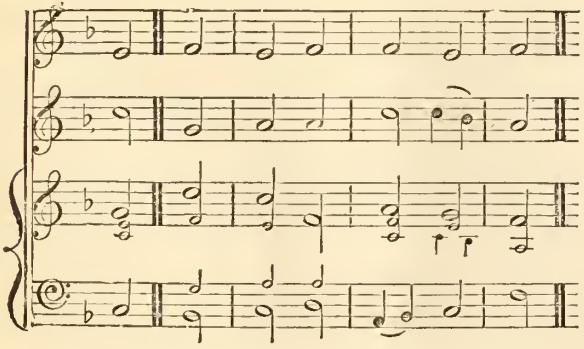
2 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.
Then, though we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ,
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

Nº 2 PALERMO. S. M. D.



Nº 3. ANCONA. S. M.





2.—S.M. *Invocation to the Holy Spirit.*

1 O Holy Spirit now,
With all Thy graces come;
And make the temple of our hearts,
Thine own abiding home.

2 Visit each waiting mind,
For Thou alone cans't bless;
Stamp'd with thy signet we shall shine,
Complete in righteousness.

3 The Comforter art Thou,
Thrice blessed is the name;
The dearest, choicest gift of love,
That human hearts may claim.

4 O kindle in each breast,
The hallow'd flame of love,
The fire of zeal, the light of joy,
Our dark cold hearts to move.

5 Thus in our weakness, we
Thy holy aid shall prove;
Thy perfect work, none can destroy,
Nor quench thy deathless love.

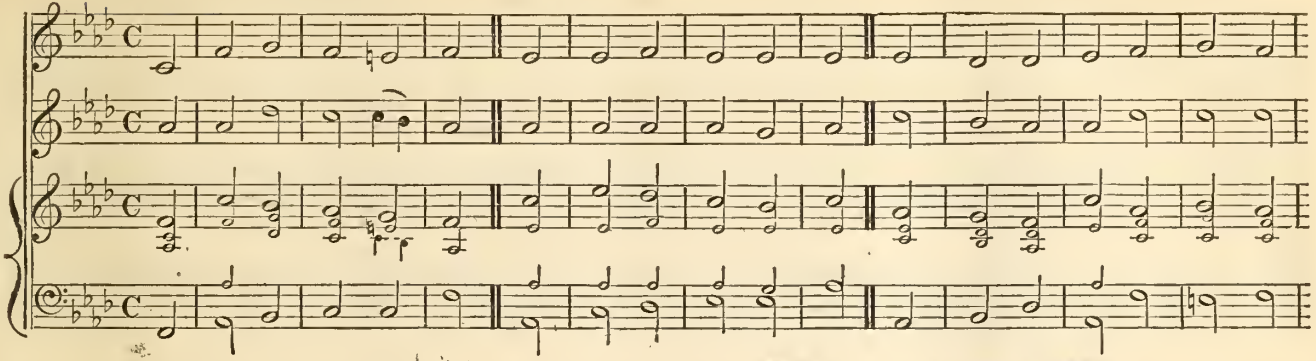
3.—S.M. *Christ Coming to his Temple.*

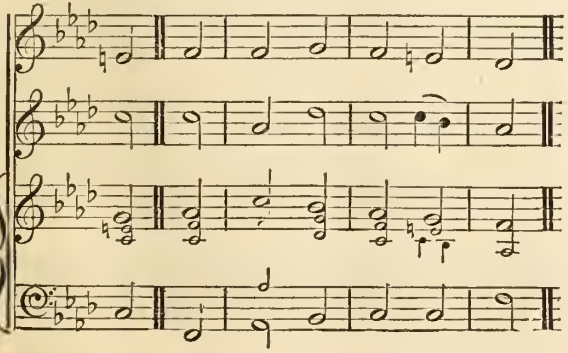
1 Come to Thy Temple Lord,
Thy waiting church to bless;
Let here Thy glory be adored,
Give here Thy word success.

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

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

Nº 4. AYLESBURY. S. M.





4.—S.M. *The Peaceful Death of the Righteous.*

1 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

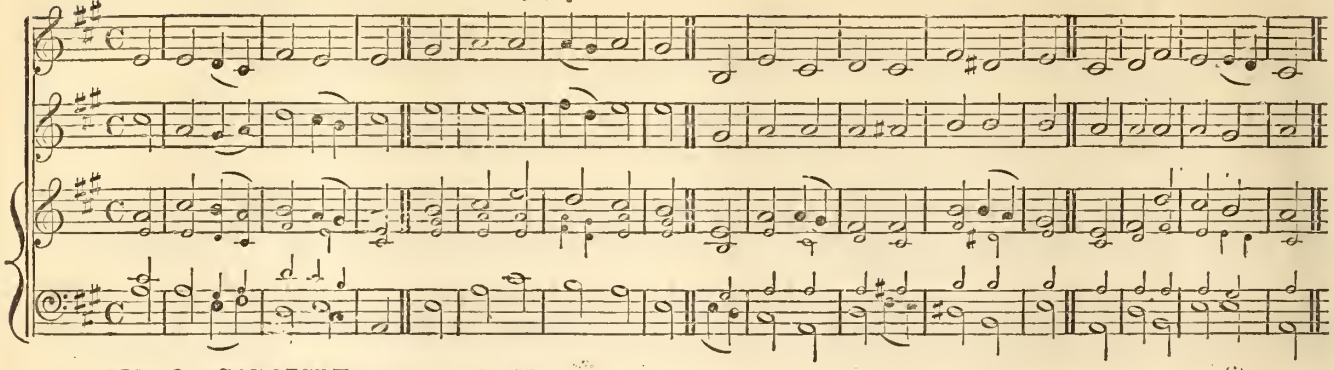
2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope do lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

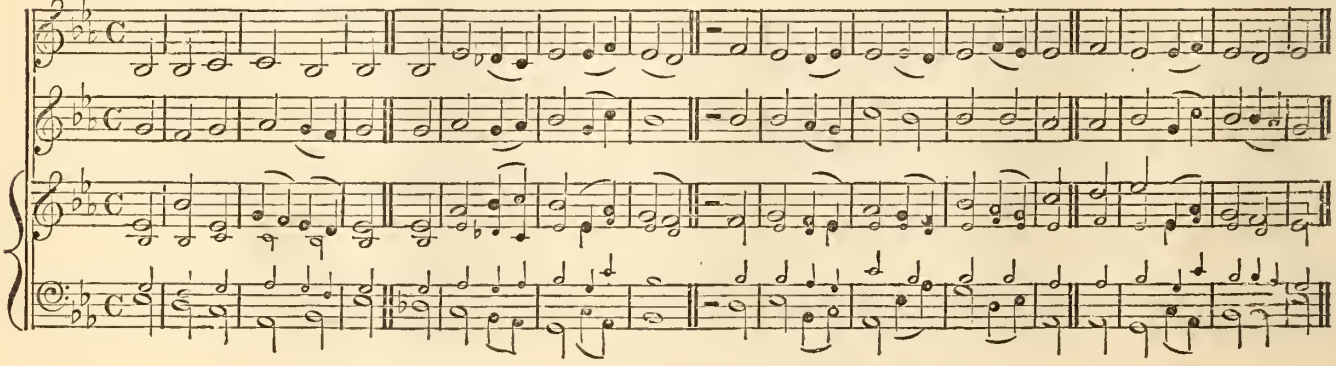
4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years;
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

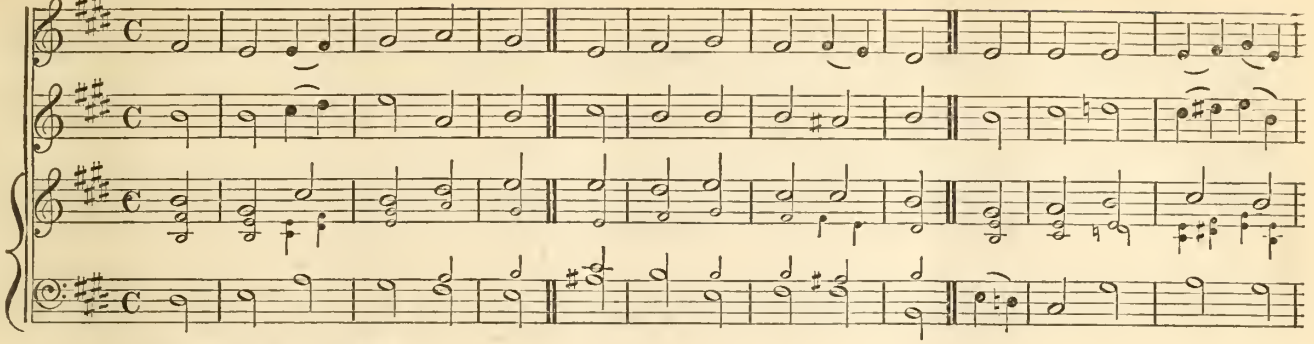
Nº 5. CAMBRIDGE. S. M.



Nº 6. CARLISLE. S. M.



Nº 7. COLCHESTER. S. M.



5.—S.M. *Christ a Brother and Friend.*

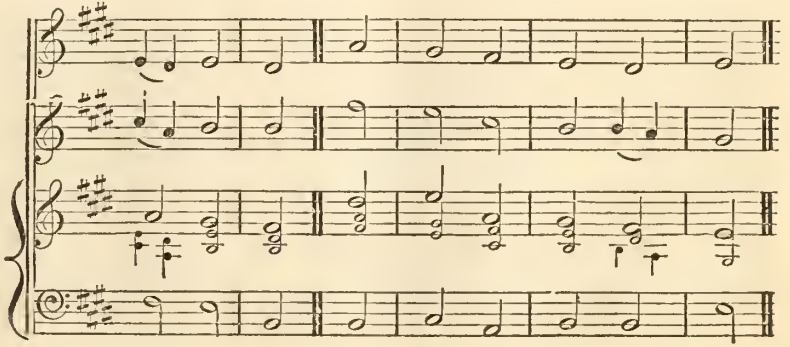
1 Let all our hearts rejoice,
Jesus the Son of God,
Hath deign'd to put our nature on,
And as our surety stood.

2 In bonds of brotherhood,
Children of God are ye,
With Him who with the Father dwelt,
From all eternity.

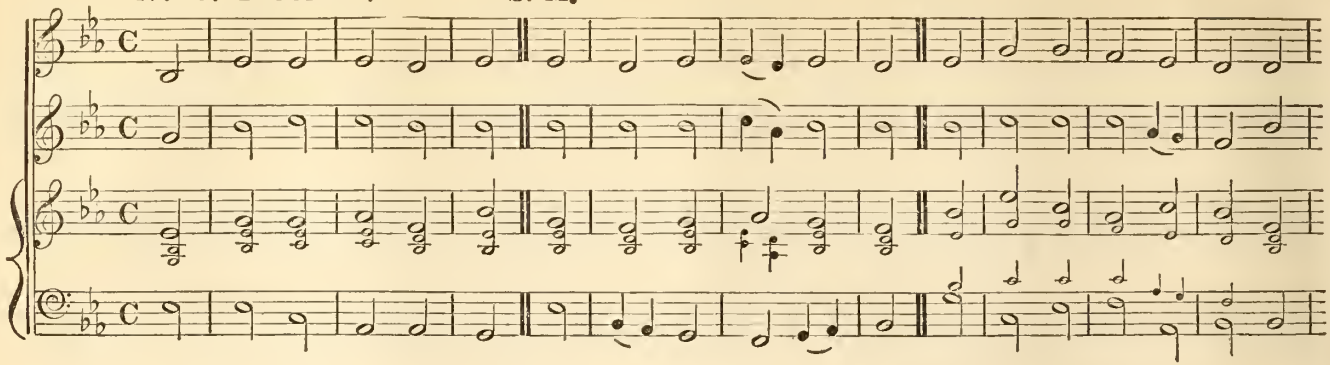
3 What power have sin and death,
To work his brethren's woe;
Tho' devils rage, his arm of strength,
Shall conquer every foe.

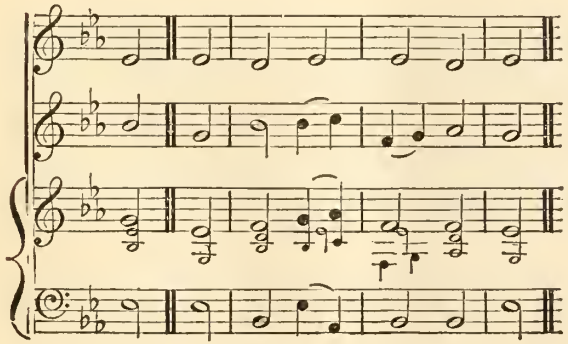
4 The Son of God our friend,
In time of need will prove,
Source and companion of our joy,
Our guardian shield of love.

5 In faith and patient zeal,
Your toilsome course pursue;
And let your praise to God ascend,
In songs for ever new.



Nº 8. DENMARK. S. M.





6.—S.M. *Encouragement to Christian Effort.*

1 Labourers of Christ arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Urge, with a tender zeal,
Christ's little flock along;
"Faint yet pursuing" seek the weal
Of error's hapless throng.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love,
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil;
And the blest Gospel's saving health,
Repay your arduous toil.

9.—S. M. *Faith and Love.*

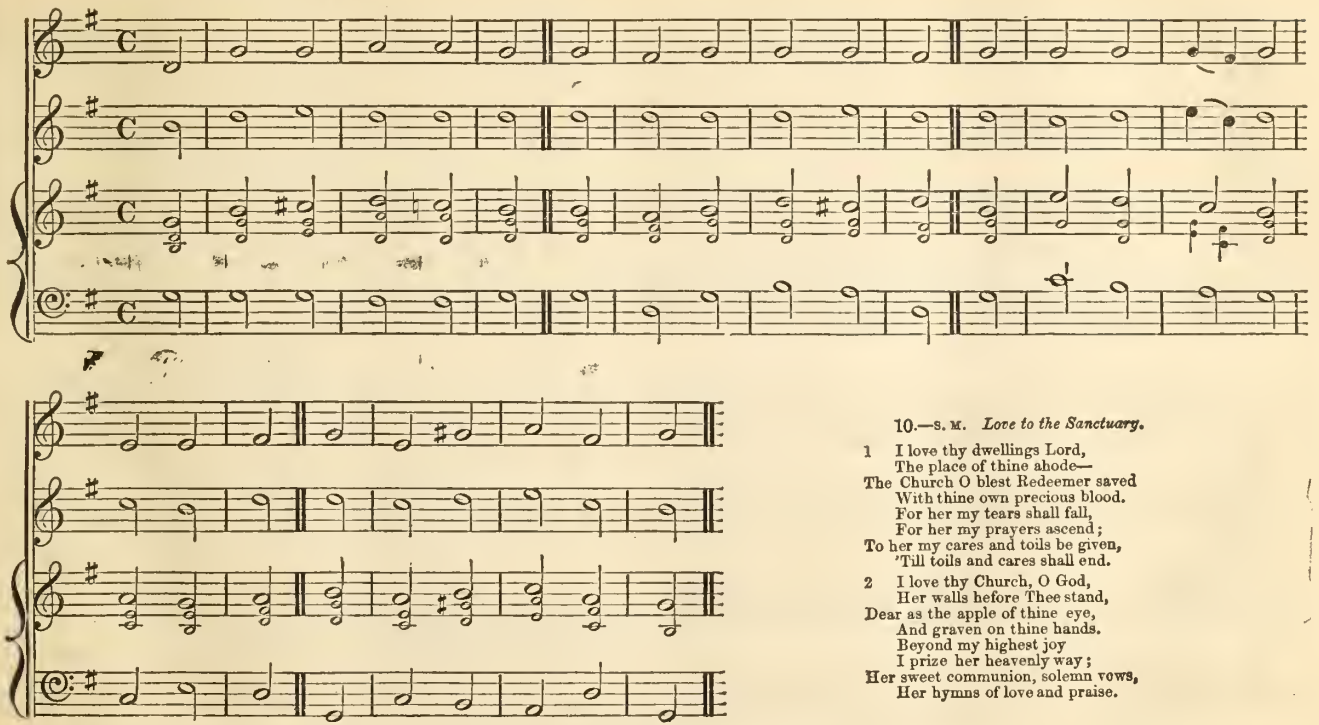
1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Thy light and peace impart;
From every eye dispel the gloom,
The grief from every heart.

2 Reviving faith inspire;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the fire
Of never-dying love.

3 For none can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And speak the living word.

4 That living faith bestow,
Which trusts the Saviour's blood;
And let our holy conduct shew
That we are born of God.

Nº 9. FARNHAM. S. M.

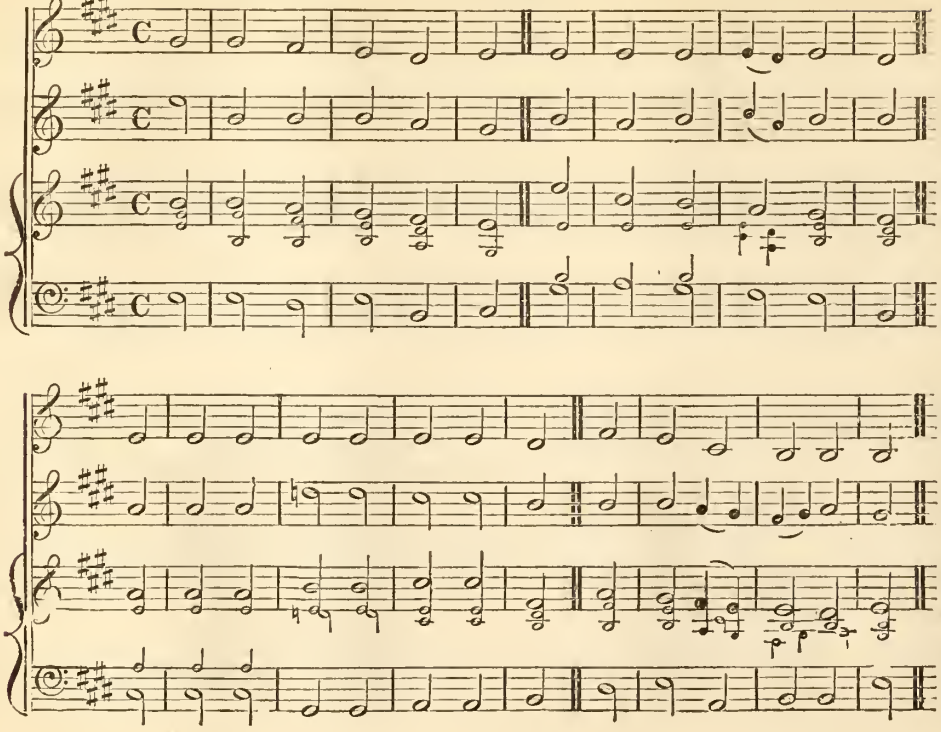


10.—S. M. *Love to the Sanctuary.*

1 I love thy dwellings Lord,
The place of thine abode—
The Church O blest Redeemer saved
With thine own precious blood.
For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

2 I love thy Church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hands.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly way;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Nº 10. MELTON. S. M.



7.—S.M. *On Confessing Christ.*

1 Lord, didst Thou suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name?
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Arm me with power divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

11.—S.M. *The Path of Tribulation.*

1 As strangers here below,
With various ills opprest,
We must through tribulation go,
To our eternal rest.
Thus Christ our glorious head,
Ascended to his throne;
Why should his saints refuse to tread,
The way their Lord hath gone.

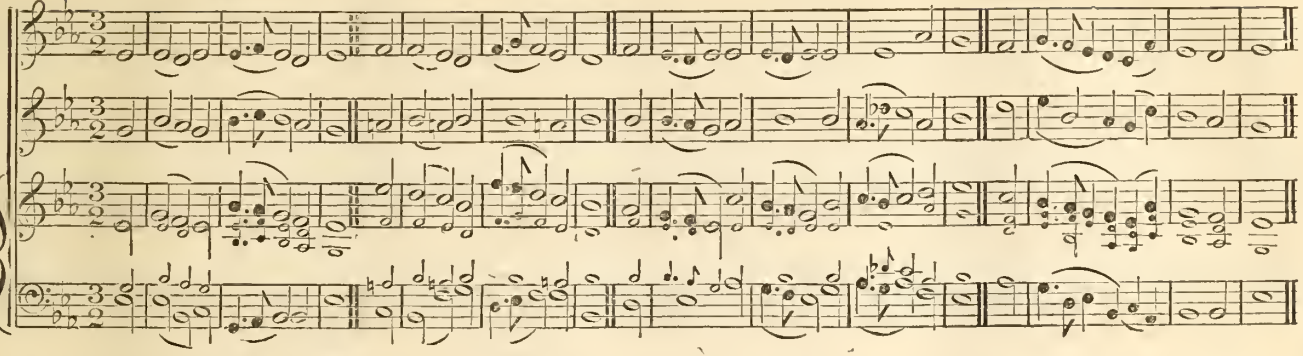
2 The path to glory lies,
Thro' anguish and distress;
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.
'Tis needful that we bear,
Our Father's rod of love;
We pass through tribulation here,
That we may rest above.

12.—S.M. *For the Spread of the Gospel.*

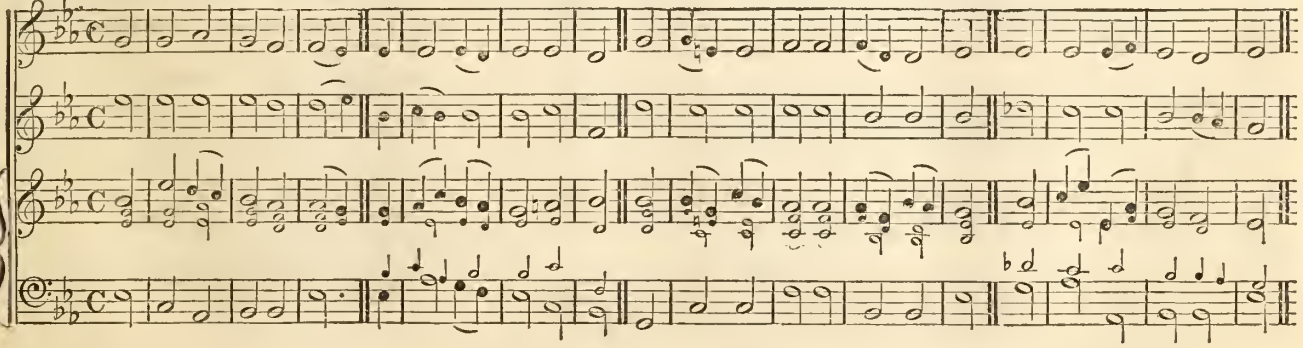
1 O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne;
And plead for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record,
The great Redeemer's praise.

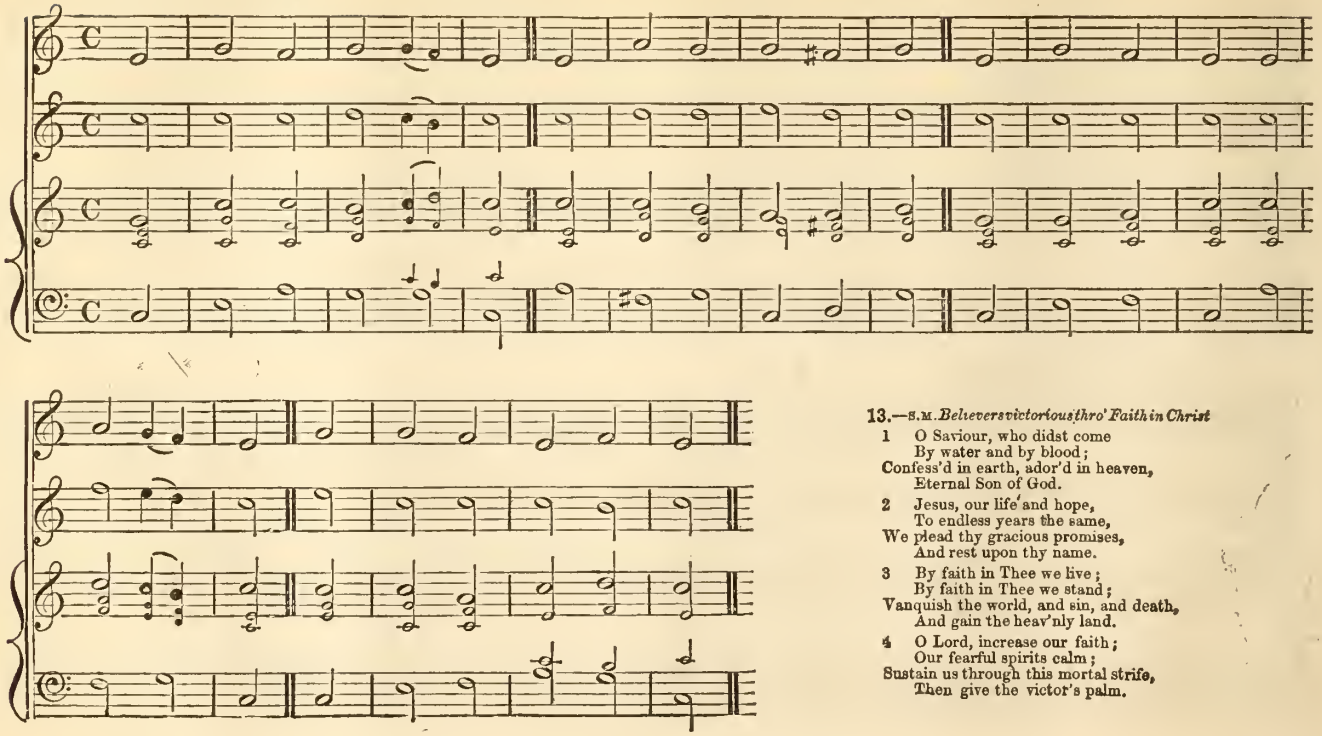
Nº 11. MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M.



Nº 12. NEWHAVEN. S. M.



Nº 13. PARMA. S. M.



13.—S.M. *Believers victorious thro' Faith in Christ*

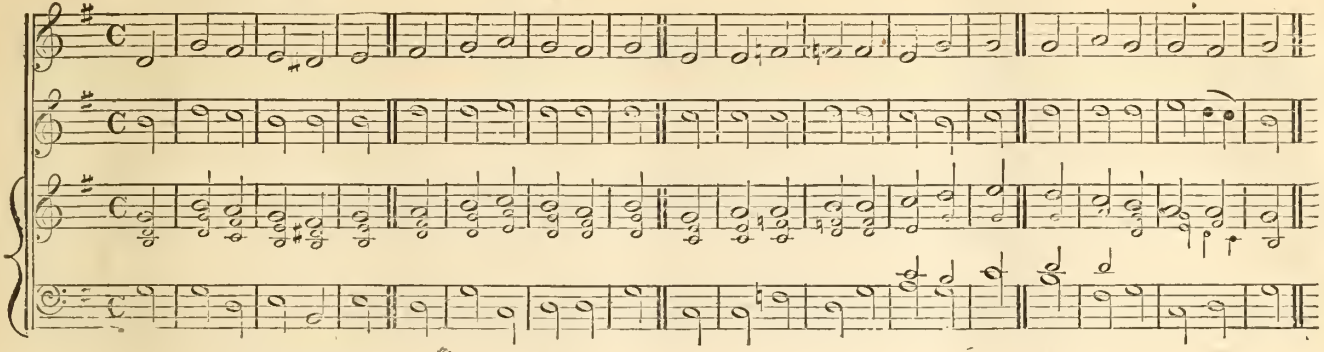
1 O Saviour, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confess'd in earth, ador'd in heaven,
Eternal Son of God.

2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same,
We plead thy gracious promises,
And rest upon thy name.

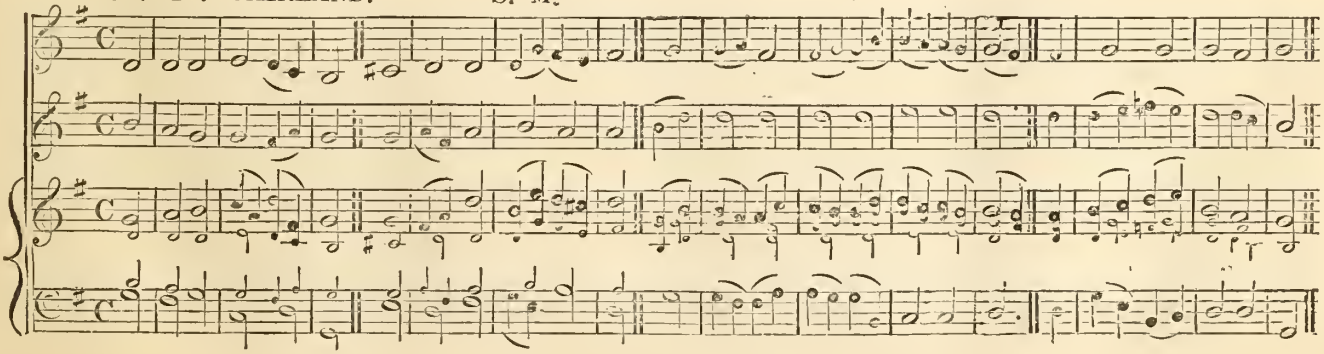
3 By faith in Thee we live;
By faith in Thee we stand;
Vanquish the world, and sin, and death,
And gain the heav'nly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm.

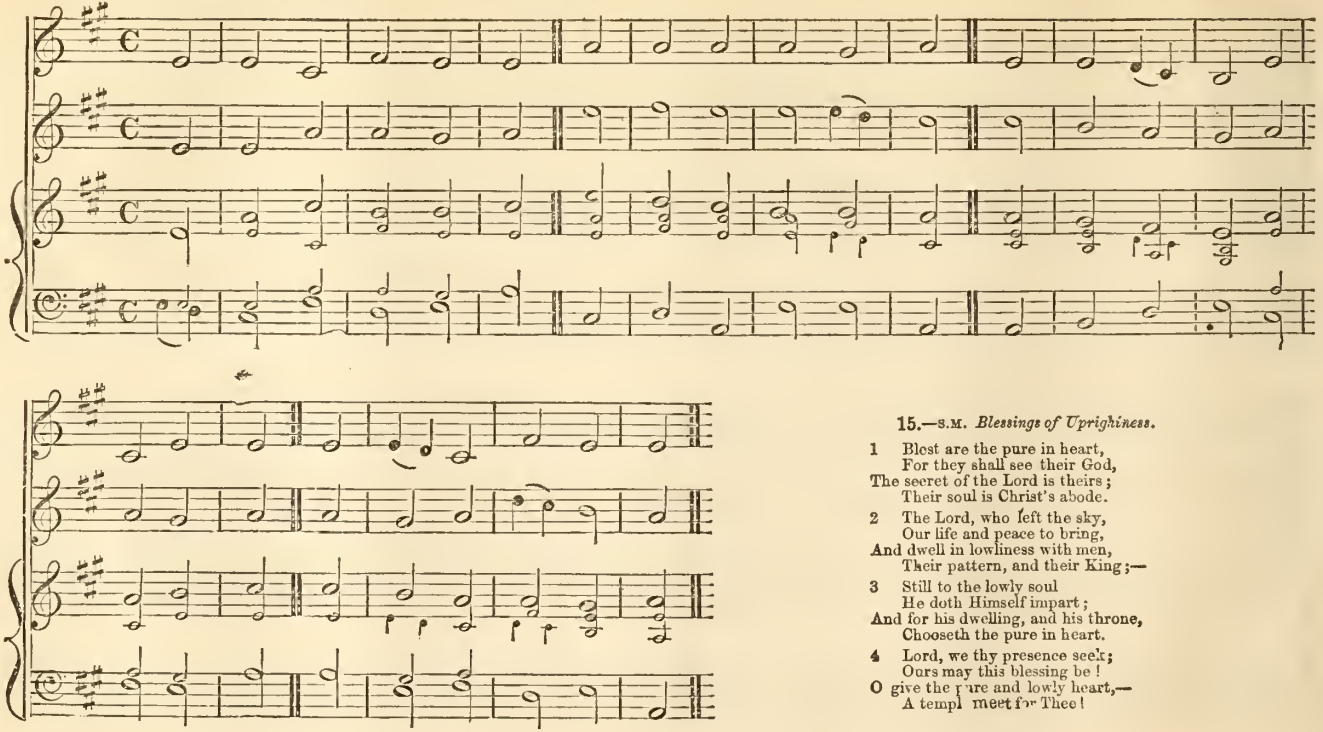
Nº 14. SAREPTA. S. M.



Nº 15. SHIRLAND. S. M.



Nº 16. St MICHAEL. S. M.



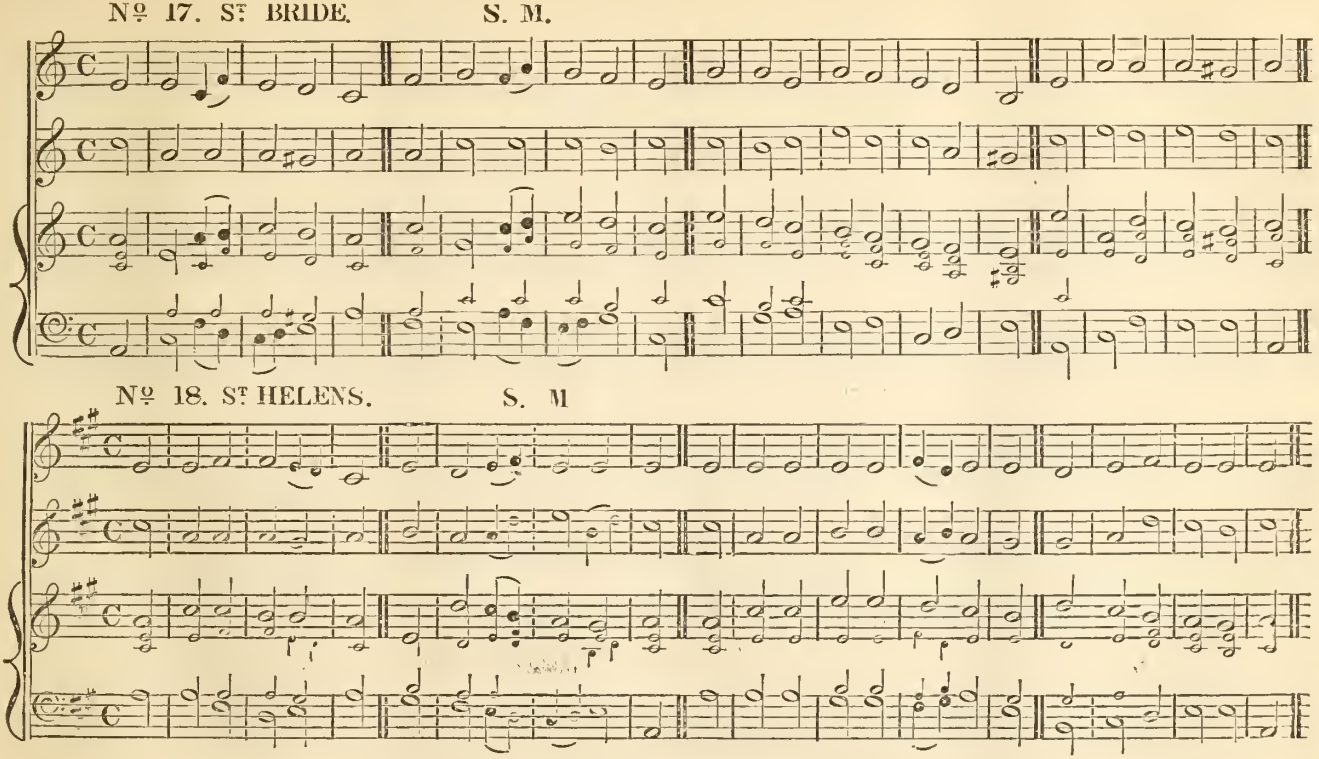
15.—S.M. *Blessings of Uprightness.*

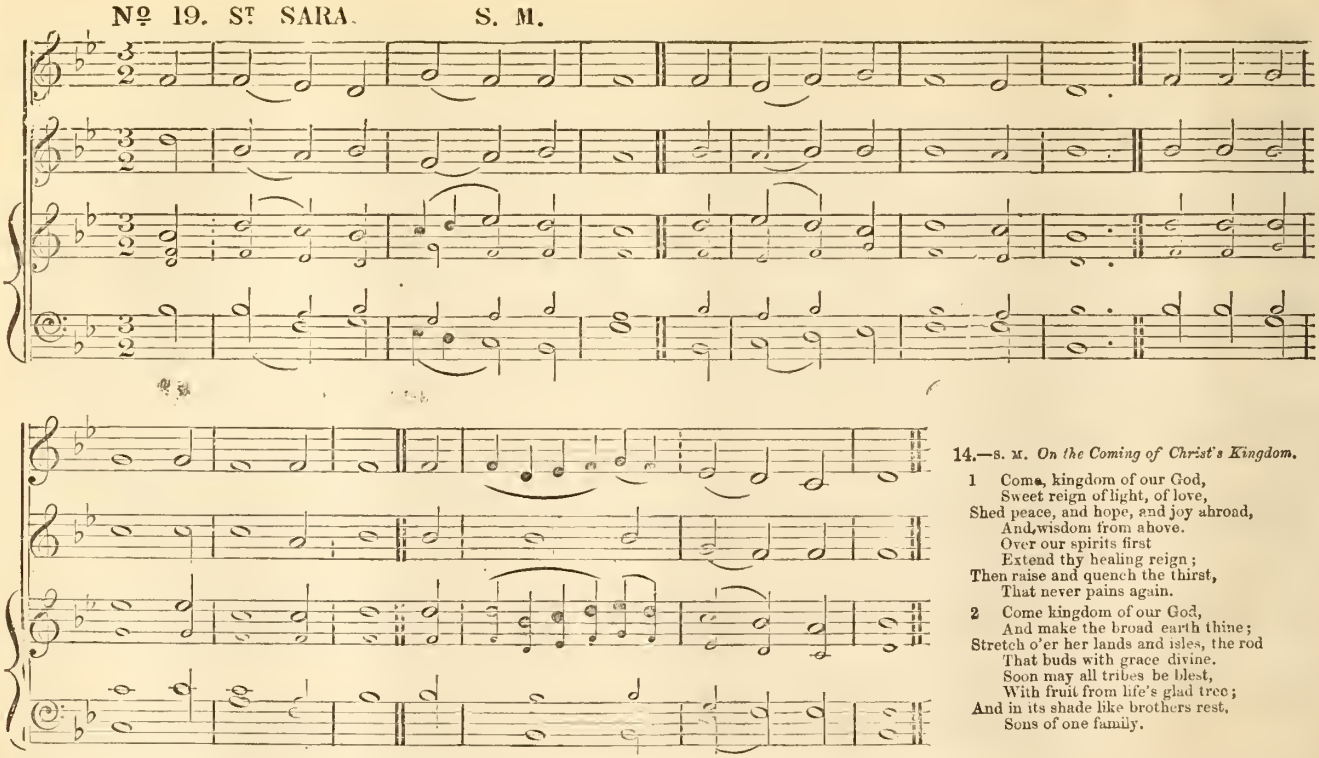
1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the sky,
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern, and their King;—

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be!
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee!

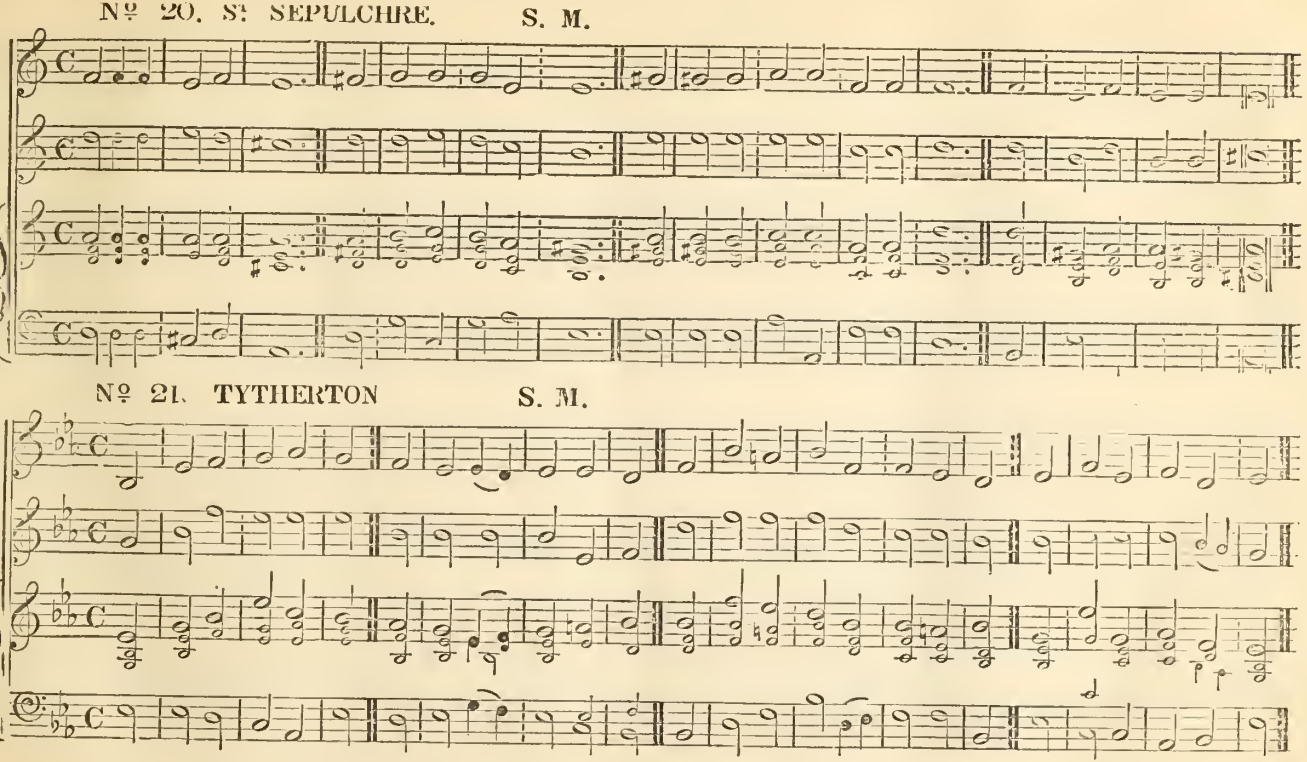

Nº 17. Sᵗ BRIDE. S. M.
Nº 18. Sᵗ HELENS. S. M



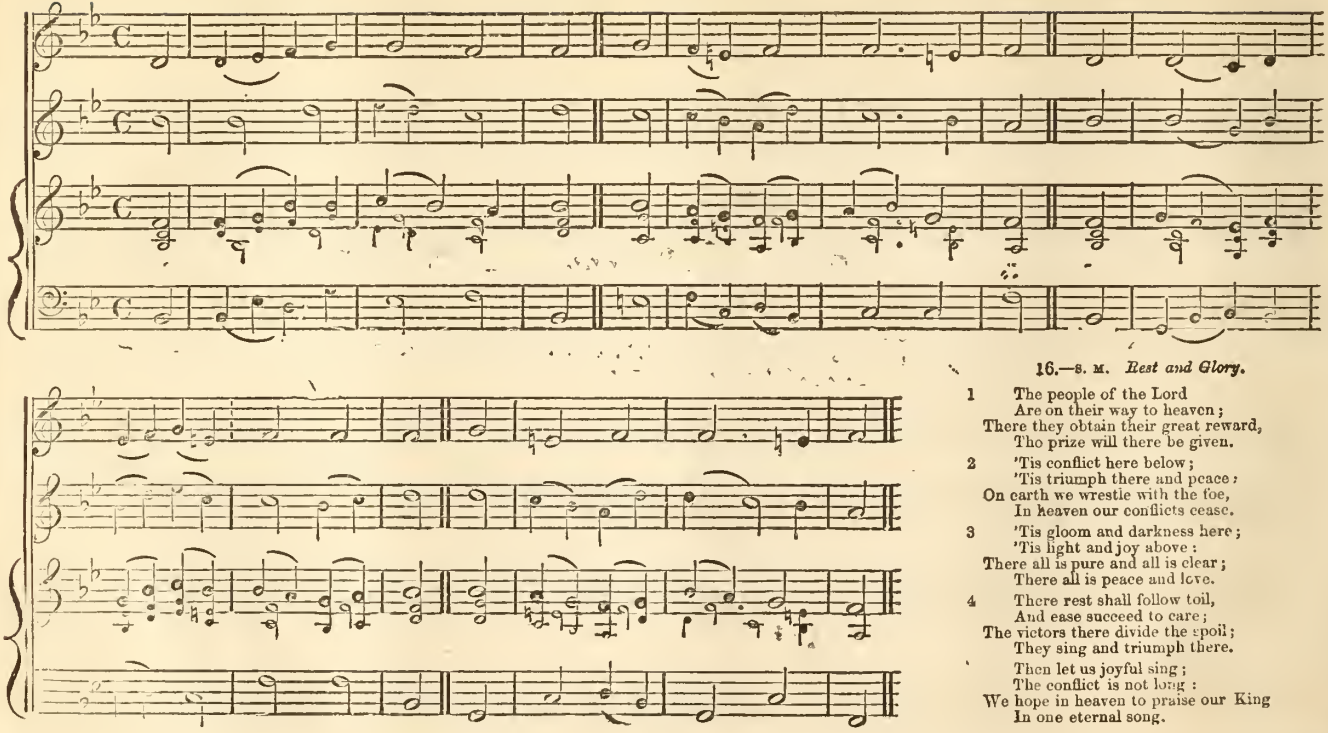
14.—S. M. *On the Coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light, of love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the thirst,
That never pains again.

2 Come kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles, the rod
That buds with grace divine.
Soon may all tribes be blest,
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.


Nº 20. St. SEPULCHRE. S. M.
Nº 21. TYTHERTON S. M.

Nº 22. TURIN. S. M.



16.—S. M. *Rest and Glory.*

1 The people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
Tho prize will there be given.

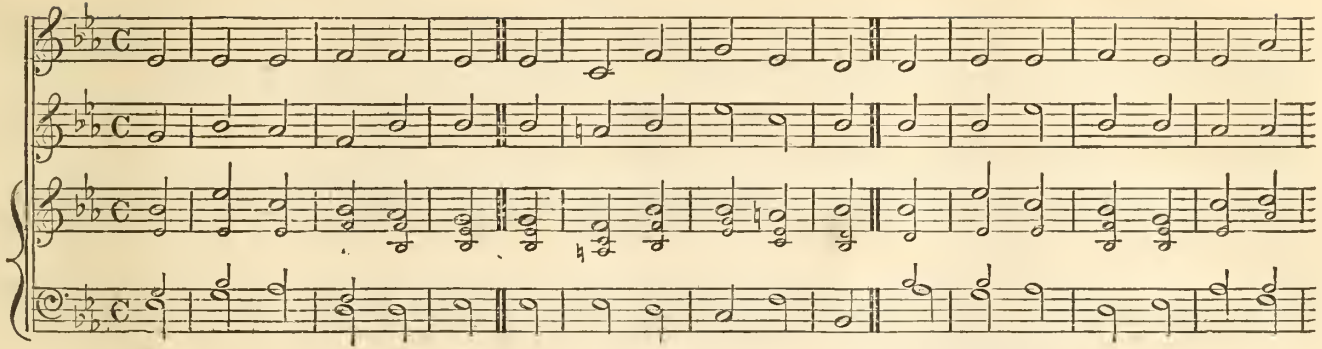
2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

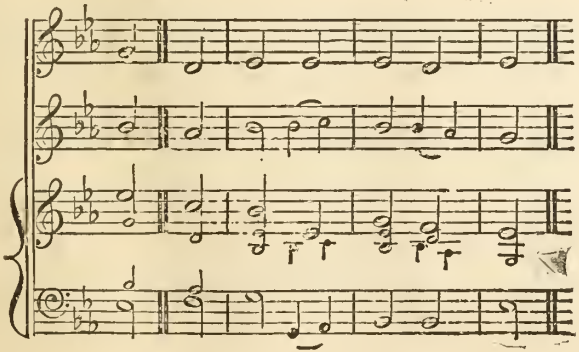
3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above:
There all is pure and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

Nº 23. WESTMINSTER. S. M.





17.—S. M. *Before Sermon.*

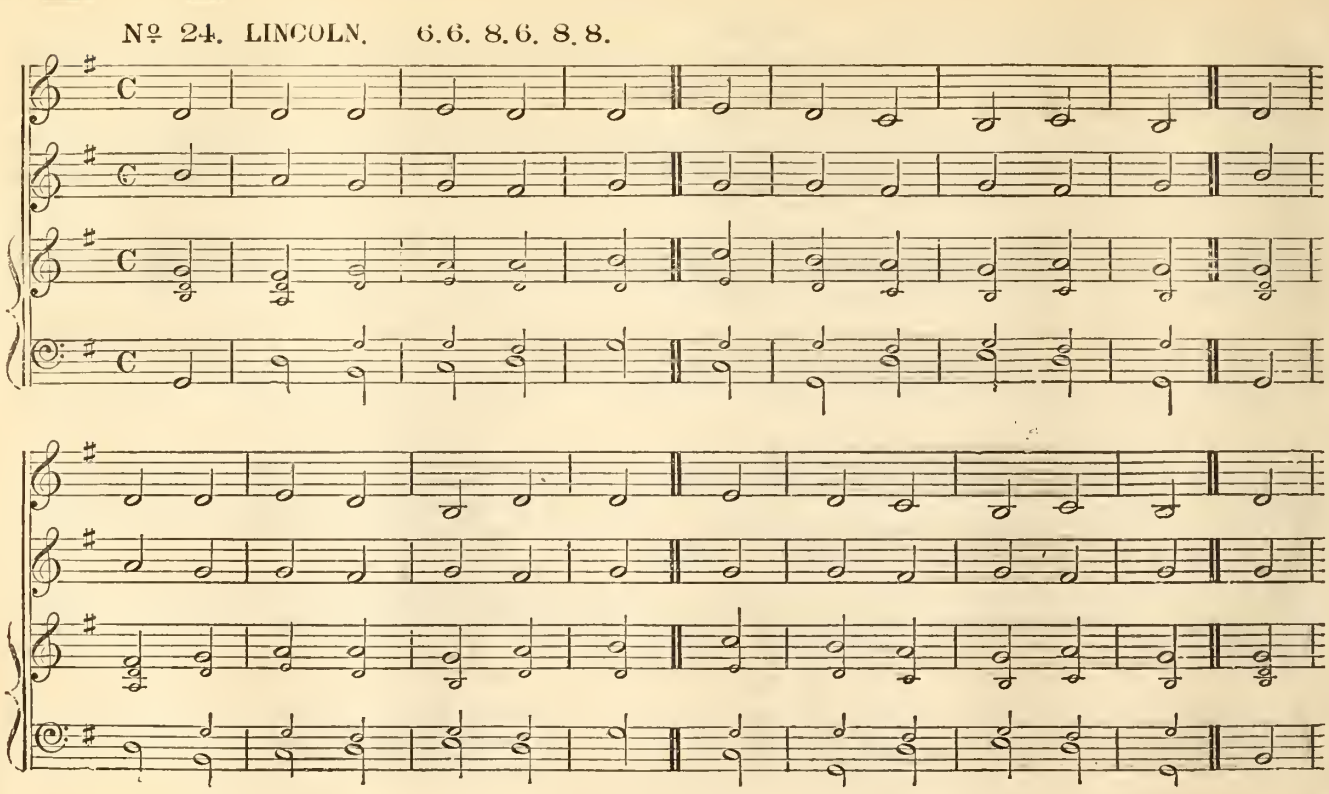
1 Pour down thy Spirit, Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted Word
With meekness and with fear.

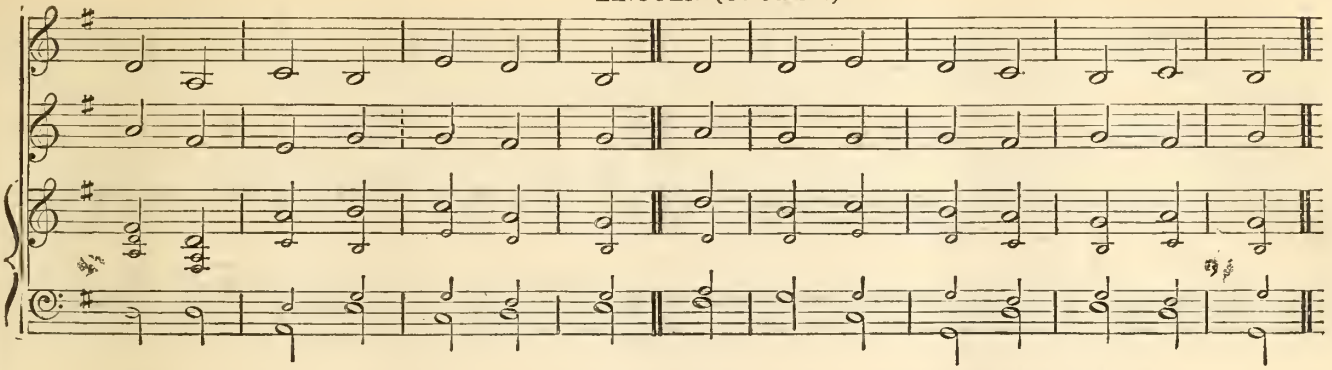
2 Through Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

3 Preserve thy power alive
In those that love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free;
And often since, our life had fail'd,
Unless renew'd by Thee.

5 To Thee we humbly bow;
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.


Nº 24. LINCOLN. 6.6. 8.6. 8.8.



18.—P.M. 6.88.—*The Advantages of Piety.*

1 Religion's hallowed ray,
Immortal and divine,
Arising in Eternal day,
On us its glories shine;
From God it comes, that quickening beam,
Through age's night its lustres gleam.

2 She leads true pilgrims on
And lights their way to heaven,
Upon their head her benison
Of bliss is largely given,
While still they mark her from afar,
Their own, their spirit's polar star.

3 Life's joys that brightest glow,
The fairest and the best,
All pass and leave our spirits low,
With grief and toil oppress'd;
Earth's gold is dust, her loveliest bloom
A fading wreath pluck'd from the tomb.

4 Religion hath sole power,
In smiles of bliss to throw
A radiance on each passing hour
And happiness bestow.
To time the highest worth she gives,
And fadeless chaplets fair she weaves.

4 A bond of union joins
The things of earth with heaven,
And saintly fellowship combines,
What sin and death had riven.
Grace is our *earthly* paradise,
Our home, our mansion in the skies.

19.—P. M. 6.88.—*Faith.*

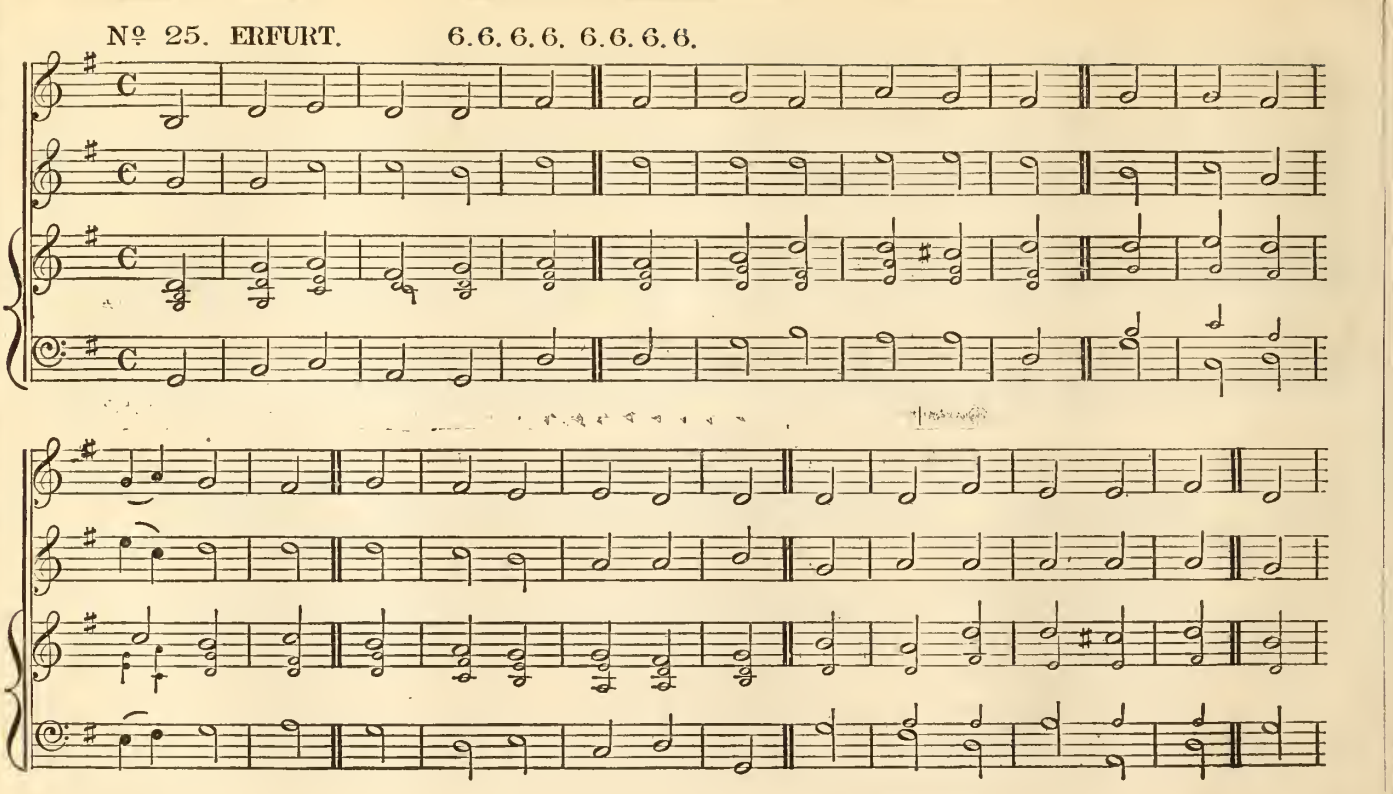
1 Faith is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean,
It is 'the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen.'
It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll

2 Faith is the polar star,
That guides the Christian's bark;
Directs his wand'ring when afar,
To reach the Holy Ark,
It points his course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

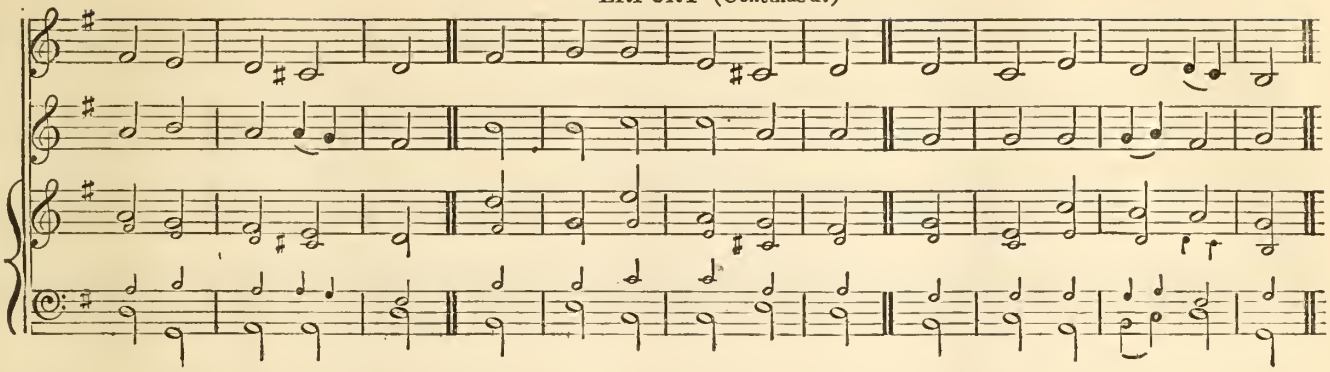
3 Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven;
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given.
It is the bright triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march

4 Faith is the mountain rock,
Whose summit towers on high,
Secure above the tempest's shock,
An inmate of the sky;
Fix'd on a prize of greater worth,
It views with scorn the things of earth.

5 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart.
The Christian's faith is simply this,—


Nº 25. ERFURT. 6.6.6.6. 6.6.6.6.

ERFURT (Continued.)



20.—6's.—*Christ's our High Priest.*

1 The High Priest once a year
Went in the holy place,
With garments white and clear,
It was the day of grace.
Without the people stood,
While unseen and alone,
With incense and with blood,
He did for them atone.

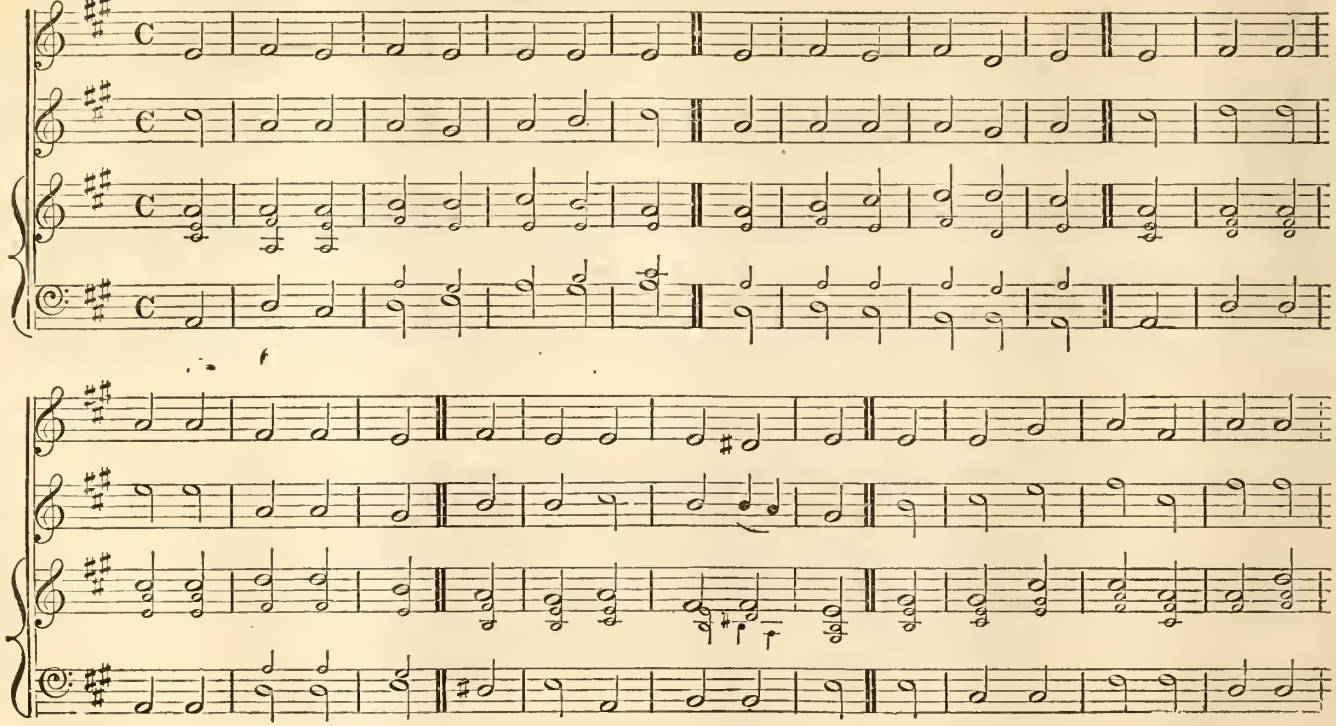
2 So we without abide
A few short passing years,
While Christ who for us died
Before our God appears.
Before his Father there
His sacrifice he pleads,
And with unceasing prayer
For us he intercedes.

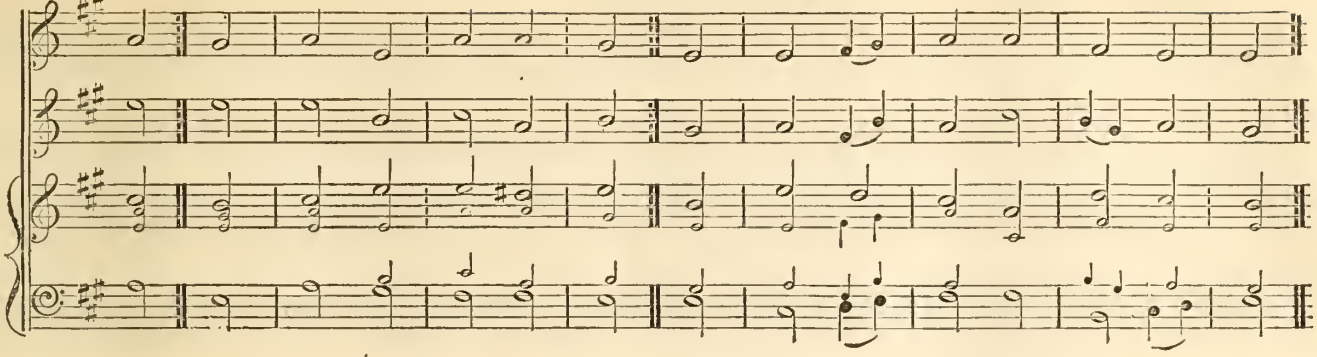
21.—6's.—*Parting Hymn.*

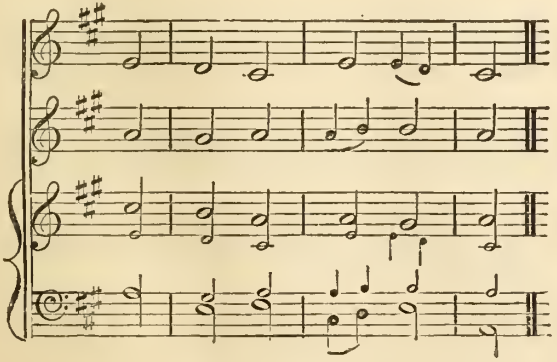
1 Come, brethren, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name,
Join ev'ry tongue and heart
T'adore and praise the Lamb.
Jesus, the Sinner's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise Him for evermore.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' name we part.
Jesus, &c.

3 If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
With all the saints adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, &c.


Nº 26. OLD Sᵗ PETER C. M. D.





22.—C. M.—*God's Goodness in all things.*

1 Father, in all our comforts here,
Thy gracious hand we see;
Each blessing to our souls more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee.
Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
To Thee our thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er our life has flow'd;
That mercy we adore.

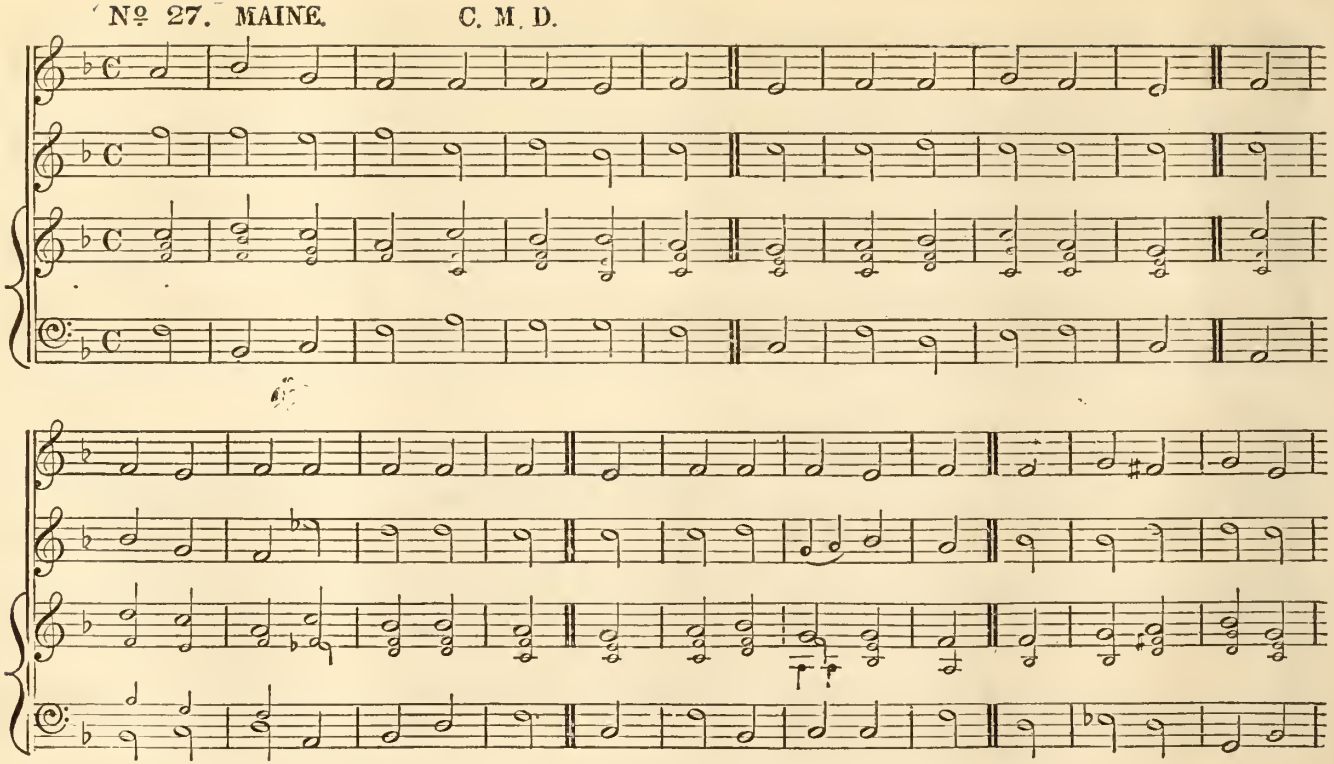
2 When gladness wings our favour'd hour,
Thy love our thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,
Our souls shall meet thy will.
In every joy that crowns our day,
In every pain we bear,
Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

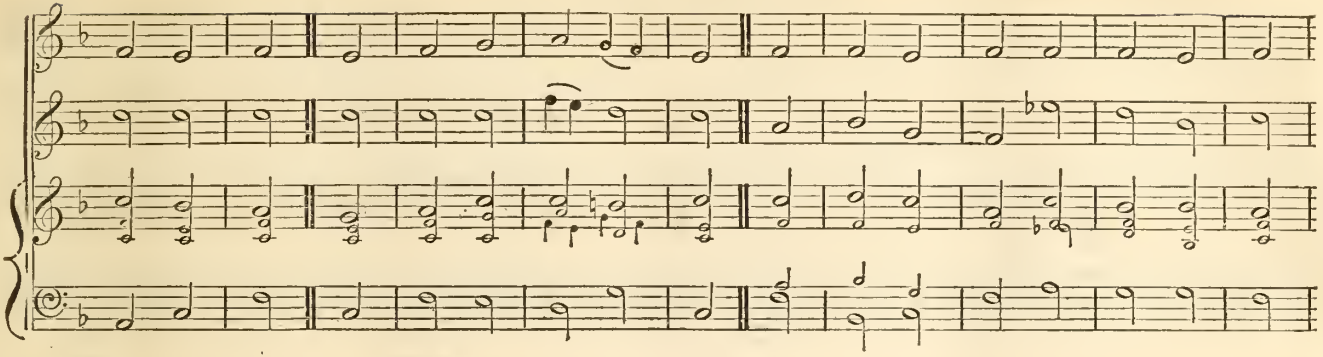
23.—C.M. *Before Sermon.*

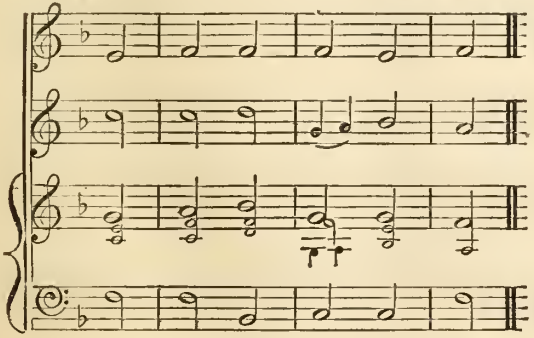
1 Though long we may have toiled in vain,
Yet at thy gracious Word,
We will let down the net again,
Do Thou thy will O Lord.
And should thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace,
Aught human in the charm.

2 To our own net ne'er bow we down,
Lest on th' eternal shore,
The angels while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore.
Or if for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou can'st bless,
So love at heart prevails.

Nº 27. MAINE. C. M. D.







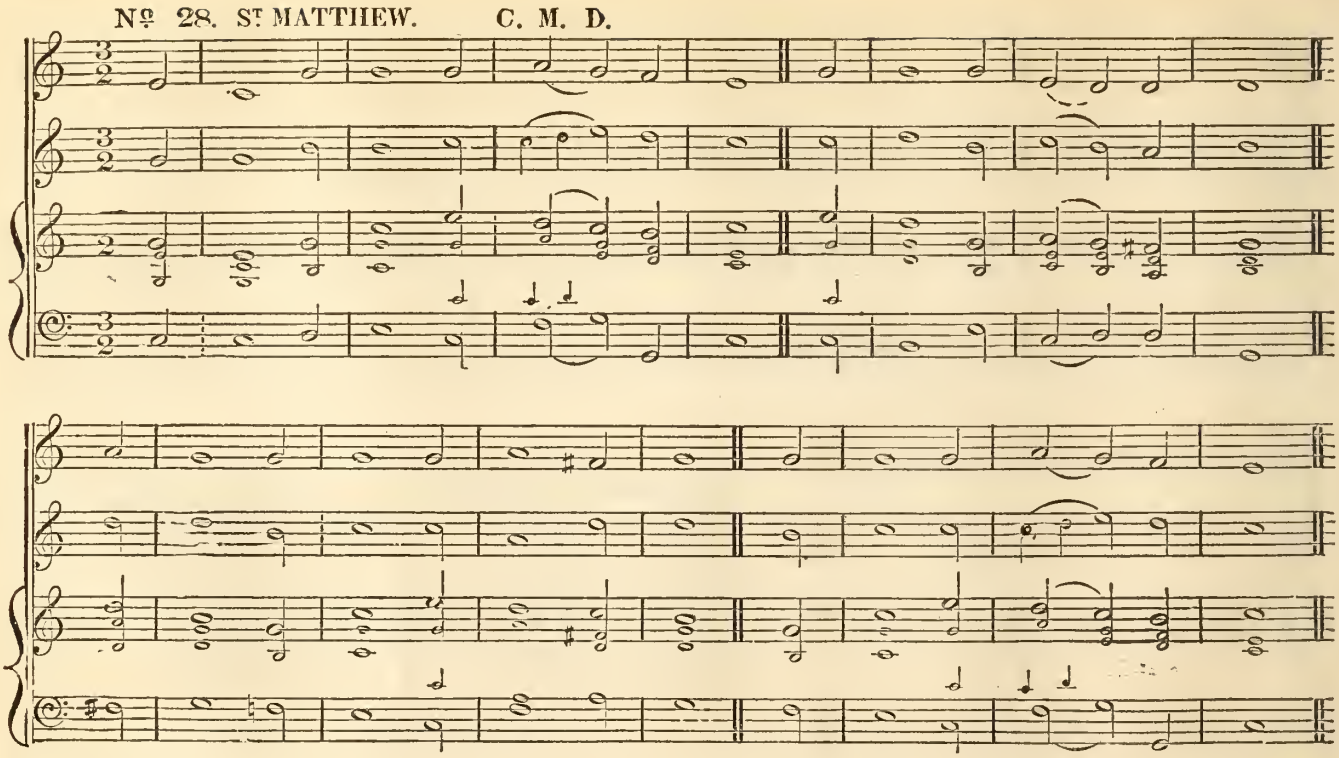
25.—C. M.—*The Glory of the Church.*

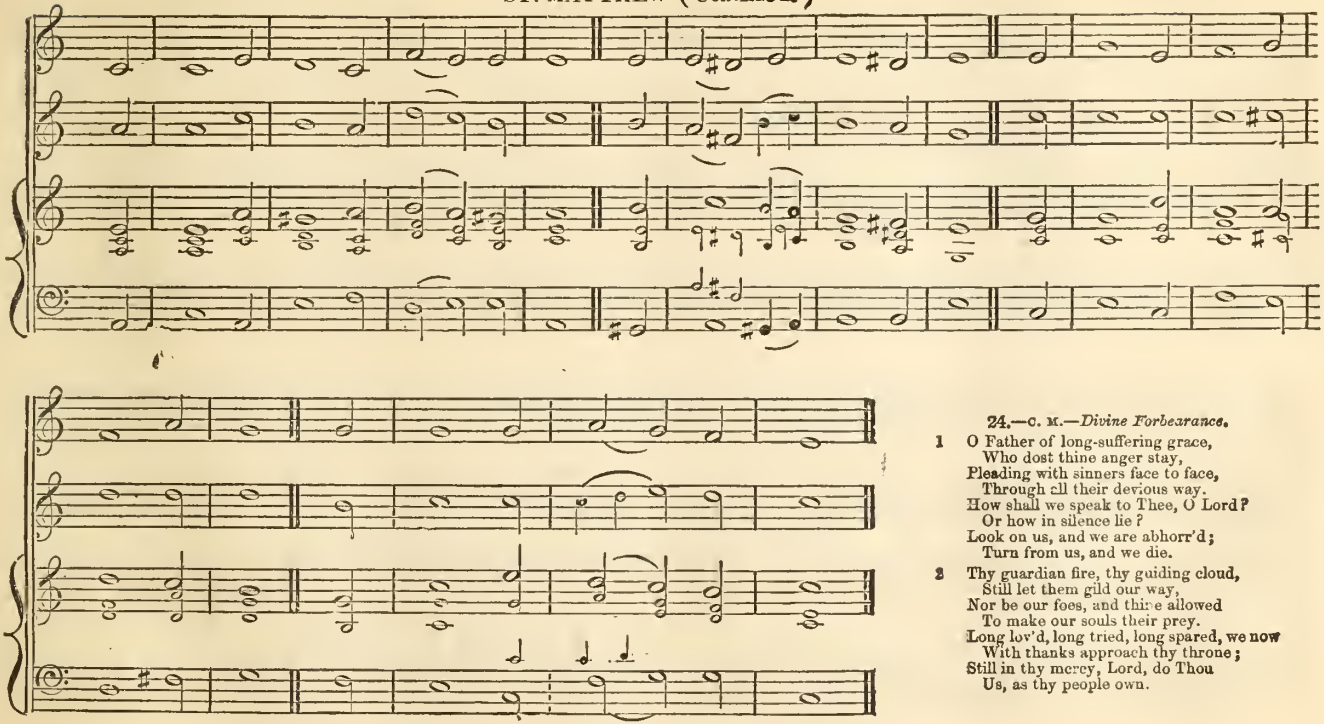
1 For Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace;
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease;
Until her righteousness return
As day-break after night;
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

2 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And King's declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.

The watchmen on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim;
"Zion's Deliverer is near,
"Make mention of his name."

3 The Lord upholds her with His hand,
And claims her for his own;
The diadem of Judah's land,
The glory of his crown.
"Go through, go through, prepare the way,
The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
Behold thy coming King!"

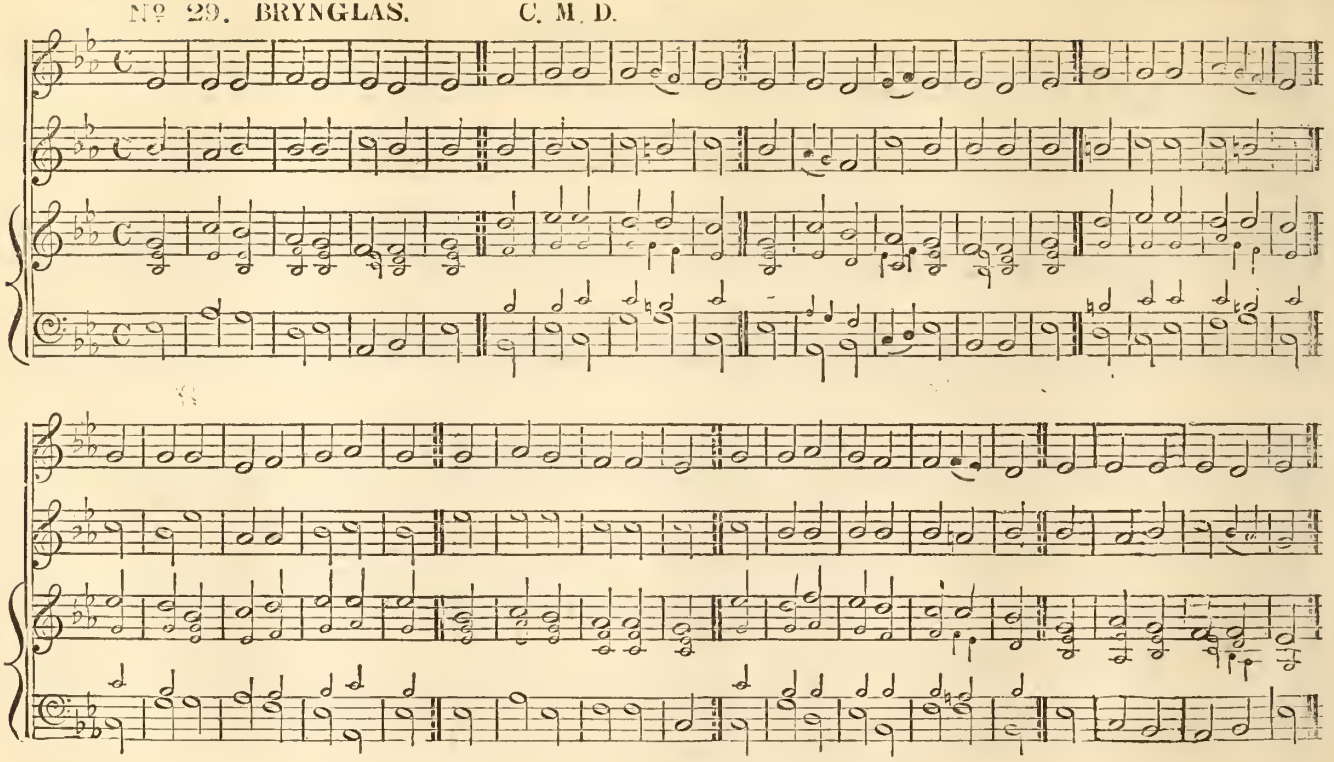

Nº 28. St MATTHEW. C. M. D.



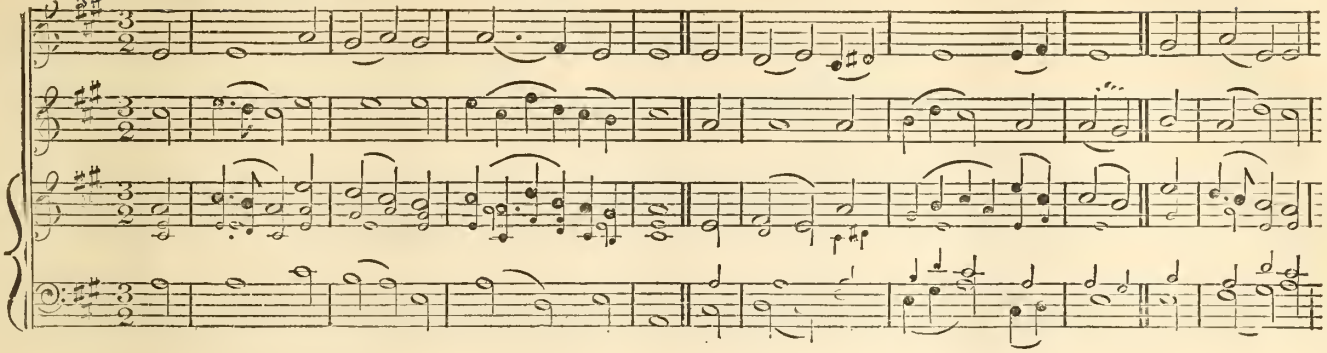
24.—C. M.—*Divine Forbearance.*

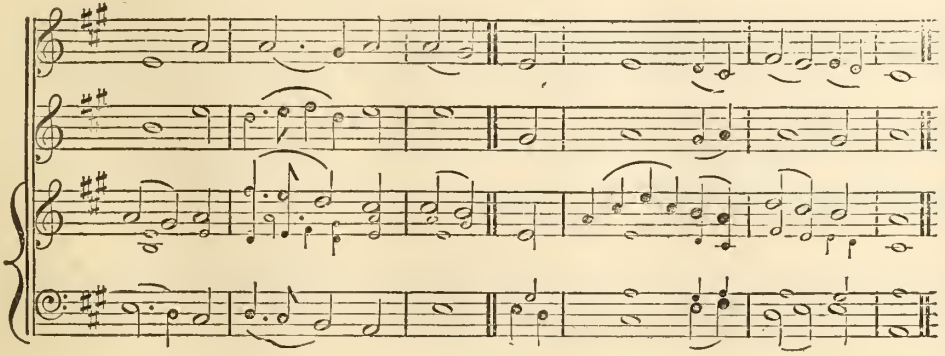
1 O Father of long-suffering grace,
Who dost thine anger stay,
Pleading with sinners face to face,
Through all their devious way.
How shall we speak to Thee, O Lord?
Or how in silence lie?
Look on us, and we are abhorr'd;
Turn from us, and we die.

2 Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
Still let them gild our way,
Nor be our foes, and thine allowed
To make our souls their prey.
Long lov'd, long tried, long spared, we now
With thanks approach thy throne;
Still in thy mercy, Lord, do Thou
Us, as thy people own.


Nº 29. BRYNGLAS. C. M. D.

Nº 30. ABINGDON. C. M.





26.—C. M.—*Universal Praise.*

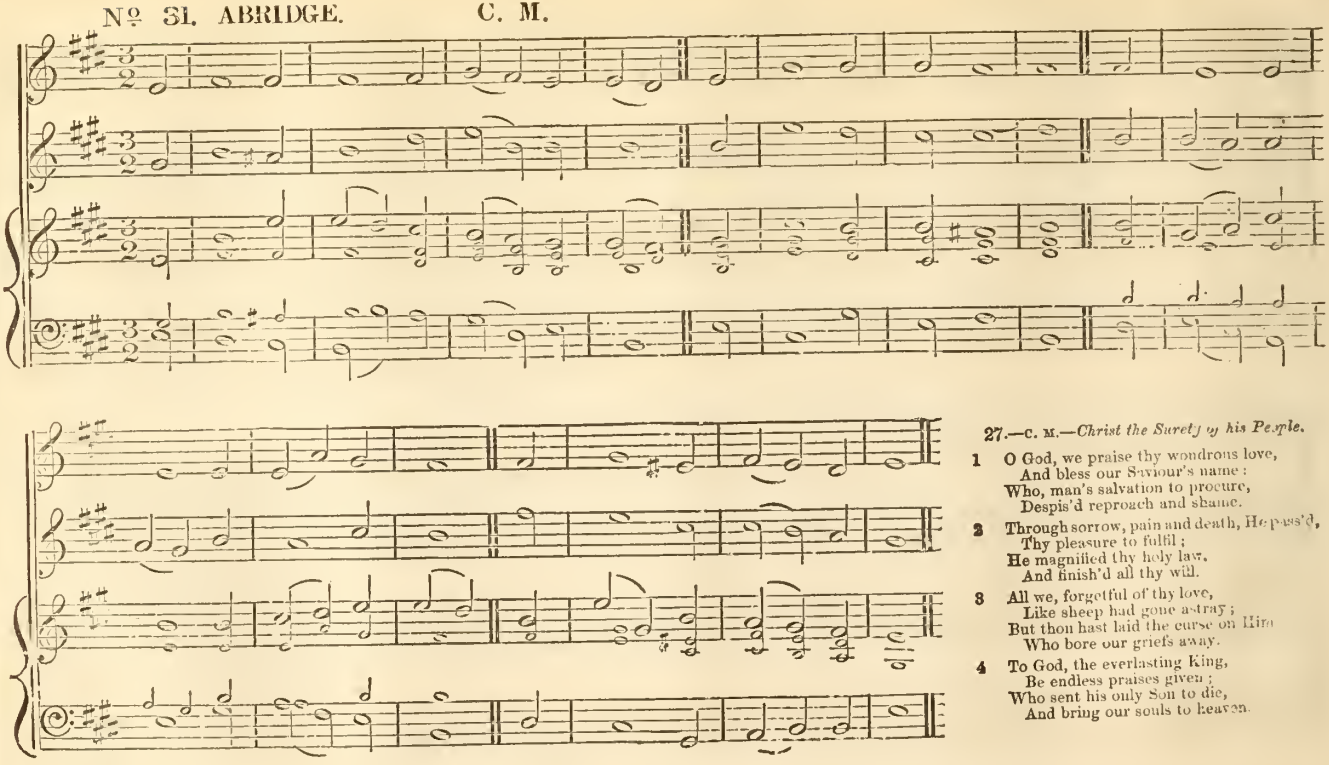
1 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains;
His glorious praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

2 O City of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the distant tribes of earth
The cheerful notes prolong.

3 Let the rude wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
Behold the Day-spring from on high,
And in its light rejoice.

4 Let ev'ry land, and tribe, and tongue,
Jehovah's glory raise;
Till all the earth with one accord
Unite to sing his praise.

Nº 31. ABRIDGE. C. M.



27.—C. M.—*Christ the Surety of his People.*

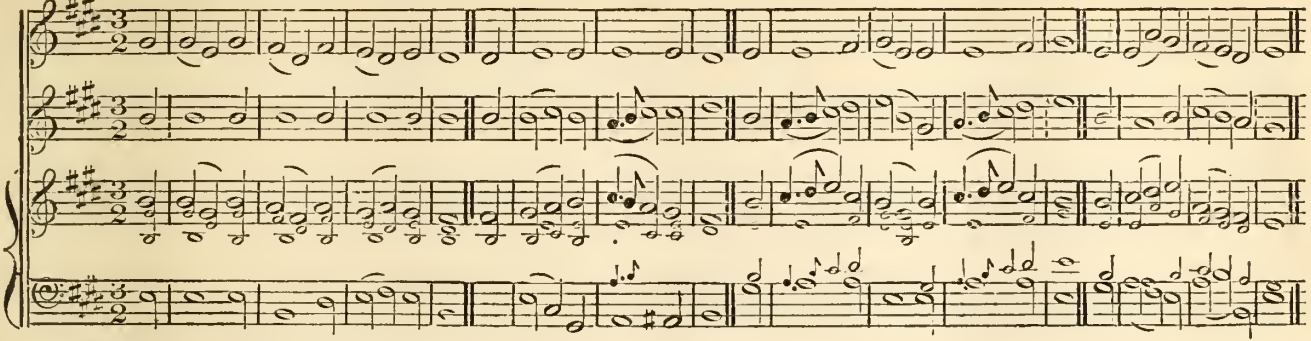
1 O God, we praise thy wondrous love,
And bless our Saviour's name:
Who, man's salvation to procure,
Despis'd reproach and shame.

2 Through sorrow, pain and death, He pass'd,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
He magnified thy holy law,
And finish'd all thy will.

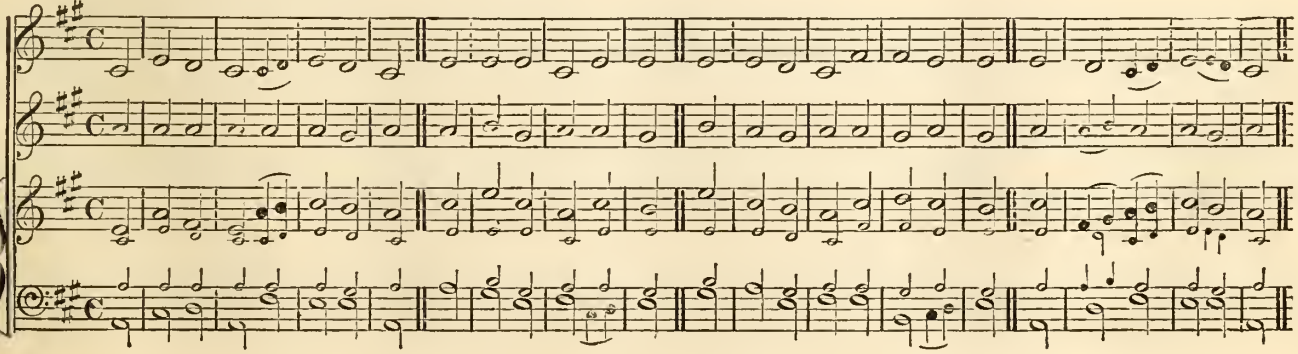
3 All we, forgetful of thy love,
Like sheep had gone astray;
But thou hast laid the curse on Him
Who bore our griefs away.

4 To God, the everlasting King,
Be endless praises given;
Who sent his only Son to die,
And bring our souls to heaven.

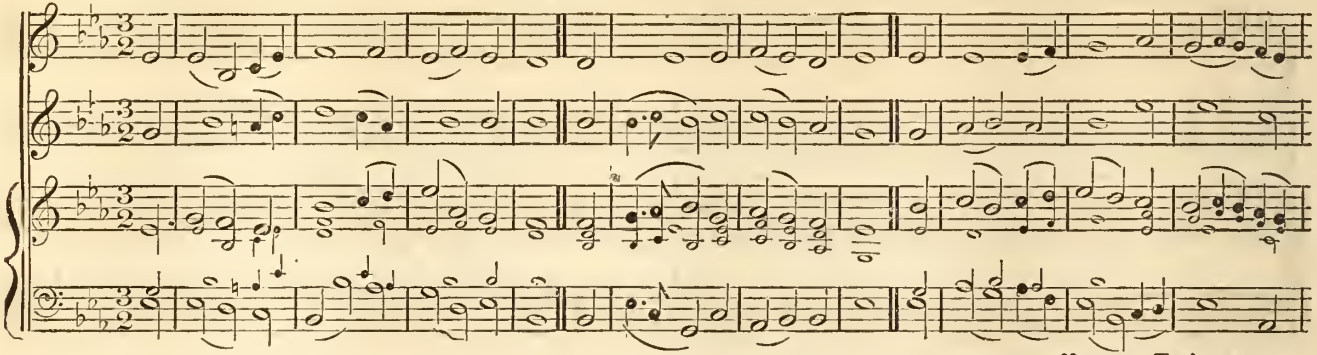
Nº 32. ARNOLD'S TUNE. C. M.



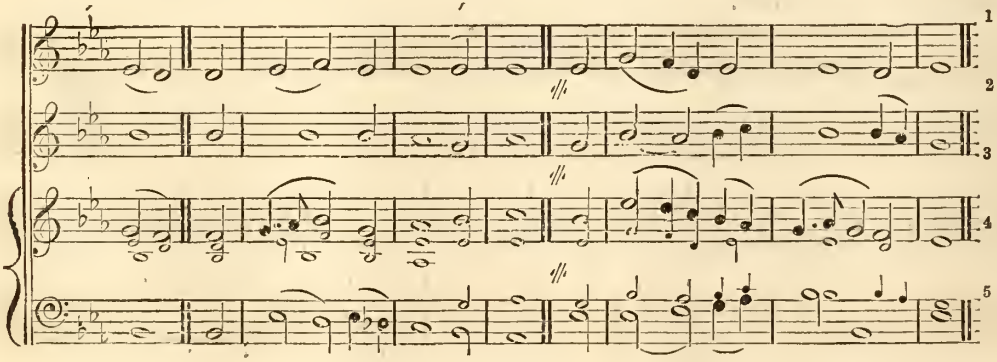
Nº 33. ALL SAINTS. C. M.



Nº 34. AXBRIDGE. C. M.



28.—C. M.—*Thanksgiving.*



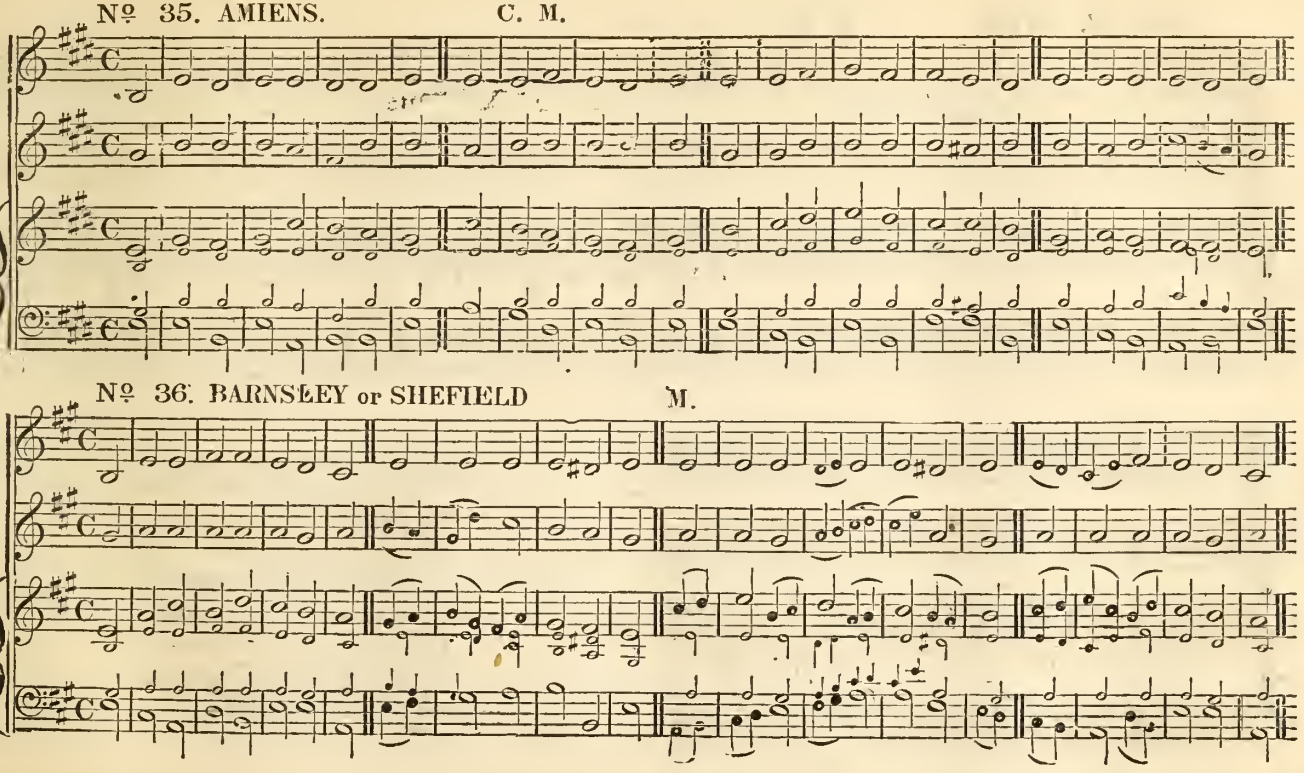
1 Father of Mercies, let our songs
With Thee acceptance find!
Thy loving-kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.

2 Thanks for Creation are thy due,
For life preserv'd by thee,
And all the blessings life affords,
So great, and yet so free.

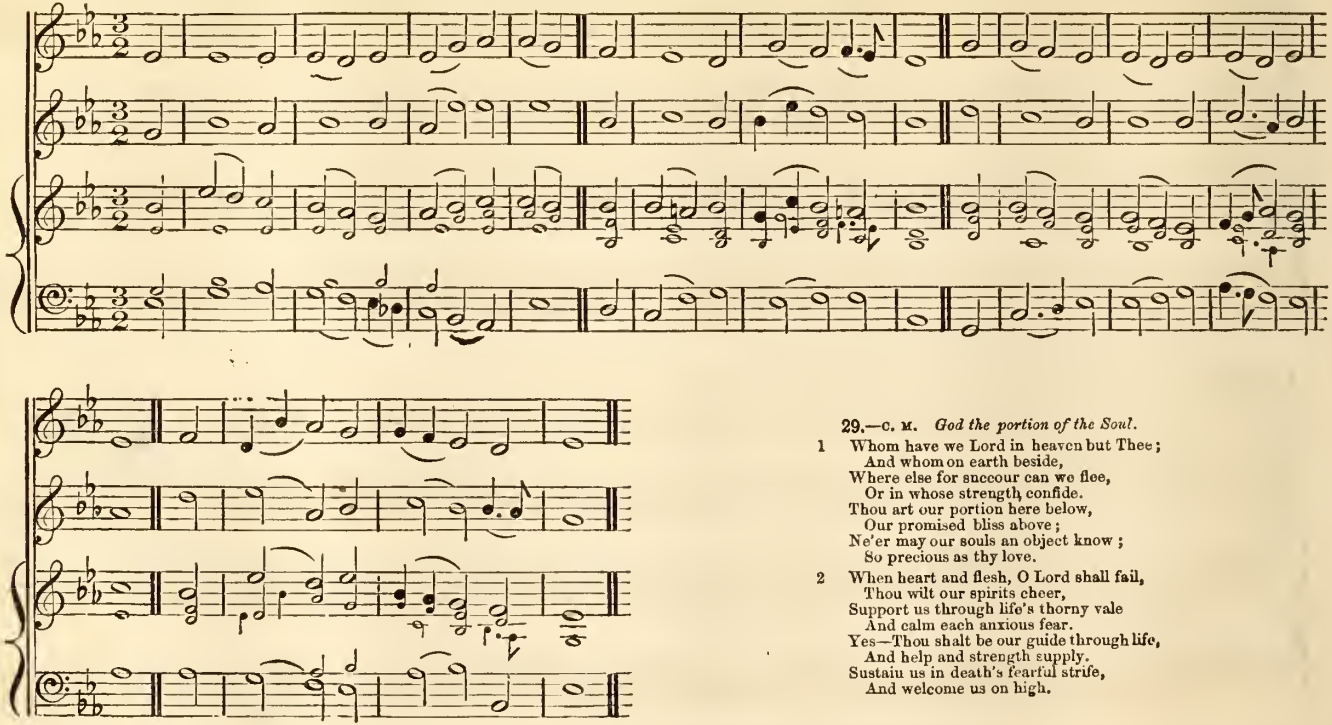
3 Thanks for Redemption above all,
To us in Jesus given;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

4 O let a sense of this thy grace
Our best affections move,
That while our lips thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel thy love!

5 Lord, may we give ourselves to Thee,
And, walking in thy ways,
In righteousness and holiness
Obey Thee all our days!


Nº 35. AMIENS.
C. M.
Nº 36. BARNSLEY or SHEFIELD
M.

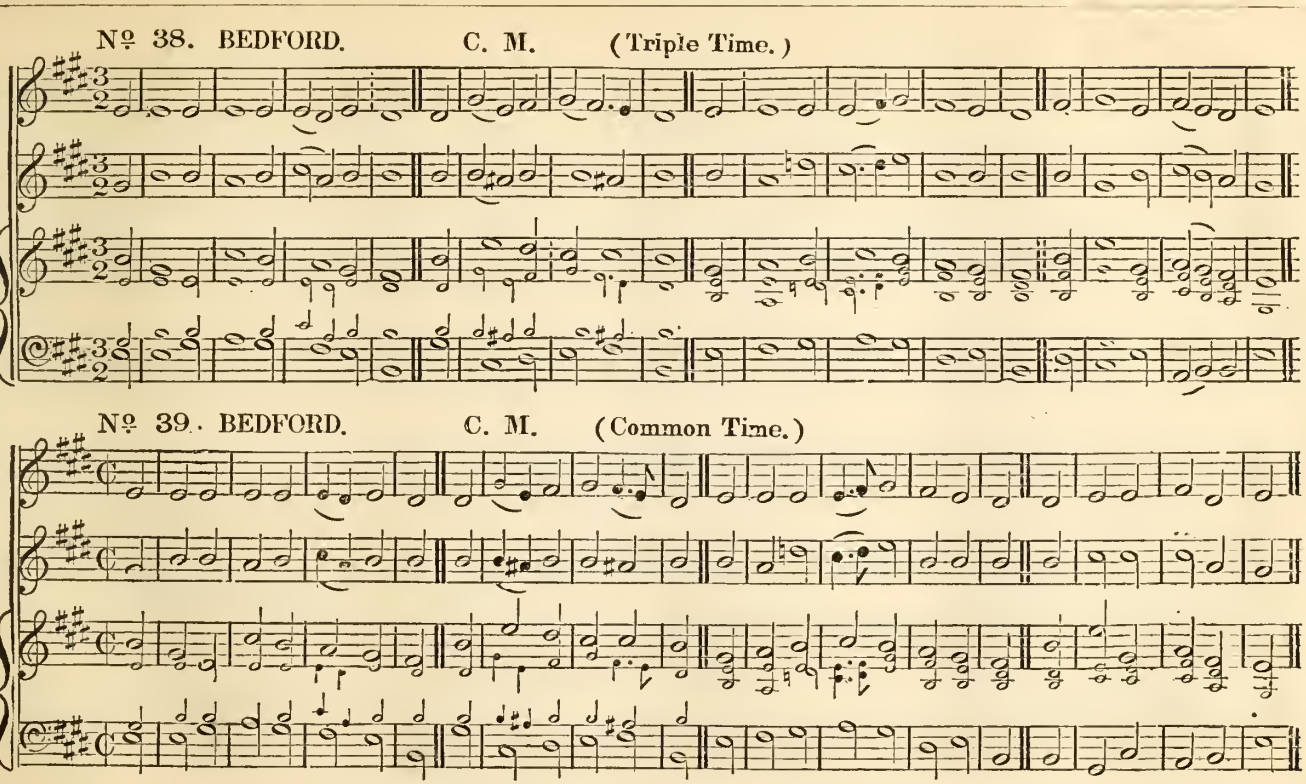
Nº 37. BATH. C. M.



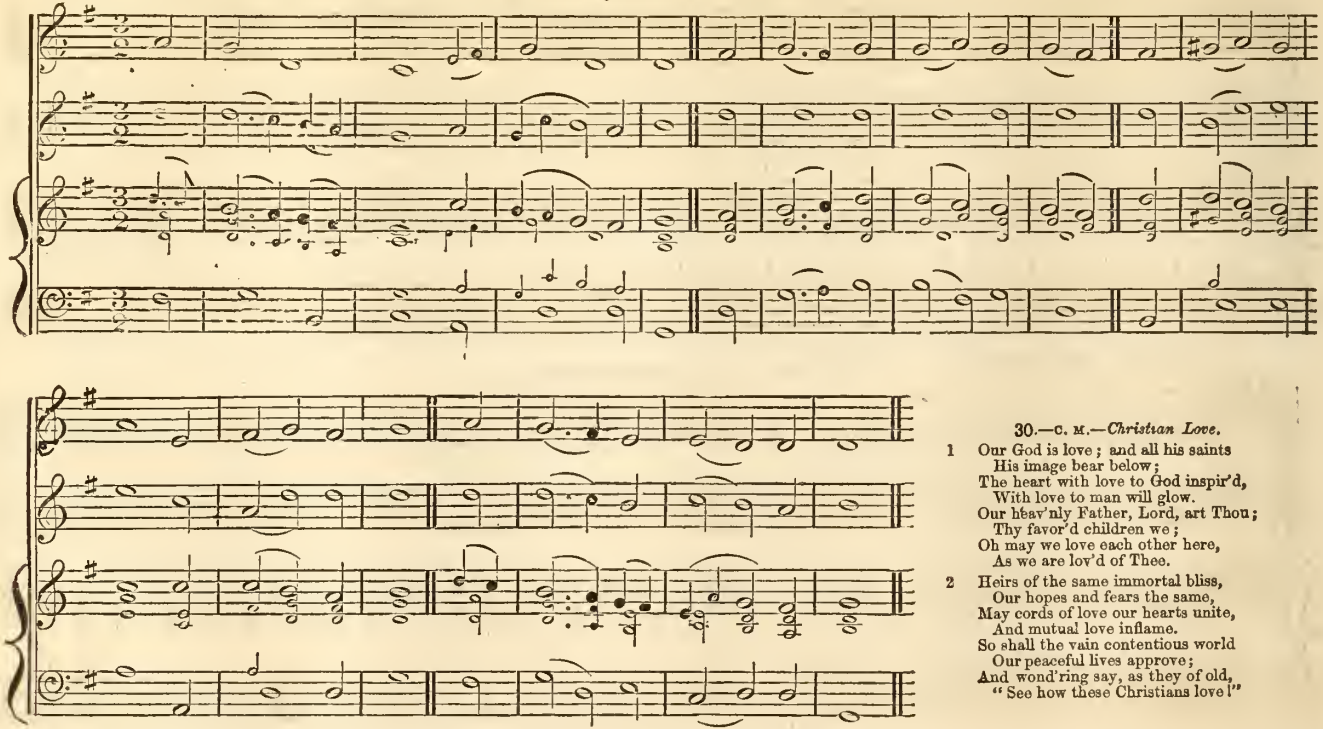
29.—C. M. *God the portion of the Soul.*

1 Whom have we Lord in heaven but Thee;
And whom on earth beside,
Where else for succour can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide.
Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know;
So precious as thy love.

2 When heart and flesh, O Lord shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale
And calm each anxious fear.
Yes—Thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply.
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.


Nº 38. BEDFORD. C. M. (Triple Time.)
Nº 39. BEDFORD. C. M. (Common Time.)

Nº 40. BISHOPTHORPE. C. M.

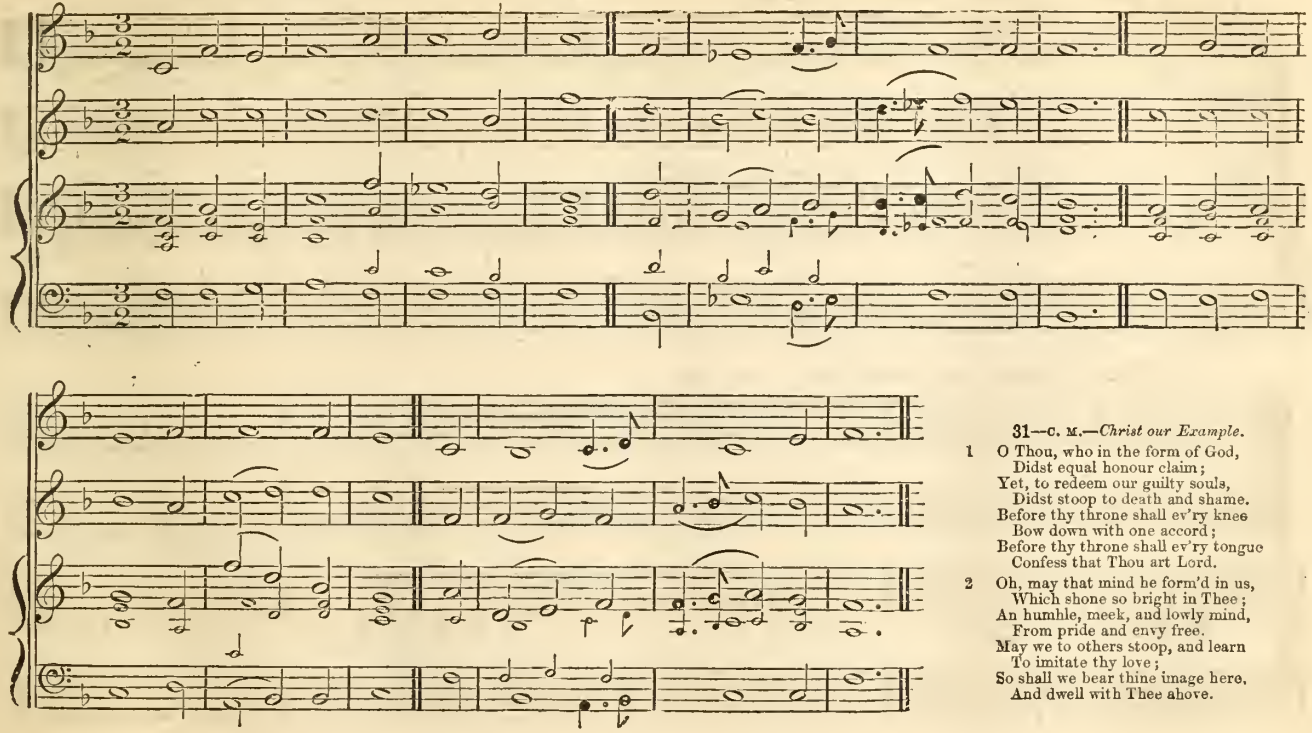


30.—C. M.—*Christian Love.*

1 Our God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.
Our heav'nly Father, Lord, art Thou;
Thy favor'd children we;
Oh may we love each other here,
As we are lov'd of Thee.

2 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
May cords of love our hearts unite,
And mutual love inflame.
So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve;
And wond'ring say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love!"

Nº 41. BRUNSWICK. C. M

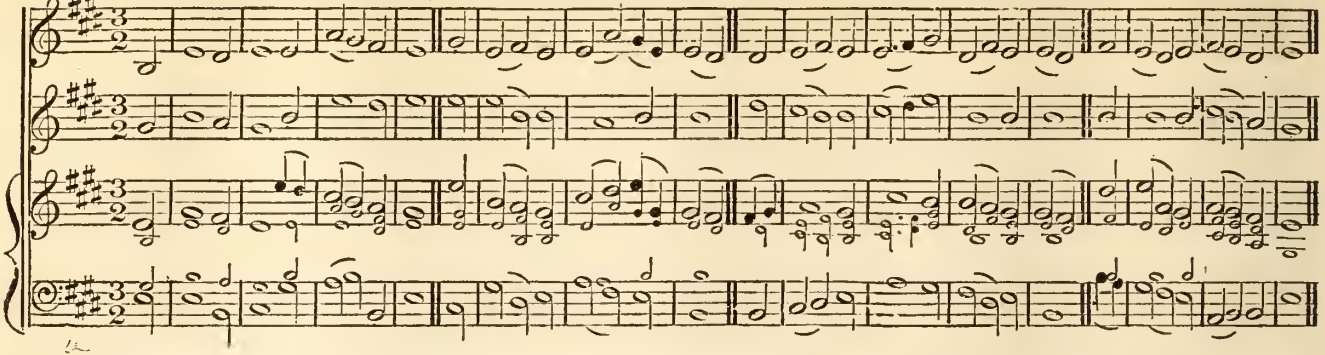


31—C. M.—*Christ our Example.*

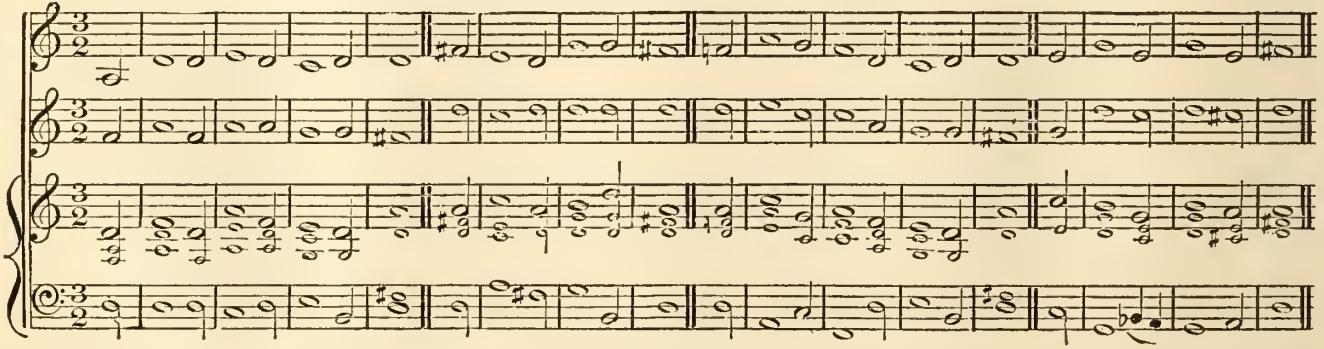
1 O Thou, who in the form of God,
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame.
Before thy throne shall ev'ry knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before thy throne shall ev'ry tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord.

2 Oh, may that mind be form'd in us,
Which shone so bright in Thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
May we to others stoop, and learn
To imitate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And dwell with Thee above.

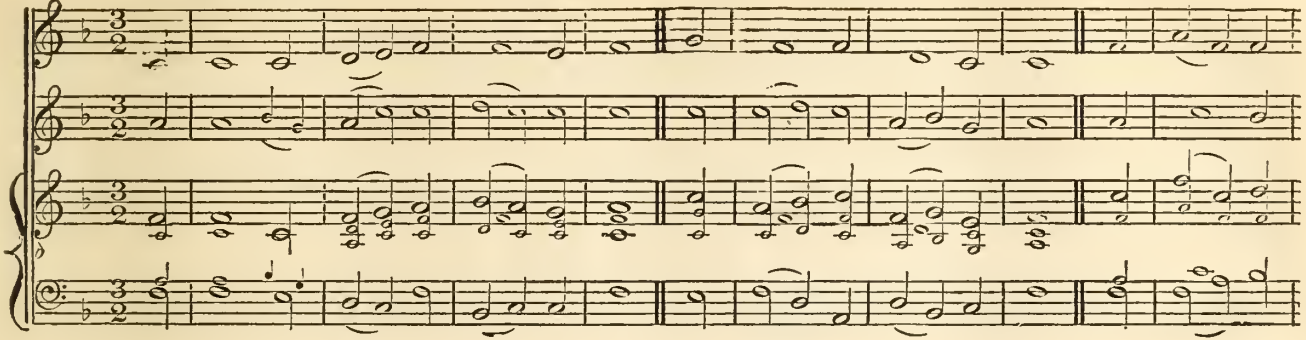
Nº 42. CHARMOUTH. C. M.



Nº 43. DUNBAR or MARTYRS. C. M.



Nº 44. DUBLIN. C. M.



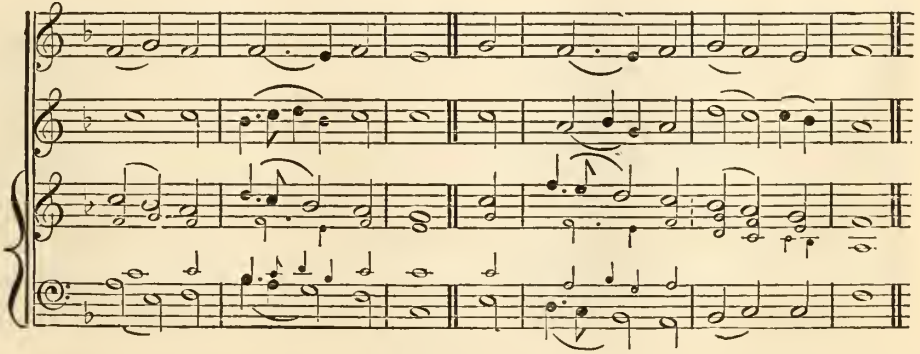
32.—C. M. *Blessedness of the Godly Poor.*

1 Not many mighty, many wise,
The nobles of the earth;
Among thy followers, Lord, are found,
But men of humble birth.

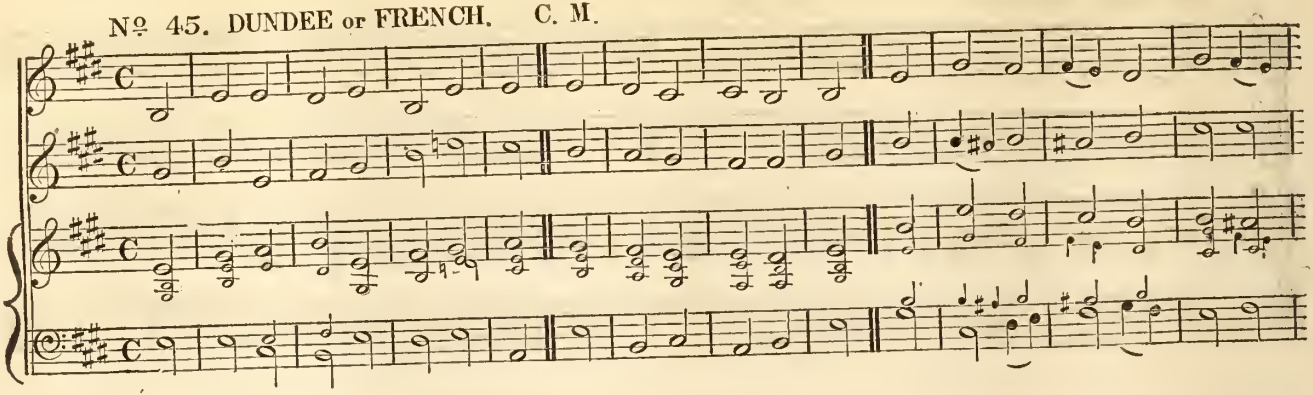
2 The haughty world that knew not Thee,
Doth not thy brethren know;
As poor, unnoticed, and despised,
In thy dear steps they go.

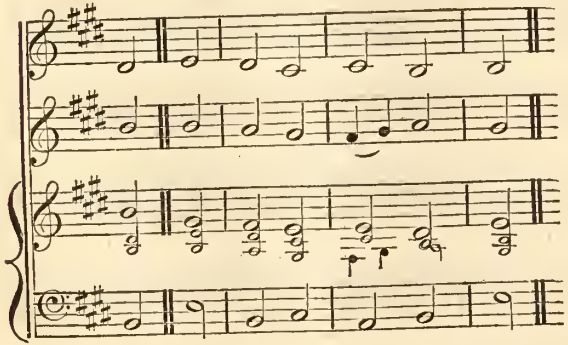
3 Yet blessings mark their onward course,
And deeds of holiest love;
And light that is not of the world,
Beams on them from above.

4 O, what to be compared with this,
Is worldly wealth or fame;
Among the great, why should Christ's flock
Seek either place or name.



Nº 45. DUNDEE or FRENCH. C. M.





33. C. M.—*Love to God's house.*

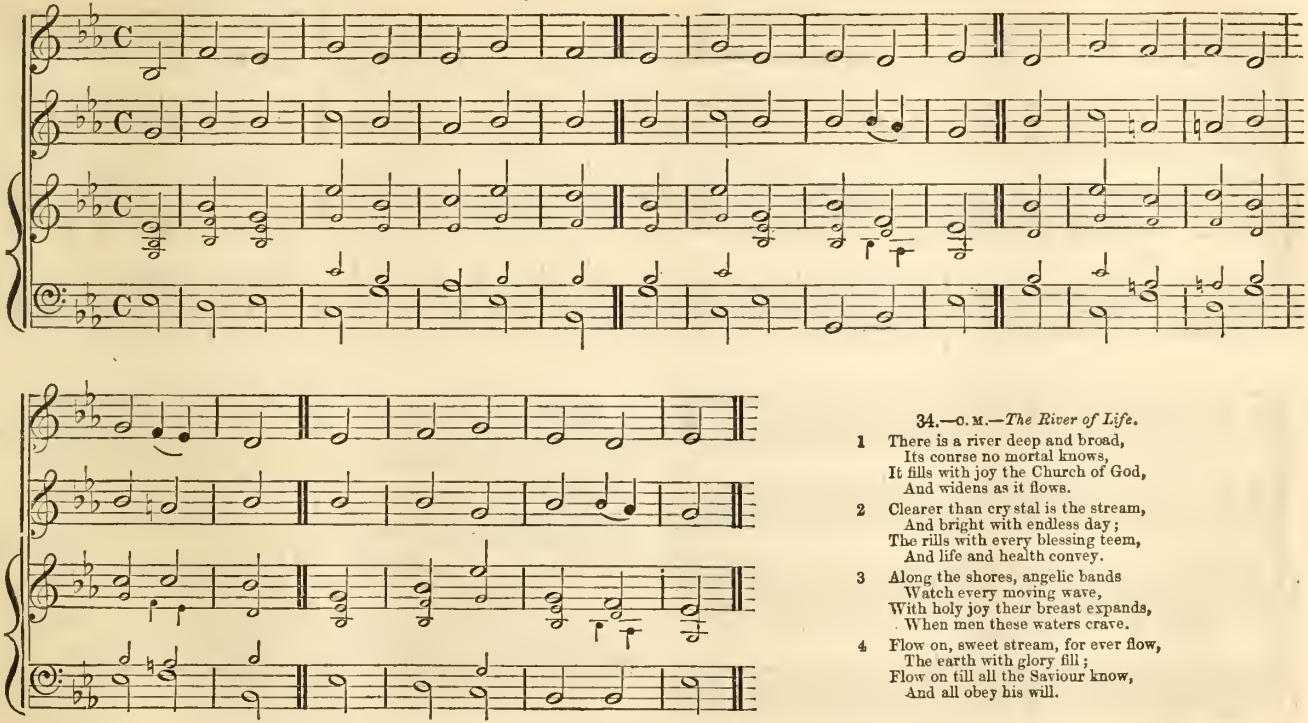
O how I love thy temple Lord,
The place of thine abode;
I find a joy all joys above,
In presence of my God.

2 I would be with the 'two or three,'
Met in the house of prayer;
For few in number though we be,
Thou still art with us there.

3 And countless are the hosts which stand,
With Thee on Zion's hill;
A glorious, goodly, noble band,
Who worship with us still.

4 They on the mount and we below,
Yet ere our feet ascend,
Our earthly tones so faint and low,
With heavenly harpings blend.

Nº 46. LONDON. C. M.



34.—C. M.—*The River of Life.*

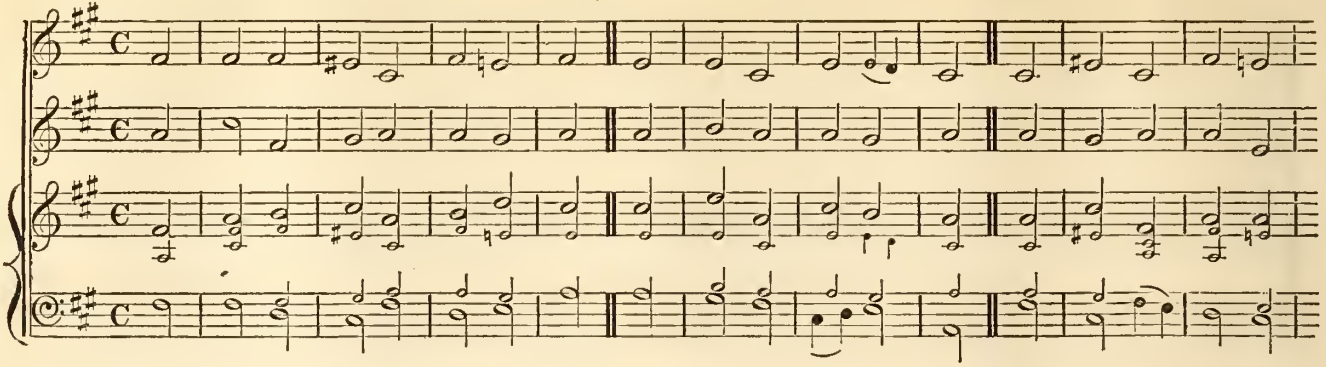
1 There is a river deep and broad,
Its conrse no mortal knows,
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

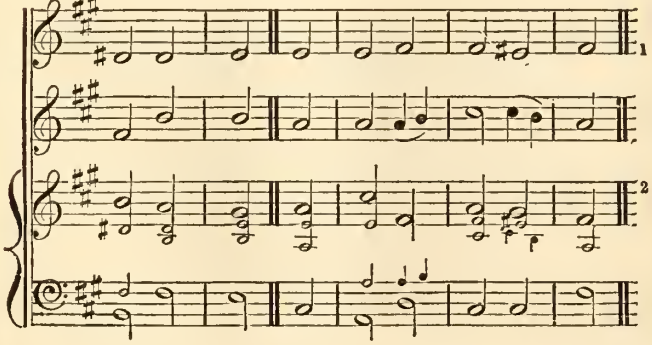
2 Clearer than cry stal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The rills with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

3 Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave,
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men these waters crave.

4 Flow on, sweet stream, for ever flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on till all the Saviour know,
And all obey his will.

Nº 47. MANCHESTER OLD. C. M.





38.—C.M. *The Comforter.*

The Comforter! how sweet a name
Reveals the Holy Dove;
The very words seem so to breathe
The tenderness of love,
The love that soothes the stricken heart
And wipes away the tear,
Whose comforts in our griefs abound
To strengthen and to cheer.

The heart that hath its treasure here,
And mindeth earthly things,
Can never know what holy joy
From such revealings springs;
For how should they who are not "poor,"
And "sorrowful," and "meek,"
Who do not live as pilgrims now,
Such heavenly comfort seek?

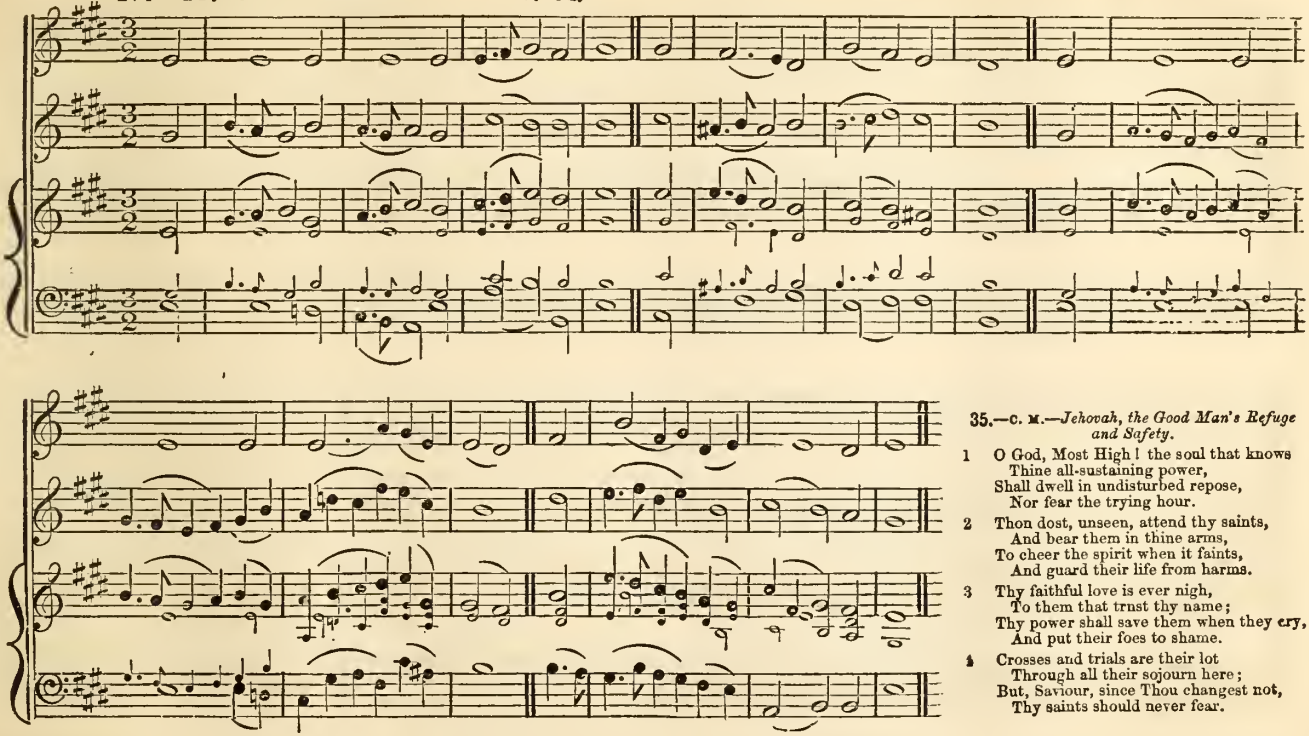
3 But all who tread the thorny path
The suffering Saviour trod,
Whose "very heart and flesh cry out-
For God, the living God"—
Will need the Comforter He sent,
Whom tho' unseen, we love,
The gift of Jesus to his Church,
The Holy, Heavenly Dove.

36.—C.M. *None but God.*

1 Lord should we leave thy hallow'd feet,
To whom shall we repair?
Where else such holy comfort meet,
As springs eternal there?

2 Thou only canst the cheering words
Of endless life supply;
Anointed of the Lord of Lords,
The Son of God most High.

Nº 48. NEW YORK C. M.



35.—C. M.—*Jehovah, the Good Man's Refuge and Safety.*

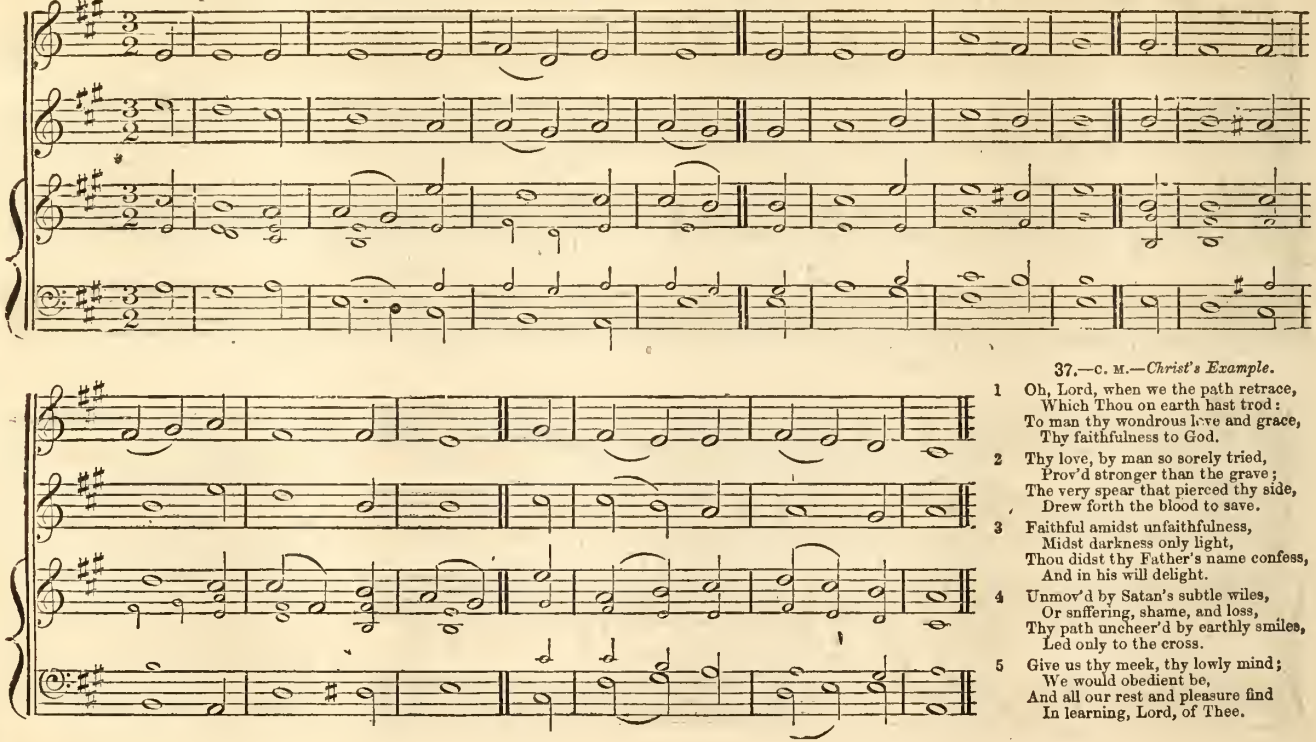
1 O God, Most High! the soul that knows
Thine all-sustaining power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

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

3 Thy faithful love is ever nigh,
To them that trust thy name;
Thy power shall save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

4 Crosses and trials are their lot
Through all their sojourn here;
But, Saviour, since Thou changest not,
Thy saints should never fear.

Nº 49. NORTHAMPTON. C. M.



37.—C. M.—*Christ's Example.*

1 Oh, Lord, when we the path retrace,
Which Thou on earth hast trod:
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.

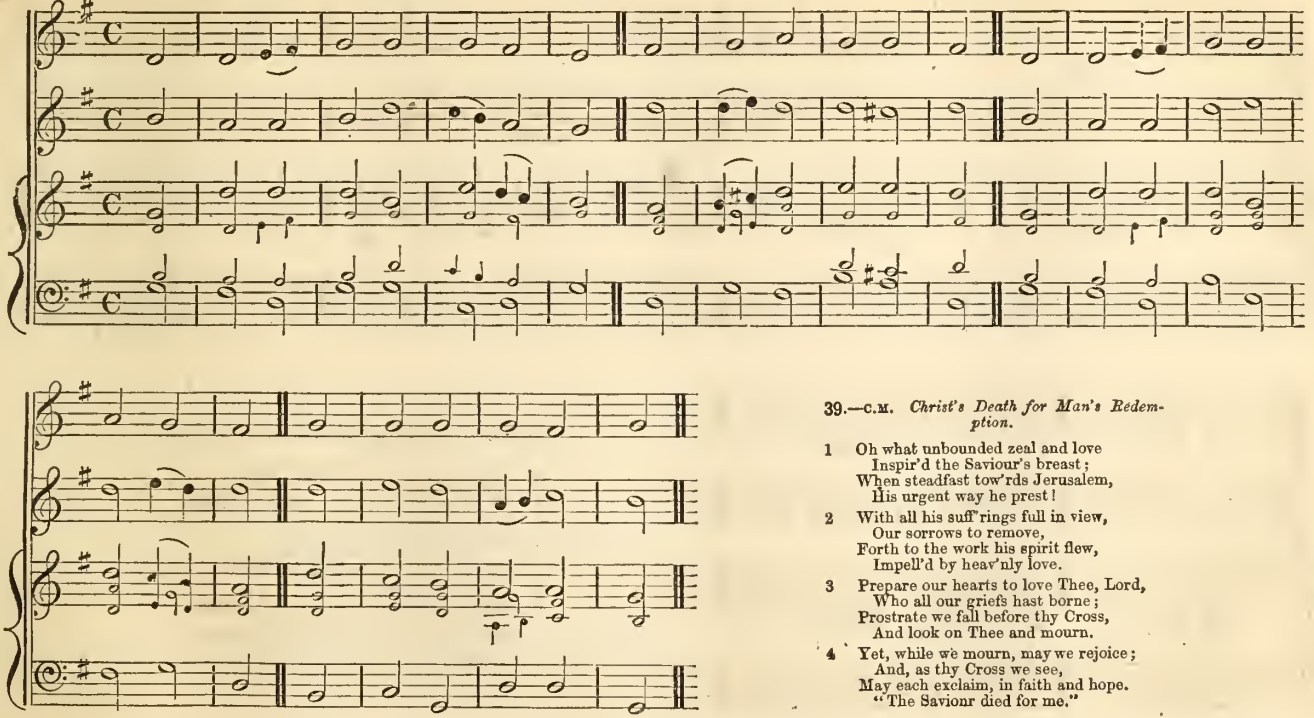
2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Prov'd stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side,
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.

4 Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or sniffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

Nº 50. OLD ST GEORGE. C. M.



39.—C.M. *Christ's Death for Man's Redemption.*

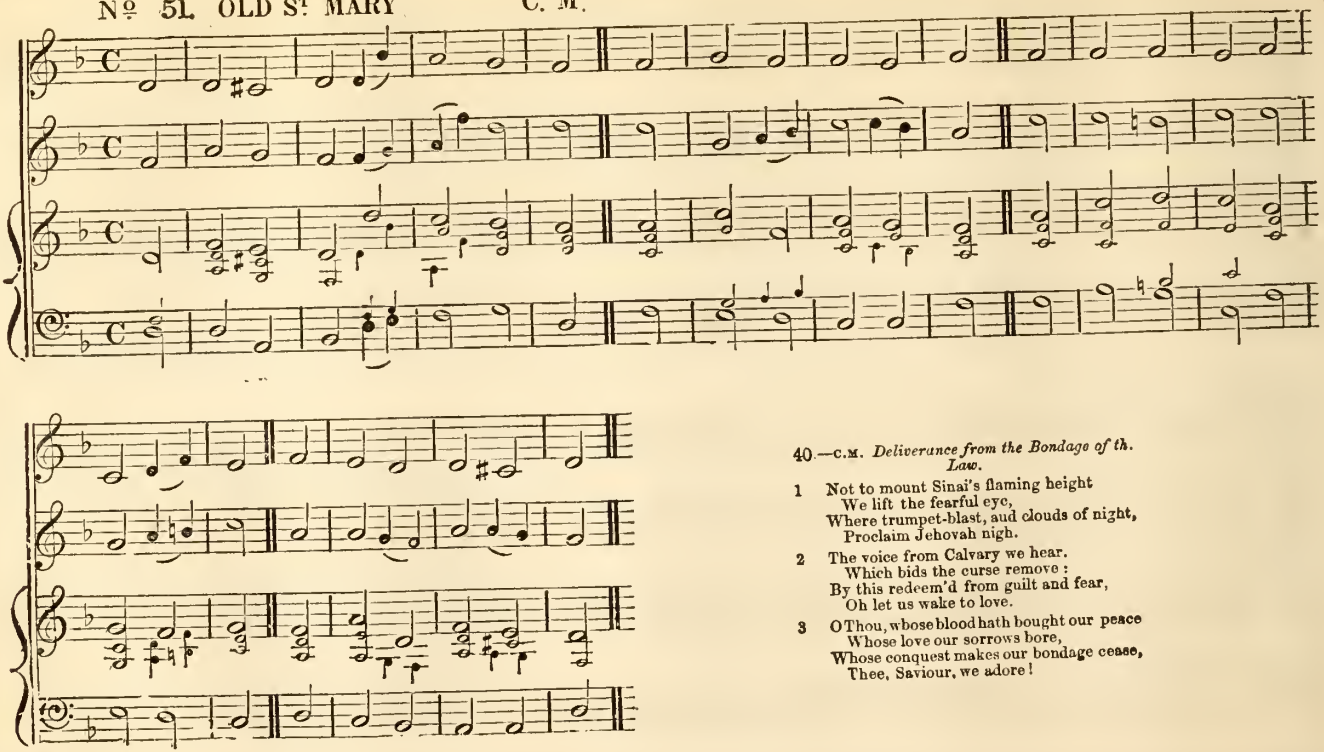
1 Oh what unbounded zeal and love
Inspir'd the Saviour's breast;
When steadfast tow'rds Jerusalem,
His urgent way he prest!

2 With all his suff'rings full in view,
Our sorrows to remove,
Forth to the work his spirit flew,
Impell'd by heav'nly love.

3 Prepare our hearts to love Thee, Lord,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
Prostrate we fall before thy Cross,
And look on Thee and mourn.

4 Yet, while we mourn, may we rejoice;
And, as thy Cross we see,
May each exclaim, in faith and hope.
"The Saviour died for me."

Nº 51. OLD St MARY C. M.



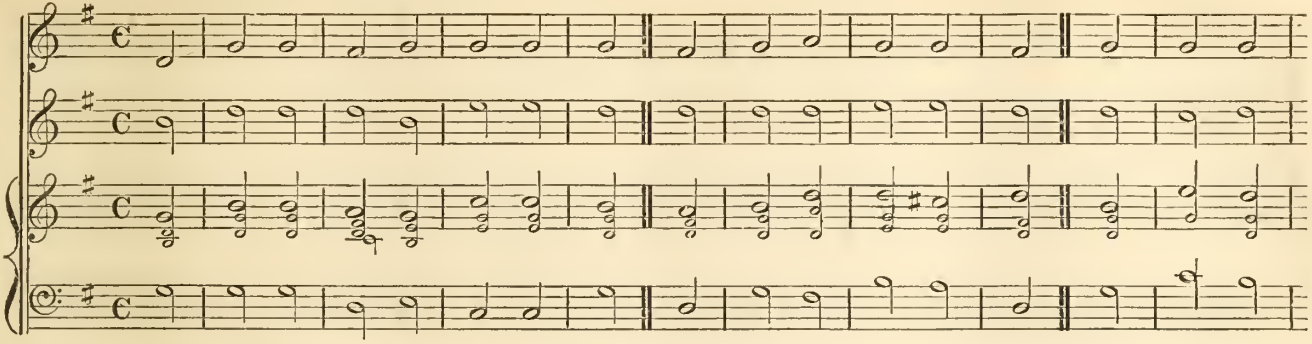
40.—C.M. *Deliverance from the Bondage of th. Law.*

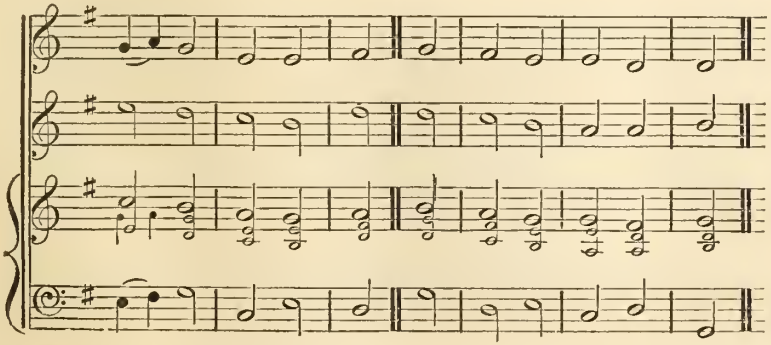
1 Not to mount Sinai's flaming height
We lift the fearful eye,
Where trumpet-blast, and clouds of night,
Proclaim Jehovah nigh.

2 The voice from Calvary we hear.
Which bids the curse remove:
By this redeem'd from guilt and fear,
Oh let us wake to love.

3 O Thou, whose blood hath bought our peace
Whose love our sorrows bore,
Whose conquest makes our bondage cease,
Thee, Saviour, we adore!

Nº 52. OLD WINCHESTER. C. M.





41.—C.M. *Prayer for Grace to know and do God's will.*

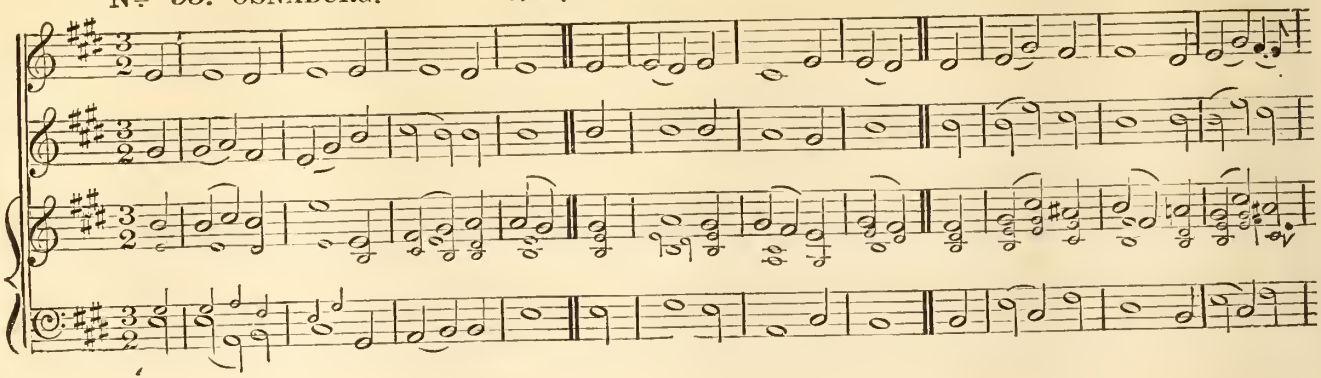
1 Oh Lord our God in joy and grief,
In pleasure and in pain;
Thou still doth with thy people dwell,
And their defence remain.

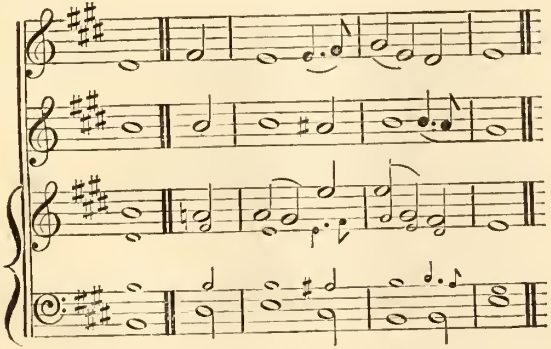
2 O may we seek with pure desire,
Thy precepts to fulfil;
And all our souls with ardour burn,
To know and do thy will.

3 With upright mind, with chastened thought,
With pure devotion's flame;
To make the dictates of thy Word,
Our spirits' highest aim.

4 To all thy servants tried and true,
A glorious portion falls;
For heaven is their inheritance,
Their towers are Zion's walls.

Nº 53. OSNABURG. C. M.





42.—C.M. *Praise for the Scriptures.*

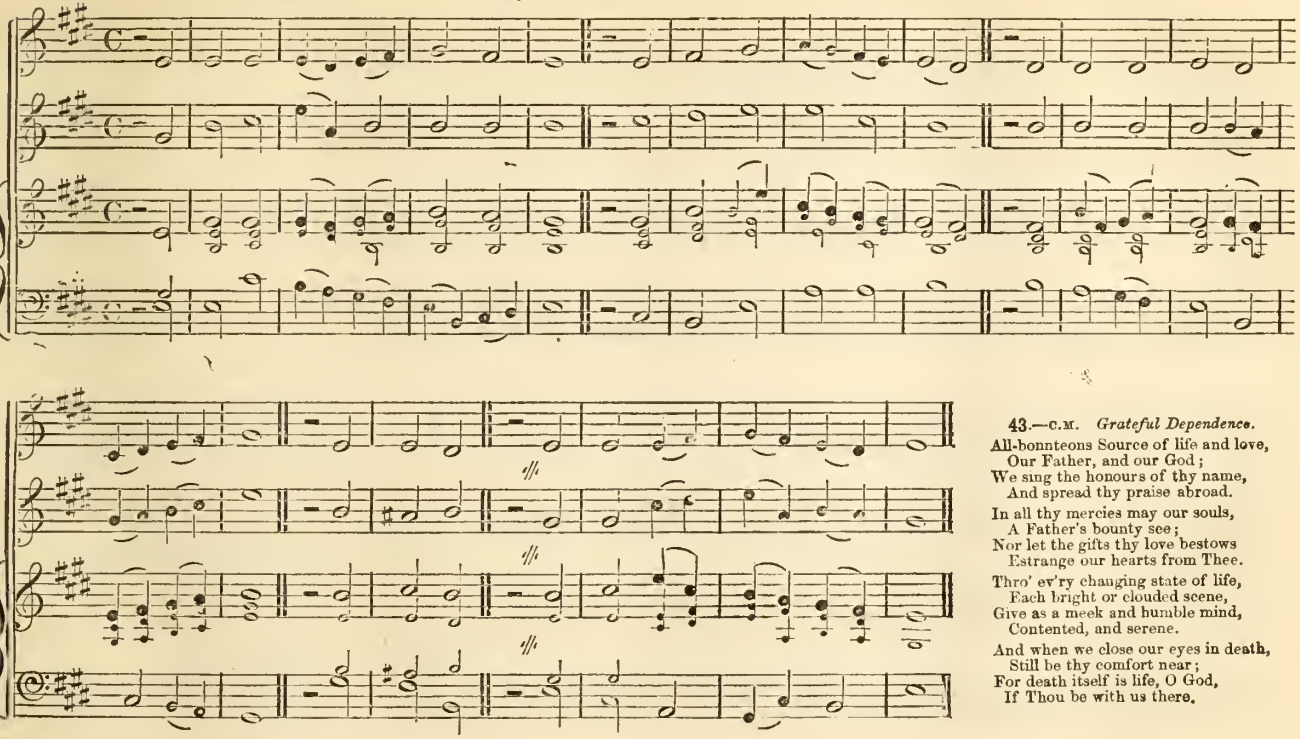
1 O Lord our God with one accord,
To Thee thanksgivings rise;
While every heart and every tongue,
Its votive strain supplies.

2 That we have lived to see the hour,
The hour with blessings fraught;
In which thy Word of life is ours,
And to our hand is brought.

3 Let faith, and hope, and love arise,
And in our hearts bear sway;
That we, as doers of thy Word,
May serve Thee in thy way.

4 Thee may we honour in our lives,
And in our walk below,
Thy name and truth to men confess,
And practice what we know.

Nº 54. PATMOS. C. M.



43.—C.M. *Grateful Dependence.*

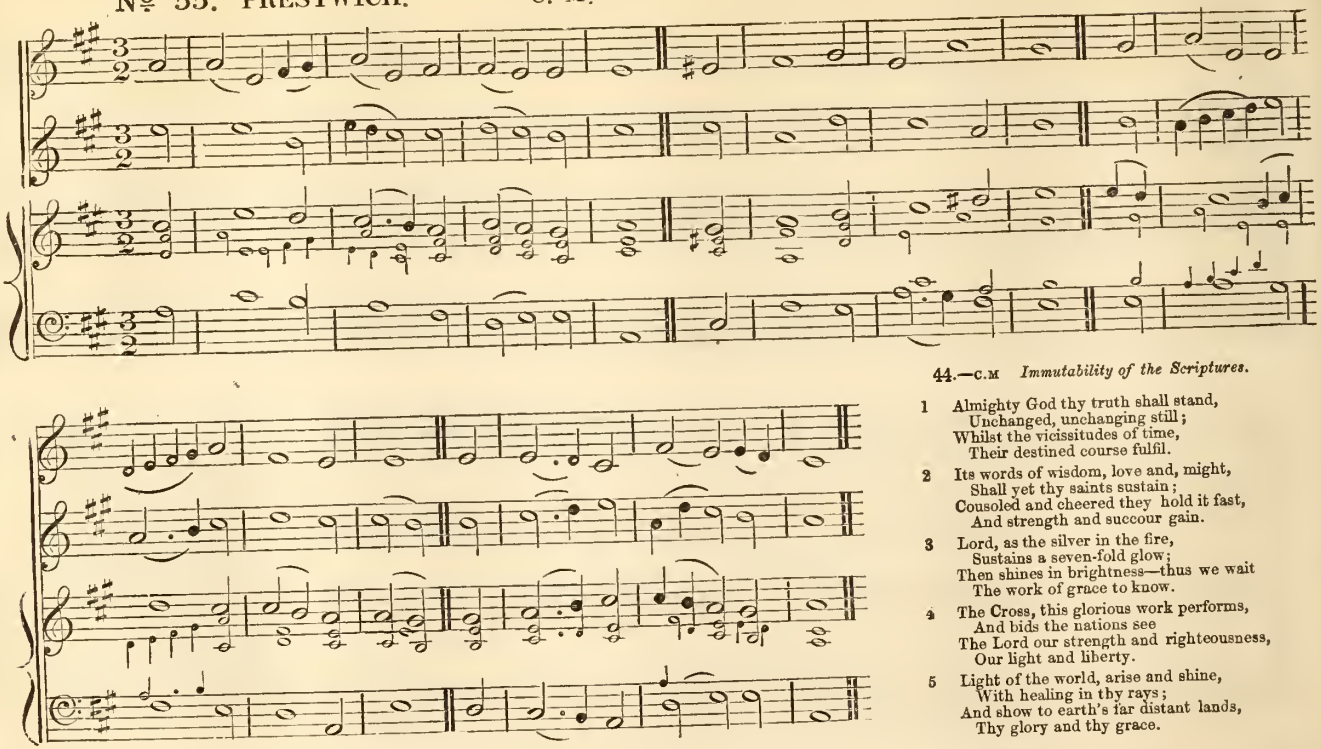
All-bonnteons Source of life and love,
Our Father, and our God;
We sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

In all thy mercies may our souls,
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy love bestows
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

Thro' ev'ry changing state of life,
Each bright or clouded scene,
Give as a meek and humble mind,
Contented, and serene.

And when we close our eyes in death,
Still be thy comfort near;
For death itself is life, O God,
If Thou be with us there.

№ 55. PRESTWICH. C. M.



44.—C.M *Immutability of the Scriptures.*

1 Almighty God thy truth shall stand,
Unchanged, unchanging still;
Whilst the vicissitudes of time,
Their destined course fulfil.

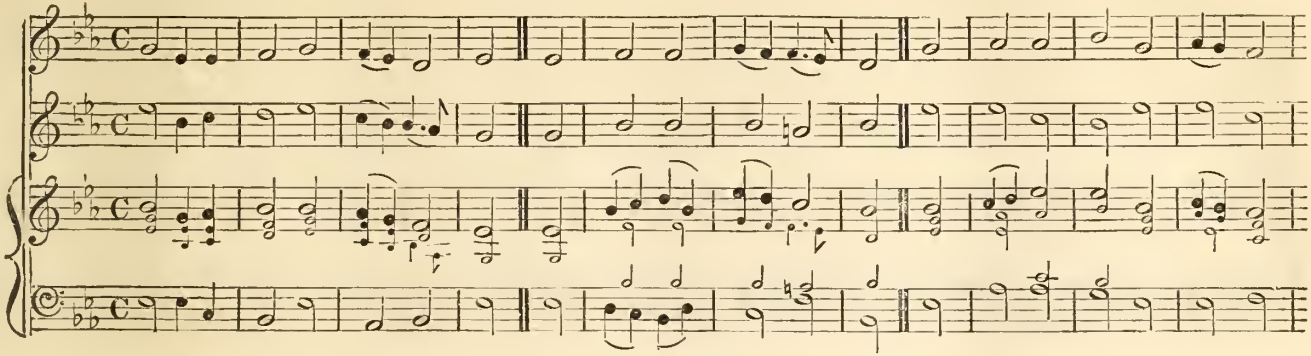
2 Its words of wisdom, love and, might,
Shall yet thy saints sustain;
Cousoled and cheered they hold it fast,
And strength and succour gain.

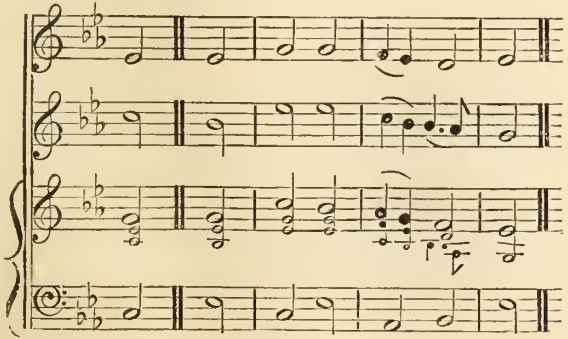
3 Lord, as the silver in the fire,
Sustains a seven-fold glow;
Then shines in brightness—thus we wait
The work of grace to know.

4 The Cross, this glorious work performs,
And bids the nations see
The Lord our strength and righteousness,
Our light and liberty.

5 Light of the world, arise and shine,
With healing in thy rays;
And show to earth's far distant lands,
Thy glory and thy grace.

Nº 56. RATISBON. C. M





45.—C. M. *Prayer for a Blessing.*

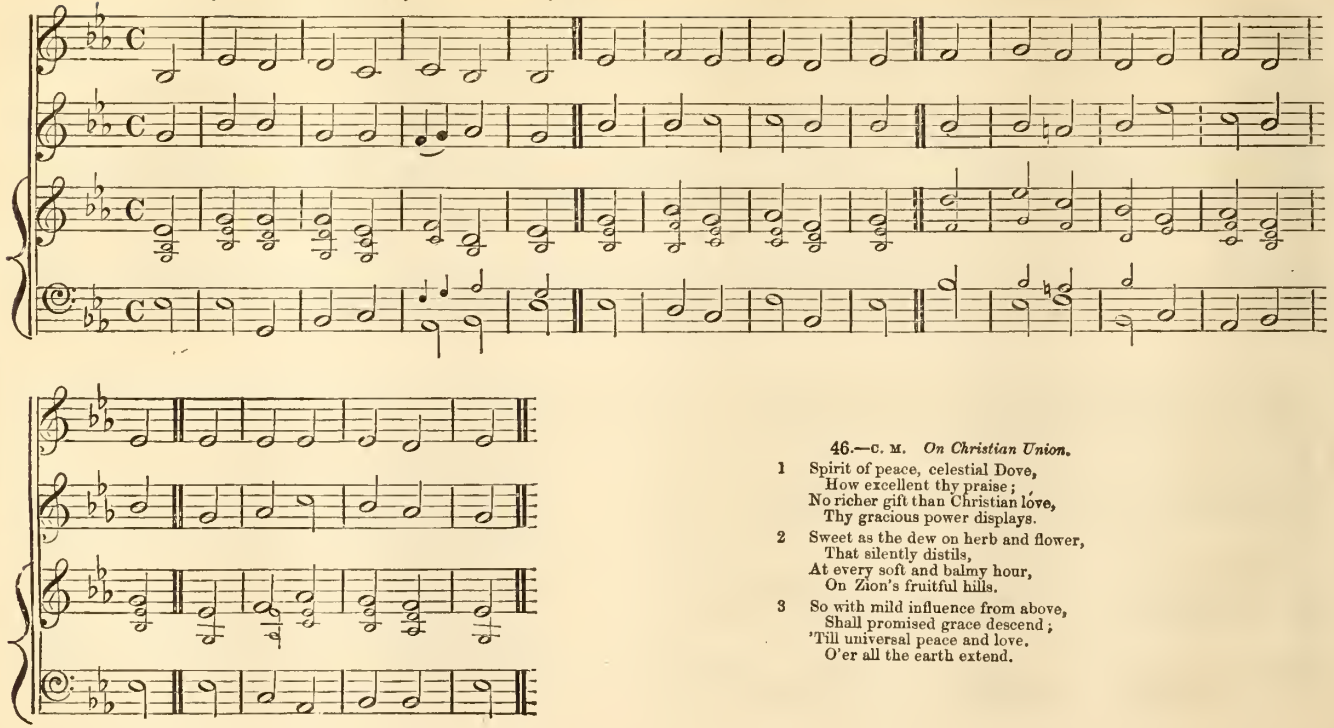
1 Lord on thy waiting servants now,
Send down thy Spirit's aid;
Whilst through thy all-atoning blood,
Redemption's price is paid.

2 Poor pensioners upon thy grace,
We urge our humble plea;
With thy rich grace sustain our souls,
In each extremity.

3 Shine on us with thy holy light,
And wake the flame of love;
For ever pure, for ever bright,
Our cold, dull hearts to move.

4 With heavenly dews do Thou refresh,
Thine heritage below;
And guard, and keep thy dwelling place,
From every lurking foe.

Nº 57. ROTTERDAM. C. M



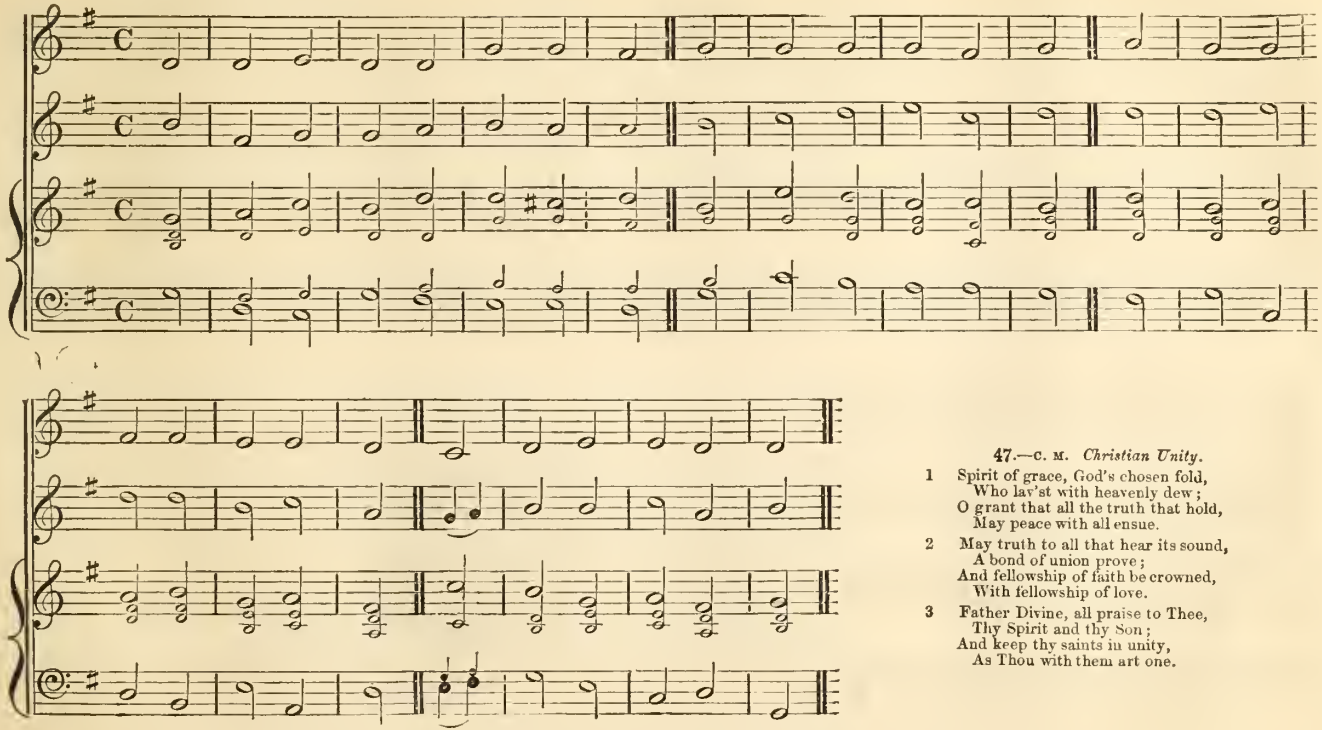
46.—C. M. *On Christian Union.*

1 Spirit of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise;
No richer gift than Christian love,
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At every soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3 So with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend;
'Till universal peace and love,
O'er all the earth extend.

Nº 58. SALISBURY. C. M.



47.—C. M. *Christian Unity.*

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O grant that all the truth that hold,
May peace with all ensue.

2 May truth to all that hear its sound,
A bond of union prove;
And fellowship of faith be crowned,
With fellowship of love.

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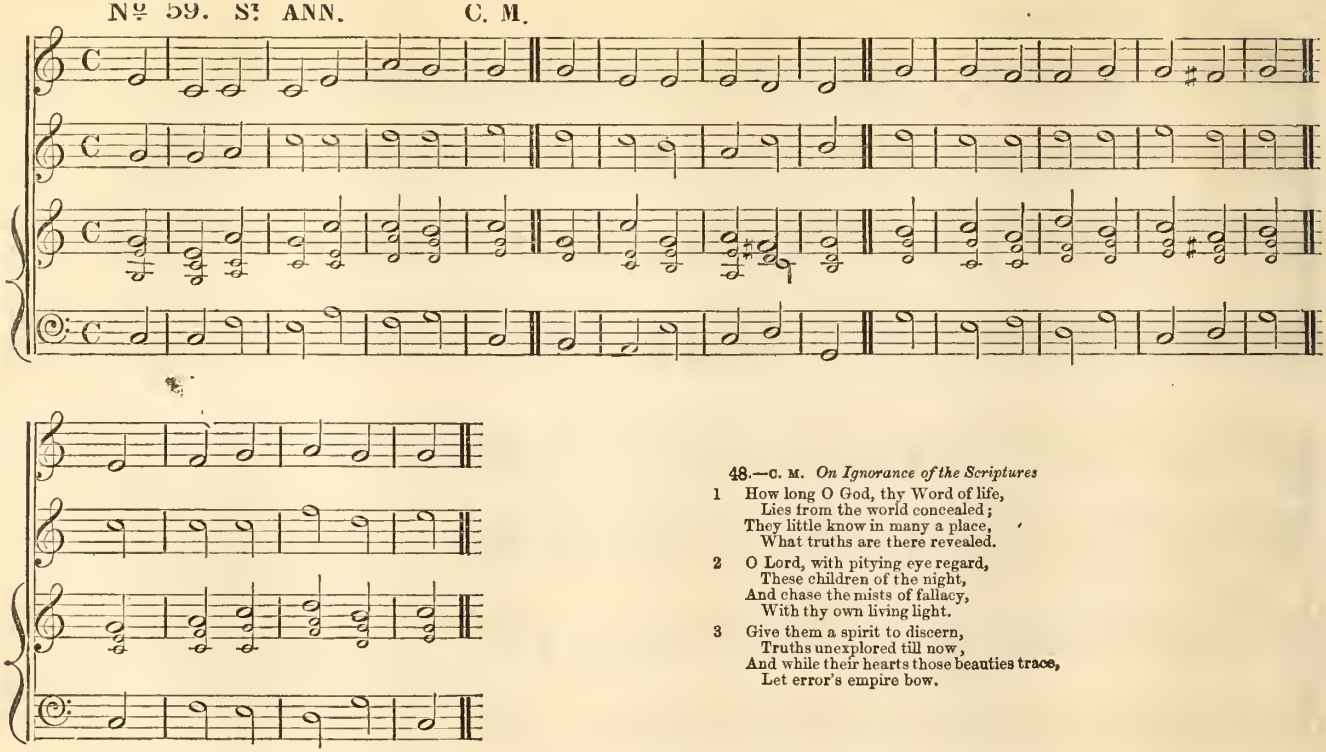
And keep thy saints in unity,
As Thou with them art one.



48.—C. M. *On Ignorance of the Scriptures*

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Lies from the world concealed;
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What truths are there revealed.

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These children of the night,
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With thy own living light.

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Truths unexplored till now,
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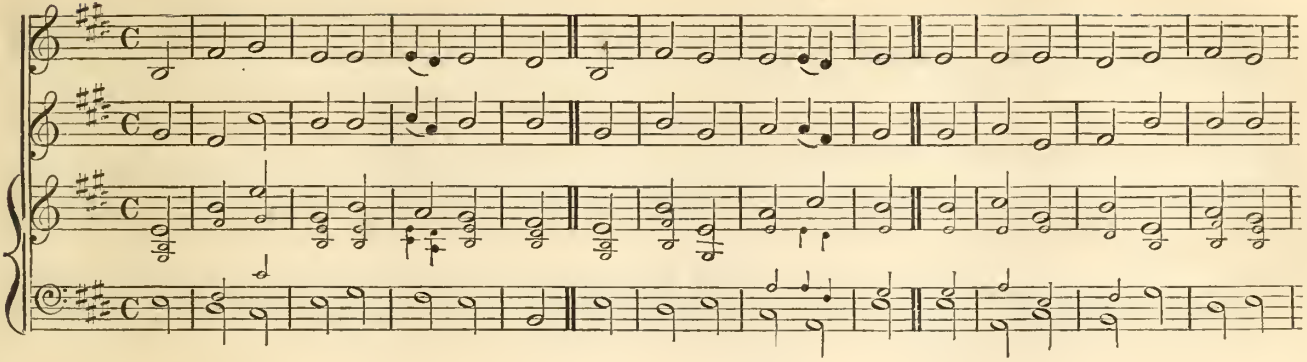

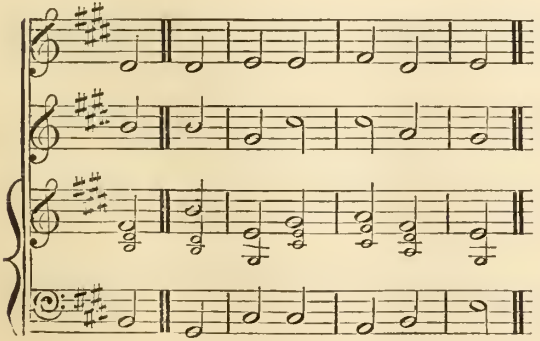

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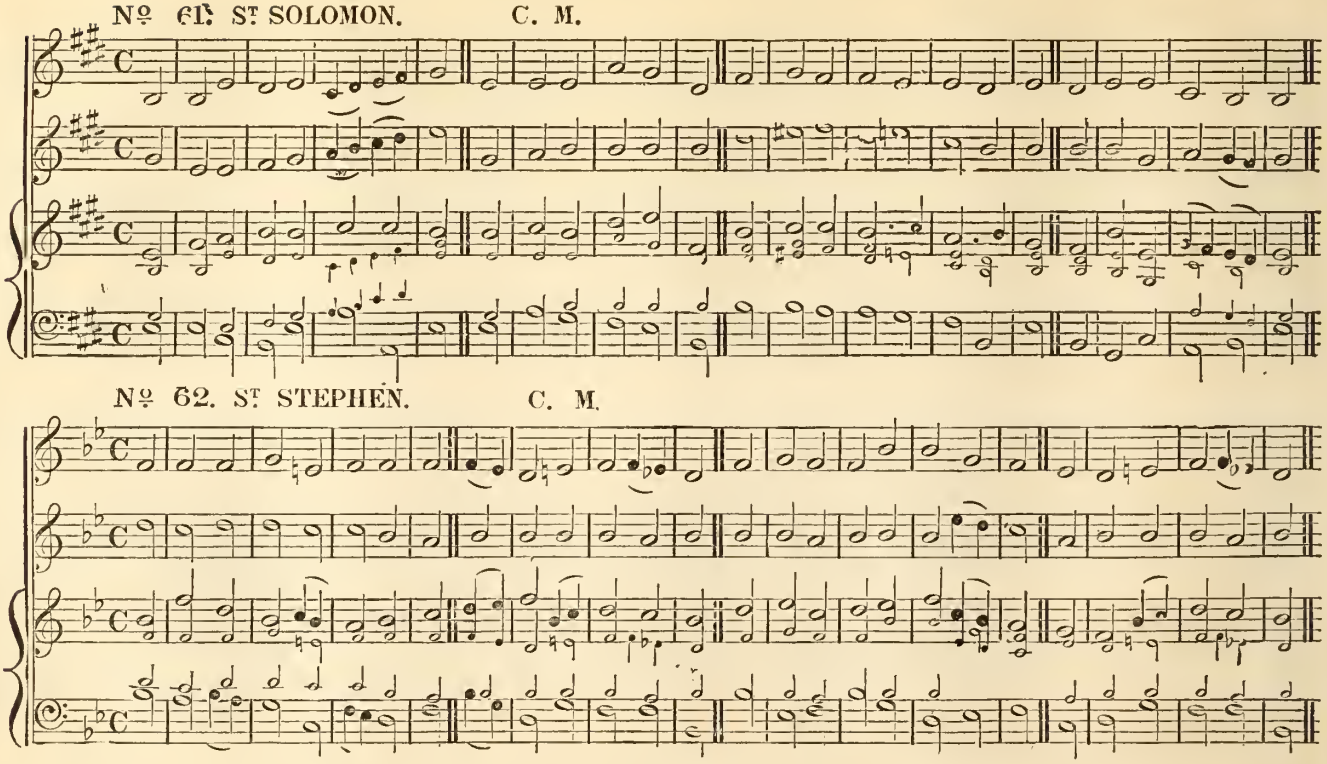
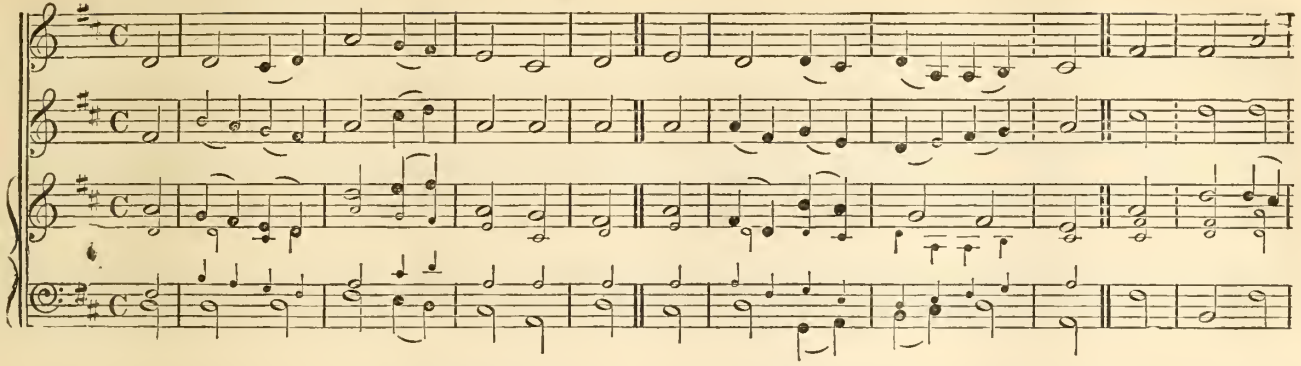

Nº 61. St SOLOMON. C. M.
Nº 62. St STEPHEN. C. M.

Nº 63. UNIVERSITY. C. M.



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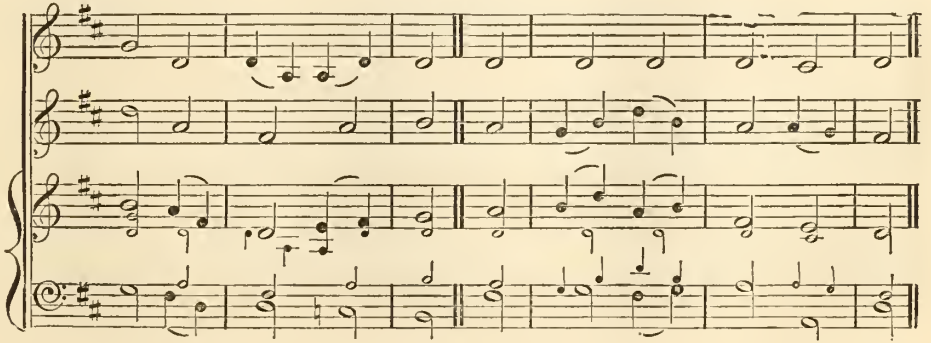
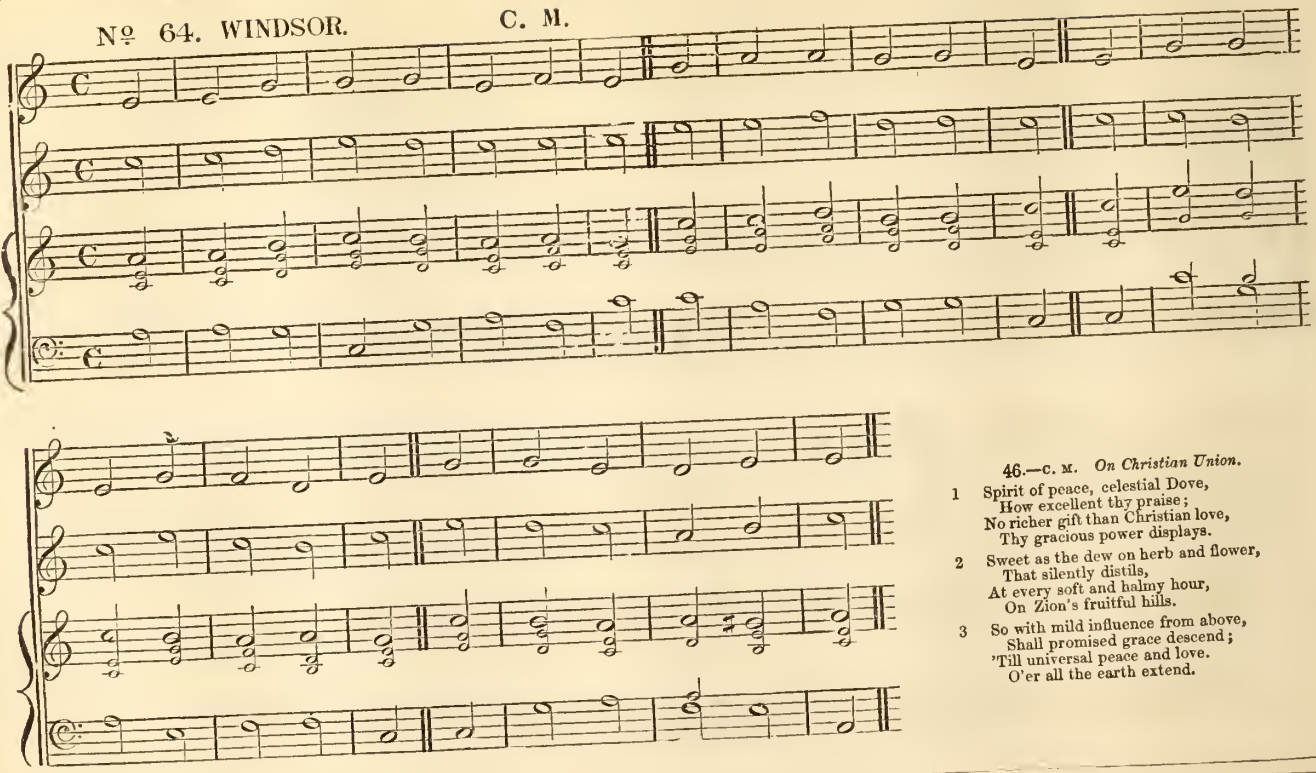


Nº 64. WINDSOR. C. M.



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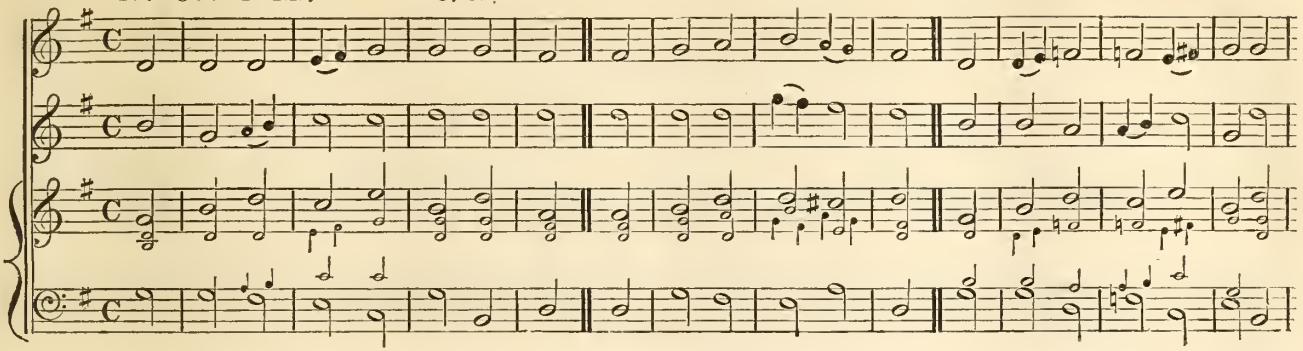
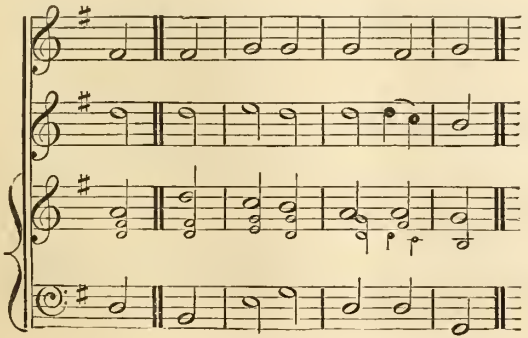
Nº 65. YORK. C. M.





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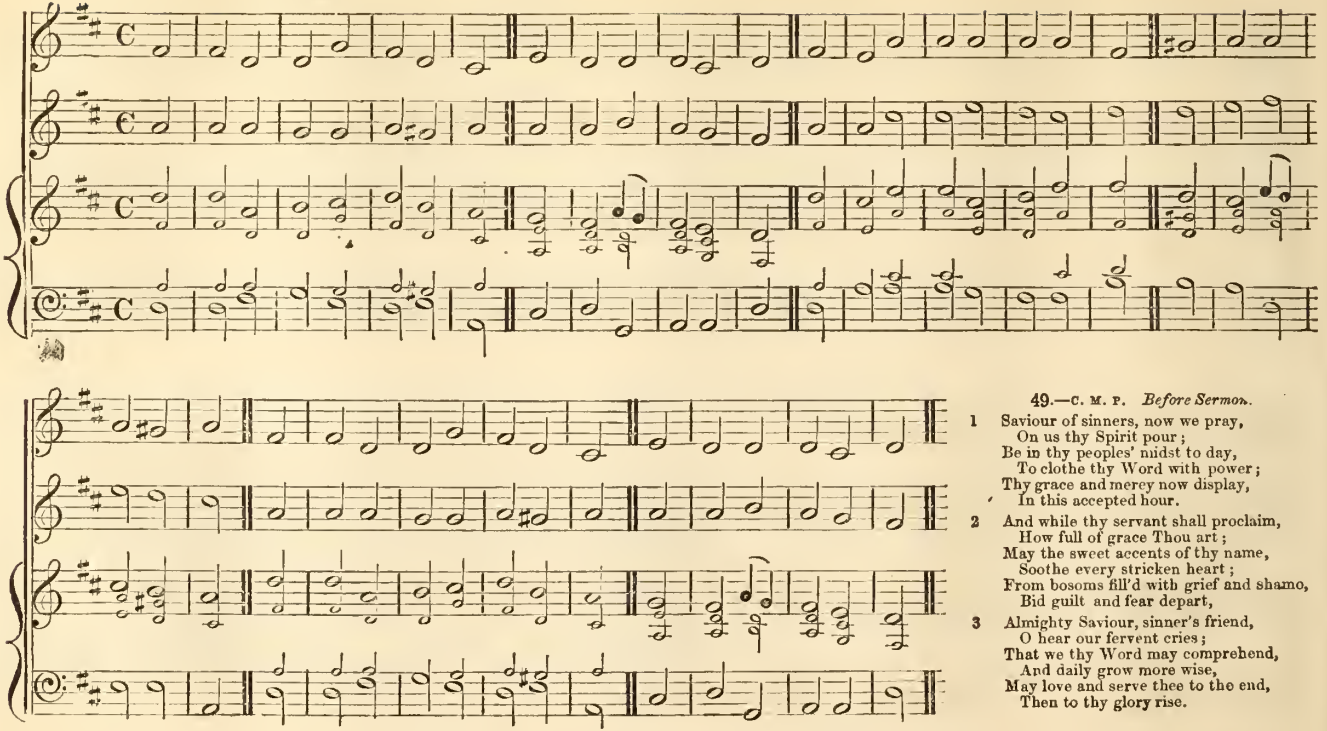
Nº 66. FRIEDLAND. 8.6.8.6.8.6.



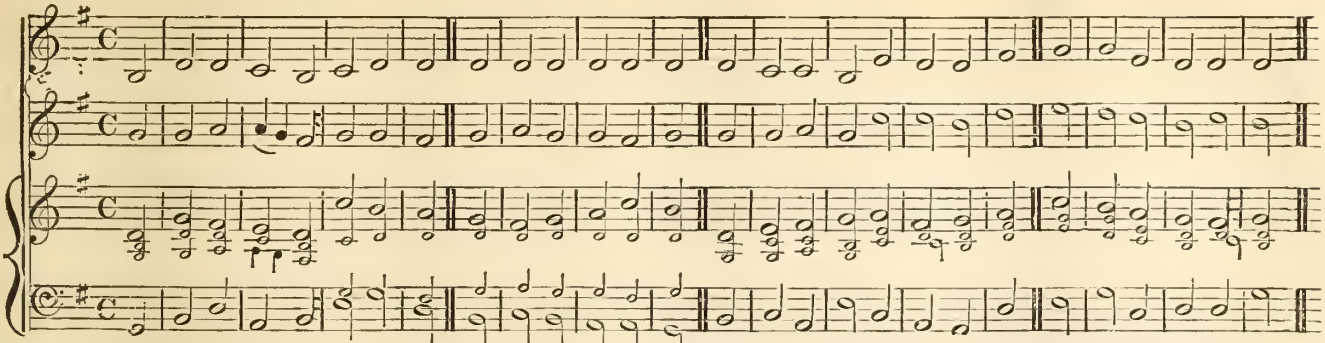
49.—C. M. P. *Before Sermon.*

1 Saviour of sinners, now we pray,
On us thy Spirit pour;
Be in thy peoples' midst to day,
To clothe thy Word with power;
Thy grace and mercy now display,
In this accepted hour.

2 And while thy servant shall proclaim,
How full of grace Thou art;
May the sweet accents of thy name,
Soothe every stricken heart;
From bosoms fill'd with grief and shame,
Bid guilt and fear depart,

3 Almighty Saviour, sinner's friend,
O hear our fervent cries;
That we thy Word may comprehend,
And daily grow more wise,
May love and serve thee to the end,
Then to thy glory rise.

Nº 67. WEIMAR. 8.6.8.6.8.6



49.—C. M. P. *Before Sermon.*

1 Saviour of sinners, now we pray,
On us thy Spirit pour;
Be in thy peoples' midst to day,
To clothe thy Word with power;
Thy grace and mercy now display,
In this accepted hour.

2 And while thy servant shall proclaim,
How full of grace Thou art;
May the sweet accents of thy name,
Soothe every stricken heart;
From bosoms fill'd with grief and shame,
Bid guilt and fear depart,

3 Almighty Saviour, sinner's friend,
O hear our fervent cries;
That we thy Word may comprehend,
And daily grow more wise,
May love and serve thee to the end,
Then to thy glory rise.

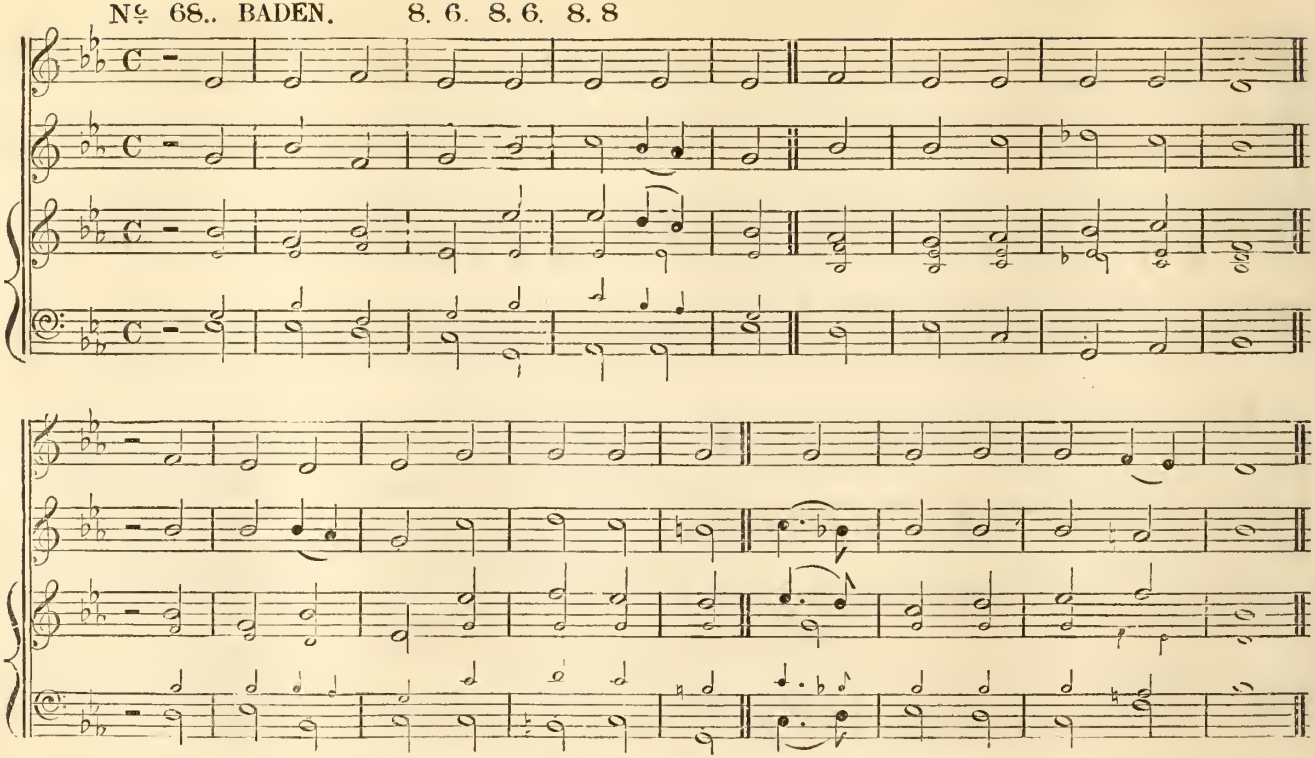
50.—C.M.P. *On taking up the Cross.*

1 Lord may I with a ready mind,
Take up my daily cross;
Cheerful to do thy righteous will,
Submissive suffer loss;
And count with joy for thy dear sake
What else were gain, but dross.

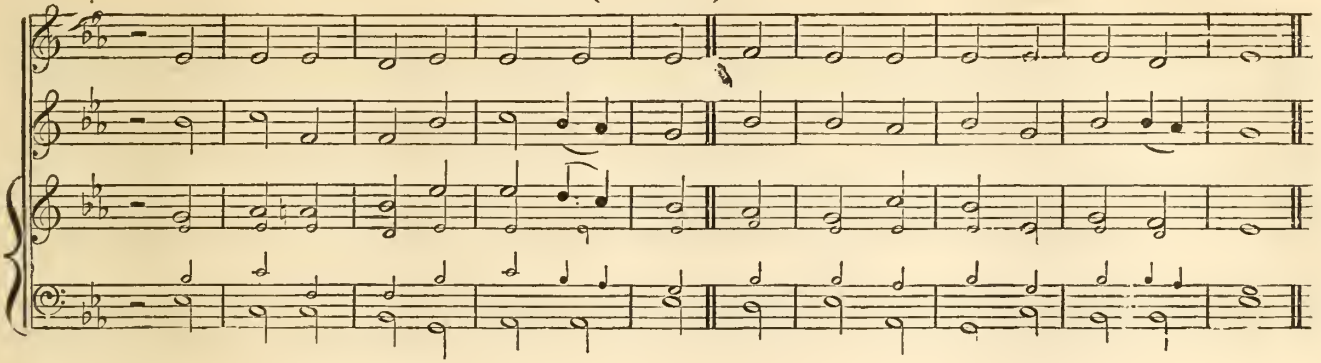
2 Beneath thy banner to abide,
Nor from the conflict flee;
Enough to know, my dearest Lord,
That Thou hast died for me;
Assured that even as my day,
My strength shall also be.

3 Thy grace, sufficient that upheld,
Thy suffering saints of old
Is given as needed, day by day,
Our goings to uphold,
And to that perfect will of thine,
Our wayward wills to mould.

4 O may we in thy grace be strong,
And keep our armour bright;
Gain help in every time of need,
And victory in the fight;
In mortal weakness perfect make,
Thine everlasting might.


N♮ 68.. BADEN. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8

BADEN (Continued.)



51.—8.6.8. *God the Helper of his people.*

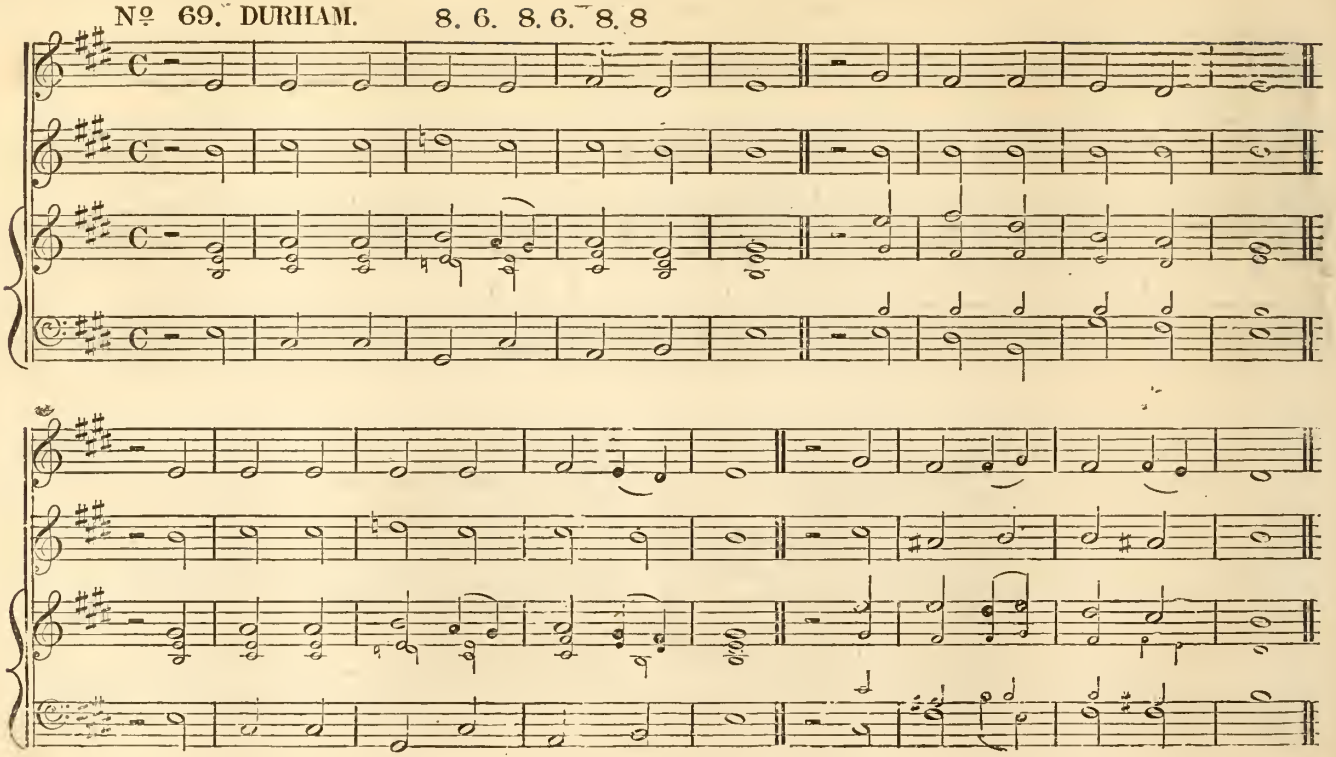
1 God is the city of our strength,
  Our hearts exulting cry;
He is our bulwark and defence,
  Our arms for victory,
He helps our souls through each distress,
That meets us in the wilderness.

2 By human strength and human skill,
  No glory-wreaths are won;
Abandoned to ourselves, we sink,
  In wretchedness undone;
While Satan our malignant foe,
With might and cunning seeks our woe.

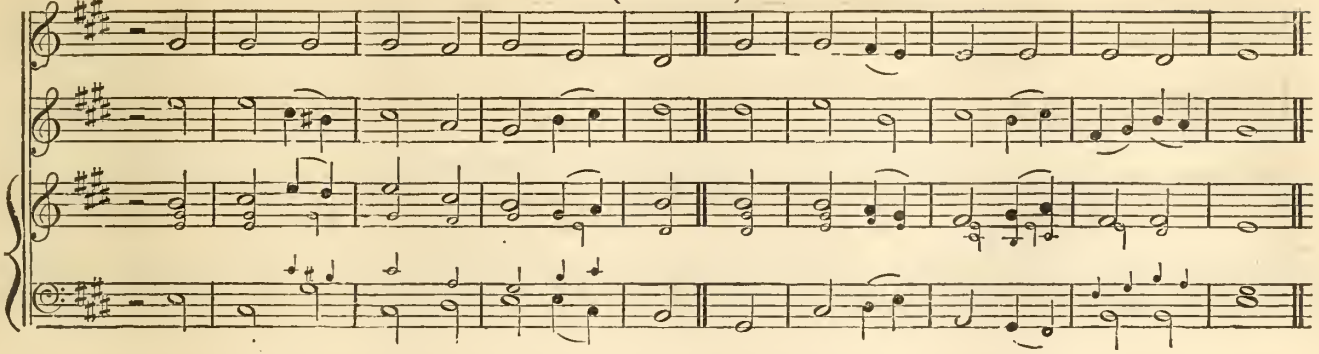
3 Yet in our cause a Champion stands,
  Mighty to save is He;
Through Him the weakest saint shall win
  A glorious victory;
Lord of Sabaoth! He alone,
With his own arm the field hath won.

4 The power of Satan's fiercest rage,
  Is fix'd by Heaven's decree;
Nor can he Christ's own sheep destroy,
  By force or strategy;
His boast is vain; a breath, a word
Subdues him—'tis the Spirit's sword.

5 Truth's word and cause unhurt shall stand,
  In spite of every foe;
The Lord himself is on our side,
  And He will help bestow.
His gifts of grace, his Spirit's power,
Are with us in the needful hour.


Nº 69. DURHAM. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8

DURHAM (Continued.)



52.—8.6.8. *The Family in Heaven and Earth, but One.*

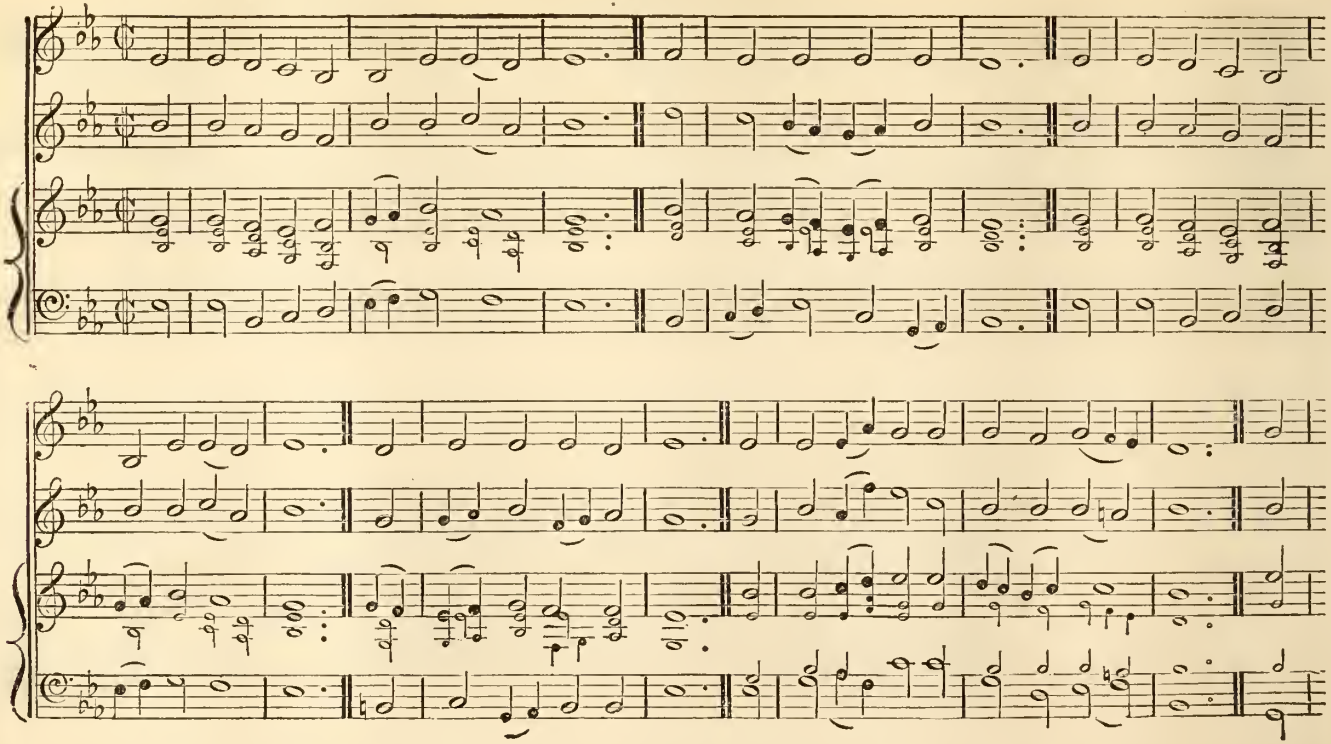
1 How sweet to think that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to him above,
And own his gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family.

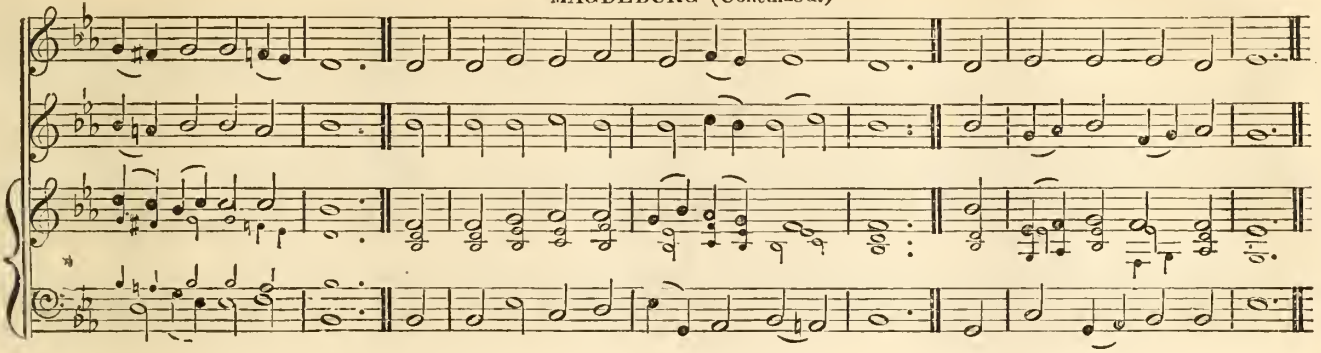
2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found,
In our fair peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.

3 Our Father, is the hallowed sound,
They breathe from day to day;
Trained by his love, their steps are found
In the same heavenward way,
Their joys are one—alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile cheers.

4. Yes, they are one—though some we know
Have reached the home of love;
But those who yet remain below,
Are one with those above,
In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there.

№ 70. MAGDEBURG. 9.6. 9.6. 9.6. 9.6.





53.—9.6.—*Resignation.*

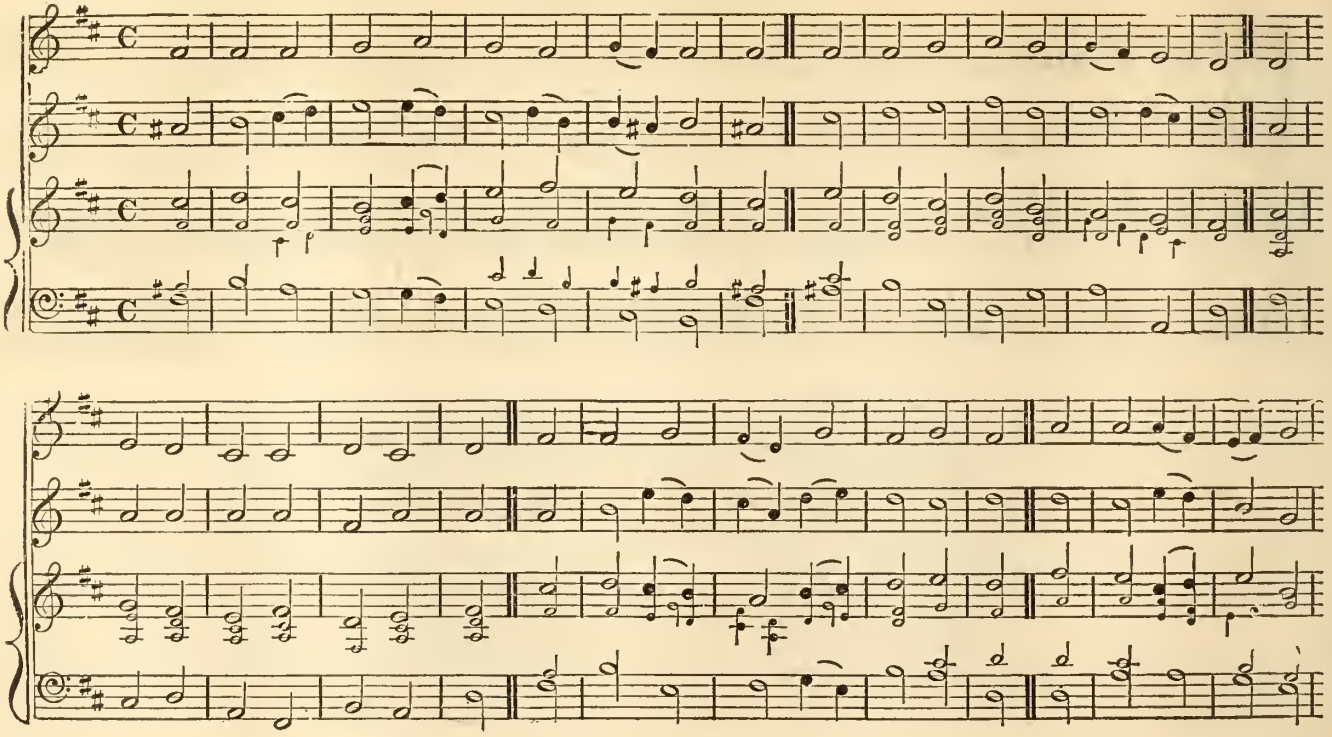
1 O Thou who tender mercy showest
To all that fear thy name;
Whose every pain and grief Thou knowest,
And all their feeble frame.
While at thy footstool shame confessing,
With guilt and fear opprest;
With more than parent's love caressing,
Thou'lt fold them to thy breast.

2 May thy Paternal love uphold us
Through all life's troublous way;
Still closer to thy bosom fold us,
Lest we should from Thee stray.
And may we in our pains and sorrow,
Dear Saviour, day by day,
Sweet comfort from thy sufferings borrow,
And patient wait and pray.

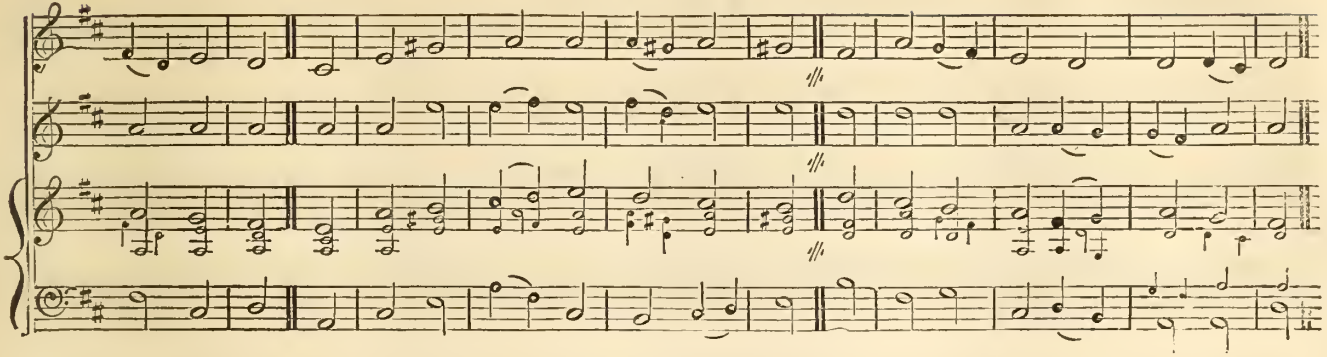
3 Thus mindful of thy meek enduring
Under each cruel wrong,
While life in death for us procuring,
As on the Cross Thou hung.
Not shrinking from thy bitterest cup
The Father gave to Thee,
Patient, resigned, to drink it up,
From wrath to set us free.

4 Thus quietly, and unrepining,
May we each cross endure,
Into thy hand ourselves resigning,
And find—the promise sure—
That we shall know and feel Thee near us,
To shield us by thy power,
And with thy rod and staff to cheer us,
In life's last suffering hour.

Nº 71. COBURG. 10. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.



COBURG (Continued.)



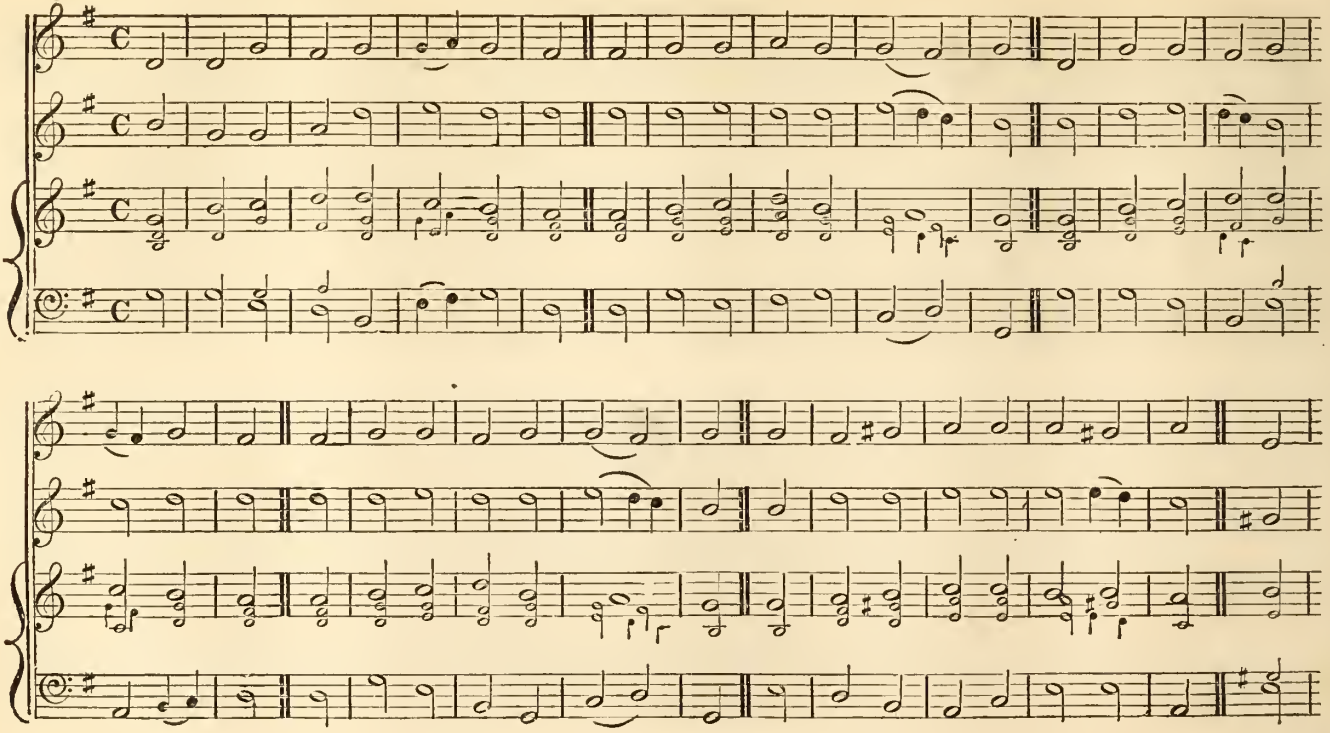
54.—10-8. *Devotion.*

1 Lo! God is here let all our souls adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And humbly bow before his face:
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with rev'rence love.

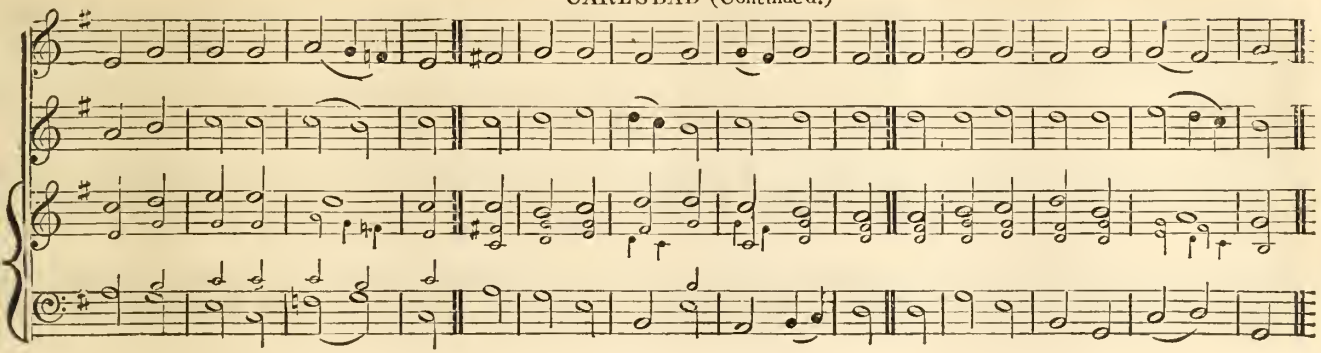
2 Lo; God is in this place; Him day & night
In solemn choir the angels sing:
To Him, enthron'd above all height,
With sacred joy their praises bring:
Disdain not Lord our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a falt'ring tongue.

3 O Thou Eternal Being! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill,
Still may we stand before thy face;
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
And prove accepted sacrifice.

Nº 72. CARLSBAD. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.



CARLSBAD (Continued.)

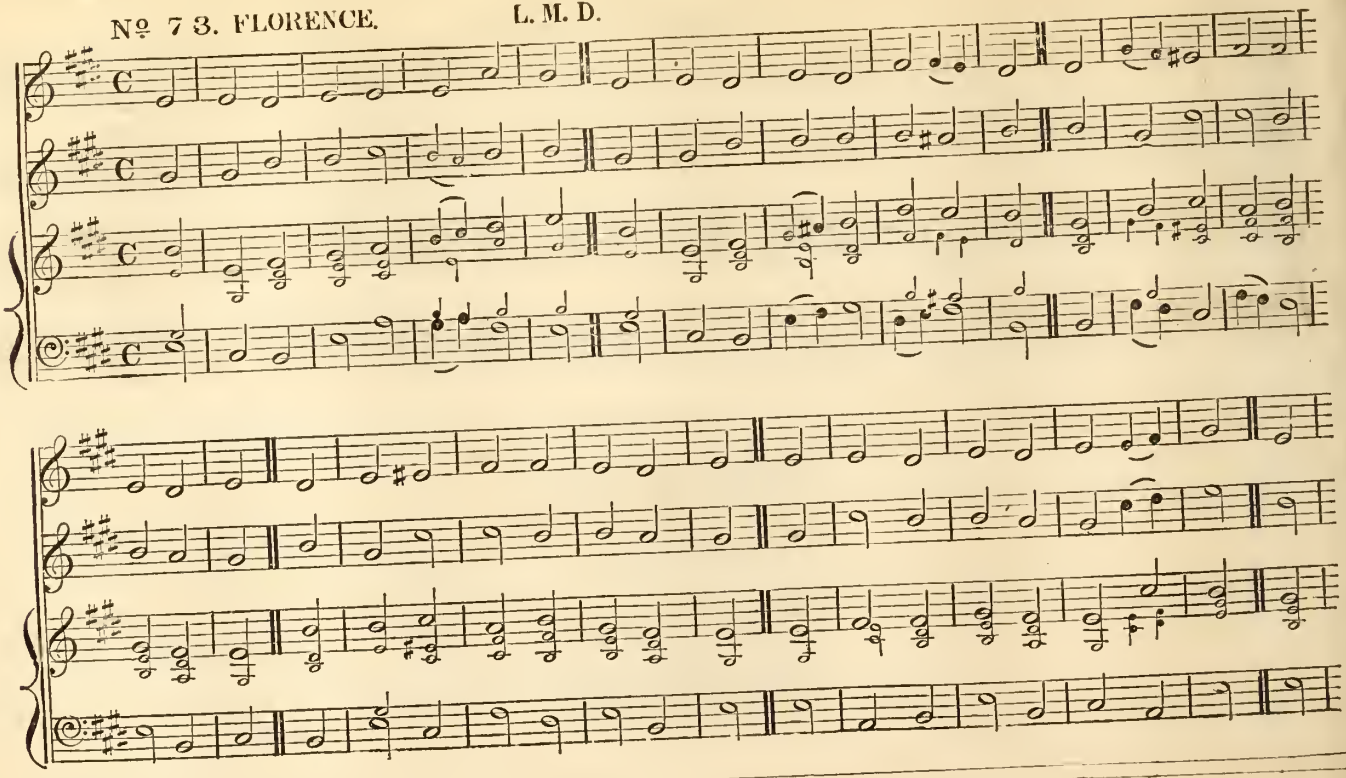


55.—8.7. *Treasures in Heaven.*

1 O lay not up upon this earth
Your hopes, your joys, your treasure,
Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path,
And blights each opening pleasure;
Here moths corrupt, here rust destroys,
And thieves are oft invading,—
Above are found eternal joys,
And bowers of bliss unfading.

2 O thither let your souls arise,
Your warmest hopes be tending;
With eager grasp, pursue the prize
Where angel-forms are bending.
Faith's joys, like dew-drops, fade away,
Like clouds its visions vanish,—
Above, no night can chase the day,
Those joys no change can banish.

Nº 73. FLORENCE. L. M. D.



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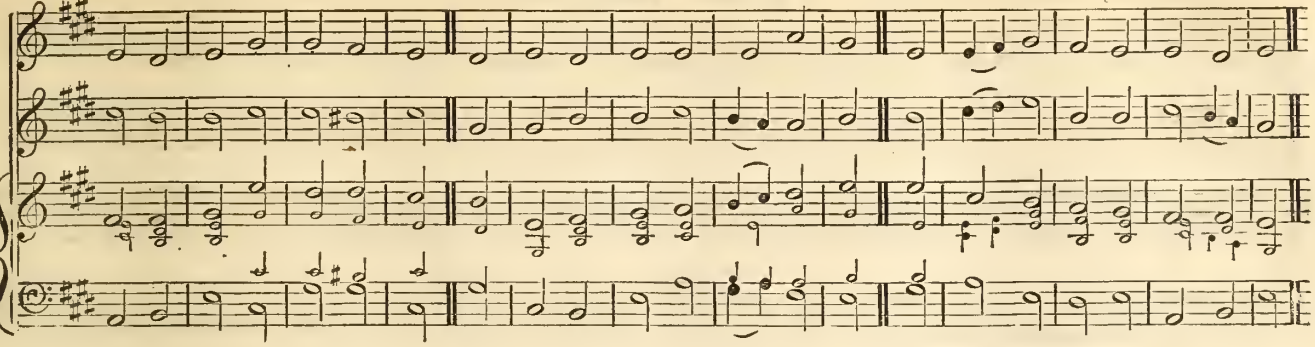


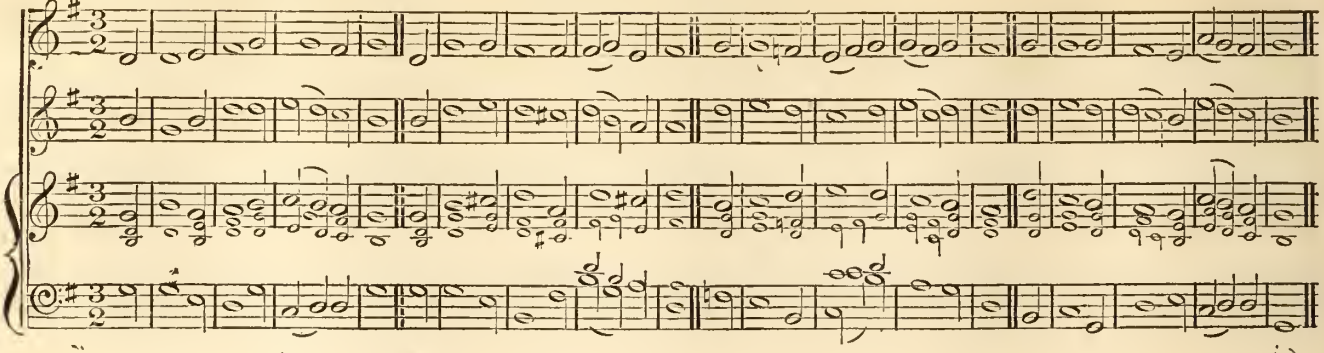
213.—L.M.D.

Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy Word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
Though we are guilty, Thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

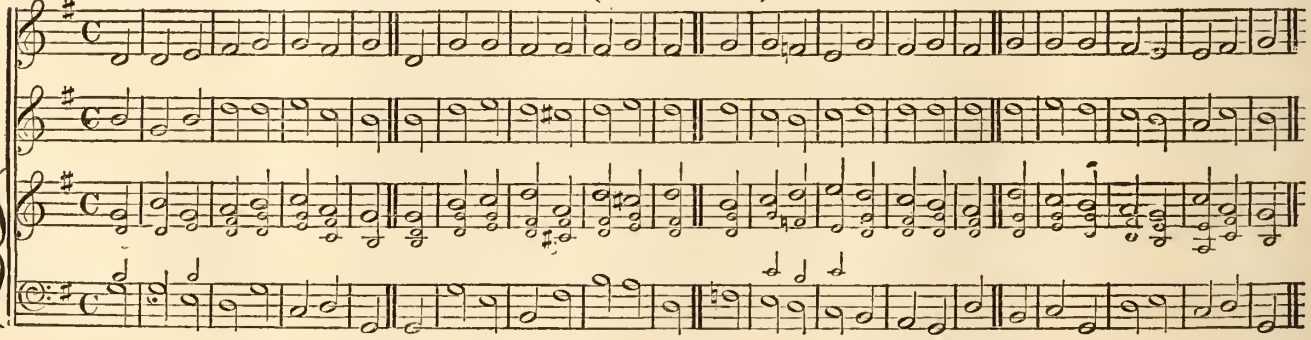
214.—L.M.D.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attend thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

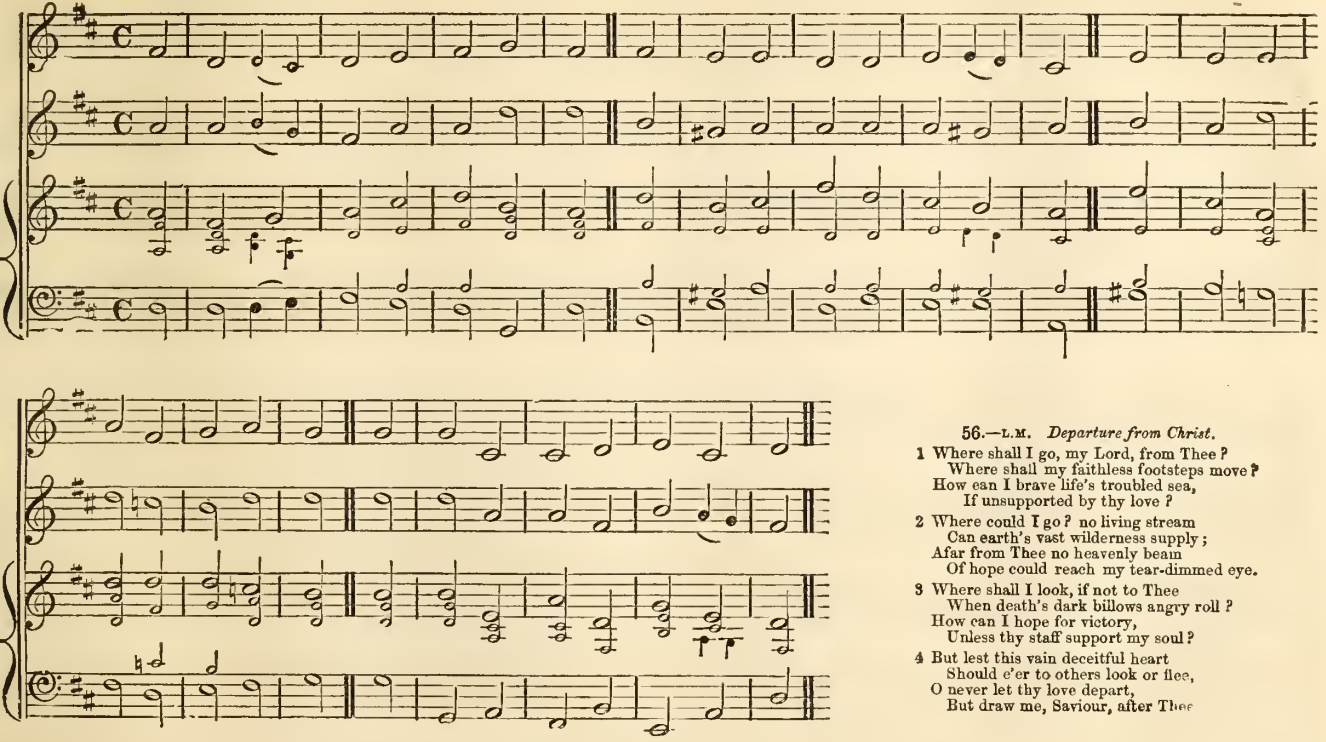
Nº 74. ANGELS' HYMN. L. M. (Triple Time.)



Nº 75. ANGELS' HYMN. L. M. (Common Time.)



Nº 76. ANTWERP. L. M.



56.—L.M. *Departure from Christ.*

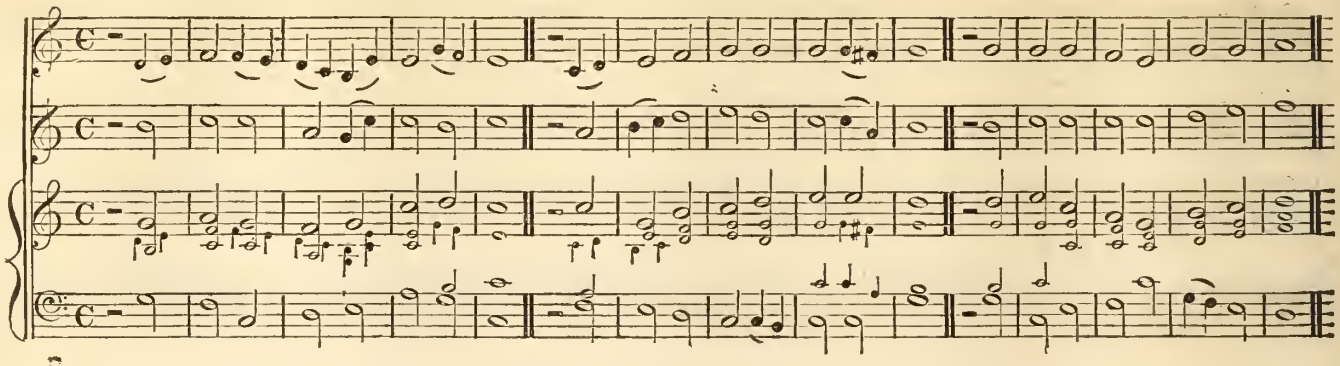
1 Where shall I go, my Lord, from Thee?
Where shall my faithless footsteps move?
How can I brave life's troubled sea,
If unsupported by thy love?

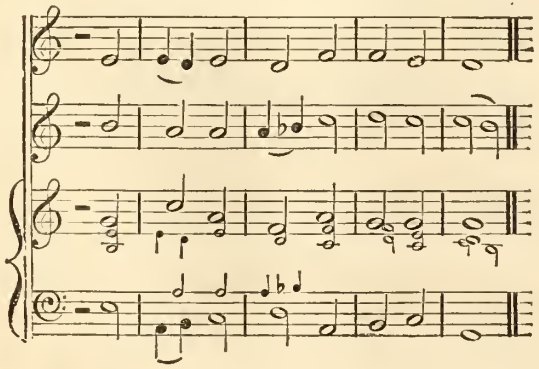
2 Where could I go? no living stream
Can earth's vast wilderness supply;
Afar from Thee no heavenly beam
Of hope could reach my tear-dimmed eye.

3 Where shall I look, if not to Thee
When death's dark billows angry roll?
How can I hope for victory,
Unless thy staff support my soul?

4 But lest this vain deceitful heart
Should e'er to others look or flee,
O never let thy love depart,
But draw me, Saviour, after Thee

Nº 77. AUGSBURG. L. M.





69.—L.M. *The Universal Praise-Song.*

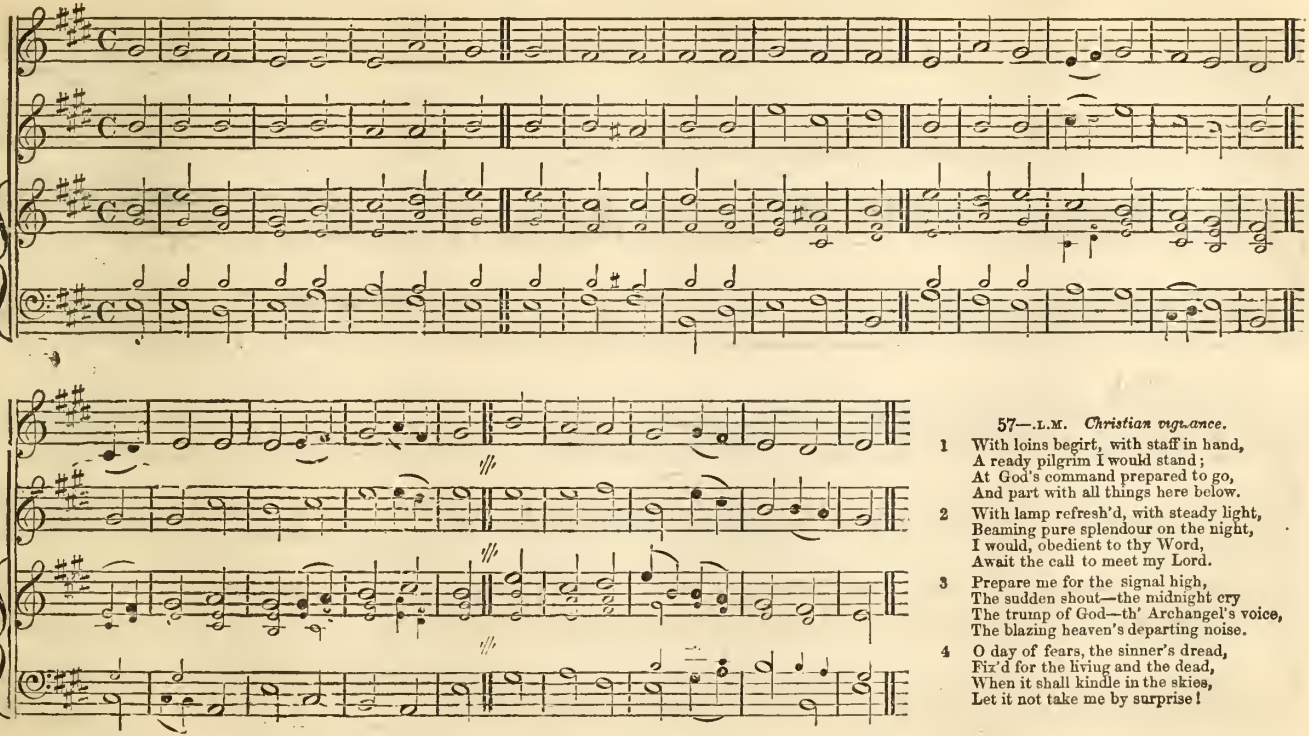
1 Thee we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord:
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee alond all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens, and all the Powers therein.

3 The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell th' immortal song:
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of Hosts! they sing:
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

Nº 78. BARNSTAPLE. L. M.



57—L.M. *Christian vigilance.*

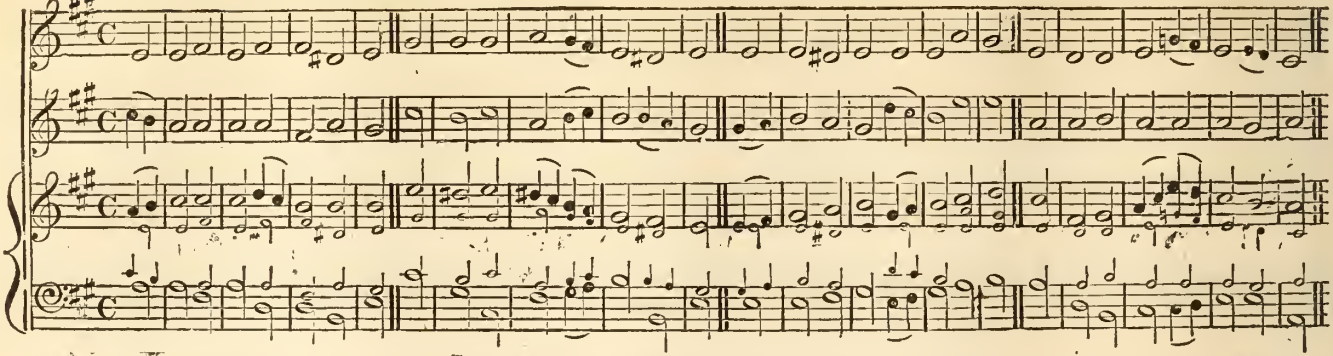
1 With loins begirt, with staff in hand,
A ready pilgrim I would stand;
At God's command prepared to go,
And part with all things here below.

2 With lamp refresh'd, with steady light,
Beaming pure splendour on the night,
I would, obedient to thy Word,
Await the call to meet my Lord.

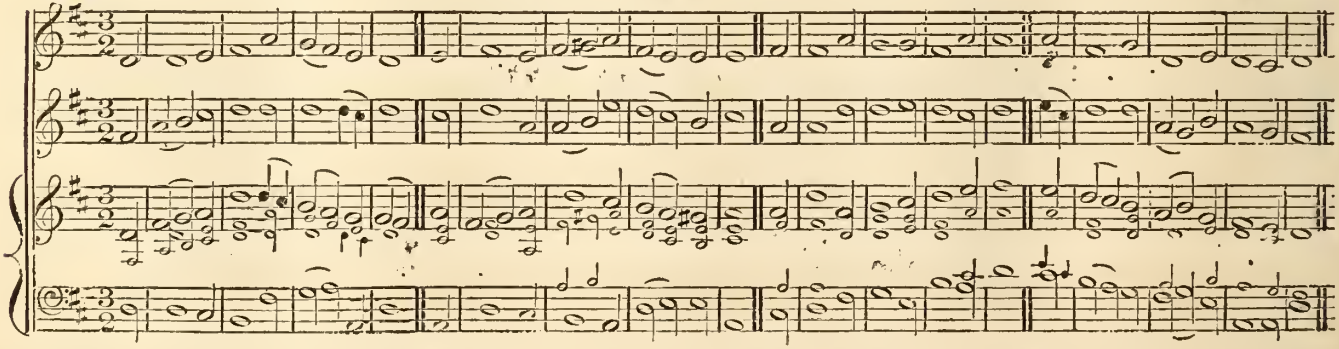
3 Prepare me for the signal high,
The sudden shout—the midnight cry
The trump of God—th' Archangel's voice,
The blazing heaven's departing noise.

4 O day of fears, the sinner's dread,
Fix'd for the living and the dead,
When it shall kindle in the skies,
Let it not take me by surprise!

Nº 79 BARTHELEMON'S TUNE. L. M.



Nº 80. BEREA. L. M.



60.—L.M. *Sabbath Evening.*

1 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 Season of rest, the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

3 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod,
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

61.—L.M. *Intercession of Christ.*

1 Where high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A Great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 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.

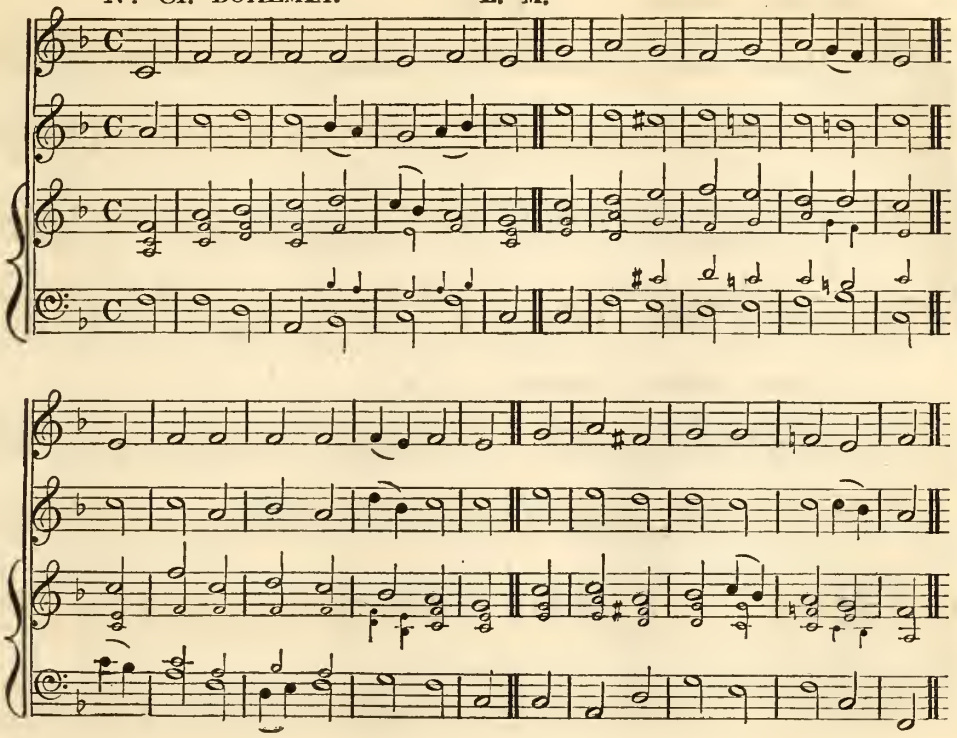
3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

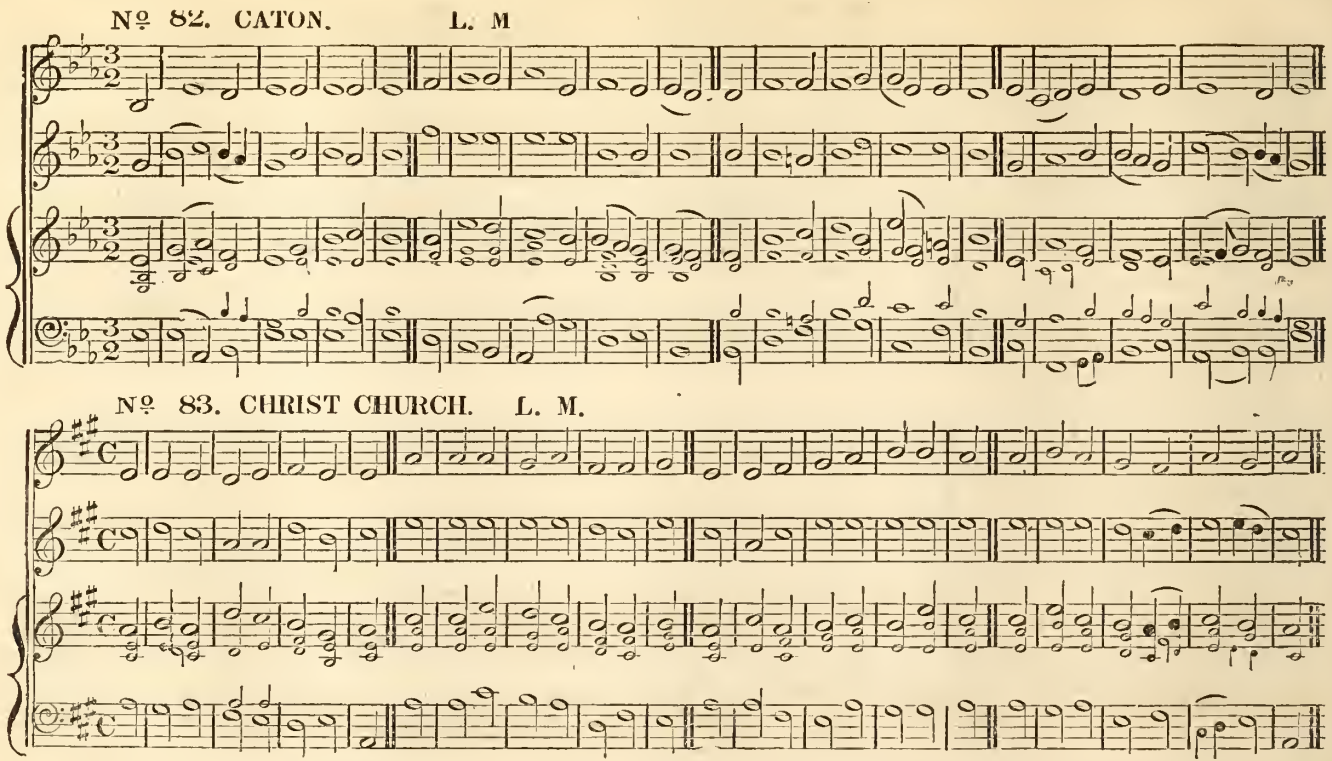
4 Our fellow-Suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

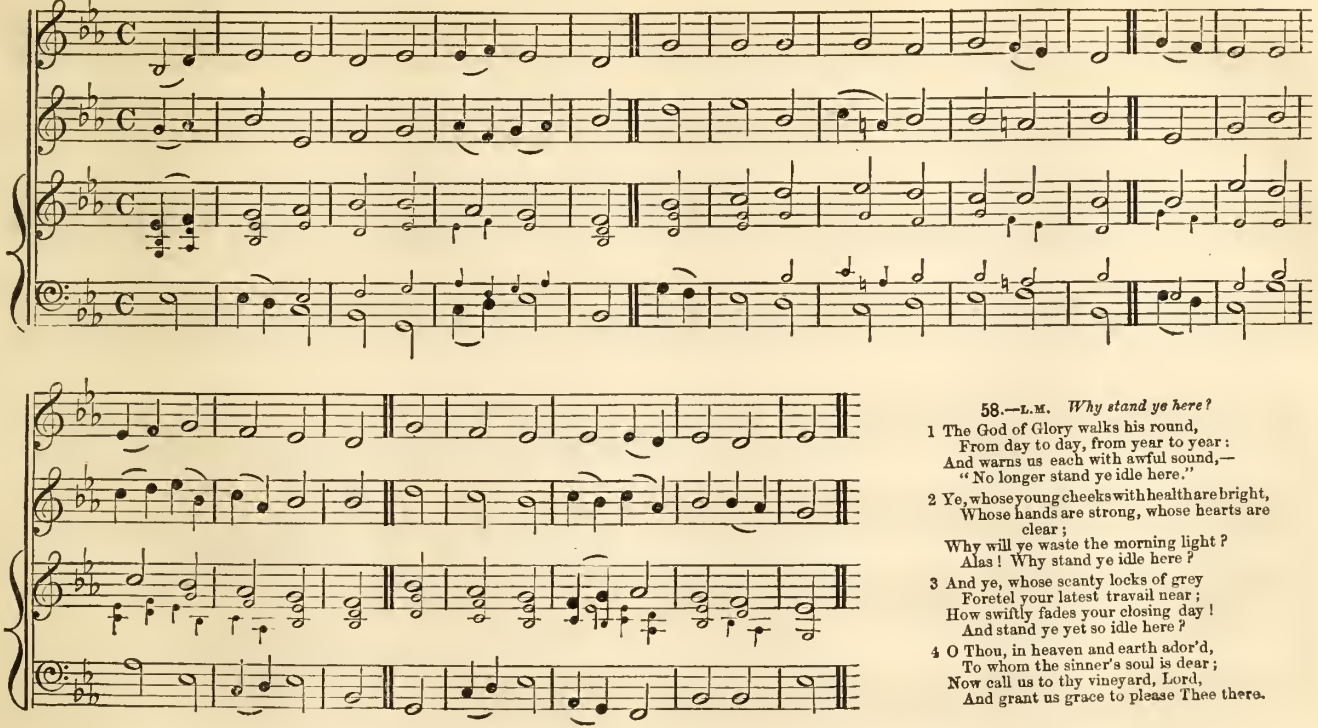
With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of Heav'nly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Nº 81. BOHEMIA. L. M.




Nº 82. CATON. L. M
Nº 83. CHRIST CHURCH. L. M.

Nº 84. EISENACH. L. M.



58.—L.M. *Why stand ye here?*

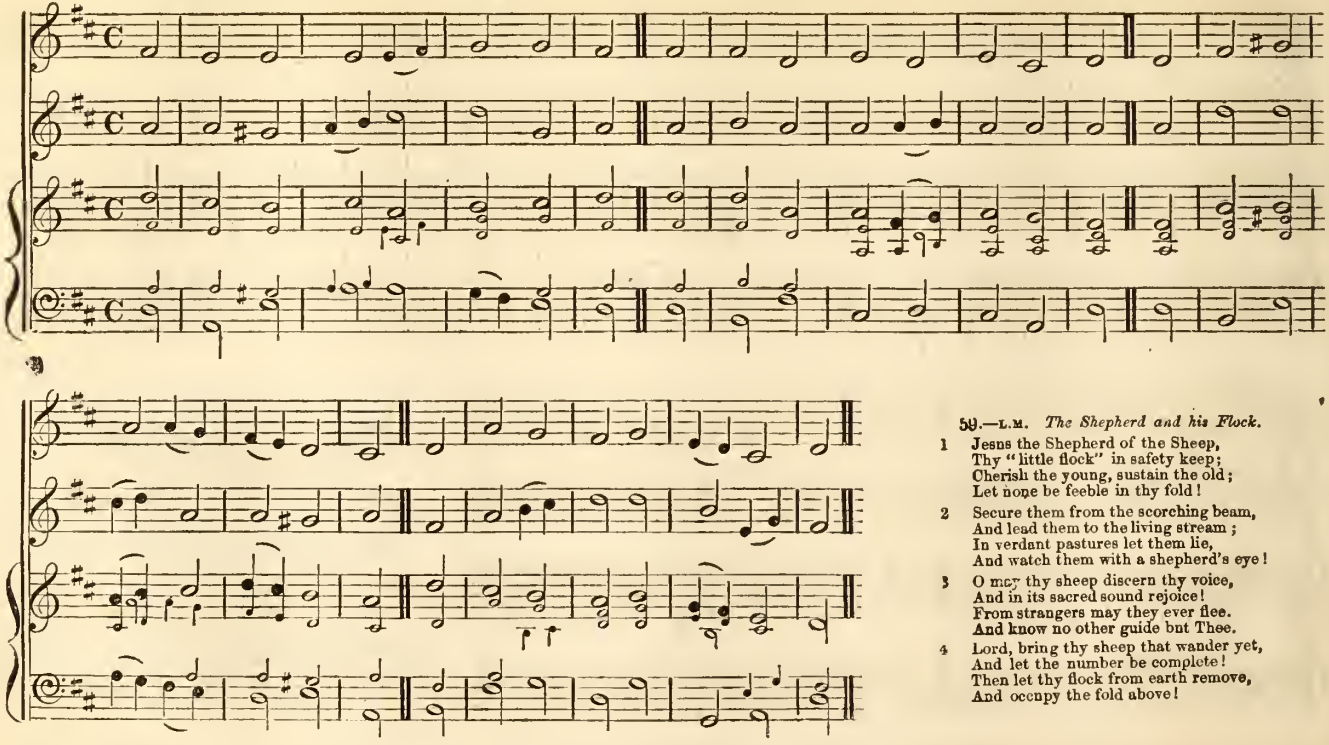
1 The God of Glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year:
And warns us each with awful sound,—
"No longer stand ye idle here."

2 Ye, whose young cheeks with health are bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear;
Why will ye waste the morning light?
Alas! Why stand ye idle here?

3 And ye, whose scanty locks of grey
Foretel your latest travail near;
How swiftly fades your closing day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?

4 O Thou, in heaven and earth ador'd,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear;
Now call us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please Thee there.

Nº 85. HALLE. L. M.



59.—L.M. *The Shepherd and his Flock.*

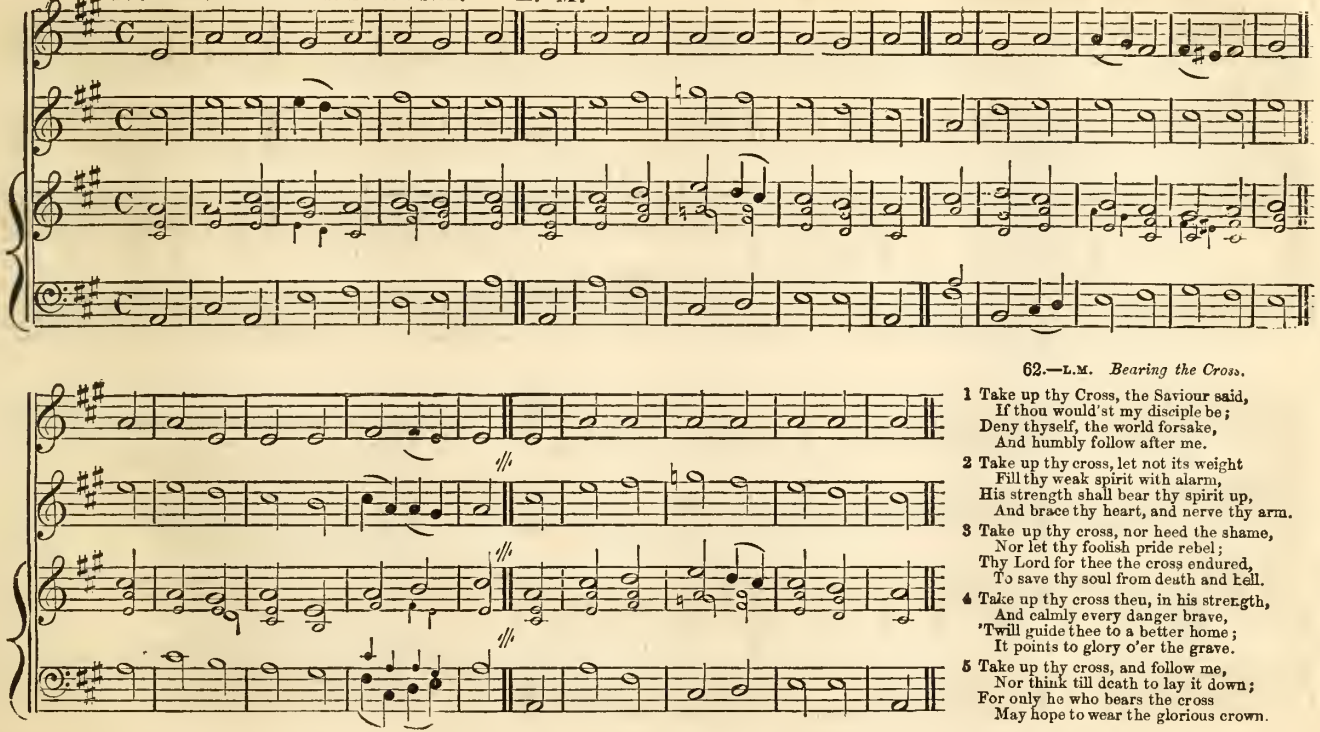
1 Jesus the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Thy "little flock" in safety keep;
Cherish the young, sustain the old;
Let none be feeble in thy fold!

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye!

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

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete!
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above!

Nº 86. LUTHER'S TUNE. L. M.



62.—L.M. *Bearing the Cross.*

1 Take up thy Cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

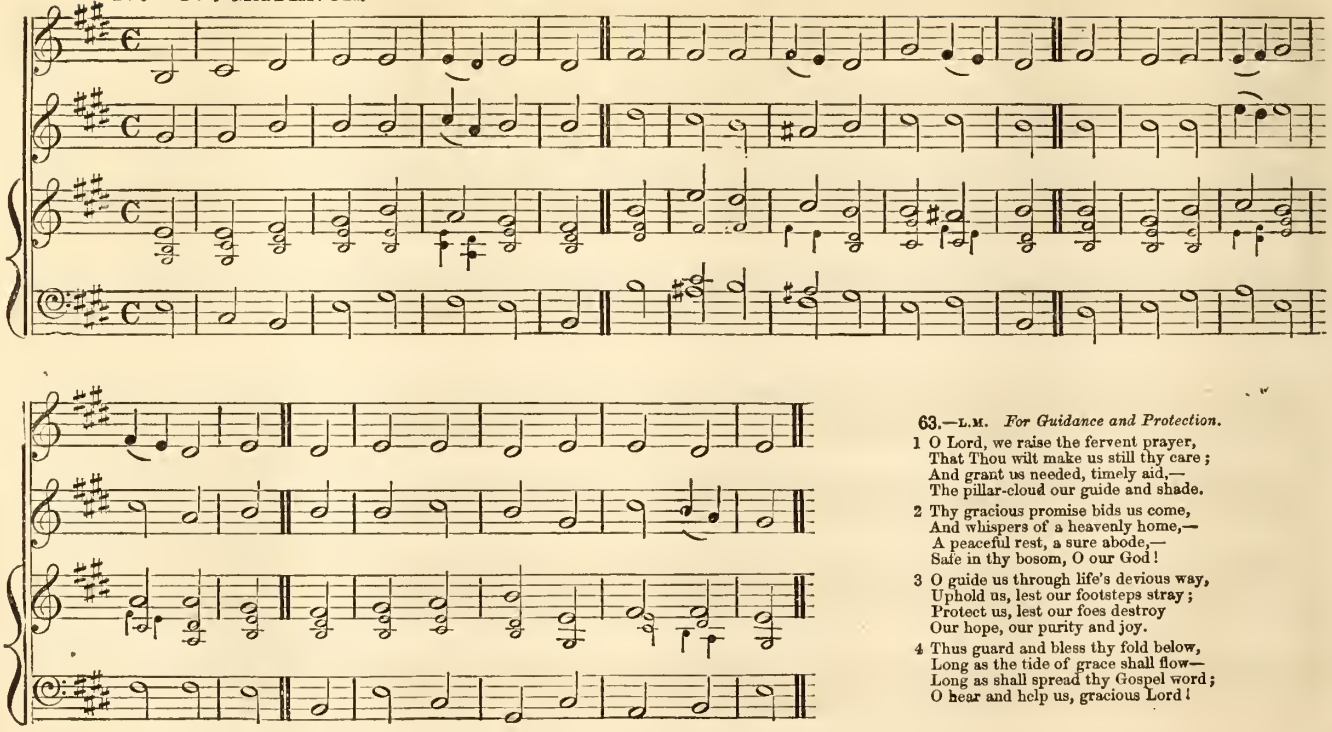
2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm,
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.

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

4 Take up thy cross then, in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave,
'Twill guide thee to a better home;
It points to glory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Nº 87. MAYENCE. L. M.



63.—L.M. *For Guidance and Protection.*

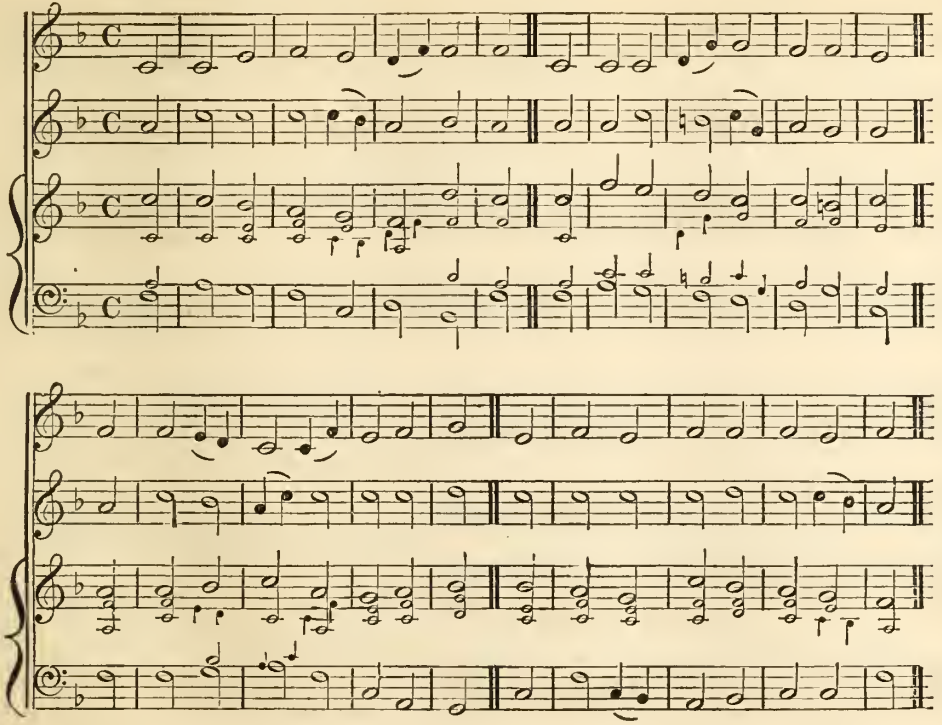
1 O Lord, we raise the fervent prayer,
That Thou wilt make us still thy care;
And grant us needed, timely aid,—
The pillar-cloud our guide and shade.

2 Thy gracious promise bids us come,
And whispers of a heavenly home,—
A peaceful rest, a sure abode,—
Safe in thy bosom, O our God!

3 O guide us through life's devious way,
Uphold us, lest our footsteps stray;
Protect us, lest our foes destroy
Our hope, our purity and joy.

4 Thus guard and bless thy fold below,
Long as the tide of grace shall flow—
Long as shall spread thy Gospel word;
O hear and help us, gracious Lord!

Nº 88. MELCOMBE. L M.



64.—L.M. *The Sabbath.*

1 This is the day the Lord hath blest;
The day to us in mercy given;
The Holy Sabbath of his rest;
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 Lord in thy praises we would join;
To Thee devote this sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign;
Look up to heaven, and learn the way.

3 May we by every Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love;
And thus thy holy rest below
Shall fit us for thy rest above.

65.—L.M. *The Cross.*

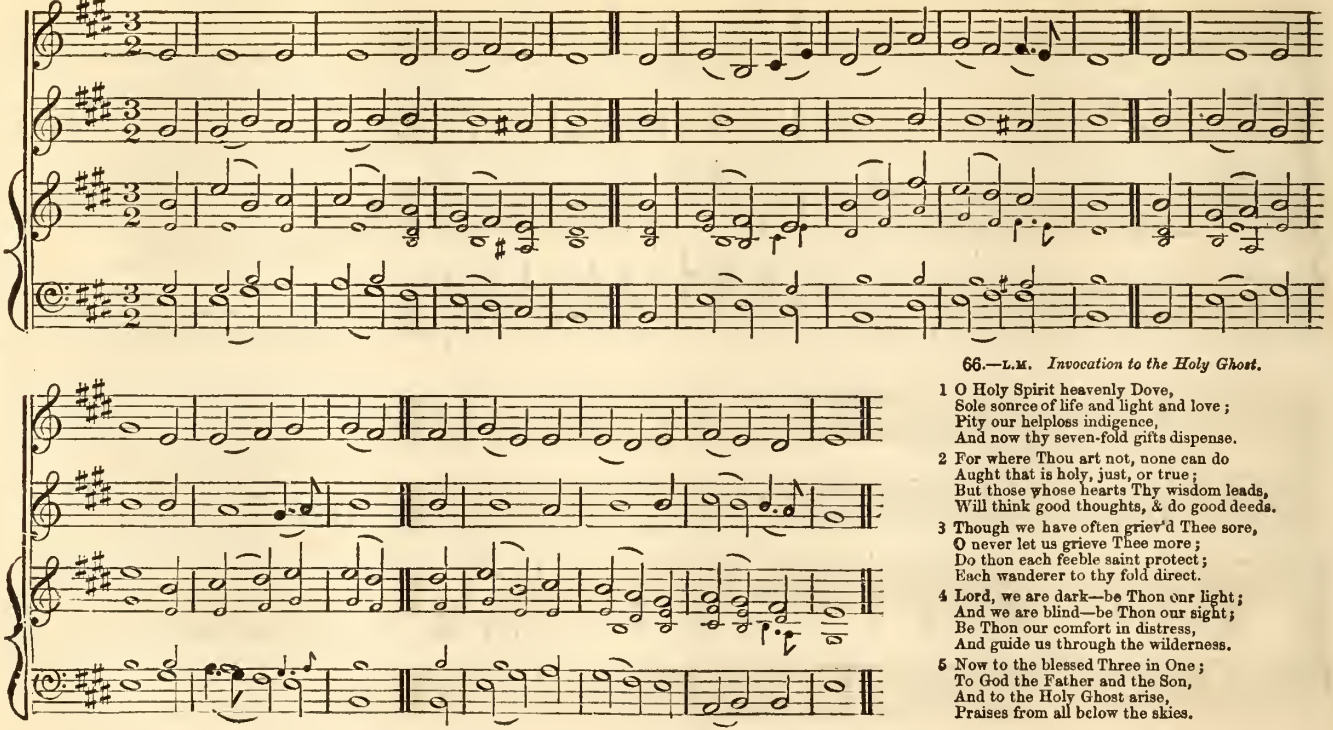
1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscrib'd upon the cross, we see,
In shining letters, "God is love!"
He bore our sins upon the tree,
And brought us mercy from above.

3 The cross!—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup—

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.—

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.



66.—L.M. *Invocation to the Holy Ghost.*

1 O Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,
Sole sonrce of life and light and love;
Pity our helploss indigence,
And now thy seven-fold gifts dispense.

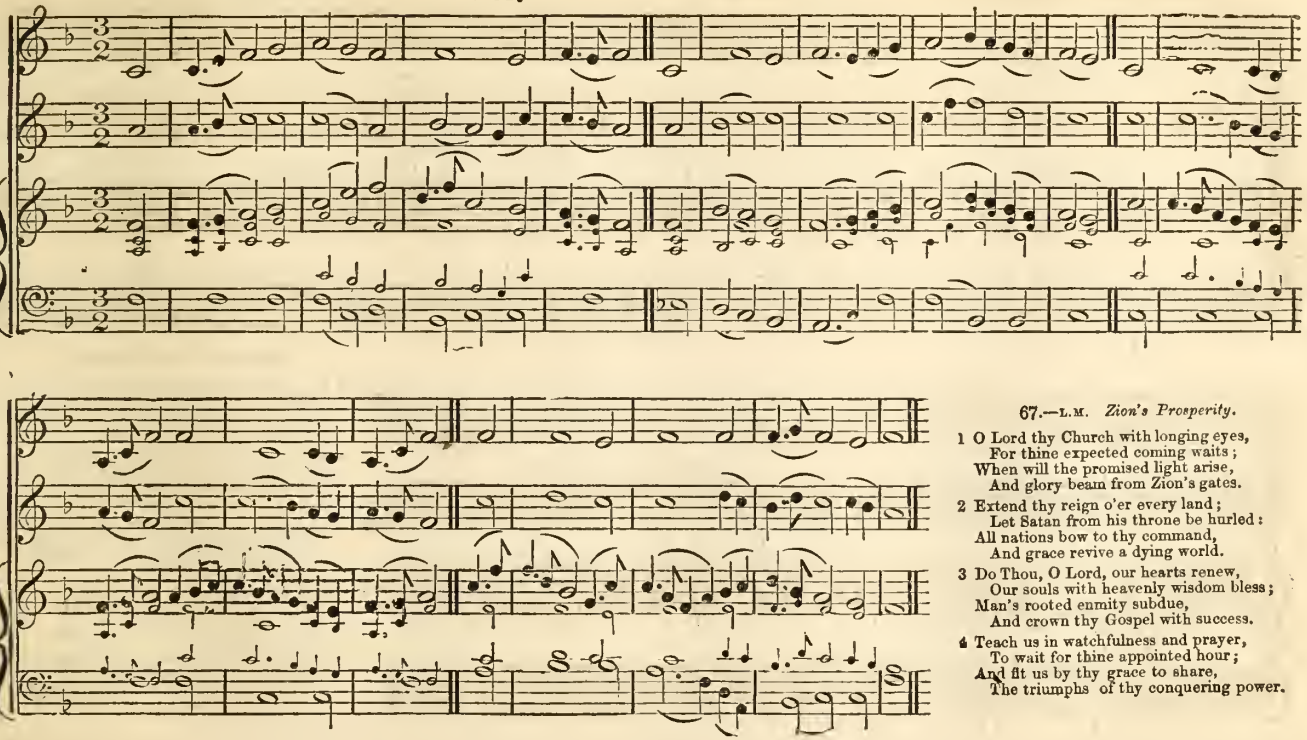
2 For where Thou art not, none can do
Aught that is holy, just, or true;
But those whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
Will think good thoughts, & do good deeds.

3 Though we have often griev'd Thee sore,
O never let us grieve Thee more;
Do thon each feeble saint protect;
Each wanderer to thy fold direct.

4 Lord, we are dark—be Thon our light;
And we are blind—be Thon our sight;
Be Thon our comfort in distress,
And guide us through the wilderness.

5 Now to the blessed Three in One;
To God the Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost arise,
Praises from all below the skies.

Nº 90. NAPLES. L. M.



67.—L.M. *Zion's Prosperity.*

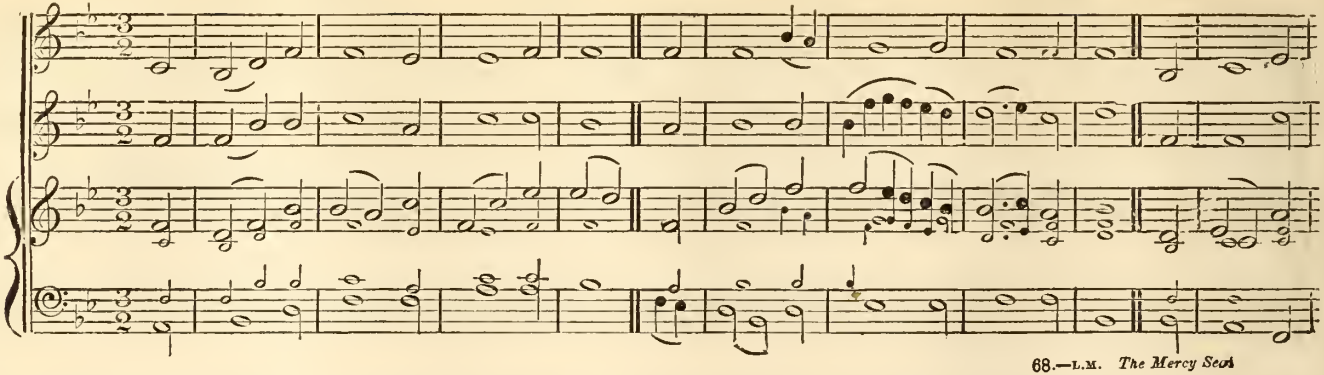
1 O Lord thy Church with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates.

2 Extend thy reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled:
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

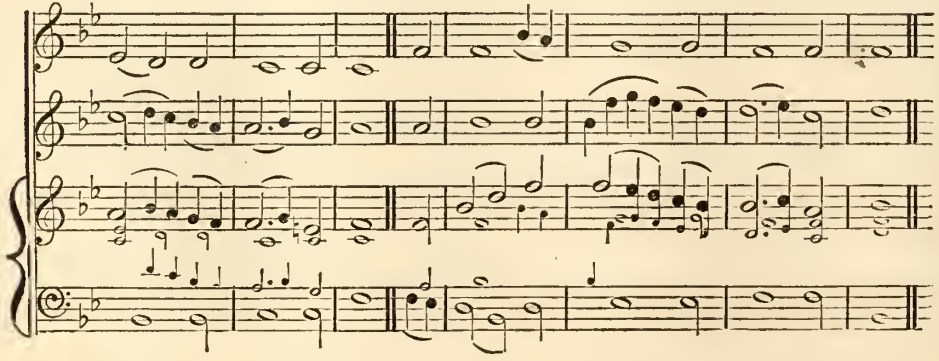
3 Do Thou, O Lord, our hearts renew,
Our souls with heavenly wisdom bless;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share,
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

Nº 91. NEAPOLIS. L. M.



68.—L.M. *The Mercy Seat*



1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
Tho Saviour, on his mercy seat.

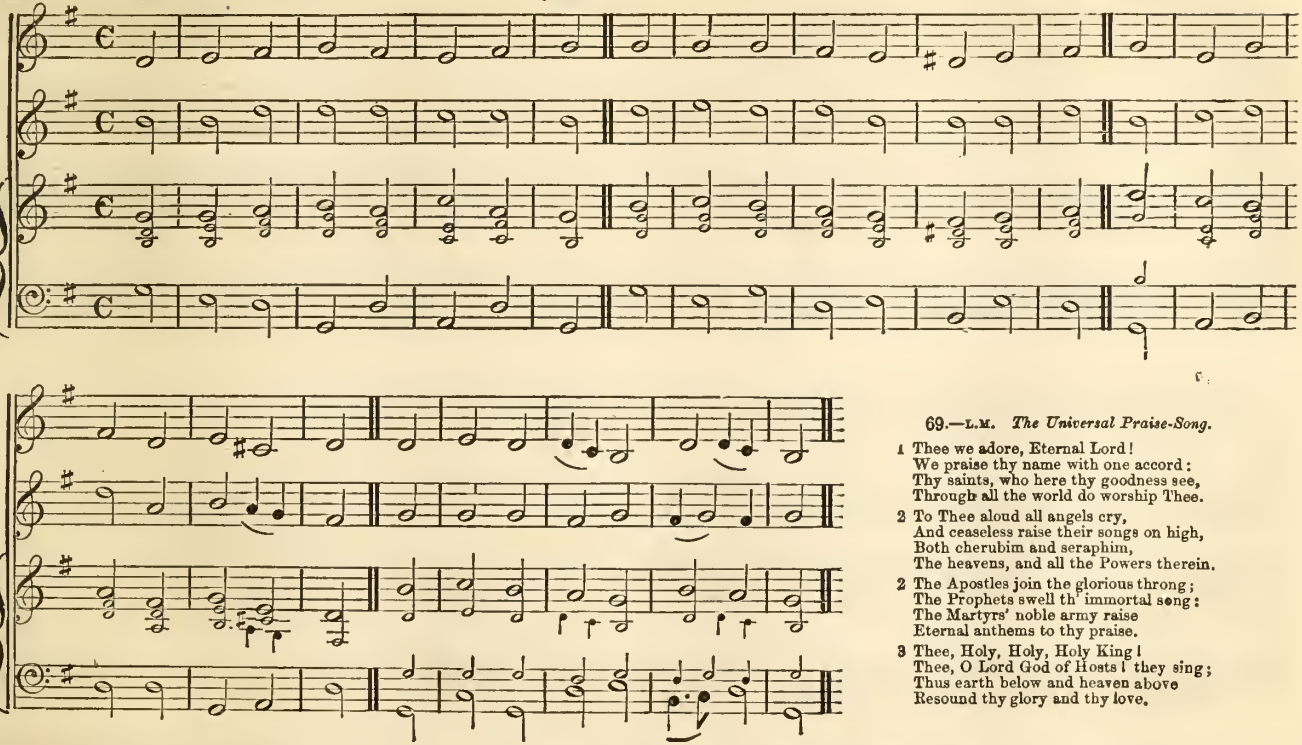
2 He welcomes sinners there, and sheds
The Holy Spirit on their heads;
And gives with God communion sweet,
At this, the blood-stained mercy seat.

3 This is the place where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagle wing we'd soar,
Till time and sense appear no more;
All heaven come down our souls to greet,
And glory crown thy mercy seat.

Nº 92. NORMANDY. L. M.



69.—L.M. *The Universal Praise-Song.*

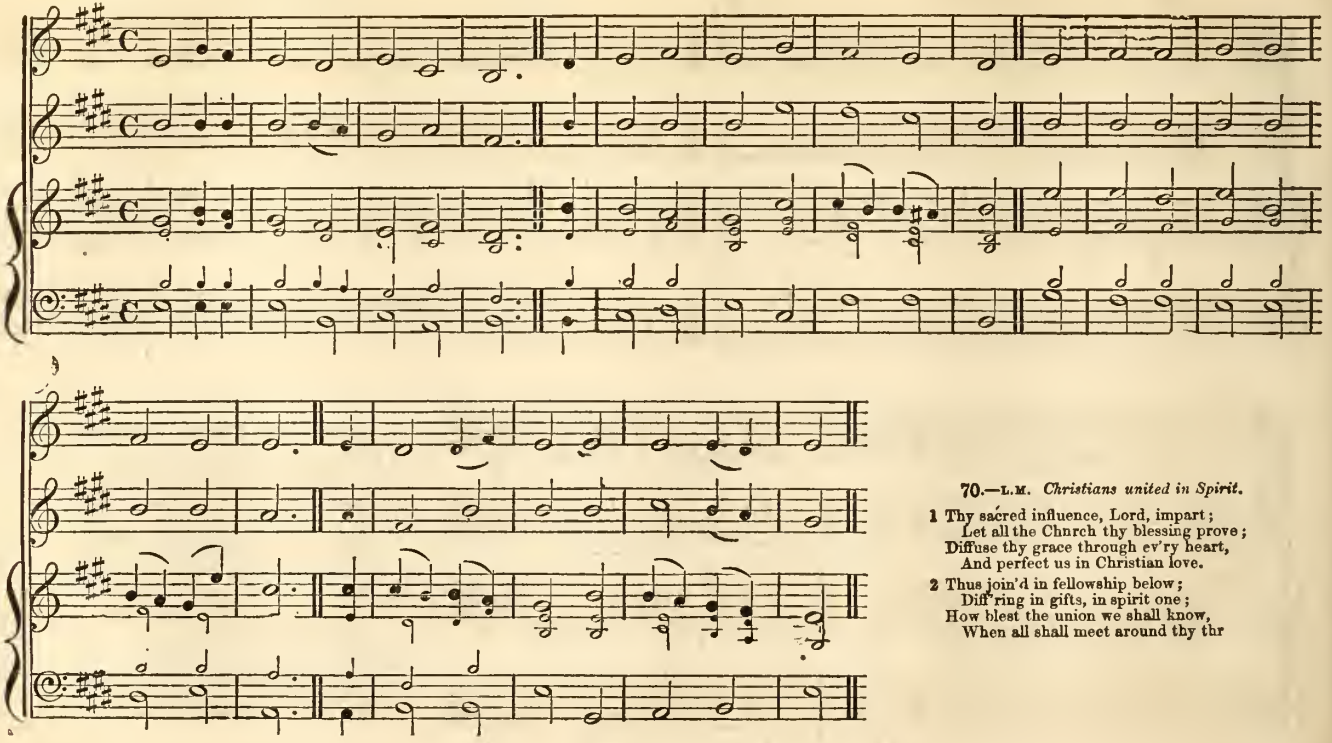
1 Thee we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord:
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens, and all the Powers therein.

2 The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell th' immortal song:
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

3 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of Hosts! they sing;
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

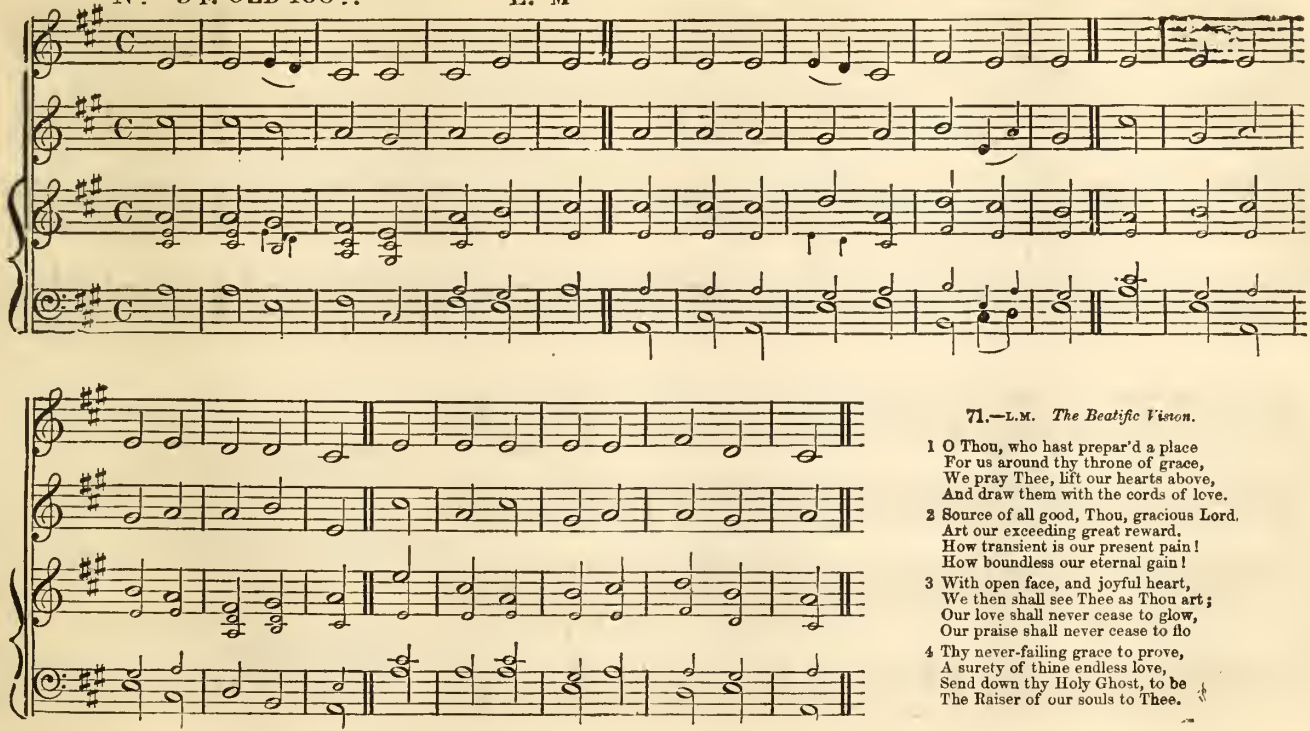
Nº 93. OLDHAM. L. M.



70.—L.M. *Christians united in Spirit.*

1 Thy sacred influence, Lord, impart;
Let all the Chnrch thy blessing prove;
Diffuse thy grace through ev'ry heart,
And perfect us in Christian love.

2 Thus join'd in fellowship below;
Diff'ring in gifts, in spirit one;
How blest the union we shall know,
When all shall meet around thy thr



71.—L.M. *The Beatific Vision.*

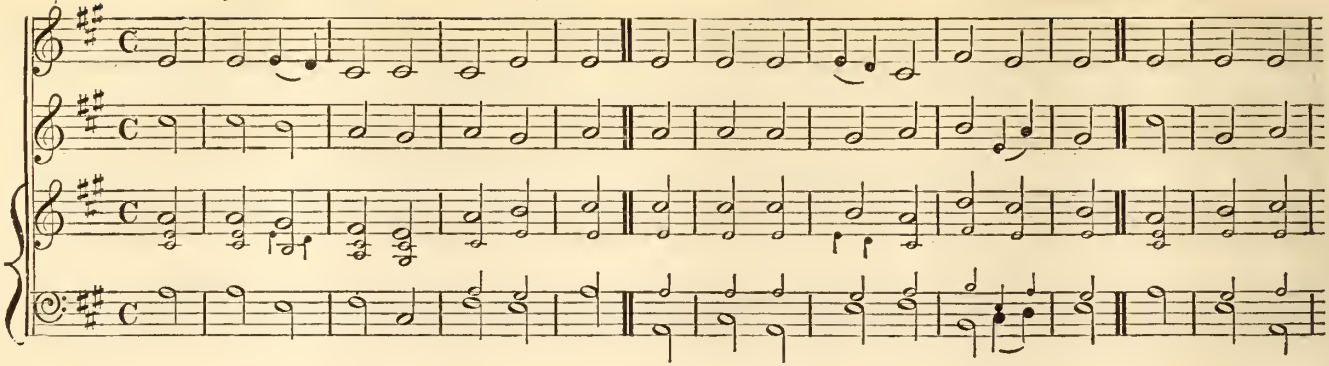
1 O Thou, who hast prepar'd a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

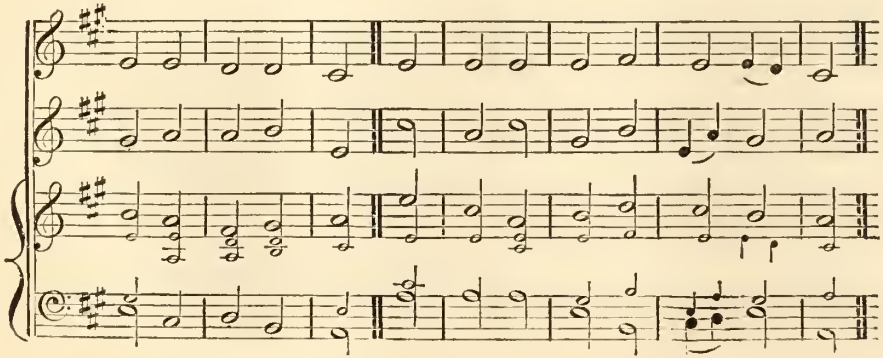
2 Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward,
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

3 With open face, and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flo

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

Nº 95. OLD 100th L. M.





72.—L.M. *The Sinner Warned.*

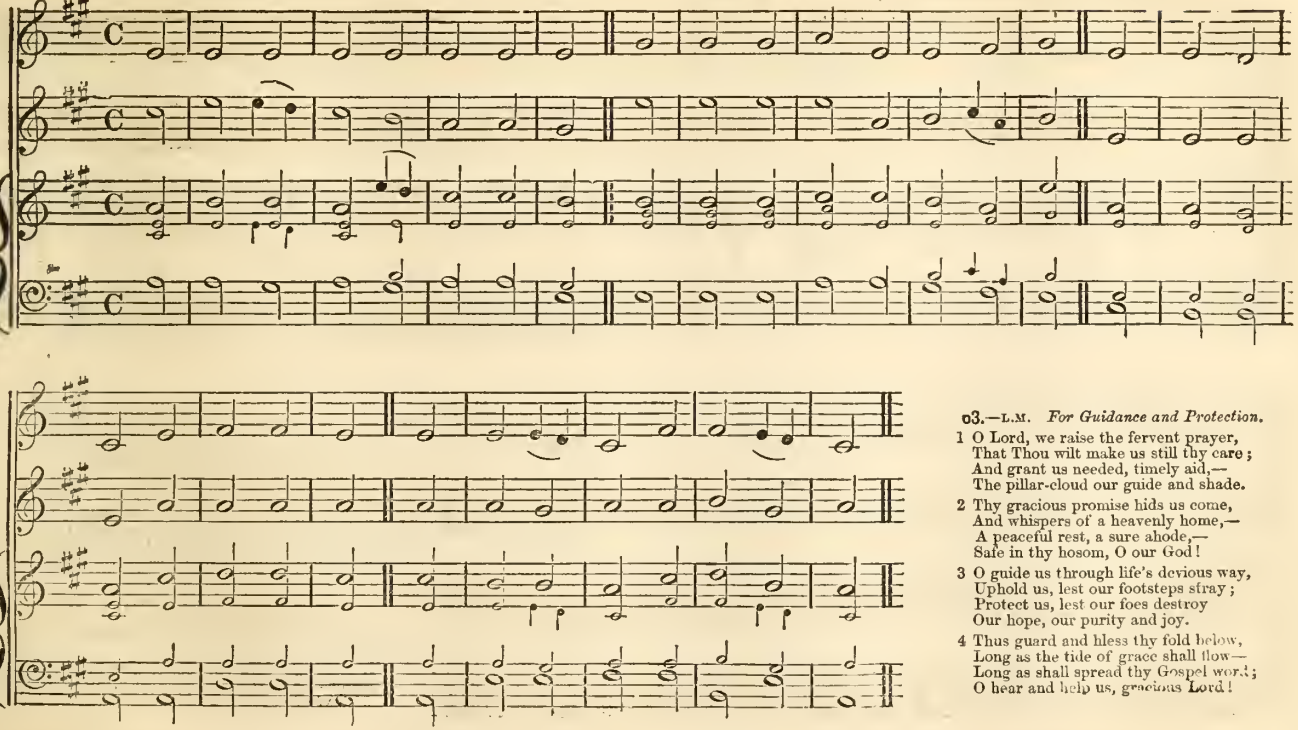
1 Sinner, hath not a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control!

2 Hath it not met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity;
And, pointing to the coming wratn,
Warn'd thee from that dread wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Oh heed the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind!
That call no longer dare to slight;
Seek now, and mercy you shall find.

Nº 96. OLDCASTLE. L. M



93.—L.M. *For Guidance and Protection.*

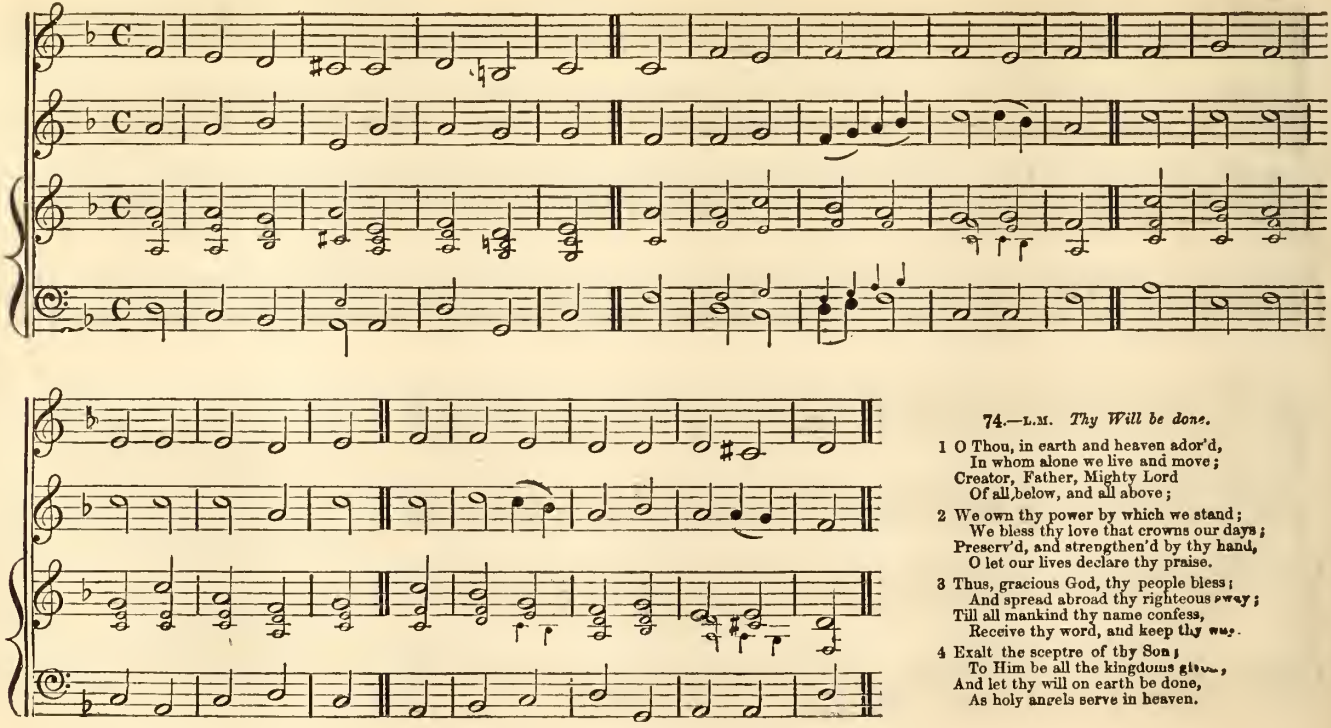
1 O Lord, we raise the fervent prayer,
That Thou wilt make us still thy care;
And grant us needed, timely aid,—
The pillar-cloud our guide and shade.

2 Thy gracious promise bids us come,
And whispers of a heavenly home,—
A peaceful rest, a sure abode,—
Safe in thy bosom, O our God!

3 O guide us through life's devious way,
Uphold us, lest our footsteps stray;
Protect us, lest our foes destroy
Our hope, our purity and joy.

4 Thus guard and bless thy fold below,
Long as the tide of grace shall flow—
Long as shall spread thy Gospel word;
O hear and help us, gracious Lord!

Nº 97. OLD WINDSOR. L. M.



74.—L.M. *Thy Will be done.*

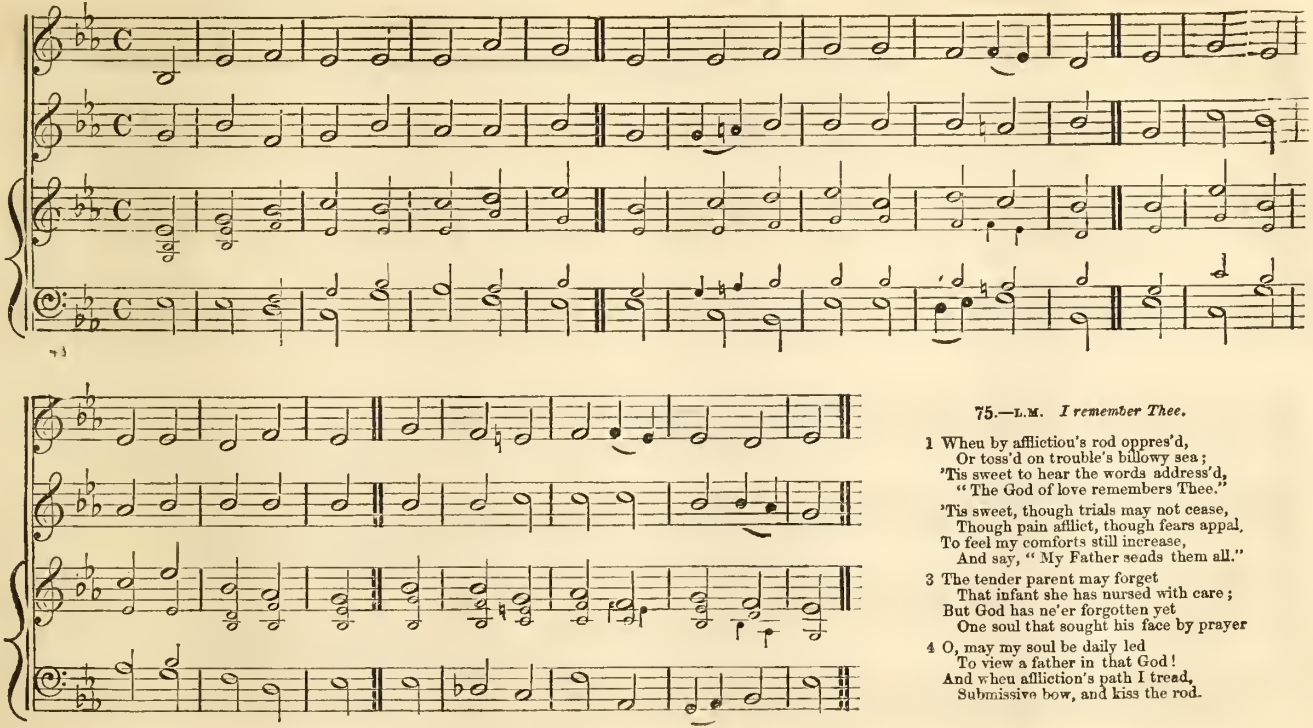
1 O Thou, in earth and heaven ador'd,
In whom alone we live and move;
Creator, Father, Mighty Lord
Of all,below, and all above;

2 We own thy power by which we stand;
We bless thy love that crowns our days;
Preserv'd, and strengthen'd by thy hand,
O let our lives declare thy praise.

3 Thus, gracious God, thy people bless;
And spread abroad thy righteous sway;
Till all mankind thy name confess,
Receive thy word, and keep thy way.

4 Exalt the sceptre of thy Son;
To Him be all the kingdoms given,
And let thy will on earth be done,
As holy angels serve in heaven.

Nº 98. OSTEND L. M.



75.—L.M. *I remember Thee.*

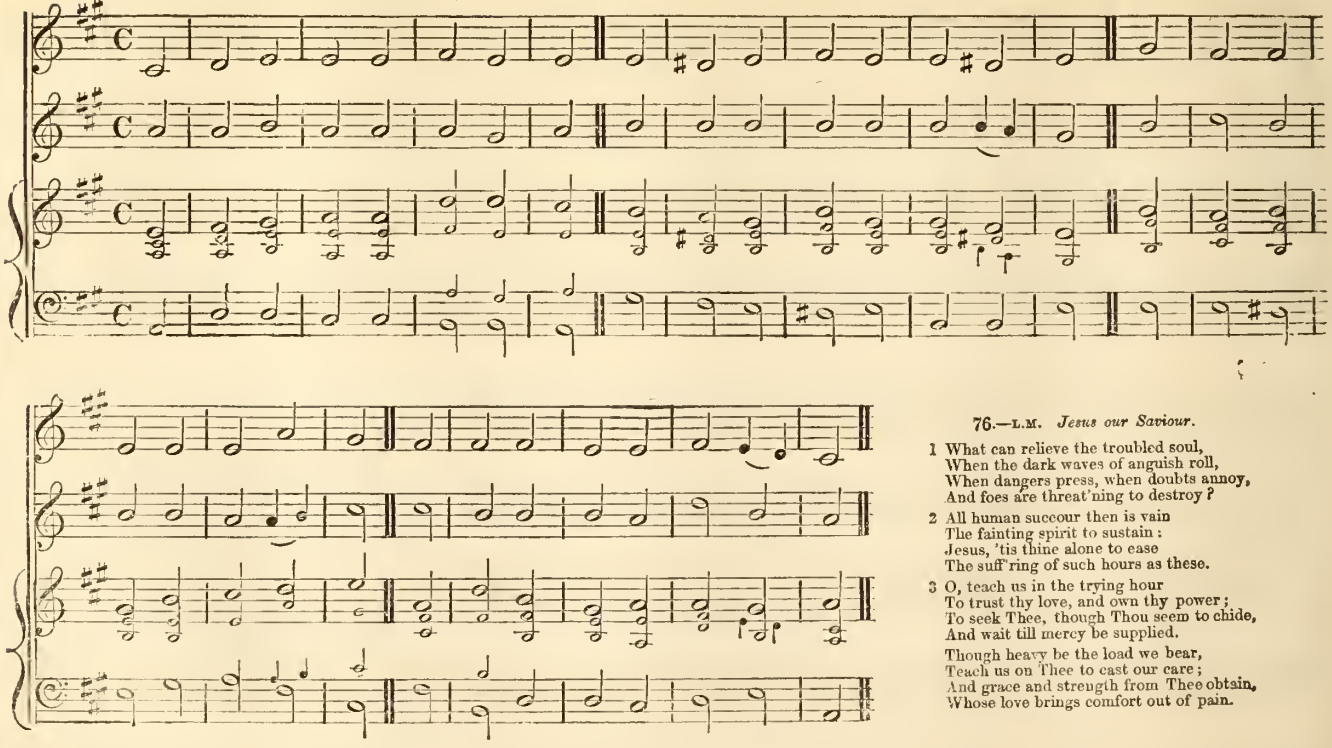
1 When by afflictiou's rod oppres'd,
Or toss'd on trouble's billowy sea;
'Tis sweet to hear the words address'd,
"The God of love remembers Thee."

'Tis sweet, though trials may not cease,
Though pain afflict, though fears appal,
To feel my comforts still increase,
And say, "My Father seads them all."

3 The tender parent may forget
That infant she has nursed with care;
But God has ne'er forgotten yet
One soul that sought his face by prayer

4 O, may my soul be daily led
To view a father in that God!
And when affliction's path I tread,
Submissive bow, and kiss the rod.

Nº 99. PETERBOROUGH. L M.



76.—L.M. *Jesus our Saviour.*

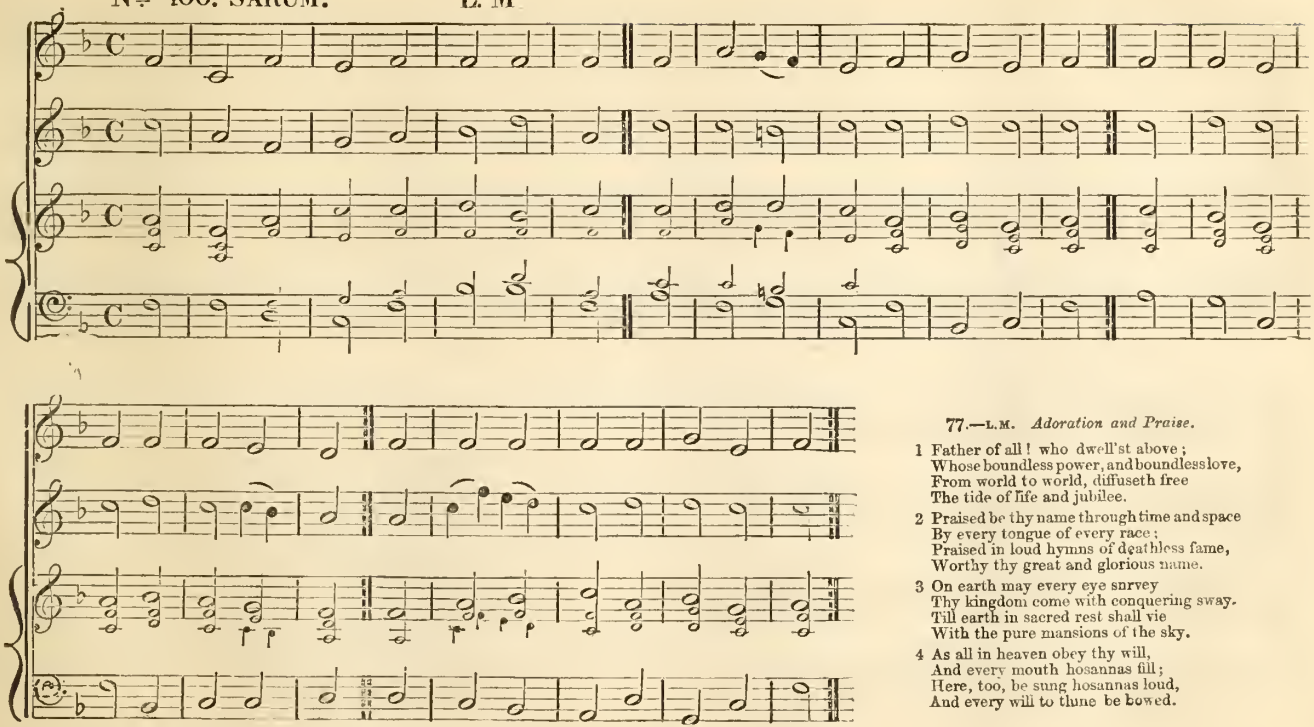
1 What can relieve the troubled soul,
When the dark waves of anguish roll,
When dangers press, when doubts annoy,
And foes are threat'ning to destroy?

2 All human succour then is vain
The fainting spirit to sustain:
Jesus, 'tis thine alone to ease
The suff'ring of such hours as these.

3 O, teach us in the trying hour
To trust thy love, and own thy power;
To seek Thee, though Thou seem to chide,
And wait till mercy be supplied.

Though heavy be the load we bear,
Teach us on Thee to cast our care;
And grace and strength from Thee obtain,
Whose love brings comfort out of pain.

Nº 100. SARUM. L. M



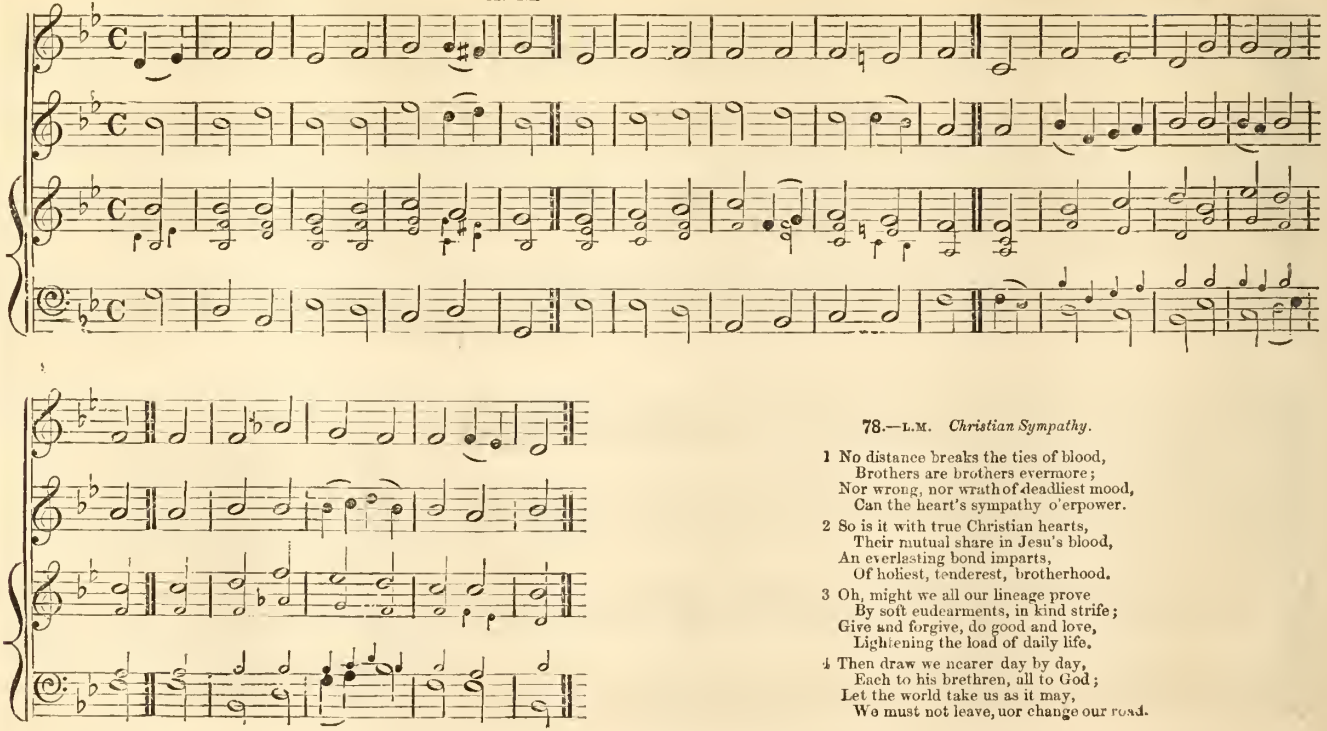
77.—L.M. *Adoration and Praise.*

1 Father of all! who dwell'st above;
Whose boundless power, and boundless love,
From world to world, diffuseth free
The tide of life and jubilee.

2 Praised be thy name through time and space
By every tongue of every race;
Praised in loud hymns of deathless fame,
Worthy thy great and glorious name.

3 On earth may every eye survey
Thy kingdom come with conquering sway.
Till earth in sacred rest shall vie
With the pure mansions of the sky.

4 As all in heaven obey thy will,
And every mouth hosannas fill;
Here, too, be sung hosannas loud,
And every will to thine be bowed.



78.—L.M. *Christian Sympathy.*

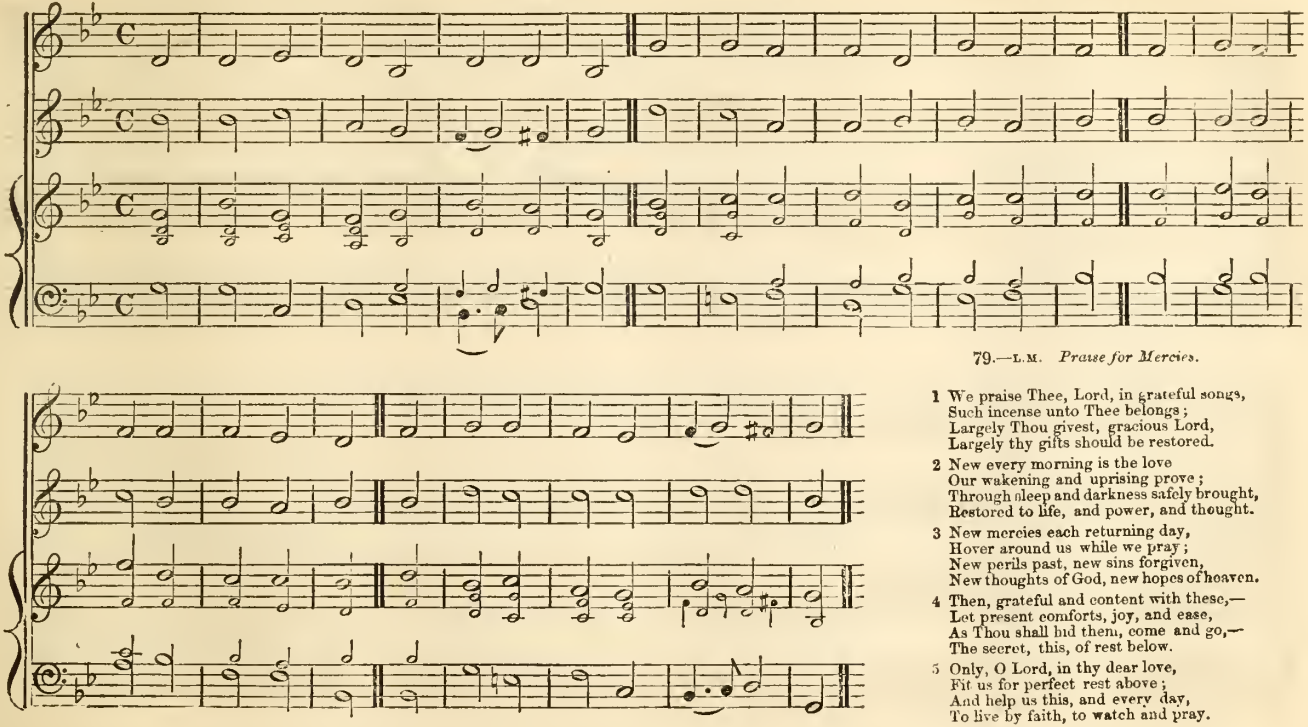
1 No distance breaks the ties of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
Can the heart's sympathy o'erpower.

2 So is it with true Christian hearts,
Their mutual share in Jesu's blood,
An everlasting bond imparts,
Of holiest, tenderest, brotherhood.

3 Oh, might we all our lineage prove
By soft endearments, in kind strife;
Give and forgive, do good and love,
Lightening the load of daily life.

4 Then draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God;
Let the world take us as it may,
We must not leave, nor change our road.

Nº 102. SPIRES. L. M



79.—L.M. *Praise for Mercies.*

1 We praise Thee, Lord, in grateful songs,
Such incense unto Thee belongs;
Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restored.

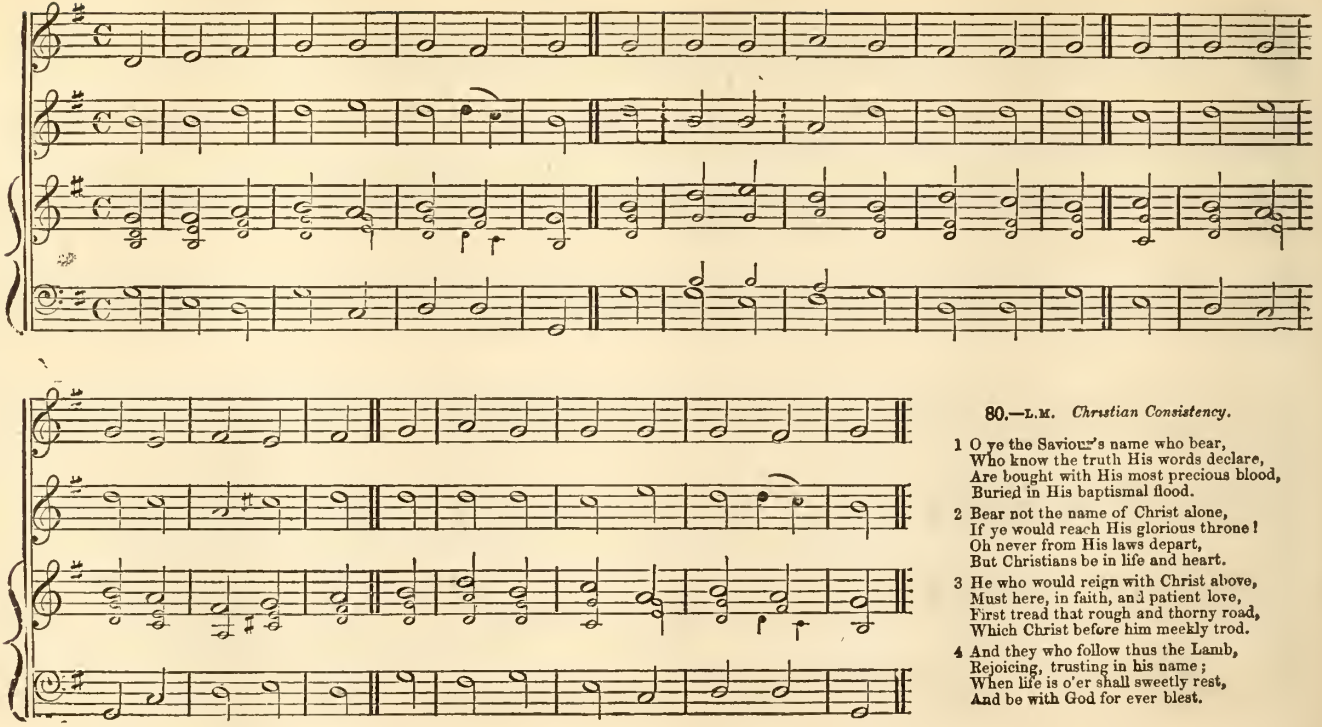
2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

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

4 Then, grateful and content with these,—
Let present comforts, joy, and ease,
As Thou shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret, this, of rest below.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live by faith, to watch and pray.

Nº 103. St ALBAN. L. M.



80.—L.M. *Christian Consistency.*

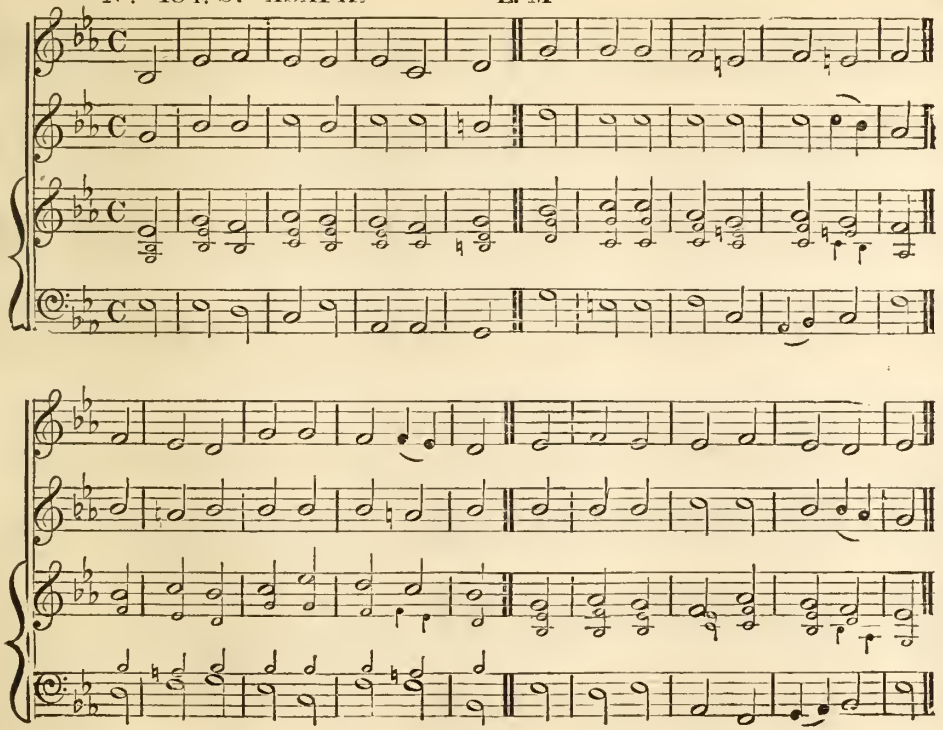
1 O ye the Saviour's name who bear,
Who know the truth His words declare,
Are bought with His most precious blood,
Buried in His baptismal flood.

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

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

4 And they who follow thus the Lamb,
Rejoicing, trusting in his name;
When life is o'er shall sweetly rest,
And be with God for ever blest.

Nº 104. Sᵗ ASAPH. L. M



81.—L.M. *Praise for Salvation.*

1 Your hearts and tongues, ye saints, employ,
To hymn the praises of your God;
Sing the vast blessings you enjoy,—
The purchase of a Saviour's blood.

Salvation for defence is given;
God is your everlasting stay;
Your blessing is the peace of heaven;
And holiness your shining way.

3 Delivered from the curse of sin,
The broken law condemns no more;
And God's good Spirit works within,
With light, and purity, and power.

4 Soft as the dew shall grace descend,
Your drooping spirits to sustain;
And when your mortal life shall end,
You'll wake to bliss with Christ to reign.

82.—L. M. *God the Strength of his People.*

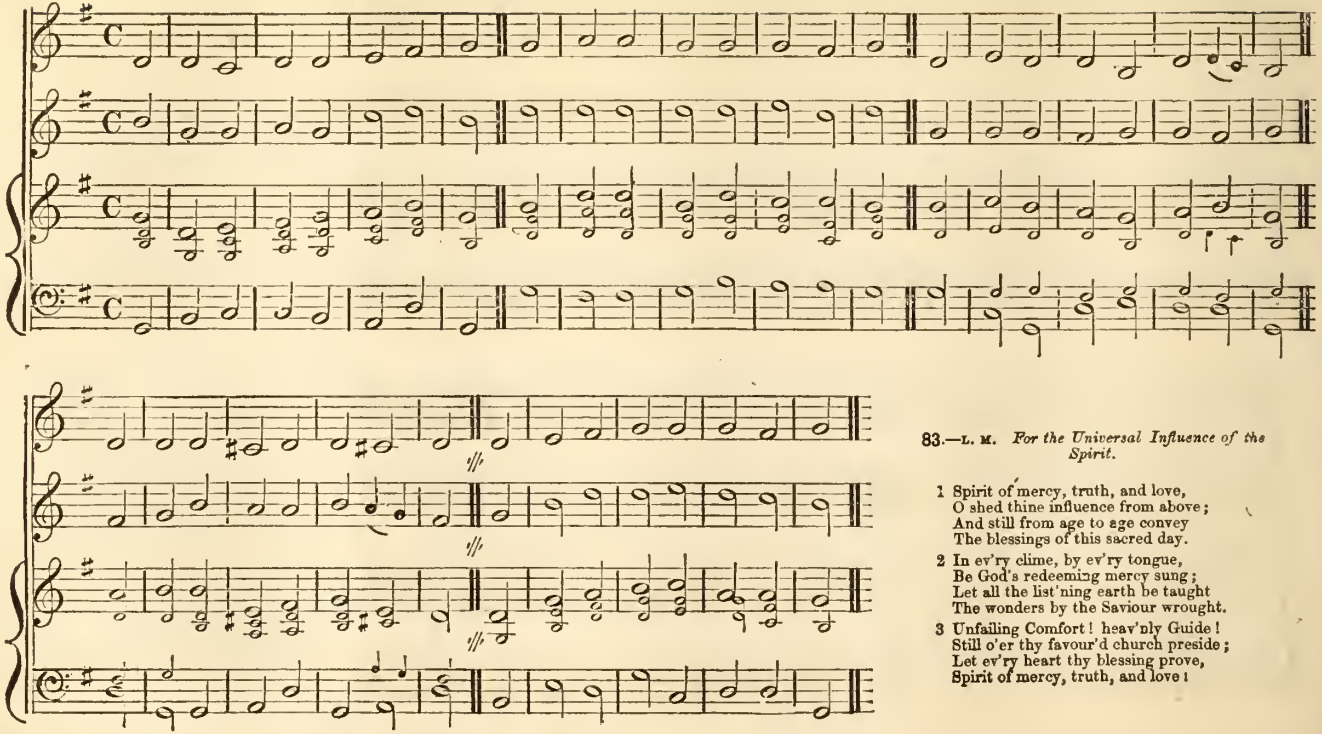
1 God is our strength; away our fear!
What shall our confidence remove;
While kept by his almighty care,
And blest with everlasting love!

2 O Lord of hosts! while Thou art nigh,
None can disturb thy people's rest!
The world, and Satan, they defy,
Beneath thy power secure and blest.

3 Thou art our safeguard; through thine aid
Our faith is strong, our troubles cease;
For Thou, on whom our hope is stay'd,
Wilt keep thine own in perfect peace.

4 Thee for our Lord and guide we take,
In time, and for eternity,
Assur'd Thou never wilt forsake
The humble soul that trusts in Thee.

Nº 105. Sᵗ JEROME. L. M.



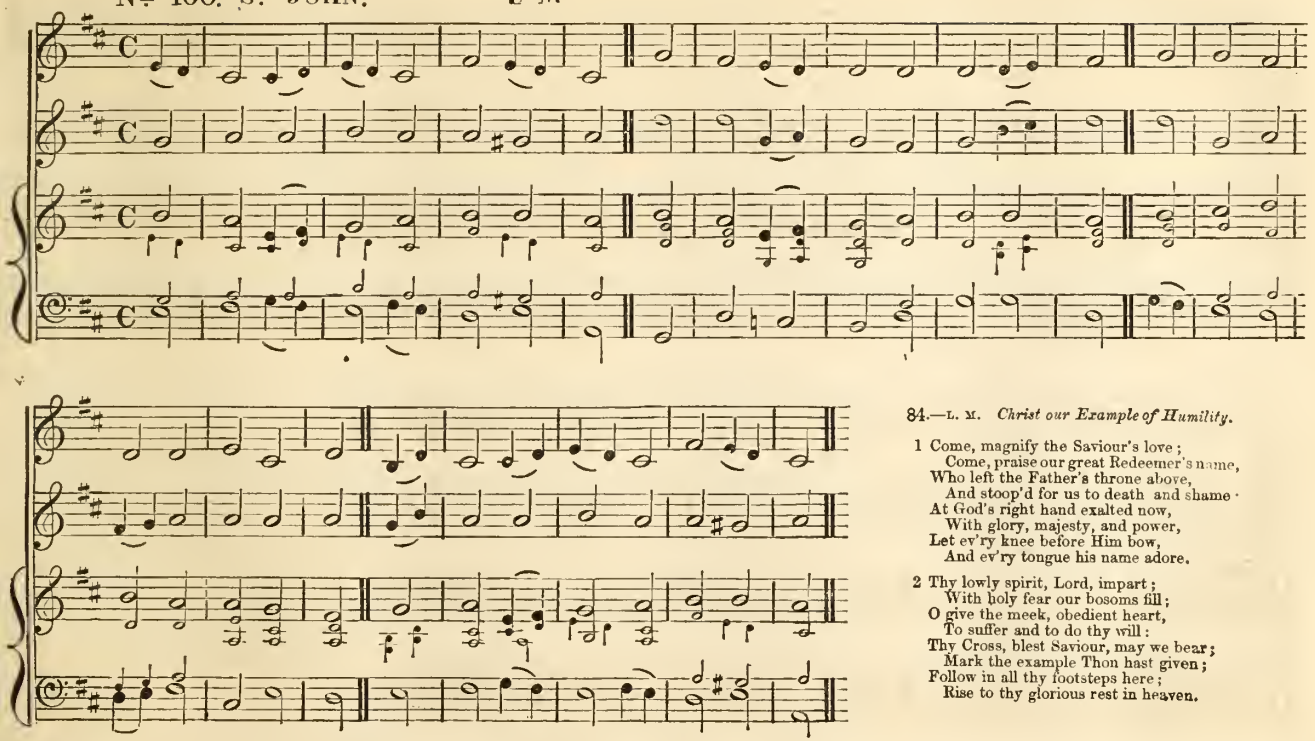
83.—L. M. *For the Universal Influence of the Spirit.*

1 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The blessings of this sacred day.

2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's redeeming mercy sung;
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort! heav'nly Guide!
Still o'er thy favour'd church preside;
Let ev'ry heart thy blessing prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

Nº 106. St JOHN. L M

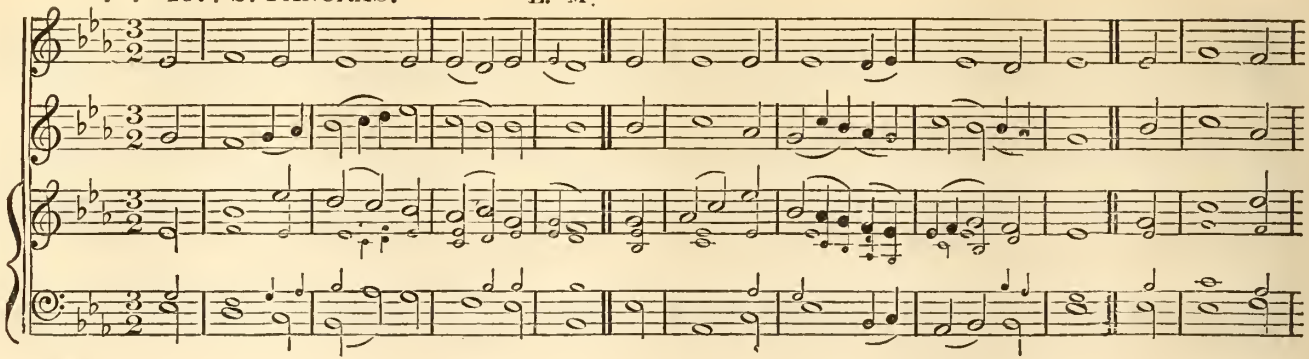


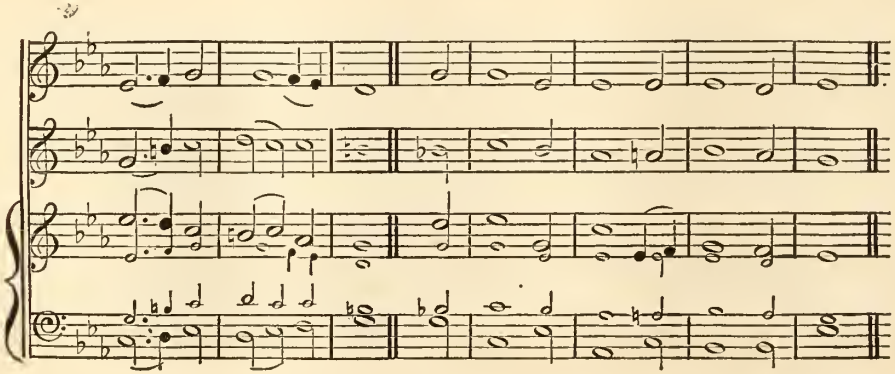
84.—L. M. *Christ our Example of Humility.*

1 Come, magnify the Saviour's love;
Come, praise our great Redeemer's name,
Who left the Father's throne above,
And stoop'd for us to death and shame·
At God's right hand exalted now,
With glory, majesty, and power,
Let ev'ry knee before Him bow,
And ev'ry tongue his name adore.

2 Thy lowly spirit, Lord, impart;
With holy fear our bosoms fill;
O give the meek, obedient heart,
To suffer and to do thy will:
Thy Cross, blest Saviour, may we bear;
Mark the example Thou hast given;
Follow in all thy footsteps here;
Rise to thy glorious rest in heaven.

Nº 107. St PANCRAS. L. M.





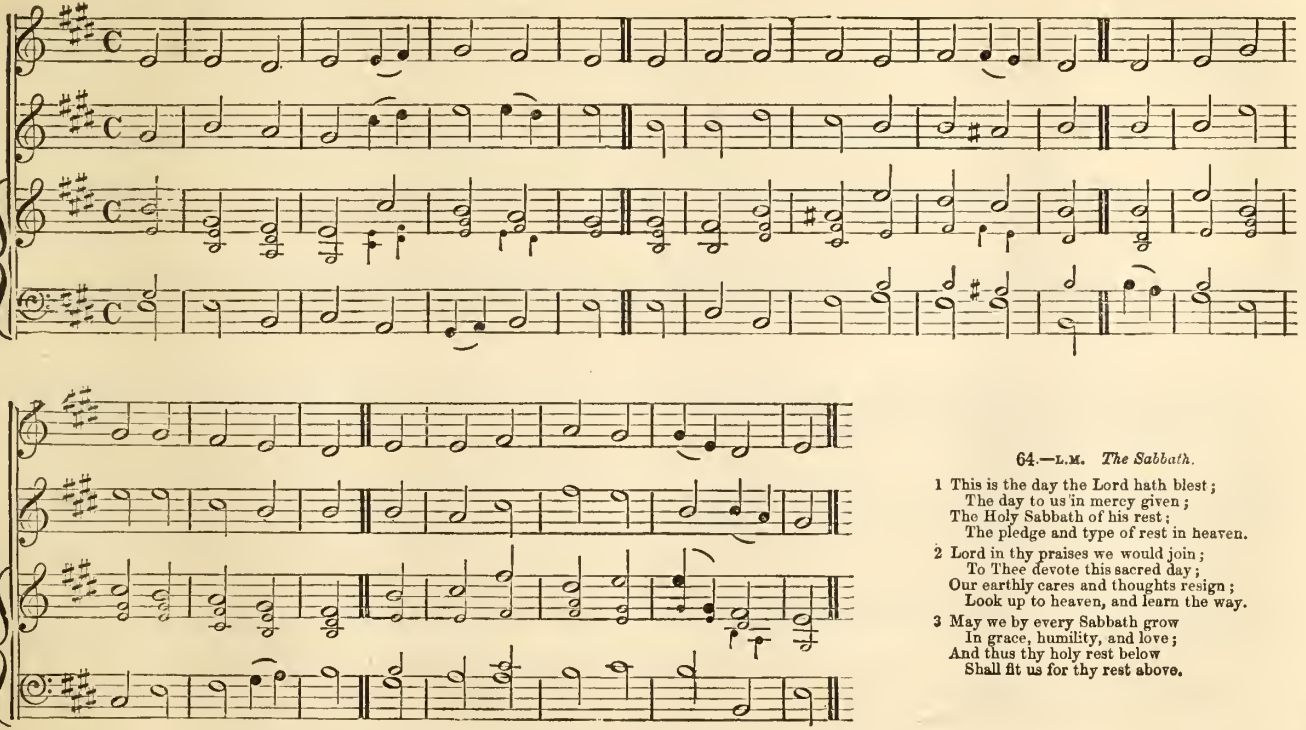
73.—L.M. *Prayer for Zion's Prosperity.*

1 Thou Friend of sinners, hear our cry,
Send now, O send prosperity;
For this, like Jacob, Lord, we plead,
Like Israel, now may we succeed.

2 Answer the wrestling, fervent prayer,
Thy church now makes in faith and fear;
Thy cause revive, thy smiles impart,
To strengthen every fainting heart.

3 O let thine arm of power awake,
And careless sinners captive take;
Thy people's supplications hear,
And let success our spirits cheer.

Nº 108. St PAUL. L. M

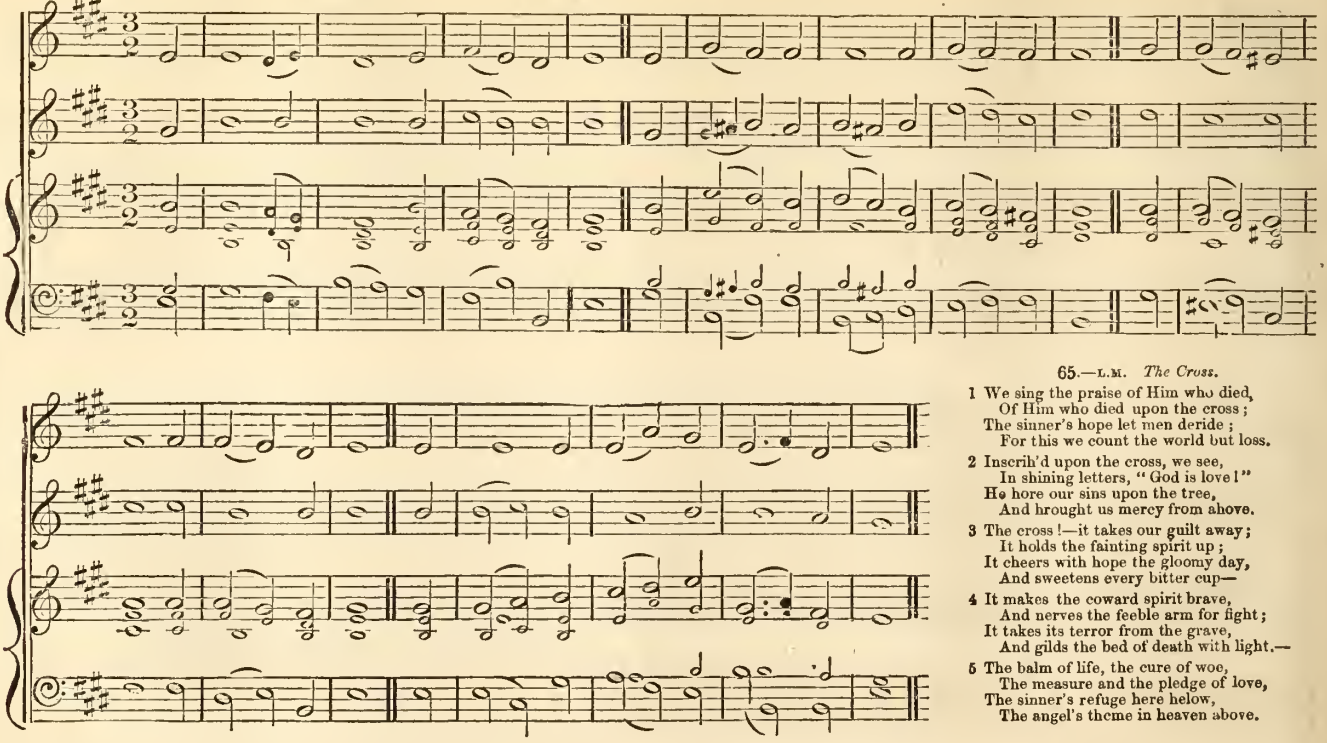


64.—L.M. *The Sabbath.*

1 This is the day the Lord hath blest;
The day to us in mercy given;
The Holy Sabbath of his rest;
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 Lord in thy praises we would join;
To Thee devote this sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign;
Look up to heaven, and learn the way.

3 May we by every Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love;
And thus thy holy rest below
Shall fit us for thy rest above.



65.—L.M. *The Cross.*

1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

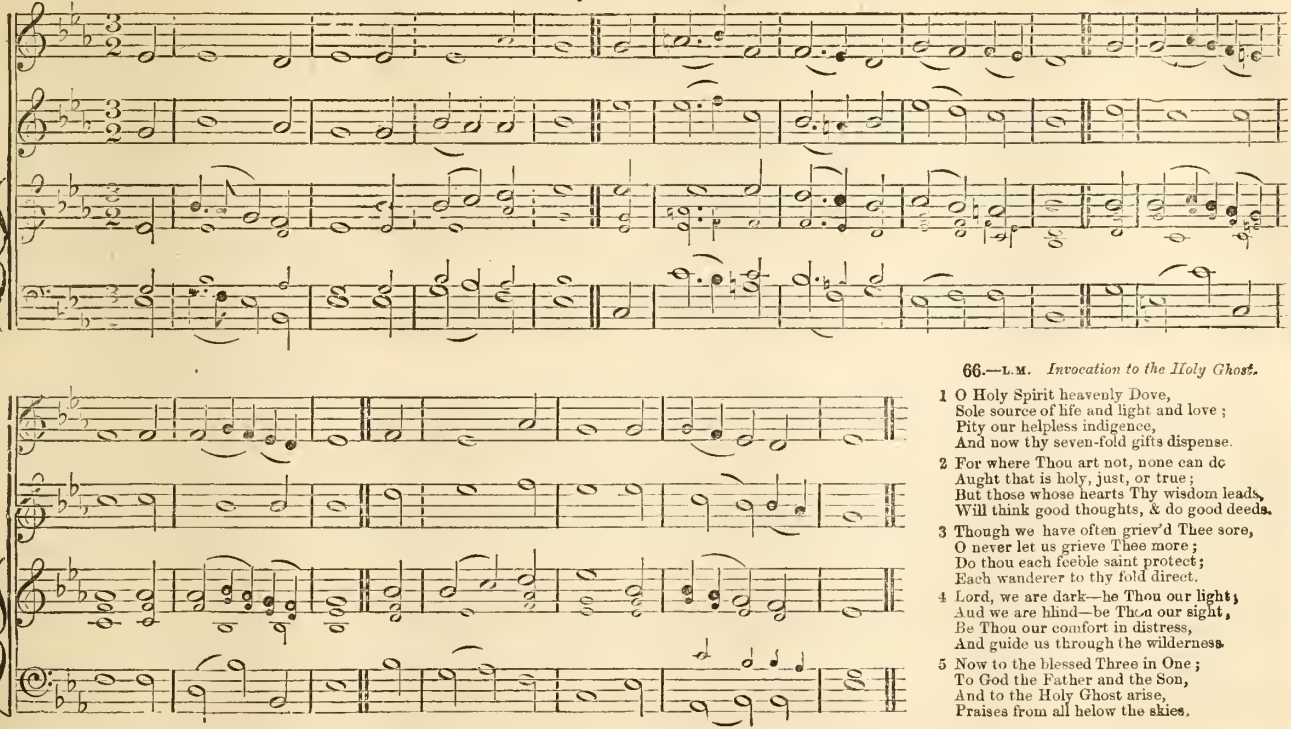
2 Inscrib'd upon the cross, we see,
In shining letters, "God is love!"
He bore our sins upon the tree,
And brought us mercy from above.

3 The cross!—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup—

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.—

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

Nº 110. STONEFIELD. L. M.



66.—L.M. *Invocation to the Holy Ghost.*

1 O Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,
Sole source of life and light and love;
Pity our helpless indigence,
And now thy seven-fold gifts dispense.

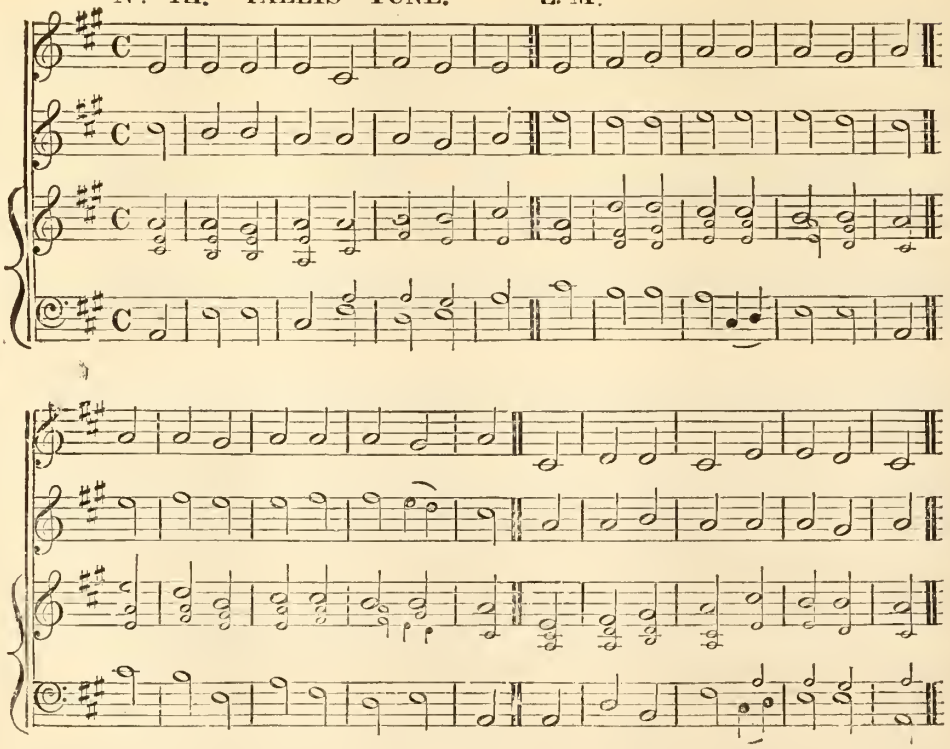
2 For where Thou art not, none can do
Aught that is holy, just, or true;
But those whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
Will think good thoughts, & do good deeds.

3 Though we have often griev'd Thee sore,
O never let us grieve Thee more;
Do thou each feeble saint protect;
Each wanderer to thy fold direct.

4 Lord, we are dark—be Thou our light;
And we are blind—be Thou our sight,
Be Thou our comfort in distress,
And guide us through the wilderness.

5 Now to the blessed Three in One;
To God the Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost arise,
Praises from all below the skies.

No. 111. TALLIS' TUNE. L. M.



79.—L.M. *Praise for Mercies.*

1 We praise Thee, Lord, in grateful songs,
Such incense unto Thee belongs;
Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restored.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

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

4 Then, grateful and content with these,—
Let present comforts, joy, and ease,
As Thou shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret, this, of rest below.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live by faith, to watch and pray.

81.—L.M. *Praise for Salvation.*

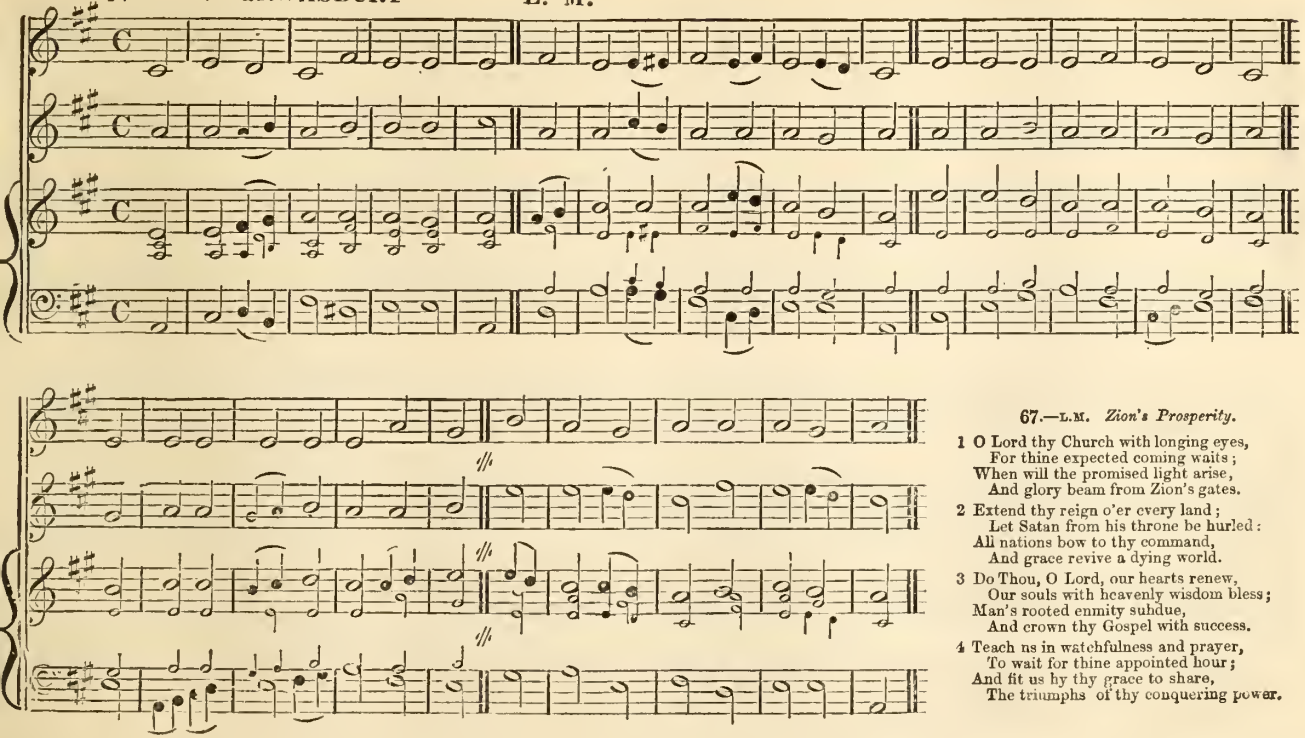
1 Your hearts and tongues, ye saints, employ,
To hymn the praises of your God;
Sing the vast blessings you enjoy,—
The purchase of a Saviour's blood.

2 Salvation for defence is given;
God is your everlasting stay;
Your blessing is the peace of heaven;
And holiness your shining way.

3 Delivered from the curse of sin,
The broken law condemns no more;
And God's good Spirit works within,
With light, and purity, and power.

4 Soft as the dew shall grace descend,
Your drooping spirits to sustain;
And when your mortal life shall end,
You'll wake to bliss with Christ to reign.

Nº 112. TEWKSBURY L. M.



67.—L.M. *Zion's Prosperity.*

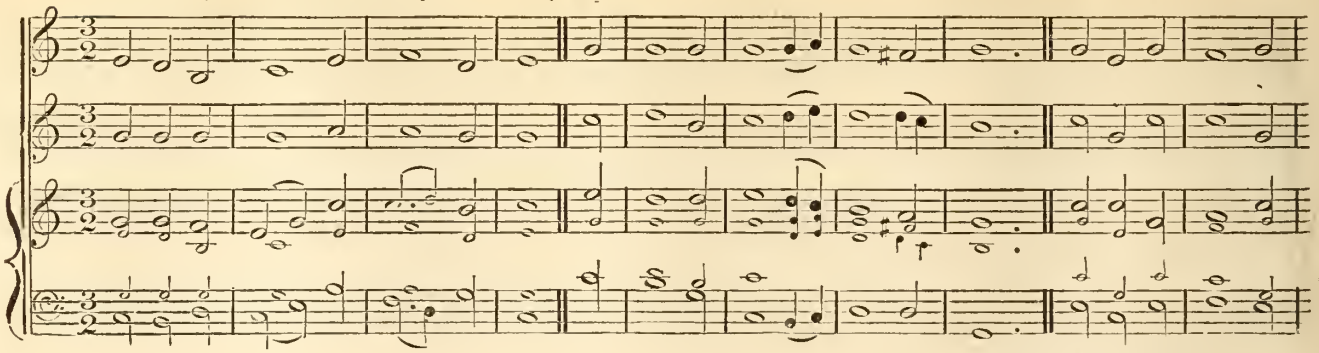
1 O Lord thy Church with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates.

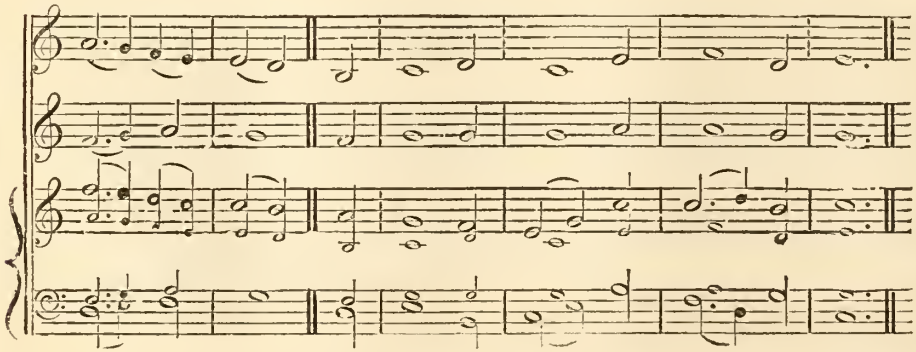
2 Extend thy reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled:
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

3 Do Thou, O Lord, our hearts renew,
Our souls with heavenly wisdom bless;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share,
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

Nº 113. WARRINGTON. L. M.





68.—L.M. *The Mercy Seat.*

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
The Saviour, on his mercy seat.

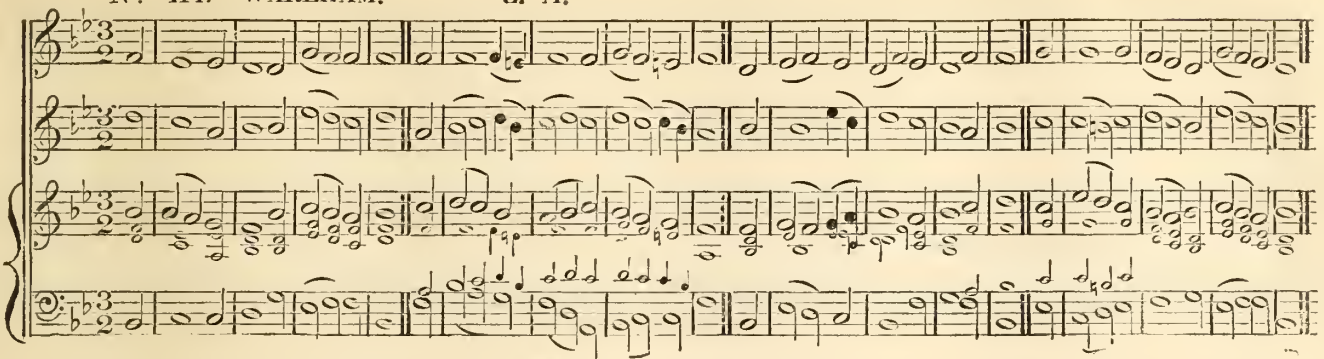
2 He welcomes sinners there, and sheds
The Holy Spirit on their heads;
And gives with God communion sweet,
At this, the blood-stained mercy seat.

3 This is the place where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.

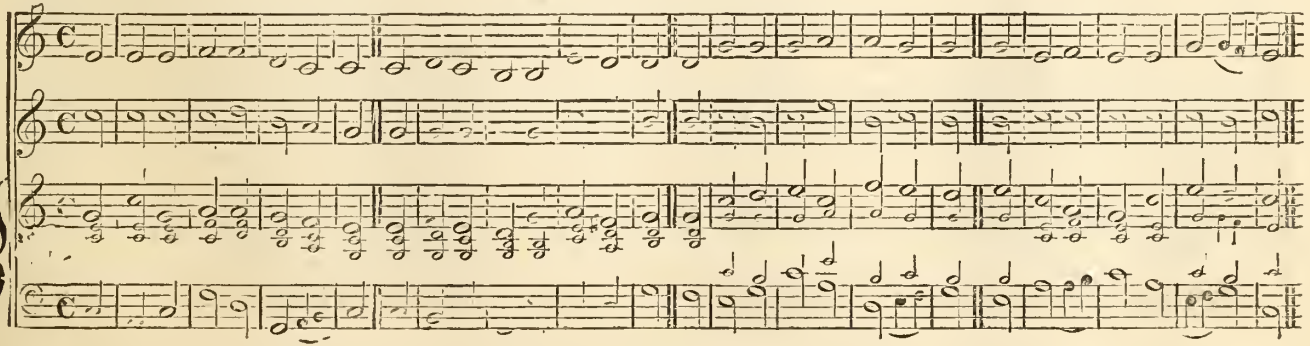
4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, deso'ate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagle wing we'd soar,
Till time and sense appear no more;
All heaven come down our souls to greet,
And glory crown thy mercy seat.

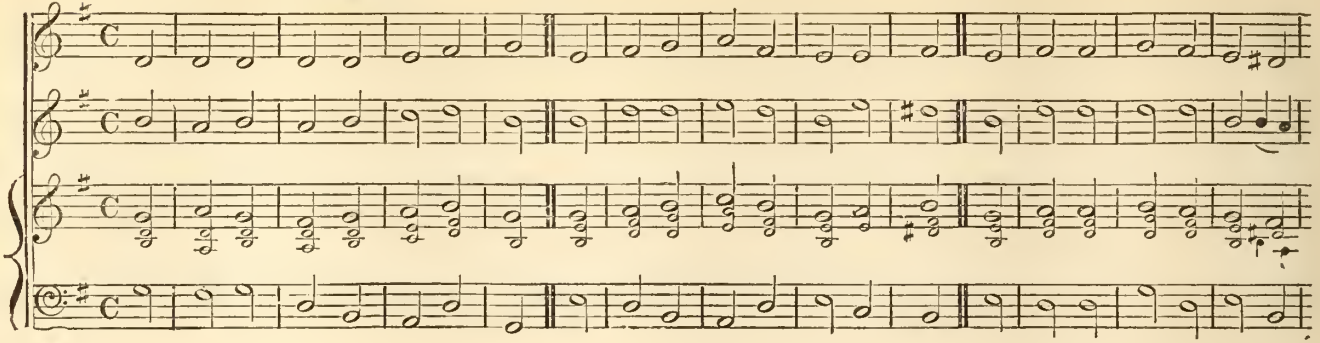
Nº 114. WAREHAM. L. M.

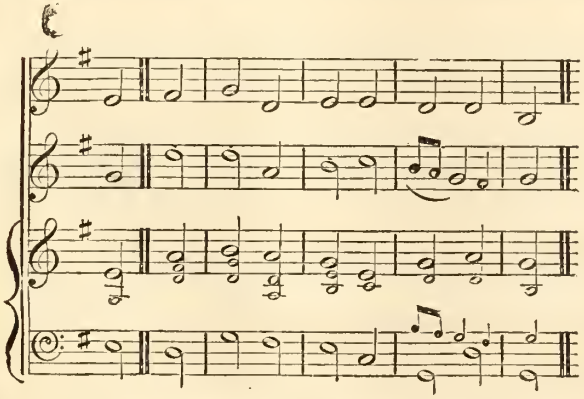


Nº 115. WINCHESTER. L. M.



Nº 116. WURTEMBURG. L. M





78.—L.M. *Christian Sympathy.*

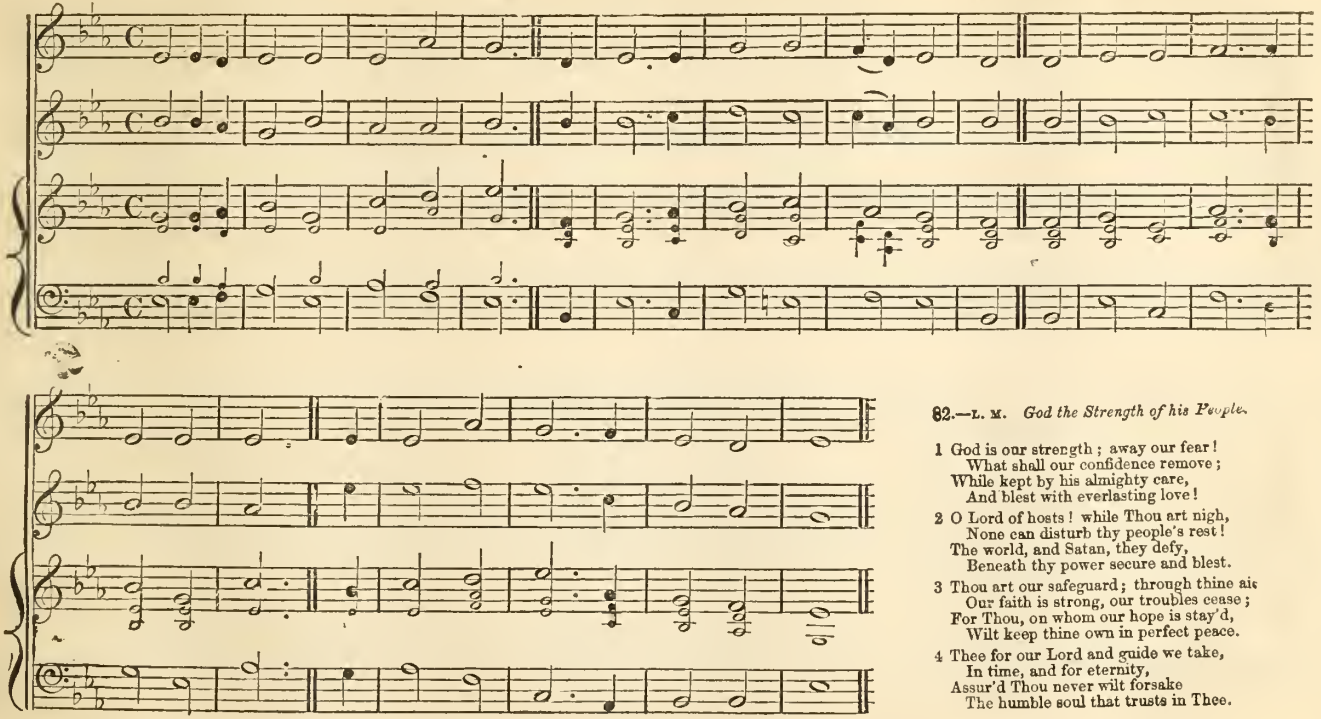
1 No distance breaks the ties of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
Can the heart's sympathy o'erpower.

2 So is it with true Christian hearts,
Their mutual share in Jesu's blood,
An everlasting bond imparts,
Of holiest, tenderest, brotherhood.

3 Oh, might we all our lineage prove
By soft endearments, in kind strife;
Give and forgive, do good and love,
Lightening the load of daily life.

4 Then draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God;
Let the world take us as it may,
We must not leave, nor change our road.

Nº 117. ZORAH. L. M



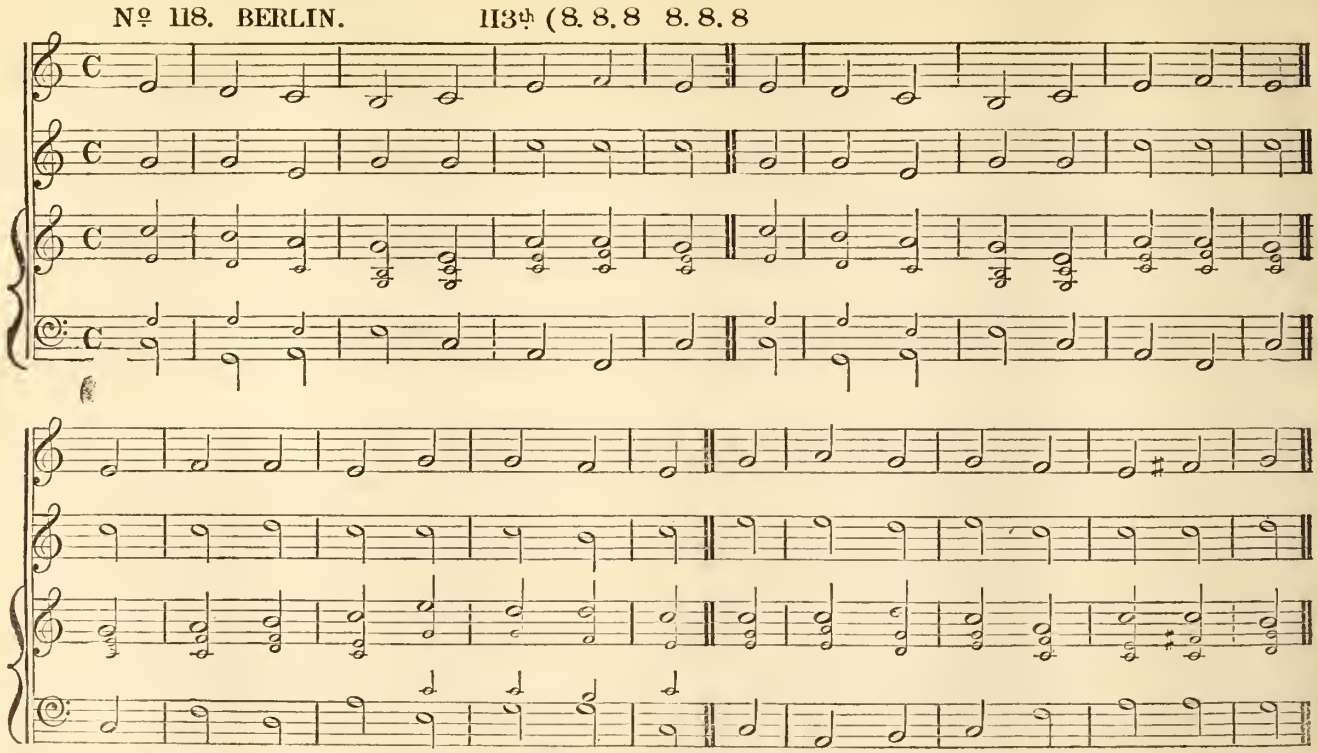
82.—L. M. *God the Strength of his People.*

1 God is our strength; away our fear!
What shall our confidence remove;
While kept by his almighty care,
And blest with everlasting love!

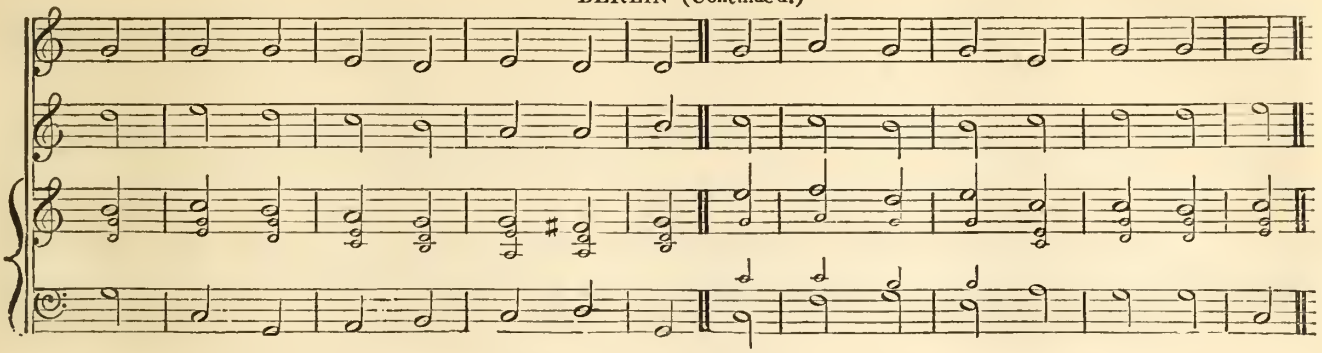
2 O Lord of hosts! while Thou art nigh,
None can disturb thy people's rest!
The world, and Satan, they defy,
Beneath thy power secure and blest.

3 Thou art our safeguard; through thine aid
Our faith is strong, our troubles cease;
For Thou, on whom our hope is stay'd,
Wilt keep thine own in perfect peace.

4 Thee for our Lord and guide we take,
In time, and for eternity,
Assur'd Thou never wilt forsake
The humble soul that trusts in Thee.


Nº 118. BERLIN.
113th (8. 8. 8 8. 8. 8

BERLIN (Continued.)



85.—113th. *On Christ's Kingdom.*

1 O Thou who wast in Bethlehem born,
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus, the helpless sinners friend;
Who art enthroned in filial right,
Above all creature-power and might;
Whose kingdom shall thro' earth extend.

2 Thou whom I love, hut cannot see,
My Lord, my God, look down on me;
My low affections heaven-ward raise.
Thy perfect freedom now impart,
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
To celebrate thy glorious praise.

3 Strong in thy grace, for thy dear name
I'll hear the cross, despise the shame,
And like as Thou when suffering here,
Wrestle with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger and cold and nakedness,
And every form of grief and fear.

4 Shine on my soul, in mercy shine,
Prosper my way and make me thine,
And work in me thy perfect will,
To feel thy love, my only joy,
To tell thy love, my sole employ,
And thus may I thy joy fulfil.

5 Wide may thy glorious gospel spread,
That all for whom thy blood was shed,
May soon thy great salvation see;
Till earth, like heaven, thy praise shall fill,
And men, like angels, do thy will,
And dwell in perfect unity.

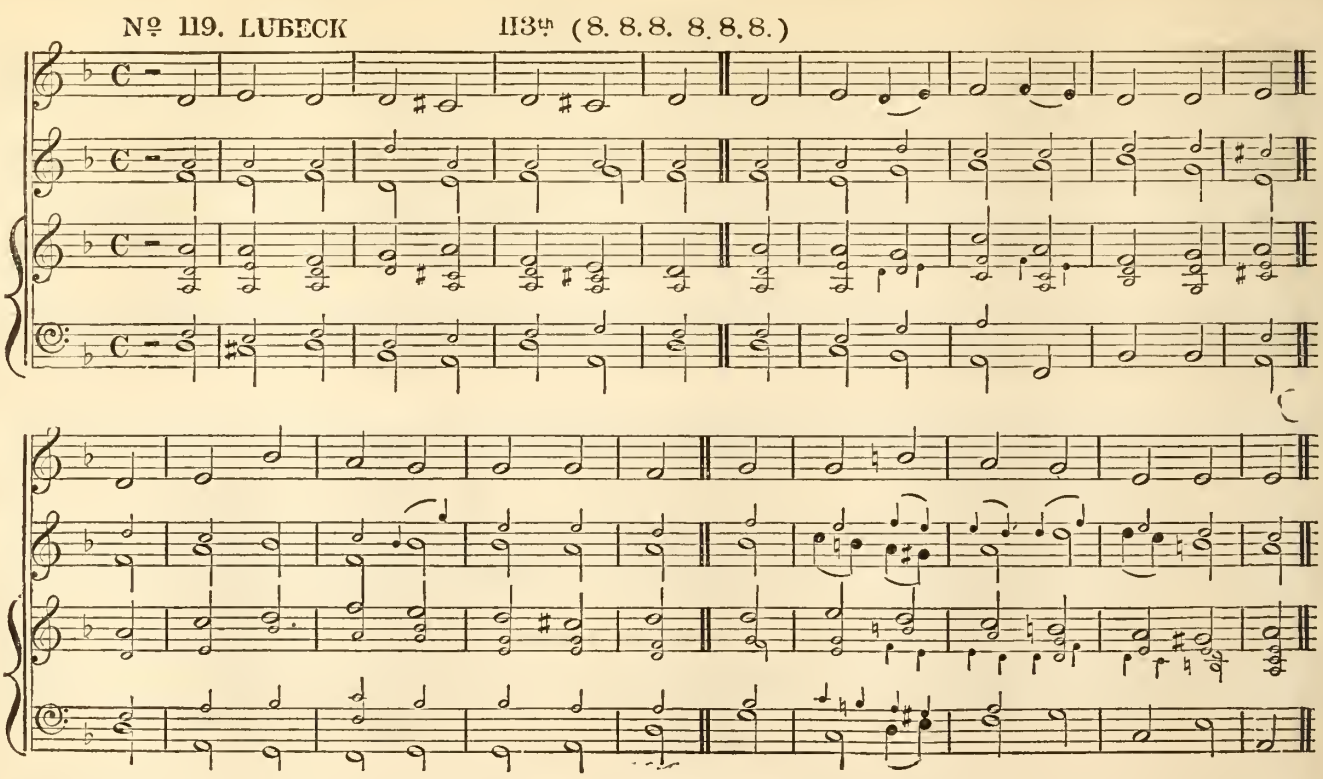
86.—113th. *Rejoicing in Tribulation.*

1 Although the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig tree droop and die,
The olive cease its oil to yield;
Yet I will trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his rod and grace he healed.

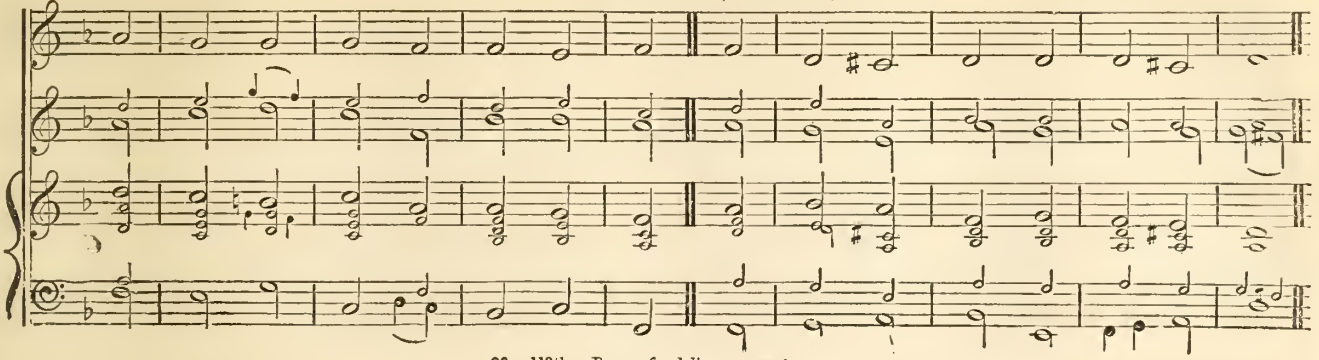
2 Though fields in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parched by the scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for though his frown is just,
His mercy still abides supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,
And die around the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies,
There God, my God, is all in all.

4 In God my strength howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his changeless love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my onward course above.


№ 119. LUBECK
113th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)

LUBECK (Continued.)



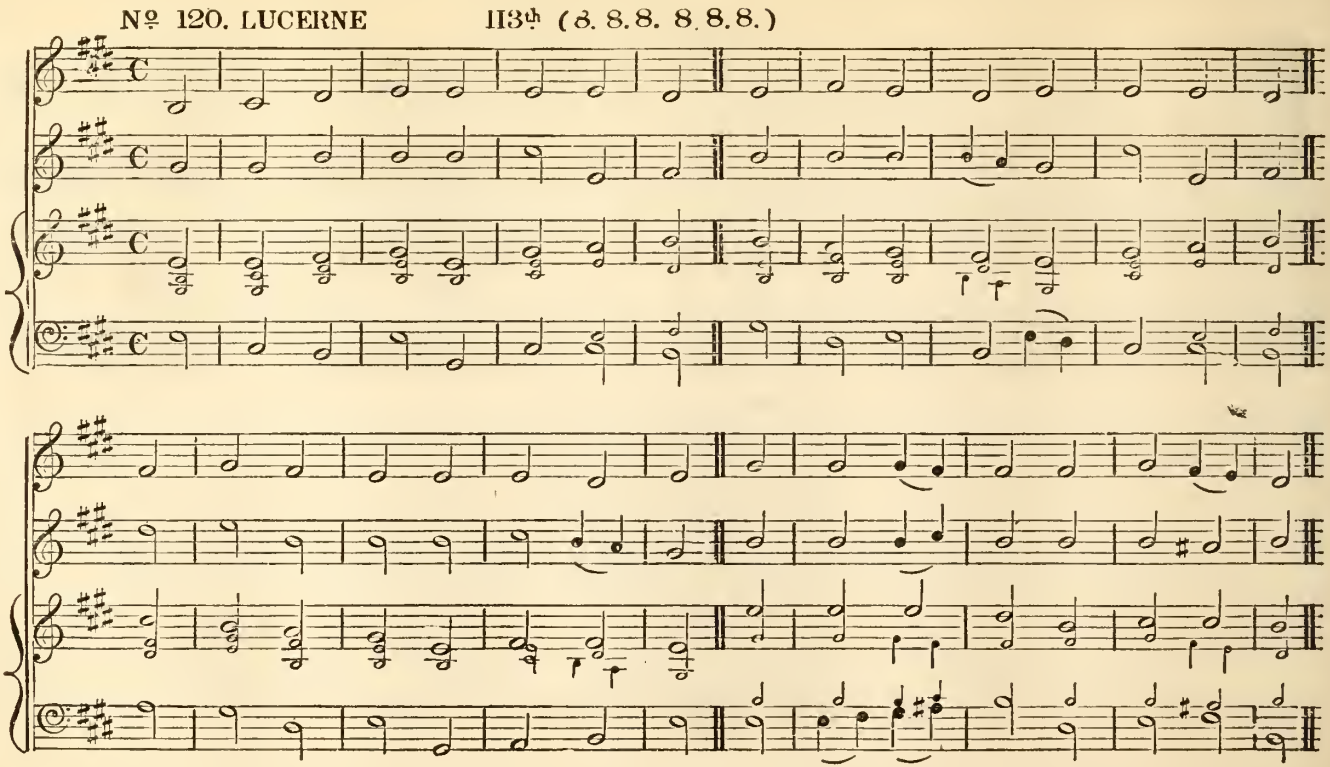
90.—113th. *Prayer for deliverance in the Judgment.*

1 The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall wake the nations under ground;
Where then, my God, shall I be found!
When all shall stand before thy throne;
When Thou shalt make their sentence known;
And all thy righteous judgment own!

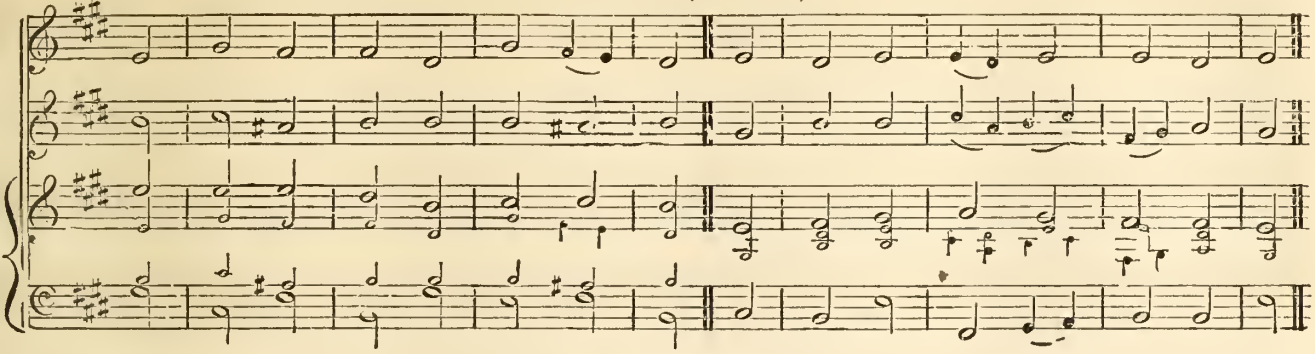
2 Thou, who for sinners felt such pain,
Whose precious blood the Cross did stain,
Who did for us its curse sustain;
By all that man's redemption cost;
Let not my trembling soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

3 Give me in that dread day a place
Among thy chosen, faithful race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace:
Trembling, before thy throne I bend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end!

Nº 120. LUCERNE 113th (8. 8.8. 8.8.8.)



LUCERNE. (Continued.)

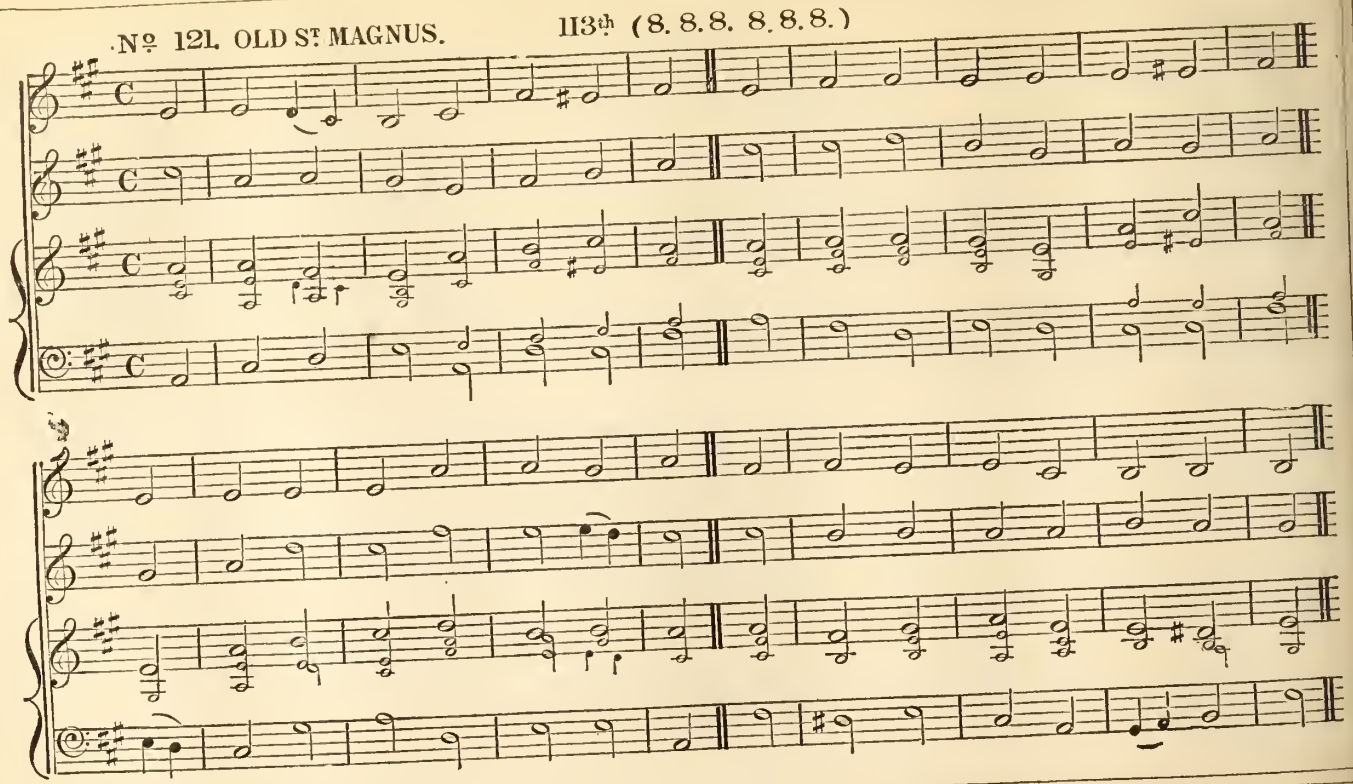


87.—113th. *The Spirit witnessing our adoption.*

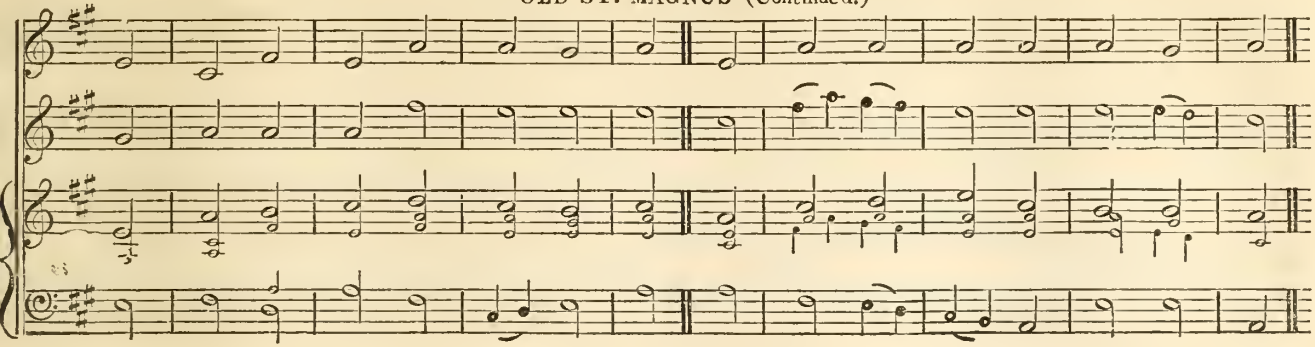
1 Oh happy they, God's chosen race,
Adopted children of his grace;
How rich and pure the bliss they share!
A bliss unseen by worldly eyes;
Within their heart the treasure lies;
Joyful they know and feel it there.

2 The sons of God, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
Adore his sanctifying grace;
And, strong in undissembled love,
By deeds of holy virtue prove
Their hearts his chosen dwelling place.

3 O Messenger of rich delight,
Whose beams dispel the darkest night,
And make our fears and sorrow cease;
Thy comfort soothes our mortal pains;
Thy grace our feeble strength sustains;
O bless us with thy light and peace!


№ 121. OLD St MAGNUS.
113th (8.8.8. 8.8.8.)

OLD ST. MAGNUS (Continued.)

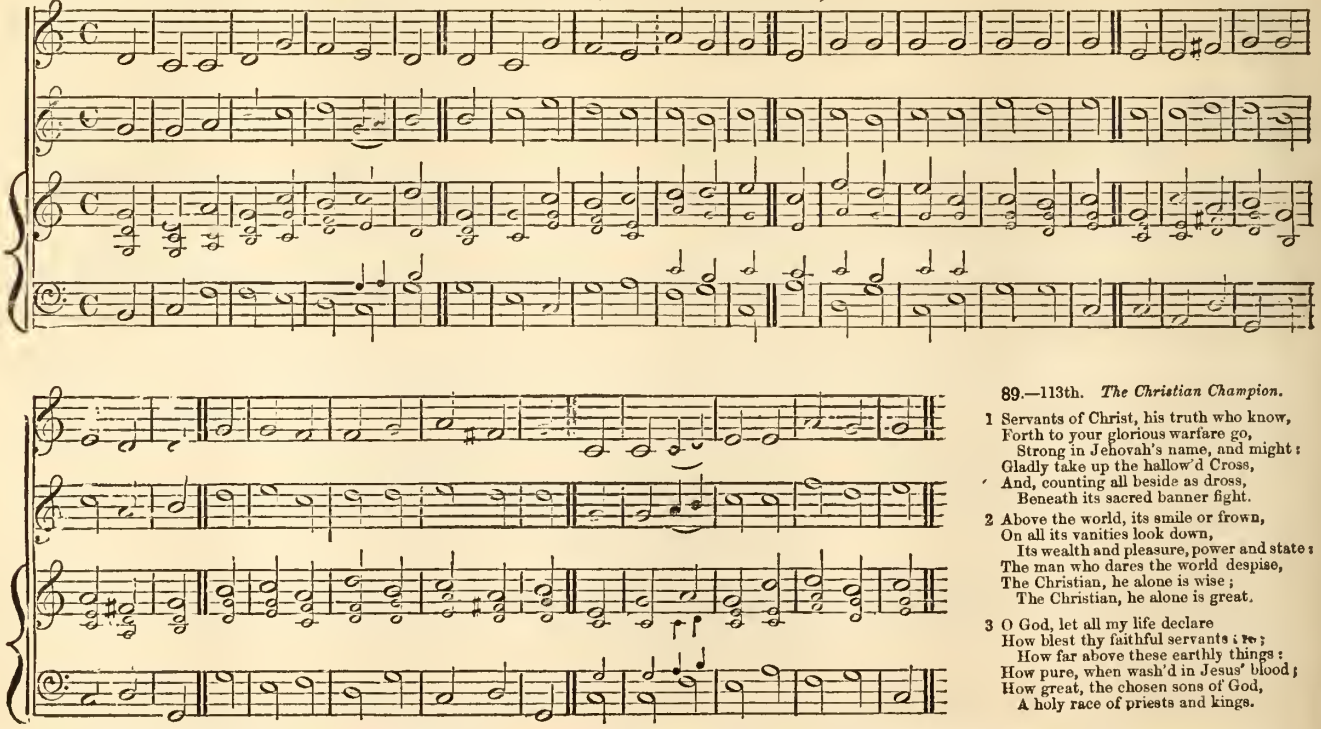


88.—113th. *Doxology.*

1 Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Tho' on thy mercy's ocean wide,
Far out of sight we seem to glide,
Help us each hour, with steadier eye,
To search the deep'ning mystery,
And thus with blessed angels vie.

2 Eternal One, Almighty Trine,
(Since Thou art ours, and we are thine,)
By all thy love did once resign,
By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee keep us at thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.

Nº 122. OLD St MARTIN. 113th (8. 8. 8. 8 8. 8.)

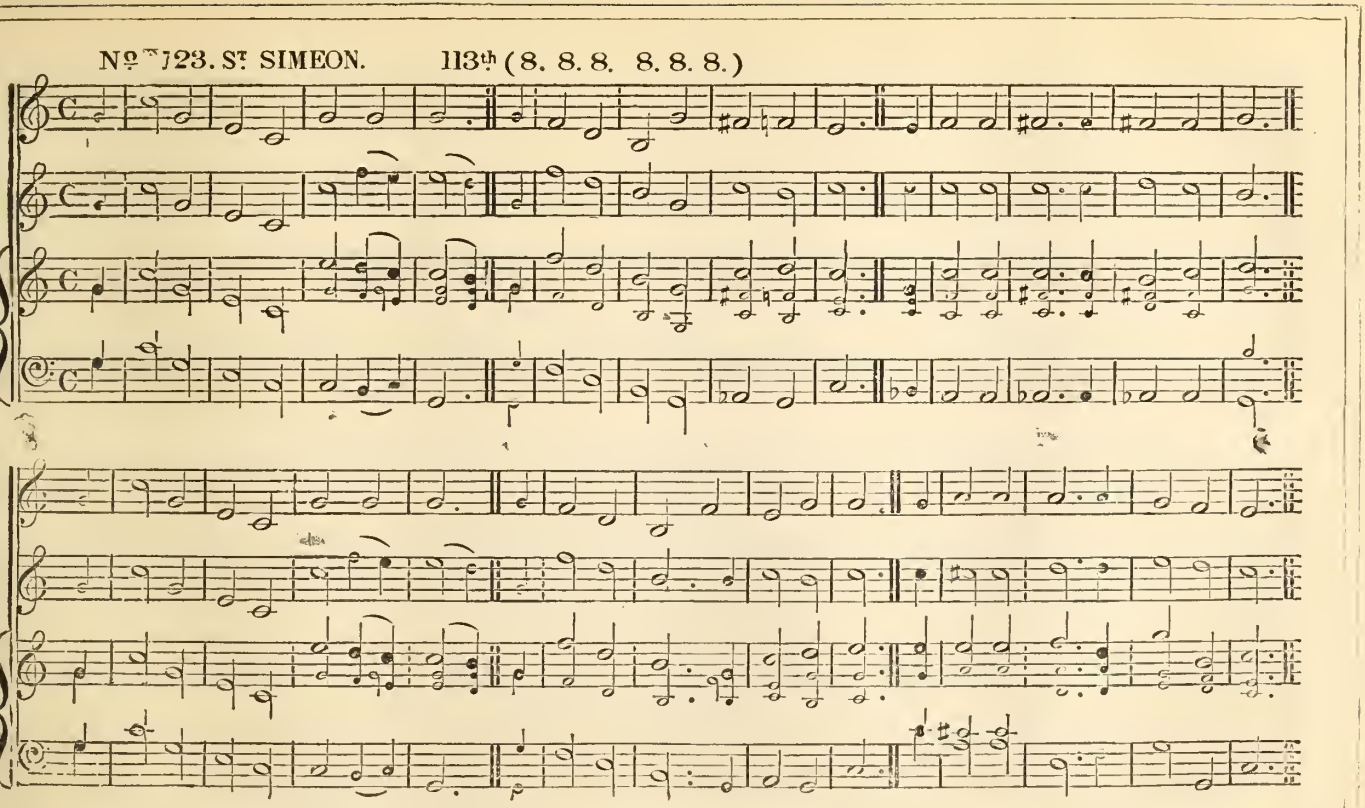


89.—113th. *The Christian Champion.*

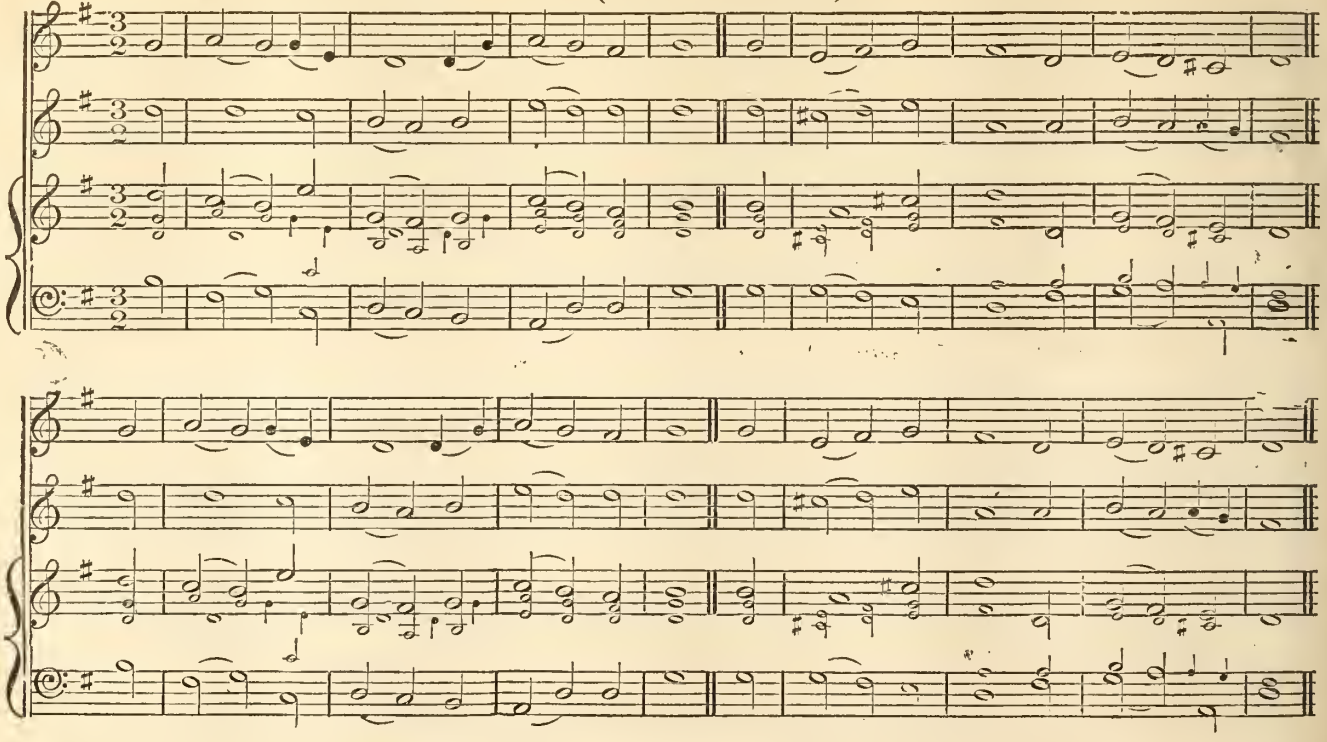
1 Servants of Christ, his truth who know,
Forth to your glorious warfare go,
Strong in Jehovah's name, and might:
Gladly take up the hallow'd Cross,
And, counting all beside as dross,
Beneath its sacred banner fight.

2 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.

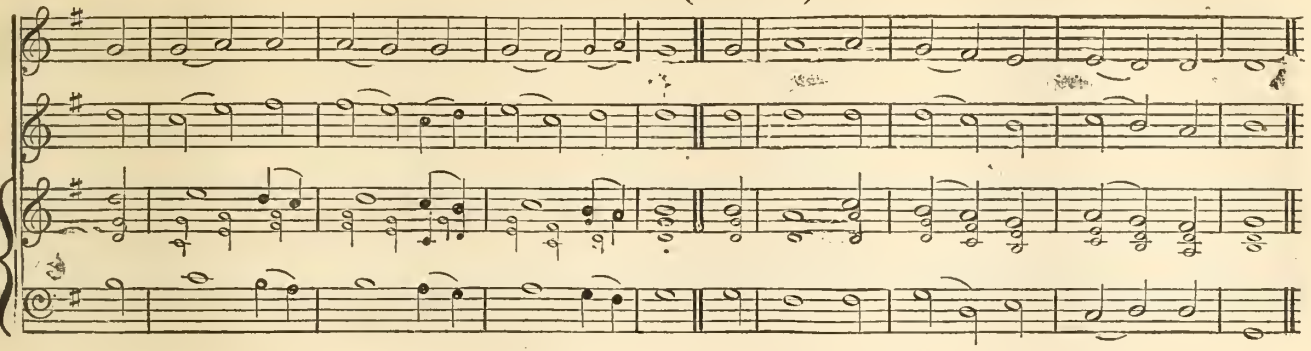
3 O God, let all my life declare
How blest thy faithful servants are;
How far above these earthly things:
How pure, when wash'd in Jesus' blood;
How great, the chosen sons of God,
A holy race of priests and kings.


No. 123. St. SIMEON. 113th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)

Nº 124. CAREY'S TUNE. 112th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)



CAREY'S TUNE (Continued.)

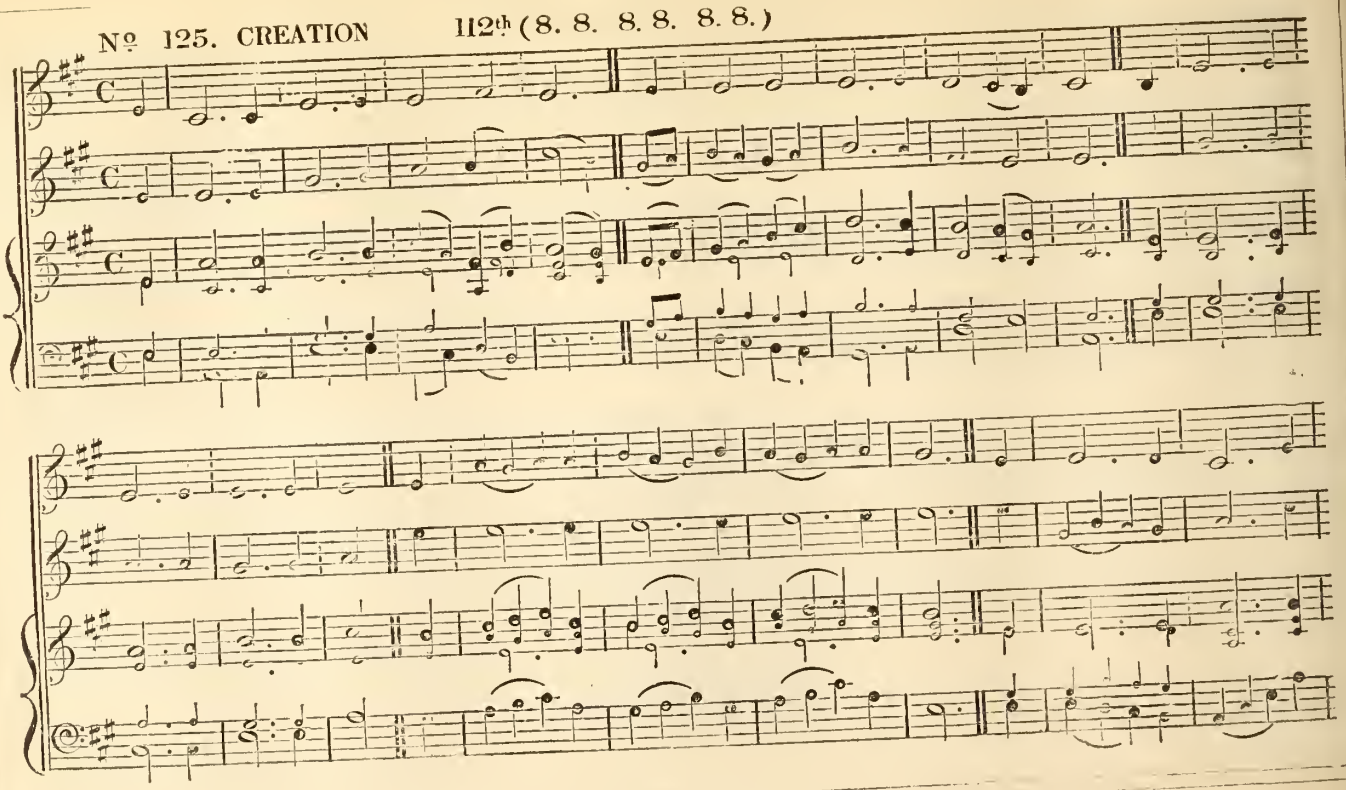


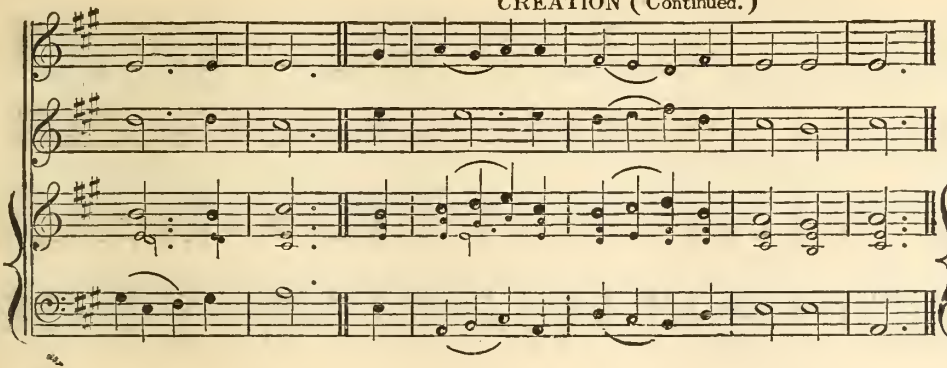
91.—112th. *Daily Bread.*

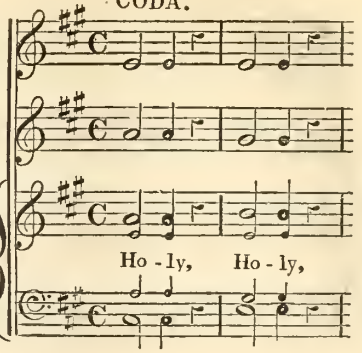
1 O Lord of earth, of air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
On Thee thy various creatures call,
The common Father, kind to all:
Then grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

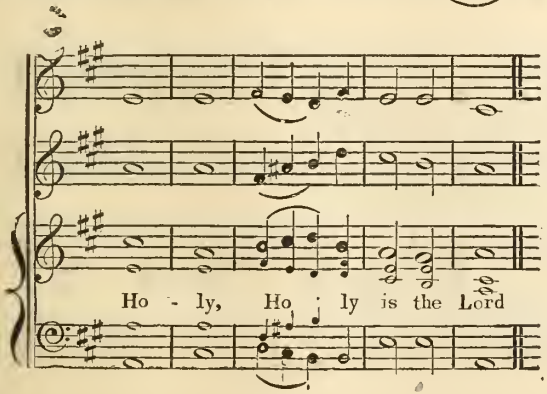
2 The lions may with hunger pine;
But, Lord, Thou carest still for thine;
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The lone and barren wilderness:
And Thou hast taught our hearts to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And while we travel faint and slow,
Thy pilgrims, through a vale of woe,
Do Thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone our souls can live:
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The Bread of Life from day to day.


Nº 125. CREATION
112th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)







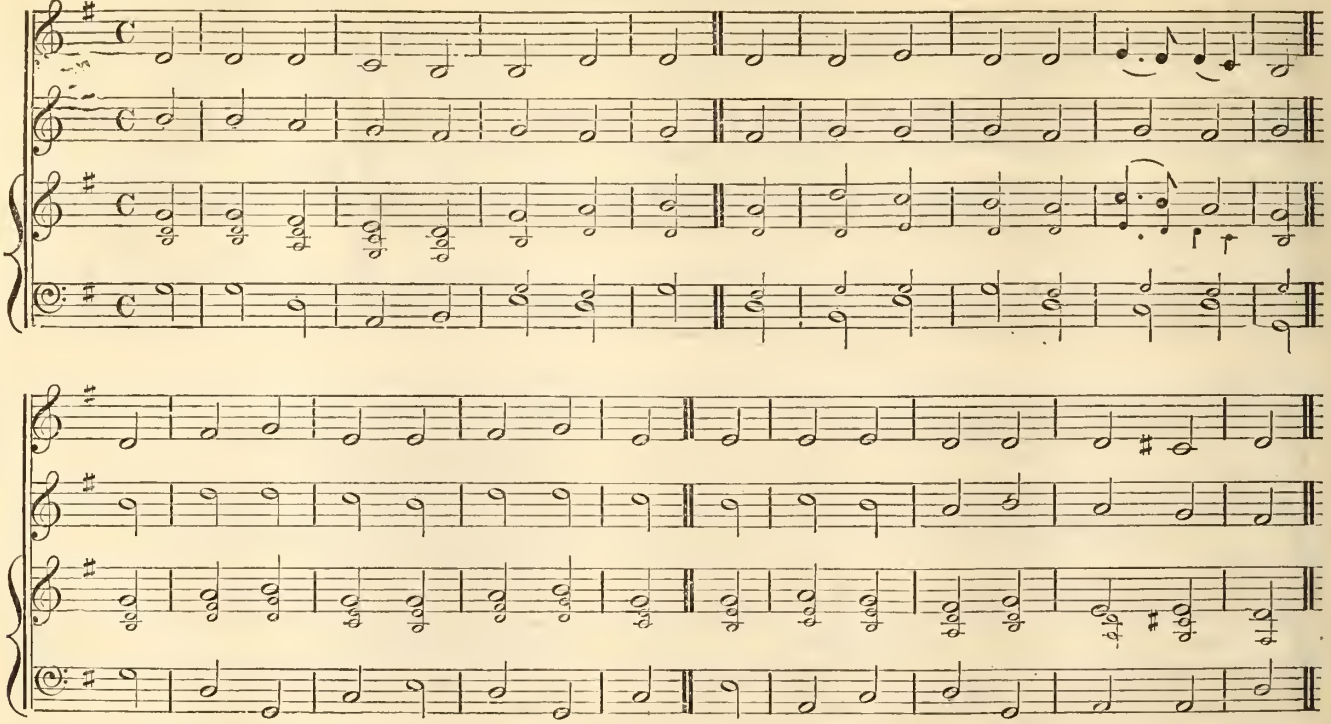
92.—112th. *Christ the King of Glory.*

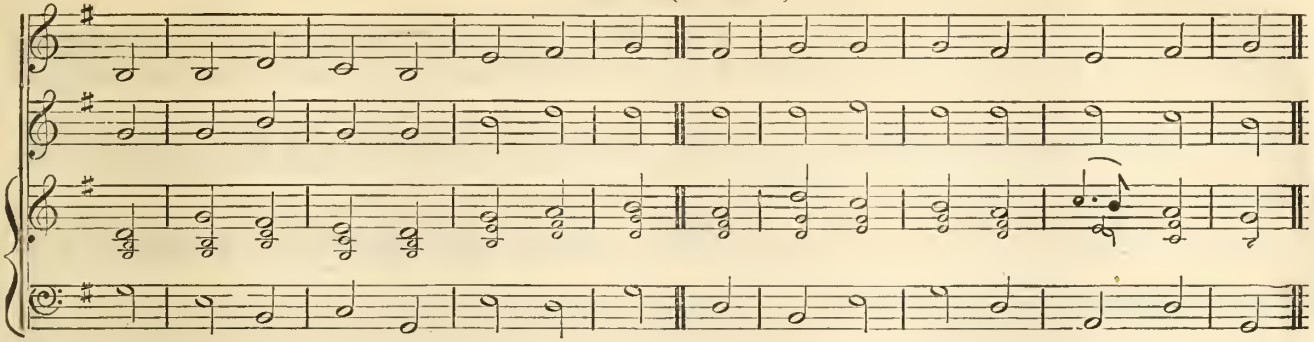
1 Messiah reigns, let earth obey,
And crown her King with loud acclaim;
Let saints their grateful homage pay,
To their beloved Saviour's name;
And heaven resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.

2 Jesus, who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
From Him alone all comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy and peace;
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.

3 Yes, Thou art worthy, gracious Lord,
Of universal endless praise;
With every power to be adored,
Which men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.

Nº 126. LINDEN. 112th (8 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)





33.—112th. *Hope in life and death.*

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name,
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, &c.

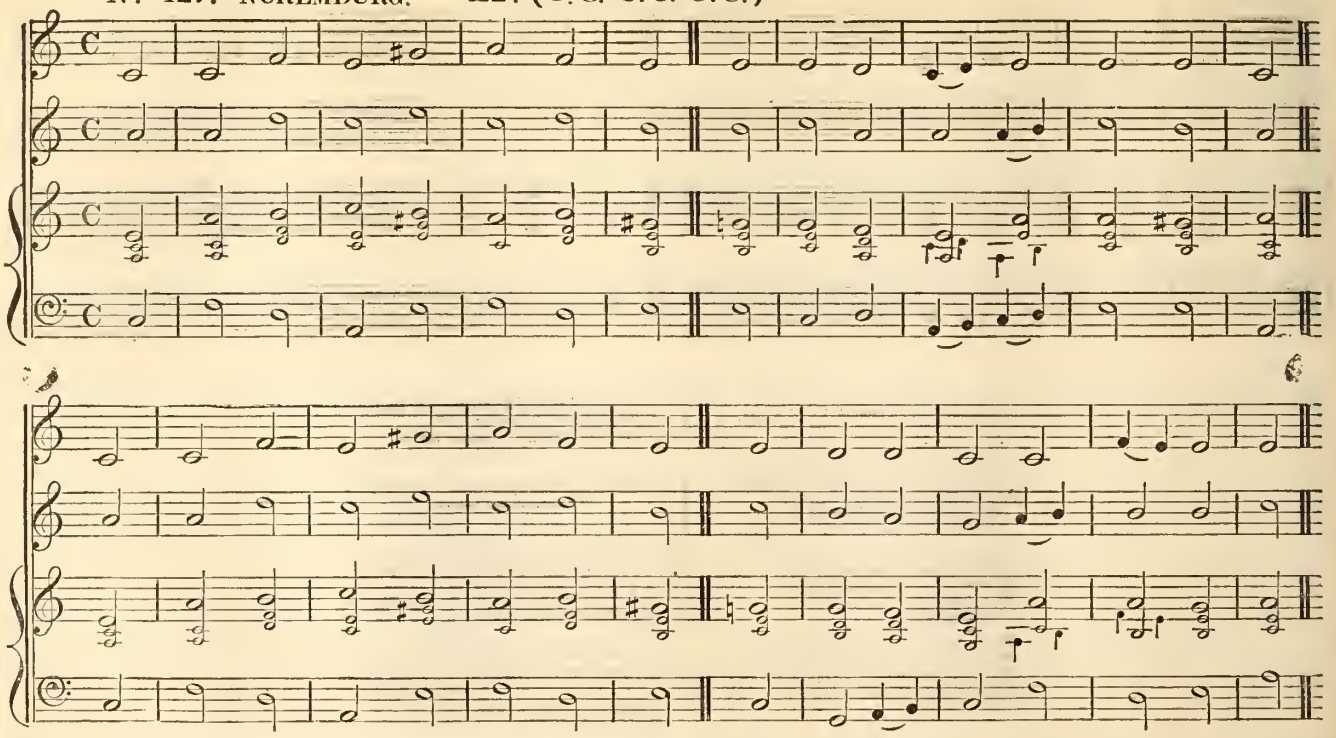
4 When the last awful trump shall sound,
O may I then in Him be found,
Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne:
On Christ, &c.

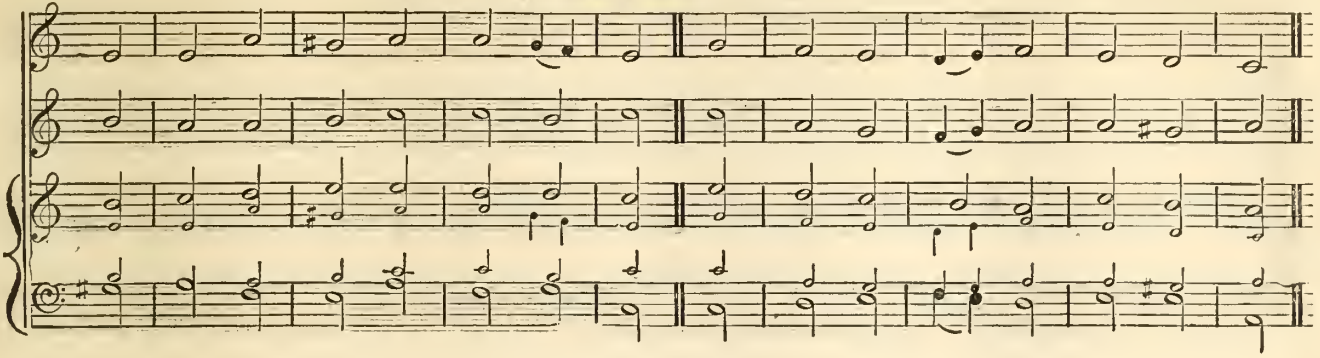
34.—112th. *Praise for the blessings of Providence and Grace.*

1 Lord, on whose bounty we depend,
By whom alone all creatures live,
The countless blessings Thou dost send
With grateful hearts may we receive:
And, while thy streams of mercy pour,
Thy gracious providence adore.

2 Blest be thy name for earthly good!
Thrice blest for richer mercies giv'n
So freely through the Saviour's blood;—
Thy peace on earth, the hope of heaven:
Still on our lives with favour shine,
And all our hearts, O God, be thine.

Nº 127. NUREMBURG. 112th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)



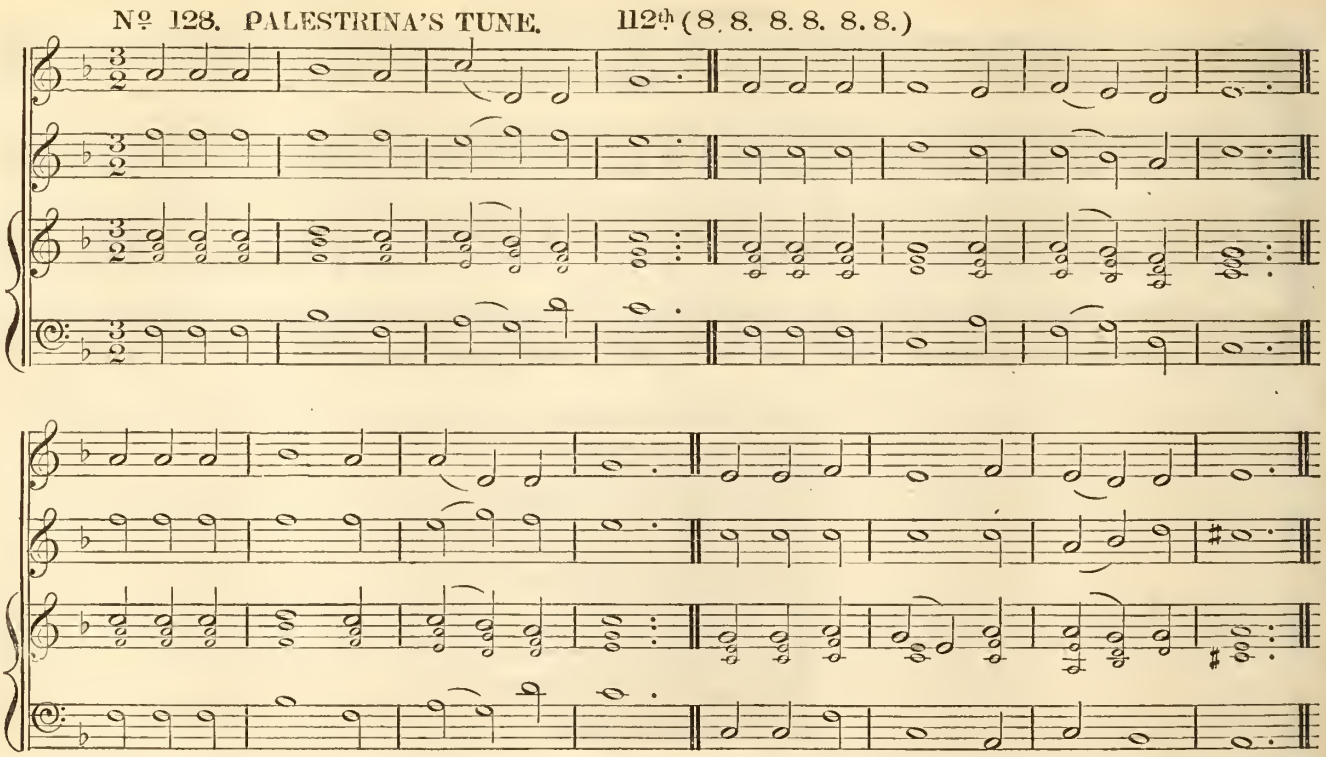


95.—112th. *The Love of Christ.*

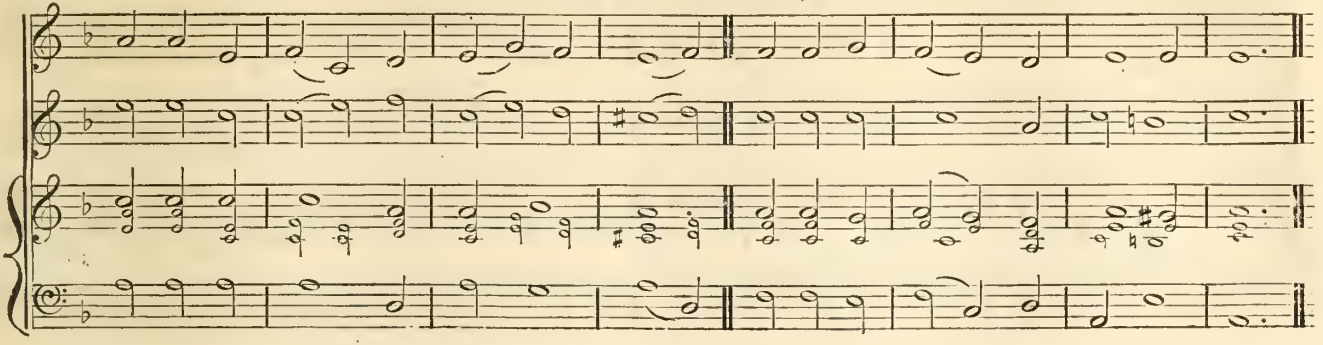
1 Dear Saviour, we can never know,
The pangs of that mysterious woe;
That wrung thy frame at every pore,
When Thou for us sin's death-curse bore;
The wondrous love our ransom bought,
Exceeds all praise, transcends all thought.

2 Tho' man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave;
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved expire;
Yet Jesus for the guilty died,
Who scorn'd his love, his wrath defied.

3 How mean the love that man can know,
Or that in angel-breasts can glow,
Compared, O Lord of Hosts, with thine—
Eternal, fathomless, divine;
With all thy saints below, above,
Give us to know and sing thy love.


Nº 128. PALESTRINA'S TUNE. 112th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)

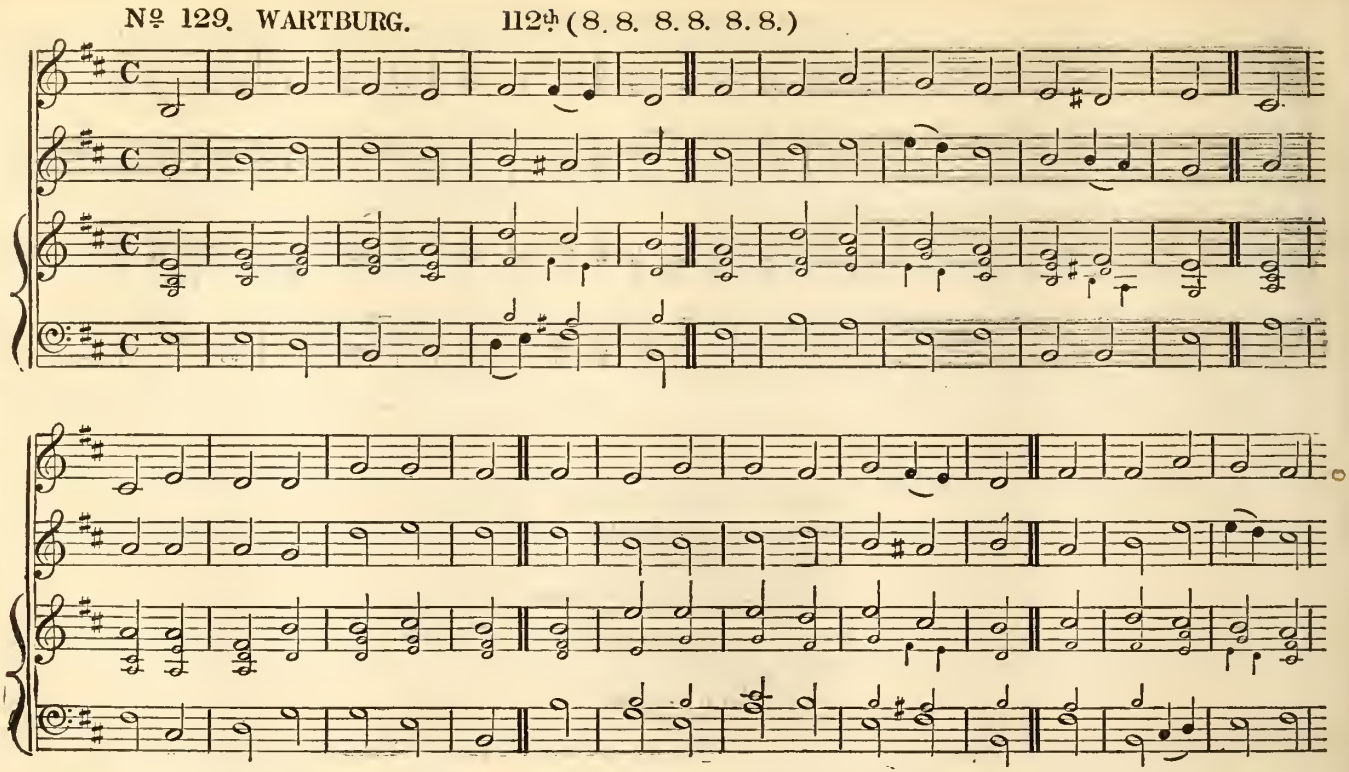
PALESTRINA'S TUNE (Continued.)

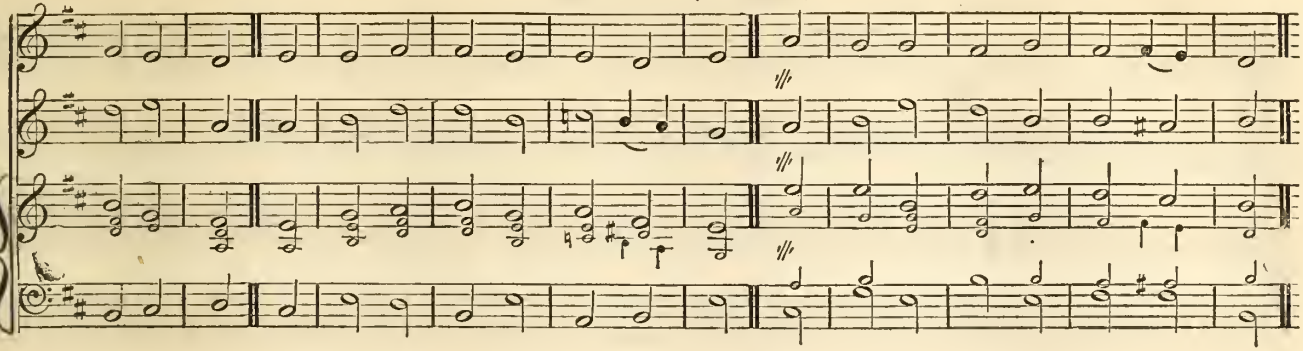


96.—112th. *God the giver of all good.*

1 Fountain of good from Thee alone,
Our every gift and comfort flows;
Whate'er we fondly call our own,
Thy freely streaming grace bestows:
Thy blessings, all through Christ descend,
Our heavenly and eternal Friend.

2 What are thy gifts compared to Thee,—
A beam from the bright shining sun;
A drop from the unfathom'd sea,—
Fountain of life and love unknown!
Low at thy feet, O God we fall,
Thou art our everlasting all.

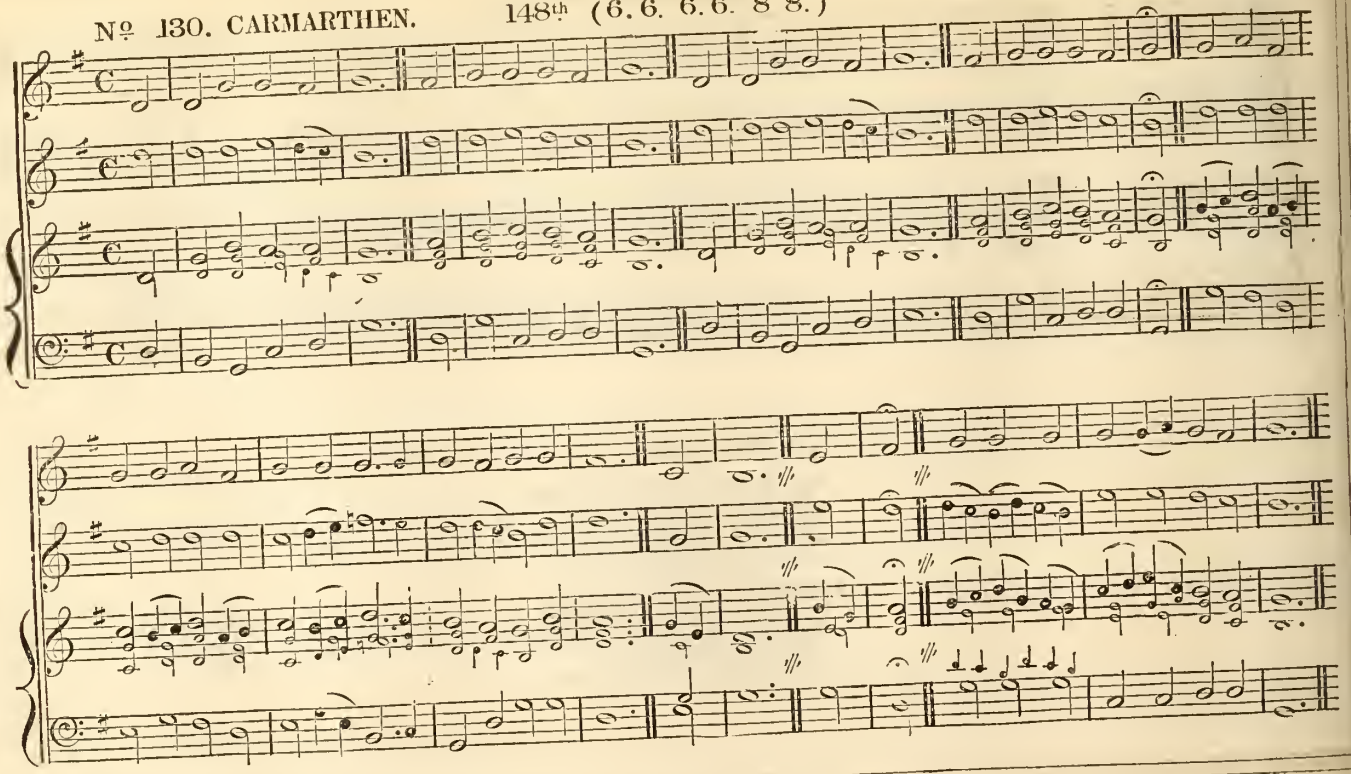

Nº 129. WARTBURG. 112th (8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)



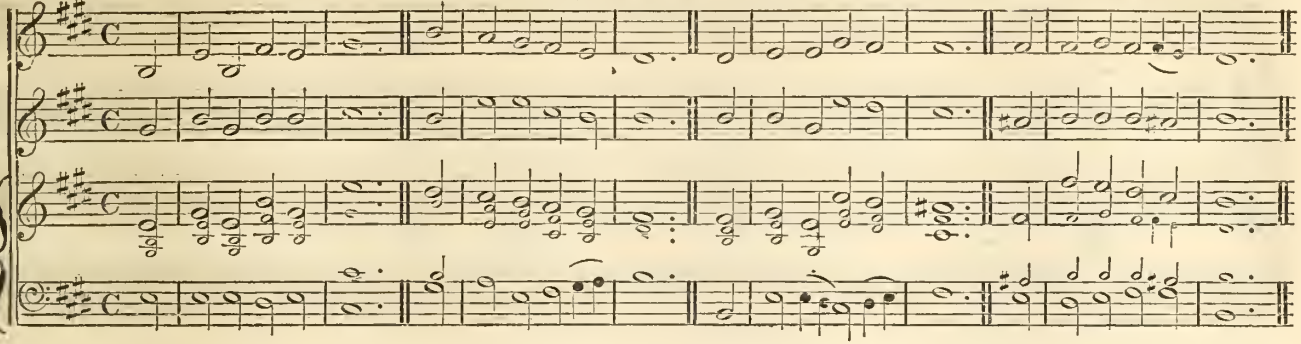
97.—112th. *Waiting for God.*

Lord, Thou hast given thy faithful Word,
Thy saints defence and guide to be;
Their shelter in the hour of need,
Where they for aid and succour flee:
There too, I'll watch to know thy will,
And wait thy gracious presence still.

2 For though Thou shouldest tarry long,
Throughout afflictions gloomy night;
And though my weary eyelids seek,
The dawning mornings cheerful light:
Like wrestling Jacob, will I be,
Nor doubt his love, who died for me.


Nº 130. CARMARTHEN. 148th (6. 6. 6. 6. 8 8.)

Nº 131. DARWELL'S TUNE. 148th. (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)

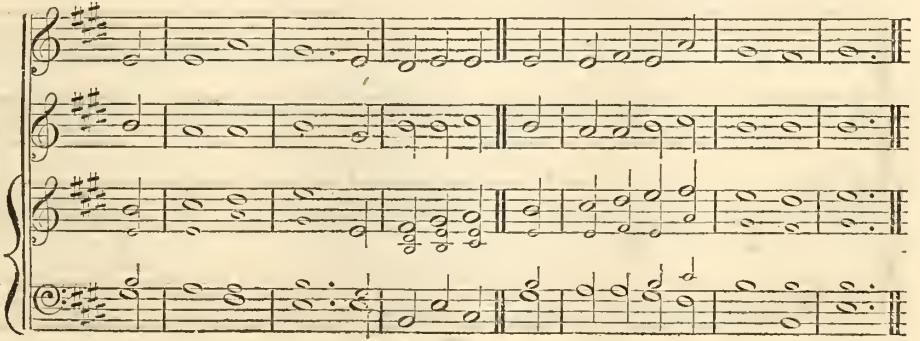


98.—148th. *God's Providence.*

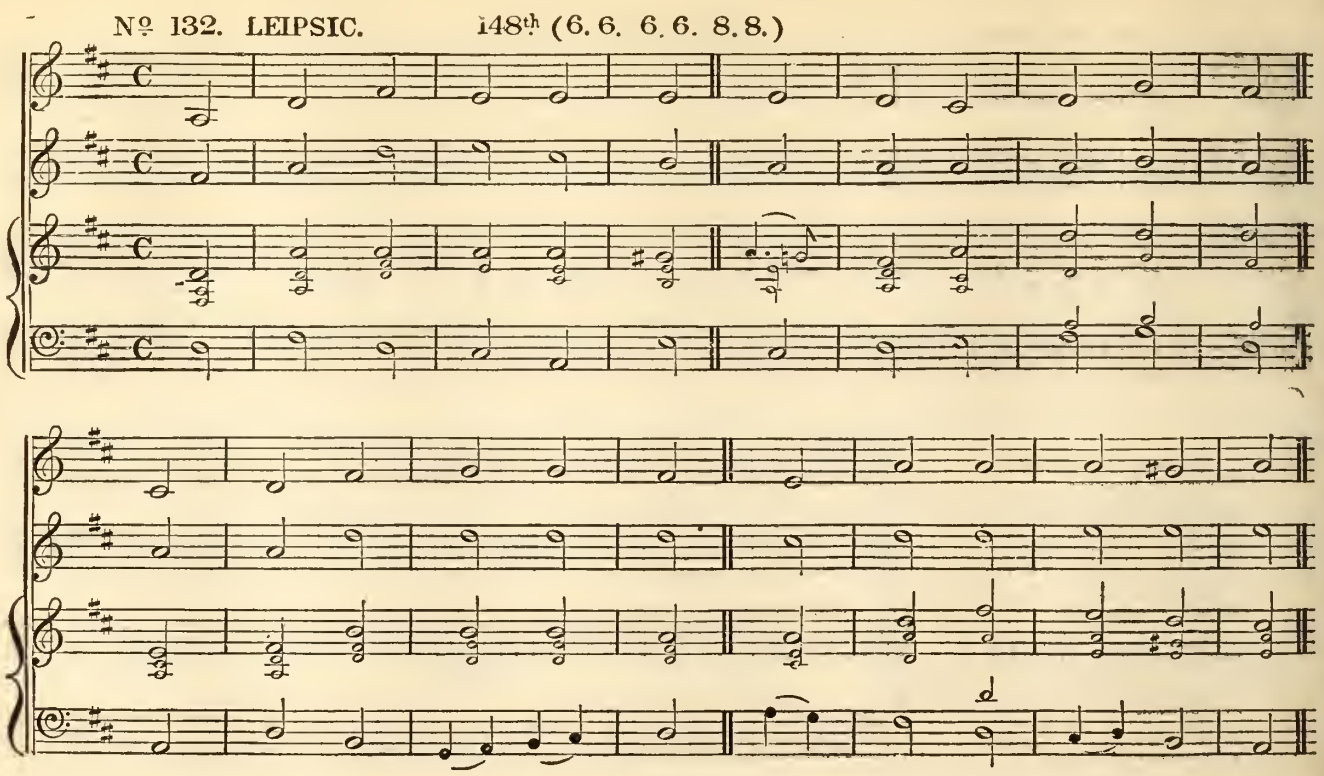
1 How the fair lilies grow,
From toil and trouble free,
Yet all their charms they owe
Almighty Lord, to Thee!
Not Solomon in pomp array'd
Hath e'er such loveliness display'd.

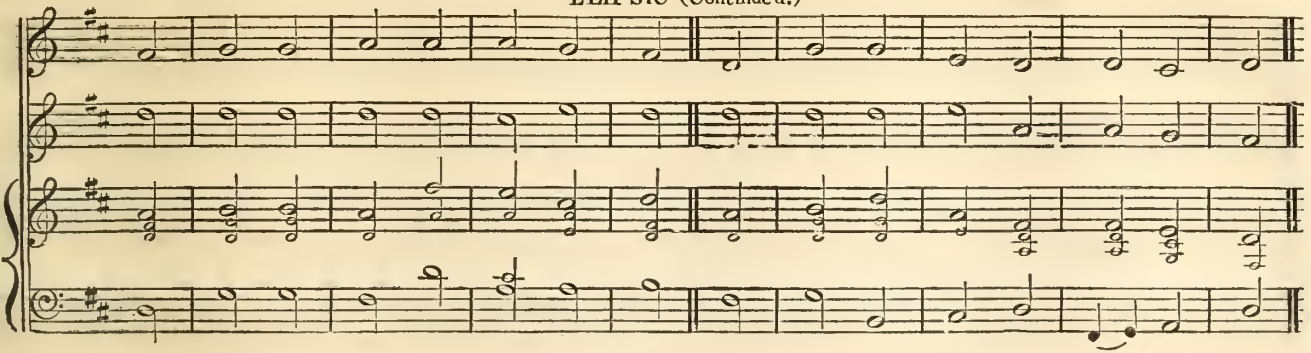
2 The little birds which fly
Along the open air,
Beneath thy watchful eye,
Secure from dangers are;
No sparrow to the ground can fall,
Without thy will, Thou Lord of all.

3 Since o'er the fading flower
Thy gracious care presides,
And thy Almighty power
For fowls their food provides;
To me, I know, thy love will grant,
A full supply of ev'ry want.



Nº 132. LEIPSIC. 148th (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)





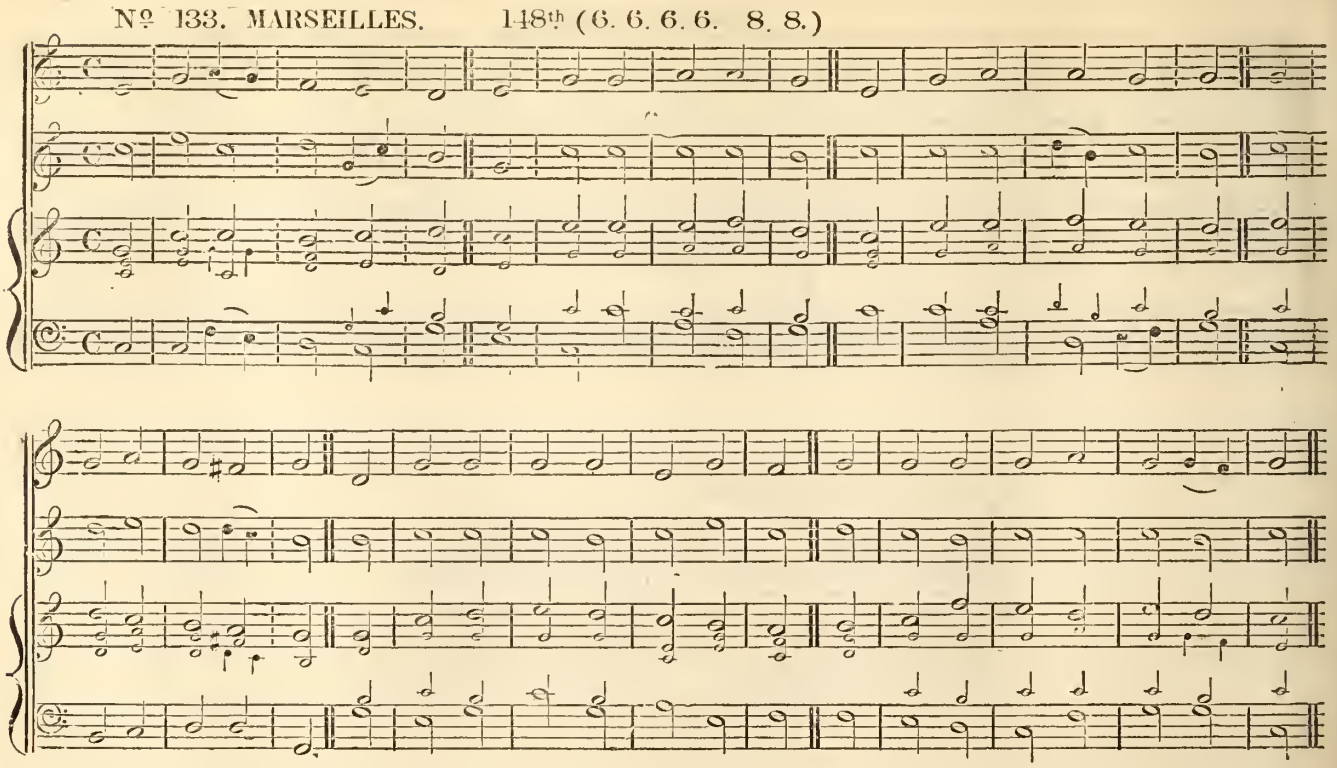
99.—148th. *The Saints comfort and safety.*

1 Their heart shall not be moved
Who in the Lord confide,
Bnt firm as Zion's mount
They ever shall abide,
Who set the Lord before their face,
And Jesus' footsteps seek to trace;

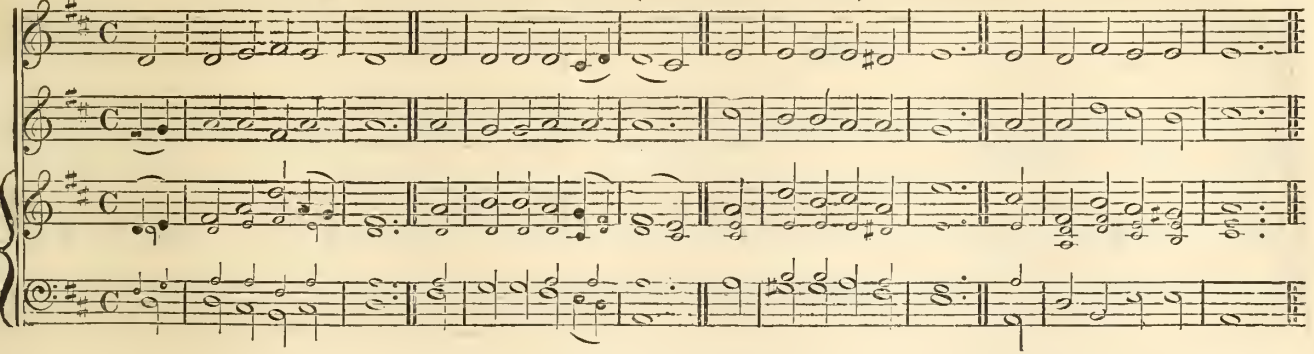
2 His blessing on them rests
Like freshening dew from heaven,
And succour from his throne
In all their need is given;
What man can do we need not fear,
Who know our Lord and Saviour near.

3 One like the Son of God
Is ever at our side,
A present help to saints,
In fiery furnace tried;
And 'tis enough that He is near,
To save us, or with us to bear.

4 Should days of trial come,
As Jesus hath foretold,
With him we need not fear,
To follow those of old;
And in the paths our fathers trod,
The paths of suffering walk with God.


Nº 133. MARSEILLES. 148th (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)

Nº 134. PORTSMOUTH OLD. 148th (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8)



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From toil and trouble free,
Yet all their charms they owe
Almighty Lord, to Thee!
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Hath e'er such loveliness display'd.

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Along the open air,
Beneath thy watchful eye,
Secure from dangers are;
No sparrow to the ground can fall,
Without thy will, Thou Lord of all.

3 Since o'er the fading flower
Thy gracious care presides,
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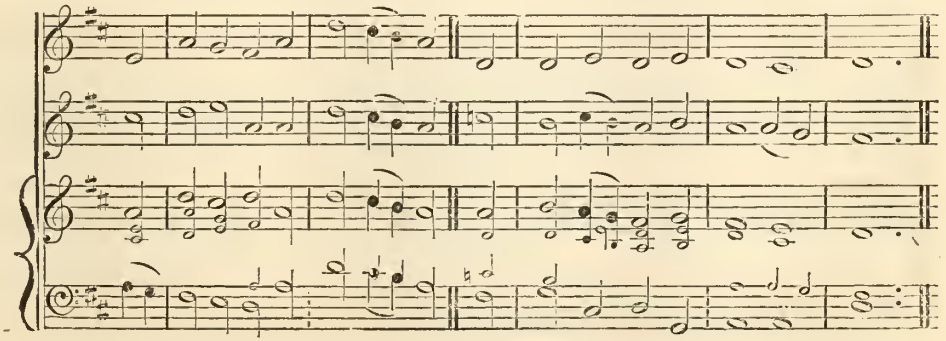
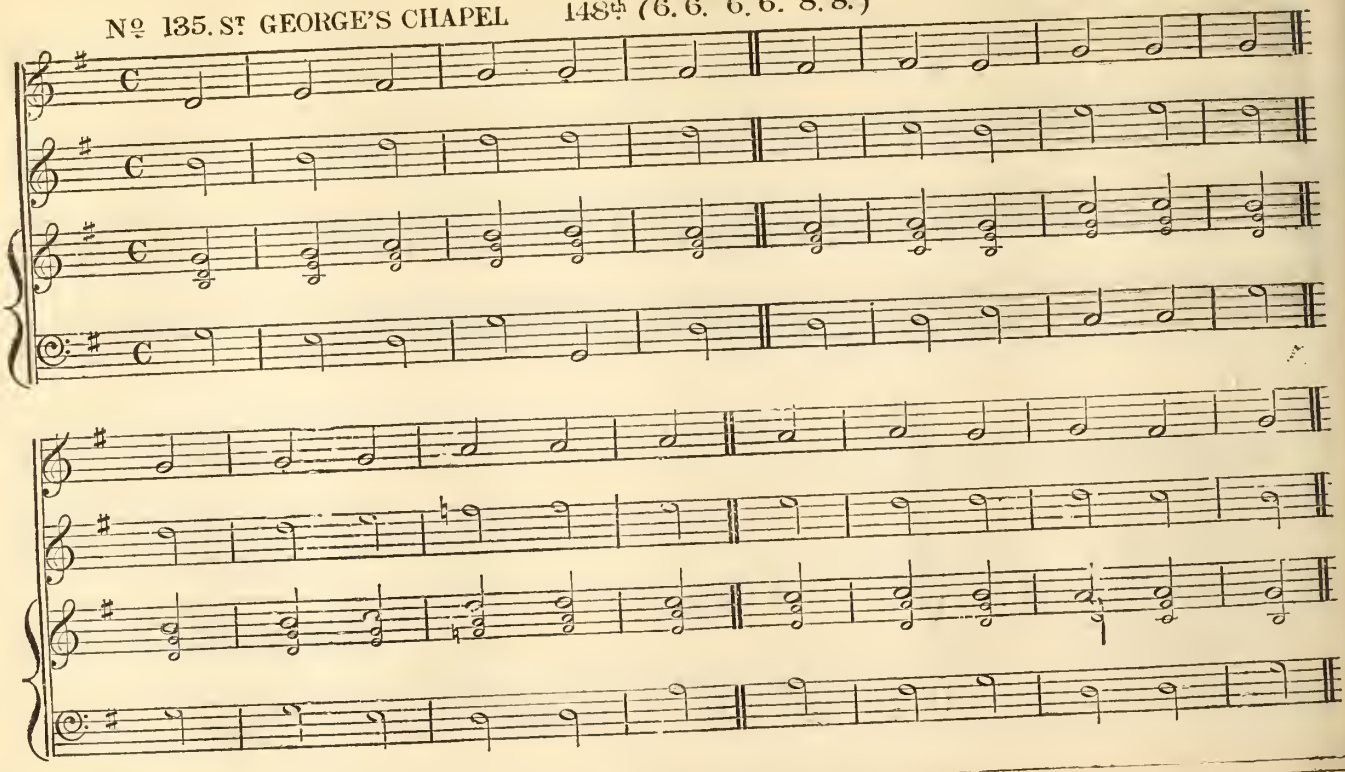
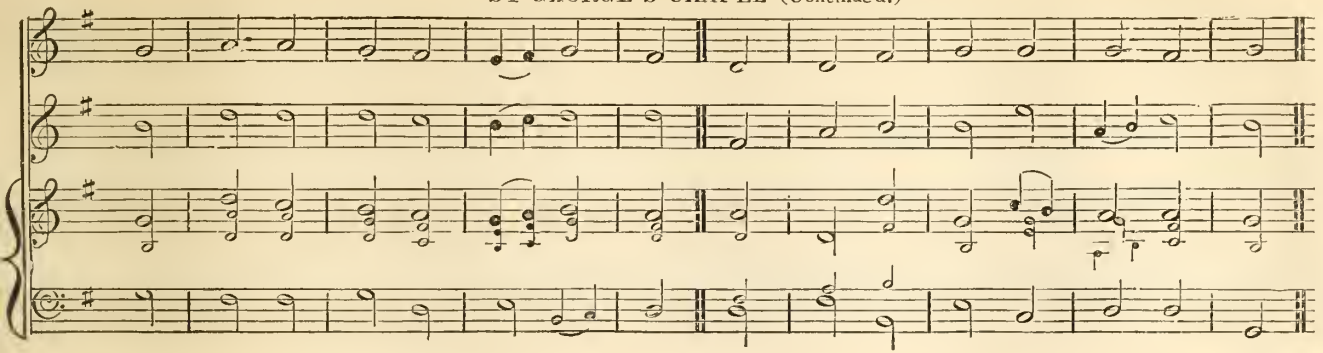
For fowls their food provides;
To me, I know, thy love will grant,
A full supply of ev'ry want.




Nº 135. St GEORGE'S CHAPEL 148th (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)

ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL (Continued.)



100.—148th. *Salvation by Grace alone.*

1 Lord let thy people be
Now taught in things divine,
And by the Truth made free,
In faith's bright armour shine;
May all our hearts rejoicing prove,
Their trust in thine unchanging love.

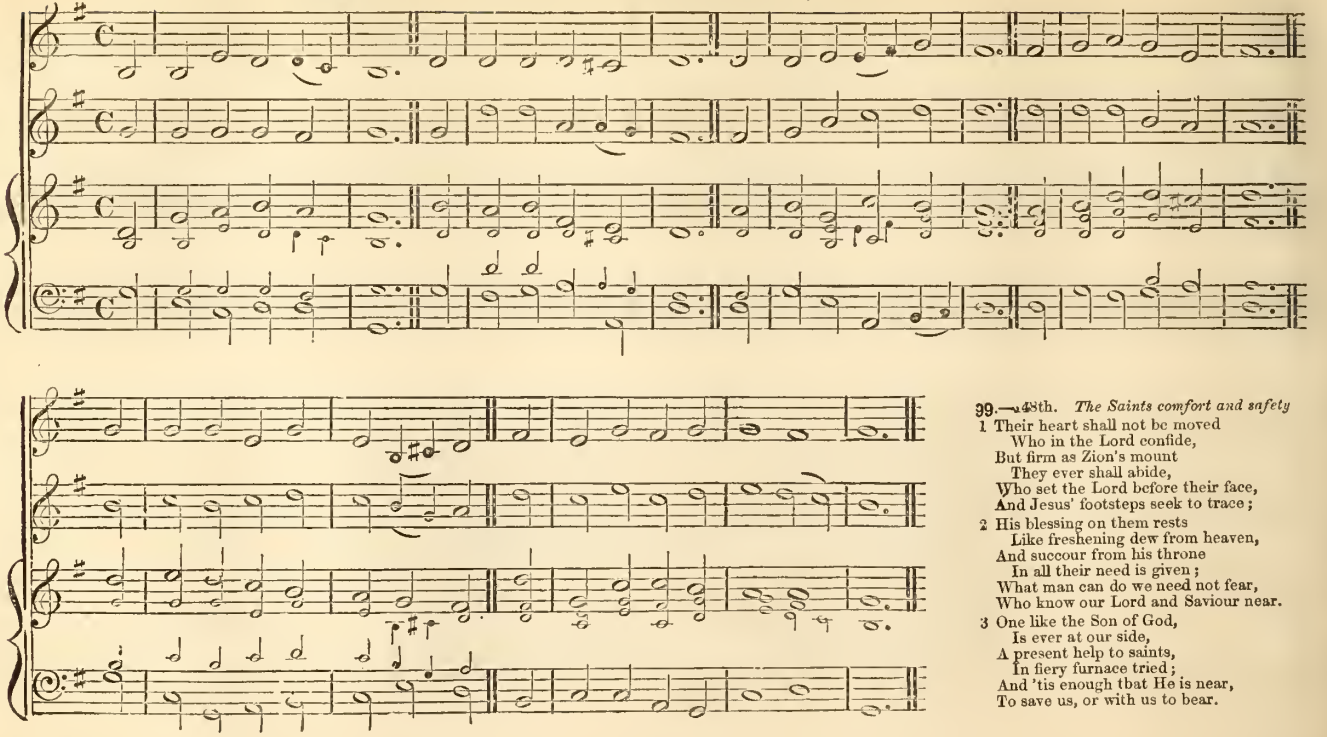
2 Our gifts and graces all,
Can ne'er for sin atone;
Nor works of righteousness,
By guilty mortals done:
The goodliest life will prove in vain,
Heaven's blest inheritance to gain.

3 If through the offence of one,
Sin's work of death is found;
Much more the gift of life,
Doth through thy Son abound:
His love and grace no limit know,
Although our stain like crimson glow.

4 A meek and chastened fear,
Befits our spirits well;
Thus shall we realize,
That gift unspeakable,
Which from Thyself our souls receive,
The grace on which thy people live.

5 Thus with the Lord our God,
We place our hopes on high;
Nor build on our deserts,
Our souls deep poverty:
To Him our souls surrender all,
And trust his love unsearchable.

Nº 136. St CLEMENT. 148th (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)



99.—148th. *The Saints comfort and safety*

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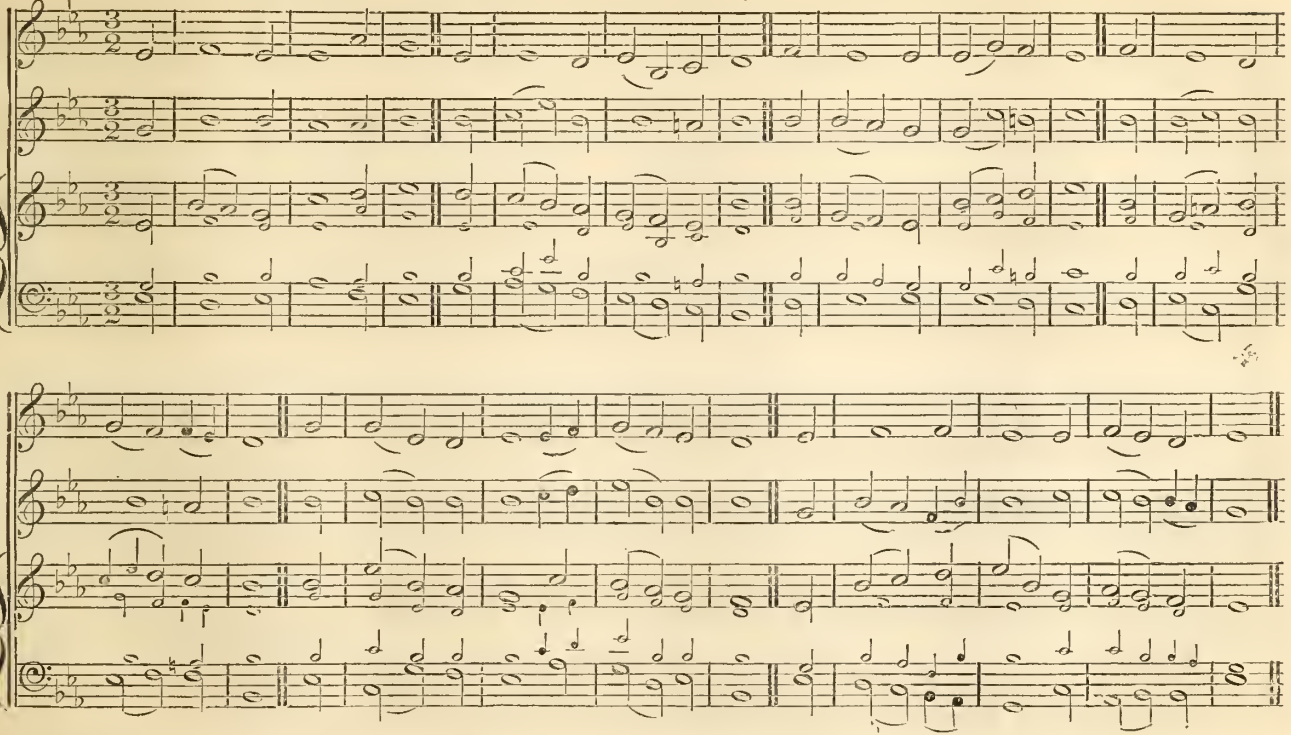
Who in the Lord confide,
But firm as Zion's mount
They ever shall abide,
Who set the Lord before their face,
And Jesus' footsteps seek to trace;

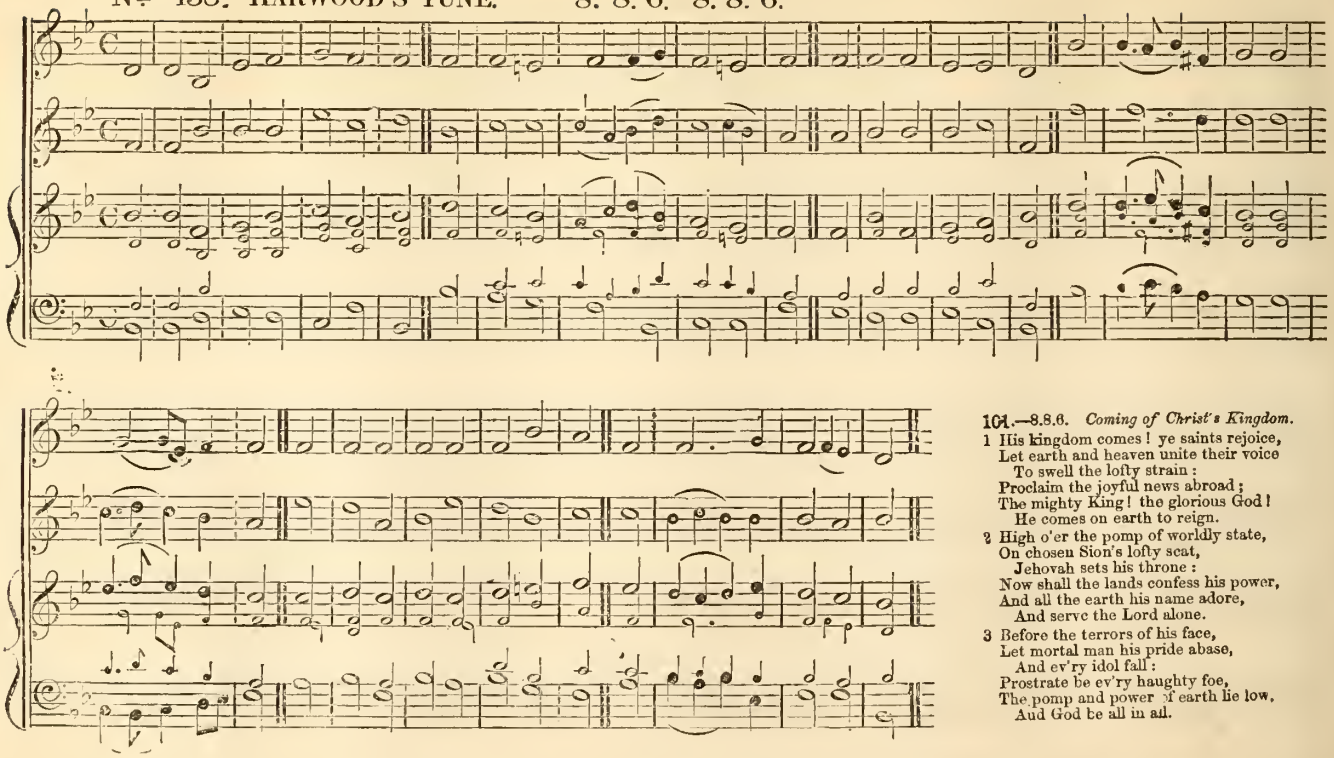
2 His blessing on them rests
Like freshening dew from heaven,
And succour from his throne
In all their need is given;
What man can do we need not fear,
Who know our Lord and Saviour near.

3 One like the Son of God,
Is ever at our side,
A present help to saints,
In fiery furnace tried;
And 'tis enough that He is near,
To save us, or with us to bear.

Nº 137. Sᵗ SWITHIN. 148ᵗʰ (6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)



Nº 138. HARWOOD'S TUNE. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.



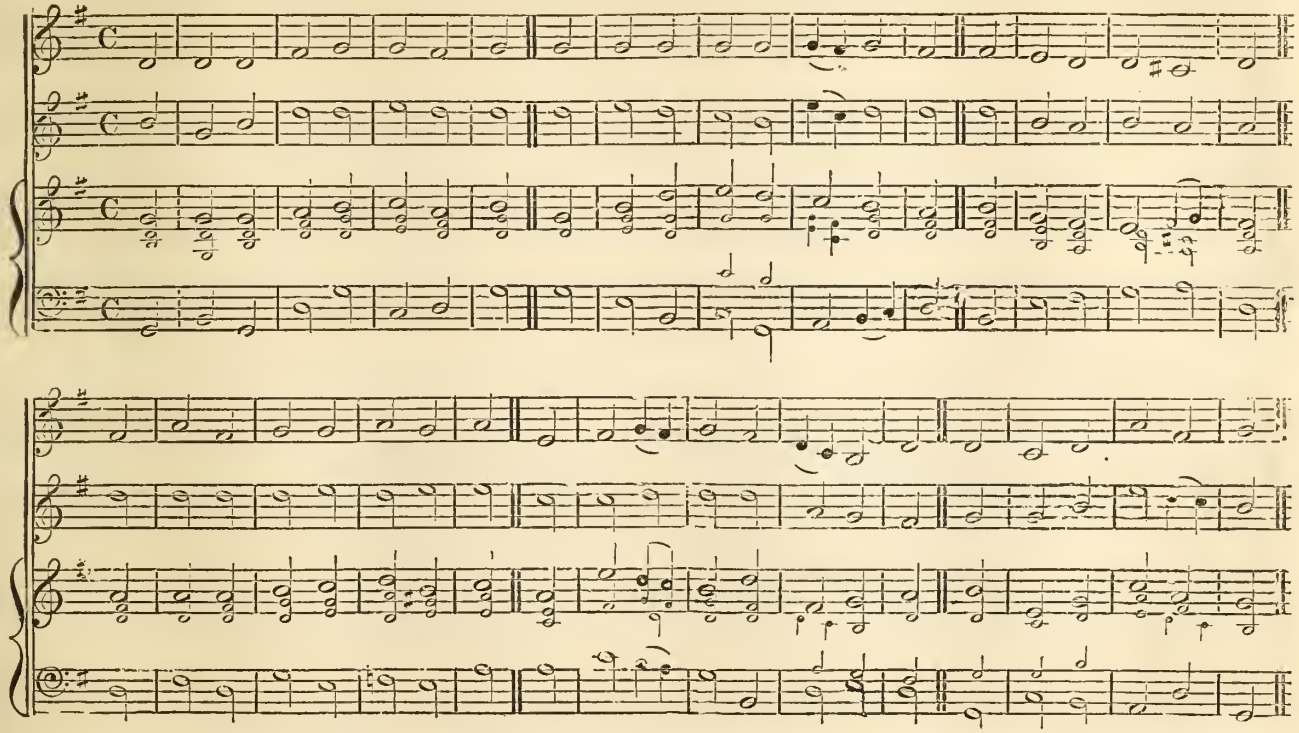
101.—8.8.6. *Coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 His kingdom comes! ye saints rejoice,
Let earth and heaven unite their voice
To swell the lofty strain:
Proclaim the joyful news abroad;
The mighty King! the glorious God!
He comes on earth to reign.

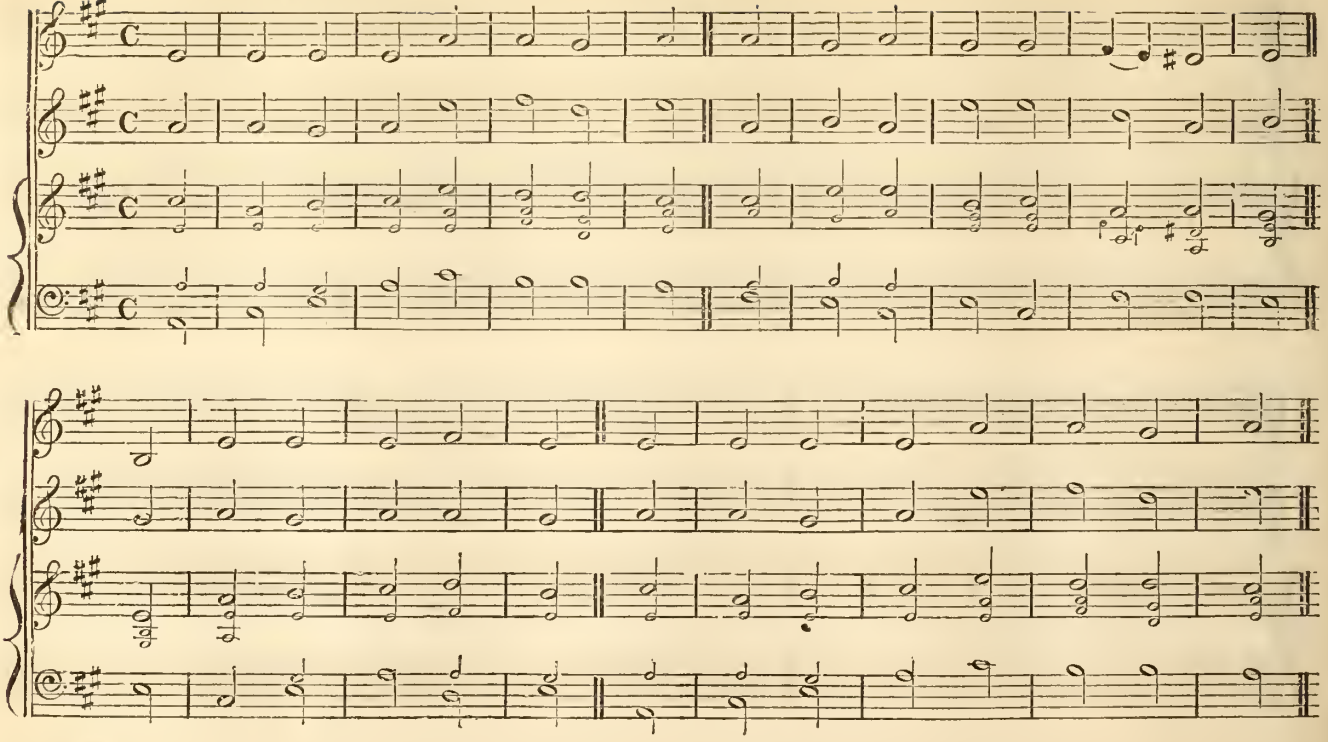
2 High o'er the pomp of worldly state,
On chosen Sion's lofty seat,
Jehovah sets his throne:
Now shall the lands confess his power,
And all the earth his name adore,
And serve the Lord alone.

3 Before the terrors of his face,
Let mortal man his pride abase,
And ev'ry idol fall:
Prostrate be ev'ry haughty foe,
The pomp and power of earth lie low,
And God be all in all.

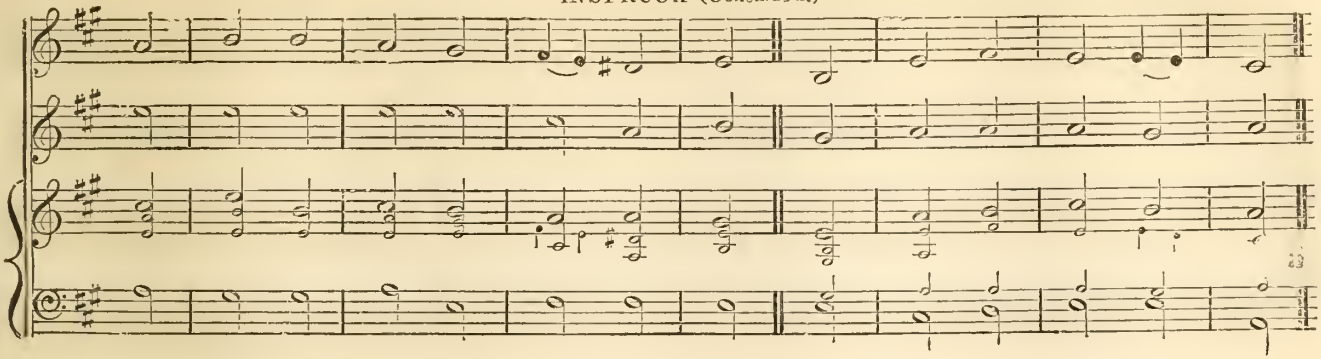
Nº 139. HEREFORD. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6



Nº 140. INSPRUCK (8. 8. 6. 8. 8 6.)



INSPRUCK (Continued.)



102.—8.8.6. *The Heavenly City.*

We've no continuing city here,
We wait till Salem shall appear,
That city yet to come;
There in those mansions from above,
Prepared for all who Jesus love,
We hope to find our home.

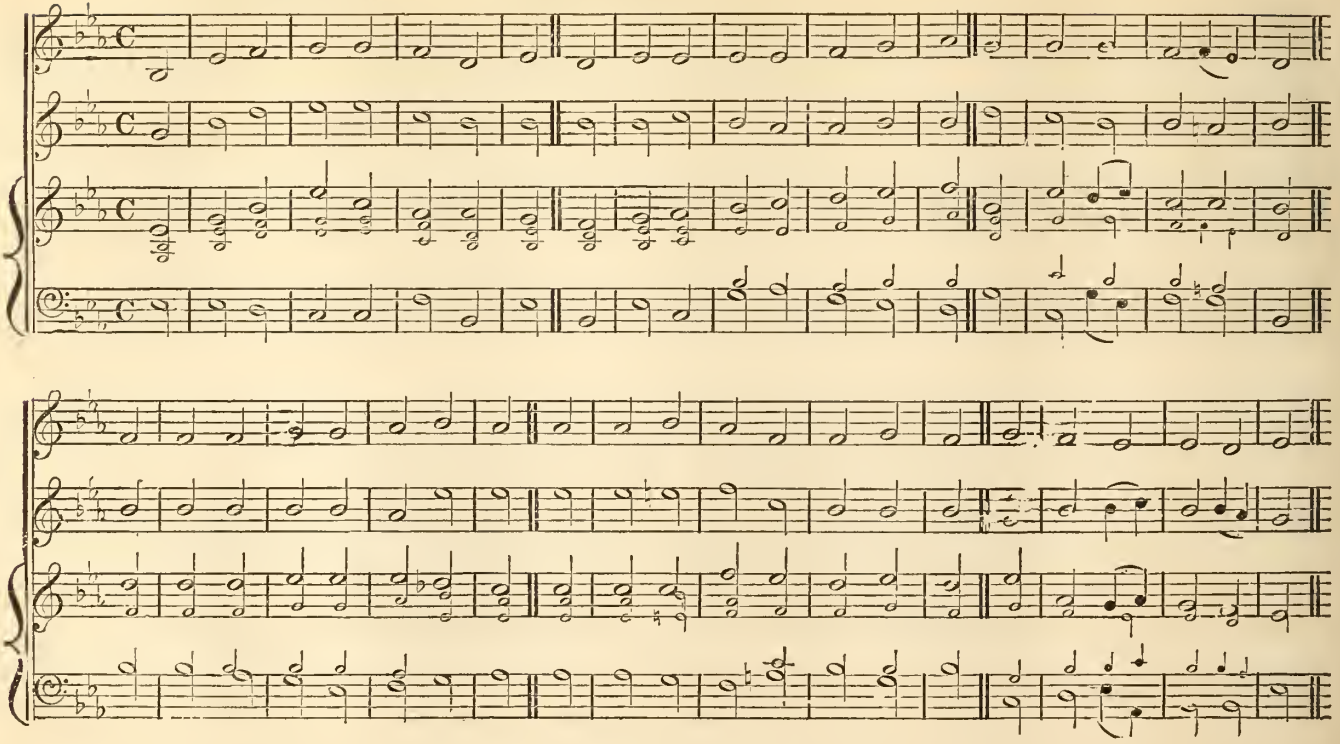
2 Laborious toil and scorching sun,
Hunger and thirst, are there unknown,
Where living fountains play;
The thronëd Lamb his followers leads,
From life's fair tree his flock He feeds,
And wipes all tears away.

3 Faultless to stand before the throne,
In presence of the Holy One,
Nor feel a wish to hide,
We must be pure as He is pure,
Must his all-searching eye endure,
And in his light abide.

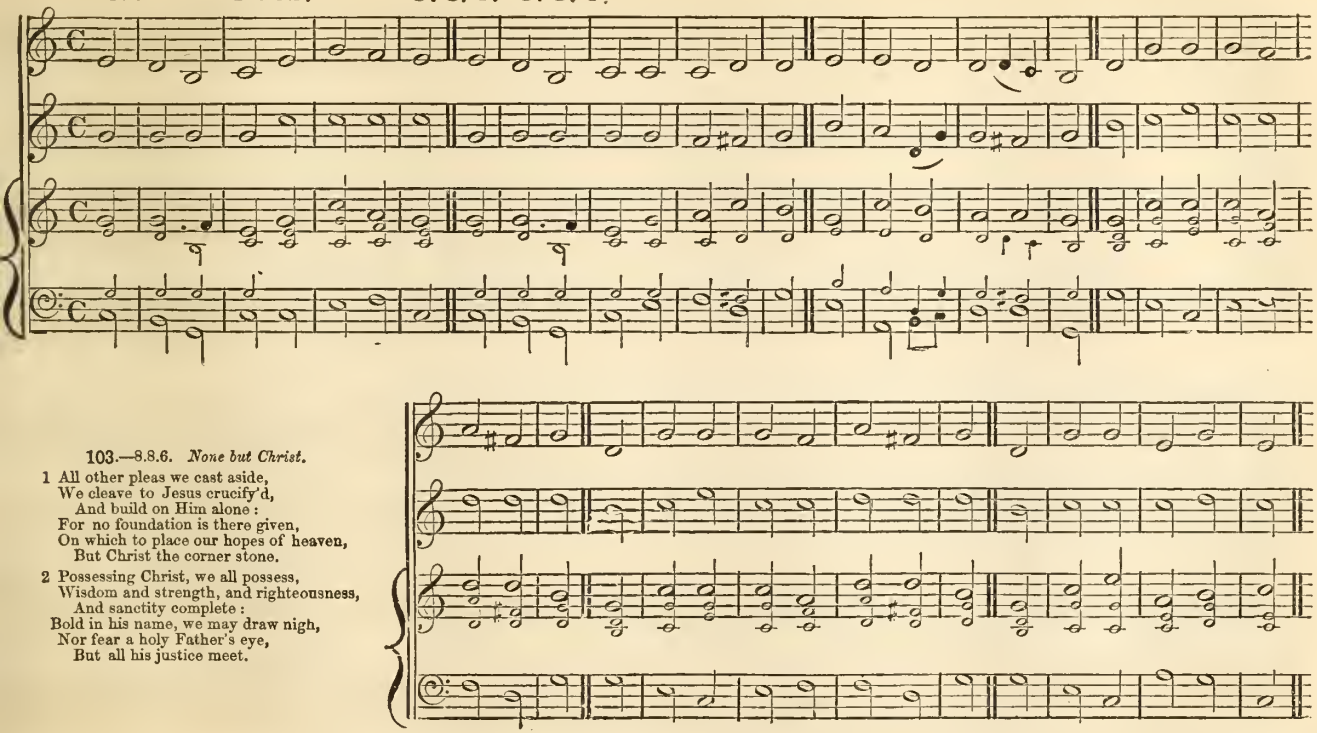
4 Oh! 'tis not yet that word is said,
To fill each guilty heart with dread,
Which must be said at last;
"Let filthy ones be filthy still,
And holy ones be holy still,"
The day of grace is past.

5 Now we may cling to Jesu's feet,
And seek of Him to make us meet,
To dwell with saints in light;
His precious blood from all our sin,
Can cleanse and make us pure within,
And wash our garments white.

№ 141. KINGSTON 8 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.



Nº 142. ROSS. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

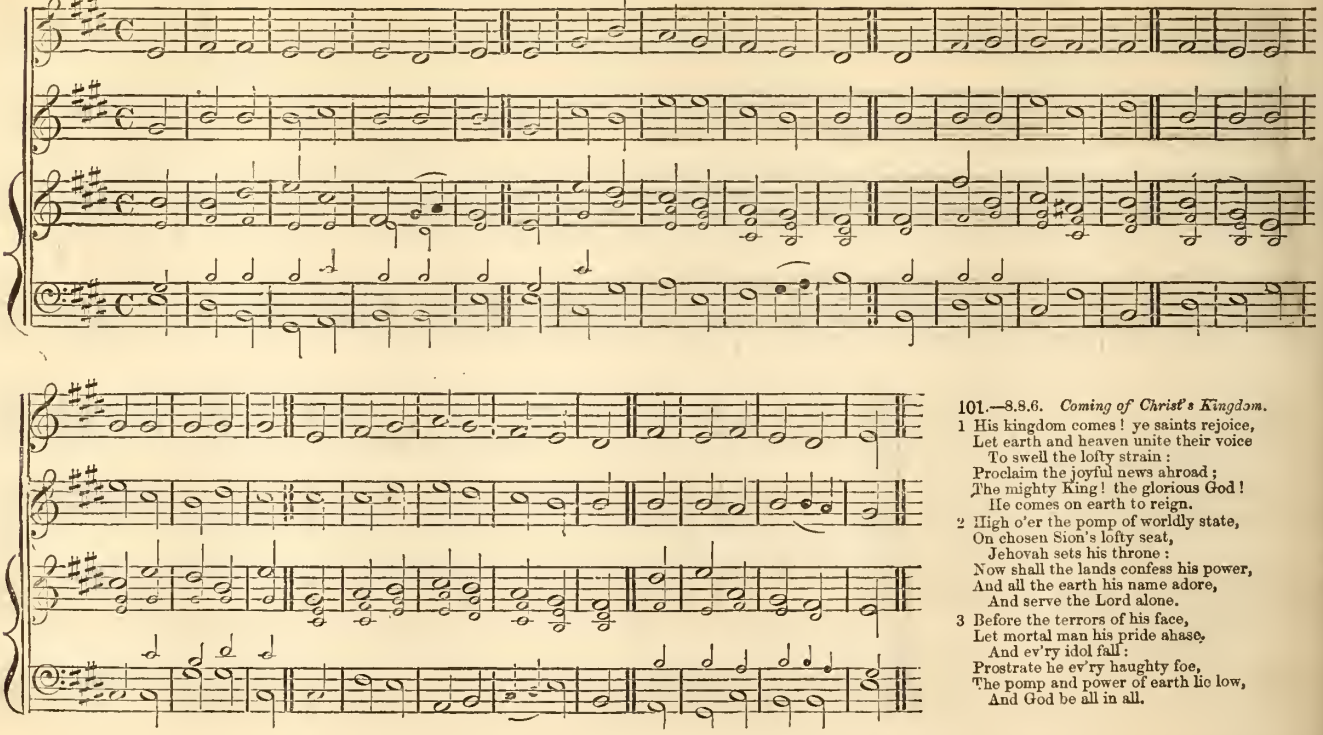


103.—8.8.6. *None but Christ.*

1 All other pleas we cast aside,
We cleave to Jesus crucify'd,
And build on Him alone:
For no foundation is there given,
On which to place our hopes of heaven,
But Christ the corner stone.

2 Possessing Christ, we all possess,
Wisdom and strength, and righteousness,
And sanctity complete:
Bold in his name, we may draw nigh,
Nor fear a holy Father's eye,
But all his justice meet.

Nº 143. TURVEY. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.



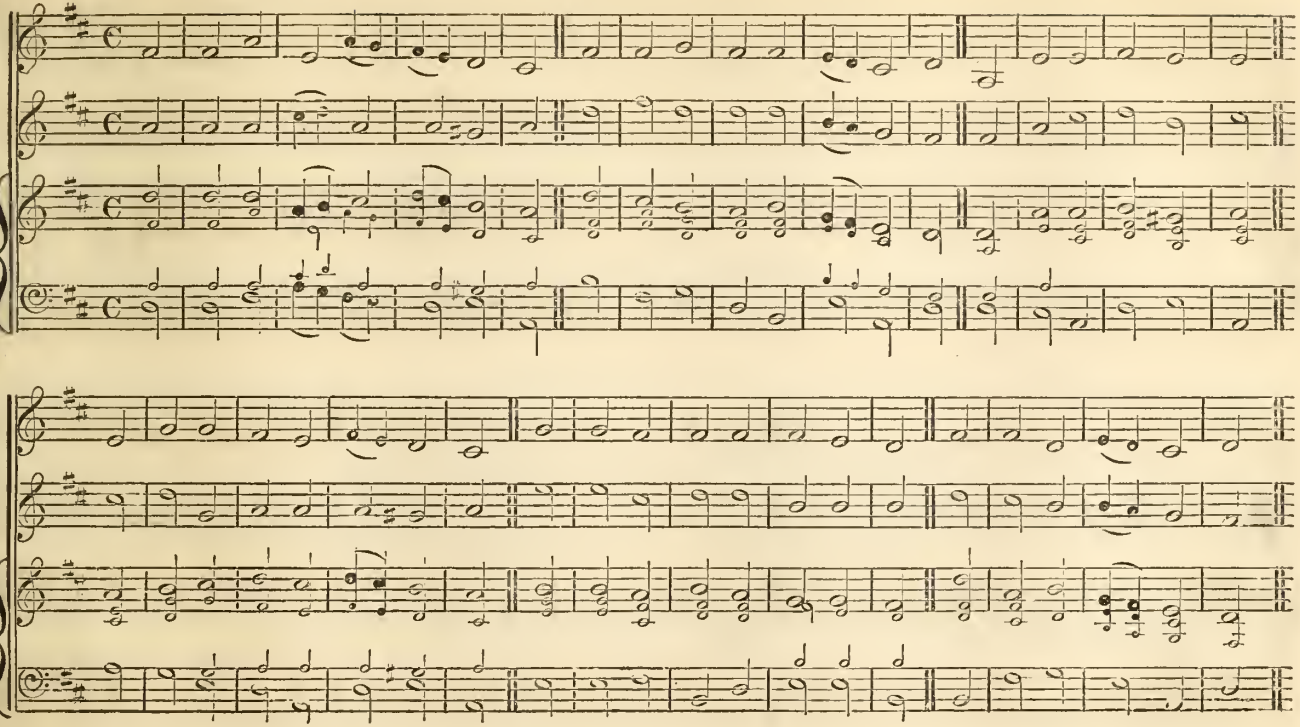
101.—8.8.6. *Coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 His kingdom comes! ye saints rejoice,
Let earth and heaven unite their voice
To swell the lofty strain:
Proclaim the joyful news abroad;
The mighty King! the glorious God!
He comes on earth to reign.

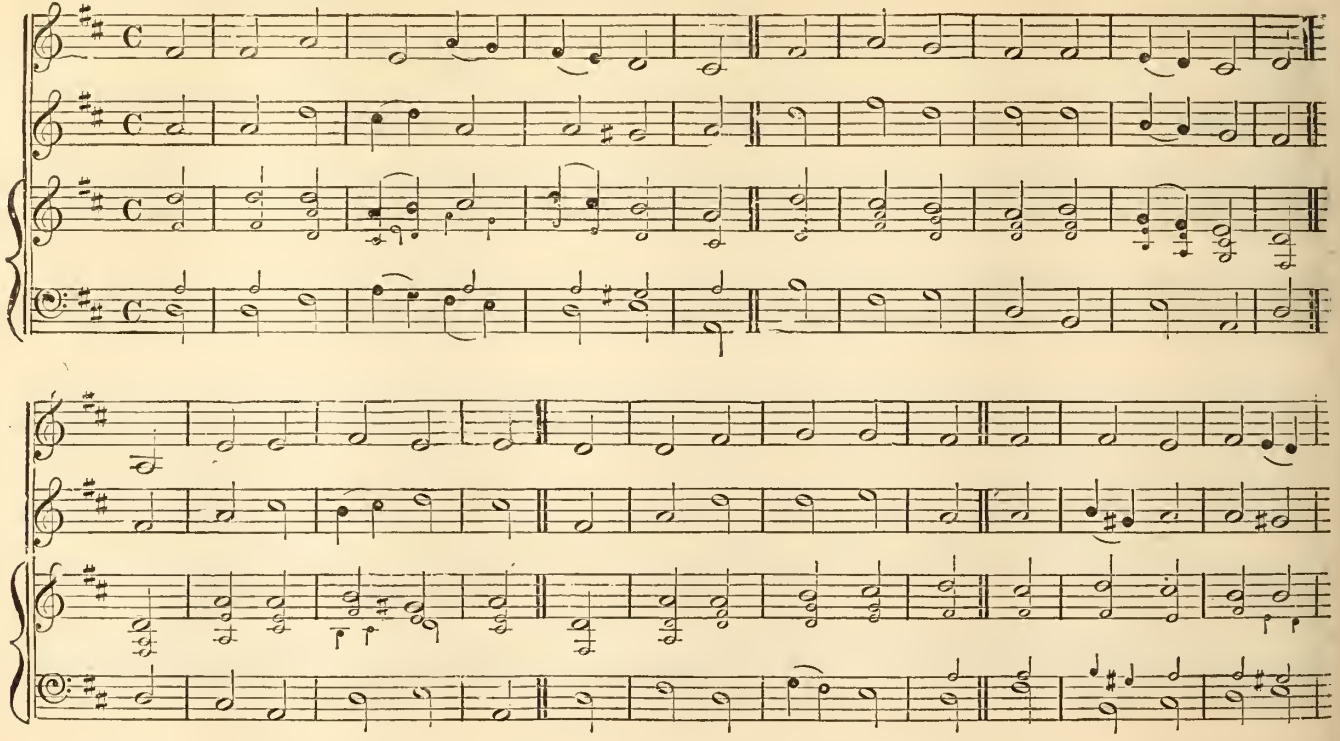
2 High o'er the pomp of worldly state,
On chosen Sion's lofty seat,
Jehovah sets his throne:
Now shall the lands confess his power,
And all the earth his name adore,
And serve the Lord alone.

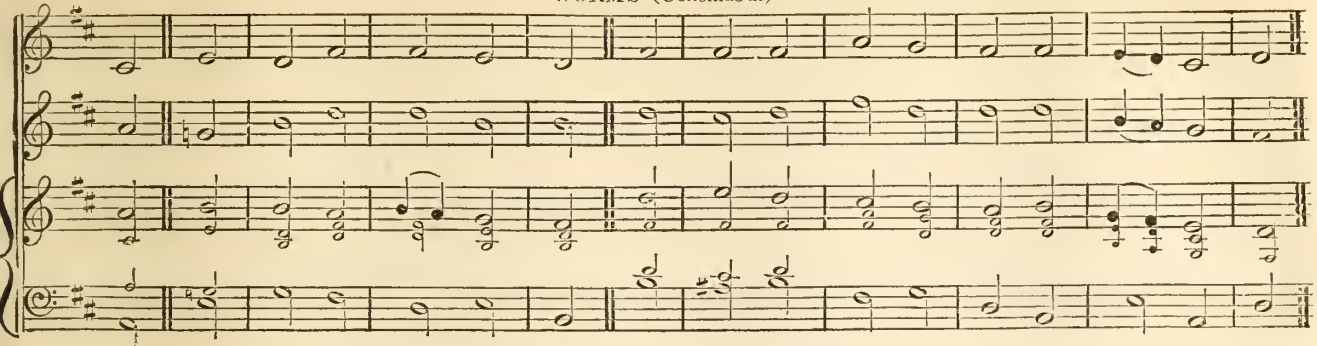
3 Before the terrors of his face,
Let mortal man his pride abase,
And ev'ry idol fall:
Prostrate he ev'ry haughty foe,
The pomp and power of earth lie low,
And God be all in all.

Nº 144. WORMS. 8 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.



№ 145. WORMS. (8. 8. 6.6. 6.6. 10.)





104.—8.6.10.* *God our refuge and strength.*

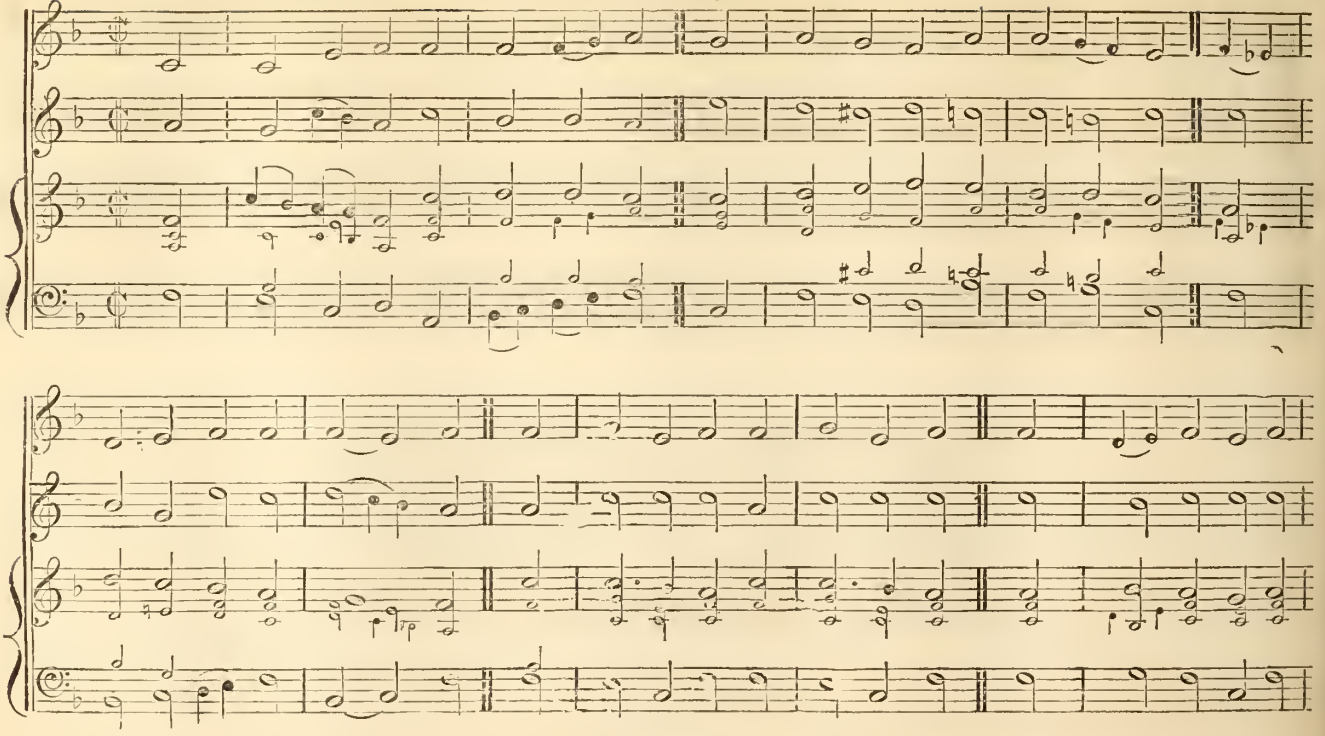
1 God is our refuge and defence,
Our shield his dread Omnipotence!
Earth may beneath us shrink;
The ancient mountains hoar
Down in the deep tide sink—
Let the wild deluge roar,
Jehovah is our refuge and defence.

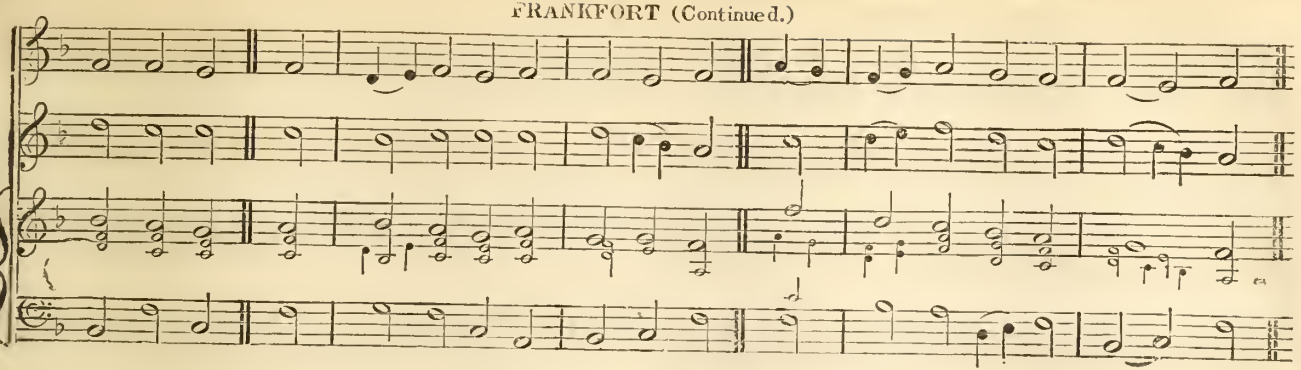
2 There is a river calm and pure,
Whose streams refresh and well secure
The dwelling-place of God!
Blest city fair and bright,
His favoured saints' abode,
Where the Lord reigns in light,
No foe can shake his strong foundations sure.

3 God is our refuge and our shield,
What, then, can make us fear or yield?
Wars at his bidding cease;
He breaks the bow and spear,
He reigns in truth and peace,
Let all adore and fear
Our God and Saviour, Israel's hope and shield!

* This hymn, and the tune called WORMS, which is here given in its original form, was sung by Martin Luther on his journey to Worms, when he was summoned to appear before the Diet, in 1521.

Nº 146. FRANKFORT. (8.8.7. 8.8.8.7.)





105.—8.8.8.7. *Ever with the Lord.*

1 For ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory!

2 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here—
What must it be in heaven!
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say
As now I journey day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

3 But how must his celestial voice
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear Him!
While I before the heavenly gate
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus on his throne of state
Invites me to come near Him.

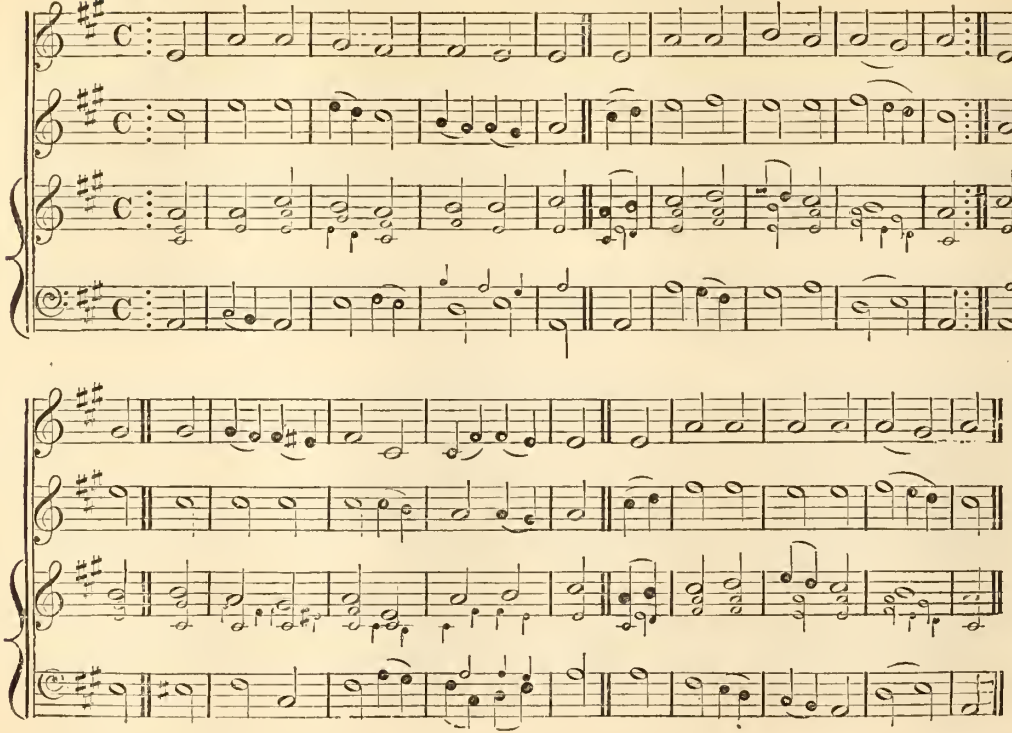
4 "Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;
With my own life I ransom'd thee;
Come, taste my perfect favour.
Come in, thou happy spirit, come:
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever."

106.—8.8.8.7. *God's Power and Love acknowledged.*

1 O God of strength, whose mighty hand
Has caused the earth and heavens to stand,
We love and we adore Thee.
We see thy power in all around,
Thy mercies everywhere abound,
And we thy praises would resound,
While bowing low before Thee.

2 O God of love, thy grace impart,
Renew and sanctify each heart,
And keep our feet from falling:
From days of youth to days of age,
Do Thou our inmost thoughts engage,
Make clear to all that Holy Page,
Where truth to heaven is calling.

Nº 147 LUTHER'S TUNE. 8. 7 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.



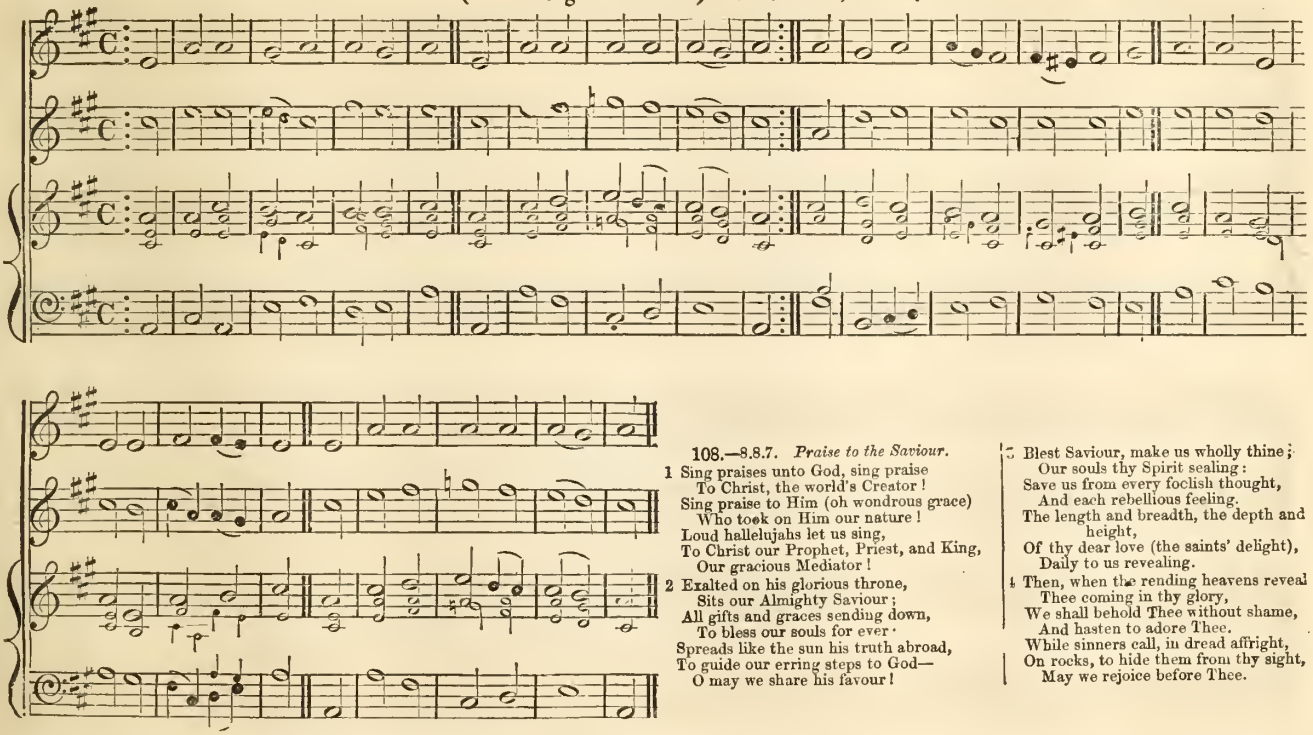
107.—8.8.7. *Manifestations of Christ*

1 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!

2 The Lord of Love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to Heaven his languid eye,
In Nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 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 hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er Death and Hell defeated!

Nº 148. LUTHER'S TUNE. (In the Anglican Form.) 8. 7. 8. 7, 8. 8. 7.



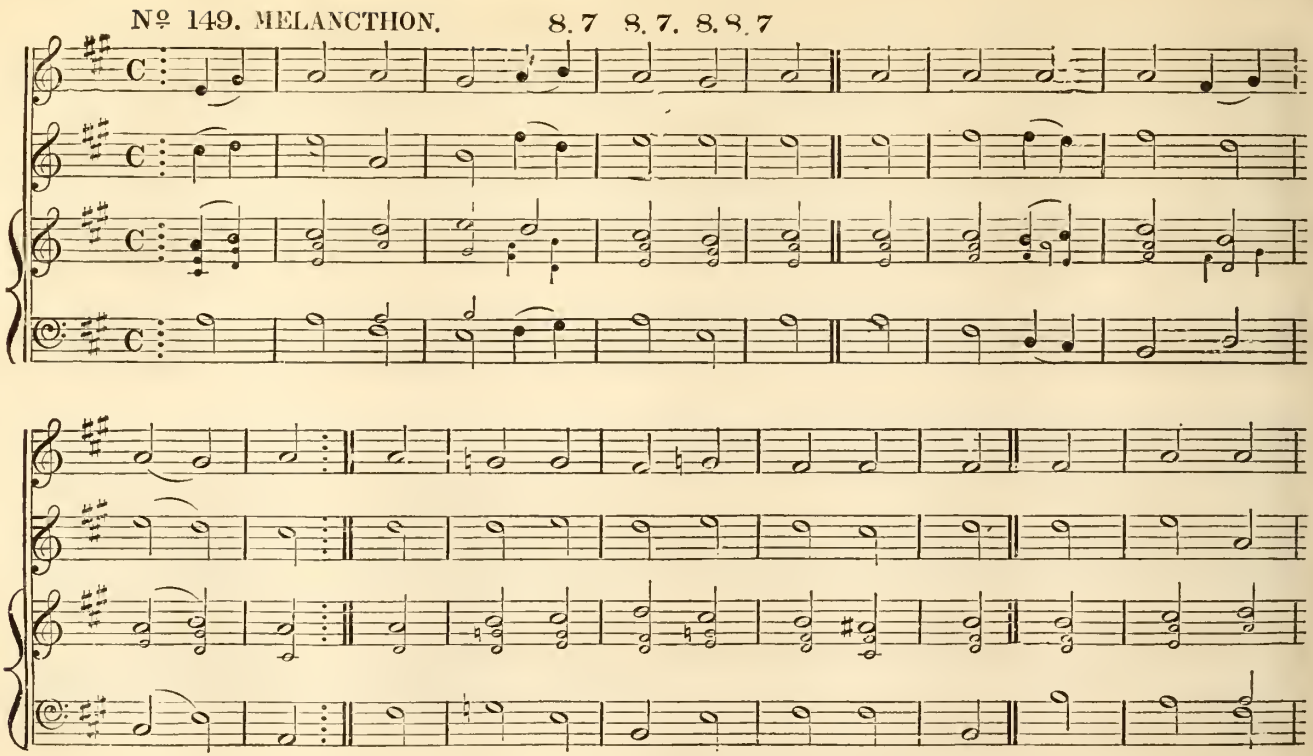
108.—8.8.7. *Praise to the Saviour.*

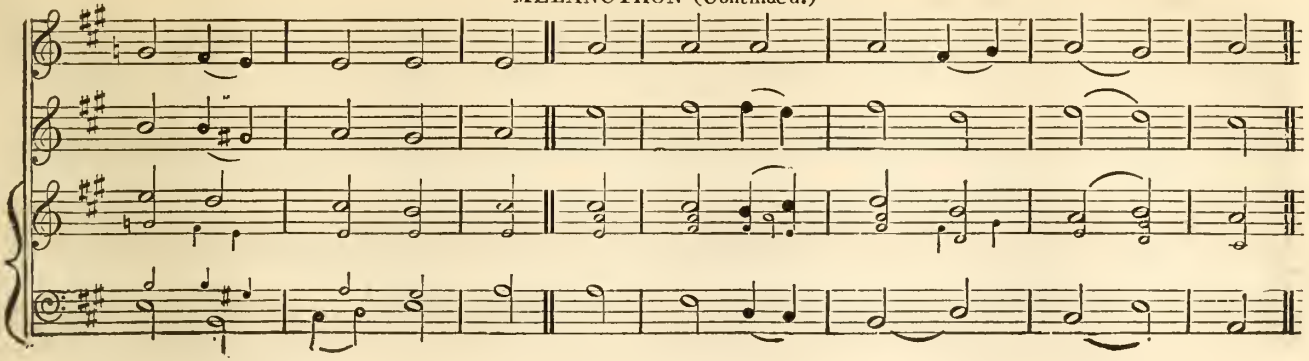
1 Sing praises unto God, sing praise
To Christ, the world's Creator!
Sing praise to Him (oh wondrous grace)
Who took on Him our nature!
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
To Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our gracious Mediator!

2 Exalted on his glorious throne,
Sits our Almighty Saviour;
All gifts and graces sending down,
To bless our souls for ever·
Spreads like the sun his truth abroad,
To guide our erring steps to God—
O may we share his favour!

3 Blest Saviour, make us wholly thine;
Our souls thy Spirit sealing:
Save us from every foolish thought,
And each rebellious feeling.
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Of thy dear love (the saints' delight),
Daily to us revealing.

4 Then, when the rending heavens reveal
Thee coming in thy glory,
We shall behold Thee without shame,
And hasten to adore Thee.
While sinners call, in dread affright,
On rocks, to hide them from thy sight,
May we rejoice before Thee.


Nº 149. MELANCTHON. 8.7 8.7. 8.8.7

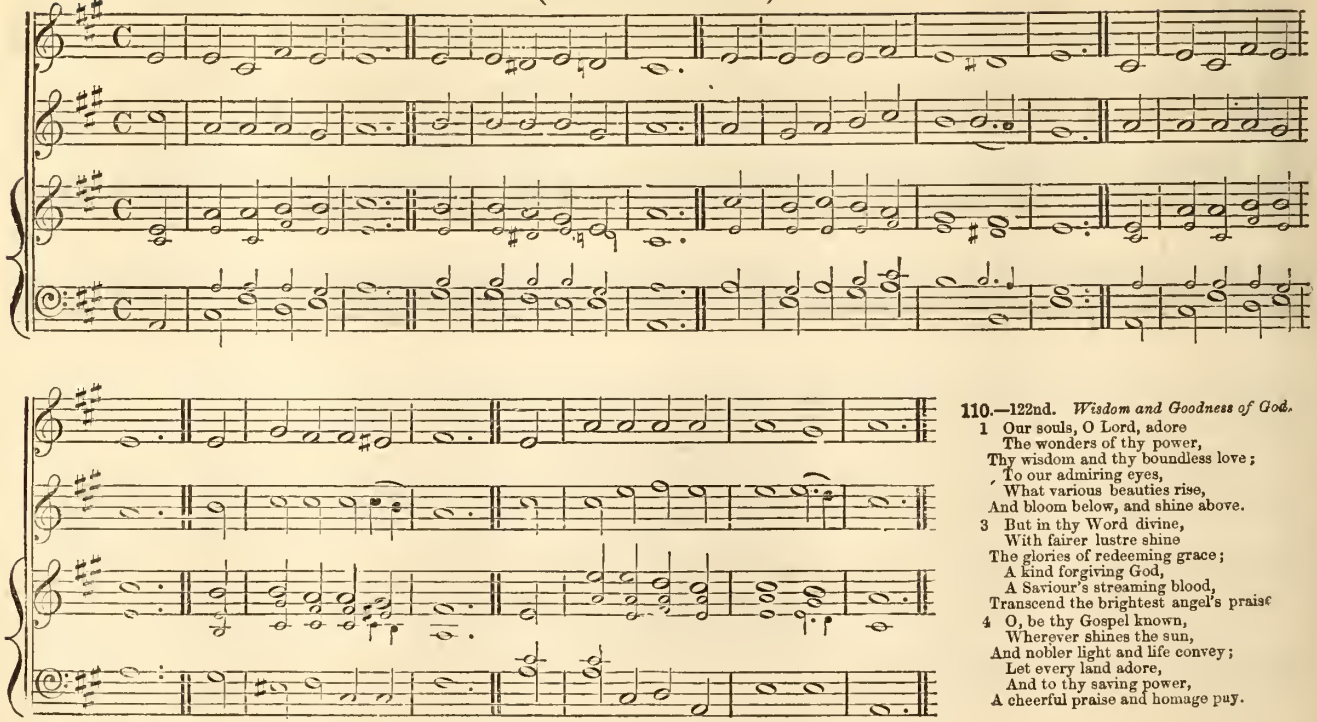


109.—8.8.7. *Mercy and Grace in time of need sought and acknowledged.*

1 O God of Holiness, while we
Before thy footstool bending,
Lift up our hearts in prayer to Thee,
Our praises grateful blending;
O hear us from thy glorious throne,
And send thy grace and mercy down,
To souls on Thee depending.

2 Thy guardian care and succour lend,
Whene'er our need is pressing;
Balm to our wounded spirits send,
Crowned with love's richest blessing.
We praise Thee, God of Might and Love,
For Thou dost aid us from above,
In seasons most distressing.

Nº 150. DALSTON. 122nd. (6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8.)



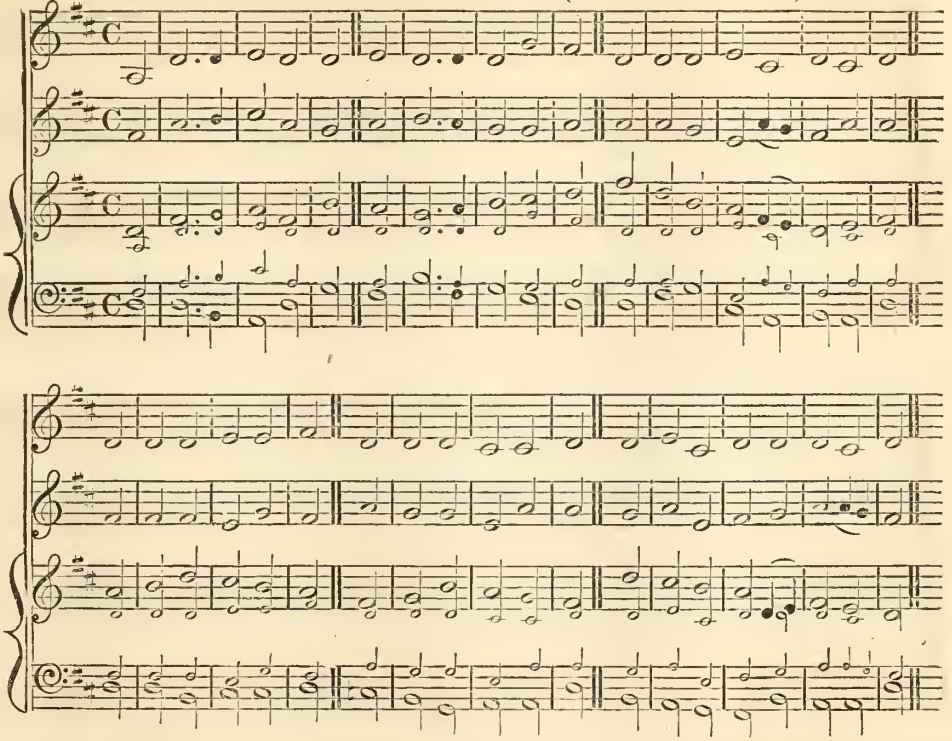
110.—122nd. *Wisdom and Goodness of God.*

1 Our souls, O Lord, adore
The wonders of thy power,
Thy wisdom and thy boundless love;
To our admiring eyes,
What various beauties rise,
And bloom below, and shine above.

3 But in thy Word divine,
With fairer lustre shine
The glories of redeeming grace;
A kind forgiving God,
A Saviour's streaming blood,
Transcend the brightest angel's praise

4 O, be thy Gospel known,
Wherever shines the sun,
And nobler light and life convey;
Let every land adore,
And to thy saving power,
A cheerful praise and homage pay.

Nº 151. SOUTHWELL. 122nd. (6. 6. 8. 6. 6 8.)



111.—122nd. *Humiliation of Christ.*

1 Thou who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing our frail mortality;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed to thy throne on high.

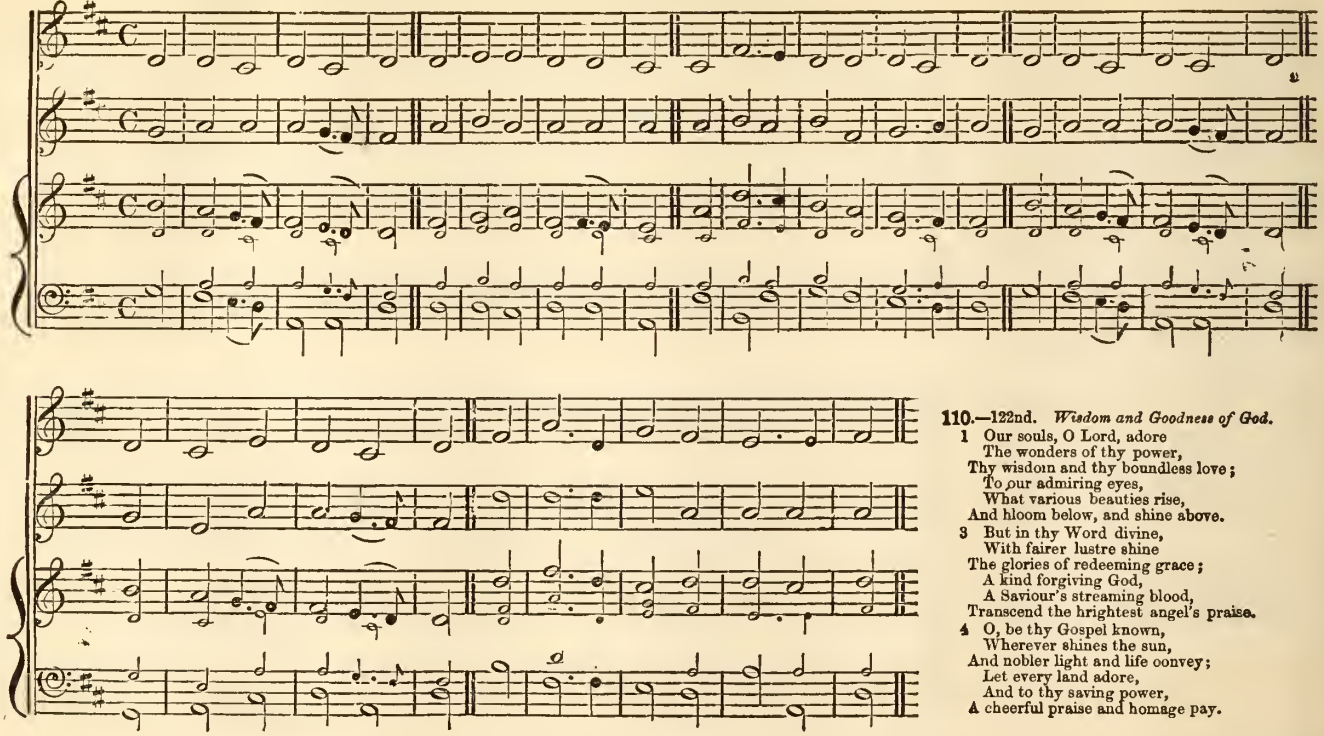
2 Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope in Thee;
Before thy Father's face,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That with Thee they may also be.

3 It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved Saviour Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness round it spread?

4 O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
And when by earth's fierce tempests bowed,
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love,
Beam like the rainbow through the cloud,

5 Even thro' the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guide-star be;
Our spirits shall not dread,
The shadowy way to tread
Blest Saviour which doth lead to Thee

Nº 152. St GOTHARD. 122nd. (6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8.)



110.—122nd. *Wisdom and Goodness of God.*

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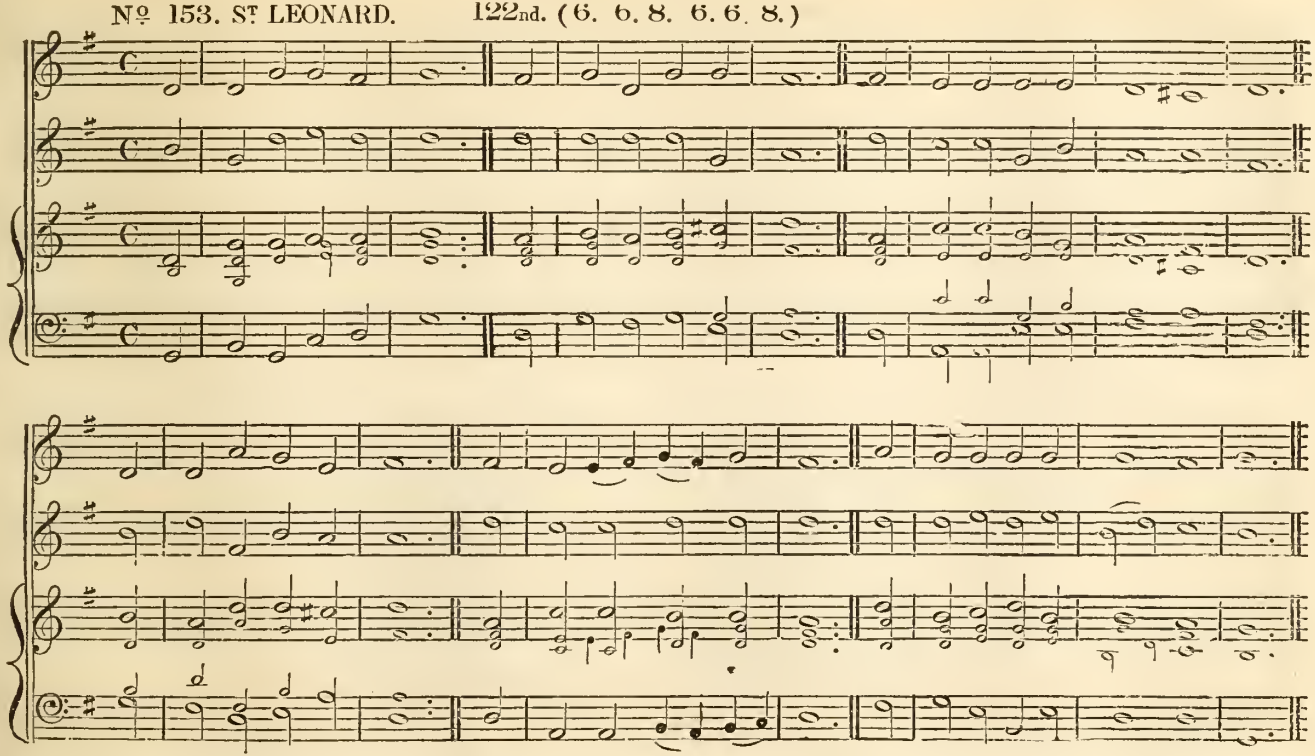
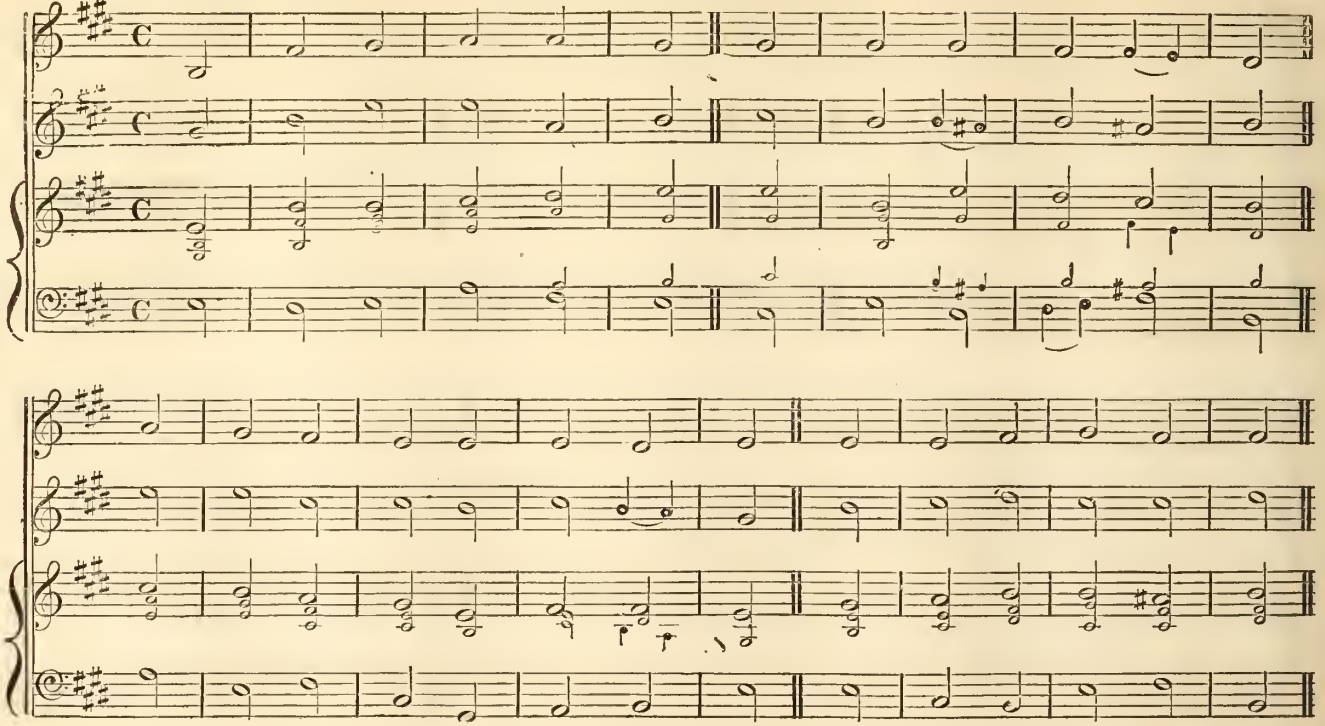
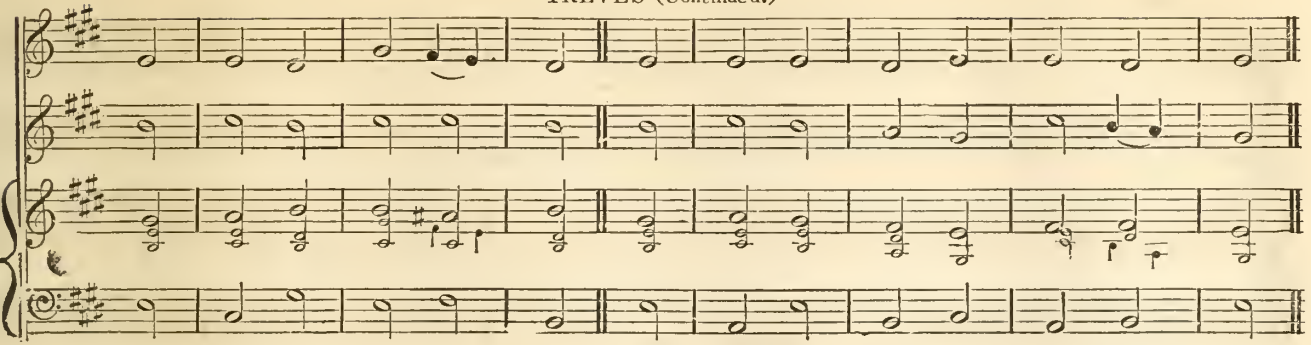

Nº 153. St LEONARD. 122nd. (6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8.)

Nº 154. TREVES. 122nd. (6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8.)





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Hast passed to thy throne on high.

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Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope in Thee;
Before thy Father's face,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That with Thee they may also be.

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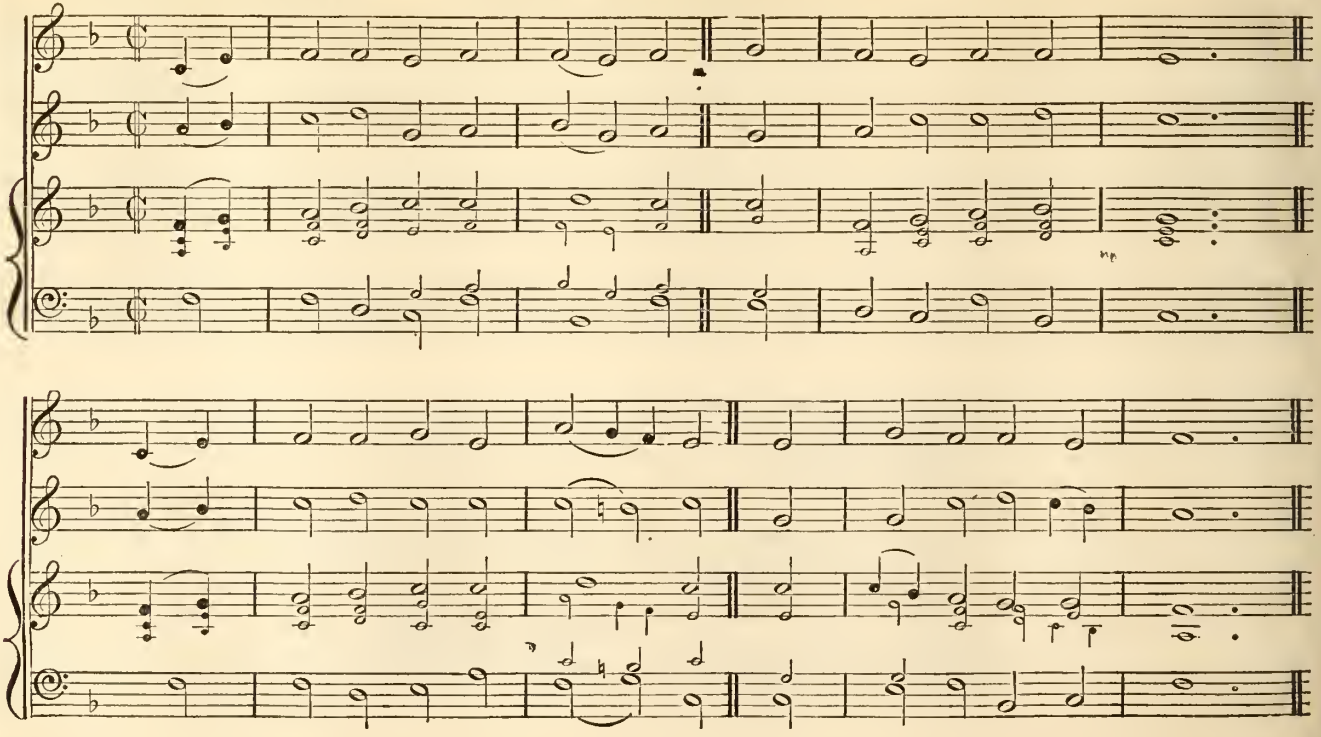
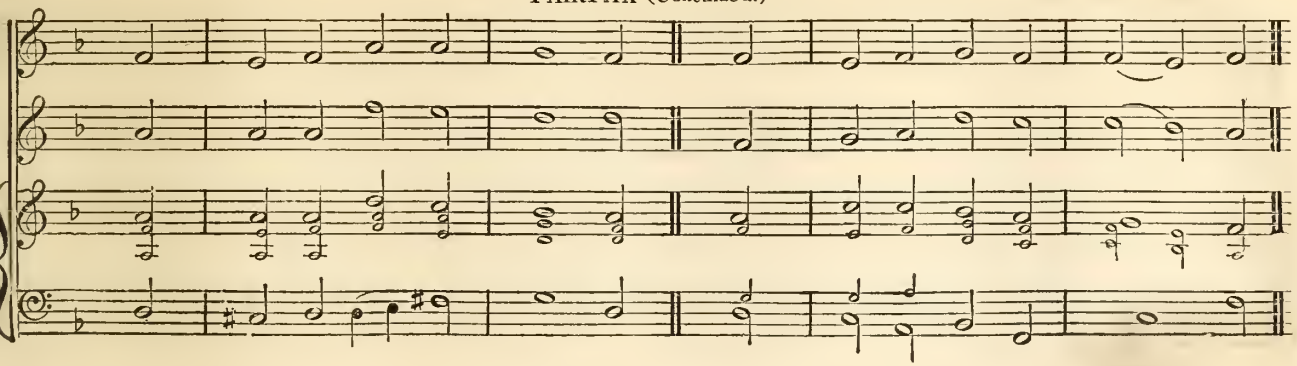
That light of love our guide-star be;
Our spirits shall not dread,
The shadowy way to tread
Blest Saviour which doth lead to Thee.

Nº 155. FAIRFAX. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7.



FAIRFAX (Continued.)

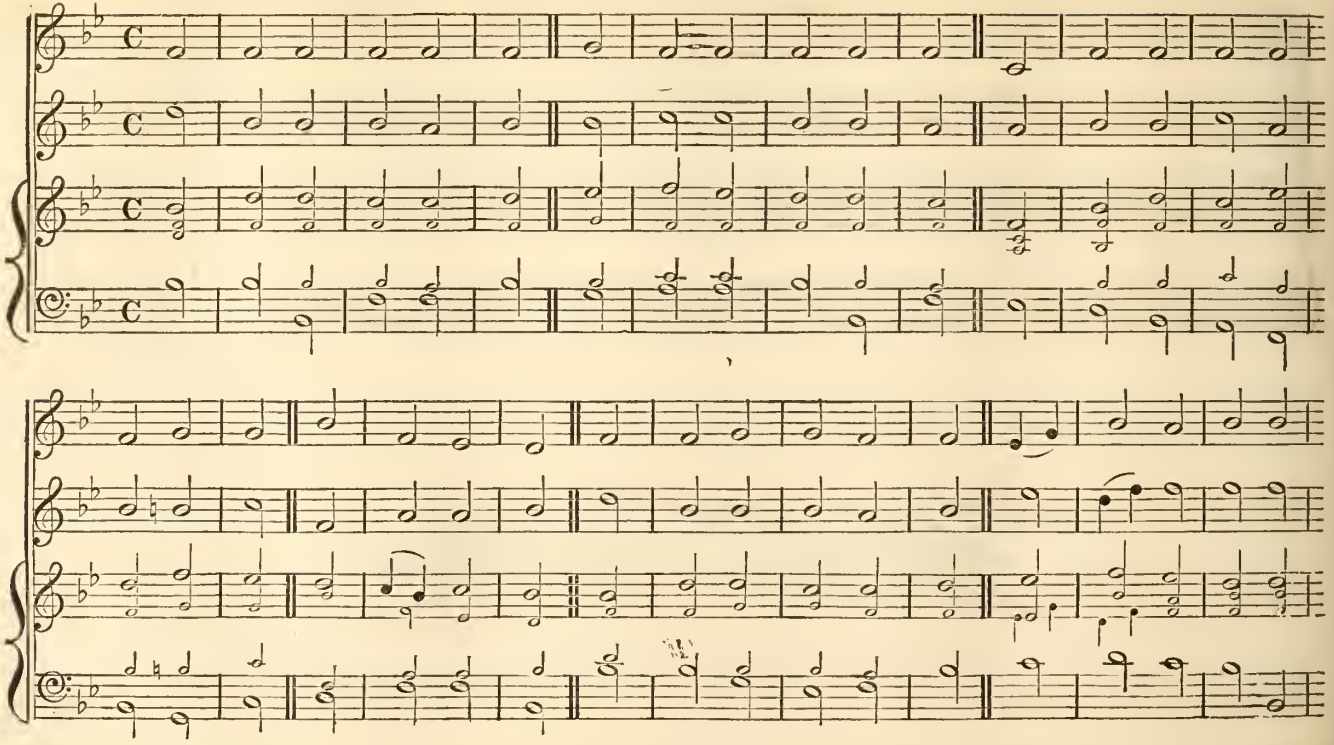


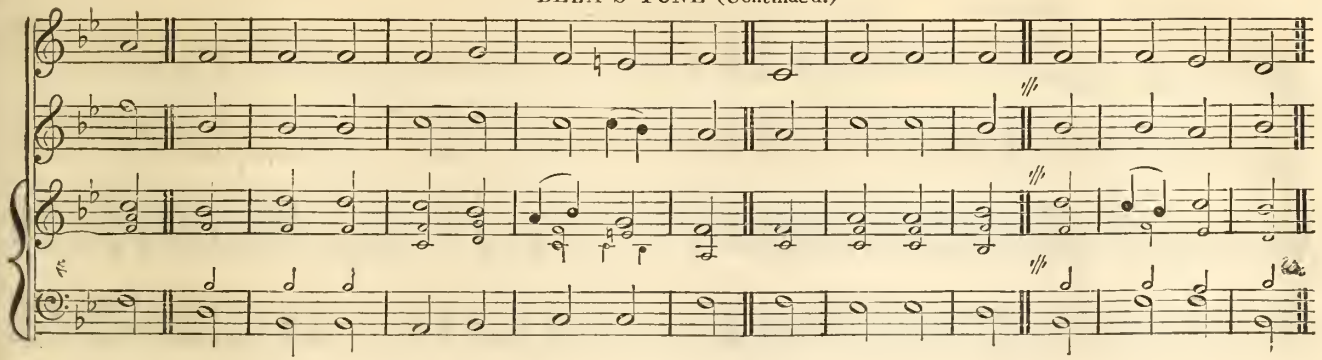
112.—7.6.77. *The Fountain of Living Waters.*

1 O heed the invitation,
Which bids the thirsty go,
Where streams of free salvation,
Like crystal rivers flow;
For Zion's sons and daughters
Uprise these living waters.

2 The welcome call attending,
Thither our souls repair;
And o'er the fountain bending,
Find strength and gladness there;
Its streams refreshment bringing;
To life eternal springing.

Nº 156. BEZA'S TUNE. 6. 6. 8. 4. 6. 6. 8. 4.





113.—6.8.4. *Reign of Christ.*

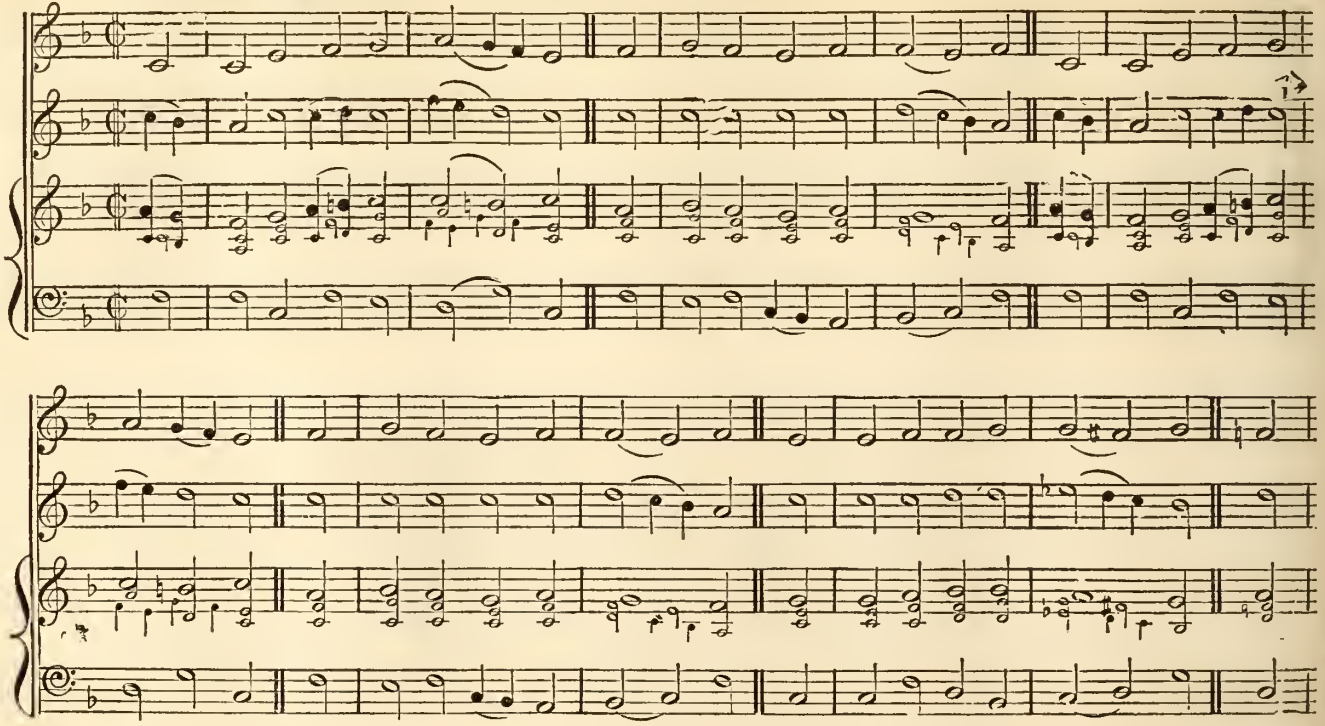
1 Rejoice! Immanuel reigns!
Spread, spread the blissful theme:
Thro' the wide world his state maintains,
The King supreme.
He, thron'd in majesty,
The universe sustains,
Ancient of days, the Lord most High,
Messiah reigns.

2 The bright, seraphic throng,
Their noblest powers employ;
Ye saints unite to swell the song,
And share their joy.
Extol the Prince of peace,
Who, from his throne above,
To saints below, daily displays
His constant love.

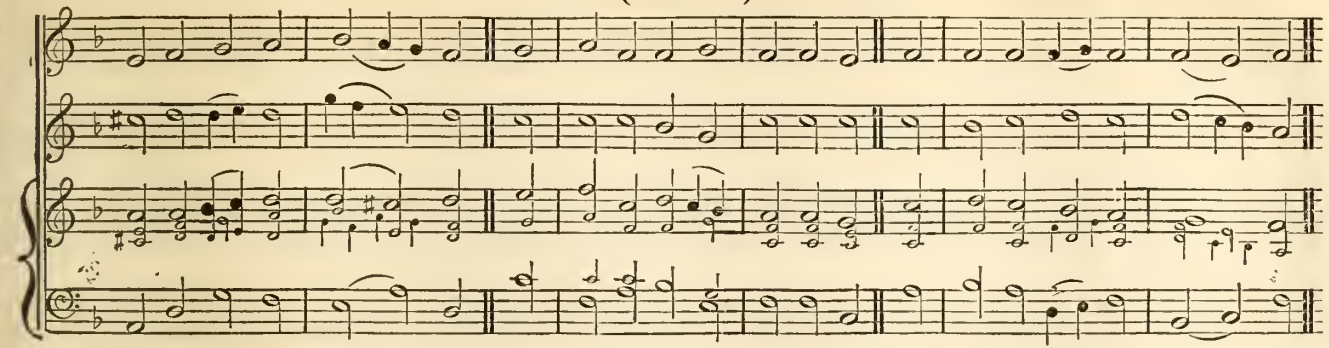
3 Wider and wider still.
He will his sway extend:
With peace and joy his people fill,
And them defend.
His government shall grow;
From strength to strength proceed;
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And earth bespread.

4 The kingdoms for thine own,
O Jesus, quickly claim:
Thine is an everlasting throne;
Renown'd thy fame.
Justice and truth maintain;
Thy full salvation bring:
Earth's universal monarch reign,
And Zion's King.

Nº 157. BREMEN 7. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7.



BREMEN (Continued.)



114.—7.7.8.7. *Providence and Grace.*

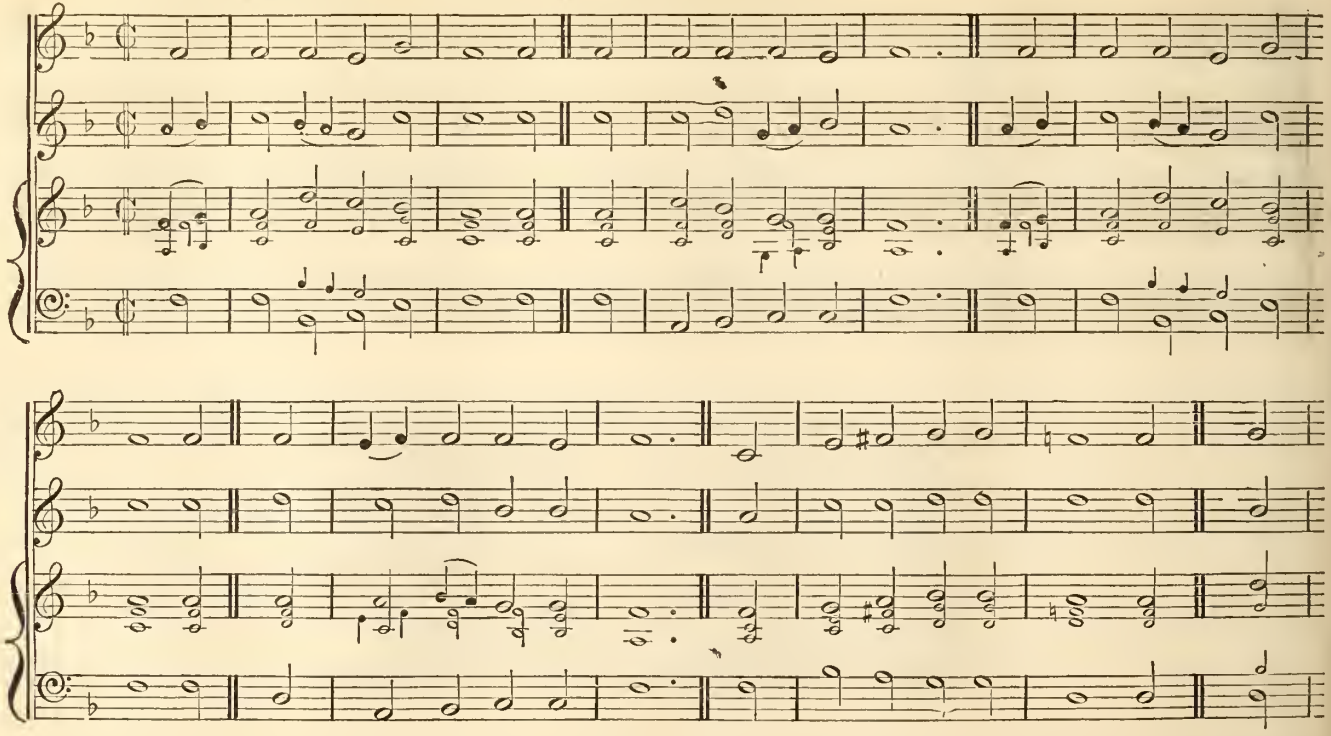
1 Father of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation;
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,
And pay our adoration.
Day, night, and rolling seasons,
And all that life embraces,
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
And claim our thankful praises.

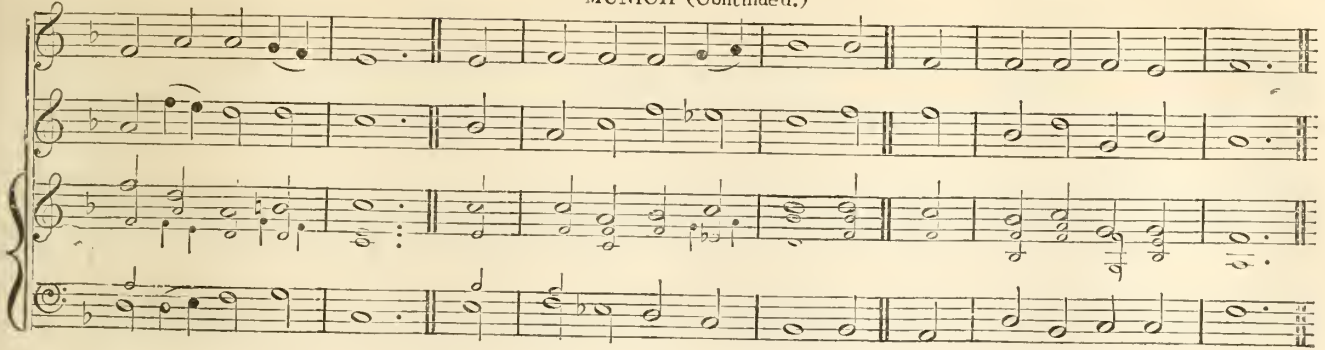
2 Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us;
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us;
That love has smiled from heaven,
To cheer our path of sadness;
And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.

3 That light of love and glory,
Has shone through Christ the Saviour,
The holy Guide, who lived and died,
That we might live for ever.
And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near Thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love, as well as fear Thee.

And when death's solemn summons,
From earth's scenes shall remove us;
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us;
O then let hope attend us,
Thy peace to us be given;
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven.

Nº 158. MUNICH. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.



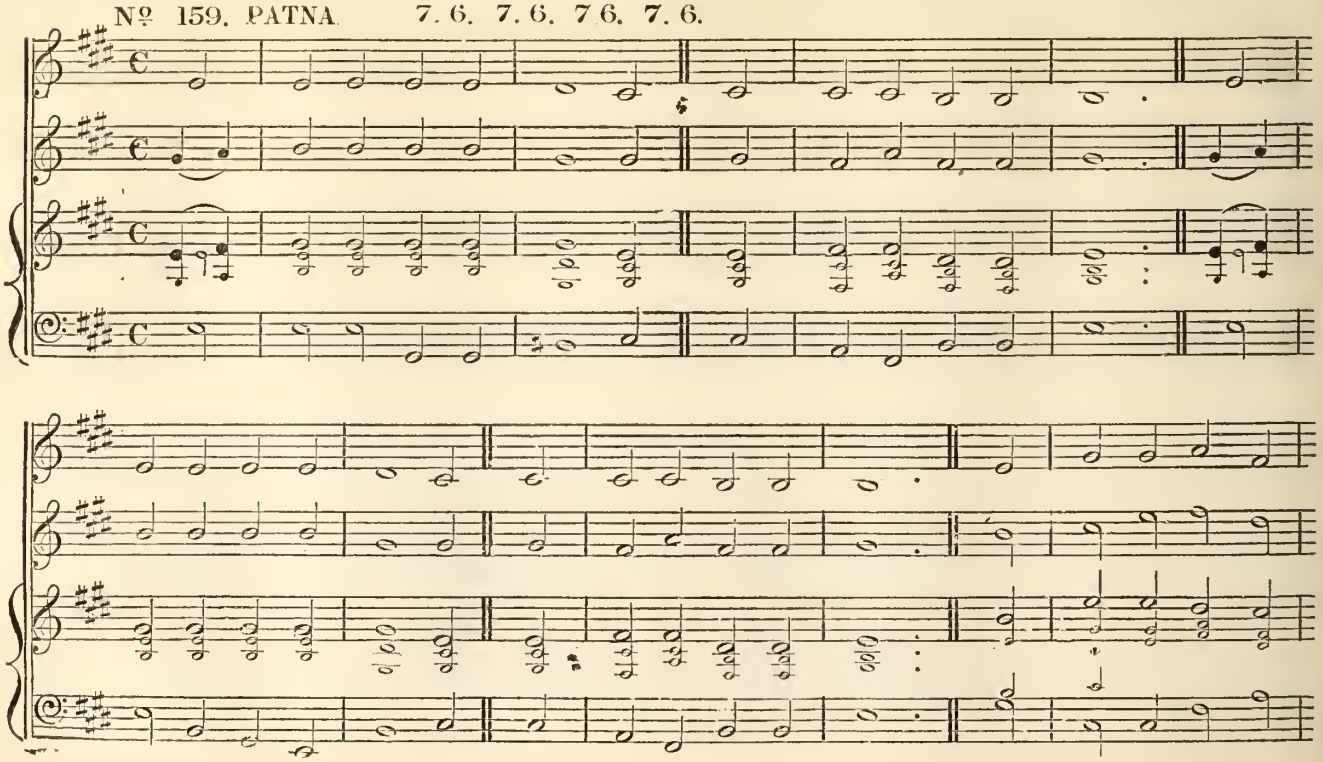


116.—7.6. *On the Sufferings of Christ.*

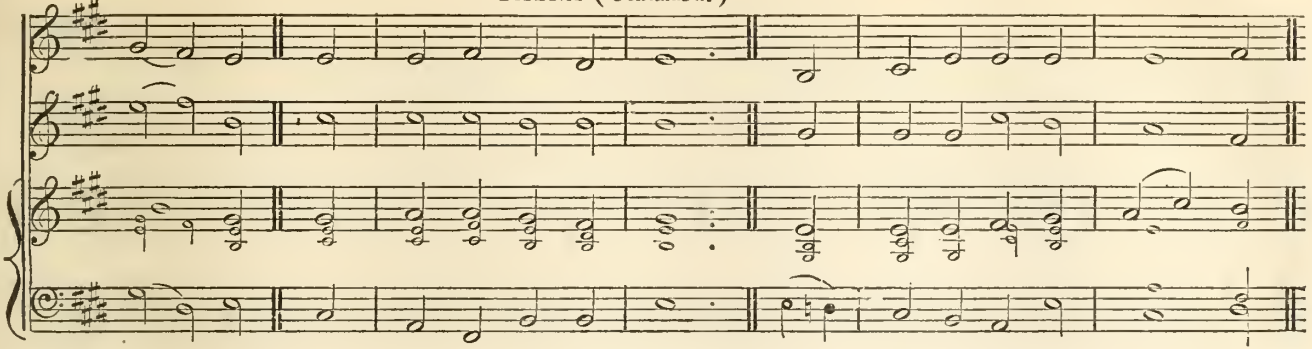
1 O, sacred Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns thine only crown!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

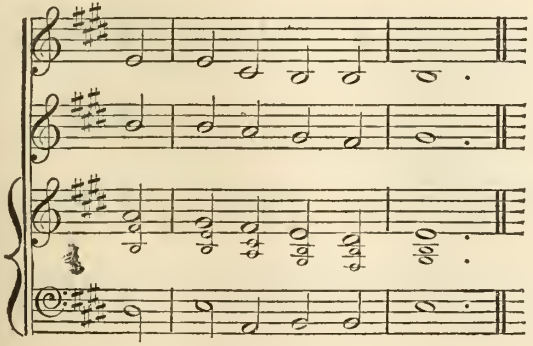
2 O, sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinner's gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend;
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Lord, make me thine for ever.
Nor let me faithless prove;
Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.


Nº 159. PATNA. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7 6. 7. 6.

PATNA (Continued.)



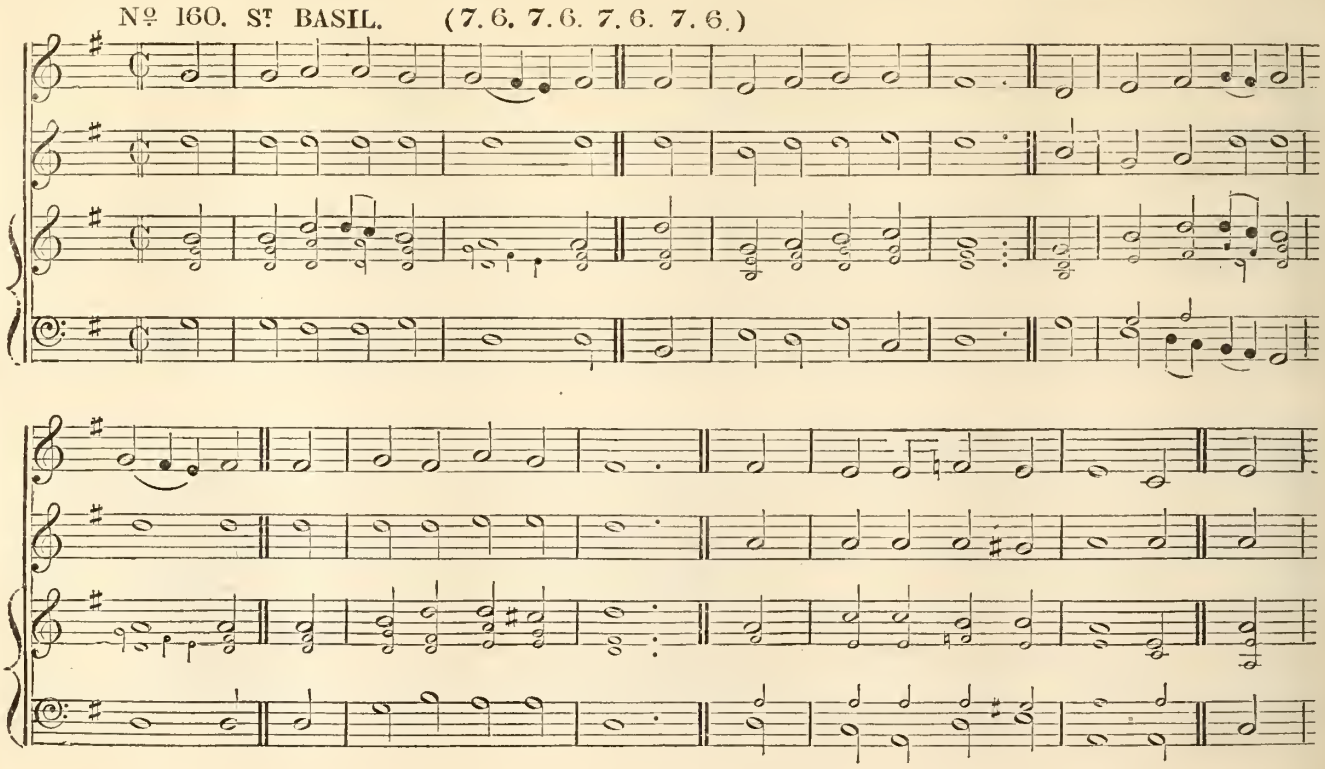


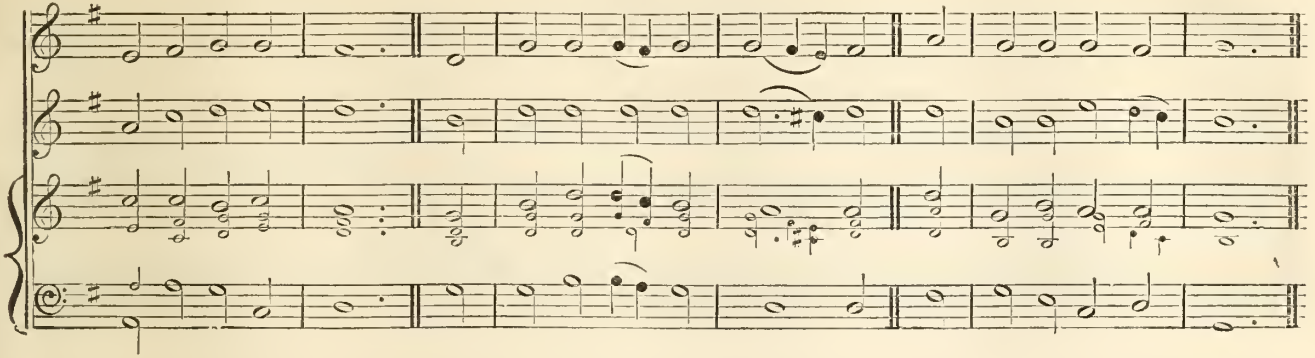
115.—7.6. *Happiness of Heaven.*

1 Rejoice, the Lord doth guide us,
To mansions fair above,
Where blessings shall betide us,
For ever in his love;
When, with his saints, preparing
The bridal of the Lamb,
We shall, his triumph sharing,
Sing praises to his name.

2 There streams of purest pleasure
And well-springs of delight,
That know not end nor measure,
Engage the ravished sight:
From God's own fount of blessing,
From Zion's hill they rise,
His saints are there possessing
The treasury of the skies.

3 For ever, ever flowing,
The stream of grace runs on;
Whilst each new day is showing,
That new delights are won.
From Time's dark night of sadness,
From anguish, grief, and pain,
He lifts our souls to gladness,
With Him in bliss to reign.


Nº 160. St BASIL. (7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.)



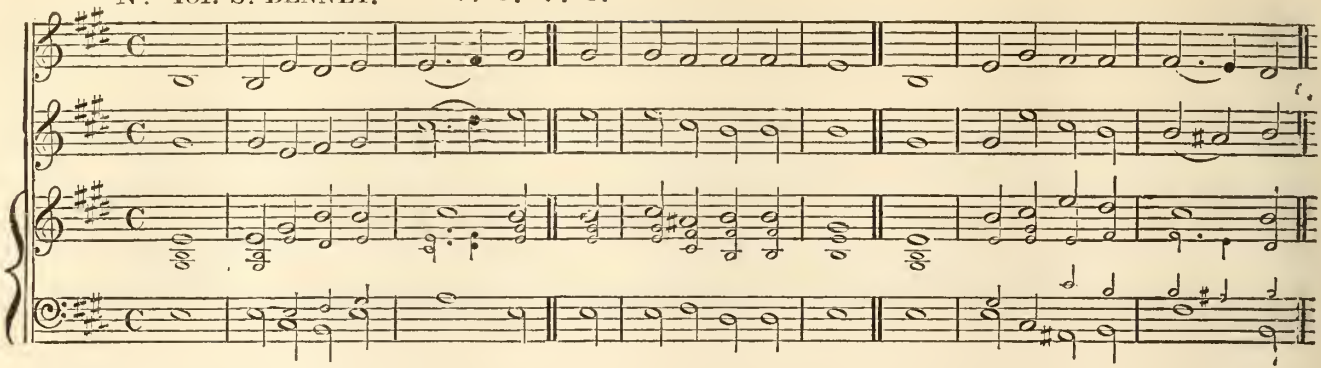
117.—7.6. *Anticipation of Heaven.*

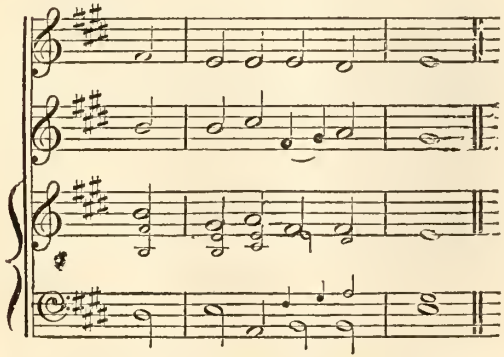
1 From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy;
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day;
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go.
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

Nº 161. St BENNET. 7. 6. 7. 6.

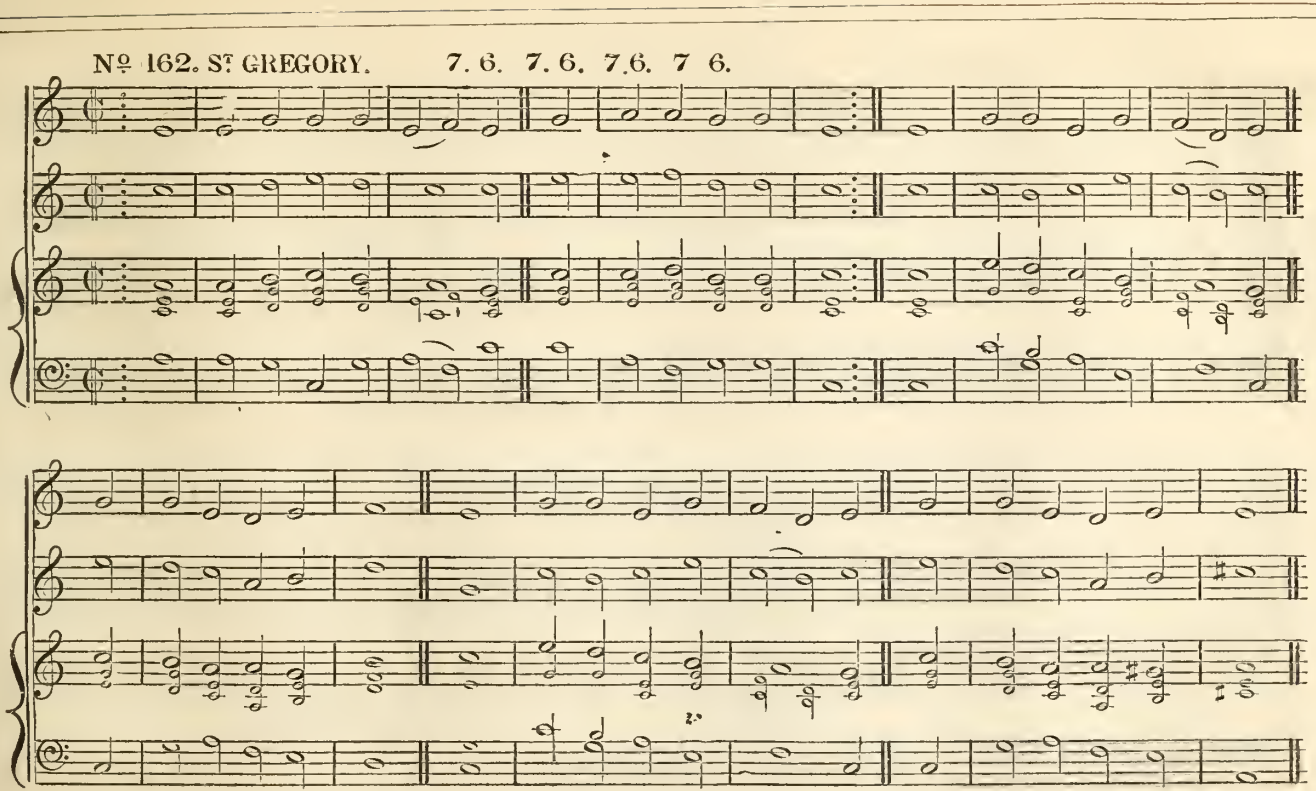




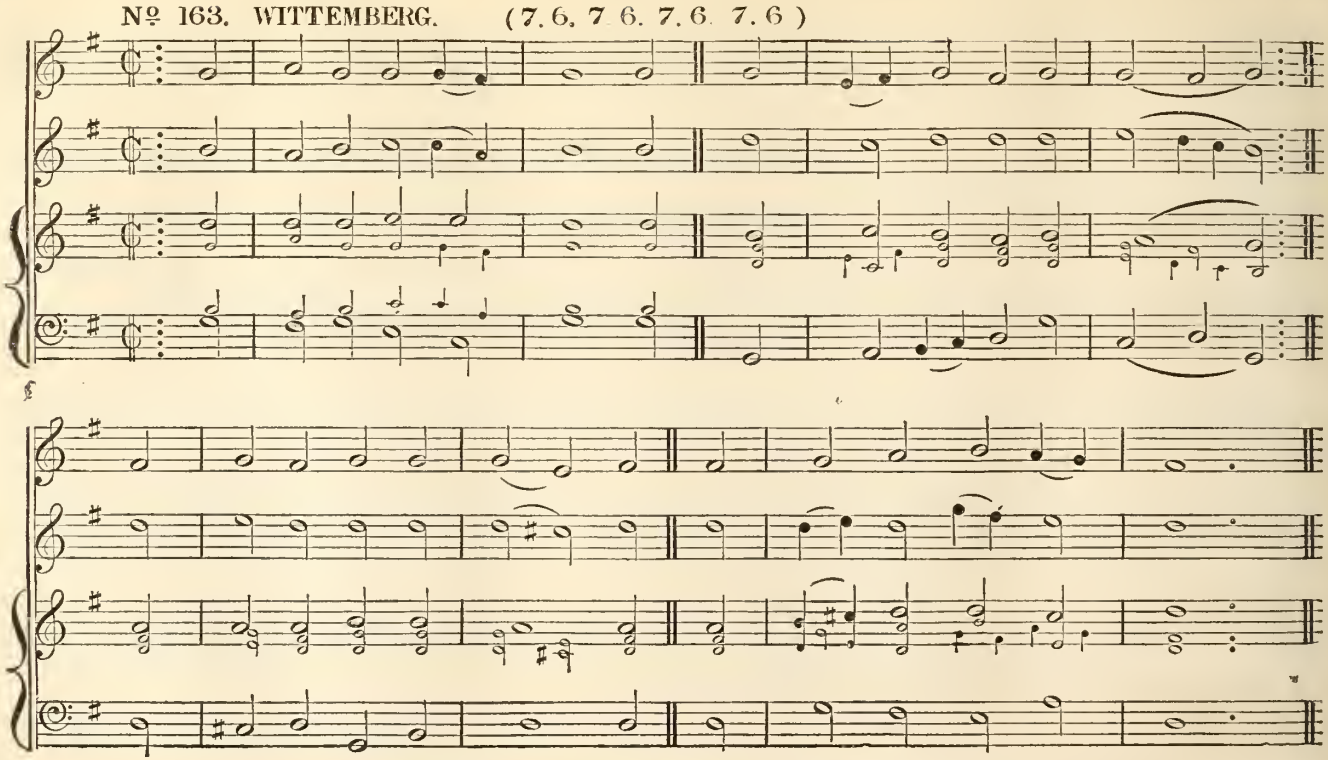
119.—7.6. *Youthful Piety.*

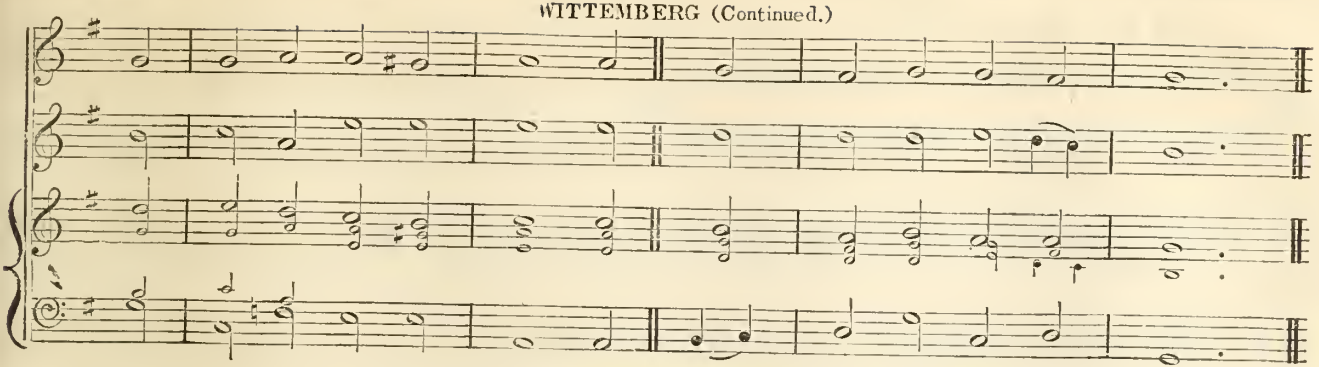
1 Remember thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is brigh
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 'tis its nature—
And life's last ember burns
Before, the God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.


№ 162. St GREGORY. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7.6. 7 6.

Nº 163. WITTEMBERG. (7.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6)





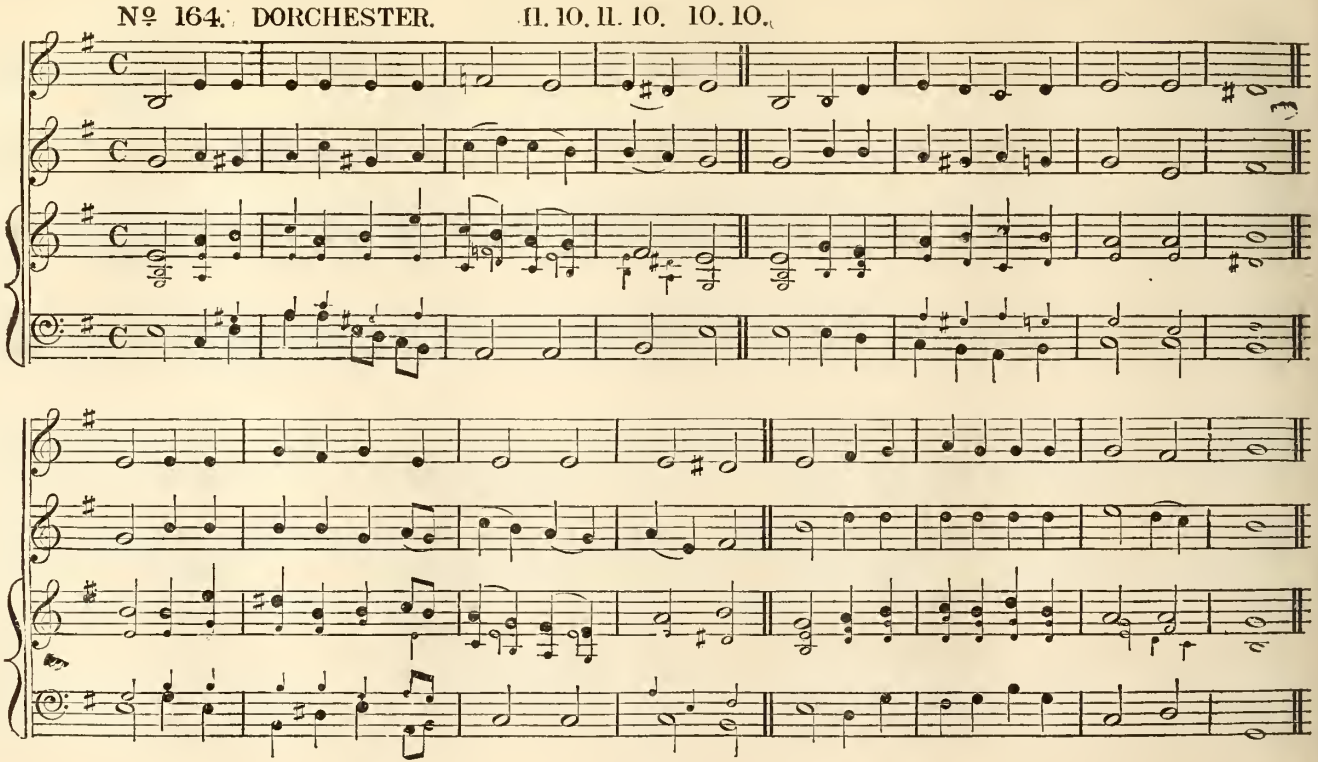
118.—7.6. *The Song of Redemption*

1 Redemption's joyful story,
O sing it loud and long;
Lead on, ye sons of glory,
And we will join the song.
Sing of his love, who sought us,
When far away from God;
The precious price that bought us
Was his atoning blood.

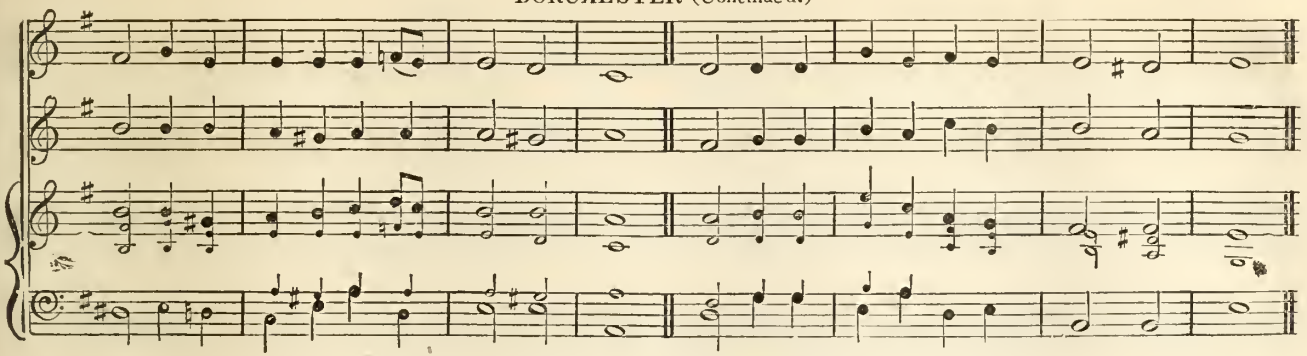
2 Spread, spread the wondrous story,
Tell of the Crucified,
Who, wounded, bruised, and gory,
For man's salvation died.
To all around unsealing,
The records of his love;
The way of truth revealing,
That leads to realms above.

3 So shall his grace descending,
Not on your work in vain,
But with each effort blending,
Ascend in love again.
For He, whose breath, as showers
Of Spring, renews the earth,
Shall waken into flowers
These seeds of heavenly birth.

4 Thus may his truth be spreading
Abroad its wings of light,
Wherever man is treading,
In paths of death and night,
From nation unto nation,
Extend its righteous sway
Until the desolation
Of sin be swept away.


№ 164. DORCHESTER. 11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

DORCHESTER (Continued.)



120.—11.10. *Jesus Wept.*

1 Draw near, ye weary, bow'd, & broken hearted;
Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne:
Ye from whose path the light hath all departed:
And ye who're left in solitnde to mourn:
Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears—since 'Jesus wept.'

2 The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory,
Wept for the woes of those he came to save;
And angels wondered when they heard the story,
That He who conquered death wept o'er the grave,
As bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit 'Jesus wept.'

3 Lo, Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye,
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath spoken,
'He that believes on me shall never die.'
Thro' faith and love your spirits shall be kept:
Hope brighter grew on earth when 'Jesus wept.'

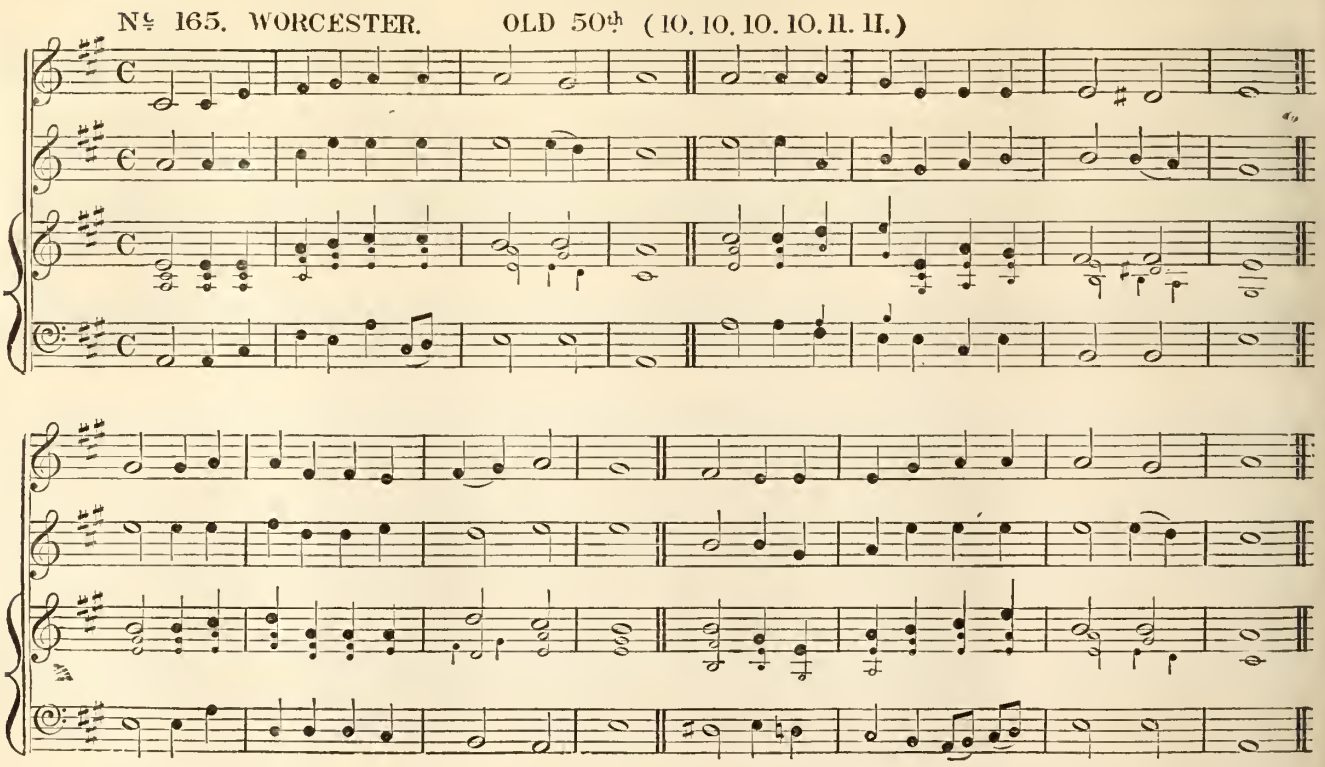
121.—11.10. *The Last Day.*

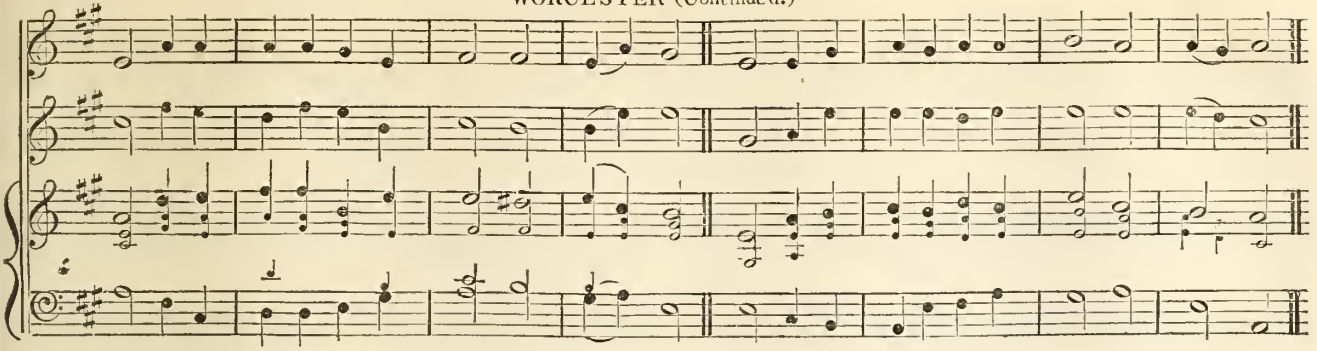
1 Lord! who shall bear that day—so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world with hand to heaven extended,
And hear Him swear by Thee, that time's no more?
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray;
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

2 When through the world thy awful call hath sounded
Wake, O ye dead, to judgment; wake ye dead;
And from the clouds by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head;
While earth and heaven before Him pass away,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

3 When with a glance th' eternal Judge shall sever
The unbelievers from the pure and bright;
And say to *those*, 'Depart from me for ever;'
To *these* 'Come dwell with me in endless light:
When each and all in silence take their way,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

4 Lord, those shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
Whose sins are by thy merit cover'd o'er,
Who, when thy hand of mercy was extended,
Believed, obey'd, & own'd thy gracious power:
These, mighty God, shall see without dismay
The earth and heaven before them pass away.


Nº 165. WORCESTER. OLD 50th (10. 10. 10. 10. 11. 11.)



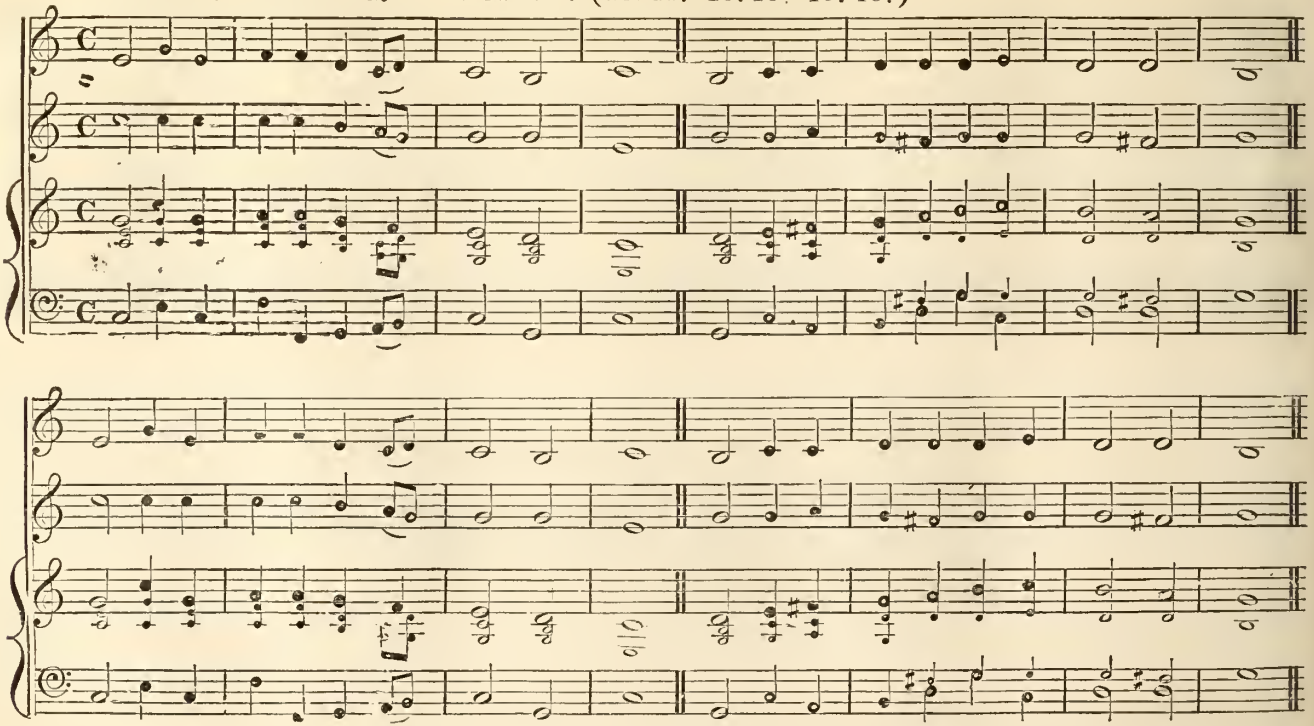
122.—Old 50th. *The River of Life.*

1 There is a river of immortal peace,
From heaven's high throne it springs—sole fount of bliss.
Descending thence the stream whose gentle flow,
Revives and gladdens Zion's courts below,—
The dwelling place of God, from whence salvation
Shall roll its deepening tide to every nation.

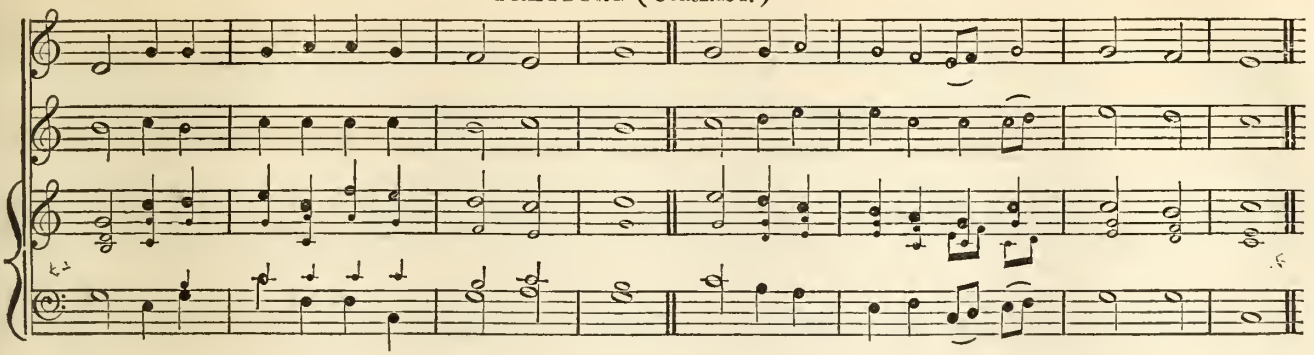
2 Hail, city of our God, thrice sacred place,
Whose walls salvation, & whose gates are praise;
While angry foes like billows raging round,—
God in her midst shall all their wrath confound;
The church unmoved abides, tho' waves of ocean
Against her rise and dash in wild commotion.

Tho' troubles rise, our hearts shall never fear,
An arm Omnipotent is ever near;
The Lord of hosts is with us,—Israel's God
Is our defence, our ever-sure abode,
Our very present help in tribulation;
Exalted be the Rock of our salvation.

Nº 166. FREYBURG. New 50th (10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.)



FREYBURG (Continued.)



123.—New 50th. *Renouncing the World.*

1 No more vain world with thy alluring toys,
No more ensnare my heart or cheat mine eyes;
Delusive pleasures, airy forms depart,
Far higher joys than thine possess my heart.
One ray of heaven's bright dawning o'er my soul,
Dissolves thy power, to charm me or control.

2 And when the saints their heaven-resounding joy,
In sweetest song to Christ their notes employ;
Oh! while I hear their rapture-breathing strain,
Earth's flattering trifles all may tempt in vain;
My kindling powers awake in praise of Him,
And join with ecstacy the blissful theme.

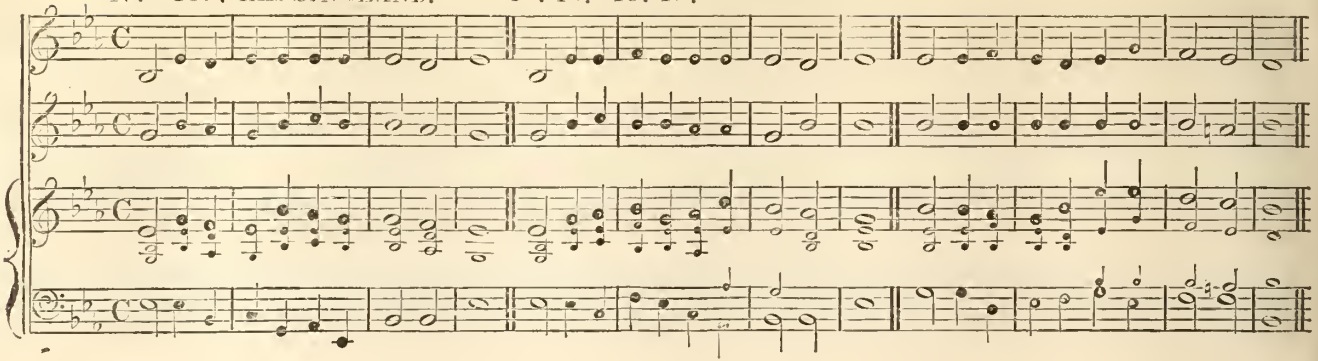
124.—10's. *Glory of the Church.*

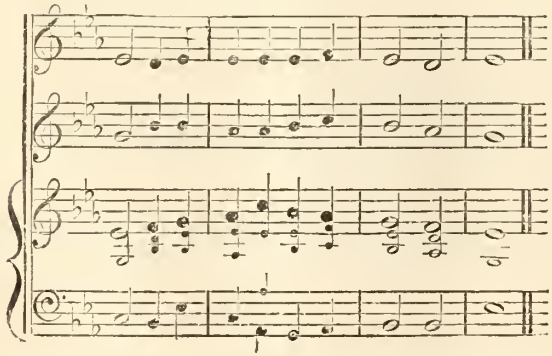
1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise,
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.

2 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening moon shall fill her silver horn;
But in thy courts the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine.

3 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, Messiah reigns.

Nº 167. KESSINGLAND. 10. 10. 10. 10.





125.—10's. *For Divine Illumination.*

1 O Thou whose power o'er moving world's presides,
Whose voice created, & whose wisdom guides;
On our dark minds in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer our hearts with love and light divine.

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the troubled breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End.

126.—10's. *The Sabbath.*

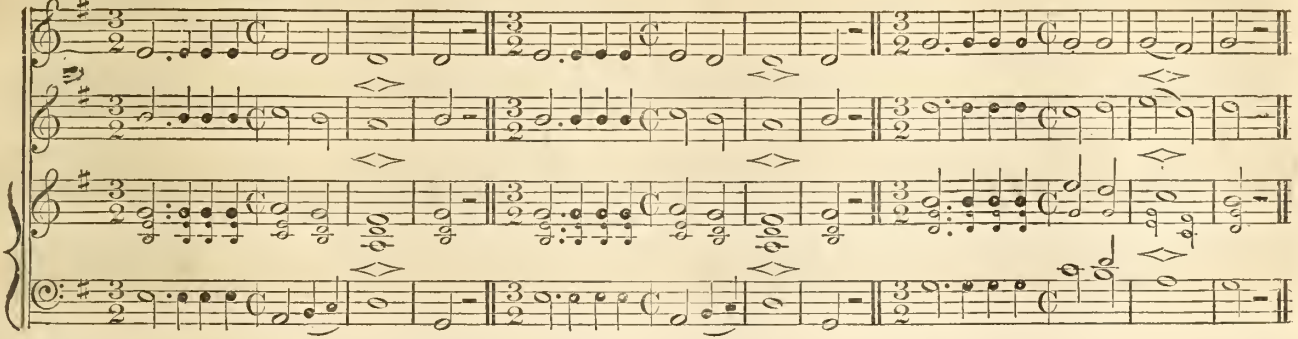
1 Again returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the World, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, He bade our labo. cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

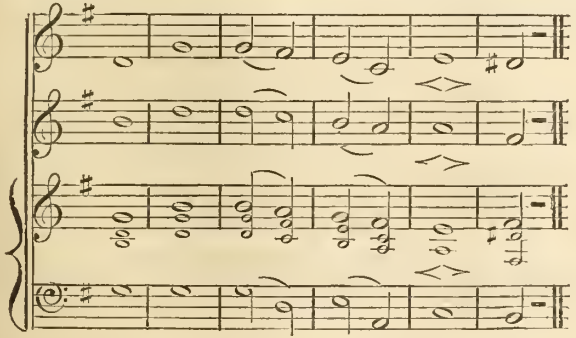
2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And bend in penitence, and join in prayer.

3 So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive
The noblest tribute man has power to give:
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

4 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, world without end.

Nº 168. EDDYSTONE. 8. 8. 8. 6.





127.—8.6. *For help and succour.*

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

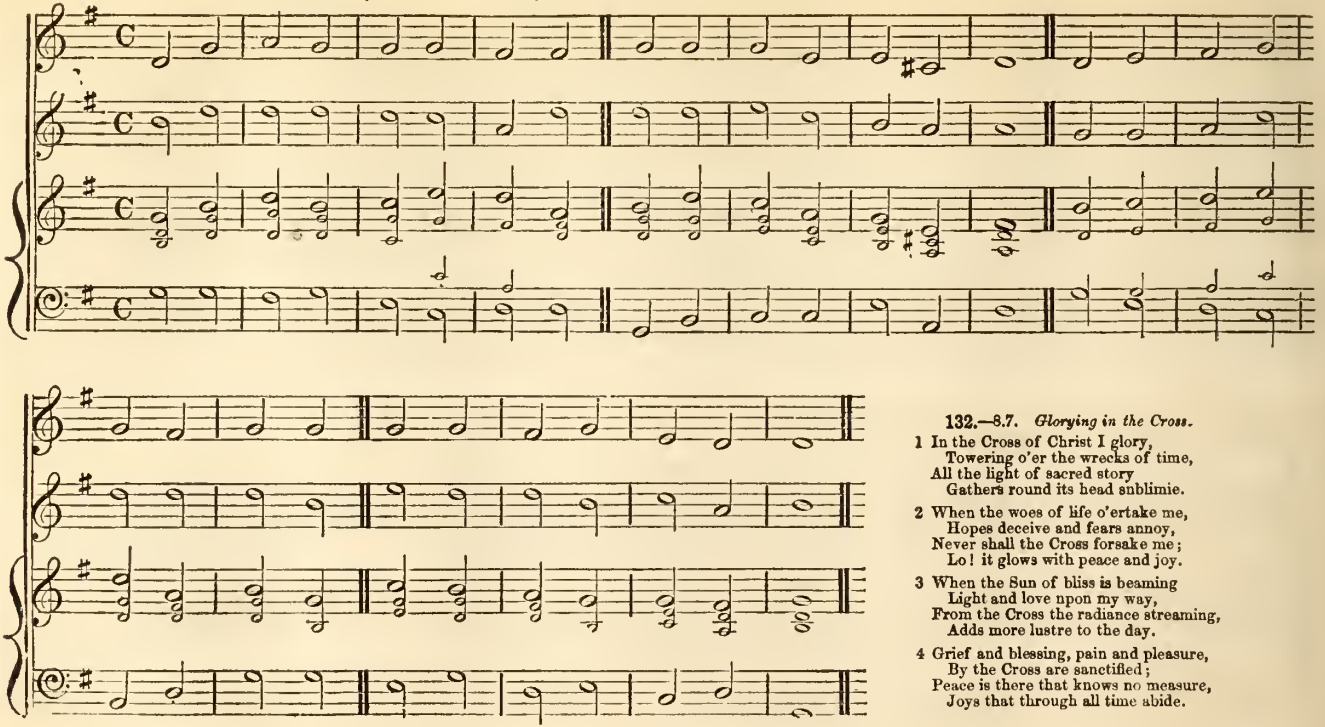
2 Lo, the world, from Thee rebelling,
Round thy Ark in pride is swelling:
With thy Word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us!

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

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In thy secret presence hiding,
In thy love and grace confiding:
Lord and Saviour, help us!

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

Nº 170. AVIGNON. 8.7 8.7.



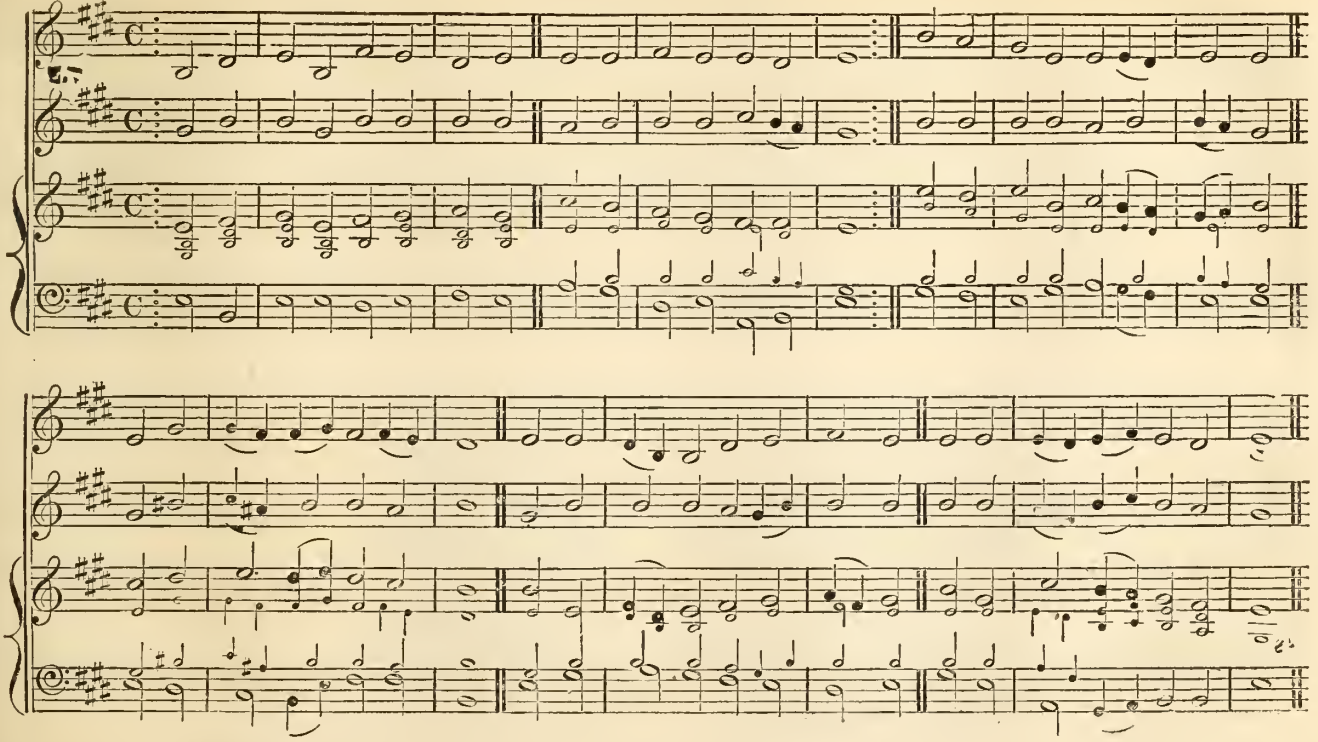
132.—8.7. *Glorying in the Cross.*

1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublimie.

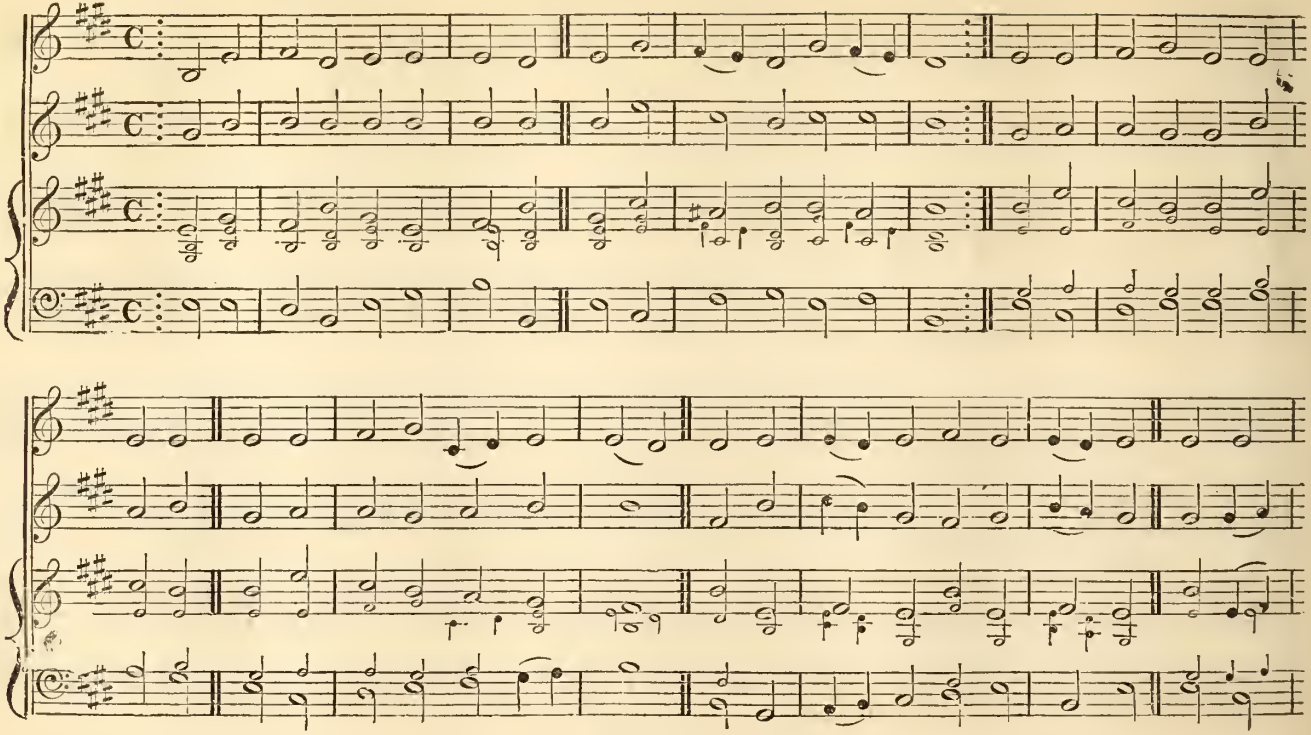
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the Sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

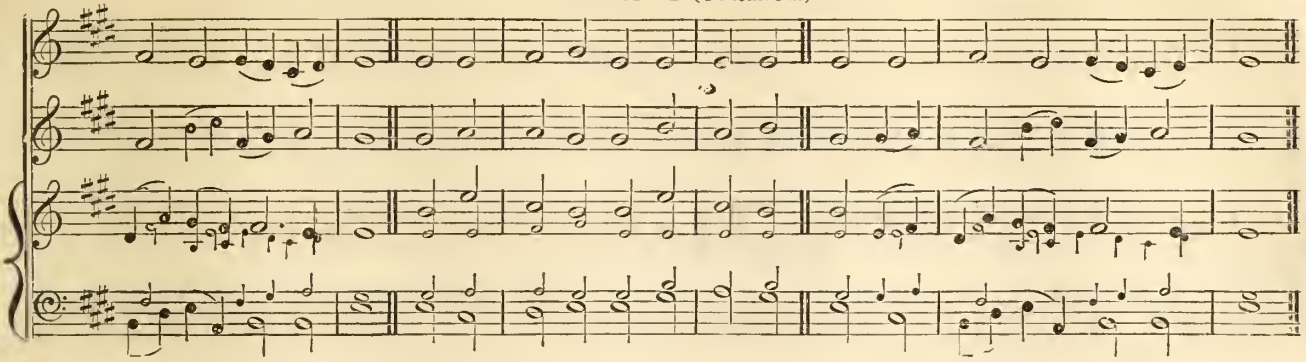
4 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.


Nº 171. BENEDICTION. 8. 7 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Nº 172. BURGUNDY. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.



BURGUNDY (Continued.)



128.—8.7. *The World's Jubilee*

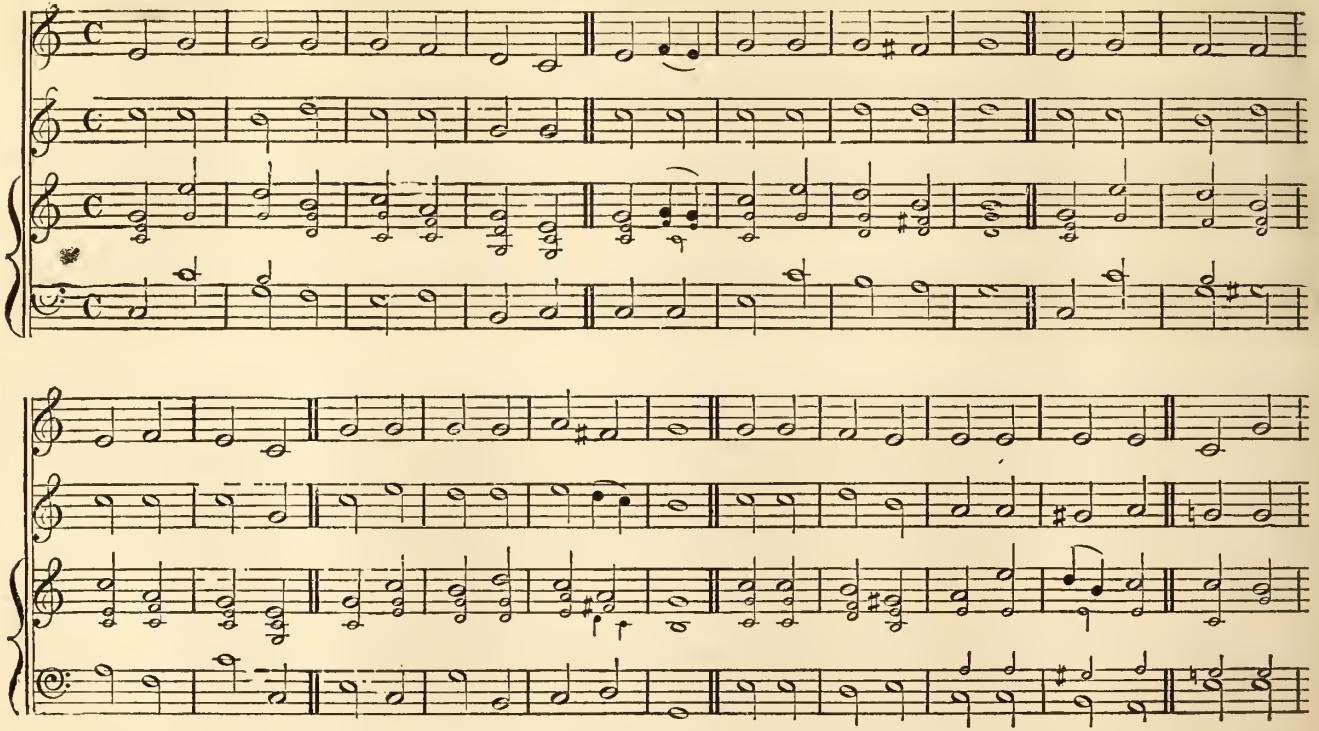
1 Hark, ten thousand, thousand voices,
Sing the song of jubilee;
Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
Broke her long captivity;
Now, the theme in rolling thunders,
Through the universe is rung;
Now, in gentler tones the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Hail, Emmanuel! praise to Thee!

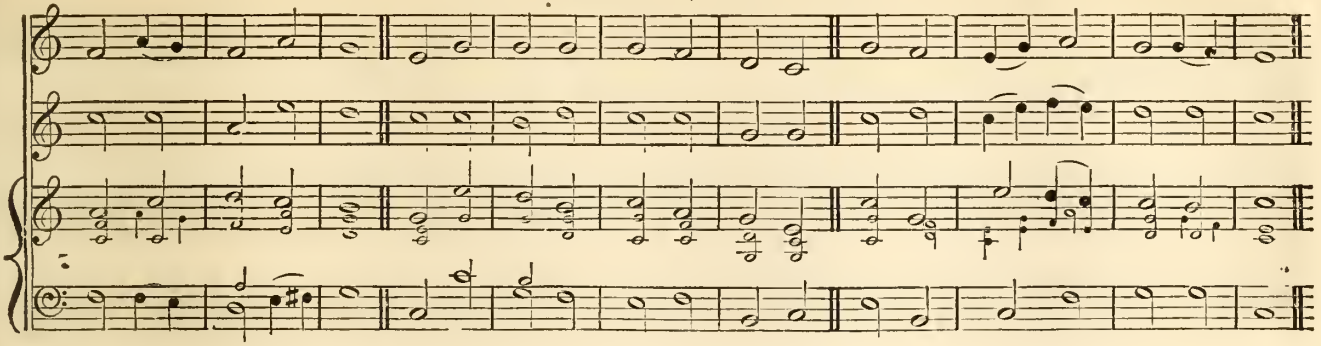
2 Lo, the anthem everlasting,
Jubilant sing the heav'nly host;
While their crowns of glory casting
At his feet, in rapture lost;
Wider now, and louder pealing,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain;
Now, in numbers softly stealing,
Hark, the Conqueror's praise again,—
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Glory to the Lamb once slain.

3 Hasten that great consummation,
That bright Sabbath of mankind,
When each distant tribe and nation
Taste the bliss by God designed;
Loud the Gospel trump be sounded,
Let the joyous echoes roll,
Till a sea of bliss unbounded,
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole;
Hail, Emmauuel! great Deliverer!
Let the kingdoms, Lord, be thine.

4 With the universal chorus,
We our noblest songs would raise,
Israel's hope, Redeemer glorious,
Live for ever in our lays;
Speed thy coming, great Messiah,
O'er a ransomed world to reign;
Worthy thou to reign for ever,
Heaven and earth repeat the strain—
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Stones shall speak if we refrain.

№ 173. COBLENTZ. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.





130.—8.7. *Shortness of Time.*

1 Transient as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms the brightest, life adorning,
Fade and wither like the grass;
Oh, may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below;
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.

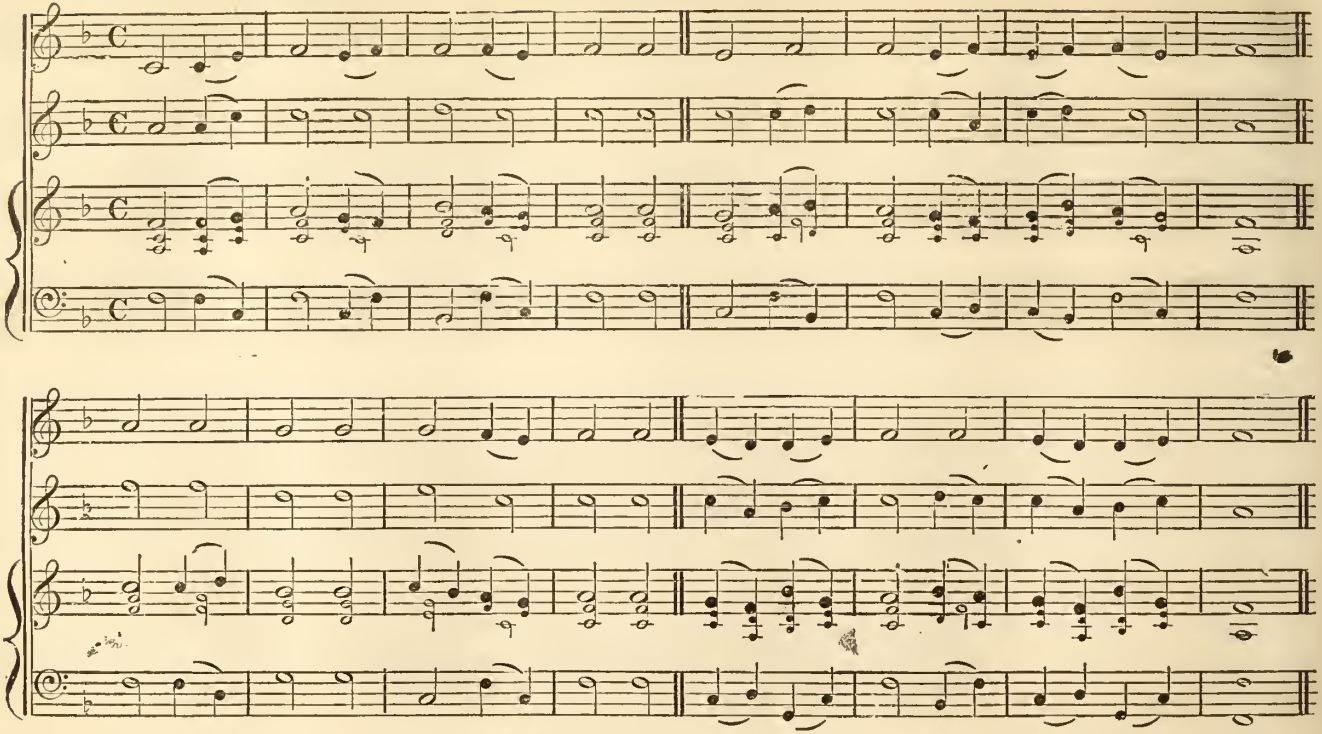
2 Oh, how swift the moments flying,
Bear us on their wings away!
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
Be thy trembling servants' stay;
When we call, O Saviour, hear us;
Answer us in peace and love:
In the darkest shade be near us,
Guide us to the throne above.

129.—8.7. *Universal Praise.*

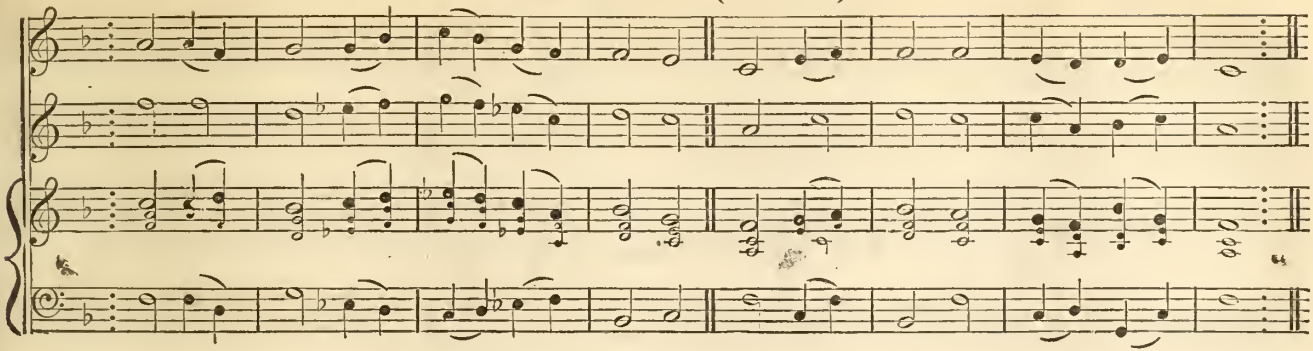
1 Praise the Lord who reigns in heaven,
Yet will deign to dwell below;
Praise to Him be ever given,
Thankful all his goodness show.
Praise Him for his great compassion,
Praise Him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom proceeds salvation,
All in heaven and earth adore.

2 Him let all the creatures living,
Source of their existence, sing;
Glory to their Maker giving,
Humblest homage to their King!
See his bounty's copious treasures,
All their varying wants supply;
Praise his name in sweetest measures,
All beneath, above the sky!

Nº 174. DISMISSION TUNE. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.



DISMISSION TUNE (Continued.)



211.—8.7.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love;
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

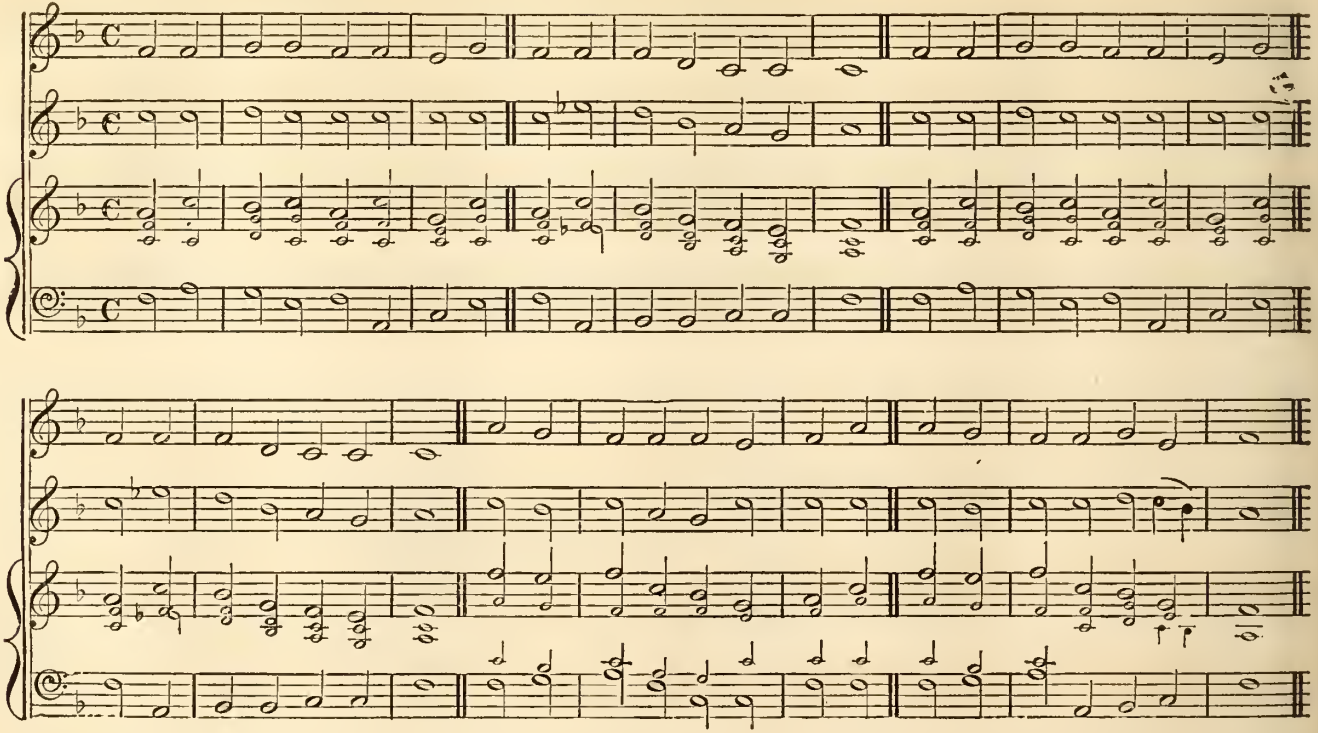
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

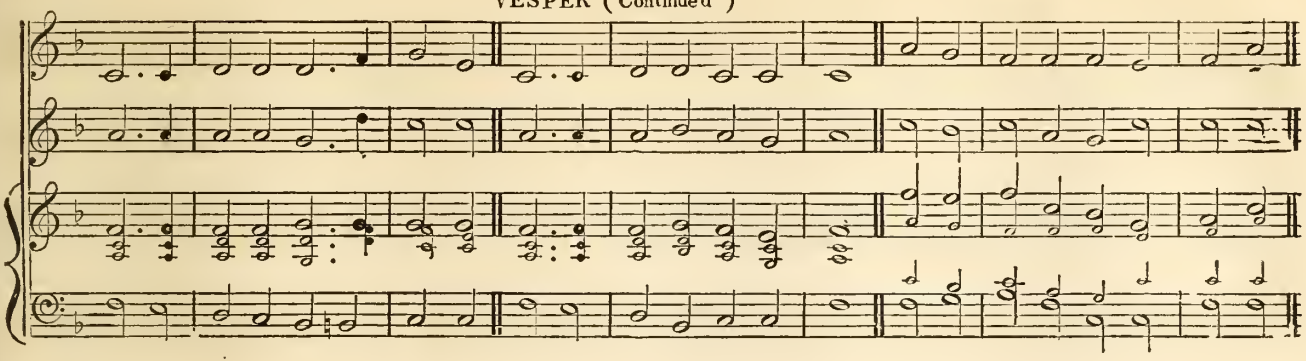
212.—8.7.

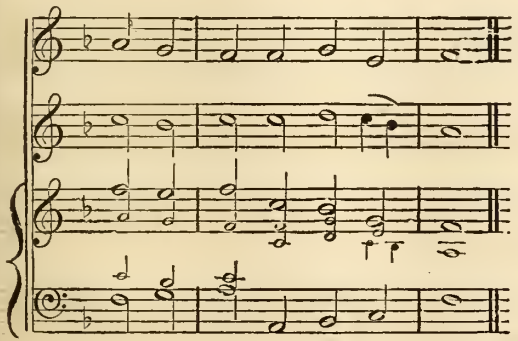
Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King, enthroned above.

Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration,
To the One Jehovah give.

Nº 175. VESPER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.







128.—8.7. *The World's Jubilee.*

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Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
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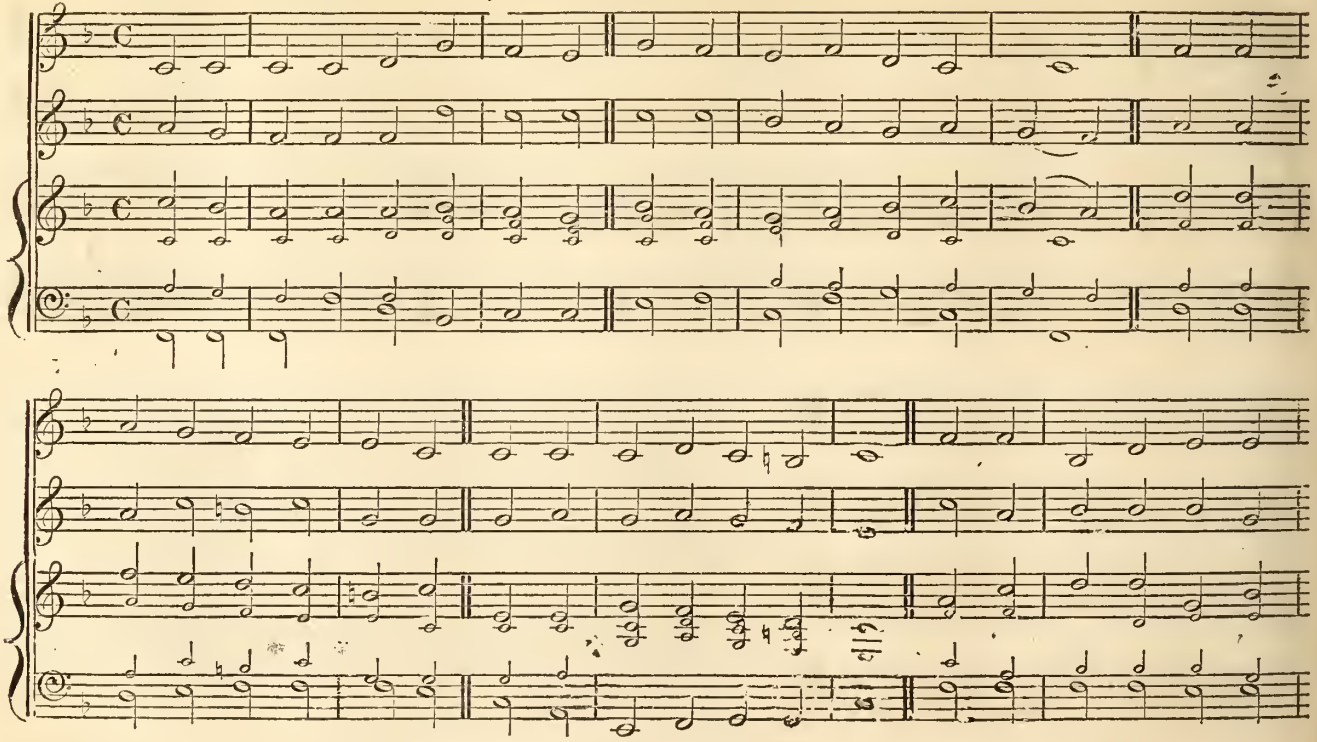
Now, the theme in rolling thunders,
Through the universe is rung;
Now, in gentler tones the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Hail, Emmanuel! praise to Thee!

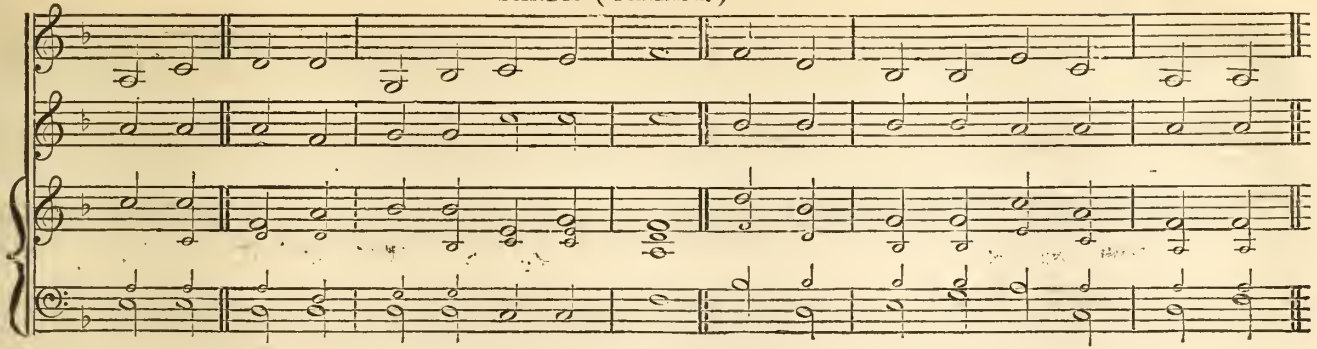
2 Lo, the anthem everlasting,
Jubilant sing the heav'nly host;
While their crowns of glory casting
At his feet, in rapture lost;
Wider now, and louder pealing,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain;
Now, in numbers softly stealing,
Hark, the Conqueror's praise again,—
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Glory to the Lamb once slain.

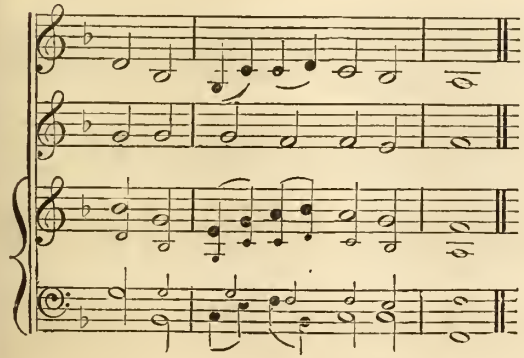
3 Hasten that great consummation,
That bright Sabbath of mankind,
When each distant tribe and nation
Taste the bliss by God designed;
Loud the Gospel trump be sounded,
Let the joyous echoes roll,
Till a sea of bliss unbounded,
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole;
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Let the kingdoms, Lord, be thine.

4 With the universal chorus,
We our noblest songs would raise,
Israel's hope, Redeemer glorious,
Live for ever in our lays;
Speed thy coming, great Messiah,
O'er a ransomed world to reign;
Worthy thou to reign for ever,
Heaven and earth repeat the strain—
Hail, Emmanuel! great Deliverer!
Stones shall speak if we refrain.

Nº 176. SARDIS. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.





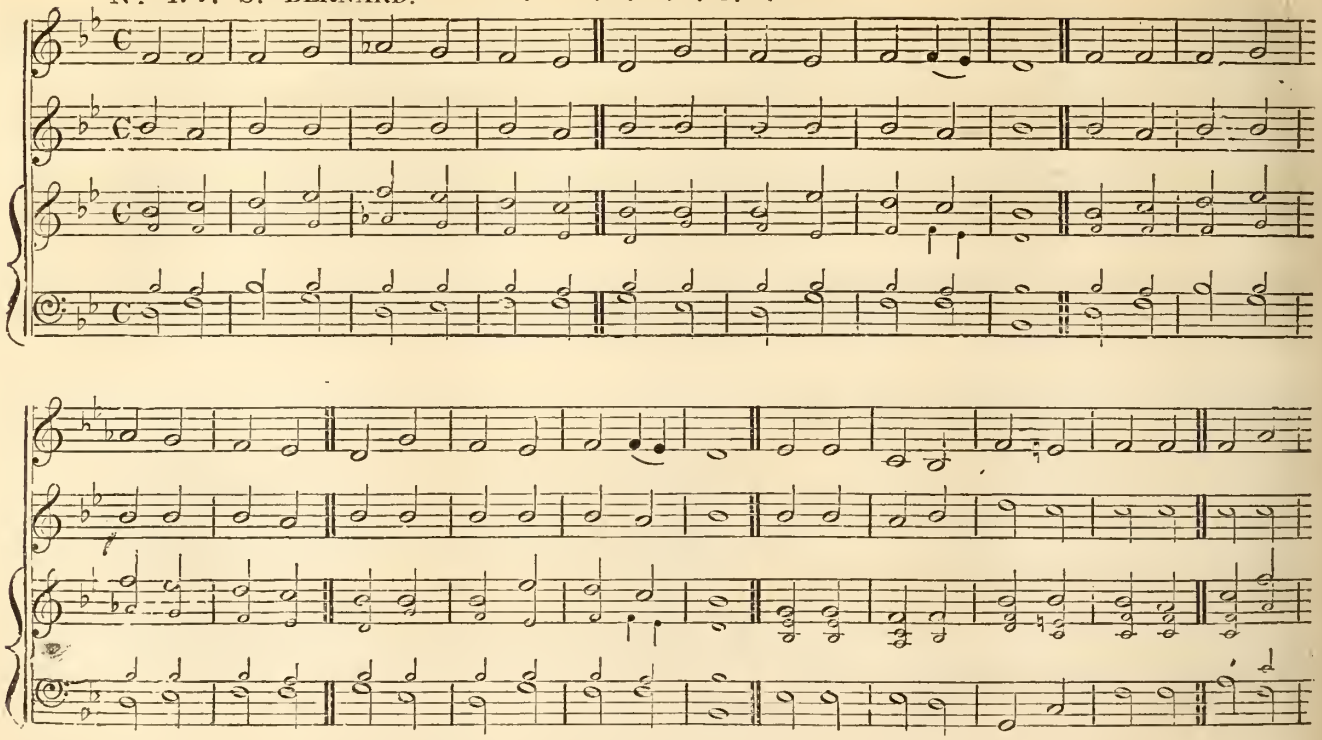


131.—8.7. *Universal Spread of the Gospel.*

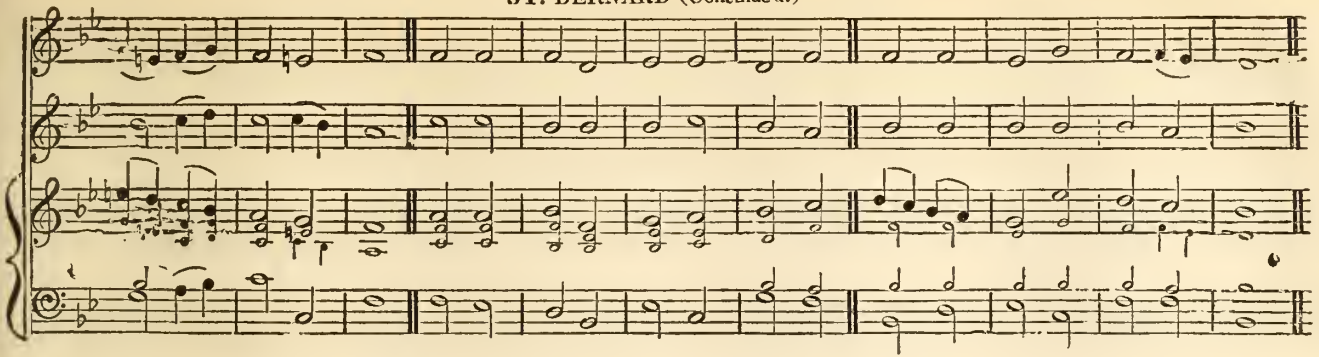
1 God be merciful and bless us,
Listen to our fervent prayer;
And from all that would distress us,
Guard us in thy tender care.
Cause thy face to shine upon us,
Chasing every fear away;
Bid thy smile of love rest on us,
Cheering us through life's short day.

2 That the way of thy salvation,
Way of truth, and peace, and light,
May be known to every nation,
Lost in error's gloomy night;
And thy saving health be given,
To the weary and distrest;
Thus preparing them for heaven,
Where they shall for ever rest.

3 Ever would we be extending
Thy salvation full and free,
Till the songs of earth are blending
In one perfect strain to Thee;
Then the fruitful world around us,
Shall thy bounteous hand proclaim;
God's own blessing shall surround us,
And all nations fear his name.


Nº 177. St BERNARD. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.

ST. BERNARD (Continued.)



129.—8.7. *Universal Praise.*

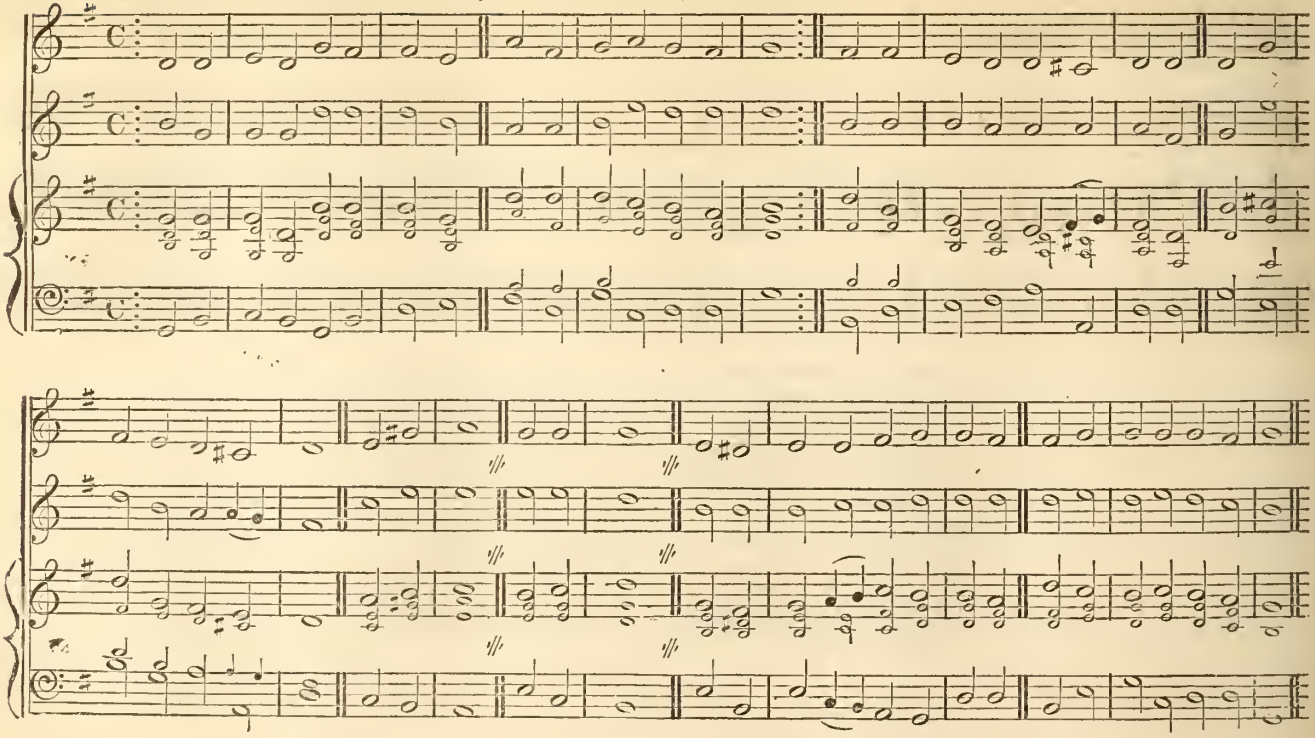
1 Praise the Lord who reigns in heaven,
Yet will deign to dwell below;
Praise to Him he ever given,
Thankful all his goodness show.
Praise Him for his great compassion,
Praise Him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom proceeds salvation,
All in heaven and earth adore.

2 Him let all the creatures living,
Source of their existence, sing;
Glory to their Maker giving,
Humblest homage to their King!
See his hounty's copious treasures,
All their varying wants supply;
Praise his name in sweetest measures,
All beneath, above the sky!

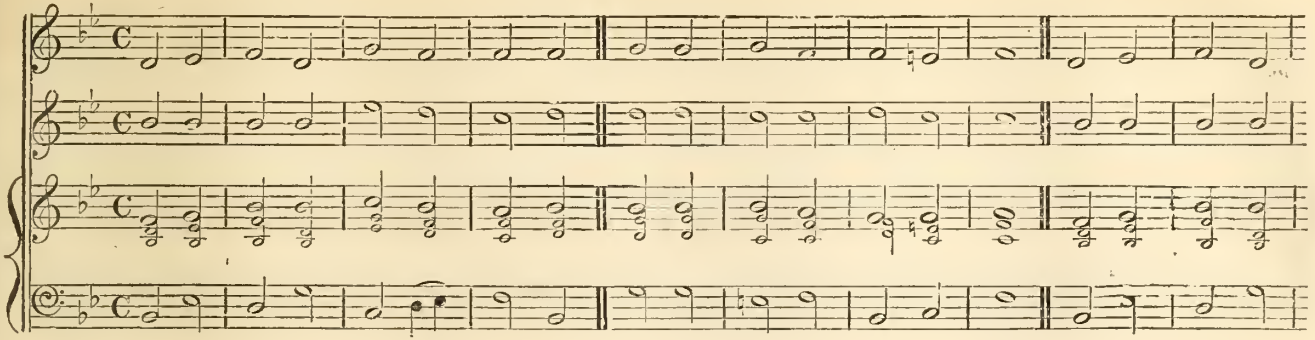
130.—8.7. *Shortness of Time*

1 Transient as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms the brightest, life adorning,
Fade and wither like the grass;
Oh, may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below;
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.

2 Oh, how swift the moments flying,
Bear us on their wings away!
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
Be thy trembling servants' stay;
When we call, O Saviour, hear us;
Answer us in peace and love:
In the darkest shade be near us,
Guide us to the throne above.


Nº 178. St JUDE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Nº 179. VERONA 8.7. 8.7



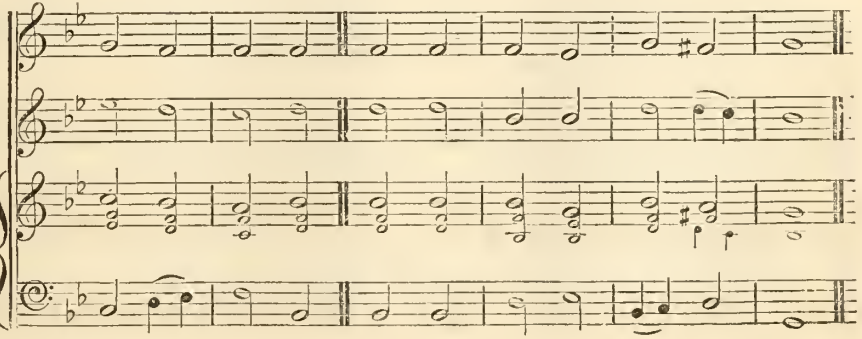
'133.—8.7. *Sowing in Tears, Reaping in Joy.*

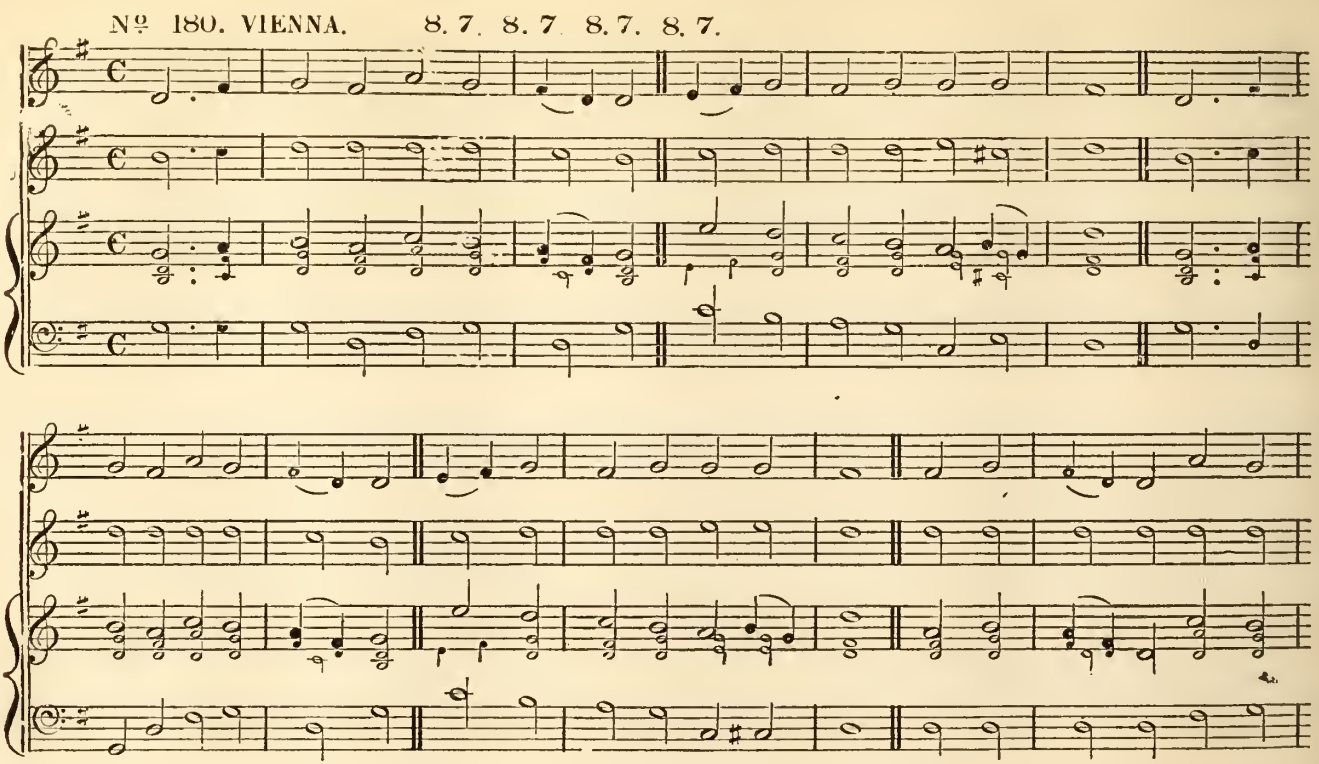
1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed;
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labour shall succeed.

2 Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

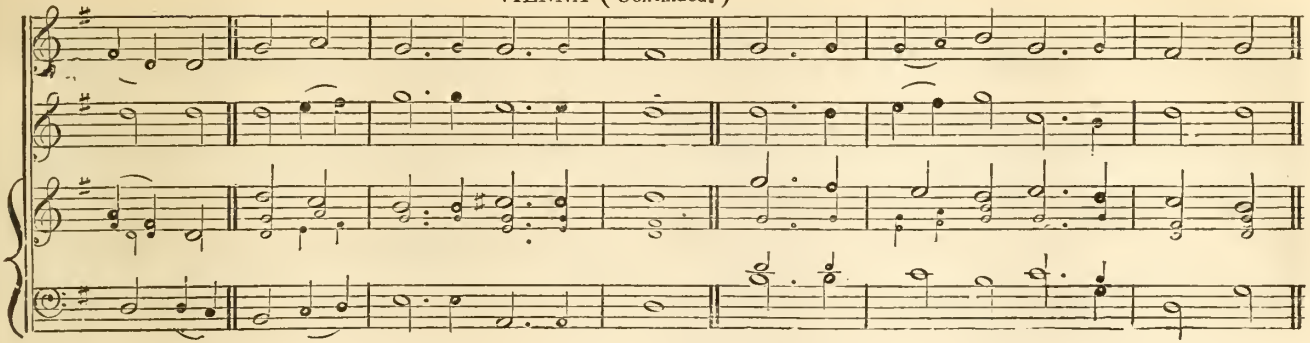
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospects ne'er so dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.

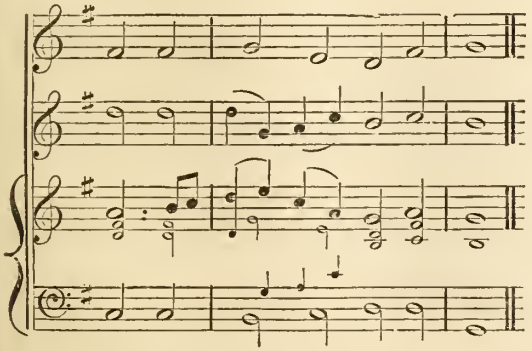
4 Lo, the scenes of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear!
Look again, the fields are whitening,
Sure the harvest time is near.




Nº 180. VIENNA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

VIENNA (Continued.)





131.—8.7. *Universal Spread of the Gospel.*

1 God be merciful and bless us,
Listen to our fervent prayer;
And from all that would distress us,
Guard us in thy tender care.
Cause thy face to shine upon us,
Chasing every fear away;
Bid thy smile of love rest on us,
Cheering us through life's short day.

2 That the way of thy salvation,
Way of truth, and peace, and light,
May be known to every nation,
Lost in error's gloomy night;
And thy saving health be given,
To the weary and distrest;
Thus preparing them for heaven,
Where they shall for ever rest.

3 Ever would we be extending
Thy salvation full and free,
Till the songs of earth are blending
In one perfect strain to Thee;
Then the fruitful world around us,
Shall thy bounteous hand proclaim;
God's own blessing shall surround us,
And all nations fear his name.

132.—8.7. *Glorying in the Cross.*

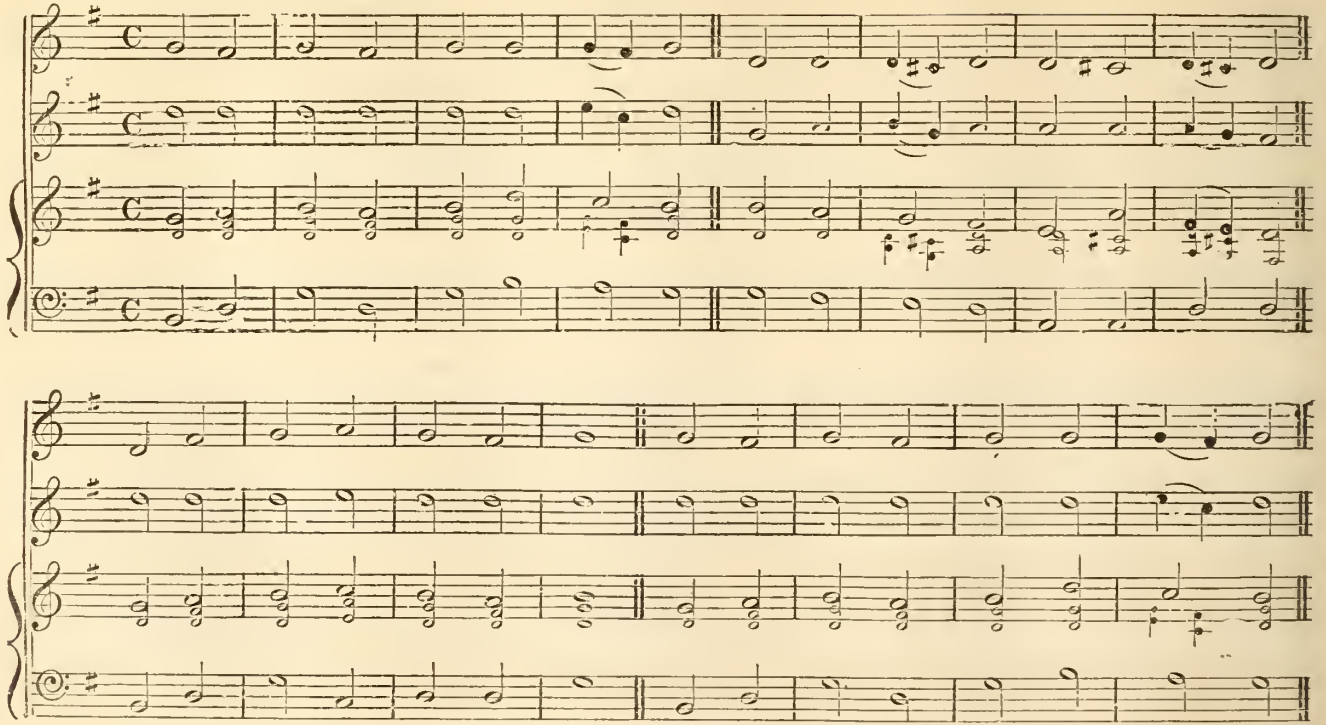
1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

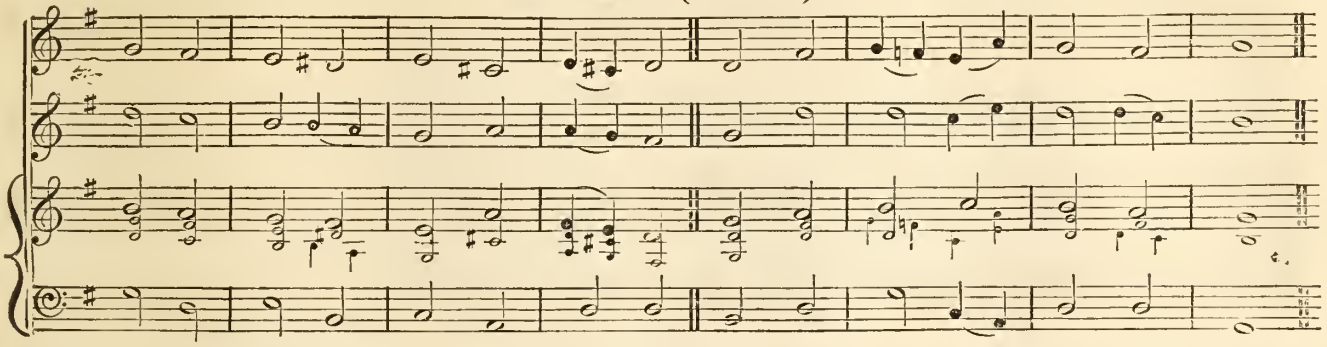
3 When the Sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Nº 181. GETHSEMANE. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.



GETHSEMANE (Continued.)



134.—8.8.7. *Humiliation of Christ.*

1 Lo! Messiah, unrespected,
Man of griefs, despised, dejected,
Wounds his form disfiguring;
Marr'd his visage, more than any,
For He bear the sins of many;
All our sorrows carrying.

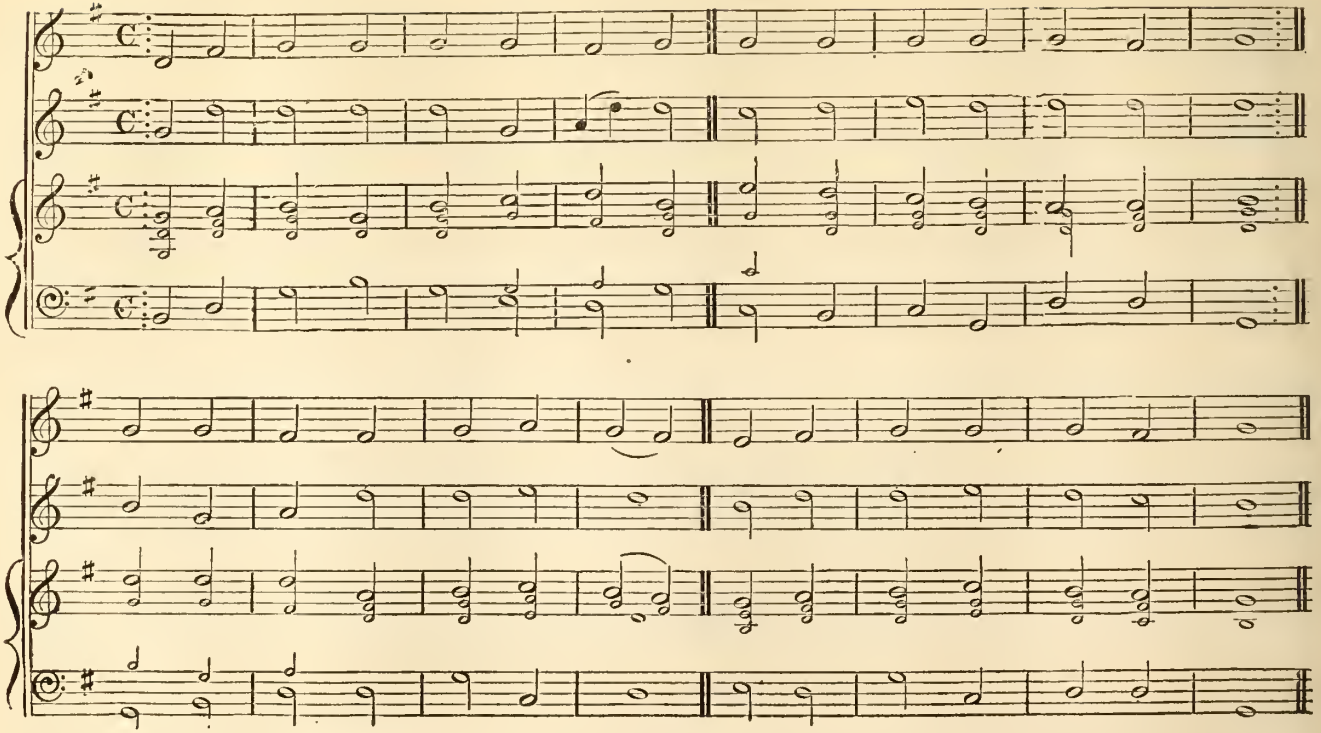
2 Like a root or plant, that growing
Where no waters gently flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground;
All uncomely, sinners view Him;
Nought of charms to draw them to Him,
Have they in the Saviour found.

3 For his people's sins rejected—
Stricken, smitten, unprotected,
Crown'd with thorns, with scourges rent;
See the Son from judgment taken,
The Belov'd, in death forsaken,
Till his spirit forth He sent.

4 Of our sins He stood accused,
For our guilt alone was bruised,
Died the victim in our stead;
With his stripes our wounds are healed,
By his pains our peace is sealed,—
Purchased with the blood He shed.

5 Glory be to Him who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us,
Glory to the Son who came.
Honor, blessing, adoration,
Glory from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

Nº 182. BATAVIA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.



136.—8.7.7. *The Night Cometh.*

1 Sweet the hour of Christian meeting,
Sweet the pilgrim's passing song;
But the day is short and fleeting,
Swiftly bearing us along;
Christian! hear thy Saviour say,
"Work while it is call'd to-day."

2 Stay not till the night is closing,
Till the sunset's lingering glow;
Souls are carelessly reposing,
On the brink of endless woe;
Christian! to their rescue come,
Guide the erring wanderer home.

3 Not by human might or power
Blossometh the wilderness;
Faith must triumph in that hour;
Prayer anticipate success.
Christian! let thy watchword be,
"All thro' Christ, who strength'neth me."

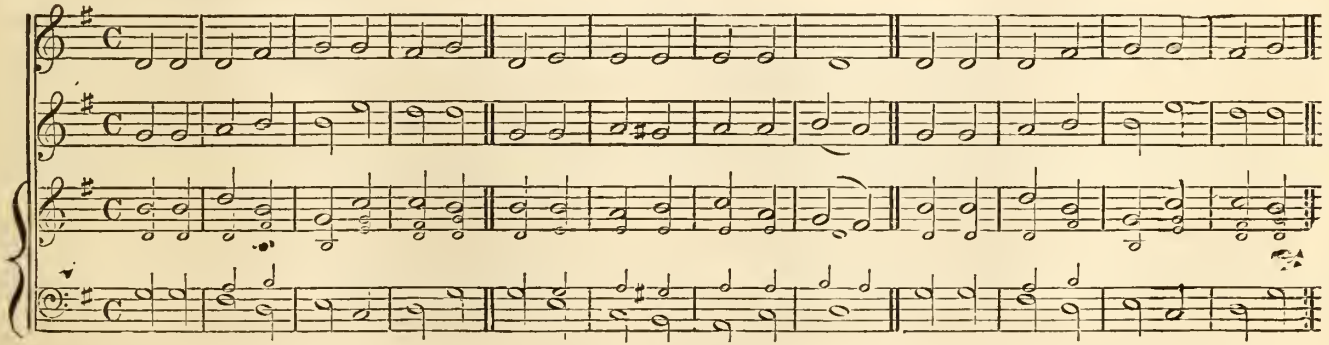
138.—8.7.7. *Blessedness of the Pious dead.*

1 Hark! a voice, it cries from heaven,
Happy in the Lord who die;
Happy they to whom 'tis given,
From a world of grief to fly:
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labours sweetly rest.

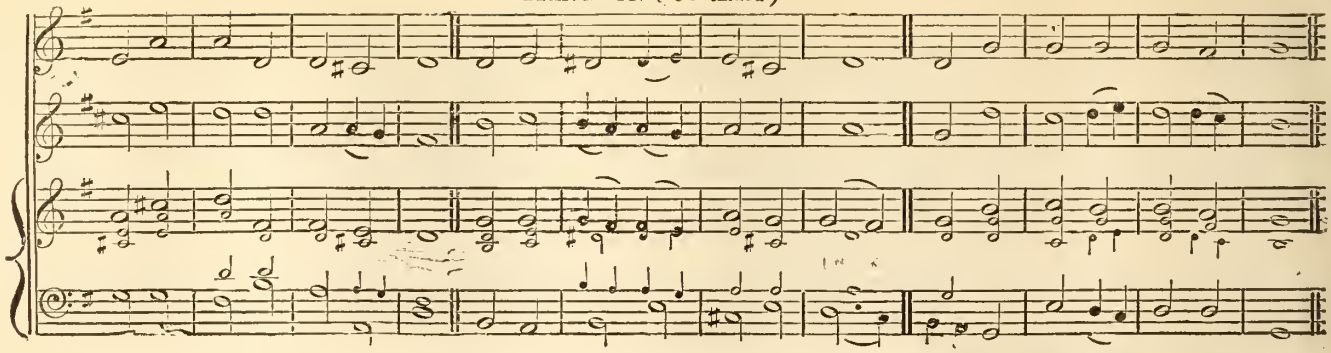
2 All their toils and dangers over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love:
Now they see Him face to face,
Him who saved them by his grace,

3 'Tis enough—enough for ever
In his people's bright reward,
They are blest indeed, who never
Shall be absent from the Lord.
Oh that we may die like those
Who in Jesus find repose!

No. 183. BRINGTON 8 7. 8.7. 7.7.



BRINGTON (Continued)



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Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love:
Now they see Him face to face,
Him who saved them by his grace,

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In his people's bright reward,
They are blest indeed, who never
Shall be absent from the Lord.
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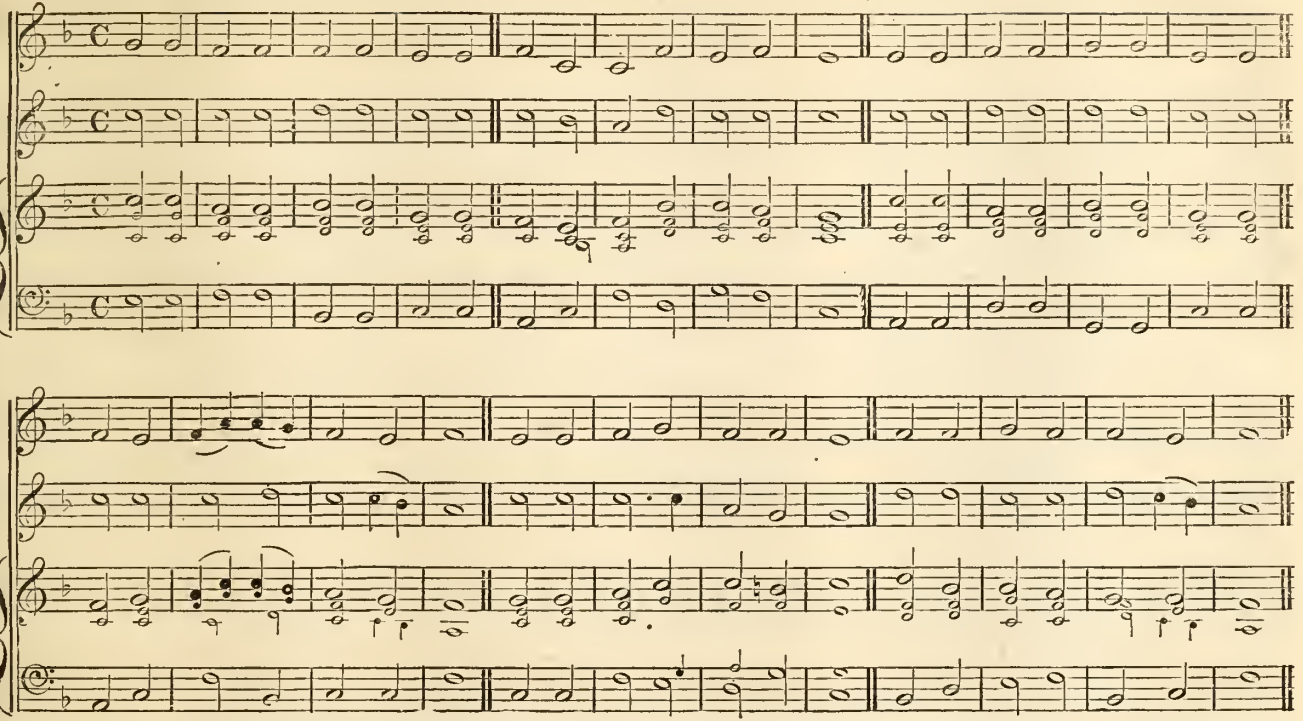
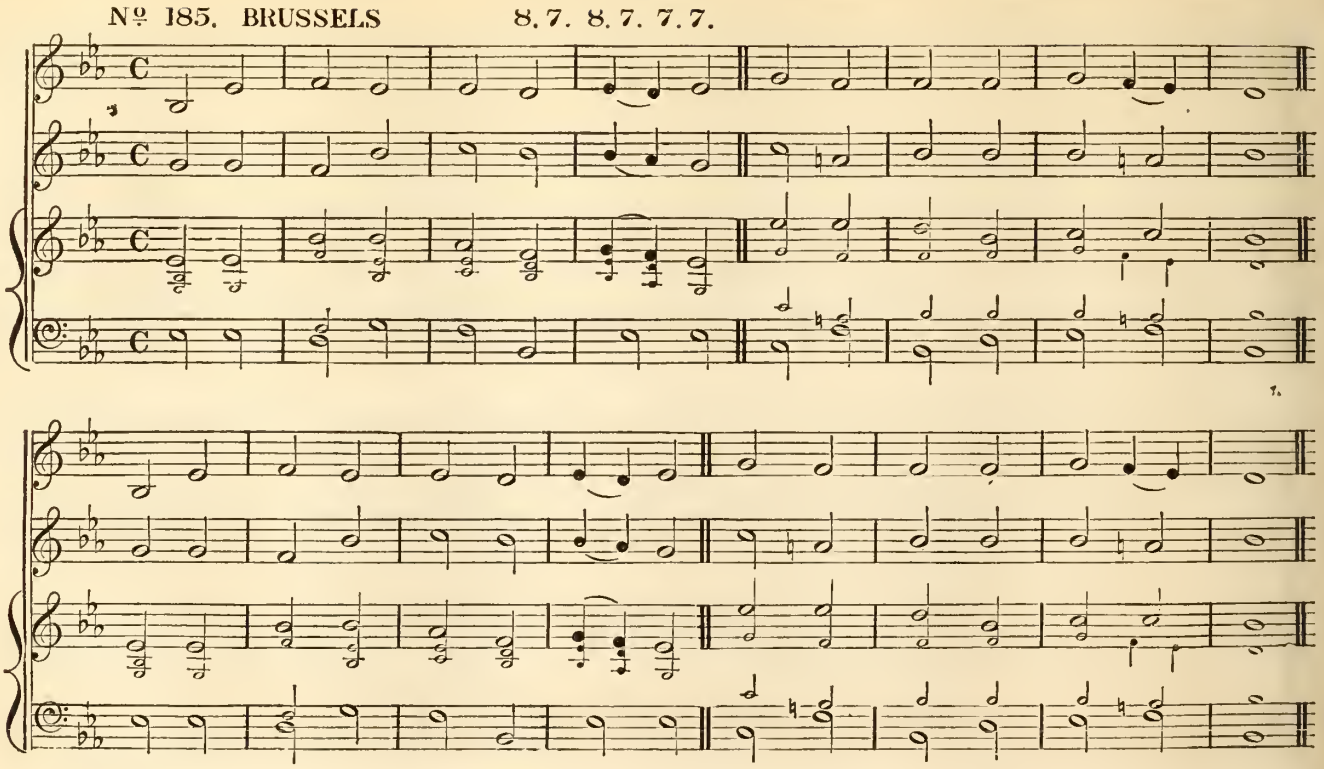
Who in Jesus find repose!

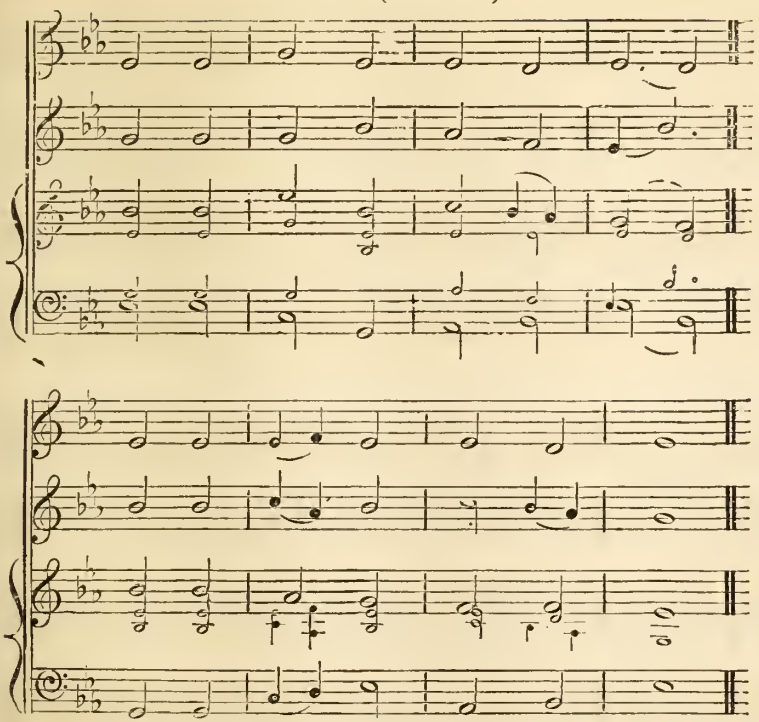
Nº 184. BRITTANY. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.



Nº 185. BRUSSELS 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.



BRUSSELS (Continued.)



135.—8.7.7. *The Church Triumphant.*

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

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

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

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

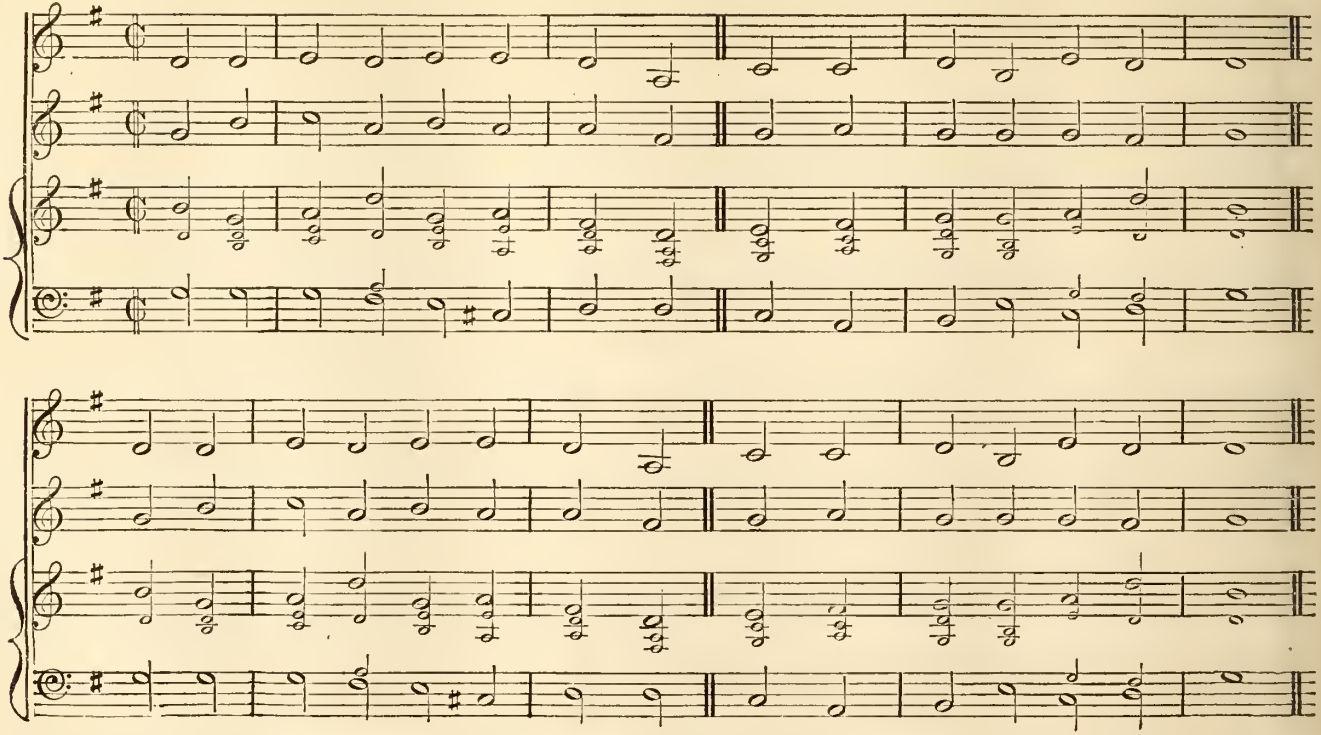
5 These, th' Almighty contemplating,
Here as Priests before Him stand:
They to serve Him alway waiting,
Day and night, at His command;
Now in God's most holy place,
They behold Him face to face.

137.—8.7.7. *The Heavenly Rest.*

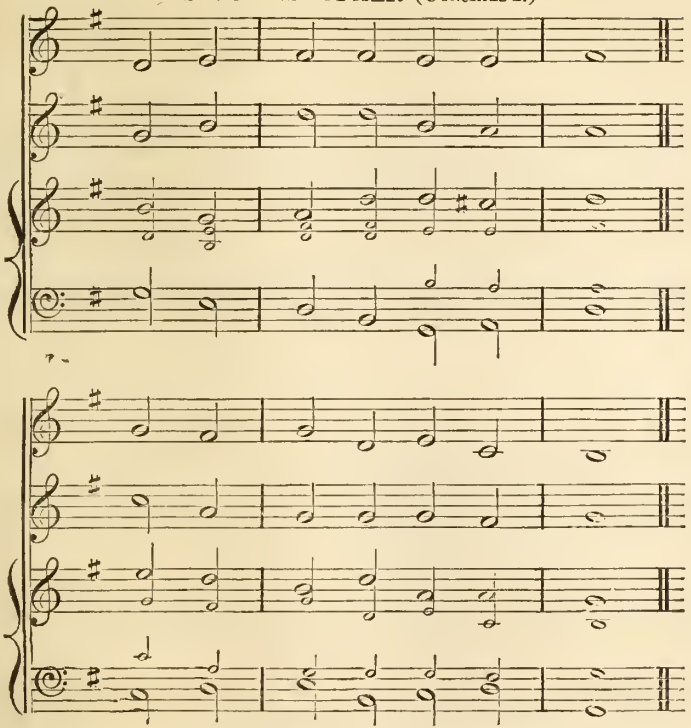
1 When we pass through death's cold river,
When we reach the heavenly shore,
There's an end of war for ever:
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Follow'd by eternal peace!

2 Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward!
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

Nº 186. Sᵗ CHRISTOPHER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.



ST. CHRISTOPHER (Continued.)



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Vict'ry through the Lamb have gain'd.

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Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they magnified:
Now their painful conflict's o'er:
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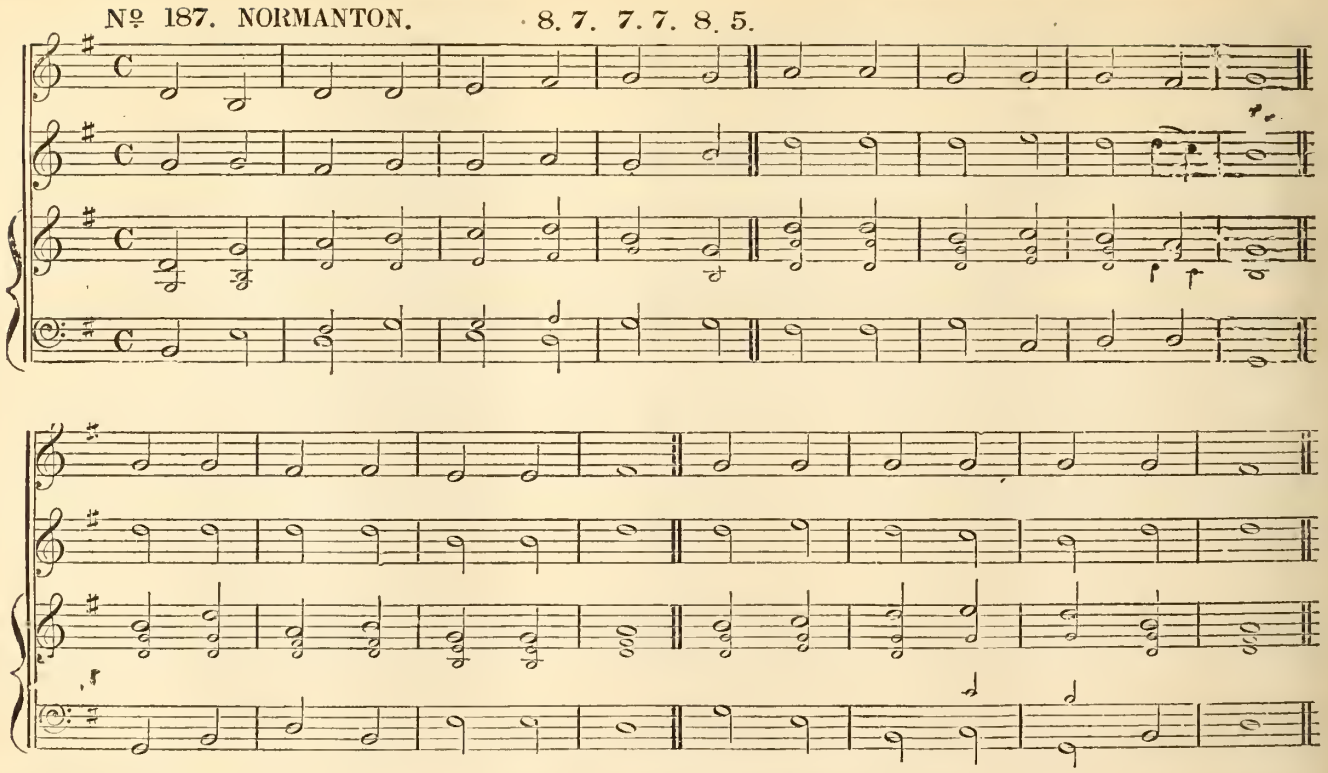
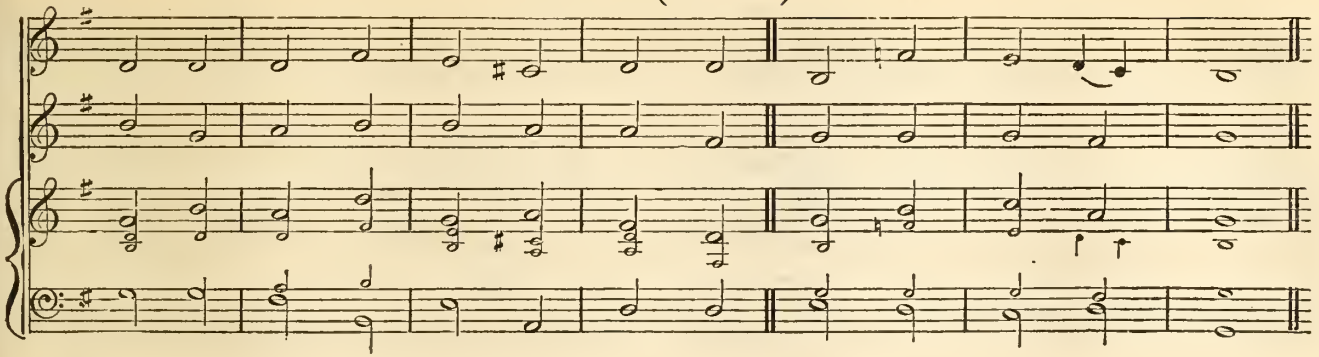
In his love be fully blest.


Nº 187. NORMANTON. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 5.

NORMANTON (Continued.)



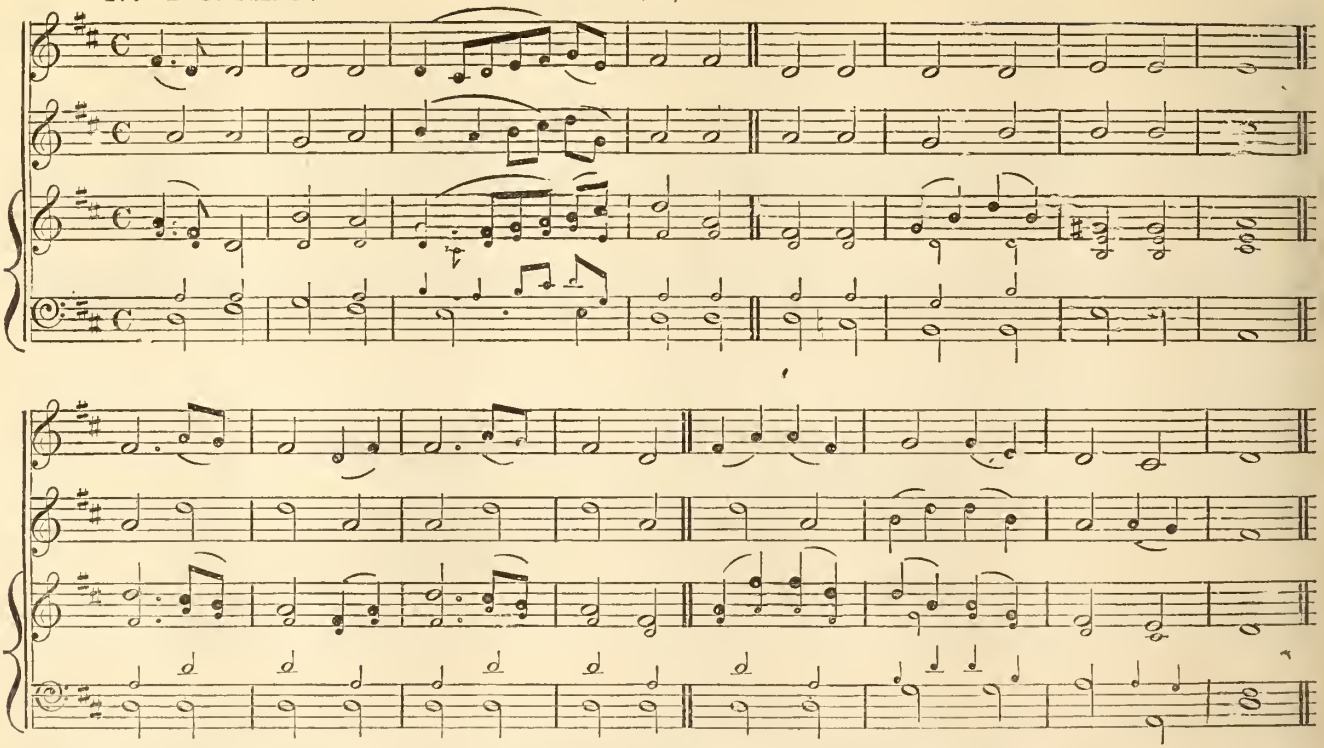
139.—8.7.5. *A Parting Hymn.*

1 Some, sweet savour of thy favour,
Shed abroad in every heart;
Heavenward as to Thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below:
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

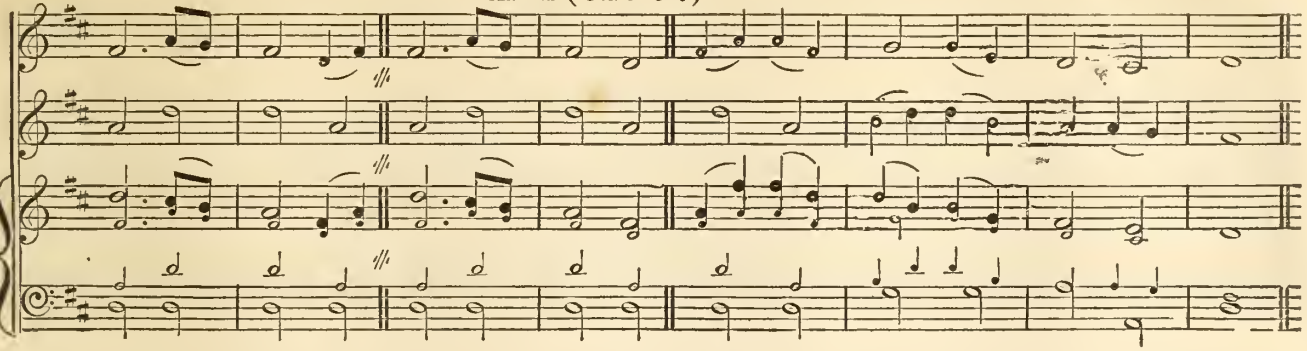
2 Hear, O hear us, and be near us,
In each dark and trying hour;
On us thy rich grace bestow,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Gracious Saviour, keep us ever
Safe from every foe.

3 God of Zion, we rely on
Thy kind promise evermore;
Bless us with a large increase;
Sanctify and give us peace;
Thus provide us, guard, and guide us,
Through the wilderness.

Nº 188. ALMA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



ALMA (Continued.)



140.—8.7. *The Good Shepherd.*

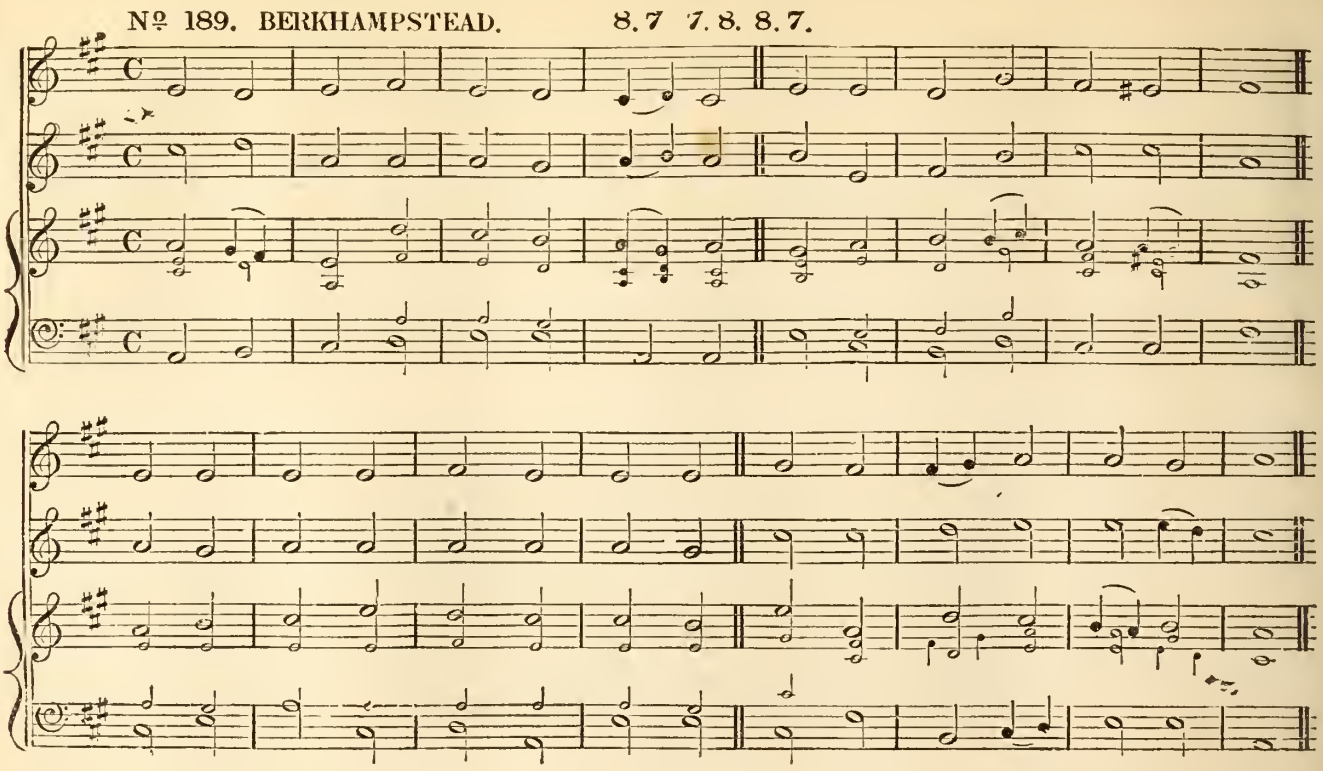
1 Gracious Saviour—gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee.
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, they may be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended;
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them,
From thy fold to go astray.
By thy look of love directed,
May they walk the narrow way.
Thus direct them, and protect them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

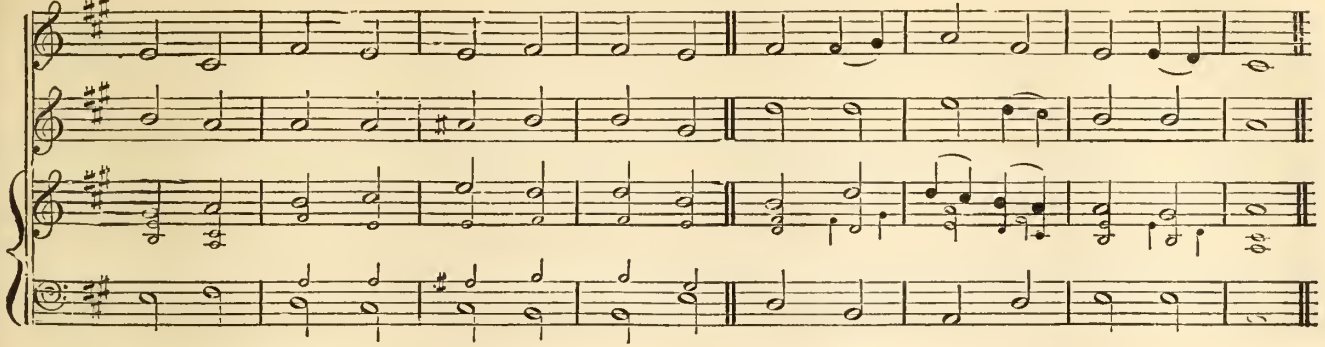
3 Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream thy love supplied:
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from thy wounded side:
And to heavenly pastures lead them,
Where the peaceful waters glide.

4 Let thy holy Word instruct them;—
Fill their minds with heavenly light:
Let thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve whate'er is right—
Take thy easy yoke, and wear it,—
And to prove thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing;
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May they their thank-offerings bring.
Then with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise the Shepherd-King.


Nº 189. BERKHAMPSTEAD. 8.7 7.8. 8.7.

BERKHAMPSTEAD (Continued.)



▲40.—8.7. *The Good Shepherd.*

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Little ones are dear to Thee.
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, they may be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended;
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them,
From thy fold to go astray.
By thy look of love directed,
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Thus direct them, and protect them,
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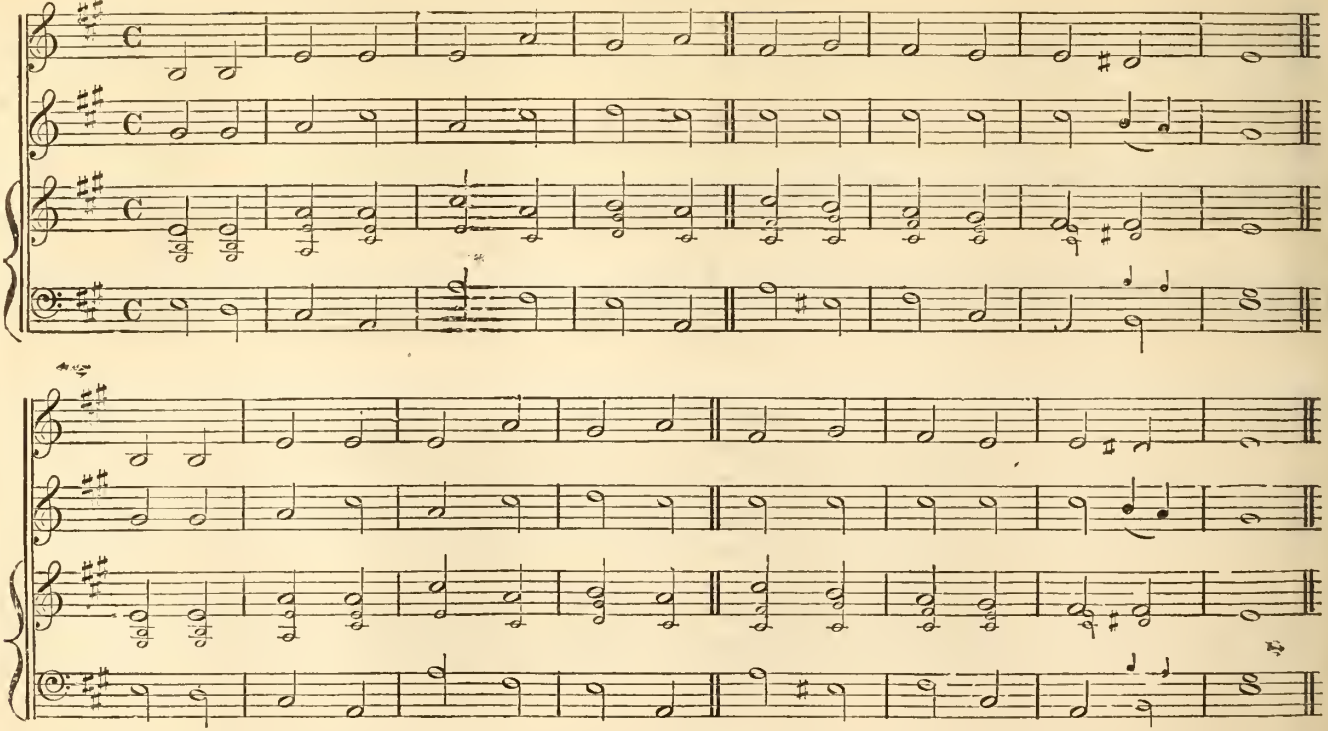
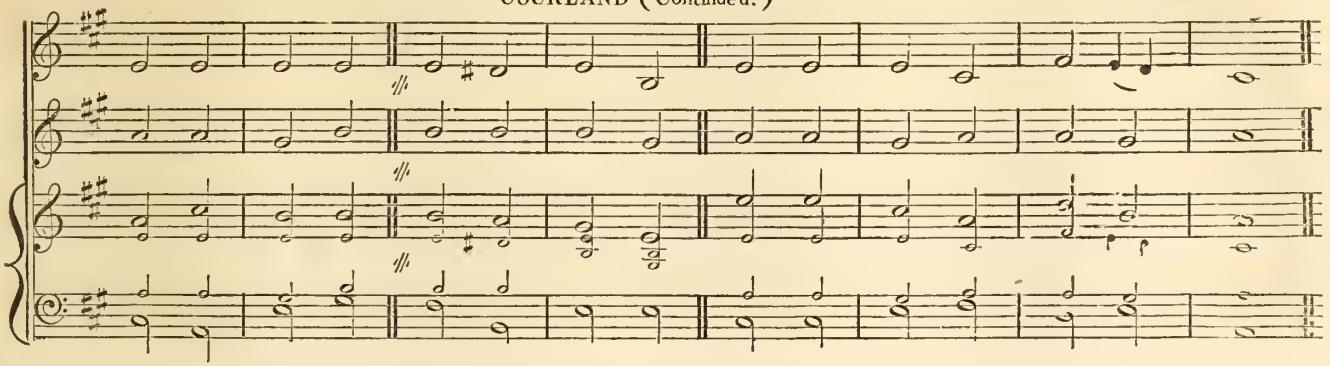
Let thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve whate'er is right—
Take thy easy yoke, and wear it,—
And to prove thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing;
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May they their thank-off'rings bring.
Then with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise the Shepherd-King.

Nº 190. COURLAND. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



COURLAND (Continued.)



142.—8.7.4. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1 Sinners, come! by guilt afflicted,
Come to Christ, the sinner's friend;
Lo, he calls the lost, the wretched,
All the weary, to attend:
Jesus calls you,
At his cross in prayer to bend.

2 Peace and joy he'll freely give you,
By his dying groans obtained;
Pardon now, and life eternal—
Every source of bliss is gained;
Every mercy
For his ransomed flock ordained.

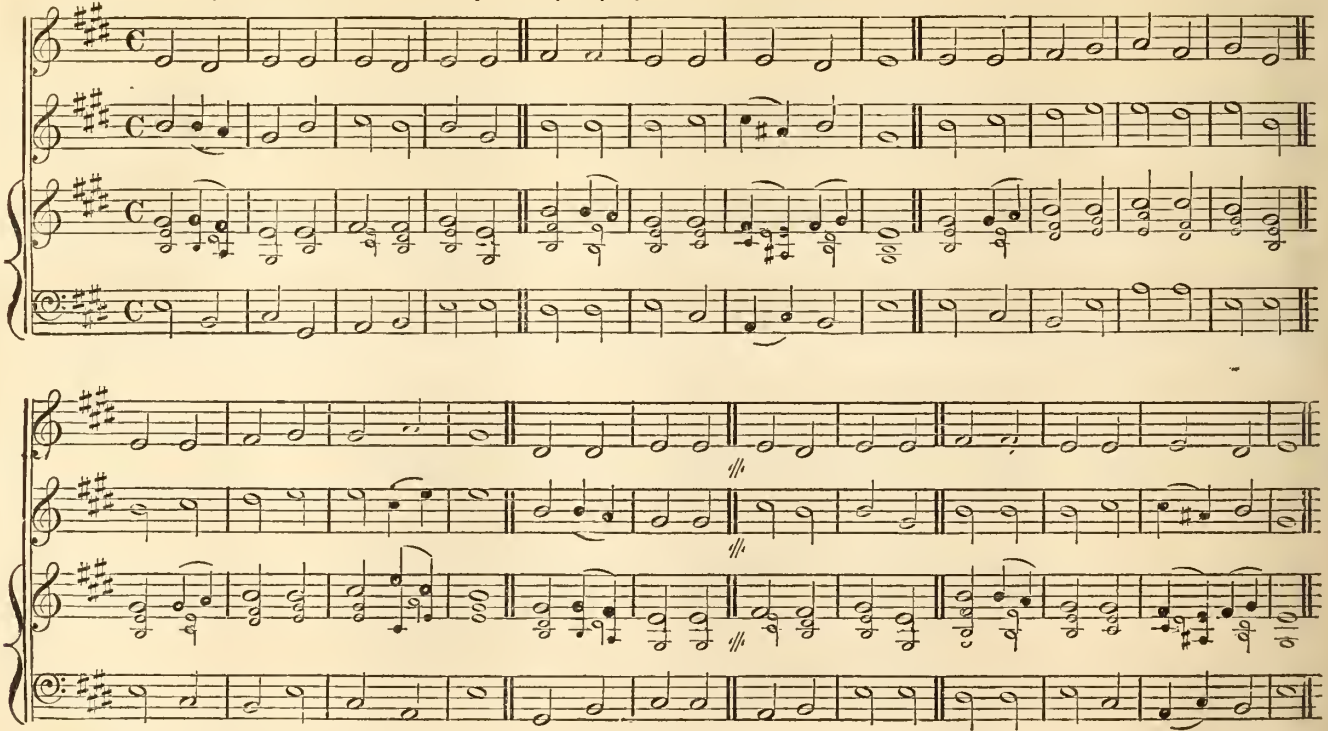
3 Sinners, hear! the Saviour calls you
From the coming wrath to flee,
By his precious death and burial,
By his all-prevailing plea,
Chief of sinners,
Here your life and pardon see!

4 All the works that God requireth,
He himself hath fully wrought;
From the curse of Sinai freed you,
By his death your life hath bought;
That to glory,
Ruined sinners might be brought,

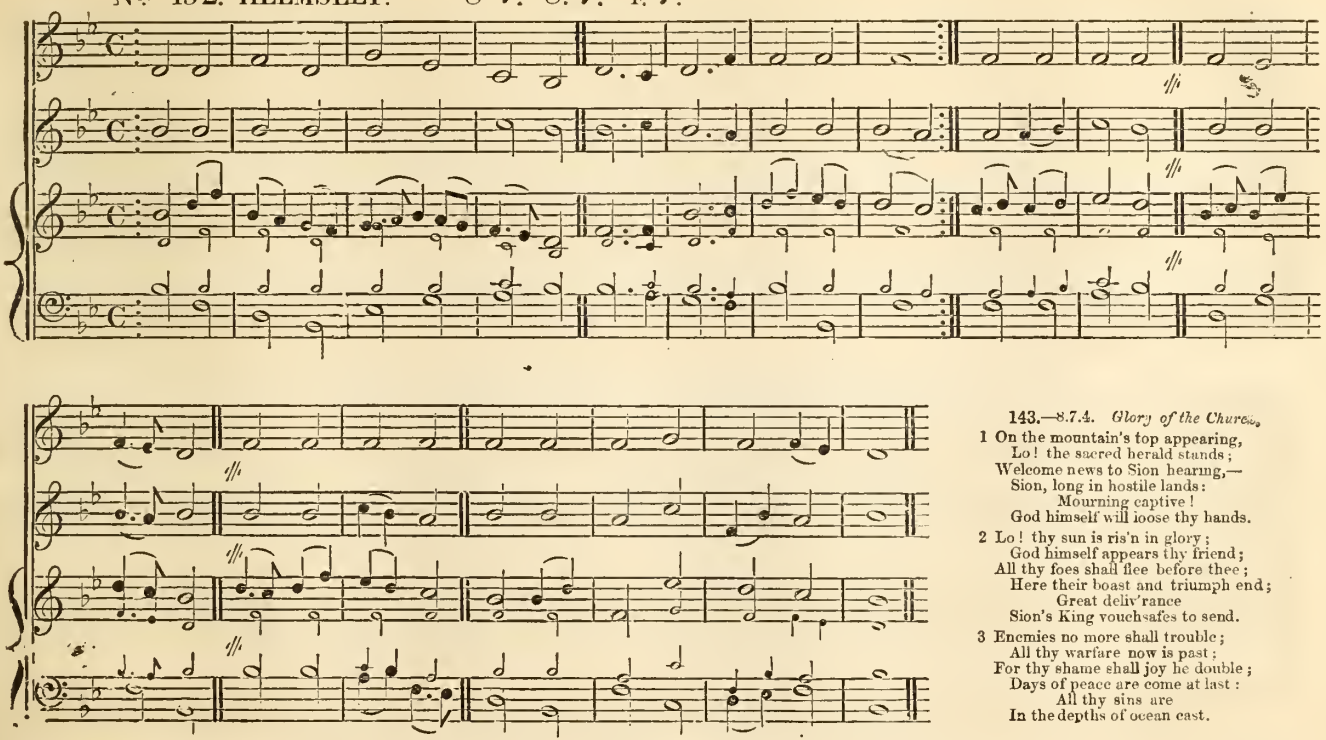
5 Faith in Him will lead you onward
To the place where He is gone;
There He is, with joy preparing
Seats before his Father's throne,
Made for those who
Rest upon his grace alone.

Trembling sinners! stay no longer—
Angels wish to see you near;
Christ invites you, God commands you,
Lend to grace a listening ear;
Blessed Spirit,
Banish Thou their guilty fear.

Nº 191. GENEVA. 8 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



Nº 192. HELMSLEY. 8 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



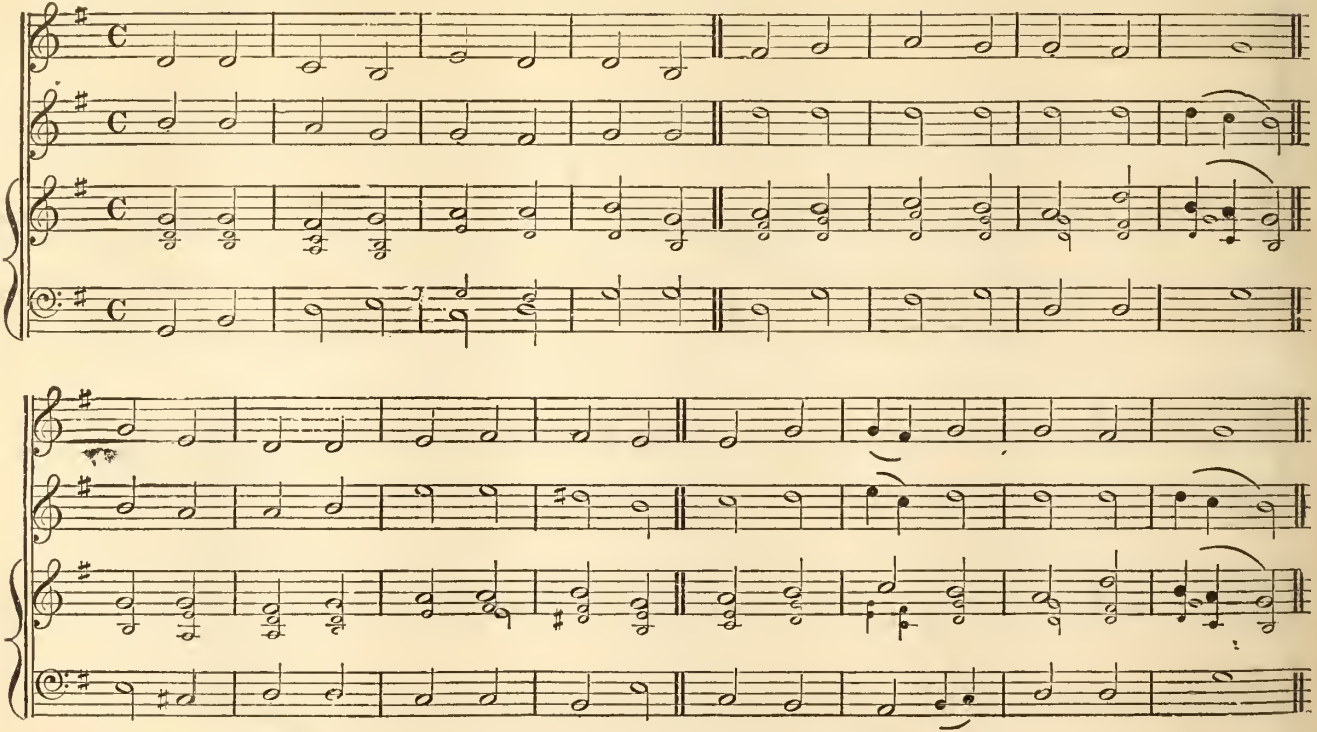
143.—8.7.4. *Glory of the Church.*

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Sion hearing,—
Sion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy hands.

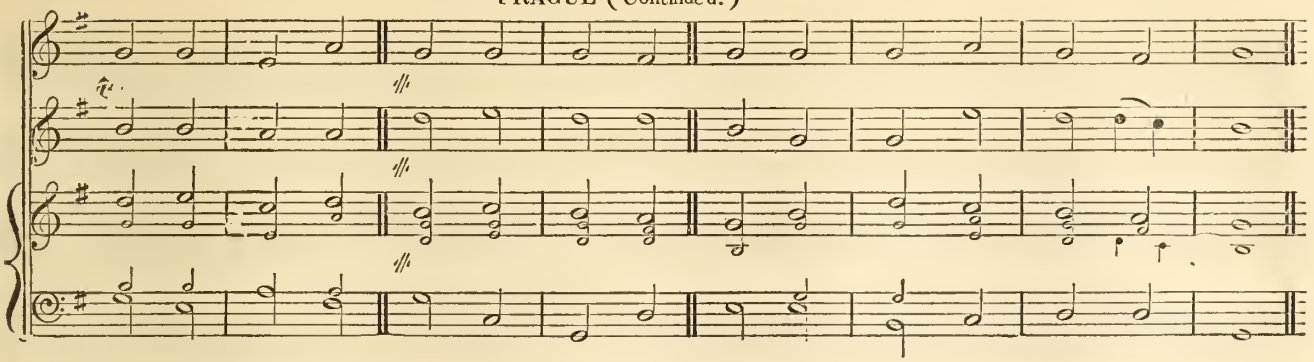
2 Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory;
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boast and triumph end;
Great deliv'rance
Sion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy warfare now is past;
For thy shame shall joy he double;
Days of peace are come at last:
All thy sins are
In the depths of ocean cast.

Nº 193.. PRAGUE. 8 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



PRAGUE (Continued.)



141.—8.7. *A Concluding Hymn.*

1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

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

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

144.—8.7.4. *It is I, be not afraid.*

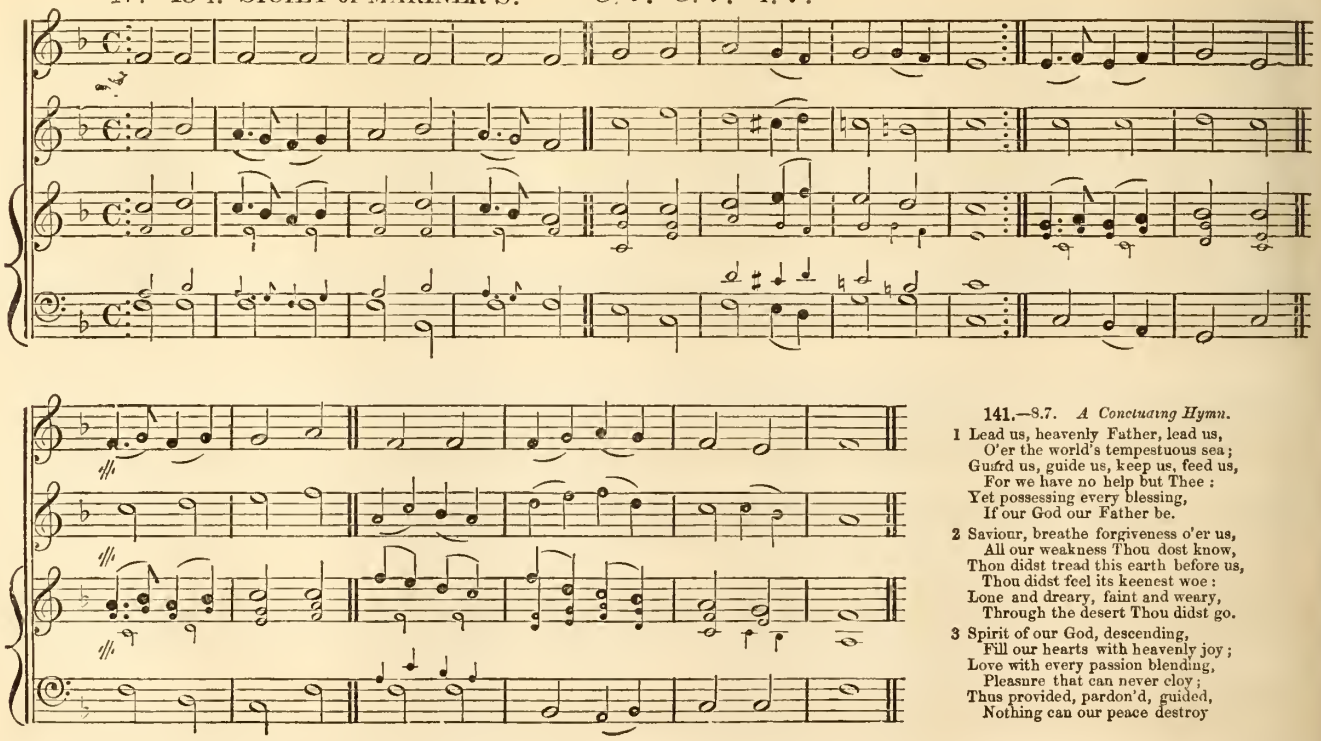
Why those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean,
Led by Him, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

3 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

Oh what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases,
On that tranquil, happy shore.

Nº 194. SICILY or MARINER'S. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



141.—8.7. *A Concluding Hymn.*

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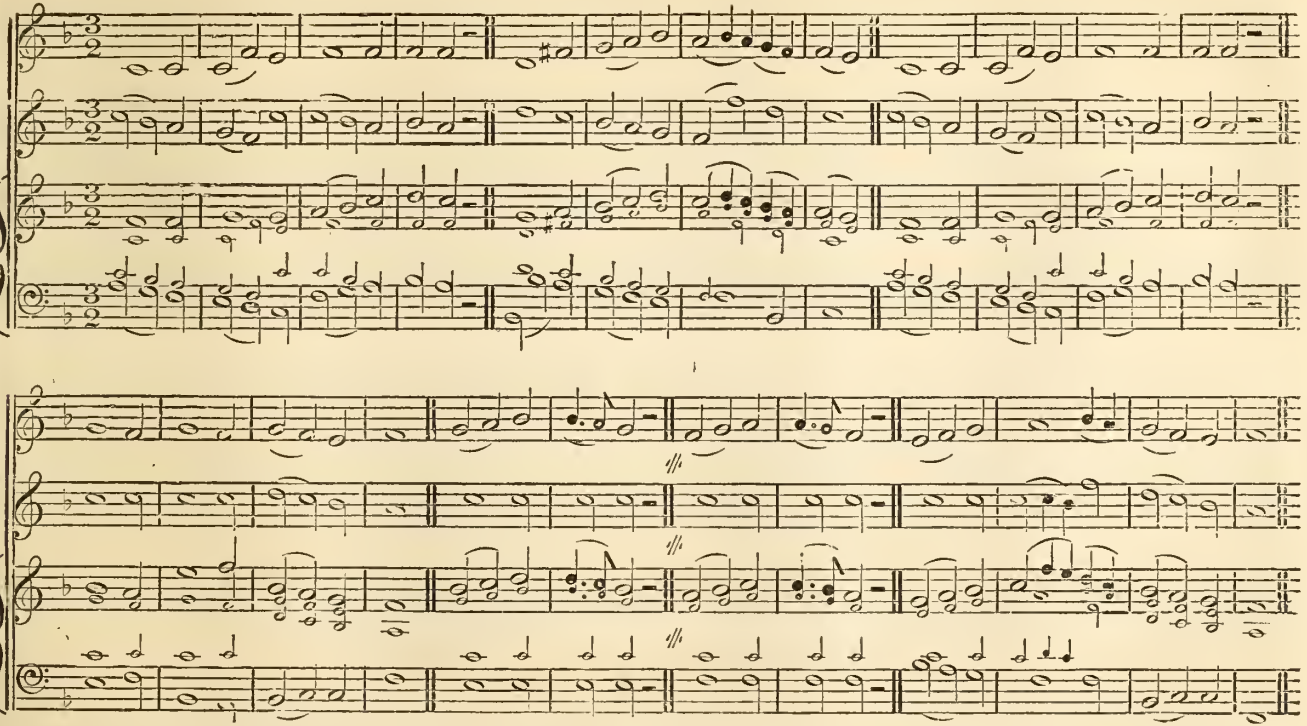
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

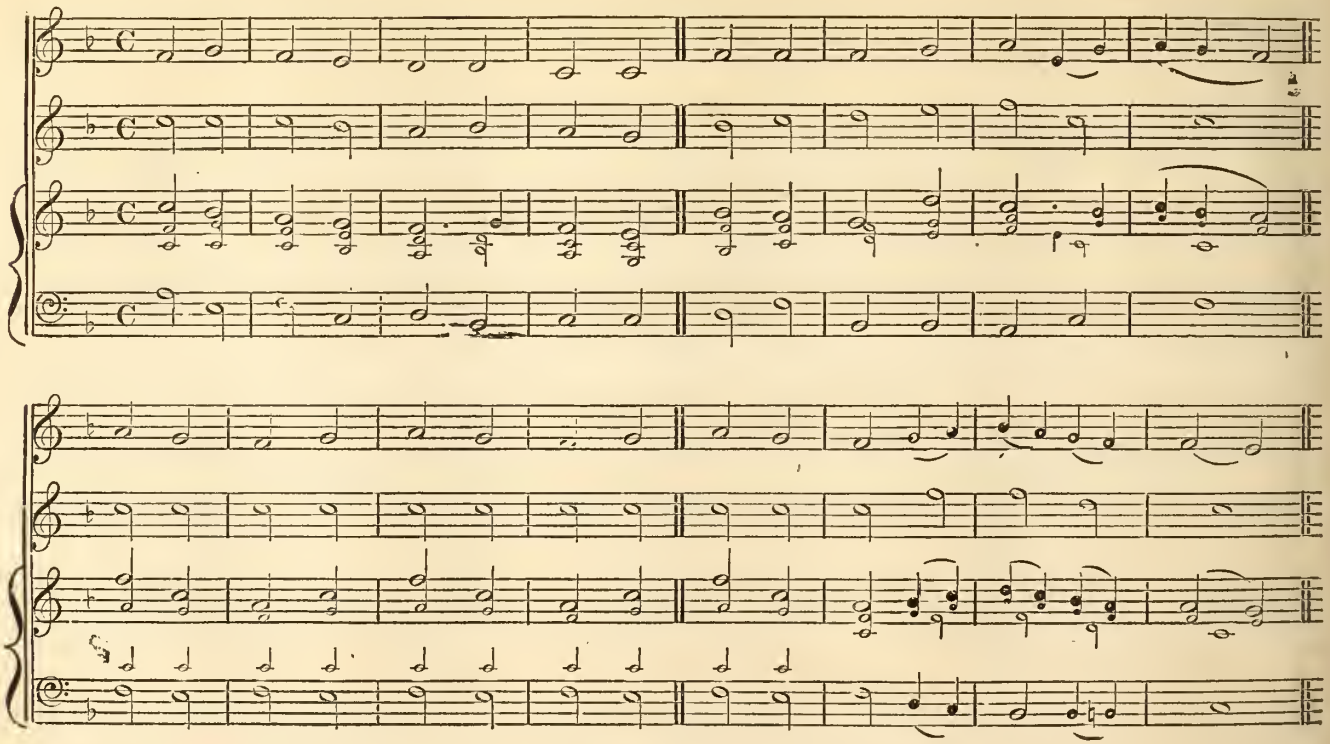
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy

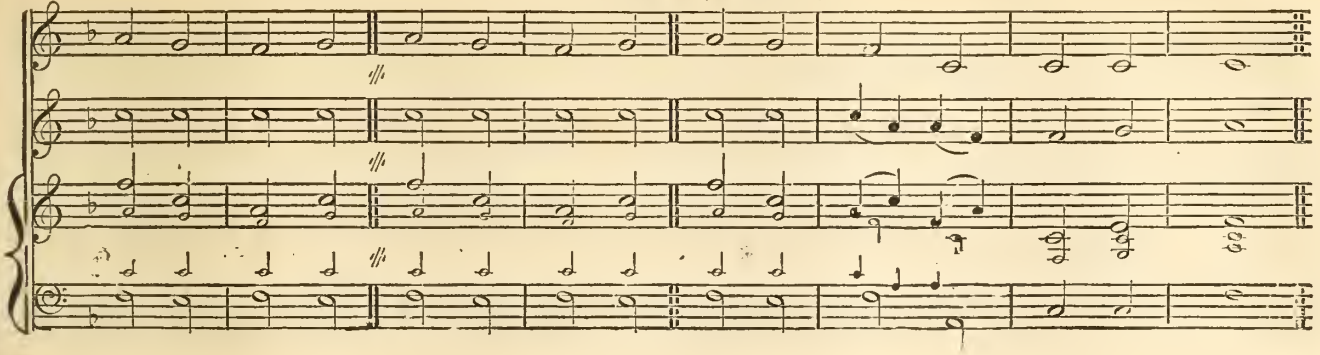
№ 195. SMYRNA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



Nº 196. St SEBASTIAN. 8 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.



ST. SEBASTIAN (Continued)



142.—8.7.4. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1 Sinners, come! by guilt afflicted,
Come to Christ, the sinner's friend;
Lo, he calls the lost, the wretched,
All the weary, to attend:
Jesus calls you,
At his cross in prayer to bend.

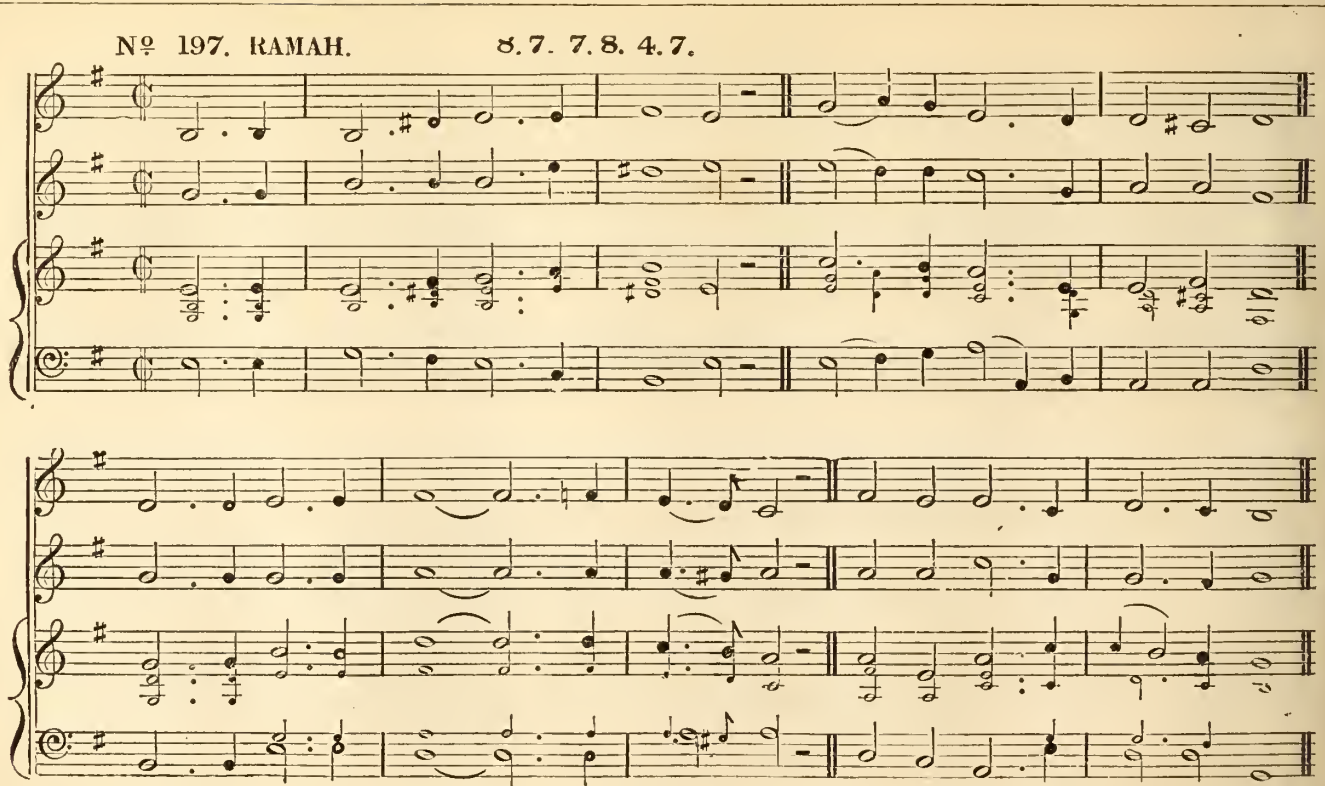
2 Peace and joy he'll freely give you,
By his dying groans obtained;
Pardon now, and life eternal—
Every source of bliss is gained;
Every mercy
For his ransomed flock ordained.

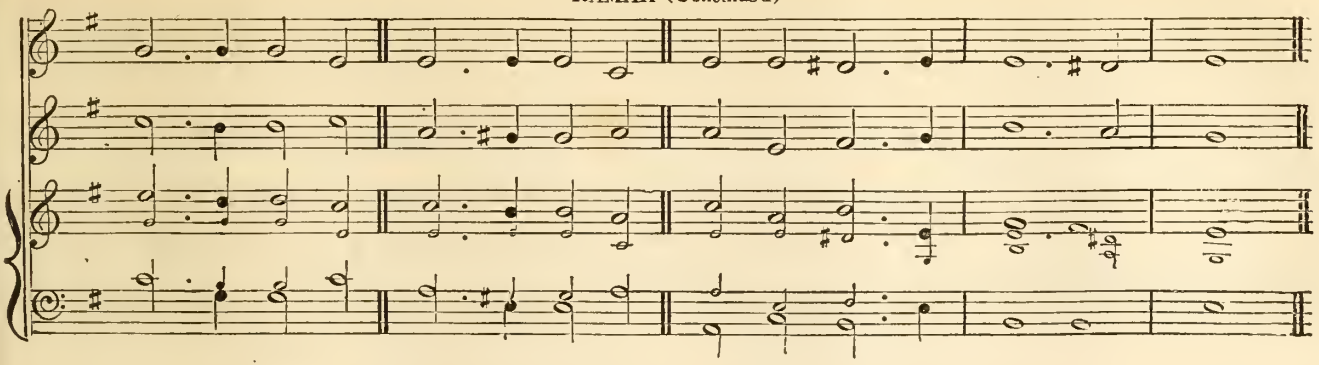
3 Sinners, hear! the Saviour calls you
From the coming wrath to flee,
By his precious death and burial,
By his all-prevailing plea,
Chief of sinners,
Here your life and pardon see!

4 All the works that God requireth
He himself hath fully wrought;
From the curse of Sinai freed you,
By his death your life hath bought;
That to glory,
Ruined sinners might be brought.

5 Faith in Him will lead you onward
To the place where He is gone;
There He is, with joy preparing
Seats before his Father's throne,
Made for those who
Rest upon his grace alone.

Trembling sinners! stay no longer—
Angels wish to see you near;
Christ invites you, God commands you,
Lend to grace a listening ear;
Blessed Spirit,
Banish Thou their guilty fear.


Nº 197. RAMAH. 8.7. 7.8. 4.7.



144.—8.7.4. *It is I, be not afraia.*

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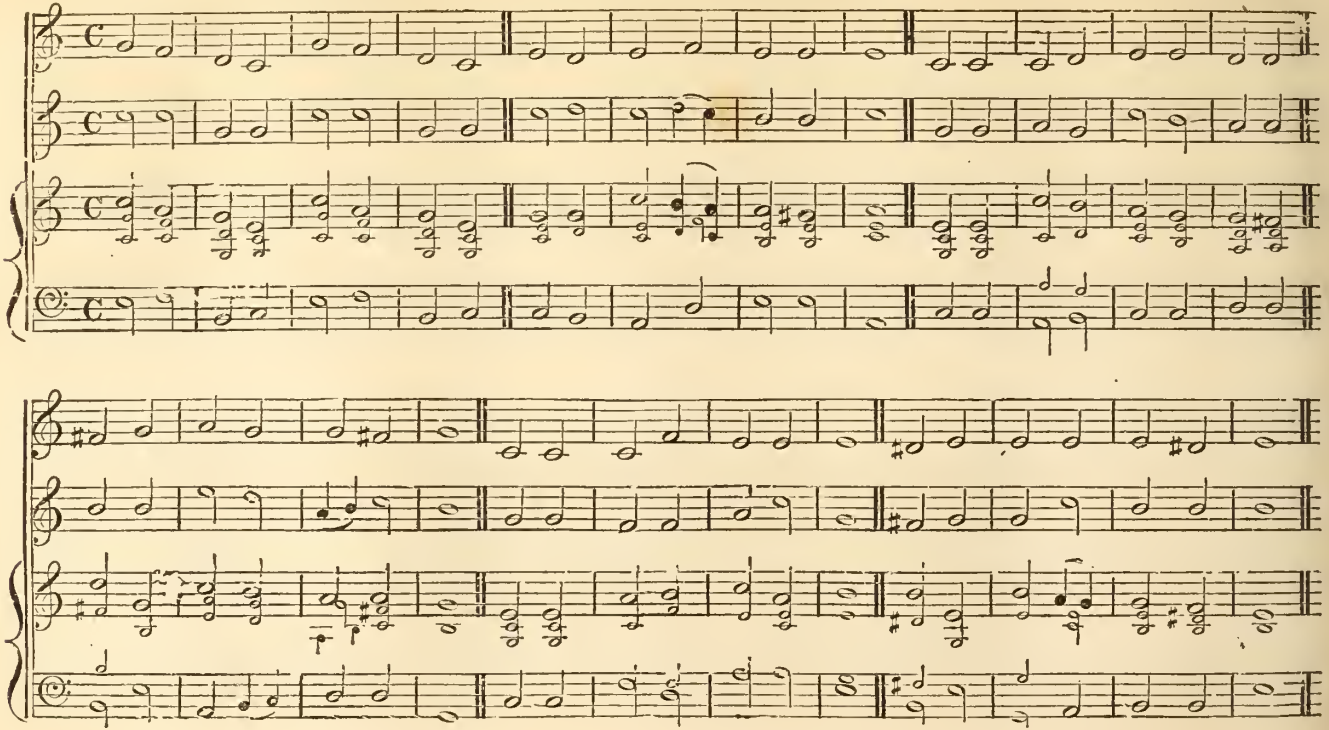
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean,
Led by Him, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

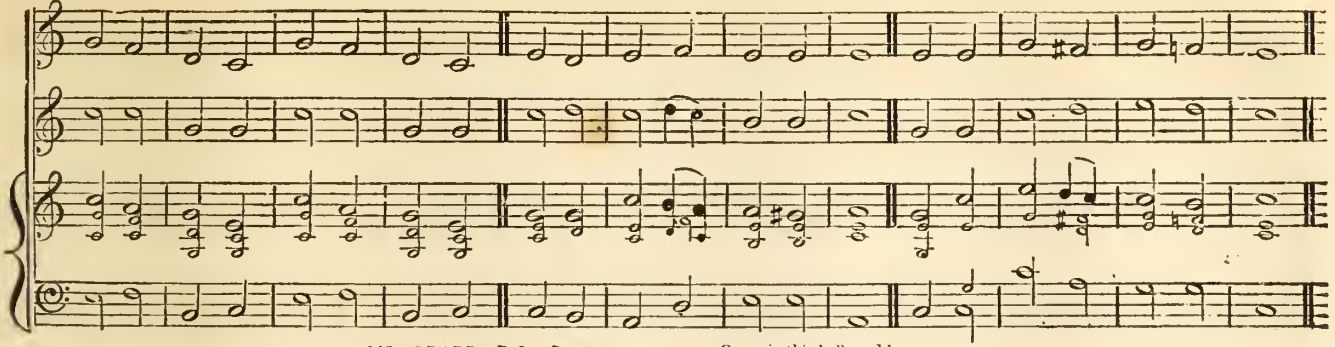
3 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

4 Oh what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases,
On that tranquil, happy shore.

№ 198. BRANDENBURG. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7 8.7.7.



BRANDENBURG. (Continued)



145.—8.7.4.7.7. *Before Sermon.*

1 Grant us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
While we worship at thy throne;
Teach our souls important lessons,
Lessons learned of Thee alone!
While we pray, and sing, and hear,
In the midst do Thou appear;
Sin reproving, fear removing;
Light to all our minds impart,
Love convey to every heart!

2 As the dew from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends;
Rightly unto all fulfilling,
What thy Providence intends.
So may words of truth and peace,
Yield the fruits of righteousness,
Tender, gracious, efficacious,
To our waiting spirits prove:—
Raise our hearts to things above.

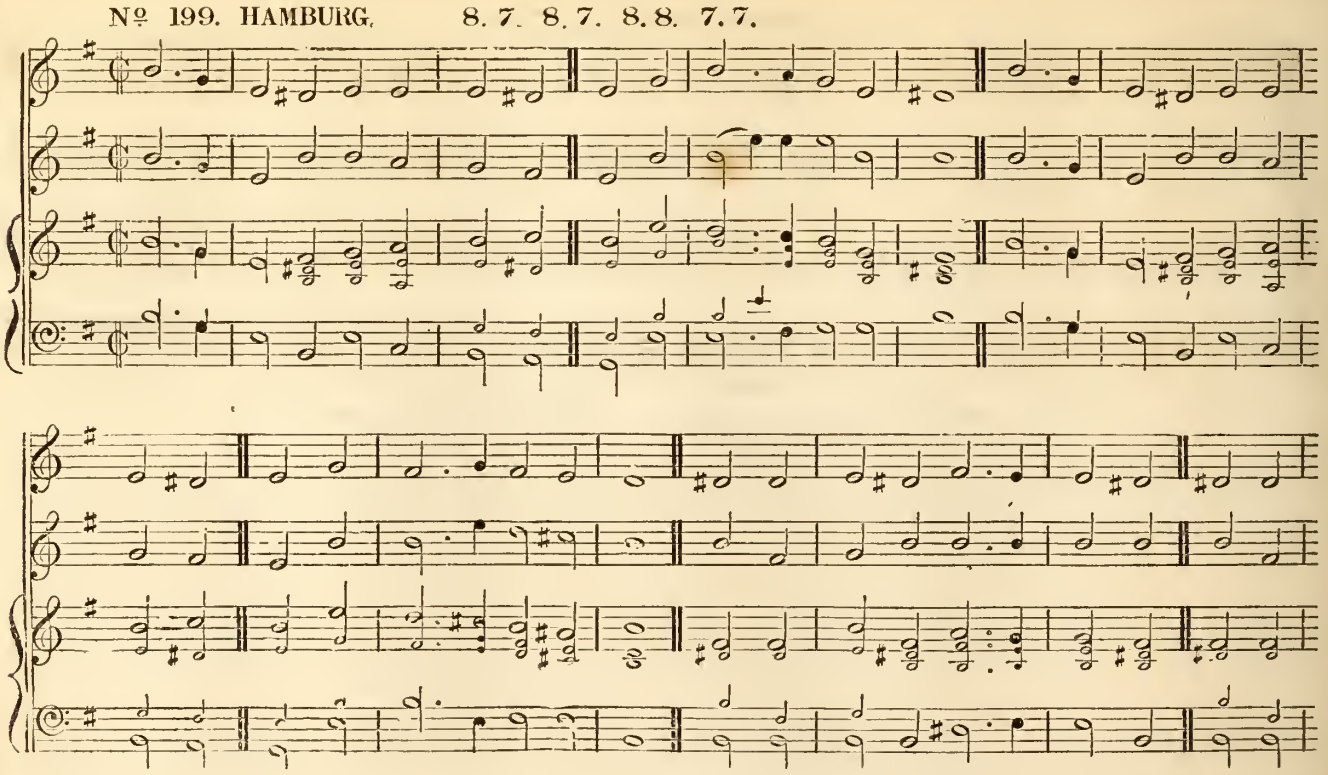
3 Lord, behold this congregation,
All thy promises fulfil;
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distil;
On us in this hallowed hour,
Heavenly benedictions pour;
While before Thee, we adore Thee,
Let the Gospel's joyful sound,
Sweetest influence shed around.

146.—8.7.4.7.7. *After Sermon.*

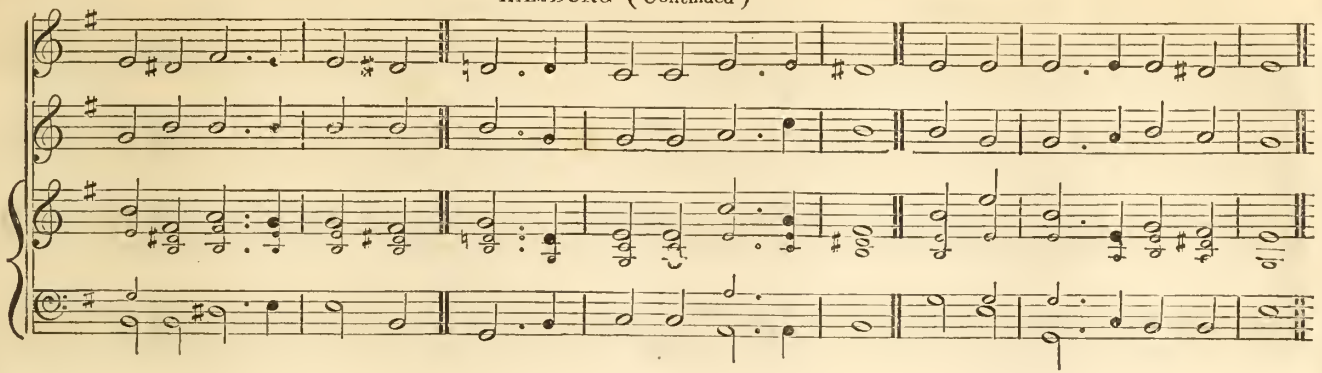
1 Of thy love some gracious token,
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless the word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again.
Let our hearts with Thee remain;
Oh, direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

2 Thus, O God of Mercy, hear us,
Guard our souls from every foe;
In all peril be Thou near us,
In our weakness strength bestow.
God of Israel, be our stay,
While we tread life's rugged way;
Nor forsake us, till thou take us,
Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
Through a bright eternity.

Nº 199. HAMBURG. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.



HAMBURG (Continued)

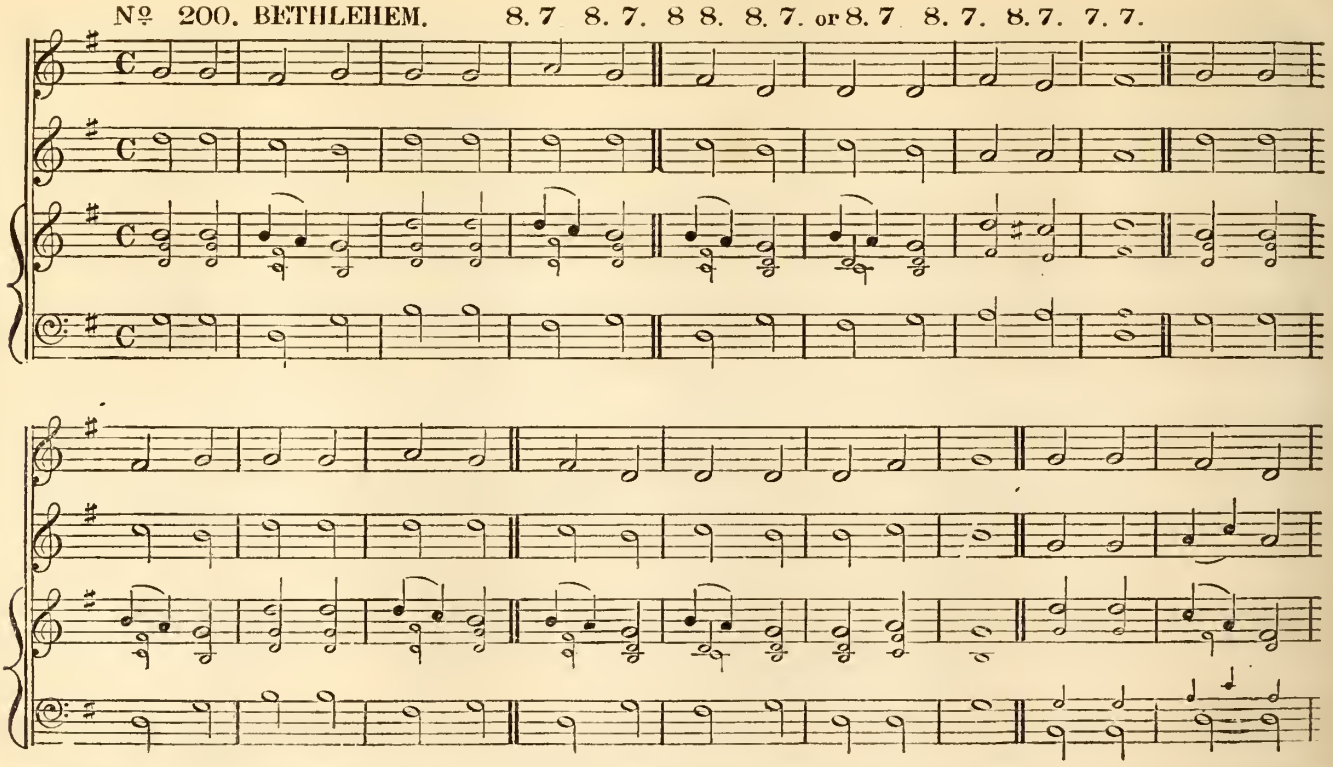


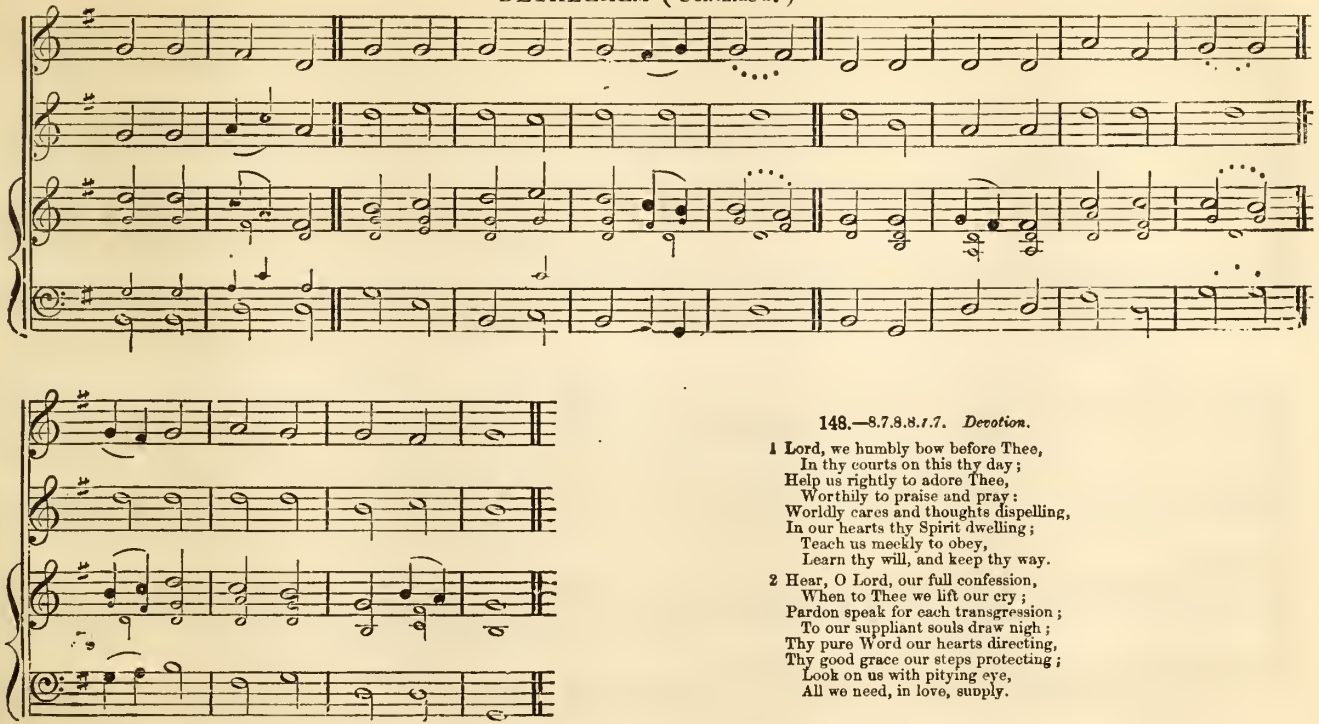
147.—8.7.8.8.7.7. *Universal Praise.*

1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy;
Saints with pious zeal attending,
In glad songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise,
And your grateful tribute raise.

2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls;
Lo, the eternal Page before us,
Of his love and grace assures us;
Mercy beaming from above,
Bears the covenant of his love.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deeds unrighteous, thoughts of sin,
Seek, oh, seek his promised blessing,
Grace from God and peace within.
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Join the universal praise,
And the song of glory raise.


Nº 200. BETHLEHEM. 8. 7 8. 7. 8 8. 8. 7. or 8. 7 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

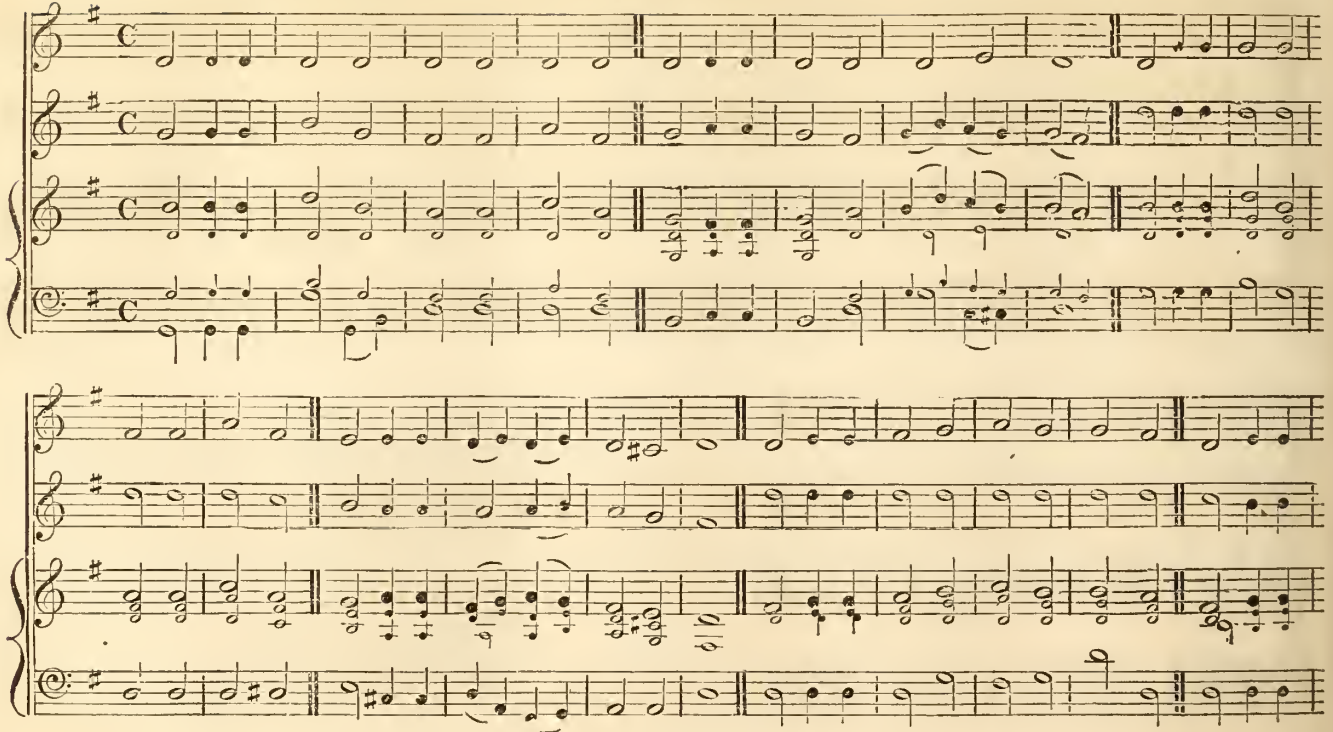


148.—8.7.8.8.7.7. *Devotion.*

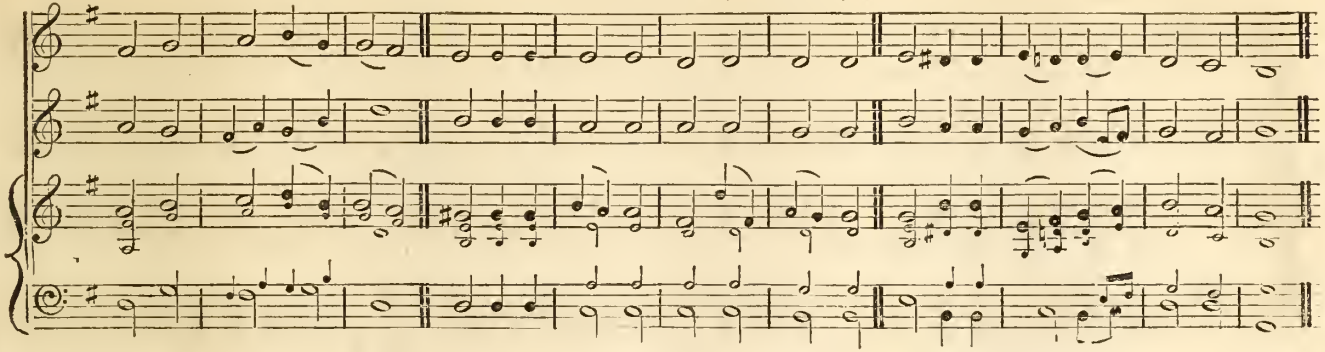
1 Lord, we humbly bow before Thee,
In thy courts on this thy day;
Help us rightly to adore Thee,
Worthily to praise and pray:
Worldly cares and thoughts dispelling,
In our hearts thy Spirit dwelling;
Teach us meekly to obey,
Learn thy will, and keep thy way.

2 Hear, O Lord, our full confession,
When to Thee we lift our cry;
Pardon speak for each transgression;
To our suppliant souls draw nigh;
Thy pure Word our hearts directing,
Thy good grace our steps protecting;
Look on us with pitying eye,
All we need, in love, supply.

Nº 201. St CHRYSOSTOM. 9. 8. 9. 8. 9. 8. 9. 8.



ST. CHRYSOSTOM (Continued.)



149.—9.8. *Adoration and Praise.*

1 Angels and saints in realms of glory,
Veiling their faces, chant thy praise;
Like them, O Lord, we would adore Thee,
Help us the grateful song to raise.
Thou didst behold our lost condition,
When we were wandering far from Thee;
Thou didst regard our deep contrition,
Pardon our sins, and set us free.

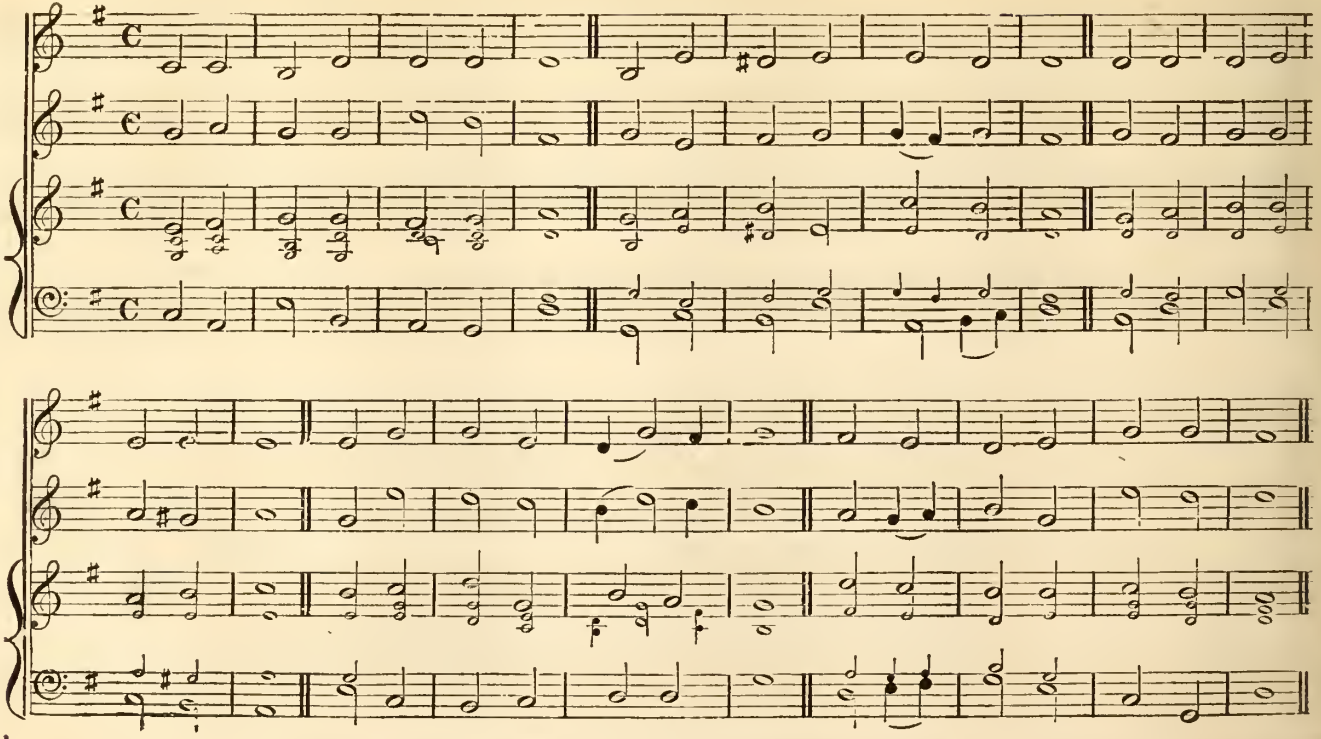
2 Grace will restrain, and love defend us,
Oft as we feel the tempter's power;
Strong is thine arm, and thou wilt send us
Help in the dark and trying hour.
Thou wilt forsake us not, nor ever
Suffer thy Word of Truth to fail;
Nought from thy love thy saints shall sever;
Sin shall not over them prevail

150.—9.8. *Comfort for Mourners*

1 Sweetly the words by Jesus spoken,
Fall on the mourners troubled breast;
"Come, with your hearts by sorrow broken,
Come unto me, I'll give you rest."
Rest from thy spirit's bitterest anguish,
Pierced by sins envenomed dart;
And when in lonely grief ye languish,
Jesus will heal thy stricken heart.

2 For He to thee is more than brother,
Gentle and kind, and full of love;
Tenderer is He than fondest mother,
Nigh unto Thee, though throned above
Weep, then, no more, thou child of sorrow,
Jesus doth all thy heart's grief see;
But from his words sweet comfort borrow,
"That as thy day thy strength shall be."

Nº 202. CASSEL 7.7 7 7. 7.7. 7.7.



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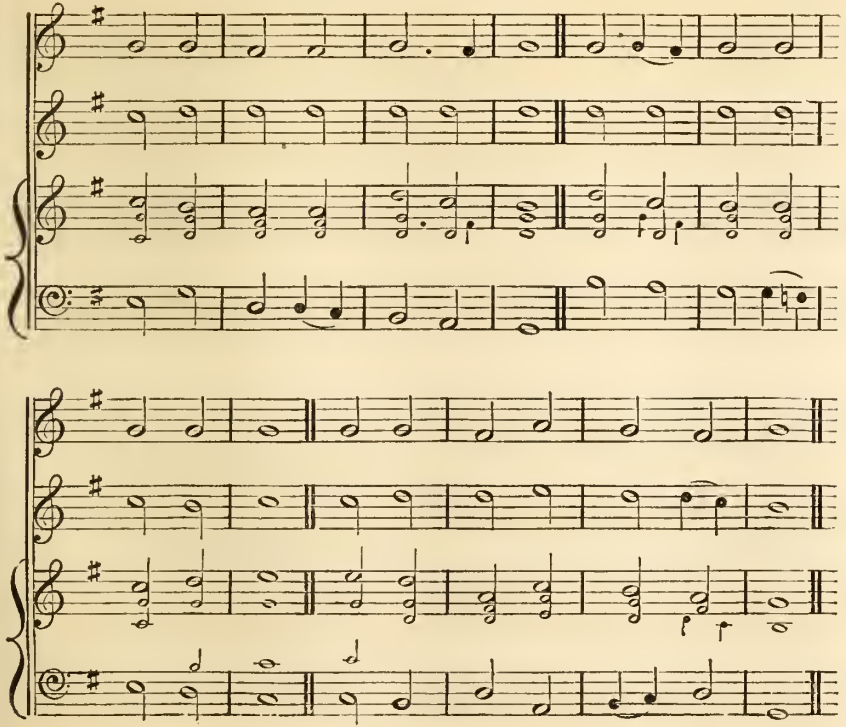


151.—7's. D. *Comfort for Mourners.*

1 Mourning souls in sorrow drenched,
Hear what comfort Jesus speaks,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who never breaks.
"Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go;
Come with grief, with sin oppress'd,
Come to Me and be at rest."

2 Lamb of Jesus' flock rejoice,
Brought again from sin and thrall;
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,
Thus He speaks, and speaks to all.
"Greater love how can there be,
Than to yield up life for thee;
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
Thou shalt never, never die."

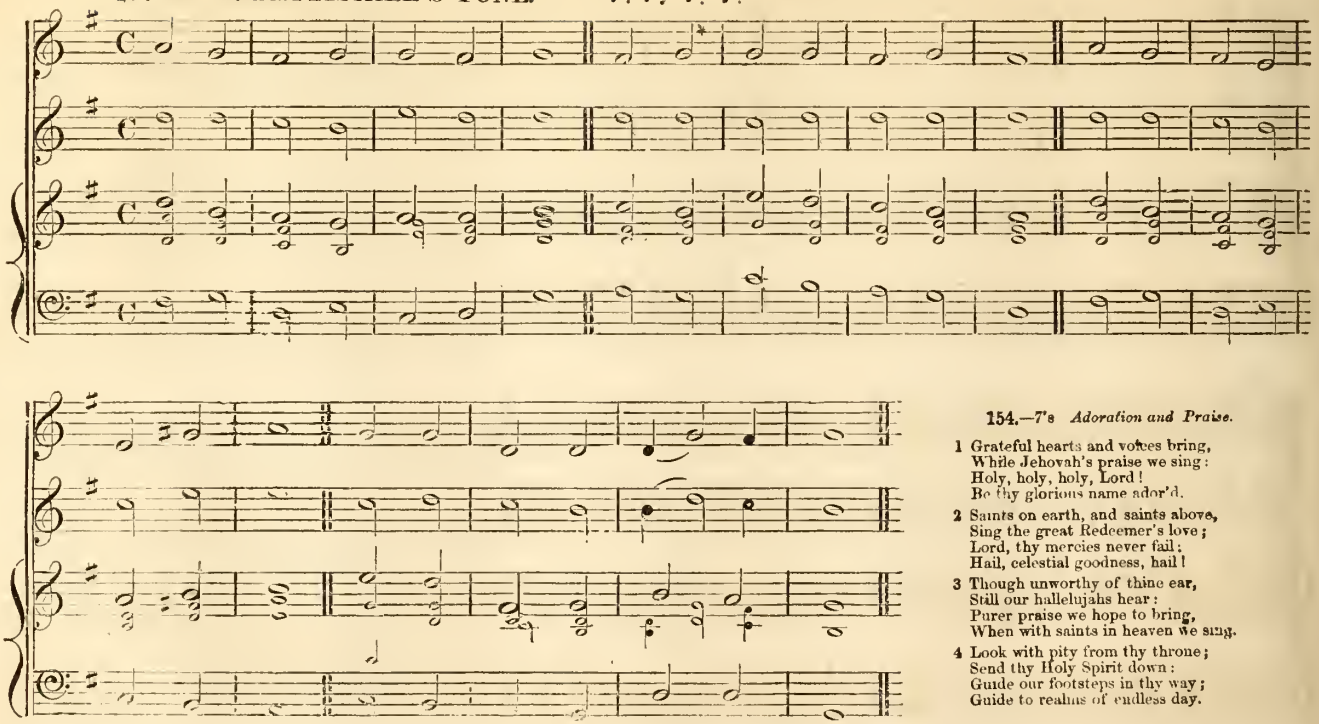
3 "Weep not,"—'tis a joyful sound,
Jesus, tho' unseen, is nigh;
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sigh.
"Bring thy broken heart to Me,
Welcome offering it shall be;
Broken hearts and contrite sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice."

152.—7's. D. *Ministry of the Holy Spirit.*

1 Holy Spirit, Gracious Lord,
To thy people now draw nigh;
To each waiting heart afford,
Blessings of thy ministry.
Fill us with abounding grace,
Strength and wisdom from above;
And in each dark dwelling place,
Kindle Thou the flame of love.

2 Let thy brightness beaming forth,
O'er the nations of the earth;—
East and west, and south, and north,
Wait to feel the second birth;—
Gather to Thee all mankind,
One in faith, in hope, in love;
Thus in holy union joined,
Antedate the bliss above.

Nº 203. BATTISHILL'S TUNE. 7. 7. 7. 7.



154.—7's *Adoration and Praise.*

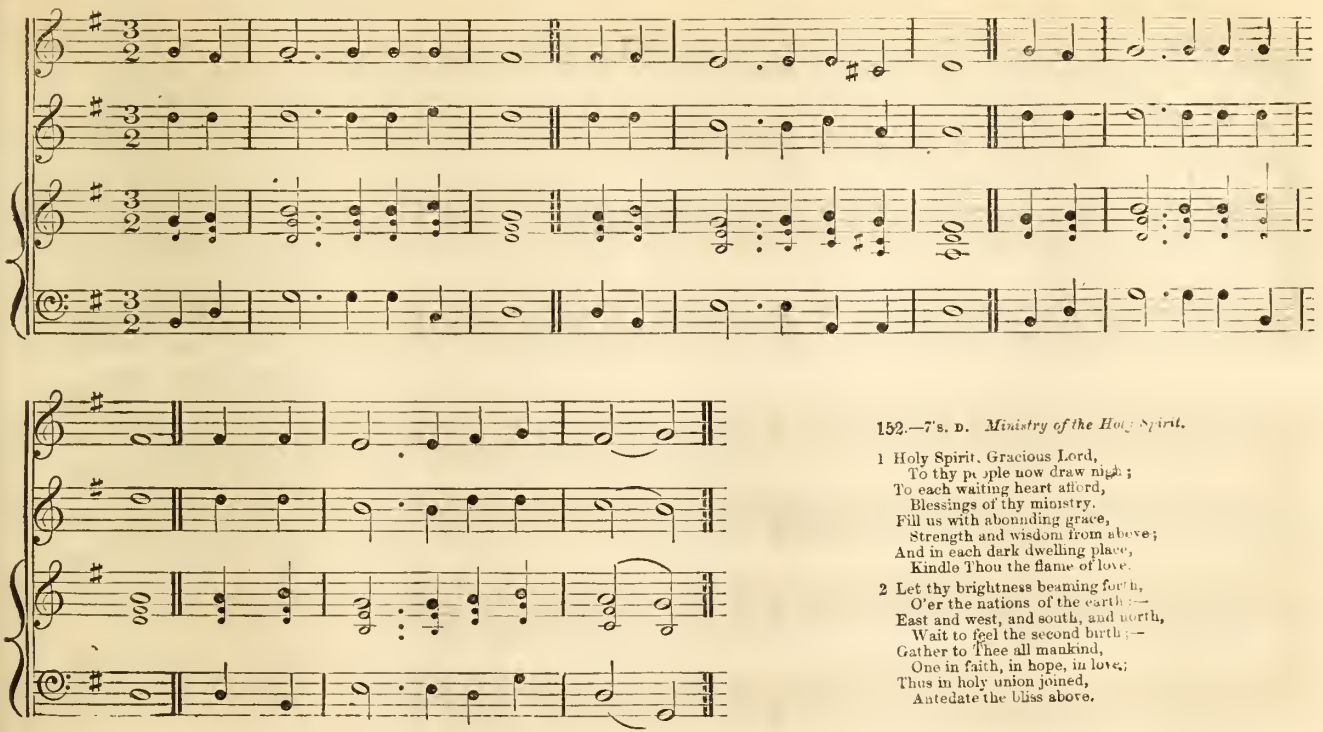
1 Grateful hearts and voices bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

2 Saints on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

3 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Still our hallelujahs hear:
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints in heaven we sing.

4 Look with pity from thy throne;
Send thy Holy Spirit down:
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Guide to realms of endless day.

Nº 204. COTGRAVE. 7. 7. 7. 7.



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To each waiting heart afford,
Blessings of thy ministry.
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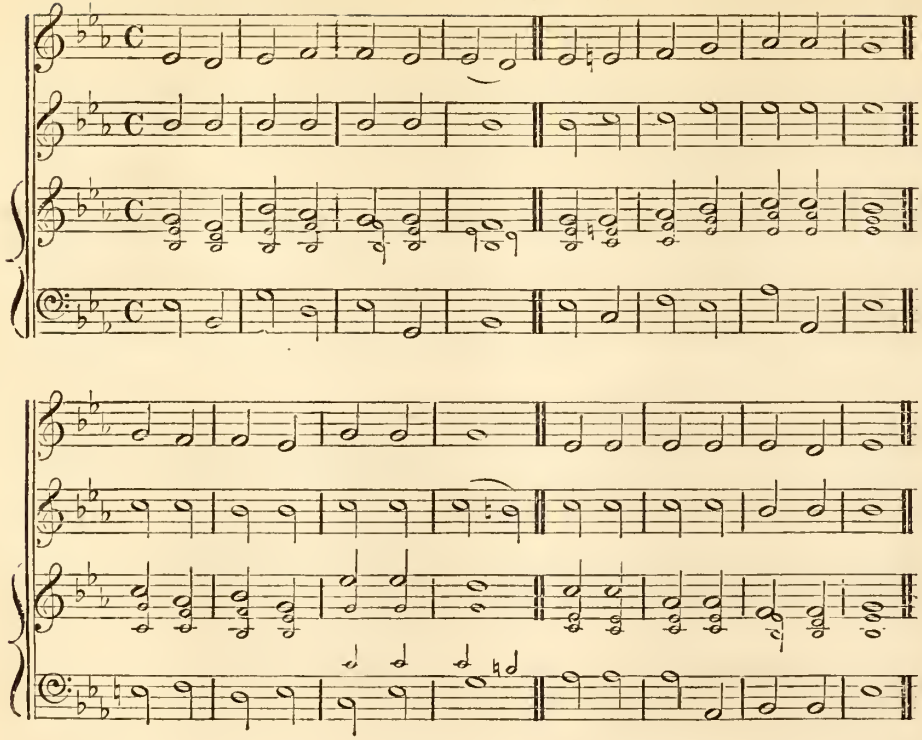
Strength and wisdom from above;
And in each dark dwelling place,
Kindle Thou the flame of love.

2 Let thy brightness beaming forth,
O'er the nations of the earth:—
East and west, and south, and north,
Wait to feel the second birth:—
Gather to Thee all mankind,
One in faith, in hope, in love;
Thus in holy union joined,
Antedate the bliss above.

Nº 205. KIEL. 7.7. 7 7.



153.—7's D. *For a Blessing on the Gospel.*

1 Mighty Saviour, gracious King
Now thy waiting people bless:
Thou that dost deliv'rance bring,
Come to reign in righteousness:
Thou dost heav'nly light impart,
Tune the ear to Sion's song;
Teach and guide the wayward heart,
Loose & prompt the stamm'ring tongue

2 Pour thy Spirit from on high;
Come, thy mourning church to bless;
Streams of life and joy supply;
Fill the world with righteousness:
Light shall then possess thine own,
Holy quiet, perfect peace;
And, where heav'nly seed is sown,
Thou wilt give the blest increase.

155.—7's *Before Sermon.*

1 Lord of Glory, King of Kings,
Throned in light for evermore;
Where behind their shadowing wings,
Seraphs tremble and adore.

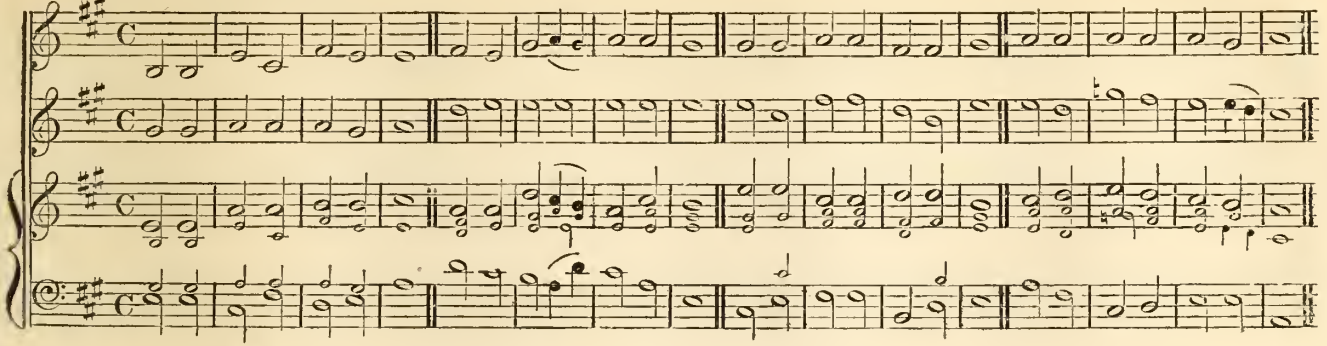
2 How shall we, all blind and weak,
Children of mortality;
Dare attempt thy praise to speak,
Lift the eye, or bow the knee.

3 Lord we come in feebleness,
Trembling seek thy mercy seat;
Now our waiting spirits bless,
Make us for thy teachings meet.

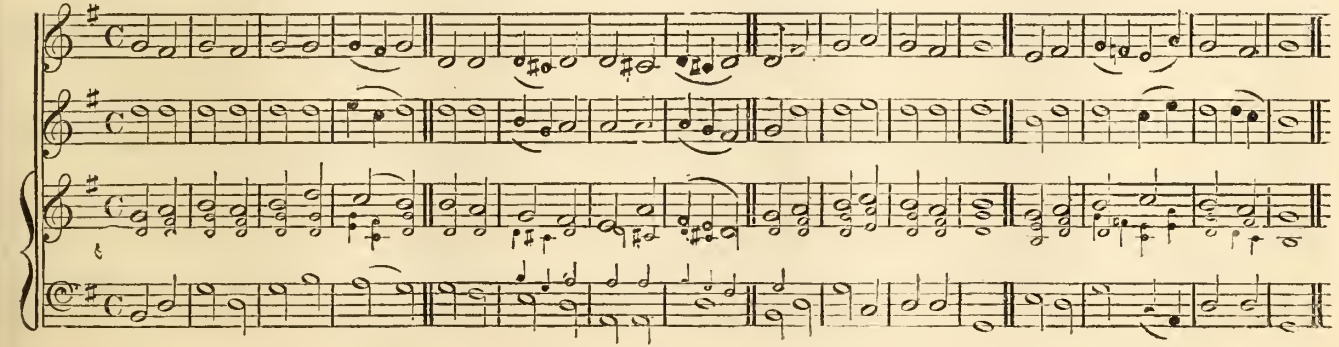
4 While our sorrowing hearts deplore,
Secret faults, and deeds of sin;
Pardoning, bid us sin no more,
Let thy Spirit reign within.

5 Thus accepted shall we dwell,
With that singing—angel band;
Taste the joys no tongue can tell,
Heart conceive or understand.

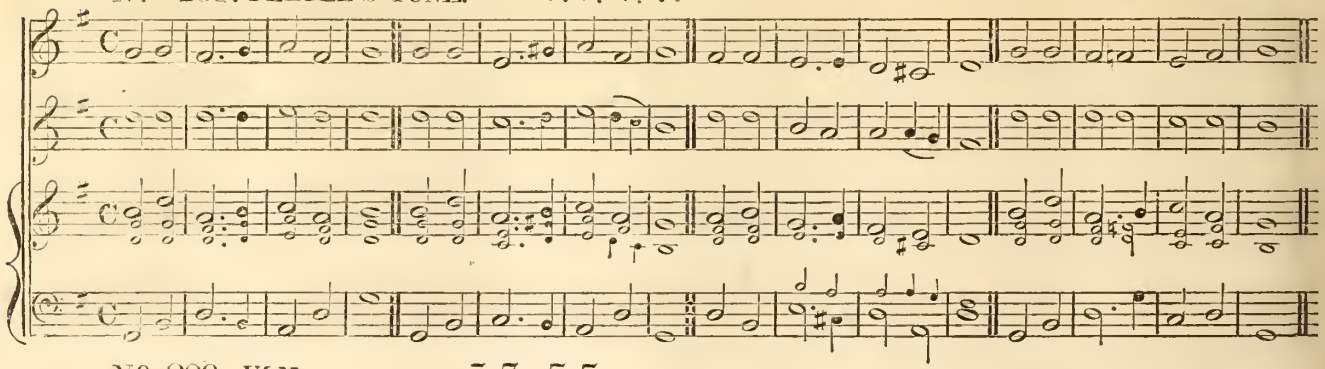
№ 206. LISBON. 7 7. 7. 7.



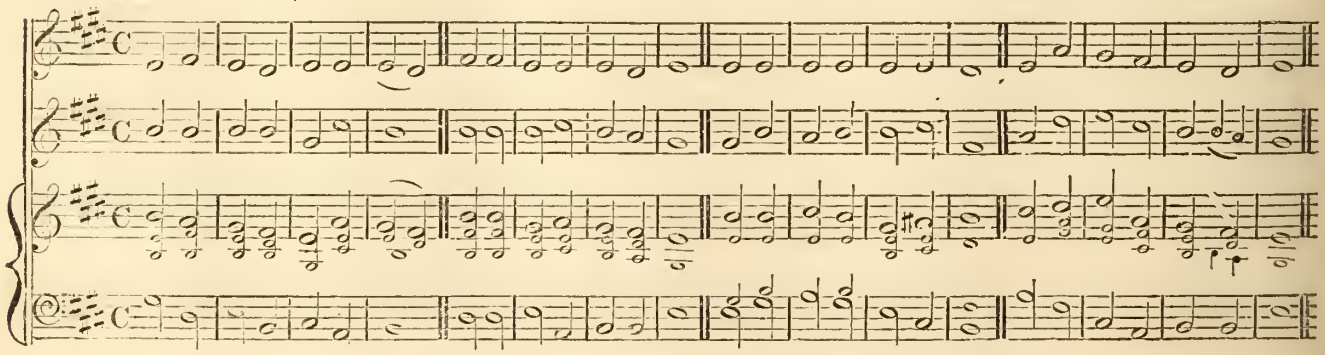
№ 207. MILAN 7. 7. 7. 7.



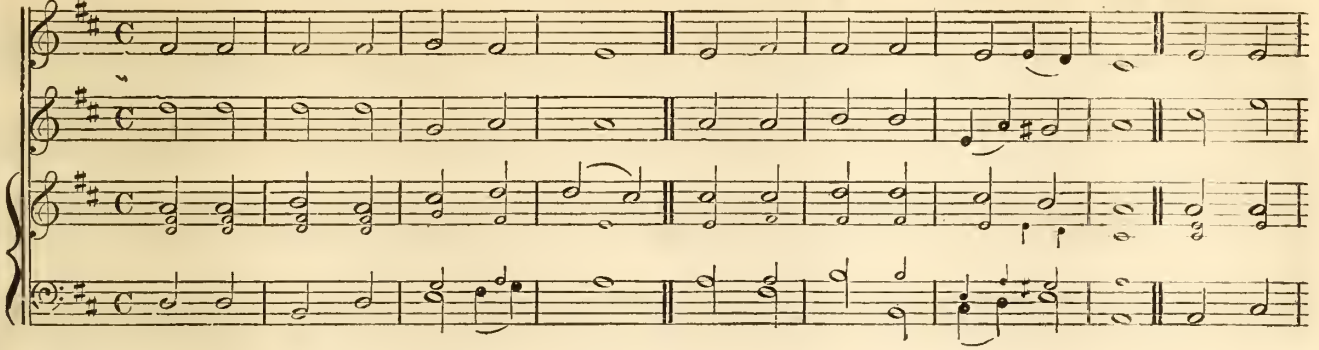
Nº 208. PLEYEL'S TUNE. 7. 7. 7. 7.



Nº 209. ULM 7.7. 7.7.



Nº 210. WAKEFIELD. 7. 7. 7. 7



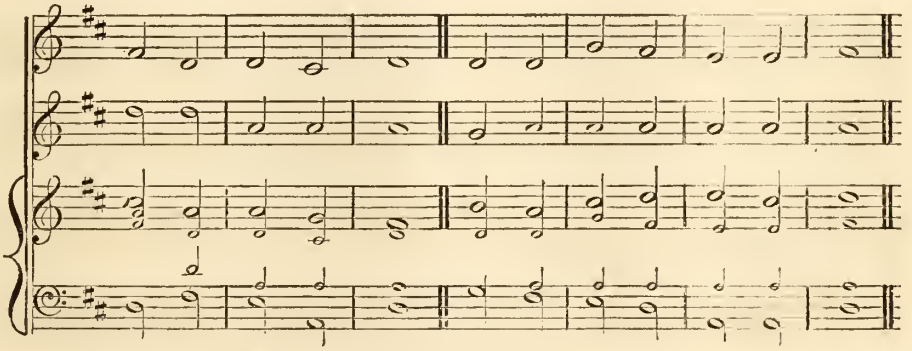
156.—7's *For a Revival.*

1 Fount of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are;—
Flowing purely, from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.

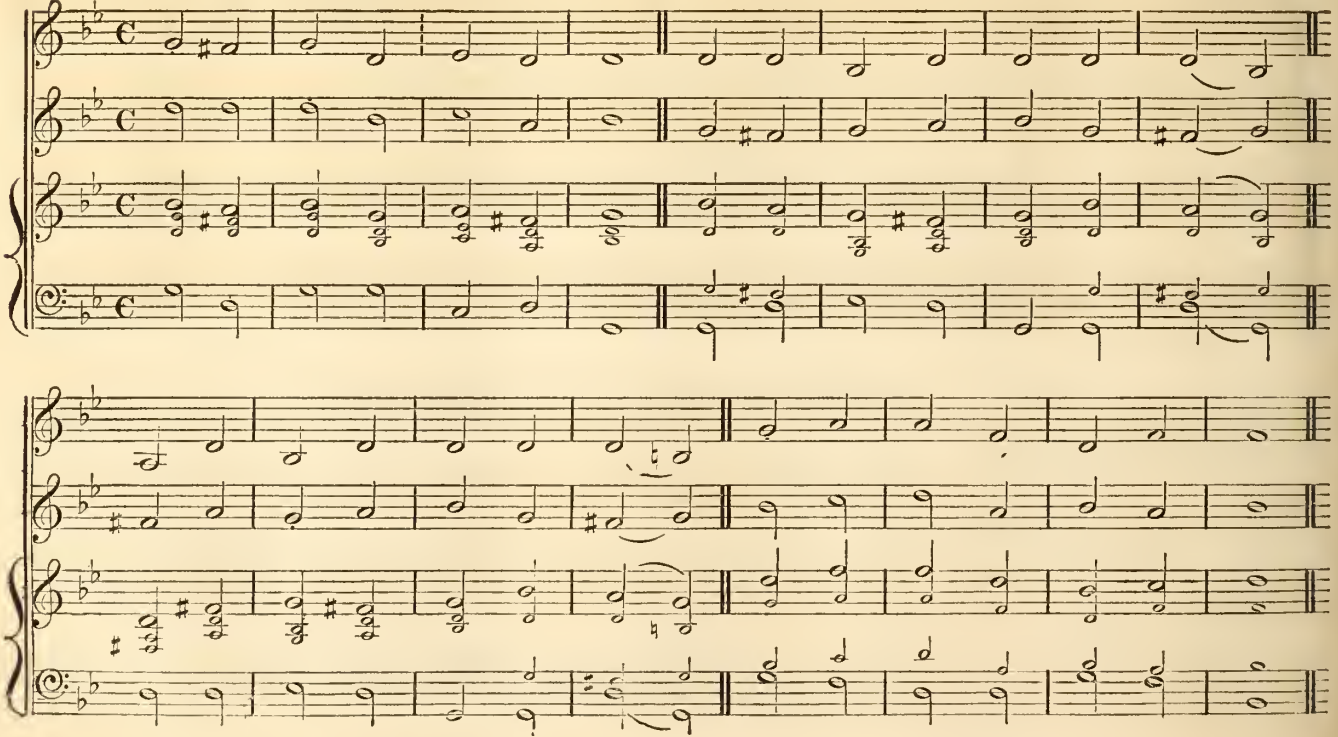
2 Let thy church, thy garden now,
Bloom beneath a heavenly shower;
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow;—
Mild, yet mighty, be thy power.

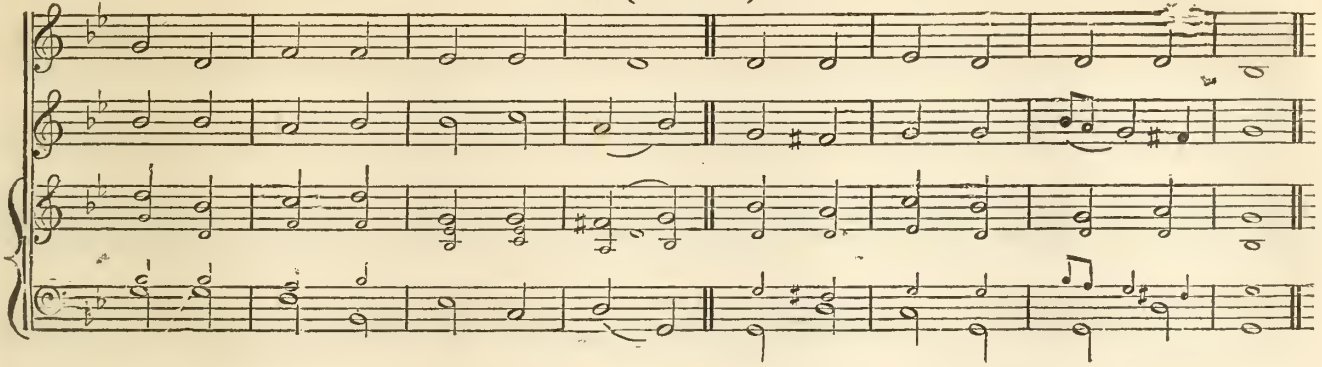
3 Then, O God, before thy throne,
We our warmest thanks will bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Help us thus thy praise to sing.

4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song,
Let thy spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening to the end,



Nº 211. DIES IRÆ. 7.7.7. 7.7.7





157.—7's. *Dies Iræ.*

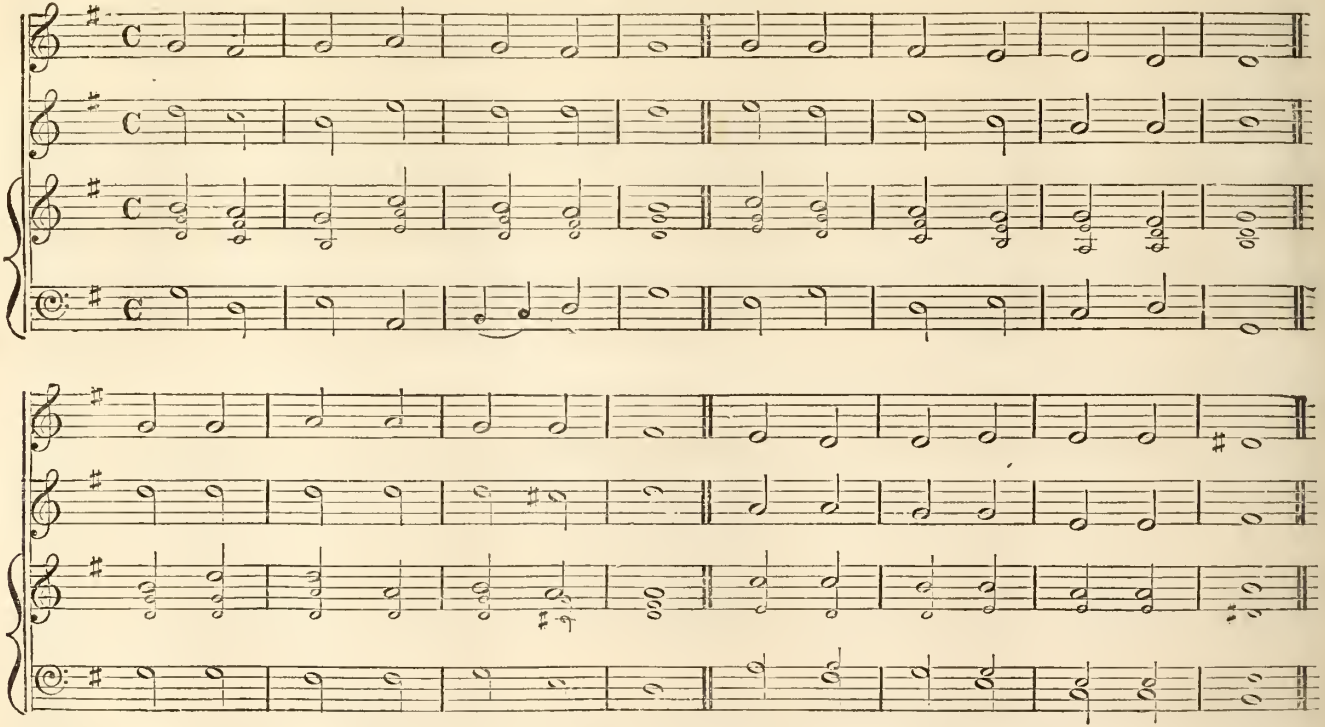
1 Day of anger, that dread day,
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay—

2 When the trumpet shall command—
Through the tombs of every land—
All before the Judge to stand—

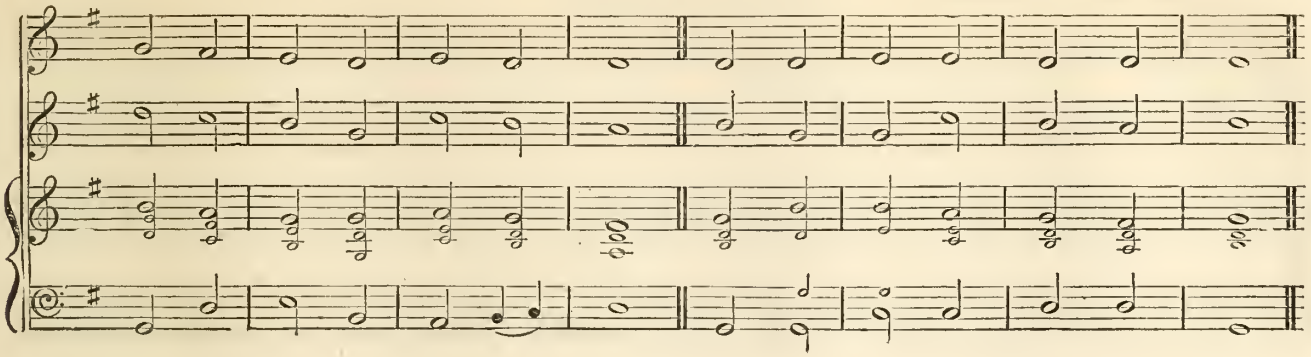
3 When the heavens shall shrink away—
What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day?

4 King of Awful Majesty!
To thy mercy-throne I flee;
Saviour—Judge—O save Thou me

Nº 212. BESANCON. 7.7. 7.7. 7 7.



BESANCON (Continued.)



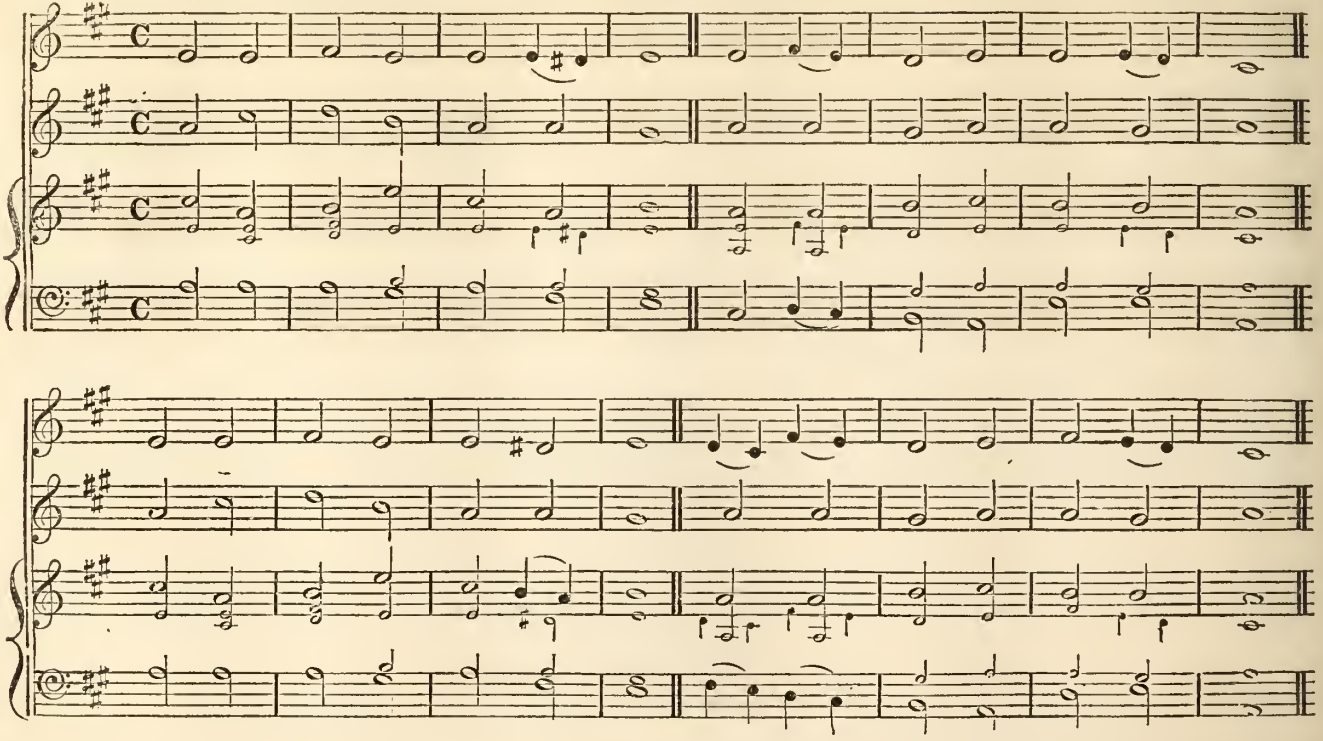
158.—7's, 6 lines. *Adoption.*

1 Abba, Father, while we sing,
Hear the thankful praise we bring;
Taught to cast our care on Thee,
Daily mercies, Lord, we see:
Yet enrich us with thy grace;
Give us with thy sons a place.

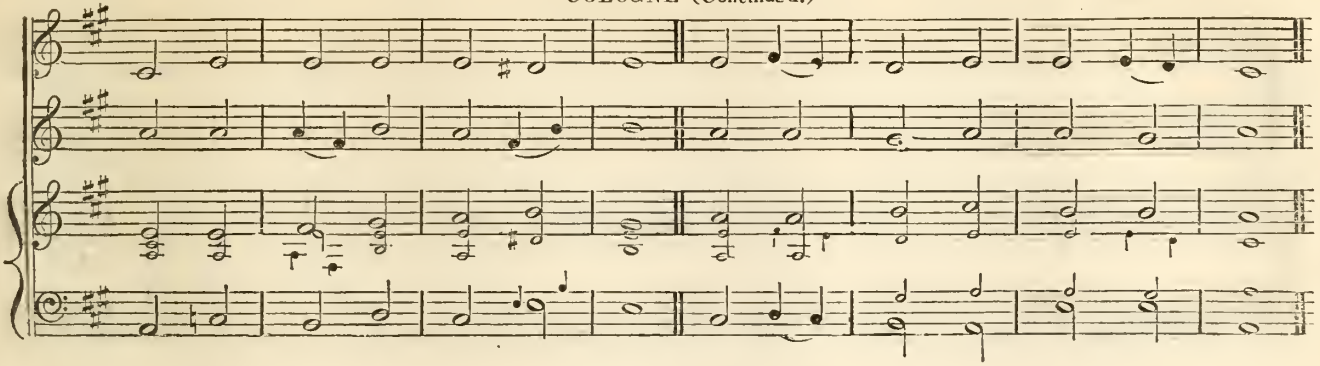
2 By the Holy Spirit led;
Nourish'd with celestial bread;
Strengthen'd through this mortal strife;
Kept to everlasting life;
Peace and hope to us be given;
Time and glory, earth and heaven.

3 What though trials wait us here;
Christ endur'd, and we must bear;
If his grace our strength sustain.
Welcome sorrow, shame, and pain;
Peace shall flow from ev'ry loss;
Endless glory from the Cross.

Nº 213. COLOGNE. 7 7. 7.7. 7 7.



COLOGNE (Continued.)



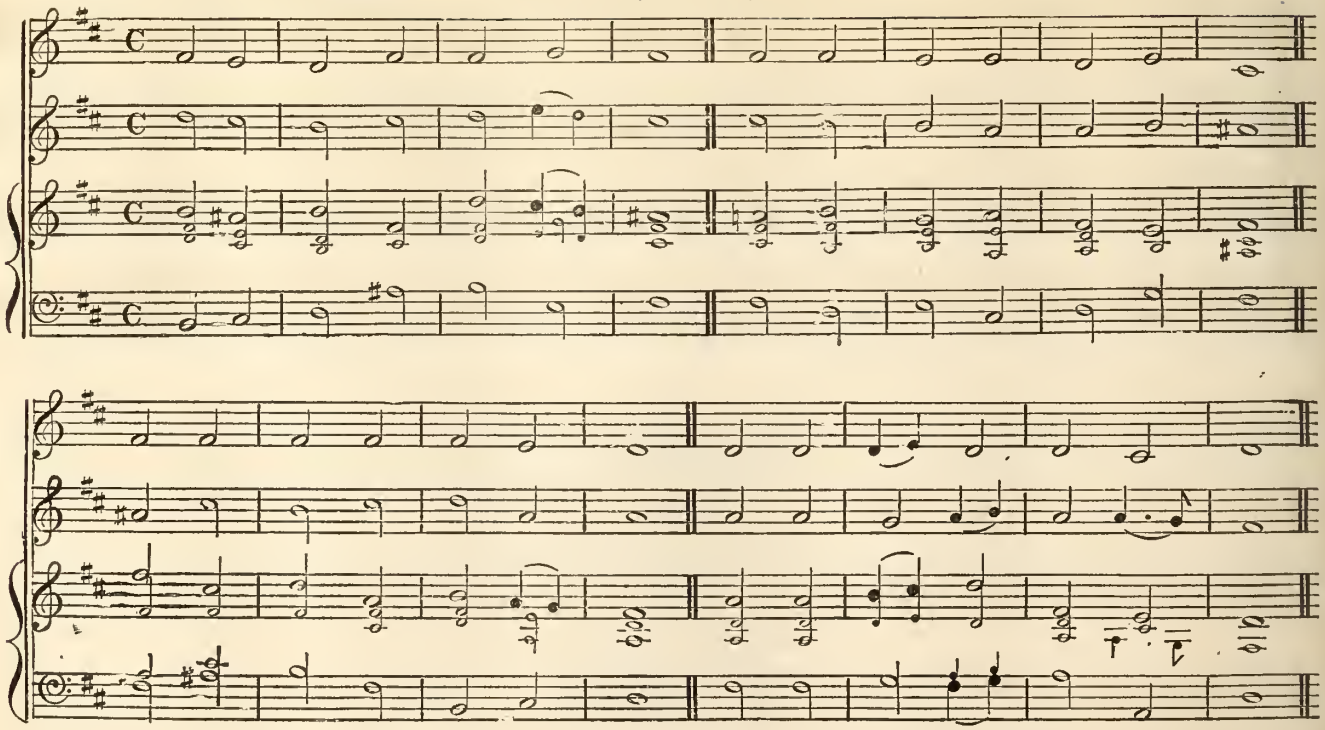
159—7's, 6 line. *Adoration.*

1 Mighty God! the Holy One,
Dwelling in eternity;
How shall we approach thy throne?
How may sinners come to Thee?
Where thine awful glories blaze,
Scarce can holy angels gaze.

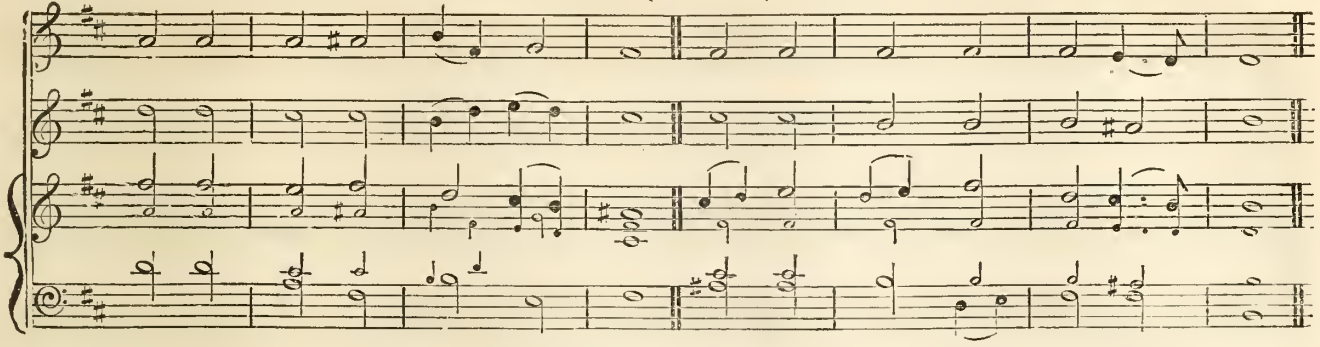
2 Yet, though high thy dwelling place,
All our thoughts and praise above,
Humble souls may seek thy face,
God of glory, God of love:—
Love that comes a heav'nly guest
To the contrite sinner's breast.

3 Father, hear us when we pray;
Saving grace and strength impart;
Wash our inmost guilt away;
Give the lowly, faithful heart:
Thou, our everlasting friend,
Guide, and bless us to the end.

№ 214. PRESBURG. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.



PRESBURG (Continued.)



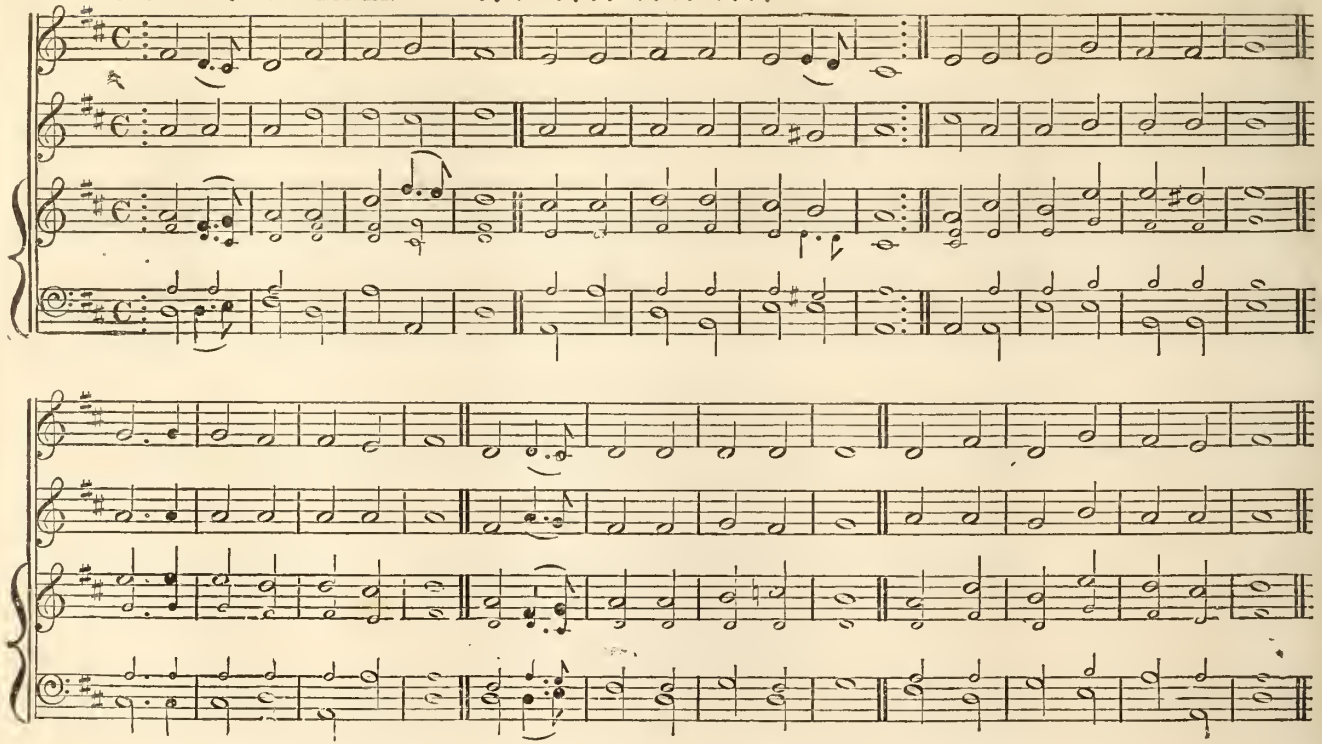
160.—7's, 6 lines. *Christ Exalted.*

1 Glory, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Let us all unite to sing,
Jesus risen from the dead;
He is conqu'ror o'er the grave!
Mighty to redeem and save!

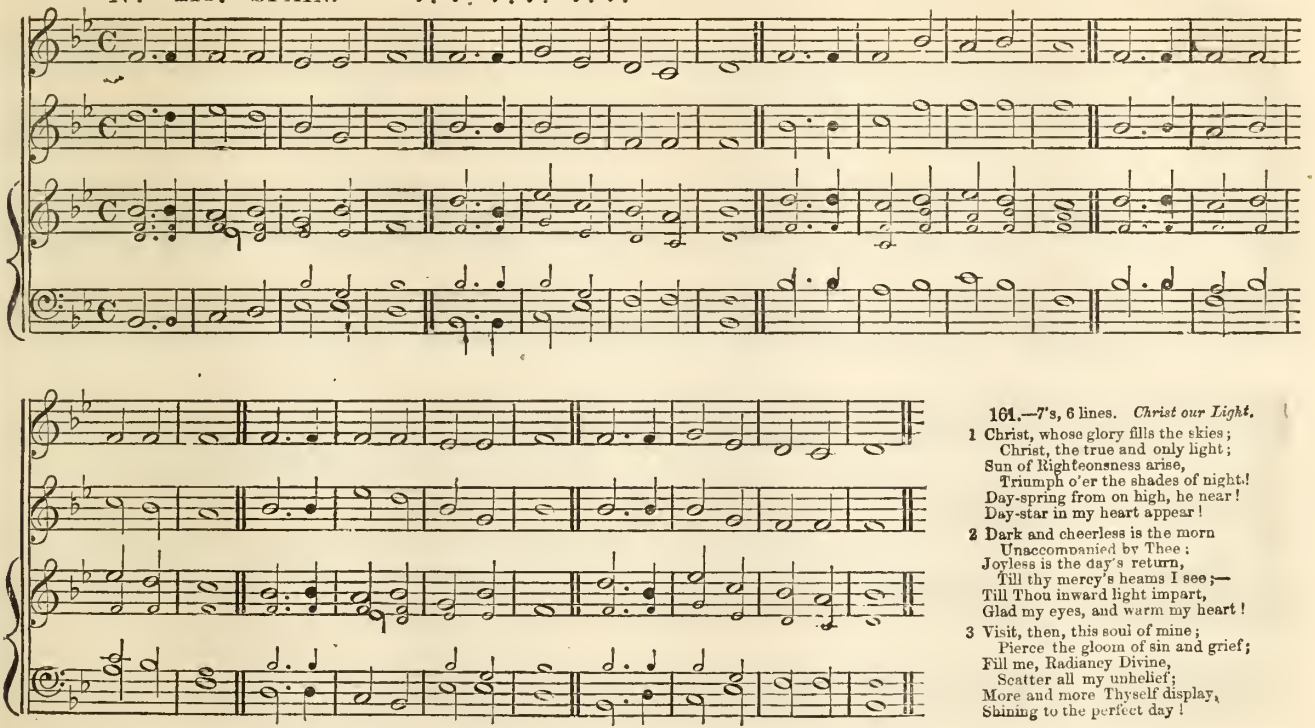
2 Now behold him high enthron'd,
Mercy beaming from his face;
By adoring angels own'd
God of holiness and grace;
Let all people join to sing
Glory, glory to our King.

3 Jesus, on thy people shine,
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues;
May we with the bless'd combine,
Share their joy, and swell their songs;
Thee we gratefully adore,
Praise be thine for evermore.

Nº 215. SARDINIA. 7. 7 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.



Nº 216. SPAIN. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

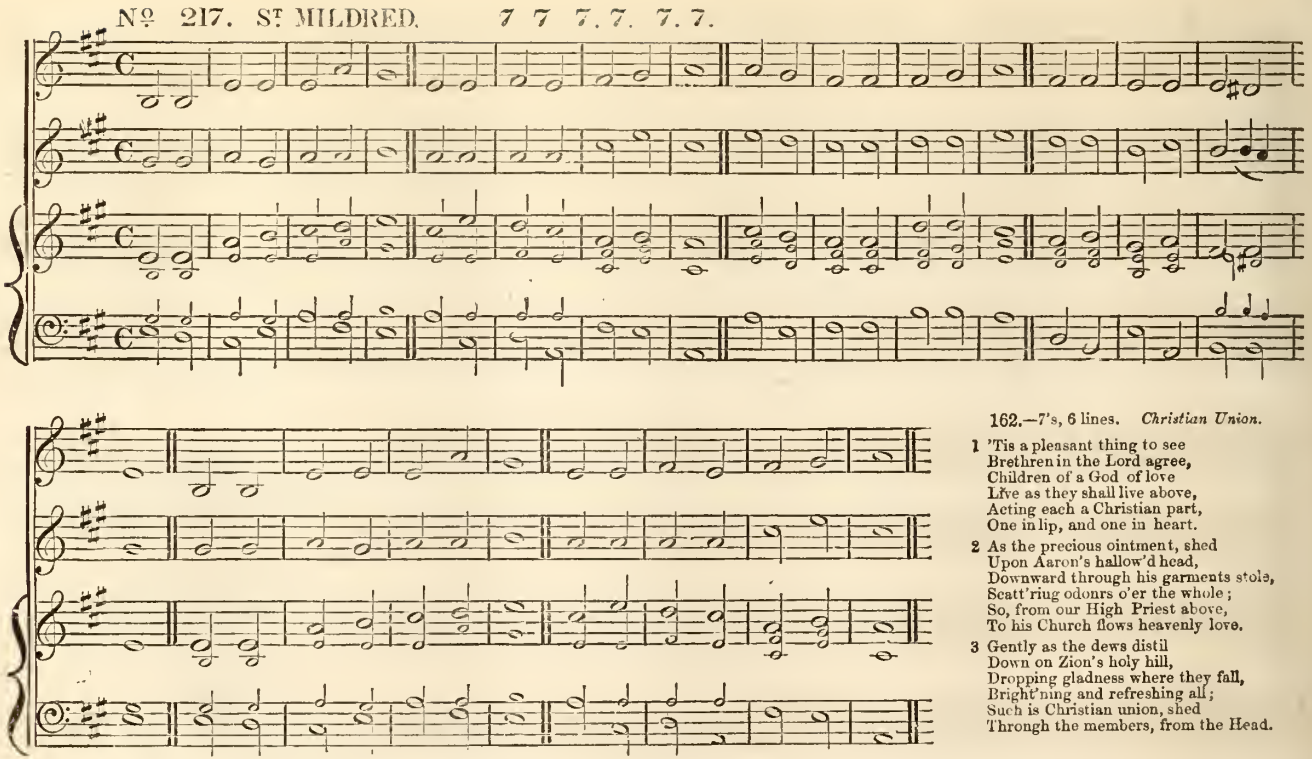


161.—7's, 6 lines. *Christ our Light.*

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

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;—
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart!

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



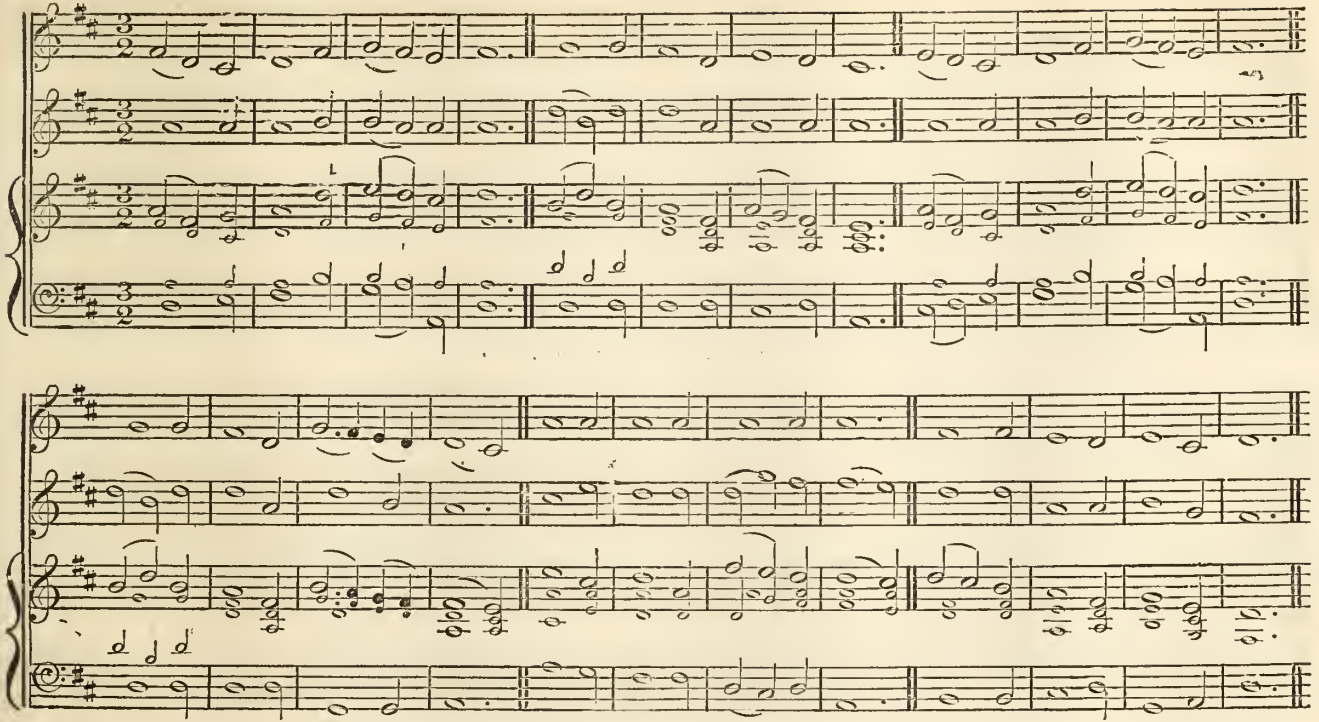
162.—7's, 6 lines. *Christian Union.*

1 'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above,
Acting each a Christian part,
One in lip, and one in heart.

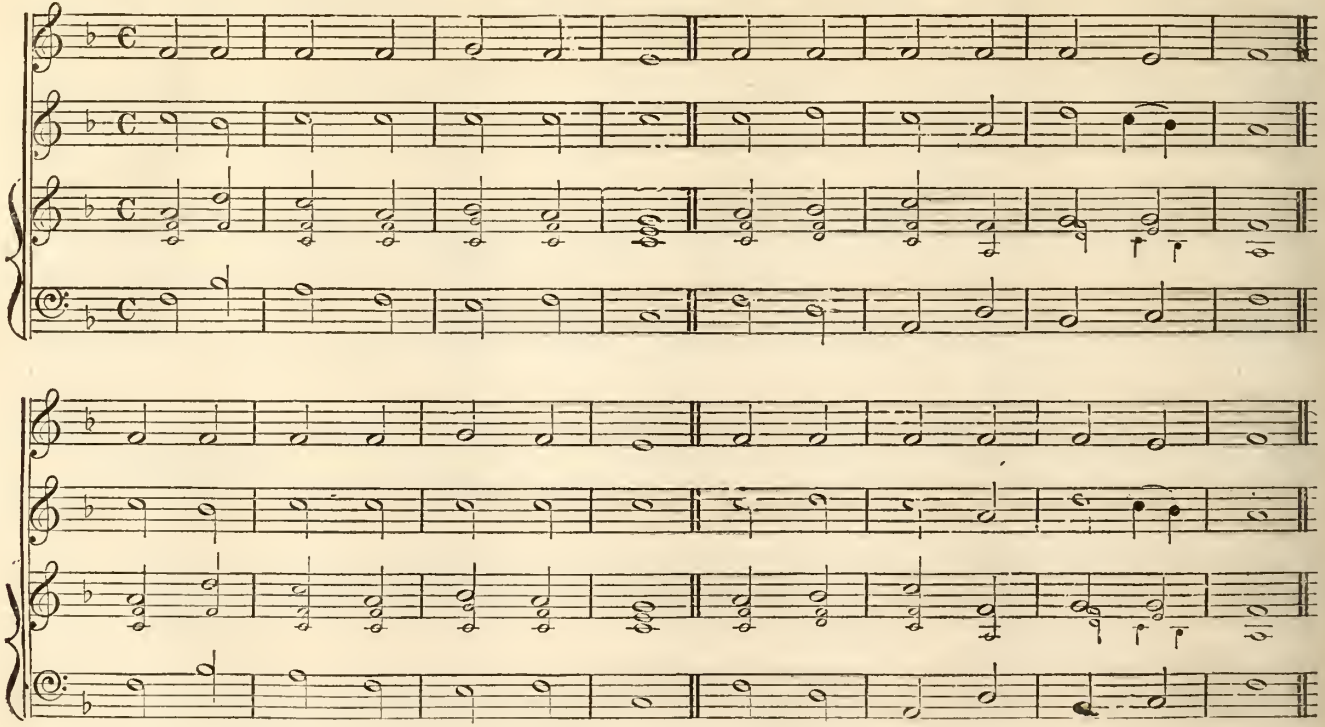
2 As the precious ointment, shed
Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,
Downward through his garments stole,
Scatt'ring odours o'er the whole;
So, from our High Priest above,
To his Church flows heavenly love.

3 Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Bright'ning and refreshing all;
Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members, from the Head.

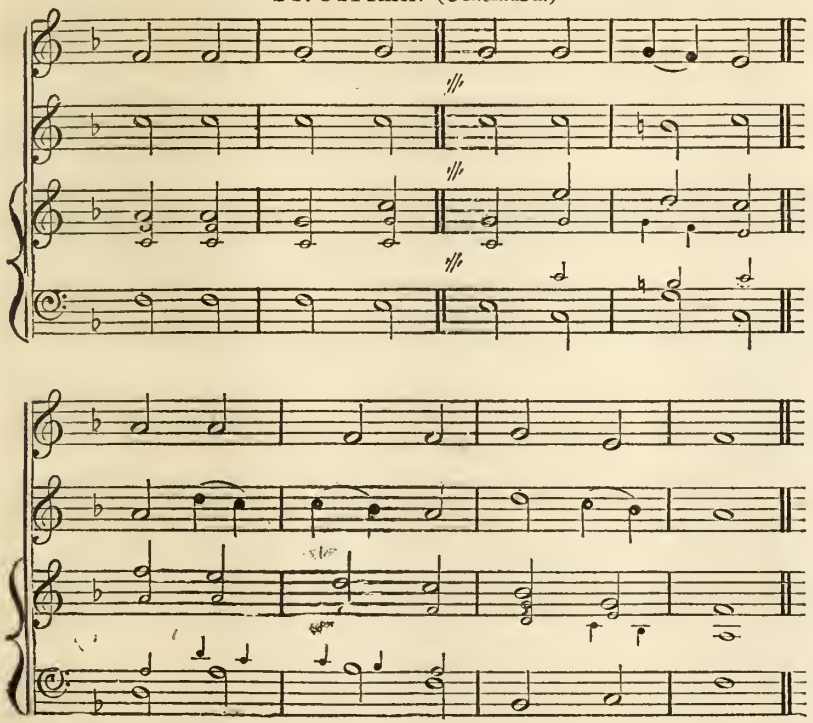
№ 218. WELLS. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.



Nº 219. St CYPRIAN. 7. 7. 7. 7. 4 7.



ST. CYPRIAN (Continued.)



163.—7.7.4. *Blessings sought and acknowledged*

1 Thou, who didst thine Israel lead,
Them with manna daily feed;
Give this day, O Lord our God,
For our strength—celestial food.
We will praise Thee,
For that Thou thyself art good.

2 Let thy Word within us live;
All our heinous sins forgive;
Through thy blood of saving power,
Help us in the trying hour.
We will praise Thee,
For salvation's glorious dower.

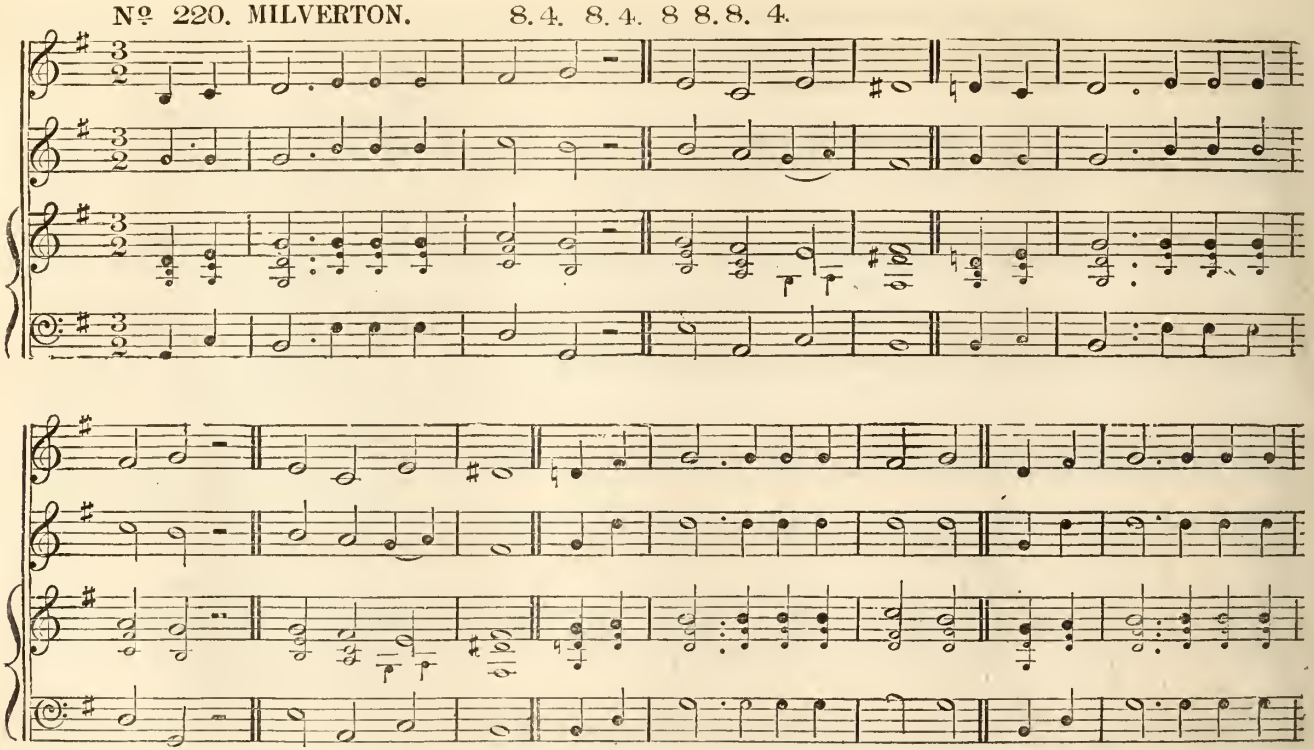
3 Life immortal and divine,
Grant us through that death of thine;
Ne'er could larger bounties flow,
Thy compassions, Lord, to show;
We will praise Thee,
Who thy quickening virtue know.

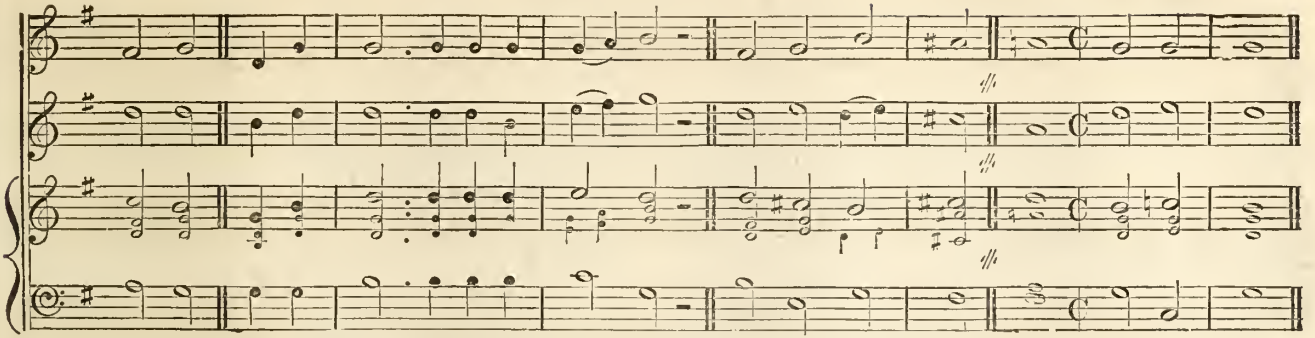
4 Let thy mercy wide and large,
Speak the contrite soul's discharge;
Now through Jesus reconciled,
Father own each ransomed child.
We will praise Thee,
Thou on us from heaven hath smiled.

5 While in true and warmest love,
Bonds of brotherhood we prove;
Where in sweetest concert join'd,
We may feed with quiet mind.
We will praise Thee,
Thou art gracious, good and kind.

6 Thus with all thy saints below,
Weak and halting as we go,
Joined in peace and concord true,
shall our strength and bliss renew.
We will praise Thee,
Saviour, all our journey through.

Nº 220. MILVERTON. 8.4. 8.4. 8 8.8. 4.





164.—8.4. *The Incomparable Friend.*

1 There's a Friend above all others—
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him—
O how He loves!
With his precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,—
To his fold he safely brought us—
O how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
O how He loves!
He from condemnation frees us,
O how He loves!
May our hearts delight to hear Him,
Ever dwell in safety near him;
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
O how He loves!

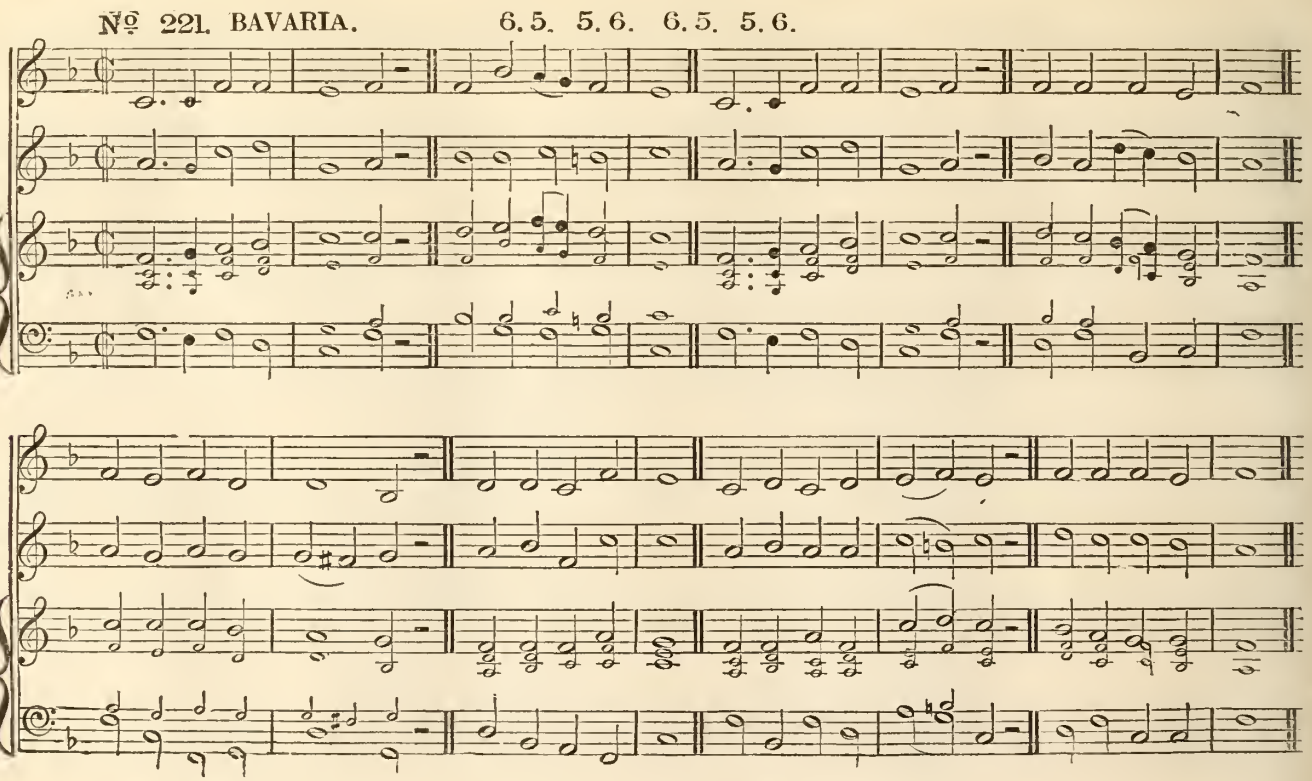
4 Through his name we are forgiven—
O how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall here betide us—
Safe to glory He will guide us—
O how He loves!

SECOND PART.

5 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
How Jesus loves!
Nought from Him can cleave asunder,
Those whom He loves!
Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave them of salvation:
Oh how He loves

6 Let us still the Lamb be viewing,
Oh how He loves
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
Oh how He loves
He will strengthen each endeavour
And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,—
Oh how He loves!

Nº 221. BAVARIA. 6.5. 5.6. 6.5. 5.6.



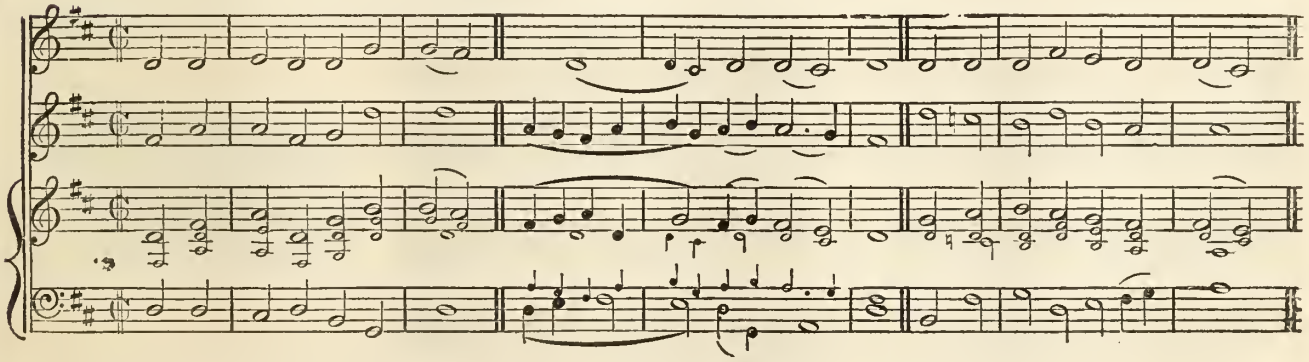
165.—6.5. *Counting all things loss for Christ.*

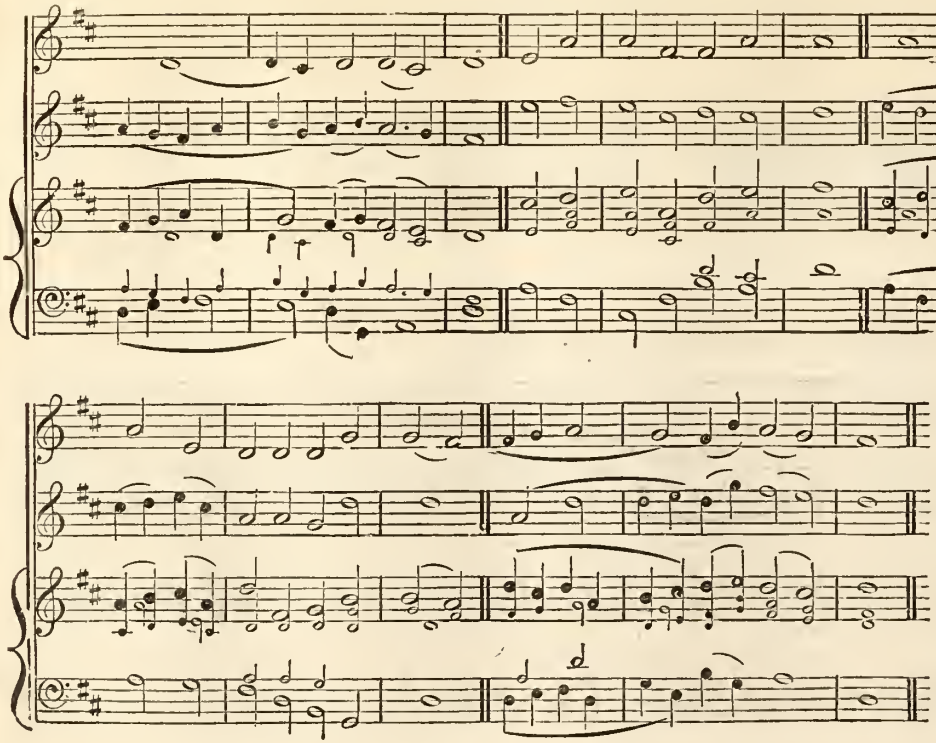
1 Lord we come before Thee, press'd with doubts & fears,
Humbly we adore Thee: hear our fervent prayers:
Thou canst comfort send us, bid our fears depart,
Joy, if Thou befriend us, will its bliss impart.

2 Gold, of earthly treasure, count we but as dross;
All the worldling's pleasure, vanity and loss:
We would all things selling, gain one pearl above,
Wealth of worlds excelling, gift of Jesus' love.

3 Kept by Thee from falling, press we toward the prize
Of our holy calling; then to glory rise:
There on Sion's mountain, thy rich grace adore;
Drinking at life's fountain, pleasures evermore.

No. 222. WORGAN'S TUNE. 7. 4. 7. 4. 7. 4. 7. 4.



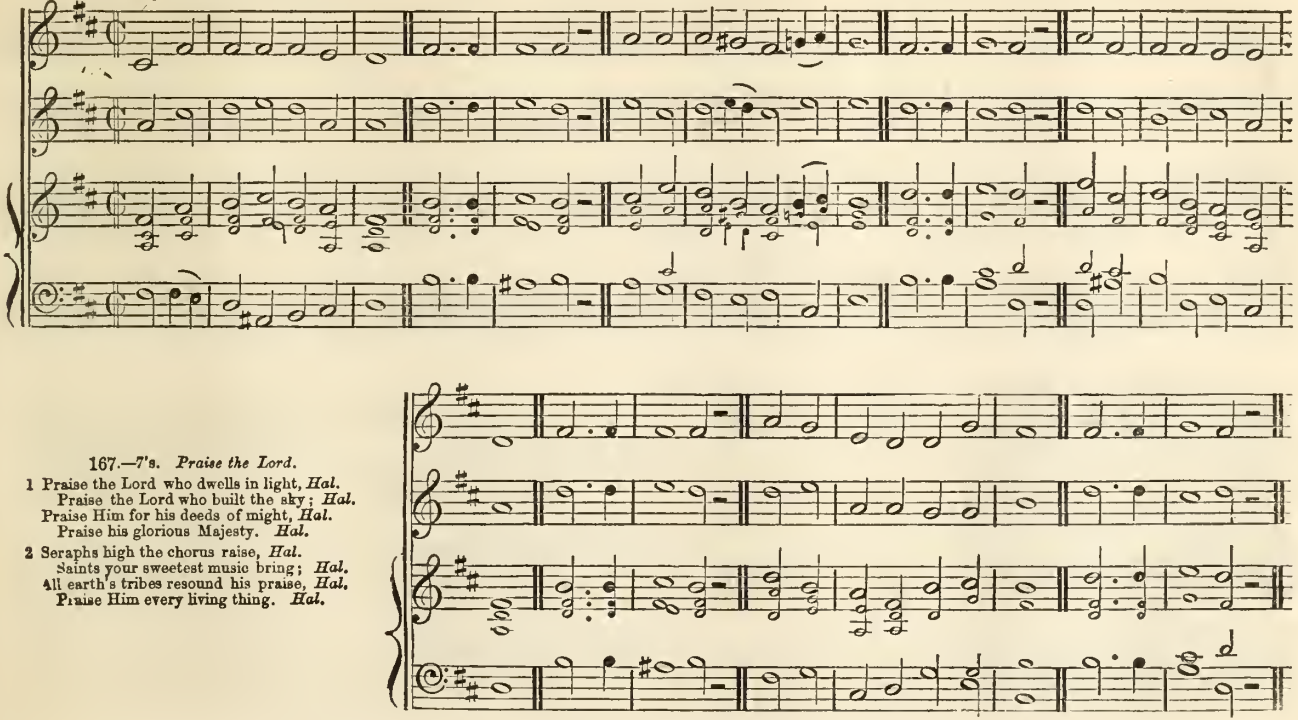


166.—7's. *Hallelujah*

1 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord! *Hallelujah!*
Live by heaven and earth ador'd; *Hal.*
Full of Thee, they ever cry, *Hal.*
"Glory be to God on high!" *Hal.*

2 Thee to laud, in songs divine, *Hal.*
Angels and archangels join; *Hal.*
We with them our voices raise, *Hal.*
Echoing thine eternal praise. *Hal.*

No. 223. MODENA. 7. 4. 7. 4. 7. 4. 7. 4.

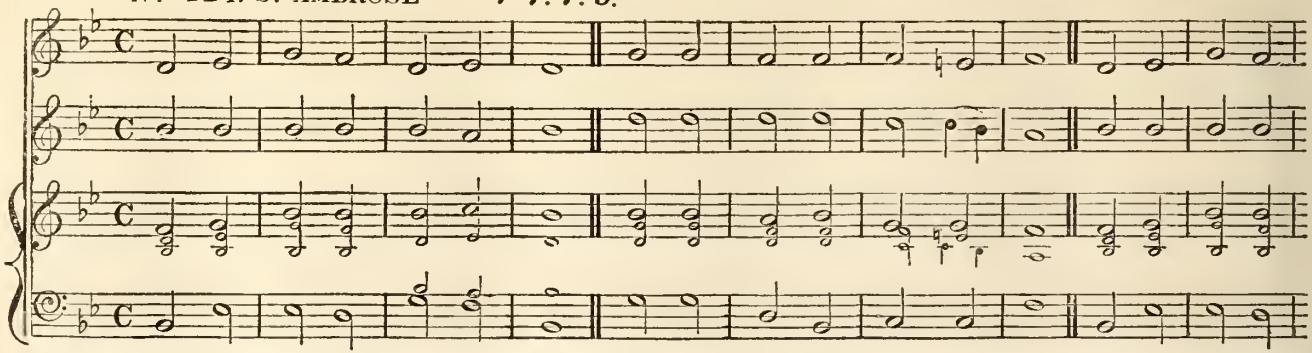


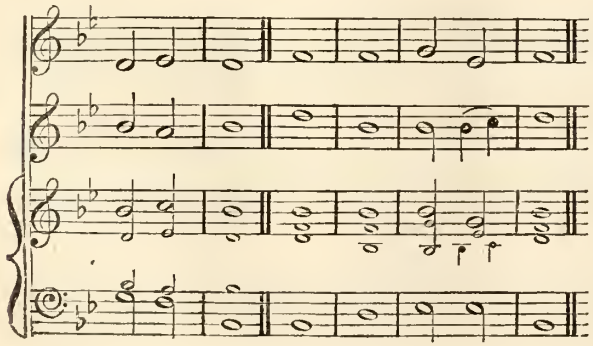
167.—7's. *Praise the Lord.*

1 Praise the Lord who dwells in light, *Hal.*
Praise the Lord who built the sky; *Hal.*
Praise Him for his deeds of might, *Hal.*
Praise his glorious Majesty. *Hal.*

2 Seraphs high the chorus raise, *Hal.*
Saints your sweetest music bring; *Hal.*
All earth's tribes resound his praise, *Hal.*
Praise Him every living thing. *Hal.*

Nº 224. St AMBROSE 7 7. 7. 5.





168.—7.5. *Cleaving to Christ.*

1 Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
On thine arm thou bidst us lean;
Help us through life's changing scene,
Lord, to cling to Thee.

2 Far from home, fatigued, oppress,
Here we find no place of rest;
Exiles still, yet not unblest
While we cling to Thee.

3 Though the world deceitful prove,
Earthly friends and hopes remove,
With a patient, trustful love,
Still we cling to Thee.

4 With Thee near, and strong to save,
Jordan's swelling we can brave;
Shouting, victory o'er the grave,
Clinging unto Thee.

169.—7.5. *Jesus Hear and Save.*

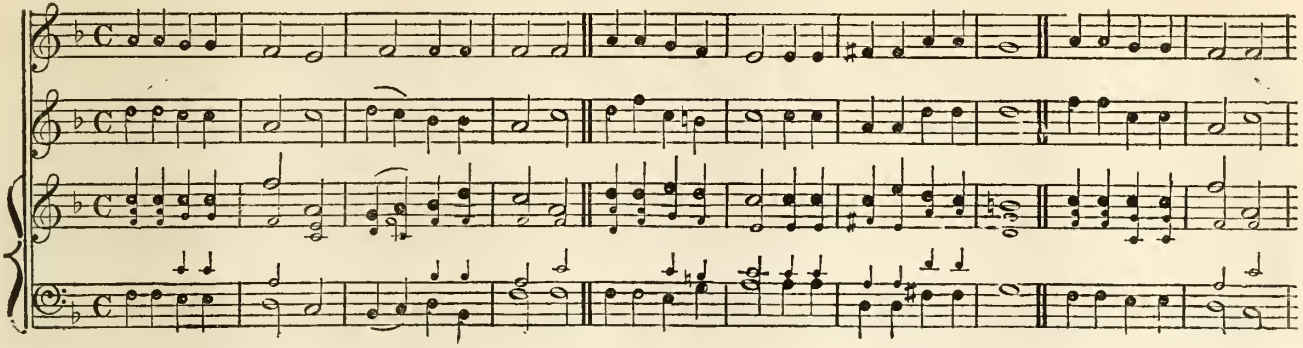
1 When the world my heart beguiles,
With its frowns, or with its smiles,—
Satan tempts me with his wiles;
Jesus, hear and save.

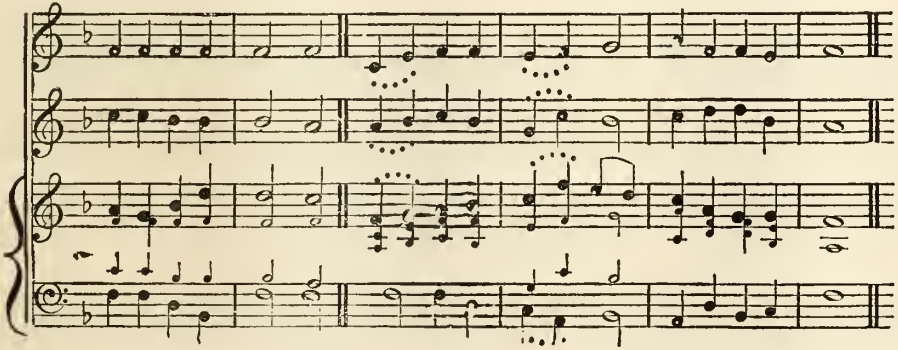
2 If I cold and languid grow,
Tire in serving Thee below;
Or should quail before the foe,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 When upon the bed of death,
Languishing I yield my breath,—
Tempted, harassed, weak in faith,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Then with ransomed spirits prove
What the riches of thy love;
Singing with the hosts above,
Jesus died to save.

Nº 225. SAXONY. 12. 12. 12. 10.





170.—12.13. *Adoration.*

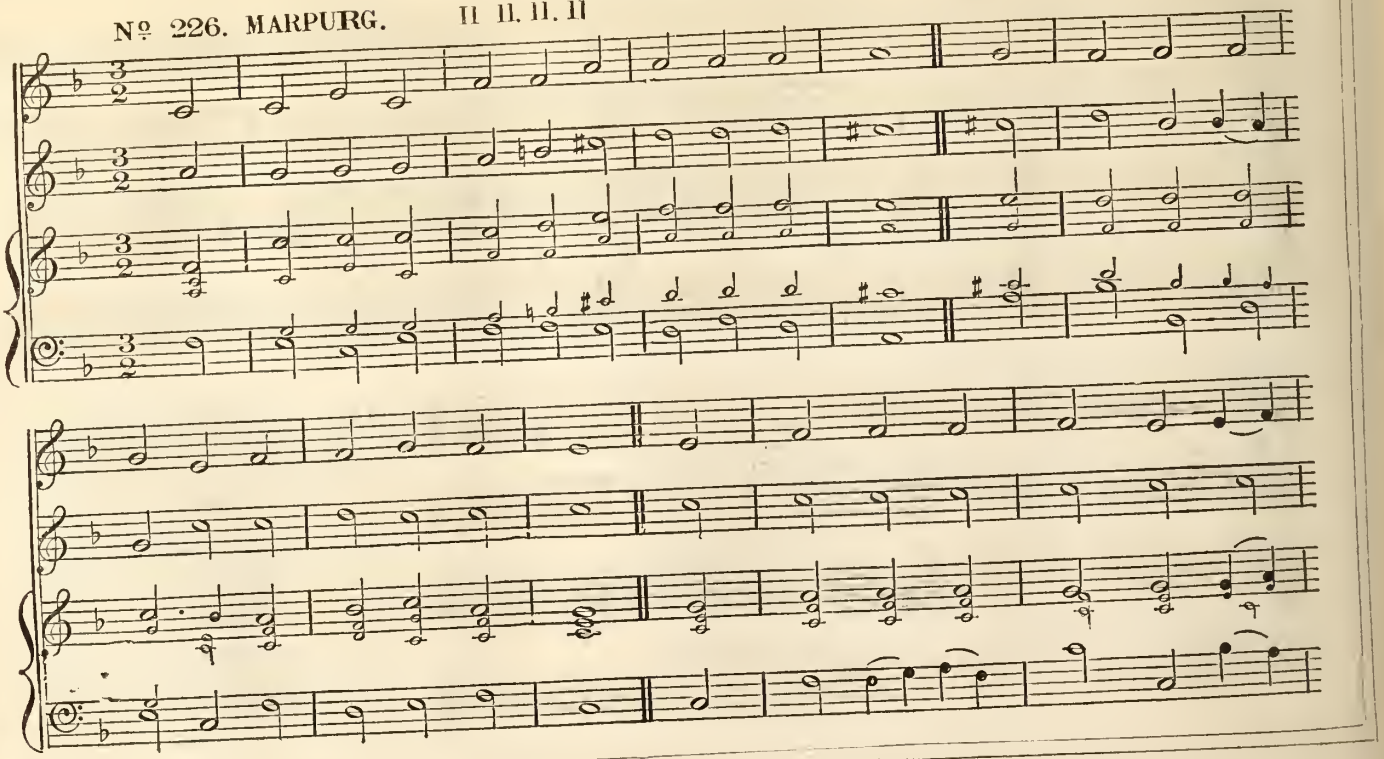
1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to Thee
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

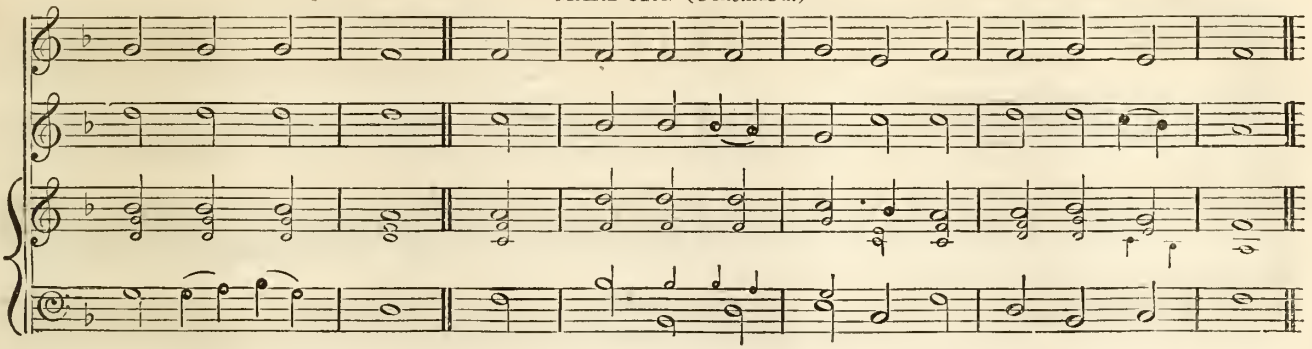
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim & seraphim falling down before Thee
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be!

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

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Nº 226. MARPURG. II. II. II. II





171.—11's. *I wouta not live alway.*

1 I would not live alway! yet 'tis not that here
There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love;
The cup of life's blessings though dash'd with a tear,
Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above.

2 And dark though the storm of adversity rise,
Though changes dishearten & dangers appal;
Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,
And a Father's kind providence rules over all.

3 I would not live alway! yet willingly wait,
Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam;
Ever ready and girded with spirits elate,
To obey the first call that shall beckon me home.

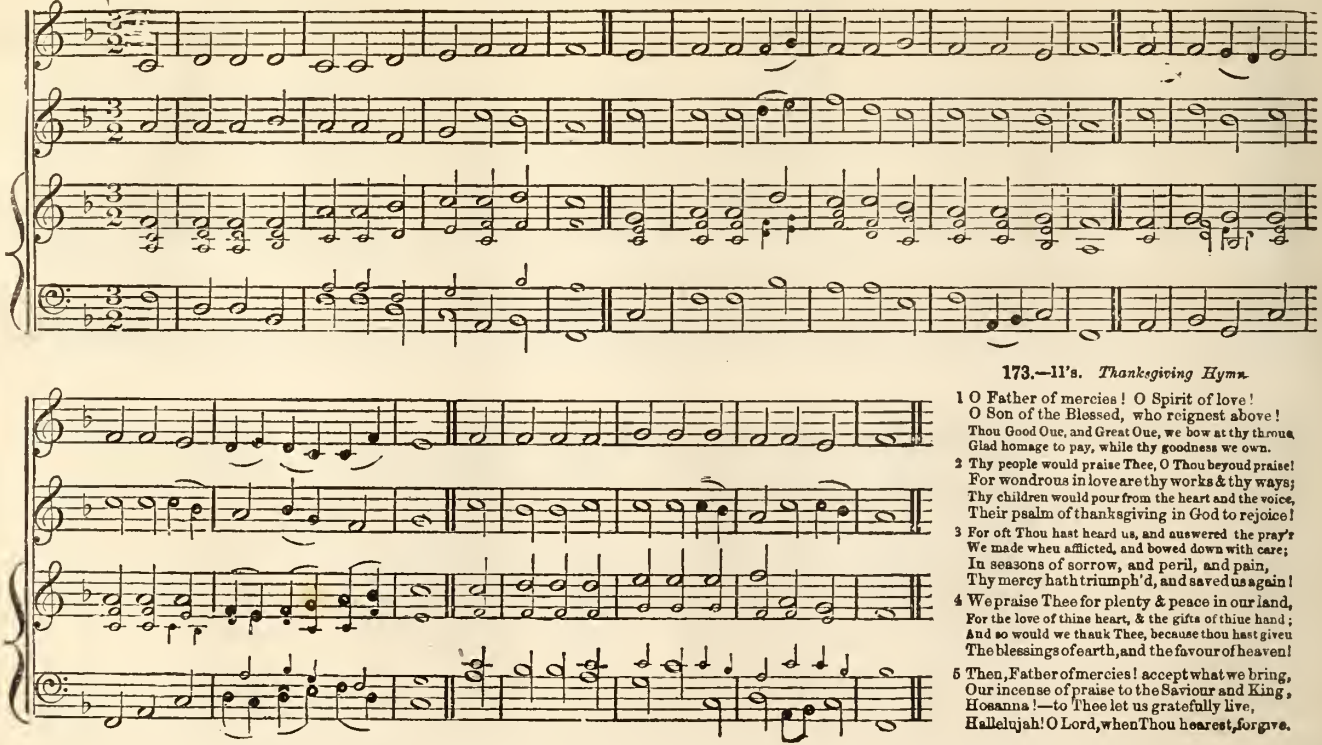
4 O yes! it is better, far better, to go
Where pain, sin and sorrow can never intrude;
And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,
And expecting the better, rejoice in the good.

172.—11's. *Worthy the Lamb.*

1 To the Lamb that was slain, he all honour now paid,
Let crowns without number encircle his head;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches and might,
Be ascribed evermore, by the angels of light.

2 Come saints & adore him, come bow at his feet;
Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Nº 227. LIVONIA 11. 11. 11. 11.



173.—11's. *Thanksgiving Hymn.*

1 O Father of mercies! O Spirit of love!
O Son of the Blessed, who reignest above!
Thou Good One, and Great One, we bow at thy throne,
Glad homage to pay, while thy goodness we own.

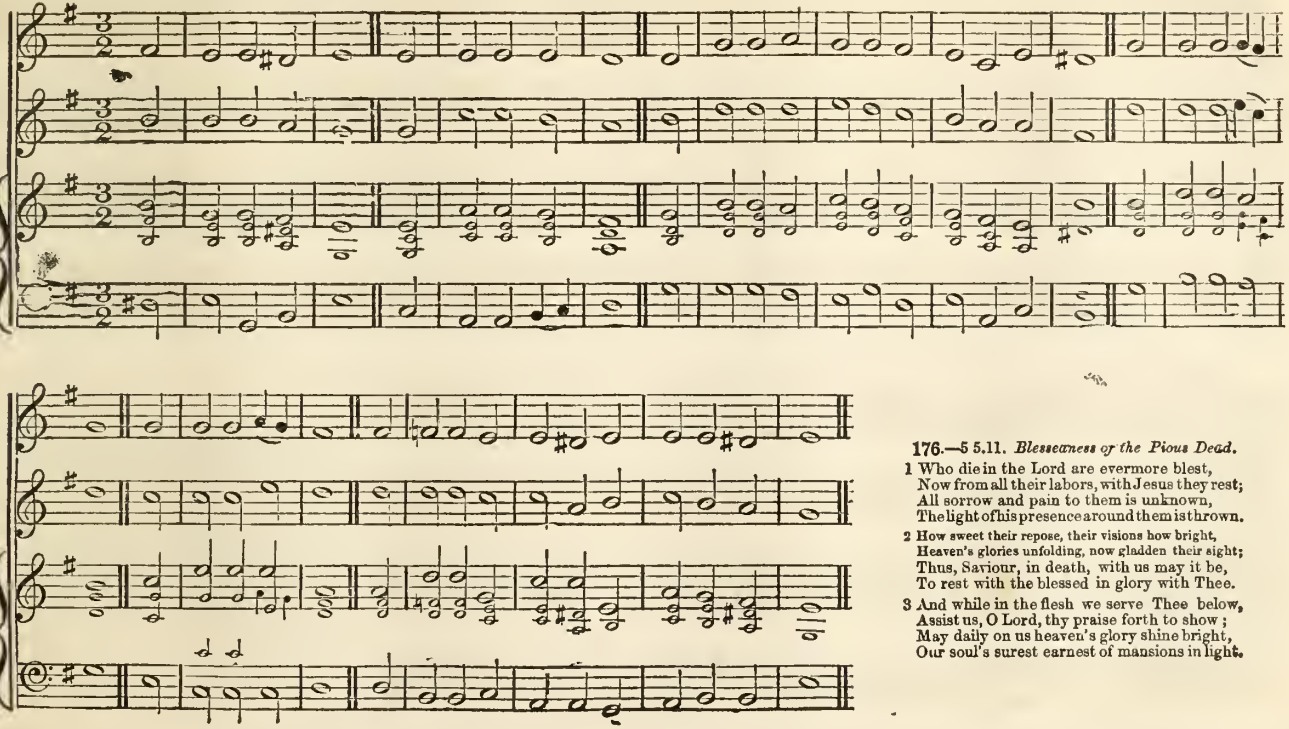
2 Thy people would praise Thee, O Thou beyond praise!
For wondrous in love are thy works & thy ways;
Thy children would pour from the heart and the voice,
Their psalm of thanksgiving in God to rejoice!

3 For oft Thou hast heard us, and answered the pray'r
We made when afflicted, and bowed down with care;
In seasons of sorrow, and peril, and pain,
Thy mercy hath triumph'd, and saved us again!

4 We praise Thee for plenty & peace in our land,
For the love of thine heart, & the gifts of thine hand;
And so would we thank Thee, because thou hast given
The blessings of earth, and the favour of heaven!

5 Then, Father of mercies! accept what we bring,
Our incense of praise to the Saviour and King,
Hosanna!—to Thee let us gratefully live,
Hallelujah! O Lord, when Thou hearest, forgive.

Nº 228. LAVENDON. 5. 5. 11. 5. 5. 11.



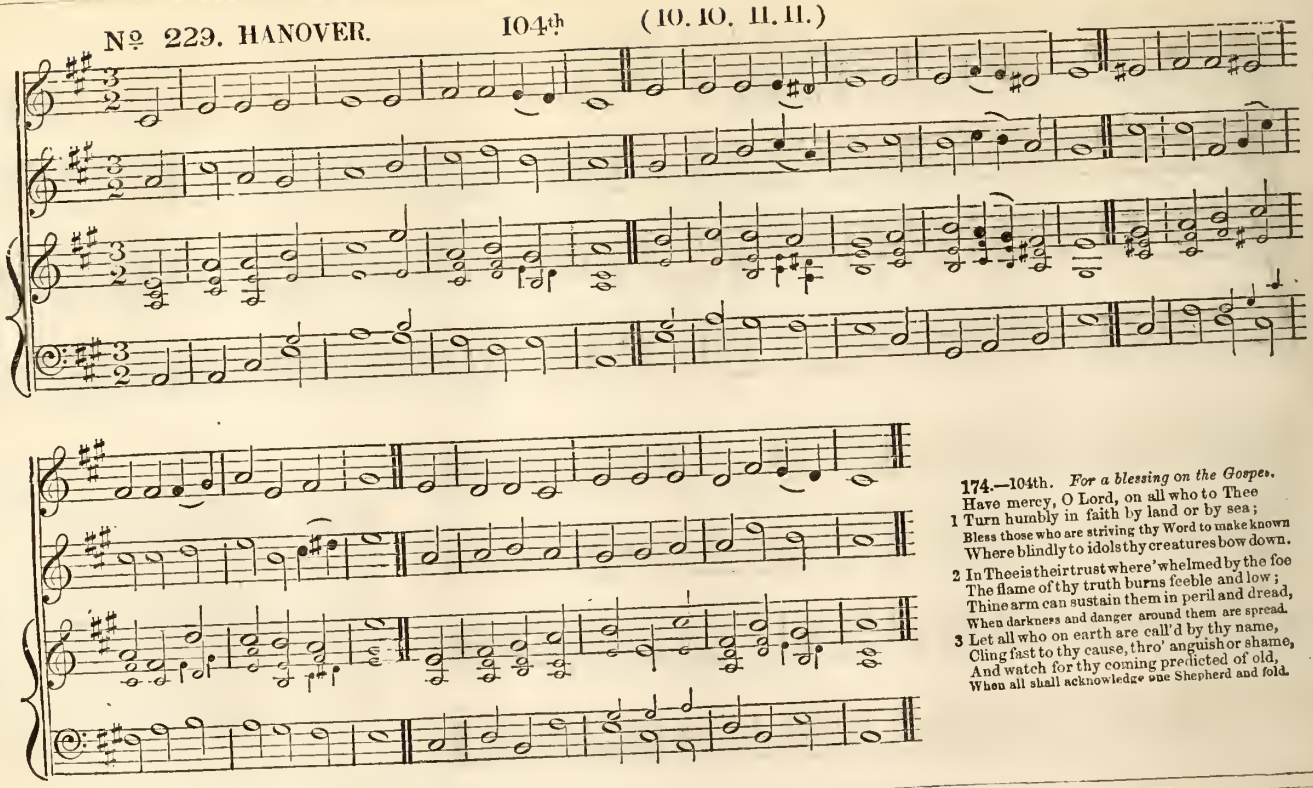
176.—5 5.11. *Blessedness of the Pious Dead.*

1 Who die in the Lord are evermore blest,
Now from all their labors, with Jesus they rest;
All sorrow and pain to them is unknown,
The light of his presence around them is thrown.

2 How sweet their repose, their visions how bright,
Heaven's glories unfolding, now gladden their sight;
Thus, Saviour, in death, with us may it be,
To rest with the blessed in glory with Thee.

3 And while in the flesh we serve Thee below,
Assist us, O Lord, thy praise forth to show;
May daily on us heaven's glory shine bright,
Our soul's surest earnest of mansions in light.

Nº 229. HANOVER. 104th (10. 10. 11. 11.)



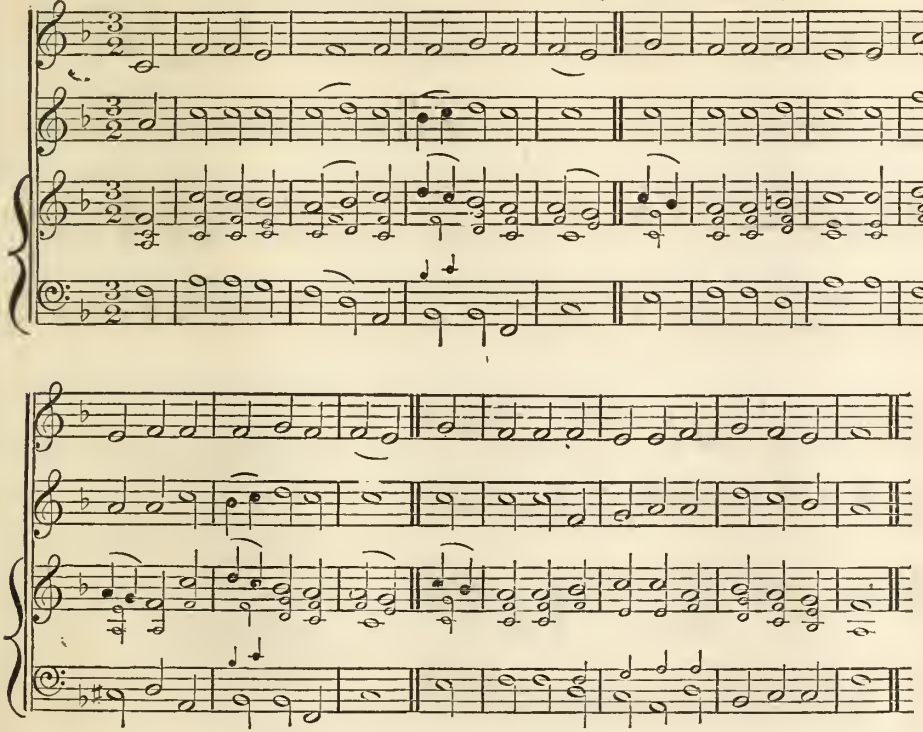
174.—104th. *For a blessing on the Gospel.*

Have mercy, O Lord, on all who to Thee
1 Turn humbly in faith by land or by sea;
Bless those who are striving thy Word to make known
Where blindly to idols thy creatures bow down.

2 In Thee is their trust where' whelmed by the foe
The flame of thy truth burns feeble and low;
Thine arm can sustain them in peril and dread,
When darkness and danger around them are spread.

3 Let all who on earth are call'd by thy name,
Cling fast to thy cause, thro' anguish or shame,
And watch for thy coming predicted of old,
When all shall acknowledge one Shepherd and fold.

Nº 230. THANNINGTON. 104th (10. 10. 11. 11.)



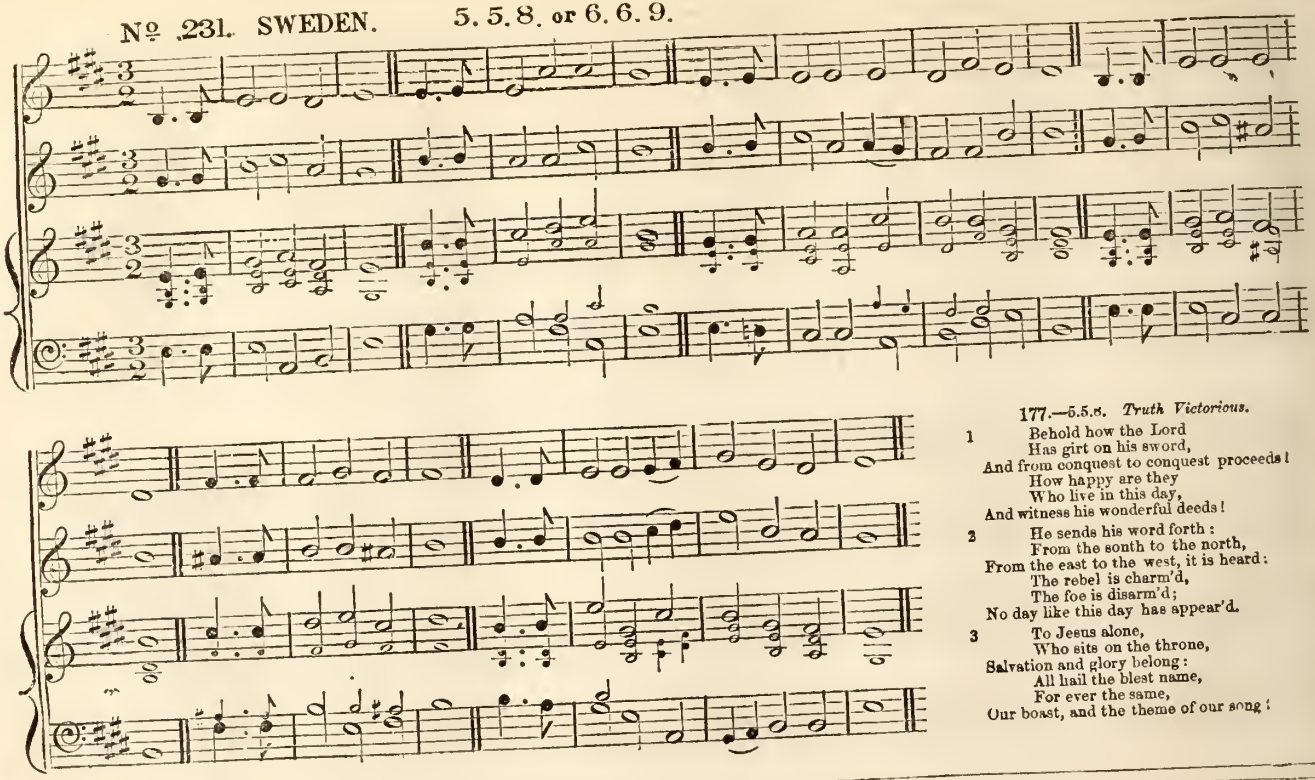
175.—104th. *Adoration.*

1 O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his unchangeable love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

4 O measureless might, ineffable love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.



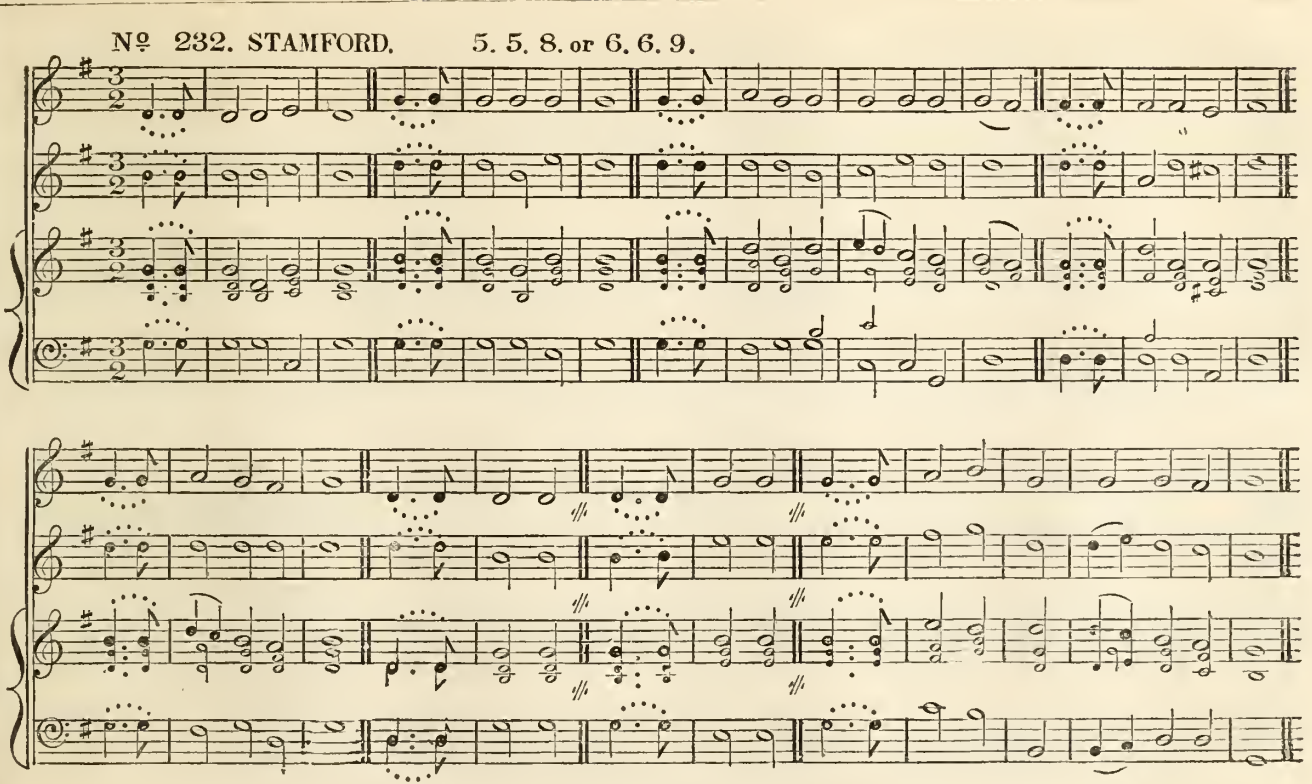
177.—5.5.8. *Truth Victorious.*

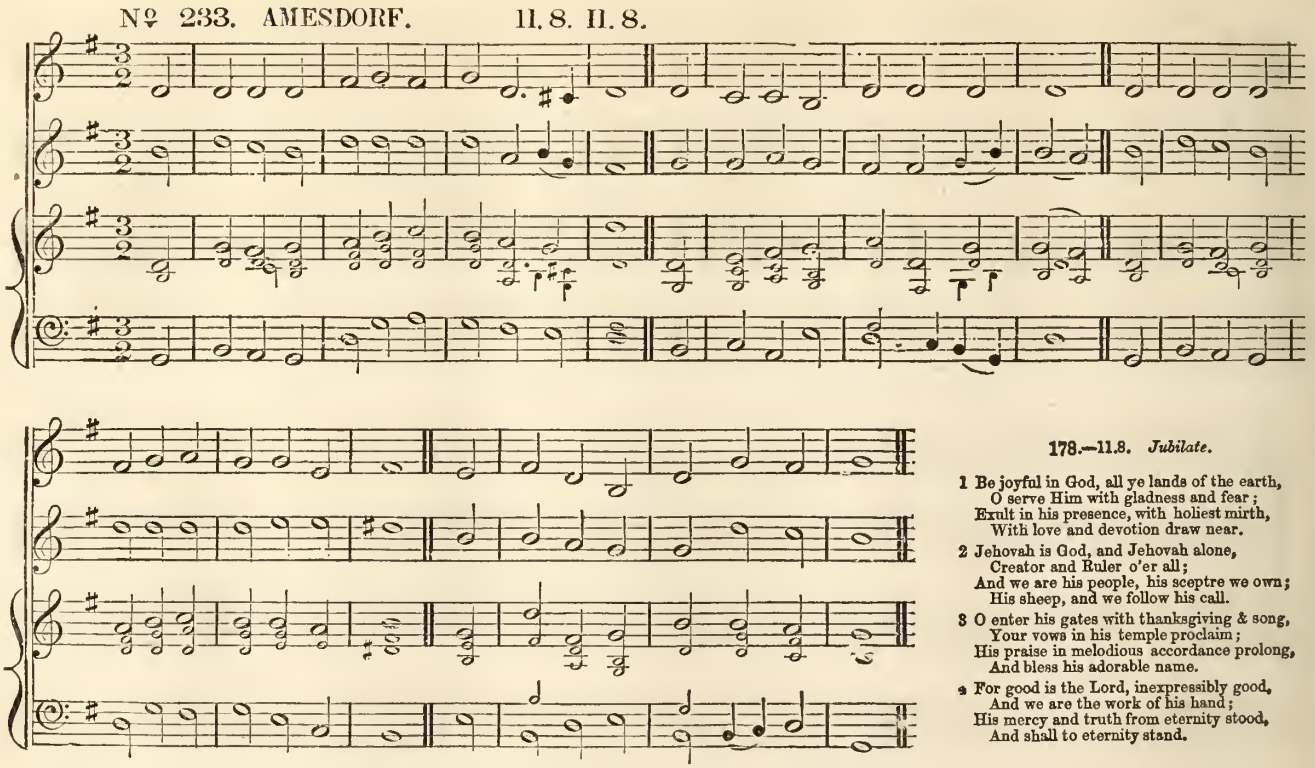
1 Behold how the Lord
Has girt on his sword,
And from conquest to conquest proceeds!
How happy are they
Who live in this day,
And witness his wonderful deeds!

2 He sends his word forth:
From the south to the north,
From the east to the west, it is heard:
The rebel is charm'd,
The foe is disarm'd;
No day like this day has appear'd.

3 To Jesus alone,
Who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong:
All hail the blest name,
For ever the same,
Our boast, and the theme of our song!

Nº 232. STAMFORD. 5. 5. 8. or 6. 6. 9.





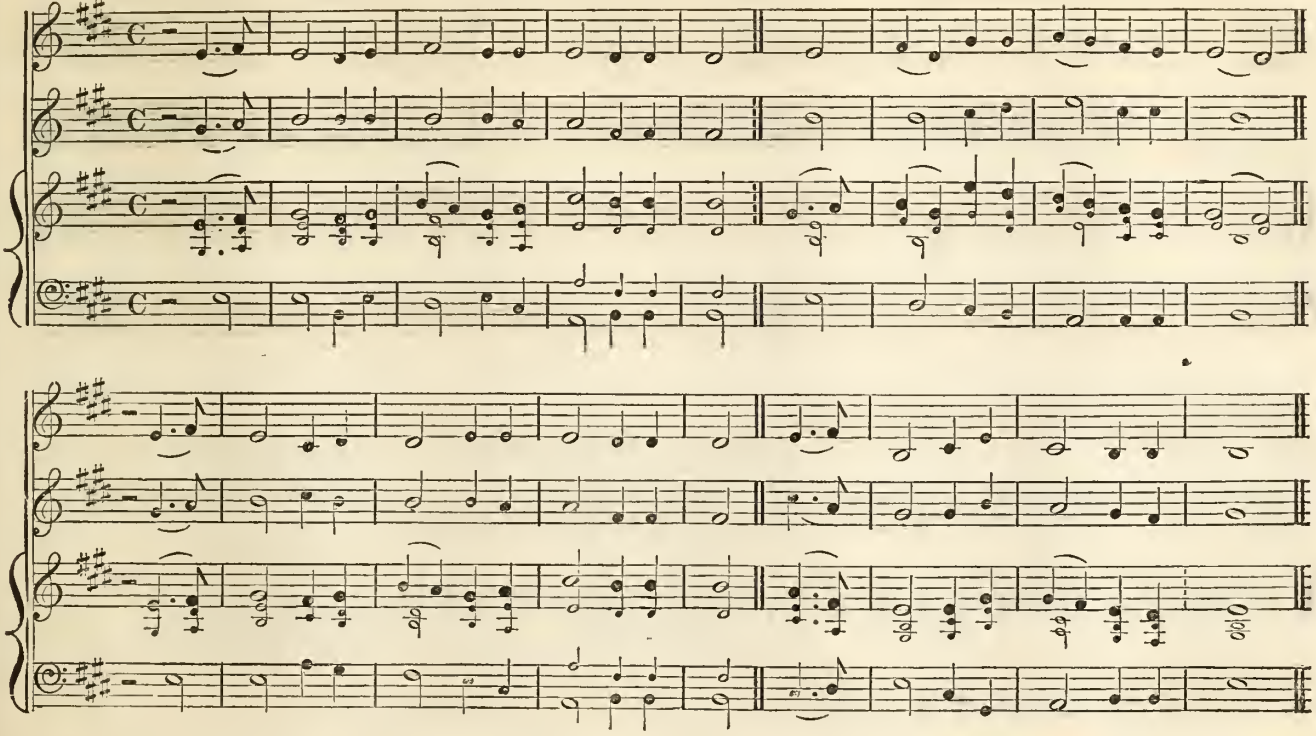
178.—11.8. *Jubilate.*

1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve Him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence, with holiest mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

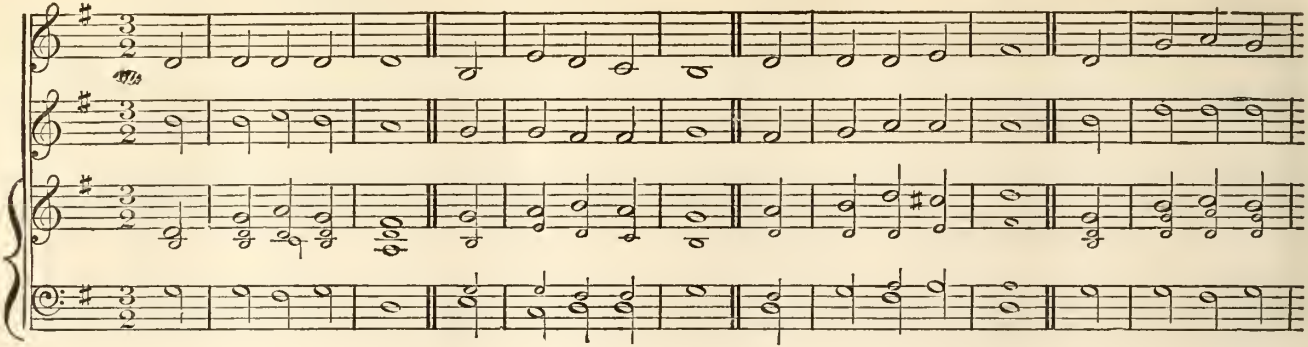
2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

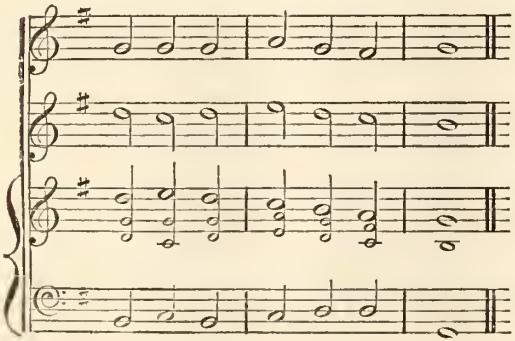
3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving & song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.


Nº 234. ATHENS. 11. 8. 11. 8.

Nº 235. WOODFORD. 5. 5. 5. 11.





179.—5.5.5.11. *Presence and Help of the Saviour acknowledged.*

1 Come let us rejoice,
And lift our glad voice,
Midst sorrow and care;
The Saviour delights for our help to appear.

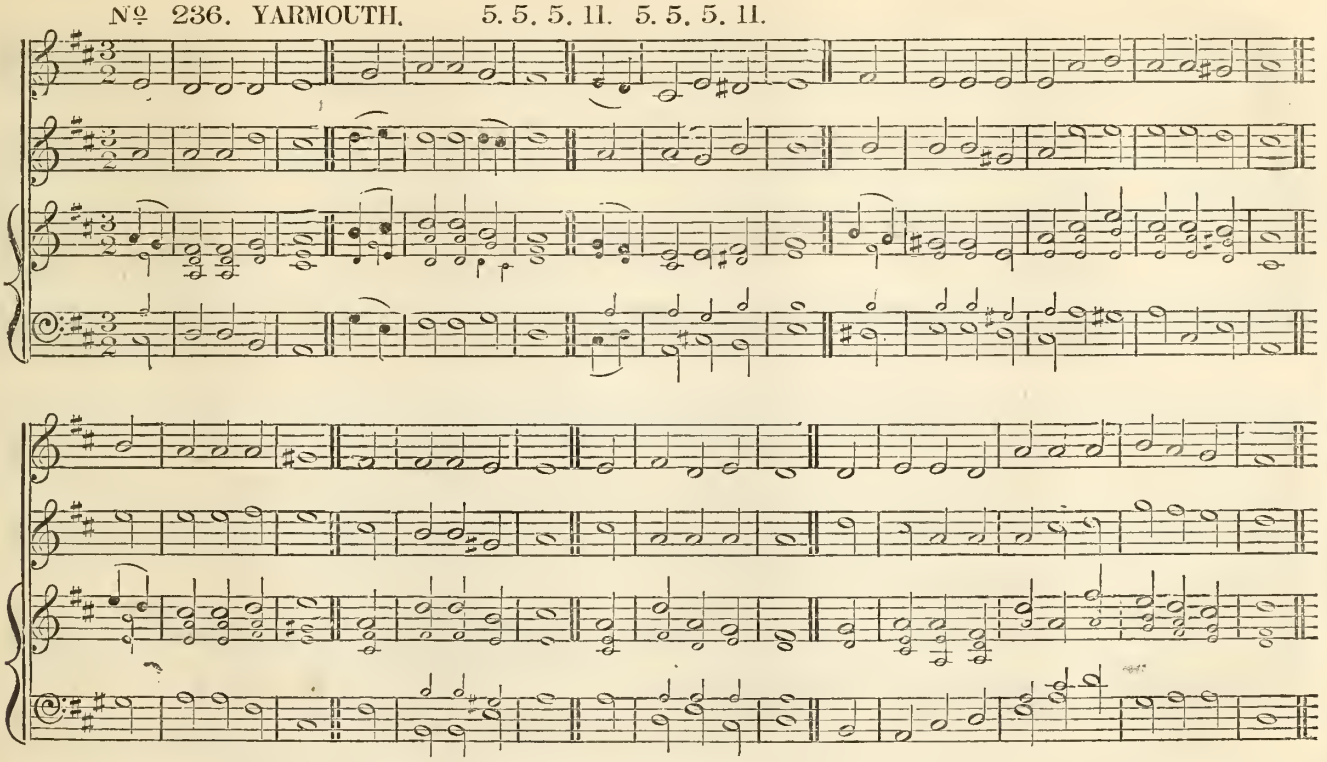
2 His promise is given
To bring us to heaven,
On Him we depend
For blessings which daily our pathway attend.

3 When dangers are near
To fill us with fear,
And trouble assails,
In all our distresses his love never fails.

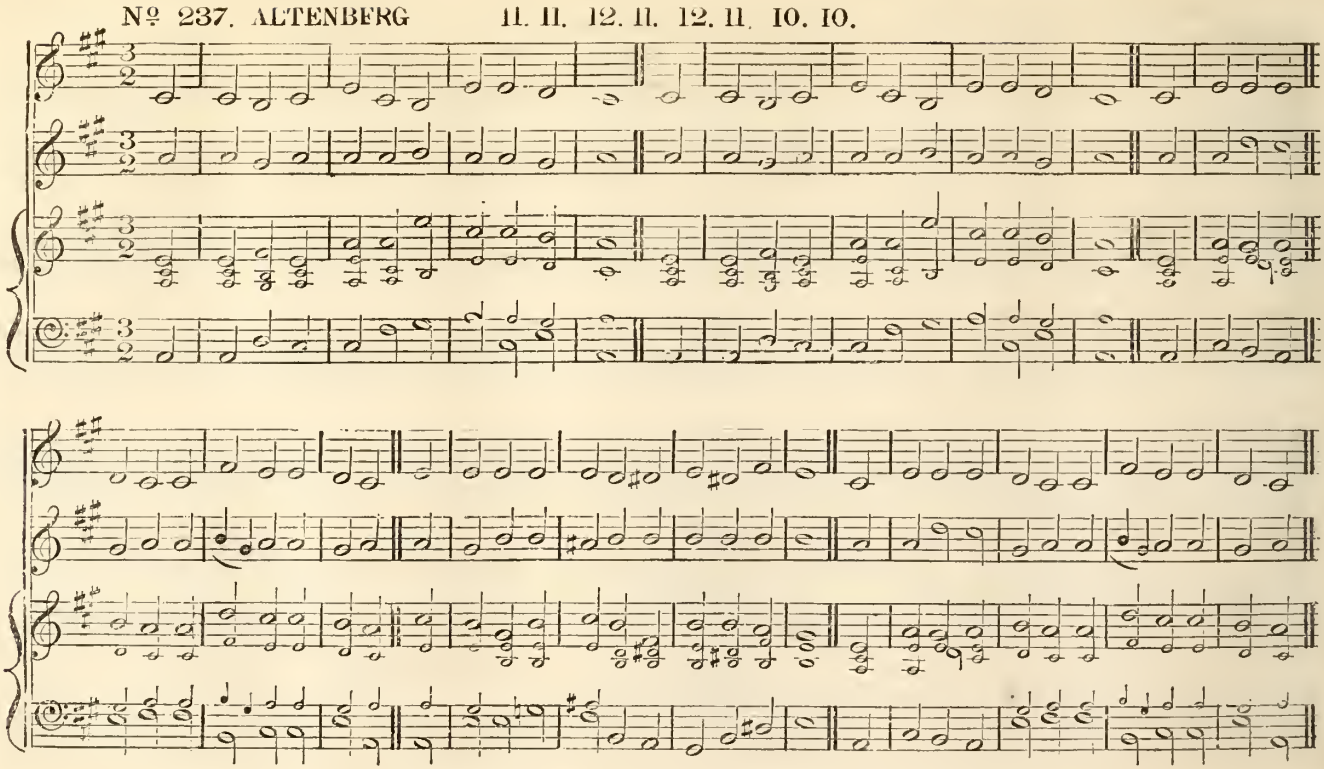
4 When low at his feet
His grace we entreat,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes all comers who unto Him flee.

5 He bids us to come
To a heavenly home,
Prepared by his love,
And waits to receive us in mansions above

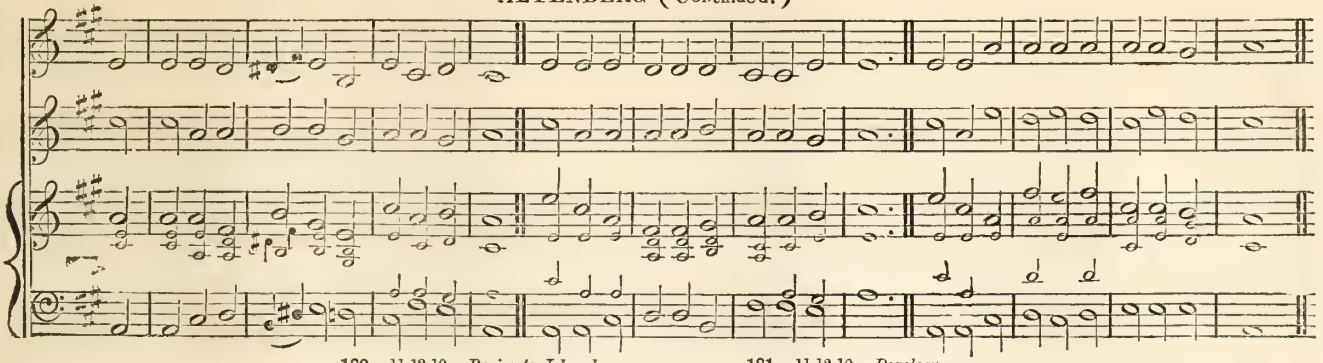
6 With loudest acclaim
We'll sound forth thy fame,
O Saviour and friend,
And to Thee hosannas sing world without end.


Nº 236. YARMOUTH. 5. 5. 5. 11. 5. 5. 5. 11.

Nº 237. ALTENBERG 11. 11. 12. 11. 12. 11. 10. 10.



ALTENBERG (Continued.)



180.—11.12.10. *Praise to Jehovah.*

1 The voice of Jehovah, majestic and loud,
In thunders comes forth from his palace of cloud;
That voice o'er the silence of ocean is breaking;
It rolls o'er the waters, it bursts on the shore:
The forests are bending, the mountains are quaking,
And earth & her creatures stand still & adore.
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky!

2 The voice of Jehovah, more sweetly is heard
By saints in his temple attending his word.
He speaks not to them in the whirlwind or thunder;
He comes not to threaten, denounce or reprove:
He comes with glad tidings of joy & of wonder:
He bids them be happy in Jesus's love.
Glory and praise, &c.

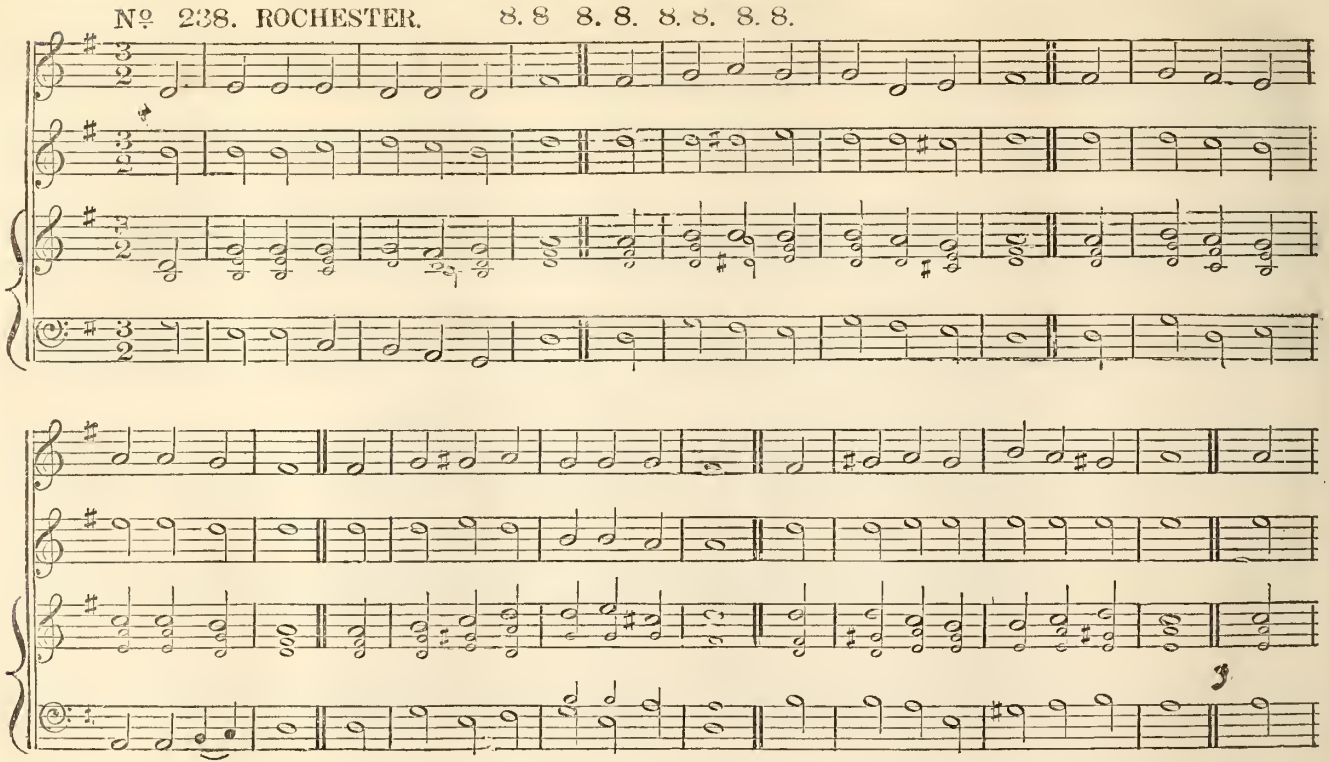
3 Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky!
Angels, approach Him in homage and duty;
Fall at the feet of your heavenly King:
Saints, to his presence O throng, in the beauty
Of holiness—there all his mercies to sing.
Glory and praise, &c.

181.—11.12.10. *Doxology.*

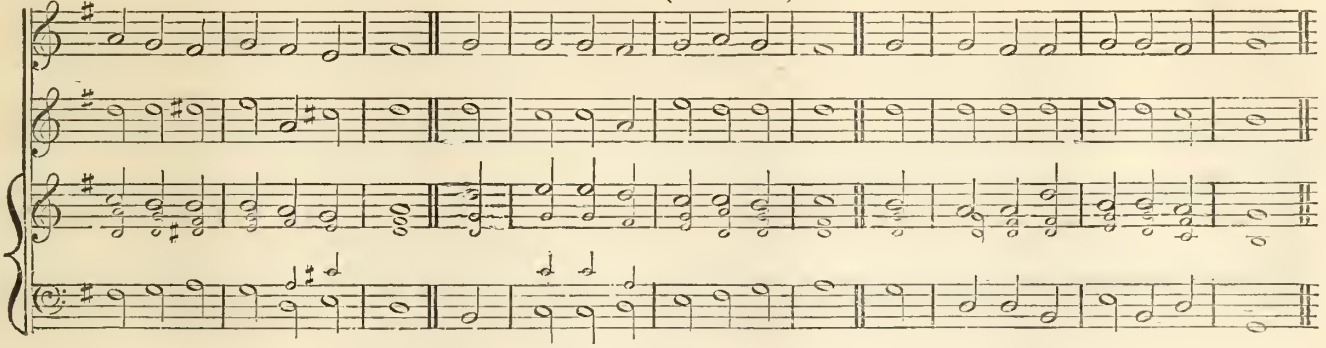
1 Glory and praise to Jehovah be given:
Glory by all upon earth and in heaven!
Praise to Jehovah! let angels adore Him.
O praise Him, ye saints of God, dwelling in light,
In songs of thanksgiving, rejoicing before Him;
Let all that have breath in the chorus unite.
Glory and praise to Jehovah be given:
Glory by all upon earth and in heaven.

2 Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Unite all on earth in the jubilant strain.
Praise the Redeemer! whose arm brought salvation—
Who dying, has conquered death, hell, & the grave.
Thus lowly before Him we bring our oblation,
Singing glory to Jesus, who's mighty to save,
Glory and praise, &c.

3 Glory and praise to the Spirit be given:
Glory by all upon earth and in heaven!
Praise to the Spirit! whose blest renovation
Still sanctifies, strengthens, & leads in all truth.
Sole fountain of wisdom, and all consolation;
Our teacher, preserver, and guide of our youth.
Glory and praise, &c.


Nº 238. ROCHESTER. 8. 8 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

ROCHESTER (Continued)

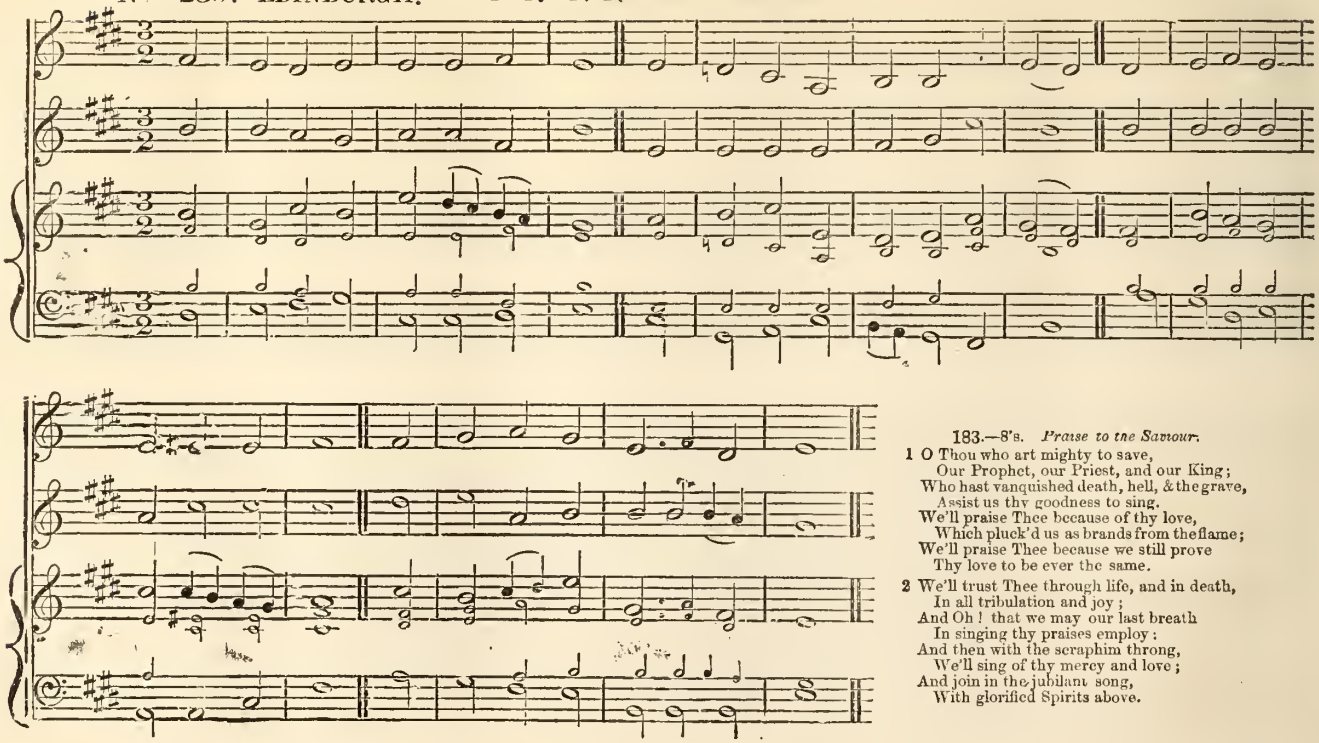


182.—8's. *The Heavenly Rest.*

1 With saints who once languish'd below,
Who have enter'd their heavenly rest;
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.
The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

2 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done:
The blush that spreads over its west—
The last lingering ray of its sun,
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.
Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew this pale cheek,
No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

Nº 239. EDINBURGH. 8 8. 8. 8.

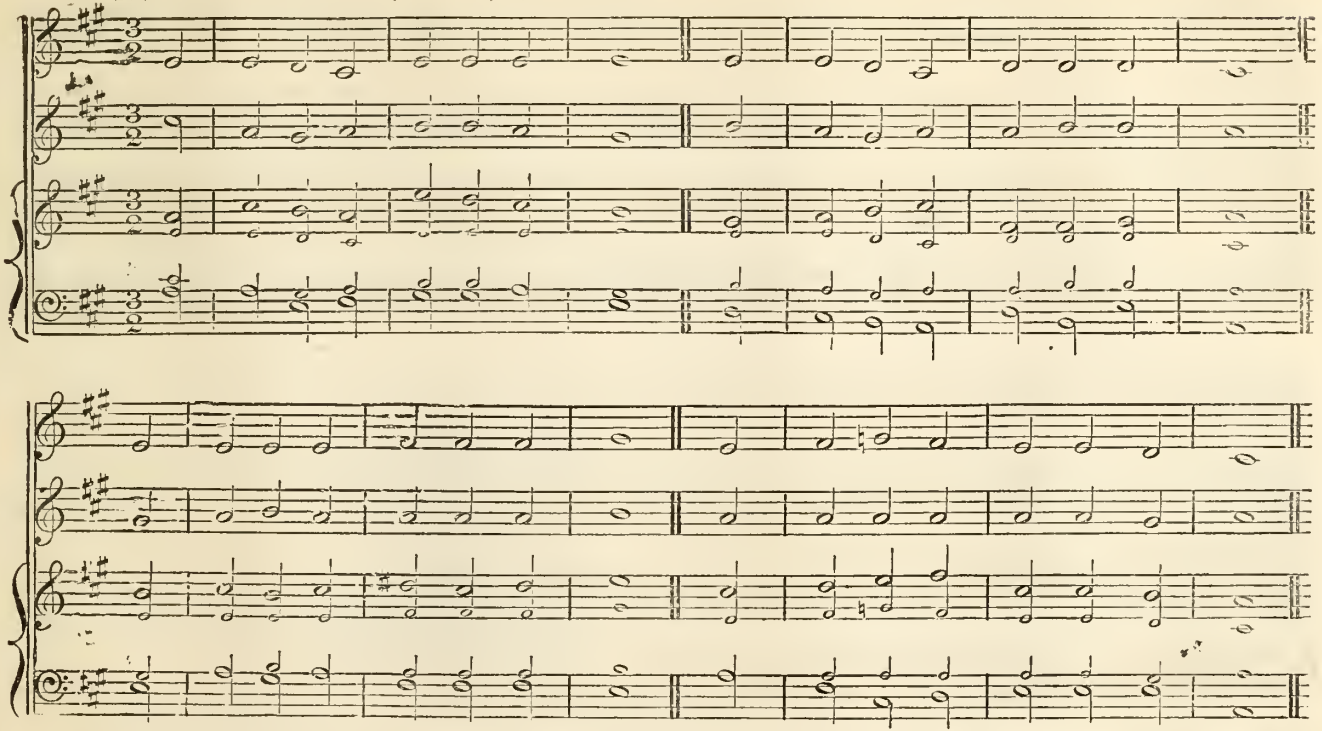


183.—8's. *Praise to the Saviour.*

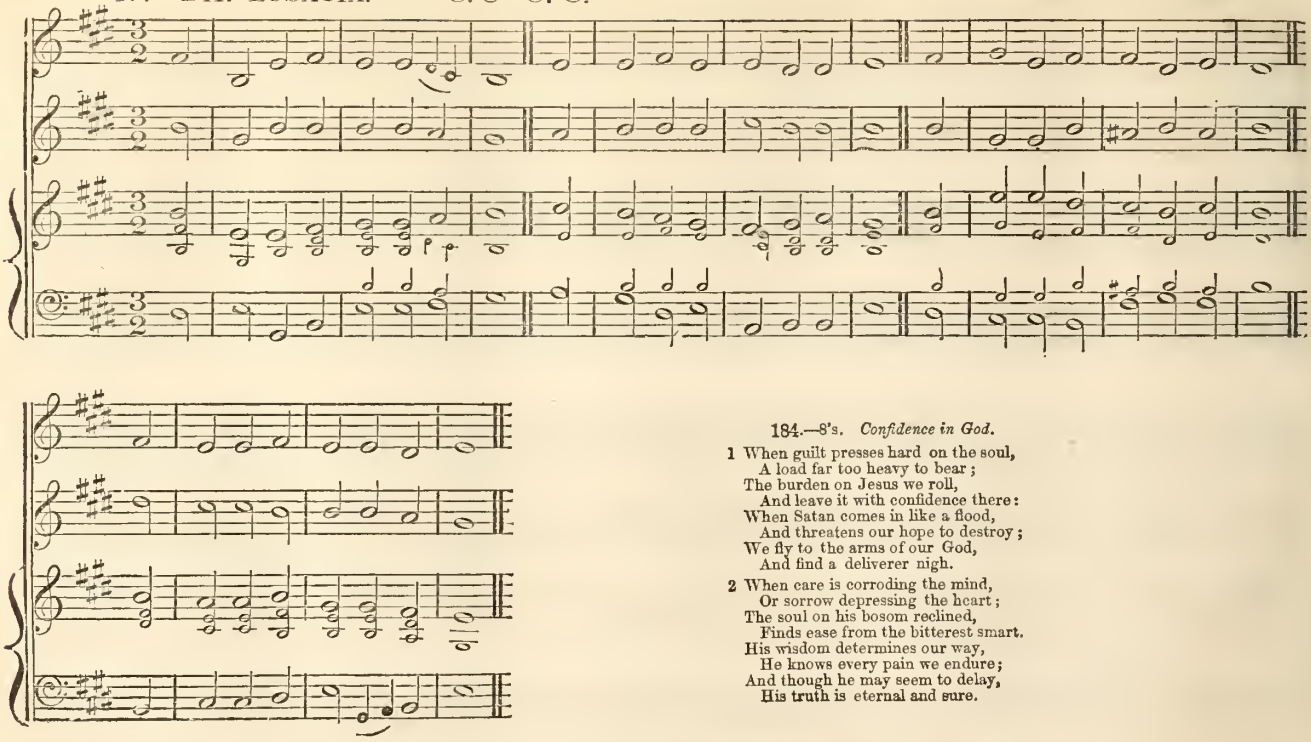
1 O Thou who art mighty to save,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King;
Who hast vanquished death, hell, & the grave,
Assist us thy goodness to sing.
We'll praise Thee because of thy love,
Which pluck'd us as brands from the flame;
We'll praise Thee because we still prove
Thy love to be ever the same.

2 We'll trust Thee through life, and in death,
In all tribulation and joy;
And Oh! that we may our last breath
In singing thy praises employ:
And then with the seraphim throng,
We'll sing of thy mercy and love;
And join in the jubilant song,
With glorified Spirits above.

Nº 240. HOLSTEIN. 8. 8. 8. 8



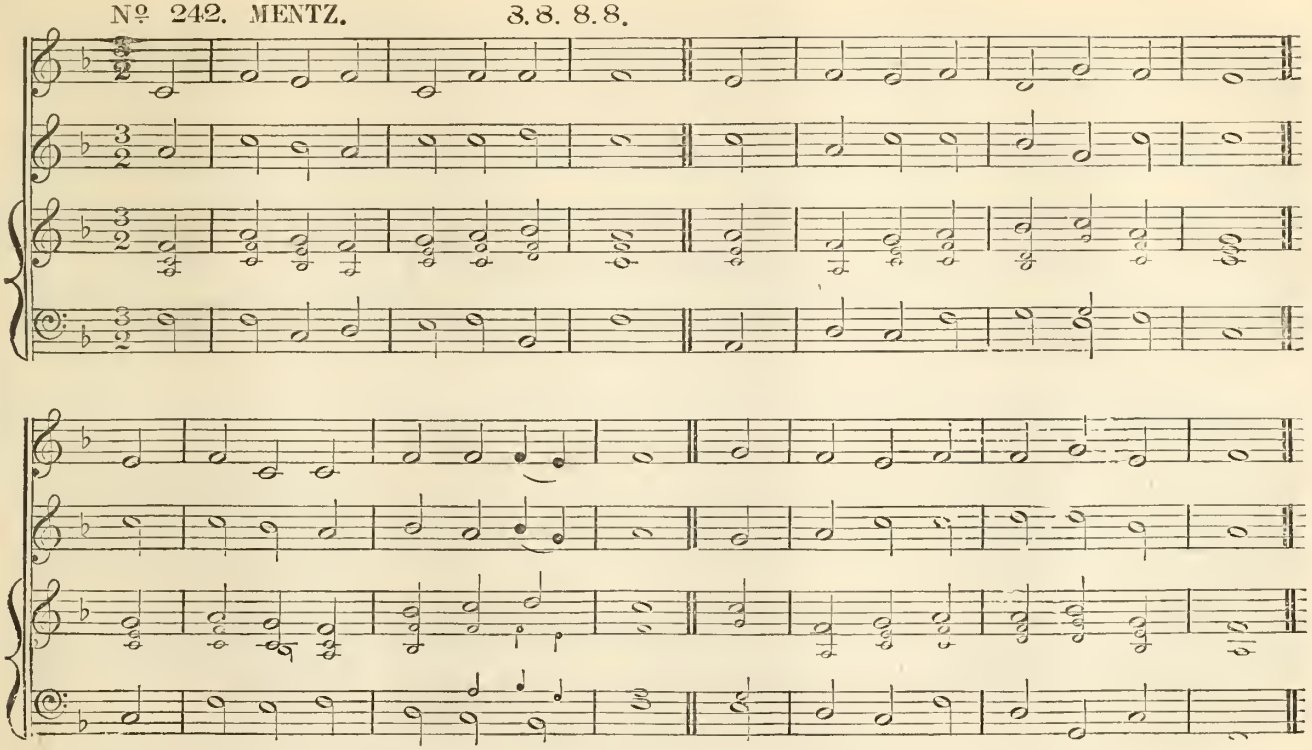
Nº 241. LUSATIA. 8. 8 8. 8.



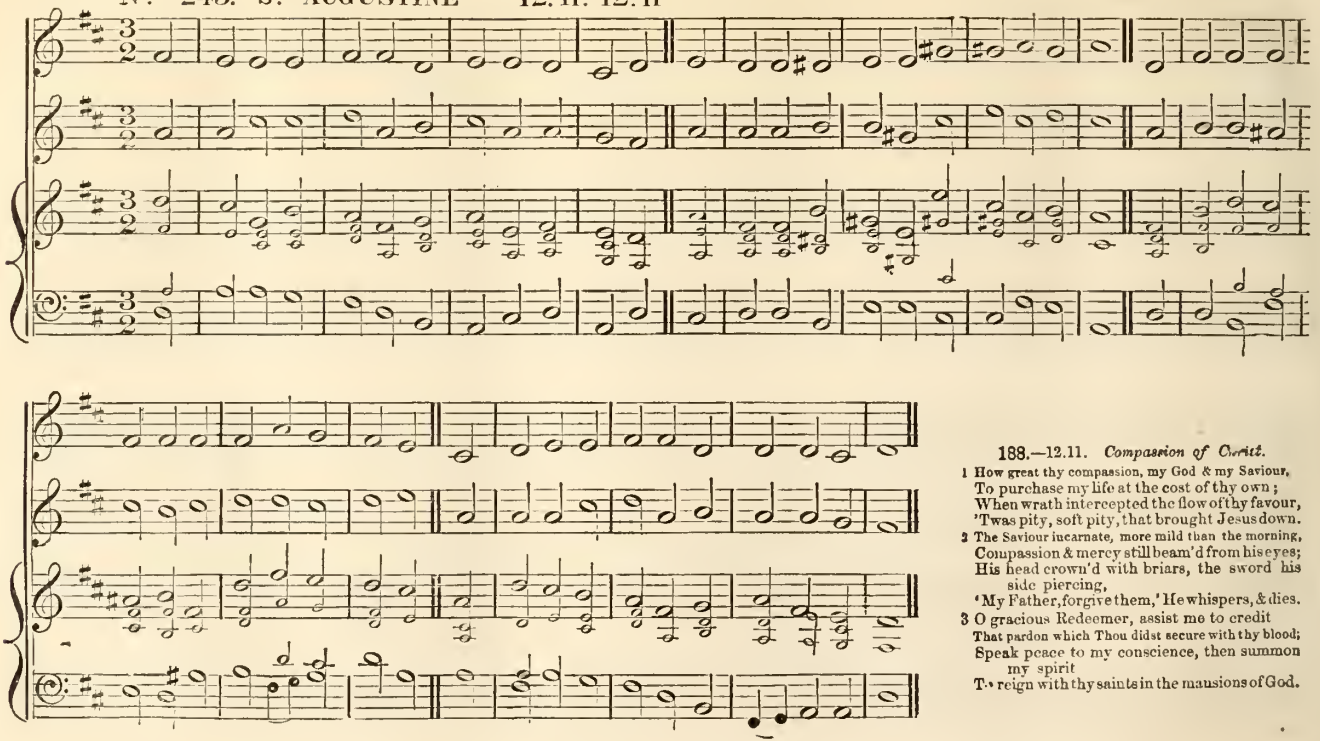
184.—8's. *Confidence in God.*

1 When guilt presses hard on the soul,
A load far too heavy to bear;
The burden on Jesus we roll,
And leave it with confidence there:
When Satan comes in like a flood,
And threatens our hope to destroy;
We fly to the arms of our God,
And find a deliverer nigh.

2 When care is corroding the mind,
Or sorrow depressing the heart;
The soul on his bosom reclined,
Finds ease from the bitterest smart.
His wisdom determines our way,
He knows every pain we endure;
And though he may seem to delay,
His truth is eternal and sure.


Nº 242. MENTZ.
3.8. 8.8.

Nº 243. St AUGUSTINE 12.11. 12.11



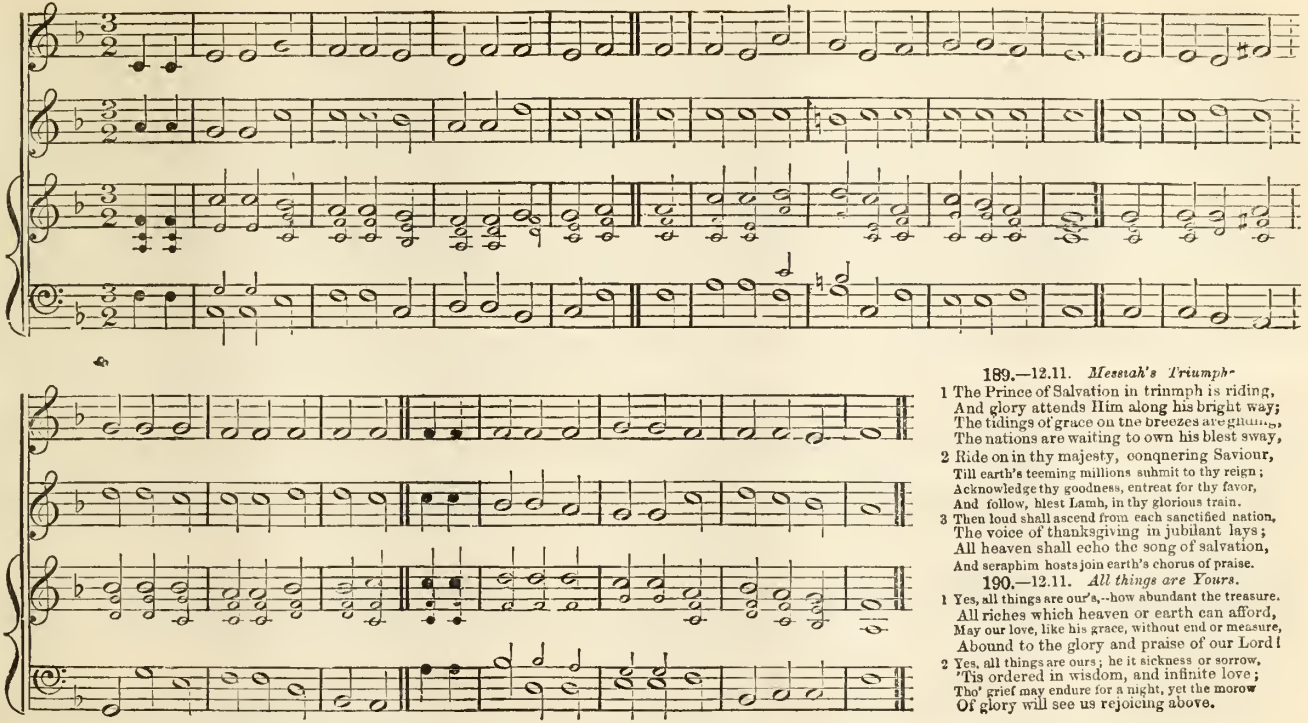
188.—12.11. *Compassion of Christ.*

1 How great thy compassion, my God & my Saviour,
To purchase my life at the cost of thy own;
When wrath intercepted the flow of thy favour,
'Twas pity, soft pity, that brought Jesus down.

2 The Saviour incarnate, more mild than the morning,
Compassion & mercy still beam'd from his eyes;
His head crown'd with briars, the sword his side piercing,
'My Father, forgive them,' He whispers, & dies.

3 O gracious Redeemer, assist me to credit
That pardon which Thou didst secure with thy blood;
Speak peace to my conscience, then summon my spirit
To reign with thy saints in the mansions of God.

Nº 244. St DUNSTAN. 12.11. 12.11.



189.—12.11. *Messiah's Triumph.*

1 The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends Him along his bright way;
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
The nations are waiting to own his blest sway.

2 Ride on in thy majesty, conquering Saviour,
Till earth's teeming millions submit to thy reign;
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow, blest Lamb, in thy glorious train.

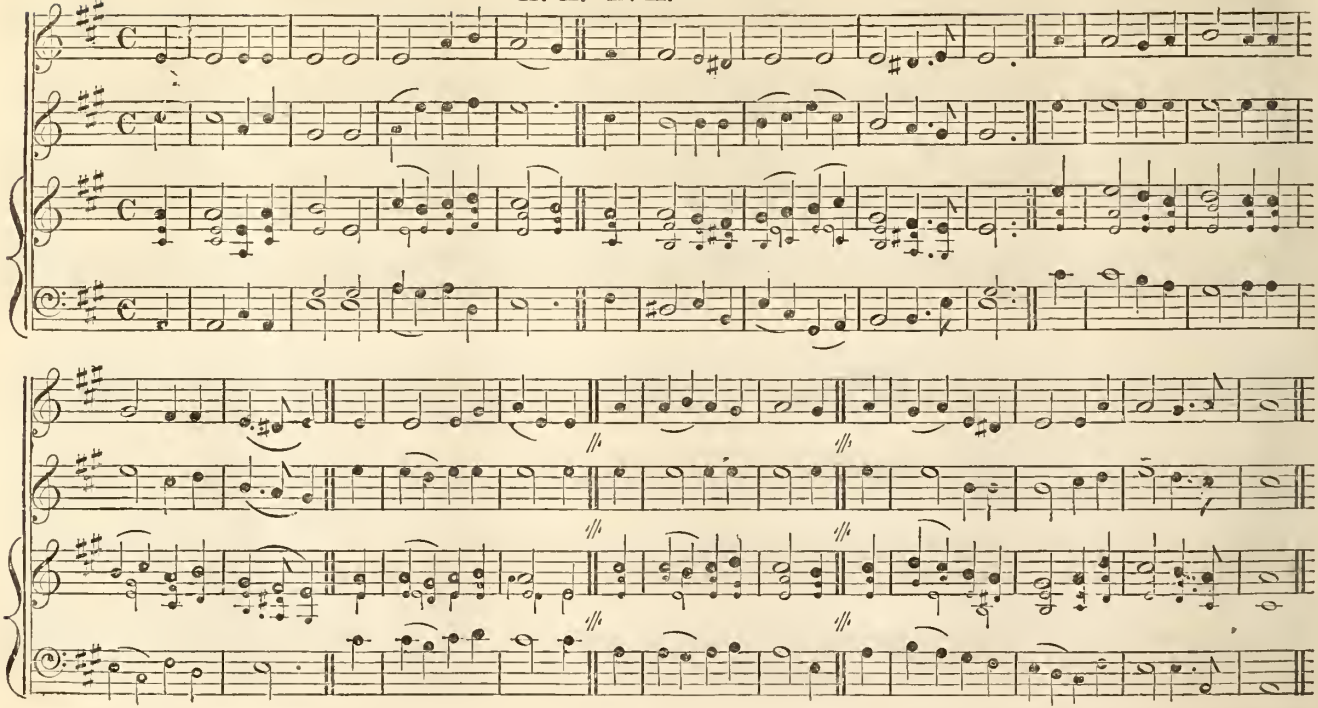
3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving in jubilant lays;
All heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
And seraphim hosts join earth's chorus of praise.

190.—12.11. *All things are Yours.*

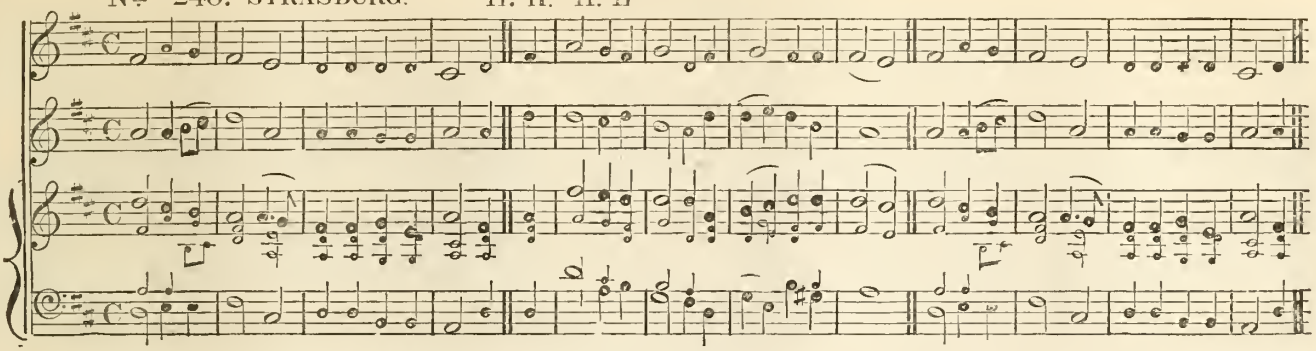
1 Yes, all things are our's,—how abundant the treasure.
All riches which heaven or earth can afford,
May our love, like his grace, without end or measure,
Abound to the glory and praise of our Lord!

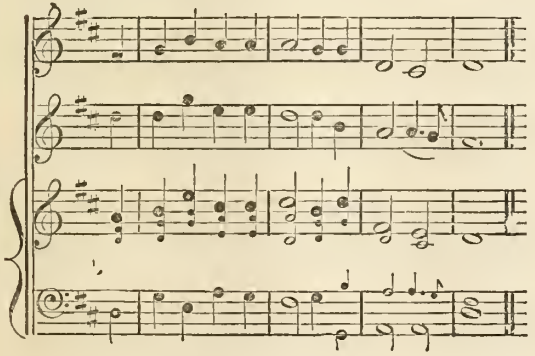
2 Yes, all things are ours; he it sickness or sorrow,
'Tis ordered in wisdom, and infinite love;
Tho' grief may endure for a night, yet the morow
Of glory will see us rejoicing above.

Nº 245. PORTUGUESE. II. II. II. II.



Nº 246. STRASBURG. 11. 11. 11. 11





185.—11's. *Incarnation of Christ.*

1 Come all ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph
To Bethlehem hasten, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
O, come, and let us worship before his feet.

2 Shout his Almighty name, ye choir of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Now is the Word made flesh & dwells among us,
O, come, and let us worship before his feet.

3 Saviour, for such amazing condescension,
Our songs and our praises are an offering meet
Now to our God be glory in the highest—
O come, and let us worship before his feet.

186.—11.10. *Adoration and Praise.*

1 Glory to God, with joyful adoration:
Sing praises, sing praises, his power proclaim;
Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation;
And, worshipping before Him, adore his name.

2 Praise him for mercies; blessings ever flowing;
His love, which redeemed us from death, make known.
Praise Him in life, with holy rapture glowing;
Then worship Him with angels before his throne.

187.—11's. *Zion's Prosperity.*

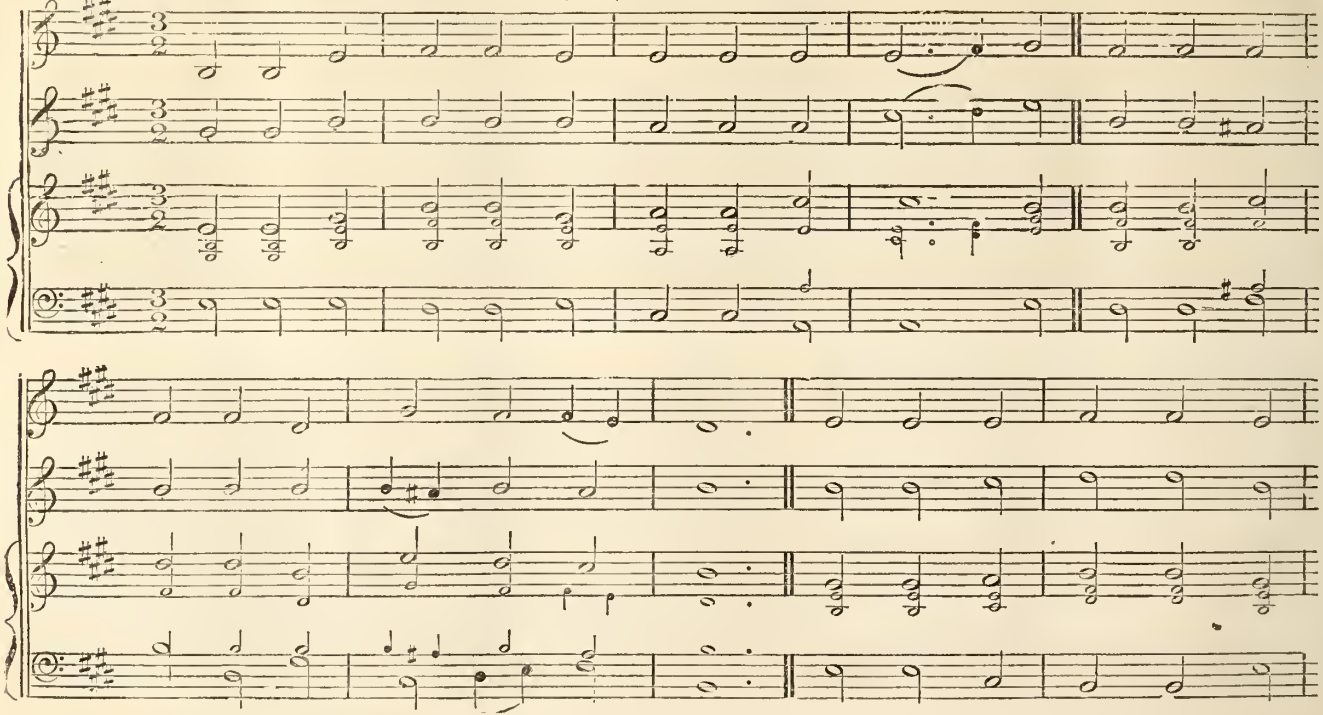
1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Which dawns on the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and morning,
Messiah in triumph begins his mild reign.

2 Lo, in the desert the rich flowers are springing,
And streams ever widening are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
The wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

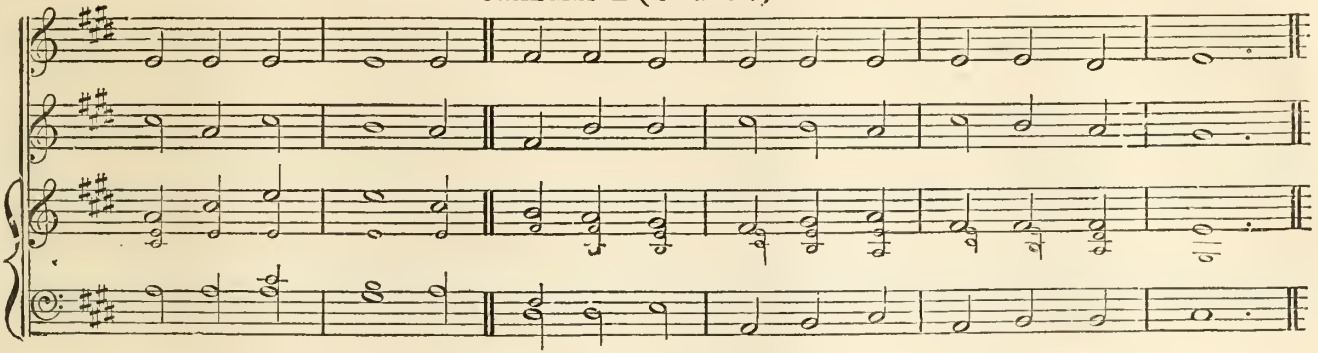
3 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
So long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Both Gentiles and Jews the glad vision behold.

4 Hark from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Loud praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Prostrate the engines of war and commotion,
While shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Nº 247. CHALGRAVE. 11. 10. 11. 10.



CHALGRAVE (Continued.)



191.—11.10. *Jehovah's favor to Zion.*

1 Great things and glorious of Thee are spoken,
Zion, O City of Jeshurun's God;
Moveless and firm—thy foundations unbroken
Mark thee Jehovah's beloved abode.

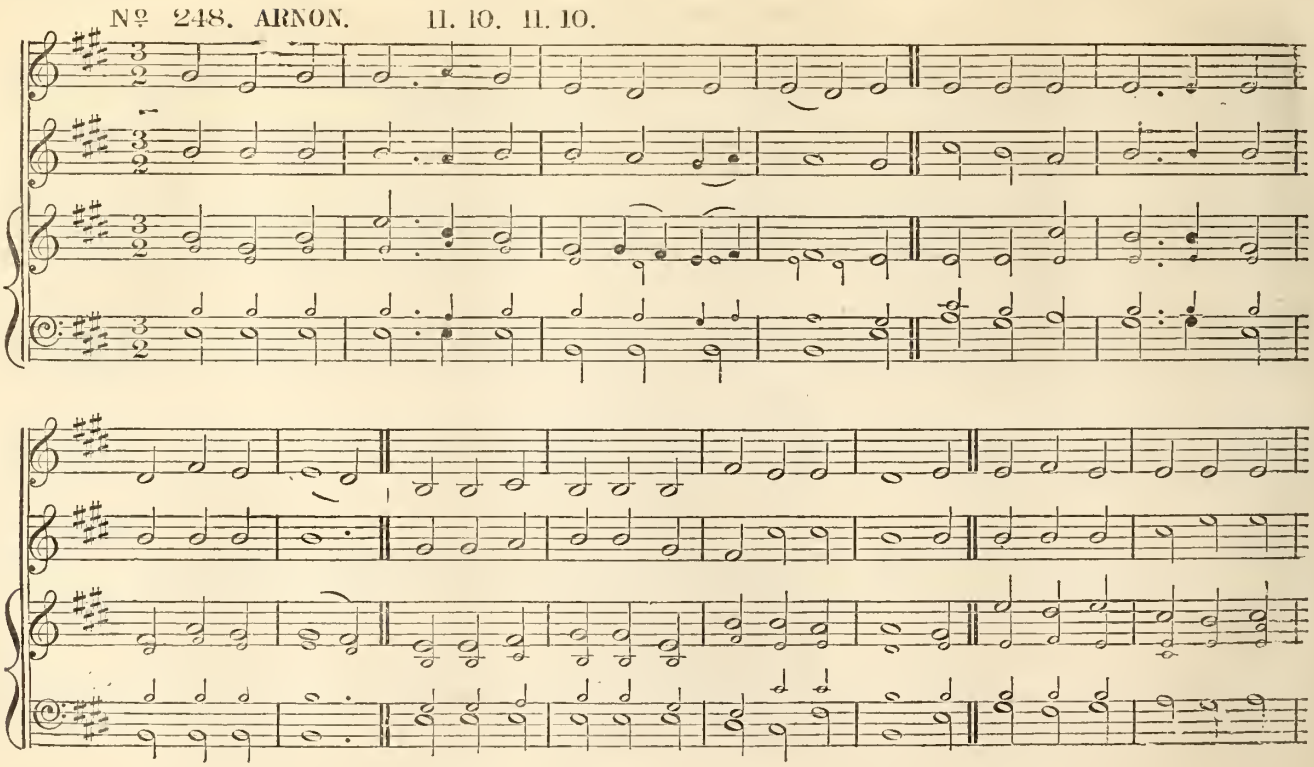
2 Thee for his chosen rest and habitation,
More than all Jacob's tents deigns to approve;
Evermore guarding thy walls with salvation,
He doth thy gates and thy palaces love.

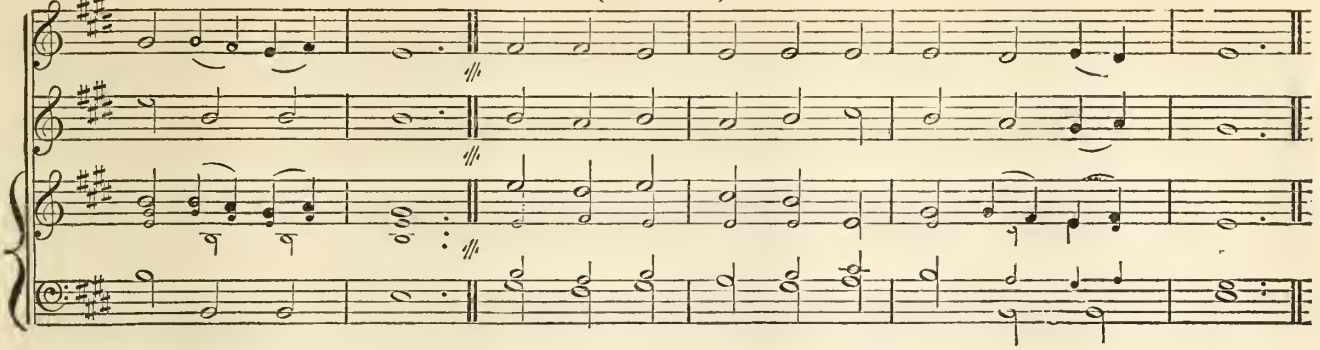
3 Worship and honor, thanksgiving & blessing,
Now shall Messiah's blest temples adorn;
Hark, while ten thousand tongues gladly confessing
In thee the heirs of salvation are born.

4 Thus shall Philistia, gratefully joining
With Ethiopia, praise Zion's King;
Rahab and Babylon their songs combining,
Earth's tribes rejoicing, glad offerings bring.

5 In thee are well springs of life-giving waters,
To them, O Zion, lift up thy glad eyes;
Countless the ranks of thy sons & thy daughters
Rising in triumph to bliss in the skies.

Nº 248. ARNON. 11. 10. 11. 10.



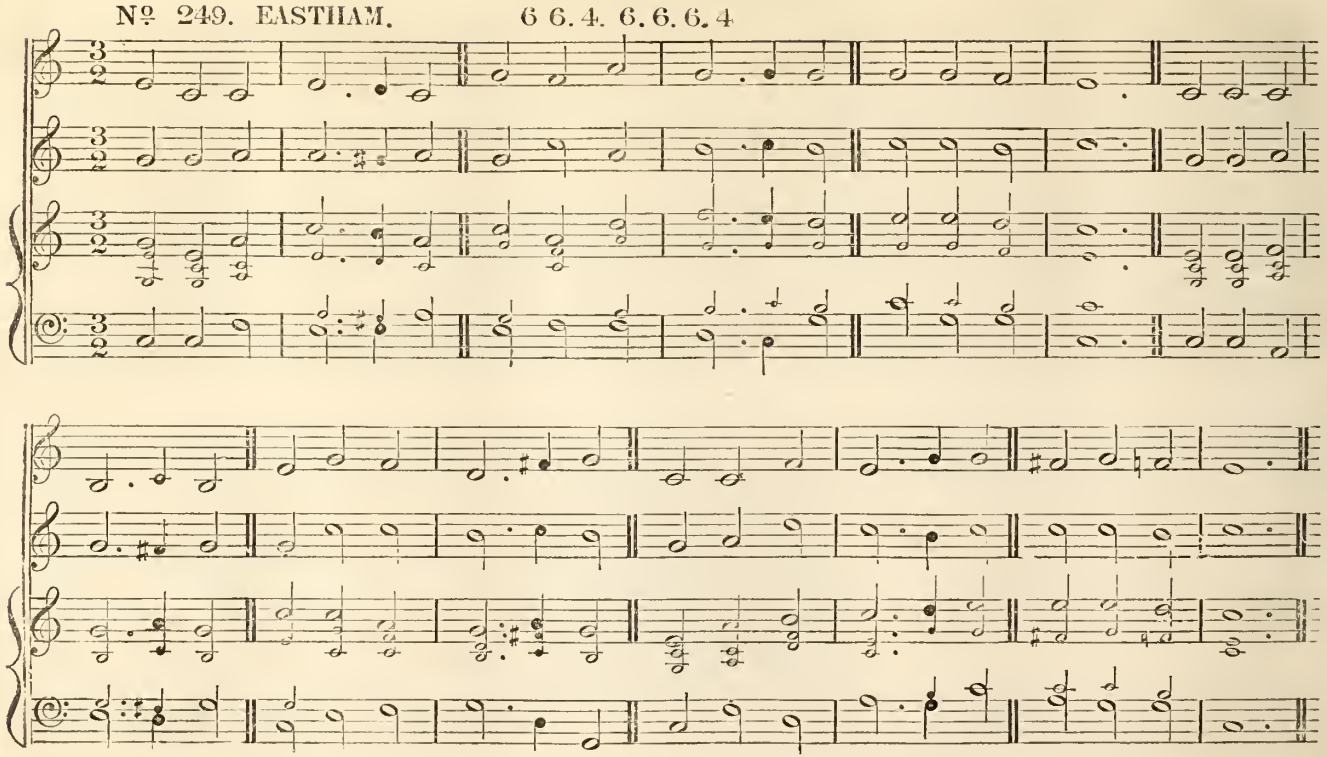


192.—11.10. *Comfort for Mourners.*

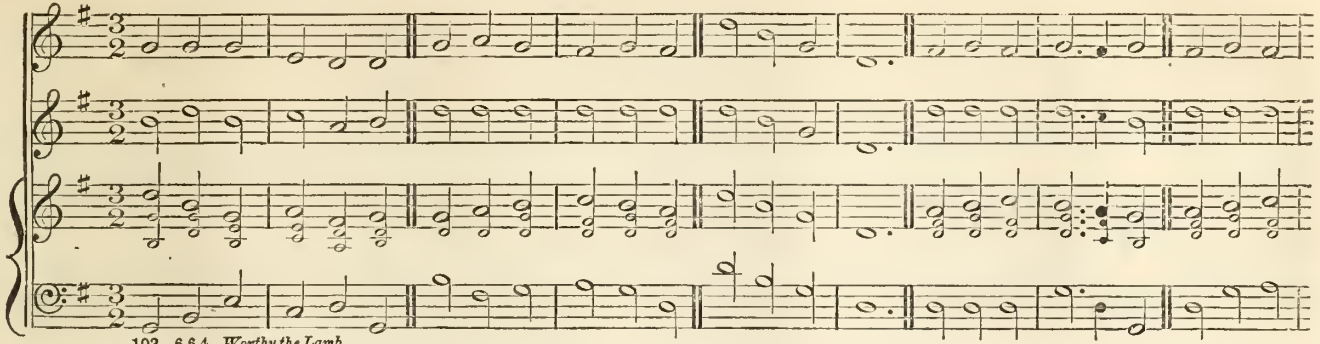
1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.


Nº 249. EASTHAM. 6 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Nº 250. TRINITY. 6.6.4. 6.6.6. 4.

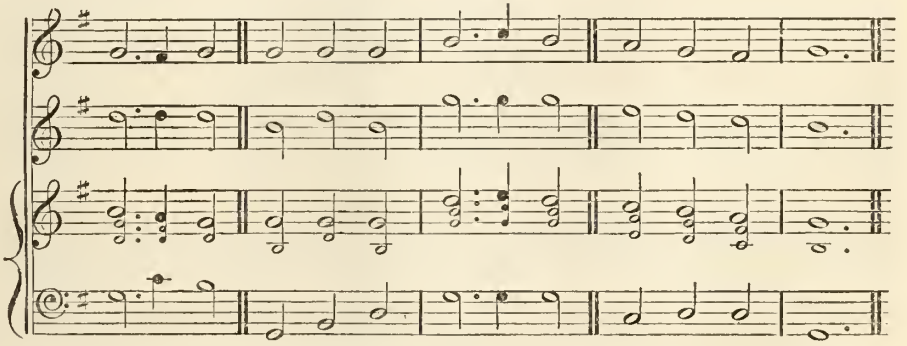


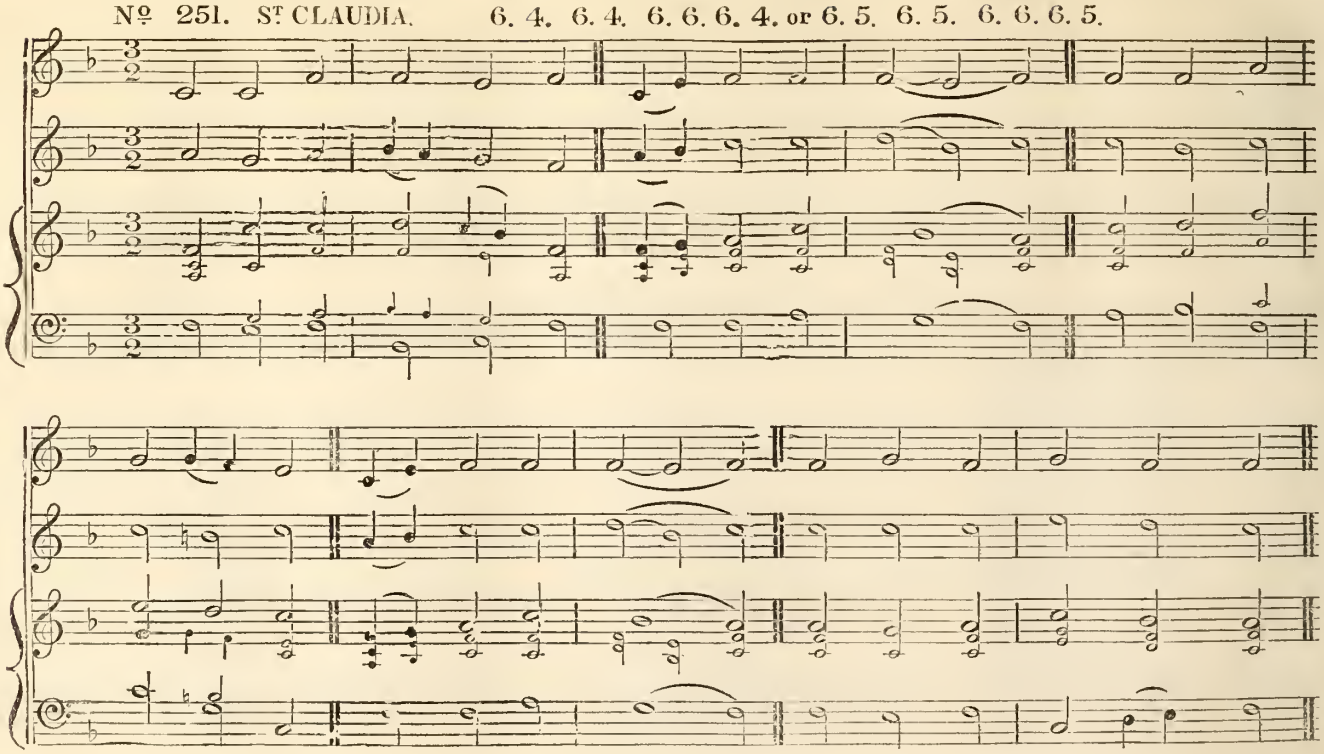
193.--6.6.4. *Worthy the Lamb.*

1 Come, all ye saints of God!
Publish thro' earth abroad,
Jesus's fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

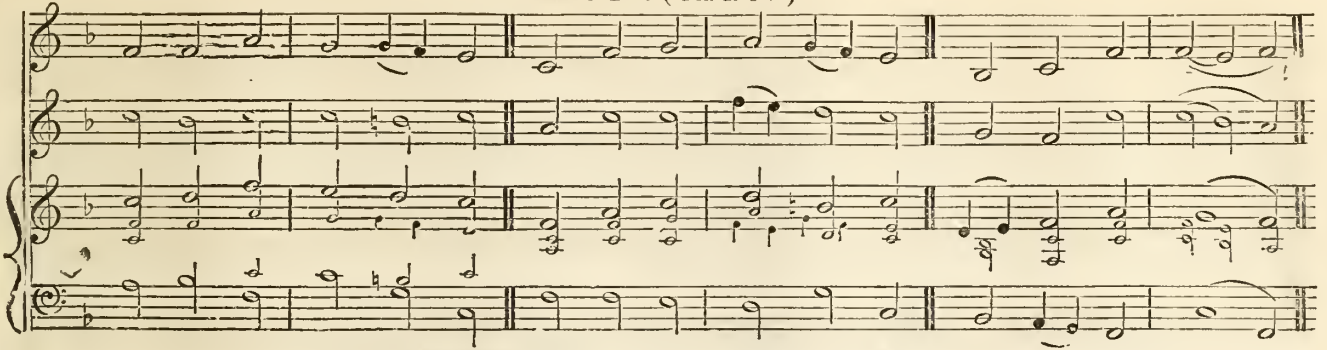
2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears,
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme!
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark, how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light & glory crown'd;
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"




Nº 251. St CLAUDIA. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. or 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 6. 6. 5.

ST. CLAUDIA (Continued)



194.—6.4. *The Gospel Herald.*

1 Heralds of Christ the Lord,
Who, in his name,
Publish his gracious Word,
Sound forth his fame.
Strong in Jehovah's might,
Fill'd with celestial light,
Mid error's darkest night,
His truth proclaim.

2 Heirs of a blest abode,
With Christ to reign,
Point to the Lamb of God,
Wounded and slain;
Tell of a Saviour's love,
Tell of a heaven above:
Time's fleeting hours improve,
Ere life shall wane.

3 Heralds of life and peace,
Yield not to fear;
Let not your labours cease,
Faint not in pray'r;
Still at the throne of grace,
Plead for the dying race,
And may heav'n's smiling face,
Visit you there.

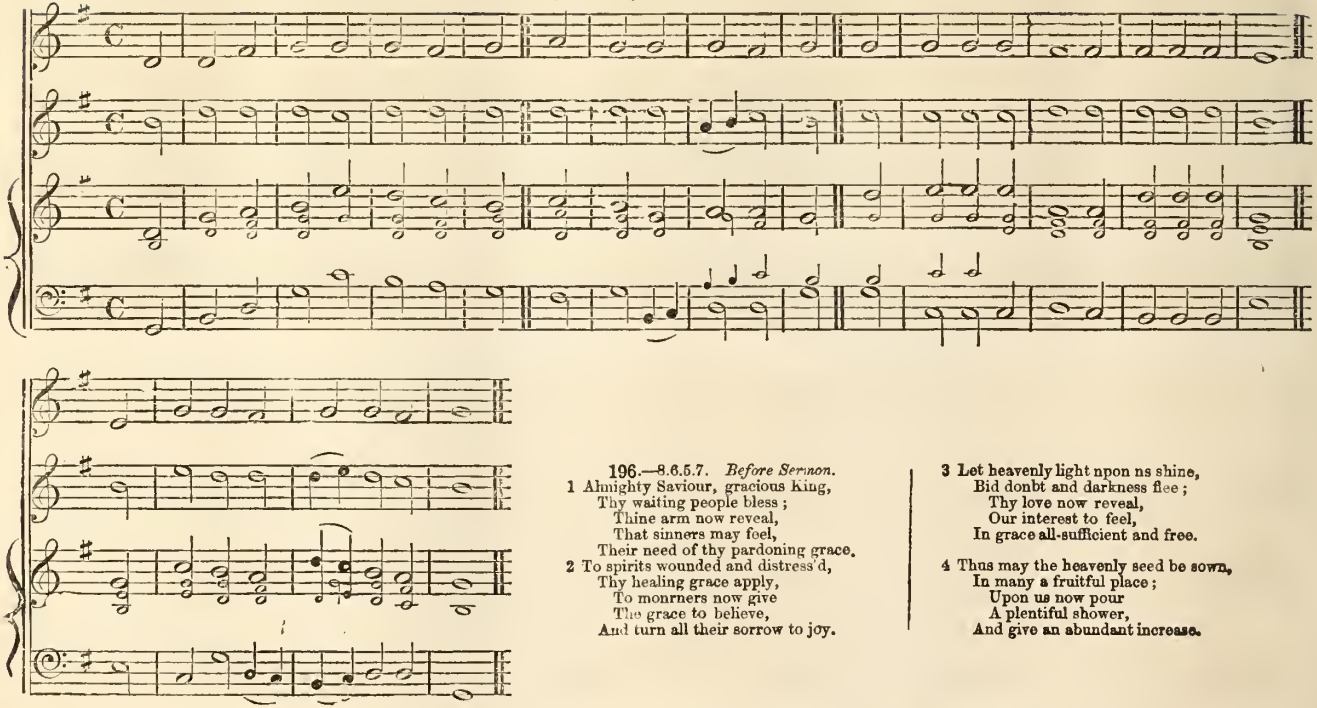
195.—6.5. *A Parting Hymn.*

1 Farewell, my friends beloved,
Time passes fleetly;
When moments are improved,
Time passes sweetly:
In Jesus we are one;
When our few years are gone,
Before the shining throne,
We'll meet in glory.

2 The woes of life we feel,
And its temptations;
But let us wisely fill
Our proper stations:
Soldiers of Christ, hold fast;
The war will soon be past;
When vict'ry comes at last,
We'll meet in glory.

3 And O what joys shall crown
That happy meeting!
We'll bow before the throne,
Each other greeting:
Refresh'd, again we start:
Though for a while we part,
Yet always join'd in heart,
We'll meet in glory.

Nº 252. WESTPHALIA. 8. 6. 5. 5. 8.



196.—8.6.5.7. *Before Sermon.*

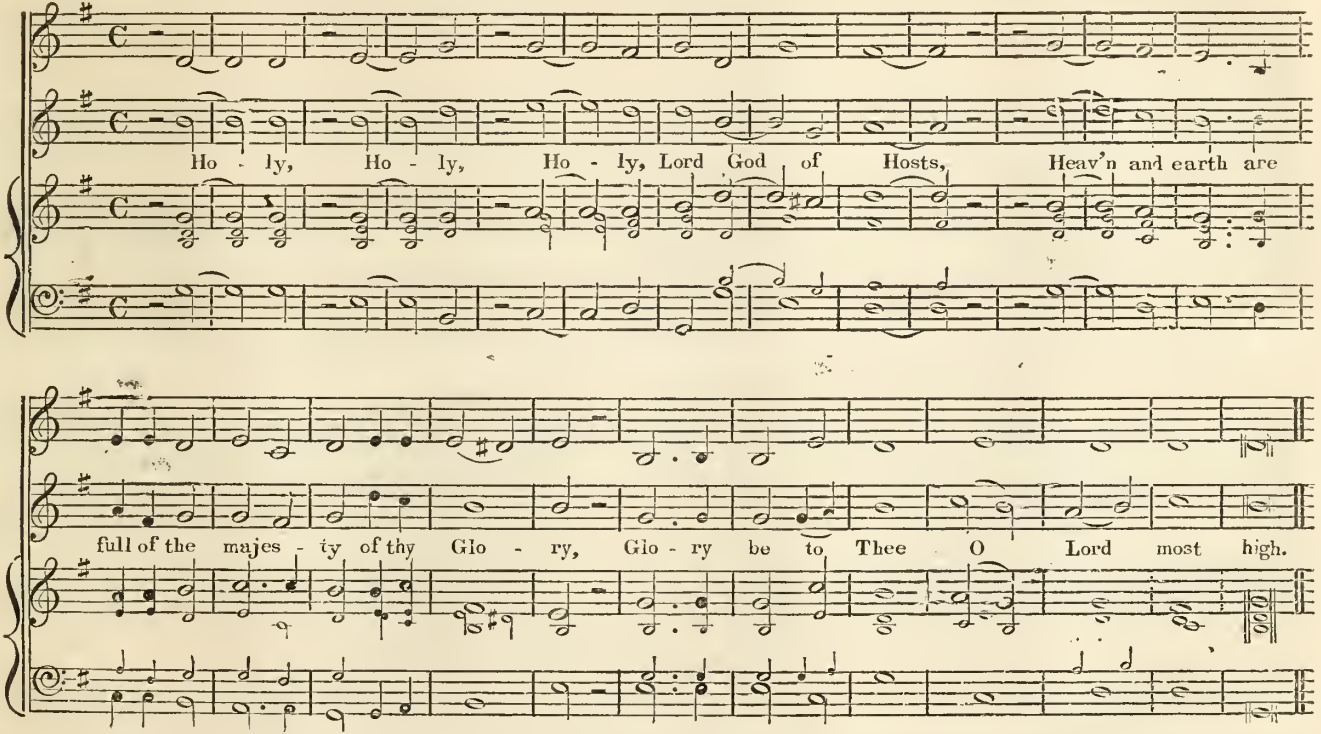
1 Almighty Saviour, gracious King,
Thy waiting people bless;
Thine arm now reveal,
That sinners may feel,
Their need of thy pardoning grace.

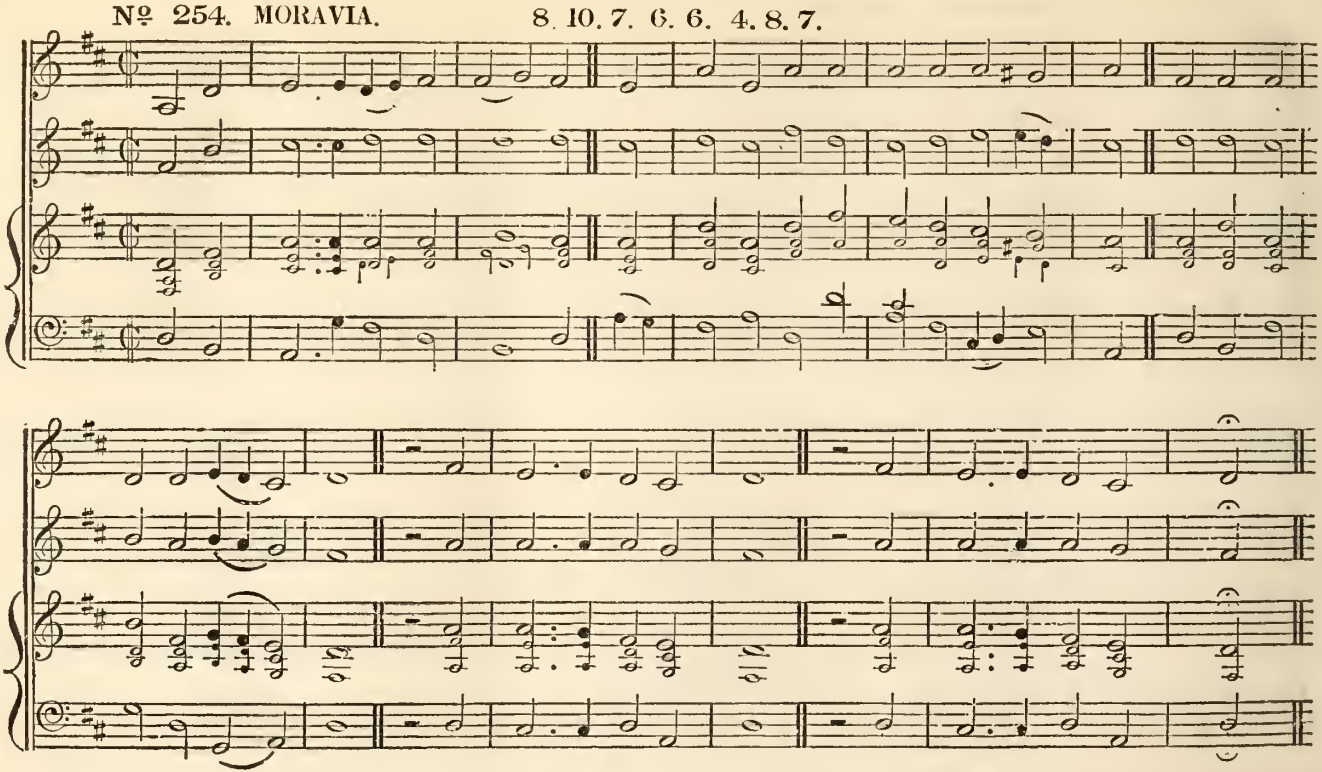
2 To spirits wounded and distress'd,
Thy healing grace apply,
To mourners now give
The grace to believe,
And turn all their sorrow to joy.

3 Let heavenly light upon us shine,
Bid doubt and darkness flee;
Thy love now reveal,
Our interest to feel,
In grace all-sufficient and free.

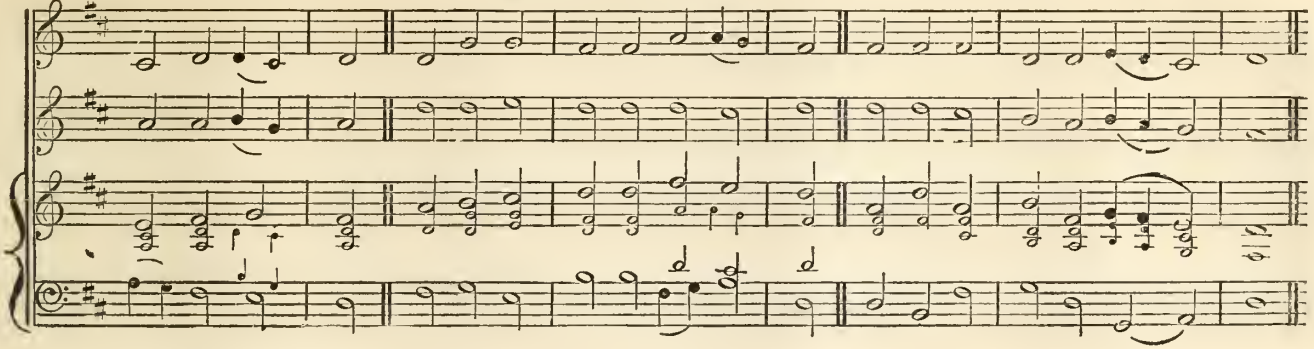
4 Thus may the heavenly seed be sown,
In many a fruitful place;
Upon us now pour
A plentiful shower,
And give an abundant increase.

Nº 253. GIBBONS' SANCTUS




Nº 254. MORAVIA.
8. 10. 7. 6. 6. 4. 8. 7.

MORAVIA (Continued.)



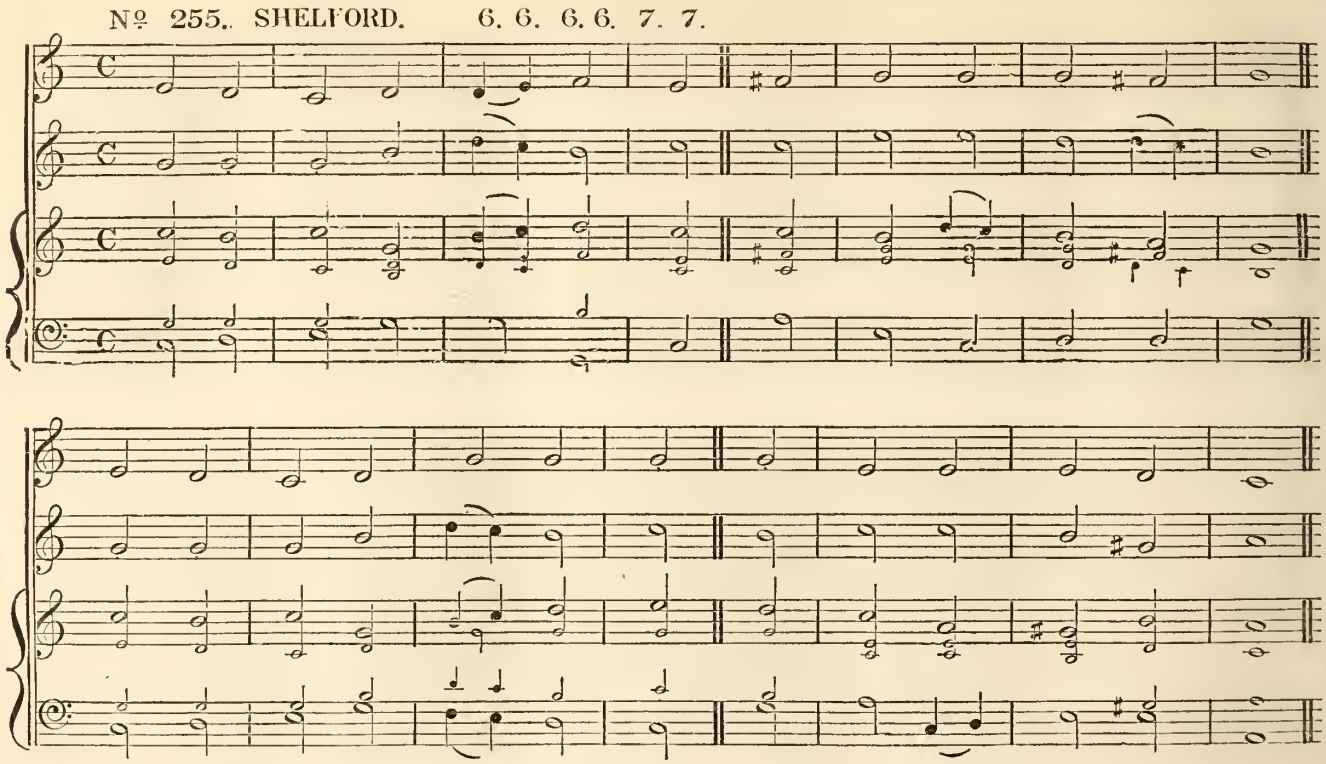
97.—P.M. *The Midnight Cry.*

1 "Sleep no more, the hour approacheth,
Awake, arise, the Bridegroom is at hand;
Then go ye forth to meet Him;
Haste, trim the vestal light,
And feed with oil the flame;
Hosannas sing:
With loud acclaim let all unite
In songs of joy to greet Him."

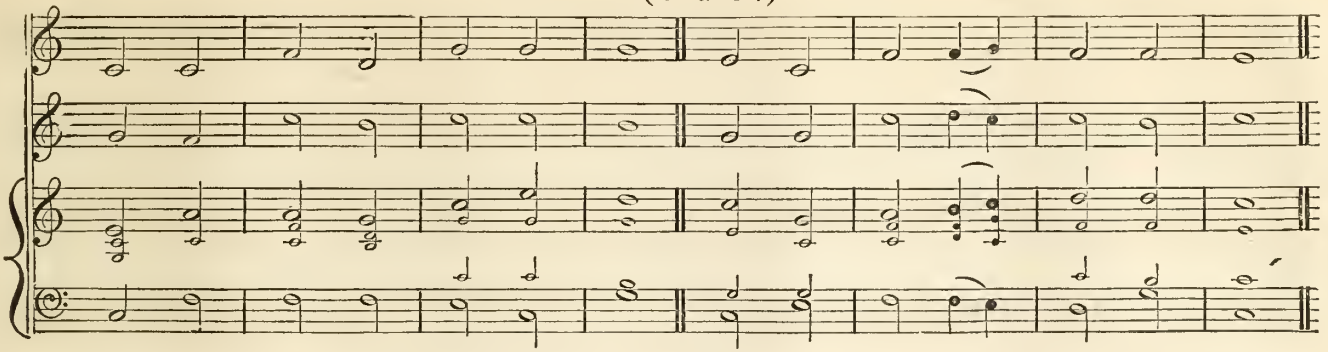
2 Thus it was from slumber waking,
The wise among that virgin band, assayed
To greet their Lord's returning,
And with the bridal train,
Went in to share the joy;
While dire their guilt
And shame, who now sought oil to buy,
Which erst should have been burning.

3 Sleep not! watch ye! heed the warning,
For thus the Son of Man returns to reign;
His robes of glory wearing;
All ye who bear his name,
Thus ready waiting stand:
For soon your Lord
Shall come, his chosen bride to claim;
Prepare for his appearing.

4 Lo, as Judge of all, He cometh!
Him every eye shall see—who pierc'd Him too
And in the judgment meet Him.
They who once scorned his grace,
Aghast in wild dismay
On rocks now call
To hide them from his glory-face,
While saints rejoicing greet Him.


Nº 255. SHELFORD. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. 7.

SHELFORD (Continued.)



198.—6 6.7 7. *Christian Zeal.*

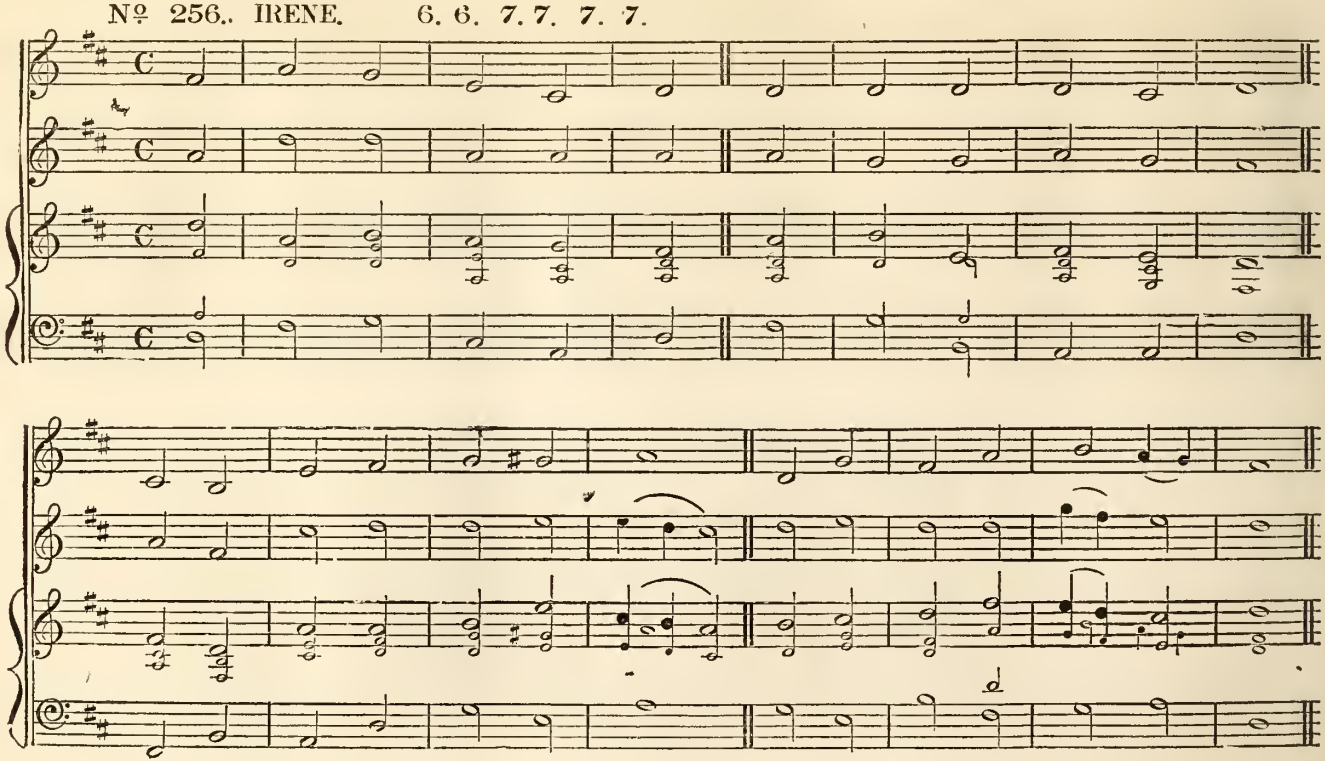
1 Not in slothfulness or ease,
May Christians live below;
Only seeking self to please;
Their Master did not so;
Jesus bore reproach and shame,
For the Father's Holy name.

2 Through the chilly midnight air,
The lonely watch He kept;
On the mountain-top in prayer,
He tears of anguish wept;
Then from place to place he went,
On his Father's work intent.

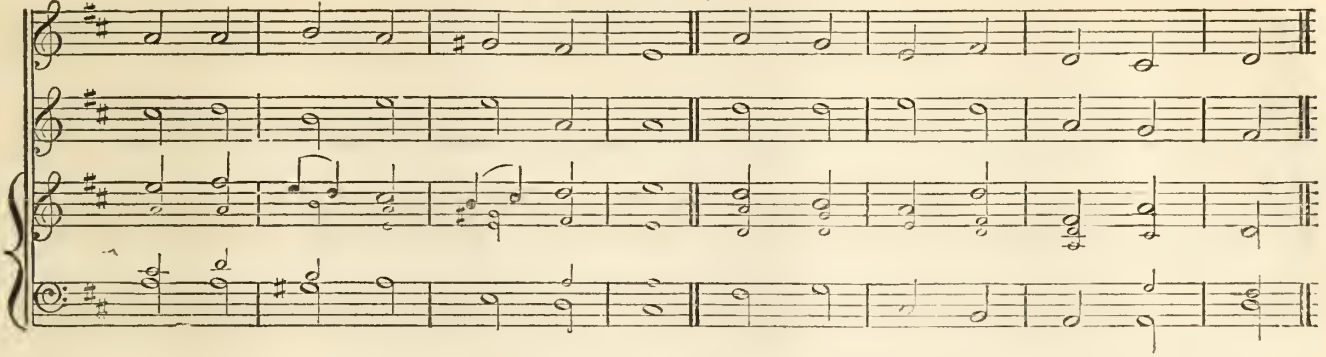
3 Jesus did for sin atone,
Fully our ransom pay;
And his precious blood alone,
Cleanseth all sin away.
Yet He suffered, not that we
Might from suffering *here* be free.

4 We, while sojourning in flesh,
From serving may not cease;
Else we crucify afresh,—
The Prince of life and peace,—
Him whose blood hath brought us nigh,
With Him both to live and die,

5 'Neath his banner called to fight,
Firm, faithful we would be;
More than conquerors through his might,
And crowned with victory;
For the joy endure the cross,
Counting all besides but loss.


Nº 256.. IRENE. 6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

IRENE (Continued.)



199.—o 6.7 7.7 7. *The Christian Warrior.*

1 Jesus our glorious Head,
Thy banner o'er us spread;
Make us valliant in the fight,
May each arm with faith be nerved;
Strengthened by Thee with all might,
And in peril be preserved.

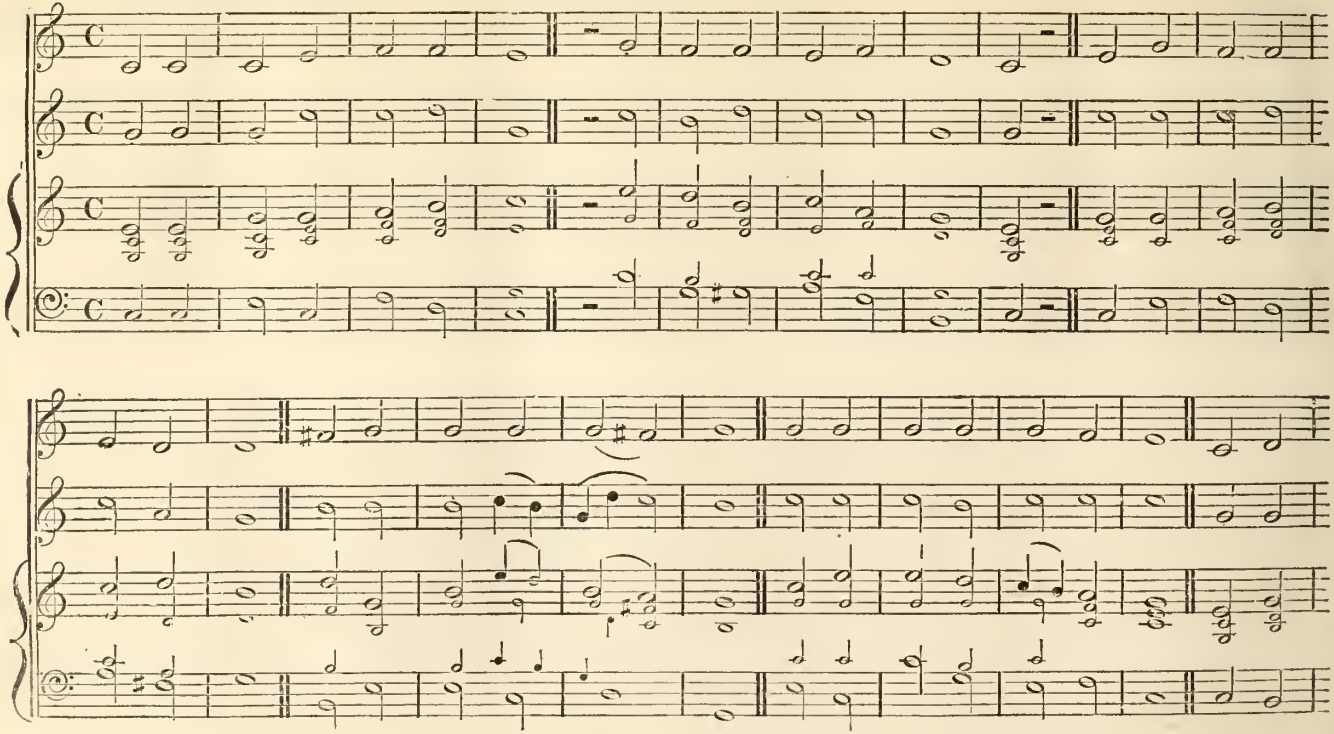
2 O Thou, Salvation's Lord,
With thy Spirit's sword
March we forth to face the foe,
Conflict with the world and sin;
Unto conquering may we go,
Teach us how the fight to win.

3 Firm in the trial hour,
Against the Tempter's power;
When his hosts our ranks assail,
Teach us, Lord, to trust thy love;
Strong in faith, true hearts prevail,
And more than conquerors prove.

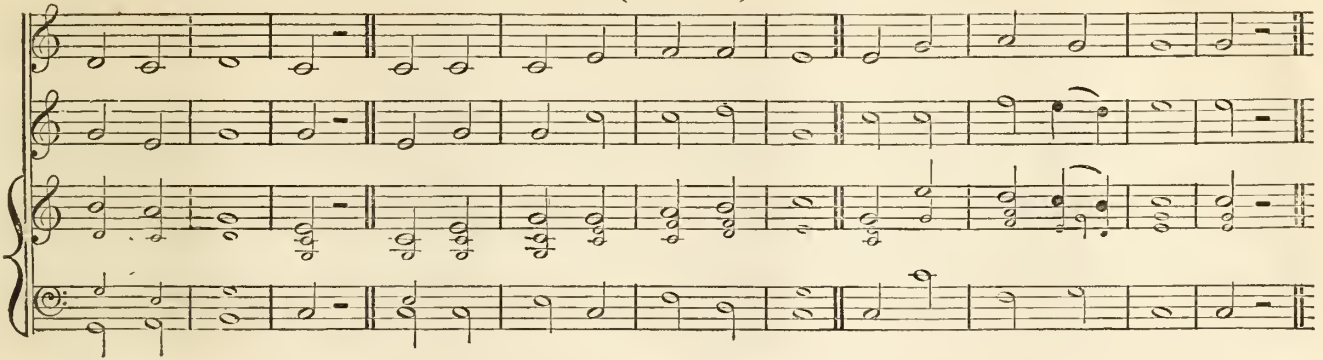
4 As soldiers of the Cross,
Despising shame and loss:
Tho' in keenest conflict tried,
Of Eternal life assured!
Through the Lamb who for us died,
Who the shameful Cross endured.

5 Through Thee who art our strength,
We shall o'ercome at length.
Though we are all weak and frail,
This shall stir thy strength within;
Soon we shall o'er all prevail,
And a glorious victory win.

Nº 257. ASTORIA. 7. 6. 7. 6 7. 6. 7. 6.



ASTORIA (Continued.)



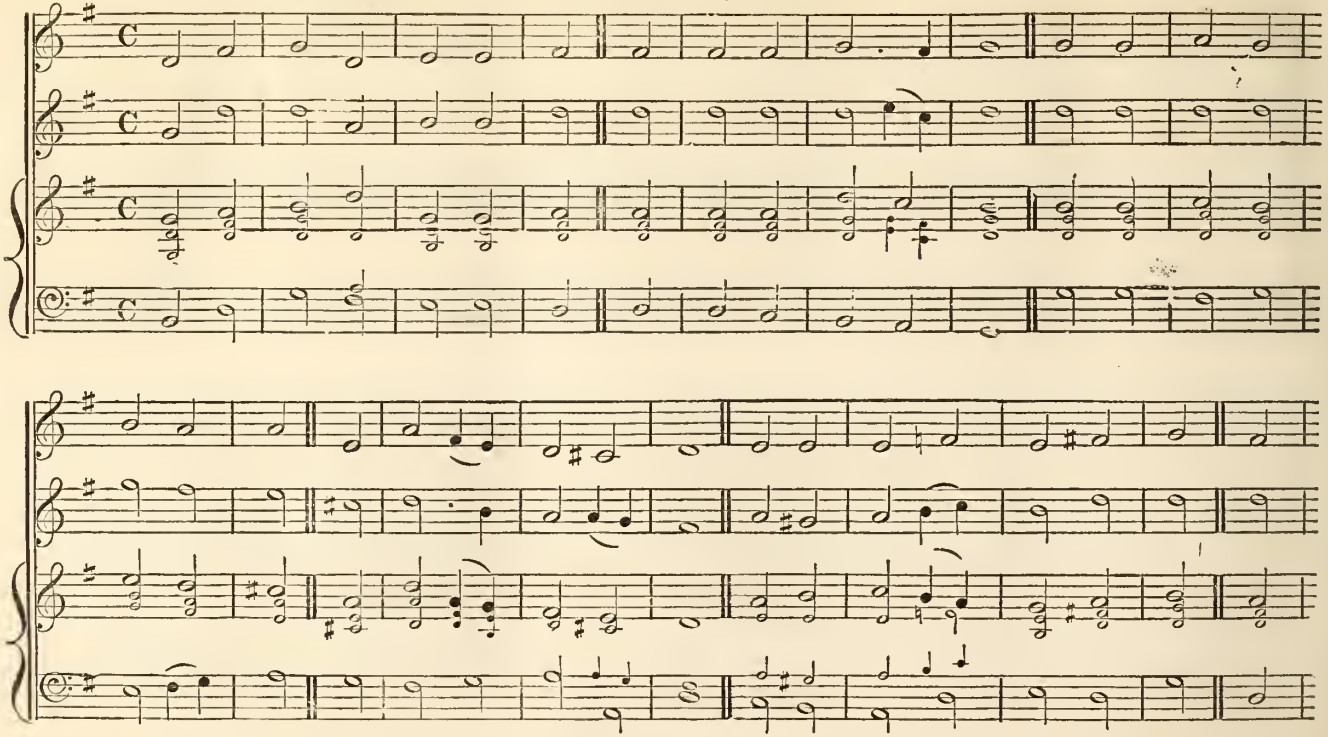
200.—7.6. *Repose in Jesus.*

1 Happy those who rest have found
In the arms of Jesus;
Press'd no longer, prison'd, bound,
His glad Spirit frees us:
What was toil and strife within,
Now 'tis easy, pleasant;
Grief of guilt, and love of sin,
Die where Christ is present.

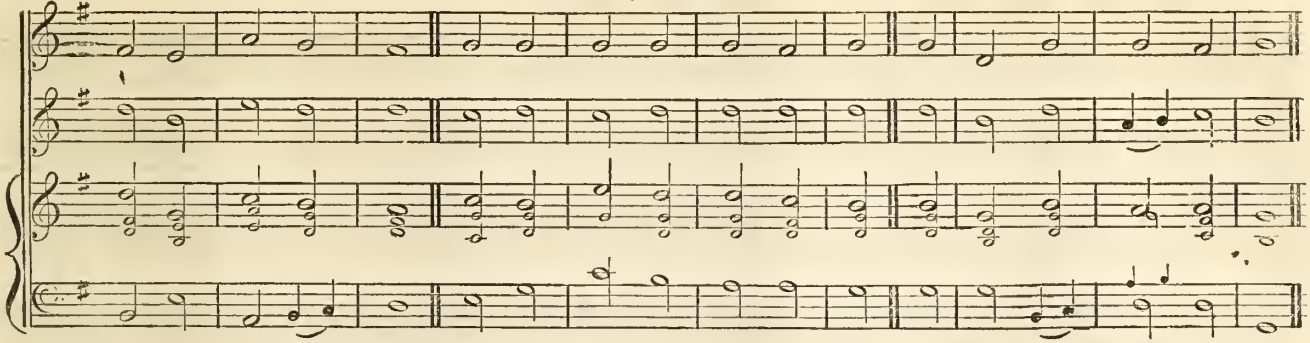
2 Now, by efforts all in vain,
Heavenly peace and favour
Never more we dream to gain,
Making self a saviour:
No, the plan is quite reversed;
Thus the sinner sees Him,
Tastes his free salvation first,
Then goes forth to please Him.

3 Yes, if privileged to know
Aught of that dear Saviour,—
What a debt of love we owe
For so vast a favour;
Let us trace his path below,
Shunning what would grieve Him:
Till, our trials done, we go
Where we ne'er shall leave Him.

Nº 258.. HAERLEM 7. 6. .7 6. 7. 6. 7. 6



HAERLEM (Continued.)

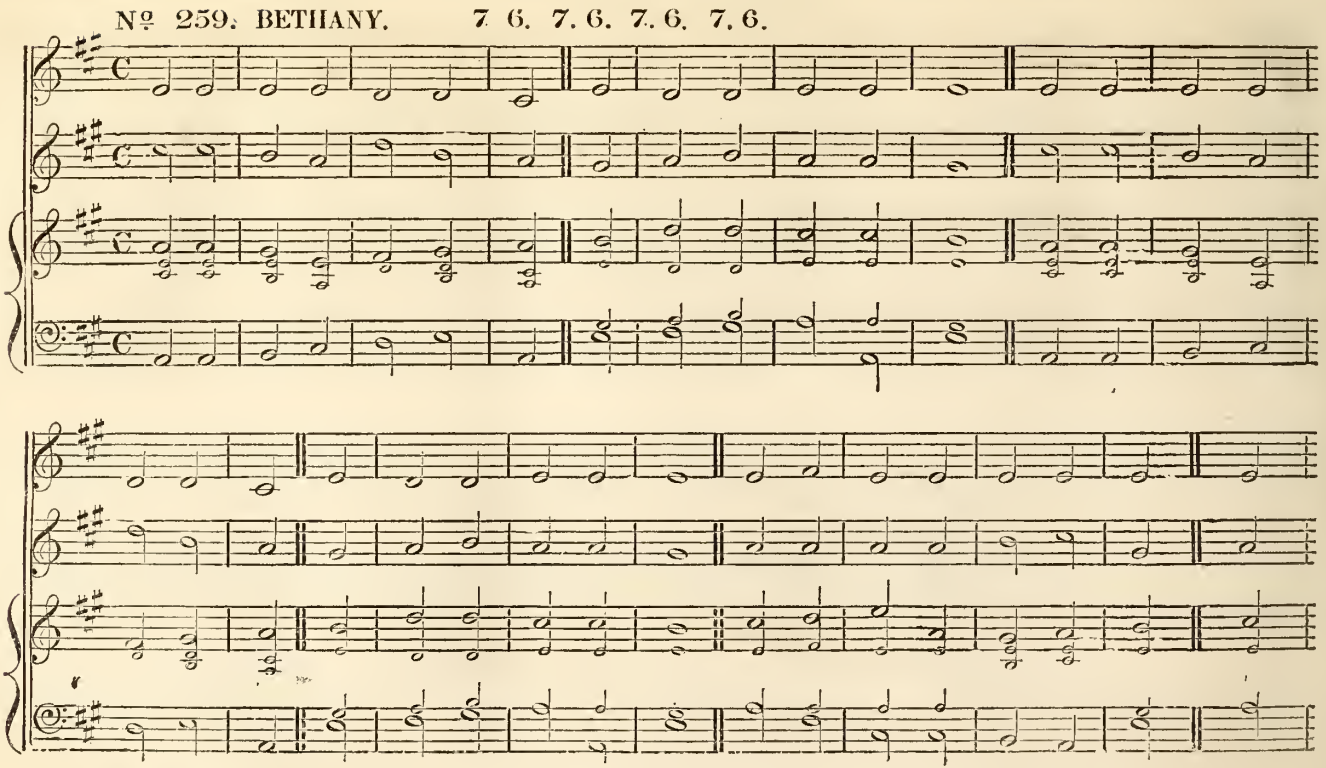


201.—7.6. *Before Sermon.*

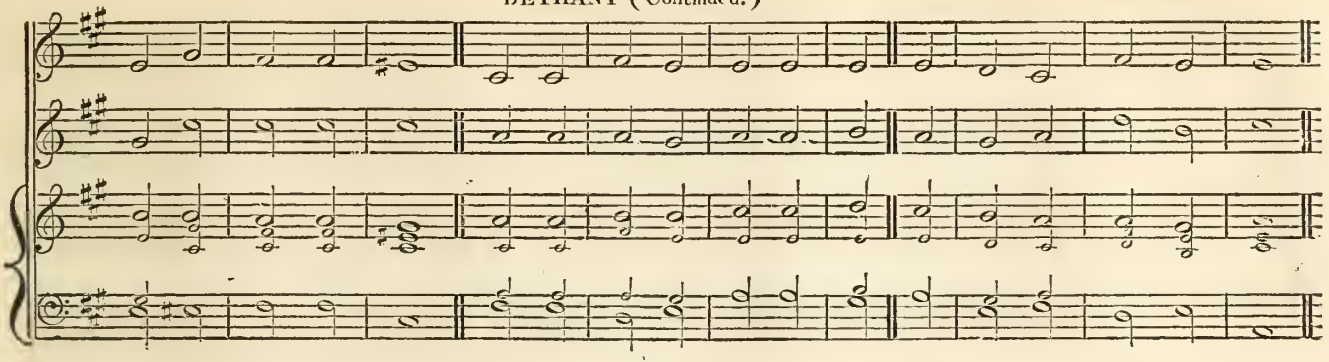
1 Saviour, from thy throne above,
Now to our hearts reveal
The wonders of thy dying love;
Let all its influence feel.
Now with all-convincing power,
Smite with thy two-edged sword,
Sinners who ne'er felt before,
Nor trembled at thy word.

2 Look on those for sin who grieve,
And heal their souls' deep smart;
Bid the dead in sins now live,
Light to the blind impart.
And Oh, thou long-suffering Lord,
Backsliding souls restore;
Speak the gracious pardoning word,
And bid them sin no more.

3 By thine agony of pain—
Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Cleanse our souls from every stain,
And take away our guilt.
Let thy merits thus applied,
Forgiveness to us seal,—
Show that we are justified,—
Work in us all thy will.


Nº 259. BETHANY. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

BETHANY (Continued.)



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The wonders of thy dying love;
Let all its influence feel.
Now with all-convincing power,
Smite with thy two-edged sword,
Sinners who ne'er felt before,
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Cleanse our souls from every stain,
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Let thy merits thus applied,
Forgiveness to us seal,—
Show that we are justified,—
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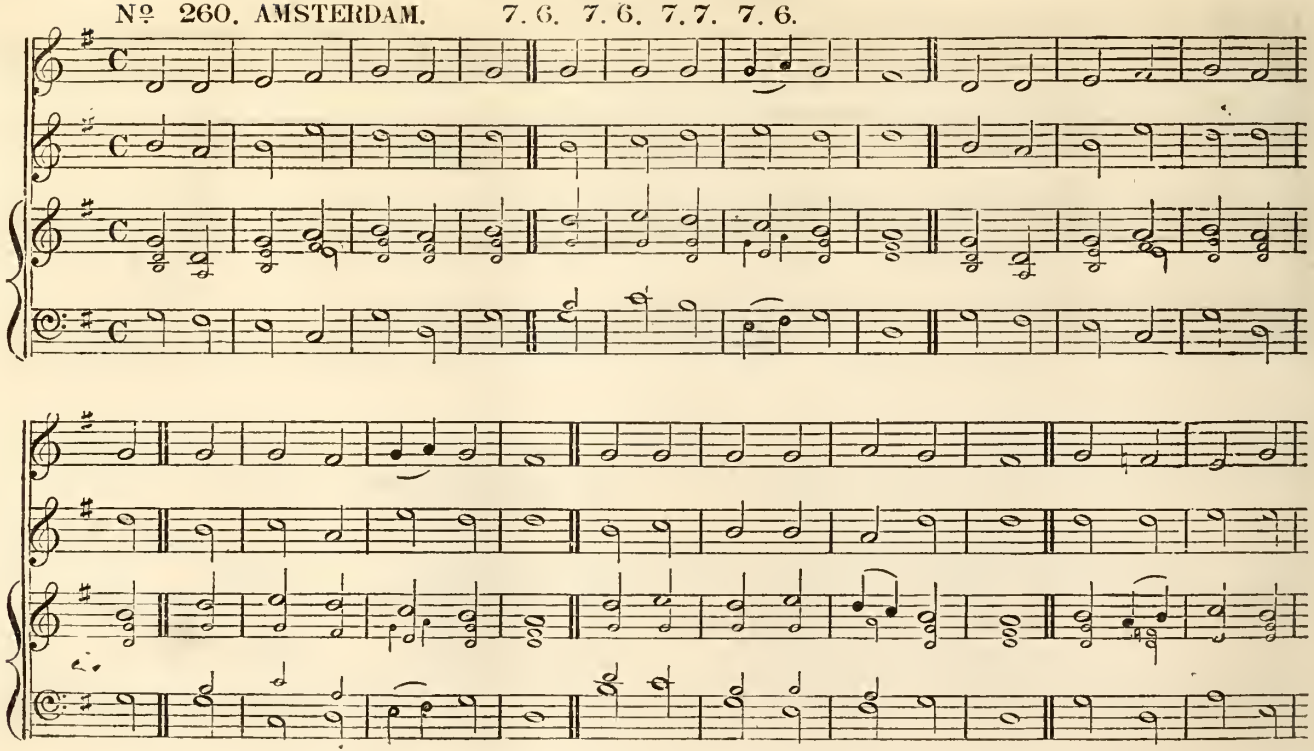
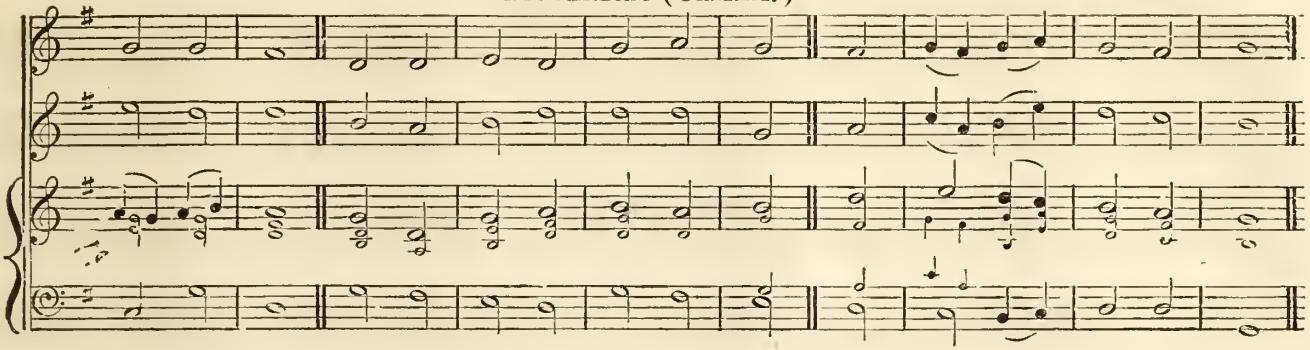

Nº 260. AMSTERDAM. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

AMSTERDAM (Continued.)

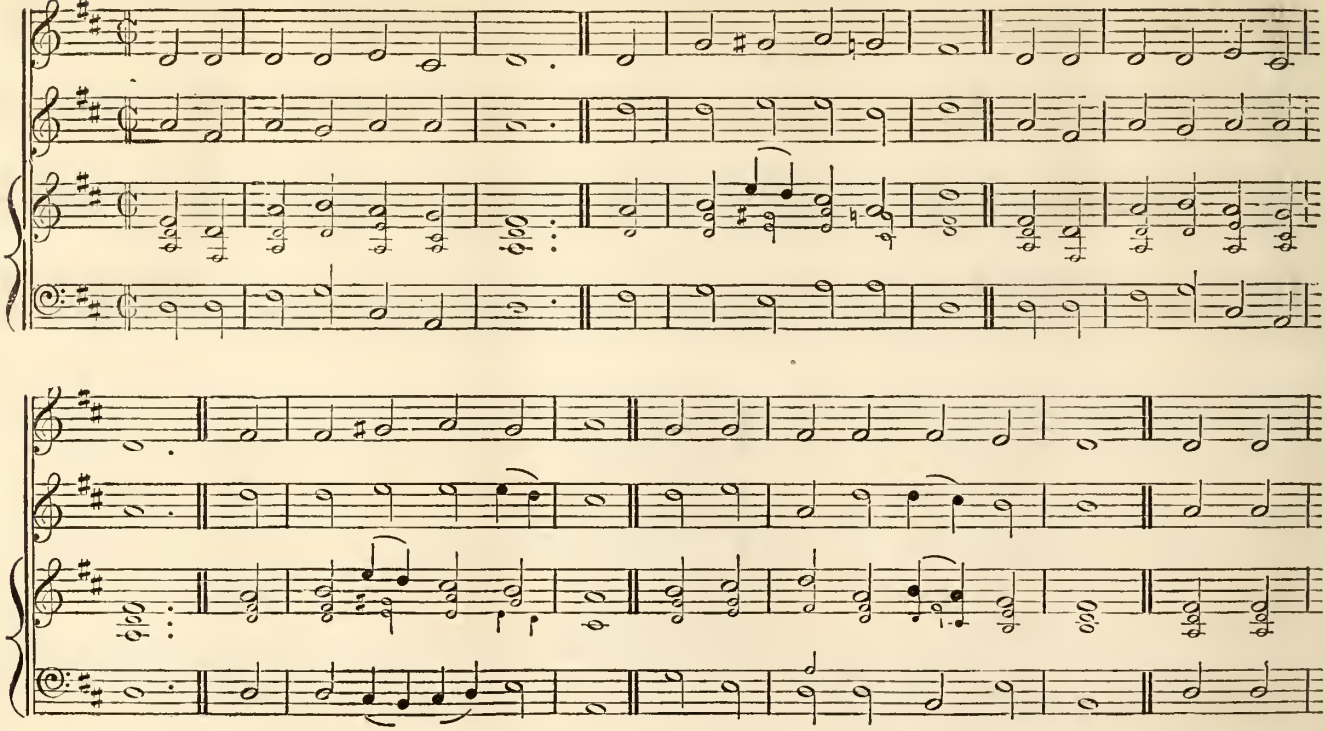


202.—7 6.7 7.7 6. *Brevity of Life.*

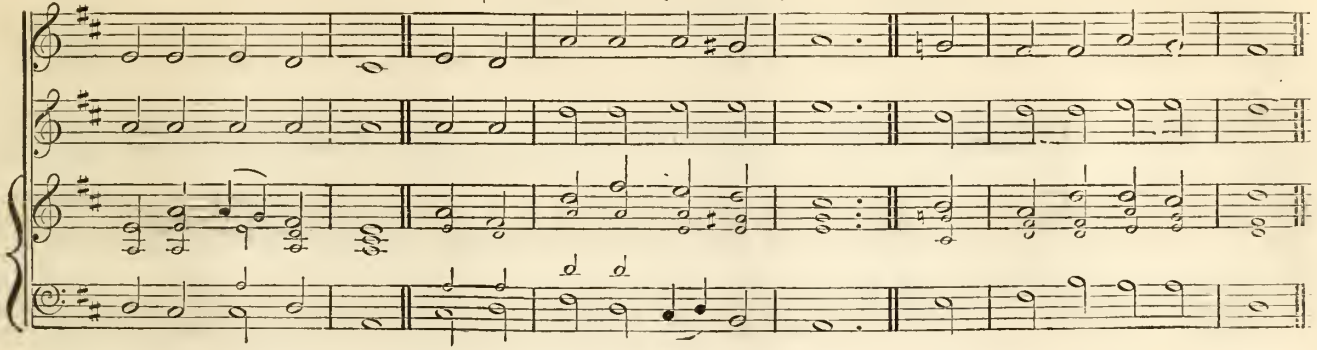
1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy,
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesu's love.

Nº 261. CONSTANCE. 7. 6. .7 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.



CONSTANCE (Continued.)



203.—7.6.7 7.7 6. *The Great Teacher.*

1 Saviour, none like Thee can teach,
Nor yet unfold thy word;
None like Thee the heart can reach,
And heavenly light afford.
Rich in wisdom, rich in love,
Upon us thy grace bestow;
Raise our thoughts to things above,
Teach us thyself to know.

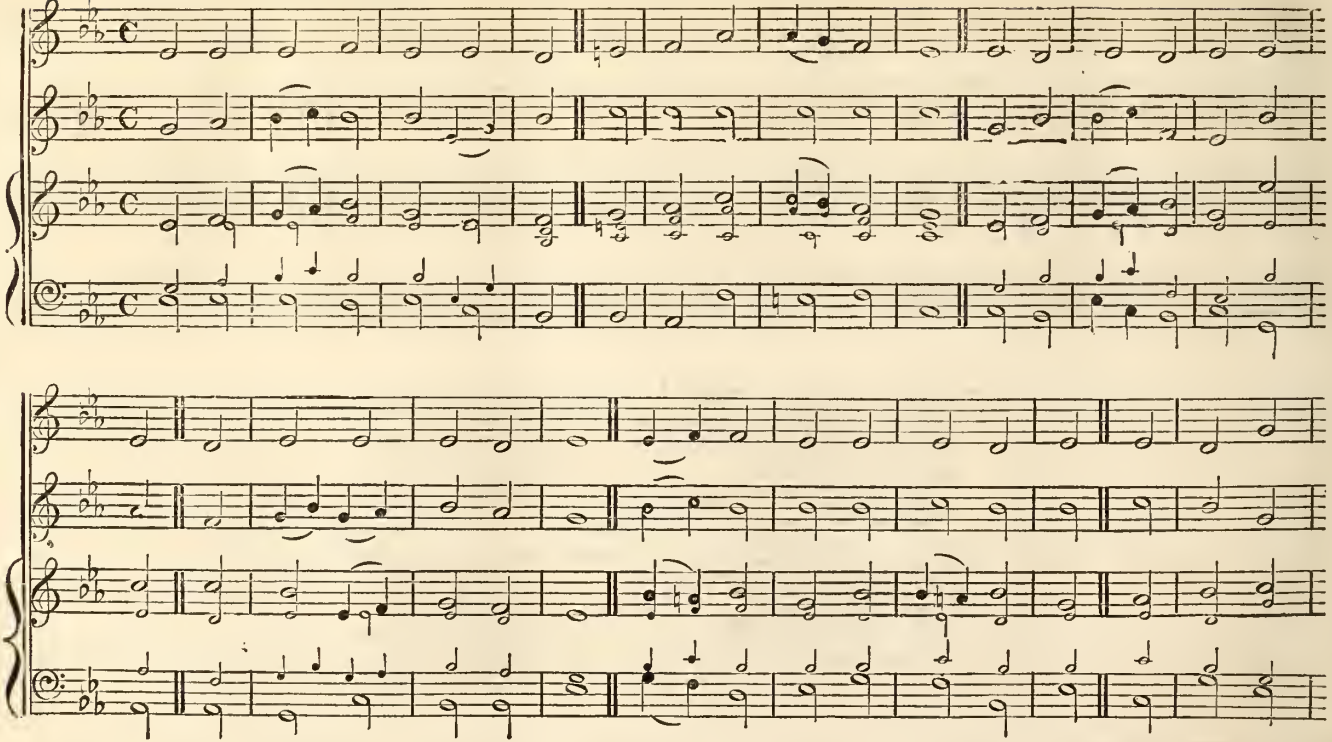
2 Speak to us from lips of love,
And give the listening ear;
Thus our waiting souls shall prove,
That Thou art present here.
Ever to thy righteous word,
(The stubborn heart to smite)
Do Thou lend thy blessing, Lord,
A blessing infinite.

3 In thy Person we descry,
Redemption's glorious Lord;
For thy work and ministry,
The joys thy word afford,—
For the gift of righteousness,
Through thy sin-atoning blood,—
Thee we honor, Thee we bless,
Thou Son and sent of God.

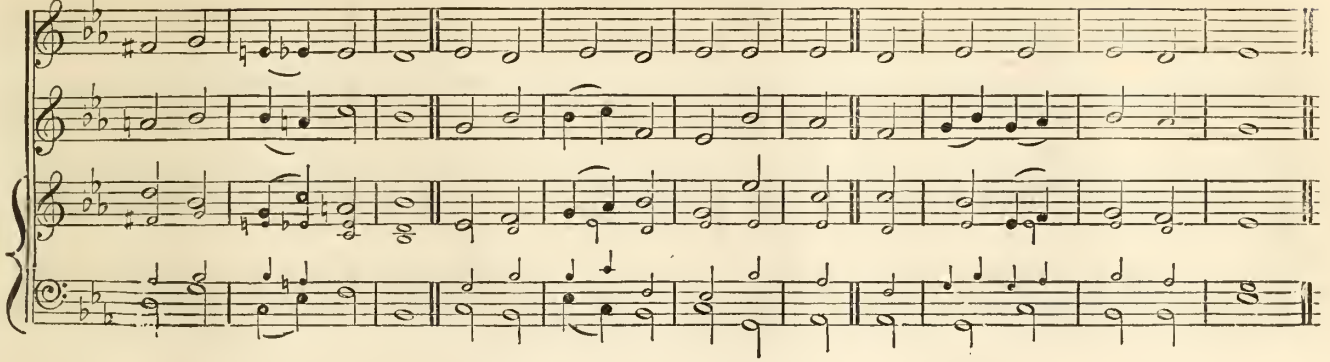
204.—7.6 7 7.7 6. *For Zeal and Love.*

1 Heavenly Dove and Light Divine,
Essence and source of Love;
Let thy light upon us shine,
To guide our souls above.
Now awake the flame of love,
In each cold and languid breast;
May we now the blessing prove,
With lively hope be blest.

№ 262. BEDFORDBURY. 7. 6. 7 6. 7. 8. 7. 6.



BEDFORDBURY (Continued.)



205.—7.7.8.7. *Christ's Supremacy.*

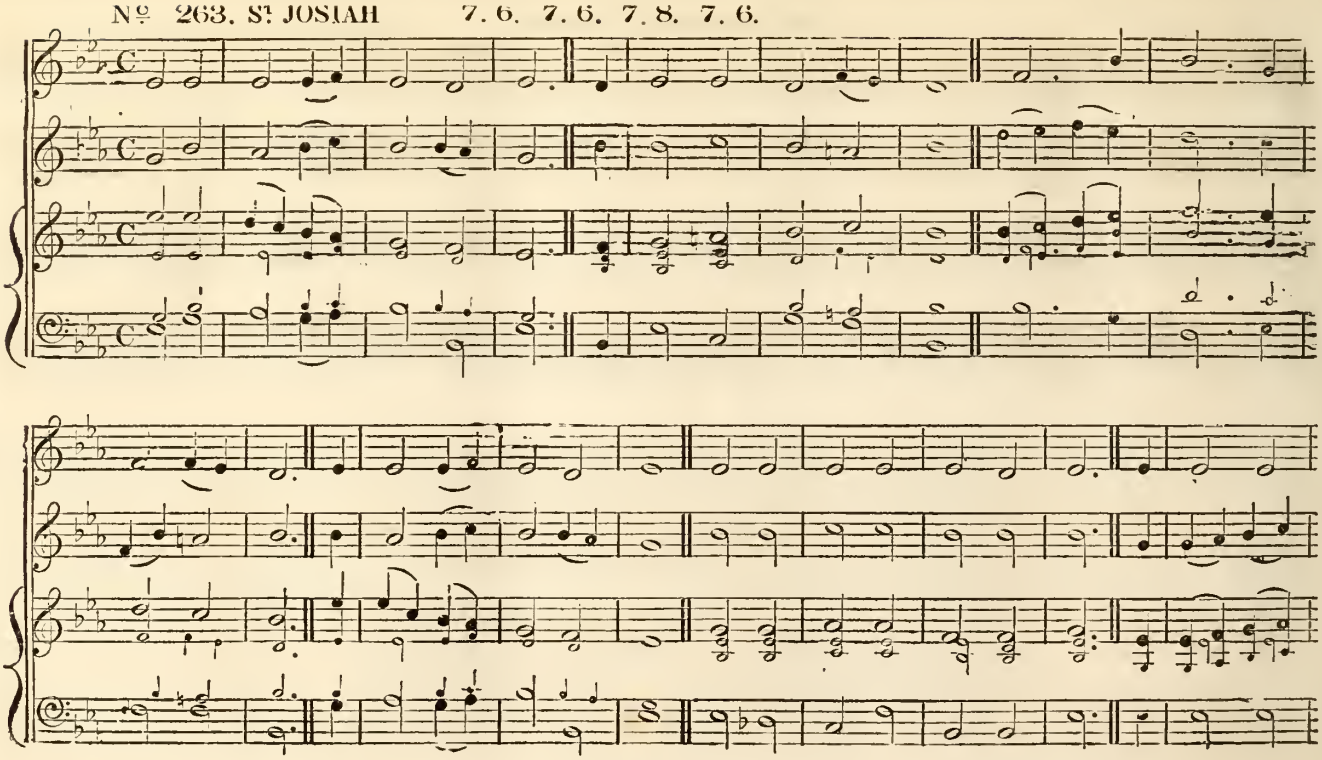
1 Lord, send forth thy mighty Word,
And let thy mandate fly,
Charg'd to arrest the onward march,
Of sin and heresy,
Which would hurl from heaven's high throne,
Thy own, thy well beloved Son;
Plead thy cause; let truth alone
Through the wide earth be known.

2 In thy glorious might arise,
And to thy people show
Thou art CHIEF in Monarchies,
That none is Lord but Thou.
Safely keep this fold of Thine,
From every fierce and subtle foe;
Let us in truth's armour shine,
And none but Jesus know.

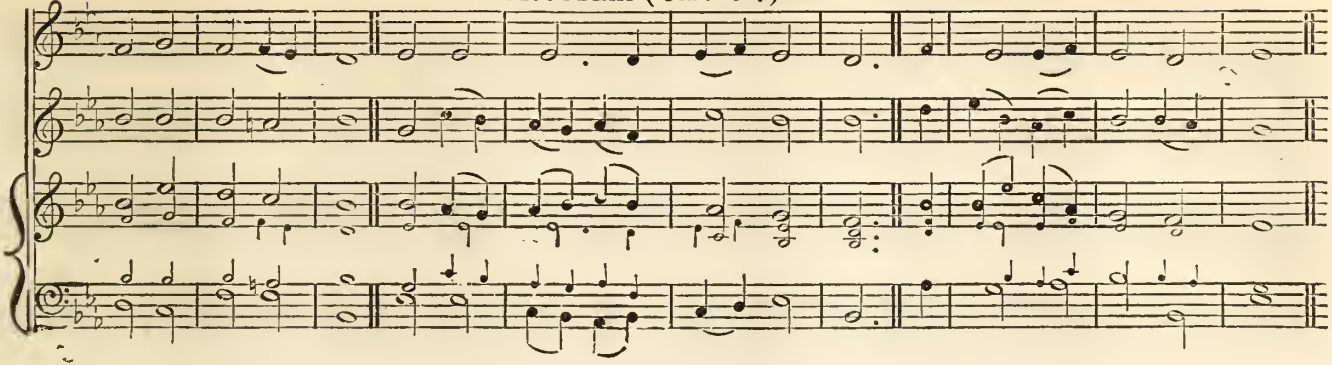
3 Scatter to the winds of heaven,
Each counsel based on earth;
Let thine interdict be given,
To deeds of sordid birth.
Each beguiling fallacy,
Lord banish from the minds of men,
All thy Word forbids to be,
Within our hearts restrain.

4 Strong and mighty is thine arm,
And still outstretch'd to save,
Thine own flock—a holy band,
From sorrow's troubled wave.
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Let all mankind thy power confess;
Thou,—thy church exulting sings,
Dost reign in righteousness.

Nº 263. St JOSIAH 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 8. 7. 6.



ST. JOSIAH (Continued.)



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Plead thy cause; let truth aloue
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4 Strong and mighty is thine arm,
And still outstretch'd to save,
Thine own flock—a holy band,
From sorrow's troubled wave.
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Let all mankind thy power confess;
Thou,—thy church exulting sings,
Dost reign in righteousness.

202.—7 6.7 7.7 6. *Brevity of Life.*

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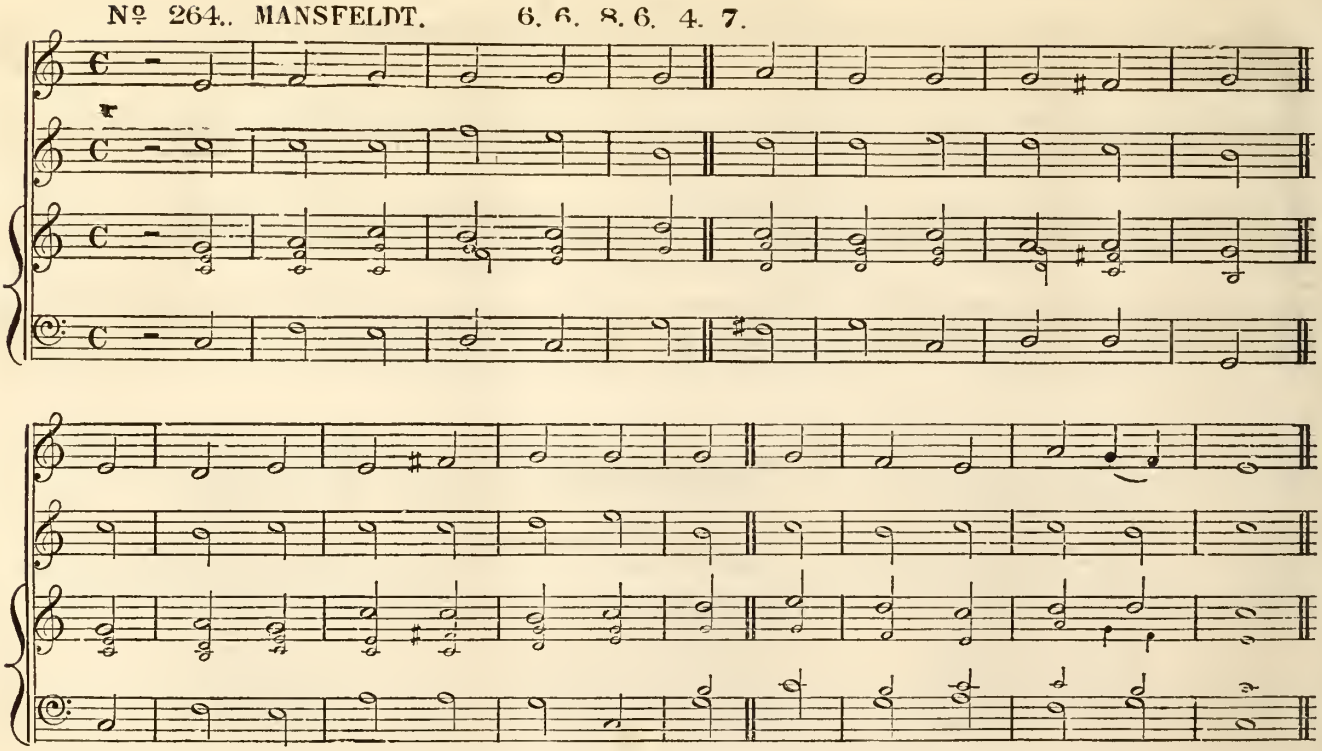
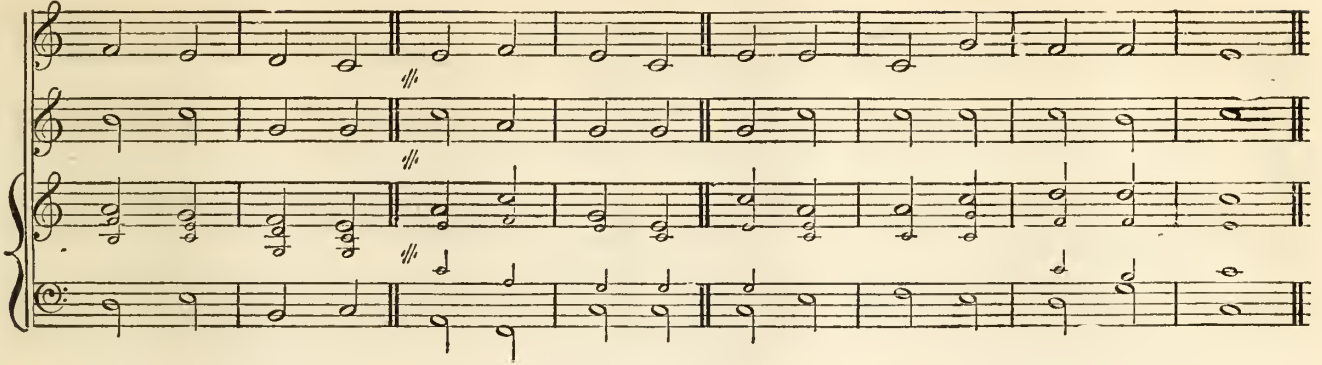
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy,
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesu's love.


Nº 264.. MANSFELDT. 6. 6. 8. 6. 4. 7.

MANSFELDT (Continued.)



206.—66.8.6.4.7. *Doxology.*

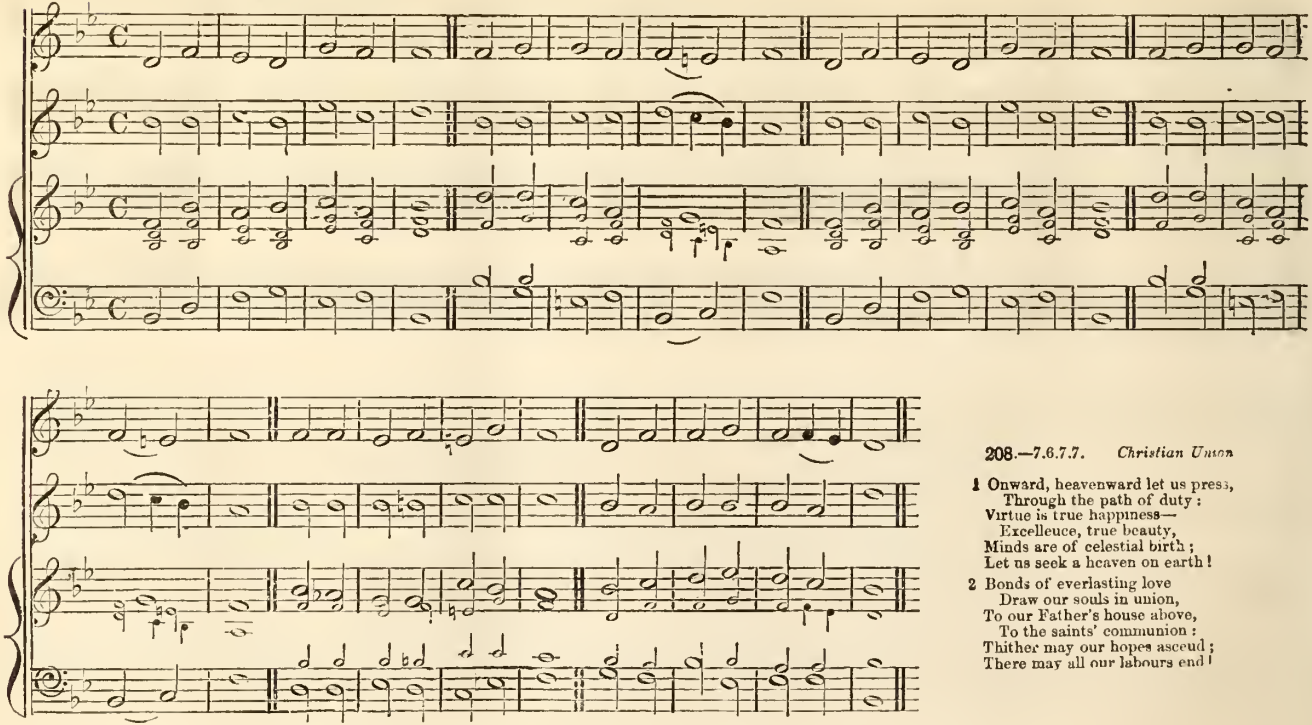
1 To God hosannas sing,
Seraphs and men combiue,
To praise Creation's glorious King,
In melody divine.
Hallelujah!
Praise eternal, Lord, be thine.

2 To Thee, O Son of God,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who for us shed thy precious blood,
We grateful offerings bring.
Hallelujah!
Let thy ransomed people sing.

3 Thou Comforter of men,
We sing thy woudrous grace,
Which draws us from the ways of sin
To paths of holiness.
Hallelujah!
Thou art worthy of all praise.

4 To Israel's Triune God,
Thanksgiving's song we raise;
Let it resound o'er earth abroad,
Through never-ending days.
Hallelujah!
Lord our God, thy name we praise.

Nº 265. MOLDAVIA. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7.



208.—7.6.7.7. *Christian Union*

1 Onward, heavenward let us press,
Through the path of duty:
Virtue is true happiness—
Excelleuce, true beauty,
Minds are of celestial birth;
Let us seek a heaven on earth!

2 Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither may our hopes asceud;
There may all our labours end!

207.—7.6.7.7. *For Mercy and Grace to help in every Time of Need.*

1 God of mercy, unto Thee
Is our prayer ascending,
And before thy Majesty
Contrite souls are bending.
Pitying Saviour, full of grace,
Hear us from thy dwelling-place.

2 When we walk the paths of life,
Yet by death surrounded;
When his arrows all are rife,
Where our joys lie wounded:
Whilst these terrors o'er us break,
Whom shall then our spirits seek?

3 Blessed Saviour, unto Thee,
When by sorrow driven,
We for help and comfort flee;
Speak our sins forgiven.
God of mercy, love, and power,
Save us in the trying hour.

4 Shaded by thy guardian cloud,
Through the desert guide us,
Heavenly manna for our food,
Evermore provide us;
For us weary as we go,
Let the streams of mercy flow.

5 Never let us, Lord, decline
From our holy calling;
Strengthen us by might divine,
Keep our feet from falling;
And let praise's loftiest tone
Rise, and swell, and reach thy throne.

209.—7.6.7.7. *For Help and Succour.*

1 In the day of our distress,
Great Jehovah, hear us;
In the hour when dangers press,
Jacob's God be near us:
Send us, from his holy place,
Timely aid or strengthening grace.

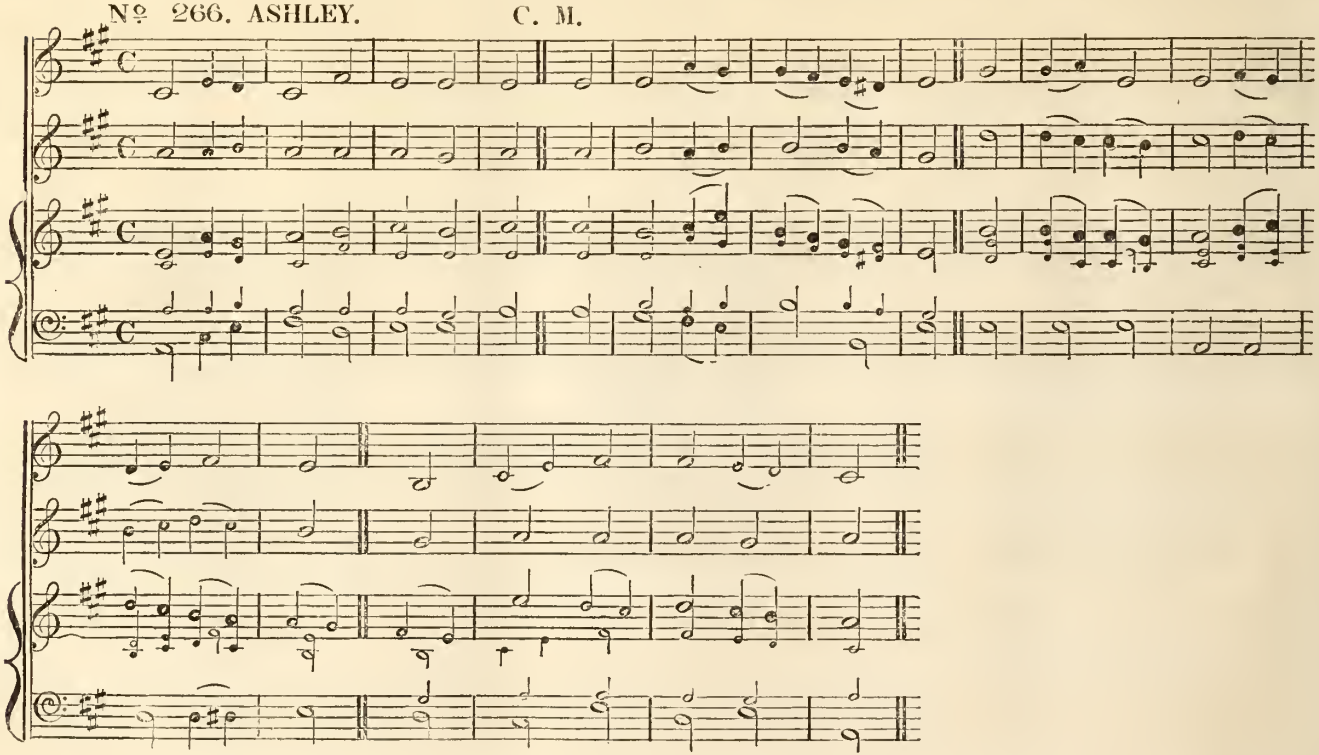
2 May our prayers and offerings rise,
God of our salvation;—
And, accepted, reach the skies,—
Through thy Son's oblation.
Grant us now our heart's request,
With thy people to be blest.

210.—7.6.7.7. *Before Sermon.*

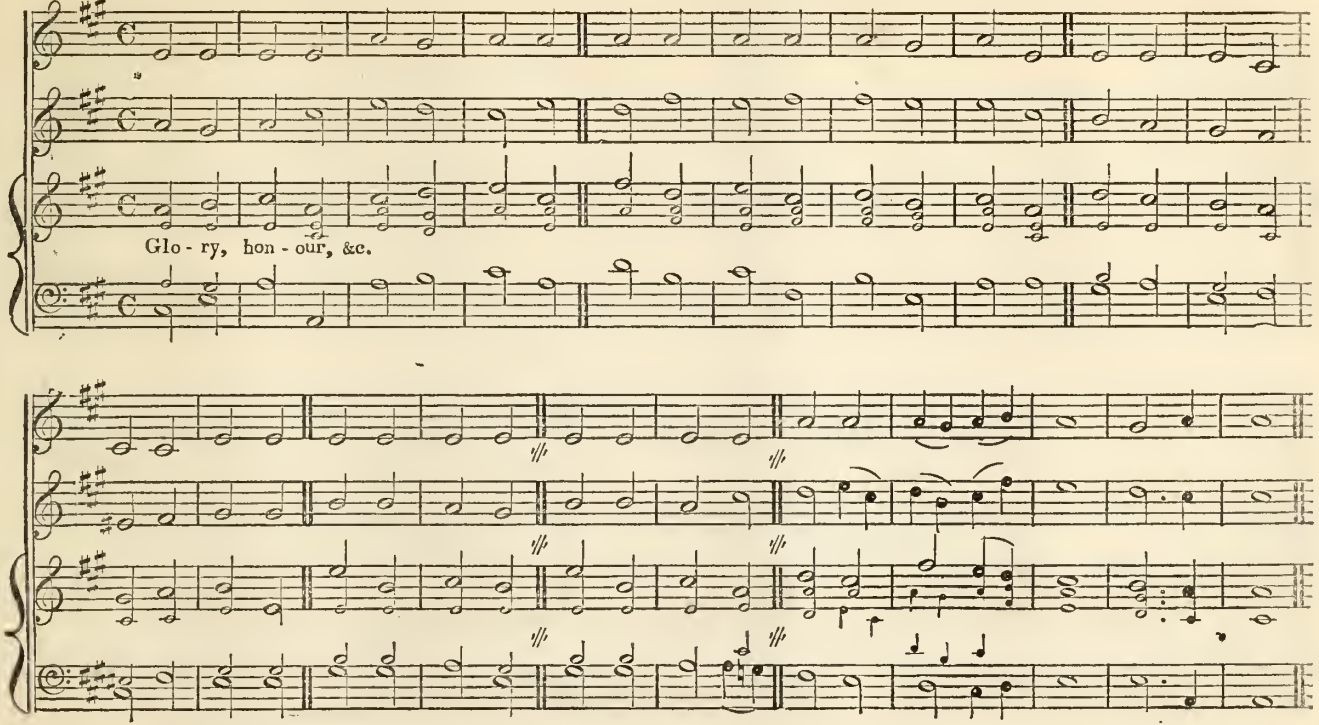
1 To us in this sacred hour,
Send some kindly token;
Clothe thy word with mighty power,
Which shall now be spoken:
Thus thy servant's work to crown,
Pour thy Spirit's graces down.

2 Words of heavenly truth and peace,
Unto all revealing;
Speak the prison'd soul's release—
To the wounded healing.
Hear us, while on Thee we call,
For thy blessing, Lord, on all.

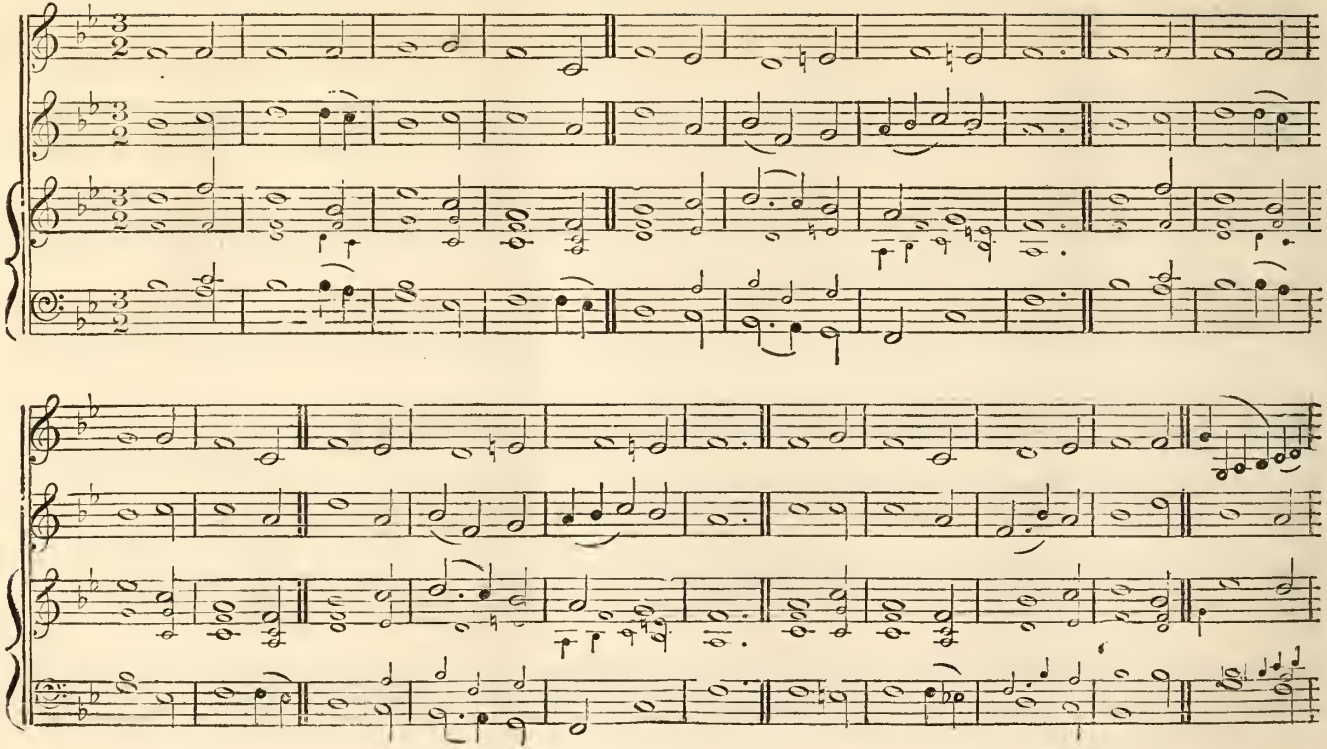
Nº 266. ASHLEY. C. M.



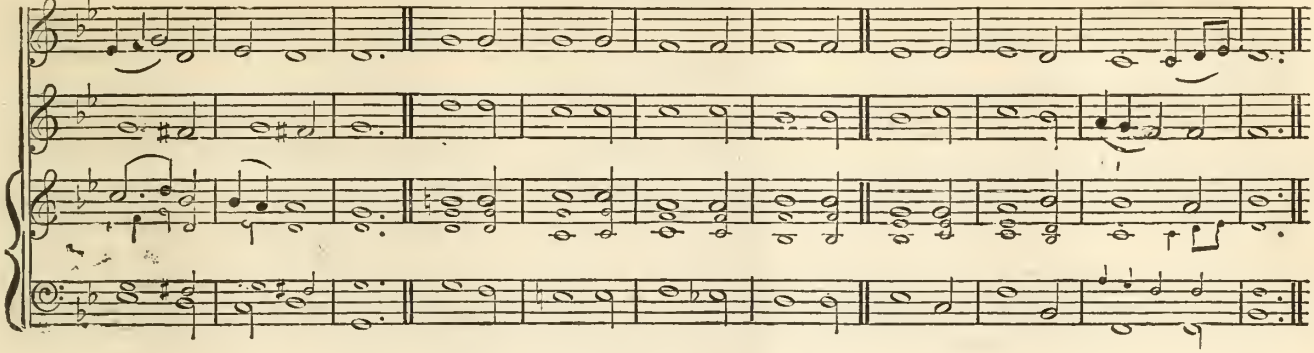
Nº 267. DOXOLOGY.



Nº 268. PURCELL'S DISMISSION TUNE. 8 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7



PURCELL'S DISMISSION TUNE (Continued.)



215.—8.7.

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on Gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.
Fill our hearts with consolation,
Unto Thee our voices raise;
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.
And sing *Hallelujah*, &c.

216.—8.7.

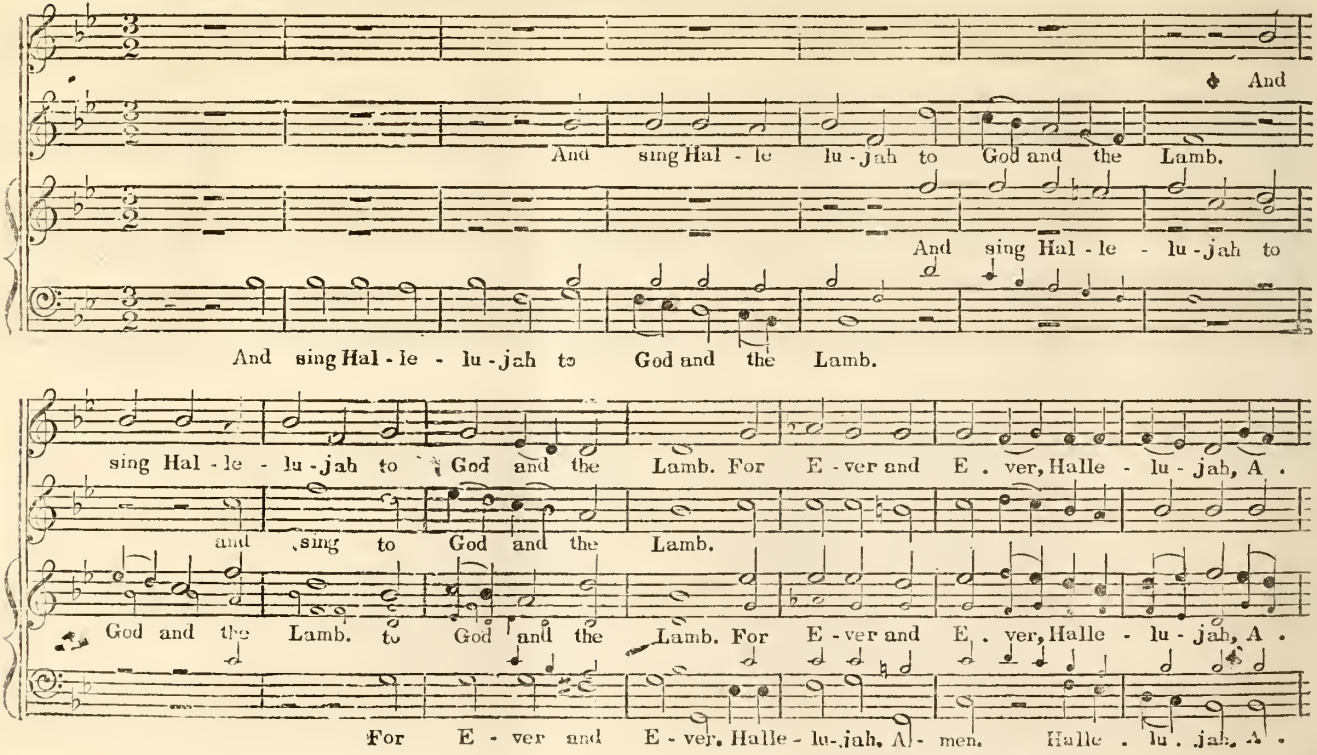
While, to several paths dividing,
We our pilgramage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep his scatter'd flock in view.

May the bond of sweet communion
Every distant soul embrace;
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

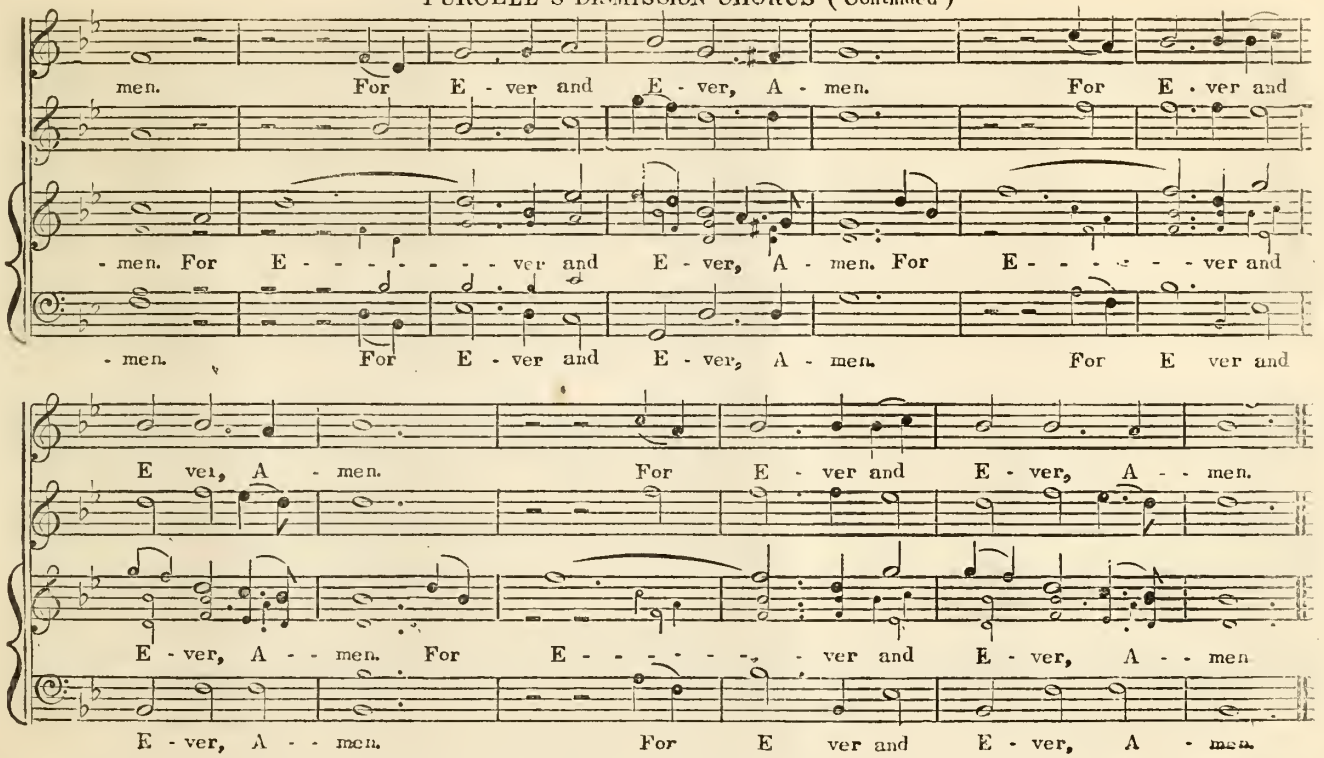
Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move;
One pure flame each heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love.

Now we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain;
We shall yet in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.
And sing *Hallelujah*, &c.

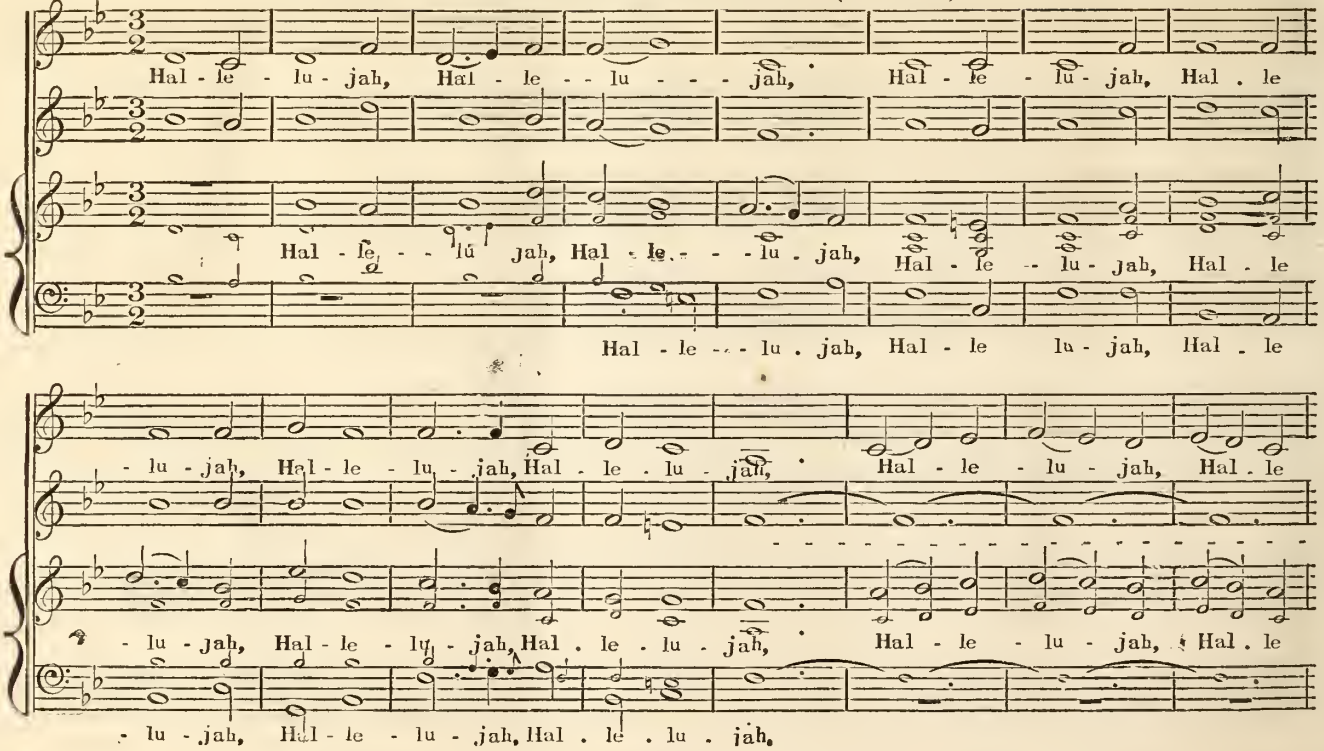
Nº 269. PURCELL'S DISMISSION CHORUS.

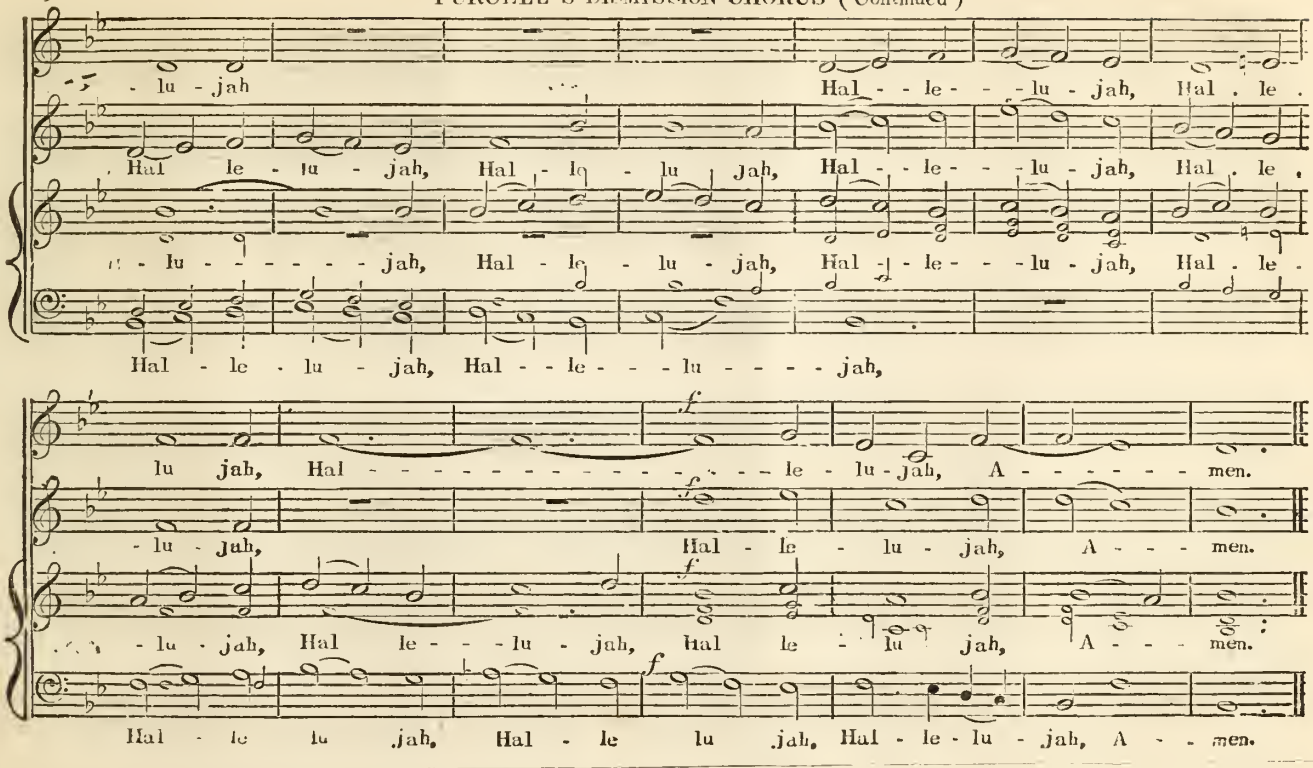


PURCELL'S DISMISSION CHORUS (Continued)

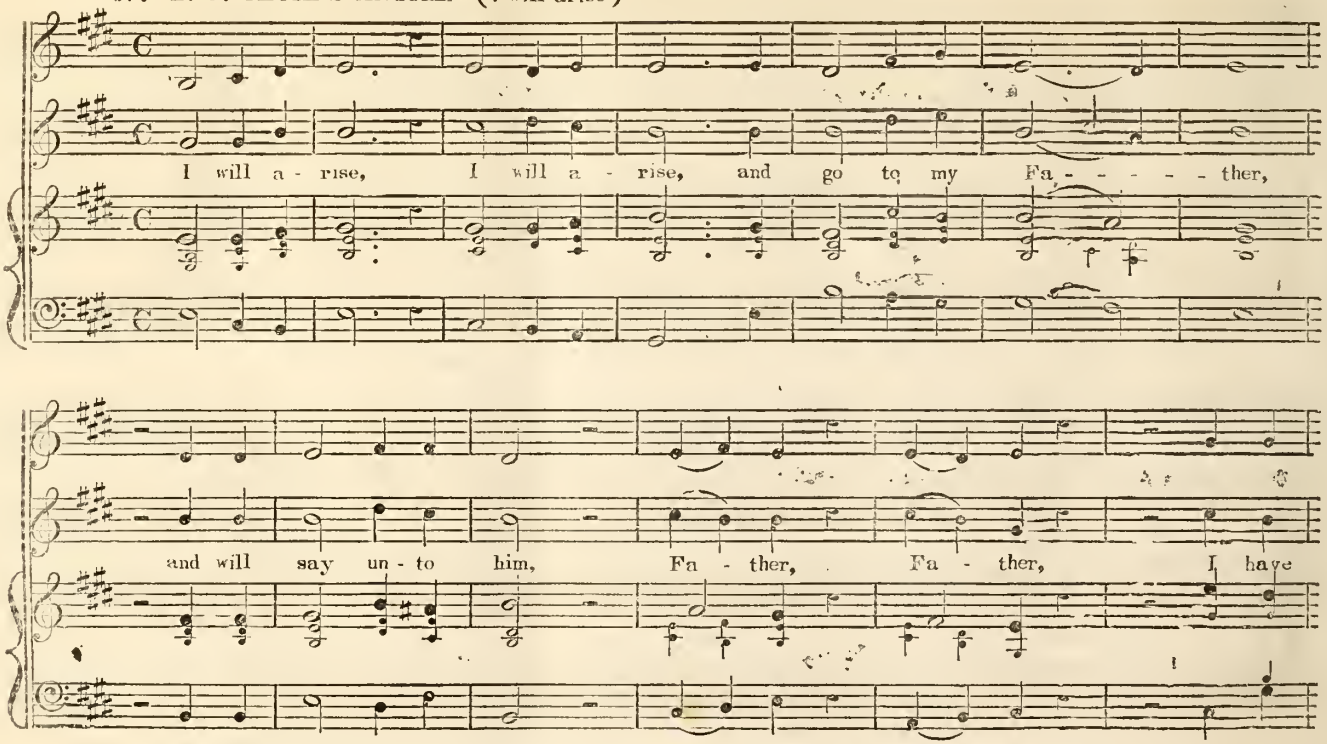


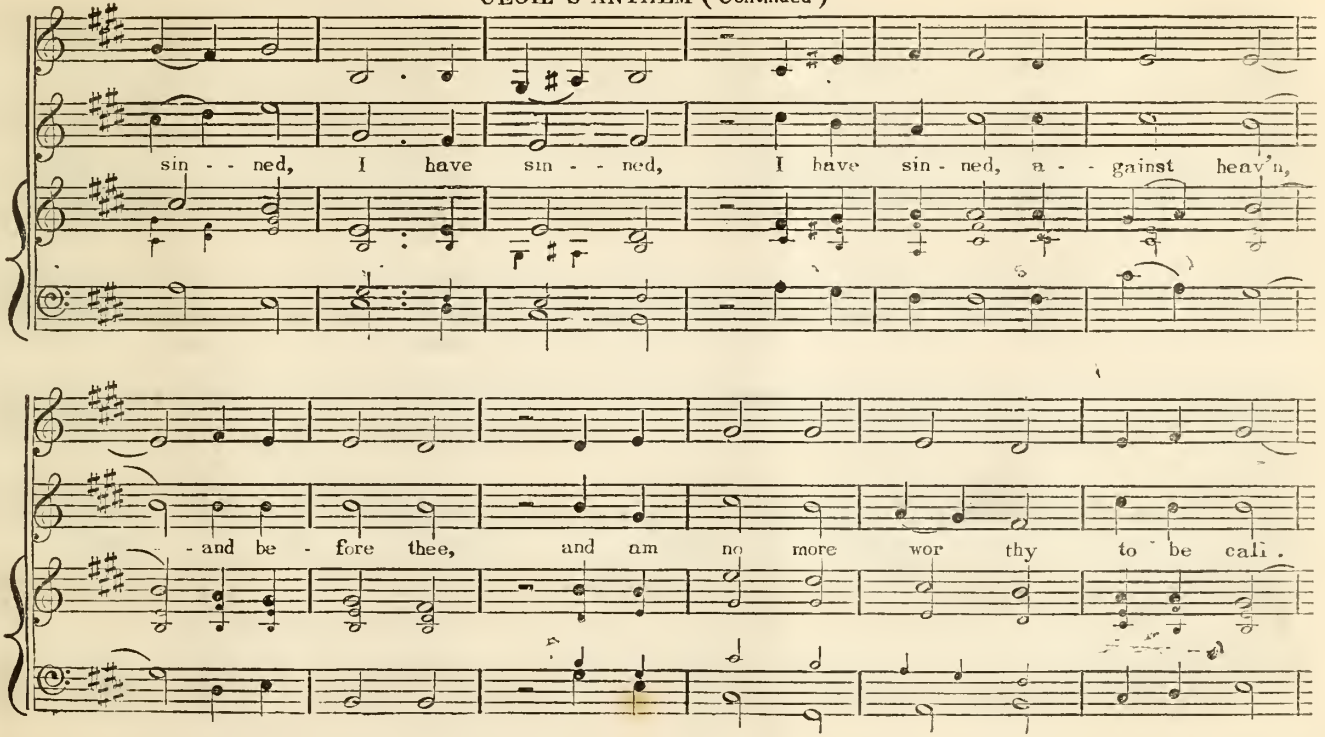
PURCELL'S DISMISSION CHORUS (Continued)

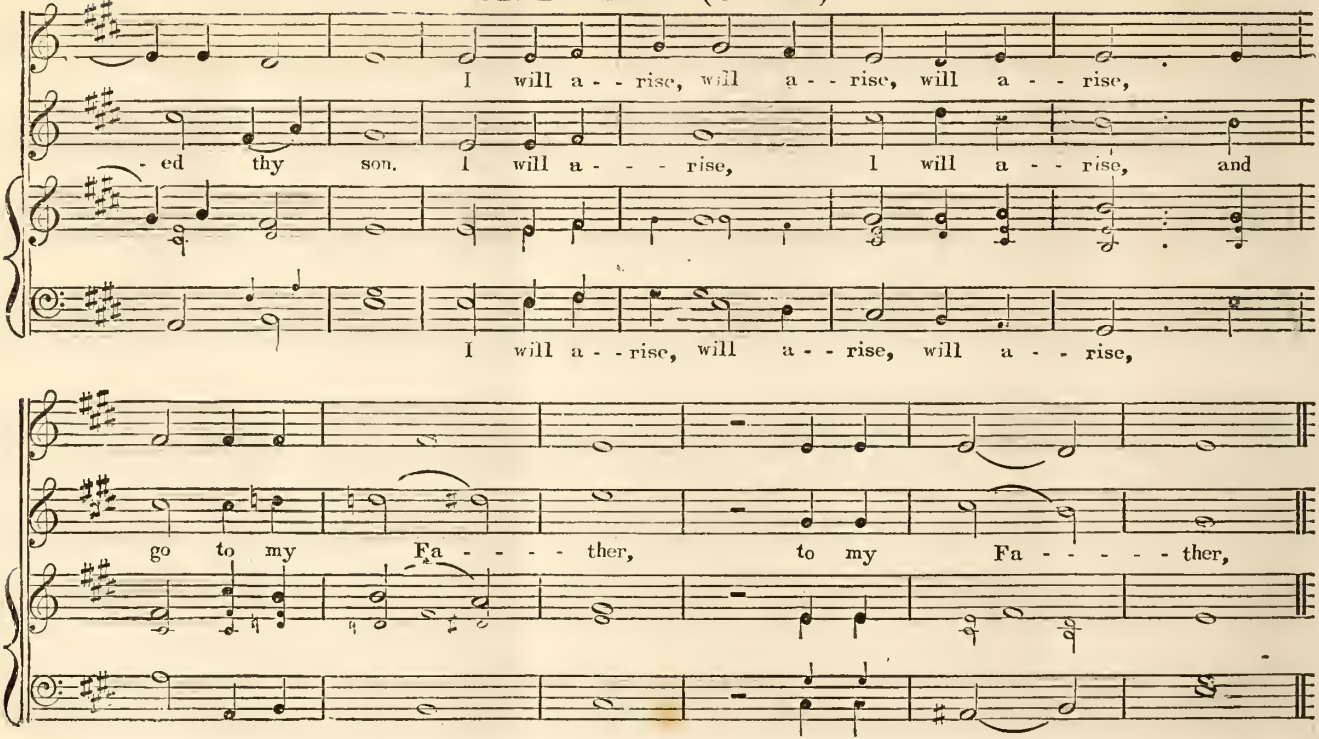



- lu - jah Hal - - le - - lu - jah, Hal . le .
Hal le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu jah, Hal - - le - - lu - jah, Hal . le .
- lu - - - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal . le -
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - - le - - - lu - - - - jah,
lu jah, Hal - - - - - - - - - - - - le - lu - jah, A - - - - - - men.
- lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men.
- lu - jah, Hal le - - - lu - jah, Hal le - lu jah, A - - - men.
Hal - le lu jah, Hal - le lu jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men.

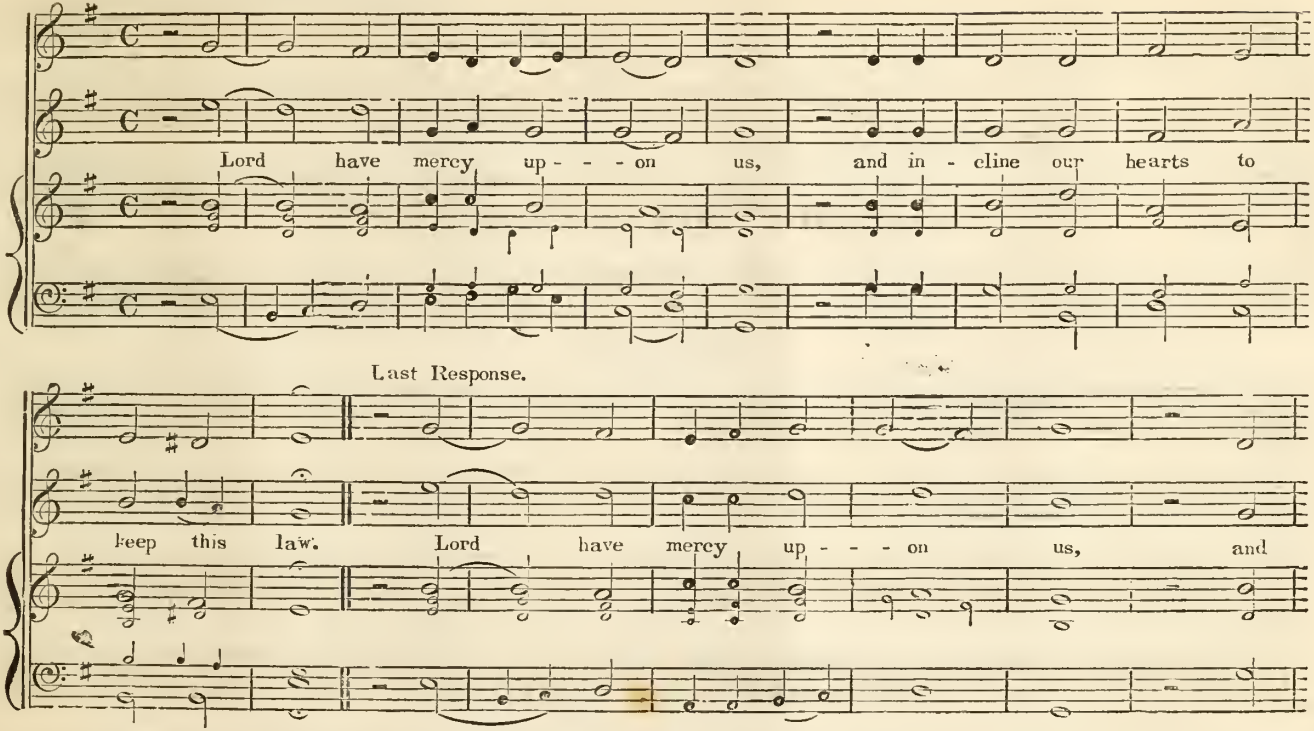
Nº 270. CECIL'S ANTHEM (I will arise)

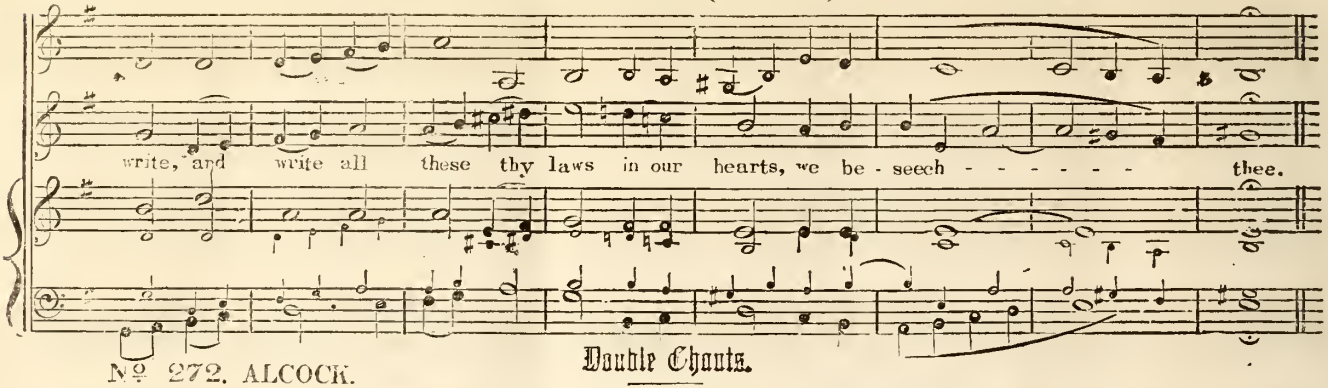



sin - - ned, I have sin - - ned, I have sin - ned, a - - gainst heav'n,
- and be - fore thee, and am no more wor thy to be call.


I will a - - rise, will a - - rise, will a - - rise,
- ed thy son. I will a - - - rise, I will a - - rise, and
I will a - - rise, will a - - rise, will a - - rise,
go to my Fa - - - - ther, to my Fa - - - - - ther,

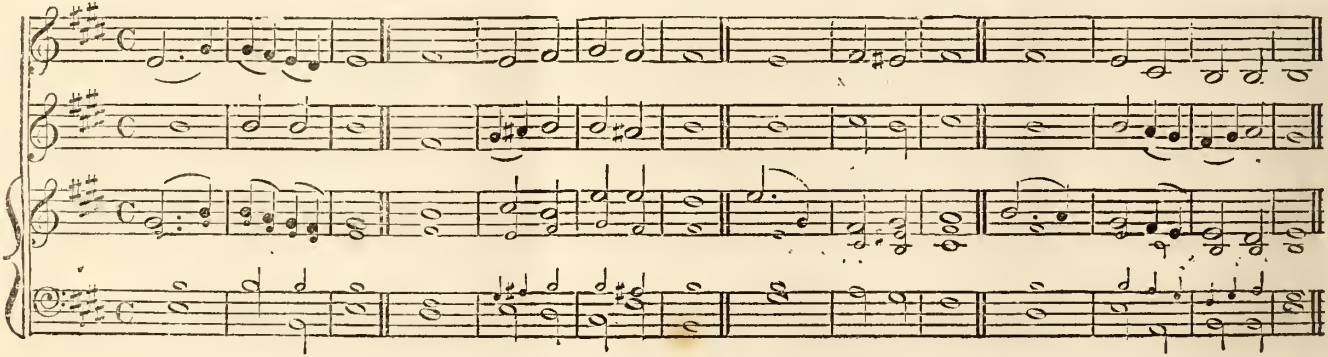
Nº 271. KYRIE ELEISON.



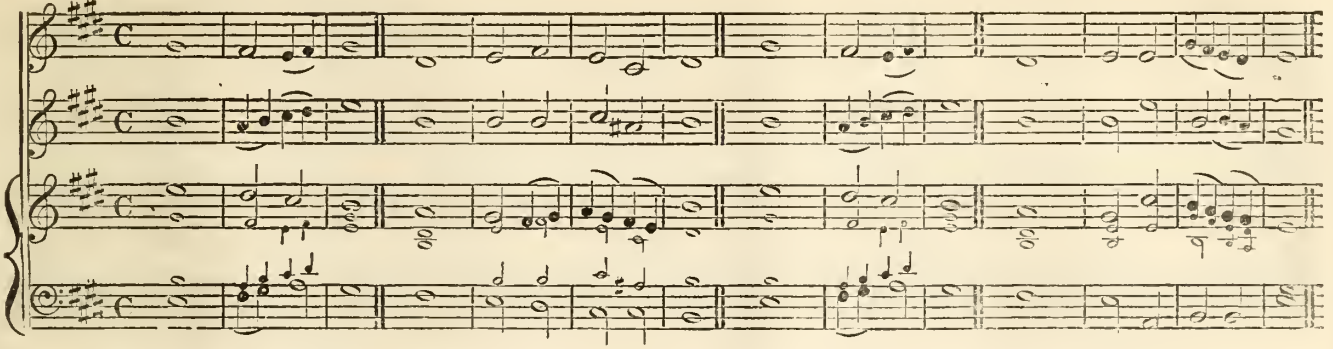


No. 272. ALCOCK.

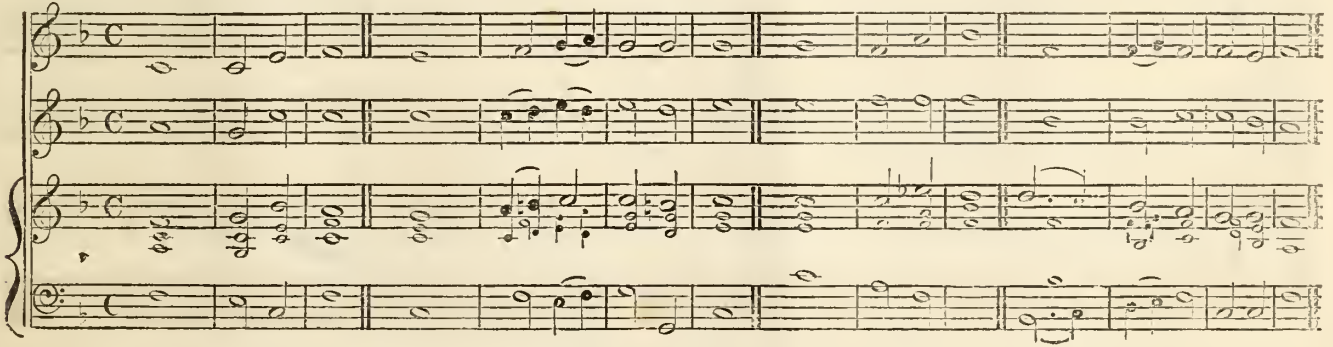
Double Chants.



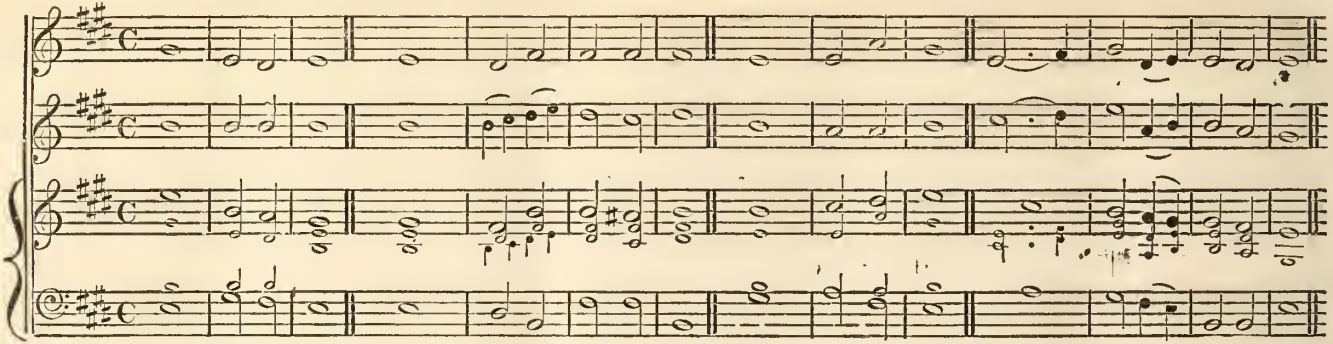
Nº 273. BATTISHILL.



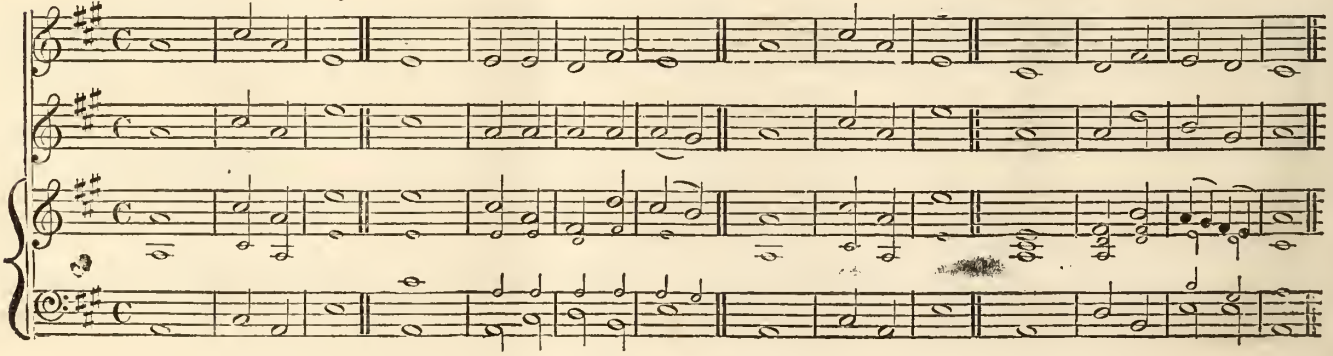
Nº 274. BOYCE. I.



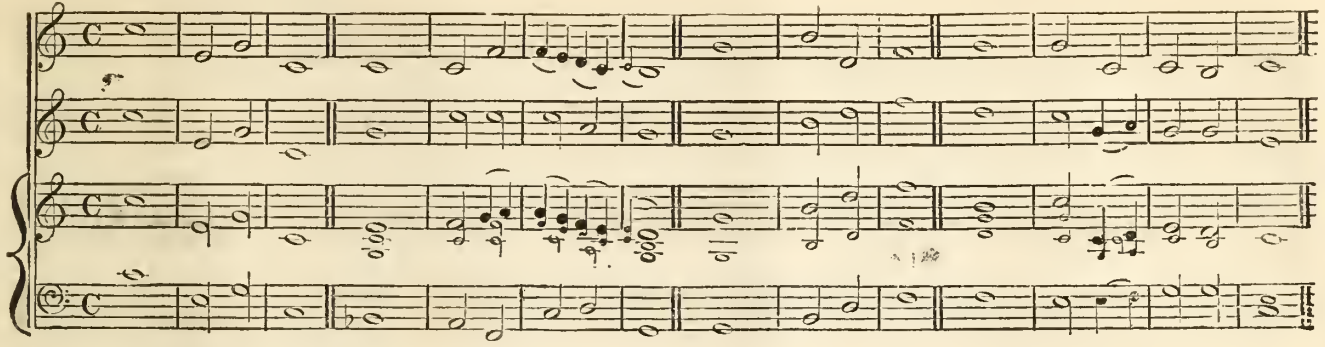
№ 275. BOYCE. II.



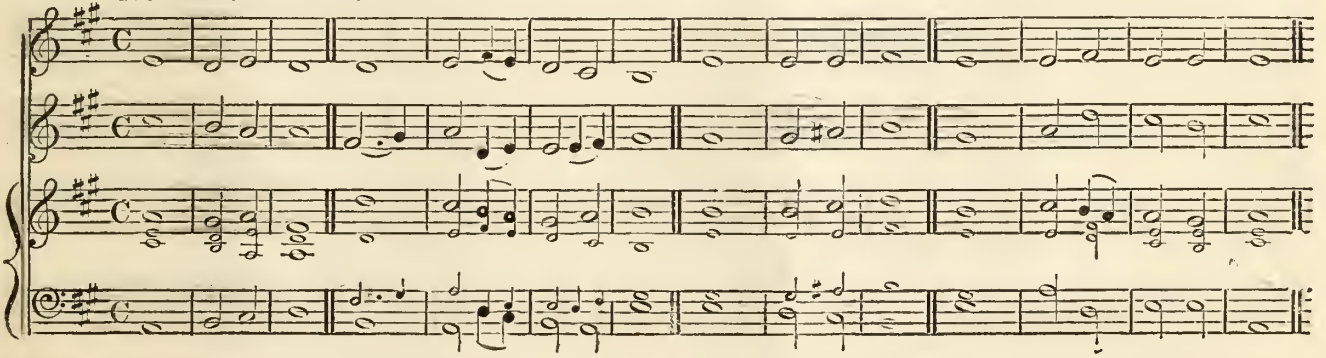
№ 276. CALAH.



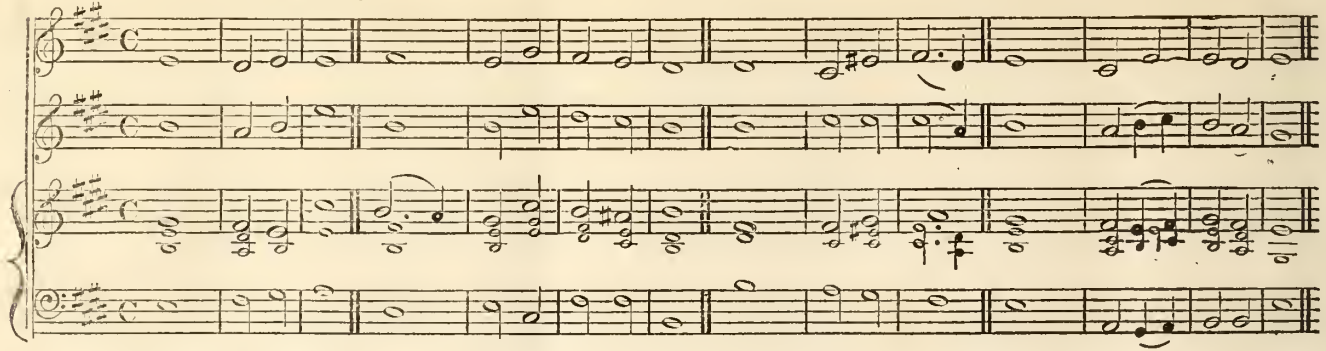
Nº 277. CROTCH



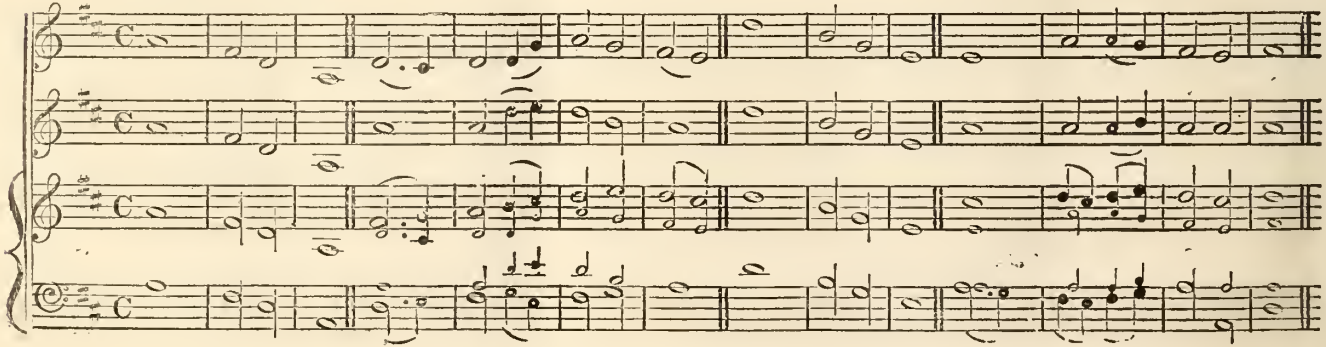
Nº 278. DUPUIS.



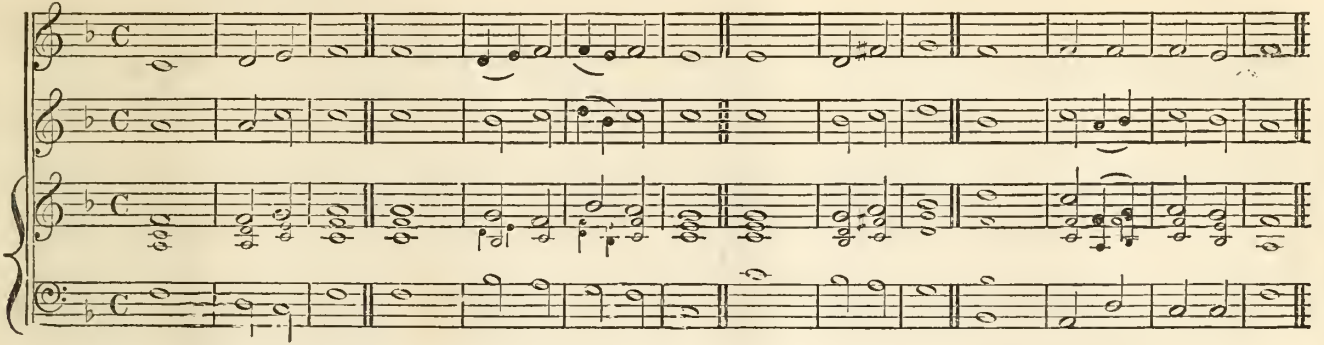
Nº 279. HENLEY.



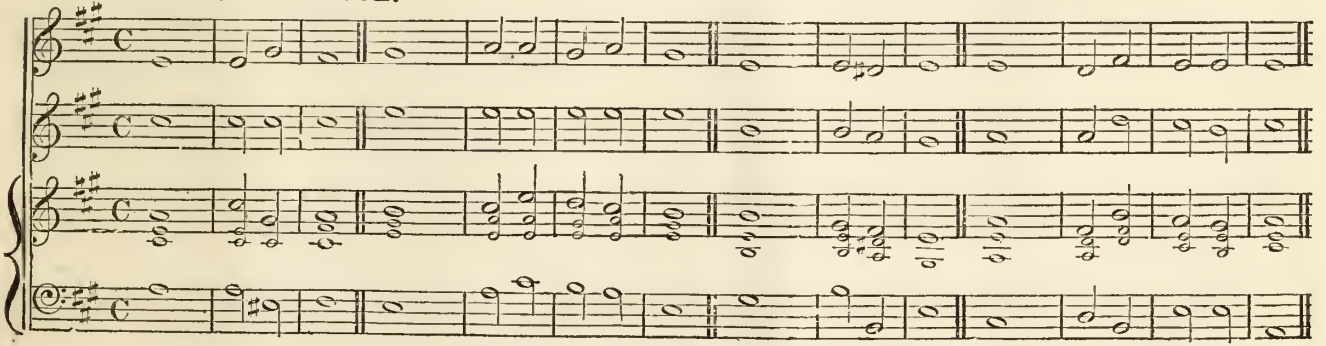
Nº 280. JONES.



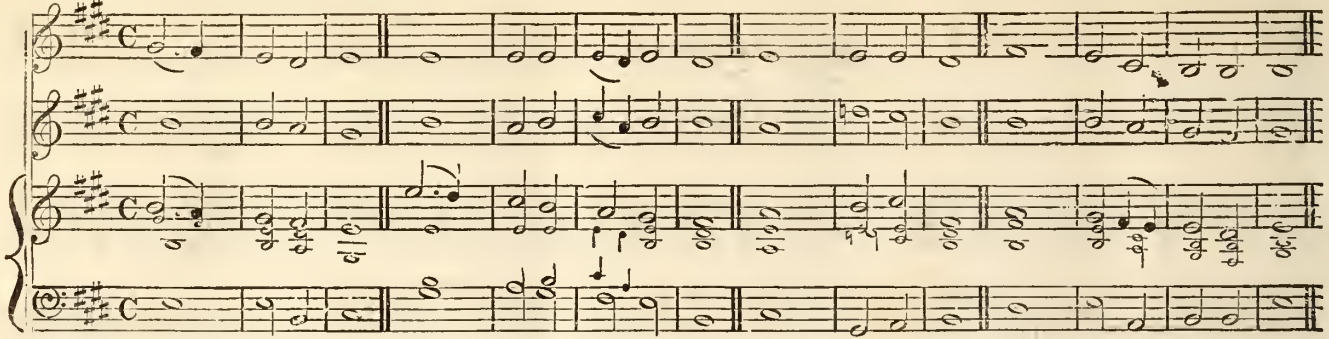
Nº 281. LANGDON.



Nº 282. LIVERPOOL.



№ 283. MORNINGTON.



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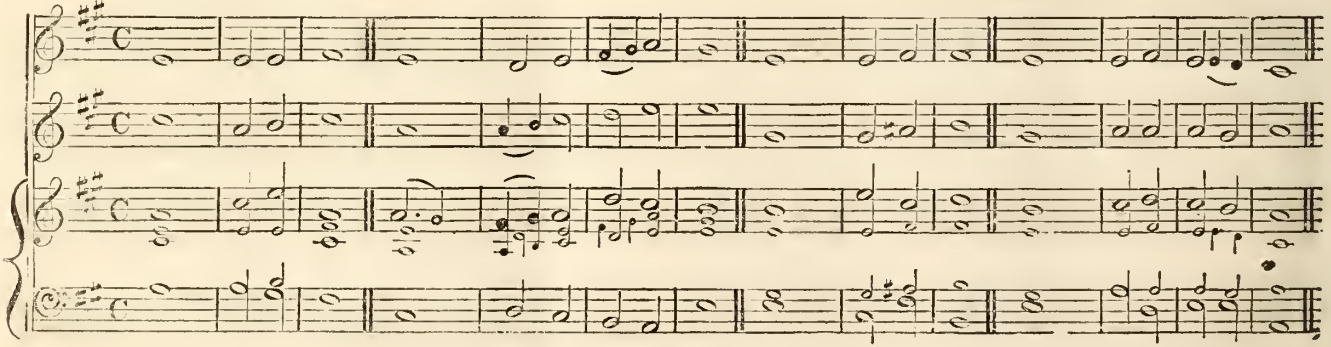

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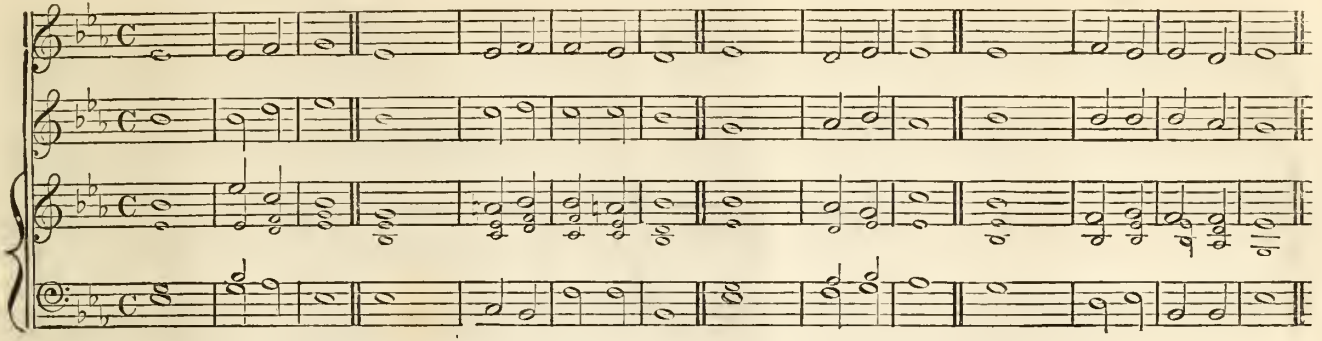

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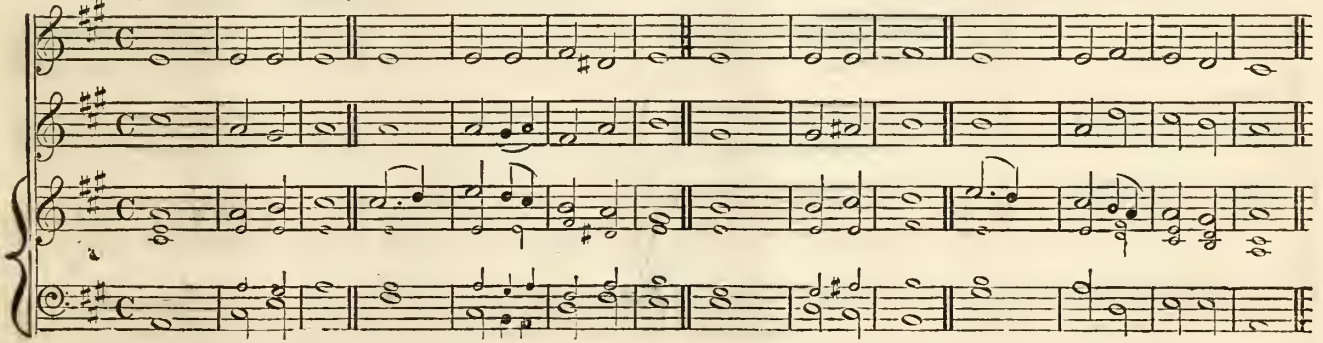
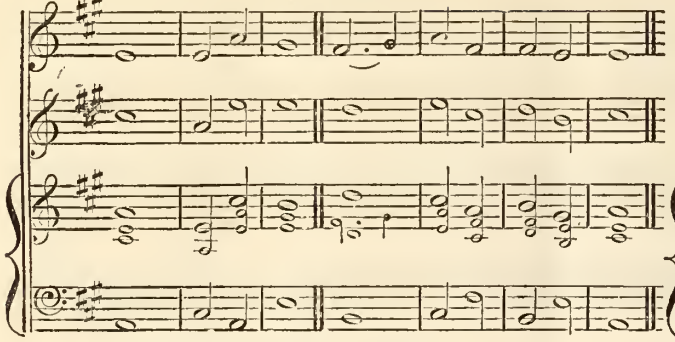
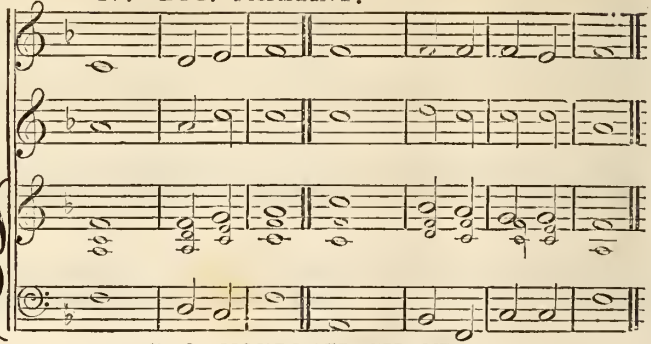


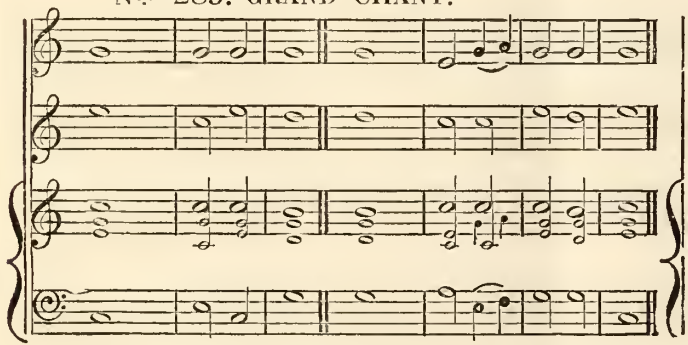
№ 287. BATTISHILL.



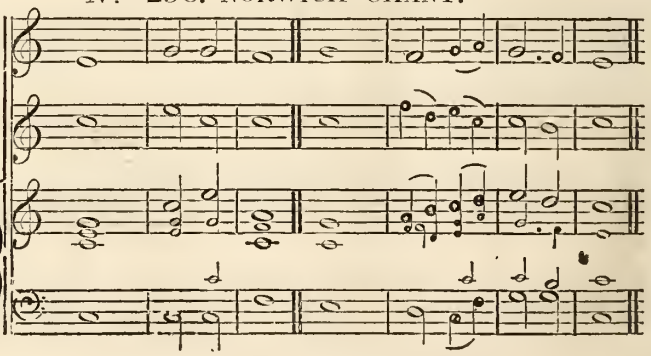
№ 288. FARRANT.



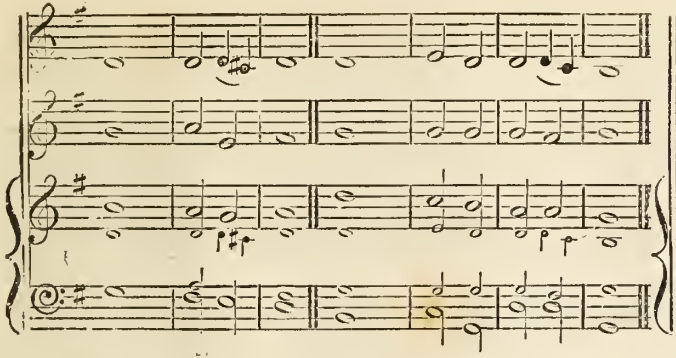
№ 289. GRAND CHANT.



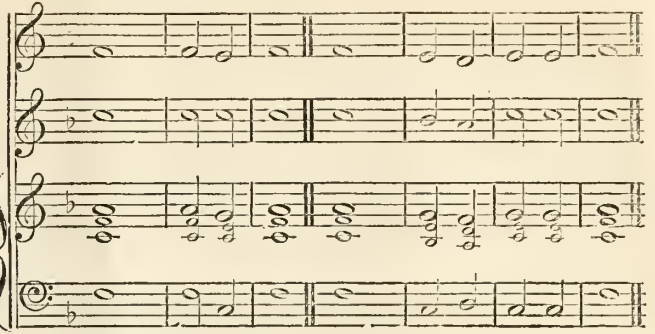
№ 290. NORWICH CHANT.



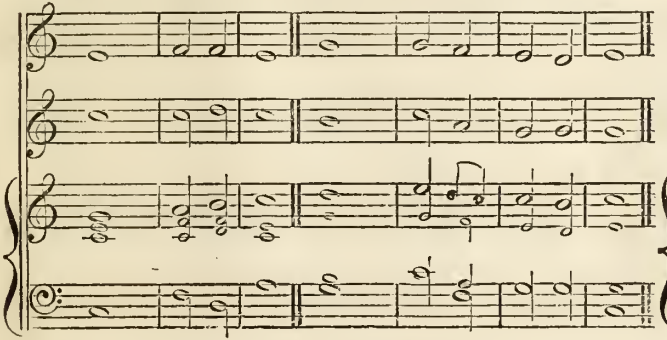
Nº 291. PURCELL.



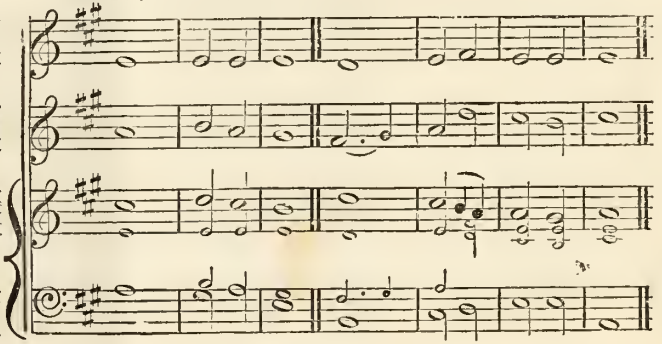
Nº 292. TALLIS.



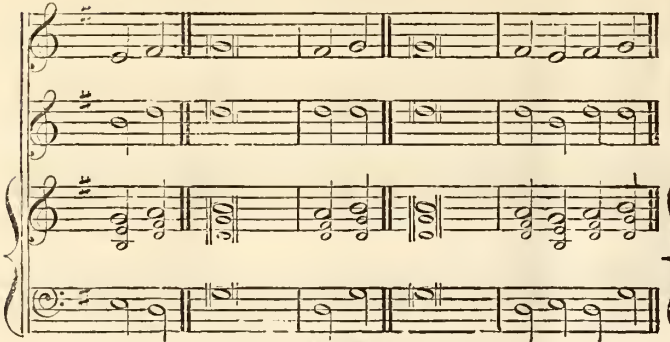
Nº 293. WOODWARD.



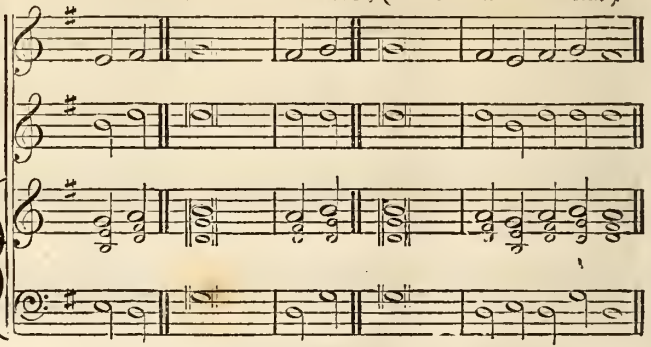
Nº 294. ALCOCK.



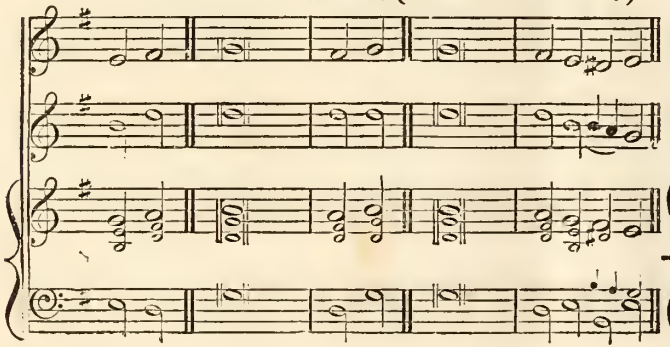
Nº 295. FIRST TONE.



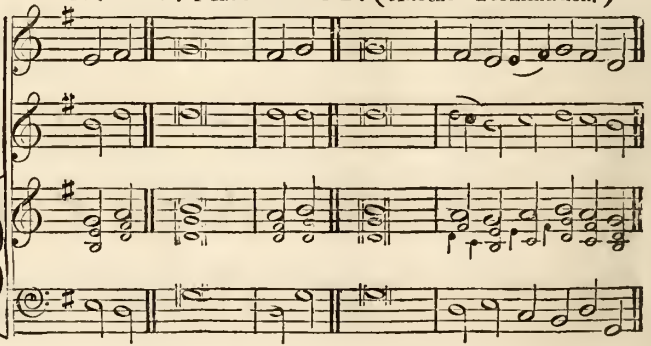
Nº 296. FIRST TONE. (Another Termination.)



Nº 297. FIRST TONE. (Another Termination.)



Nº 298. FIRST TONE. (Another Termination.)



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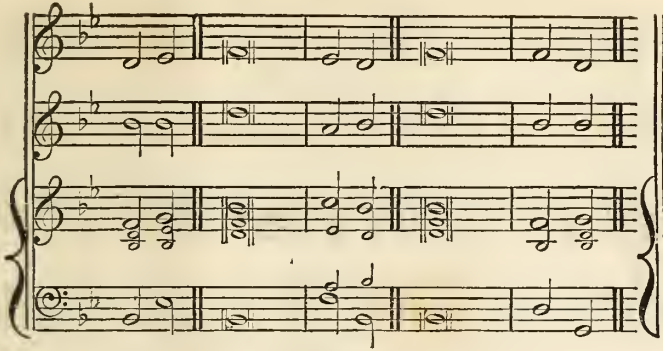

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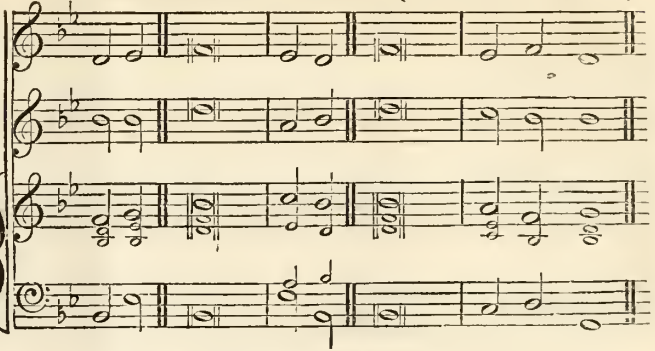
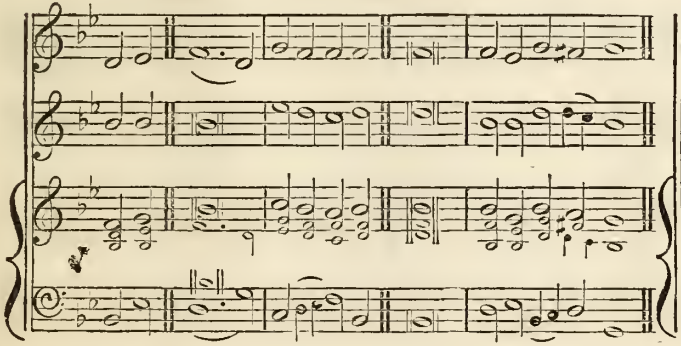


Nº 301 THIRD TONE.



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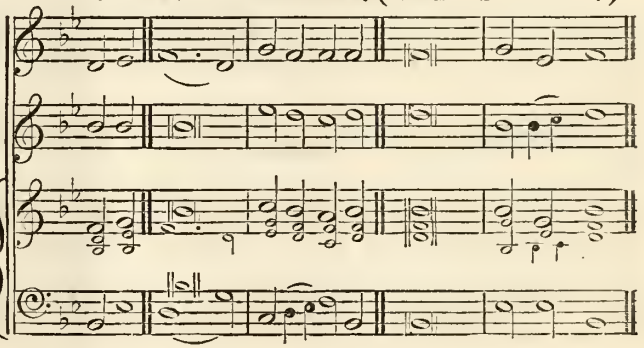

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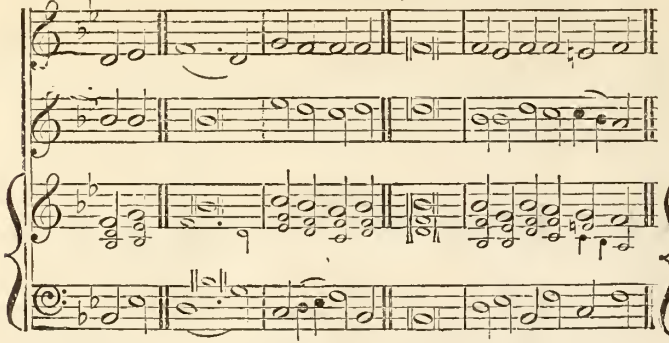

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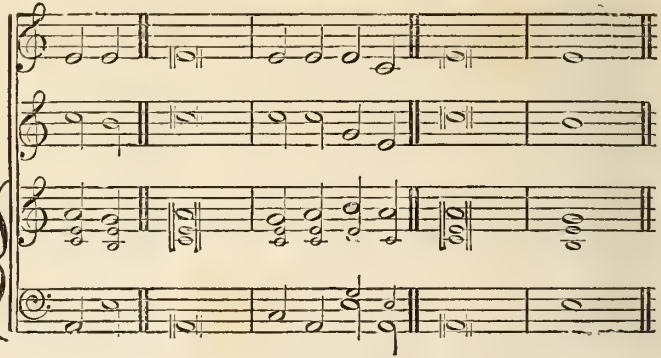

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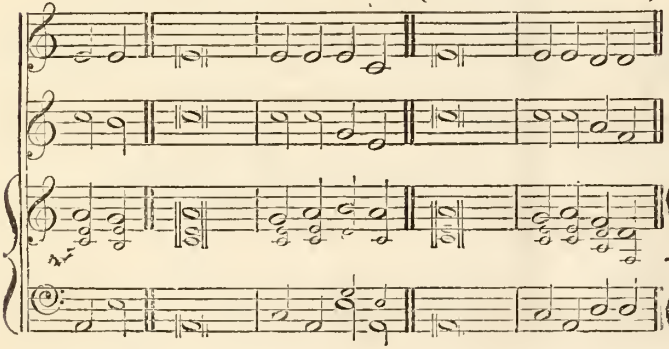

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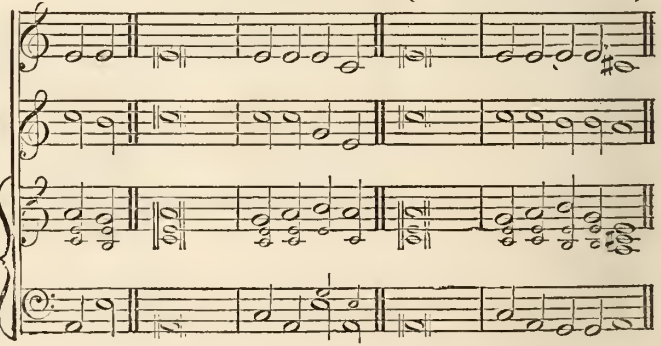
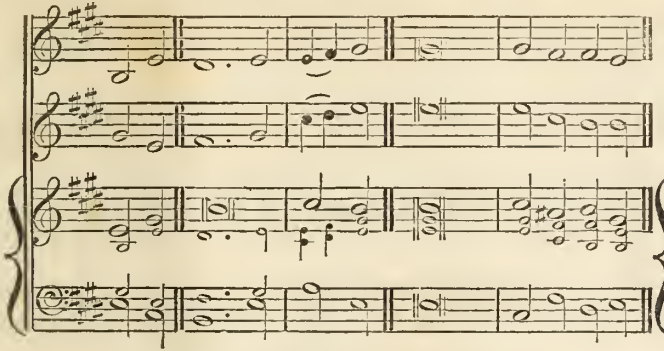


Nº 307. FIFTH TONE.



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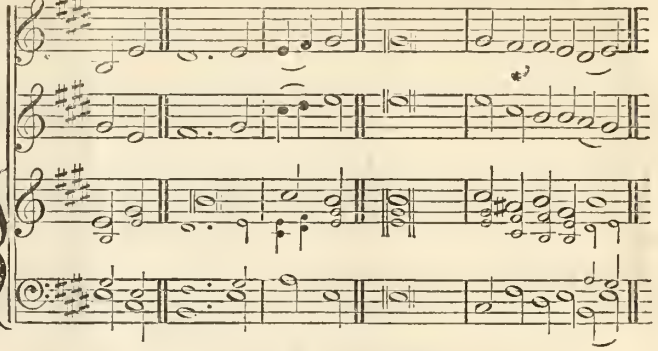

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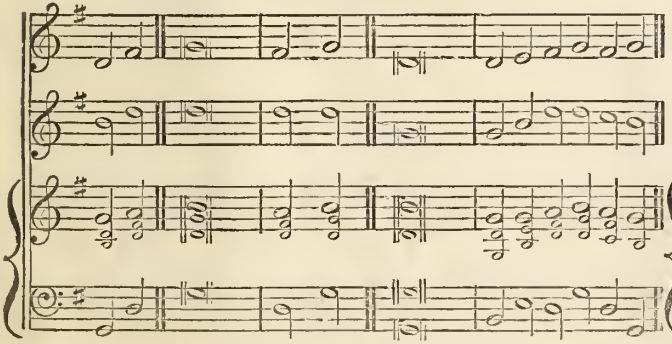

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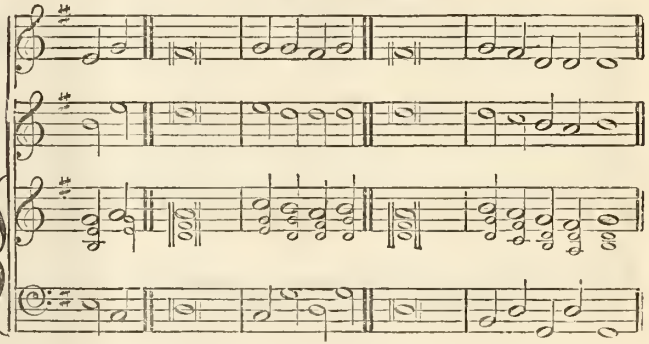

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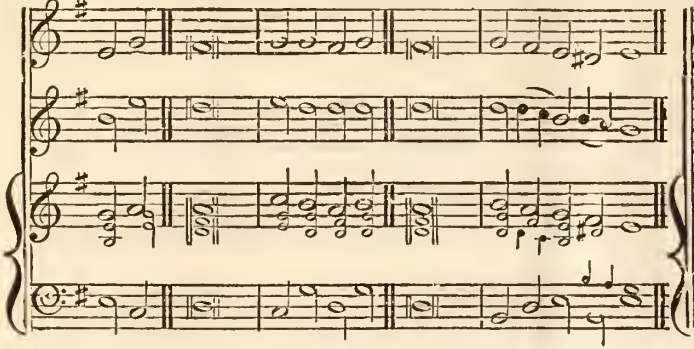

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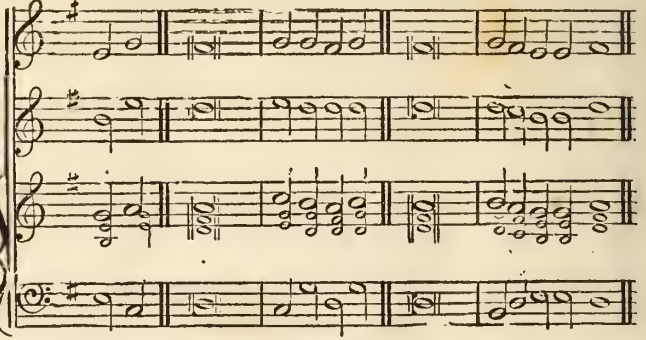

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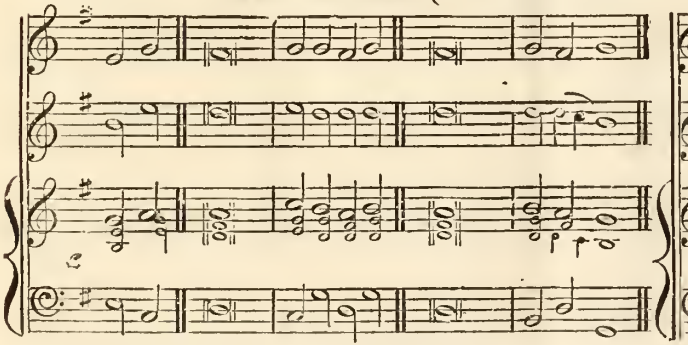

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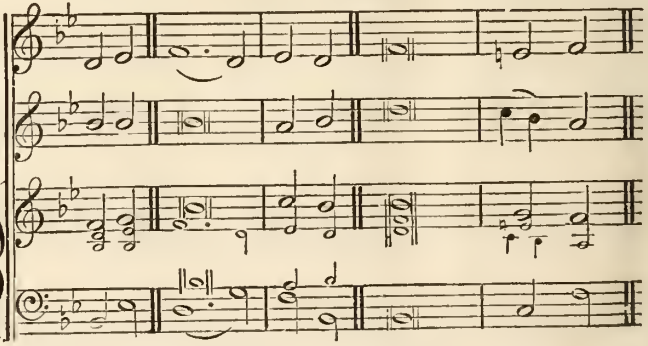

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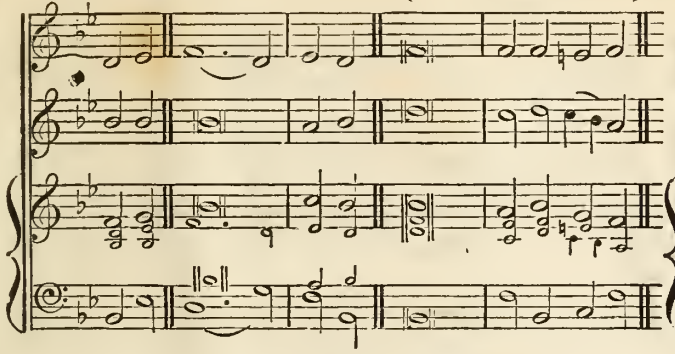

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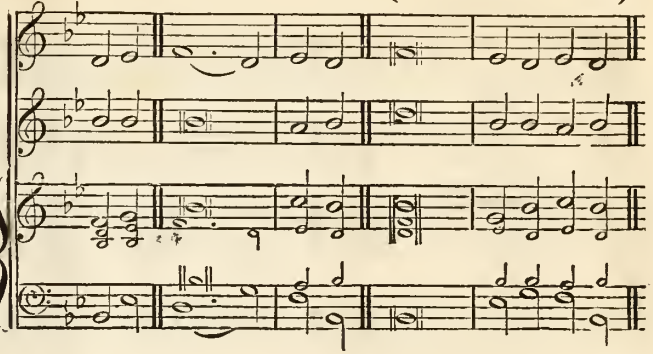
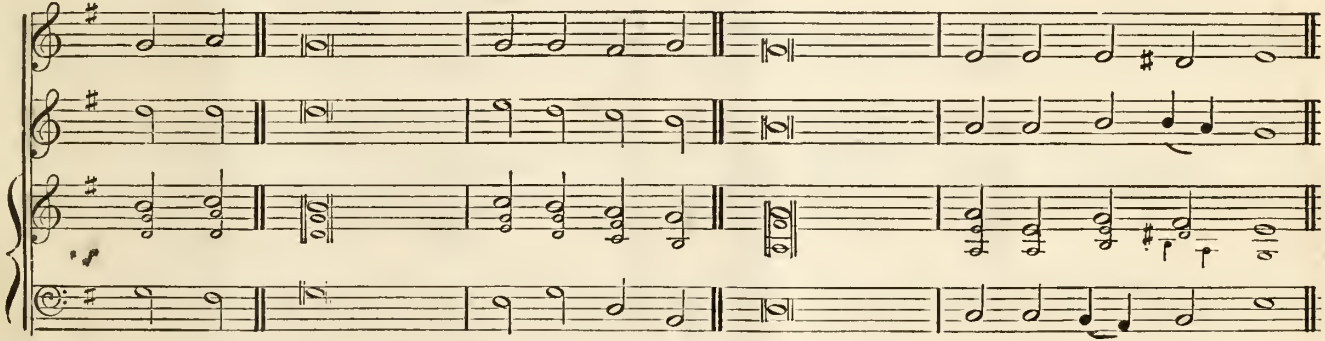
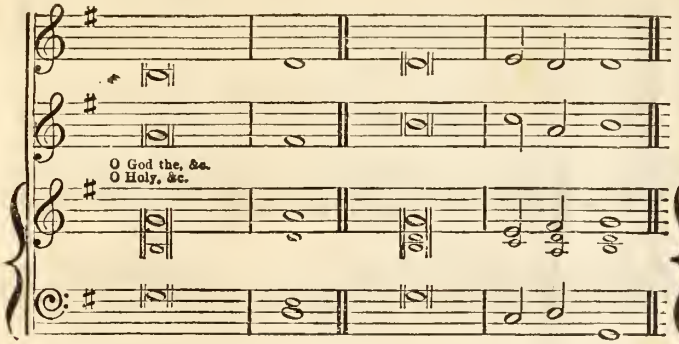


Nº 317. PEREGRINE TONE.



The Responses to the Litany.

Nº 318.



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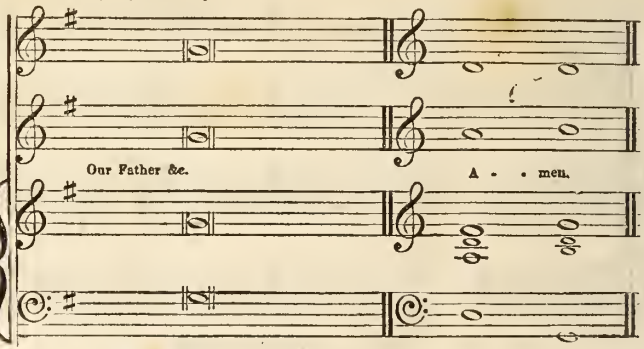

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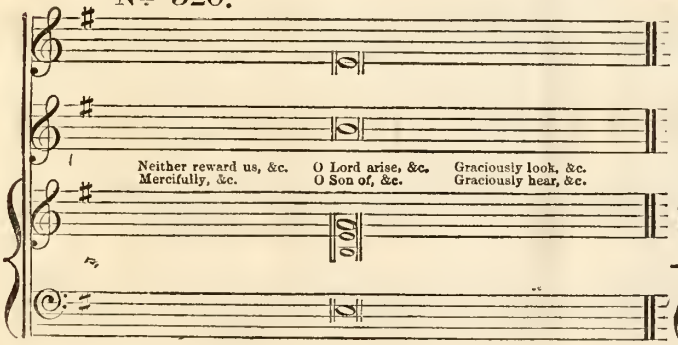

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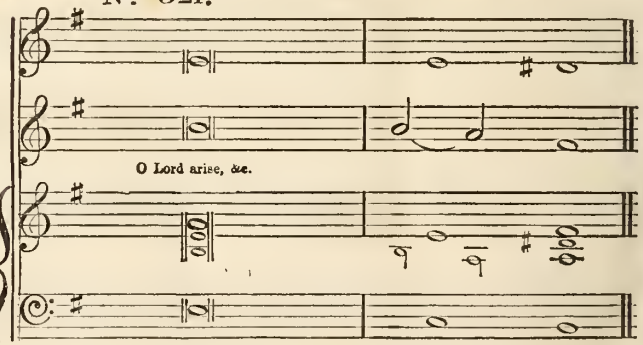

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