The New Office Hymn Book

PARTS I AND II WITH MUSIC

Edition E.
THE NEW
OFFICE HYMN BOOK
PARTS I. AND II.

PART I.
CONSISTING OF
INTROITS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS
WITH THE GRADUALS AND ALLELUIAS,
AND SOME SEQUENCES.

PART II.
CONSISTING OF
OFFICE HYMNS, CHIEFLY FROM THE ROMAN
AND SARUM BREVARIIES, TOGETHER
WITH THE PROPER MELODI ES.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show;
Their Joys are full; our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

WALLER.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED
AND
W. KNOTT, 26, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN.

Edition E. 1908.
As the whole of the words in Parts I. and II. of the N O.H.B. are translated from the old Service Books,* it is fitting that they should be sung to the Plainsong to which they have been wedded for so many centuries; but the simplest and easiest forms have been selected.

The music of the Introits is adapted from the Mechlin version of the Church’s Plainsong. With regard to the Graduals, it was felt that it would be useless at the present day to reproduce for ordinary choirs and congregations the elaborate music to which they are set in the Latin Service Books, and unadvisable to tamper with it; they are therefore pointed to the Psalm Tones according to the Mechlin rules. This mode will be found fully explained in the “Introduction on Plainsong” and Preface to “A Choir Directory of Plainsong”; also in “The Canticles” edited by Rev. J. W. Doran and Spencer Nottingham, published by Novello and Company, Ltd.

But the Editors would remind those Choirs, which have never availed themselves of the Church’s Plainsong, that a colon in every case divides the verses of the Introits and Graduals in halves, so that no Choirmaster need find much difficulty in pointing them to Anglican Chants, if such a step be deemed advisable; and it seems better to sing them to modern music than to abstain from the use of them altogether.

The Melodies of the Office Hymns are taken from various sources, which in each case are specified, but are chiefly from the Ratisbon, Mechlin and Sarum Service Books. Their adoption is strongly recommended; but in every instance an alternative modern Hymn Tune has been suggested, for the use of those Choirs and Organists that are not versed in Plainsong.

The Editors would plead for the retention of the Proper Office Hymn, even if the old music be not adopted. However useful and necessary modern emotional hymns may be in their proper place (e.g., before and after sermons, &c.), it is most desirable to keep them outside the Divine Office; and this can only be done satisfactorily by adhering rigidly to the use of the Office Hymns appointed in the Breviaries for each day of the year.

With regard to the method of rendering the Plainsong Hymn Melodies, “W.H.F.” in his preface to “Hymn Melodies and Sequences,” published by the Plainsong and Mediaeval Music Society, says:

“It must be remembered that the notes express no time-value whatever, and the movement of the melodies is governed entirely by the words, which in the case of Hymns are of course metrical. The metre depends upon a regular succession of accents, not on the measured length of the syllables: this is the essence of a Hymn, and therefore this regular succession of accents must not be disturbed by the music. The notes in consequence must be adjusted to the syllables, so that the metre always remains practically intact, whether there be one or two, or even more notes to a syllable. The simpler melodies easily adapt themselves to this law, but the more florid melodies† require a little study in order to obtain a correct idea of the phrasing.

* A few pieces are from the later French Office Books, and so can hardly be called “old,” but these are quite the exception.
† e.g., Melody 89 to Hymn 288, “O quam glorifica.”
"No system of notation can express exactly the rendering of an ordinary ballad as sung by a really competent artist; and as a Plainsong Hymn should be sung with at least an equal freedom, it is under the same disadvantage, even when written in proper Plainsong notation: while modern notation can hardly fail to convey an impression of strict measured time which is fatally misleading; for to sing a Plainsong Melody like a modern measured tune is radically wrong.

"Great care is needed on the part of the singers, and still more on the part of the accompanist to keep the light-syllables quite light, and so to preserve the metrical freedom and balance."

For the Sequences, both Ancient and Modern Music has been provided; but the Sequences themselves can be sung, or omitted, as may be thought desirable: and some Choirmasters will no doubt prefer to confine their Choirs to the five Sequences retained in the present Roman Missal. In this present edition of the Office Hymn Book, the date of each Sequence and its proper Melody, which in the case of the older Sequences were always composed together, are given as far as is known.

The Editors are much indebted to Mr. Spenser Nottingham for pointing the Graduals specially for this book; also to Rev. G. H. Palmer for his Harmonies for Organists to the Office Hymns, written for the original issue of the Office Hymn Book, but retained, with a few additions, for the present Edition.

The Editors are also under great obligations to Mr. E. W. Goldsmith for composing harmonies for Organists to many of the Sequence Melodies, and for much laborious work in correcting proofs; also to Mr. Arthur H. Brown, Rev. H. S. Milner, and Mr. Thos. Wigley for their kind assistance in various ways; and they gratefully acknowledge many valuable hints and suggestions made by Rev. G. H. Palmer. To Messrs. Novello and Company, Ltd., they offer their sincere thanks for permission to insert many of their copyright tunes; also to Rev. G. R. Woodward, Editor of "Songs of Syon," to the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and to the Proprietors of the "English Hymnal," for permission to use several tunes and harmonies from their respective collections which are their copyright.

To Provost Ball the Editors are specially indebted for placing his numerous translations of Hymns and Sequences at their disposal, and for giving them free permission to make such alterations in his text as might approve themselves to them; they also offer their cordial thanks to Rev. G. H. Palmer for allowing them to make use of his and the late Rev. M. J. Blacker's translations in "The Hymner"; and to Rev. T. A. Lacey for No. 138, which was specially translated by him for the Office Hymn Book.

The Editors also acknowledge the debt which they cannot overestimate to Dr. Julian for the use they have made of his Dictionary of Hymnology—a book to which the Editors of all recent collections of Hymns owe so much: for without its aid that accuracy of detail which is now looked for in Hymn Books can hardly be attained.

Finally, they apologise for any infringement of copyright of which they may inadvertently have been guilty, and they ask that the involuntary offence, if committed, may be kindly condoned.

Radwinter, 1908.

J. F. W. BULLOCK.
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PROCESSIONS, INTROITS, AND GRADUALS.
PART I.

INTROITS, GRADUALS, ETC.

FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

1. ASPERGES ME HYSSOPO.

As pekoes me Hydro.

Before a Solemn Eucharist (except during Easter tide) the following may be sung on Sundays instead of the Introit.

Mode VII.

Ant. Thou shalt purge me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Ps. Have mercy upon me, O God; after thy great goodness. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be; world without end, Amen.

Repeat: Antiphon. Thou shalt purge me.
Ant. I saw water flowing from the right side of the Temple Alleluia and all to whom that water came, were saved, and they shall say; Alleluia, Alleluia Ps. O give thanks unto the Lord for He is gracious; and His mercy endureth for evermore. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen

Repeat Antiphon: "I saw water."
3.

First Sunday in Advent.

Introit.

Mode VIII.

Unto Thee, O Lord, lift I up my soul, O my God, in Thee have I trusted, let me not be confounded neither let mine enemies triumph over me for all they that wait on Thee, shall not be ashamed. Ps. Shew me Thy ways, O Lord; and teach me Thy paths. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and is ever shall be; World with out end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "Unto Thee, O Lord, lift I up my soul..."

N.B. This manner of repeating the Introit must be observed throughout the year.

Between Epistle and Gospel

Gradual

All they that wait on Thee, O Lord: shall not be ashamed. Shew me Thy ways, O Lord: and teach me Thy paths.

Cantors.

Mode VIII

Al-le-lu... ia. a.

Cantors.

Choir.

Repeat, adding Neuma.

N.B. The Cantors repeat "Alleluia" once as above; the Choir falling in and singing the Neuma only on vowel a. This mode to be observed throughout the year, but when a Sequence is sung, the "Alleluia" is repeated without the Neuma.

Sequence 116.
Introit.

Mode VII.

People of Sion, behold, the Lord cometh to redeem the nations; and the Lord shall cause the glory of His voice to be heard, in the gladness of your heart.

Ps. Hear, O Thou Shepherd of Israel: Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "People of Sion"

Between Epistle and Gospel.

Grad. Out of Sion hath God appeared; in perfect beauty.

Gather my Saints together unto Me: those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice.

Alleluia.

The powers of Heaven shall be shaken: and then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven with power and great glory.

Repeat "Alleluia"
Introit.

Re-joice ye in the Lord al- way, and a-gain I say, Re-joice ye: let your mo-de-ra...tion be known un-to all men;

The Lord is at hand. Be care-ful for no...thing, but in ev ery thing, by pray'r & sup-pli.ca tion, with thank-s gi-v ing, let your re-quests be made known un-to God. Po. Lord, Thou art be-come gra-cious un-to Thy land:

Thou hast turned a-way the cap-ti-vity of Ja-cob. Glo-ry be to the fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the be-gin-nin, is now, and ev er shall be: World without end. A. men.

Repeat Introit—"Rejoice ye."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. O Lord, Thou that sittest between the Cheru-bim: stir up Thy strength & come. 

Hear, O Thou Shep-herd of Is-ra-el: Thou that leads Joseph like a sheep.

Alle-lu-ia a...

Stir up Thy strength. O Lord; and come and help us. 

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 116.
Drop down ye heavens from above and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth be opened, and let it bring forth Salvation. Ps. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "Drop down."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. B. Sarum.

Grad. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him:
yea, all such as call upon Him faithfully.

XI. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord:

and let all flesh give thanks unto His holy Name.

Al - le - lu - ia. a -

V. Come O Lord, and tarry not: forgive the sins of Thy people Is rae.

Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE, 116.
The Lord said unto Me, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee. Ps. Why do the heathen so furiously rage together: and why do the people imagine a vain thing?

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit — "The Lord said:"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee freewill offerings with a holy worship: the dew of Thy birth is of the womb of the morning. XI. The Lord said unto My Lord:

Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool.

Alleluia. 

The Lord said unto Me Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee. Repeat "Alleluia"
Christmas. (At Break of Day)

Introit.

Light shall shine to-day upon us; for unto us is born the Lord... and He shall be called, Wonderful, God, the prince of peace, Father of the world to come, Whose kingdom shall have no end....

Ps. The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit. "Light shall shine"
Introit.

Mode VII.

Un-to us a Child is born, un-to us a Son is gi-ven;
and the go-ver-nment shall be up-on His shoul-der, and His
Name shall be call-ed, the An-ge-l of migh-ty Coun-sel.

Ps. O sing un-to the Lord a new song: for He hath
done mar-vel-lous things. Æ. Glo-ry be to the Father
and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-in-gin-
ing, is now, and ev-er shall be; World with-out end. A- men.

Repeal Introit. "Un-to us a Child"}

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. All the ends of the world have seen the sal-va-tion of
our God: O be joy-ful in God, all ye lands.

Æ. The Lord hath declared His sal-va-tion: His righteoun-
ness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the hea-then.
The hallowed day hath dawned upon us: come ye Gentiles, and worship the Lord; for this day a great Light hath descended upon the earth. Repeat "Alleluia."

God Who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the Fathers by the Prophets; hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence, 118.
I. Stephen's Day.

Introit.

Princes did sit, and did speak against me, and the ungodly have persecuted me; help me, O Lord my God, for Thy servant is occupied in Thy commandments.

Ps. Blessed are these that are undefiled in the way; and walk in the law of the Lord. XI. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit: "Princes did sit."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 f.

Grad. Princes did sit and did speak against me; and the ungodly have persecuted me. XI. Help me, O Lord my God: and save me for Thy mercies' sake.

Alleluia. a

Al. le. lu. ia. a

II. & Festal. Mod.

XI Lo, I see the Heavens opened: and Jesus standing at the Right Hand of God. Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE I19.
11. **S. John the Evangelist's Day.**

(Also on May 6)

**Introit.**

*Mode vi.*

In the midst of the Church, he opened his mouth; and the Lord filled him with the spirit of wisdom, and understanding:

in a robe of glory He arrayed him. (Alleluia, Alleluia)

Ps. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most Highest. Alleluia.

Glorify to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit "In the midst."

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Grad. There went a saying abroad among the brethren, that that Disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not, He shall not die.

But if I will that he tarry till I come: Follow thou Me.

*Mode II.*

Alleluia.

This is that Disciple which testified of these things: and we know that his testimony is true.

**Sequence. M.2.**
Out of the mouth of very babes, O, God, and of sucklings
Thou hast perfected praise, because of Thine enemies.
Ps. O Lord our Governor; how excellent is Thy Name in all the world. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen.
Repeat Introit. "Out of the mouth"

Grad. Our soul is escaped: even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.
The snare is broken, and we are delivered: our help standeth in the Name of the Lord, Who hath made Heaven and earth.

Alleluia, a.

The White-robed army of Martyrs: praise Thee, O Lord.
Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence, 120.
The Sunday after Christmas Day.

Introit.

While all things were in quiet silence, and night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word, O Lord, leapt down from Heaven, out of Thy royal Throne. Ps. The Lord is King, hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on His apparel and girded Himself with strength. Alleluia, Alleluia. The Lord is King; and hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.
14. **The Epiphany.**

**Introit.**

Mode II

_Be-hold, the Lord, the Ru-ler, is come-- and in His hand is the king-dom, and pow-er, and do-mi-nion._

_Ps. Give the King Thy judge-ments, O God: & Thy righteous-ness un-to the King's Son. _Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the begin-ning is now and ev-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men._

_Repeat Introit—“Behold, the Lord.”_

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Grad, _All they from Sheba shall come, they shall bring gold and in-cense: and they shall shew forth the prais-es of the Lord. _A-rise, shine, O Jer-u-sa-lem: for the glory of the Lord is ris-en up-on thee._

Mode II.

_Al-le-lu-ia._

II Festal.

_V. We have seen His star in the East: and are come with gifts to wor-ship Him._ _Repeat—“Al-le-lu-ia.”_

**Sequence, 121.**
15. The First Sunday after the Epiphany.

Introit.

Mode VIII

On the highest throne I beheld sitting a Man, Whom a multitude of the Angels worship singing in concert; and be hold the name of His empire is for ever lasting. Ps. 0 be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, World without end. Amen. Repeat Introit, "On the highest"

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: Who alone from the beginning hath done wondrous things. V. The mountains also shall bring peace: and the little hills righteousness unto the people. Mode III

Alleluia. Amen.

V. O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands: and serve the Lord with gladness. Repeat "Alleluia".

Sequence 121.
16. The Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Introit. Mode IV

All the Earth shall worship Thee, O God:
and sing of Thee, and shall praise Thy Name
O Most Highest. Ps. O be joyful in God, all ye lands:

Sing praises unto the honour of His Name, make His praise to
be glorious. Ps. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and
ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit. "All the Earth."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. The Lord sent His word, and healed them: and they were saved
from their destruction. Ps. O that men would therefore

praise the Lord for His goodness: and declare the won-
ders that He doeth for the children of men.

Praise Him all ye Angels of His: praise Him, all His host.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 129.
17. The Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Sundays after the Epiphany

Introit.

Wor-ship God, all ye His An-gels: Si-on heard of it and re-joi-ced and the daugh-ters of Ju-dah were glad.

Ps: The Lord is King, the earth may be glad there-of: yea the mul-ti-riude of the isles may be glad there-of.

V. Glo-ry be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the begin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Worship God."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

V. 2 Sarum.

Grad. The Gen-tiles shall fear Thy Name, O Lord: and all the kings of the earth Thy ma-jes-ty V. When the Lord shall build up Si-on and when His glo-ry shall ap-pear.

Al-le-lu ia a-—

VIII. 1.

V. The Lord is King, the earth may be glad there-of: yea, the mul-ti-riude of the isles may be glad there-of.

Repeat. "Al-le-lu ia."

SEQUENCE 129

18 ON THE LAST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. SEQUENCE 124.
The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of Hell came about me: and in my tribulation I called upon the Lord, and He heard my voice out of His Holy Temple.

Ps. I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength: the Lord is my stony rock, and my defence: my Saviour, my God, and my might, in whom I will trust, my buckler, the horn also of my Salvation, and my refuge. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.


Trad. The Lord will be a refuge in due time of trouble: and they that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee, for Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee.
V. For the poor shall not alway be forgotten; the patient
abiding of the meek shall not perish for ever: up, Lord
and let not man have the upper hand.

TRACT.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord
hear my voice: if Thou wilt be very mindful of the
voice of my complaint: if Thou, Lord wilt be extreme
to mark what is done amiss: if Lord, who may abide it?
V. For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be feared.
Introit.

Up! Lord, why sleepest thou: a-wake, and be not a-bsent from us for-ev-er; where-fore hi-dest Thou Thy face, & for-get-rest our mi-se-ry and trou-ble; our be-ly clear-eth un-to the ground A-rise, O Lord, help us, and de li-ver us. Ps. We have heard with our ears, O God, our fa-thers have told us: what Thou hast done in their time of old. X. Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev-er shall be: World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Up! Lord."

Between Epistle & Gos-pel.

rad. They shall know that Thou, Whose Name is Je-ho-va-h: (a) O my God, make them like un-to a wheel (b)

(a) art only the most Highest o-ver all the earth.
(b) and as the stub-ble be-fore the wind.

**TRACT.**

Thou hast moved the Land O Lord: and divided it.

 Heal the sores there-of: for it shaketh.

That they may triumph because of the truth:

Therefore were Thy beloved delivered.
20. **Quinquagesima Sunday.**

**Introit.**

Be Thou my God and my Defender, and a place of refuge; that Thou mayest save me; for my strong rock and my castle art Thou and for Thy Name's sake be Thou my Guide and my sustainer. Ps. In Thee, O Lord have I put my trust, let me never be cast to confusion: but rid me and deliver me in thy righteousness. 

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Thou art the God that doest wonders. (a) Thou hast mightily declared Thy people: (b) and hast declared Thy power among the people. (a) even the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

**TRACT.**

O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness.

Come before His presence with a song: be ye sure that the Lord He is God.

It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves: We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.
Introit.

Thou hast mercy on all O Lord: and hatest no-thing that Thou hast made; and wink-est at the sins of men, because they should a-mend and spare-est them because Thou art the Lord our God. Ps. Be mer-ciful unto me O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee: and un-der the sha-dow of Thy wings shall be my refuge, until this ty-ran-ny be o-ver-past.

N. Glo- ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost. As it was in the beginning is now and ev-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—“Thou hast mercy.”
Between Epistle & Gospel.

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: (a) He shall send from Heaven: (b)

(a) for my soul trust eth in Thee.
(b) and save me from the reproof of him that would eat me up.

TRACT.

O Lord, deal not with us after our sins: nor reward us according to our wickednesses. X. O remember not our old sins but have mercy upon us and that soon: For we are come to great misery. X. Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the glory of Thy Name: O Lord deliver us: be merciful to our sins for Thy Name's sake.
22. **First Sunday in Lent.**

**Introit.**

He shall call upon Me, and I will hearken unto him, I will deliver him, and bring him to honour with length of days.

will I satisfy him. Ps: Who so dwelleth under the defence of the most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

**Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end, A-men.**

Repeat Introit: “He shall call.”

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Grad. God shall give His Angels charge over thee. (a)

They shall bear thee in their hands; (b)

(a) To keep thee in all thy ways.
(b) that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

**TRACT.**

Who so dwelleth under the defence of the most High:

shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my strong hold: my God, in Him will I trust.

[OVER]
22. continued.

For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall defend thee under His wings, and thou shalt be safe under His feathers: His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day.
For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.
A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.
For He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.
Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up, because he hath known My Name.
He shall call upon Me, and I will hear him: yea, I am with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.
With long life will I satisfy him: and shew him My salvation.
Introit.

Call to remembrance Thy tender mercies, O Lord,

and Thy loving kindnesses, which have been ever of old; neither let our enemies triumph over us: deliver us, O God of Israel, out of all our troubles. Ps. Unto Thee, O Lord,

will I lift up my soul; my God, I have put my trust in Thee: O let me not be confounded, neither let mine enemies triumph over me. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be;

World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit—'Call to remembrance.'
23. continued.

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Grad. The sorrow of my heart are enlarg ed: (a)

W. Look upon my adversity and misery: (b)

(a) O bring Thou me out of my troubles.
(b) and forgive me all my sin.

**TRACT.**

The Lord said unto the woman of Canaan: It is not

meet to take the children's bread and to cast it

to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat

of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.

W. Jesus said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith:

Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.
Introit.

Mode VII.

Mine eyes are ever looking unto the Lord for it is He that shall pluck my feet out of the net: look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me; for I am desolate, and in misery. Ps. Unto Thee, O Lord, will I lift up my Soul; my God, I have put my trust in Thee: O let me not be confounded, neither let mine enemies triumph over me.

H. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end, A-men.

Repeat Introit. "Mine Eyes."
24. continued.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Grad. Up Lord and let not man have the upper hand. (a)

While mine enemies are driven back. (b)

(a) let the heathen be judged in Thy sight.

(b) they shall fall and perish at Thy presence.

**TRACT.**

Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes: O Thou that dwellest in the Heavens. ¶ Behold even as the eyes of servants: look unto the hand of their masters.

¶. And as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress: even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until He have mercy upon us. ¶. Have mercy upon us, O Lord: have mercy upon us.
INTROIT.

Mode V.

Rejoice, Jerusalem, and be glad with her,
all ye that love her, rejoice with joy, ye
that were sorrowful: that ye may exult,
and be satisfied with the breasts of her
consolations.

Ps. I was glad when they

said unto me: we will go into the house of
the Lord.

V. Glory be to the Father, and
to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be, World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit- "Rejoice."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. I was glad when they said unto me: we will go

OVER.
25. continued.

unto the House of the Lord. Peace be within Thy walls and plenteousness within Thy palaces.

TRACT.

They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Zion, which may not be removed but standeth fast for ever. The hills stand about Jerusalem; even so standeth the Lord round about His people from this time forth for evermore.
Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people.O deliver me from the hand of the deceitful and wicked man: for Thou art my God and my strength.

Ps. O send out Thy light and Thy truth; that they may lead me; and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling. No Gloria.

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Deliver Me, O Lord, from Mine enemies:

reach Me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee.

It is the Lord that delivereth Me from My cruel
enemies, and setteth Me up above Mine ad-ver-sa ries

Thou shalt rid Me from the wick-ed man.

TRACT.

Ma-ny a time have they fought against me from

my youth up: May Is-ra-el now say.

Yea, many a time have they vexed me from

my youth up: but they have not pre-vail-ed

a-gainst me. Y. The plowers plowed upon my

back: and made long fur-rows. Y. But the

righteous Lord: hath hewn the snares of

the un-god-ly in pie-ces.
27. **Palm Sunday.**

At the Procession.

Glo-ry and ho-nour and praise be to Thee, our

King and Re-deem-er: Thou to Whom chil-der-en of

old lov'd their Ho-san-nas to raise. Bx. Glo-ry &c.

W. Is-rael's Monarch art Thou, and the glo-ri-ous Off-

spring of Da-vid: Thou that ap-proach-est, a King

blest in the Name of the Lord. Bx. Glo-ry.

W. Glo-ry to Thee up-on high, the Hea'un-ly

arm-ies are sing-ing: Glo-ry to Thee up-on

earth, man and cre-a-tion re- ply. Bx. Glo-ry

W. Met Thee with palms in their hands, that day

the folk of the He-brews: We with our prayers and our
27. continued.

hymns now to Thy Presence approach. Bx. Glory.

V. They to Thee proffer'd their praise, on the eve.

of Thy dolorous Passion: We to the King on His

Throne utter the jubilant hymn. Bx. Glory.

V. They were then pleasing to Thee, unto Thee our

devotion be pleasing: Merciful King, kind King,

Who with all goodness art pleased. Bx. Glory.
Introit.

Mode VIII.

'0 Lord re-move not Thy su-cour a-far from Me; have re-spect

to my de-fence: de-liv-er me from the li-on's mouth and my

low-li-ness from the horns of the u-ni-corps. Ps. My God,

my God look upon me; why hast Thou for-sa-ken me: and art so far

from my health and from the words of my com-plain-t. No Gloria.

Repeat Introit—'O Lord.'

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grav. Thou hast hold-en Me by My Right Hand: Thou shalt guide

Me with Thy counsel and after that re-ceive Me with glo-ry

Tru-ly God is loving unto Is-ra-el even unto such as are of a

Clean heart: nevertheless My feet were almost gone, My tread-
ings had well nigh slipt, and why? I was grieved at the wick-
ed, I do also see the un-god-ly in such pros-peri-ty.
28. continued.

TRACT.

My God, My God, look upon Me: why hast Thou forsaken Me:

and art so far from My health, & from the words of My complaint.

V. O My God, I cry in the daytime, but Thou hearest not:
and in the night-season also I take no rest.

VI. And Thou continuest holy; O Thou Worship of Is-ra-ael.

VII. Our fathers hoped in Thee; they trusted in Thee, and Thou didst de-Lie-ber-ate them.

VIII. They called upon Thee, and were hol-pen; they put their trust in Thee, and were not con-found-ed.

IX. But as for Me, I am a worm, and no man: a very scorn of men, and the out-cast of the peo-ple.

X. All they that see Me laugh Me to scorn; they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, say-ing.

XI. He trusted in God, that he would deliver Him: let Him deliver Him, if He will have Him.

XII. They stand staring and looking upon Me; they part My garments among them; and cast lots up-on My ves-ture.

XIII. Save Me from the lion's mouth: Thou hast heard Me also from among the horns of the Un-i-orne.

XIV. O praise the Lord, ye that fear Him; magnify Him all, ye seed of Ja-cob.

XV. My seed shall serve Him; they shall be counted unto Lord for a ge-ne-ra-tion.

XVI. They shall come, and the Heavens shall declare His right-teousness: unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lord hath made.
29. **Monday in Holy Week.**

**Introit.**

Plead Thou my cause O Lord with them that strive with me, and fight Thou against them that fight against me: lay hand upon the shield and buckler and stand up to help me O Lord:— the strength of my salvation. *Ps. Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me: say unto my soul, I am Thy salvation.* No Gloria. Repeat Introit “Plead Thou.”

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Grad. *Awake, O Lord, and stand up to judge my quarrel: avenge Thou my cause, My God, and my Lord.* *Bring forth the spear: and stop the way against them that persecute me.*
TRACT.

O Lord, deal not with us after our sins: Nor reward us according to our wickednesses; O remember not our old sins, but have mercy upon us, and that soon: For we are come to great misery.

Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the glory of thy Name: O Lord, deliver us and be merciful to our sins, for Thy Name's sake.
But as for us, it be-ho- rcth us to glory in the Cross of our Lord Je-sus Christ in Whom is our sa-vra-tion life and re-
sur-rec-tion by Whom we are saued and set free...

Ps. God be mer-ci-ful un-to us & bless us: and shew us the light of

His countenance, and be mer-ci-ful un-to-us

Repeat Introit. "But as for us."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Gr&d. Ne-verthele ss, when they were sick, I put on sack cloth.

and humbled my soul with fast-ing: and my prayer

shall turn unto Mine Own Bo-som 

Plead Thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me, and

courage: Lay hand upon the shield and buckler,

and stand up to help me.
31. **Wednesday in Holy Week.**

**Introit.**

At the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth for the Lord became obedient unto death even the death of the Cross, therefore Jesus Christ is Lord in the glory of God the Father. Ps: Hear my prayer O Lord and let my crying come unto Thee. No Gloria.

Repeal Introit. "At the Name."

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Grad. Hide not thy Face from Thy servant, for I am in trouble: O haste Thee and hear me.

Y Save me O God, for the waters are come in, even unto my Soul: I stick fast in the deep mire where no ground is.
Hear my prayer, O Lord: And let my cry come unto Thee. Hide not Thy Face from me in the time of my trouble: Incline Thine ear to me when I call; O hear me, and that right soon. For my days are consumed away like smoke, And my bones are burnt up as it were a firebrand.

My heart is smitten down, and withered like grass:

So that I forget to eat my bread. Thou, O Lord,

shalt arise and have mercy upon Si-on: For it is time that Thou have mercy upon her.
32. **Introit.**  

**Maundy Thursday**  

**Mode IV.**  

*But as for us, it be-tho-uth us to glo-ry in the Cross of our Lord Je-sus Christ in whom is our sal-va-tion, life and re-sur-rec-tion, by whom we are sauv-ed and set free...***

Ps. God be mer-oi-ful un-to us and bleas us: and shew us the light of His countenance, and be mer-ci-ful un-lo us. No Gloria.  

Repeat Introit: "But as for us."

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

**Grad. Christ becajne obedient Un-to death even the death of the Cross.**

**V. Where-fore God also hath highly ex-alt-ed Him:**

and given Him a Name which is a-boue eu-ry Name
De·li·ver me, O Lord, from the evil man:

And pre·serve me from the wick·ed man.

Who imagine mischief in their hearts: and stir up strife all the day long.

They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poi·son is un·der their lips.

Keep Me, O Lord, from the hands of the un·god·ly: preserve Me from the wicked men, who are prepared to over·throw My go·ings.

The proud have laid a snare for Me, and spread a net abroad with cords: yea, and set traps in My way.

I said unto the Lord, Thou art My God: hear the voice of My prayers, O Lord.

O Lord God, Thou strength of My health: Thou hast covered My head in the day of bat·tle.

Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord: let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest they be too proud.

Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the head of them: that com·pass Me about.

The righteous also shall give thanks unto Thy Name: and the just shall con·tin·ue in Thy sight.
The Reproaches.

V. O My people, what have I done unto thee, or where-in have I wearied thee? testify against Me.

V. Because I brought thee forth from the land of Egypt,

thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

Holy God, Holy God, Holy and Mighty,

Holy and Mighty Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

Because I led thee through the wilderness forty years,

and fed thee with manna, and brought thee into a land exceeding good, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.
34. continued.

TWO CANTORS. Decani

V. What more could I have done unto thee that I have not
done? I indeed did plant thee, O my vineyard, with
exceeding fair fruit, and thou art become very bitter
unto Me; for vinegar mingled with gall thou gavest Me
to quench My thirst; and with a spear hast thou pierced the
Side of thy Saviour.

Choirs Decani and Cantoris
alternately as before. "Holy God" Ke.

Mode VI

V. Behold the Holy Cross on which the Saviour of the world did
hang for us: O come and let us worship.

ANTIPHON

Mode IV

We venerate Thy Cross, O Lord, and praise and glorify Thy holy Resurrection: for behold, by means

of the Cross, there hath come joy unto the whole world.

FIN.

[over.]
Ps. God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us. That thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea let all the people praise Thee. O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk Righteously and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise Thee, O God: let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God even our own God shall give us His blessing. God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him. Repeat Antiphon "We venerate"
34. continued.

Mode III.

V. Faithful Cross! above all other, One and only noble Tree!

None in foliage, none in blossom, None in fruit thy peer may be:

Sweetest wood and sweetest iron! Sweetest weight

is hung on thee!  

Ex. Faithful Cross! &c. &c.

V. Sing my tongue, the glorious battle,
   With completed vict'ry rife;
   And above the Cross's trophy
   Tell the triumph of the strife,
   How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
   By surrend'ring of His Life.

Ex. Faithful Cross! &c.

V. God his Maker, sorely grieving
   That the first-made Adam fell,
   When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
   Whose reward was death and Hell,
   Noted then this Tree, the ruin
   Of the former tree to quell.

Ex. Faithful Cross! &c.

V. Thus the scheme of our Salvation
   Was, of old, in order laid;
   Thus the wily arts were baffled
   Of the foe who man betrayed,
   And the weapon of the foeman
   Was the Rod of healing made.

Ex. Faithful Cross! &c.
Therefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's Throne on high,
And came forth, a Virgin's Offspring,
Clothed in our humanity.

Faithful Cross! &c.

Now the thirty years accomplished,
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself, an offering free;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

Faithful Cross! &c.

He endured the nails, and spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;
From that Sacred Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed:
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

Faithful Cross! &c.

To the Trinity be glory.
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Their eternal praise repeat.

Faithful Cross! &c.

The Sarum Rubric orders the whole verse "Faithful Cross" to be
repeated after each verse of this Hymn. The Roman Rubric
orders the first four lines only of the verse "Faithful Cross" to be
sung after the even verses, beginning with "Sing my tongue the glo-
rious battle"; and the two last lines of the same verse, "Sweetest Wood"
be sung after the uneven verses, beginning with "God his Maker".
34. continued.

Mode II.

Whilst the Maker of the world suffered the punishment of death upon the Cross, and crying with a loud voice yielded up His Spirit: lo, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and the graves were opened, for there had been an exceeding great earthquake, because the world cried aloud, for that it could not endure the Death of the Son of God.

Mode VIII.

Therefore the Side of the Crucified Lord being pierced by the lance of the soldier there came forth Blood and Water for our Redemption and Salvation. O most wondrous
Ransom! Whose weight hath redeemed the world from captivity hath shattered Hell’s infernal strong holds: and opened unto us the gate of the Kingdom.

Therefore the Side &c.

The complete Ritual Music of the Reproaches, (set to the above words) according to the use of Sarum, is published separately, and can be obtained from W. Knott, 26, Brooke St., E.C.

Holy Saturday.
(Otherwise called Easter Even)

No Introit.

Between Epistle & Gospel.

O Praise the Lord all ye heathen: Praise Him all ye nations.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us: And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.
Easter Day.

At the Procession.

Welcome Festival day, thrice hallow'd for ever and ever; God, Who hath conquer'd hell,
riseth again from the dead. BY. Welcome &c.

Lo! the fair beauty of earth, from the slumber of winter arising, shew'eth how all God's gifts now with their Maker revive. Welcome &c.

He, Who once hung on the Cross, now reigneth in boundless dominion; Ev'ry created thing praiseth, its Maker, and Lord. Welcome &c.

Mighty and gracious art Thou to restore their faith to the doubtful; This is Thine own third morn (over
Buried One, rise and come forth. Welcome &c.

Wilt it be seemeth Thy limbs to linger in lowly dishonour; Rocks are not meet to hide Him Who hath ransomed the world. Welcome &c.

W. Thee it no longer becomes, Whose grasp doth creation encircle; Captive to lie immured under the prisoning stone. Welcome &c.

W. Rid Thee of burial garb, leave napkin and cercloth behind Thee; Thou art enough for us; and without Thee there is nought. Welcome &c.

V. Thou hast endured the grave, Who art Author (over.)
of life and creation; Treading the pathway of
death, life Thou bestowest on all. Welcome &c.

X. Show us Thy Face once more, that all ages may
joy in its brightness; Grant us thy daylight
again veiled at Thy death from our eyes. Welcome &c.

XI. Forth from the fetters of Hell Thou art leading numberless captives; Following glad and free,
whither their Ransomer goes. Welcome &c.

XII. Burst are the ruthless chains of him who
reigneth in darkness; Hell, foreboding its
doom, shrinks from the presence of light. Welcome &c.
37. Introit.

Mode IV.

I am ri-sen a-gain, and am still with Thee, Al-le-lu-ia;

Thou hast laid Thine hand on me, Al-le-lu-ia: such know-

ledge is too won-der-ful and ex-cep-tent for me, Al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. O Lord Thou hast search-ed me out

and known me: Thou knowest my down sitting,

and mine up-ris-ing XV. Glor-y be to the Fa-ther, and to the

Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the begin-nung, is now,

and ev-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit "I am risen."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

ad. This is the Day which the Lord hath made: we will re-

joice

and be glad in it. ¥O give thanks un-to the Lord, for He is

gra-cious: be-cause His mercy en-

dur-eth for ev-er.

Mode 1.

Al-le-lu-ia. a

¥. Christ our Pas-so-er: is sa-cri-ficed for us.

Repeat "Al-le-lu-ia."

Sequence 122
Monday in Easter Week.

Introit.

Mode VIII.

The Lord hath brought you into a land flowing with milk and honey, Alleluia: that the law of the Lord may always be in your heart, Alleluia, Alleluia. Ps. 9 give thanks unto the Lord and call upon His Name: tell the people what things He hath done. W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit. "The Lord."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

11. 4. S. F.

Grad. This is the Day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it. W. Let Israel now confess that He is gracious: and that His mercy endures for ever.

Mode VII.

Alleluia a

W. Did not our heart burn within us concerning Jesus:

while He talked with us by the way. Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 122
39. **Tuesday in Easter Week.**

**Introit.**

He hath given them the water of wisdom to drink, Alleluia: He shall be established in them, and shall not be moved, Alleluia;

and He shall exalt them for ever, Alleluia,

Alleluia. Ps. 0 give thanks unto the Lord and call upon His Name: tell the people what things He hath done.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son

and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "He hath given"
Between Epistle & Gospel.

This is the Day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it: Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed:

and delivered from the hand of the enemy,

and gathered them out of the lands.

Alleluia, a

Ye Jesus, our Lord, after He was risen: stood in the midst of His Disciples and said Peace be unto you.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 122
40.

**Introit.**

Mode VI

As new born babes, Alleluia: desire ye the sincere milk of the word. Alleluia, Alleluia,

Alleluia, Ps. Sing ye merrily unto God our strength: make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "As new born."

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Mode VII

Alleluia a — — — — VII. 15.

V. After eight days, when the doors were shut: Jesus stood in the midst of His Disciples, and said, Peace be unto you.

Mode VII

Alleluia a — — — — VII. 15.

V. The Angel of the Lord descended from Heaven; and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

Repeat "Alleluia."

**Sequence 122 or 125.**
Of the goodness of the Lord the earth is full, Alleluia:

by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, Alleluia,

Alleluia. Ps. Rejoice in the Lord O ye righteous

for it becometh well the just to be thankful. Glory

be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy

Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever

shall be. World without end Amen.

Repeat Introit "Of the Goodness."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Al-le-lu-ia, a——

W. I am the Good Shepherd: and I know My sheep,

and am known of Mine.

W. The Good Shepherd has risen: Who gave His

life for His sheep. Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 123 or 124.
42. **The 3rd Sunday after Easter.**

**Introit:**

*Mode VIII.*

0 be joyful in God, all ye lands, alleluia.

Sing ye praises to the honour of His Name,

alleluia; make His praise to be glorious,

alleluia; alleluia; alleluia. Ps. Say

unto God, 0 how wonderful art Thou in Thy works

O Lord: through the greatness of Thy power

shall Thine enemies be found liars

unto Thee. W. Glory be to the Father,

and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever

shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit - "O be joyful."
42. continued.

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

*Mode II.*

*Alleluia a — — — — —

*Mode IV.*

*Alleluia a — — — — —

11. A.

V. A little while and ye shall not see Me, saith the Lord: and again a little while and ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father.

IV. 1.

But I will see you again; and your hearts shall rejoice: and your joy no man taketh from you.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 123 or 124.
O sing unto the Lord a new song, Alleluia; for the Lord hath done marvelous things, Alleluia; in the sight of the heathen hath He openly shewed His righteousness, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Ps. With His own right hand, and with His holy arm: hath He gotten Himself the victory. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen. Repeat Introit: "O sing unto the Lord."
43. continued.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL**

\[ \text{Alleluia.} \]

\[ 1 \text{ Mon. Med. 5.} \]

**Sequence 123 or 124**

My way to Him that sent Me: but because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath fill'd your heart. I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go away. Repeat "Alleluia".
Introit.

Mode III.

With a voice of singing declare ye, and let it be heard, Alleluya: utter it even to the ends of the earth: the Lord hath redeemed His people, Alleluya,

Alleluya. Ps. O be joyful in God all ye lands: sing praises unto the honour of His Name, make His praise to be glorious. 

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit “With a voice”.

67.
Between Epistle & Gospel

Mode I

Alleluia

V.

Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name

ask, and ye shall receive.

Mode VII.

Alleluia

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more:

dearth hath no more dominion over Him.

Repeat "Alleluia"

Sequence 123 or 124
45. **Ascension Day.**

*At the Procession*  

*Mode IV.*

**Welcome Festival day, thrice hallowed**

for ever and ever; Day when our Lord ascends high into Heaven to reign.  

_Bx._ Welcome &c.

2. Glows o'er meadows in bloom the cloudless morning above us,  

Broader the bright'ning dawn streams from the gates of the day.  

_Bx._ Welcome &c.

3. Sorrows and death are past; for Christ as a Victor returneth, Leafage the woodland adorns, meadows with herbage are decked.  

_Bx._ Welcome &c.

4. Trampling on hell's dread pow'r, to Highest Heaven ascending, Heaven and earth and sea praise (over.)
45 continued.

Him in glad-some ac-claim. Bx. Wel-come &c.

5. Loose from the bonds of Hell the long-prison'd captives of dark-ness, Souls in the sha-dow of death call to the realms of the blest. Bx. Wel-come &c.

6. Cleans'd from their guilt, renew'd, and em-brac'd in the arms of Thy mer-cy, Up to the Fa-ther on high, bear them, the pled-ges of grace. Bx. Wel-come &c.

7. Di-a-dems twain en-cir-cle Thy brow, O Vic-tor tri-um-phant; One for thine own great Name, one for the souls Thou hast sau'd Bx. Wel-come &c.

8. Sou-ran Health of the world, Cre-a-tor, Re-deem-er and.
45. continued.

Saviour, Only Begotten of God, Son of the Father Supreme. ¶ Welcome &c.

9. You Peer of the Father art Thou, Co-equal, in glory Co-equal, Thou by Whom all things are, Lord and upholder of all. ¶ Welcome &c.

10. Sunk in profoundest depths was man, when in pity beholding, Thou, to deliver our race, deign-edst our flesh to assume. ¶ Welcome &c.

A very special Catholic hymnal will be released sometime in 2018: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN
Ye men of Ga-li-lee, why stand ye gazing
up in- to Hea-ven? Al-le-lu-ia; in like
man- ner as ye have seen Him as-cend-ing
up in- to Hea-ven, so shall He come, Al-le-lu-ia,
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. Ps. 0 clap
your hands to- gether all ye peo-ple: O
sing unto God with the voice of me-lo-dy.

W. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the
beginning, is now, and eu-er shall be;
World with- out end; A-men.
Repeat Introit. "Ye men of Galilee."
46. continued

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

**Mode IV**

\[ \text{Alleluia} \]

\[ \text{IV. A. S. Festal.} \]

**V. God is gone up with a mer-ry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trump.**

**Mode VIII**

\[ \text{Alleluia} \]

\[ \text{VIII. A.} \]

**VI. Christ, when He ascended up on high, led capti-vi-ty captive: and gave gifts un-to men.**

Repeat "Alleluia."

**Sequence 125**
Introit.

Hearken, O Lord, unto my voice, when I cry unto Thee, Alleluia: my heart hath talked of Thee, seek ye my face; Thy face, O Lord, will I seek; O hide not Thou Thy face from me, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ps. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end, Amen. Repeat Introit—Hearken.
47. continued

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

*God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon His holy seat.*

*1 will not leave you comfortless: I go away, and I will come again to you, and your heart shall rejoice.*  Repeat. "Alleluia."

**Sequence 125.**
At the Procession.

Welcome, Festival Day, thrice hallow'd for

ever and ever; Day whereon grace from above
came to enlighten the world. Bk. Welcome &c.

2. Lo! in the likeness of tongues, mysterious,

fiery, cloven, Over the Apostles in prayer

hover the Spirit of God. Bk. Welcome &c.

3. Into the souls of men to pour the full wealth

of the Godhead; Forth from the Father He comes,

bearing the mystical gifts. Bk. Welcome &c.

4. Straightway the Twelve proclaim the wondrous works

of the Master, Teaching in alien tongues
48. continued.

people of many a race. Bx. Welcome, &c.

5. Praise to Thee, Holiest Breath, Who camest our

souls to enlight'en, Lord and Giver of Life,

gladdening Light of the World Bx. Welcome, &c.

6. God of all goodness the sum, True Peace, Blest

Lover of concord, Come to our hearts & their depths

fill with Thy sweetness Divine. Bx. Welcome, &c.

7. Spirit Who fillest the World, Lord God Om-

ni-potent, hear us, Purify us for Thyself;

quick-en, illumine and aid Bx. Welcome, &c.

8. Fain would we strive to press to the inmost
48. continued.

Secret of wisdom, where the elect Cherubim mysteries hidden behold. 

9 W. O that the Seraph would touch our lips with a coal from the Altar! So should our ice-bound hearts glow with the fire of Thy love. 

B. Welcome. &c.
The Spirit of the Lord filleth the whole world, Alleluia: and that which containeth all things, hath knowledge of the voice, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. Ps. Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit. "The Spirit."
49. continued.

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

**Mode IV**

*Alleluia a*

IX. When Thou lewest Thy Spirit go forth, they

shall be made: and Thou shalt re-new

the face of the earth.

**Mode II**

*Alleluia a*

X. The Holy Ghost proceeding from the

Throne: illuminated the hearts of the Apostles this day with invisible pow'r.

Repeat "Alleluia"

**Sequence 126.**
50. **Monday in Whitsun Week.**

**Introit.**

Mode II.

He fed them also with the finest wheat flour, Allelúia: and with honey from the stony rock hath He satisfied them, Allelúia, Allelúia, Allelúia. Ps. Sing we merrily unto God our strength: make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit. "He fed them."
50. continued.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

*Mode IV.*

**Alleluia a. - -**

*Mode II.*

**Alleluia. a. - -**

**Sequence 126.**

82.
51. **Tuesday in Whitsun Week.**

**Introit** Mode IV.

*Receive the joyfulness of your glory, Alleluia; giving thanks unto God. Alleluia: Who hath called you to the Heavenly Kingdom.*

*Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia*

**Ps.** *Hear my law on my people: incline your ears unto the words of my mouth. W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen.*

Repeat Introit—"Receive".

(over)
When Thou lettest Thy Spirit go forth,
they shall be made: and Thou shalt re-
new the face of the earth.

Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts
of thy faithful people: and kindle
within them the Fire of Thy love.

Repeat "Alleluia".

Sequence 126.
Bless-ed be the Ho-ly Tri-ni-ty and the Un-di-vided Uni-ty: we will give thanks un-to Him, for He hath dealt with us ac-cord-ing to His mer-cy Po. 0

Lord our Gou-er-nor: how ex-cellent is Thy Name in all the world. Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the be-ginn-ing, is now, and ev-er shall be; World with-out end. A-men.

Re-peat Introit. "Blessed be."
52 continued.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

\[ V. 2. S. \]

**Bless-ed art Thou, O Lord, That beholdest the depths: and sittest between the Ché-rub-im. \**

**Bless-ed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of Heaven:**

worthy to be praised, and magnified for ever.

\[ mode VIII \]

**Alleluia.**

\[ VIII. 1. \]

**Bless-ed art Thou, O Lord, God of our Fathers: worthy to be praised and magnified for ever.**

Repeat "Alleluia."

**SEQUENCE 127.**
53. **The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.**

At the Procession

**Welcome Festi-val Day, thrice hallowed for**

_ever and ever; When to His Church on earth_ 

God doth His Presence impart. Bx. Welcome &c

2. **Sorrow and death are no more; in gladness the**

Festi-val dawn-eth; Sin hath surrender'd to 

grace; life that was lost is restored. Bx. Welcome &c

3. **Here is the Body of Christ, That sau-eth from death**

_ever lasting, Food by the man-na fore-told, _

writ in the records of yore. Bx. Welcome &c.

4. **Here is the Father's Word, of Hea-ven and**

earth the Cre-a-tor; He, with the Father One, blest 

with His God-head the world. Bx. Welcome &c. (over
5. Here is the Angels' Bread, to the righteous

the Food of Salvation, Bread that avail eth not them that receive it in sin. Bx. Welcome &c.

6. He, the Incarnate God, Who established the work

of creation, Trampling on Hell's dread hosts, rul eth, Redeemer and King. Bx. Welcome &c

7. He in the fulness of time was born by a wonderful Conception, Child of the Mother Maid,

Guest of a virginal womb. Bx. Welcome &c.

8. His very Flesh and Blood He took, when at supper reclining, And the Disciples Twelve fed

with the Mystical Gifts. Bx. Welcome &c.
53. continued.

9. Thus doth the Virgin-born, the Father's Infinite Wisdom, Plead as a Victim true, laid on the Altar of God. Bk. Welcome &c.

10. Thron'd on the Cross of shame o'er death

He triumph'd in dying, Thus, He the world's deep stains cleans'd by the Water & Blood. Bk. Welcome, &c.

11. Purchasing life by death, His Hands for our ransom extending, He, when the Third Day dawn'd, rose in the flesh from the grave. Bk. Welcome &c.

12. Grant us eternal rest, O Source and Fountain of blessings; Ours be the Land where day dureth, and night is unknown. Bk. Welcome &c.
54.

Introit. Mode II

He fed them also with the finest wheat flour; Alleluia, and with honey from the stony rock hath He satisfied them. Alleluia, Alleluia,

Alleluia. Ps. Sing we merrily unto God our strength: make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit—"He fed them".
Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord.

& Thou givest them their meat in due season.

X. Thou openest Thine hand: and fillest all things living with plentifulness.

Al-le-lu ia a

X. My flesh is Meat indeed, and My Blood is Drink indeed: he that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him. Repeat. "Alleluia."

Sequence 128
Introit.

Mode V

O Lord, my trust is in Thy mercy, and my heart is joyful in Thy salvation. I will sing of the Lord, because He hath dealt so lovingly with me. Ps. How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord, for ever: how long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me? Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end, A-men.

Repeat Introit. O Lord?

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Mode VI Sarum.

Grad. I said, Lord, be merciful unto me: heal my soul, for I have sinned against Thee. Blessed is he that considereth the poor and need-y: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

Alleluia a

Mode II

Ponder my words O Lord: consider my mediation.

Repeat. "Alleluia."

Sequence 129.
2nd Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

The Lord was my up-hold'er; He brought me forth also into a place of li-ber-ly: He hath de-liv-er-ed me, even be-cause He had a fa-u-our un-to me. Ps. I will love Thee O Lord my strength:

He is my stony rock, my fort-ress and my Sa-voir.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the begin-ning, is now, and eu-er shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit "The Lord."

Between Epistle & GospeL.

V. 2 S

Grad. When I was in trou-ble I called upon the Lord: and He heard me. V De-liv-er my soul, O Lord, from lying lips: and from a de-ceit-ful tongue.

Al-le-lu-ia. a-

V. God is a righteous Judge, strong and pa-tient:

and God is pro-vo-ked ev-ry day. Repeat "Al-le-lu-ia"
Introit.

Turn Thee un-to me, and have mer-cy up-on
me, O Lord, for I am de-so-late and in mi-
se-ry: look up-on mine ad-ver-si-ty and mi-
se-ry; and for-give me all my sin

O my God.... Ps. Un-to Thee, O Lord, will
I lift up my soul: my God, in Thee have I trusted,

O let me not be con-found-ed. X. Glo-ry

be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and
to the Ho-ly Ghost: As it was in the
beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be.

World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit "Turn thee"
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. 0 cast thy burden upon the Lord: and

He shall nourish thee. ¶ When I cried unto the Lord, He heard my voice:

and delivered me from the battle that was against me.

Mode VIII

Alleluia a - -

VII. 1.

¶. I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength:

the Lord is my stony rock, and my defence,

and my Saviour. Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 129.
58.  

4th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

The Lord is my light, and my salvation,

whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?

When mine enemies and my foes came upon me, they stumbled and fell. Ps. Though an host of men were laid against me: yet shall not my heart be afraid.

W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit. "The Lord."
Between Epistle & Gospel. V. 29

Grad. Be merciful, O Lord, unto our sins:

wherefore shall the heathen say, Where

is now their God? V. Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the honour of Thy Name: deliver us, O Lord.

Alleluia. a

V. The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord:

exceeding glad shall he be of Thy Salvation.

Repeat "Alleluia".

Sequence 129.
59. 5th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit

Hearken, O Lord, unto my voice, when I cry — unto Thee: Thou hast been my succour; leave me not neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

Ps. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom then shall I fear? 
W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, A-men.

Repeat Introit—“Hearken.”

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. Behold, O God, our Defender: and look upon the face of Thine Anointed. W Lord God of hosts: hearken unto the prayers of Thy servants.

Alleluia. W In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion; but rid me and deliver me in Thy righteousness, incline Thine ear unto me and save me.

Repeat “Alleluia.”

Sequence 129.
60 6th Sunday after Trinity.

The Lord is the strength of His people, and He is the wholesome defence of His Anointed:
save Thy people, O Lord, and give Thy blessing
unto Thine inheritance: O feed them, and set them up for ever. Ps. Unto Thee will I cry,
O Lord my strength; think no scorn of me: lest if Thou make as though Thou hearest not, I become like unto them that go down into the pit.

Glorify be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit. "The Lord is"
60. continued.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Grad. Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last: and

be gracious un-to Thy ser-vants. W. Lord.

Thou hast been our Re-fuge: from

one generation to an-o-ther.

**Alleluia a**

W De-li-ver me from mine en-e-mies,

O my God: defend me from them

that rise up a-against me. Repeat "Alleluia."

**SEQUENCE 129.**
Introit.

O clap your hands together, all ye people: 0

Sing unto God, with the voice of melody. Ps: For

the Lord is high, and to be feared: He is the great King

up-on all the earth. W. Glory be to the Father, and to

the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning,

is now, and ever shall be; World without end. A-men.

Repeat Introit: "O clap your hands."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. Come, ye children, and hearken unto me:

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

W. They had an eye unto Him and were light-en-ed:

and their faces were not a-shamed.

Al-le-lu-ia a

Thou, O Lord, art praised in Si-on: and unto Thee

shall the row be performed in Je-ru-sa-lem.

Repeat "Al-le-luia."

Sequence 129.
Introit.

We wait, O God, for Thy loving kindness, in the midst of Thy Temple; according to Thy Name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the world's end;

Thy right hand is full of righteousness. Ps. Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even up on His Holy Hill. Y. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. A-men.

Repeat Introit "We wait"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Be Thou, O God, my strong Rock and House of defence:

that Thou mayest save me. Y. In Thee, O God have I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

Alleluia. a

Y. Hear My law: O My people. Repeat "Alleluia"
INTROIT

Mode V.

Behold, God is my helper, the Lord is with them that uphold my soul: He shall reward evil unto mine enemies; destroy them in Thy truth, O Lord my protector. Ps: Save me, O God, for Thy Name's sake: and avenge me in Thy strength. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit, "Behold"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Brev. O Lord our Governor: how excellent is Thy Name in all the world. V. Thou that hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

Al-le-lu-ia.

V. Sing we merrily unto God our strength, make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob: take the Psalm, bring hither the lute. Repeat "Alleluia"

* pronounce Ye coob.

SEQUENCE 129.
Introit.

When I called unto the Lord, He heard my voice,
and delivered me from the battle that was
against me: and He hath brought them down,
Who is before the ages, and endureth
for ever: O cast thy burden up on
the Lord, and He shall nourish thee. Ps: Hear
my prayer, O God, and hide not Thyself from
my petition: take heed unto me, and hear me.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost; As it was
in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.
Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. Keep me, O Lord, as the apple of an eye: hide me under the shadow of Thy wings. W. Let my sentence come forth from Thy Presence:

and let thine eyes look upon the thing that is equal.

Al-le-lu-ia α — —

W. O Lord God of my salvation: I have cried day and night before Thee.

Repeat "Alleluia"

Sequence 129.
God in His holy habitation, He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house: He will give strength and power unto His people. Ps. Let God arise & let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him. N. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen. Repeat Introit: “God in His Holy.”

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. My heart hath trusted in God, and I am helped: therefore my heart danceth for joy, and in my song will I praise Him.

N. Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord, my strength: think no scorn of me.

Al-le-lu-ia.

N. Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge: from one generation to another. Repeat: “Alleluia.”

Sequence 129.
O God, make speed to save us; O Lord make haste to help us: let mine enemies be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul. Ps. Let them be turned backward and to confusion: that wish me evil.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit "O God"

Ind. I will always give thanks unto the Lord: His praise shall ever be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

Alleluia. a

O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Repeat Alleluia
13th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

Look, O Lord, upon Thy covenant, and
forget not the congregation of Thy poor
for ever: arise, O Lord, and maintain Thine
own cause; & forget not the voices of
them that seek Thee. Ps. O God wherefore
art Thou absent from us so long: why is Thy
wrath so hot against the sheep of Thy pasture?

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost; As it was
in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be;
World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "Look, O Lord."
Grad. Look, O Lord, upon Thy covenant: and forget not the congregation of the poor for ever.

W. A rise, O Lord, and maintain Thine own cause: and forget not the voices of them that seek Thee.

Sequence 129

The Lord is a great God: and a great King over all the earth. Repeat "Alleluia".
14th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit. Mode IV

Behold, O God, my Defender, and look up on the face of Thine Anointed:
for one day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. Ps. 68 How amiable
are Thy dwellings Thou Lord of hosts:
my soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost: As it was
in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be; World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit "Behold."

440.
Grad. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most High, est. To tell of Thy loving-kindness early in the morning:

and of Thy truth in the night-season.

Alleluia a

Repeat. "Alleluia."

Sequence 129.
Behold, O God, my Defender, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed:

for one day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. Ps. 0 how amiable

are Thy dwellings Thou Lord of hosts:

my soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was

in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit "Behold."
68 continued

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Grad. *It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most Highest.*

*To tell of Thy loving-kindness early in the morning: and of Thy truth in the night-season.*

**Alleluia.**

\[ VII. 7. \]

*O give thanks unto the Lord, and call upon His Name: tell the people what things He hath done.*

Repeat. *Alleluia.*

**SEQUENCE 129.**
Bow down, O Lord, Thine ear to me, and hearken unto me; save Thy servant, O my God, that trust eth in Thee:

have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I have called daily upon Thee. Ps. Comm.

fort the soul of Thy servant: for unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "Bow down."
69 continued.

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad. It is better to trust in the Lord: than to put any confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord: than to put any confidence in princes.

O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready: I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have.

Repeat "Alleluia"

Sequence 129.
70.  

16th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I will call daily upon Thee: for Thou, O Lord, art good and gracious, and plentiful in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee. Ps. Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear me: for I am poor and in misery. W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit “Be merciful.”

Grad. The heathen shall fear Thy Name, O Lord: and all the kings of the earth Thy majesty. W. When the Lord shall build up Sion: and when His glory shall appear.

Al-le-lu-ia.

Al-le-lu-ia.

W. Ye that fear the Lord, put your trust in the Lord: He is their Helper and Defender.

Repeat “Alleluia”

Sequence 129.

114.
Righteous art Thou, O Lord and true is Thy judgement.
O deal with thy servant according to Thy loving mercy.
Ps: Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way: and walk in
the law of the Lord. W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be; World without end. A-men.
Repeat Introit. "Righteous art Thou."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord: and
blessed are the folk that He hath chosen to Him to be His
in-heritance. W. By the Word of the Lord were the Heavens
made: and all the hosts of them by the breath of His mouth.

Al-le-lu-ia.

W. The Right Hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to
pass: the Right Hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence.
Repeat. "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 129
18th Sunday after Trinity.

Introit.

Give peace, O Lord, to them that wait for Thee, and let Thy prophets be found faithful: hear the prayers of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel. Ps. I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord. 

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "Give peace" 

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad: I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord. 

Glory be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy Palaces.

Alleluia. 

Ps. I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord. 

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 129.
Introit. Mode IV.

I am the salvation of My people, saith the Lord; out of what-so-ever tribulation they shall call upon Me. I will hearken unto them; and I will be their God for ever. Ps: Hear my law, O my people: incline your ears unto the words of My mouth. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. Amen. Repeat Introit "I am the Salvation"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

vii. 7.

And let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight, O Lord: as the incense, And let the lifting up of my hands: be an evening sacrifice. Alleluia. Alleluia.

They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Si- on: which may not be removed, but standeth fast at Jerusalem for ever.

Sequence 129.
Every thing that Thou hast done to us, O Lord, in true judgment hast Thou done it: for we have sinned against Thee, and have not obeyed Thy commandments; but glory Thy Name, and deal with us according to the multitude of Thy mercy. Ps: Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way: and walk in the law of the Lord. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen. Repeat Introit—"Every thing"
rad. The eyes of all wait up on Thee, O Lord:

and Thou givest them their meat in due season. 

Thou openest Thine Hand: and fillest all things living with plentifulness.

Al-le-lu-ia.

V. Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

Repeat "Alleluiia"

SEQUENCE 129.
Introit. Mode IV.

The whole world, O Lord, is in Thy power; and there is no man that is able to resist Thy power: for Thou hast created all things, the heav'n, and the earth, and all the wondrous things under the heav'en; Thou art Lord—
of all things. Ps. Blessed are those that are un-de-filed in the way: and walk in the law of the Lord. Glor-y be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be; World without end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"The whole world."
75. continued. 

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge: from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: Thou art God from everlasting and World without end.

*Alleluia.*

Praise the Lord O my soul; while I live.

I will praise the Lord: yea as long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God.

Repeat. "Alleluia"

**SEQUENCE 129.**
After fffifty.

Introit.

If Thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done a-miss,
O Lord, who may abide it?: for there is mercy with Thee, O God
or Is -- ra-el. Ps: Out of the deep have I called unto Thee,
O Lord: Lord hear my voice. Y. Glory be to the Father, and to
the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A-men.
Repeat Introit „If Thou”

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Behold how good and joy-ful a thing it is:
brethren, to dwell to-ge-ther in u-ni-ty. Y. It is like
the precious ointment upon the head, that ran:
down un-to the beard: ev-en un-to Aa-ron's beard.

Al-le-lu-ia.

Y. He heal-eth those that are bro-ken in heart:
and giveth medicine to heal their sick-ness.

Repeat „Alleluia”

Sequence 129.
77. The 23rd & 24th Sundays after Trinity & Sunday before Advent.

Introit. Mode VI.

Thus saith the Lord, I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace, and not of affliction: ye shall call upon me, and I will hearken unto you, and will turn away your captivity from all places.

Ps: Lord Thou art become gracious unto Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob. W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "Thus saith the Lord."
Grad. It is Thou, O Lord, that savest us from our enemies: and puttest them to confusion that hate us. 

We make our boast of God all day long: and will praise Thy Name for ever.

Alleluia.

X. The heathen shall fear Thy Name, O Lord:

and all the kings of the earth, Thy Majesty.

Repeat "Alleluia".

Sequence 124
Introit
O come, let us worship God— and bow down before the Lord; let us kneel before Him that made us:
for He is the Lord— our God. Ps: O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be: World without end. Amen.
Repeat Introit: O come.

Between Epistle & Gospel.
Grad. I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord. V. Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.

Alleluia. a—— a—— a—— a——

V. The heathen shall fear Thy Name, O Lord:
and all the kings of the earth Thy Majesty.

Repeat: Alleluia
79. **S. Andrew's Day.**

**Introit.**

* Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, 

saw two brethren, Peter and Andrew; 

and He called them, saying, Come 

ye after me, I will make you to 

be—come fish—ers of men. Ps: The Heavens 

declare the glo—ry of God: and the firmament 

shew—eth His han—dy work. V. Glo—ry 

be to the Father, and to the Son, and 

to the Ho—ly Ghost: As it was in 

the beginning, is now, and ev—er shall 

be. World with—out end. A—men. 

**Repeat Introit** "Jesus, walking"
79 continued.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Grad: Thou shalt make them princes in all lands: they shall remember Thy Name.

0 Lord, instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children: therefore shall the people give thanks unto Thee.

*Alleluia.*

The Lord loved Andrew: as a sweet smelling savour.

Repeat: "Alleluia"
80. Conversion of S. Paul.

Introit.

I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day, for He is a righteous Judge. Ps. O Lord Thou hast searched me out and known me: Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "I know Whom."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

V. 2 S.

Grad: He that wrought effectually in Peter to the Apostleship, the same was mighty in me also toward the Gentiles:

and they perceived the grace of God, that was given unto me. ¶ The grace of God in me was not in vain:

but His grace abideth in me for ever.
80. continued
Before Septuagesima add.

Mode 1.

Alleluia.

\[\text{Y: Paul, a chosen vessel, great and holy, verily is worthy to be honoured: who was also found meet to be enthroned with the Twelve Apostles.}

Repeat "Alleluia"


\[\text{Sequence 130.}

After Septuagesima omit Alleluia and \(Y\), following & sing, after the gradual.

\[\text{Thou art a chosen vessel, O holy Apostle Paul: right worthy art thou to be glorified. \(Y\). A preacher of the Truth: and teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity. \(Y\). Through thee the Gentiles have come: to the knowledge of the grace of God.}

\[\text{\(Y\). An intercessor for us: to God Who chose thee.}
81. The Purification of Mary the Virgin.

Introit

We wait, O God, for Thy loving kindness, in the midst of Thy temple; according to Thy Name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the world's end—;

Thy right hand is full of righteousness. Ps: Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon His holy hill. ¶ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "We wait, O God."

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad: We wait for Thy loving-kindness O God: in the midst of Thy Temple. ¶ O God according to Thy Name, so is Thy praise unto the World's end:

Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
Before Septuagesima add:

\[ \textit{Al-le-lu-ia, a---} \]

\[ \text{The an-cient car-ried the Child: but the} \]

\[ \text{Child go-vern ed the an-cient. Repeat \textit{"Alla luia"}.} \]

\[ \text{SEQUENCE 131.} \]

After Septuagesima omit Alleluia and \( \text{v.} \) following \( \text{s} \), sing, after the gradual.

\[ \text{TRACT.} \]

\[ \text{Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in} \]

\[ \text{peace: ac-cord-ing to Thy word.} \]

\[ \text{v.} \] For mine eyes have seen: Thy sal-yation.

\[ \text{v.} \] Which thou hast pre-par-ed: before

the face of all peo-ple.

\[ \text{v.} \] To be a light to lighten the Gen-tiles:

and to be the glory of Thy peo-ple Is-rael.
82. The Annunciation of our Lady.

Introit.

Drop down ye heavens from above and let the skies
pour down righteousness; let the earth be opened,
and let it bring forth Salvation. Alleluia,
Alleluia. Ps. And let righteousness spring
up together: I., the Lord have created it. Glory
be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat introit: "Drop down".

Between Epistle & Gospel in Lent.

Grad: Lift up your heads, 0 ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye
everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come
in. Ps. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord:
or who shall rise up in His holy place? even he
that hath clean hands and a pure heart.

132.
Hail, thou that art highly favoured: the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women: and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee: and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee. Therefore that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

Between Epistle & Gospel, in Eastertide.

Al-le-lu-ia.

Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

Al-le-lu-ia.

The rod of Jesse hath blossomed, a Virgin hath brought forth God and Man: God hath restored peace, reconciling to Himself all things, both in Heaven and earth.

Sequence 132
(This Sequence is sung even in Lent.)
S.S.»biIip an^ameg 2Lyp. jttJU.

They cri-ed un-to Thee O— Lord in the time of their
trou-ble: and Thou heard-est them from Hea—ven,

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu—ia. Ps: Re-joice in the

Lord, O ye righ-teous: for it becometh well the just to
be thank-ful. ¥. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev-er shall be, World with-out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit—"They cried"

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Al-le-lu-ia. a—

The righ-teous man shall stand in great bold-ness:
be-fore the face of such as have of-flict-ed him.

Al-le-lu-ia. a—

¥. Did not our hearts burn with-in us: while
He talk-ed with us by the way. Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 141.
84. The Invention of the Holy Cross.

*Introit.*

But as for us, it be-ho-veh us to glo-ry

in the Cross of our Lord Je-sus Christ, in Whom

is our sal-va-tion, life, and re-sur-rec-ton:

by Whom we are sav-ed and set-free.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.

Ps: God be mer-ci-ful un-to us: and bless us: and

shew us the light of His countenance, and be

mer-ci-ful un-to us. Glo-ry be to the Father.

and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:

As it was in the begin-ning, is now, and

ever shall be; World with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Introit—"But as for us."
84 continued.

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

Mode VIII.

**Alleluia.**

VIII. 1 Festal.

**V.** Sweet-est Wood, and sweetest Nails, that bore so sweet a Bur-den: thou alone wast counted worthy to sustain the King of Heaven and the Lord.

VIII. 1 Festal.

**Alleluia.**

VIII. 1 Festal.

**V.** Tell it out among the heath-en: that the Lord hath reign-ed from the Tree.

Repeat "Alleluia"

**Sequence 123 or 124.**
From the womb of my mother, the Lord hath called me by my name, and He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword: in the shadow of His hand hath He hidden me, and hath made me like a polished shaft. Ps. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy Name O Thou most Highest.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, Amen. Repeat Introit: "from the womb"
Grad. Before I formed thee in the womb, I knew thee:

and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee. Y. The Lord put forth His hand: and touched my mouth.

All. le - lu - ia. a

Y Among them that are born of women: there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist. Repeat “Alleluia”
Now I know of a surely, that the Lord hath
sent His Angel; and hath delivered me
from the hand of Herod, and from all the
expectation of the people of the Jews.

Ps. O. Lord, thou hast searched me
out and known me: Thou knowest
my down-sitting and mine uprising.

W. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost: As it was
in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be: World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit—"Now I know"
Grad. Thou shalt make them princes in all lands:

they shall remember Thy Name, O Lord.

In stead of thy fathers thou shalt have children: therefore

shall the people give thanks unto Thee.

Alleluia. a

Blessed art thou Simon Bar-jona,

for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee: but my Father Which is in Heaven.

Repeat "Alleluia"

Sequence 141.
The ungodly laid wait for me to destroy me, but I will consider Thy testimonies, O Lord: I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.

Ps. Blessed are those that are obedient in the way; and walk in the law of the Lord.

Glorify be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit. "The ungodly"
BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Full of grace are thy lips: because God hath blessed thee for ever. W. Thou hast loved righteousness & hated iniquity:

wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness

Alleluia.  a

W. Mary hath chosen that good part:

which shall not be taken away from her.

Repea "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 136.
Rejoice we all in the Lord, celebrating a festival in honour of Blessed Anna: in whose solemnity the Angels rejoice, and sing praise to the Son of God. Ps. My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the King. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever. shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit—"Rejoice we"
Full of grace are thy lips: because God hath blessed thee for ever. Thou hast loved righteousness & hated iniquity: wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness.

Al-le-lu-ia.

Hail, holy Anna, of whom was born the Virgin Mary: who conceived from Heaven and brought forth the Saviour of the world. Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 146.
89. The Transfiguration.

Introit.

The Lightnings gave shine un-to
the world: the earth was mor-ed
and shook with-al... Ps: O how
amiable are Thy dwell-ings. Thou Lord
of hosts: my soul hath a desire and
longing to enter in-to the courts
of the Lord. ¶ Glory be to
the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in
the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall
be, World with- out end. A-men.

Repeat Introit: "The Lightnings".
In the day of Thy power shall the people offer their free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew of Thy Birth is of the womb of the morning. \\
A hollowed day hath dawned up-on us: Come ye nations and adore the Lord, for a great light hath this day descended up-on the earth. \\

Alleluia. \\

The Lord said unto My Lord: Sit Thou on my right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy foot-stool.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 127.
The Sweet Name of Jesus.

Introit.

At the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth: and every tongue shall confess: that Jesus Christ is Lord in the glory of God the Father:

Further. Ps. 0 Lord our Governor: how excellent is Thy Name in all the world.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "At the Name"
Grad. God the Fa-ther hath set Jesus Christ at His

W. For a-bove all principality, and powers,
and might, and domi-nion, and every name
that is nam-ed: not only in this world,
but also in that which is to come, and
hath put all things un-der His Feet.

Al-le-lu-ia. a — — — —

W. Help us, O God of our sa-vation, for the

glory of Thy Name: O deliver us, and be

mer- ci-ful unto our sins, for Thy Name’s sake.

Repeat: "Al-le-lu-ia"

Se-quence 137.

148.
91. The Beheading of S. John Baptist.

Introit.

I will speak of Thy testimonies before kings, and will not be ashamed: and my delight shall be in Thy commandments, which I have loved exceedingly.

Ps: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O Most High. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. Amen.

Repeate Intrit "I will speak."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. Thou hast set upon his head, O Lord: a crown of pure gold. Thou hast given him his heart's desire: and hast not denied him the request of his lips.

Alleluia. Amen.

Y. Herod sent an executioner: and commanded that John should be beheaded in the prison.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequenca 135.
92. **The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.**

**Introit:**

But as — for us, it be-ho-—veth us to glo—ry in the Cross of our Lord Je-sus Christ, in Whom is our sal-va-tion, life, and re-sur-rec-tion: by Whom we are so—ved and set—free——

Ps: God be mer-ci-ful un—to us, and bless us: and shew us the light of His countenance, and be mer-ci—ful un—to us. V. Glo—ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho—ly Ghost: As it was in the be—gin—ning, is now, and ev—er shall be; World with-out end. A—men.

Repeat Introit: "But as for us."

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

**Grad.** Christ became obedient for us un—to death: e-ven the death of the Cross. V. Where—fore God also hath highly ex-alt-ed Him:

and given Him a Name which is a—bove ev—ry name.

**Alleluia.**

V. Tell it out among the hea—then: that the Lord hath reign—ed from the Tree.

Repeat "Alleluia."

**SEQUENCE 133 or 134.**

150.
93. S. Michael and All Angels.

Introit.

O praise the Lord, all ye Angels of His: ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil His commandment,

and hearken unto the voice of His words.

Ps: Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name. Y. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A-men.

Repeat Introit: "O praise the Lord."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad. O praise the Lord all ye Angels of His: ye that excel in strength. Y. Ye that fulfil His commandment:

and hearken unto the voice of His words.

Al-le-lu-ia. a

Y. In the presence of the Angels; will I sing praise unto Thee.

Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 138.
Introit.

Mode VI.

The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom, and his tongue will be talking of judgment: the law of his God is in his heart. Ps: Fret not thyself because of the ungodly: neither be thou envious against the evil doers. ¶ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit “The mouth”

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad: The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom, and his tongue will be talking of judgment: ¶ The law of his God is in his heart: and his goings shall not slide.

Alleluia. 

¶ 1, the First, will say unto Zion, Behold, behold them: and I will give to Jerusalem one that bring eth good tidings.

Repeat “Alleluia.”

Sequence 142.
95. **All Saints' Day.**

**Introit**

Rejoice we all in the Lord, celebrating a Festival,
in honour of all the Saints: at whose solemnity the Angels rejoice and sing praise to the Son of God. Ps. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for it becometh well the just to be thankful. Glory be to the Father,

and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end, A-men.

Repeat Introit. Rejoice we all.

**BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.**

Stud. O fear the Lord, ye that are His Saints: for they that fear Him lack no thing. But they who seek the Lord:

shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Al-le-lu-ia.

The Saints shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people: and their Lord shall reign for ever.

Repeat "Alleluia!"

**Sequence 159.**
96. Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

Introit

Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord —
and may light perpetual lighten upon them.

Ps Thou, O God, art praised in Sion: and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem: Thou that hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Repeat Introit. "Rest eternal."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

Grad Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord: and may light perpetual lighten upon them.

V. Let their souls dwell at ease: and their seed inherit the land.

TRACT.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

V. 0 let Thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.
V. If Thou, Lord wilt be extreme to mark what is done a-miss: O Lord, who may a-bide it?
V. For there is mercy with Thee: therefore shalt Thou be fear-ed.

SEQUENCE 140.

154.
But at Funerals, if the Corpse be present, or if the Service be for a Bishop, the following Tract is sung:

**TRACT. VIII.A.**

Like as the hart desireth the water brooks:

so longeth my soul after Thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night: while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

**Note:** For complete Plainsong setting see:

"Requiem Æternum; a Manual of Ritual Music for the Burial of the Dead."

By Doran and Nottingham, Novello & Co, Limited.
How dear, O God, are Thine friends
unto me, and held in highest honour: Very securely is their
princedom established Ps. 0 Lord,
Thou hast searched me out and known me:
Thou knowest my downsitting, and
mine uprising. V. Glory be to the
Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Ghost: As it was in the
beginning, is now, and ever shall
be; World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit: "How dear."
Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world. The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

By the hands of the Apostles: were many signs and wonders wrought among the people. Repeat. "Alleluia."

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord: he hath great delight in His commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the faithful shall be blessed.

Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.
98. Common of Martyrs.

Introit.

Mode VII

In Thy strength, O Lord, shall the righteous rejoice, exceeding glad shall he be of Thy salvation: Thou hast given him his heart's desire.

Ps. For Thou shalt prevent him with the blessings of goodness: and shalt set a crown of pure gold upon his head.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end, Amen.

Repeat Introit "In Thy strength."

158.
Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord: he hath great delight in His commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the faithful shall be blessed.

Alleluia.

Thou shalt set a crown of pure gold: upon his head.

Repeats "Alleluia."

Thou hast given him his heart's desire: and hast not denied him the request of his lips.

For Thou shalt prevent him: with the blessings of goodness.

Thou shalt set a crown of pure gold: upon his head.
Common of Martyrs.

Introit.

Thou hast hid-den me, O God, from the ga-ther-ing to-geth-
er of the fro-ward, Al-le-lu-ia; from the in-sur-
rec-tion of wick-ed do-ers, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-
lu-ia, Ps. Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer; preserve my life
from fear of the e-ne-my, W. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the
Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ev-er shall be, World with-out end, A-men.

Between Epistle & Gospel.

W. The righ-teous shall re-joice in the Lord, and put his

trust in Him: and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.

W. Christ is risen, and hath en-ligh-tened His peo-ple:

whom He hath redeemed with His own Blood.

Repeat. “Al-le-lu-ia”

Sequence 143 or 144 - For S. Mark. 142.
Common of a Confessor and Bishop.

Introit

The Lord hath established a covenant of peace with him, and made him a chief, that he should possess the dignity of the priesthood for ever.

In Eastertide:

Alleluia. Alleluia.

Ps: Lord remember David: and all his trouble.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. Amen.

Repeal Introit "The Lord hath."

BETWEEN EPISTLE & GOSPEL.

v. 2S.

rad: Behold a High Priest: who in his day pleased God. V. There was found none like him: who kept the law of the Most High.

Alleluia.

V. The Lord loved him and beautified him: He clothed him with a robe of glory.

Repeat "Alleluia"

SEQUENCE 145 or 146
100 continued

**Between Epistle & Gospel after Septuagesima.**

*rad.* Behold a High Priest: who in his day pleased God.

\[ \text{V. There was found none like him: who kept the law of TRACT.} \]

the Most High. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord: he hath great delight in his commandments.

\[ \text{V. His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the faithful shall be blessed.} \]

\[ \text{V. Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.} \]

**Between Epistle & Gospel, in Eastertide.**

\[ \text{Al-le-lu-ia.} \]

\[ \text{V. The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and put his trust in Him: and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.} \]

\[ \text{Al-le-lu-ia.} \]

\[ \text{V. Christ is risen, and hath en-larged His people:} \]

\[ \text{whom He hath redeemed with His own Blood.} \]

Repeat "Alleluia".

**Sequence 145 or 146.**

162.
101  Common of a Confessor not a Bishop.

Introit.  

The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom, and his tongue will be talking of judgment — ment the law of his God is in his heart.

(In Easter tide add.)

Alleluia. Alleluia.

Ps: Fret not thyself because of the ungodly: neither be thou envious against the evil doers.

Y. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "The mouth."
The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom; and his tongue will be talking of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; and his goings shall not slide.

I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

Thou hast given him his heart's desire; and hast not denied him the request of his lips.

Shalt prevent him with the blessings of goodness; and shalt set a crown of pure gold upon his head.
Alleluia.

The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and put his trust in Him: and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.

Christ is risen, and hath enlightened His people:

whom He hath redeemed with His own Blood.

Repeat "Alleluia."

Sequence 145 or 146
Introit.

Thou hast lauded righteousness and hated iniquity: wherefore God, even Thy God, hath a none越好 thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. Ps: My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the King. ¥. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "Thou hast loved" 

Between Epistle & Gospel.

Grad: Full of grace are thy lips: because God hath blessed thee for ever. ¥. Good luck have thou with thine honour: ride on because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.
After Septuagesima (instead of Alleluia and \( \Psi \) with Sequence),

TRACT.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, incline thine ear: so shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty.

\( \Psi \). The rich also among the people shall make their supplication before Thee.

\( \Psi \). The Virgins that be her fellows shall bear her company: and shall be brought unto Thee.

\( \Psi \). With joy and gladness shall they be brought:

and shall enter into the King's Palace.
102. **Common of Virgins.**

**Introit.**

Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity: therefore God, even Thy God,
hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. Ps. My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the King. ¶. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: “Thou hast loved.”

**Between Epistle & Gospel.**

**Grad:** Full of grace are thy lips: because God hath blessed thee for ever. ¶. Good luck have thou with thine honour: ride on because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness: and thy right hand shall teach.
The virgins that be her fellows shall hear her company; and shall be brought unto Thee.

Repeal "Alleluia"

Sequence 447

After Septragesima (instead of Alleluia and with Sequence), after the gradual, is said:

TRACT.

Hearten, O daughter, and consider incline thine ear; so shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty.

The rich also among the people shall make their supply: O, man, be here 

The virgins that be her fellows shall hear her company; and shall be brought unto Thee.

With joy and gladness shall they be brought

and shall enter into King's Palace.
103 Common of the B.V. Mary.

Introit: Except the Purification and the Annunciation.

Rejoice we all in the Lord, celebrating

a Festival in honour of blessed Mary the Virgin; in whose solemnity

the Angels rejoice, and sing praise

to the Son of God. Ps: My heart is inditing

of a good matter: I speak of the things

which I have made un-to the King.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in

the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,

World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit "Rejoice we."

168.
Blessed and worthy of honour art thou.

O Virgin Mary: who, without loss of virginity, was found to be the Mother of the Saviour. W. O Virgin Mother of God, He Whom the whole world cannot contain: enshrined Himself in thy womb, and was made Man.

Alleluia. a——

W. Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

Repeat "Alleluia."
At the Procession.

1. Welcome Festival Day, thrice hallowed for ever and ever.

Day when the Spouse Divine, plighted His troth to the Bride. Welcome.

2. This is the Palace of God, the abode of peace and refreshment:

Entering here can the poor riches of Solomon find. Welcome.

3. Christ of David the Son, Who deigned to call us His brethren,

Here in our mothers Courts dwell-eth as God and as Man. Welcome.

4. Ye are a Heavenly race, and born of a mystical wed-lock,

Who by faith undevill'd seek to be one with your Lord. Welcome.

5. Here the new City of peace, from Heaven in glory descending,

Shines in apparel fair, wrought in the kingdom of light. Welcome.
6 ¶ Bathed in baptismal dews here faith's rich harvest a bound-eth,

Gift of the righteous King pledged to His Church from on high. Welcome.

7 ¶ Tower of David is this, where who-so runneth for refuge,

Here in the Name of the Lord pledges of safety shall find. Welcome.

8 ¶ This is the ark of God, sure refuge of aid for believers,

Who, thro' the storms of life, pass to the Haven of rest. Welcome.

9 ¶ This is the ladder, of old revealed in a vision to Jacob,

Which shall the faithful soul raise to the presence of God. Welcome.

Note: — An alternative (Modern) setting of this Procession is given on page 182.
INTROIT.

How dreadful is this place: this is the House of God, and the Gate of Heaven: and it shall be called the Palace of God.

(In Eastertide.)

Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ps: O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts: my soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord. Y. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; World without end. Amen.

Repeat Introit: "How dreadful."
THE COLLECT (FOR S.S. SIMON AND JUDE'S DAY).

FOR THE EPISTLE, REV. X: 2-6

Grad: This dwelling is God's handy work: it is a mystery beyond compare, that cannot be spoken against. ¥. O God, in Whose Presence stand the Choirs of Angels: graciously hear Thy servants' petitions.

Al-le-lu-ia. a——¥. I will worship toward Thy holy Temple: and will praise Thy Name.

Repeat "Alleluia."

THE GOSPEL, S. LUKE, XIX. 1-10.

BETWEEN EPISTLE AND GOSPEL IN EASTERTIDE.

¥. The Lord's House shall be established on the top of the mountains: and shall be exalted above the hills.

Repeat "Alleluia."

SEQUENCE 149 or 150.

173.
Grad. This **dwell-ing** is God's **hon-ey** work; it is a mystery beyond compare, that **can-not** be **spo-ken a-gainst**.

**V. O God** in Whose Presence stand the Choirs of **An-gels**: graciously hear Thy **Ser-vants' pe-ri-lions**.

**TRACT.**

**0 how a-miable are** Thy **dwell-ings**: **Thou Lord of hosts**.

**V. My soul** hath a desire and longing to enter **in-to the courts** of the Lord: **my heart** and **my flesh re-joice in the liv-ing God**.

**V. Yea, the spar-row hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young**: even **Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God**.

**V. Bless-ed are they that dwell in Thy house**: they will be **al-way prais-ing Thee**.
Introit.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee—O—

Lord: and Thou givest them their meat——

im—due—sea—son: Thou o—pen—est——

Thine hand,—and fill—est——all things.

living with—plenteous—ness. Ps: I will

magnify Thee, O God, my King: and I will

praise Thy Name for ev—er and ev—er.

H. Glo—ry be to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Ho—ly Ghost: As it was in

the beginning, is now, and ev—er shall be,

World with—out end. A—men.

Repeat Introit "The eyes of all."
106. continued.

THE COLLECT.

O Almighty and everlasting God, Who hast given unto us the fruits of the earth in their season; Grant us grace to use the same to Thy glory, the relief of those that need, and our own comfort, through Jesus Christ, Who is the Living Bread Which cometh down from Heaven and giveth life unto the world; to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

THE EPISTLE 1 Thess. V. 14-24.

Grad: Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.

Al-le-lu-ia.

VII. 7

How manifold are Thy works, O Lord:
in wisdom hast Thou made them all;
the earth is full of Thy riches.

SEQUENCE 124. Repeat "Alleluia"
Before "The Prayer of Consecration."

Benedictus qui venit.

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna in the Highest.

After "The Prayer of Consecration."

Agnus Dei.

O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the World, Have mercy upon us.

O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, *Have mercy upon us.

O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, *Grant us Thy peace.

* At a service for the Faithful Departed, in the place of: "Have mercy upon us," substitute:—

Grant them rest.

* and for "Grant us Thy peace," substitute:—

Grant them rest eternal.
Antiphons

with Psalm cxvii, to be sung at end of the Service.

108. Ego sum panis vivus.

I am the living Bread, which came down from Heaven:

if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever.

Eve-er, Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

109. Sapiencia.

Wis-dom hath build-ed an house for her-self;

she hath ming-led her wine, and hath fur-ni-sh ed her ta-ble.

Ta-ble, Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

Psalm, CXVII.

O praise the Lord all ye hea-then: praise Him, all ye na-tions

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more to-wards us.

and the truth of the Lord endureth for-ev-er Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the be-ginn-ing, is now, and e-ver shall be: world

with-out end, A-men.

Repeat Antiphon.
110. Sacerdos in eternum.

Christ the Lord, a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec, offered Bread and Wine.

Wine, Alleluia. O-i-o-u-e-a-e.

111. Calicem Salutaris.

I will receive the Cup of Salvation, and I will offer the Sacrifice of praise.

Praise, Alleluia. O-i-o-u-e-a-e.

Psalm, CXVII.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen: praise Him all ye nations.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us and the truth of the Lord endures for ever. Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever: shall be world without end. Amen.

Repeat Antiphon
Thou feddest Thine own people with Angels Food, and didst give them Bread from Heaven, all-le-lu-ia, o-i-ou-e-a-e.

O Sacred Banquet, in which Christ is received, the memory of His Passion is called to mind; the soul with grace is filled, and a pledge of future glory is given unto us. Al-le-lu-ia, o-i-ou-e-a-e.

To him that overcometh, will I give the hidden Manna, and a new name, and a new name. Al-le-lu-ia. o-i-ou-e-a-e.

Moreover, when the Gentiles shall hear this, they shall say, pitches. And the words of the Lord shall be established utterly. Amen. Amen. Amen.

O praise the Lord, all ye hea-then: praise Him all ye na-tions.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world with out end. A-men.

Psalm CXVII.

For Ant. 112.

For Ant. 113, & 114.

Repeat Antiphon

180.
115. Sicut novellae.

Like as the o-live branches, let the Church's

chil-dren be round a-bout the Ta-ble of the Lord.

(Ln Paschal-tide.)

Lord, Al-le-lu-ia, o-i-ou-e-a-e.

Psalm, CXVII.

O praise the Lord, all ye hea-then; praise Him all ye na-tions.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more to-wärds us;

and the truth of the Lord endureth for- ever. Praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the begin-nings, is now, and ever shall be: world


Repeat Antiphon.

N.B. - The Alleluias are to be added to the Antiphons (108 - 115)
in Paschal-tide only, that is, from Easter Day to
Trinity Sunday exclusive.
ALTERNATIVE SETTING FOR

104. The Dedication of a Church,

Salve! Festa dies.

The Music for the Odd Verses.

**Cantors (in one or two parts: The lower part is ad lib).**

C. J. Ridsdale.

\[\text{... Music notation...}\]

1. Welcome festival day, thrice hallowed for ever and

3. Christ of David the Son, Who deigneth to call us His
ever! Day when the Spouse Divine plighted His
brethren, Here in our Mother's courts dwelleth as

forth to the Bride:

God and as Man.

\[\text{... Music notation...}\]
104. continued.

The Music for the Chorus

(Cantors, Tenors)

2. This is The Palace of God, The abode of peace and refreshment.

4. Ye are a heavenly - race, and born of a mystical wedlock.

Entering here can the poor riches of Solomon find
Who - by faith unde - filed seek to be one with your Lord.
LITHO BY
G. F. TUPPER,
LONDON.
SEQUENCES.
SEQUENCES.

Hymns seem to have been confined originally to the Divine Office, i.e., Mattins, Vespers, etc., but about the ixth Century something analogous to a Hymn was introduced into the Celebration of the Mass.

It had become customary to prolong the last syllable of the Alleluia, which follows the Gradual at Mass (except in penitential seasons when the Tract is substituted), to a number of musical notes (called neuma), which were sung while the Deacon ascended the Ambo to chant the Gospel for the day. After a time, to avoid the wearisome effect of such a prolongation, suitable words were substituted for the vowel “a.” Notker, a Monk of the celebrated Monastery of S. Gall, in Switzerland (who wrote c. 850—880), is generally regarded as the first composer of these Sequences, as they were called; but he himself tells us that he had seen words affixed to the neuma of the “Alleluia” in an Antiphonary brought to S. Gall from Jumièges, a Benedictine Abbey, five leagues from Rouen, and he at once set to work to compose new and more appropriate words for the different Festivals.

These offerings of praise were called Proses, because they were for most part unrhymed and in no regular metre;* and Sequences (sequens, following) because they followed “the Alleluia” which came after the Gradual.

In course of time these unrhymed and irregular, though often meritorious, compositions gave way to the elegant, rhymed Sequences in metre (composed by Adam of the Monastery of S. Victor at Paris, and others), which retained their hold on the Church of Western Europe for at least four centuries. Many mediaeval Missals provided Sequences for nearly every Sunday and Holy Day in the year, except from Septuagesima to Easter—those in the Sarum Missal originally numbering eighty-six; and, as time went on, additions were made, often of very inferior merit.

The result was a reaction; and in the revision of the Roman Missal in the xvith Century (A.D. 1570) only four Sequences were retained—a fifth, “The Stabat Mater,” being added about the year 1727. But in many local Uses they were permitted to remain until comparatively recent times; even now some additional Sequences are to be found authorized locally, or in the Missals of Religious Orders; e.g., one for the Feast of the Holy Name in that of the Franciscans; for S. Benedict, S. Maur, S. Placid, and S. Scholastica in the Benedictine Missal; and in the Supplement authorized for the Diocese of Paris there are four extra Sequences; and in that for Lyons some twenty; and there are other exceptions.

The music of a Sequence is unlike an ordinary Hymn Tune. In the case of the old non-metrical Sequences it sometimes changed with every verse; more often, as in metrical Sequences, it is varied for each pair of stanzas. The Chanter having sung the first of the two stanzas, the Choir and people sang the second to the same Melody; and so on, all through to the end of the Sequence.

* Some authorities give quite another derivation of the word “Prose.” They say it is a made-up word. In certain Medieval MSS. the place for the Sequence was marked in abbreviation pro se, i.e., pro Sequentia, and that was taken as a word, “prosa.”
TABLE OF SEQUENCES.

116. **Advent.** Thou for ever our Salvation.
117. **Christmas.** Hark, the Hosts of Heav’n are singing.
118. **Christmas.** Raise your voices.
119. **S. Stephen’s Day.** Yesterday, with exultation.
120. **The Innocents’ Day.** A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.
121. **The Epiphany.** Unto Jesus hasten ye.
122. **Eastertide.** Christians! to the Paschal Victim.
123. **Eastertide.** Feast of Feasts! to-day we tell.
124. **Eastertide.** The strain upraise.
125. **The Ascension Day.** Sing vict’ry, O ye seas and lands!
126. **Whitsunday.** Come, Thou Holy Paraclete.
127. **Trinity Sunday.** Trinity, Unity, Deity.
128. **The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.** Praise, O Sion, praise thy Pastor.
129. **The Sundays after Trinity.** In our common celebration.
130. **The Conversion of S. Paul.** From thee, illustrious Teacher, Paul.
131. **The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.** Ave, Mary, full of grace
132. **The Annunciation of Our Lady.** The sighs and the sorrows.
133. **The Festivals of the Holy Cross.** Be the Cross our theme and story.
134. **The Festivals of the Holy Cross.** Lo, the blest Cross is display’d.
135. **S. John Baptist’s Day.** Hail, O thou of women born.
136. **S. Mary Magdalen.** Joy to thee! to souls despairing.
137. **The Sweet Name of Jesus.** Jesus, Nazarene they name Thee.
138. **S. Michael and All Angels.** Who the pilgrim soul defendeth.
139. **All Saints’ Day.** Bride of Christ, in warfare glorious.
140. **Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.** Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
141. **Common of Apostles.** Robes of royal honour wearing.
142. **Common of Evangelists.** Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.
143. **Common of Martyrs.** Sing we all with jubilation!
144. **Common of Martyrs.** Blessed Feasts of blessed Martyrs.
145. **Common of Confessors.** Bride of Christ, thy thanks declaring.
146. **Common of Confessors.** The Church on earth, with answering love.
147. **Common of Virgins.** Virgin Saints of high renown.
148. **Common of B. V. Mary.** Let to-day above all other.
149. **The Dedication of a Church.** Raise your voices.
150. **The Dedication of a Church.** Jerusalem and Sion’s daughters fair!
436. **The Sorrows of the B. V. Mary.** At the Cross her station keeping.
NOTES ON THE SEQUENCES.

116. ADVENT. Salus eterna indeficiens. From a MS. in the Bodleian, c. 1000. In the Sarum Missal for the First Sunday in Advent. The translation from "Sequences from the Sarum Missal with English Translations by C. B. Pearson, 1871." Though rendered into regular rhymed metre by C. B. P., the original represents the earliest form of a Sequence before it became metrical.

117. CHRISTMAS. Nato canunt omnia. From a MS. in the Bodleian, c. 1000. In the Sarum, Hereford and York Missals it is given as the Sequence at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Translated by Dr. E. H. Plumptre for "The Hymnary, 1872."

118. CHRISTMAS. Laetabundus exultet fidelis chorus, Alleluia. In a MS. in the British Museum (Add. 18,302), c. 1100, and therefore earlier than S. Bernard of Clairvaux, to whom it has been generally attributed. Its use was extended throughout Europe. In the Sarum Missal it is given as a Sequence, and in the Sarum Breviary in place of a Hymn. Though clearly intended for use at Christmas, and still used at that Season by the Dominicans, it is appointed in the Sarum Missal for the 4th day in the Octaves of the Visitation and the Assumption; and, in the Breviary, for the Purification and the Nativity B. V. M. The translation here given follows almost exactly that in the Second Edition of "The Hymnary, 1891." "Laetabundus" represents a Sequence in its second stage, working itself out from being merely rhythmical towards being strictly metrical.

119. S. STEPHEN'S DAY. Heri mundus exaltavit. This is regarded by many as the masterpiece of Adam of S. Victor (c. 1110—1180), and was sung, as were all his Sequences, in his own Abbey. The full text consists of seventy-eight lines. The translation is by Dr. Mason Neale (1818—1868) (with a few slight alterations), as written by him for his second edition of "Medieval Hymns and Sequences, 1863."

120. THE INNOCENTS' DAY. Hymnum canentes Martyrum. By Venerable Bede of Jarrow (672—735). These three stanzas (of eight lines each) are a Cento from the translation by Dr. Neale (first verse altered), made for "Medieval Hymns and Sequences, 1851." Dr. Neale in his translation omits two out of the eight stanzas of the original poem.


122. EASTERTIDE. Victima Paschali laudes. Authorship unknown, but is found in a German Gradual, c. 1000. It is in some of the late French Breviaries, as well as in the Missals. In the Sarum Missal it is appropriated to the Friday in Easter week. It is one of the Five Sequences given in the Roman Missal at the present day. Rev. W. H. Frere (in his "Plainsong Hymn Melodies and Sequences," published by the The Plainsong and Medieval Music Society, London, 1896) gives it as a type of the earliest form of a Sequence, in which words were first adapted to the neuma sung to the final "a" of the Alleluia. The translation is based on that given in "The Hymnary, 1891," which was much influenced by the translation made by Dr. Neale for "The Hymnal Noted, Part I., 1862."

123. EASTERTIDE. Haec est sancta Solemnitas. An Easter Sequence by Notker Balbulus, the Benedictine Monk of S. Gall (840—919). The translation is by Provost Ball and Professor Courthope. The original is irregular in form.
124. Eastertide. *Cantemus cuncti melodium.* "THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE" was written for use during the Octave of the Epiphany; but Dr. Neale remarks that, according to our present ideas, Easter would seem to be a more appropriate time for its introduction. It is probably by Notker Balbulus, the Benedictine Monk of S. Gall (840—912), and was translated by Dr. Neale for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858." Itself the child of the 148th Psalm, it may be regarded as the parent of every Alleluiaic Hymn that has been written since. It is included among the Seven great Mediaeval Hymns of Christendom; the other six being *Dies irae* (140), *Hora novissima* (820), *Stabat Mater* (436), *Veni, Creator Spiritus* (218), *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* (126), and *Vexilla Regis* (200).

125. The Ascension Day. *Triumphel plaudant maria.* Probably of the xviith Century. Found in "Sirenes Symphoniacae, Cologne, 1678. Translated by Dr. Neale for his "Medieval Hymns and Sequences, 1851." One line of the first stanza of the translation was evidently inadvertently omitted by the printers, and the omission overlooked by Dr. Neale. The error runs through all the editions, but the missing line is here supplied.

126. Whitsuntide. *Veni, Sancte Spiritus.* "THE GOLDEN SEQUENCE." The author was probably Innocent III. (1160—1216). It is one of the Five Sequences given at the present day in the Roman Missal. The translation (with two or three slight alterations) is Dr. Neale's, as made for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858." The opinion of critics is unanimous in regarding this Sequence as one of the masterpieces of Latin Sacred Poetry. It is one of the Seven great Mediaeval Hymns of Christendom.

127. Trinity Sunday. *Trinitas, Unitas, Deitas.* Found at Munich in a xith Century MS. It was translated by Dr. Neale for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858."

128. The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament. *Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.* Written by S. Thomas Aquinas. "The Angelical Doctor," c. 1260. He composed it in nine stanzas of six lines, followed by two of eight, and then by one of ten lines, in imitation of *Laudes Crucis attollamus,* that it might be sung to the same popular Melody. The translation here given is a Cento based on A. D. Wackerbarth, J. R. Beste, J. D. Chambers, and others. This is one of the Five Sequences found at the present day in the Roman Missal.

129. The Sundays after Trinity. *Omnes una celebreramus.* Found in a MS. of 1478 in the Chapter Library at Posen, and appointed for use "In Summer on Sundays." Dr. Neale translated it for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858."

130. The Conversion of S. Paul. *Paule, Doctor egregie.* By S. Peter Damiani (988—1072). In the translation here given the first two stanzas are, by permission, from "The Hymner, 1882," and the other four from Dr. Neale's translation made for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858."

131. The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin. *Ave, plena gratia.* In the Paris Missals of 1706 and 1738 this is given as the Sequence for the Purification B. V. M. [In Paris Missal, 1885, the Sequence is, "Ave, virgo virginum." The translation is Rev. W. J. Copeland's (1894—1885), slightly altered from his version as given in "Hymns for the Week and Hymns for the Seasons, translated from the Latin. London: W. J. Cleaver and J. H. Parker, 1848."

132. The Annunciation of our Lady. *Humani generis.* In the Paris Missals of 1685 and 1738 this is given as the Sequence for the Feast of the Annunciation. The translation is Dr. Neale's for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858" (very slightly altered).

133. The Festivals of the Holy Cross. *Laudes Crucis attollamus.* Almost certainly by Adam of S. Victor (c. 1110—1180). It is found in the English and many other Missals. The full text consists of thirteen stanzas; ten of six lines (the last of which, however, was never used liturgically); two of
NOTES ON THE SEQUENCES.

eight lines; and one of ten lines. The Sequence is a panegyric of the Cross, in which its Old Testament Types are draw out at great length. Dr. Neale translated it for "Hymns and Sequences, 1851," giving the tenth verse, but omitting the thirteenth. In the 1891 edition of "The Hymner" Dr. Neale's translation is adopted, with slight alterations, and with his tenth verse omitted and a translation given (for the first time) of verse 13, so that the Melody might be sung in toto. Dr. Neale's translation is here given, but of stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 10 and 12 only.

134. The Festivals of the Holy Cross. Crux benedicta nitet, by Venantius Fortunatus (530—609), the famous author of "Vexilla Regis." The abbreviated form of the Hymn, in nine stanzas of two lines each, is that which is generally known. The translation is Dr. Neale's (See "S. Margaret's Hymnal, 1892," Hymn 185), omitting his seventh stanza and adopting a few variations from "The Hymner."

135. S. John Baptist's Day. Salve, O sanctissime. A hymn found in a MS. at Karlsruhe of the date of 1439. The translation is Rev. Gerard Moultrie's, but with several variations taken from the version given in "The Hymner."

136. S. Mary Magdalen. Gaude, pia Magdalena. This certainly dates back to 1390. The translation is Provost Ball's, inserted by permission.

137. The Sweet Name of Jesus. Dulcis Jesus Nazarenus. Probably of the xivth Century. For the "Feast of the Holy Name" in the Sarum and other Missals. It consists of ninety-six lines. The translation (inserted by permission) is by Provost Ball, who describes his work as "Abridged from the Sarum Missal."

138. S. Michael and all Angels. In hac valle lacrymarum. From the Rennes' Missal, 1492. The translation is by Rev. T. A. Lacey, inserted by permission.

139. All Saints' Day. Sponsa Christi, quae per orbem. This is the finest of all the late French Sequences. It is found in the Paris Missal of 1665; and, in the Paris Missal of 1739, the author is given as John Baptiste de Contes, who became Dean of Paris in 1647. The translation is chiefly that by W. Palmer (1811—1879), an elder brother of Roundell, Lord Selborne. See page 75 of "Short Poems and Hymns, the latter mostly translations." I. Shrimpton, Oxford, 1845." In verses 1, 2, 6, 8, 10, 11, and 12, Palmer's translation is more or less deviated from.

140. Commemoration of the Faithful Departed. Dies irae! Dies illa! The Author of this celebrated Hymn was probably Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan Friar of the xiiiith Century, and the friend and biographer of S. Francis of Assisi. Originally intended for private devotion, it ended with v. 16. The part beginning "Ah that day" is older than Thomas of Celano, and is found in a MS., c. 1200. It is the only famous Sequence of Italian origin, and is regarded as one of the Seven great Mediaeval Hymns of Christendom. The earliest MS. in which it appears is one at Naples of the xiiiith Century. Originally (and still in the Roman Missal) the first verse ran thus:—

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvet saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibild.

In the French Missals this is altered to:—

Dies irae, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvet seculum in favilla.

The translation is by Dr. W. J. Irons (1812—1883), verses 13 and 20 being the only ones altered, and that but slightly. Dr. Julian states that the total number of translations of the "Dies irae!" into English is over 150.
(vi *)

PART I.—SEQUENCES.

141. COMMON OF APOSTLES. Stoldt regni laureatus. This fine Sequence is by Adam of S. Victor (1110—1180), and was appointed for use in his own Abbey on October 28th. The full text consists of ten stanzas of six lines each. The stanzas here given (1, 2, 3 and 10) are Provost Ball's translation, inserted by permission.

142. COMMON OF EVANGELISTS. Jocundare, plebs fidelis. Adam of S. Victor wrote two Sequences for Feasts of Evangelists, the one beginning Jocundare, plebs fidelis, and the other Plau-su Chorus laetabundo. The three stanzas here given (translated by R. Campbell, 1814—1868) are a Cento made up of v. 1 of Plau-su Chorus, and vv. 8 and 9 of Jocundare, plebs fidelis. This Cento was first published in "Hymns and Anthems for use within the united Diocese of S. Andrew, Dunkeld and Dunblane, Edinburgh, 1850." The book was sanctioned for use by Bishop Torry. The compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861," and in all their subsequent Editions, have adopted stanzas 1 and 2 from Campbell's Cento, but replaced stanza 3 with an original one of their own.

143. COMMON OF MARTYRS. Laetabundi jubilemus. From a xiith Century MS. in the National Library at Paris. This appears as a Sequence in the Angers Missal, 1523. It is given by Dr. Neale in his "Sequentiae ex Missalibus," p. 222, where he describes it as "ex Missalibus Pictaviensis, Xantomensi, Andegavensi," and consists of ten stanzas of six lines each. The translation of the six stanzas here given is Provost Ball's (inserted by permission), with some lines based on the translation in "The Hymner," 1882 and 1881 Editions.

144. COMMON OF MARTYRS. O beata beatorum. Dr. Neale says: "This very elegant Sequence is of German origin. Its rhymes are irregular in the original." It is found in a xiith Century MS. in Vienna. It is in the Magdeburg Missal of 1480, and in many other German Missals. The translation is Dr. Neale's, and in some places follows his 1851 and in others his 1854 version. A few variations are also introduced, taken from the translations given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1868," and "The Hymner, 1904."

145. COMMON OF CONFESSORS. Gratulare, Sponsa Christi. Anon. This Sequence is found in a xiith Century MS. at Graz. It was in use in the Diocese of Bamberg. The translation is Provost Ball's, somewhat altered.

146. COMMON OF CONFESSORS. Superna Matris gaudia. Of this Sequence by Adam of S. Victor (1110—1180), Dr. Neale (who translated it for "The Hymnal Noted, Part II., 1858") says that it is one of the loveliest that Adam ever wrote. Dr. Julian ("Dictionary of Hymnology," p. 1103) remarks that in it, contrary to the usual practice, the Church Triumphant is spoken of as the Mother, the Church Militant as the Daughter. It appears to have been written for All Saints' Day. Wedded to a lovely melody, it is found in many Graduals and Missals. The full text consists of thirteen stanzas of four lines each.

147. COMMON OF VIRGINS. Virgines egregia. Found in a MS. written at Limoges at the beginning of the xiiith Century. It occurs in many French Missals. The original consists of six verses. This translation of the three first is Provost Ball's, inserted by permission. This Sequence is attributed doubtfully to Adam of S. Victor, or S. Odo of Cluny.

148. COMMON OF B. V. MARY. Hodiernae lux diei. Found in xiiith Century MSS. In many French Missals. Appointed in the Sarum Missal for the 7th day within the Octave of the Visitation B. V. M. Provost Ball's translation is here given, slightly altered, and one stanza omitted.
149. **THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.** *Laetabundus exsultet fidelis chorus Coeli curiae.* This Dedication Sequence (in imitation of the earlier Christmas "*Laetabundus*") is found in a xiiith Century Sarum Gradual, and exhibits the custom of writing new words to old Melodies. It is appointed for use, in the Sarum Missal, "*in Dominica infra Octavas Dedicationis Ecclesiae.*" The translation was made by Rev. M. J. Blacker for "*The Hymner,*" and is inserted by permission.

150. **THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.** *Jerusalem et Syon filiae.* By Adam of S. Victor (1110—1180). This Sequence is appointed for use in the Sarum Missal "*in die Dedicationis Ecclesiae.*" The full text consists of sixteen stanzas. The translation is C. B. Pearson's, given in his "*Sequences from the Sarum Missal, with English Translations,* 1871." Of his sixteen stanzas, eight are here given, viz., 1, 12, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 16.

436. **THE SORROWS OF THE B. V. MARY.** *Stabat Mater dolorosa.* The Author of this Hymn is supposed to have been Innocent III. (1160—1216), or Jacobus de Benedictis (c. 1226—1306), a Franciscan Friar. "As the 'DIES IRAE' has been pronounced the greatest, so the 'STABAT MATER' universally is deemed the most pathetic of Mediaeval Hymns." This noble Poem (used both as a Sequence and an Office Hymn) was not officially sanctioned for general use till by a decree of Benedict XIII. in 1727; but long before that date it was in popular use. It seems to have been added to the Breslau Missal of 1483, and to various other Missals of the xvth Century. It was not included in any of the English Service Books; but eighteen lines of it are found in the Hereford Missal as the "The Tract" in the Mass "*Nostrae Dominae Pietatis;*" and the whole is given in "*Horae B. V. M., Sec. Us. Sarum,* Paris, 1526." According to present Roman use it is both Sequence and Office Hymn for "*Fest. vii. Dol.*" in Lent; and Sequence only for the Festival in September. The translation here given is mainly by Bishop Mant and Provost Ball. It is almost unnecessary to add that this poem is regarded as one of the Seven great Mediaeval Hymns of Christendom.
"Amen" is never sung after a Sequence according to English Use, but is added here in brackets to many of these Sequences, as they may be also used as ordinary Hymns.

ADVENT.

116 (First Tune.)

Salus eterna indeficiens.

Mode viii.

8.7.8.7. B.

"Verbum bonum."

Sarum Gradual. (xiith Century Melody.)

1. Thou for ev- er our Sal- va-tion, Thou the Life of all cre-a-tion,
   Grieving for man's loss in-pend-ing, By the tempter's wiles pre-tend-ing,
   Thou our Hope of res-to-ra-tion, Thou the nev-er-fail-ing Light,
   Cam-est down, Thine aid ex-tend-ing, Leav-ing not the star-ry height.

2. In our flesh Thy glo-ry veiling, All on earth, in ru-in fail-ing,
   Grant, O Christ, Thine ex-pi-a-tion, Un-to us Thine own cre-a-tion,

* The Distropha, indicated throughout in the Accompaniment by a small note, is probably a portamento from a quarter-tone below, and can only be executed by the voice.

Thou didst save by might prevail-ing, Bringing joy to all our race; Take us for an habita-tion Cleansed for Thy-self by grace.

3. By Thy first hu-mi-lia-tion Grant us, Lord, jus-
When in glo-ry man-i-fest-ed Thou the se-
-
ti-fica-tion: When a-gain in ex-alt-
heart hast test-ed, In unsul-
vest-ed

Thou shalt come, O set us free; May we close-ly fol-low Thee. Amen.
Advent.

Lauda Sion.

G. F. Cobb.

4.8.8.7. D. Four-Part Harmony arranged by E. W. G.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

A Unison Setting of this Tune will be found at 128, Second Tune.

1 Thou for ever our Salvation,
   Thou the Life of all creation,
   Thou our Hope of restoration,
   Thou the never-failing Light,
   Grieving for man's loss impending,
   By the tempter's wiles pretending,
   Camest down, Thine aid extending,
   Leaving not the starry height.

2 In our flesh Thy glory veiling,
   All on earth, in ruin failing,
   Thou didst save by might prevailing,
   Bringing joy to all our race:  

3 By Thy first humiliation
   Grant us, Lord, justification:
   When again in exaltation
   Thou shalt come, O set us free;
   When in glory manifested
   Thou the secret heart hast tested,
   In unsullied robes invested
   May we closely follow Thee. [Amen.]

   (3* )

CHRISTMAS.

Nato canunt omnia.

SPONSA CHRISTI. 8.7.8.7. D.

By permission of W. S. Hoyte.
Christmas.

* 1 Hark, the Hosts of Heav'n are singing
   Praises to their New-born Lord,
   Strains of sweetest music flinging,
   Not a note or word unheard:
   This the Day of days most holy,
   Day in which new joys were given,
   Not in part alone, but wholly,
   To the wide world under Heav'n.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
   God's high praises sounded forth,
   While the Angels' songs were telling
   Of the Lord's mysterious Birth:
   Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
   Flash'd the light on shepherds' eyes;
   As their lowly flocks they tended,
   Came new tidings from the skies.

3 God of God, ere ages hoary,
   Now is born of purest Maid;
   In the Heav'n's is boundless glory,
   On the earth is peace display'd:
   All the hosts of Heav'n are chanting
   Songs with power to stir and thrill,
   And the universe is panting
   Joy's deep longings to fulfil.

4 On this Day then through creation
   Let the glorious hymn ring out;
   Let men hail the great Salvation,
   "God with us," with song and shout.
   See! the powers of Hell are broken,
   Fierce and tyrannous and wild:
   And on earth glad words are spoken,
   Heralding the New-born Child.

5 Christ Who framed the earth and Heaven,
   Such the Word's creative power,
   Who alone the law hath given
   That upholds them hour by hour,
   Grant to us, of His great pity,
   Pardon for our guilt and sin;
   Grant us in the Heav'nly City
   Peace, and rest, and life to win. [Amen.]

* By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

118 (First Tune.)

Laetabundus.

Sarum Gradual. (Melody of xiLyth or xiiLyth Century.)

1. Raise your voices, Faithful Choirs, with rapture singing
   Monarchs' Monarch, From a stainless Maiden springing,

2. Angel of great counsel, here,
   Matchless wonder! He, a Sun Who knows no night,

Sun from star, He doth appear, Born of Maiden:
   She, a star whose paler light, Shinneth ever.

(6*)
3. As a star its kindred ray, Mary doth her Child display,
Still undimmed the star shines on, And the Virgin bears a Son,

Like in nature; Pure as never.

4. Lebanon's tall Cedar now
To our vale of sorrow came

Hyssoplike in vale to bow Condescended;
Word of God in mortal frame, Born Incarnate.

5. Though Isaiah had foreshown, Tho' the Synagogue had known,
If her Prophets speak in vain, Let her heed a Gentile strain,

Yet the truth she will not own, Blind remaining;
And from mystic Sibyl gain Light in darkness.

6. No longer then delay; Doubt not what legends say;
   Turn, and this Child behold; That very Son, of old
   Why be cast away, A race forlorn?
   In God's writ foretold, A Maid hath borne.

By permission of Rev. O. H. Palmer, from "The Hymner."

According to English Use, this Sequence is also used as an Office Hymn, when the following ††. and ‡‡. should be added:

The Purification of the B.V.M., 2nd Evensong.
††. We wait, O God, for Thy loving-kindness.
‡‡. In the midst of Thy Temple.

The Nativity of the B.V.M., 2nd Evensong.
††. God hath chosen her and predestined her.
‡‡. He hath made her to dwell in His Tabernacle.

(8*)
Christmas.

118 (Second Tune.)

LAETABUNDUS.

To be sung in Unison.

Irregular.

NICHOLAS GATTY, B. Mus.

1. Raise your voices, Faithful Choirs, with raptures singing Alleluia!

2. Angel of great counsel, here, Sun from star, He doth appear,

3. As a star its kin-dred ray, Mary doth her Child display,

4. Lebanon's tall Cedar now Hysop-like in vale to bow

Born of Maiden: He, a Sun Who knows no night,

Like in nature: Still undimmed the star shines on,

Condescension: To our vale of sorrow came

She, a star whose paler light, Shinneth ever.
And the Virgin bears a Son, Pure as ever.
Word of God in mortal frame, Born incarnate.

5. Tho' E-sai-as had foreshown, Tho' the Synagogue had known, Yet the truth she

will not own, Blind remaining; If her Prophets

speak in vain, Let her heed a Gentile strain, And from mystic

(10*)
Si-byl gain Light... in dark-ness. No long-er then de-lay; Doubt-not what le-gends say; Why be cast a-way... A

race for-lorn? Turn, and this Child be-hold; That ve-ry Son, of


By permission of Nicholas Gatty, B. Mus.
1. Yesterday, with exultation, Join'd the world in celebration
Yesterday the Angel nation Pour'd the strains of jubilation
Of her promised Saviour's Birth;

2. But today, o'er death victorious,
O'er the Monarch born on earth. Dared the Deacon Protomartyr
By his faith and actions glorious,

S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

(First Tune.)
Herimundusexultavit.
S. Gall, MS. 546. 8.8.7. D. "Plausuchoruslaetabundo."

Mode v.

1. yesterday, with exultation, Join'd the world in celebration
Yesterday the Angel nation Pour'd the strains of jubilation
Of her promised Saviour's Birth;

2. But today, o'er death victorious,
O'er the Monarch born on earth. Dared the Deacon Protomartyr
By his faith and actions glorious,

Earthly life for Heav'n to barter, Faithful 'midst the faithless found.
3. Forward, champion, in thy quarrel! Certain of a certain laurel,
   Perjured witnesses confounding, Satan's Synagogue astounding
   Holy Stephen, persevere!

4. For the crown that faeth never
   By thy doctrine true and clear. Death shall be thy life's beginning,
   Bear the torturer's brief endeavour; Victory waits to end the strife:
   And life's losing be the winning Of the True and Better Life.

5. See, as Jew- ish foes in-vade thee, See how Je-sus stands to aid thee, 
Tell how o-pen'd Heav'n is shown thee, Tell how Je-sus waits to own thee, 
Stands at God's right hand on high: 6. As the dy-ing Mar-tyr kneel-eth, 
Tell it with thy la-test cry. Then in Christ he sleep-eth sweet-ly, 
For his murderers he appealeth, For their madness griev-ing sore; 
And with Christ he reign-eth meetly, Mar-tyr first-fruits, ev-er-more. A-men.

Harmonies by permission of the Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."
1 Yesterday, with exultation,
Join'd the world in celebration
Of her promised Saviour's Birth;
Yesterday the Angel nation
Pour'd the strains of jubilation
O'er the Monarch born on earth.

2 But to-day, o'er death victorious,
By his faith and actions glorious,
By his Miracles renown'd,
Dared the Deacon Protomartyr
Earthly life for Heav'n to barter,
Faithful 'midst the faithless found.

3 Forward, champion, in thy quarrel!
Certain of a certain laurel,
Holy Stephen, persevere!
Perjured witnesses confounding,
Satan's Synagogue astounding
By thy doctrine true and clear.

4 For the crown that fadeth never
Bear the torturer's brief endeavour;
Vict'ry waits to end the strife:
Death shall be thy life's beginning,
And life's losing be the winning
Of the True and Better Life.

5 See, as Jewish foes invade thee,
See how Jesus stands to aid thee,
Stands at God's right hand on high:
Tell how open'd Heav'n is shown thee,
Tell how Jesus waits to own thee,
Tell it with thy latest cry.

6 As the dying Martyr kneeleth,
For his murderers he appealeth,
For their madness grieving sore;
Then in Christ he sleepeth sweetly,
And with Christ he reigneth meetly,
Martyr first-fruits, evermore.

[ Amen. ]

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

Hymnum canentes Martyrum.

120 (First Tune.)
WER DA WONET.

Melody in “S. Gall Gesangbuch,” 1863, from Vehe’s Gesangbüchlein, 1537.

120 (Second Tune.)
CANTATE DOMINO.

J. Barnby.
The Innocents' Day.

1 A Hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing,
For Innocents your praises bring,
Whom in their woe earth cast away,
But Heav'n with joy received to-day;
Whose Angels see the Father's Face
World without end, and hymn His grace;
And while they praise their glorious King,
A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.

2 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament;
When Rachel mourn'd her children sore,
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore:
Triumphant is their glory now,
Whom earthly torments could not bow:
What time, both far and near that went,
A voice from Ramah was there sent.

3 And ev'ry tear is wiped away
By their dear Father's hands for aye;
Death hath no power to hurt them more,
Whose own is Life's Eternal store.
Who sow their seed, and sowing weep,
In everlasting joy shall reap;
What time they shine in Heav'nly Day,
And ev'ry tear is wiped away. [Amen.]

(17*)

120 (Third Tune.)

S. SERF.  

D.L.M.  

HENRY LAHEE.
The Innocents' Day.

1 A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing,
   For Innocents your praises bring,
   Whom in their woe earth cast away,
   But Heav'n with joy received to-day;
   Whose Angels see the Father's Face
   World without end, and hymn His grace;
   And while they praise their glorious King,
   A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.

2 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
   A voice of weeping and lament;
   When Rachel mourn'd her children sore,
   Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore:
   Triumphant is their glory now,
   Whom earthly torments could not bow:
   What time, both far and near that went,
   A voice from Ramah was there sent.

3 And ev'ry tear is wiped away
   By their dear Father's hands for aye;
   Death hath no power to hurt them more,
   Whose own is Life's Eternal store.
   Who sow their seed, and sowing weep,
   In everlasting joy shall reap;
   What time they shine in Heav'nly Day,
   And ev'ry tear is wiped away. [Amen.]

(19*)

THE EPIPHANY.

Ad Jesum accurrirte.

7.7.7. D.

Paris.

(xvith Century Melody.)

1. Un-to Je-sus has-ten ye, Let your hearts de-vo- ted be Whom the star is her-ald-ing, In-ward faith is wit-ness-ing,

To the na-tions' Po-tentate: 2. Come with presents read-i-ly, Rich in lib - Christ, our sav-ing Ad - vocate, De-ar-est in the Saviour's eyes Is af-fec-

- er-al-i-ty, Pledge of hearts mun-i-ficent: 3. Gold your love may sig-ni-fy, tion's sac-ri-fice Of-fer'd by the pen-i-tent. Gold a King doth in-di-cate,

Myrrh denote aus-ter-i-ty, Pray'r frankincense of-fereth; 4. First the Shepherds Myrrh His low-ly human state, Incense God acknowledged. Christ, Who greeteth hom-age pay, Then the Ma-gi-wend their way To the faithful com-pa-ny: Is-ra- el, From His crib will not re-pel Gentiles call'd to u-ni-ty.

(20*)
The Epiphany.

5. Bethlehem this blessed day Doth for all the Church survey
   Christ, within us deign to dwell, Ev'ry rebel thought expel,
   Proof of her nativity;
   Reign in matchless sovereignty!

121 (Second Tune.)
VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

As arranged by Sir John Goss
for Mercer's Hymn Book, 1864.

1 Unto Jesus hasten ye,
   Let your hearts devoted be
   To the nations' Potentate:
   Whom the star is heralding,
   Inward faith is witnessing,
   Christ, our saving Advocate.

2 Come with presents readily,
   Rich in liberality,
   Pledge of hearts munificent:
   Dearest in the Saviour's eyes
   Is affection's sacrifice
   Offer'd by the penitent.

3 Gold your love may signify,
   Myrrh denote austerity,
   Prayer frankincense offereth;
   Gold a King doth indicate,
   Myrrh His lowly human state,
   Incense God acknowledged.

4 First the Shepherds homage pay,
   Then the Magi wend their way
   To the faithful company:
   Christ, Who greeteth Israel,
   From His crib will not repel
   Gentiles called to unity.

5 Bethlehem this blessed day
   Doth for all the Church survey
   Proof of her nativity;
   Reign in matchless sovereignty!
   [Amen.]

EASTERTIDE.

122 (First Tune.)

Victima Paschali laudes.

Ratisbon Form of an 12th Century Melody.

Modes i. & ii.

Irregular.

Christians! to the Paschal Victim Offer your thank-ful prais-es.

The Lamb the sheep hath ransom'd; Christ, by sin un-de-fi-led,

Sinners to His Father re-con-ci-led. Death and life were con-tend-ing
Eastertide.

In a fray, sore and wondrous; The King of Life, Who died, now deathless reigneth.

What saw-est thou, Mary, On the way, as thou cam-est?

"I saw the grave's o-pen por-tal, His glo-ry, Who rose from death, Im-mor-tal;

Bright An-gels at-test-ing, The shroud and nap-kin rest-ing;"

(23*)

“The Lord, my Hope, hath arisen; For Galilee He leaves death's prison.”

Christ, we know, is truly risen, Henceforth ever living;

Have mercy, Victor King, pardon giving. Amen.

Alleluia!

(24*)
Eastertide.

VICTIMÆ PASCHALI.

Irregular. GEORGE BAYFIELD ROBERTS.

Christians! to the Paschal Victim Offer your thankful praises.

Animato.

The Lamb ransom'd; Christ, by sin undisiled, (Sinners to)

reconciled. Death and life were contending In a

Allegro, tempo giusto.

fray, sore and wondrous; (The King of) died, now deathless

Unison. Lento ad lib.

reigneth. What sawest (thou, Mary, On the way,) as thou cam'est?

(25*)

Largo, ma poco a poco accel. e cres.

Organ 8ve higher

TREBLES ONLY.

"I saw the grave's open portal, {His glory, Who rose from death, Immortal; Bright Angels at-

Organ 8ve higher

sostenuto.

- test- ing, {The shroud and napkin} rest- ing; "The Lord, my Hope, hath a

Allegretto.

Harmony.

ris- en; {For Galilee He leaves death's} prison." {Christ, we know, is truly} ris- en, Henceforth

Larghetto.

rit.

ev - er liv - ing; Have mer - cy, Vic - tor King, par - don

Tempo. Allegro.

giv - ing, A - men. Al - le - lu - ia!

(26*)
1 Feast of Feasts! to-day we tell
How before Christ's triumph fell
All the powers of Death and Hell,
Satan vanquish'd, man forgiven!
Let us grateful praises sing
Unto Thee, Redeemer, King;
Join the songs on earth we sing
With Thine Angels' songs in Heaven.

2 Shew the brightness of Thy Face,
Thou, Who, in Thy plenteous grace,
Grieving for our death-doom'd race,
Hath Thyself death's pathway trod;
Past is now Thy Cross's pain,
Burst Hell's gate and Satan's chain;
Thou o'er all the world shalt reign,
Alleluia! Son of God! [Amen.]

Cantemus cuncti melodum.  
Irregular.  
ixth Century Melody.

1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Al - le - lu - ia.

2. To the glory of their King Shall the ransom'd people sing Al - le - lu - ia.

3. And the Choirs that dwell on high Shall re - e - cho thro' the sky, Al - le - lu - ia.

* The open 5ths may be filled in, if desired, either major or minor, ad lib.
Eastertide.

4. They, thro' the fields of Paradise that roam, The blessed ones, repeat thro' that bright Home Alleluia.

5. The planets glitt'ring on their Heav'nly way, The shining constellations join, and say Alleluia.

6. Ye clouds that on-ward sweep! Ye winds on pin-ions light! Ye thun-ders,

Ye lightnings, wild-ly bright! In sweet con-sent

unite your Al-le-lu-ia.

7. Ye floods and o-cean billows! Ye storms and

win-ter snow! Ye days of cloud-less beau-ty! Hoar-frost and sum-mer glow!

(30*)
Eastertide.

Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious for-ests, sing Al-le-lu-ia.

8. First let the birds, with paint-ed plum-age gay, Ex-alt their Great Cre-a-tor's praise, and say Al-le-lu-ia. 9. Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain, Join in Cre-a-tion's Hymn, and cry a-gain Al-le-lu-ia.

10. Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus Alleluia.

11. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.

Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia.

( 32* )
12. To God, Who all Creation made, The frequent hymn be duly paid:

Al-le-lu-ia. 13. This is the strain, th' Eternal strain, the

Lord of all things loves, Al-le-lu-ia. This is the song,

the Heav'n-ly song, that Christ Him-self approves, Al-le-lu-ia.

14. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answering, Alleluia.

15. Now from all men be out-pour'd Alleluia to the Lord;
Eastertide.

With *Alleluia* evermore The Son and Spirit we adore.

16. Praise be done to the Three in One. *Alleluia!* *Alleluia!* *Alleluia!* *Alleluia!*

(35*)

124 (Second Tune.) Irregular. A. H. D. TROYER.

1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-lu - ia.
2 To the glory of their King Shall the ransom'd people sing.
3 And the Choirs that dwell on high Shall re-echo ... through the sky,
4 They, through the fields of Paradise that roam, The blessed ones, repeat through that bright Home.
   Unison.
5 The planets glitt'ring on their Heavenly way, The shining constellations join, and say
   Harmony.
6 Ye clouds that onward sweep! Ye winds on pin - ions light! Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep! Ye lightnings, wild - ly bright!
7 Ye floods and ocean billows! Ye storms and winter snow! Ye days of cloudless beauty! Hoar-frost and sum - mer glow!
8 First let the birds, with painted plum-age gay, Exalt their Great Creator's praise, and say
   Unison.
9 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain, Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry a - gain
10 Here let the mountains thunder forth so - nor - ous Alle lu - ia.
11 Thou jubilant abyss of o - cean, cry Alle lu - ia.
   Harmony.
12 To God, Who all Cre - a - tion made, The frequent hymn be - du - ly paid:
13 This is the strain, th' Eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves, Alle lu - ia!
14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awa - king, Alle lu - ia.
   Unison.
15 Now from all men be out - pour'd Alleluia to the Lord;
   Harmony.
16 Praise be done to the Three in One. Alle lu - ia!

(36*)
Eastertide.

(2) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(3) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(4) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(5) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(6) In sweet con - - - sent u - nite your Alle - - - lu - ia!
(7) Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious for - ests, sing Alle - - - lu - ia!
(8) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(9) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(10) There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - rus Alle - - - lu - ia!
(11) Ye tracts of earth and contin - nents, re - ply Alle - - - lu - ia!
(12) Alle - - - - lu - ia! Alle - - - - lu - ia!
(13) This is the song, the Heav'nly song, that Christ Him - self ap - proves, Alle - - - lu - ia!
(14) And children's voices echo, an - swer ma - king, Alle - - - lu - ia!
(15) With Alleluia - - ev - er - more The Son and Spirit we adore.
(16) Alleluia! Alle - - lu - ia! Alle - - - lu - ia!

( 37* )
**Part 1. Sequences.**

**THE ASCENSION DAY.**

125 (First Tune.)  
Triumphi plaudant maria.  

CÖLN.  

Unison. *In moderate time.*

1. Sing vic'try, O ye seas and lands! Ye floods and rivers, 
And, Saints, ful- fil your Lord's de-mands! Crown ye the King that clap your hands! Break forth in joy, An-gel-ic hands! 
midst you stands, To Whom the Heav'nly Gate ex-pands!

Bow be-fore His Name E-ter-nal, bow be-fore His Name E-ter-nal, Things Ce-


125 (Second Tune.)  
Eight 8's and 4. Irregular.  
TRIUMPH! PLAUDANT MARIA.  
R. Vaughan Williams.

Unison. *In moderate time.*

1. Sing vic'try, O ye seas and lands! Ye floods and rivers, clap your hands! 

*In moderate time.*
The Ascension Day.

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1. Sing vict’ry, Ó ye seas and lands! Ye floods and rivers, clap your hands!

Break forth in joy, Angelic bands! And, Saints, fulfill your Lord’s demands!

Crown ye the King that midst you stands! To Whom the Heavenly

Gate expands! Bow before His Name Eternal,

(40*)
The Ascension Day.

Things Celestial, things terrestrial, and infernal. Amen.

2 Sing vict'ry, Angel! Guards that wait!
Lift up, lift up th' Eternal Gate,
And let the King come in with state;
And, as ye meet Him on the way,
The mighty triumph greet, and say,
"Hail Jesu! glorious Prince, to-day!"
Bow before His Name Eternal,
Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
And infernal.

3 Who is the King of glory blest,
Effulgent in His purple vest?
With garments dyed in Bozrah, He
Ascends in pomp and jubilee;
It is the King, renowned in fight,
Whose Hands have shattered Satan's might!
Bow before His Name Eternal,
Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
And infernal.

3 Right gloriously strife endeth now!
Henceforth all things to Thee shall bow,
And at the Father's Side sit Thou!
O Jesu, all our wishes' goal,
Be Thou our joy when troubles roll,
And the Reward of ev'ry soul!
Bow before His Name Eternal,
Things Celestial, things terrestrial,
And infernal. [Amen.]

(41*)
1. Come, Thou Holy Par - a - clete, And from Thy Ce - les - tial Seat,
Father of the poor, draw near; Giv- er of all gifts, be here;

Send Thy light and bril - lian - cy:
2. Thou of com-fort - ers the best,
Come, the soul's true Ra - dian - cy.
In our la - bour rest most sweet,

Of the soul the sweet-est Guest; Come in toil re-fresh - ing - ly;
Grate-ful shad - ow from the heat, Com-fort in ad - ver - si - ty.

3. O Thou Light, most pure and blest, Shine with - in the in - most breast
Where Thou art not, man hath naught; Ev -'ry ho - ly deed and thought
Whitsunday.

Of Thy faithful company: 4. What is soiled, make Thou pure;
Come from Thy Divinity. What is rigid, gently bend;

What is wounded, work its cure; What is parched, fructify;
What is frozen, warmly tend; Strengthen what goes erring.

5. Fill Thy Faithful, who confide in Thy power to guard and guide,
Here Thy grace and virtue send; Grant Salvation in the end,

With Thy Sevenfold Mystery;
And in Heaven felicity.

Amen.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal." (43*)
1 Come, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy Celestial Seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy:
Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true Radiancy.

2 Thou of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest Guest;
Come in toil refreshingly;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

3 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company:
Where Thou art not, man hath naught;
Ev'ry holy deed and thought
Come from Thy Divinity.

4 What is soiled, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parched, fructify;
What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Strengthen what goes erringly.

5 Fill Thy Faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy Sevenfold Mystery;
Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant Salvation in the end,
And in Heav'n felicity. [Amen.]
Trinity Sunday.

TRINITY SUNDAY.
Also on the Transfiguration.

Trinitas, Unitas, Deitas.

127 (First Tune.) Irregular. Adapted from La Feillée.

1. Trinity, Unity, Deity, Eternal:

Ma-jesty, Po-ten-cy, Bril-lian-cy, Su-per-nal:

2. First and Last, End and Cause, King of kings, Law of laws,

Judge of all, Round Whose Throne Angels fall;

Thee they laud, Thee adore, Thee they chant evermore:

With acclaim Heavenly Hosts greet Thy Name.

Thou art True, Flow'r of life, healing Dew: Govern us, save us still,
Trinity Sunday.

Guide us on 'wards the hill of Thy rest, T'wards the joys of the Blest.

4. Thou art God, Thou art Just, Thee we love, Thee we trust:

King a - dor'd, Ho - liest Lord, Glo - ry be, Both to - day

and al - way, Un - to Thee! A - men.

( 47* )

127 (Second Tune.) Irregular. PHILIP ARMES, Mus. Doc.

1. Trinity, Unity, Deity, Eternal: Majesty,

2. First and Last, End and Cause, King of kings, Law of laws, Judge of all,

Round Whose Throne Angels fall; Thee they laud,
Trinity Sunday.

Thee adore, . . . Thee they chant . . . ever-

more: With acclaim Heavenly Hosts greet Thy Name.

3. Thou art One, Thou art True, Flow'r of life, healing Dew: Govern

us, save us still . . . Guide us on . . . t'wards the

(49*)

hill of Thy rest, T’wards the joys... of the Blest.

4. Thou art God, Thou art Just, Thee we love,

Thee we trust: King adored, Holiest Lord, Glory be, Both to...

day and alway, Unto Thee!... Amen.

By permission of the late Professor Armes.

(50*)
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

128 (First Tune.) Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

1. Praise, 0 Si-on, praise thy Pas-tor, Praise thy Sa-viour and thy Mas-ter,
    All thy ut-most might it need-eth, For He all thy praise ex-ceed-eth,

2. Great the theme of our thanksgiv-ing,
    Thou canst ne'er ex-press His praise. E'en the Sam-e we touch and take It,

Bread of Life, Bread Ev-er-liv-ing, Is to-day be-fore thee set;
As when o'er the Board He brake It, Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

(S 51* )

3. Full and clear ring out our chanting, Joy nor sweet-est grace be want-ing.

4. Here the New Law's new Ob-la-tion, By the New King's re-ve-la-tion,

In the glad-ness of the breast; Let a so-lenn chant be rais-ed,
Brings to end the an-cient rite; Now the New the old ef-fa-ces,

While the Mys-te-ry is prais-ed Of the Ho-ly Eu-char-ist.
Truth a-way the shad-ow cha-ses, Light dis-pels the gloom of night.

5. What He did, at sup-per seat-ed, Christ or-dain'd to be re-pat-ed,
And, His rule for guidance ta-king, Bread and Wine we hal-low, ma-king

(52*)
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

His Memorial ne'er to cease; Wondrous truth to Christians given!
Thus our Sacrifice of peace. What nor sense nor sight conceiveth,

Bread becomes His Flesh from Heaven; To His Blood is turn'd the Wine;
Yet a dauntless faith believeth, Resting on a power Divine.

Under diverse Forms existing, Signs of earthy Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is broken, While in either things consisting, Things of priceless worth are veil'd;
Wondrous Token Wholly present Christ is hail'd.

(53* )

8. Who-so of this Food partakes Rendeth not the Thousands are, as one, receive-ers, One, as thousands

Lord, nor breaketh; Christ is whole to all that taste: of believers, Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

9. Good and bad the Feast are sharing. Yet a Sinners death, the righteous making Life their

doom un-like preparing—Endless life, or endless woe; own; from that same taking Ah! what different ends shall flow.
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

10. When the Sacrament is broken, Doubt not, but believe 'tis spoken,
Nought the precious Gift di-vi-deth, Break-ing but the sign be-ti-deth,

That each sev-er'd out-ward to-ken Doth the Ve-ry Whole con-tain;
Je-sus still the Same a-bi-deth, Still un-bro-ken doth re-main.

PART II.

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

11. Lo! the Bread, which An-gels feed-eth, Made the Food the pil-grim needeth,
Truth the an cient types ful - fil-ling, I-saac bound, a vic-tim will-ing,

To His chil-dren He con-ce-deth, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent;
Pas-chal lamb, its life-blood spill ing, Man-na to the Fa-thers sent.
12. Shepherd Good, True Bread, attend us, Je-su, pi-ty and befriend us; Thou Who all things canst and know-est, Who on earth such Food be-stowest,

Thou re-fresh us, Thou de-fend us, Thine E-ter-nal good-ness send us Grant us with Thy Saints, tho' low-est, Where the Heav'nly Feast Thou showest,

In the Land of Life to see; Fellow-heirs and guests to be. A-men.
PRAISE, O SION, praise thy Pastor, Praise thy Saviour and thy Master,

High the choral anthems raise; All thy utmost might it needeth,

For He all thy praise exceedeth, Thou canst ne'er express His praise.

Great the theme of our thanksgiving,
Bread of Life, Bread Ever-living,
Is to-day before thee set;
E'en the Same we touch and take It,
As when o'er the Board He brake It,
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

Full and clear ring out our chanting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting
In the gladness of the breast;
Let a solemn chant be raised,
While the Mystery is praised
Of the Holy Eucharist.

Here the New Law's new Oblation,
By the New King's revelation,
Brings to end the ancient rite;
Now the New the old effaces,
Truth away the shadow chases,
Light dispels the gloom of night.

What He did, at supper seated,
Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
His Memorial ne'er to cease;
And, His rule for guidance taking,
Bread and Wine we hallow, making
Thus our Sacrifice of peace.

Wondrous truth to Christians given!
Bread becomes His Flesh from Heaven;
To His Blood is turn'd the Wine;
What nor sense nor sight conceiveth,
Yet a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a power Divine.

Under diverse Forms existing,
Signs of earthly things consisting,
Things of priceless worth are veil'd;
Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is broken,
While in either wondrous Token
Wholly present Christ is hail'd.

Whoso of this Food partaketh
Rendeth not the Lord, nor breaketh;
Christ is whole to all that taste:
Thousands are, as one, receivers;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

Good and bad the Feast are sharing,
Yet a doom unlike preparing—
Endless life, or endless woe;
Sinners death, the righteous making
Life their own; from that same taking
Ah! what different ends shall flow.

(57*)

8.8.8.7. D.

10. When the Sacrament is broken, Doubt not, but believe 'tis spoken,

That each severed token Doth the Very Whole contain;

Nought the precious Gift divideth, Breaking but the sign betideth,

Jesus still the Same abideth, Still unbroken doth remain.

11 Lo! the Bread, which Angels feedeth,
Made the Food the pilgrim needeth,
To His children He concedeth,
Which on dogs may ne'er be spent;
Truth the ancient types fulfilling,
Isaac bound, a victim willing,
Paschal lamb, its life-blood spilling,
Manna to the Fathers sent.

(58*)
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

8.8.8.7. D.

Slower.

12. Shepherd Good, True Bread, attend us, Jesus, pity and befriend us;

a tempo e cres.

Thou refresh us, Thou defend us, Thine Eternal goodness send us

mf

In the Land of Life to see; Thou Who all things canst and knowest,

cres.

Who on earth such Food bestowest, Grant us with Thy Saints, thowest,

Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest, Fellow-heirs and guests to be. Amen.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

LAUDA, SION.

1. Praise, O Sion, praise thy Pastor, Praise thy Saviour and thy Master,
   For He all thy praise exceedeth, Thou canst ne'er express His praise.

2. Great the theme of our thanksgiving, Bread of Life, Bread Ever-living,
   Is to-day before thee set; Even the Same we touch and take it,
   As when o'er the Board He brake it, Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

3. Full and clear ring out our chanting, Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting
   In the gladness of the breast; Let a solemn chant be raised,
   While the Mystery is praised Of the Holy Eucharist.

4. Here the New Law's new Oblation,
   By the New King's revelation, Brings to end the ancient rite;
   Now the New the old effaces, Truth away the shadow chases,
   Light dispels the gloom of night.

5. What He did, at supper seated,
   Christ ordain'd to be repeated, His Memorial ne'er to cease;
   And, His rule for guidance taking, Bread and Wine we hallow, making
   Thus our Sacrifice of peace.

6. Wondrous truth to Christians given! Bread becomes His Flesh from Heaven;
   To His Blood is turn'd the Wine; What nor sense nor sight conceiveth,
   Yet a dauntless faith believeth, Resting on a power Divine.

7. Under diverse Forms existing, Signs of earthly things consisting,
   Things of priceless worth are veil'd; Blood is pour'd, and Flesh is broken,
   While in either wondrous Token Wholly present Christ is hail'd.

8. Whoso of this Food partaketh Rendeth not the Lord, nor breaketh;
   Christ is whole to all that taste: Thousands are, as one, receivers;
   One, as thousands of believers, Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

9. Good and bad the Feast are sharing,
   Yet a doom unlike preparing— Endless life, or endless woe;
   Sinners death, the righteous making Life their own; from that same taking
   Ah! what different ends shall flow.
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

8.8.8.7. D.

10. When the Sa-cram-ent is bro-ken, Doubt not, but be-lieve 'tis spo-ken,

That each sev-er'd out-ward to-ken Doth the Ve-ry Whole con-tain;

Nought the pre-cious Gift di-vi-deth, Breaking but the sign be-ti-deth,

Je-sus still the Same a-bi-deth, Still un-bro-ken doth re-main.

Part II.

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

11 Lo! the Bread, which Angels feedeth
Made the Food the pilgrim needeth,
To His children He concedeth,
Which on dogs may ne'er be spent;
Truth the ancient types fulfilling,
Isaac bound, a victim willing,
Paschal lamb, its life-blood spilling,
Manna to the Fathers sent.

(61*)

12. Shepherd Good, True Bread, attend us,

Jesus, pity and befriend us; Thou refresh us,

Thou defend us, Thine Eternal goodness send us

In the Land of Life to see;
The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.

Unison.

Thou Who all things canst and knowest, Who on earth such Food bestowest,

Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest, Where the Heav'nly Feast Thou showest,

THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Omnes una celebremus.

Irregular.

Melody of "Jesus Christus nostra Salus." Adapted from the Pie Cantiones of Nyland.

129 (First Tune.)

1. In our common celebration, Thanks and holy, To Christ's Festival be paid.

2. This the day that God hath blest, This the day that calls to rest, This the day that Lord hath made.

3. Wherein the world its first creation knew, Whence better life its earliest being drew, This is the day:

4. Wherein Christ burst the bars of Hell in twain, And raised His hand, Work to Heaven again, This is the day:

Note.—The other verses as the first.

5 When the peace that is from Heaven Was bestow'd upon the Eleven, As the doors were closed at night:

6 When the Holy Spirit's Flame On the Church's Teachers came, Filling them with grace and light:

7 When the Priests their trumpets take, And the Gospel-message wake, And the people hear aright.

8 In this Festal Celebration Make we earnest supplication That our ransom'd spirits may,

9 Through Christ's mercy, with the Blest, Enter on Eternal Rest, At the fearful Judgement Day!

(64*)

The above Harmonies are from Leisentrit, 1567.
The Sundays after Trinity.

129 (Second Tune.) Slowly.

Irregular.

Sir Frederick Bridge, M.V.O., M.A., Mus. D.

1. In our common celebration, Thanks and holy
2. This the day that God hath bless., This the day that

ven - er - a - tion To Christ's Festi - val be paid.
calls to rest., This the day the Lord hath made.

3. Where in the world its first creation knew, Whence better life its
earliest being drew, This is the day, this is the day:

4. Where in ... Christ burst the bars of Hell in twain, And rais'd His hand i -
work to Heav'n a - gain, This is the day, this is the day:

Note.—The other verses as the first.

5 When the peace that is from Heaven
Was bestow'd upon the Eleven,
As the doors were closed at night:

6 When the Holy Spirit's Flame
On the Church's Teachers came,
Filling them with grace and light:

7 When the Priests their trumpets take,
And the Gospel-message wake,
And the people hear aright.

8 In this Festal Celebration
Make we earnest supplication
That our ransom'd spirits may,

9 Through Christ's mercy, with the Blest,
Enter on Eternal Rest,
At the fearful Judgement Day!

( 65* )

THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

130 (First Tune.)
Paule, Doctor egregie.
VOM HIMMEL HOCH. L.M. SETH CALVISIUS 1595.

By permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

130 (Second Tune.)
GOODWILL. L.M. R. T. POWELL.

By permission of the Editor of "GOODWILL MUSIC."
1 From thee, illustrious Teacher, Paul,
Sounds forth the Church's trumpet-call
Throughout the world, from pole to pole,
Like tempest's blast, like thunder's roll.

2 Hearts with thy stirring peal awake,
With truth bedew, and fertile make:
So shall the rain from Heav'n distil,
Our parchèd souls with grace to fill.

3 O bliss of Paul, beyond all thought!
To Paradise, yet living, caught;
He hears the Heav'nly mysteries there,
Which mortal tongue may not declare.

4 The Word's blest seed around he flings:
And straight a mighty harvest springs:
And fruits of holy deeds supply
God's Everlasting Granary.

5 The lamp his holy lore displays
Hath filled the world with glorious rays;
And doubt and error are o'erthrown,
That Truth may reign, and reign alone.

6 Long as unending ages run,
To God the Father laud be done;
To God the Son our equal praise,
And God, the Holy Ghost, we raise. [Amen.]

(67*)

THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

Ave, plena gratia.

131 (First Tune.)

7.7.7. D.

In Unison.

Paris, xviith Century Melody.

1. Ave, Mary, full of grace, In whose Virgin arms' embrace
   We would at the Temple wait, We would meet Thee at the gate,

2. God to God Him-self doth vow! 2. God is to His Temple come;
   Jesus, for our all art Thou. God Himself our flesh doth wear;

3. Incense-gales of gladness rise, At this morning's Sacrifice;
   Evening's rite in tears shall end, And with bitter weepings blend,

(68*)
The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

Hymns thro' all the Temples sound; 4. Here the Sacrifice is brought,
As they stand the Cross around. We no longer are our own,

By Whose priceless value bought, We are all to God made nigh;
Thine, O God, we are alone! Thine we live, and Thine we die.

5. Let Thy servants now depart; Let us see Thee as Thou art,
But, if here we stay below, In Thee, Jesus, let us grow,

Naught of earth arrest our eyes:
So in Thee we shall arise. Amen.

(69*)

1 Ave, Mary, full of grace,
In whose Virgin arms' embrace
   God to God Himself doth vow!
We would at the Temple wait,
We would meet Thee at the gate,
   Jesu, for our all art Thou.

2 God is to His Temple come;
   Angels throng the hallowed dome;
   What beyond hath Heav'n in store?
God Himself our flesh doth wear;
Owns a Virgin-Mother's care;
   This than Heav'n itself is more!

3 Incense-gales of gladness rise,
   At this morning's Sacrifice;
   Hymns through all the Temple sound;
   Evening's rite in tears shall end,
And with bitter weepings blend,
   As they stand the Cross around.

4 Here the Sacrifice is brought,
   By Whose priceless value bought,
   We are all to God made nigh;
   We no longer are our own,
Thine, O God, we are alone!
   Thine we live, and Thine we die.

5 Let Thy servants now depart;
   Let us see Thee as Thou art,
   Naught of earth arrest our eyes:
But, if here we stay below,
In Thee, Jesu, let us grow,
   So in Thee we shall arise. [Amen.

(70*)
The Annunciation of Our Lady.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY.


1. The sighs and the sorrows Of this world may cease; This happy day
2. Thro' one man's transgression We all of us fell, From Heavenly

In quick time.

bring-eth Glad tidings of peace For suffer-ing mortals.
Man-sions, To save us from Hell, He came, the Most High-est.

3. To that chosen Vir-gin, Who God was to bear, The An-gel descendeth
4. The Word of the Fa-ther, E-ter-nal-ly born, As sumeth man's bo-dy,

The tale to de-clare, Salva-tion's high Her-ald.
On this bless-ed Morn, That He may re-deem us.

5. He shall offer this Body Our Ransom to be; His Blood He shall pour forth, His servants to free, And pour every drop.

6. From our Country, poor exiles, We wander'd in vain, And knew not the pathway By which to regain True Joy ever-lasting.

7. To the place of our exile God deigns to descend, Our Way He becomes His self, and our End; We walk here in safety. Amen.
The Annunciation of Our Lady.

By permission of Rev. J. Baden Powell.

1. The sighs and the sorrows
   Of this world may cease;
   This happy day bringeth
   Glad tidings of peace
   For suffering mortals.

2. Through one man's transgression
   We all of us fell,
   From Heavenly Mansions,
   To save us from Hell,
   He came, the Most Highest.

3. To that chosen Virgin,
   Who God was to bear,
   The Angel descendeth
   The tale to declare,
   Salvation's high Herald.

4. The Word of the Father,
   Eternally born,
   Assumeth man's body,
   On this blessed Morn,
   That He may redeem us.

5. He shall offer this Body
   Our Ransom to be;
   His Blood He shall pour forth,
   His servants to free,
   And pour ev'ry life-drop.

6. From our Country, poor exiles,
   We wander'd in vain,
   And knew not the pathway
   By which to regain
   True Joy Everlasting.

7. To the place of our exile
   God deigns to descend;
   Our Way He becometh
   Himself, and our End:
   We walk here in safety. [Amen.]

(73*)

THE FESTIVALS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Laudes Crucis attollamus.

133 (First Tune.)
Modes vi. & vii.

1. Be the Cross our theme and story, We who in the Cross's glory
   By the Cross the warrior rises, By the Cross the foes despises,

   Shall exult for evermore; 2. Sweetest praises earth upraises;
   Till he gains the Heavenly shore. Life and voice keep well in chorus,

   Accents sweetest are the meetest For the Tree of sweetest cheer:
   Then the melody sonorous Shall make concord true and clear.

   (74*)
The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

3. Love be warm, and praise be fervent, Thou that art the Cross's servant,
4. O how glorious, how transcendent Was this Altar! how resplendent

And in that haft rest from strife; Ev'ry kindred, ev'ry nation
In the Life-blood of the Lamb! Of the Lamb Immaculate,

Hail the Tree that brings Salvation, Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life!
That redeem'd our ancient state From its sin and from its shame.

5. Types of old, in Scripture hidden, Setting forth the
Kings are flying, foes are dying; On the Cross of

6. Tree, triumphal might possessing, Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
Medicine of the Christian spirit, Save the just, give sinners merit,

Ev'ry other progressing Both in bloom, and bud, and flower!
Who dost might for deeds inherit, Over-passing human power.

(76°)
The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

133 (Second Tune.)

LAUDA SION. 8.8.7. D. S. Webbe, 1740—1816.

Harmonies by permission of Boosey and Co.

1 Be the Cross our theme and story,
   We who in the Cross’s glory
   Shall exult for evermore;
   By the Cross the warrior rises
   By the Cross the foe despises,
   Till he gains the Heavenly shore.

2 Sweetest praises earth upraises;
   Accents sweetest are the meetest
   For the Tree of sweetest cheer:
   Life and voice keep well in chorus,
   Then the melody sonorous
   Shall make concord true and clear.

3 Love be warm, and praise be fervent,
   Thou that art the Cross’s servant,
   And in that hast rest from strife;
   Ev’ry kindred, ev’ry nation
   Hail the Tree that brings Salvation,
   Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life!

4 O how glorious, how transcendent
   Was this Altar! how resplendent
   In the Life-blood of the Lamb!
   Of the Lamb Immaculate,
   That redeem’d our ancient state
   From its sin and from its shame.

5 Types of old, in Scripture hidden,
   Setting forth the Cross, are hidden
   In these days to fuller light;
   Kings are flying, foes are dying;
   On the Cross of Christ relying,
   One a thousand puts to flight.

6 Tree, triumphal might possessing,
   Earth’s salvation, crown, and blessing,
   Ev’ry other pretergressing
   Both in bloom, and bud, and flower!
   Med’cine of the Christian spirit,
   Save the just, give sinners merit,
   Who dost might for deeds inherit,
   Overpassing human power.

( 77* )

133 (Third Tune.)

LAUDA SION.

S. WEBBE.

WEBBE'S original form.

8.8.7. D.

8.8.8.7. D.

Harmonies by permission of Boosey and Co.

( 78* )
The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

1 Be the Cross our theme and story,
   We who in the Cross's glory
       Shall exult for evermore;
By the Cross the warrior rises,
   By the Cross the foe despises,
       Till he gains the Heavenly shore.

2 Sweetest praises earth upraises;
   Accents sweetest are the meetest
      For the Tree of sweetest cheer:
Life and voice keep well in chorus,
   Then the melody sonorous
      Shall make concord true and clear.

3 Love be warm, and praise be fervent,
   Thou that art the Cross's servant,
      And in that hast rest from strife;
Ev'ry kindred, ev'ry nation
Hail the Tree that brings Salvation,
      Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life!

4 O how glorious, how transcendent
   Was this Altar! how resplendent
      In the Life-blood of the Lamb!
Of the Lamb Immaculate,
   That redeem'd our ancient state
      From its sin and from its shame.

5 Types of old, in Scripture hidden,
   Setting forth the Cross, are hidden
      In these days to fuller light;
Kings are flying, foes are dying;
On the Cross of Christ relying,
      One a thousand puts to flight.

6 Tree, triumphal might possessing,
   Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
Ev'ry other prætergressing
      Both in bloom, and bud, and flower!
Med'cine of the Christian spirit,
Save the just, give sinners merit,
   Who dost might for deeds inherit,
      Overpassing human power.

( 79* )

Crux benedicta nitet.

Elegiacs.

Melody of "Virgo Dei genitrix," Bayeux Form. (xiijth Century?)

1. Lo, the blest Cross is dis-play'd, where the Lord in the flesh was sus-pend-ed,

And, by His Blood, from their wounds cleans'd and re-deem'd His e - lect:

2. Where, for us men, through His love, be-come the Vic - tim of Mer - cy,

He, the Blest Lamb, His sheep saved from the fangs of the wolf:

3. Where by His Palms transpierced He re-deem'd the world from its ru - in,

(80*)

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."
The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

And by His own dear Death closed up the path of the grave.

4. Here was the Hand that, transfixed by the nails, and bleeding of old time,

Paul from the depth of his crime ransom'd, and Peter from death.

5. Strong in thy fertile array, O Tree of sweetness and glory,

Bear ing such new-found fruit midst the green wreaths of thy boughs:

6. Thou by the savour of life the dead from their slumbers restorest,

Rendering sight to the eyes closed to the light of the Day.

7. Planted art thou beside the streams of the rivers of waters,

Glory of blossom and leaf scattering widely abroad.

8. Twining about thine arms is the Vine, from Whom in its fulness

Flow eth the blood-red juice, Wine that gives life to the soul.

(81*)
1. Lo, the blest Cross is display'd, where the Lord in the flesh was suspended,
And, by His Blood, from their wounds
The Festivals of the Holy Cross.

2.
Where, for us men, through His love, become the Victim of Mercy,
He, the Blest Lamb, His sheep saved from the fangs of the wolf:

3.
Where by His Palms transpierced He redeem'd the world from its ruin,
And by His own dear Death closed up the path of the grave.

4.
Here was the Hand that, transfixed by the nails, and bleeding of old time,
Paul from the depth of his crime ransom'd, and Peter from death.

5.
Strong in thy fertile array, O Tree of sweetness and glory,
Bearing such new-found fruit 'midst the green wreaths of thy boughs:

6.
Thou by the savour of life the dead from their slumbers restorest,
Rendering sight to the eyes closed to the light of the Day.

7.
Planted art thou beside the streams of the rivers of waters,
Glory of blossom and leaf scattering widely abroad.

8.
Twining about thine arms is the Vine, from Whom in its fulness
Floweth the blood-red juice, Wine That gives life to the soul.

( 83* )

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.
Also on The Beheading of S. John Baptist.

Salve, O sanctissime.

Melody "Regina clementiae," from a Xlith Century Manuscript.

1. Hail, O thou of women born High - est rank at - tain - ing,
   Hal - low'd from thy mo - ther's womb, Lamp di - vine - ly light - ed,

2. Hail to thee, de - vo - ted one, To the wilds re - treat - ing,
3. Hail to thee, with her - ald voice God in flesh re - ve - ring,

*quâ crotchet.
(84*)
Clad in sack-cloth, honey wild
And the locust eating:
With thy finger pointing out Christ the Lamb appearing;

Water pure thy thirst assuaged; Thus, by sin untainted,
At the Jordan thou didst cry, With the voice of warning,

Thou, afar from earthly joys, Wast a Hermit sainted.
Telling that the night is past, Near is Heaven's Morning.

4. Hail, a - lone of hu - man - kind To whose charge'twas giv - en
Who didst hear the Fa - ther's Voice That blest rite at - tend - ing,
To bap - tize the Sa - cred Head Of the Lord of Hea - ven:
And didst see the Ho - ly Ghost As a Dove des - cend - ing.

5. Hail, bright rose - bud, blush - ing red, Whom thy life - blood stain - eth;
Li - ly white, whose vir - gin flower Ev - er pure re - main - eth;
S. John Baptist's Day.

May thy voice yet cry aloud With its warning sentence, That God's

Kingdom is at hand, Calling to repentance. Amen.

1 Hail, O thou of women born
Highest rank attaining,
By the holy Angel call'd.
"John" on day of naming:
Hallow'd from thy mother's womb,
Lamp divinely lighted,
To enlighten them that sit
In Death's shade benighted.

2 Hail to thee, devoted one,
To the wilds retreating,
Clad in sackcloth, honey wild
And the locust eating:
Water pure thy thirst assuaged;
Thus, by sin untainted,
Thou, afar from earthly joys,
Wast a Hermit sainted.

3 Hail to thee, with herald voice
God in flesh revering,
With thy finger pointing out
Christ the Lamb appearing;
At the Jordan thou didst cry,
With the voice of warning,
Telling that the night is past,
Near is Heaven's Morning.

4 Hail, alone of humankind
To whose charge 'twas given
To baptize the Sacred Head
Of the Lord of Heaven:
Who didst hear the Father's Voice
That blest rite attending,
And didst see the Holy Ghost
As a Dove descending.

5 Hail, bright rose-bud, blushing red,
Whom thy life-blood staineth;
Lily white, whose virgin flower
Ever pure remaineth;
May thy voice yet cry aloud
With its warning sentence,
That God's Kingdom is at hand,
Calling to repentance.

These words may also be sung to the Tune of 147.

G* (87*)

S. MARY MAGDALEN.

136 (First Tune.)

Gaude pia Magdalena.

Mode v.

8.8.7. D.

“Plausu chorus laetabundo.”

S. Gall, MS. 546.

1. Joy to thee! to souls despairing
Joy to thee, sweet intercessor!
Hope of health and life declaring,
Kind and gentle Magdalen:
frail transgressor
How to rise from sin hath seen.

2. Joy to thee! Christ’s Feet dewing,
Joy to thee! while first discerning,
He the while thy glorious from the

(88*)
S. Mary Magdalen.

soul re-new-ing With His special gifts of grace:
grave re-turn-ing, Thy Redeemer's gracious Face.

3. Joy to thee! on High as-cend-ing, There with Christ, in
So may we, by true re-pent-ance, Lord, es-cape the

bliss un-end-ing, In the Heav'n-ly court to reign:

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."
1 Joy to thee! to souls despairing
  Hope of health and life declaring,
  Kind and gentle Magdalen:
  Joy to thee, sweet intercessor!
  For in thee each frail transgressor
  How to rise from sin hath seen.

2 Joy to thee! Christ's Feet bedewing,
  He the while thy soul renewing
  With His special gifts of grace:
  Joy to thee! while first discerning,
  Glorious from the grave returning,
  Thy Redeemer's gracious Face.

3 Joy to thee! on High ascending,
  There with Christ, in bliss unending,
  In the Heavenly Court to reign:
  So may we, by true repentance,
  Lord, escape the dreadful sentence,
  And Eternal Glory gain. [Amen.]
The Sweet Name of Jesus.

THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

137 (First Tune.) Dulcis Jesus Nazarenus.

Modes vij & viij. 8.8.7. D. From the Sarum Gradual.

Melody probably of the xivth Century.

1. Jesus, Naz-a-rene they name Thee, King of all the Jews proclaim Thee,
   Tortured sore for our sal-va-tion, Dy-ing for Thy faith-less na-tion,

   Kind and beau- tious, Thee we hail! 2. Sweet is ev-'ry name Thou bear-est,
   Shorn of beau- ty, cold, and pale. Sin it heals, the fierce re-strain-eth,

   But still Je-sus is the fair- est, Ev-'ry name that Name transcends:
   Saves from foes, the good sus-tain-eth, And from Hell's as-saults de-fends.

(91* )

8.8.8.7. D.

3. Jesus, Name in good completeness, sounding ever -
Here the Father's splendour gloweth, Here the Virgin's

- more the sweetest, For the Monarch's Throne the meetest,
beauty showeth, And hereby each brother knoweth

How its sound makes glad the heart! 4. Jesus, King, no
That his Brother true Thou art. Jesus, Strong, of

limit bounds Thee! Jesus, loveliness surrounds Thee!
pow'r Supernal! Jesus quells the foe infernal;

(92*)
The Sweet Name of Jesus.

Jesus, glad the tongue that sounds Thee, Wondrous deeds by
Jesus gifts, that are eternal, Gives, with joy that

Thee are wrought:

Hail, Thou Name! each soul that cheer-est,

pass - eth thought. Guilt from Thee its pardon gain-eth,

Jesus is the best and dear-est:

Ev'ry heart, that holds Thee

Joy from Thee our song ob-tain-eth; Where with Saints Thy glo-ry

near-est, Nev-er-more will part with Thee:

reign-eth, Grant us ev-er-more to be. Amen.

(93*)
1 Jesus, Nazarene they name Thee,  
King of all the Jews proclaim Thee,  
Kind and beauteous, Thee we hail!  
Tortured sore for our salvation,  
Dying for Thy faithless nation,  
Shorn of beauty, cold, and pale.

2 Sweet is ev'ry name Thou bearest,  
But still Jesus is the fairest,  
Ev'ry name that Name transcends:  
Sin it heals, the fierce restraineth,  
Saves from foes, the good sustaineth,  
And from Hell's assaults defends.

( 94* )
The Sweet Name of Jesus.

3 Jesus, Name in good completest,
Sounding evermore the sweetest,
For the Monarch's Throne the meetest,
How its sound makes glad the heart!
Here the Father's splendour gloweth,
Here the Virgin's beauty showeth,
And hereby each brother knoweth
That his Brother true Thou art.

4 Jesus, King, no limit bounds Thee.
Jesus, loveliness surrounds Thee!
Jesus, glad the tongue that sounds Thee,
Wondrous deeds by Thee are wrought:
Jesus, Strong, of power Supernal!
Jesus quells the foe infernal;
Jesus gifts, that are eternal,
Gives, with joy that passeth thought.

5 Hail, Thou Name! each soul that chearest,
Jesus is the best and dearest:
Ev'ry heart, that holds Thee nearest,
Nevermore will part with Thee:
Guilt from Thee its pardon gaineth,
Joy from Thee our song obtaineth:
Where with Saints Thy glory reigneth,
Grant us evermore to be. [Amen.]

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

138 (First Tune.) In hae valle lacrymarum. Sarum Form of
Modes vij. & viij. 8.8.7. D. "Laudes Crucis attollamus."

(15th Century Melody.)

1. Who the pilgrim soul defendeth, Through the vale of
Who, in Heaven's high court presiding, Guards the soul at

2. He, the proud one overpowering, Thrust him down, in
Who in pride of thought prevailing, Strove in hatred

(tears befriendeth, Him we sing with thankful lays;
peace residing, Him with joyful heart we praise.)

darkness cowring, Banished from the Eternal Light,
unavailing, Match'd with Uncreated Might.

(96*)
3. O how bright are they and glorious, All that Angel
4. Children of the Holy Nation, Seek we now the

Host victorious, Marshall'd for their high employ;
conversation Of our glorious Home to share,

In God's Face His purpose reading, Then, from that full
Where the King in beauty reigneth, Where His bounteous

Fountain speeding, Bring they draughts of Heav'n-ly joy.
Grace ordaineth Royal crowns that Saints may wear.

(97*)

5. Send Thine armies forth to speed us, Through their nine-fold ranks to lead us On-ward, up-ward, un-to Thee;

Grant us, by the Font of Bless-ing, Life and purity pos-sess-ing, Lord of Hosts, Thy Face to see. A-men.
S. Michael and All Angels.

138  **(Second Tune.)**

BY PERMISSION OF THE LATE REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

---

1. Who the pilgrim soul defendeth,
   Through the vale of tears befriended,
   Him we sing with thankful lays;
   Who, in Heav'n's high court presiding,
   Guards the soul at peace residing,
   Him with joyful heart we praise.

2. He, the proud one overpowering,
   Thrust him down in darkness cowering,
   Banish'd from th' Eternal Light,
   Who in pride of thought prevailing,
   Strove in hatred unavailing,
   Match'd with Uncreated Might.

3. O how bright are they and glorious,
   All that Angel Host victorious,
   Marshall'd for their high employ;
   In God's Face His purpose reading,
   Then, from that full Fountain speeding,
   Bring they draughts of Heav'nly joy.

4. Children of the Holy Nation,
   Seek we now the conversation
   Of our glorious Home to share,
   Where the King in beauty reigneth,
   Where His bounteous grace ordaineth
   Royal crowns that Saints may wear.

5. Send Thine armies forth to speed us,
   Through their ninefold ranks to lead us
   Onward, upward, unto Thee;
   Grant us, by the Font of Blessing,
   Life and purity possessing,
   Lord of Hosts, Thy Face to see.  [Amen.]

(99*)

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

139 (First Tune.)

Sponsa Christi.

The Grenoble Form.

Mode 1.

8.7.8.7.

(xvijth Century Melody.)

1. Bride of Christ, in war-fare glorious, Striving bravely for thy Lord;
2. Joy-ous hearts and joy-ous voices Greet the Feast of ev'-ry Saint:

How thy Saints have fought vic-to-rious, Tell in hymns of sweet ac-cord.
When con-sent-ing Heav'n re-joices, Should the praise of earth be faint?

3. Ma-ry leads the sa-cred sto-ry, Ma-ry, with her Heav'n-ly Child,
4. An-gels next, in due gra-da-tion Of their nine-fold min-is-try,

Shar-er with Him now in glo-ry, Maid and Mo-ther un-de-filed.
Hymn the Fa-ther of Cre-a-tion, Ma-ker of the stars on high.

* To be omitted except on All Saints' Day and Octave.

(100*)
All Saints' Day.

5. John, the Herald voice so-nor-ous, More than Pro-phet own'd to be,
6. Near to Christ th'A-pos-tles seat-ed, Saint-ly Jud-ges of the earth,

Patriarchs and Seers in cho-rus, Swell th'An-gel·ic har-mo-ny.
By the prom-ise now com-ple-ted, Weigh of all the words and worth.

7. They who no-bly died be-liev-ing, Mar-tyrs pur-pled in their gore,
8. Priests and Le-vites, Gos-pel preach-ers, And Con-fes-sors num-ber-less,

Crownsof lifeby death re-ceiv-ing, Joy in peace for ev-er-more.
Pre-lates meek, and ho-ly teach-ers, Bear the palm of Right-eous-ness.

9. Virgin souls, by high profession To the Lamb
10. One in worship, blest and blessing, All adore

devoted here, Strewing flow'rs in gay procession,
and praise their King, And, His mighty love confessing,

At the Marriage feast appear. 11. Saints of Heav'n!
"Holy, Holy, Holy" sing. 12. So may we

Royal Nation, Whom our God Himself doth bless,
in long succession Favours gain from Christ our King:
All Saints' Day.

Join'd with you in supplication, Share we in your
Your avail ing intercession Peace in this our

bless ed ness. time shall bring. Th us on earth with hearts devoted,

Serve we God in holiness; And at last, by God promoted,

Share that Heav'n which ye possess. Amen.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

S. ASAPH.

8.7.8.7. D.

W. S. Bamberige.

By permission of W. S. Bamberige.
All Saints' Day.

139 (Third Tune.)

8.7.8.7. From The S. Alban's Tune Book.

---

1. Bride of Christ, in warfare glorious, They who nobly died believing,
   Striving bravely for thy Lord; Martyrs purpled in their gore,
   How thy Saints have fought victorious, Crowns of life by death receiving,
   Tell in hymns of sweet accord. Joy in peace for evermore.

2. * [Joyous hearts and joyous voices Priests and Levites, Gospel preachers, Greet the Feast of ev'ry Saint; And Confessors numberless,
   Greet the Feast of ev'ry Saint; When consenting Heav'n rejoices, Prelates meek, and holy teachers,
   When consenting Heav'n rejoices, Should the praise of earth be faint?] Bear the palm of Righteousness.

3. Mary leads the sacred story, Virgin souls, by high profession
   Mary, with her Heav'nly Child, To the Lamb devoted here,
   Sharer with Hi in now inglory, Strewing flowers in gay procession,
   Maid and Mother undeiled. At the Marriage-feast appear.

4. Angels next, in due gradation One in worship, blest and blessing,
   Of their ninefold ministry, All adore and praise their King,
   Hymn the Father of Creation, And, His mighty love confessing,

5. John, the Herald-voice sonorous, Saints of Heav'n! a Royal Nation,
   More than Prophet own'd to be, Whom our God Himself doth bless,
   Patriarchs and Seers in chorus, Join'd with you in supplication,
   Swell th' Angelic harmony. Share we in your blessedness.

6. Near to Christ th' Apostles seated, So may we in long succession
   Saintly Judges of the earth, Favours gain from Christ our King:
   By the promise now completed, Your availing intercession
   Weigh of all the words and worth. Peace in this our time shall bring.

7. They who nobly died believing, Saints of Heav'n! a Royal Nation,
   Martyrs purpled in their gore, Whom our God Himself doth bless,
   Crowns of life by death receiving, Join'd with you in supplication,
   Joy in peace for evermore. Share we in your blessedness.

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13. Thus on earth with hearts devoted, So may we in long succession
   Serve we God in holiness; Favours gain from Christ our King:
   And at last, by God promoted, Your availing intercession
   Share that Heav'n which ye possess. Peace in this our time shall bring.

   [Amen.]

These words may also be sung to Tune 117.

* To be omitted except on All Saints' Day and Octave.

( 105* )

COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

140 (First Tune.)

Dies iræ! Dies illæ!

Mode i.

Italian Franciscan,
(xvith Century Melody.)

1. Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See! once more the

2. Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from Heav'n the

Cross returning—Heav'n and earth in ashes burning.

Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3. Wondrous sound the trumpet blowing, Through earth's sepulchre

4. Death is struck, and Nature quaking—All Creation

(106*)
Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

- chres it ring-eth, All be-fore the Throne it bring-eth!

is a-wa-king, To its Judge an an-swering-

5. Lo! the Book, ex-act-ly word-ed, Where-in all hath
6. When the Judge His seat at-tain-eth, And each hid-den

been re-cord-ed;-- Thence shall Judgement be a-ward-ed.
deed ar-rain-eth, No-thing un-a-venged re-main-eth.

7. What shall I, frail man, be pleading? Who for me be
8. King of Majesty tremendous! Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of Pity then befriend us.

9. Think, kind Jesus, my salvation, Caused Thy wondrous
10. Faint and weary Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of

(108*)
Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

11. Right-eous Judge of re - tri - bu - tion, Grant Thy gift of
12. Guilt - y, now, I pour my moan - ing, All my shame with

In - car - na - tion, Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion!
suff'ring bought me; Shall such Grace be vain - ly brought me?

ab - so - lu - tion, Ere that reck'n ing-day's con - clu - sion!
an - guish own - ing! Spare, O God, Thy sup - pliant groan - ing!

13. Thou the Mag-da-len for-gav-est; Thou the dy-ing
14. Worthless are my prayers and sigh-ing, Yet, Good Lord, in
rob-ber sa-vedst; And to me a hope vouch-sa-fest.
grace com- ply-ing, Res-cue me from fires un-dy-ing!

15. With Thy fa-vour'd sheep O place me! Nor a-mong the
16. While the wick-ed are con-found-ed, Doom'd to flames of
Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

goats a-base me; But to Thy Right Hand up-raise me.
woe un-bound-ed, Call me, with Thy Saints sur-round-ed.

17. Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion— See, like ashes,

my con-tri-tion— Help me in my last con-di-tion!
18. Ah, that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of

19. Man for Judgement must prepare him—

Spare, O God, in mercy spare him. 20. Lord, all-pitying,

Slower.

Je-su Blest, Grant them Thine Eternal Rest. Amen.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal.

(112*)
Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

140 (Second Tune.)

1. Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See! once more the Cross returning—

2. Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,

3. Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,

4. Death is struck, and Nature quaking—

5. Lo! the Book, exactly worded,

6. When the Judge His seat attaineth,

7. What shall I, frail man, be pleading?

8. King of Majesty tremendous!

9. Think, kind Jesu,—my salvation

10. Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,

11. Righteous Judge of retribution,

12. Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,

13. Thou the Magdalen forgavest;

14. Worthless are my prayers and sighing,

Heav'n and earth in ashes burning.

When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth, Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth, All before the Throne it bringeth!

4 Death is struck, and Nature quaking— All Creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making!

5 Lo! the Book, exactly worded, Wherein all hath been recorded;— Thence shall Judgement be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth, And each hidden deed arraigneth, Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading? Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous! Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of Pity! then befriend us.

9 Think, kind Jesu,—my salvation Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation, Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of suffering bought me; Shall such Grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge of retribution, Grant Thy gift of absolution, Ere that reck'ning-day's conclusion!

12 Guilty, now, I pour my moaning, All my shame with anguish owning! Spare, O God, Thy supplicant groaning!

13 Thou the Magdalen forgavest; Thou the dying robber savedst; And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing, Yet, Good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying!

(113*)

15. With Thy favoured sheep O place me! Nor among the goats a - base me; But to Thy Right Hand up - raise me.

16. While the wick - ed are con - found - ed, Doom'd to flames of woe un-bounded, Call me, with Thy Saints sur - round - ed.

17. Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis - sion—See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion—
Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

Help me in my last condition! Ah, that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning, 19. Man for must prepare him—Spare, O God, in Judgment must prepare him—Spare, O God, in mercy spare him. 20. Lord, all-pitying, Jesu Blest, Grant them Thine Eternal Rest. Amen.

(115*)

COMMON OF APOSTLES.

141 (First Tune.)

Stoła regni laureatus.

Modes iJ. & j.

8.8.7. D. From the Sarum Gradual. Melody of "Hodierna lux diei" (xiith Century).

1. Robes of royal honour wearing, In the great King's
counsellors sharing, Twelve Apostles sit in state;
tune-ful voices An- gel anthems emulate.

2. These were once this world adorning; These, upon its
These are rock-like stones elected, By the Archi-
last dread Morn ing, Shall as Judges all men try;
tect selected At His Church's base to lie.

(116*)
Common of Apostles.

3. Naz- a - rites of an- cient sto - ry, They the Cross -'s 
Thus the Word of God forth - go - eth, Day to day the

wars and glo - ry To the list -'ning earth re - cite:
Know - ledge show - eth, Night re - counts the tale to night.

4. May their doc - trine ban - ish er - ror, And our faith con - 
So, set free from all trans - gres - sion, We may join the

-firm, lest ter - ror Should o'er - take us at the end;
Saints' pro - ces - sion, And with Christ to joy as - cend. A - men.

(117*)

141 (Second Tune.)

S. LUCIAN.  S.8.7. D.  T. MORLEY.
Common of Apostles.

1.
Robes of royal honour wearing,
In the great King's counsels sharing,
Twelve Apostles sit in state;
In their glory earth rejoices;
Chast'ned hearts and tuneful voices
Angel anthems emulate.

2.
These were once this world adorning;
These, upon its last dread Morning,
Shall as Judges all men try;
These are rock-like stones elected,
By the Architect selected
At His Church's base to lie.

3.
Nazarites of ancient story,
They the Cross's wars and glory
To the list'ning earth recite:
Thus the Word of God forth-goeth,
Day to day the Knowledge showeth,
Night recounts the tale to night.

4.
May their doctrine banish error,
And our faith confirm, lest terror
Should o'ertake us at the end;
So, set free from all transgression,
We may join the Saints' procession,
And with Christ to joy ascend. [Amen.]

COMMON OF EVANGELISTS.

142 (First Tune.) Iocundare, plebs fidelis. S. Gall, MS. 546.
Mode v. 8.8.7. B. Part of Melody "Plausu chorus ietabundo."

1. Come, pure hearts, in sweet-est mea-sures Sing of those who
Bless-ed ti-dings of Sal-va-tion, Peace on earth their
spread the trea-sures In the ho-ly Gos-pels shrined;
pro-cla-ma-tion; Love from God to lost man-kind.

2. See the Riv-ers Four that glad-den With their streams the
Christ the Foun-tain, these the wa-ters; Drink, O Si-on's
Common of Evangelists.

Better Eden planted by our Lord most dear;
sons and daughters, drink, and find salvation here.

3. Thus our souls, with wisdom satisfied,
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring on angelic pinion,
They shall reach the source of Love.

be translated Earth's temptations far above:
Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

(121*)
1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
   Sing of those who spread the treasures
   In the holy Gospels shrined;
   Blessed tidings of Salvation,
   Peace on earth their proclamation;
   Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the Rivers Four that gladden
   With their streams the better Eden
   Planted by our Lord most dear;
   Christ the Fountain, these the waters;
   Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
   Drink, and find Salvation here.

3 Thus our souls, with wisdom sated,
   More and more shall be translated
   Earth's temptations far above:
   Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
   Soaring on Angelic pinion,
   They shall reach the source of Love.  [Amen.]

(122* )
1. Sing we all with jubilation! To the Martyrs' celebration
   Death in cruel earth obtaining, They in Christ new birth are gaining,

   Gladsome honour let us pay; 2. While they scorn'd the things terrestrial,
   By Whose Grace they live for aye. Unto death their Monarch loving,

   While they sought for joy celestial, To their Lord they witness bare;
   And their will to follow proving, In His Death they seek their share.

3. They for Christ the Cross are taking, In the Cross their glory making, Hearing what the Master said: Cross refuseth, Shall to Heavenly joys be led.

4. So, through many tribulations To Eternal Habitations, Glorious leaders! on ye go; Bonds and prisons never heeding, Mockings cannot stay your speeding On your way through earth below.

(124*)
Common of Martyrs.

5. Stoned, and with the scourge tormented, Divers tortures Sore on you the wine-fat presseth, Down to earth the dregs are invented, So with pain your souls to try; while pure juice flows forth on high.

6. There for evermore abide That which here awhile There ye reign on Thrones victorious, Robed in raiment bright residence, Hid by covering weak and frail: and glorious, Sure of joys that cannot fail. Amen.

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. B. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

(125*)

143 (Second Tune.)

WILBERTON.

Rev. Alex. B. Orr.

By permission of Rev. Alex. B. Orr.

1 Sing we all with jubilation!
   To the Martyrs' celebration
   Gladsome honour let us pay;
   Death in cruel earth obtaining,
   They in Christ new birth are gaining,
   By Whose Grace they live for aye.

2 While they scorn'd the things terrestrial,
   While they sought for joy Celestial,
   To their Lord they witness bare;
   Unto death their Monarch loving,
   And their will to follow proving,
   In His Death they seek their share.

3 They for Christ the Cross are taking,
   In the Cross their glory making,
   Hearing what the Master said:
   "He, to follow Me who chooseth,
   Nor to bear his Cross refuseth,
   Shall to Heav'nly joys be led."

4 So, through many tribulations
   To Eternal Habitations,
   Glorious leaders! on ye go;
   Bonds and prisons never heeding,
   Mockings cannot stay your speeding
   On your way through earth below.

5 Stoned, and with the scourge tormented,
   Divers tortures are invented,
   So with pain your souls to try;
   Sore on you the wine-fat presseth,
   Down to earth the dregs repressesth,
   While pure juice flows forth on high.

6 There for evermore abideth
   That which here awhile resideth,
   Hid by covering weak and frail:
   There ye reign on Thrones victorious,
   Robed in raiment bright and glorious,
   Sure of joys that cannot fail. [Amen.]

(126*)
Common of Martyrs.

144 (First Tune.)

O beata beatorum.

Modes iij. & iv. 8.7.8.7. MS. 546, at S. Gall.

1. Blessed Feasts of blessed Martyrs, Saintly Days of Saintly men,
   With affection's recollections Greet we your return again.

2. Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders, While a frame of flesh they bore;
   We with meetest praise and sweetest Honour them for evermore.

3. Faith prevailing, hope unfailling, Jesus loved with single heart—
   Thus they glorious and victorious Bore the Martyr's happy part.

(127*)

4. Rack'd with torture, haled to slaughter, 
   Chains and prison, foes' des- troyer, 
   Fire, and axe, they endur'd.

5. So they pass'd through pain and sorrow, 
   For Christ the Lord, 
   And by deeds of valour done, 
   They have reach'd the Land of Angels, 
   And with them are knit in one.

(128*)
Common of Martyrs.

7. Wherefore, made co-heirs of glory, Ye that sit with Christ on High, 8. That, this weary life completed, peace we cry; We may merit to be seated And its fleeting trials past, In our Father's Home at last. Amen.

Join to ours your supplications, As for grace and

144 (Second Tune.)
LANGDALE (No. 143). 8.7.8.7.  R. Redhead.

144 (Third Tune.)
ALTA TRINITA BEATA. 8.7.8.7. D. Adapted from an old Italian Melody.
1 Blessed Feasts of blessed Martyrs,  
Saintly Days of Saintly men,  
With affection's recollections  
Greet we your return again.

2 Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders,  
While a frame of flesh they bore;  
We with meetest praise and sweetest  
Honour them for evermore.

3 Faith prevailing, hope unfailing,  
Jesus loved with single heart—  
Thus they glorious and victorious  
Bore the Martyr's happy part.

4 Rack'd with torture, haled to slaughter,  
Fire, and axe, and murderous sword,  
Chains and prison, foes' derision,  
They endured for Christ the Lord.

5 So they pass'd through pain and sorrow,  
Till they sank in death to rest;  
Earth's rejected were elected  
To have portion with the Blest.

6 By contempt of worldly pleasures,  
And by deeds of valour done,  
They have reach'd the Land of Angels,  
And with them are knit in one.

7 Wherefore, made co-heirs of glory,  
Ye that sit with Christ on High,  
Join to ours your supplications,  
As for grace and peace we cry;

8 That, this weary life completed,  
And its fleeting trials past,  
We may merit to be seated  
In our Father's Home at last. [Amen.]

COMMON OF CONFESSORS.

145 (First Tune.) Gratulare Sponsa Christi. S. Gall, MS. 546.

Mode v. 8.8.7. D. Part of Melody "Plausu chorus lætabundo."

1. Bride of Christ, thy thanks declaring, Sing that thou by
   He his Father's glory showeth By the deeds of
   faith art bearing Sons like him whom now we name;
   might he doeth, Noble Mother, chant his fame.

2. Spread abroad the wondrous story Of his life, his
   Here he grew in Heav'nly graces, Now the Lord His
Common of Confessors.

fame and glory; Let his wide renown increase;
servant places In Celestial light and peace.

3. Lord, to Thee our voices raising, Hearken to Thy
While his prayer on high ascendeth, May the peace that

Harmonies by permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

145 (Second Tune.)

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM. 8.8.7. D.

John Farmer.

Unison.

By permission of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

(134*)
1 Bride of Christ, thy thanks declaring,
Sing that thou by faith art bearing
Sons like him whom now we name;
He his Father's glory showeth
By the deeds of might he doeth,
Noble Mother, chant his fame.

2 Spread abroad the wondrous story
Of his life, his fame and glory;
Let his wide renown increase;
Here he grew in Heav'ny graces,
Now the Lord His servant places
In Celestial light and peace.

3 Lord, to Thee our voices raising,
Hearken to Thy servants praising
This Thy Saint illustrious!
While his prayer on high ascendeth,
May the peace that never endeth
Be bestowed on all of us. [Amen.]

Superna Matris gaudia.

146 (First Tune.)

L.M.

Melody probably of the xijth Century.

From a Dominican Gradual of the xivth Century.

1. The Church on earth, with answ'ring love, Echoes her Mo- ther's joys a- bove;

These year-ly Feast-Days she may keep, And yet for end- less Fest-sals weep.

2. That dis- tant Ci- ty, O how blest, Whose Feast-Days know
How glad- some is that Pal- ace Gate, Round which nor fear

(136*)
Common of Confessors.

no pause nor rest! 3. Nor languor here, nor weary age,
nor sorrow wait: But one the joy, and one the song,

Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage; 4. To God their won-
And one the heart of all the throng. Fru - i - tion theirs

-d'ring eyes they raise, And nev - er wea - ry as they gaze;
which nev - er tires; En - joy - ment quickens new de - sires.

5. The Saint, whose praise today we sing, is standing now before the Throne, Majesty made known.
   Saints, be-holds the King, In all His Majesty.

6. In that serene and glorious place, when this life's many toils are past, Christ, of His Ever-lasting Grace,
   Grant us to join the Blest at last. Amen.
Common of Confessors.

146 (Second Tune.)

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.  

L.M.  

J. W. ELLIOTT.

1 The Church on earth, with answering love,  
  Echoes her Mother's joys above;  
These yearly Feast-Days she may keep,  
And yet for endless Festals weep.

2 That distant City, O how blest,  
Whose Feast-Days know no pause nor rest!  
How glad is that Palace Gate,  
Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait:

3 Nor languor here, nor weary age,  
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;  
But one the joy, and one the song,  
And one the heart of all the throng.

4 To God their wondering eyes they raise,  
And never weary as they gaze;  
Fruition theirs which never tires;  
Enjoyment quickens new desires.

5 The Saint, whose praise to-day we sing,  
Is standing now before the Throne,  
And face to face beholds the King,  
In all His Majesty made known.

6 In that serene and glorious place,  
When this life's many toils are past,  
Christ, of His Everlasting Grace,  
Grant us to join the Blest at last.

[139*]

Amen.

* Or, The Saints, whose praise to-day we sing,  
Are standing now before the Throne,  
And face to face behold the King,  
In all His Majesty made known.
Common of Virgins

Virgines egregiae.

Piae Cantiones.


147

Vanitatum Vanitas.

Virgines egregiae.

7.6.7.6. Trochaic.

Piae Cantiones.

1 Virgin Saints of high renown,
   Virgins consecrated,
   Ye before your Spouse appear
   Crown'd and decorated:
   With the everlasting rest
   Ye on high are gifted;
   Let a new-made song of praise
   To your Lord be lifted.

2 Chastity's own lily sweet
   Ye were well preserving,
   For the love of God's dear Son,
   Which ye were deserving;
   Ye, to be the Spirit's shrine,
   As your lot were choosing,
   Earthly love and wedlock's bonds
   Steadfastly refusing.

3 Flowers of holy modesty
   Were your chiefest treasure;
   So ye trod beneath your feet
   Ev'ry fleshly pleasure:
   Thus the prize of purity
   Hath to you been meted:
   With the Virgin's Stainless Son
   Ye for aye are seated. [Amen.]

These words may also be sung to "Regina Clementiae," No. 135.

(140*)
Common of the B.V. Mary.

COMMON OF THE B.V. MARY.
Except on the Purification and the Annunciation.

148 (First Tune.)
Hodierna lux diei.
From the Sarum Gradual.
xixth Century Melody.

1. Let to-day above all other brightly shine; of
For, the Virgin Mary praising, We today our
Christ's own Mother We must celebrate the fame;
chant are raising, Bringing honour to her name.

2. Now let all men humbly greet her, None of Maids or
Sing while heart and mind rejoices, Call her "Blessed"
Matrons sweeter, Pattern for our sinful race;
with pure voices, Hail her "Lady, full of grace."

(141*)

3. Garden through the South Wind growing; Way where man may Fleece of Gideon believing, All the Godhead's ne'er be going; Portal closed for ever more; rain receiving, And the dews from Heav'n which pour.

4. All earth's daughters thou excel lest; In the Heav'n, where Virgin, yet thy Maker bearing, In a mystery now thou dwell-est, Christ thy lowliness doth own; past comparing, Maid and stainless Mother shown. Amen.

(142°)
Common of the B.V. Mary.

148 (Second Tune.)

PENDEEN.  8.8.7. D.  HENRY SMART.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

1 Let to-day above all other
   Brightly shine; of Christ's own Mother
   We must celebrate the fame;
   For, the Virgin Mary praising,
   We to-day our chant are raising,
   Bringing honour to her name.

2 Now let all men humbly greet her,
   None of Maids or Matrons sweeter,
   Pattern for our sinful race;
   Sing while heart and mind rejoices,
   Call her "Blessèd" with pure voices,
   Hail her "Lady, full of grace."

3 Garden through the South Wind growing;
   Way where man may ne'er be going;
   Portal closed for evermore;
   Fleece of Gideon believing,
   All the Godhead's rain receiving,
   And the dews from Heav'n which pour.

4 All earth's daughters thou excelllest;
   In the Heav'n, where now thou dwellest,
   Christ thy lowliness doth own;
   Virgin, yet thy Maker bearing,
   In a myst'ry past comparing,
   Maid and stainless Mother shown. [Amen.]

(143*)

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

149 (First Tune.) Laetabundus.

Modes vi. & v. transposed. Irregular. Sarum Gradual. (Melody of 16th or 17th Century.)

1. Raise your voices, Faithful Choirs, with joy exceeding.
   Lo, rejoices Queenly Bride, her nuptials speeding,
   In the courts on High; 2. Now the lily from afar.
   For her King is nigh. 'Tis a wondrous marriage-bond,
   Weds the briar; sun to star Truth is plighting.
   To its God in union fond Soul unifying.

(144*)
3. See, the Church to-day invites Christ, espoused with festal rites,
So the lowly human soul, subject, bows to God's control,

To this sacred place: 4. Flesh of man, by mystic tie,
'Neath the yoke of grace. For the Son, in Heav'n Who reign'd,

Wedded to God's Son on High, Rose to high degree:
Chief in might and glory, deign'd Worth-less flesh to be.

(145*)
5. Prince-ly state He laid a-side, Chose on earth a hum-ble bride,
Thus did Christ His word ful-fil, For that, by a might-y skill,
Whom His love had glo-ri-fied, Fair and ho-ly:
From de-file-ment's stain His will Cleaned the low-ly.

6. Maid-en, then hast-en thee, Sit with thy Bride-groom free,
See how thy Spouse and Lord, Veil'd by the writ-ten word,
Crown'd with ma-jes-ty, Scep-tred and throned;
In full light a-dored, True faith hath own'd.

A-men.
1. Raise your voices, Faithful Choirs, with joy exceeding In the courts on High; Lo, rejoices Queen-ly Bride, her nuptials speeding,

For her King is nigh. 2. Now the li-ly from a-far Weds the bri-er; sun to star. Troth is plight-ing:

(147*)

'Tis a wondrous marriage-bond,  To its God in union fond

Soul, uniting. 3. See, the Church today invites

Christ, espoused with festal rites,  To this sacred place:

So the lowly human soul,  Subject, bows to God's control,

'Neath the yoke of grace. 4. Flesh of man, by mystic tie,
The Dedication of a Church.

Wedded to God's Son on High, Rose to high degree:

For the Son, in Heav'n Who reign'd, Chief in might and glory, deign'd

Worthless flesh to be. 5. Prince-ly state He laid a-side,

Chose on earth a hum-ble bride, Whom His love had glo-ri-fied,

Fair... and ho-ly: Thus did Christ His word ful-fil,

For that, by a might-y skill, From de-file-ment's stain His will

Cleansed the low-ly. 6. Maid-en then hast-en thee, Sit with thy

Bride-groom free, Crown'd with ma-jes-ty, Scep-tred and throned;

See how thy Spouse and Lord, Veil'd by the writ-ten word, In full

light a-dored, True faith hath own'd. A-men.

By permission of Nicholas Gatty, B. Mus.

(150*)
The Dedication of a Church.

Hierusalem et Sion filia.

150 (First Tune.)
Modes viij. & viij.
10.10.10.4.
Paris, xviijth Century Melody.

1. Jerusalem and Sion's daughters fair! Asssembled
2. O Solemn Festival of high delight! Christ doth Him-

band, who in the Faith have share, With joyful voice
-

self to Holy Church unite, Where in our own

unceasingly declare Alleluia.
Salvation's marriage rite We celebrate.

L* (151*)

3. He brought her forth new made from out His Side, Where Blood and

4. That in such wise should be the Church's birth, The wo-man

Water flow'd, a mingled tide, When on the

show'd in figure upon earth, When she from

Sacred Rood at eve He died— Our God made man.
Adam's side first issued forth— Our mother Eve.
The Dedication of a Church.

5. Eve was step-mother to her sons indeed; This is the
6. Fair, wonderful in offspring, great in might, As moon, as

Mothers of the Chosen Seed, The Port of Life,
sun, she shines in beauty bright, More terrible

and unto those in need A Refuge sure.
than army for the fight Set in array.

(153*)
7. By divers types prefigured this is she, In bridal
8. Therefore, when Christ His Marriage Feast shall make, May we with

vesture clad resplendently, Above the Heavenly joy of true delights partake, And never the blest

Hosts upraised to be With Christ conjoin'd. company forsake Of His elect. Amen.

Note.—This Sequence has been set low on account of the last two verses. It might with advantage, however, be transposed into its seat—i.e., a tone higher.

(154*)
The Dedication of a Church.

150 (Second Tune.)

As arranged by J. Goss, for Mercers Hymn Book, 1864.

COLOSSE.

10.10.10.4.

JERUSALEM and Sion's daughters fair!
Assembled band, who in the Faith have a share,
With joyful voice unceasingly declare
Alleluia.

2. O Solemn Festival of high delight!
Christ doth Himself to Holy Church unite,
Wherein our own Salvation's marriage rite
We celebrate.

3. He brought her forth new made from out
His Side,
Where Blood and Water flow'd, a mingled tide,
When on the Sacred Rood at eve He died—
Our God made man.

4. That in such wise should be the Church's birth,
The woman show'd in figure upon earth,
When she from Adam's side first issued forth—
Our mother Eve.

5. Eve was step-mother to her sons indeed;
This is the Mother of the Chosen Seed,
The Port of Life, and unto those in need
A Refuge sure.

6. Fair, wonderful in offspring, great in might,
As moon, as sun, she shines in beauty bright,
More terrible than army for the fight
Set in array.

7. By divers types prefigured this is she,
In bridal vesture clad resplendently,
Above the Heav'nly Hosts upraised to be
With Christ conjoin'd.

8. Therefore, when Christ His Marriage Feast
shall make,
May we with joy of true delights partake,
And never the blest company forsake
Of His elect. [Amen.]

(155*)
1. Jerusalem and Sion's daughters fair!
   Assembled band, who in the Faith have share,
   With joyful voice unceasingly declare
   Alleluia.

2. O Solemn Festival of high delight!
   Christ doth Himself to Holy Church unite,
   Wherein our own Salvation's marriage rite
   We celebrate.

3. He brought her forth new made from out
   His Side,
   Where Blood and Water flow'd, a mingled tide,
   When on the Sacred Rood at eve He died—
   Our God made man

4. That in such wise should be the Church's birth,
   The woman show'd in figure upon earth,
   When she from Adam's side first issued forth—
   Our mother Eve.

5. Eve was step-mother to her sons indeed;
   This is the Mother of the Chosen Seed,
   The Port of Life, and unto those in need
   A Refuge sure.

6. Fair, wonderful in offspring, great in might,
   As moon, as sun, she shines in beauty bright,
   More terrible than army for the fight
   Set in array.

7. By divers types prefigured this is she,
   In bridal vesture clad resplendently,
   Above the Heav'nly Hosts upraised to be
   With Christ conjoin'd.

8. Therefore, when Christ His Marriage Feast
   shall make,
   May we with joy of true delights partake,
   And never the blest company forsake
   Of His elect. [Amen.]
The Sorrows of the B.V. Mary.

THE SORROWS OF THE B.V. MARY.

436 (Third Tune.)

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

French

Mode ij.

8.8.7. D.

xvith—xviith Century.

1. At the Cross her station keep-ing, Stood the Mournful Mother weeping,
Through her soul of joy be-reav-ed, Smitt with an-guish, deep-ly griev-ed,

Close to Je-sus to the last; 2. Oh, how sad and sore dis-tress-ed
Now at length the sword had pass'd. Wrung with sor-row and af-fic-tion,

Was she then, that Mo-ther Bless-ed Of the Sole-Be-got-ten One;
When she saw the Cru-ci-fix-ion Of her Ev-er-glo-rious Son.

(157*)

3. Who on Christ's dear Mo-ther ga-zing, Smit with an-guish so a-ma-zing,
   Who on Christ's dear Mo-ther thinking, Such a cup of sor-row drink-ing,

Born of wo-man would not weep? 4. For His peo-ple's sins, in an-guish
   Would not share her sor-rows deep? Saw her Son from judg-ment ta-ken,

She be-held her Je-sus lan-guish, Saw Him by the scour-ges rent;
   And in death by all for-sa-ken, Till His Spi-rit forth He sent.

(158*)
The Sorrows of the B.V. Mary.

5. Mother, who with love overflows, I would know the grief thou knowest,
6. Holy Mother, be there written All the Wounds of Jesus smitten

I would learn to mourn with thee; I would raise my heart's devotion
Deep within my inmost heart; In the pains which He endured,

Unto Christ, with pure emotion, So accepted might I be.
Which for me have life procured, let me share with thee the smart.

(159*)

7. In the Passion of my Maker Be my sinful soul partaker,
Mine with thee be that sad station, There to watch the great Salvation

Weep till death, and weep with thee; 8. Virgin, thou of virgins fairest,
Wrought upon the Atoning Tree. 9. May His Wounds transfix me wholly,

May the bitter woe thou bearest Make on me impression deep;
May His Cross and Life-Blood solely Satisfy my spirit here;

Thus Christ's dying would I carry, With Him in His Passion tarry,
Thus, in-flamed with pure affec-tion, Find-ing ref-uge and pro-tec-tion,
The Sorrows of the B.V. Mary.

And His stripes in mem’ry keep. 10. Christ, when ends this earth-ly sto - ry,
When the Judgement Day is near. When the pains of death be-fall me,

With Thy Mother in Thy glo-ry, Grant that I may see Thy Face;
Then receive my soul, and call me To a peaceful rest-ing-place. A - men.

436 (Fourth Tune.)

STABAT MATER.

8.8.7. D. French. xvijth Century.
From the Solesmes Gradual and Antiphoner.

436 (Fourth Tune.)

STABAT MATER.

8.8.7. D. French. xvijth Century.
From the Solesmes Gradual and Antiphoner.
PART II.

OFFICE HYMNS.
Special Doxologies

for the Lesser Hours, and also for those Hymns at Mattins and Evensong which require an occasional change in the Doxology—the expression "Ordinary Doxology" indicating a possible change.

Doxology from Christmas to Epiphany, on Feasts of the B.V. Mary and their Octaves, and, according to English Use, from the Octave of the Epiphany until the Purification.

151 Eternal praise and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Doxology for the Epiphany and Octave.

152 All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay For Thine Epiphany to-day; All glory, as is ever meet, To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology for Eastertide.

153 To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live, All glory, Lord, Thy people give, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Doxology for Ascensiontide.

154 All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay, Ascending o'er the stars to-day; All glory, as is ever meet, To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

Doxology for Whitsuntide.

155 To God the Father, God the Son And God the Spirit, praise be done; And Christ, the Lord, upon us pour The Spirit's gifts for evermore. Amen.

According to Roman Use the Easter Doxology serves also for Whitsuntide.
PART II.

OFFICE HYMNS

AT MATTINS AND EVENSONG DAILY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE HYMNS FOR THE LESSER HOURS.

HYMNS FOR THE WEEK

Sunday.

From the Octave of the Epiphany until the 1st Sunday in Lent, and from the Sunday nearest October 1st until Advent.

HAIL day! whereon the One in Three
First form'd the earth by sure decree;
The day its Maker rose again,
And vanquish'd death, and burst our chain.

2 Away with sloth and careless ease!
   We raise our hearts and bend our knees,
   And early seek the Lord of all,
   Obedient to the Prophet's call.

3 So may He hearken to our prayer,
   Stretch forth His strong Right Arm to spare,
   And, ev'ry past offence forgiven,
   Restore us to our home in Heav'n.

4 Assembled here this holy day,
   This holiest hour we raise the lay;
   And O! that He, to Whom we sing,
   May now respect our offering.

5 O Father of unclouded Light,
   Keep us this day as in Thy sight,
   In word and deed, that we may be
   From ev'ry touch of evil free:

6 That this our body's mortal frame
   May know no sin, and fear no shame,
   Nor fire hereafter be the end
   Of passions which our bosoms rend.

7 Redeemer of the world, we pray
   That Thou wouldst wash our sins away,
   And give us, of Thy boundless grace,
   The blessings of the Heav'nly place.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If §. and ¶. are required, see Hymn 157.

Plainsong Melodies 3, 4: Barred Tune 306, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

157 MIZERERUM CONDITOR. Morn.

MAKER of all, Eternal King,
Who day and night about dost bring;
By Thy decree the seasons roll,
And soothe with change the weary soul.

2 Now dawn, to cheer the traveller's sight,
Spreads blushes o'er the brow of night,
And the shrill harbinger of day
Salutes the sun's awak'ning ray.

3 Roused at the note, the morning star
Heav'n's dusky veil uplifts afar;
And evil, wont the light to shun,
Retreats before the rising sun.

4 Sailors, when sounds that mornin note,
Refresh'd, on calmer waters float:
Peter's repentance once it wrought,
With tears of self-abasement fraught.

5 Then let us all with courage rise;
The call rebukes our slumb'ring eyes!
It chides the slothful as they lie,
And shames who would their Lord deny.

(3**
6 New hope that clarion note awakes;  
Sickness the feeble frame forsakes;  
The robber sheathes his murd'rous sword;  
Faith to the fallen is restored.

7 Jesu, look on us when we fall,  
And with a glance our souls recall;  
If Thou but look, our sins are gone,  
And with due tears our pardon won.

8 Shed through our hearts Thy piercing ray,  
Our souls' dull slumber drive away;  
Be Thou with op'ning day our song,  
To Whom our earliest vows belong.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,  
until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,  
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,  
Whom, with the Father, we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,  
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,  
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

†. The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.
‡. The Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.

From Trinity Sunday until the Sunday nearest October 1st.

Plainsong Melodies 5, 6: Barred Tune 6 on page [38] at end of vol.

159 Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra. Morn.  
DARKNESS to daylight doth its place surrender;  
Shineth the morning, bathed in brilliant splendour;  
Fervid in spirit, to our Great Defender  
Raise we our voices;

2 That He, in pity blessings on us pouring,  
Strengthen our weakness, kindly health restoring;  
So may our Father grant each child adoring  
Peace everlasting.

Doxology.

O may the Godhead, endless bliss possessing,  
Father, Son, Spirit, grant to us this blessing;  
Whose whole creation joins His praise confessing  
Now and for ever. Amen.

†. The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.
‡. The Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.

From the Octave of the Epiphany until the First Sunday in Lent; and for the Sundays after Trinity.

Plainsong Melodies 12, 13, 15: Barred Tune 2, on page [34] at end of vol.

160 Lucis Creator optime. Even.  
O THOU, of light Creator Blest,  
Who didst the day with light invest!  
By Thy decree the dawn had birth  
To shine upon the face of earth.

2 Thou, by the morn and evening ray,  
Hast measured time, and made the day;  
As now the dark'ning shadows fall,  
O hearken to our humble call.

3 Let not Thy flock, with guilt oppress'd,  
Lose Thy reward of endless rest,  
Nor, while this passing world beguiles,  
Become a prey to Satan's wiles.

4 O may our cry to Heav'n ascend;  
From peril, Lord, our steps defend;  
Teach us the prize of life to win,  
And purify our hearts within.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,  
until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,  
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,  
Whom, with the Father, we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.
Hymns for the Week.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry, Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high, Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
In Thy sight as the incense.

Monday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

161 Somnia refectis artibus. Morn.

The limbs, which slumber hath set free From chains of sloth, we bow to Thee; O Father, as we hymn Thy praise, Look down, and bless our words and ways.

To Thee our earliest morning song, To Thee our hearts' full powers belong; Grant that our actions all may be Begun and ended, Lord, in Thee.

As shades at morning flee away, And fade before the star of day, So be the errors of the night Dispell'd by Thee, Celestial Light.

Cut off, we pray Thee, each offence, And ev'ry lust of thought and sense; So shall the lips, which Thee adore, Be meet to praise Thee evermore.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry, Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high, Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If 6. and 8. are required, see Hymn 162.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

162 Splendor Paternae gloriae. Morn.

JESU, Lord of Heavn'ly grace, Thou Brightness of the Father's Face, Light's Fountain and Eternal Spring, True Morn, the morn illuminating;

2 Come, Holy Sun of Heavn'ly love. Pour down Thy Radiance from above, And shed abroad o'er ev'ry sense The Spirit's Light and Influence.

3 So we the Father's help will claim, And praise the Father's glorious Name And His Almighty grace implore, That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 Our actions, Lord, with courage fill, And blunt the tempter's tooth of ill; From sudden falls our feet defend, And guide us to a prosp'rous end.

5 May Faith, deep rooted in the soul, Subdue our flesh, our thoughts control; And guile depart, and discord cease, And all within be love and peace.

6 May Christ, our Food, with us abide, And Faith our daily cup provide, And the Life-giving Spirit still Our hearts with His abundance fill.

7 So joyfully speeds on the day, The dawn our meekness shall display, Our faith like noontide splendour glow, Our souls the twilight never know.

8 The radiant morn is beaming bright, Shine, Dayspring, with Thine own true Light, That we, Thy flock, may ever see Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be, All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, Whom, with the Spirit, we adore, Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

O satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon.
So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17: Barred Tune 554, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

163 Immense cœli Conditor. Even.

GREAT Creator of the sky, Who wouldest not the floods on high With earthly waters to confound, But mad'st the firmament their bound.

In upper air the clouds were placed ; With flowing streams the land was graced ; Fresh showers the burning heat assuage, And water earth, from age to age.
3 In mercy now to ev'ry heart
The streams of Heav'nly grace impart,
Lest tyranny of former sin
Regain its deadly power within.

4 Let Faith, which ever grows more bright,
Diffuse abroad celestrial light;
From out our souls each error chase,
And never give to falsehood place.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
In Thy sight as the incense.

Tuesday.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 53, on page 35 at end of vol.

165 Alma dicemunitius. Morn.

THE herald bird in accents clear
Proclaims that morn at length is here;
So Christ's own voice with startling strain
Awakes the soul to life again.

2 "Take up thy bed," the Saviour cries
To each who wrapt in slumber lies;
"In sober chastity and fear
Keep watch, for I, the Lord, am near."

3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer;
While supplication pure and deep
Forbids each chast'ned heart to sleep.

4 Do Thou, O Christ, our souls awake,
And all the chains of darkness break;
Thy freedom to our hearts restore;
New light on ev'ry sense outpour.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.

Amen.

If $\gamma$ and $\beta$ are required, see Hymn 165.
Hymns for the Week.

4 Let ev'ry soul Thy law obey,
And keep from ev'ry evil way,
Rejoice each promised good to win,
And flee from ev'ry mortal sin.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

HENCE, gloomy shades which night-
time brings,
Confused and dark and troubled things!
The dawn is here: the sky grows bright;
Christ is at hand; depart from sight!

2 Earth's dusky veil is torn away,
Pierced by the sparkling beams of day,
The world resumes its hues, spaced,
Soon as the morning shows its face.

3 O Christ, to Thee our Heav'nward gaze,
With pure and earnest hearts, we raise;
To these our prayers and hymns give ear,
And with Thyself our spirits cheer.

4 For many a shade obscures each sense,
Which needs Thy rays to drive it hence:
Make all things, Lord, serene and bright,
With beams of Thy true Heav'nly Light.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

ORDINARY.

168 Nox et tenebra et nubila. Morn.

O GOD, Whose hand hath spread the sky,
And all its shining hosts on high,
And, painting it with fiery light,
Made it so beauteous and so bright.

2 Thou, when the fourth day was begun,
Didst frame the circle of the sun,
And set the moon for order'd change,
And planets with their wider range.

3 To night and day by power Divine
Their varying bounds Thou didst assign;
And gav'st a signal, known and meet,
For months begun and months complete.

4 Drive from our hearts the night of sin,
And chase away the gloom within;
From error's chain our souls release,
And give the burden'd conscience peace.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540,
N.O.H.B. Pt. iii.

169 Celci Deus sanctissime. Even.

If F. and R. are required, see Hymn 168.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry, Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high, Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry, Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high, Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

THE veil of night but lately laid
The varied hues of earth in shade;
Before Thee, Righteous Judge of all,
We contrite in confession fall!

2 Let sin no more within us reign;
Purge us from ev'ry inward stain;
Thy sov'reign grace, O Christ, impart,
From all offence to guard our heart.

3 For lo! our mind is dull and cold,
And fetter'd fast in error's hold;
But fain would we the darkness flee,
And seek, Redeemer, unto Thee.

4 Do Thou dispel our inward gloom,
And with Thy Light our souls illumine;
Till, with unending Daylight blest,
We share Thine Everlasting Rest.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry, Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high, Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee, Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If S. and B. are required, see Hymn 171.

171 Lux ecce surgit aurora. Morn.

BEHOLD the golden dawn arise!
The paling night forsakes the skies;
The misty shadows melt away,
Which led our erring sense astray.

2 O may the morn, so pure and clear,
Impart its peace to hearts sincere:
Ne'er may we utter words of guile,
Nor sinful thoughts our souls defile.

3 So may the day speed on; the tongue
No falsehood know, the hands no wrong;
The eyes from wanton gaze refrain;
No guilt the guarded body stain.

4 For God, our Maker, ever nigh,
Surveys us with a watchful eye;
Our ev'ry thought and act He knows,
From early dawn to daylight's close.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be, O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

If S. and B. are required, see Hymn 171.

172 Magna Dei potentia. Even.

ALMIGHTY God, Who, from the flood,
Didst bring to light a two-fold brood,
Part in the firmament to fly,
And part in ocean's depths to lie;

2 Appointing fishes in the sea,
And fowl in open air to be;
That each, by origin the same,
Its sep'rate dwelling-place might claim.

3 We, born of Thy baptismal flood,
And wash'd in Thine Atoning Blood,
Intreat that we no fail may know,
Nor death eternal undergo.

4 Let none despair through sin's distress;
Be none puff'd up with boastfulness;
That contrite hearts be not dismay'd,
Nor haughty souls in ruin laid.
Hymns for the Week.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Let my prayer, O Lord, be set forth.
In Thy sight as the incense.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

173 Tu Trinitatis Unitas. Morn.

0 THREE in One, and One in Three, Who rulest all things mightily,
Accept the canticle of praise Which, freed from bonds of sleep, we raise.

2 While lingers yet the peace of night,
We rouse us from our slumbers light;
That force of instant prayer may win Thy healing balm for wounds of sin.

3 If, by the wiles of Satan caught,
This night-time we have sinned in aught,
Regard from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And cleanse us by Thy special grace.

4 Let naught impure our bodies stain;
No laggard sloth our hearts detain;
Our spirits know no taint of ill,
The fervour of their love to chill.

5 Thou Great Redeemer, grant that we Fulfil'd with Thine own Light may be;
That, in our course, from day to day,
From Thee we never more may stray.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

If $\$$. and $W$. are required, see Hymn 174.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 4: Barred Tune 540, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

174 Eterna coeli gloria. Morn.

ETERNAL Glory of the sky,
Blest Hope of frail humanity,
The Father's Sole-begotten One,
Yet born a spotless Virgin's Son.

2 Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
And let our hearts rise pure and bright,
And, ardent in God's praises, pay
The thanks we owe Him ev'ry day.

3 The morning star forsakes the sky;
The sun succeeds; the shadows fly;
So may the dawn of inward light
Chase from our souls the shades of night.

4 O may Thy Light within us dwell,
And worldy darkness thence expel;
And, while the days of life endure,
Preserve our souls devout and pure.

5 The Faith, of old by Saints possess'd,
Plant deep within our inmost breast;
Cheer us with Hope's triumphant glow,
And perfect Charity bestow.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany, until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

So shall we rejoice and be glad.

Plainsong Melodies 14, 16, 17: Barred Tune 554, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

175 Hominis superne Conditor. Even.

CREATOR, Who from Heav'n Thy Throne
Ordainest all things, God alone!
By Whose decree the teeming earth
To reptile and to beast gave birth;

2 The mighty forms that fill the land,
Instinct with life at Thy command,
Thou gav'st, subdued to humankind,
For service in their turns assign'd.

3 Drive far away wild passions, Lord,
And aught that hurts in deed or word,
Before it moves our hearts' intent,
Or with our actions hath been bient.

(9**
Part 2. Office Hymns.

4 In Heav'n Thine endless joys bestow,
But grant Thy gifts of grace below;
From chains of strife our souls release,
And closer draw the bands of peace.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Plainsong Melodies 1, 2: Barred Tune 3, on page [35], at end of vol.

177 Aurora jam spargitolum. Morn.

DAWN sprinkles all the East with light;
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright;
Morn's glittering rays their course begin;
Farewell to darkness and to sin
2 Each phantom of the night depart!
Each thought of guilt forsake the heart!
Let ev'ry ill, that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught.
3 So that Last Morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chant the songs we lov'd below.

Doxology from Octave of the Epiphany,
until the Purification.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

If * and ** are required, see Hymn 177.


178 Deus Creator omnium. Even. (Sarum.)

O BLEST Creator, God most High,
Great Ruler of the starry sky!
Who, robing day in beauteous light,
Hast cloth'd in sweet repose the night;
2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the care-worn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest.
3 We thank Thee for the day now gone;
We pray Thee, as the night comes on,
Help us, poor sinners, as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.
4 To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing,
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
Thee may our chasten'd souls adore.
5 So, when the parting beams of day
In night's deep shadow fade away,
Let faith no 'wild'ring darkness know,
But night with faith's effulgence glow.
Proper of the Season.

6 O sleepless ever keep the mind,
But guilt in lasting slumber bind;
Let faith make pure the resting soul,
And sleep's unruly thoughts control.

7 So we, from earthly passion free,
Shall dedicate our dreams to Thee,
Nor by the envious foe be press'd,
With subtle fears to break our rest.

Doxology.

Christ, with the Father ever One,
Spirit, of Father and of Son,
Shield us, Great Trinity, we pray.

Amen.

This Doxology never alters.

For ¶ and ¶ see Hymn 179.

On Saturdays after Trinity.

Plainsong Melodies 20, 21: Barred Tune 541,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

179 Jam sal recedit ignea. Even.

The fiery sun now fades from sight;
Shine, Unity, Unfading Light!
Blest Trinity, Thy Beams impart,
And shed Thy Light o'er ev'ry heart.

2 Thee with our morning hymn we praise;
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us, with Thy Saints on High,
Forever Thee to glorify.

Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be while the ages last.

Amen.

¶. May our evening prayer, O Lord, come up
before Thee.
¶. And may Thy mercy descend upon us.

PROPER OF THE SEASON.

Advent.

Plainsong Melodies 22, 23: Barred Tune 518,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

180 Creator alone siderum. Even.

Creator of the starry height,
Thy people's Everlasting Light!
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear Thy servants when they call:

2 Who, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death a universe,
Didst, by an act of generous love,
The fainting world's Physician prove.

3 Thou, that Thou might'st our ransom pay,
And wash the stains of sin away,
Didst from a Virgin's womb proceed,
A Victim on the Cross to bleed.

4 Thy glorious power, Thy saving Name,
No sooner any voice can frame,
Than things above, and things below,
At once in awe and reverence bow.

5 Most Holy Lord, to Thee we pray,
Dread Judge of all in that dread Day,
To shield us now with pitying care,
And guard us from temptation's snare.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Might, honour, praise, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

¶. Drop down ye Heavens from above, and let
the skies pour down righteousness.
¶. Let the earth be opened, and let it bring
forth Salvation.

Plainsong Melody 24: Barred Tune 301,
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

181 Verbum supernum prodiens. Morn.

O HEAV'NLY Word, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the Father's might,
Who cam'st a Child, the world to aid,
As years their downward course display'd:

2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Be fill'd with Heav'nly joys to-day.

3 So when the Judge's sentence dire
Condemns the lost to endless fire,
And sweetest accents call the blest
To enter on their Heav'nly Rest;

4 O may we not, for willful sin,
The due rewards of evil win,
But grant us, Lord, Thy Face to see,
And Heav'n enjoy eternally.

Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, with Them One,
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be while the ages last. Amen.

¶. May ¶ and ¶ be required, see Hymn 182.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

Plainsong Melody 24: Barred Tune 301, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

182 En clara vox redarguit. Morn.

HARK to the voice whose thrilling tone
Doth bid the shades of night begone;
Vain dreams of earth, and shadows, fly!
Christ in His Might shines forth on high.

2 Arise, O sluggard soul, nor lie
Enchain'd on earth; for in the sky
Gleams forth anew the Morning Star,
All ill and harm dispelling far.

3 From Heav'n the Lamb is sent below,
Himself to pay the debt we owe;
For this forgiveness, brought so near,
Our thanks we pay by prayer and tear.

4 So, when again His Light shines clear,
And trembling earth is girt with fear,
He may to scourge our sins forbear,
And shield us with His loving care.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Might, honour, praise, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare yetheway of the Lord. Begeth the way of the Lord. Make His paths straight.

Christmas and Circumcision

and on vacant days until the Epiphany.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 28: Barred Tune 130 (r), N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

183 Veni Redemptor gentium. 1st Evensong of Christmas only. (Sarum.)

COME, Blest Redeemer of the earth,
Come, testify Thy Virgin-birth!
And let the wond'ring ages know
What Birth beseems our God below.

2 Sprung from no seed of human race,
But by the Spirit's mystic grace,
The promised Fruit of Mary's womb,
The Word of God, doth Flesh assume.

3 The holy Maid that Burden gain'd,
With virgin honour all unstain'd;
The banners there of virtue shine,
Where God vouchsafes to makes His shrine.

4 Proceeding from His Chamber free,
The royal hall of chastity,
Of Substance Twain, the Mighty One
Prepares His destined course to run.

5 From God the Father He proceeds,
To God the Father back He speeds;
Proceeds—as far as very Hell;
Speeds back—to Light ineffable.

6 O Equal to the Father, Thou!
Gird on Thy fleshy mantle now;
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.

7 Jesu, Thy cradle glitters bright,
And darkness breathes unwonted light,
Where endless faith shall shine serene,
And twilight never intervene.

Doxology.

Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

To-morrow the iniquity of the earth shall he washed away.

JESU, Redeemer of the world!
Before the earliest dawn of light,
From Everlasting ages born,
Immense in glory as in might!

2 Unfailing Hope of all mankind!
In Whom the Father's Face we see,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour,
This day, throughout the world, to Thee.

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

4 From year to year this Blessed Day
Its witness bears, that, all alone,
From Thine own Father's Bosom forth,
To save the world Thou cam'st down.

5 O Day! to which the sea, and sky,
And earth, and Heav'n glad welcome sing;
O Day! which heal'd our misery,
And brought to earth Salvation's King.

6 We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In Thine own Fount of Blood Divine,
Present the tribute of sweet song,
On this dear Natal Day of Thine.

(12** )
Proper of the Season.

**Doxology.**

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

On Christmas Day, and on the 2nd Evensong of the Circumcision.

†. The Lord hath made known. Alleluia.  
‡. His Salvation. Alleluia.

At other times.

†. The Word was made flesh. Alleluia.  
‡. And dwelt among us. Alleluia.

From lands that see the Sun arise  
To earth's remotest boundaries,  
Let ev'ry heart awake, and sing  
The Son of Mary, Christ the King.

2 Blest Author of this earthly frame,  
To take a servant's form He came;  
By Flesh our sin-bound flesh to aid,  
And save the souls that He had made.

3 In Mary's womb He takes His place,  
Pure shrine prepared by Heav'nly grace;  
And she, as earthly bride unknown,  
Yet calls that Offspring Blest her own.

4 The mansion of that modest breast  
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest:  
The pure and undefileable  
Conceives within her womb the Son.

5 That Son—that Royal Son she bore,  
Whom Gabriel announced before;  
Whom, in His Mother's womb conceald,  
The unborn Baptist had reveal'd.

**Doxology.**

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

On Christmas Day, and on the 2nd Evensong of the Circumcision.

†. The Lord hath made known. Alleluia.  
‡. His Salvation. Alleluia.

At other times.

†. The Word was made flesh. Alleluia.  
‡. And dwelt among us. Alleluia.

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**S. Stephen's Day**

and on the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92: Barred Tune 515, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

186  
Sancta Dei preciosa. Morn & Even.  
(Sarum.)

SAINT of God, elect and precious,  
Stephen, Protomartyr, bright  
With Thy love of ampest measure,  
Shining round thee like a light,  
Who to God commendedest, dying;  
Them that did thee all despite;  
2 Glitters now the Crown above thee,  
Figured in thy sacred name;  
O that we, who truly love thee,  
May have portion in the same;  
In the dreadful Day of Judgement  
Fearing neither sin nor shame.

**Doxology.**

Laud to God, and might and honour  
Who with flow'r's of rosy dye  
Crown'd Thy forehead, and hath placed  
Thee in the starry Throne on high;  
He direct us, He protect us  
From death's sting eternally. Amen.

At Mattins.

†. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial.  
‡. And made great lamentation over him.

At Evensong.

†. Stephen saw the Heavens opened.  
‡. He saw and entered in: Blessed is he to whom the Heavens were opened.

See also Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

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**S. John the Evangelist's Day**

and on the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27: Barred Tune 130 (t), N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3 on page [35] at end of vol.

187  
Quae dixit, egi, pertulit. (Cluniac.)

THE Life of God's Incarnate Word  
Four Blest Evangelists record,  
Inspired to tell us what He wrought,  
And how He suffer'd, lived, and taught.

2 But John to Heav'n, on wings of love,  
Soars high his fellow-scribes above;  
He Christ as God-the-Word discerns,  
And earth from him the myst'ry learns.

3 On Jesus' Breast he seeks repose,  
Whence truth, from Truth's deep Fountain, flows;  
And, tasting of that Heav'nly Wine,  
He gives the world the Stream Divine.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

4 The Love, in that pure Heart which glow'd,
Its sacred fire on him bestow'd;
And of that Love he quaff'd his fill,
And love breathes through his pages still.

5 O dear to Christ! 'mid dying pains,
Thee, as His heir, thy Lord ordains:
The Virgin Son a virgin's care,
For His pure Mother, doth prepare.

Doxology.
Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

At Mattins.

C. This is the Disciple which testified of these things.
B. And we know that his testimony is true.

At Evensong.

C. Greatly is blessed John to be honoured.
B. Who leaned on the Lord's Breast at supper.

See also Hymns for Common of Apostles.

The Innocents' Day
and on the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27: Barred Tune 130 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. 1; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

188 Audit tyrannus anxius. Morn. (Rom.)

1 If the brooding tyrant's ear,
"A King of kings is hard at hand,\nWho shall as Israel's Lord appear,\nAnd high in David's Palace stand."

2 Forthwith he cries with frantic rage,
"A rebel Prince the traitors hail!\nGo take your swords, my guards, and wage\nFierce war against each cradle frail!"

3 But what is guilty Herod's gain?\nCan mortal man God's purpose stay?\nAlone, while all around are slain,\nThe Christ is safely borne away.

Doxology.
O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,\nImmortal glory be to Thee!\nPraise to the Father Infinite,\nAnd Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

C. If F. and B. are required, see Hymn 189.

189 Salve ete flores martyrum. Morn. & Even. (Rom.)

ALL hail! ye infant Martyr flowers,\nCut off in life's first dawning hours;\nAs rosebuds snapt in tempest strife,\nWhen Herod sought your Saviour's life.

2 You, tender flock of Lambs, we sing,\nFirst victims slain for Christ your King:\nBeneath the Heav'nly Altar's ray,\nWith Martyr palms and crowns ye play.

Doxology.
Eternal praise and glory be,\nO Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,\nWhom, with the Father, we adore,\nAnd Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

At Mattins.

C. Herod was exceeding wroth, and slew many children.
B. In Bethlehem of Judaea, in the City of David.

At Evensong.

C. Under the Throne of God all the Saints cry aloud.
B. Avenge our blood, O our God.

See also Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

The Epiphany
and daily during the Octave.

Plainsong Melodies 29, 30, 93: Barred Tune 566, N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

190 Crudelis Herodes Deum. Even. & Morn.

WHY, ruthless Herod, vainly fear,
When told a King Divine is near?\nHe takes not earthly realms away,\nWho gives the Crown that lasts for aye.

2 The Wise Men sought Him from afar,
Led by the bright and guiding star:\nWith light for guide tow'rd Light they press'd,\nAnd by their gifts their God confess'd.

3 In holy Jordan's purest wave\nThe Heav'nly Lamb vouchsay'd to lave;\nThat He, to Whom was sin unknown,\nMight cleanse His people from their own.

4 And O, what Miracle Divine!\nThe water reddens into wine,\nAnd changes at His Mighty Word\nIts nature to obey its Lord.
Proper of the Season.

Doxology.
All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay
For Thine Epiphany to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

℣. The Kings of Tharsis and of the Isles shall give presents.
℟. The Kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.

Plainsong Melodies 23, 30: Barred Tune 566, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

191 O sola magnarum urbium. Morn. (Rom.)

℣. AIR Queen of cities, joy of earth,
Thrice-honour'd Bethlehem, it was thine
To give our Royal Saviour birth,
And nurse thy' Incarnate Babe Divine;

℟. Behold! on bright and beauteous star
Outshines the noontide sun, to tell
That God hath left His Home afar,
On earth, in Flesh, with man to dwell.

3 Their Eastern treasures, rich and rare,
The Wise Men, in His sight, unfold,
In meek prostration off'ring there
Their incense, myrrh, and royal gold.

4 The gold proclaims a King is there;
The incense owns Him God to save;
The fragrant spices witness bear
That He must rest within the grave.

Doxology.
All glory, Jesus, Lord to Thee,
To all the world made manifest;
All glory to the Father be,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, is blest. Amen.

℣. Worship God, Alleluia.
℟. All ye His hosts, Alleluia.

Plainsong Melody 93: Barred Tune 566, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

192 A Patre Unigenitu. Morn. (Sarum.)

†THE Father's Sole begotten Son
Was born, the Virgin's Child on earth;
His Cross for us adoption won,
The life and grace of second birth.

2 Forth from the Height of Heav'n He came,
In form of man, with man abode;
Redeem'd His world by death of shame,
The joys of endless life bestow'd.

3 Redeemer, come with power benign,
Dwell in the souls that look for Thee;
O let Thy Light within us shine,
That we may Thy Salvation see.

4 Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
Dispel the gloom of doubt and woe;
Wash ev'ry stain of guilt away,
Thy tender healing grace bestowed.

5 Lord, Thou hast come, and well we know
That Thou wilt likewise come again;
Thy Kingdom shall be by ev'ry foe;
Thine honour, and Thy rule, maintain.

Doxology.
Eternal glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom, now reveal'd, our hearts adore;
To God the Father glory be, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

℣. It is the Voice of the Lord that commandeth the waters.
℟. It is the glorious God that maketh the thunder.

From the Octave of the Epiphany until the First Sunday in Lent, use "HYMNS FOR THE WEEK."

The First Sunday in Lent

until the Third Sunday.

Plainsong Melodies 32, 34, 35, Barred Tune 617 (ὁ), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

193 Ez more docti mystico.

Morn. (Rom. until Passion Sunday) Even. (Sarum.)

THE Fast, as taught by holy lore,
We keep, in solemn course, once more.
Which, year by year, in order meet
Of forty days, is made complete.

2 The Law and Seers, that were of old,
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which Christ, all seasons' King and Guide,
In after ages sanctified.

3 More sparing, therefore, let us make
The words we speak, the food we take;
Deny ourselves in mirth and sleep;
In stricter watch our senses keep;

4 And let us shun the wand'ring thought,
That lights upon a mind distraught;
And safely guard our careless hearts
Against the wily tempter's darts.

5 Bow'd down beneath the threat'ning rod,
We would disarm the wrath of God,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
As low before the Judge we fall.

6 Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O Lord, which we deplore:
But pour upon us from on High,
O pard'ning One, Thy clemency.

(15**)

A very special Catholic hymnal will be released sometime in 2018: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN
Part 2. Office Hymns.

8 Forgive the sin that we have wrought; Increase the good that we have sought; That we at length, our wand’rings o’er, May please Thee now and evermore.

Doxology.
Blest Three in One, and One in Three, Almighty God, we pray to Thee, That this, our Fast of forty days, May work our profit and Thy praise.

Amen.

7 God shall give His Angels charge over thee. 
8 To keep thee in all thy ways.

Doxology.
Blest Three in One, and One in Three, Almighty God, we pray to Thee, That this, our Fast of forty days, May work our profit and Thy praise.

Amen.

194 Summi largitor præxii. Morn. (Sarum.)
THOU only Hope of all below, Who dost the full reward bestow, Jesu, to Thee we now draw near; Our earnest supplications hear.

With self-accusing voice within Our conscience tells of many a sin; We pray Thee, cleanse it with Thy grace, And ev’ry stain of sin efface.

3 If Thou reject us, who shall give Our fainting spirits strength to live? O grant us, gracious Lord, this day To Thee with cleansed hearts to pray.

4 'Tis Thou hast blessed this solemn Fast; So may its days by us be pass’d, That meetly we the mystic fare Of Easter Sacraments may share.

Doxology.
O Blessed Trinity, bestow Thy pard’ning grace on us below; Who dost forevermore abide, One God, unchangeable, and glorified.

If 7. and 8. are required, see Hymn 195.

195 Audi benigne Conditor. Morn. (Sarum.)
Even. (Rom. until Passion Sunday.)

0 MERCIFUL Creator, hear! Accept the pray’r and own the tear, Toward Thy Seat of Mercy sent In this most holy Fast of Lent.

2 Each heart is manifest to Thee; Thou knowest each infirmity; Repentant now we seek Thy face; O grant to us Thy pard’ning grace.

196 O Sollalitia, intimus. Morn. (Rom. until Passion Sunday.)

JESU, Salvation’s Sun Divine, Do Thou within our bosoms shine! Thy Beams drive shades of night away, And give the world a better day.

2 While days of grace with mercy flow, O Lord, the gift of tears bestow, That, cleans’d thereby, our hearts may be Love’s own pure sacrifice to Thee.

3 Grant that for ev’ry deep offence Our tears may flow in penitence. Nor cease till harden’d hearts relent, And, soften’d by those streams, repent.

4 Soon will that Day—Thy Day—appear, And all things with its brightness cheer: May we, with hearts by Thee made new, When Homeward led, be joyous too.

Doxology.
Thee, let the world from shore to shore, All gracious Trinity, adore, The while, renew’d by grace, we raise Our new-made canticle of praise. Amen.

7 God shall give His Angels charge over thee. 
8. To keep thee in all thy ways.

The Third Sunday in Lent until Passion Sunday.

Plainsong Melody 96: Barred Tune 636, N.O.H.B., Pt. i.

197 Ecce tempus idoneum. Even. (Sarum.)

O! now is our accepted day, The time for purging sins away, The sins of thought, and deed, and word, That we have done against the Lord.
Proper of the Season.

2 For He, the Merciful and True, 
Hath spared His people hitherto; 
Not willing that the soul should die, 
Though great its past iniquity.

3 Then let us all, with earnest care, 
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer, 
And works of mercy and of love, 
Entreat for pardon from above;

4 That He may all our sins efface, 
Adorn us with the gifts of grace, 
And join us to the Angel Band 
For ever in the Heav'nly Land.

Doxology.
All praise to God the Father be, 
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, 
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore, 
Blest Three in One, for evermore.

Amen.

Plainsong Melody 95: Barred Tune 636, N. O. H. B., Pt. iii.

WHAT beauty hath this solemn tide, 
By Heav'n itself to earth convey'd! 
Which Christ, of times the Lord and Guide, 
Through the bright Heav'n Elias draw.

2 Thus Moses, dear to God, became 
The giver of His holy Law; 
Thus did wing'd steeds and car of flame 
Through the bright Heav'n Elias draw.

3 Thus Daniel, lion-queller, knew 
The myst'ries of the coming years; 
Thus John, the Bridegroom's friend most true, 
Renown'd in holy lore appears.

4 O help us, Lord of love, we pray, 
Their path of abstinence to choose; 
With fortitude our souls array, 
And joy through ev'ry heart diffuse.

Doxology.
This, Father, through Thine Only Son, 
And loving Spirit, we implore, 
Whom, Threefold Majesty yet One, 
We laud and worship evermore. Amen.

If N. and R. are required, see Hymn 199.

Plainsong Melody 97: Barred Tune 332 (G), N. O. H. B., Pt. iii.

JESU, quadragenarian. 
Morn. (Sarum.)

2 That so to Paradise once more 
Might holy discipline restore 
Thy creatures, who had lost its light, 
Through crafty wiles of appetite.

3 Be present now, be present here, 
And mark Thy Church's falling tear; 
And own the grief that fills her eyes 
In mourning her iniquities.

4 O by Thy grace be pardon won 
For sins that former years have done; 
And let Thy mercy guard us still 
From crimes that threaten future ill.

5 That by the Fast we offer here, 
Our annual sacrifice sincere, 
Set free from guilt, we may prepare 
Thy Paschal joys at last to share.

Doxology.
May this, O Father, through Thy Son, 
For Thy sweet Spirit's sake be done, 
Who art with These, in Persons Three, 
One God through all Eternity. Amen.

f. His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield 
and buckler.
R. Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night.

Passion Sunday

until Maundy Thursday.

Plainsong Melodies 36, 37: Barred Tune 643, N. O. H. B., Pt. iii.

200 Vexilla Regis prodeunt. 
Even.

THE Royal Banners forward go; 
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow; 
Where Life Himself our death endured, 
And by His Death our life procured:

2 While, from His deeply wounded Side, 
Pierc'd with the cruel lance, a Tide Of mingled Blood and Water ran, 
To cleanse the stains of guilty man.

3 Fulfill'd is now what David told 
In true prophetic song of old, 
How God the heathen's King should be, 
For God is reigning from the Tree.

4 O Tree of beauty! Tree of light! 
O Tree with royal purple dight! 
What glory may with thine compare, 
Ordain'd Those Sacred Limbs to bear!

5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung, 
The Weight of this world's Ransom hung: 
The Price of human-kind to pay, 
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

6 O Cross, our sole Reliance, hail!
This Holy Passion-tide, avail
To win the just increase of grace,
And ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.

*Doxology.*

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

V. Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man.
F. And preserve me from the wicked man.

Doxology.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Lethomagemeetbyallbedone;As bytheCrossThoudostrestore,
Soruleandguideusevermore.Amen.

St. Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man.


201 Pange lingua gloriosi. Morn.

ING, my tongue, the glorious battle
With completed vict'ry rife;
And above the Cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife,
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrender'g of His Life.

2 God, his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first man Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and Hell,
Noted then this Tree, the ruin
Of the former tree to quell.

3 Thus the scheme of our Salvation
Was, of old, in order laid;
Thus the wily arts were baffled
Of the foe, who man betray'd,
And the weapon of the foe
Was the rod of healing made.

4 Therefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's Throne on high,
And came forth, a Virgin's Offspring,
Clothed in our humanity.

*Doxology.*

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation
Their eternal praise repeat. Amen.

V. Deliver me, O my God, from mine enemies.
F. Defend me from them that rise up against me.

On Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Easter Eve, no Hymns are sung in the Choir Offices of the Church, according to universal Western custom.

Easter Day.

Instead of an Office Hymn, the following Antiphon is sung from Mattins of Easter Day until Low Sunday:

203 Hae dies. Morn. & Even.

THIS is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad (or, we will rejoice and be glad) in it.

For Plain-song Settings of the above, see Hymn Melodies Nos. 41 42, 43, 44.

According to some Uses, the Sequence "Victima Paschali" (No. 122) takes the place of "Hae dies" at Evensong on Easter Day, and until First Evensong of Low Sunday.

(18**)
Proper of the Season.

According to English Use the Gradual and Alleluia for the day are sung at Evensong during Easter Week, as follows:

204
Second Evensong.

**EASTER DAY.**

ii. 4. S.F.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad in it.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth for ever.

Mode I. i. Mon. Med. 3 Endg.

Alleluia. A . . . . Ὑ. Let us keep the Feast:

with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Repeat Alleluia.

205

**MONDAY.**

ii. 4. S.F.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad in it.

Let Israel now confess that He is gracious: and that His mercy endureth for ever.

Mode I.

Alleluia. A . . . . Ὑ. Did not our heart burn within us concerning Jesus:

while He talked with us by the way? Repeat Alleluia.

(19**)
TUESDAY.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad in it.

Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed: and delivered from the hand of the enemy, and gathered them out of the lands.

Mode I.

Alleluia. A ... A. Our Lord Jesus, after He was risen:

came and stood in the midst of His Disciples, saying, Peace be unto you. Repeat Alleluia.

WEDNESDAY.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad in it.

The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence:

the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

Mode I.

Alleluia. A ... A. i. 3.

When the Lord was risen, He appeared to the women, saying, All hail:

then came they straight-way and held Him by the Feet. Repeat Alleluia.

(20**
Proper of the Season.

THURSDAY.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad in it.

The same stone which the builders rejected, hath been made the head-stone of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

Mode I.

Alleluia.

In the day of My Resurrection, saith the Master:

I will go before you into Galilee. Repeat Alleluia.

FRIDAY.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will be joyful and glad in it.

Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the Lord:

God is the Lord Who hath shewed us light.

Mode I.

Alleluia.

Tell it out among the heathen: that the Lord Himself hath reigned from the Tree.

Repeat Alleluia.

(21**
Part 2. Office Hymns.

Low Sunday

Plainsong Melody 96: Barred Tune 146 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. 1; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.
Chorus nova Hierusalem.

210 1st Ecensong of Lost Sunday. (Sarum.)

YE Choirs of New Jerusalem! Begin a new and sweeter theme! While we keep, from care released, With chastened joy our Paschal Feast.

2 Now Christ, the Unconquer’d Lion, doth rise, And ’neath His Feet the Dragon lies; While far around His Voice is spread, And to new life awakes the dead.

3 The jaws of Hell resign their prey, Restored at God’s command to-day; While many a captive soul, set free, With Jesus leaves captivity.

4 Forward, in triumph o’er His foes, August in majesty He goes; And earth beneath, and Heav’n above, Binds in one league of Peace and Love.

5 And we, as these His deeds we sing, His suppliants soldiers, pray our King, That in His Palace, bright and vast, We may keep watch and ward at last.

Doxology.

To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live, All glory, Lord, Thy people give, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost forevermore. Amen.

Lord, abide with us. Alleluia. By. For it is toward evening. Alleluia.

This Hymn is sung at Evensong on all vacant Saturdays until Ascension Day.

Plainsong Melodies 46, 48, 99: Barred Tune 140 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. 1; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

212 Auroracaelum purpurat. Morn. (Rom.)

The dawn is purpling all the sky; Heav’n thunders forth its triumph high; Exulting earth makes glad reply; Hell wails with wild and bitter cry:

2 While Christ, Omnipotent to save, Brings back, victorious from the grave, The Fathers long imprisoned there, That they the light of life may share.

3 Whose tomb was watch’d by many a guard, And by the sealed stone was barr’d, In triumph see the Victor rise! While in His grave Death buried lies.

4 Enough of death, enough of tears! Enough of sorrows, and of fears! O hear ye bright-wing’d Angel cry— “Death’s Conqueror lives, no more to die!”

5 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind Unceasing Paschal joy to find; And from the death of sin set free Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

(22**
Proper of the Season.

Doxology.
To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live, All glory, Lord, Thy people give, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Let the Heavens and the earth rejoice. Alleluia.
For Thou art risen again, O Christ. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 46, 48 : Barred Tune 146 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. i.; or Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

218 Ad regias Agni dapes. Even. (Rom.)

THE Lamb's high banquet call'd to share, Array'd in garments white and fair, The Red Sea past, we fain would sing To Jesus our Triumphant King.

2 So great His love, that, for our good, He bids us drink His Sacred Blood, And gives us, in the mystic Feast, Himself—the Victim and the Priest.

3 That eve, th' avenging Angel fled Where blood was on the lintel spread; The waters of the deep divide; The foe is whelm'd beneath the tide.

4 Now Christ our Passover is slain, The Paschal Victim—free from stain; His Flesh—the true Unleaven'd Bread— Is freely offer'd in our stead.

5 Thou mighty Victim from the sky, Th' infernal Powers beneath Thee lie; From death Thou dost Thy people free, Who crowns of life receive from Thee.

6 O'er shades of Hell, now Christ displays His trophies, bright with glory's rays, And, op'ning Heav'n, He binds His chain Around the tyrant's dark domain.

7 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind Unceasing Paschal joy to find; And from the death of sin set free Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology.
To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live, All glory, Lord, Thy people give, Whom, with the Father, we adore, And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Lord, abide with us. Alleluia.
For it is toward evening. Alleluia.

The Ascension Day

until Whitsunday.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50 : Barred Tune 645 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

215 Salutis humanae Sator.

SAVIOR of men, Who dost impart Pure joys to ev'ry faithful heart; Creator of a world redeem'd, Whose Light on loving souls hath beam'd:
Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 What wondrous pity Thee o’ercame,  
To make Thee bear our load of shame;  
And, guiltless, to resign Thy breath,  
To win our guilty souls from death!

3 The realms of death are forced by Thee,  
The captives from their chains set free;  
And Thou, amidst Thy ransom’d train,  
At God’s Right Hand, again dost reign.

4 May pity still with Thee prevail  
To cure the ills we now bewail,  
And raise us to the Blessed Place  
Where Saints in glory see Thy Face.

Doxology.
Be Thou our Heavenly Guide and Way,  
The Leader, Whom our hearts obey;  
Be Thou the Solace of our tears,  
Our Crown of life beyond the spheres.  
Amen.

At 1st Even-song.
YSIS. God is gone up with a merry noise.  
Alleluia.  
YS. And the Lord with the sound of the trump.  
Alleluia.

At Matins and 2nd Even-song.  
YSIS. The Lord hath prepared.  
Alleluia.  
Y. His seat in Heaven.  
Alleluia.

Doxology.
All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,  
Ascending o’er the stars to-day;  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To Father and to Paraclete.  
Amen.  
If Y. and Y. are required, see Hymn 215.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 615 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

216 Eterne Rexaltissime.
Even. & Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

Eternal Monarch, King most High,  
Whose Blood hath brought redemption nigh;  
Thy warfare with the grave is done,  
Thy last and greatest glory won.

2Ascending by the starry road,  
This day Thou wentest home to God,  
By Heaven to power unending call’d,  
And by no human hand install’d.

3 The triple frame of earth, and Heav’n,  
And things beneath, to Thee is given;  
That all may own Thy sov’reign sway,  
And, Lord, to Thee their homage pay.

4 In awe and wonder Angels see  
How changed is our humanity;  
How Flesh doth purge, as flesh did stain,  
Since Thou, True God, in Flesh dost reign.

5 Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Guard,  
As Thou shalt be our great Reward;  
Our glory and our boast in Thee  
For ever and for ever be.

Plainsong Melodies 51, 52, 53: Barred Tune 303, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

218 Veni Creator Spiritus. Even. (Rom.)

COME. Holy Ghost, Creator Blest,  
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;  
Come with Thy grace and Heav’nly aid,  
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Thou, Whom the Paraclete we call,  
The Gift of God, supreme o’er all,  
The Fountain of life, and Fire of love,  
And Blessed Unction from above.

3 The mystic Sev’nfold Gifts are Thine,  
Dread Finger of the Head Divine;  
Sure Promise of the Father Thou,  
Who dost with power our lips endow.
Proper of the Season.

4 Vouchsafewith light each sense to fire,  
And ev'ry heart with love inspire;  
And be our mortal weakness stay'd  
Upon Thy never-failing aid.

5 Far hence our ghostly foe repel,  
And grant the peace which none may tell;  
With Thee for our preventing Guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

6 May we through Thee the Father own;  
Through Thee to us the Son be known;  
Thyself, of Both the Spirit Blest,  
Be Thou for evermore confest.

Doxology.
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, praise be done;  
And Christ, the Lord, upon us pour  
The Spirit's gifts for evermore. Amen.

At 1st Evensong and Mattins.

\(\text{\textit{f.}}\) They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.  
\(\text{\textit{f.}}\) And began to speak.  
\textit{Alleluia}.

At 2nd Evensong.

\(\text{\textit{f.}}\) The Apostles began to tell in other tongues.  
\(\text{\textit{f.}}\) The wonderful works of God.  
\textit{Alleluia}.

Or the following version of the same:

Plainsong Melodies 51, 52, 53: Barred Tune 5 on page [36] at end of vol.

219 Veni Creator Spiritus. Evens. (Rom.)

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with Celestial fire;  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy Sevenfold Gifts impart.

2 Thy Blessed Unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace;  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song;

Doxology.
Praise to Thy Eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

For \(\text{\textit{f.}}\) and \(\text{\textit{f.}}\) see Hymn 218.

(25**)
Part 2. Office Hymns.

Plainsong Melodies 28, 54: Barred Tune 303, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

221 HAIL! joyful Day, with blessing fraught,
Again by yearly cycle brought,
What time the Holy Spirit's Flame
Upon the Lord's Apostles came.

2 The glowing flames, in quiv'ring ray,
The shape of tongue-like forms display,
That eloquent their speech may be,
And fervid all their charity.

3 In varying tongues their God they praise;
The people listen in amaze,
And mock, as if new wine had fired
The breasts God's Spirit had inspired.

4 'Tis here the mystic figures meet;
The fifty days are now complete,
The sacred number, which set free
The captive at the Jubilee.

5 O God of love, before Thee now
Thy flock in supplication bow;
On us from Heav'n, in plenteous store,
The blessings of Thy Spirit pour.

6 And as their breasts, this Festal-tide,
By those sweet Gifts were sanctified,
Do Thou, O Lord, our sins release,
And grant us in our time Thy peace.

Doxology.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done;
And Christ, the Lord, upons turn
The Spirit's gifts for evermore. Amen.

For 1. and 2. see Hymn 218.

Trinity Sunday.

Plainsong Melody 20: Barred Tune 541, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

222 THE fiery sun now fades from sight; Shines, Unity, Unfading Light! Bless Trinity, Thy love impart,
And shed a glow o'er ev'ry heart.

2 Thee with our morning hymn we praise;
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
O grant us, with Thy Saints on High,
For ever Thee to glorify.

Doxology.
To Thee, O Unbegotten One,
And Thee, O Sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

For 1. and 2. see Hymn 222.
**Proper of the Season.**

_Doxology._

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
All praise, for ever as is meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. _Amen._

_For Y. and R. see Hymn 222._

Plain-song Melody 55: Barred Tune S on page [39], at end of vol.

225 _O Pater Sancte, miti atque pie._

_Morn. (Sarum.)_

**HOLIEST Father, Merciful and Loving,**
Worshipful Jesu Christ the Son Supernal,
Tenderest Spirit, o'er us sweetly moving,
One God Eternal!

2 Trinity Holy, Unity unshaken,
Deity mighty, Good, all goodness giving,
Light of the Angels, Friend of the forsaken,

Hope of all living!

3 Duly Thy creatures pay Thee service holy;
All Thy creation, Lord, in Thee rejoices;
We too our praises lift from bosoms lowly;

O hear our voices.

_Doxology._

Glory to Thee, Whose Might all might excelleth,
God in Three Persons, Thou Whom naught can sever;
Thee song beseepest, Thee, with Whom praise dwelleth,

Now and for ever. _Amen._

_For Y. and R. see Hymn 222._

According to Sarum Use the Hymns for Trinity Sunday are sung on the vacant days during the rest of the week.

**The Festival of the Blessed Sacrament.**

Plain-song Melodies 38, 39, 40: Barred Tune 598 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. III.

226 _Pange lingua gloriosi._ _Even (Rom.)_

_Morn. (Sarum.)_

Of the glorious Body telling,
Now, my tongue, Its mysteries sing.
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the world's Eternal King,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

2 Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He, with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed, in wondrous ending,
His appointed life of woe.

3 That last night, at supper lying,
With the Apostolic band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the Feast its rites command;
Then to them, as Food undying,
Gives Himself, with His own Hand.

4 Word-made-Flesh—true Bread He maketh
By His Word His Flesh to be;
Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh,
Though our sense no change can see;
While the carnal mind forsaketh,
Faith accepts the Mystery.

**PART II.**

_Tantum ergo Sacramentum._

5 Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

_Doxology._

Glory let us give, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done. _Amen._

_At Evensong._

_Y. Thou didst send them Bread from Heaven. Alleluia._

_R. Containing within Itself all sweetness. Alleluia._

_At Mattins._

_Y. He maketh peace in thy borders. Alleluia._

_R. And filleth thee with the flour of wheat. Alleluia._

Plain-song Melodies 56, 57, 80: Barred Tune (for Pt. I.), No. 11, on page [41]; and (for Pt. II.), No. 12, on page [42], at end of vol.

227 _Sacris solemniis._ _Even. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)_

_A. At this, our Solemn Feast, let holy joys abound; And, from each loving breast, the voice of gladness sound; Let ancient rites depart; And all be new around, in ev'ry act, and voice, and heart._

(27**)
Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 Tell of that solemn eve, When, that Last Supper spread, Christ parted to the Twelve The Lamb, with Paschal bread: He, with His brethren, shared The Feast, and, as they fed, Fulfill’d the Law of old declared.

3 The mystic Lamb consumed, The legal Feast complete, Then to the Twelve the Lord His Body gave to eat; The Whole to all—no less— The Whole to each did mete With His Own Hands, as we confess.

4 Thus to the weak He gave His Body's strength'ning Food, And to the sorrowful The Chalice of His Blood, Saying, "Partake of This, My Cup with Life imbued; O drink ye all this Draught of bliss."

5 So He this Sacrifice To institute did will, And charged His Priests alone That officet to fulfil: Whom it behoveth still To take, and to the rest divide.

Part II. Panis Angelicus.

6 Lo! Angels' Bread is made The Bread for man to-day; The Living Bread from God With figures doth away; O wondrous Gift indeed! The poor and lowly may Upon their Lord and Master feed.

Doxology.

O Triune Deity, To Thee we meekly pray, So may’st Thou visit us, As we our homage pay; And in Thy footsteps bright, To where Thou dwell’st in cloudless Light. Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 226.

Plainsong Melodies 58, 59: Barred Tune 615 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

228 Verbum Supernum prodiens. Morn.

HE Heav’nly Word, proceeding forth, Yet leaving not the Father’s side, Went forth upon His work on earth, And reach’d, at length, life’s eventide.

2 By false Disciple to be given To foemen, for His Blood athirst, Himself, the Living Bread from Heav’n, He gave to His Disciples first.

3 He gave Himself in either kind, His Very Flesh, His Very Blood; Of flesh and blood is man combined, And He of man would be the Food.

4 By Birth our Fellow-man was He, Our Meat, while sitting at the board, He died our Ransomer to be; He ever reigns, our great Reward.

Part II. O Salutaris Hostia.

5 O Saving Victim, op ning wide The Gate of Heav’n to man below, Our foes press on from ev’ry side, Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

Doxology.

All thanks and praise to Thee ascend, Immortal Godhead, One in Three! O grant us life, that shall not end, In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 226.

Plainsong Melody 100: Barred Tune 422, or 620 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii., omitting the slur at the beginning of each line.

229 Adoro Te, supplix, latens Deitas.

HUMBLY I adore Thee, Hidden Deity, Which beneath these figures art conceal’d from me; Both the flesh and spirit at Thy coming fail, Yet here Thy True Presence we devoutly hail.

2 Taste, and touch, and vision, in Thee are deceiv’d; But the hearing only may be well believ’d; I believe whatever God’s Own Son averr’d; Nothing can be truer than Truth’s very word.

3 On the Cross lay hidden but Thy Deity; Here is also hidden Thy Humanity; But in both believing, and confessing, Lord, Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.
Proper of Saints.

4 Thy dread Wounds, with Thomas, though I may not see, His be my confession, Lord and God, of Thee: Lord, my faith unfeigned evermore increase, Give me hope unfading, love that cannot cease.

5 O beloved Memorial of Thy Death and woe, Living Bread, That givest life to man below, Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live, And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give.

PART II.

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine.

6 Pelican of Mercy, Jesu, Lord and God, Wash me, wretched sinner, in Thy cleansing Blood; Blood, whereof One Drop, for human-kind outpour'd, Might from all transgression have the world restored.

7 Jesu, Whom thus veiled I by faith descry, What my soul doth thirst for, do not, Lord, deny; That at last beholding Thy uncover'd Face, Thou would'st satisfy me with Thy fullest grace. Amen.

PROPER OF SAINTS.

The Conversion of S. Paul.

The Conception of the B.V. Mary.

See Hymns for Common of the B.V. Mary.

S. Vincent, D.M.

S. Vincent, the Deacon, suffered at Saragossa in Spain, 45 years after S. Laurence's Martyrdom at Rome. Both were Spaniards, and there is much in S. Vincent's history which recalls that of the earlier Martyr. See Hymn 534.

Plainsong Melodies 61, 92: Barred Tune 498, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

230 Christi miles gloriesus. Mora. & Even. (Sarum.)

FOR his Lord a soldier glorious, Vincent, Deacon blest, behold! Pyre of death is his tribunal, Which he mounteth fain and bold; While the crackling flames his body, Sprinkled o'er with salt, enfold.

2 While the furnace flamed around him, Quicken'd by his blood outpour'd, Yet he still endured intrepid, Faithful ever to his Lord;
And, with eyes to Heav'n uplifted, Christ upon His Throne adored.

Doxology.
Glory be to God, and honour
In the Highest, as is meet;
To the Son, as to the Father,
And th' Eternal Paraclete;
Whose is boundless praise and power, Throughout ages infinite. Amen.

G. The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree.
F. And shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.

See also Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 81, 82, 83, 84: Barred Tune 6, on page [38] at end of vol.

232 Quod chorus vatsum venerandus olim. 1st Even. (Sarum.)

THAT which, of old time, all the holy Prophets, Fill'd with the Spirit, in their hymns repeated, Now is in Mary, God's own spotless Mother, Fully completed.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 Ruler Almighty, Lord of earth and Heaven,
Virgin conceived Him, Virgin bare Him purely;
And, after bearing, still her maiden glory
Keepeth securely.
3 Him, in God's Temple, Symeon the aged,
Fondly embracing, in his arms enfoldeth,
Christ the Salvation, longed for and expected,
Gladly beheldeth.
4 Mary, we greet thee, chanting willing anthems,
Virgin Mother of the King Eternal;
Ever thou glowest, on the Holy Mountain,
With light supernal.

Doxology.
Glory and worship be to God Almighty,
Endless salvation, praise all praise excelling,
Who, in Three Persons, in the Highest Heaven,
Maketh His dwelling. Amen.

It was revealed unto Symeon by the Holy Ghost.
If, That he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

At 2nd Evensong, Hymn 118; but in Septuagint, 232.
See also Hymns for Common of the B. V. Mary.

S. Joseph, Husband of the B.V. Mary.

Plainsong Melodies 78, 79, 80:
Barred Tune 14 on page [44] at end of vol.

3 Thy arms thy New-born Lord with tender joy embrace;
Him then to Egypt's Land they watchful care doth bring;
Him in the Temple's courts once lost thou dost regain,
And 'mid thy tears dost greet thy King.
4 Not till death's pangs are o'er do others gain their crown,
But, Joseph, unto thee the blessed lot was given,
While life did yet endure, thy God to see and know,
As do the Saints above in Heav'n.

Doxology.
Grant us, Great Trinity, who sing Thy praise below,
In highest bliss and love, above the stars to reign;
That we in joy with him may praise our loving God,
And raise our glad Eternal strain. Amen.

At 1st Evensong.
Y. He made him lord over His house.
R. And ruler of all His substance.

At Mattins.
Y. The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom.
R. And his tongue will be talking of Judgement.

At 2nd Evensong.
Y. Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house.
R. And his righteousness remaineth for ever.
See also Hymns for Common of Confessors.

The Annunciation of our Lady.
See Hymns for Common of the B. V. Mary.

The Invention of the Holy Cross.
Plainsong Melodies 36, 37; during Eastertide 46, 48:
Barred Tune 643, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

FULFILL'D is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be,
For God is reigning from the Tree.
2 O Tree of beauty! Tree of light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
What glory may with thine compare,
Ordain'd Those Sacred Limbs to bear!
Proper of Saints.

3 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The Weight of this world's Ransom hung;
The Price of humankind to pay,
And spoil his crimes efface.

4 O Cross, our sole Reliance, hail!
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
To win the just increase of grace
And ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.

Doxology.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Lethomagemeetbyallbedone;As bythe CrossThoudostrestore,Soruleandguideusevermore.Amen.

Faithful Cross! above all other
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
Sweetest Wood and sweetest Iron;
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

2 Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's Ransom to sustain.
Might an Ark of Refuge gain,
With the Sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Doxology.

To the Trinity beglory
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal glory to the Father,
To the Son, and Paraclete;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation
Their eternal praise repeat. Amen.

We worship Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee. (Alleluia.)
Because that, through Thy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world. (Alleluia.)

Hymn 201 may also be used.

S. John at the Latin Gate.

See Hymns for Common of Apostles in Eastertide.

S. John Baptist’s Day.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 66: Barred Tune 9, on page [40] at end of vol.

236 Ut queant laxia resonare fibris. Even.

THOU in the desert, young in years,
Wert hiding;
There from life's turmoil refuge safe providing,
Far from the strife of evil tongues abiding,
Pure and unspotted.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 66: Barred Tune 9, on page [40] at end of vol.

237 Antra deserti teneria sub annis. Morn.

At 1st Evensong.

Therewasan mansentfrom God.
Whose name was John.

At Mattins and at 2nd Evensong.

This child shall be great in the sight of the Lord.
For His Hand is with him.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 66: Barred Tune 9, on page [40] at end of vol.

237 Antra deserti teneria sub annis. Morn.

THOU in the desert, young in years,
Wert hiding;
There from life's turmoil refuge safe providing,
Far from the strife of evil tongues abiding,
Pure and unspotted.
2 Thou from the camel's hair a garment gainest,  
And from the sheep thy girdle rude obtainest;  
Water thy drink, with scanty food and plainest,  
Honey and locusts.

3 Seers spake of old, in shadows dim concealing  
Fullness of promise, which, thy voice revealing,  
Shew'd to a lost and mourning world the healing  
Dawn of the Day-Star.

4 Of all the great ones, born in ev'ry nation,  
No man than John hath gain'd a holier station,  
Washing in Jordan Him Who laves Creation  
With His Own Life-drops.

Doxology.

Now to the Father praise from all Creation;  
Only-Begotten, unto Thee salvation;  
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration  
Now and for ever. Amen.

If ¥. and ß. are required, see Hymn 236.

S. Peter's Day.

Hail, bright and glowing Day! Hail, Day of purest light!  
Bathed in the golden gleam of ages shining bright;  
Thou crownest faith's dread Chiefs, and to thy bliss dost call  
The wand'ring of the night, whom sin and death enthral.

2 Earth's Teacher, and the Guard of Heav'n's Eternal Gate,  
True lights of all the world, earth's Judges dread and great,  
The sword-stroke and the cross to them the victory give,*  
And now, with laurel crown'd, in Heav'n's High Courts they live.

3 O City doubly Blest! The precious life-drops, shed  
By these two noble Chiefs, thy walls have hallow'd;  
Empurpled with their blood, the Martyrs' part they bore  
Adds lustre to thy name henceforth for evermore.

Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and hymns of joy we bring,  
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we sing;  
He rules the Universe in wondrous Unity,  
And shall, throughout the days of all Eternity. Amen.

¥. Thou art Peter.  
ß. And upon this rock I will build my Church.

* It is the tradition that S. Peter and S. Paul suffered at Rome on the same day; the former by crucifixion, and the latter by beheading.
Proper of Saints.

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61, 63, 64: Barred Tune 769, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

240 Beate Pastor Petre clemente accipe. Morn.

O PETER, shepherd good, our voices sing of thee;
Thy very word had might from chains of sin to free;
To thee, by power Divine, the mystic keys were given,
Which ope the skies to men, or close the gates of Heav'n.

Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and hymns of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we sing;
He rules the Universe in wondrous Unity,
And shall, throughout the days of all Eternity. Amen.

They declared God's work.
And perceived that it was His doing.

See also Hymns for Common of Apostles.

If S. Paul, according to ancient custom, is commemorated on the morrow of S. Peter's Day, the Office Hymn on June 30 may be 231.

The Visitation of the B.V. Mary.


241 Festum Matris gloriosae. Even. (Sarum.)

KEEP the glorious Mother's Feast Day,
Christians all, in glad array;
And, with glowing hearts, entreating
For the grace devoutly pray,
Which Elizabeth, in meeting
With her cousin, found to-day.

2 To the wife of Zacharias
See the blessed Maid repair;
She, who in her secret bosom
Doth th' Eternal Godhead bear,
Now accosts her aged cousin,
Who her saving grace doth share.

3 Lo, that Voice, yet mute, exulteth,
As the Mighty Word draws nigh,
And Elizabeth confesseth
Mary's greater dignity,
Whom she passing blest declareth
In her Fruit eternally.

4 "What may this congratulation,"
Meek she asks, "forebode to me ?
What this gracious salutation
Of the Great King's Mother be?
And this wondrous exultation
Of mine unborn progeny ?"

5 Then, in answer, sang the Maiden
Of God's love to man below;
How the lowly and meek-hearted
May alone His Presence know;
How on her the name of "Blessed"
All the ages shall bestow.

Doxology.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Con-substantial, Co-eternal;
While unending ages run. Amen.

Blessed art thou among women.
And Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

Plainsong Melodies 91, 92: Barred Tune 498, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

242 Mundisalus affutura. Morn. (Sarum.)

O ! the Fount of earth's Salvation,
Mary, Mother high in fame,
Maiden, meek of mien and posture,
Fair in form, and void of blame,
O'er the mountain-ways of Judah
With Her Heav'nly Burden came.

2 She, whose Seed should bruise the serpent,
Burning bush which ne'er consumes,
Gideon's fleece which Heav'n bedeweth,
Aaron's wondrous rod which blooms;
Spotless Bride the Bridegroom chooseth,
Blissful Garden of perfumes.

3 She the Branch of Jesse blooming,
Mother of Emmanuel,
Portal closed to man for ever,
As Ezekiel did foretell;
Mount, before whose Stone the image,
Crush'd, in Daniel's vision, fell.

4 So to men the Lord of nature
Came, as none e'er came before,
And a Mother her Creator
In her bosom chastely bore:
Earth brings forth the Promised Saviour;
Skies exhaustless blessings pour.

5 Soon that home the Virgin reacheth,
Fill'd with longings fond and sure;
Loving ministry received;
From her cousin chaste and pure;
In that mystic Birth foretasting
Joys, which ever shall endure.

(c** )
Part 2. Office Hymns.

6 Blessed was that priestly dwelling,
Honour’d by so great a Guest;
Blessèd she whose love abounding
Bade her cousin share her rest;
Blessèd infant, who his Saviour
In that Unborn Babe confess’d.

Doxology.
Glory be to God the Father,
Ruler of the world’s array;
Glory unto Thee, Redeemer,
Fount of grace, Thy servants pay;
And to Thee, Creator Spirit,
Equal laud be done for aye. Amen.

If p. and p. are required—
1. God hath chosen her and predestined her.
2. He hath made her to dwell in His Tabernacle.

See also Hymns for Common of the B.V. Mary.

S. Mary Magdalen.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 : Barred Tunes 331, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

243 Pater superni luminis. Even. (Rom.)

1 FATHER of lights! one glance of Thine,
Whose Eyes the Universe control,
Fills Magdalen with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

2 Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those Sacred Feet to pour;
She washes them with burning tears;
And with her hair she wipes them o’er.

3 Impassion’d, to the Cross she clings;
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay;
Nor dreads the soldiers’ savage mien;
For love has cast all fear away.

4 O Christ, Thou Very Love Itself,
Blest Hope of man, through Thee forgiven,
So touch our spirits from above,
So purify our souls for Heav’n.

Doxology.
To God the Father, glory be,
And to His Sole-begotten Son,
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

At 1st Evensong.

1. Full of grace are thy lips.
2. Because God hath blessed thee for ever.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

1. God hath chosen her and predestined her.
2. He hath made her to dwell in His Tabernacle.

244 Maria castis osculat. Morn. (Rom.)

WITH chasten’d look, and rev’rence meet,
See Mary kiss the Saviour’s Feet;
Wash with her tears, wipe with her hair,
And freely pour the ointment rare.

Doxology.
All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

If p. and p. are required, see Hymn 243.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 : Barred Tune 331, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.; or Tune 4, on page 35 at end of vol.

245 Summi Parentis Unice. Morn. (Rom.)

REGARD us with a pitying eye,
Thou Only Son of God Most High,
Who calledst Magdalen away
To glorious halls of bliss to-day.

2 Safe, in the coffers of the King,
Is stored the long lost silver ling;
The gem, once dim and out of sight,
Doth now outshine the stars of night.

3 O Jesu, Refuge ever near,
Sole Hope of contrite sinners here,
Remember Magdalen, we pray,
And wash our guilty stains away.

4 And may Thy Mother kind and meek,
Knowing our nature frail and weak,
Uplift her prayer, that we may gain
A passage safe o’er life’s rough main.

Doxology.
To God alone be honour paid,
For grace so bounteously display’d,
Who takes the stain of guilt away,
And gives the prize that lasts for aye.

Amen.

For p. and p. see Hymn 243.

S. Anne, Mother of the B. V. Mary.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71 : Barred Tune 331, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

246 Fecunda radiz Jani. (Brev. Baiocchi.)

THE fruitful stem of Jesse blooms :Behold the modest blossoms rare!
Anne to the world a Virgin gives,
Who God’s Eternal Son shall bear.

( 34** )
Proper of Saints.

2 Long wrapt in darkness, man may lift His eyes, and see the dawn of Day, And in the arms of Anne perceive The Promised Morning's earliest ray.

3 Such fervent prayers her spirit breath'd, Such holy yearnings fill'd her breast, She merited to bear the Maid That bare Salvation's Author Biest.

Doxology.

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

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

[Plainsong Melodies 86, 87, 88: Barred Tune 415 (c), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.]

247 Ave, mater Anna. Even. (Sarum.)

Anna, Mother fairest! A
Stem that honey barest!
Matron Saint, excelling
All in wedlock dwelling.

2 Hail! whose daughter lowly Bare the Child Most Holy, Who the Heav'n o'erswayeth, Whom the earth obeyeth.

3 Whoso glady blesteth And thy worth confesseth, Christ's Almighty Power Him with bliss shall dower.

4 Be thy prayer prevailing, Made with power unailing, That we find Eternal Rest in Realms Supernal.

5 Thou with Mary praisest Christ, and prayer upraisest; He that pleading prizeth, Which from both ariseth.

Doxology.

Three in One, we bless Thee; One in Three, confess Thee; Land to Father raising, Son and Spirit praising. Amen.

For V. and R. see Hymn 248.

See also Hymns for Common of Holy Matrons.

Lammas Day and S. Peter's Chains.

Plainsong Melodies 68, 69: Barred Tune 821, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii., repeating fifth and sixth lines of the music.

248 Miris modis repente liber ferrea. Even.

Right wondrously released, see Peter freedom gains,
And, at the Lord's command, casts off his iron chains;
As shepherd, and as guide, the sheepfold owns his way;
He shows to fields of life and sacred springs the way;
And, from His Master's flock, drives guileful wolves away.

Doxology.

Now to the Father be Eternal Glory done;
Our songs we raise to Thee, O Everlasting Son;
O Spirit from on High, Thy Throne we bow before;
To Thee be honour, praise, and glory evermore;
The Holy Trinity we worship and adore. Amen.

Thou art Peter.
And upon this rock will I build My Church.

Plainsong Melodies 68, 69: Barred Tune 821, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii., repeating fifth and sixth lines of the music.

249 Quodcumque in orbe nexitibus revinzeris. Morn.

What'er on earth below, thy word, O Peter, chain'd,
Beyond the stars, in Heav'n above, fast bound remain'd;
And whatsoever on earth was rightly loosed by thee,
Was in the Heav'ny Courts by power Divine set free;
Thou, at the Day of Doom, a judge of men shalt be.

For Doxology with V. and R. see Hymn 248.

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61, 62, 64: Barred Tune 769, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

250 Beate Pastor Petre, clemens accipe. Morn.

O Peter, shepherd good, our voices sing of thee;
Thy very word had might from chains of sin to free;
To thee, by power Divine, the mystic keys were given,
Which ope the skies to men, or close the gates of Heav'n.

(35**)
Doxology.

All honour, might, and power, and hymns of joy we bring,
While to the Trinity Eternal Praise we sing:
He rules the Universe in wondrous Unity,
And shall, throughout the days of all Eternity. Amen.

For v. and r. see Hymn 248.

See also Hymns for Common of Apostles.

The Transfiguration.

Plainsong Melodies 27, 101: Barred Tune 645 (c), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

251

Celestis formam gloriam.
1st Even. (Sarum.)

A WONDROUS type, a vision fair
Of Glory, that the Church shall share,
Christ on the holy mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows.

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How, with the three Disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The Law and Prophets there have place,
The chosen witnesses of grace;
And from the Cloud the Holy One
Bears record to His Only Son.

4 With Face more bright than noontide ray,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 And faithful hearts are lifted high
By this great vision's Mystery;
For which, in yearly course, we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

Doxology.

Thou, Father, Thou, Eternal Son,
Thou, Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,
To see Thy Glory face to face. Amen.

Let us worship the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
Reigning in Majesty.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50: Barred Tune 645 (c), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

252

Quicuque Christum queritis.
Even. & Morn. (Rom.)

ALL ye who seek, in hope and love,
For your dear Lord, look up above!
There may your faith descry the rays
Of glory bright, which Christ displays.

2 Behold His Form all brightly glow,
Who end of days can never know;
Immortal, Infinite, Sublime;
Older than earth, and space, and time.

3 This is the Gentiles' Mighty Lord;
The Prince of Judah's race ador'd;
To Father Abraham of old,
And his posterity, foretold.

4 To Whom the Prophets witness bear,
And His Divinity declare;
And this the Father's own decree,
"Hear my Beloved Son," saith He.

Doxology.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Evensong.

AUTHOR of all things, Christ, the world's Redeemer,
Monarch of monarchs, Judgement's dread Awarder!
Now to our praises, as to our petitions,
Graciously hearken.

2 Lo! with the morning, we our votive anthems
Frame to Thine honour; grant that they may please Thee;
And, as we hymn Thee, Source of Light Eternal,
Ever refresh us.

3 Sunlike Thy Visage shone with rays of splendour,
Brightly Thy raiment gleam'd with snowy whiteness,
When, 'mid the Prophets, Moses and Elias,
Thou wast transfigured.

4 Then did the Father own Thee Sole-begotten;
Thou art the Glory of the holy Angels;
Thee, the Way, Virtue, Life, the world's Salvation,
Ever confess we.
Proper of Saints.

Doxology.
Glory and worship be to Thee, Creator, Who alone all things rulest and controllst, Throned in Thy Kingdom, Monarch Everlasting, God in Three Persons. Amen.

If Ye. and Ye. are required, see Hymn 252.

Plainsong Melodies 49, 50: Barred Tune 645 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

— Lux alma Jesu mentium. Morn. (Rom.)

Light of the soul, Thou Saviour Blest,
Soon as Thy Spirit fills each breast,
Away earth’s clouds and darkness roll,
And sweetness overflows the soul.

2 How happy he who feels Thee nigh,
Son of the Father, Lord most High;
Thy Light in Heav’n doth sweetly glow,
Denied to fleshly sight below.

3 Thou Brightness of the Father’s Throne,
Thou Love that never can be known,
Possess our souls, and bid them be
Fulfill’d with love for Heav’n and Thee.

Doxology.
To Jesus, from the proud conceal’d,
But evermore to babes reveal’d,
All glory, with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Y. A crown of gold is upon His Head.
K. Engraved with holiness, glory, and honour.

The Sweet Name of Jesus.
Plainsong Melodies 25, 27 : Barred Tune 130 (1), N.O.H.B., Pt. i.

— Jesu dulcis memoria. Morn. (Sarum.)

Let ev’ry heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesu’s Name of bliss;
And passing sweet its music is.

2 Jesus” the comfortless consoles,
“Jesus” each sinful quells,
“Jesus” the Hosts of Hell controls,
“Jesus” each deadly foe repels.

3 “Jesus,” how sweetly doth it sound
In ev’ry measure, prose, or psalm;
It makes each quick’ning bosom bound,
And soothes us with Divinest calm.

4 Far let that Name exalted ring!
“Jesus” let ev’ry tongue confess!
Let heart and voice their praises bring,
The Healer of our souls to bless.

5 Jesu, the sinner’s Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
The frail and erring wand’rer guide,
The penitent transgressor spare.

6 Be Thy dear Name our sure defence,
In ev’ry peril be our Stay:
And, purging us from sin’s offence,
Perfect us in the better way.

7 O Christ, all glory be to Thee,
Refugent with this Name Divine;
All honour, worship, majesty,
Jesu, for evermore be Thine.

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

Y. All the earth, O God, shall worship Thee,
K. And shall praise Thy Name.

( 37**)
Part 2. Office Hymns.

257 Jesu, Decus Angelicow. Morn. (Rom.)

JESU, Delight of Angel Host!
Thou Song, the ear that charmest most!
Pure Honey to the mouth Thou art,
And Heav'nly Nectar to the heart.

2 For they who taste Thee hunger sore,
And they who drink Thee thirst the more,
Desiring naught, below, above,
Save Jesus, Whom their spirits love.

3 O Jesu, most desired and dear,
Sweet Hope of longing spirits here!
To Thee with earnest tears we turn,
For Thee our hearts impatient yearn.

4 Remain with us, dear Lord, to-day,
In every soul Thy Light display;
Disperse the gloomy shades of ill,
And all things with Thy sweetness fill.

Doxology.
Jesu, the Virgin Mother's Flower,
Thou Love alone of sweetest power,
All honour to Thy Name shall be,
Both now, and through Eternity.

1st Even. Morn. (Saturn.)

Tibi Christe Splendor Patri. 1st Even. Morn. (Sarum.)

THEE, 0 Christ, the Father's Splendour,
Life and Virtue of the heart,
In the presence of the Angels
Sing we now with tuneful art;
Meetly, in alternate chorus,
Bearing our responsive part.

2 Thus we praise with veneration
All the soldiery of Heav'n;
But chief honour, to the leader
Of the Heav'nly Host, be given,
Michael, who, with royal valour,
Hath the fiend to darkness driven.

3 By whose watchful care, repelling
All things evil, all things base,
So protect us, and direct us,
King of Everlasting grace,
That hereafter, of Thy goodness,
We may find in Heav'n a place.

Doxology.
Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
Cons substantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

1st Evensong and Mattins.

J. In the Name of the Lord is our help.
K. Who hath made Heaven and earth.

The Beheading of S. John Baptist.
See Hymns for Common of Martyrs.

The Nativity of the B. V. Mary.
See Hymns for Common of the B. V. Mary.

At 2nd Evensong, Hymn 118.

Holy Cross Day,
Otherwise called "THE EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS."
See Hymns 234, 235.

S. Michael and All Angels.
Plainsong Melody 67: Barred Tune 707, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

258 Tibi Christe Splendor Patrias.
1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)

THEE, O Christ, the Father's Splendour,
Life and Virtue of the heart,
In the presence of the Angels
Sing we now with tuneful art;
Meetly, in alternate chorus,
Bearing our responsive part.

2 Thy thousand thousand Hosts are spread
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
But Michael bears Thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

3 He, in that Sign, the rebel Powers
Did, with their Dragon Prince, expel;
And hurl'd them from the Heav'n's high Towers,
Down, like a thunderbolt, to Hell.

4 Grant us, with Michael, still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward,
Before the Lamb's pure Throne of Light.
Proper of Saints.

Doxology.
To God the Father glory be, 
And to His Sole-begotten Son;  
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee, 
While Everlasting Ages run. Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 258.

The Holy Guardian Angels.
Plainsong Melody 72: Barred Tune 554,  
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

261 Eterne Rector Siderum. (Rom.)
ETERNAL Ruler of the sky,  
Whose Might hath made and governs all,  
Beneath Thy care and loving eye  
All things, Thou hast created, fall.

2 Send Thou the Angel Thou didst set  
To be our Guardian and our friend;  
May he from taint of sin and death  
Our soul, and all its powers, defend.

3 The wily serpent's envious craft  
May his Angelic might destroy;  
Lest Satan's net, and snares unseen,  
Our heedless souls with guilt annoy.

4 From this our land may he repel  
Alarm of war and bloody fray;  
Bring tranquil peace to Christian homes;  
Drive plague and famine far away.

Doxology.
To God the Father glory be:  
May He by Angel Hosts defend  
The souls the Saviour died to save,  
On whom He did the Spirit send. Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 258.

All Saints' Day.
Plainsong Melodies 25, 27: Barred Tune 645 (2),  
N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

262 Salutis Eterne Dator.  
1st Evensong and Morn. Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

0 JESU, Saviour of the earth,  
Help Thy redeem'd ones in their need;  
And may the Maid, who gave Thee birth,  
For hapless sinners ever plead.

2 Let Angel armies bow to Thee,  
And Patriarchs of saintly worth;  
And Seers, a goodly company,  
Ask pardon for the sons of earth.

3 The Baptist, Herald of Thy Face,  
And he the mystic keys who bears,  
With all Apostles, ask Thy grace,  
And aid us with their ceaseless prayers.

4 And may the sacred Martyr-band,  
With Virgin-saints, a spotless train,  
And Priestly ranks adoring stand,  
That we may full remission gain.
5 Let all, who dwell above the sky,  
And now in Heav'nly glory reign,  
Uplift to Thee, O Christ, their cry,  
That we may to their joys attain.

Doxology.
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost to Thee,  
All honour, praise, and might be done,  
From age to age eternally. Amen.

At 1st Evensong.
촉 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord.  
촉 Be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.
촉 The Saints shall be joyful with glory.  
촉 They shall rejoice in their beds.

Plainsong Melodies 25, 27; Barred Tune 645 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.
263 Placare Christe servulis. Morn. & Even.

THE Father's pardon from above,  
O Christ, bestow; Thy servants  
spare; And, bending from Thy Throne of Love,  
Regard the Blessed Virgin's prayer.

2 Bright Angels, happy evermore,  
Who in your circles nine ascend,  
As ye have guarded us before,  
So may ye still our steps defend.

3 While Prophets, and Apostles high,  
Forgiveness for our sins entreat,  
Lord, hear Thy servants as they cry,  
And spare us at Thy Judgement-seat.

4 In purple clad, the Martyr-band,  
Confessors too, a shining train,  
All call us to our Native Land,  
From this our exile, back again.

5 Ye Choirs of Virgins, wise and chaste,  
O may we share your seats on High,  
With Hermits, who from deserts waste  
Were call'd to Mansions in the sky.

6 So may the realms of faith be blest,  
So unbelief be chased away,  
Till all within One Fold find rest,  
Secure beneath One Shepherd's sway.

Doxology.
To God the Father glory be,  
And to His Sole-begotten Son,  
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While Everlasting ages run. Amen.

For 7. and 8. see Hymn 262.
Common of Saints.

2 Redeemer! save Thy work,
   Thy noble work of grace,
   Seal'd with the Holy Light
   That beameth from Thy Face;
   Nor suffer them to fall
   To Satan's wiles a prey,
   For whom Thou didst on earth
   Death's costly ransom pay.

3 Pity Thy flock, enthralled
   By sin's captivity;
   Forgive each guilty soul,
   And set the bondmen free;
   And those Thou hast redeem'd
   With Thine own Precious Blood,
   Grant to rejoice with Thee,
   Thou Monarch kind and good.

Doxology.

O Jesu, Saviour blest,
   And gracious Lord, to Thee,
All glory, virtue, power,
   And land, and empire be;
The Father with like praise,
   And Spirit we adore;
With Whom Thou reignest God,
   For ages evermore. Amen.

* Or their praise.

Or the following version of the same:

Plainsong Melodies 60, 61.

266  Annue Christe.

MONARCH of ages, hear us of Thy clemency,
   For *his dear merits, whom we now commemorate,
That we, who oftentimes grievously have trespass'd,
   At *his petition may obtain deliverance.

2 Save, O Redeemer, this Thy noble handiwork,
   Seal'd with the holy radiance of Thy Countenance;
Let no foul spirit rend, by fraud or subtlety,
   Them, for whose ransom Thou hast paid death's penalty.

3 Pity Thy servants pining in captivity,
   Pardon the guilty, raise the fetter'd prisoners;
   And Thy redeem'd ones, whom Thy Blood hath purchased,
   Grant, King of goodness, joy with Thee in Paradise.

   * Or their.

Doxology.

To Thee. O Jesu, Blessèd Lord, for evermore
   Be glory, virtue, honour, and supremacy;
   One with the Father, and the Holy Paraclete,
   With Whom Thou reignest, God from all Eternity. Amen.

* Their sound is gone out into all lands.
† And their words into the ends of the world.

Plainsong Melody 73; during Christmastide 25, 27: Barred Tune 615 (?), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

267  Exultet orbis gaudiiis. Even. & Morn.

NOW let the earth with joy resound,
   And Heav'n the chant re-echo round;
Nor Heav'n, nor earth, too high can raise
   Strains in the great Apostles' praise.

2 Ye Judges, throned in glory dread,
   True lights upon a dark world shed;
We laud you all with hearts sincere,
   While we devoutly worship here.

3 To your prevailing word 'twas given
   To open and close the doors of Heav'n,
And, from their guilt, by your decree,
   To set repentant sinners free.

4 To your instructions were assign'd
   The weal and woe of lost mankind;
May God, while you entreat, restore
   Our lives to holiness once more;

5 That so, when Christ, the Judge of Doom,
   At time's last end, to earth shall come,
We may be call'd those joys to see,
   Prepared from all Eternity.

Ordinary Doxology.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
   And Holy Spirit, with Them One,
As ever was in ages past,
   And shall be, while the ages last. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong.

† Their sound is gone out into all lands.
 † And their words into the ends of the world.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

† They declared the work of God.
 † And perceived that it was His doing.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

268 Eterna Christi munera. Morn.

TH' Eternal Gifts of Christ the King,
Th' Apostles' wondrous deeds we sing,
And, while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2 For they the Church's Princes are,
Triumphant Leaders in the war;
The Soldiers of the Heav'nly Hall,
The Lights that rose on earth for all.

3 Theirs was the stedfast faith of Saints,
And theirs the hope that never faints;
And theirs Christ's love in perfect glow,
That lays the Prince of this world low.

4 In them the Father's glory shone,
In them the love of God the Son;
In them exults the Holy Ghost,
Through them rejoice the Heav'nly Host.

Doxology.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy Love,
That, with the glorious Band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place.

This Doxology never alters.

If F. and R. are required, see Hymn 267.

269 Trietes erant Apostoli. Even. & Morn.

TH' Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear Lord so lately slain,
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of bitter agony.

2 With glad surprise the women heard
The Angel's sure and welcome word:
"Lo! soon the Lord with His own Voice
Shall bid His faithful flock rejoice."

3 When hast'ning on their eager way
Th' Apostles' sorrows to allay,
Lo, Jesus' shining Form they meet,
And run to clasp His Sacred Feet.

4 Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee's lone hills proceed,
And, in the Presence of their Lord,
To peace and gladness are restor'd.

5 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology during Eastertide.

To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology within Ascensiontide, see 154.

270 Paschale mundo gaudium. Morn.

THAT Eastertide with joy is bright,
The sun shines out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
Th' Apostles see their Risen Lord.

2 They gaze upon His Form Divine;
His Wounds, like stars, all brightly shine;
And, what their eyes have witness'd there,
They to a wond'ring world declare.

3 O Christ our King, our hearts possess,
And with Thy fost'ring Presence bless;
So may our tongues, in ceaseless praise,
To Thy great Name due anthems raise.

4 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology during Eastertide.

To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology within Ascensiontide, see 154.

For F. and R. see Hymn 269.

Plainsong Melodies 71, 74; during Christmas-tide 28: Barred Tune 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

Doxology during Eastertide.

To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology within Ascensiontide, see 154.

At 1st Evensong.

F. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous. Alleluia.
R. God hath chosen you to be His inheritance. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

F. Right dear in the sight of the Lord. Alleluia.
R. Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.

At 1st Evensong.

F. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous. Alleluia.
R. God hath chosen you to be His inheritance. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.

F. Right dear in the sight of the Lord. Alleluia.
R. Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.


270 Paschale mundo gaudium. Morn.

THAT Eastertide with joy is bright,
The sun shines out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
Th' Apostles see their Risen Lord.

2 They gaze upon His Form Divine;
His Wounds, like stars, all brightly shine;
And, what their eyes have witness'd there,
They to a wond'ring world declare.

3 O Christ our King, our hearts possess,
And with Thy fost'ring Presence bless;
So may our tongues, in ceaseless praise,
To Thy great Name due anthems raise.

4 Grant, Lord, in Thee each faithful mind
Unceasing Paschal joy to find;
And from the death of sin set free
Souls newly-born to life by Thee.

Doxology during Eastertide.

To Thee, once dead, Who now dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology within Ascensiontide, see 154.

For F. and R. see Hymn 269.
Common of Saints.

Common of Martyrs.

Plainsong Melodies 77; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

271 Invicta Martyrum unicium.
1st Evensong and Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)

THOU Martyr of unconquer'd might, Who follow'd Jesus to the fight Thine every foe now prostrate lies, And Heaven accords the victor's prize.

2 Lord, may his prayer for us obtain The cleansing of each guilty stain; Shield us from sin's polluting bight, And put life's weariness to flight.

3 Now riven are the bonds in twain, Which did his saintly limbs enchain; So, Saviour, by Thy power release Our souls, that languish for Thy peace.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be, All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, Whom, with the Spirit, we adore, Both on this day, and evermore. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For §. and ¶, see Hymn 272.

Plainsong Melodies 75, 76; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

272 Deus Tuorum militum.
Even. & Morn.


2 Most truly wise, he learned to know The vanity of things below, The fleeting joys of earth disdain'd, And Everlasting Glory gain'd.

3 For Thee, through many a woe he ran, In many a fight he play'd the man; For Thee his blood was fain to pour, And now he lives for evermore.

4 We therefore pray Thee, Lord of love, Regard us from Thy Throne above, On this Thy Martyr's Triumph-day, Wash ev'ry stain of sin away.

Ordinary Doxology.

All glory to the Father be, All glory, Holy Son, to Thee, Whom, with the Spirit, we adore, For ever and for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong out of Eastertide.

§ Thou hast crowned him with glory and worship, O Lord. ¶ And hast made him to have dominion of the works of Thy hands.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong out of Eastertide.

§ The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree. ¶ And shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.

At 1st Evensong during Eastertide.

§ Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous. Alleluia. ¶ God hath chosen you to be His inheritance. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong during Eastertide.


Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 3, on page [35] at end of vol.

273 Rex gloriose Martyrum. Morn. (Rom.) Morn. & Even. (Sarum.) Even. Eastertide only. (Rom.)

0 THOU, the Martyrs' glorious King, Confessors' Crown that lasts for aye, Who dost to Joys Eternal bring Those, who have cast earth's joys away.

2 Thine ear in mercy, Saviour, lend, And, while Thy Saints' brave deeds we sing, Unto our humble prayers attend, And to our souls deliverance bring.

3 Martyrs by Thee their conquests win; Confessors grace and mercy gain; O'ercome in us the might of sin; Thy pardon may our souls obtain.

Ordinary Doxology.

To God the Father glory be, And to His Sole-begotten Son, And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee, While Everlasting Ages run. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong out of Eastertide.

§ Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord. ¶ And be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

(43**)
**Part 2. Office Hymns.**

**At Mattins and 2nd Evensong out of Eastertide.**

1. The Saints shall be joyful in glory.
2. They shall rejoice in their beds.

**At 1st Evensong during Eastertide.**

2. God hath chosen you to be His inheritance. Alleluia.

**At Mattins and 2nd Evensong during Eastertide.**

2. Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.


**Sanctorum meritis.**

1st Even. & Morn. (Sarum.)
Even. out of Eastertide. (Rom.)

The merits of the Saints,
Blessed for evermore,
Their love that never faints,
The toils they bravely bore,
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay;
These victors wear the noblest bay.

2 By better hope sustain’d,
In that false world of yore,
They, for their Lord, disdain’d
Its fruitless, flowerless shore;
Earth’s joys forsaking all,
They follow’d, at Thy call,
Lord Jesu, to Thy Heav’nly Hall.

3 For Thee all pang they bare,
Fury, and mortal hate,
The cruel scourge to tear,
The hook to lacerate;
But vain their foes’ intent;
For, ev’ry torment spent,
Their valiant spirits stood unbent.

4 Like sheep their blood they pour’d;
And, without groan or tear,
They bent before the sword,
All for their King most dear;
Their souls, serenely blest,
In patience they possesst,
And look’d, in hope, towards their rest.

5 What tongue may here declare,
Fancy or thought desory,
The joys Thou dost prepare
For these Thy Saints on High?
Empurpled in the flood
Of their triumphant blood,
They won the laurel from their God.

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**Doxology.**

To Thee, O Lord Most High,
One in There Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And keep us from all ill;
Here give Thy servants peace;
Hereafter glad release,
And pleasures that shall never cease.

For 1. and 2. see Hymn 273.

Amen.

Plainsong Melodies 71, 74; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 247(9), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

**275 Christe profusum sanguinem.**

Morn.

The Martyrs’ wondrous deeds we sing,
Their blood pour’d forth for Christ the King,
And, while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2 They vanquish’d ev’ry worldly fear,
Nor shrink’d from pain and anguish here;
And, death’s brief struggle o’er, possess
The perfect life of blessedness.

3 To flames behold the Martyrs haled;
By teeth of savage beasts assail’d;
Before them, arm’d with ruthless brand,
And iron fangs, their torturers stand.

4 They bare their bosoms to the sword;
On earth their sacred blood is pour’d;
Yet firm and steadfast they remain,
The prize of Endless Life to gain.

Doxology.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,
That, with the Martyr-Host above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place.

Amen.

This Doxology never alters.

If 1. and 2. are required, see Hymn 273.

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**Common of a Confessor, Bishop or not Bishop.**

Plainsong Melodies 63, 81, 82, 83, 84, 108: Barred Tune 9, on page [40] at end of vol.

**276 Iste Confessor Domini colentes.**

Even. & Morn.

He the Confessor of the Lord, whose story
All faithful people tell with veneration,
*This Day in Triumph Merited to Enter Heavenly Mansions.*

For *see at end of Hymn.*
Common of Saints.

2 Saintly and prudent, crown'd with gentle meekness,
Modest and sober, chaste was he and lowly,
While that life's vigour, coursing through his members,
Quicken'd his being.

3 Surely, in answer to his supplications,
Will the Redeemer, dwelling in the Highest,
Pity our weakness, blessings on His servants
Freely bestowing.

4 Wherefore we gladly celebrate his praises,
And, on his Feast Day, do him fitting honour,
That in his glory we may have a portion
With him hereafter.

Doxology.
His be the glory, honour and salvation,
Who over all things reigneth in the Highest,
Ordering meetly earth, and sky, and ocean,

*If it be the Translation, and not the Anniversary of the Saint's death, the following is said instead:

**ON THIS HIS FEAST DAY, YEAR BY YEAR, RECEIVEETH MERITED HONOURS.

At 1st Evensong.
Æ. The Lord loved him, and beautified him. Alleluia.
ß. He clothed him with a robe of glory. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.
Æ. The Lord guided the just one in right paths. Alleluia.
ß. And showed him the Kingdom of God. Alleluia.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101: Barred Tune 130 (9), N.O.H.B., Pt. I.

277 Interni festi gaudia.
Our festal strains to-day reveal
The joys that faithful spirits feel,
As often as the inmost heart
In these true Sabbaths bears a part.

2 The pure of soul alone have grace
The future joys of Heav'n to trace,
And learn, in foretaste sweet and rare,
What glories deck the Blessed there.

3 Blest is that Country, ever blest,
Which knoweth naught save joy and rest;
Whose citizens for ever raise
The long unbroken chant of praise:

4 Whom sweetness, more than earthly, fills,
Who know no grief, and mourn no ills;
Whom never more can foe alarm,
Nor storm approach, to work them harm.

5 Let this our meditation be
Along the vale of misery;
This occupy each sleeping hour,
And exercise each waking power.

6 Thus shall we gain, this exile past,
Our Country's blessèd Crown at last;
Thus in His Glory shall adore
The King of Ages evermore.

Ordinary Doxology.
Praise God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Who, to His faithful servants' hearts,
Himself, their Great Reward, imparts.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For Æ. and ß. see Hymn 276.

278 Harum laudum praecopia.
The praises, that the Blessed know,
The Church shall imitate below,
Whene'er she greets in yearly strain
The Birthdays of her Saints again.

2 What bliss, in that Celestial land,
Is theirs, the bright Confessor Band;
Who see the King, That crowns the fight,
In all His Majesty of Light.

3 This cannot human fancy know,
Nor tongue of men nor Angels show,
Till endless life the vict'ry brings,
That gives, for earthly, Heav'nly things.

4 That we the Saints' blest lives may reach,
That we their blessed Faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The Spirit of all grace bestow.

Ordinary Doxology.
Praise God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Who, to His faithful servants' hearts,
Himself, their Great Reward, imparts.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For Æ. and ß. see Hymn 276.

(45**)
Common of a Confessor and Bishop.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Christmastide 25, 27; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101; Barred Tune 130(2), N.O.H.B., Pt. 1.

279 Jesu Redemptor omnium. 
Morn. (Rom.) Morn. & Even. (Sarum.)

O THOU, Whose all-redeeming might Crowns Prelates brave in faith's true fight, 
On this Commemoration Day, 
Hear us, good Jesu, while we pray.

2 This meek Confessor of Thy Name To day attain'd the saintly fame, 
Whom pious hearts with praise revere, 
In constant mem'ry year by year.

3 The world's delusive joys he spurn'd, 
And from its false allurementsturn'd; 
And now, with Angels round Thy Throne, 
Unfading treasures are his own.

4 O grant to us, Most Gracious God, 
To follow in the steps he trod; 
Help'd by his prayers, and freed from sin, 
As he hath won, so may we win.

Ordinary Doxology.

To Thee, O Christ, our loving King, 
All glory, praise, and thanks we bring; 
All glory, as is ever meet, 
To Father, and to Paraclete. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For f. and f', see Hymn 270.

Common of a Confessor, not a Bishop.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101; Barred Tune 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

280 Jesu, Corona celior. Morn.

O Jesu, Crown above the sky, 
Thou Everlasting Truth most High, 
Who dost to Thy Confessor give 
Rewards with those that ever live.

2 Thy supplingate people spare; 
O may we, holpen by his prayer, 
Remission of our sins obtain, 
And freedom from each binding chain.

3 Again the circling year hath brought The blessed day, with gladness fraught, Whereon Thy Saint, from flesh set free, 
With joy ascended up to Thee.

4 All earthly objects of desire 
To him were but as filthy mire; 
He deem'd them with defilement soil'd, 
And so for things eternal soil'd.

5 Thee, Christ, his King, most kind and blest, 
With constant heart he eye confest; 
And thus the crafty foe he beat, 
And trampted Hell beneath his feet.

6 How firm his faith and power of love! 
Constant did his confession prove; 
He oft was found in fast and prayer, 
And now the Heav'nly Feast doth share.

7 Lord Jesu, full of love and grace, 
We humbly fall before Thy Face, 
And, for Thy servant's sake, we pray, 
Hearken, and wash our sins away.

Ordinary Doxology.

All praise to God the Father be, 
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, 
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore, 
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For f. and f', see Hymn 270.

Common of Virgins.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; during Eastertide 46, 47, 48; during Ascensiontide 49, 50, 101; Barred Tune 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

281 Jesu Corona Virginum. 

Morn. & Morn.

JESU, the Virgins' Crown, do Thou, 
Accept us, as in prayer we bow; 
Born of that Virgin, whom alone 
A Mother, yet a Maid, we own.

2 Amongst the lilies Thou art found, 
While Virgin Choirs Thy steps surround; 
And Thou, the Bridegroom, dost provide 
With comely gifts each spotless bride.

3 And whither, Lord, Thy Footsteps bend, 
The Virgins still with praise attend; 
In joyful troops they follow Thee, 
With dance, and sweetest melody.

4 O Gracious Lord, we Thee implore 
Thy grace into our heartsto pour; 
From all corruption set us free, 
And purify our souls for Thee.
Common of Saints.

Ordinary Doxology.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Might, honour, praise, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

At 1st Evensong.
In thy comeliness and thy beauty. Alleluia.
Go forward, fare prosperously, and reign. Alleluia.

At Mattins and 2nd Evensong.
Full of grace are thy lips. Alleluia.
Because God hath blessed thee for ever. Alleluia.

For a Virgin, not a Martyr.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 83, 85, 108; Barred Tune 10, on page [40] at end of vol.

283 Virginia Proles Opifexque matria.
1st Even & Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)
OFFSPRING, yet Maker, of Thy Mother lowly,
Virgin conceiv'd Thee, Virgin bare Thee solely;
Hear, as the triumph of a virgin holy
We sing before Thee.

2 O God of mercy, hear her interceding;
 Hasten the pardon we for sin are needing;
 So, from pure hearts, shall holy hymns proceeding
 Tell of Thy praises.

Doxology.
Now to the Father, praise from all creation;
Only-begotten, unto Thee salvation;
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration,

If F. and R. are required, see Hymn 281.

Common of a Virgin and Martyr.

Plainsong Melodies 65, 83, 85, 108; Barred Tune 10, on page [40] at end of vol.

282 Virginia Proles Opifexque matria.
1st Even & Morn. (Sarum.) Morn. (Rom.)
OFFSPRING, yet Maker, of Thy Mother lowly,
Virgin conceiv'd Thee, Virgin bare Thee solely;
Hear, as the triumph of a virgin holy
We sing before Thee.

2 O God of mercy, hear her interceding;
Hasten the pardon we for sin are needing;
So, from pure hearts, shall holy hymns proceeding
Tell of Thy praises.

Doxology.
Now to the Father, praise from all creation;
Only-begotten, unto Thee salvation;
Spirit, we yield Thee equal adoration,

If F. and R. are required, see Hymn 281.

Common of Holy Matrons.

Plainsong Melodies 70, 71; Barred Tune 641, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

284 Fortem virili pectore. Even. & Morn.

PRAISE we the woman, who, endued
With more than woman's fortitude,
Hath won, through grace, an honour'd name,
Due tribute of her saintly fame.

2 Fill'd with a pure Celestial glow,
She spurn'd the love of things below,
As, by the steep and narrow way,
She climb'd to Realms of Endless Day.

3 Withfasts her body she subdued,
But fill'd her soul with prayer's sweet food;
In other worlds she tastes the bliss,
For which she left the joys of this.

4 O Christ, from Whom all virtue springs,
Who only doest wondrous things,
For her dear sake, we humbly pray,
In mercy hear our cry to-day.

(47** )
Part 2. Office Hymns.

Ordinary Doxology.
All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.
Amen.

For Doxology according to the Season, see 151 to 155.

For 1. and 2. see Hymn 281.

The last verse of Hymn 283, with the
Doxology, may also be used.

Common of the B.V. Mary.

Plainsong Melodies 86, 87, 88: Barred Tune 415 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

285 Ave maris Stella. Even.

HAIL, Bright Star of ocean!
Our Salvation's portal!
Ever Virgin-Mother
Of the Lord Immortal.
2 When the wondrous message
Was by Gabriel spoken,
Eva changed to "Ave"
Was of peace the token;
3 Light illumined our darkness,
Chains of sin were riven,
Ills in mercy banish'd,
Blessings freely given.
4 Christ of thee hath deigned
To be born our Brother;
And, through endless ages,
Thou art still the Mother.
5 Virgin, all-excelling,
Passing meek and lowly,
Thou shalt be our pattern,
Blameless, chaste, and holy.
6 So we onward journey,
All in safety faring,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
In thy gladness sharing.

Doxology.
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise, and blessing. Amen.

The Conception.
1. To-day is the Conception of the Holy Virgin Mary.
2. Whose glorious life sheddeth a lustre over all the Churches.

The Purification.
1. It was revealed unto Symeon by the Holy Ghost.
2. That he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

The Annunciation.
1. Hall, thou that art highly favoured. Alleluia.
2. The Lord is with thee. Alleluia.

The Visitation.
2. And Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.

The Nativity.
1. To-day is the Nativity of the Holy Virgin Mary.
2. Whose glorious life sheddeth a lustre over all the Churches.

Plainsong Melody 90: Barred Tune 615 (2), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.; or Tune on page [35] at end of vol.

286 Quernterra, pontus, sidera. Morn.

THE God, Whom earth, and sea, and sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify,
Who o'er this threefold system reigns,
The Virgin's spotless womb contains.
2 The King, Whom sun and moon obey,
Submissive to His sov'reign sway,
Is borne upon a Maiden's breast,
By fullest Heav'nly grace possess'd.
3 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The World's Creator, Lord Divine,
Whose Hand contains the earth and sky,
Vouchsafed, as in His Ark, to lie.
4 Blest in the message Gabriel brought;
Blest by the work the Spirit wrought;
From whom the Great Desire of earth
Took human flesh, and human birth.

Doxology.
Eternal praise and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

If 1. and 2. are required, see Hymn 285 or 287.

287 O gloriosa Virginum. Morn.

GLORIOUS Virgin, ever Blest,
Sublime above the starry sky,
Who nurture from thy spotless breast
To thy Creator didst supply.

(48**)
The Dedication of a Church.

2 What man had lost in hapless Eve,
Thy Gracious Seed to man restores;
And, granting bliss to souls that grieve,
Unbars the Everlasting Doors.

3 The Portal thou of Heav'n's High King,
The Hall whence Light shone through the gloom;
The ransom'd tribes rejoice, and sing
The Offspring of thy virgin womb.

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

The Purification.

For the festival of The Virgin, see Plainsong Melody 285.

288  O quam glorifica. Even. (Sarum.)
WITH what glorious lustre thou shinest,
Daughter of David, with Offspring Divinest,
Mary the Virgin, who loftily dwellest,
And all the Blessed ones greatly excelst.

2 Mother, thy virginal honour still bearing,
Shrine for the Lord of the Angels preparing,
God to thy bosom His Son was confiding;
Thus in Humanity Christ was abiding.

3 Him the whole Universe lowly adoreth,
Duly on bended knee ever imploreh;
Now, on thy Festival, may He be sending
Light to our darkness, and joy without ending.

Doxology.
This, of Thy clemency, Father Eternal,
Grant through the Son with the Spirit Supernal;
In the bright firmament ever abiding,
And all the ages through ruling and guiding. Amen.

Mary the Mother of God is exalted.
Above the Choirs of Angels in the Heavenly Kingdom.

Blessed City, Heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilt,
Art the joy of Heav'n above,
And, with Angel-Hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

3 Radiant gleam thy pearly portals;
Open night and day the same;
And, through Christ's sufficing merits,
Entrance ev'ry soul may claim,
Who, for His dear sake, hath suffer'd
In this world reproach and shame.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the Heavenly Architect,
Who, theroth with hath will'd for ever
That His Palace should be deck'd.

Doxology.
Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

This, of the House of the Lord, firmly built.
Alleluia.
It is well founded upon a sure Rock.
Alleluia.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two walls underlying,
Binds them closely into one;
Holy Sion's Help for ever,
And her Confidence alone.

D** (49**)
Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved by God on High,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One, and God the Trinal,
Praising everlastingly.

3 To this Temple, where we call Thee.
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
That they ask of Thee to gain;
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their prayers obtain;
And, hereafter in Thy glory,
With Thy Blessed ones to reign.

Doxology.
Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

At Mattins.
This is the House of the Lord, firmly built.
Alleluia. Br.
It is well founded upon a sure Rock.
Alleluia.

At 2nd Evensong.
Holiness becometh Thine House, O Lord.
Alleluia. Br.
For ever. Alleluia.

Hymns for the Lesser Hours.

AT THE FIRST HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies, Sunday 8, 11, Ferial 11, 16: Barred Tune 1, on page 38 at end of vol.

291 Jam lucis orto sidere.

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do and say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And guard from anger’s din our life;
From all ill sights defend our eyes,
And close our ears from vanities.

3 O may our hearts within be pure;
Our thoughts from folly kept secure;
And may we check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinance.

4 So we, when this new day is done,
And shades of night are drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstain’d,
Shall praise His Name for vict’ry gain’d.

Ordinary Doxology.
All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore,
Both on this day, and evermore.

Amen.

N.B.—In the Lesser Hours, the Hymn Melody is always changed according to the Season.

AT THE THIRD HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies 9, 10, 11: Barred Tune 615(9), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

292 Nunc Sanctenobis Spiritus.

COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son;
Shed forth Thy Grace within each breast,
And dwell with us a ready Guest.

2 By ev’ry power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, Thy praise be sung;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

Ordinary Doxology.
Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

In the Sarum Breviary, Hymn 218 is appointed for Tenebrae on Whitsun Day and the three succeeding days.

AT THE SIXTH HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies 9, 10, 11: Barred Tune 617(9), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

293 Rector potens, veraz Deus.

0 GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who ord’rest time and change aight,
Bright’ning the morn with golden gleams,
Kindling the noonday’s fiery beams;

2 Extinguish, Lord, each baneful fire
Of sinful strife and vain desire;
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And grant our souls true peace in Thee.

Ordinary Doxology.
Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT THE NINTH HOUR.

Plainsong Melodies 9, 10, 11: Barred Tune 518, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

294 Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

0 GOD, Creation’s Force and Stay,
Thyself unmoved, abiding aye,
Supreme Thou rulest over all,
And day and night obey Thy call.
Hymns for the Lesser Hours.

2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious Evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attain’d,
Eternal Glory may be gain’d.

Ordinary Doxology.
Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT COMPLINE.

Plainsong Melodies 18, 19, 103: Barred Tune 686, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.; or Tune 1, on page [34] at end of vol.

295  Te lucis ante terminum.

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

2 Far may unholy visions fly; No fiends of darkness venture nigh; Tread under foot our ghostly foe; And purity and peace bestow.

Ordinary Doxology.
Most Holy Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most high,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT COMPLINE during Christmas and Epiphany; on Whit Sun Eve, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday in Whitsun Week; on Double Feasts from Epiphany to Lent, and during Trinity and Advent; on Feasts of B.V. Mary, and Dedication of a Church, with their Octaves.

Plainsong Melody 52: Barred Tune 427 (i), N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

296  Salvator mundi, Domine. (Sarum.)

0 SAVIOUR of the world we pray, Who hast preserved us through the day, Protect us through the coming night, And save us alway by Thy might.

2 Be with us, Lord, in mercy nigh, And spare Thy servants when they cry; Our sins blot out, our prayers receive, Our darkness lighten, and forgive.

3 Let not dull sleep oppress the soul, Nor Satan with his spirits foul; Our flesh keep chaste, that it may be An holy Temple meet for Thee.

4 To Thee, Who dost our souls renew, With heartfelt vows we humbly sue, That, pure in thought, and free from stain, We from our beds may rise again.

Ordinary Doxology.
All praise to God the Father be, All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, All glory, as is ever meet, To God, the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

AT COMPLINE from the 1st Sunday in Lent until Passion Sunday.

Plainsong Melody 104: Barred Tune 2, on page [34] at end of vol.

297  Christe, Qui Lux es et Dies. (Sarum.)

0 CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day, Thy beams chase night’s dark shades away; Thee Very Light of Light we own, Who hast Thy glorious Light made known.

2 To Thee, All-holy Lord, we bend, Thy servants through this night defend; And grant us calm repose in Thee, A quiet night from perils free.

3 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress, Nor crafty foe the heart possess; Nor Satan’s wiles the flesh allure, And make us in Thy sight impure.

4 Let but the eyes due slumber take; The heart to Thee be still awake; And Thy Right Hand protection be To all who love, and trust in, Thee.

5 O Thou, Who art our Strong Defence, Repress our foes’ proud insolence; Preserve and watch o’er us for good, The purchase of Thy Precious Blood.

6 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray, While hinder’d with the flesh we stay; Thou only canst the soul defend; Be with us, Saviour, to the end.

Doxology.
All praise to God the Father be, All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, All glory, as is ever meet, To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

AT COMPLINE on Passion Sunday and until Thursday in Holy Week.

Plainsong Melody 105: Barred Tune 16, on page [45] at end of vol.; or 514, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

298  Cultor Dei, memento. (Sarum.)

0 CHILD of God, remember Thy soul’s regeneration, The Font’s baptismal cleansing, The Seal of Confirmation.
Part 2. Office Hymns.

2 Take heed, when, call'd by slumber,  
All chastely thou reclinest,  
That with the sacred symbol  
Thy brow and breast thou signest.

3 From fear and power of darkness  
The Holy Cross shall save thee;  
For ghostly aid thy Master  
This blessed Symbol gave thee.

4 Begone! ye wandering phantoms  
Of wild unquiet dreaming;  
Away! thou Arch-deceiver,  
With thine unwearied scheming.

5 In vain, O subtle serpent,  
Thou toils unnumber'd weavest,  
And with thy guileful temptings  
Our hearts of peace bereavest.

6 Away! for Christ is with us;  
The Holy Name thou hearest;  
Away! with all thy Legions,  
Before the Sign thou fearest.

7 What though the weary body  
Awhile its rest betaking,  
The soul shall, 'en in slumber,  
To thoughts of Christ be waking.

Doxology.
To God th' Eternal Father,  
To Christ our sure Salvation,  
To Paraclete most Holy,  
Be endless adoration. Amen.

AT COMPLINE
on Low Sunday and until Ascension Day.
Plainsong Melody 103: Barred Tune 301, N.O.H.B., Pt. iii.

299 Jesu, Salvator noster. (Sarum.)  
JESU, the world's Redeeming Lord,  
Thou Light of Light, to men unknown,  
And watchful Guardian of Thine own.

2 Our great Creator and our Guide,  
Who times and seasons dost divide,  
O give our weary bodies rest,  
With this world's cares and toils opprest.

3 That, while in frames of sin and pain  
A little longer we remain,  
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep,  
That watch with Christ our souls may keep.

4 We pray Thee, while we dwell below,  
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;  
That he may ne'er victorious be  
O'er them that are redeem'd by Thee.

5 We pray Thee, Lord, with us abide  
In this our joyful Eastertide;  
From ev'ry weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.

Doxology.
To Thee, once dead, Who now doth live,  
All glory, Lord, Thy people give,  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

AT COMPLINE
on Ascension Day and until Whitsun Eve, according to Sarum Breviary Use, see Hymn 215.

AT COMPLINE
on Whitsun-Day, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun Week, and on the Feast of the Sweet Name of Jesus.
Plainsong Melody 11C: Barred Tune 17, on page [46] at end of vol.

300 Alma quebus Domini. (Sarum.)
Now let our voices rehearse our Lord's dear titles in order:  
Saviour of men, Messiah, Emmanuel,  
Lord of Sabaoth, Consustantial, the Way and the Life,  
The Hand, Only-begotten, Wisdom and Might, Beginning, the First-born of ev'ry creature;  
Alpha is He and Omega, at once both the Head and the Ending,  
Fountain and Source of all good, our Advocate and Mediator;  
He is the Heifer, the Lamb, the Sheep,  
Ram, the Worm, Serpent, and Lion,  
Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun, Glory, Splendour, and Image,  
Blessed, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock, Mountain, and Stone of the Corner,  
Angel, and Spouse of the Church, the Shepherd, the Priest, and the Prophet,  
Mighty, Immortal, Supreme, Lord God Omnipotent, Jesus;  
* O may He save us, Whose be the Glory for Ages of Ages. Amen.

* On the Feast of the Name of Jesus, instead of this verse, is said:
These be Thy titles, Jesu; to Thee be all honour and Glory. Amen.

End of Part II.
(52** )
THE NEW OFFICE HYMN BOOK.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show;
Their Joys are full; our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

Waller.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

AND

W. KNOTT, 26, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN.

Edition H. 1907.
INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. OF THE OFFICE HYMNS.

The Office Hymns are the Hymns in the Divine Office—i.e., in that Daily Service of the Church of which the Psalter forms the centre, or backbone. These ancient Hymns, like the rest of the Office, are fixed in the Breviaries, and not left to individual taste or caprice. It must be remembered that our "Prayer Book Mattins" is a Service made up of the old Mattins and Lauds, compressed and greatly abbreviated; while our Evensong is the old Vespers and Compline, condensed in the same way; and there is little doubt that the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer, in the sixteenth century, would have translated and adapted from the Latin the Hymns as well as the Psalms, Collects, etc., if they could have found anyone competent to render them into English verse.

Besides the unvarying Hymns at the Lesser Hours (Prime, Terce, Sext, None, and Compline *), the Breviary contains three Hymns for daily use, viz., at Mattins, Lauds, and Vespers respectively. Thus we are provided with one constantly varying Hymn for Evensong daily, and with two for our Morning Office. So many of these Hymns are given in the "Office Hymn Book" as belong to Seasons and Festivals marked in the Prayer Book Kalendar. A few others are added as useful or interesting; among which are those for Corpus Christi (or Thursday after Trinity Sunday) (1) because, Corpus Christi having been observed for so many years as the Anniversary of the C.B.S., their use has been widely restored in the Church of England, and (2) because it is hardly befitting to introduce Harvest Thanksgivings for the bread which perisheth, and at the same time to disregard that Festival which has been for nearly 700 years the appointed Thanksgiving for the Bread which endureth unto Everlasting Life.

If Office Hymns are required on a day of Harvest Thanksgiving, those for Tuesday (in "Hymns for the Week") are suggested as suitable for the occasion.

§ 2. OF THEIR USE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

It may be objected that, as the Mattins Hymns were originally written for singing at Midnight, and the Lauds Hymns at Daybreak, they are not suited to Parochial Services and the requirements of the present day. There are, it is true, in them a few allusions to darkness, sunrise, etc., which it was not always possible to soften down in the translations. It may, however, be doubted whether these expressions present greater difficulties than some in the Prayer Book, in habitual use amongst us, e.g., "the beginning of this day," so often repeated by us at 11.30 a.m., or "the perils and dangers of this night," often used at 3 p.m. Rev. E. Caswall, who translated into English the whole of the Breviary Hymns according to present Western use, (though for the most part not in their original metres) says, "The greater number of them appear to have been originally written, not with a view to private reading, but for the purpose of being sung to the beautiful ecclesiastical melodies by Monastic and other Religious Bodies at their Office in Choir. This circumstance will serve to explain a few scattered expressions

* The Sarum Compline Hymn is subject to occasional changes.
which otherwise might seem unreal; as, for instance, where allusions occur to the practice of rising at midnight to sing praises to God; and if, on the one hand, some few of the Hymns may so far appear less adapted to the use of persons living in the world, it is our gain surely, on the other hand, thus, by occasional glimpses, to be reminded of that more perfect life, which has never ceased to be a reality in the Catholic Church."

The same accomplished writer adds the following well considered words as to the superiority of the Breviary Hymns over modern compositions:

"Another advantage, which we owe, doubtless, in a measure, to the same circumstance—an advantage not to be despised in a sentimental age—is the exceedingly plain and practical character of these Hymns. Written with a view to constant daily use, they aim at something more than merely exciting the feelings. They have a perpetual reference to action. Their character is eminently objective. Their tendency is to take the individual out of himself; to set before him, in turn, all the varied and sublime Objects of Faith; and to blend him with the universal family of the Faithful."

§ 3. Of the Signatures to the Hymns.

The Hymns in Editions A, B, D of the New Office Hymn Book, distinguished by the signature "Morn," are from the Sarum and Roman Breviaries for Mattins or Lauds; and those marked "Even" from the same Breviaries for Vespers. When the word (Rom.) is added in brackets it implies that the Hymn is taken from the Roman Breviary only; when (Sarum) is added, it implies that the Hymn is peculiar to the Sarum Breviary.

The signatures of a few of the Hymns show that they are from other Breviaries. Hymns 229, 277, 278, which are without signature, are ancient Hymns which have never found a place in any Breviary. Of these, 229 is the well-known Hymn by S. Thomas Aquinas, of which Dr. Neale says: "Though it was never in public use, it was appended, as a private devotion, to most Missals"; while 277, 278 will be found useful as alternative Hymns for Confessors' Days, for which there is a paucity of choice.

To distinguish between the Mattins Hymns and the Lauds Hymns, reference must be had to the Latin Index of First Lines.

Hymn 291, "At the First Hour," is the unvarying Hymn for Prime.
Hymn 292, "At the Third Hour," is for Terce; except that, according to the Sarum Breviary, Hymn 213 is sung at Terce on the first four days of Whitsun Week.
Hymn 293, "At the Sixth Hour," for Sext.
Hymn 294, "At the Ninth Hour," for None.
Hymn 295, according to the Roman Breviary, is the unvarying Hymn for Compline; but, according to the Sarum Breviary, Hymns 296—300, and 215, are also sung at Compline.

§ 4. Of their Place in the Office.

If these Hymns are sung in their ancient places in the service, the Mattins Hymn will come between the Venite and the Psalms, and the Lauds Hymn before Benedicteus. The Vesper Hymn would be sung at Evensong between the chapter (1st Lesson) and Magnificat; and if the Compline Hymn were added, its place would be between the 2nd Lesson and Nunc dimittis. There seems no valid reason why these positions, for which there is this precedent, should not be adopted, since Hymns are often introduced into our services in positions for which there is no precedent or authority whatsoever; but if this be considered too great an innovation, the Office Hymn must be sung after the 3rd Collect in the place of "the Anthem." This will give a choice of two constantly varying Hymns for our Morning Service (the Lauds Hymn being perhaps preferable), and one for Evensong.
§ 5. Of their occasional omission.

The Hymn at Mattins (M. but not L.) is omitted on the Epiphany (January 6th only), no Hymns are sung during the three last days of Holy Week, and there is a special arrangement for an Antiphon or Gradual in place of an Office Hymn during Easter Week. These are the only exceptions to the regular use of the Hymns.

§ 6. Of the versicles and responses.

The Versicles and Responses given, according to ancient use, at the end of the Hymns, can be used or omitted, as may be thought desirable. The Mattins (M.) Hymns have no † and ‡ attached to them in the Breviary; but should a Mattins Hymn be used in the place of a Lauds Hymn, it is suggested that the † and ‡ from the Lauds Hymn should be taken.

§ 7. Of the alleluias.

The Alleluias within brackets (Alleluia) are only to be used during the Paschal Season, which, according to present Western use, extends from Easter Day to Trinity Sunday exclusive.

§ 8. Of first evensong.

The Evening Office immediately preceding a Festival is called its First Evensong; and at it the Evening Hymn for the Festival should be used, unless, as is sometimes the case in the Sarum Breviary, a separate Hymn be appointed for First Evensong. This holds good with regard also to Sundays in the Proper of the Season; e.g., "Creator alme siderum" is sung on the Saturday Evening before Advent Sunday.


The Evening Office of a Feast, on the day itself, is called its Second Evensong. Certain Feasts of the lowest class have a First Evensong, but no Second. The following is a list of these Feasts, according to old English use:—S. Lucian, S. Hilary, S. Prisca, S. Blasius, S. Valentine, S. Perpetua, S. Alphege, Ven. Bede, S. Nicomedes, S. Boniface, Translation of S. Edward, Octave Day of S. John Baptist, S. Evertius, S. Lambert, S. Cyprian, S. Faith, S. Britius, Octave Day of S. Martin (Nov. 18). None of these have any Second Evensong. Thus Evensong on Sept. 26 would not be of S. Cyprian, but "of the feria," while Evensong on Sept. 25 would be "of S. Cyprian."

§ 10. Of the concurrence of holy days.

Two Feasts are said to concur when they happen on two following days, so that the Second Evensong of the first Feast falls on the same day as the First Evensong of the second.

The First Evensong is of more importance ritually than the Second; so that if two Feasts of equal dignity concur, the former of the two has to resign its Second Evensong.

There is, however, one noteworthy exception to this general rule. The three Festivals of S. Stephen, S. John and the Holy Innocents have no First Evensong, but only a commemoration the night before by the use of their Collect after the Collect for the day. This is because the Second Evensong of Christmas Day is of too great importance to allow of the First Evensong of S. Stephen taking the precedence of it; and so this rule is extended to the two Feasts following.
§ 11. Of the Occurrence of Holy Days.

By Occurrence (as opposed to Concurrence) is meant the Offices for two Holy Days falling on the same day. For rules as to whether one of them is to be transferred, commemorated, or omitted altogether, see what is said under §§12, 13, 14.

§ 12. Of the Translation of Feasts.

According to English Use, Double Feasts and Simples of the First Class are transferred to the first unoccupied day, when they fall on any Sunday in Advent; the Epiphany; any Sunday from Septuagesima to Easter; Ash Wednesday; between Maundy Thursday and Low Sunday; on Ascension Day; between Whitsun Eve and Trinity Sunday; (and on Corpus Christi). For fuller directions for each year, the Director of the Choir is referred to Notes on Ceremonial, Pickering & Chatto, 66, Haymarket, London. But should his Church follow the present Western Use, he will find all that he requires in the Order of Divine Service, published by Walker, 28, Paternoster Row, or in the Ordo Rectandi Offici Divini, published for each year by Burns & Oates, Orchard Street, Portman Square.


According to English Use, Feasts were classified as follows:—Principal Doubles, Greater Doubles, Lesser Doubles, Inferior Doubles, and Simples of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class.

According to modern Western Use, the Office of every day is either Double, Semi-Double, or Simple.

For the respective value of each day, according to either Use, see the Kalendars, etc., referred to under § 12.


The number eight represents perfection; and, as did the ancient Jewish Church, the Christian Church celebrates certain Feasts till the eighth or Octave Day, during which time, if nothing interferes, the Proper Office Hymns of the Feast are repeated daily.

According to English Use, the following Feasts are observed with an Octave:—
* S. Andrew; Christmas Day; S. Stephen; S. John; Holy Innocents; Epiphany; Easter Day; Ascension Day; Whitsunday; Trinity Sunday; (Corpus Christi); Nativity S. John Baptist; S. Peter (and S. Paul); Visitation B.V.M.; Most Holy Name; Nativity B.V.M.; S. Laurence; S. Martin, Nov. 11; Anniversary of Dedication of a Church; Patronal or Titular Festival. N.B.—Octaves of these two last are not observed in Advent, or between Septuagesima and Passion Sundays; and either of the two is translated if it falls on Advent Sunday, Christmas Eve, Between the Fifth Sunday in Lent and Low Sunday inclusive, or Between Whitsun Eve and Trinity Sunday inclusive, or on another Principal Double. Within the Octaves of (Corpus Christi), Visitation B.V.M., Most Holy Name, Nativity B.V.M., Dedication Festival, and Patronal Festival, the Office Hymn for the Sunday is of the Octave.

* Only so much of the Octave of S. Andrew can be kept, as may come before Advent Sunday, except the Octave Day itself, which is always observed. If, however, Advent Sunday and S. Andrew's Day occur, S. Andrew's Day is kept on the Monday, and the Octave Day in that case is only commemorated.
According to the present Western Use for England, the following Feasts are observed with an Octave:—Christmas Day; S. Stephen; S. John; Holy Innocents; Epiphany; Easter; Ascension Day; Whitsunday; (Corpus Christi); S. George; S. Augustine, Archbp.; Nativity S. John Baptist; S. Peter (and S. Paul); Nativity B.V.M.; S. Laurence; All Saints; Conception B.V.M.; Dedication Festival; Patronal Festival. Within the Octaves of Christmas, Epiphany, Ascension (and Corpus Christi) the Office Hymn for the Sunday is of the Octave; but on Sundays within other Octaves the Office Hymn is of the Sunday. N.B.—No Octave is kept between Ash Wednesday and Easter; nor during the Octave of Whitsunday; nor between December 17th and Christmas; and if one of these days should occur after an Octave has commenced, the Octave is at once broken off.

§ 15. Of the Plainsong Melodies.

The Hymns at Mattins, Lauds and Vespers are always sung to their own proper tunes, except in Eastertide or during an Octave; for then the Easter Melody, or that of the Festival having an Octave, is used.

§ 16. Of the Melodies for the Lesser Hours.

The Hymns for the Lesser Hours, viz. : Prime, Terce, Sext, None and Compline are sung to their prescribed Tunes on all Sundays and Ferias with the following exceptions:—

(1) Throughout Advent, the Tune of "Verbum supernum" is used, when the Service is of the Season.

(2) On Christmas Day and daily till the Epiphany, and on the Feasts of the Holy Name and of All Saints', and during their Octaves, the Tune of "Jesu Redemptor" is used.

(3) On the Epiphany, and during the Octave, that of "Cruedes Herodes."

(4) During the first four weeks of Lent, that of "O Sol salutis."

(5) During Passiontide, that of "Vexilla Regis."

(6) Throughout Eastertide that of "Ad regias Agni" is used, whatever be the Service.

(7) On Ascension Day and daily until Whitsunday, and on the Feast of the Transfiguration, that of "Salutis humana."

(8) On Whitsunday and during the Octave, that of "Jam Christus," except when, at Terce, instead of the usual Hymn, "Veni Creator" is sung.

(9) On Trinity Sunday, that of "Jam sol recedit."

(10) On Corpus Christi and during the Octave, and on all Feasts of the B. V. Mary and during their Octaves, that of "Quem terra, pontus."

(11) On Feasts of Apostles and Evangelists, and on all Double Feasts which have no Hymns of the same Meter, e.g., the Nativity of S. John Baptist and the Dedication of a Church, and during their Octaves, and on Feasts of Martyrs which are observed as Doubles, the Tune of "Eterna Christi" is used.

(12) On Feasts of Martyrs which are Semi-doubles or Simples, and on all Feasts of Confessors and Virgins, the Tune of "Pater superni" is used.
§ 17. Of Singing the Versicles and Responses.

The ff. and R®R are sung as follows, the inflection always occurring on the last syllable:

\[ \text{ff.} \quad \text{R®R.} \]

\[ \text{ff.} \quad \text{R®R.} \]

According to English Use, the ff. was sung by a single boy. Following Western Use, it is sung by one, two, or more Cantors, according to the dignity of the day.

The R®R. is made by the whole Choir.

§ 18. Of Reciting the Hymns.

If no Choir be present, and the whole Office is said without note, the Proper Hymn should not be omitted, but should be recited like the Psalms and Canticles.

General Note.—The Hymns at Mattins and Evensong always follow the colour of the day, with the exception only of Sundays within certain Octaves (see § 14) and the first four days of Lent. Thus, when two Feasts occur on one day, or the 1st Evensong of one Feast concurs with the 2nd Evensong of another, the Hymn will be that of the Feast whose colour is used at the Office.

N.B.—On S. John before the Latin Gate (May 6) the Hymns for the Common of Apostles and Evangelists in Eastertide are used; On the Beheading of S. John Baptist (August 29) the Hymns for the Common of One Martyr. For all other days, the headings to the Hymns themselves will be found sufficiently explicit.

In the Kalendar of the Book of Common Prayer, S. Etheldreda (October 17) is the only Virgin not Martyr, and S. Perpetua (March 7) and S. Anna (July 26) are the only Holy Matrons.
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No. 2. An older form of the above (Sarum).  Mode IV.

No. 3. Æterne rerum (Ratisbon).  Mode IV.

No. 4. Another form of the above (Sarum).  Mode I.

No. 5. Nocte surgentes (Ratisbon).  Mode VIII.
No. 6. Another melody (Sarum). Mode VI.

No. 7. Ecce jam noctis (Ratisbon). Mode VI.

No. 8. Jam lucis (Ratisbon). Mode II.

No. 9. Nunc Sancte, &c. (Ratisbon). Mode II.
No. 10. Another melody (*Solesmes*).  
*Mode VIII.*

No. 11. Another melody (*Reims and Cambrai*).  
*Mode VI.*

No. 12. *Lucis Creator* (*Ratisbon*).  
*Mode VIII.*

No. 13. Another melody (*Sarum*).  
*Mode VIII.*

No. 14. *Immensa coeli* (*Sarum*).  
*Mode I.*
No. 15. Another form of No. 12 (Mechlin).  

No. 16. Another form of No. 14 (Ratisbon).  

No. 17. Another form of the above (Mechlin).  

No. 18. Te lucis (Ratisbon).  

No. 19. Another form of the above (Mechlin).
No. 20. *Jam sol recedit* (*Ratisbon*). Mode VIII.

No. 21. Another form of the above (*Sarum*). Mode VIII.

No. 22. *Creator alme* (*Ratisbon*). Mode IV.

No. 23. Another form of the above (*Mechlin*). Mode IV.

No. 24. *Verbum supernum* (*Ratisbon*). Mode VII.
No. 25. Jesu, Redemptor (Ratisbon).  
\[\text{Mode I.}\]

\[\text{Mode III.}\]

No. 27. Another form of No. 25 (Zarum).  
\[\text{Mode I.}\]

No. 28. Veni Redemptor (Zarum).  
\[\text{Mode I.}\]

No. 29. Crudelis Herodes (Ratisbon).  
\[\text{Mode VIII.}\]
No. 30. Another form of the above (Mechlin). Mode VIII.

No. 31. Audi benigne (Ratisbon). Mode II.

No. 32. Ex more docti (Ratisbon). Mode I.

No. 33. O sol salutis (Ratisbon). Mode VIII.

No. 34. Another form of No. 31 (Mechlin). Mode II.
No. 35. Another form of No. 32 (Sarum).

Mode II.

No. 36. Vexilla regis (Ratisbon).

Mode I.

No. 37. An older form of the above (Sarum).

Mode I.

No. 38. Pange lingua (Ratisbon).

Mode I.
No. 39. Another melody (Mechlin).  

No. 40. Another form of the above (A cento arrangement by Rev. J. W. Doran). Mode III.


This is the day which the Lord hath made. We will be joyful and glad in it.
No. 42. Hæc dies (Simplified setting of the above, arranged by Rev. J. W. Doban.)

This is the day which the Lord hath made:
we will rejoice, and be glad in it.

or—
we will be joyful, and glad in it.

No. 43. Hæc dies (Alternative setting, arranged by A. H. Brown).

Mode VIII.

This is the day which the Lord hath made:
we will be joyful and glad in it.

No. 44. Hæc dies (Alternative setting by A. H. Brown).

Mode VI. (XIV), Irregular.

This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will be joyful and glad in it.

No. 45. Victimæ Paschali (Ratisbon). Modes I. and II.

Christians! to the Paschal Victim Offer your thankful praises.
The Lamb the sheep hath ransomed; Christ, by sin undeciled,
Sinners to His Father reconciled. Death and life were contending

In a fray sore and wondrous: the King of life Who died now deathless reigneth.
What saw-est thou, Mary, On the way as thou cam-est?

I saw the grave's o - pen por - tal; His glo - ry, Who rose from death,
im - mor - tal; Bright An - gels at - test - ing, And shroud and napkin rest - ing:

The Lord, my Hope, hath a - ris-en: For Ga - li - lee, He leaves death's pri - son.

Christ, we know, is tru - ly ris - en, Hence - forth ev - er liv - ing:

Have mer - cy, Vic - tor King, par - don giv - ing. A - men.

Al - le - lu - ia.

No. 46. Ad regias Agni (Ratisbon). Mode VIII.

A - men.

No. 47. Another melody (Sarum). Mode IV.

A - men
No. 48. Another form of No. 46 (Mechlin).

Mode VIII.

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

No. 49. Salutis humane (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.

Amen.

No. 50. Another form of the above (Mechlin).

Mode IV.

Amen.

No. 51. Veni Creator (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.

Amen.
No. 52. An older form of the above (Zarum). **Mode VIII.**

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

No. 53. Another form of the above (Mechlin). **Mode VIII.**

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

No. 54. Jam Christus (Katisbon). **Mode I.**

Amen.

No. 55. O Pater sancte (Zarum). **Mode IV.**

Amen.
No. 56. SACRIS SOLEMNIIS (Ratisbon).

Mode I.

No. 57. Another melody (Reims and Cambrai).

Mode II. (X).

No. 58. VERBUM SUPERNUM (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.

No. 59. Another melody (Mechlin).

Mode VIII.
No. 60. Decora Lux (Ratisbon).  

Mode IV.

No. 61. Another melody (Sarum).  

Mode I.

No. 62. Another form of the above (Chartres, 1).  

Mode I.
No. 63. Another melody (Chartres, 2).  
Mode VI. (XIV.)

No. 64. Another melody (From La Feillée).  
Mode VI.

No. 65. QUOD CHORUS VATUM and ISTE CONFESSOR (Sarum).  
Mode II.
No. 66. Ut queant laxis (Ratisbon).

Mode II.

A - men.

No. 67. Tibi Christe splendor Patris (Ratisbon).

Mode II.

A - men.

No. 68. Miris modis (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.

A - men.
No. 69. Another melody (Rouen).  

Mode I.

A - men.

No. 70. Pater Superni (Ratisbon).  

Mode II.

A - men.

No. 71. Another melody (Mechlin).  

Mode VIII.

A - men.

No. 72. Te Splendor et Virtus Patris (Ratisbon).  

Mode II.

A - men.
No. 73. Exsultet orbis (Ratisbon). Mode IV.

No. 74. Aeterna Christi (Ratisbon). Mode VIII.

No. 75. Deus tuorum (Ratisbon). Mode III.

No. 76. Another form of the above (Mechlin). Mode III.

No. 77. Invicte Martyr (Ratisbon). Mode VI.
No. 78. SANCTORUM MERITIS (Ratisbon). 

Mode III.

No. 79. Another melody (Solesmes). 

Mode II. (X).

No. 80. Another melody (Harum). 

Mode VII.
No. 81. *Iste confessor* (Ratisbon).

Mode VIII.

A - men.

No. 82. Another melody (*Chartres, 1*).

Mode V.

A - men.

No. 83. Another melody (*Chartres, 2*).

Mode I.

A - men.
No. 84. Another melody (Chartres, 3).

Mode II.

No. 85. Virginiis proles (Ratisbon).

Mode IV.

No. 86. Ave Maris Stella (Ratisbon).

Mode I.
No. 87. Another melody (Chartres).

No. 88. Another melody (Sarum).

No. 89. O quam glorifica (Sarum).

No. 90. Quem terra, pontus (Ratisbon).
No. 91. Urbs Leata (Zarum).

Mode II.

A - men.

No. 92. Another melody (Paris).

Mode IV.

A - men.
Addenda

No. 93. *A Patre Unigenitus* (Zarum). Mode III.

No. 94. *Deus Creator omnium* (Zarum). Mode IV.

No. 95. *Summi Largitor & Clarum Deus* (Zarum). Mode II.

No. 96. *Ecce Tempus Idoneum* (Zarum). Mode III.
No. 97. Jesu quadragenarăe (Sarum).  
Mode IV.

No. 98. Chorus novae Hierusalem (Sarum).  
Mode III.

No. 99. Sermone blando Angelus (Sarum).  
Mode VIII.

No. 100. Ad cœnæm Agni providi (Ad regias Agni dapes) (Sarum).  
Mode VIII.
No. 101. Tu Christe nostrum gaudium (Zarum).  
Mode VIII.

No. 102. Adesto Sancta Trinitas (Zarum).  
Mode III.

No. 103. Te Lucis ante terminum (Zarum).  
Mode VIII.

No. 104. Christe qui lux es et dies (Zarum).  
Mode II.

No. 105. Cultor Dei memento (Zarum).  
Mode VIII.
No. 106. \textit{LeTABUNDUS (Zarum).} Modes V. and VI. transposed.

1. Raise your voice, Faithful choirs, with rapture singing, 
Monarchs' Mon-arch, From a stain-less Maid-en spring-ing,
\textit{Al-le-lu-ia!} 2. An-gel of great coun-sel, here 
Match-less won-der! He a Sun Who knows no night,
Sun from star He doth ap-pear, Born of Maid-en:
She, a star whose pa-ler light Shin-eth ev-er.

3. As a star its kin-dred ray, Ma-ry doth her Child dis-play, 
Still un-dimm'd the star shines on, And the Vir-gin bears a Son, 
Like in na-ture; 4. Le-ba-non's tall Ce-dar now 
Pure as ev-er. To our vale of sor-row came
Hys-sop-like in vale to bow Con-des-cend-eth: 
Word of God in mor-tal frame, Born In-car-nate.

5. Though E-sai-as had foreshown, Tho' the syn-a-gogue had known, 
If her Pro-phets speak in vain, Let her heed a Gen-tile strain, 
Yet the truth she will not own, Blind re-main-ing; 
And from mys-tic Si-byl gain Light in dark-ness.
6. No longer than delay, Doubt not what legends say;
   Turn and this Child behold, That very Son, of old

   Why be cast away, A race forlorn?
   In God's Writ foretold, A Maid hath borne. [Amen.]

THE PURIFICATION B.V.M.
V. We wait, O God, for Thy loving-kindness.
R. In the midst of Thy Temple.

THE NATIVITY B.V.M.
V. God had chosen her and predestined her.
R. He hath made her to dwell in His Tabernacle.

No. 107. PANGE LINGUA (Zarum, The Reproaches). Mode I.

No. 108. ISTE CONFESSION (Zarum). Mode VIII.
No. 109. Adoro Te, supplex (French).

Mode V.

A - men.

No. 110. Alma Chorus (Sarum).

Mode VIII.

Now let our voices rehearse our Lord's dear titles in order.

Saviour of men, Messias, Emmanuel, Lord of Sabaoth.

Con-substantial, the Way and the Life, the Hand, Only begotten.

Wisdom and Might, Beginning, The Firstborn of every creature.

Alpha is He and Omega, at once both the Head and the Ending.
Fountain and Source of all good, our Advocate and Mediator:

He is the Heifer, the Lamb, Sheep, Ram, the Worm, Serpent and Lion:

Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun, Glory, Splendour and Image:

Blossom, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock, Mountain, and Stone of the Corner:

Angel and Spouse of the Church, The Shepherd, the Priest and the Prophet:

Mighty, Immortal, Supreme, Lord God Omnipotent, Jesus.

O may He save us, Whose be the glory for ages of ages.

*These be Thy titles, Jesus, to Thee be all honour and glory. Amen.

*This verse is substituted for the preceding one on the Festival of The Holy Name.
A FEW ALTERNATIVE BARRED TUNES
FOR THE OFFICE HYMNS.
1

JAM LUCIS.

To be sung in Unison.

S. GREGORY.

L.M. Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

(34)
COME, HOLY GHOST.

Verses 1 & 2.

Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of Both, to
be but One; That, through the ages all along,

This may be our endless song;

Praise to Thy Eternal merit, Father, Son, and


When Hymn 219 is sung to this Tune, it must be divided into 3 verses of 6 lines each, and the last line of each verse must be repeated.
EVREUX. To be sung in Unison.

French Church Melody.

LORD OF OUR LIFE.

G. M. Garrett, Mus. D.
Rouen.

To be sung in Unison.

11.11.11.5.

French Church Melody.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

(39)
ANGERS. 11.11.11.5. French Church Melody.

To be sung in Unison.

The Harmonies by permission of the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal."

SAPPHICA. 11.11.11.5. Arthur H. Brown.
By permission of Arthur H. Brown.
PANIS ANGELICUS (PARIS FORM).

To be sung in Unison.

French Church Melody.
SANCTORUM MERITIS.

Berthold Tours.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

(43)
DUNEDIN.

A - men.

(44)
15
S. MARYCHURCH.  11.11.11.  From S. Alban's Tune Book.

16
NUN LASST UNS GOTT DEM HERREN.  Praxis Pietatis, 1676.

By permission of Rev. G. R. Woodward, from "Songs of Syon."

(45)
1. Now let our voices rehearse our Lord's dear titles in order:

2. Saviour of men, Messias, Emmanuel, Lord of Sabaoth,

5. Alpha is He and Omega, at once both the Head and the Ending,

6. Fountain and Source of all good, our Advocate and Mediator;

9. Blossom, Bread, Vine, Door, Rock, Mountain, and Stone of the Corner,

10. Angel and Spouse of the Church, the Shepherd, the Priest, and the Prophet,
3. Con-sub-stan-tial, the Way and the Life, the Hand, ... On-ly be-got-ten,

7. He is the Heif-er, the Lamb, Sheep, Ram, the Worm, Serpent and Li-on,

11. Might-y, Im-mor-tal, Su-preme, Lord God Om-ni-po-tent, Je-sus:

4. Wis-dom and Might, Begin-ning, The First-born of ev-er-y crea-ture;

8. Mouth and Word of God, Light, Sun, Glory, Splendour, and Im-age,

12. O may He save us, Whose be the glory for A-ges of A-ges.

Alternative Version of verse 12.

12. These be Thy ti-tles, Je-sus, to Thee be all honour and glo-ry.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show;
Their Joys are full; our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

Waller.
PREFACE TO THE MUSIC OF PARTS III. AND IV.

The music for so large and varied a collection as the New Office Hymn Book must needs be itself very varied. The view of its Musical Editor has been to put solid music to solid words, and lighter music to lighter words, so that as the collection of hymns itself will not entirely appeal to any one class of persons, so neither will the music. The great aim of this collection of tunes has been to provide something worthy of the sublime occasion of public worship.

As far as possible hints have been given for the true rendering of the music. The finest tunes are the most easily ruined through false interpretation by the leaders of the singing. Against many errors in rendering even so simple a thing as a hymn tune it is impossible to provide in a book. But to secure at least a reasonable tempo against the terrible quick-march style so much in vogue of late, metronome marks and pauses have been employed. Bach's chorales might give some notion of the grave pace suitable for hymn-singing; for the harmonies that he employs would be impossible at the modern English pace. Mendelssohn, again, metronomes his chorales at about fifty for the minim. The pace generally adopted in England (for grave tunes like "S. Ann") is nearer ninety! It is the bewilderment of foreigners coming to our churches, and speaks badly for the seriousness of our devotion. Another reason for the use of metronome marks is that, being asked to use mostly minims and semibreves, the Musical Editor has been prevented from indicating various tempi by the usual methods of notation. The simple tape metronome is recommended,* as it registers all numbers from 60 to 800.

The pause at the end of most lines will remind organists, who are not themselves singing, that humanity requires time to take breath between lines and, still more so, between verses; also, that to cut short a final note of a line with a catch of the breath is, on the part of the singers, an ugly fault. The "swing" of exact time-keeping is not to be compared in importance with the comfort of the singers and the general sense of peace. There are, of course, exceptions, where strict time without pauses is required. But it is the aiming at a cut and dried march effect, and the consequent breathlessness of choirs and people, that has brought in the necessity for rapid and, consequently, unthinking and unfeeling singing.

Were it not better to sing two hymns with the heart and understanding than four rendered as if people were singing against time? The old-fashioned interlude between verses would give a sense of repose and a pause or meditation. Moreover, from a musical point of view, the character of most tunes demands, per se, a most carefully considered tempo. It is as bad therefore to "play over" a tune at a wrong pace as to sing it at a wrong pace. It gives a false impression of the tune.

In this collection some of the tunes will perhaps be pronounced uncongregational. But on closer inspection even the magnificent Chorale of Bach, at No. 800, will, in the melody, be found simple enough for any congregation;

* As sold by Lamborn Cock of Holles Street.
and the same will apply to several tunes which at first sight may appear hard. The Editor trusts that the real elements of difficulty, hard intervals and chromatic passages, have been avoided. The pitch of tunes has been kept as low as is consistent with brightness.

As to the music itself, an apology is perhaps owing to critics like the Editors of the "Yattendon Hymn Book" and the "Songs of Syon," who have laid all under so great an obligation by recalling compilers to the norm of accurate fidelity to old forms in tunes. For the liberty has been taken that where a trochee at the end of a line is sung in the German to a repeated chord, rather as if the chord were de trop, the present Editor has ventured in a very few cases to cut off the latter chord where it has been convenient to do so. Such instances will be found at Nos. 807, 666, and (Salzburg) 884. The tunes have in this way been made available for hymns of slightly different metre from the German. On the other hand, "Auf, auf, mein Herz," No. 768, in the fifth and sixth lines, seems to invite a seventh syllable by the length of the final notes. This applies also to one or two other tunes. These, however, are exceptional cases. The rule has been to be scrupulous in preserving old forms. A few tunes, notwithstanding, have been given in the altered form as generally sung (e.g., the Easter hymn, "Ringe recht," and No. 807) for the reason that, for better or for worse, the altered form has become too domesticated among us ever to be expelled.

A debt of gratitude is owing to those good friends who have allowed the use of their tunes: to Messrs. Novello and Co., to the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (always so generous with their property), Drs. Bullinger and Rowton, Messrs. Brown and Co. (Salisbury), Messrs. E. Oakeley, A. H. Brown, Clement Powell, J. Baden Powell, Allan Coates, Mrs. H. S. Irons, Mr. W. Walker (for R. Redhead's Tunes), Messrs. W. Clowes and Sons (for Chope's Carols No. 1), G. M. Custance, H. E. Hodson, G. H. Palmer (for harmony at No. 848), to Messrs. Baptiste Calkin, A. Carnall and several friends whose tunes have been transferred from the (Old) Office Hymn Book to the present volume, to the owners of S. Alban's Hymnal (for No. 751), and to Rev. G. R. Woodward (Editor of the "Songs of Syon") for two tunes, and for generously imparting many valuable results of his wide experience in hymnody. Lastly, thanks are due to Rev. J. Langdon, A.R.C.M., for much valuable criticism and aid in correction of proofs.

The Editors sincerely hope they have infringed no rights. If otherwise, they desire to make all due apologies.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Folkestone, 1907.
# ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES IN PARTS III. AND IV.

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'IN HYMN

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E. Caswall
tr. E. Caswall
Dr. Faber
Dr. Bonar
C. F. Alexander
Anon., 1804

tr. J. Chandler
Dr. Neale
tr. Dr. Neale
Card. Newman
tr. I. Williams and others
Bp. W. W. How
J. Montgomery
tr. A. D. Wackerbarth and others
tr. Dr. Neale
Bp. Mant (altered)
H. Downton
G. H. Smythian (altered)
Bp. Heber
tr. E. Caswall
tr. J. D. Chambers
tr. E. Caswall
tr. Dr. Neale
tr. A. Procter
J. Newton
tr. J. Chandler
Dr. Neale
Dr. Watta
A. A. Procter
J. Newton
tr. E. Caswall
Dr. Irons
Bp. Ken
Dr. Millard
Bp. Heber
W. Cooper
Archdeacon E. Churton

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HYMNS NEW AND OLD, SACRED SONGS AND CAROLS.

Hymns for the Week.

301

MORNING.

From R. Schumann.

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

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

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
   Thy conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how th' All-seeing God thy ways
   And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

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

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

6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
   Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

O.H.B.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

302

RATISBON.

Formed on the Melody of Grosse Prophete,
Neander's Collection, 1680. (See Cowan and Love.)

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 they 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.

(2)
1 New ev'ry morning is the love
   Our wakening and uprising prove;
   Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
   Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
   Hover around us, while we pray;
   New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
   New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heav'n.

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

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

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

(3)
Help of the help-less, O abide with me,
A-men.

1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me. (bis.)

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

3 I need Thy Presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's pow'r?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me. (bis.)

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Hills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me. (bis.)

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

305
FONS AMORIS.

C. J. Ridsdale.

As now the sun's declining rays
Towards the West descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretch'd
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.

3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.
306

TALLIS.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

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

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Awful Day.

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

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

6 O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love Angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(6)
Evening.

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN. Schmücke dich by Crüger.

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

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

(7)
Hail, gladd'ning Light, of His pure glory pour'd,
Who is th'Im - mor - tal . . Fa - ther, Heav'n-ly, Blest,
Ho - liest of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord!
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine, We hymn
Evening.

the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.

Wor-liest art Thou at all times to be sung

With unde- fil ed. tongue, So of our

God, Giver of life, Al- lone! Therefore in

all the world Thy glo ries, Lord, they own. Amen.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

309

8. ELEANOR.  J. S. GEIKIE.

1 Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us ev'ry closing day
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, Blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

310

NOW, FATHER.  HAYNE.

1 Now, Father, we commend
Ourselves to Thee this night;
Oh, watch us, keep us, and defend,
Till break of morning light.

(10)
Evening.

From R. A. Smith's Sacred Harmony.

From R.A. Smith's Sacred Harmony.

1. O Word of Truth! in devious paths
   My wayward feet have trod;
   I have not kept the day serene
   I gave at morn to God.

2. And now 'tis night, and night within;
   O God, the Light hath fled!

1 O Word of Truth! in devious paths
   My wayward feet have trod;
   I have not kept the day serene
   I gave at morn to God.

3. For clouds of gloom from nether world
   Obscured my upward way;
   O Christ the Light, Thy light bestow,
   And turn my night to day.

Starry hosts are gleaming,
   Solemn night draws on,
   Calm the moon's soft beaming,
   Toilsome day is done.

2. Hear our plaint, Sweet Jesu,
   We are tired of sin;
   From our bonds release us,
   Give us peace within.

3. Now we seek a City
   Where our feet may rest;

1. Starry hosts are gleaming,
   Solemn night draws on,
   Calm the moon's soft beaming,
   Toilsome day is done.

Bring us, in Thy pity,
   To those Mansions blest.

4. Light, 'mid darkness, send us,
   Till our tramp be o'er;
   Angel-guards attend us
   To the Palace door.

5. Then a welcome meet us,
   Words of grace and love;
   Joyful voices greet us
   In the Home above.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

313
RHEINLAND (First Tune).

5

SOL CORDIS (Second Tune).

Ancient Melody.

Unison. To be sung freely according to the accent of the words.

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

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
   My wearied eyelids gently steep,
   By my last thought, how sweet to rest
   Forever on my Saviour's Breast.

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

4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
   Have spurn'd to-day the voice Divine,
   Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
   Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
   Ere through the world our way we take;
   Till in the ocean of Thy love
   We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.
1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go,
   Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
   With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.  

2 The day is gone; its hours have run;
   And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
   The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
   True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
   With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
   Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
   That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,
   And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soil'd,
   Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
   The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
   Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day, &c.

7 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
   Thy Holy Presence with us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
   And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.
1 The day is past and over;
   All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
   I pray Thee now that sinless
   The hours of dark may be;
   O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
   And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
   I lift my heart to Thee,
   And ask Thee that offenceless
   The hours of dark may be;
   O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
   And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
   I raise the hymn to Thee,
   And ask that free from peril
   The hours of dark may be.
   O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
   And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
   For Thou alone dost know
   How many are the perils
   Through which I have to go;
   Lover of men, O hear my call,
   And guard and save me from them all.
Evening.

GOUNOD (First Tune).


c. Gounod.

1 The night is closing o'er us,
   And shadows stalk abroad;
   With hymn, then, and with anthem,
   Give we ourselves to God.

2 And Thou, O Sun of Angels,
   Watch o'er us from above;
   We fear no midnight terrors,
   Protected by Thy love.

3 True Light shine forth; let darkness
   Far from our soul be thrust;
   Let peace to all flow richly,
   Who Thee their Saviour trust.

4 So when as Judge Thou sittest,
   In robes of light array'd;
   We all may joy before Thee,
   Untroubled, undismay'd.

5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesu,
   Sun of the Angel-host;
   With God th' Eternal Father,
   And God the Holy Ghost.

(15)
1 The radiant morn hath pass'd away,
   And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
   Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
   Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
   Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
   Uplift our hearts to Realms on High;
Help us to look to that bright place
   Beyond the sky;

4 Where Light, and Life, and Joy, and Peace,
   In undivided empire reign,
And thronging Angels never cease
   Their deathless strain;

5 Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
   And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
   Art Lord of all.

( 16 )
1 The shadows of the evening hours
   Fall from the dark'ning sky;
   Upon the fragrance of the flowers
   The dews of evening lie.

2 Before Thy Throne, O Lord of Heav'n,
   We kneel at close of day;
   Look on Thy children from on High,
   And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
   O do not Thou despise;
   But let the incense of our prayers
   Before Thy mercy rise.

4 The brightness of the coming night
   Upon the darkness rolls;
   With hopes of Future Glory chase
   The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
   So fade, within our heart,
   The hopes in earthly love and joy,
   That, one by one, depart.

6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
   Within the Heavens shine;
   Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heav'n,
   And trust in things Divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
   Upon our souls descend;
   From midnight fears and perils, Thou
   Our trembling hearts defend.

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
   Calm and subdue our woes;
   Through the long day we labour, Lord;
   O give us now repose.
1 The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her Evening Sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's Hands
His parting Soul resign'd,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His Eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

(18)
1 Through the day Thy love has spared
   Now we lay us down to rest:[18]
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
  Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
  Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine Arms may we repose,
  And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

**SUNDAY MORNING.**

**AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE.**

An Old Melody.  
(Remodelled by Schein, 1627.)

1. O Day of rest and gladness,  
   O Day of joy and light!  
   O balm of care and sadness,  
   Most beautiful, most bright!  
   On thee the high and lowly,  
   Before th' Eternal Throne,  
   Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
   To the Great Three in One.

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

3. To-day on weary nations  
   The Heav'nly Manna falls;  
   To holy convocations  
   The silver trumpet calls;  
   Where Gospel-light is glowing,  
   With pure and radiant beams,  
   And living water flowing  
   With soul-refreshing streams.

4. New graces ever gaining  
   From this our Day of Rest,  
   We reach the rest remaining  
   To spirits of the Blest;  
   To Holy Ghost be praises,  
   To Father, and to Son;  
   The Church her voice upraises  
   To Thee, Blest Three in One.
1 This is the day of Light:
   Let there be Light to-day;
   O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
   And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of Rest:
   Our failing strength renew;
   On weary brain and troubled breast
   Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning Dew.

3 This is the day of Peace:
   Thy Peace our spirits fill;
   Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
   The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer:
   Let earth to Heav'n draw near;
   Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
   Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:
   Send forth Thy quick'ning Breath,
   And wake dead souls to love and praise,
   O Vanquisher of death.
We are weary with life-long toil,

But there's a City with streets of gold, And all is Peace within.

last verse:

Joy
Sunday Evening.

1 Evensong is hush'd in silence,
   And the hour of rest is nigh;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary, God Most High!
Thou, Who, in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.
   We are weary with life-long toil,
   With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
   And all is Peace within.

2 We have sung the Psalms Thou sangest
   In Thy Father's House of old,
When the voices of the Levites
   In a storm of music roll'd;
We have done as Thou hast order'd;
   Off'ring up the Bread and Wine;
Words of might were softly spoken,
   Jesus came with Power Divine.
   We are weary with life-long toil,
   With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
   And all is Peace within.

3 How are we to reach that City,
   Whose delights no tongue may tell?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
   Who sat weary by the well.
Sinful men and sinful women,
   He will wash our sins away;
He will take us to the Sheepfold,
   Whence no sheep can ever stray.
   We are weary with life-long toil,
   With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
   And all is Peace within.

4 When we enter that bright City
   What the vision we behold?
Gates of pearl and Walls of jasper,
   Streets of pure transparent gold.
Are the many Mansions empty?
   Lone the terraces so fair?
Jesus and His Angels pace them,
   How He longs to see us there!
   We are weary with life-long toil,
   With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
   And all is Peace within.

5 There the dear ones, who have left us,
   We shall some day meet again;
There will be no bitter partings,
   No more sorrow, death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
   And the hour of rest is nigh;
Lighten Thou our darkness, Jesu,
   Son of Mary, God Most High!
   We are weary with life-long toil,
   With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
   And all is Joy within.

(23)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

Proper of the Season.

324 COME, THOU SAVIOUR.  
ADVENT.  
French Air.
(In the Children's Service Book.)

\[=70.\]

\[\text{A-men.}\]

Note.—This is set in G minor at 659.

1 Come, Thou Saviour, long expected,  
    Born to set Thy people free;  
    From our fears and sins protected,  
    We shall find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
    Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
    Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,  
    Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;  
    Born a Child, and yet a King;  
    Born to reign in us for ever;  
    Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,  
    Rule in all our hearts alone;  
    By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
    Raise us to Thy Glorious Throne.

(24)
Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His Throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.
1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
    The Saviour promised long:
    Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
    And ev'ry voice a song.

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

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

4 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
    Thy welcome shall proclaim;
    And Heav'n's Eternal Arches ring
    With Thy beloved Name.

(26)
1. He is coming, He is coming,
   Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:

2. But upon His Cloud of Glory,
   In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

3. He is coming, He is coming,
   Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorns upon His Forehead,
And the Blood-drops on His Brow;

4. But with His gold crown upon Him,
   And the sceptre in His Hand,
And the Dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from fire and sea and land.

5. He is coming, He is coming,
   Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few:

6. But with all the holy Angels
   Waiting round His Judgement-seat
And those Awful Twelve Apostles
Sitting crowned at His Feet.

7. He is coming, He is coming;
   Let His lowly first estate
Let His tender love so teach us,
That in faith and hope we wait:

8. Till, in glory Eastward burning,
   Our Redemption draweth near;
And we see the Sign in Heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.
1 Jesus came—the Heav'n's adoring—came with peace from Realms on High;
   Jesus came for man's redemption, lowly came on earth to die;
   Alleluia, Alleluia, came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy, when our hearts are bow'd with care;
   Jesus comes again in answer to an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
   Alleluia, Alleluia, comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing, bringing news of sins forgiv'n;
   Jesus comes in sounds of gladness, leading souls redeem'd to Heav'n;
   Alleluia, Alleluia, now the gate of death is riv'n.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow, shares alike our hopes and fears;
   Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us, glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
   Alleluia, Alleluia, cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant, when the Heav'n's shall pass away;
   Jesus comes again in glory; let us then our homage pay,
   Alleluia ever singing, till the dawn of Endless Day.
1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
   Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand Saints attending
   Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
   Christ appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
   Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
   Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
   Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
   Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
   Hear the trump proclaim the Day;
Come to Judgement!
   Come to Judgement! come away!

4 Those dear tokens of His Passion
   Still His dazzling Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
   To His ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
   Gaze we on Those Glorious Scars!

5 Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,
   High on Thine Eternal Throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
   Claim the Kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
   Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone!
1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
    Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
    Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of Hell Thy people save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
    Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
    Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
    Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
    Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our Heavenly Home;
Make safe the way that leads on High,
And close the path to misery.
    Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
    Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's Height,
In ancient times didst give the Law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
    Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
    Shall come to thee, O Israel.
1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
   Announces that the Lord is nigh;
   Awake, and hearken, for he brings
   Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be ev'ry Christian breast,
   And furnish'd for so great a Guest!
   Yea! let us all our hearts prepare
   For Christ to come and enter there.

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

4 To heal our sore stretch forth Thine Hand,
   And bid the fallen sinner stand;
   Once more upon Thy people shine,
   And fill the world with Love Divine.

5 To Him, Who left the Throne of Heav'n
   To save mankind, all praise be giv'n;
   Like praise be to the Father done,
   And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

(31)
THAT DAY OF WRATH (Second Tune).
T. Campion.
(Hullah's version.)

1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriv'ling like a parch'd scroll,
The flaming Heav'n's together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

(32)
1 The Advent of our King
   Our prayers must now employ,  
   And we must hymns of welcome sing  
   In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Son
   Incarnate deigns to be;  
   Himself a servant's form puts on,  
   To make His servants free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
   To greet thy lowly King;  
   And do not wickedly despise  
   The peace He comes to bring.

4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
   He soon will come again, 
   And His true members all unite 
   With Him in Heav'n to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
   Let sin's dark deeds be gone; 
   The old man all be put away, 
   The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the Son
   Who comes to set us free, 
   With Father, Spirit, ever One, 
   Through all Eternity.
1 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
   Wrapt in Thy Glory bright,
   Then shall the earth in terror quake,
   The sun withhold his light.

2 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
   Then to Thy Judgement-bar,
   E'en as a mighty stream shall flow
   The sons of men from far.

3 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
   Then shall the books be spread;
   And from their secrets Thou shalt judge
   The living and the dead.

4 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
   Then save me by Thy power;
   Let not the flames of wrath o'ertake
   Thy servant in that hour.

5 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
   In mercy let me stand—
   No guilt upon my conscience laid—
   Approved, at Thy Right Hand.

(34)
1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His Heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

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

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own Royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid th' Angelic band.

6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all Eternity.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

CHRISTMAS.

A CHILD IS BORN (First Tune).

1 A Child is born in Bethlehem, Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem. Alleluia.
2 He in a narrow crib doth lie, Whose Kingdom hath no boundary. Alleluia.
3 The ox and ass with one accord Confess that Babe to be the Lord. Alleluia.
4 While crowned Kings from Saba bring Gold, incense, myrrh, their offering. Alleluia.
5 Born of a Virgin Mother mild, Seed of the Woman, wondrous Child. Alleluia.

6 The Serpent's venom knows Him not, Though of our blood His Blood He got Alleluia.
7 Made like to us in human kin, Unlike us in respect of sin; Alleluia.
8 That He might make us, sinful men, Like God, and like Himself, again. Alleluia.
9 In this our Christmas happiness, The Lord with festive hymns we bless. Alleluia.
10 The Holy Trinity be praised; Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia.

THE DESCANT OF "PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM" (Second Tune) 1300-1400. Newly Harmonized.

1 A Child is born in Bethlehem, Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem. Alleluia.
2 He in a narrow crib doth lie, Whose Kingdom hath no boundary. Alleluia.
3 The ox and ass with one accord Confess that Babe to be the Lord. Alleluia.
4 While crowned Kings from Saba bring Gold, incense, myrrh, their offering. Alleluia.
5 Born of a Virgin Mother mild, Seed of the Woman, wondrous Child. Alleluia.

6 The Serpent's venom knows Him not, Though of our blood His Blood He got Alleluia.
7 Made like to us in human kin, Unlike us in respect of sin; Alleluia.
8 That He might make us, sinful men, Like God, and like Himself, again. Alleluia.
9 In this our Christmas happiness, The Lord with festive hymns we bless. Alleluia.
10 The Holy Trinity be praised; Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia.
1 A great and mighty wonder!
   A full and holy cure!
The Virgin bears the Infant,
   With Virgin-honour pure.

2 The Word is made incarnate,
   And yet remains on High:
And Cherubim sing anthems
   To shepherds from the sky.

3 And we, with them triumphant,
   Repeat the hymn again;
"To God on High be glory,
   And peace on earth to men!"

4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
   Those bright Angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
   Ye oceans, clap your hands!

5 Since all He comes to ransom,
   By all be He adored,
In Bethlehem the Infant,
   The Saviour and the Lord.

6 And idol forms shall perish,
   And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His Sceptre,
   Our Lord and God for aye.
1 A Virgin most pure, as the Prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, Hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapp'd us all in.
    Rejoice, and be merry, set sorrow aside,
    Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide.

2 In Bethlehem City, in Jewry it was,
    Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxéd with many one mo',
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
    Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

3 But when they had enter'd the City so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the City no lodging at all.
    Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

    (38)
Christmas.

4 Then they were constrain'd in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But 'gainst the next morning our Saviour was born.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

5 Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

6 Then, presently after, the shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
"To God be all glory, our Heavenly King."
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

339

ALLELUIA! LORD MOST HOLY.

C. J. Ridsdale.

In strict time.

At a Eucharist only.

1 Alleluia! Lord most Holy,
In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee;
Alleluia! meek and lowly,
Never shall our worship fail Thee.

2 Alleluia! Choirs of Angels
Sing at midnight-hour Thy glory,
To the watchful shepherds telling
From the skies Thy Birthday story.

3 Alleluia! Child of Mary,
Low the shepherds bend before Thee;
Alleluia! Eastern Monarchs
With their costliest gifts adore Thee.

4 Alleluia! still unending
Rings the Angel-note above:
From our shrines in praise ascending
Echoes earth's response of love.

5 Alleluia! shine the tapers,
Gleams the holly's burnish'd spray;
Alleluia! chant the Sanctus,
Christ, we welcome Thee to-day!

6 Down in adoration falling,
Hail, sweet Sacrament Divine!
Hail, to Thee our souls are calling,
Thou art ours, and we are Thine!
1 Angels, from the Realms of Glory,
   Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
   Now proclaim Messiah's Birth;
   Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
   Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
   Yonder shines the Infant-Light:
   Come and worship, &c.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
   Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
   Ye have seen His natal star:
   Come and worship, &c.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
   Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
   Mercy calls you, break your chains:
   Come and worship, &c.

5 All creation, join in praising
   God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore your voices raising
   To th' Eternal Three in One;
   Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King.
1 Christians, awake, salute the Happy Morn,
   Whereon the Saviour of the world was born:
   Rise to adore the mystery of love,
   Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above;
   With them the joyful tidings first begun
   Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
   Who heard th' Angelic Herald's voice: "Behold,
   I bring good tidings of a Saviour's Birth
   To you, and all the nations upon earth:
   This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
   This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the Celestial Choir
   In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
   The praises of Redeeming Love they sang,
   And heav'n's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
   God's highest glory was their anthem still,
   Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds ran,
   To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
   And found, with Joseph and the Blessed Maid,
   Her Son, the Saviour, in a Manger laid;
   Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
   The first Apostles of the Saviour's Name.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

EARTH TO-DAY REJOICES.

Trier Gesangbuch.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.
Christmas.

1 Earth to-day rejoices,
    Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
    Death can hurt no more;
And Celestial voices,
    Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
    Tell that sin is o'er.
David's sling destroys the foe;
Samson lays the temple low;
    War and strife are done;
God and Man are one.

Reconciliation,
    Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
    Peace that lasts for aye,
Gladness and salvation,
    Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
    Came on Christmas Day.
Gideon's fleece is wet with dew;
Solomon is crown'd anew;
    War and strife are done;
God and Man are one.

3 Though the cold grows stronger,
    Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
    Though the world loves night,
Yet the days grow longer,
    Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
    Christ is born our Light.
Now the Dial's type is learnt;
Burns the Bush that is not burnt;
    War and strife are done;
God and Man are one.
1 Glory to God in the Highest is ringing,
   Clear from afar it is echoing still,
   Glory to God, for the Angels are singing
   Peace upon earth to the men of good will.

2 Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it,
   Over the ages the Promise was cast;
   Paradise heard it, and now we behold it,
   Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.

3 Glory to God, for, as dews of the morning,
   Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air;
   Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning;
   Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there!

4 Glory to God, let the glad exultations
   Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise,
   Joy for all people—Desire of the Nations!—
   Echo the tidings in songs to the skies!

5 We too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
   Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring;
   Hail Thee the Saviour, the Christ, the Emmanuel,
   Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.
1 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say;
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the Manger now.
Christ is born to-day! Christ is born to-day!

2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the Heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore:
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain His Everlasting Hall:
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

MENDELSSOHN (First Tune).

MENDELSSOHN.
Christmas.

MEDIOLANUM (Second Tune).

1 Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' Angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

2 Christ, by Highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

3 Hail, the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His Glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

N.B.—This Hymn may be sung to the Second Tune by dividing each verse and adding the Refrain to each part.
1 In a silence deep at midnight,
    When the hills were white with snow,
Jesus, the Desired of nations,
    Came into this world of woe.

2 Then He came, an Infant Saviour,
    To our Lady's sweet embrace,
As she waited for His Coning,
    Longing to behold His Face.

3 Swathing-bands were wrapt about Him,
    In the Manger He was laid;
There adored the Hebrew shepherds,
    Joseph and the Mother-maid.

4 There the ox and ass were standing,
    Knee-deep in the fragrant hay,
Gazing with a solemn wonder
    At the crib where Jesus lay.

5 Angels came to David's City,
    Met their Lord with hymns of praise,
Sang their joyous songs of triumph,
    Worshipping in glad amaze.

6 Thus our Lord, the Long-expected,
    Came the Healer of all woe,
When the shepherds knelt before Him
    In the stable white with snow.
1 In the ending of the year
Life and light to man appear;
And the Holy Babe is here
De Virgine;
And the Holy Babe is here
De Virgine Marià.

2 What in ancient days was slain
This day calls to life again;
God is coming, God shall reign
De Virgine;
God is coming, God shall reign
De Virgine Marià.

3 From the desert grew the corn,
Sprang the lily from the thorn,
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine;
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine Marià.

4 On the straw He lays His Head,
Hath a manger for His bed,
Thirsts, and hungers, and is fed
De Virgine;
Thirsts, and hungers, and is fed
De Virgine Marià.

5 Angel-hosts His praises sing,
Three Wise Men their off'ring bring,
Ox and ass adore the King
Cum Virgine;
Ox and ass adore the King
Cum Virgine Marià.

6 Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
Cum Virgine;
Singing and exulting aye
Cum Virgine Marià.

F

O.H.B.
IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

1. It came upon the midnight clear,
   That glorious song of old,
   From Angels bending near the earth
   To touch their harps of gold:
   Peace on the earth, good-will to men
   From Heav'n's all-gracious King:
   The world in solemn stillness lay
   To hear the Angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come
   With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
   And still their Heavenly music floats
   O'er all the weary world;
   Above its sad and lowly plains
   They bend on hover'ing wing,
   And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
   The blessed Angels sing.

3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife
   The world has suffer'd long;
   Beneath the Angel-strain have roll'd
   Two thousand years of wrong;
   And man, at war with man, hears not
   The love-song which they bring;
   Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
   And hear the Angels sing.

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

5. For lo, the days are hast'ning on,
   By Prophet-bards foretold,
   When with the ever-circling years
   Comes round the Age of Gold:
   When the New Heav'n and Earth shall own
   The Prince of Peace their King,
   And the whole world send back the song
   Which now the Angels sing.
JOY FILLS OUR INMOST HEART.
FOR THREE VOICES.

The Holy One is Mary's Son, God comes on earth to dwell;
With joy proclaim His glorious Name, Emmanuel!

1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day,
The Royal Child is born;
The Angel-hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
The Holy One, &c.

2 Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the Manger-shrine,
Where, folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.

4 Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy Head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.

5 Thou art the very Light of Light;
Enlighten us, Sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service unfeigned.
The Holy One, &c.

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(51)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

350
GALLIA.

MÉHUL.
(In The Children's Service Book.)

Lord of all, Thy glory veiling,
Infant Saviour of the earth,
Let pure hearts, with love unfailing,
Celebrate Thy wondrous Birth.

Loving Shepherd, night descending
Calls us soon to needful sleep,
But Thou still, Thy flock defending,
From the wolf wilt guard Thy sheep.

From the bosom of a Mother
Thou, like us, didst nurture find;
Be Thou then our Elder Brother,
And Protector ever kind.

Hail, the Dayspring of Salvation!
Virgin-born to Thee be praise;
Father, Thine be adoration,
Spirit, Thine, through endless days.

(52)
351
WURZBURG.

Christmas.

1 No more sadness now, nor fasting;
   Now we put our grief away;
   God came down, the Everlasting,
   Taking human flesh, to-day;
   God came down on earth a Stranger,
   Working out His mighty plan;
   God was cradled in a manger,
   Very God, and very Man.

2 There were shepherds once abiding
   In the field to watch by night,
   And they saw the clouds dividing,
   And the sky above was bright;
   And a glory shone around them,
   On the grass as they were laid;
   And a holy Angel found them,
   And their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful
   Are the tidings that I bring;
   Unto you, so weak and fearful,
   Christ is born, the Lord and King."
   As the Angel told the story
   Of the Saviour's lowly Birth,
   Multitudes were singing "Glory
   Be to God, and peace on earth!"

4 Since Thy love for our salvation,
   Saviour, cover'd Thee with shame,
   Let Thy Church, in ev'ry nation,
   Sing the glory of Thy Name;
   Let Thy Holy Spirit make us
   Full of humbleness and love,
   Like Thyself, until Thou take us
   To our Father's House above.

( 53 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

352
NOW TO GOD ON HIGH.

German.
Christmas.

At a Eucharist only.

1 "Now to God on High be glory,
   And to men on earth be peace!"
'Tis the Eucharistic anthem,
Music that shall never cease,
To a ransom'd world proclaiming
Jesu's advent, men's release.

2 Christendom at all her Altars
   Once again the tale doth tell
Of His Birth, Who came to vanquish
   Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
Virgin-born and Manger-cradled,
   Jesus, our Emmanuel.

3 See the shepherds, Heaven-greeted,
   Worship, while the Angels sing;
See the Magi, star-directed,
   Their most costly treasures bring;
See earth's simple ones, and wise ones,
   Bending o'er their Baby-King.

4 Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
   Mary clasps Him to her breast;
All succeeding generations
   Speaking of her call her blest;
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
   In the homage of the rest.

5 Now, dear Lord, Thy Birthday keeping,
   As we bend before the Shrine,
Find Thee, life and health bestowing,
   Veil'd beneath the Bread and Wine;
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
   Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

( 55 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

353

ADESTE, FIDELES.

Old Air.

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him.
Christmas.

1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 See how the shepherds,
Summon'd to His Cradle,
Leaving their flocks draw nigh with holy
We too will thither [fear;
Bend our joyful footsteps;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 Star-led, the Magi
Hasten to adore Him,
Bringing their frankincense, and myrrh,
We to the Child Christ [and gold:
Bring our hearts' oblations:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

5 Splendour Eternal
Of th' Eternal Father,
Veil'd in the substance of our flesh, behold!
Hail, God Incarnate,
Robed in infant vesture!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

6 Thee would we worship
With love's fervent service,
Born for us poor, and stabled with the kine;
First hast Thou loved us,
Love in turn we proffer:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

7 Sing, Choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above,
"Glory to God
In the Highest;"
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

8 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
* Born this happy Morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

* Or, Born this holy Season.

The verses within brackets may be omitted, except when sung at the Procession.

(57)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

1. O joyful was the Morn,
   That told of Peace and Love,
   To man, the ruin'd and forlorn,
   Descending from above.

2. Though far from Eden's bowers
   By sad transgression driven,
   A lovelier Eden shall be ours,
   For Christ came down from Heav'n.

3. From God's Eternal Breast
   He stoop'd to time and space,
   And found with thee, O Maiden Blest,
   His lowly dwelling-place:

4. And lowlier in the tomb
   He scornéd not to lie,
   That our frail mortal might assume
   His Immortality.

5. Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
   We praise Thee and adore,
   Who art with God the Father One,
   And Spirit evermore.

(58)
1 Of the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 O that Birth for ever blessed!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore.

3 O ye Heights of Heav'n, adore Him;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing:
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
E'ry voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

4 This is He Whom Heav'n-taught singers
Sang of old with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the Long-expected,
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearyed praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And Eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.
GOOD KING WENCESLAS.
From HELMORE’S Carols.

1 Once again, O blessed time,
   Thankful hearts embrace thee;
If we lost thy festal chime,
   What could ere replace thee?
Change will darken many a day,
   Many a bond dissemble;
Many a joy will pass away,
   But the “Great Joy” never

2 Once again the Holy Night
   Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
   Sheds its gentle splendour;
Oh could tongues by Angels taught
   Speak our exultation
In the Virgin’s Child that brought
   All mankind Salvation!

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
   Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
   While we clasp our Treasure;
Welcome, though an age like this
   Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
   Pleads against denial!

4 Yea, if others stand apart,
   We will press the nearer;
Yea, O Best Fraternal Heart,
   We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
   To all faithless scorning,
“Jesus Christ is God with us,
   Born on Christmas Morning.”

5 So we yield Thee all we can,
   Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,
   On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday-morn we greet
   With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O Most True and Sweet,
   In Thy Mercy’s ocean.

6 Thou that once, ‘mid stable cold,
   Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou Whose Altar-veils enfold
   Power and Life undying,
Thou Whose Love bestows a worth
   On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
   In our praise for ever.
ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Anon.

1. Once in royal David's City
   Stood a lowly cattle shed,
   Where a Mother laid her Baby
   In a Manger for His bed;
   Mary was that Mother mild,
   Jesus Christ her little Child.

2. He came down to earth from Heaven
   Who is God and Lord of all,
   And His shelter was a stable,
   And His cradle was a stall;
   With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
   Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

3. And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
   He would honour and obey,
   Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
   In whose gentle arms He lay;
   Christian children all must be
   Mild, obedient, good as He.

4. For He is our childhood's pattern,
   Day by day like us He grew,
   He was little, weak, and helpless,
   Tears and smiles like us He knew,
   And He feeleth for our sadness,
   And He shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
   Through His own redeeming love,
   For that Child so dear and gentle
   Is our Lord in Heav'n above;
   And He leads His children on
   To the place where He is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
   With the oxen standing by,
   We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
   Set at God's right hand on High;
   When like stars His children crown'd
   All in white shall wait around.

* The small notes are for verses 2 and 4.
1 Royal Day that chasest gloom,
   Day by gladness speeded;
   Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
   How the King proceeded:
   Very God, Who made the sky,
   Set the sun and stars on high,
   Heav'n and earth sustaining;
   Very Man, Who freely bare
   Toil and sorrow, woe and care,
   Man's Salvation gaining.

2 As the sunbeam through the glass
   Passeth, but not staineth;
   Thus the Virgin, as she was,
   Virgin still remaineth;
   Blessed Mother! in whose womb
   Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
   God to earth descending:
   Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast
   Gives the King of Glory rest,
   Nurture, warmth, and tending.

3 Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,
   Breath and spirit giving:
   Christ, from Whose dear steps we must
   Pattern take of living:
   Christ, Who cam'est once to save
   From the curse and from the grave,
   Healing, light'ning, cheering:
   Christ, Who now wast made as we,
   Grant that we may be like Thee
   In Thy next appearing!
SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

French Air.
(In The Children's Service Book.)

Chorus in Unison

1. See, amid the winter's snow,
   Born for us on earth below,
   See, the tender Lamb appears,
   Promis'd from Eternal years!
   Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
   Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
   Sing through all Jerusalem,
   Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2. Lo, within a manger lies
   He Who built the starry skies;
   He, Who thron'd in height sublime,
   Sits amid the Cherubim!
   Hail, &c.

3. Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
   What your joyful news to-day;
   Wherefore have ye left your sheep
   On the lonely mountain steep?
   Hail, &c.

4. "As we watch'd at dead of night,
   Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
   Angels, singing, 'Peace on earth,'
   Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
   Hail, &c.

5. Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
   By Thy Face so meek and mild,
   Teach us to resemble Thee
   In Thy sweet humility!
   Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
   Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
   Sing through all Jerusalem,
   Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

360

HIMMELSAU.

Trier Gesangbuch.

1. Silent night! hallow'd night! Earth is hush'd, Heav'n a-light!

2. All is still, Jesus sleeps;
   Holy watch Joseph keeps;
   Mary bends His Face to see,
   Murmuring low her lullaby;
   "Sleep, my Babe Divine!
   Sleep, God's Son and mine!"

3. Blissful night, prophesied;
   Angel-Hosts glorified,
   Wondrous news to shepherds tell!
   Heavenly harps their chorus swell!
   "Peace!" a Seraph sings,
   "Peace the Saviour brings."

4. Gather round, people dear!
   Young and old, gather near!
   Though are closed those Eyes so sweet,
   Lo! His Heart doth watchful beat;
   Sleep then, Jesus dear!
   Sleep, my heart doth hear!

(64)
1 Sleep, Holy Babe!
Upon Thy Mother's breast!
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

2 Sleep, Holy Babe!
Thine Angels watch around;
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3 Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

5 Then must that Brow
Its thorny Crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with Blood, and marr'd with
That I thereby may live.

6 O Father Blest!
Almighty, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To Thee, in causing Thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die.
1 The Cedar of Lebanon, Plant of renown,  
Hath bow'd to the hyssop His wide-spreading crown,  
The Son of the Highest, an Infant, is laid  
On the breast of His Mother, that lowliest Maid.  
All glory to God in the Highest we sing,  
And peace upon earth through the newly-born King!

2 From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath shined,  
Springs the Lion of Judah from Naphtali's hind,  
The Life from the dying, the Rose from the thorn,  
The Maker of all things of Maiden is born,  
All glory, &c.

3 The Manger of Bethlehem opens once more  
The gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,  
And He, Who is lying, a Child, in the cave,  
Hath conquer'd the foeman, hath ransom'd the slave.  
All glory, &c.

4 In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,  
And offers His twelve fruits to lips and to hands;  
For the Lord of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,  
Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of fire.  
All glory, &c.

5 On the hole of the aspic the sucking Child plays,  
And His Hand on the den of the cockatrice lays,  
And the Dragon, which over a fallen world reign'd,  
By the Seed of the Woman is vanquish'd and chain'd.  
All glory, &c.

6 To Him, Who hath loved us, and sent us His Son,  
To Him, Who the victory for us hath won,  
To Him, Who sheds on us His sevenfold rays,  
Be honour and glory, salvation and praise.  
All glory to God in the Highest we sing,  
And peace upon earth through the newly-born King.
THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

1 The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
   When Christ our Lord was born, on Christmas night.

2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
   That brought into this world our God made Man.

3 She laid Him in a stall, at Bethlehem,
   The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

4 Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,
   To guard Him, and protect His Mother mild.

5 The Angels hover'd round, and sang this song:
   "Venite adoremus Dominum."

6 And thus, that Manger poor became a Throne;
   For He, Whom Mary bore, was God the Son.

7 O come then, let us join the Heav'nly Host,
   To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
WHAT SHALL WE BRING TO THEE.

1 What shall we bring to Thee?
   What shall our off'ring be,
   On this Thy Natal Morn?
   For Thou, O Christ, hast come to earth—
   A Virgin Mother gave Thee birth—
   For our redemption born.

2 The whole creation broad
   Gives praise and thanks to God,
   Who gave His Only Son;
   And list! the bright Angelic throng
   Their homage yield in sweetest song
   For peace on earth begun.

3 The Heav'n's their glory shed,
   The Star shines o'er His Head,
   The Promised Christ and King;
   And Wise Men from the lands afar,
   Led by the brightness of the Star,
   Their treasured off'rings bring.

4 What shall we give Thee now?
   Lowly the shepherds bow,
   Have we no gift to bring?
   Our worship, lo, we yield to Thee,
   All that we are, and hope to be—
   This is our offering.

( G3 )
Christmas.

WHINCHESTER OLD. ALISON'S Psalter.

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

2 "Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
   Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
   To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
   Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord:
   And this shall be the sign:

4 The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find
   To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
   And in a Manger laid."

5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
   Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
   Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on High,
   And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
   Begin and never cease."

(69)
1 Ye people, cease from tears;
Your sighs are heard above,
And from the op'ning Heav'n appears
The God of peace and love.

2 O'er Bethlehem's silent plains
Celestial voices swell,
Announcing in triumphant strains
God born on earth to dwell.

3 The wakeful shepherds hear,
And haste the Babe to greet;
Let us, like them, with joy draw near,
And worship at His Feet.

4 But oh, what strange surprise!
Within that lowly door,
A Manger meets our wond'ring eyes,
A Child and Mother poor.

5 Say, do we here behold
The Father's Image bright,
Who doth within His Hand infold
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, Faith can pierce the veil,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
Sees Him Whom Angels prostrate hail,
The God, Whom all adore.

7 O Babe, Thy Birth despised
Doth bid us not refuse
To flee from all on earth that's prized;
What flesh abhors, to choose.

8 With that pure love of Thine
O cure our sinful pride,
And in our hearts, O Babe Divine,
Be born, and there abide.
1 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day,
Who is King of Ages:
For the God, by all adored,
Comes to His elected:
For the Babe, that is the Lord,
Comes to be rejected.

2 If the purple proves the King,
Where is goodly raiment?
If man needeth ransoming,
Who shall make the payment?
For the purple, here is grass;
For the throne, the manger;
For the courtiers, ox and ass
Kneel before the Stranger.

3 Joshua hastes to meet the foes,
Boastful and defiant;
David to His brethren goes,
And shall slay the giant:
Help is nigh to change our fate,
Help we may rely on:
Solomon, with royal state,
Shall be crown'd in Gihon.

4 Through the desert as we go,
Sorrowful and fearing,
From the Rock the waters flow,
That shall work our cheering:
Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Comes for our salvation,
Born in Bethl'hem, House of Bread
By interpretation.

5 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day,
Who is King of Ages:
Young and old their deeds so frame,
That, as He came hither,
They, when He their lives shall claim,
May to Him go thither.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY

and on the Octave.

Chorale by Joachim von Burck, 1580.
(In R. A. Smith's Sacred Harmony.)

HOLSTEIN.

1 First of Martyrs, thou whose name*
   Answers to thy crown of fame,
   Not of flowers, that fade away,
   Weave we this thy crown to-day.

2 Bright the stones which bruise thee gleam,
   Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream;
   Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,
   Studded round thy saintly head.

3 Ev'ry wound upon thy brow
   Glistens with unearthly glow;
   Like an Angel's is thy face
   Beaming with Celestial Grace.

4 Victim thou art call'd to be
   To the Victim slain for thee;
   First to own thy Lord in death,
   Earliest Witness to the Faith:

5 First to follow where He trod
   Through the deep Red Sea of blood,
   Leading on the Martyr Host
   To the Heav'nly Canaan's coast.

6 Glory to the Father be,
   Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
   Glory to the Holy Ghost,
   Praised by men and Heav'nly Host.

* The name "Stephen" signifies a crown.
S. John the Evangelist's Day.

S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY
and on the Octave.
Also on May 6 (S. John before the Latin Gate).

1 As exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
Thy soul in vision soar'd.

2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled:

3 There of the Kingdom learn'd
The Mysteries sublime,
How, sown in Martyrs' blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

4 There the New City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure Seat of bliss thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.

5 God give us grace with thee,
On those blest Courts to gaze;
To see the rainbow round the Throne,
And join those songs of praise.

Christmas Doxology.
Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

Easter Doxology.
Jesu, our Risen Lord,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

( 73 )
1 Saint of the Sacred Heart,
   Sweet teacher of the Word,
   Partner of Mary's woes,
   And favourite of thy Lord;

2 Thou to whom grace was given
   To stand where Peter fell;
   Whose heart could brook the Cross
   Of Him it loved so well;

3 We know not all thy gifts.
   But this Christ bids us see,
   That He, Who so loved all,
   Found most to love in thee.

4 When the last evening came,
   Thy head was on His Breast,
   Pillow'd on earth, where now
   In Heav'n the Saints find rest.

5 His Heart, with quicken'd love,
   Because His hour drew near,
   Now throb'd against thy head,
   Now beat into thine ear.

6 Dear Saint! I stand far off,
   With vilest sins opprest;
   Oh, may I dare, like thee,
   To lean upon His Breast?

7 His Touch could heal the sick,
   His Voice could raise the dead;
   Oh, that my soul might be
   Where He allows thy head.

8 To God the Father, Son,
   And Spirit glory be,
   Now, and while time shall last,
   And through Eternity.
The Innocents' Day.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY
and on the Octave.

1 All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

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

3 All praise to Thee for all
The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet Land.

4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and white!
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

5 Lord, help us ev'ry hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

( 75 )
1. Eight days amid this world of woe
   The Holy Babe hath been;
   Long named in Heav'n, He now must go
   To take that Name on Him below—
   Jesus, Who saves from sin.

2. His Mother kept the Angel's word
   Deep in her bosom's store,
   But most by fear and love unstirr'd,
   Unconscious of its meaning, heard
   The Name the Infant bore.

3. The traitors sought Him by that Name,
   When all the murd'rous crew
   With swords and staves against Him came:
   And on the Cross, the place of shame,
   That Name was fix'd in view.

4. Yet in His Hour of Glory, now,
   That precious Name is given
   Above all names to deck His Brow
   And at the Name of Jesus bow
   The Powers and Thrones of Heav'n.

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

6. Father of all, high praise to Thee;
   And praise we in the Height
   The Son, and Spirit's Majesty,
   As was of old, is now, shall be,
   In worlds of Endless Light.
The year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That Blood for sin must flow.

2 Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough: the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

3 Like sacrificial wine,
Pour'd on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to offering led.

4 By blood and water too
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee ev'ry faithful view
Both Covenants might see.

5 Oh, are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard our vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

6 Look here, and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good,
E'en from the womb, takes no release
From sufferings, tears, and blood.

7 If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

8 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever-bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.

Amen.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

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

Keep us faithful, keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy Palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
New Year's Day.

JESU, MEINES HERZENS FREUD.

1 Father, let me dedicate
   All this year to Thee,
   In whatever worldly state
   Thou wouldst have me be:
   Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
   Freedom dare I claim;
   This alone shall be my prayer,
   "Glorify Thy Name."

2 Can a child presume to choose
   Where or how to live?
   Can a Father's love refuse
   All the best to give?
   More Thou givest ev'ry day
   Than the best can claim,
   Nor withold'st aught that may
   Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
   Joys that yet are mine;
   If on life, serene and fair,
   Brighter rays may shine;
   Let my glad heart, while it sings,
   Thee in all proclaim,
   And, whate'er the future brings,
   "Glorify Thy Name."

4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
   And its shadow come,
   Turning all my gain to loss,
   Shrouding heart and home;
   Let me think how Thy dear Son
   To His Glory came,
   And repeat, till life is done,
   "Glorify Thy Name."

{ 79 }
1 Hail to another year!
The year that now begins;
All hail to Him Who led us here
Through dangers and through sins.

2 Hail to another year!
Peace to the year that's past:
May this one at its close appear
Less worthless than the last.

3 Hail to another year!
Ere half its race is sped,
Ourselves, with all our treasures here,
May rest among the dead.

4 Hail to another year!
Though yet unknown, untrod,
Whate'er may come, we need not fear,
If friends, through Christ, with God.

5 Hail to another year!
A year of peace and love;
O may it prove a foretaste here
Of Endless Years above.
Epiphany.

TREUER HEILAND (Second Tune).

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, Most Gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before Thee,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our Heav'nly King.

4 Holy Jesus, ev'ry day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy Glory hide.

5 In the Heav'nly Country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

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Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.  

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

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

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

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

GROSVENOR.  

379

STEGGALL.
1 From the princely City
   To that lowly home,
   Ever pressing onward,
   See the Magi come:
   Love compels their footsteps;
   While firm faith, which rests
   Built on hope unswerving,
   Triumphs in their breasts.

2 O what joysecstatic
   Thrill'd each heart from far,
   When to guide their footsteps
   Gleam'd the beacon Star;
   O'er that home so lowly
   Pouring down its ray,
   Where the cradled Infant
   With His Mother lay.

3 There no ivory glistens,
   Glows no regal gold,
   Nor doth gorgeous purple
   Those fair Limbs enfold;
   But His Court He keepeth
   In a stable bare,
   His Throne is a manger,
   Rags His purple are.

4 Costly pomps and pageants
   Earthly kings array;
   He, a mightier Monarch,
   Hath a nobler sway;
   Straw though be His pallet,
   Mean His garb may be,
   Yet with power transcendent
   He all hearts can free.

5 At His crib they worship,
   Prostrate on the floor;
   And their God there present
   In That Babe adore;
   Let us to That Infant,
   We, their offspring, true
   Hearts with love o'erflowing
   Give, our tribute due.

6 Holiest love presenting,
   As gold to our King,
   To the Man pure bodies,
   Myrrh-like, chastely bring;
   Unto Him, as incense,
   Vow and prayer address;
   So, with offerings meetest,
   Him our God confess.

7 Glory to the Father,
   Fount of Light alone,
   Who unto the Gentiles
   Made His Glory known:
   Equal praise and merit
   Blessed Son, to Thee,
   And to Thee, Sweet Spirit.
   Evermore shall be.
1. Hail, Thou Source of ev'ry blessing!
   Sovereign Father of mankind!
   Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
   To Thy Courts admission find.

2. Grateful now we fall before Thee,
   In Thy Church obtain a place;
   Now by faith behold Thy Glory,
   Praise Thy Name, and sing Thy Grace.

3. Once far off, but now invited,
   We approach Thy sacred Throne;
   In Thy covenant united,
   Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.

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

(84)
1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
   Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
   His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
   To let the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
   And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers  
   Upon the fruitful earth,  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
   Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
   Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
   From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
   And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
   His praise all people sing;  
To Him shall prayer unceasing  
   And daily vows ascend;  
His Kingdom still increasing,  
   A Kingdom without end.

4 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,  
   He on His Throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
   All-blessing and All-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
   His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever;  
   That Name to us is—Love.

(85)
1 King of Israel, Word Incarnate,  
   Now with joy we turn to Thee,  
   In the brightness of Thy rising  
At Thy first Epiphany:  
   Sleeping in the arms of Mary,  
   Thou art God for ever Blesst;  
   Thee Thy servants love and worship,  
   In the sweetness of Thy rest.

2 Taught of God, Three Eastern Sages  
   Come to greet Thee from afar,  
   First fruits of the Gentile-Kingdoms,  
   Guided by the promised Star:  
   Soon they find Thee with Thy Mother,  
   Soon their treasures they unfold,  
   Off'ring for prophetic welcome,  
   Incense, bitter myrrh, and gold.

3 Infant Jesus, in Thy mercy  
   Thou art come to save the lost;  
   Evermore a Light of Refuge,  
   Shining for the tempest-tost:  
   Thou art come, Desire of Nations:  
   To a world by sin opprest,  
   Sent to heal the broken-hearted,  
   Sent to succour the distrest.

4 Stands Thy Throne on High for ever,  
   Welcome sight for weary eyes;  
   There the lilies cannot wither  
   In the breath of Paradise:  
   'Midst the golden-hearted lilies,  
   Blooming in the second Spring,  
   All the chosen see Thy Glory,  
   All rejoice in Thee, O King!

5 What the rapture of Thy Presence,  
   What its blessedness may be,  
   In the Father, thro' the Spirit,  
   Evermore to gaze on Thee,  
   Thought of man can never fathom,  
   Tongue of man can never tell,  
   But Thine Angels, and Thy ransom'd,  
   Rapt, adoring, know it well.

6 King of Gentiles, Light of Ages,  
   Very Gracious, Lord, art Thou;  
   Save us by Thy Holy Childhood,  
   By the Crowns upon Thy Brow:  
   Bring us to the Heavnly Eden,  
   Where the living live in Thee,  
   Liken'd to Thy changeless Beauty,  
   In the Great Epiphany.
1 O'er the hill, and o'er the vale,
Come Three Kings together,
Caring nought for snow and hail,
Cold, and wind, and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
They their camels tether;
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab, faint and slow,
Now o'er Edom's heather.

2 O'er the hill, and o'er the vale,
Each King bears a present;
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a Peasant:
And a Star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still!
Ford the stream, and climb the hill!
Love makes all things pleasant.

3 He is God ye go to meet;
Therefore incense proffer:
He is King ye go to greet;
Gold is in your coffer:
Also Man, He comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear,
Tempter, raider, scoffer:
Therefore now, against the day
In the grave when Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.
1. Songs of thankfulness and praise,
   Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
   Manifested by the Star
   To the Sages from afar;
   Branch of Royal David's stem
   In Thy Birth at Bethlehem;
   Anthems be to Thee addrest,
   God in Man made manifest.

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

3. Manifest in making whole
   Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
   Manifest in valiant fight,
   Quelling all the Devil's might;
   Manifest in gracious Will,
   Ever bringing good from ill;
   Anthems be to Thee addrest,
   God in Man made manifest.

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

5. Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
   Mirror'd in Thy Holy Word:
   May we imitate Thee now,
   And be pure, as pure art Thou,
   That we like to Thee may be
   At Thy great Epiphany;
   And may praise Thee, ever Blest,
   God in Man made manifest.
THE RACE THAT LONG IN DARKNESS SAT. Melody from GILBERT.

Vivace.

The race that long in darkness sat
Hath seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come; They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and Heav'n.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgement and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesu, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

( 89 )
1 They leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the East;
For Him, "the Woman's Seed" foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.
He, He is King, and He alone,
Who lifts that Infant Hand to bless;
Who makes His Mother's knee His Throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness!

2 To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe New-born.
He, He is King, &c.

3 O happy eyes, that saw Him first!
O happy lips, that kiss'd His Feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
He, He is King, &c.

(90)
Welcome, that star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen,
The lamp far sages hail'd on high, (men:
The tones that thrill'd the shepherd-
"Glory to God in loftiest Heav'n;"
Thus Angels smote the echoing chord:
"Glad tidings unto man forgiven;
Peace, from the Presence of the Lord."

The shepherds sought that Birth Divine;
The Wise Men traced their guided way;
There, by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay:
A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod;
A Maiden clasp'd her awful Child,
Pure Offspring of the Breath of God.

Those voices from on High are mute;
The star the Wise Men saw is dim;
But Hope still guides the wand'rer's foot,
And Faith renewa the Angel-hymn:
"Glory to God in loftiest Heav'n;"
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
"Good tidings unto man forgiven;
Peace, from the Presence of the Lord."
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

388 THE WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.

To be sung in Unison.

\[\text{Gregorian Melody.}\]

1 Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, Eternal lay;
Alleluia is the anthem
Of the Choirs in Heavenly Day,
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.

2 Alleluia, Church victorious,
Raise, Jerusalem, the strain!
Alleluia, songs of triumph
Well befit thy ransom'd train;
But by Babylon's sad waters
We in exile yet remain.

3 "Alleluia" we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
"Alleluia" our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er;
For the holy time is coming,
Bidding us our sins deplore.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Ever Blessed Trinity,
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluias
Singing everlastingly.
There is a book, who runs may read,
Which Heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy Hill;
The Saints, like stars, around His Seat
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of Heav'n is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

7 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heav'n and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

8 Thou, Who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee ev'rywhere.
1 Praise to the Holiest in the Height,  
   And in the depth be praise;  
   In all His words most wonderful,  
   Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving Wisdom of our God!  
   When all was sin and shame,  
   A second Adam to the fight  
   And to the rescue came.

(94)
Quinquagesima Sunday.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
   Which did in Adam fail,
   Should strive afresh against the foe,
   Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
   Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His Very Self,
   And Essence all-Divine.

5 O generous love! that He, Who smote
   In Man for man the foe,
   The double agony in Man
   For man should undergo;

6 And in the Garden secretly,
   And on the Cross on high,
   Should teach His brethren, and inspire
   To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the Height,
   And in the depth be praise;
   In all His words most wonderful,
   Most sure in all His ways.

391 QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
   Taught by Thee, we covet most,
   Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
   Holy, Heav'nly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
   Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
   Love than death itself more strong;
   Therefore, Give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
   Melting in the light of day;
   Love will ever with us stay;
   Therefore, Give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
   Hope be emptied in delight;
   Love in Heav'n will shine more bright;
   Therefore, Give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
   Joining hand in hand agree;
   But the greatest of the three,
   And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
   Of Thy gold and silver wing,
   Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
   Holy, Heav'nly Love.
ASH WEDNESDAY.

1 Only one prayer to-day,
   One earnest, tearful plea;
   A litany from out the heart,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

2 Although my sin is great,
   Still to my God I flee;
   Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3 Ashes are on my head,
   And thus I turn to Thee;
   I fast and weep, I mourn and pray,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

4 Because of Jesu's Cross,
   And that unfathom'd Sea—
   The Crimson Tide which saves the world,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

5 No other name than His,
   My hope, my help may be;
   O by that One All-saving Name,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

6 In garb of penance clad,
   I crave Thy pardon free;
   In life to die, in death to live,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

LENT

UNTIL PASSIONTIDE.

AGAIN OUR LENT HAS COME TO US.

French Air.
Lent until Passiontide.

1 Again our Lent has come to us, the Seed-time of the year,
   And we must late and early toil, that ere the Lord appear,
   Within the garden of our hearts such holy seed be sown,
   That flowers and fruits of Grace Divine the Gardener may own:
   The time is short: O labour all, with fast and prayer and tear,
   Because once more our Lent is come, the Seed-time of the year.

2 Cold are the winds of Nature now; and O! the blasts are keen,
   The piercing blasts of deep remorse for what our sins have been;
   And when soft showers of grace Divine fall gently down from Heav'n,
   O Jesu, to our cold hard hearts may penitence be given,
   That we confess our sins to Thee with many a secret tear,
   Nor cast away the grace of Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

3 Dig deep, my soul, the ground on which the winter's frost has lain,
   That in thy heart the loving Lord may sow some seed again;
   And O! uproot each choking weed, e'en though their tendrils be
   Twin'd closely round some earthy flower that is most dear to me:
   Cleanse well the soil, the time is short, the Sower draweth near,
   And none dare waste the time of Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

4 O Thou th' Eternal Word of God, the Sower of the seed,
   Take pity on our aching hearts in their extremest need;
   O plant again Thy graces now, that in the Judgement Day,
   When Thou, as Judge, each deed, each act, each gift of Thine, shalt weigh,
   Thou mayest own, as Thine alone, the "full corn in the ear,"
   Sown and matured in many a Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

O.H.B.
1 And wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
   A sinner such as I,
   Although Thy book his crimes record
   Of such a crimson dye?

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

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

4 O Thou, Physician Blest,
   Make clean my guilty soul,
   And me, by many a sin oppress'd,
   Restore, and keep me whole.

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

(98)
Lent until Passiontide.

1 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them.
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigilant?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray."
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

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

396
QUADRAGESIMA.
Air by De Montfort.

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

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after-time to gain?

4 Then, if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

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

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear
Ever constant by Thy Side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' Eternal Eastertide.

( 99 )
397

**Part 3. Hymns New and Old.**

**CARLISLE.**

![Musical notation](image)

**C. LOCKHART.**

1. Have mercy, Lord, on me,
   As Thou wert ever kind;
   Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
   Thy wonted mercy find.

2. Wash off my foul offence,
   And cleanse me from my sin;
   For I confess my crime, and see
   How great my guilt has been.

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

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

The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.

398

**BATTY (RINGE RECHT).**

![Musical notation](image)

1. Lone and weary, sad and dreary,
   Lord, I would Thy call obey;
   Thee believing, Christ receiving,
   I would come to Thee to-day.

2. Thou, the Holy, Meek, and Lowly,
   Saviour, fetch the wand'r'er home;
   Keep me ever, let me never
   From Thy blessed keeping roam.

3. Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
   Seeks my weary soul to rest;
   Till the dawning of the Morning,
   When I wake among the blest.

4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
   Through life's dark and stormy way:
   Turn my sadness into gladness,
   Turn my darkness into Day.
399

Lent until Passiontide.

HEIL'GER GEIST, DU TRÖSTER MEIN.

Ancient.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of Agony,
By Thy supplicating Cry,
By Thy willingness to die;

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

400

SOUTHWELL.

Ravenscroft's Psalter.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

1 Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care oppress'd;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;

Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the Heavenly Way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may th' Eternal Brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Holy Ghost, and Thee,
The songs of praise and love.

(101)
1.

Lord, when we bend before Thy Throne,
   And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
   And hate what we deplore.

2.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
   And penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
   Beam hope upon the heart.

3.

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

4.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
   And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
   That grants it, or denies.

( 102 )
1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
To look I am not able,
Save only, Christ, to Thee;
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace;
My shadow and my sunshine,
The brightness of Thy Face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the Desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the Garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the Sweat-drops bloody,
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose Presence from Above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee, and love.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. CATHARINE. 18th Century.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
   On Jewish altars slain,
   Could give the guilty conscience peace,
   Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the Heav'nly Lamb,
   Takes all our sins away;
   A Sacrifice of nobler name,
   And richer Blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
   On that dear Head of Thine,
   While like a penitent I stand
   And there confess my sin.

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

NOW ARE THE DAYS.

Verse mp in Unison.

Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare.

And mercy most delights to spare.
Oh, hearken, when we cry,
Lent until Passiontide.

1 O Lord, turn not Thy Face from me,
   Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
   Before Thy Mercy-gate;

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

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

4 So come I to Thy Mercy-gate,
   Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
   To heal my deadly wound.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
   This is my humble prayer;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
   Lord, let Thy mercy spare.

2 Oh, happy time of cleansing tears,  
   Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears, 
Undoing all our evil years. 
   Oh, hearken, &c.

3 We, who have lov'd the world, must learn  
   Upon the world our backs to turn, 
And with the love of God to burn. 
   Oh, hearken, &c.

4 Full long in sin's dark ways we went, 
   Yet now our steps are Heav'nward bent, 
And grace is plentiful in Lent. 
   Oh, hearken, &c.

5 All glory to redeeming grace, 
   Disdaining not our evil case, 
But showing us our Saviour's Face. 
   Oh, hearken, &c.
1 Once more the solemn Season calls
   A holy Fast to keep;
   And now within the Temple walls
   Let priest and people weep.

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

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

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

5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
   To grant us what we need;
   We pray for time to turn again,
   For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;
   Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
   To gather from these fasts below
   Immortal fruit above.
Lent until Passiontide.

1. Thy Pains, not mine, O Christ,
   Upon the shameful Tree,
   Have paid the Law's full price,
   And purchased peace for me.
   To whom, save Thee,
   Who can alone
   For sin alone,
   Lord, shall I flee?

2. Thy Tears, not mine, O Christ,
   Have wept my guilt away;
   And turn'd this night of mine
   Into a blessed day.
   To whom, &c.

3. Thy Bonds, not mine, O Christ,
   Unbind me of my chain,
   And break my prison-doors,
   Ne'er to be barr'd again.
   To whom, &c.

4. Thy Wounds, not mine, O Lord,
   Can heal my bruised soul;
   Thy Stripes, not mine, contain
   The balm that makes me whole.
   To whom, &c.

5. Thy Blood, not mine, O Christ,
   Thy Blood so freely spilt,
   Can blanch my blackest stains,
   And purge away my guilt.
   To whom, &c.

6. Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,
   Hath borne the awful load
   Of sins that none in Heav'n
   Or earth could bear, but God.
   To whom, &c.

7. Thy Death, not mine, O Christ,
   Hath paid the ransom due;
   Ten thousand deaths, like mine,
   Would have been all too few.
   To whom, &c.
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
With our broken faith again;
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

O Bountiful Salvation!
O Life Eternal won!
O Plenteous Redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

Chorus in Unison:

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
It is love that makes us come;
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.

O Bountiful, &c.

For whom, Lord, can we go?
The words of Life Eternal
From Thy Lips for ever flow.

O Bountiful, &c.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
And Thou wilt not ask us why:
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die!

O Bountiful, &c.

Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.

Montreal.
Lent until Passiontide.

1 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
   I look at Heav'n and long to enter in;
   But there no evil thing may find a home,
   And yet I hear a Voice that bids me, “Come.”

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
   In the pure glory of that holy Land?
   Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
   Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the Heav'nly way,
   Evil is ever with me day by day;
   Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
   “Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”

4 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
   His are the Hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
   And His the Blood that can for all atone,
   And set me faultless there before the Throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
   And made me heir of Heav'n, the Father's child,
   And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
   Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

PART II.

6 O Great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
   The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
   That in the Father's Courts my glorious dress
   May be the garment of Thy Righteousness

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
   Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
   Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown
   Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
   Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
   Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
   Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

   (109)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

MARTYRDOM.

Hugh Wilson.

1. When wounded sore the stricken heart
   Lies bleeding and unbound,
   One only Hand, a pierced Hand,
   Can salve the sinner's wound.

2. When sorrow swells the laden breast,
   And tears of anguish flow,
   One only Heart, a broken Heart,
   Can feel the sinner's woe.

3. When penitential grief has wept
   Over some foul dark spot,
   One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
   Can wash away the blot.

4. 'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
   His Hand that brings relief,
   His Heart is touch'd with all our joys,
   And feels for all our grief.

5. Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
   Unseal that cleansing Tide;
   We have no shelter from our sin,
   But in Thy Wounded Side.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

1. Glory be to Jesus,
   Who, in bitter pains,
   Pour'd for me the Life-Blood
   From His sacred Veins!

2. Grace and Life Eternal
   In that Blood I find;
   Blest be His compassion,
   Infinitely kind!

(C 110)
3 Blest through endless ages
    Be the Precious Stream,
Which from endless torments
    Doth the world redeem!
4 There the fainting spirit.
    Drinks of Life her fill;
There, as in a fountain,
    Laves herself at will.
5 Abel's blood for vengeance
    Plead to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
    For our pardon cries.

6 Oft as it is sprinkled
    On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
    Terror-struck departs.
7 Oft as earth exulting
    Wafts its praise on High,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
    Make their glad reply.
8 Lift ye, then, your voices;
    Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
    Praise the Precious Blood.

Hard is the painful wood.

Hiller's Choralbuch.

Jesus saith, "I thirst."
1 Hard is the painful wood, His bed of death;
    And with His failing breath
He speaks again: and as He looks around,
    The crowd upon the ground
Are ready with their hate to do their worst;
    And then He says, "I thirst."
2 His Tongue is parch'd—His fever'd Lips are burnt;
    And yet, we have not learnt
That thirst to quench—that fever to allay;
    We will not yet obey;
Nor give Him that He asks, and longs to gain—
    Oh, must He thirst in vain?
3 Sweet Jesus, Thou hast thirsted for each soul
    That pants in sin's control:
The world has held us; but its bonds we break,
    And spurn it for Thy sake;
Oh, break our fetters, that we may be free
    To give ourselves to Thee.
1 In the Lord's atoning grief
   Be our rest and sweet relief;
   Store we deep in heart's recess
   All the shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and Cross, and Nails, and Lance,
   Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
   Vinegar, and Gall, and Reed,
   And the Cry His Soul that freed;

3 May these all our spirits sate,
   And with love inebriate;
   In our souls plant virtue's root,
   And mature its glorious fruit.

4 Crucified! we Thee adore,
   Thee with all our hearts implore,
   Us with Saintly bands unite
   In the Realms of Heav'nly Light.

5 Christ, by coward hands betray'd,
   Christ, for us a Captive made,
   Christ, upon the bitter Tree
   Slain for man, be praise to Thee!

414
CONSUMMATUM EST (First Tune).  German.
CONSUMMATUM EST (Second Tune).

Jesus said, "It is finished."

1 It is finish'd. Types and symbols,
    Clear predictions, shadows dim,
Moses and the band of Prophets—
    All are now fulfill'd in Him;
    Now shall shine the hidden wisdom
    Both to men and Cherubim.

2 It is finish'd. Full Atonement
    He for all mankind hath made;
All the sins of Adam's offspring
    Have on Him been surely laid:
And for each and all His Passion
    Hath a Perfect Ransom paid.

3 It is finish'd. He hath carried
    All our sorrows in His Breast;
Sharpest pain hath rack'd His Body,
    Keenest woe His Soul distrest;
He hath drain'd the cup of sorrow,
    And in death shall take His rest.

4 It is finish'd. Man's Redemption,
    By His Arm alone begun,
By His Arm alone is finish'd—
    He, Alone, the work hath done;
But 'tis ours with fear and trembling
    To work out Salvation won.

5 It is finish'd. As we ponder
    On Thy bitter pains to-day,
Make us mourn the sins that pierc'd Thee,
    Make us turn from sin away:
Oh, have pity on Thy servants,
    As we watch, and fast, and pray.

(O.H.B.)

(113)
1 Jesus, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's Tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

4 By Thy red Wounds streaming,
With Thy Life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

5 By that Fount of blessing,
Thy fond love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

6 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

(114)
1 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
   I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;
   For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood pouring;
   For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own Disciple to the Jews hath sold Thee,
   With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
   How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
   While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
   With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
   Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
   When I am wrong'd, how quickly I complain!

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
   Upon Thy Bleeding Brow the Crown of Thorn,
   Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
   Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O Victim of Thy love! O Pangs most healing!
   O Saving Death! O Wounds that I adore!
   O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
   I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

( 115 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ST. CROSS (First Tune). Dykes.

RHEINLAND (Second Tune). Trier Gesangbuch. (The Children's Service Book.)

(116)
1 O come and mourn with me awhile;
    O come ye to the Saviour's Side;
    O come, together let us mourn;
    Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
    While soldiers scoff and Jews deride!
    Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
    Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nail'd:
    His Throat with parching thirst is dried;
    His failing Eyes are dimm'd with Blood;
    Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

4 Seven times He spake, Seven Words of love;
    And all three hours His silence cried
    For mercy on the souls of men;
    Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
    So may the Blood from out His Side
    Fall gently on us drop by drop;
    Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
    Ask, and they will not be denied;
    A broken heart Love's cradle is;
    Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

7 O Love of God! O Sin of Man!
    In this dread act your strength is tried;
    And victory remains with Love;
    For He, our Love, is crucified.

( 117 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

418

VATER UNSER IN HIMMELREICH.

Mendelssohn’s Setting. Reduced to Four Parts.

Vater unser in himmelreich. Slow.

1 O Jesu, as we watch Thee hang,
   Rejected, scorn'd, and crucified,
   Allure us by each unknown pang.
   Shed healing from Thy Wounded Side:
   O draw us by Thy dying breath
   With cords of love more strong than death.

2 "Father, forgive them" is Thy prayer,
   "They know not what they do" Thy plea;
   O wondrous words of love and care,
   For those who nail'd Thee to the Tree:
   Who, dying that the world might live,
   Didst e'en Thy murderers' guilt forgive.

3 O Man of sorrows! God of love!
   By all Thy pity, all Thy woes,
   And by the prayer that soar'd above
   For pardon on Thy cruel foes,
   Grant us forgiving hearts like Thine,
   Fill'd with the flame of Love Divine.
Hymns on the Passion.

1 O Jesu, in Thy torture
Nail'd to the bitter Tree,
My soul's true Guide and Nurture,
I yearn to be with Thee.

2 How can I taste of pleasure,
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain?
Jesu, mine Only Treasure,
Mine Everlasting Gain!

3 O Jesu, may Thy Sadness,
Thine Agony and Tears,
Win for my spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.

4 With Thine own Body feed me,
Life to my soul accord;
Then to Thy pierced Heart lead me,
And hide me there, O Lord.

5 And in my dying hour,
By those sharp Wounds, I pray,
Lord, may Thy Passion's power,
Wash all my sins away.

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN. HANS LEO HASSLER, 1564.

1 O sacred Head, surrounded
By Crown of piercing thorn!
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,
So shamed, and put to scorn!

Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 Thy comeliness and vigour
Is with'rd up and gone,
And in Thy wasted Figure
I see death drawing on:

O Agony and Dying!
O Love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Turn Thou Thy Face on me.

3 In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:

Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.

(119)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

AUS TIEFER NOTH (First Tune). Walther (Phrygian Mode).

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR (Second Tune). MENDELSSOHN'S Setting.
Hymns on the Passion.

O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning;
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on His Head, that bleeding Head,
With Crown of Thorns surrounded;
Look on His sacred Hands and Feet
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See ev'ry Limb with scourges rent:
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction,
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread Crucifixion:
For us He bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renew'd infliction.

4 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from the everlasting doom
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest hereafter at Thy Feet,
Thy Heav'nly glory sharing.

(121)
ANIMA CHRISTI.

NOTE.—The pauses in the middle of the lines should be very slight,—only to mark the cadence. The tempo should be no slower than that of slow reading.

1 Sanctify me wholly, Soul of Christ adored;  
   Be my sure Salvation, Body of the Lord;  
   Fill and satisfy me, O Thou Blood unpriced;  
   Wash me, Sacred Water from the Side of Christ.

2 Passion of my Saviour, be my strength in need;  
   Good and gracious Jesus, to my prayer give heed;  
   In Thy Wounds most precious let me refuge find;  
   All the power malignant of the foe I bind:

3 At death's final hour, call me to Thy Face;  
   Bid me stand beside Thee in the Heavenly place;  
   There with Saints and Angels I shall sing to Thee  
   Through the countless ages of Eternity.

CHRISTUS AGONISTES.
Hymns on the Passion.

1 Saviour, amid the throng that press'd
   Around Thee on th' accursed Tree,
   Some loyal, loving, hearts were there,
   Some pitying eyes that wept for Thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
   Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn;
   Like Thee, Thy Blessed Self, endure
   The Cross with all its shame and scorn.

3 Thy Cross, Thy lonely path below,
   Shows what Thy brethren all should be,
   Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
   Who see no beauty, Lord, in Thee.

4 The current form of the tune in the
   Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
   Which before the Cross I spend,
   Life, and health, and peace possessing
   From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
   Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood;
   Precious Drops, my soul bedewing,
   Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blest is the station,
   Low before His Cross to lie,
   Whilst I see Divine compassion
   Beaming in His languid Eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
   Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
   Till I taste Thy full salvation,
   And Thine unveil'd glory see.

(123)
Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

1 There is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
   Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
   And sinners, plunged beneath that Flood,
   Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

ERHALT UNS, HERR.

Klug, 1542.

Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"

1 Thousands have felt Thy healing power,
   Thousands from Thee their lives have taken,
   And can it be, that in Thine hour
   Of utmost need Thou art forsaken?

2 Forsaken—Oh, what grief and love
   That word expresses on Thy Tongue!
   Thou, in Thy Godhead bright Above,
   And thus on earth by sorrow wrung.

3 Infinite God, and finite Man,
   So high Thy state, Thy state so low,
   No human thought can sound or span
   The boundless depths of such a woe.

4 Yet, at that cry of sore distress,
   Our hearts to some dim knowledge waken;
   And 'mid the gloom we faintly guess
   What God has felt when God-forsaken.

(125)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

427

BROMLEY (First Tune).

ROCKINGHAM (Second Tune).

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

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

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

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'r'ng far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

( 126 )
1 Ye that pass by, Behold the Man!
    The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
    Weeping to Calvary pursue;
See there His Temples crown'd with thorn,
    His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His streaming Feet, transfixed and torn,
    The Fountain gushing from His Side.

2 What is the King of Glory now?
    The Everlasting Son of God!
Th' Immortal droops His languid Brow;
    Th' Almighty faints beneath His load:
Beneath my load He faints and dies:
    I fill'd His Soul with pangs unknown,
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
    I kill'd the Father's Only Son.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
    Convulsed while her Creator died:
O let mine inmost nature shake,
    And die with Jesus Crucified!
The rocks could feel Thy mighty Death,
    And tremble and asunder part;
O rend with Thy expiring Breath
    The harder granite of my heart.
1 O Soul of Jesus, sick to death,  
   Thy Blood and Prayer together plead;  
   My sins have bow'd Thee to the ground,  
   Like storms that bend the feeble reed.

2 My God! My God! and can it be  
   That I should sin so lightly now,  
   And think no more of evil thoughts,  
   Than of the wind that waves the bough?

3 I sin,—and Heav'n and earth go round,  
   As if no dreadful deed were done,  
   As if God's Blood had never flow'd  
   To hinder sin, or to atone.

4 Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love,  
   Grant me the gift of holy fear;  
   And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat  
   To wash my guilty conscience clear!

5 Ever when tempted, make me see,  
   Beneath the olive's moon-pierc'd shade,  
   My God, alone, outstretch'd, and bruised,  
   And bleeding, on the earth He made.

6 And make me feel it was my sin,  
   As though no other sins there were,  
   That was to Him, Who bears the world,  
   A load that He could scarcely bear!
Friday after Sexagesima Sunday.

FRIDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE SACRED PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

S. BRIDE.

Dr. Howard (?).

Jesus said, "Father, into Thy Hands I command My Spirit."

1 O'ERWHELM'd in depths of woe,
   Upon the Tree of scorn
   Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
   With racking anguish torn.

2 See how the nails those Hands
   And Feet so tender rend;
   See down His Face, and Neck, and Breast,
   His Sacred Blood descend.

3 Oh' ear that last, loud cry,
   Which pierc'd His Mother's heart,
   As into God the Father's hands
   He bade His Soul depart.

4 Earth hears, and trembling quakes
   Around that Tree of pain;
   The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
   The veil is rent in twain.

5 The sun withdraws his light,
   The midday Heav'n grow pale;
   The moon, the stars, the universe,
   Their Maker's Death bewail.

6 Shall man alone be mute?
   Have we no griefs, or fears?
   Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
   And bathe Those Feet in tears.

7 Come, fall before His Cross
   Who shed for us His Blood;
   Who died, the Victim of pure love,
   To make us sons of God.

8 Jesu, all praise to Thee,
   Our Joy and endless Rest;
   Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
   Our Crown amid the blest.
1 Daughters of Sion! royal maids!
Come forth to see the Crown,
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
Hath woven for her Son.

2 See how amid His gory locks
The jagged thorns appear;
See how His pallid Countenance
Foretells that death is near.

3 O savage was the earth that bore
Those thorns so sharp and long!
O savage hands that gather'd them
To work this deadly wrong!

4 But now that Christ's Redeeming Blood
Hath tinged them with its dye,
Fairer than roses they appear,
Or palms of victory.

5 Jesu, the thorns which pierc'd Thy Brow
Sprang from the seed of sin;
Pluck ours, we pray Thee, from our hearts,
And plant Thine own therein.

6 Praise, honour, to the Father be,
And Sole-begotten Son;
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.
Friday after the First Sunday in Lent.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE SPEAR AND NAILS.

S. FULBERT.  

Gauntlett.

1.
Hail, Spear and Nails! erstwhile despised,  
As things of little worth;  
Now crimson with the Blood of Christ,  
And famed through Heav'n and earth.

2.
Chosen by Jewish perfidy  
As instruments of sin,  
God turn'd you into ministers  
Of love and grace within.

3.
For from each sev'ral Wound ye made  
In that Immortal Frame,  
As from a fount, Celestial gifts  
And Life Eternal came.

4.
Thee, Jesu, pierc'd with Nails and Spear,  
Let ev'ry knee adore;  
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,  
O Spirit, evermore.

( 131 )
1 Jesu, as though Thyself wert here,  
I draw in trembling sorrow near;  
And hanging o'er Thy Form Divine,  
Kneel down to kiss these Wounds of Thine.

2 Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!  
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!  
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,  
Upon this sacred Winding-sheet!

3 Hail, awful Brow! hail, thorny Wreathe!  
Hail, Countenance now pale in death!  
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,  
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

4 And hail to thee, my Saviour's Side!  
And hail to thee, thou Wound so wide!  
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,  
True antidote of all our woes.

5 Oh, by those sacred Hands and Feet  
For me so mangled! I entreat,  
My Jesu, turn me not away,  
But let me here for ever stay.

(132)
Friday after the Third Sunday in Lent.

FRIDAY AFTER THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

MEIN FREUND.

THE MOST HOLY FIVE WOUNDS.

Freylinghausen.

1 O Priestly Hands, which on the cruel Cross
   Were stretch'd so wide to welcome all our race,
   Lift up your Wounds before your Father's eyes,
   That I one day may feel your dear embrace:
   Ah, Sinless Saviour, wounded all for me
   With thorns and lashes of my grievous sin,
   Wound Thou my heart with wound of deep remorse,
   But close sin's wounds and make me whole within.

2 O weary Feet, way-worn and pierc'd for me,
   Which sorrowing Mary bathed with tearful grief,
   Oh, let me lie, like her, beneath your Wounds,
   And find for sin's disease a sure relief:
   Ah, Sinless Saviour, &c.

3 And thou, thou wounded Heart of pity deep,
   Through which my way lies to Thy Father's Throne,
   Teach me the love which trod the crimson path,
   Gave us Thy Life, but made our pains Thine own:
   Ah, Sinless Saviour, &c.

(133)
FRIDAY AFTER THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

435
LIEBE, DIE DU MICH ZUM BILDE.

J. EHR. BACH (?).

HeWho once, in righteous vengeance,
Whelm'd the world beneath the Flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With the Stream of His own Blood,
Coming from His Throne on High
On the painful Cross to die.

O the Wisdom of th' Eternal!
O the depth of love Divine!
O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
We were sinners doom'd to die;
Jesus paid the penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May the Blood of His Atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our Pardon and our Peace.

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

FRIDAY AFTER PASSION SUNDAY.

436
STABAT MATER (First Tune).

Ancient.
**Friday after Passion Sunday.**

**STABAT MATER (Second Tune).**

**Ancient.**

1 At the Cross her station keeping,
   Stood the Mournful Mother weeping,
   Close to Jesus to the last;
   Through her soul of joy bereaved,
   Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,
   Now at length the sword had pass'd.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
   Was she then, that Mother Blessed
   Of the Sole-Begotten One;
   Wrung with sorrow and affliction,
   When she saw the Crucifixion
   Of her Ever-glorious Son.

3 Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
   Smit with anguish so amazing,
   Born of woman would not weep?
   Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
   Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
   Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sins, in anguish
   She beheld her Jesus languish,
   Saw Him by the scourges rent;
   Saw her Son from judgement taken,
   And in death by all forsaken,
   Till His Spirit forth He sent.

5 Mother, who with love o'erflowest,
   I would know the grief thou knowest,
   I would learn to mourn with thee;
   I would raise my heart's devotion
   Unto Christ, with pure emotion,
   So accepted might I be.

6 Holy Mother, be there written
   All the Wounds of Jesus smitten
   Deep within my inmost heart;
   In the pains which He endured,
   Which for me have life procured,
   Let me share with Thee the smart.

7 In the Passion of my Maker
   Be my sinful soul partaker,
   Weep till death, and weep with thee;
   Mine with thee be that sad station,
   There to watch the great Salvation
   Wrought upon the Atoning Tree.

8 Virgin, thou of virgins fairest,
   May the bitter woe thou bearest
   Make on me impression deep;
   Thus Christ's dying would I carry,
   With Him in His Passion tarry,
   And His stripes in mem'ry keep.

9 May His Wounds transfix me wholly,
   May His Cross and Life-Blood solely
   Satisfy my spirit here;
   Thus, inflamed with pure affection,
   Finding refuge and protection,
   When the Judgement Day is near.

10 Christ, when endsthis earthly story,
    With Thy Mother in Thy glory,
    Grant that I may see Thy Face;
    When the pains of death befall me,
    Then receive my soul, and call me
    To a peaceful resting-place.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

437

Palm Sunday.

S. THEODULF.

Chorus.

Melchior Teschner.

1 All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

All glory, &c.

3 The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on High,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before Thee we present

All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou Good and Gracious King.

All glory, &c.
Palm Sunday.

Attributed to Martin Luther.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach.

NOTE.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
   Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
   O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
   With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd

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

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
   The Angel-armies of the sky
   Look down with sad and won'dring eyes
   To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
   The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
   The Father on His sapphire Throne
   Awaits His own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
   In lowly pomp ride on to die;
   Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
   Then take, O God, Thy Power, and reign.

(137)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

439

THE MAUNDY.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Or tune of 434 without repeats.

Evening.

1 "This is My Body, Which is given for you;
   Do this," the Saviour said, "Rememb'ring Me:" *
   O Lamb of God, our Paschal Off'ring true,
   To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

2 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
   While they, submissive, wonder and adore;
   Bathed in Thy Blood, our spirits ev'ry whit
   Are clean, yet cleanse our goings more and more.

3 Some will betray Thee: Master, is it I?
   Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear;
   Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
   To Thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;
   A sadden'd awe pervades our dark'ning sense:
   In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
   And hear Thy Voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

* Altered by permission.

( 138 )
Good Friday.

Meine Hoffnung.

Good Friday.

German.

1 Now returns the Awful Morning
When with curses, shouts, and scorning,
Salem raged against her King;
Gave Him up to bonds and scourging,
Follow'd Him with cruel urging
On His path of suffering.

2 He His Cross in patience bearing,
Meek His platted thorn-crown wearing,
Friendless climb'd that shameful hill;
Tasted not the drink benumbing,
Shrank not from the torture coming,
Suffer'd all to have their will.

3 God's own Son, of glory emptied,
Smitten, mock'd, forsaken, tempted,
Died this day upon the Tree;
Dying, for His murderers pleaded:
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have pierc'd and stricken Thee!

4 Not alone the hands that nail'd Thee,
Nor the crowd whose cries assail'd Thee,
Raised Thy Cross, and fix'd Thee there:
Ours the guilt which crucified Thee,
We betray'd Thee, we denied Thee,
We too need Thy pard'ning prayer.

5 Son of Man, in mem'ry keeping
All the pain, the shame, the weeping,
All the Sorrows of Thy Way;
By the love that thither drew Thee,
Now once more, for them that slew Thee,
Lift Thy Wounded Hands to-day!

The following hymns are suggested for the "Three Hour Devotion":
417 :: 418, 425, 436, 428, 412, 414, 430 :: 801.

(139)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

441

AD INFEROS.

1 It is finish'd! Blessed Jesus,
   Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
   Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
   How the Son of God can die.

2 Lifeless lies the broken Body,
   Hidden in its rocky bed,
   Laid aside like folded garment:
   Where is now the Spirit fled?

3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
   Shines a light unknown before,
   For the Lord of dead and living
   Enters at the open door.

4 See! He comes a willing Victim,
   Unresisting hither led;
   Passing from the Cross of Sorrow
   To the Mansions of the dead.

5 Lo! the Heavenly light around Him
   As He draws His people near;
   All amazed they stand rejoicing
   At the gracious Words they hear.

6 For Himself proclaims the story
   Of His own Incarnate Life,
   And the Death He died to save us,
   Victor in that awful strife.

7 Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
   Gather round Him as He stands,
   In adoring faith and gladness,
   Hearing of the pierced Hands.

8 O the bliss to which He calls them,
   Ransomed by His Precious Blood,
   From the gloomy realms of darkness
   To the Paradise of God!

9 There in lowliest joy and wonder
   Stands the robber at His Side,
   Reaping now the blessed promise
   Spoken by the Crucified.

10 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
    Let Thy mercy rest on me;
    Grant me too, when life is finish'd,
    Rest in Paradise with Thee.

442

HEIL'GER GEIST, DU TRÖSTER MEIN.

Ancient.

Evening.
Easter Even.

1 Weeping, as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

2 These are they who watch'd to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on th' accursed Tree.

3 All is over—fought the fight:
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

4 Leave we in the tomb with Him
Sins that shame, and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

5 Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

EASTER EVEN.

ACH WAS SOLL ICH SUNDER MACHEN.

1 Resting from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from Head to Feet
Shrouded in the Winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalen;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

(141)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LIEBE, DIE DU MICH ZUM BILDE.  
J. Ehr. Bach (?)

Evening.

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

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

3. Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
   Which on yonder Cross He bore;  
   How did Soul and Body languish  
   Till the toil of death was o'er;  
   But that toil, so fierce and dread,  
   Bruised and crush'd the serpent's head.

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

(142)
All hail, dear Conqueror! all hail!  
Oh, what a victory is Thine!  
How beautiful Thy strength appears,  
Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou cam'st at the dawn of day;  
Armies of souls around Thee were,  
Blest spirits, thronging to adore  
Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

The Everlasting Godhead lay  
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,  
Nor left untenanted one hour  
That Sacred Human Heart of Thine.

They worshipp'd Thee, those ransom'd souls,  
With the fresh strength of love set free;  
They worshipp'd joyously, and thought  
Of her who bore and nurtur'd Thee.

They worshipp'd, while the beauteous Soul  
Enter'd the Body's wounded Side:  
Bright flash'd the cave—before them stood  
The Living Jesus glorified!

Ye Heav'n's, within your blissful Courts  
How sang the Angel Choirs that day,  
When from His tomb th' imprison'd God,  
Like the strong sunrise, broke away!

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,  
And worship Him with joyous dread!  
O Sin, thou art undone by Love!  
O Death, thou art discomfited!

(143)
1 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hearts to Heav’n and voices raise;
Sing to God a Hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a Hymn of praise;
He, Who on the Cross a Victim
For the world’s salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the First-fruits
Of the holy Harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His Second Coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripen’d by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen! we are risen!
Shed upon us Heav’nly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy Face;
That we, with our hearts in Heav’n,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gather’d,
And be ever safe with Thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on High;
Alleluia to the Saviour,
Who hath gain’d the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Tri-une Majesty.
A RHYME, A RHYME, FOR EASTER TIME.

1. A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time,
   Come sing with mirth and glee;
   Come youth and age, with sire and sage,
   And join in harmony;
   For Christ hath burst His prison gate,
   Whose bars before Him fell,
   Aloft He fares, and with Him bears
   The keys of Death and Hell.

2. No powers of night can keep His Soul
   Its prison bournes within;
   Corruption foul can ne'er control
   His Form, unstain'd by sin.
   His Three days o'er, He comes once more
   To tread the hallow'd sod
   By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
   Had slain the Son of God.

3. But not alone doth Jesus speed;
   A throng of spirits bright
   Away to earth with Him proceed,
   As trophies of His might.
   Around doth press the Saintly Band,
   They move in flesh agen;
   Once more on Salem's Mount they stand,
   And shew themselves to men!

4. And so, through Him Who conquer'd
   May we, too, upward press   [Death,
   From death of sin sweet life to win
   Of truth and holiness;
   And, like the Saints returning home
   With Christ, we pray that we
   May to God's holy City come
   And true Mount Sion see.
1 At the Lamb's high Feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced Side;
Praise we Him, Whose love Divine
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the Feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is pour'd,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now Thy banner Thou dost wave;
Vanquish'd Satan and the Grave;
Thou hast open'd Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

4 Easter Triumph, Easter Joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.
1 Bringing Life and Peace and Gladness
   To His people from the grave,
   Jesus rose at break of morning
   Mighty in His strength to save.

2 Having rested from His labour,
   Waking from His sleep by night,
   Morn brought back the Well-belovéd,
   Crown’d with many crowns of light.

3 When the world was wrapt in slumber,
   On the threshold of the day,
   Then the Warrior-king, from Bozrah,
   Pass’d on His triumphal way.

4 On the Heights His Feet, once-piercéd,
   Shone with brightness like a flame;
   While there hung around His Footsteps
   Heavenly splendours as He came.

5 He, the Warrior strong from Edom,
   Smote the battlements of Hell,
   Rode in chariots of salvation,
   When the ancient mountains fell.

6 Oh! the rest and deep rejoicing
   After warfare, after toil;
   Rest for those who reap the harvest,
   Joy for those who take the spoil.

7 Risen Jesus, long the nations
   Waited with desire for Thee;
   Now the Dragon Thou hast smitten
   Now hast made Thy people free.

8 Glorious One, in dyed apparel,
   Conqu’ror by a fearful strife,
   Thou didst cover Heav’n with triumph,
   Bringing Gladness, Peace and Life.
1 Christ is ris'n! Christ is ris'n! He hath burst His bonds in twain: Christ is ris'n! Christ is
low, and Heav'n a bove, Joy in each a maz ing

ris'n! Earth and Heav'n pro long the strain.
to ken Of His ris ing, Lord of love!

1 For our gain He suf fer'd loss, By.
1 He hath died up on the Cross, But.
2 He for ev er more shall reign At.
2 Till He comes to earth a gain, Comes

( 148 )
Eastertide.

1 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain:
   Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.
   For our gain He suffer'd loss,
   By Divine decree;
   He hath died upon the Cross,
   But our God is He.
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain:
   Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.

2 See, the chains of death are broken!
   Earth below, and Heav'n above,
   Joy in each amazing token
   Of His rising, Lord of love!
   He for evermore shall reign
   At His Father's side,
   Till He comes to earth again,
   Comes to claim His Bride.
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain:
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.

3 Glorious Angels, downward thronging,
   Hail the Lord of all the skies!
   Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
   For the Father's Image, cries,
   Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
   Gleam, ye starry train!
   All Creation, find a voice!
   He o'er all shall reign!
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   He hath burst His bonds in twain:
   Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
   O'er the universe to reign.

(149)
1. Christ the Lord hath risen
   From His three-day prison
   Meet it is to make merrie;
   Jesus will our solace be. Alleluia!

2. Christ to knap asunder
   Chains, that kept us under
   Satan's yoke, was slain of yore;
   Now He lives to die no more. Alleluia!

3. Christ, our Victor-giant,
   Quells the foe defiant:
   Let the ransom'd people sing
   Glory to the Easter King. Alleluia!

(150)
1 Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
   And hear Angelic watchers say,
   "He lives, Who once was slain;
   Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
   Remember how the Saviour said
   That He would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
   When by His own Almighty Power
   He rose, and left the grave:
   Now let our songs His triumph tell,
   Who burst the bands of death and Hell,
   And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
   For us He rose, our Glorious Head,
   Immortal life to bring:
   What though the Saints like Him shall die,
   They share their Leader’s victory,
   And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
   For Jesus will their spirits save,
   And raise their slumbering dust:
   O Risen Lord, in Thee we live,
   To Thee our ransom’d souls we give,
   To Thee our bodies trust.

( 151 )
1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the Royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal!
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising!
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising!
1 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men,
The lay is worth a-hearing;
We tell how grief hath ended woe,
And fear hath finish'd fearing;
And pain, that lasted for a day,
Hath brought Eternal Cheer.

2 Was ever battle won like this,—
Where He That lost was gaining?
And He That fell was triumphing,
And He That died was reigning?
And He, That held the Reed of Scorn,
A Sceptre was obtaining?

3 The winner then had such a foil
As crush'd him down for ever:
The wise was taken in his craft,
The strong in his endeavour:
And He, the Slain, was Victor still,
And he, that slew Him, never.

4 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men,
The riddle is expounded;
From North to South, from East to West,
Its meaning shall be sounded;
On Easter Day was fought The Fight,
Whereon the Crown is founded!
At the Procession.

1 **Hail! Festal Day!** to endless ages known,  
   When Christ, o'er death victorious, gain'd His Throne.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

2 Now with the Lord of new and Heavenly birth,  
   His gifts return to grace the springing earth.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

3 He reigns Supreme, Who died the death of shame  
   And all created things adore His Name.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

4 Fulfil thy promise, King of Love, we pray;  
   The Third Morn brightens; Rise, and come away.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

5 No mould'ring tomb shall hold Thee in repose;  
   No stone the Ransom of the World enclose.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

6 Who holdest all things in Thy hollow'd Hand,  
   No rocky barrier can before Thee stand.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

7 Cast off the grave clothes; let them there remain  
   Come forth to us, our All, our Only Gain.  
   *Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.
Eastertide.

8 Creator, Fount of Life, Thou know'rt the grave;
   And thence returning, Thou art strong to save.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

9 Light of the World! show us Thy Face once more,
   The Day that died with Thee, to-day restore.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

10 A countless people, from death's bondage freed,
   Own Thee Redeemer, following Thy lead.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

11 The shades of Death are pierc'd, his laws undone,
   And trembling Chaos flees the Rising Sun.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

* Alternativenotes inthe Bass.

HE IS RISEN.

He is risen! He is risen!
   Tell it with a joyful voice;
He hath burst His three days' prison,
   Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquer'd, man is free,
   Christ hath won the victory!

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
   With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
   All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore;
   Sin and pain can vex no more.

Tell it to the sinners weeping
   Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping;
   Brightly gleams their Easter Sun:
Blood can wash all sins away,
   Christ hath conquer'd Hell to-day!

He is risen! He is risen!
   He hath oped th' Eternal Gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
   Risen to a holier state:
Death's dominion now is o'er,
   Jesus lives for evermore!
1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!  
Our Triumphant Holy Day, Alleluia!  
Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!  
Unto Christ, our Heavenly King, Alleluia!  
Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3 But the pain, which He endured, Alleluia!  
Our Salvation hath procured; Alleluia!  
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!  
Where the Angels ever sing. Alleluia!

(156)
1 Jesus lives! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life Immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of Hell
Part us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia!

( 157 )
LET THE SONG BE BEGUN (First Tune). 15th Century.
To be sung in Unison. From NEALE & HELMORE'S Carols, newly arranged

\[ \text{Glo-ri-a in e-x-cel-si.} \]

LET THE SONG BE BEGUN (Second Tune).
And the vic-to-ry won:

\[ \text{And the foe is scatter'd, And the pris-on shatter'd: Sing of joy, joy, } \]

(158)
Eastertide.

Sing of joy, joy, joy; Raise the lay! And to-day Raise the lay,

1 Let the song be begun,
For the battle is done,
And the victory won:
And the foe is scatter'd,
And the prison scatter'd:
Sing of joy, joy, joy;
Sing of joy, joy;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
Gloria in excelsis!

2 They that follow'd in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the Crown shall obtain;
They were sore assaulted;
They shall be exalted;
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
Sing of rest, rest;
And again
Pour the strain,
Gloria in excelsis!

3 For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is Life Eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Sing of peace, peace;
Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
Gloria in excelsis!

4 Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despis'd and ye few,
For the Crown is for you;
Christ, That went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
Sing of hope, hope;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
Gloria in excelsis!

(150)
NOW LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES (First Tune).

Old English Air.

NOW LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES (Second Tune).

(Given out by Tenors unaccompanied.)

C. J. Ridsdale.

Now lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die: All vain were the terrors that gathered around Him, And short the dominion of death and the
Eastertide.

Now lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die:
All vain were the terrors that gather'd around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save:
Then lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

N

( 161 )

O.H.B.
1. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
   No more of strife! No more of pain!
   The Lord of Life hath risen again!
   Uplift ye then the joyful strain.  Alleluia!

2. The powers of Hell have done their worst,
   But Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
   Let shouts of joy and praise outburst.  Alleluia!

3. The Three Sad Days have quickly sped;
   He rises glorious from the dead;
   All glory to our Risen Head!  Alleluia!

4. Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
   From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
   That we may live and sing to Thee  Alleluia!

(162)
NOTE.—These Alleluias are sung before each verse and before the Amen.

2 That Easter Morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the Risen Lord,
He doubted the Disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they Eternal Life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy Day of days,
To God our hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

10 And we with Holy Church unite,
As is most just and meet and right,
In glory to the King of Light.
Alleluia!
ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR.

Nic. Decius.

Vivace. Without pause.

1 On Easter Morn Christ rose again; Alleluia! Alleluia! Rejoice, rejoice, good Christian men. Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 But two days since He deign'd to die, That we no more in death might lie. Alleluia! Alleluia!
Eastertide.

3 The Holy women to the tomb
   With gifts of precious ointment come. Alleluia!
4 They seek within the guarded grave
   The Lord, Who died mankind to save. Alleluia!
5 An Angel clad in white appears,
   Who brings glad tidings to their ears. Alleluia!
6 Ye trembling daughters, do not fear;
   Ye seek the Christ; He is not here. Alleluia!
7 Go, bid the glad Disciples see
   Their Risen Lord in Galilee. Alleluia!
8 Of Simon Peter, next, I ween,
   Then of th' Eleven, He was seen. Alleluia!
9 This time of Holy Paschal joy,
   In Hymns to Christ let all employ. Alleluia!
10 The Holy Trinity be praised,
    Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia!

ON THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

1 On the Resurrection morning
   Soul and Body meet again;
   No more sorrow, no more weeping,
   No more pain!
2 Here awhile they must be parted,
   And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
   Waiting in a holy stillness,
   Wrapt in sleep.
3 For a space the tired body
   Lies with feet toward the dawn;
   Till there breaks the last and brightest
   Easter Morn.
4 But the soul in contemplation
   Utters earnest prayer and strong,
   Bursting at the Resurrection
   Into song!
5 Soul and body reunited
   Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
   Waking up in Christ's own likeness
   Satisfied.
6 Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
   Of that Resurrection Day,
   Which shall not through endless ages
   Pass away!
7 On that happy Easter Morning
   All the graves their dead restore;
   Father, sister, child, and mother
   Meet once more.
8 To that brightest of all meetings
   Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last, [ment,
   To Thy Cross, through death and judge-
   Holding fast.

( 165 )
LÆTARE, ALLELUIA!

Melchior Franck, 1628.

1. The clouds of night have pass'd away; Alleluia!
   Mary, rejoice, rejoice to-day. Alleluia!

2. He, That abhorréed not thy womb, Alleluia!
   Hath sprung to life from out the tomb. Alleluia!

3. Death's arrows keen are snapt in twain; Alleluia!
   At Jesu's feet Death lieth slain. Alleluia!

4. Though heaviness endure a night, Alleluia!
   Joy cometh with the morning-light. Alleluia!

5. From spitting hid He not His Face; Alleluia!
   It beams with glory now and grace. Alleluia!

6. His Wounds in Side, in Hands, in Feet, Alleluia!
   Are springing-wells of mercy sweet. Alleluia!

7. Thy transverse arms, O Cross, are now Alleluia!
   The Sceptre whereto all things bow. Alleluia!

(166)
1 The Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God;
From death to Life Eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light;

And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the Heav'ns be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

(167)
1 The foe behind, the deep before, Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore, And Israel's ransom'd tribes are free.

2 Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now;
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously! The Lord shall reign victorious!

3 Happy morrow, Turning sorrow Into peace and mirth!
4 Seals assuring, Guards securing, Watch His earthly prison:
Eastertide.

Bon-dage end-ing, Love de-scend-ing O'er the earth.
Seals are shot-ter'd, Guards are scat-ter'd, Christ is risen!

No long-er must the mourners weep, Nor call de-part-ed Christians dead;
For death is hal-low'd in-to sleep, And ev-'ry grave be-comes a bed.

Now once more E-den's door O-pen stands to
Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and

mor-tal eyes; For Christ hath ris'n, and man shall rise.
peace be-gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

(169)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

8 It is not exile, rest on high; It is not sadness,

peace from strife; To fall asleep is not to die;

To dwell with Christ is better life. 9 Where our banner

leads us, We may safely go;

o'er us, He will guide us through;

Where our Chief precedes us, We may face the foe.

Christ hath gone before us, Christians, follow you!
1 The Lord is risen indeed;
    Now is His work perform’d;
    Now is the mighty Captive freed,
    And death’s strong castle storm’d.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
    Then Hell has lost his prey;
    With Him is risen the ransom’d seed
    To reign in Endless Day.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
    He lives, to die no more;
    He lives, the sinner’s cause to plead,
    Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 The Lord is risen indeed;
    Attending Angels, hear!
    Up to the Courts of Heav’n with speed
    The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
    And strike each cheerful chord;
    Join, all ye bright Celestial Choirs,
    To sing our Risen Lord.

( 171 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY.

Re-arranged.

From NEALE & HILMORR'S Carols.

1. The world itself keeps Easter Day, And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay, And Easter buds are springing:
Alleluia, Alleluia! The Lord of all things lives anew, And all His works are rising too: Alleluia, Alleluia!

2. There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter Morning early,
When day had scarcely chase'd the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find: Alleluia, Alleluia!

3. But earlier still the Angel sped,
His news of comfort giving:
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Alleluia, Alleluia!
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia, Alleluia!

4. But one, and one alone, remain'd,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gain'd,
That some-time sinner, Mary:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear Form to see
Of Him That hung upon the Tree:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

5. The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing:
Alleluia, Alleluia!
The Lord hath ris'n, as all things tell:
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia, Alleluia!

(172)
Eastertide.
'Twas about the dead of night,
And Athens lay in slumber;
Moonlight on the temples slept,
And touch'd the rocks with umber;
And the court of Mars were met
In grave and reverend number.
Evermore, &c.

1. Twas about the dead of night,
   And Athens lay in slumber;
   Moonlight on the temples slept,
   And touch'd the rocks with umber;
   And the court of Mars were met
   In grave and reverend number.
   Evermore, &c.

2. Met were they to hear and judge
   The teaching of a stranger;
   O'er the ocean he had come,
   Through want, and toil, and danger;
   And he worshipp'd for his God
   One cradled in a manger.
   Evermore, &c.

3. While he spake against their gods,
   And temples' vain erection,
   Patiently they gave him ear,
   And granted him protection;
   'Till with bolder voice and mien
   He preach'd The Resurrection.
   Evermore, &c.

4. Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
   Of blasphemy and treason;
   Some replied with laughter loud,
   And some replied with reason;
   Others put it off until
   A more convenient season.
   Evermore, &c.

5. Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
   Now Europe hath received it;
   Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
   Now children have believed it;
   This good Christians, was the day
   That gloriously achieved it.
   Evermore, &c.

(173)
1 Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
   And Thou hast sworn to hear;
   Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
   The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
   We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
   And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
   We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
   The Summer sun and air,
   The green ear, and the golden grain,
   All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
   The wondrous growth unseen,
   The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
   The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
   By sun and moon below,
   That Thee in Thy new Heav'n and earth
   We never may forego.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
   And Spirit glory be,
   The Ever-Blessed Three in One
   Through all Eternity.

( 174 )
Ascensiontide.

ASCENSIONTIDE.  CRESPIN, 1557.
OLD CXXXVII. ALLISON'S Setting.

==60. Anointed One! Thy work is done, The slayer Death is slain;

And Thee Thine Ever-lasting Realm Of glory claims again:

Borne on a bright, clear cloud of light, Thou dost the earth survey;

While, freed from thrall, behind Thee through The Father's glad array. Amen.

2 Th' Angelic Host, in wonder lost,
Th' Eternal Gates fling wide;
And Thee, triumphant, God and Man,
Throne at the Father's side:
There dost Thou wait, our Advocate,
Our Priest, the Prince of Peace;
Thy once shed Blood presenting still,
With prayers that never cease:

3 And thence with power dost deck and dower
The Church, Thy Royal Bride;
And still, her all-pervading Life,
To all dost life divide

Thence, day by day, midst fight and fray,
Each Saint dost Thou uphold;
Thou to the brave dost conquest give.
And triumph to the bold.

4 Where Thou, the Head, O Christ, hast
Do Thou the Body call, [sped,
And, o'er the path Thy Footsteps trod,
Thy Members, one and all.
Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
Who dost to Heav'n ascend;
With Father and with Spirit Blest,
Through Ages without end.

( 175 )
1 God is gone up with a merry noise
   Of Saints that sing on High:
   With His own Right Hand and His Holy
   He hath won the victory. [Arm

2 Now vanquish'd are the courts of death,
   And crush'd thy sting, despair;
   And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
   For Jesus hath been there.

3 And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
   And dragg'd him through the sky,
   And captive 'neath His chariot-wheel
   He hath bound captivity.

4 God is gone up with a merry noise
   Of Saints that sing on High;
   With His own Right Hand and His Holy
   He hath won the victory. [Arm

1 Hail! Festal Day! to endless ages known,
   When God ascended

Chorus in Harmony. Principal Boys in Unison.

Hail! Festal Day! [2]
   2 Now with the Lord of

( 176 )
Ascensiontide.

New and Heav'nly Birth, His gifts return to grace the springing earth. Hail!

Coda. After the last v. and Refrain.

Hail! Festal Day! Hail! Day to endless ages known.

Or any of the tunes at 455, 483 or 580.

2 Now with the Lord of New and Heav'nly Birth, His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

3 Now glows the year with painted flow'rs' array, And warmer light unbars the gates of day.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

4 Now Christ from gloomy Hell comes triumphing; And field and grove with flow'r and leafage spring.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

5 The reign of Hell o'erthrown, He mounts on High, Sent forth with joyous praise from sea and sky.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

6 Loose now the captives, ope the prison door, The fallen, from the deep, to light restore.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

7 A countless people, from death's bondage freed, Own Thee Redeemer, following Thy lead.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

8 Stainless and strong, and in Thine Arms sustain'd, Bear them to God, an off'ring purely gain'd.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

9 One wreath be Thine, that of Thy labour comes, And one, that of Thy ransom'd people blooms.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

10 Creator and Redeemer! Christ our Light! The One-begotten of the Father's might.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

11 Co-equal, Co-eternal, Thou to Whom The Kingdom of the world decreed shall come.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

12 Thou, looking on our race in darkness laid, To rescue man, Thyself True Man wast made.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

O.H.B.
Hail the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia! Ravish'd from our wistful eyes;

Alleluia! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Enters now the highest Heav'n.

Highest Heav'n, Alleluia, Alleluia! Amen.

2 There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!
   Lift your heads, Eternal Gates! Alleluia!
   Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin; Alleluia!
   Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

3 See! He lifts His Hands above, Alleluia!
   See! He shews the prints of Love; Alleluia!
   Hark! His gracious Lips bestow Alleluia!
   Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

4 Lo! the Heav'n its Lord receives, Alleluia!
   Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
   Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia!
   Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes; Alleluia!
   His Prevailing Death He pleads; Alleluia!
   Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
   He the First-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
   Far above the starry Height; Alleluia!
   Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
   Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!

(178)
1 In the brightness of the sunshine
   Thou didst go from earth to Heav'n;
When our Lady stood beside Thee
   With the sorrowful Eleven;
Then they gazed upon Thee rising
   To the cloud that veil'd the sky,
In the hour of Thine Ascension
   To Thy Father's House on High,

2 Lifting up Thy Hands in blessing
   Thou wast parted from their sight,
When the golden doors stood open
   To the splendour of Thy Might:
Then the Angels sang before Thee
   As Thou wentest on Thy way,
To Thy Throne of strength, predestined,
   In the City of the Day.

3 As the Fount of Living Water
   Thou dost dwell within the veil;
Giving help to those who wander,
   Giving life to those who fail:
As the Storehouse of all mercy
   Thou dost dwell in Light Above;
Evermore our Intercessor,
   Evermore our Kingly Love.

(179)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LOOK YE SAINTS.

German.

1 Look ye saints, the sight is glorious, 
   See the Man of Sorrows now: 
   From the fight return'd victorious, 
   Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow! 
   Crown Him! Crown Him! 
   Crowns become the Victor's Brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, Angels crown Him! 
   Rich the trophies Jesus brings: 
   In the seat of power enthrone Him, 
   While the vault of Heaven rings: 
   Crown Him! Crown Him! 
   Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him, 
   Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; 
   Saints and Angels crowd around Him, 
   Own His title, praise His Name; 
   Crown Him! Crown Him! 
   Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation; 
   Hark! those loud triumphant chords; 
   Jesus takes the highest station; 
   O what joy the sight affords! 
   Crown Him! Crown Him! 
   King of kings, and Lord of lords!

( 180 )
1 Rise, glorious Conqu'ror, rise
Into Thy native skies—
Assume Thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward roll'd,
Pass through those Gates of Gold
And reign in Light.

2 Enter, Incarnate God;
No feet but Thine have trod
The Serpent down:
Blow the full trumpet, blow;
Wider yon portals throw;
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy Crown.

3 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy Heritage.

4 O Lord, ascend Thy Throne;
For Thou shalt rule Alone
Beside Thy Sire,
With the great Paraclete,
The Three in One complete—
Before Whose awful feet
All foes expire.
Part III.

1 **See** the Conqu'ror mounts in triumph,
   **See** the King in Royal state,
   Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
   **To** His Heav'nly Palace-gate;
   Hark! the Choirs of Angel voices
   Joyful Alleluias sing,
   And the portals high are lifted,
   **To** receive their Heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
   With the trump of jubilee?
   Lord of battles, God of armies,
   He hath gain'd the victory;
   He Who on the Cross did suffer,
   He Who from the grave arose,
   He hath vanquish'd sin and Satan,
   **He** by death hath spoil'd His foes.

3 While He lifts His Hands in blessing,
   He is parted from His friends;
   While their eager eyes behold Him,
   He upon the clouds ascends;
   He who walk'd with God, and pleased Him,
   Preaching truth and doom to come,
   He, our Enoch, is translated
   **To** His Everlasting Home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
   With His Blood, within the Veil;
   Joshua now is come to Canaan,
   And the kings before Him quail;
   Now He plants the tribes of Israel
   In their promised resting-place;
   Now our great Elijah offers
   Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
   On the clouds to God's Right Hand;
   There we sit in Heav'nly places,
   There with Thee in glory stand:
   Jesus reigns, adored by Angels;
   Man with God is on the Throne:
   Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
   We by faith behold our own.

Doxology to either part.

Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, Risen, Ascending for us,
Who the Heav'nly Realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three;
Glory both in earth and Heaven,
Glory, endless glory, be.

(182)
Thou art gone up on High
To Mansions in the skies;
And round Thy Throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress’d;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

1  Thou art gone up on High
To Mansions in the skies;
And round Thy Throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress’d;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

2  Thou art gone up on High;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth’s most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy Crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3  Thou art gone up on High;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy Right Hand on High.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

HEUT' IST GEFAHREN GOTTES SOHN. Trier Gesangbuch.

Vivace.

\[ d = 130. \]

\[ \text{Alleluia!} \]

Or tunes 463 and 465.

1 To-day above the sky He soar'd, Alleluia!
   The King of Glory, Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

2 At God's Right Hand, for evermore, Alleluia!
   He sits, while earth and Heav'n adore. Alleluia!

3 Fulfill'd is David's mystic strain, Alleluia!
   Who sang Messiah's boundless reign. Alleluia!

4 My Lord is seated with the Lord, Alleluia!
   Upon the Throne of God adored. Alleluia!

5 In this our day of holy joy, Alleluia!
   Be hymns to Christ our glad employ. Alleluia!

6 The Holy Trinity be praised, Alleluia!
   Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia!

( 184 )
1 Welcome to us is Christmas Morn;
For then our Saviour mild
In Bethlehem town for us was born,
A dread and Holy Child:

2 But, oh, with Christmas carols glad
Are blent some notes of woe,
To think what anguish for our sakes
That Heavenly Babe must know.

3 And good for us that Blessed Day
On which our Saviour died,
And shed the Water and the Blood
From out His Precious Side:

4 We thank the Lord Who saved us thus,
But glad we dare not be,
For thinking of the Crown of Thorns,
And of the Blood-stain'd Tree.

5 Our Easter Day is glad and bright,
And Alleluias ring
From all the Church, to welcome back
Her Risen Lord and King:

6 Yet not at Blessed Easter-tide
The triumph is complete;
Our Saviour lingers yet on earth,
Far from His Father's Seat.

7 But Blest Ascension Day to us
Brings happiness alone;
We joy with our triumphant Lord
Ascending to His Throne.

8 The Angels welcome Him on High
With glad and solemn lay;
Then let us echo back their songs,
This bright Ascension Day.

(185)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old

483

WHITSUNTIDE.

HAIL! FESTAL DAY!
Stately. (Unison—Alternately, Men and Boys.)

J. Morley.
S. Alban's Tune Book.

Hail! Festal Day! thro' ev'ry... age Di-

vine,

When God's fair grace from Heav'n on

earth did shine. . . . Hail! Festal
Whitsuntide.

Or any of the tunes at 455, 474, or 586.

1 Hail! Festal Day! thro' ev'ry age Divine,
    When God's fair grace from Heav'n on earth did shine.

2 Lo! God the Spirit to th' Apostles' hearts
   This day in form of fire Himself imparted.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

3 Forth from the Father, bearing mystic powers,
    On human hearts new strength He richly showers.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

4 Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell,
    God's wondrous works in divers tongues to tell.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

5 Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Holy Fount of Light!
    Life-Giver! Fire of radiance ever bright!
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

6 Thou Good all good containing, Peace Divine!
    Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

7 Who fillest all things, earth, and sky, and sea,
    Cleanse Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

8 Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,
    The overshadowing of Cherub-wings.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

9 To love Divine our lips and hearts inspire!
    By flying Seraph touch'd with Altar fire.
   Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

( 187 )
DESCENDE, SPIRITUS.

Unison. The music of verse 1 and the Refrain.

1 Holy Ghost! Come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine; Thy tender fires within us kindle, Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

The music of all the verses after the first.

2 For all within us good and holy
3 For Thou to us, &c.

Is from Thee, Thy precious gift; In all our joys, in
all our sorrows, Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.

3 For Thou to us art more than father,
     More than sister, in Thy love;
     So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
      Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!
      Holy Ghost, &c.

4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit;
     Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
     And still our sins, new ev'ry morning,
      Never yet have wearied Thee.
      Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Dear Paraclete, how hast Thou waited
     While our hearts were slowly turn'd;
     How often hath Thy love been slighted,
      While for us it grieved and burn'd.
      Holy Ghost, &c.

6 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
     We would take Thee for our Lord;
     O dearest Spirit, make us faithful
      To Thy least and lightest word.
      Holy Ghost, &c.

7 Ah, sweet Consoler! though we cannot
     Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
     Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
      They will not be always thus.
      Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
     Give us grace and make us Thine;
     Thy tender fires within us kindle,
      Blesséd Spirit! Dove Divine!
      Amen.
1 Holy Ghost, Divine Creator,  
   Who didst on the waters move;  
Holy Ghost, Regenerator,  
   Author of all life and love;  
Holy Ghost, Illuminator,  
   Thou Who didst with Fire baptize  
Holy Ghost, Great Renovator,  
   Come, the World evangelize!

2 In the hour of danger, hear us;  
   Breeze in heat, refresh our soul;  
In the days of sorrow, cheer us;  
   Balm of sickness, make us whole;  
Faith, and Hope, and Resignation,  
   Breathe upon us with Thy Breath;  
Give us Heav'nly Consolation  
   In the solemn hour of death.

(190)
1. Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
   Our hearts and voices we uplift  
   To Thee, the Fount of Light and Love,  
   The Giver, and the Gift.

2. Thou o'er the waters far and near  
   Wast brooding at Creation's dawn,  
   When earth was waste and void and drear,  
   Ere glorious Light was born.

3. When God, of dust, in form Divine  
   His best and noblest work would frame,  
   Man, by that quick'ning Breath of Thine,  
   A living soul became.

4. When God from sin and death began  
   Our fallen nature to restore,  
   By Thee conceived, the Second Man  
   A Virgin Mother bore.

5. When in the Jordan's hallow'd wave  
   John Baptist did his Lord baptize,  
   Thy Mystic Form, descending, gave  
   A sign to wond'ring eyes.

6. The gifts and graces, which of old  
   Man by his disobedience lost,  
   Thou didst restore a thousandfold  
   At bles'sd Pentecost.

7. In Holy Church each sacred rite  
   Is quick'ned by Thy Heav'n-sent grace;  
   By faith perceived, though out of sight,  
   We still Thy working trace.

8. Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
   While we this day Thy praises tell,  
   Come with Thy Gifts of Faith and Love,  
   And ever in us dwell.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

DEUS PARACLITUS.  
C. J. Ridsdale.

\[ \text{\textit{O King enthroned on High, Thou Comforter Divine, Blest Spirit of all}} \]

2.
Thou art the Source of Life,  
Thou art our Treasure-store;  
Give us Thy Peace, and end our strife  
For evermore.

3.
Descend, O Heav'nly Dove,  
Abide with us alway;  
And in the fulness of Thy love  
Cleanse us, we pray.

( 192 )
1 O Thou, the weary pilgrim's rest!
Solace of all that are oppress'd!
Befriender of the poor!
O Thou in Whom the wretched find
A sweet Consoler ever kind,
A Refuge ever sure!

2 Teach us to aim at Heav'n's high prize,
And for its glories to despise
The world and all below;
Cleanse us from sin; direct us right
Illuminate us with Thy Light;
Thy Peace on us bestow.

3 And as Thou didst in days of old
On the first Shepherds of the Fold
In Tongues of Flame descend,
Now also on its Pastors shine,
And flood with Fire of Grace Divine
The world from end to end.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might!
Immense, Immortal, Infinite!
The Life of earth and Heav'n!
Be, through Eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
And adoration given.
1 Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
Oh shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this Sacred Day.

2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our Great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, Heav'ly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love.
1 When God of old came down from Heav'n,
    In power and wrath He came;
    Before His Feet the clouds were riven,
    Half darkness and half flame.

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

3 But, when He came the second time,
    He came in power and love:
    Softer than gale at morning prime
    Hover'd His Holy Dove.

4 The Fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
    In sudden torrents dread,
    Now gently light, a glorious crown,
    On ev'ry sainted head.

5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
    The Voice exceeding loud,
    The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
    Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

6 So, when the Spirit of our God
    Came down His flock to find,
    A voice from Heav'n was heard abroad,
    A Rushing, Mighty Wind.

7 It fills the Church of God; it fills
    The sinful world around;
    Only in stubborn hearts and wills
    No place for It is found.

8 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
    Open our ears to hear;
    Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
    Save, Lord, by love or fear.

( 195 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

BoYCE.

1 God the Father, Whose relation
With the Sole-Begotten Son,
By a mystic generation,
Stood ere time had learn'd to run;

2 God the Son, by the Supernal
Ever with the Father bound;
In the glorious folds Eternal
Of One single Nature wound;

3 God the Spirit, Stream vivific,
Ceaselessly by Both outpour'd,
And in union beatific
Equally with Both adored;

4 God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Thy United Glories merit
Thanks and praise continually.

5 Praise to Thee and adoration
On Thy Festival be done,
For the Blessed Incarnation
Of the Co-Eternal Son;

6 For the coming of the Spirit;
For the grace that crowns our life;
For the joys that Saints inherit,
When they cease from earthly strife.

7 More than all, be praise unending
Paid throughout the Church to Thee,
For the Majesty transcending
Of Thy Tri-une Deity;

8 Sun of Splendour, never waning,
Fount of Sweetness, never dry,
Staff of Comfort all-sustaining,
Ever-Blesséd Trinity.
1 Have mercy on us, God most High!
   Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
   Most Holy Trinity.

2 Most Ancient of all mysteries!
   Before Thy Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
   Most Holy Trinity.

3 When Heav'n and earth were yet unmade,
   When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty,
   Didst live and love alone.

4 How wonderful creation is,
   The work that Thou didst bless;
And oh, what then must Thou be like,
   Eternal Loveliness.

5 Most Ancient of all mysteries!
   Low at Thy Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
   Most Holy Trinity.

( 197 )
1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
   Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
   Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
   God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
   Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
   Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
   Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
   Though the eye of sinful man Thy Glory may not see,
   Only Thou art Holy; there is none beside Thee
   Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

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!

( 198 )
Proper of Saints.

S. ANDREW'S DAY.

RATH BUN (Pint Tune)

Ithamar Conkey.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me":

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

(199)
1 Let heart and voice together raise
Triumphant hymns of thankful praise;
This day before our eyes is wrought,
With grace of healing richly fraught,
A link in that bright Chain of Love,
Which knits lost man with Heav'n above.

2 The Virgin comes; and soon shall earth
Behold a greater, holier Birth;
When Angel Choirs, no longer mute,
Descending shall their God salute;
And ev'ry land with joyful cry
Chant "Glory be to God on High."

3 Seed of the Woman, Virgin-born,
Who, pitying our estate forlorn,
Didst come Thy people to set free,
All praise, O Christ, is due to Thee
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Spirit evermore.

(200)
Proper of Saints.

S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

1. We have not seen, we cannot see,  
   The Happy Land above,  
   Where sin, and death, and suffering flee,  
   And all is peace and love:

   Its Sun that never goeth down,  
   Its streets of pearl and gold,  
   Its Blessed Saints that wear the crown  
   That never groweth old.

3. We only see the path is long  
   By which we have to go;  
   We only feel the foes are strong  
   That seek to work us woe.

4. We have not seen, we cannot see,  
   The Cross our Master bore,  
   With all its pains, that we might be  
   The slaves of sin no more.

5. We only think it hard to part  
   With very pleasant sin,  
   And give to God a perfect heart.  
   And make Him Lord within.

6. The Spirit's grace we cannot see,  
   That makes an infant whole;  
   And gives the water power to free  
   From sin a guilty soul.

7. We only know that we have power  
   To do our Father's will;  
   Though ev'ry day and ev'ry hour  
   We meet temptation still.

8. We walk by faith, and not by sight  
   And, Blessed Saint, like thee,  
   We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,  
   Because we cannot see.

9. Upon the promise we would lean  
   Thy doubting heart received;—  
   "Blessed are they that have not seen,  
   And that have yet believed."
1 Hail the love and power amazing
   Of th' Incarnate living Word!
Year by year the song upraising,
Join we all with one accord,
Holy Saints and Martyrs praising,
Who have died for Christ the Lord.
Sing we how, for naught esteeming
   Tyrants' rage, a Prelate dies,—
How the murderer's weapon gleaming,
   Altar's sanctity defies;
Yet the Martyr's life-blood streaming,
   Still for pard'ning mercy cries.

3 How he lived a life laborious,
   Be the saintly story told;
How he died a Martyr glorious,
   Prelate wise, Confessor bold;
How he reigns in Heav'n victorious,
   Robed in white, with crown of gold.
4 To the Lord of all Creation,
   In Whose love the Martyrs rest,
To the God of our Salvation,
   Whom their dying breath confess'd,
Honour, praise, and adoration,
   Father, Son, and Spirit Blest.

(202)
1 'Gainst what foeman art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on,
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the Sinless One?
Oh, how shortly, (bis)
Shall He make His vengeance known!

2 See the Lord, from Heaven descending,
Smite him, binds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly, to the blow:
See him rising,
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.

3 Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
Oh, how fierce his anger burn'd!
Now that he hath lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth hath learn'd,
The destroyer
Straightway to a lamb is turn'd.

4 Christ, Thy Power is man's Salvation,
And Thy Love is here made known:
He who wrought such desolation,
That Thy cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that Sacred Cause his own.

5 Praise the Father, God of Heaven,
Him Who reigns supreme on High:
Praise the Son, for Sinners given
Both to suffer and to die:
Praise the Spirit,
Guiding us most lovingly.

(203)
1 We sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats of hate:
The rav'ning wolf rush'd forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day.

2 O Glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O Light that pierc'd and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
O Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ord'ring all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy!

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find.
Proper of Saints.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE
COMMONLY CALLED
THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

500

JOY! JOY! THE MOTHER COMES.

1 Joy! Joy! the Mother comes;
   And in her arms she brings
   The Light of all the world,
   The Christ, the King of kings;
   And in her heart the while
   All silently she sings.

2 Saint Joseph follows near,
   In rapture lost and love,
   While Angels round about
   In glowing circles move;
   And o'er the Infant broods
   The Everlasting Dove.

3 There in the Temple court
   Old Simeon's heart beats high;
   And Anna feeds her soul
   With food of prophecy:
   But see! the shadows pass,
   The world's True Light draws nigh!

4 O Infant God! O Christ!
   O Light most Beautiful!
   Thou comest Joy of joys!
   All darkness to annul;
   And brightest lights of earth
   Beside Thy Light are dull.

5 Yes! Thou wilt set us free;
   Thou wilt be wholly ours,
   To lighten ev'ry soul
   In earth's benighted bowers,
   Condoning Adam's curse,
   And turning thrones to flowers.

6 To Father, and to Son,
   Who came to set us free,
   And Spirit, Three in One,
   All praise and glory be,
   As hath been, and is now,
   And through Eternity.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

REX ANGELORUM.

German Chorale.

1 O JERUSALEM beloved, joyful Morn has dawn'd to thee,
   Sing with joy and exultation, sing a song of Jubilee;
   For the Lord, Whom thou art seeking, He for Whom the Nations pray,
   He, in human flesh appearing, to His Temple comes to-day.

2 He the First-Begotten, Only Son of God, to-day is come,
   He the First-Begotten, Only Son of holy Mary's womb;
   All the faithful sons of Israel are in Him to God allied;
   All in Him are now presented to the Lord, and sanctified.

3 Light the Gentile world to lighten, and thy glory, Israel,
   Shines in Him the Heav'ny Dayspring, God with us, Emmanuel;
   Now the aged World receives Him in its arms with faith's embrace,
   And with Simeon rejoices in the sunshine of His Grace.

4 May we, Lord, with holy Simeon, and with Anna, wait for Thee,
   In the visions of Thy Temple; may our hearts Thy Temples be!
   So, with Saints and holy Angels, may we all for evermore,
   In Jerusalem the Golden, Thee the Lord of all adore!
1 O Sion, open wide thy gates;
   Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
   The Truth Himself, is here.

2 No more the simple flock shall bleed;
   Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to His own Altar comes,
   For sinners to atone.

3 Conscious of hidden Deity,
   The lowly Virgin brings
Her New-born Babe, with two young doves,
   Her tender offerings.

4 The aged Simeon sees at last
   His Lord so long desired,
And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope,
   With sudden rapture fired.

5 But silent knelt the Mother Blest
   Of the yet silent Word,
And, pond'ring all things in her heart,
   With speechless praise adored.

6 All glory to the Father be,
   All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
   While endless ages run.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

OLD HUNDREDTH.

503

Bourgeois.

1. Lord, we implore Thy mighty grace,
That still, in ev'ry holy place,
Our hymns to Thee may freely swell,
And peace within our borders dwell.

2. To Thee, O God, for ever near,
We look for aid in doubt and fear;
The raging ocean Thou canst still,
The madness of the people's will.

3. Thou didst the fierce contention guide,
Which swept our land in tumult wide,
When fearful storms, as yet unknown,
Cast down the Altar and the Throne.

4. Avenge not on our nation's head
The blood this day unjustly shed;
Hear us, O Lord, who humbly pray,
Nor turn in wrath Thy Face away.

5. Almighty Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally.
1 The highest and the holiest place
   Guards not the heart from sin;
The Church that safest seems without
   May harbour foes within.

2 Thus in the small and chosen band
   Beloved above the rest,
One fell from his Apostleship,
   A traitor-soul unblest.

3 But not the great designs of God
   Man's sins shall overthrow;
Another Witness to the Truth
   Forth to the lands shall go.

4 The soul that sinneth, it shall die;
   Thy purpose shall not fail;
The Word of Grace no less shall sound,
   The Truth no less prevail.

5 Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways;
   Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
   Thy Church shall stand secure.

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

O.H.B.
1 Saint of the thorns and roses!
   Saint of the Perfect Way!
   Far greater than earth's soldier,
   Thou whom we hymn to-day;
He that a city taketh
   Is not of worth so rare,
As he who rules his spirit
   With never-ceasing care.

2 Saint of the thorns and roses!
   Saint of the Holy Rule!
   By deeds and precepts teaching
   The secrets of thy school,
To quench the darts of Satan
   By flesh with anguish torn,
Then rise for aye a Victor,
   Saint of the roseate thorn!

3 Saint of the thorns and roses!
   Each pang, which drew from thee
   The very life-blood flowing,
   Hath set thy spirit free:
And, as thy spirit waking
   Hails the Eternal Morn,
Sweet Sharon's rose shall crown thee,
   The Rose without a thorn!

4 O guide us, Heav'nly Father,
   And rule us in Thy love,
   And lead us to Thy Kingdom
   Of Perfect Rest above;
And, lest we lose the roses
   In Heav'n's Eternal Morn,
Help us to grasp more bravely
   Our daily Cross of Thorn.
Proper of Saints.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY.

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIOUM.

1 Praise we our God this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting Saints of old.

2 The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the Promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her, whom Heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bow'd her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favour'd of the Lord.

5 Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
Th' Incarnate Saviour's Birth.

6 Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

( 211 )
1 O Noble Martyr, thee we sing,
   O Soldier worthy of thy King,
   Saint George, our Patron Saint:
   A heathen ruler to defy,
   And for thy Master, Christ, to die
   Thou didst not fear nor faint.

2 Those arms, unstain'd by coward fear,
   All red with thine own blood appear,
   And soil'd is thy face:
   That bloody robe is whiten'd now,
   That soil upon thy noble brow
   Shines like a Crown of Grace.

3 May we, in Jesu's armour dight,
   Share in the white-robed Martyrs' fight,
   To reap a like renown:
   And, militant on earth below,
   Through Him withstand our ghostly foe,
   And win our Heav'nly Crown.

4 To Christ our King all praise be given,
   The Prince of Martyrs throned in Heav'n,
   Who suffer'd for the lost:
   To God the Father glory be,
   And honour, laud, and praise to Thee,
   O God the Holy Ghost.

( 212 )
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

2 The Saint who left his comrades,
And turn'd back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, Most Mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy Love Thy Saint hath number'd
Among the Blessed Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesu, Glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the vict'ry win.

( 213 )
1 Come, let us raise our voices,
   This gladsome First of May,
   To Him Who decks the meadows,
   And makes the hedgerows gay;
   The bare brown earth has taken
   Her springtide robe of green,
   And, sparkling in the sunbeams,
   The springtide flowers are seen:

2 But 'midst our Spring rejoicing,
   We'll not forget to-day
   What Holy Church remembers
   Upon the First of May:
   How Christ's two valiant soldiers,
   Saint Philip and Saint James,
   To death for their dear Master
   Gave up their mortal frames.

3 Their glorious steps we'll follow,
   Come peace to us or strife,
   With Him at hand to guide us,—
   Our Way, our Truth, our Life;
   And one day He will show us,
   His earth-born flowers who prize,
   The Roses and the Lilies
   That bloom in Paradise.

4 To Thee, Almighty Father,
   To Thee, Co-equal Son,
   To Thee, Most Holy Spirit,
   To Thee, Blest Three in One,—
   By men on earth and Angels,
   That throng the Courts of Heav'n,
   All glory, praise and honour,
   From age to age be given.
Proper of Saints.

THE OBSERVANCE OF MAY DAY.

1 For all Thy love and tenderness, so bountiful and free,
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   Aloft on wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to Thee:
   Glory to the Lord!

2 The springtime breaks all round about, waking from winter's night:
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light:
   Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in the earth, a voice is in the air:
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   All nature sings aloud to God; there's gladness ev'rywhere:
   Glory to the Lord!

4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on hill and on the plain:
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   The soft air stirs the tender leaves that clothe the trees again:
   Glory to the Lord!

5 Thy handiwork is very fair: for all Thy bounteous love
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better Land Above?
   Glory to the Lord!

6 And oh, to wake from death's short sleep, as plants from winter's grave!
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   And rise all glorious in the Day when Christ shall come to save!
   Glory to the Lord!

7 And oh, to dwell in that fair Land, where hearts cannot choose but sing!
   Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
   And where the life of all the Blest is like an endless spring!
   Glory to the Lord! Alleluia!

    ( 215 )
THE INVENTION OF THE HOLY 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 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
   By the Cross are sanctified;
   Peace is there that knows no measure,
   Joys that through all time abide.

5 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.
Proper of Saints.

1 Though Rome's infuriate city,  
   From Caesar's judgement chair,  
   They drag Christ's loved Disciple,  
   The Saint with silver'd hair.  

2 In boiling oil they plunge him,  
   The flame forgets its might,  
   And sends him forth anointed,  
   And stronger for the fight.  

3 To desert Island banish'd,  
   With God the exile dwells,  
   And sees the future story  
   His mystic writing tells.  

4 So may Christ love and teach us  
   To suffer and to die,  
   That, of His Death partaking,  
   We then may reign on High.  

5 All praise to God the Father,  
   All praise to God the Son,  
   All praise to God the Spirit,  
   Eternal Three in One.

S. AUGUSTINE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

SCHUMANN. From R. Schumann.

1 Apostle of our own dear home,  
   By thee glad tidings came of old,  
   And we, who sat in night and gloom,  
   The Dayspring from on High behold.  

2 There came a strange, a solemn band,  
   Whose measured hymn was softly sung,  
   As, traversing the stranger's land,  
   They worshipp'd Christ in heart and tongue.  

3 Before, a silver cross was raised,  
   The sacred banner waved behind;  
   The gath'ring heathen stood amazed,  
   Such sounds came floating on the wind:

4 Ye servants of the Lord, rejoice,  
   For conquest waits upon our band;  
   God's praise in our unwearied voice,  
   His sword in our restless hand!  

5 Now is our hour of vengeance come,  
   Which shame upon the heathen brings,  
   And bonds shall be their nobles' doom,  
   And chains the portion of their kings.  

6 And ever, as they went, they spread  
   The words of truth, and love, and life,  
   And fast the powers of darkness fled,  
   And malice ceased, and lust, and strife.  

7 Oh joyful day for Anglia's race,  
   When, dwelling first together there,  
   The Angel soul and Angel face  
   Fulfill'd that old paternal prayer.  

8 Thou Who didst give One Faith of old,  
   First Father of th' Eternal Creed,  
   Till we be joined in one fold,  
   Still look upon us in our need.

(217)
514
S. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.
S. BARNABAS.

1 In Heav'n 'tis given to rest thee,
   Thy lands and lordship leaving,
This Holy Day hath blest thee,
   Thine end of toil receiving.

2 For Heav'n thy land thou quittest,
   And all thy fleeting treasure:
And Heav'n in quittance gettest,
   And payment without measure.

3 The Church was fasting for thee,
   In prayer her soul prostrating;
Then came the Spirit o'er thee,
   Christ's Messenger creating.

4 True Son of Consolation,
   The weak from want thou shieldedst;
And, heralding salvation,
   To death thy body yieldedst.

5 To Christ, Who doth inherit
   The Throne, be praise ascending,
With Sire and Holy Spirit,
   Through ages without ending.

A - - men....

1 Laud the grace of God victorious,
   Sing triumphant o'er the foe;
Tell of him, a Martyr glorious,
   For the changeless truth laid low;
Faithful servant, bright example,
   Whom all lands and ages know.

2 Valiant soldier, noble Martyr,
   First of Britain's sons to die,
Pagan ire and cries withstanding,
   As he touch'd the Jordan's flood,
Yet he fought, a soldier valiant,
   And the eneny withstood.

3 Craggy way, and steep and narrow,
   Dark and drear the path of blood;
Cruel foes were pressing round him,
   As he touch'd the Jordan's flood,
Yet he fought, a soldier valiant,
   And the eneny withstood.

4 Patient, humble, like his Master,
   He resign'd a spirit calm;
Crown'd with coronal unfading,
   Now he bears a glist'ning palm;
Sheathing sword no longer needed,
   He took up the endless Psalm.

5 Laud and honour to the Father,
   Equal honour to the Son,
Adoration to the Spirit,
   Ever Three and ever One,
Consustantial, Co-eternal,
   While unending ages run.
**Part 3. Hymns New and Old.**

**516 S. JOHN BAPTIST’S DAY.**

**HAIL, HARBINGER OF MORN.**

*C. J. Ridsdale.*

*Vivace.*

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1. *Hail, har-binger of Morn: Thou that art this day born,*
   And heraldest the Word with clarion voice!

2. John—by that chosen name
   To call him, Gabriel came [High:]
   By God’s appointment from his Home on
   What deeds that babe should do,
   To manhood when he grew,
   God sent His Angel forth to testify.

3. There is none greater, none,
   Than Zachariah’s son; [born:]
   Than this no mightier Prophet hath been:
   For ever he may claim
   More than a Prophet’s fame;
   Sublimer deeds than theirs his brow adorn.

4. “Lo, to prepare Thy way,”
   Did God the Father say,
   “Before Thy Face My messenger I send,
   Thy coming to forerun;
   As on the orient sun [attend.]”
   Doth the bright day-star morn by morn

5. Praise therefore God Most High;
   Praise Him, Who came to die
   For us, His Son That liveth evermore;
   And to the Spirit raise,
   The Comforter, like praise,
   While time endureth, and when time is o’er.

---

*By permission of Messrs.Novello and Company, Ltd.*

(220)
1 Lo! from the desert homes,
   Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
   In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
   Of Christ from high,
And judgement nigh
   From op'ning skies.

2 Your God e'en now doth stand
   At Heav'n's opening door;
His fan is in His Hand,
   And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
   And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
   To deathless flames.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
   Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
   Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His way plain
   Your King before;
For evermore
   He comes to reign.

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

5 O God, with love's sweet might,
   Who dost anoint and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight
   With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice-Blessèd Three,
   Heav'n's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
   Eternally.
1 When Christ the Lord would come on earth,
   His Messenger before Him went,
The greatest born of mortal birth,
   And charged with words of deep intent.

2 The least, of all that here attend,
   Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
   His Body and His Spouse are we.

3 A higher race, the sons of Light,
   Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
   And we the children of the Morn.

4 And as he boldly spake Thy word,
   And joy'd to hear the Bridegroom's Voice,
Thus may Thy Pastors teach, O Lord,
   And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
   Is now, and shall be evermore.
Proper of Saints.

S. PETER'S DAY.

Attributed to Luther.

1 Creator of the rolling flood,
   On Whom Thy people hope alone,
   Who cam'st by Water and by Blood,
   For man's offences to atone:

2 Who from the labours of the deep
   Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
   To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
   And build an Endless Church for Thee;

3 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
   And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
   To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
   And on Thy Sacred Rock to stand:

4 And when, our life-long toil to crown,
   Thy call shall set the spirit free,
   To cast with joy our burden down
   And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.
1 Sing we the praise of Peter,
   And while his name we praise,
   To Christ the sure Foundation,
   Adoring hearts we raise.

2 To our Creator's glory
   We raise the chant on high,
   And praise the second shepherd,
   The First to glorify.

3 O Peter, light of doctrine,
   And torch of holy love;
   The very type of fervour,
   And wisdom from above.

4 Type, too, of sad transgression,
   The fruit of faithless fears;
   But, from thy fall, uprisen,
   Of penitential tears.

5 The grace of the Great Fisher
   Call'd thee, a fisher then,
   To ply a nobler calling,
   And search the depths for men.

6 By faith thy very shadow
   Dispell'd the power of ill,
   The fierce diseases healing
   Which baffled human skill.

7 The cross at last approaching,
   Thy heart with hope beat high;
   What joy for the Disciple
   The Master's Death to die.

8 Thou from the Cross didst follow
   Thy Master to the skies;
   And thus thou art our leader,
   That we, too, there may rise.
For verse 1, line 3.

1 The great Apostle call’d by Christ,
   And wean’d from all beside,
Preach’d the same Faith he once abhorr’d,
   The Lord Whom he denied.

2 In perils and in troubles oft
   His toilsome life he pass’d;
But He, Who turn’d his heart at first,
   Upheld him to the last.

3 A chosen vessel of His will,
   He fought the fight of faith,
And gain’d the Crown of Righteousness,
   Obedient unto death.

4 Thou, Lord of Grace, to all Thy will
   Submissive may we be,
And follow meekly in his steps,
   Who bravely follow’d Thee.
1 Far over the mountains in gladness of springtime,
Sweet Mary arising now hastens to-day;
The winter has gone, with its gloom and its darkness,
And lilies and roses are strewing the way;
The turtle's sweet note and the singing-bird's voice
Are calling on Nature to praise and rejoice.

2 What seeketh she over the beautiful mountains?
The solace of love, the communion of Saints;
And so through all perils we see her press onward,
All strong in her purpose of love that ne'er faints;
Full lonely she seems, but did faith draw the veil,
What wonderful vision our eyesight would hail!

3 Oh should we not see the bright legions of Angels,
All clustering round her to shield and protect,
And little ones strewing the pathway with flowers,
Before the sweet Lily of Judah elect!
For Gabriel's message hath spoken the word,
And Mary is Mother of Jesus the Lord.

4 O glad Visitation of Mary to Hebron!
O wondrous communion beyond all compare,
When Mary saluted her cousin so saintly,
And chanted Magnificat joyfully there!
O depth of the Mystery, passing all thought,
Which Mary to Hebron this Holy Day brought!

5 And let us with Mary return to our homesteads
From saintly Communion and Blest Eucharist,
Thus evermore dwelling in Presence of Jesus,
United in Mystery with the Lord Christ;
O praise we the Godhead, the Blest Three in One,
Whose Love and Whose Power but spake and 'twas done.
Proper of Saints.

S. CECILIA.

A. H. BROWN.

Or tune of 716.

1 Whither thus, in holy rapture,
   Royal Maiden, art thou bent?
Why so fleetly art thou speeding
   Up the mountain's rough ascent?

2 Filled with th' Eternal Godhead,
   Glowing with the Spirit's Flame,
Love it is that bears thee onward,
   And supports thy tender frame.

3 Lo! thine aged cousin claims thee,
   Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken;
   He hath heard her fervent prayer.

4 Blessed Mothers! joyful meeting!
   Thou God's Hand in her dost own:
She, with lips inspired, greets thee
   Mother of the Lord alone.

5 As the sun, his face concealing,
   In a cloud withdraws from sight,
So in Mary then lay hidden
   He Who is the World's True Light.

6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
   Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
   While Eternal Ages run.

(227)
1 When the Lord makes up His jewels,
   And of goodly pearls His store,
   One, methinks, will shine with radiance,
   'Mid His treasures evermore,
   She who stood as firmest rock
   In the court of Antioch.

2 Underfoot she trod the Dragon,
   Through the virtue of the Cross,
   Crown and palm-branch nobly winning,
   Endless gain for earthly loss:
   Thus she vanquish'd all her foes,
   Thus the lily won the rose.

3 Naught we know of her confession,
   Only that for Christ she died;
   For the long revolving ages
   Draw a veil o'er all beside;
   But in regions far away
   Greet's she now the Eye of Day.

4 Glory be to God the Father,
   Glory be to God the Son,
   Glory be to God the Spirit,
   Ever Three and ever One,
   Praise we now, with Saintly Host,
   Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
On the Bosom of the Saviour
Like a flower of stainless white,
Lies the trophy of His mercy,
In a blaze of Heav'nly Light.

Pardon'd sinner! wondrous convert!
Was there ever joy like thine?
'Midst the splendours of the Angels
How thy fervent graces shine!

And yet thou too wert once wand'ring,
Once wert soil'd with darkest stains,
Who art now the fairest blossom
In the Land where Jesus reigns.

Blessèd swiftness of a pardon,
Which thy guilt could not delay!
Happy penance of a moment
Burning lifelong sins away.

Ah! the sweetness of thine ointment
All the earth is filling now;
And thy tears are turn'd to jewels
For a crown upon thy brow;

Oh how wisely hast thou chosen
For thyself the better part,
To be braided, like a jewel,
On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart.
1 Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's Royal Son,
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

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

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

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

5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Blest,
By Saints on earth be honour done,
And by the Saints at rest.

(230)
1 Holy Anna, Juda's glory,
Through the Church, from East to West,
Ev'ry tongue proclaims thy praises,
Spotless Mary's mother blest.

2 Saintly kings, and priestly fathers,
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue those before thee
Didst excel by Grace Divine.

3 Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of High Heaven,
Our immortal Virgin Star.

4 From the stem in beauty budded
Ancient Jesse's Mystic Rod:
Earth from thee received the Mother
Of th' Almighty Son of God.

5 All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay,
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the Long-expected Day.

6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While Eternal Ages run.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

528
S. ANNE.
Anon.

1 Mother, from whose bosom's veil
Fell the Star of Israel,
Whence was kindled pure and bright
Judah's Everlasting Light,
Shining through the shadows dim
From the stall of Bethlehem.

2 Mother of the Royal Line,
Count the life-tale down to thine,
Kings and queens of royal shoot,
Sprung from Jesse's parent root:
Count no more! the swelling list
Ends in the Eternal Christ.

3 Mother, of thy line the last
Wedded to the earthly past,
Yet another Spouse must come
Unto David's Royal Home:
God, God-sent to thine abode,
Fills thy daughter's breast with God.

4 Holy Spirit, Wondrous Guest,
Fills thy daughter's virgin breast;
Holy Spirit, Spousal Dove,
Lights the clear flame of His love:
Mother, pure maternity
Shineth to all time in thee.

( 232 )
Proper of Saints.

LAMMAS DAY AND S. PETER'S CHAINS.

529

ABRIDGE.

For the Lammas.

1 Father of mercies, God of love,
   Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
   Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
   The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
   And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
   The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
   The summer dews to fall.

4 Thy gifts of mercy from above
   Matured the swelling grain:
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
   And plenty fills the plain.

5 Oh ne'er may our forgetful hearts
   O'erlook Thy bounteous care,
But what our Father's Hand imparts
   Still own in praise and prayer.

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

(233)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

How blessed is the force of prayer:
Eager for Peter's fate,
Thy soldiers, Herod, bound him fast,
And watch'd before the gate.

But Jesus has His soldiers too;
They also vigils keep;
They watch to prayer, while Peter rests
In faith, composed in sleep.

And Jesus other soldiers has;
Responsive to the call
Of prayer, His holy Angels come,
Sent by the Lord of all.

His Angels camp around the just,
And spread their silver wings
Above the heads of sleeping saints,
With soft o'ershadowings.

Prayer brought an Angel down from Heav'n;
Sentries and bars are vain;
With Heav'nly Light the prison shines,
Unlock'd is Peter's chain.

Oh if we had the inner eye
To see the hidden world,
Banners of glory we should see
Triumphantly unfurl'd.

The Holy Angels we should see
Emerging from the cloud,
Saving Thy servants from the gulf,
And hurling down the proud.

Help us, O help us, Lord, to walk
By faith and not by sight,
That we may with Thy Angels live
In Thine Eternal Light.

( 234 )
THE TRANSFIGURATION.

1 In days of old on Sinai
   The Lord Almighty came
   In majesty of terror,
   In thunder cloud and flame:
   On Tabor, with the glory
   Of sunniest light for vest,
   The excellence of beauty
   In Jesus was express'd.

2 All light created paled there,
   And did Him worship meet;
   The sun itself adored Him,
   And bow'd before His Feet;
   While Moses and Elias,
   Upon the Holy Mount,
   The Co-eternal glory
   Of Christ our God recount.

3 O holy wondrous Vision!
   But what, when, this life past,
   The beauty of Mount Tabor
   Shall end in Heav'n at last?
   But what, when all the Glory
   Of Uncreated Light
   Shall be the promised guerdon
   Of them that win the fight?
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER

15th Century.

1 With trembling awe the chosen three
   The Holy Mount ascended,
   Where, wrapp’d in blissful ecstasy
   They saw the Vision splendid—
   Their Lord array’d in Living Light,
   And, on His Left and on His Right,
   By glorious Saints attended.

2 O Vision bright, too bright to tell,
   The joys of Heav’n unveiling!
   How precious on those hearts it fell,
   When earthly hopes were failing;
   When, Saints no more on either side,
   Between the thieves the Saviour died,
   ’Mid hate, and scorn, and railing.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, some Vision brief,
   Of future triumph telling,
   Gilding with hope our night of grief,
   Our clouds of fear dispelling:
   If the dim foretaste was so bright,
   O what shall be the dazzling Light
   Of Thine Eternal Dwelling!

(236)
Proper of Saints.

THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

1 Lord, to-day we praise Thee
   For Thy Holy Name,
   Name above all others
   Whence Salvation came:
   Altogether lovely,
   Name surpassing sweet,
   Name which draws the sinner
   To Thy Pierced Feet.

2 Holy Name of Jesus,
   Morning Star so bright,
   Shining in Thy Radiance,
   On a world of night:
   Name which draws the Saintly
   To the Golden Crown,
   Name which won the Martyrs
   All their bright renown.

3 Till before the Daybreak
   Flee the shadows dim,
   Till the Choirs Eternal
   Raise th' unceasing hymn,
   To the Name All-Worthy
   Honour, Glory, Praise,
   Now, and still for ever
   Through the Endless Days.
1 Who is this that shines so bright,
   In God's Everlasting Light,
   With the flame-encompass'd brow?
   Holy Laurence, it is thou!

2 Who are these, thy feet around,
   Poor and needy, halt and bound?
   'Tis the treasure thou dost hoard,
   Holy Deacon, for thy Lord.

3 Wherefore hastest thou to-day,
   Holy Deacon, on thy way?
   Thou must haste to serve thy Priest
   In His Heav'nly Eucharist.

4 What is this cross'd iron brand
   Which thou bearest in thine hand?
   Staff, whereby thy feet have trod
   On the pathway to thy God.

5 He hath gone before thy feet,
   Through the fiery furnace-heat;
   That Bright Form thine eyes may scan,
   'Tis thy Lord—the Son of Man.

6 Fire shall try for us, for thee,
   Each man's work whate'er it be:
   Fear not thou, in Christ be bold,
   Whose whole life is purest gold!

(238)
Proper of Saints.

535

S. BARTHOLOMEW.

Crespin, 1657. Allison's Setting.

1 Behold an Israelite indeed,
   In whom no guile is found,
   For such was blest Nathanael's meed,
   Ere yet with glory crown'd!
   Now he, who once, in bending awe,
   Beneath the fig-tree pray'd,
   Sees greater things than then he saw,
   In Highest Heav'n display'd.

2 O when did he that Vision Bright
   Of wondrous glory scan,
   Of Angels, to and fro, in flight
   Upon the Son of Man?
   Long waiting for the sight, perchance,
   When came his Master's call,
   The Martyr, as with Stephen's glance,
   Look'd up and saw it all

3 Now Him Who made Apostles wise,
   Who made His weak ones strong,
   He gazes on with raptured eyes,
   Amidst the Martyr throng:
   To Him the Father, praise we sing,
   To Him the Son, be laud,
   To Him the Spirit, honour bring,
   The One Eternal God.

( 239 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO.

S. NICHOLAS. Traditional.

1. When Holy Church went forth to war
   With the fierce Heathen's might,
   Hope was her ever-bright'ning star,
   And Faith her armour bright:

2. And thus the Cross o'er Heathen might
   At length triumphant shone,
   Emblem of love, of peace, and light;
   Th' oppressors' day was done.

3. And so the Holy Church went on,
   Sorrowing, yet always glad;
   Joyful for ev'ry soul she won,
   For human frailty sad.

4. Then other foes sprang up within,
   E'en in her very fold;
   For soon was entrance made for sin,
   When love had waxen cold.

5. Now turn ye to a Southern clime,
   Mark Hippo's distant Star,
   How o'er the dreary waste of time
   His fix'd ray shines afar.

6. With lurid ray that Star arose,
   With fitful gleam it shone;
   From sphere to sphere without repose
   Wildly it wander'd on.

7. But scarce may sigh, or suppliant tone,
   Full oft repeated, fail;
   The fervent prayer, the mother's moan,
   Before the Throne prevail.

8. And now, 'mid Holy Church's gems,
   The mother and the son
   Wear each their saintly diadems,
   Their earthly labour done.

9. O praise the Father, praise the Son,
   The Lamb for sinners given,
   And Holy Ghost, through Whom alone
   Our hearts are raised to Heav'n.

(240)
Proper of Saints.

537 THE BEHEADING OF S. JOHN BAPTIST.

S. LUKE. C. J. RIDSDALE.

1 Herald, in the wilderness  
    Breaking up the road,  
    Sinking mountains, raising plains,  
    For the path of God;

2 Prophet, to the multitudes  
    Calling to repent,  
    In the way of righteousness  
    Unto Israel sent;

3 Messenger, God’s Chosen One  
    Foremost to proclaim;  
    Proffer’d titles passing by,  
    Pointing to the Lamb;

4 Captive, for the Word of Truth  
    Boldly witnessing;  
    Then in Herod’s dungeon-cave  
    Faint and languishing;

5 Martyr, sacrificed to sin  
    At that feast of shame;  
    As his life foreshow’d the Lord  
    In his death the same.

6 Holy Jesus, when He heard,  
    Went apart to pray:  
    Thus may we our lesson take  
    From His Saint to-day.

(241) O.H.B.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

538

THE NATIVITY OF THE B.V. MARY.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

VULPIUS.

Art. J. S. BACH.

note.—This tune is at 316 in the key of D.

1 We keep the Feast in gladness,
When first that Gem of earth,
The Mother of Christ Jesus,
The Royal Maid, had birth.

2 The Rod, foretold in story,
Which sprang of Jesse's kin,
The Rod which bore the Flower
That cleansed the world from sin.

3 The oracles of Heaven,
The word of Prophets sure,
Announced that wondrous Mother,
The Virgin ever pure.

4 The blessed among women,
Of mortals honoured most,
Conceiving her Redeemer
By God the Holy Ghost.

5 A stainless Maiden, springing
From David's kingly line,
She bore the Everlasting,
She bore the King Divine:

6 The King of men and Angels,
The Prince of perfect Peace,
Whose might hath no beginning,
Whose might shall never cease.

7 To Christ the Son of Mary
Be honour, glory, laud,
With Father and with Spirit,
The Everlasting God.

(242)
Proper of Saints.

539

HOLY CROSS DAY.
S. MATTHEW'S. [For the original form see Appendix.]

Approximated to Croft's.

1 The Cross, the Cross! Oh, bid it rise,
' Mid clouds about it curl'd,
In bold relief against the skies,
Beheld by all the world;
A Sign to myriads far and wide
On ev'ry holy fane,
Meet emblem of the Crucified,
For our transgressions slain.

2 The Cross, the Cross! with solemn vow
And fervent prayer to bless,
Upon the new-born infant's brow
The hallow'd seal impress;
A token that in coming years,
Allelse esteem'd but loss,
He will press on through foes and fears,
The soldier of the Cross.

3 The Cross, the Cross! upon the heart
Oh seal the signet well,
A safeguard sweet against each art
And stratagem of Hell;

A hope when other hopes shall cease,
And worth all hopes beside—
The Christian's blessedness and peace,
His joy and only pride.

4 The Cross, the Cross! ye heralds blest,
Who in the Saving Name
Go forth to lands with sin opprest,
The Cross of Christ proclaim!
And so 'mid idols lifted high,
In truth and love reveal'd,
It may be seen by ev'ry eye,
And stricken souls be heal'd.

5 The Cross, dear Church, the world is
And wrap't in shades of night; [dark,
Yet lift but up within thy ark
This source of Living Light—
This emblem of our Heavenly birth
And claim to things Divine—
So thou shalt go through all the earth,
And "Conquer in this Sign."

(243)
1 Behold, the Master passeth by!
   Oh, seest thou not His pleading Eye?
   With low sad Voice He calleth thee;—
   "Leave this vain world and follow Me."

2 O soul, bow'd down with harrowing care,
   Hast thou no thought for Heav'n to spare?
   From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
   Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
   And straightway left all things below,
   Counting his earthly gain as loss
   For Jesus and His Blessed Cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
   Seem'd ev'ry day afresh to hear:
   Its echoes stirr'd his spirit still,
   And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God sweetly calls us ev'ry day:
   Why should we then our bliss delay?
   He calls to Heav'n and Endless Light:
   Why should we love the dreary night?

6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
   At which he left his earthly all;
   Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
   I will leave all, and follow Thee.

( 244 )
**Proper of Saints.**

541

**S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.**

**ANGELS’ SONG.**

O. GIBBONS.

1. **Around the Throne of God a band**
   Of glorious Angels ever stand;
   Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
   And on their heads are crowns of gold.

2. Some wait around Him, ready still
   To sing His praise and do His Will;
   And some, when He commands them, go
   To guard His servants here below.

3. Lord, give Thy Angels ev'ry day
   Command to guide us on our way,
   And bid them ev'ry evening keep
   Their watch around us while we sleep.

4. So shall no wicked thing draw near,
   To do us harm or cause us fear;
   And we shall dwell, when life is past,
   With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

(245)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. MATTHEW'S. [For the original form see Appendix.]

Approximated to Croft's.

1 Father, before Thy Throne of Light
The Guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy Presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown,
Beside the Crystal Sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The Brightness of Thy Face.

3 Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our Heavenly Home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's time, and manhood's prime
Be Thine, and Thine alone.

{ 246 }
1 Praise to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and Heav'n in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread Sov'reignty.

2 Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers
Marshall'd Might that never cowers.

3 Speeds the Archangel from His Face,
Bearing messages of grace;
Angel-hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His Will.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright Celestial state,
For in Man their Lord they see,
Christ, th' Incarnate Deity.

5 On the Throne their Lord Who died,
Sits in Manhood glorified;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

6 Oh, the depths of joy Divine
Thrilling through those Orders Nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banish'd come to reign!

7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the Choirs above,
Praising, with the Heav'nly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
1 Stars of the Morning, so gloriously bright,
   Fill'd with Celestial virtue and light,
   These that, where night never followeth day,
   Raise the "Trisagion" ever and aye:

2 These are Thy Ministers, these dost Thou own,
   Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy Throne;
   These are Thy Messengers, these dost Thou send,
   Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
   Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
   Where, with the Living Ones, Mystical Four,
   Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

4 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
   Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
   Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
   Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

5 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
   Lord of Angelic Hosts, battling for right;
   Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
   We with the Angels may bow and adore.
1. They come, God's Messengers of love,
   They come from Realms of Peace above,
   From Homes of never-fading Light,
   From blissful mansions ever bright.

2. They come to watch around us here,
   To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear;
   Ye Heav'nly guides, speed not away;
   God willeth you with us to stay.

3. But chiefly at its journey's end
   'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
   And whisper to the faithful heart,
   "O Christian soul, in peace depart."

4. Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
   Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
   To earth in bitter sorrow weigh'd,
   Thou didst not scorn Thine Angel's aid.

5. An Angel guard to us supply,
   When on the bed of death we lie;
   And by Thine own Almighty Power
   O shield us in the last dread hour.

6. To God the Father, God the Son,
   And God the Spirit, Three in One,
   From all above and all below
   Let joyful praise unceasing flow.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

546

THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.

FONS AMORIS. C. J. RIDSDALE.

1 Dear Angel, ever at my side,
   How loving must thou be,
   To leave thy home in Heav’n to guard
   A guilty wretch like me!

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
   I see not, though so near;
   The sweetness of thy soft low voice
   I am too deaf to hear.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
   Fighting with sin for me;
   And when my heart loves God, I know
   The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down,
   Morning and night, to prayer,
   Something there is within my heart
   Which tells me thou art there.

5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
   The prayer is all for me;
   But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
   But watchest patiently.

6 Then weary not, but love me still,
   And I will love thee more;
   And help me when my soul is cast
   Upon th’ Eternal Shore.
THE TRANSLATION OF S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

547

ALLHALLOWS.  
A. H. BROWN.

1 They could not make his shrine too bright,  
And so, when years were past,  
They straight prepared a noble tomb,  
More glorious than the last;  
And there the Royal Saint they laid  
Within the Abbey vast.

2 O rest most sweet! safe shadow’d o’er  
With vows all duly paid,  
Spreading o’erhead a canopy  
Within the awful shade,  
Where hymns and anthems daily rise,  
And prayer is ever made.

3 But sweeter still the Rest Above,  
Where happy spirits wait,  
Where faithful souls are gather’d safe  
Before the Golden Gate,  
In blessed vigil, till the Lord  
Arise in Royal state:

4 Until He comes with Angel-host  
In all His Power and Might,  
And, seated on the great white Throne,  
Enrobed in glory bright,  
He calls His faithful Saints around,  
And Kingly crowns the right.

5 And what will be Saint Edward’s Crown  
Upon that awful day?  
Let faith in Jesu’s blessed Cross,  
And prayers and almsdeeds say—  
A kingly government and rule  
Of righteousness alway.

6 But greater bliss than brightest crown,  
The Presence of the King,  
And all the ever-growing joys  
That endless ages bring;  
And yet ’tis ever more and more  
The countless Angels sing!

7 Ah, stay! our very thought is lost  
Within that Temple vast,  
Where we, O Christ, long sore to be,  
With Saints of ages past.  
Oh, bring us there, sweet Saviour dear,  
To that bright Home at last.

( 251 )
1 Behold and see Christ's chosen Saint
   In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
   No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
   "His life is Christ, his death is gain."

2 Two converts, watching by his side,
   Alike his love and greetings share;
   Luke the belov'd, the sick soul's guide,
   And Demas, named in falt'ring prayer.

3 Pass a few years—look in once more—
   The Saint is in his bonds again;
   Save that his hopes more boldly soar,
   He and his lot unchanged remain.

4 But only Luke is with him now:—
   Alas! that e'en the Martyr's cell,
   Heav'n's very gate, should scope allow
   For the false world's seducing spell.

5 'Tis sad—but yet 'tis well, be sure,
   We on the sight should muse awhile,
   Nor deem our shelter all secure
   E'en in the Church's holiest aisle.

6 Ah! Dearest Mother, since too oft
   The world yet wins some Demas frail
   E'en from thine arms, so kind and soft,
   May thy tried comforts never fail!

7 When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
   Be it vouchsa'f'd thee still to see
   Thy true, fond nurplings closer cling,
   Cling closer to their Lord and thee
1 O Christ, Thou Son of Mary,
Accept our thankful lays,
What time we sing with triumph
Thy Martyr Crispin's praise:
Thou Who all work didst hallow,
And labour sanctify;
Who willest daily toiling
Should daily bread supply.

2 Our feet be shod, as pilgrims,
With bands of Gospel peace,
Till life's long march be ended,
And strife and struggle cease:
Till on the ground most holy,
Our shoes from off our feet
We put, with holy gladness,
The pilgrimage complete.

3 Then Mary, Queen of Virgins,
In glory we shall see,
Who here, in lowly cottage,
Knew toil and care for Thee:
And there find Paul the aged,
Who wrought the tents of old,
Camps, in the time thereafter,
For liegemen of the Fold.

4 Why stand we here so idle?
The day-hours hasten by:
The night when no man worketh,
Its shadows dim the Sky:
Good Master, in the evening
When Thy rewards are due,
Our work be found abiding,
Our treasure with the few.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

550 S. SIMON AND S. JUDE, APOSTLES.

ALLA TRINITA BEATA. From Laudi Spirituali.

Or tune at 850.

(254)
Proper of Saints.

1 Saints of God, whom faith united
   In the Twelve Apostles' band:
   Who for Christ in pain delighted,
   Who are now at Christ's Right Hand:
Ye had many a bitter trial,
   Ye were scorn'd and set at naught;
Fearing nothing but denial
   Of the Lord, for Whom ye fought.

2 Call'd on earth to different stations
   In the battle of the Lord,
Ye went on through tribulations,
   Faith your shield, and Truth your sword:
Far apart, through toil and peril,
   Pass'd ye onward to your rest:
In the streets of gold and beryl,
   Now together ye are blest.

3 Leaves of autumn tell the story
   How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
   Fadeth like the summer grass:
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
   Earthly hopes but poor at best:
Christ's true Martyrs! we would follow
   In your steps, and gain our rest.

4 Him, Whose love mankind created,
   Him, That came for man to bleed,
Him, That hath regenerated
   Us and all His Chosen Seed;
We, as we are onward pressing
   To His glorious Home on High,
With His Saints and Angels blessing,
   Now and ever magnify.

( 255 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

551

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

DOMUS SANCTORUM.  From The Children's Service Book.
Proper of Saints.

1 King of Saints for ever,
   Unto Thee we sing,
Of all Saints the Captain,
   Of all Saints the King;
Captain leading onward
   Through this sin-stain’d strife,
King at length bestowing
   Crowns of sinless life:
In one blest Communion
   With all Saints of Thine,
King of Saints, unite us
   In Thy Love Divine.

2 King of Saints in sorrow,
   If earth’s joys should fade,
Thou art still the nearest
   ‘Neath the Cross’s shade:
Here Thy Saints have gather’d
   Love that never faints,
Perfected through suff’ring,
   Like the King of Saints:
So through earthly sorrows,
   Which Thy Saints attend,
King of Saints, O bring us
   Where all sorrows end.

3 King of Saints triumphant,
   Ev’ry vict’ry won,
Ev’ry sin resisted,
   Thine the praise alone;
Thou their King wast with them
   When Thy Saints were tried,
Thou their King didst cheer them
   Fighting by their side;
Like Thy Saints, triumphant
   Be our onward way,
King of Saints, O lead us
   Victors ev’ry day.

4 King of Saints departed,
   In that Land so blest,
Where no sin can trouble,
   Where the weary rest;
Rest, since life’s long conflict
   For their King is past,
Rest, till they “in beauty”
   See their King at last:
Yet the Saints departed,
   Still for us they care,
King of Saints, O hearken
   To their fervent prayer.

5 King of Saints in glory,
   Who, in raiment white,
Cast their crowns adoring
   Round the Throne of Light;
Where the palms are waving
   O’er the Crystal Sea,
And the incense rising
   To the One in Three:
For that glorious worship
   With Thy Saints Above,
King of Saints, prepare us
   In Thy boundless love.

6 King of Saints for ever,
   Hear us as we sing,
May we ever choose Thee,
   Thee alone as King:
Ever strive to serve Thee
   As Thy Saints have striven,
Till like them we follow
   Thee from earth to Heaven:
There with Saints for ever
   We will Thee adore,
King of Saints, for ever
   Love Thee more and more.

(257)
JERUSALEM EXULTING.

E. SADDELL.

1 O Heavenly Jerusalem,
Of Everlasting Halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in Thy walls.

2 Thou art the Golden Mansion,
Where Saints for ever sing,
The Seat of God's own chosen,
The Palace of the King.

3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us:
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ the Sun That lightens
His Church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.
Proper of Saints.

ICH BEGEHR NICHT MEHR (First Tune). J. CHRISTOPHER BACH (?).

ALL SAINTS (Second Tune). German.

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?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly 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 untouched by Time's rude hand;
Whence came 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,
Triumph by 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 glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God hath bid them weep no more.

5 These the Almighty contemplating,
Did as Priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most Holy Place
Blest they stand before His Face.

( 259 )
1 O Lord, to Whom the spirits live
Of all the Faithful passed away,
Upon their path that brightness give
Which shineth to the Perfect Day.

2 Bless Thou the dead which die in Thee,
And make their painful labours cease,
O purge them from impurity,
And give them Everlasting Peace.

3 In Thy green, pleasant pastures feed
The sheep which Thou hast summon'd
And by the still cool waters lead (hence),
Thy flock in loving providence.

4 Heal Thou the wounds of earthly strife,
Pouring upon the faint Thy balm,
The wearied with the toils of life
Place in the breast of Abraham.

5 How long, O Holy Lord, how long
Must we and they expectant wait
To hear the gladsome bridal song,
To see Thee in Thy Royal State?

6 O hearken, Saviour, to their cry,
O rend the Heavens and come down;
Make up Thy jewels speedily,
And set them in Thy golden Crown.

7 Direct us with Thine Arm of Might,
And bring us, perfected with them,
To dwell within Thy City bright,
The Heavenly Jerusalem.
Proper of Saints.

1 With pain earth's joys are mingled,
   Earth's glories will not stay,
   And, feeble as a shadow,
   Like dreams they fade away:
   In one brief sudden moment
   Death comes to take their place;
   But Thee we pray, Lord Jesu,
   With Thine unclouded Face,
   Regard with gracious favour
   Our brethren call'd away;
   Lord, grant them joys unfading,
   And rest that lasts for aye.

2 Vain, vain are all possessions
   That men may gather here;
   They last for us no longer
   When death is coming near;
   Our wealth hath no abiding,
   Fame may not with us go;
   When death is hastening onward,
   They vanish with their show:
   So with Thy gracious favour
   Regard our dead we pray;
   Lord, grant them joys unfading
   And rest that lasts for aye.

3 Where are the world's affections,
   Where dreams of earthly gain,
   Where are the gold and silver,
   And where the serving train?
   All, all are dust and ashes,
   All are but as a shade;
   So to the King Eternal
   Be our petition made:
   Regard with gracious favour
   Our brethren call'd away;
   Lord, grant them joys unfading,
   And rest that lasts for aye.

(261)
1 Bright among the Virgin-Martyrs,
   Whom the Holy Church reveres,
Stands Saint Katharine, brave, undaunted,
   Firm amidst her hopes and fears:
What to her the wheel of torture?
What the dungeon's dreary shade?
   Hunger, cold, and sharp temptation?
   She her willing choice had made.

2 True to Jesus Christ her Master,
   Him alone she cares to serve;
Love for Him will give her courage,
   And for ev'ry trial nerve;
So she stood, and taught the Sages
   Lessons deep of Saintly lore;
What if men could hurt the body?
   That they could—but nothing more.

3 Then to Christ she yields her spirit,
   Meets with smiles the headsman's steel,
While, around her, bands of Angels,
   All unseen, her bliss reveal.
So may we, though all unworthy,
   Join at length the Martyr-host,
Praise with them, through Endless Ages,
   Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
1 Let the Church of God rejoice
   For th' Apostles' fostering cares,
   For the sounding of their voice,
   For their preaching and their prayers:
   These the Lord our God did choose
   To the furthest lands to go:
   These the Husbandman did use,
   Holiest seed on earth to sow.

2 In the New Jerusalem
   Twelve Foundations firm are laid:
   On the Apostles of the Lamb
   Is the glorious Building stay'd:
   Bound to Christ, our Corner-Stone,
   Firmly built on them, may we,
   One in heart, in doctrine one,
   In the Heavenly Temple be.
1 The Leaders of the Church of Christ, Twelve Stars of holy light,
First in their Master's Kingdom, first Proclaimers of His Might,
Despised on earth, yet high in Heav'n the Church her Chiefs shall tell,
When sitting on their Thrones they judge the Tribes of Israel.

2 They pour'd the rays of Truth Divine on darkness and decay;
Glad tidings sped, the idols bow'd, foul spirits shrank away;
The chains fall from the slaves of sin, the tear was dried from grief:
To those within the veil of death their message brought relief.

3 It was not by the sword and spear, nor power of human might,
Nor speech of human wisdom, that they triumph'd in the fight;
But by the Cross of Jesus, and by virtue of His Name,
They dared the foe, and won the crown, despising death and shame.

4 O glorious task, to tread the path, which they triumphant trod!
O perfect freedom, that in Christ true service pays to God!
O beautiful, as morning's song, the voice which speaks release!
O beautiful upon the Hills the Messengers of Peace!

5 Still therefore, Twelve of Jesus, doth the Church delight to sing,
How ye led the nations captive to the Footstool of their King;
Still she bears your message onward, till all earth shall own her Lord,
Till her warfare be accomplish'd, and Himself her Great Reward.
1 From Sinai's trembling peak,
   In trumpet-blasts from Heav'n,
   And thunders of a threat'ning God,
   The olden Law was given

2 To us the selfsame Lord,
   Attempered to our gaze
   By the soft veil of Flesh, Himself
   In love and grace displays.

3 On the hard rock engraved,
   The Law from Sinai's Hill,
   Precepts supplied, but gave no strength
   These precepts to fulfil.

4 Stamp'd in the heart, the Law,
   Which Christ proclaim'd anew,
   With its commandment also gives
   The strength to will and do.

5 This Law with faithful pen
   Ye wrote, O scribes of God;
   Preach'd it by holiest word and deed,
   And seal'd it with your blood.

6 O may that Spirit Blest,
   Who touch'd your lips with fire,
   These same Eternal Words of Life
   Deep in our hearts inspire.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

WENN MEINER SUND'N MICH KRAKEN. Hiller's Choralbuch.

1. Heraldsof Jesus through all time,
Who, speaking day by day,
Have scatter'd wide, through ev'ry clime,
Those truths that in the depths sublime
Of olden Scripture lay.

2. What under night's mysterious screen,
Veil'd in a shadowy hue,
Was by the Prophets dimly seen,
'Twas yours without a veil between
In naked day to view.

3. What Christ, True Man, Divinely wrought,
What God in Manhood bore,
Your pens to ev'ry age have taught
In words with inspiration fraught,
That live for evermore.

4. Although in space and time apart,
Yet by One Spirit sway'd,
One were ye all in mind and heart,
And with a more than human art
One Perfect Christ portray'd.

5. To God the Blessed Three in One,
Whom Angel-hosts adore,
From men on earth let praise be done,
With Saints whose earthly course is run,
Now and for evermore.

(266)
Common of Saints.

561

COMMON OF MARTYRS.

Letare. Oesangbuck.

1 Let our Choir new anthems raise,
   Wake the morn with gladness,
   God Himself to joy and praise
   Turns the Martyrs' sadness:
   This the day that won their crown,
   Open'd Heav'n's bright Portal;
   As they laid the mortal down,
   And put on th' immortal.

2 Never flinch'd they from the flame,
   From the torture, never;
   Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
   Satan's best endeavour:
   For by faith they saw the Land
   Deck'd in all its glory,
   Where triumphant now they stand
   With the victor's story

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
   Love that could not languish;
   And Eternal Hope o'ercame
   Momentary anguish
   He, Who trod the self-same road,
   Death and Hell defeated;
   Wherefore these their passions show'd
   Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!
   Press through toil and sorrow!
   Spurn the night of fear, and then,
   O the glorious morrow!
   Who will venture on the strife?
   Blest who first begin it!
   Who will grasp the Land of Life?
   Warriors! up and win it!

(267)
562

OH! WHAT, IF WE ARE CHRIST'S.

C. J. Ridsdale.

1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's, Is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the Crown of Glory be When we have borne the Cross.

2 Keen was the trial once, Bitter the cup of woe, [blood, When Martyr'd Saints, baptized in Christ's Suff'ring shared below:

3 Bright is their glory now, Boundless their joy above, Where, on the Bosom of their God, They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours, Like them in faith to bear All that of sorrow, grief, or pain May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last The word of blessing give, And let us rest beneath Thy Feet, Where Saints and Angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee, Whom Heav'n and earth adore; To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore.

563

OF THE MARTYRS WE SING.

Trier Geangbuch.

1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's, Is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the Crown of Glory be When we have borne the Cross.

2 Keen was the trial once, Bitter the cup of woe, [blood, When Martyr'd Saints, baptized in Christ's Suff'ring shared below:

3 Bright is their glory now, Boundless their joy above, Where, on the Bosom of their God, They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours, Like them in faith to bear All that of sorrow, grief, or pain May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last The word of blessing give, And let us rest beneath Thy Feet, Where Saints and Angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee, Whom Heav'n and earth adore; To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God for evermore.

A-men.
Common of Saints.

Or the Martyrs we sing
Whom the purple adorns,
Who have followed their King
In His dread Crown of Thorns.

Now their storms are all pass'd,
And their dark sea of blood
Hath convey'd them at last
To their Haven of good.

Though the tyrant be stern,
Yet they fear not his rod,
For their fears nought discern
But the terrors of God.

When fierce foemen pursue,
Their life-blood they afford
As an offering due
To their Suffering Lord.

With His own Martyrs' blood
Then His Blood also pleads,
Which once flow'd on the Rood,
And for them intercedes.

Dread Jehovah we sing,
In Christ Jesus made known;
Of all Martyrs the King,
Of all Martyrs the Crown.

564
S. NICHOLAS.

Traditional.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
   A Kingly Crown to gain,
   His blood-red banner streams afar;
   Who follows in His train?

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

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

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
   In midst of mortal pain,
   He pray'd for them that did the wrong;
   Who follows in his train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few
   On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
   Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they
   And mock'd the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
   The lion's gory mane,
   They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;
   Who follows in their train?

7 A Noble Army, men and boys,
   The matron and the maid,
   Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
   In robes of light array'd.

8 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
   Through peril, toil, and pain;
   O God, to us may grace be given
   To follow in their train.
THEIR NAMES ARE NAMES OF KINGS.

A. Vivace.

B. For the third and last verses only.

Amen.

* Very slight pause.

A. 1 Their names are names of kings
Of Heav'nly line,
The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.

A. 2 Chieftains they were, who warr'd
With sword and shield;
Victors for God the Lord
On foughten field.

B. 3 Sad were their days on earth,
Mid hate and scorn;
A life of pleasure's dearth,
A death forlorn.

A. 4 Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below—
Above, God's praise!

B. 5 So did the life of pain
In glory close;
Lord God, may we attain
Their grand repose.

(270)
O AMOR QUAM EXTATICUS.

1. Nor by the Martyr's death alone
   The Saint his crown in Heav'n has won,
   There is a triumph-robe on High
   For bloodless fields of victory.

2. What though he was not call'd to feel
   The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
   Yet daily to the world he died;
   His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

3. What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
   Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
   Enough if perfect love arise
   To Christ a grateful Sacrifice.

4. Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn
   That we through life to die may learn,
   And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
   May live with Thee for evermore.

5. O Fount of sanctity and love,
   O perfect Rest of Saints above,
   All praise, all glory, be to Thee
   Both now and through Eternity.
1.
Hermitsof the Desert waste,
Tenants of the mossy cell,
Hail to you, who nobly faced
All the raging Hosts of Hell.

2.
Scanty herb and running brook
All your simple fare supplied;
All your rest the chilly rock
Hollow'd in the mountain side.

3.
Asp and adder gliding by,
Howling fiends of angry night,
Gloomy portents of the sky
Smit your soul with no affright;

4.
Where the Golden Mansions glow,
Thither had she sped her way;
From the veil of night below,
Mounting to Immortal Day.

5.
Honour, glory, Majesty,
To the Father and the Son
With the Holy Spirit be,
While Eternal Ages run.
1 O Thou th' Eternal Father's Word,
   What though on earth Thy Voice is heard
   No longer, as of yore;
Still, age by age, Thou dost supply
With holy Teachers from on High
   Thy Church for evermore.

2 They to the long hoar-headed line
   Of Fathers pointing—as they shine
   Far in the Ages deep—
Preserve the ancient doctrines pure;
Confute new errors; and secure
   The Great Deposit keep.

3 All praise to Thee, Who by the pen
   Of Saintly Doctors, teaching men
   Thy truths, O Truth Sublime!
Without a voice, without a sound,
   Thy grace diffuseth all around,
   Thy glory through all time.
COMMON OF VIRGINS.

O LAMB of God, Whose love Divine
Draws Virgin-souls to follow Thee,
And bids them earthly joys resign,
If so they may Thy Beauty see;

2.
The Saint of whom we sing to-day
Was faithful to Thy loving call;
And, casting other hopes away,
Took Thee to be her God, her All.

3.
To Thee she yielded up her will,
Her heart was drawn to Thine Above,
Content if Thou wouldst deign to fill
Thine handmaid with Thy perfect love.

4.
Beneath Thy Cross she loved to stand,
Like Mary in Thy dying hour,
That blessings from Thy pierced Hand
Might clothe her with undying power.

5.
With power to win the Crown of Light
For Virgin-souls laid up on High,
And ready keep her lamp at night,
To hail the Bridegroom drawing nigh.

6.
And surely Thou at last didst come
To end the sorrows of Thy bride,
And bear her to Thy peaceful Home
With Thee for ever to abide.

7.
All glory, Jesu, for the grace
That drew Thy Saint to follow Thee;
Grant us too in Thy love a place
Both now and through Eternity.
1 Lilies white and roses red,
Virgin-Martyr, crown thy head;
Lilies for a Virgin white,
Roses for a Martyr bright.

2 Holding fast the Glorious Faith,
Firm in life, and firm in death,
Wishing but for Christ to live,
Thou for Him thy life didst give.

3 Trampling sin beneath thy feet,
Thou didst Satan's wiles defeat;
Thou the Heavenly prize didst gain,
Spurning threats and earthly pain.

4 Glory to the Three in One,
While Eternal Ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Call'd us to His glorious Light.

(275)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

COMMON OF ANY SAINT.

TIBI, CHRISTE, SPLENDOR PATRIS (First Tune). Gregorian Melody.

Unison.

CHRIST'S OWN MARTYRS (Second Tune).

Unison.  

G. F. Cobb.
Common of Saints.

1. Christ's own Martyrs, valiant Cohort, White-robed and palmiferous throng, Ye that 'neath the Heav'nly Altar Cry, "How long, O Lord; how long?" Tell us how the fiery struggle Ended in the Victor-song?

2. "'Twas His care that watch'd beside us, His Right Arm that brought us through; So the fiercer wax'd our torture, His bright love the sweeter grew; Till the men that kill'd the body Had no more that they could do."

3. Christ's Confessors, noble victors O'er the world, and self, and sin, Tell us how ye faced the onset From without and from within: Ne'er the stretch'd-out lance withdrawing; Resolute the Land to win?

4. "He, with each a fellow-pilgrim, Was our more than sword and shield: So they two went on together, So they two won many a field; If He for us, who against us; If He succour, who can yield?"

5. Christ's dear Virgins, glorious lilies, Tell us how ye kept unstain'd Snowiest petals through the tempest, Till Eternal Spring ye gain'd: Snowiest still, albeit with crimson Some more precious leaves were vein'd!

6. "In the place where He was buried There was found a Garden nigh; In that Garden us He planted, Teaching us with Him to die, Till to Paradise He moved us, There to bloom Eternally."

7. All Christ's Saints, that none may number, Out of ev'ry land and tongue, Ye that by the fire and crystal Have your crowns in worship flung; Tell us how ye gain'd the Region Where the Unknown Song is sung?

8. "Glory, honour, adoration, To the Lamb That once was slain; Virtue, riches, power, the Kingdom, To the Prince That lives again, His entirely, His for ever, His we were, and His remain."

(277)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ALLHALLOWS

French Hymn.

Common of Saints.

1 For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
   Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
   Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
   Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
   Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
   Thou in the darkness drear their One True Light.
   Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
   Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
   And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
   Alleluia!

4 O blest Communion! fellowship Divine!
   We feebly struggle, they in Glory shine;
   Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
   Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
   Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
   And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
   Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the West;
   Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
   Sweet is the Calm of Paradise the blest.
   Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more Glorious Day;
   The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
   The King of Glory passes on His way.
   Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
   Through gates of pearl streams in the countless Host,
   Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
   Alleluia!

   (279)
1 For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy Saints Above,
In one Communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesu, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.

5 All might, all praise, be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,
While endless Ages run.

(280)
1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
   Within the veil, and see
The Saints Above, how great their joys,
   How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
   And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
   With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
   They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
   Their triumph to His Death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod;
   His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
   Possess the promised Rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
   For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
   Show the same path to Heav'n.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
   And shall be evermore.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

REX ANGELORUM. German Chorale.

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A-men.
Common of Saints.

1 Hark the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the Crystal Sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr,
Confessor, Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, Godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd in prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan,
By the Might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner
They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in Heav'nly Glory,
Now they walk in Golden Light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

6 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, join'd together,
All the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

( 283 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

1 If there be that skills to reckon
   All the number of the Blest,
   He perchance can weigh the gladness
   Of the Everlasting Rest,
   Which, their earthly warfare finish'd,
   They through suffering have possess'd.

2 Through the vale of lamentation
   Happily and safely past,
   Now the years of their affliction
   In their mem'ry they recast,
   And the end of all perfection
   They can contemplate at last.

3 They behold their Tempter fallen,
   Bound with chains for evermore;
   To the Saviour, That redeem'd them,
   Those redeem'd ones praises pour;
   And the Monarch, That rewards them,
   Those rewarded Saints adore.

4 In a glass, through types and shadows,
   Here to us the truth is shown;
   There serenely, purely, clearly,
   We shall know as we are known;
   Fixing our enlighten'd vision
   On the Glory of the Throne.

5 There the Trinity of Persons
   Unclouded shall we see;
   There the Unity of Essence
   Shall reveal'd in glory be;
   While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
   And the Awful Unity.

6 Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
   Whatso'er thy present pain;
   Such untold reward, through suffering,
   Thou may'st merit to attain;
   And for ever, in His glory,
   With the Light of Light to reign.

7 Laud and honour to the Father,
   Laud and honour to the Son,
   Laud and honour to the Spirit,
   Ever Three, and ever One,
   Con-substantial, Co-eternal,
   While unending Ages run.
Common of Saints.

OLD HUNDREDTH (First Tune).

SCHUMANN (Second Tune).

Bourgeois.

From R. Schumann.

1. Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in Blood.

2. Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the Cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's Eternal Glory blest.

3. They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His Grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

4. "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy Blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to God."

5. O may we tread the sacred road,
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod:
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a Crown of Life.
1. O King of Saints, to Thee
   We lift our anthems blest,
   In songs of victory
   For all Thy Saints at rest;
   For we are one with Saints above,
   One through the Eucharist of Love,
   For ever—evermore.

2. Their trials now are done,
   Their conflicts all are past,
   Their triumphs all are won,
   The Crown is gain'd at last:
   They stand before the Throne of Light,
   As victors in a hard-fought fight,
   For ever—evermore.

3. Around our Altars bend,
   Ye Angels from on High,
   With ours your voices blend
   In hymns of victory:
   For they, whom once ye guarded here,
   Can cause you now no further fear,
   For ever—evermore.

4. And ye, Blest Saints at rest,
   Not all unmindful, view
   Your comrades now distress'd
   By ills which once ye knew;
   O hearken, Saviour, to their prayer:
   Unite us with Thy loved ones There,
   For ever—evermore.

(286)
1 Palmsofglory,raimentbright,
Crownsthatneverfadeaway,
GirdanddecktheSaintsinlight,
Priests,andkings,andalconquerorsthey.

2 Yettheconquerorsbringtheiropals
TotheLambamidsttheThrone,
Andproclaiminjoyfulpsalms
Vict'rythroughHisCrossalone.

3 Kingstheircrownsforharpsresign,
Crying,astheystrikethechords,
"TaketheKingdom,itisThine,
Kingofkings,andalLordoflords."

4 RoundtheAltarPriestsconfess,
Iftheirrobesarewhitesassnow,
"TwastheSaviour'sRighteousness,
AndHisBloodthatmadethemso.

5 Theyweremortaltoo likewe;
Oh,whenwelikethemmustdie,
Mayoursoulstranslatedthus
Triumph,reign,andalshineonHigh.
What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the Altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant Song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, Honour, Glory, Power,
Wisdom, Riches, to obtain,
New Dominion ev'ry hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the Throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's Might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to Living Fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.
1 Ave Maria! blessed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' Holy Dove!

2 Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caress'd,
Cling's the Eternal Child;
Favour'd beyond Archangel's dream,
When first on thee with tend'rest gleam
The New-born Saviour smiled.

3 Thou wept'st, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy Sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven:
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side Heav'n?

4 A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer:
E'en from the Tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agoniz'd Brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.

5 Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ROSE OF SHARON.

1 Every generation,
   Mary, calls thee blest,
   Lady, first of women
   By the Church confess,
   Since Saint Gabriel's message
   Fell upon thine ear,
   Filling thee with gladness,
   As with holy fear.

2 Blessed, then and always,
   Christ's dear Mother thou,
   Mary, highly favour'd,
   God is with thee now!
   Graced by God the Spirit,
   Jesu's resting place,
   Hail, thou Queen of Virgins,
   Hail, thou "full of grace."

3 Daughter, meek, obedient
   To the Father's word,
   Mary, Israel's Lily,
   Who, Heav'n's tidings heard:
   Virgin, yet a Mother,
   Though we know not how,
   Matron, Maid for ever,
   Christ's dear Mother thou.

4 Mary, Star of Ocean,
   Light amid the gloom,
   Since the True Light tarried
   In thy spotless womb;
   Evermore we love thee,
   Shrine of Royal Child,
   Mother of our Saviour,
   Maiden Undeiled.

5 Though so far above us
   Mother, thou art ours,
   In the world's hard conflict,
   And in death's dark hours;
   In our hearts we throne thee;
   To thy Son we bow,
   Giving Him the glory,
   Christ's dear Mother thou.

6 Pattern thou of meekness,
   Purity and love,
   Crown'd with stars for beauty,
   In the Home Above;
   All thy children bring thee
   Praise of sweet accord,
   For thou art our Mother,
   Mother of our Lord.

( 290 )
1 O my tongue, the praise and honours
   Of the Mother-Maid rehearse,
Whose Divine and Gracious Offspring
   Frees us from the olden curse.

2 Lost are we in loving wonder,
   While her bliss we contemplate;
Happy as a stainless Mother,
   Blesséd in her Virgin state.

3 Eve's transgressions closed the portals
   Of earth's Paradise to man;
But at Mary's meek obedience
   Heav'n to ope its gates began.

4 We, through Eve, received the sentence
   With eternal vengeance rife;
But the Way that came through Mary
   Leads to Everlasting Life.

5 O Thou ever pure yet fruitful
   Parent, yet for ever Maid,
Gentle Mother, like the palm tree,
   Thou hast Fruit of Life display'd.

6 Now, through thee on earth arising,
   Shines the new and Heav'nly Light,
Driving back the clouds and shadows
   Of the black and ancient night.

7 Now the rich are weak and empty,
   As thou said'st in song of old,
And the poor are fill'd with plenty,
   As thy prophecy foretold.

8 Mother, yet a stainless Virgin,
   He, Who deign'd thy Son to be,
Is the King of kings, and Maker
   Of the sky, and earth, and sea.

9 Bless we now that King victorious,
   Who did thee for mother own,
Born of thee for our salvation,
   He our Health and Peace alone.

10 May He then to thee conform us,
   May He give a heart like thine,
Hating sin, and loving Jesus,
   Fill'd with purity Divine.
1 Shall we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well?
And in His Temple, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell?

2 Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.

3 And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.

4 Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.

5 O wondrous depth of Grace Divine
That He should bend so low!
And Mary, oh, what joy 'twas thine
In His dear love to know.

6 Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In ev'ry thought, and deed, and word,
To be for ever His.

7 And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well:
And in His Temple year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.

8 Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

(292)
1 Thou shalt be crown'd, O Mother blest!
Our hearts behold thee crown'd e'en now:
The crown o' motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

2 Thou shalt be crown'd! More fragrant bays
Than ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.

3 Thou shalt be crown'd! All earth and Heav'n
Thy coronation pomp shall see;
The Hand, by which thy crown is given,
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.

4 Thou shalt be crown'd! But not alone,
No lowly pomp shall weigh thee down;
Crown'd with the myriads round His Throne,
And casting at His Feet thy crown.

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

(293)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

SALVE FESTA DIES.
Chorus in Harmony (accompanied).

Hail! Festal Day! Hail! ever sacred tide, . . . Where-
in . . . the Bridegroom weds the Church, . . . His Bride.

N.B.—The music of the Cantors' verses can be found in the 8vo copies (Novello & Co.).

Or any of the tunes at 455, 474, or 483.

1 Hail! Festal Day! Hail! ever sacred tide,
Wherein the Bridegroom weds the Church, His Bride.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

2 This is the Court of God; the craving mind,
Here wealth of Solomon in peace may find.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

3 Here David's Son, Who Heav'n and earth doth span,
In this our mother-home is God and Man.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

4 Ye have a harmony with Heav'n above,
If but the Faith be kept, the bond of love.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

5 Here New Jerusalem, all pure and bright,
Descends from God, in bridal vesture bright.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

6 The King of Righteousness, within this place,
From Heav'n bestows the font's baptismal grace
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

7 'Tis here the soul draws nigh to David's Shrine,
Here finds the pledges mystical, Divine.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

8 This is the Ark of God, which goes before
Our steps, advancing on from shore to shore.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

9 Here Jacob's Ladder points the Heav'nly way,
Here we ascend to Life's Eternal Day.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day! &c.

Three is the number of Cantors specified in the "Processionale."
All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day:
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!
All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day!

Thyself the Master Builder, oh! build us up in Thee,
A Temple pure and beautiful, where Thou wilt deign to be,
Precious, elect, compacted, Thyself the Corner-stone,
And full of love and graces sweet which Thou dost give alone.
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits:
Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!

O Comforter most Blessed, Thou Source of Life and Light,
The Bride to-day is glorious in raiment fair and white;
Bring back the sheep that wander, raise up the souls that fall,
Give joy for tears to penitents, and robes of praise to all!
All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day!

Vouchsafe us, Lord, hereafter, to see Thee face to face,
In peaceful glad Jerusalem, thrice holy, happy place;
Where Sacrament and Temple shall never more be known,
When Thou art Temple, Sacrifice, and Priest upon the Throne!
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!
1 O Word of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this House with Thy sure love
And bless our Festival.

2 Here from the Font is pour'd
Grace on each guilty child;
The Blest Anointing of the Lord
Brightens the once-defiled.

3 Here Christ to faithful hearts
His Body gives for Food;
The Lamb of God Himself imparts
The Chalice of His Blood.

4 For sinful souls that pine
Sure mercies here abound;
The Judge acquits, and grace Divine
Heals ev'ry secret wound.

5 Yea, God enthroned on High
Here also dwells to bless;
Here trains adoring souls that sigh
His Mansions to possess.

6 Against this holy home
Dark tempests harmless beat,
And powers of evil fiercely come
But to endure defeat.

7 All might, all praise be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of Love Divine,
While endless ages run.
Sacramental.

589

BAPTISM.

O FATHER, THOU WHO HAST CREATED ALL.

1. O Father, Thou Who hast created all
   In wisest love, we pray,
   Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
   Is entering on life's way;
   Bend o'er him in Thy tenderness,
   Thine image on his soul impress;
   O Father, hear!

2. O Son of God, Who diest for us, behold,
   We bring our child to Thee;
   Thou tender Shepherd, take him to Thy Fold,
   Thine own for aye to be;
   Defend him through this earthly strife,
   And lead him on the path of life,
   O Son of God!

3. O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
   Descend upon this child;
   Give him undying life, his spirit lave
   With waters undefiled;
   Grant him, while yet a babe, to be
   A child of God, a home for Thee,
   O Holy Ghost!

4. O Tri-une God, may what we ask be done:
   We speak, but Thine the might;
   This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly
   Yet pour on him Thy Light,
   In faith and hope, in joy and love,
   Thou Sun of all below, above,
   O Tri-une God!

(297)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

MARTYRDOM.

Hugh Wilson.

1 In token that thou shalt not fear
    Christ crucified to own,
    We print the Cross upon thee here,
    And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
    To glory in His Name,
    We blazon here upon thy brow
    His glory and His shame;

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
    Christ's quarrel to maintain,
    But 'neath His banner manfully
    Firm at thy post remain;

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
    The path He travell'd by,
    Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
    And sit thee down on High;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
    We seal thee for His own;
    And may the brow that wears His Cross
    Hereafter share His Crown.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

Tallis.

With the original harmony.

1 With Christ we share a mystic grave,
    With Christ we buried lie;
    But 'tis not in the darksome cave
    By mournful Calvary.

2 The pure and bright baptismal flood
    Entombs our nature's stain:
    New creatures from the cleansing wave
    With Christ we rise again.

3 Thrice blest, if through this world of strife,
    And sin, and selfish care,
    Our snow-white robe of righteousness
    We undefiled wear.

4 Thrice blest, if through the gate of death,
    All glorious and free,
    We to our joyful rising pass,
    O Risen Lord, with Thee.

( 298 )
After Baptism.

1 O Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,
   As Thou wast once an Infant here,
   So give this child of Thine, we pray,
   Thy grace and blessing day by day:
   O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
   We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.

2 As in Thy Heav'nly Kingdom, Lord,
   All things obey Thy lightest word,
   Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
   And shield this child by morn and eve:
   O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
   We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.

3 Their watch let Angels round him keep
   Where'er he be, awake, asleep;
   Thy holy Cross here let him bear,
   That he Thy Crown with Saints may wear:
   O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
   We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.
CONFIRMATION.

Méhul.
(From the Children's Service Book.)

Before Confirmation.

1 Come! Our Father's Voice is calling
   One by one His children dear;
   He will raise the weak and falling,
   He the fainting heart will cheer.

2 Come! The Lord Himself is leading
   All His flock, for which He died;
   Who can lack, with Jesus feeding?
   Who can fall, with God to guide?

3 Come! The Spirit now is sealing
   Souls that own their Heavenly Birth,
   Raising ev'ry thought and feeling
   From the dying things of earth.

4 Come! The joys of youth are fleeting;
   Earthly friends around us fall:
   Soon may come that awful meeting
   With the silent Judge of all.

5 Come! Our God hath set before us
   Life and death—our choice to-day;
   Let us, while the Light is o'er us,
   Seek and find the Heavenly way.

6 Come with awe, for God will hear us,
   When we speak our solemn vow:
   And the Holy Spirit near us
   Will His Sevenfold Gifts bestow.

( 300 )
Before Confirmation.

1. Here, in Thy Presence, dread and sweet,
   Thee, dearest Spirit, we intreat
   Thy Sevenfold Gifts to shed
   On us, who fall before Thee now,
   Bearing the Cross upon our brow
   On which our Master bled.

2. Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
   From earth and earthly vanities
   To Heavenly truth and love.
   Spirit of Understanding true!
   Our souls with Heavenly light endue
   To seek the things above.

3. Spirit of Counsel! be our Guide;
   Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
   Our Heavenly Crown to win.
   Spirit of Fortitude! Thy power
   Be with us in temptation's hour,
   To keep us pure from sin.

4. Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
   In Thine own paths so safe and sweet
   By Angel footsteps trod:
   Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be
   Spirit of gentle Piety!
   To keep us close to God.

5. But most of all, be ever near,
   Spirit of God's most Holy Fear!
   In our heart's inmost shrine;
   Our souls with awful reverence fill,
   To worship His most holy Will,
   All-righteous and Divine.

6. So lead us, Lord, through peace or strife,
   Onwards to Everlasting Life,
   Where only rest may be:
   What matter where our lot is cast
   If only it may end at last
   In Paradise with Thee.
Before Confirmation.

1.
My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2.
Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let ev'ry sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3.
Anoint me with Thy Heav'nly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy Glorious Face,
And worship near Thy Throne.

4.
Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,
By Thee be ever blest;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the Gate of Rest.
1 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
   His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
   Alleluia! His the triumph,
   His the victory alone:
   Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
   Thunder like a mighty flood;
   Jesus out of ev'ry nation
   Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
   Are we left in sorrow now;
   Alleluia, He is near us,
   Faith believes, nor questions how:
   Though the cloud from sight received
   Him,
   When the Forty Days were o'er,
   Shall our Hearts forget His promise,
   "I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of Angels,
   Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
   Alleluia! here the sinful
   Flee to Thee from day to day;
   Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
   Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
   Where the songs of all the sinless
   Sweep across the Crystal Sea.

4 Alleluia! King Eternal,
   Thee the Lord of lords we own:
   Alleluia, born of Mary,
   Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy
   Throne;
   Thou within the veil hast enter'd,
   Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
   Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
   In the Eucharistic Feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
   His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
   Alleluia! His the triumph,
   His the victory alone:
   Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
   Thunder like a mighty flood;
   Jesus out of ev'ry nation
   Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

SUPPLICES TE ROGAMUS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

(304)
The Holy Eucharist.

1 And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

2 Look, Father, look on His Anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy Mercy's Breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal:
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy Feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from ev'ry touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with Thee.

(305) O.H.B.
1 Bow we then in veneration Of this Sacrament of might; Ancient forms resign their station and the Son, Honour, might, and praise addressing,

2 Glory let us give and blessing, To the Father.

1 To our newer Gospel Rite; Bow we then in veneration Of this Sacrament of might; praise addressing, While Eternal ages run.

Faith supplies with adoration All defects of

Holy Ghost, from Both progress, Equal praise to

Faith supplies with adoration

Holy Ghost, from Both progress,
The Holy Eucharist.

Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

Glory let us give and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

TANTUM ERGO (Third Tune). Schubert.

I bow we then in venera-tion Of this Sacrament of might; Ancient forms recall.

To our newer Gospel Rite; Faith supplies with

a-dora-tion All defects of touch or sight.

* Bow we then in venera-tion Of this Sacra-

un poco rit.

ment of might; Bow we then in ven-

un poco rit.

* Note.—From this point use the same words for both verses.

(308)
The Holy Eucharist.

Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

Glory let us give and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done.

TANTUM ERGO (Fourth Tune).

(Small notes for the organ.)
599
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

DEUS MISERICORS.

1 Bread of Heav'n, on Thee we feed,
   For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
   Ever may our souls be fed
   With this True and Living Bread;
   Day by day with strength supplied
   Through the Life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of Heav'n, Thy Blood supplies
   This blest Cup of Sacrifice;
   Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give,
   To Thy Cross we look and live:
   Jesus, may we ever be
   Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

600
ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN (First Tune).
The Holy Eucharist.

COME, O JESU (Second Tune).

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1 Come, O Jesu, to Thy Table,
Come, for else we are not able
True refreshment to receive;
But, if Thou vouchsafe to feed us,
To this Feast of Blessing lead us,
There to taste Thee, and believe.

2 In the Bread which here is broken,
In the Wine, no empty token
Of an absent Lord we see:
Very Flesh and Blood is given,
When by faith, O Bread of Heaven,
Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

3 Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee,
In Thy Sacrament to greet Thee,
Thine, our God, as Host and Friend:
By Thy Presence here prepare us
For the day when Thou shalt bear us
To the Feast that knows no end.

(311)
SALVE FESTA DIES.

Cantors in Unison or Harmony.

Hail! Festal Day! in ev'ry age Divine, Wherein God hallow

to Himself a shrine.

Chorus in Harmony. Principal Boys in Unison.

Hail! Festal Day! A Day of joy, when

God dishonours Hell, And saves by grace the souls He loves so

well.

Chorus. Coda. After last verse and Refrain.

Hail! Festal Day! Hail! Festal Day! in

Day! in ev'ry age Divine!

Or any of the tunes at 455, 483 or 596.

(312)
The Holy Eucharist.

1 Hail! Festal Day! in every age Divine,
Wherein God hallowsto Himself a shrine.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

2 A Day of joy, when God dishonours Hell,
And saves by grace the souls He loves so well.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

3 Pure Flesh of Christ, Death's cure to ev'ry age,
The Manna figured in the mystic page.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

4 The Bread of Angels, Heav'n's imparted Food,
To sinners death, Salvation to the good.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

5 He took His Body—He th' Incarnate Child
Of Mary, Maid and Mother undefil'd.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

6 At Supper seated, to the Twelve He gave
His Body with His Blood, from death to save.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

7 God's Wisdom, substance of the blessed Maid,
His Saving Victim on our Altar laid.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

8 By Death He conquer'd death, by death doth reign:
The Blood and Water purify our stain.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

9 With Hands extended, Life for death He gave,
To life, the Third Day, rose He from the grave.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

10 Thee, Fount and Source of blessing, we adore,
O grant us light that fades not evermore.
Chorus repeat. Hail! Festal Day!

This is another version (shortened) of Hymn 53. Both are translations of an old English Procession for the Feast of Corpus Christi.

602

AVE! CARO CHRISTI.
Slow, unaccompanied.

1 Hail! Holy Flesh of Jesus Christ,
Upon the Altar lying,
Last Gift of the Incarnate Word.
Before His precious dying.

2 Hail! Living Bread of Angels bright,
Who wrought at Redemption's story,
Thou Hope of each one named from Thee,
We give Thee thanks and glory.

(313)
HAIL, THOU LIVING BREAD.

Cantors (Tenor) and Chorus. See below.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

1 Hail, Thou Living Bread from Heaven! Sacrament of awful might;

Slow.

Sw. Organ without Pedals.

Chorus and Organ. \( \text{f or mf} \)

I adore Thee, I adore Thee, Ev’ry moment, day and night.

2 Holiest Jesus, Son of Mary, O’er me shed Thy Gifts Divine:

Cantors.

Holiest Jesus! my Redeemer! All my heart and soul are Thine.

Chorus and Organ.

Then repeat verse 1.
HAIL TO THEE!

Hail to Thee, True Body, sprung From the Virgin Mary's womb;

The same that on the Cross was hung, And bore for man the bitter doom:

From Whose Side, for sinners riven, Water'd, and mingled Blood;

May'st Thou, dearest Lord, be given In death's hour to be my Food.

Hear us, merciful and mild, Jesus, Mary's gracious Child. Amen.
Hail, true Body, born of Mary, Spotless Virgin's virgin birth;
2nd time, Tutti, in Harmony or Unison.

Thou Who truly hangedst weary On the Cross for sons of earth;

Cantors.

Thou Whose sacred Side was riv'en, Whence the Water flow'd, and Blood;
2nd time, Tutti.

Cantors.

O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be given At death's hour to be my Food.

Cantors.

O, most kind! O gracious One!

Cantors.

O, sweetest Jesus!... holy Mary's... Son.

NOTE.—To be sung with a slight detention on the last note of the longer slurred groups.
Hail, true Body, born of Mary, Spotless Virgin's virgin birth; Thou Who truly hangedst weary

On the Cross for sons of earth; Thou Whose sacred Side was riven, Whence the Water flow'd,
part 3. hymns new and old.

and... blood; o may'st thou, dear lord, be given

at death's hour to be... my food. o jesus,

most kind! o jesus, gracious one! o sweet

...est jesus, jesus, holy mary's son.

(318)
The Holy Eucharist.

AVE VERUM CORPUS (Third Tune).

Slow. \( \frac{d}{d} = 40; \frac{d}{d} = 80. \)

Hail, true Body, born of Mary, Spotless Virgin's virgin birth;

Thou Who truly hangedst weary On the Cross for sons of earth;

Thou Whose sacred Side was rent, Whence the Water flow'd, and Blood;

O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be given At death's hour to be my Food.

2nd time. O most kind! O gracious One! O sweetest Jesus! Mary's Son.

(319)
1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
   Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
   Here grasp with firmer hand th' Eternal grace,
   And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
   Here drink with Thee the Royal Wine of Heav'n;
   Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
   Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
   Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
   It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
   My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
   Mine is the guilt, but Thine the Cleansing Blood:
   Here is my Robe, my Refuge, and my Peace—
   Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord, my God!

607 The following words are for Gounod's setting. See Choruses by C. Gounod,
   No. 3, "Ave Verum," to be obtained from Metzler & Co.

   1 Jesu! God Incarnate! of the Virgin Mary Thou wast born;
      To redeem us, Thy sacred Body by nails on the Cross was torn.
      From Thee wounded, Blood and Water to cleanse us flow'd;
      With Thy broken Body feed us, now and in death's agony.
   Jesu, Saviour! O have mercy, O have mercy upon us. Amen.
The Holy Eucharist.

1 Jesu, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord;
The way Thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy Special Presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide,
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The Sinner's Friend is come!
His Presence makes the Feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The Glory not to be express'd,
The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure Celestial bliss
He doth our spirits cheer;
His House of Banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here:
He doth His servants feed
With Manna from Above;
His Banner over us is spread,
His Everlasting Love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperishable Food:
He gives His Flesh to be our Meat,
And bids us drink His Blood:
Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made Man
We here with Christ receive.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

JESU, WORD OF GOD.  
A. CARNALL.

On the Cross Thy Sacred Body For us men with nails was torn:

Cleanse us by the Blood and Water Streaming from Thy pierced Side,

Feed us with Thy Body broken Now and in life's eventide.

JESU, Word of God Incarnate,  
Of the Virgin Mary born,  
On the Cross Thy Sacred Body  
For us men with nails was torn:  
Cleanse us by the Blood and Water  
Streaming from Thy pierced Side,  
Feed us with Thy Body broken  
Now and in life's eventide.

N.B.—For a more elaborate setting of these words, see "AVE VERUM," composed by Mozart, "THE MUSICAL TIMES," No. 190. Mears, Novello and Company, Limited.
The Holy Eucharist.

JESUS, IN THY DEAR SACRAMENT. H. F. SHEPPARD.

2 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Flesh I cannot see,
But that Flesh is given to be our Food,
And It was scourged for me.

3 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Blood I cannot see,
But the Chalice glows with those red drops,
On Calvary shed for me.

4 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Face I cannot see,
But Angels there behold the Brow
Thorn-crown'd for love of me.

5 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Heart I cannot see,
But that fiery Heart is prison'd there,
And it was pierc'd for me.

6 Jesus, my Maker and my God,
Thy Godhead none may see,
But Thou art present, God and Man,
In Thy Sacrament with me.
1 Jesus is here with us,
    Jesus is here;
Earth fades in mist away,
    Heav'n's gate is near;
Doubt not, sad heart, nor fear,
    For Thy dear Lord is here,
Jesus is here!

2 First-fruits of Bethlehem,
    Thee we adore!
God in the House of Bread
    Tarries once more;
Sinful man's sins to bear,
    The Lamb of God is here,
Jesus is here!

3 Jesus here pleads for man,
    Pardon to win,
One Perfect Sacrifice
    Offer'd for sin;
So, when life's storm blows drear,
    We know that Thou art here,
Jesus is here!
The Holy Eucharist.

1 Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
   And with fear and trembling stand,
Ponder nothing earthly-minded;
   For, with blessing in His Hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
   Our full homage to demand.

2 King of kings, yet born of Mary,
   As of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
   In the Body and the Blood,
He will give to all the Faithful
   His Own Self for Heav'nly Food.

3 Rank on rank the Host of Heaven
   Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth
   From the realms of Endless Day,
That the powers of Hell may vanish,
   As the darkness clears away.

4 At His Feet the six-wing'd Seraph,
   Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
   As with ceaseless voice they cry,
"Alleluia! Alleluia!
   Alleluia! Lord most High!"

(325)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ECCE PANIS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

Slow. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 48 \)

1 Lo! the Bread, Which Angels feed-eth, Made the Food the pil-grim needeth,
2 Truth the ancient types ful-ling, I-saac bound, a vict-im will-ing,

To His chil-dren He con-ce-deth, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent;
Pas-chal lamb, its life-blood spill-ing, Man-na to the Fa-thers sent.

* Omit this pause in verse 2.

Faster. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 100 \)

3 Shep-herd good, True Bread, at-tend us, Je-su, pi-ty

and be-friend us; Thou re-fresh us, Thou de-fend us,

( 326 )
The Holy Eucharist.

Thine Eternal goodness send us, in the Land of Life to see; Thou Who all things canst and knowest, Who on earth such Food bestowest, Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest, Where the Heav'nly Feast Thou showest, Fellow-heirs and guests to be. Amen.

Note.—The Plainsong of this hymn will be found at 128, Part 2.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. HELEN (First Tune). Sir G. C. MARTIN.

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE (Second Tune). Darmstätter Gesangbuch.
The Holy Eucharist.

1 Lord, enthroned in Heav'nly Splendour,
   First-Begotten from the dead,
Thou alone, our strong Defender,
   Liftest up Thy people's head.
Alleluia!
Jesu, True and Living Bread!

2 Here our humblest homage pay we;
   Here in loving rev'rence bow;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we
   Lest we fail to know Thee now.
Alleluia!
Thou art here, we ask not how

PART II.

3 Though the lowliest Form doth veil Thee
   As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there Thine Angels hail Thee,
   Root of David, Jesse's stem.
Alleluia!
We in worship join with them.

4 Yea, that Off'ring Meritorious,
   Which Thy boundless Mercy gave,
In the Highest Heav'n is glorious,
   Here on earth is strong to save:
Alleluia!
Jesu, Victor o'er the grave.

To be sung at the end of either Part:—

5 Life-imparting, Heav'nly Manna,
   Stricken Rock with streaming Side,
Heav'n and earth with loud Hosanna,
   Worship Thee, the Lamb Who died:
Alleluia!
Risen, Ascended, Glorified!

( 329 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO (First Tune). JER. CLARK'S MELODY AND BASS.

1 My God, and is Thy Table spread,
   And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow?
   Thither be all Thy children led,
   And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, Sacred Feast, which Jesus makes
   Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
   Thrice happy he who here partakes
   That sacred Stream, that Heavenly Food.

(Melody and Bass)

MELCOMBE (Second Tune). S. WEBBE.

(330)
3 O let Thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its Sacred Pledges tastes.

4 Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

1 O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on Heavenly Food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His Precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy Word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength Divine.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

ERHALT UNS (First Tune).
Set by J. S. Bach.

O SALUTARIS (Second Tune). For Male Voices.
Tenors an Octave lower.

(332)
The Holy Eucharist.

WIR DANKEN DIR, HERR JESU CHRIST
(Third Tune).

Melody of 1680.
According to VULPIUS.

O SALUTARIS (Fourth Tune).

Gallican.

1 O Saving Victim, op'ning wide
   The Gate of Heav'n to man below,
   Our foes press on from ev'ry side,
   Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2 All thanks and praise to Thee ascend,
   Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
   O grant us life, that shall not end,
   In our true native land with Thee.
1 O the Myst’ry, passing wonder,
When, reclining at the board,
“Eat,” Thou saidst to Thy Disciples,
That true Bread with quick’ning stored:
Drink in faith the healing Chalice
From a dying God outpour’d.

2 Then the glorious upper chamber
A Celestial tent was made,
When the bloodless Rite was offer’d,
And the soul’s true service paid,
And the table of the feasters
As an Altar stood display’d.

3 Christ is now our mighty Pascha,
Eaten for our mystic bread:
As a lamb led out to slaughter,
And for this world offer’d:
Take we of His broken Body,
Drink we of the Blood He shed.

4 Christ to all the world gives banquet
On that most Celestial Meat;
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
Yet with holy hearts, we greet:
Him, the Sacrificial Pascha,
Priest and Victim all complete.
1 Once, only once, and once for all,
    His precious Life He gave;
    Before the Cross our spirits fall,
    And own it strong to save.

2 "One Off’ring, single and complete,"
    With lips and heart we say;
    But what He never can repeat
    He shows forth day by day.

3 For as the Priest of Aaron’s line
    Within the Holiest stood,
    And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
    With sacrificial blood;

4 So He, Who once atonement wrought,
    Our Priest of endless power,
    Presents Himself for those He bought
    In that dark noontide hour.

5 His Manhood pleads where now It lives
    On Heav’n’s Eternal Throne,
    And where in mystic rite He gives
    Its Presence to His own.

6 And so we show Thy death, O Lord,
    Till Thou again appear;
    And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
    We have an Altar here.

7 All glory to the Father be,
    All glory to the Son,
    All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
    While endless ages run.
ADORO TE DEVOTE (Second Tune).

From an Antiphonary.
The Holy Eucharist.

Refrain ad libitum.

O Lord, in - crease our faith, who on Thy faith re-ly.

Or tune of 606 or 229.

1 Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

2 O blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

3 Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.

4 O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveil'd, and see Thy Face,
The vision of Thy Glory and Thy Grace.
1 When the Patriarch was returning
Crowned with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful king of Salem
Came to meet upon his way:
Meekly bearing bread and wine,
Holy Priesthood's awful sign.

2 On the truth thus dimly shadow'd
Later days a lustre shed;
When the Great High-Priest Eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's Immortal Food
Gave His Flesh, and gave His Blood.

3 Wondrous Gift!—the Word, Who moulded
All things by His might Divine,
Bread to be His Body maketh,
And His Very Blood the Wine;
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes!

4 And the Sacrifice He offer'd,
When He on the Cross did die,
On His Altars is presented
By the power of God Most High,
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to His last commands!

5 While the people, all uniting
In the Sacrifice sublime,
Offer Christ to His High Father,
Offer up themselves with Him:
Then, together with the Priest,
On the Living Victim feast.
The Holy Eucharist.

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

DEO GRATIAS (Second Tune).  

HERBERT S. OAKELEY.

1 And now our Eucharist is o'er,
    Yet for one Blessing still we plead;
    O may we daily strive the more
    A Eucharistic life to lead.

2 In ev'rything we thank Thee, Lord,
    For earthly joys so freely given;
    Still more we would our thanks accord
    For hopes of holier joys in Heav'n.

3 We too will strive our thanks to show,
    For sorrows Thou dost send in love,
    To wean our hearts from things below,
    To draw our hearts to things above.

4 At length upon that peaceful Shore,
    Beyond these stormy waves of strife,
    We'll praise and thank Thee evermore—
    An endless Eucharistic life.

PLEYEL'S.  

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1 Ere we leave Thine Altar, Lord,
    Where Thy Son we have adored,
    Let our thanks again arise
    For this Holy Sacrifice.

2 And if thoughts have enter'd in,
    Which have mix'd our prayers with sin,
    Let Thy Son's pure Blood and Grace
    All our sinfulness efface.

3 Glory to the Three in One,
    While Eternal ages run;
    Best of gifts Thyself bestow,
    Make us burn Thy Love to know.

( 339 )
Hosanna in the Highest
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all mankind
These Tokens of His favour.

His bleeding love and mercy,
His All-redeeming Passion,
Who here displays
And gives the grace
Which brings us our Salvation.
The Holy Eucharist.
(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

3 Louder than gather'd waters
Or bursting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice,
And speak our joys,
And shout with loving wonder.

4 Angels in fix'd amazement
Around our Altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our Eternal Lover:

5 Himself, and all His fulness,
Who gives to the believer,
And by this Bread
Who'er are fed
Shall live with God for ever.

For the second tune it is necessary to repeat the last line of each verse.

1 Jesus Christ, we know full surely
Thou hast been with us to-day,
Make us love and worship purely,
Lest Thy Presence pass away;
If Thou deign with us to stay.

2 By Thine inward Consecration,
Make our hearts Thy Temple true;
Let Thy bright Illumination
Search our spirits through and through;
So shall we, Thy New Creation,
Strive to pay Thee worship due.

3 Help our struggling will's endeavour,
Ruling word, and deed, and thought;
Govern, lift us up, for ever,
By Thy Life with ours inwrought;
Whom Thy Cross and Passion bought.

4 Thee within us sanctifying,
Stedfast may we still remain;
Follow Thee in self-denying;
Bear Thy Cross, and count it gain;
That Thy Life in us may reign.

5 Thine be all our heart's affection,
Thine our inmost mind and will;
Thus, with sacred recollection
In Thy Courts abide we still;
Safe in Thy most sure Protection,
Dwelling on Thy Holy Hill.

(341)
1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
   God of might and power!
   Thou Thyself art dwelling
   With us at this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
   Heav'n is all too strait
   For Thine Endless Glory,
   And Thy Royal State.

3 Out beyond the shining
   Of the furthest star,
   Thou art ever stretching
   Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
   Hold what worlds cannot,
   And the God of wonders
   Loves the lowly spot.

5 As men to their gardens
   Go to seek sweet flowers,
   In our hearts dear Jesus
   Seeks them at all hours.

6 Ah! when wilt Thou always
   Make our hearts Thy home?
   We must wait for Heaven——
   Then the day will come.

7 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
   Thou art with us now:
   Fill us full of goodness,
   Till our hearts o'erflow.

8 Pray the prayer within us
   That to Heav'n shall rise;
   Sing the song that Angels
   Sing above the skies.

9 Multiply our graces,
   Chiefly love and fear,
   And, dear Lord! the chiefest——
   Grace to persevere.

10 Oh, how can we thank Thee
   For a gift like this,
   Gift that truly maketh
   Heav'n's Eternal bliss?

11 Now at least we'll keep Thee
   All the time we may:
   But Thy grace and blessing
   We will keep alway.

12 Glory to the Father,
   Glory to the Son,
   And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
   Whilst all ages run.
The Holy Eucharist.
(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS.  

Trier Gesangbuch.

Or tune 380 or 382.

1 Lo! The Sacrifice Atoning,
Offer'd once on Calvary,
We have pleaded with the Father,
Loving us eternally:
We have pleaded, He hath heard us,
And Incarnate Love hath come,
He hath come to dwell among us,
And to make our hearts His Home.

2 We have pleaded for the wand'rers,
For the erring gone astray,
That the Shepherd Good rejoicing
Yet may lead them in His way:
And for faithful souls departed,
That by grace they may attain
To the Beatific Vision,
Which the pure in heart shall gain.

3 Now to Thee we pray, O Father,
Give us grace to join the song
Of the vast Redeemed Chorus,
Of the great Triumphant Throng;
God the Son, our praise and homage
We present Thy Throne before;
Glorious Paraclete, we worship,
And we bless Thee, evermore.

(343)
1 O JESU Lord, remember
   When Thou shalt come again
   Upon the clouds of Heaven,
   With all Thy shining Train;
   When ev'ry eye shall see Thee
   In Deity reveal'd,
   Who now upon our Altars
   In silence art conceal'd:

2 Remember then, O Saviour,
   I supplicate of Thee,
   That here I bow'd before Thee
   Upon my bended knee;
   That here I own'd Thy Presence,
   And did not Thee deny;
   And glorified Thy greatness,
   Though hid from human eye.

3 Accept, Divine Redeemer,
   The homage of my praise;
   Be Thou the Light and Honour
   And Glory of my days:
   Be Thou my Consolation
   When death is drawing nigh;
   Be Thou my only Treasure
   Through all Eternity.
1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
   To wash away my sin,
   However great my trespass,
   Whate'er I may have been;
   However long from mercy
   I may have turn'd away,
   Thy Blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
   And make me white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
   And all who enter in
   Shall find a Father's welcome,
   And pardon for their sin:
   The past shall be forgotten,
   A present joy be given,
   A future grace be promised—
   A glorious Crown in Heav'n.

3 O all-embracing mercy,
   Thou Ever-open Door,
   What should I do without Thee,
   When heart and life run o'er?
   When all things seem against me
   To drive me to despair,
   I know one Gate is open,
   One Ear will hear my prayer.
LAST SACRAMENTS.

CLEWER (First Tune).

LAUS TIBI CHRISTE (Second Tune).  Melody of the XIV. Century.

Kyrie eleison may be sung after each verse, or omitted.
**Last Sacraments.**

Christ, eleison! Kyrie, eleison!

Note.—Two lines of the original tune are omitted.

1 When day's shadows lengthen, Jesu, be Thou near; Pardon, Comfort, Strengthen, Chase away my fear; Love and Hope be deepen'd, Faith more strong and clear.

2 He, who stands beside me, Cometh to proclaim Pardon for contrition, Glory for my shame; Saying, "I absolve thee, In Christ's Blessed Name."

3 Stay Thou with me, Jesu, Till my foes shall flee; Hidden Lord and Saviour, Still my comfort be; God, and Priest, and Victim, Let me feed on Thee.

4 Then shall holy Unction Bring its strengthening grace, And its joy shall render Brightness to my face; Jesus' Heart my Refuge, And my Resting-place.

5 So no fear shall chill me On that unknown shore; Cunning wiles of Satan Shall perplex no more; His Right Hand shall guide me To the City's Door.

6 Blessed warfare over! Endless Rest alone! Tears no more, nor sorrow, Neither sigh nor moan! But the Song of Triumph Round about the Thrones!

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**HOLY ORDER.**

631 DUNDEE.

1 Christ is gone up; yet ere He pass'd From earth, in Heav'n to reign, He form'd one holy Church to last Till He should come again.

2 His Twelve Apostles first He made His ministers of grace; And they their hands on others laid, To fill in turn their place.

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

4 Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee, Whose love to her is cold; Bring wand'ring's in, and let there be One Shepherd and One Fold.

(347)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

Crespin, 1557.
Allison's Setting.

1 Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a Guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy Presence here;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The Marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, bless'd by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles ev'ry joy.

3 On those who at Thine Altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more;
O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A Crown of Life above.

(348)
O PERFECT LOVE.

1. O Perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
   Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy Throne,
   That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
   Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2. O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
   Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
   Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
   With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3. Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
   Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
   And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
   That dawns upon Eternal love and life.
1 O Thou, Whose love Paternal,
Ere yet had enter'd in
On Eden's beauty vernal
The wintry curse of sin,
In bonds of blessing golden
Did join the primal twain,
That benediction olden
O Father, grant again!

2 O Christ, Whose love for ever
Strong as Eternity
Hath will'd that nought should sever
The Holy Church and Thee;
O by that great Communion
That none shall e'er divide
Be here to bless this union,
This bridegroom and this bride!

3 Spirit of peace and gladness,
Whose Holy Presence given
Can make this world of sadness
The border-land of Heav'n;
O Leader and Defender!
Be theirs to guard and guide,
Now in life's mid-day splendour
On to the eventide.

4 O Trinal Power and Glory!
O Undivided Three!
Grant that these twain before Thee
Be ever one in Thee!
One now, in ways of duty
Made bright by holy love,
One then, in bliss and beauty
Eternally above.
1 The Voice that breath'd o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 For dower of bless'd children,
For purity's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break;

4 Be present, Awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gavest Adam,
Out of his own pierc'd side.

5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal hands.

6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The Heavenly Spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallow'd path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the Home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

(351)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.

636

THE EMBER DAYS.

AQUÆ GRANÆ. German.

1 Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on High,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy Priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy Temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like Stars in Thy Right Hand,
Let all Thy Church's Pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
May they in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with Crowns of Glory shine.

637

WIR DANKEN DIR.

Slow.

1581.

A-men.

(352)
The Ember Days.

1. O Thou Who makest souls to shine
   With light from lighter worlds above
   And dropest glist’ning dew Divine
   On all who seek a Saviour’s love;

2. Do Thou Thy benediction give
   On all who teach, on all who learn,
   That so Thy Church may holier live,
   And ev’ry lamp more brightly burn.

3. Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
   Faith, hope, and love, all warm’d by prayer;
   Themselves first training for the skies,
   They best will raise their people there.

4. Give those who learn the willing ear,
   The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
   Such gifts will make the lowliest here
   Far better than a kingdom find.

5. O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
   That guide and guided both be one,
   One in the faithful watch they keep,
   Until this hurrying life be done.

6. If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
   In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
   Before we upward pass to Heav’n,
   We taste our immortality.

FOR HOSPITALS.

S. PETER'S.

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
   Was strong to heal and save;
   It triumph’d o’er disease and death,
   O’er darkness and the grave.

2. To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
   The palsied and the lame,
   The leper with his tainted life,
   The sick with fever’d frame.

3. And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
   Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
   And youth renew’d, and frenzy calm’d,
   Own’d Thee, the Lord of light.

4. And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
   Almighty as of yore,
   In crowded street, by restless couch,
   As by Gennes’reth’s shore.

5. Be Thou our great Deliv’rer still,
   Thou Lord of life and death;
   Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
   With Thine Almighty Breath.

6. To hands that work, and eyes that see,
   Give wisdom’s Heav’nly lore,
   That whole and sick, and weak and strong
   May praise Thee evermore.

(353) O.H.B.
IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE.

W. GREGORY.

1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations,
   Thron'd in might above the skies!
Let Thy people's supplications
   Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning
   Humbly at Thy Feet we bend;
See us fasting, praying, mourning,
   Help us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, each heart confounding,
   Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy as abounding,
   Jesus' Blood can cleanse from all.

4 Pardon, Lord, our past transgression,
   O'er us stretch Thy Saving Hand;
Save Thy servants from oppression,
   Guard Thy Church, and bless our Land.

5 Praise the God of all Creation,
   Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb our Expiation,
   Priest and King enthroned Above!

6 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
   Him by Whom our spirits live!
Undivided adoration
   To the Great Jehovah give.

IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

BURFORD.

WILKINS' Psalmody, 1609.
In Time of Pestilence.

1 In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord,
   We now for succour fly,
   Thine awful judgements are abroad,
   O shield us lest we die.

2 The dread disease on ev'ry side
   Walks forth with tainted breath;
   And pestilence, with rapid stride,
   Now fills our homes with death.

3 Our sins Thy dreadful anger raise,
   Our deeds Thy wrath deserve;
   But we repent, and from Thy ways
   We would no longer swerve.

4 Then look with pity on the scene
   Of sadness and of dread,
   And let Thine Angel stand between
   The living and the dead.

5 With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
   We turn, who oft have stray'd;
   Accept the sacrifice we bring,
   And let the plague be stay'd.

641

FULDA.

IN TIME OF WAR. From Beethoven (?)

Or tune of 694.

1 At war, and on the tented field,
   Thou art, O Lord, our Strength and Shield;
   To Thee in all our straits we fly,
   And on Thy conqu'ring Arm rely.

2 Our sins provoke Thy wrath, O Lord,
   Our crying sins unsheathe the sword;
   But we repent; Thy wrath restrain;
   With favour turn to us again.

3 O speed the time when war shall cease,
   Within Thy Realm, O Prince of Peace;
   When differing tribes Thy Sceptre own,
   And meet in concord round Thy Throne.

( 355 )
1. Eternal Father, strong to save,  
   Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
   Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
   Its own appointed limits keep;  
   O hear us when we cry to Thee  
   For those in peril on the sea.

2. O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,  
   And hush'd their raging at Thy word,  
   Who walk'dst on the foaming deep,  
   And calm amid the storm didst sleep;  
   O hear us when we cry to Thee  
   For those in peril on the sea.

3. O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood  
   Upon the waters dark and rude,  
   And bid their angry tumult cease,  
   And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
   O hear us when we cry to Thee  
   For those in peril on the sea.

4. O Trinity of love and power,  
   Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
   From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
   Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
   O hear us when we cry to Thee  
   For those in peril on the sea.

5. And for our brethren call'd away  
   By death's swift summons, Lord, we pray,  
   Their sin-stain'd souls make pure and white,  
   And grant them rest, and peace, and light;  
   So, at Thy Coming, they may be  
   Raised up triumphant from the sea.

(356)
For those at Sea.

EISENACH.  
Set by J. S. Bach.

1.
O God, Who metest in Thine Hand,
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree;

2.
What time the floods lift up their voice
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar;

3.
When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil;

4.
Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still."

5.
So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
And bring them, Pilot wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.

6.
Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our Joy on Heav'n's Eternal Shore.

( 357 )
1 God save our gracious King,
   Long live our noble King,
   God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
   God save the King!

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
   And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
   God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour
   Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
   God save the King!

( 358 )
Accession of the Sovereign.

OLD HUNDREDTH (First Tune).  Bourgeois.

Note.—The small notes may be sung to certain verses.

ILLSLEY (Second Tune).  J. Bishop, d. 1787.

1 O King of kings, Thy blessing shed
   On our anointed Sovereign's head;
   And, looking from Thy holy Heav'n,
   Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

2 Him may we honour and obey,
   Uphold his right and lawful sway;
   Rememb'ring that the powers that be
   Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.

3 By him this favour'd nation bless,
   To all his councils give success;
   In peace, in war, Thy succour bring,
   Confirm our strength, and guard our King.

4 And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
   And earthly glories fade away,
   Grant him a nobler Throne on High,
   A Crown of Immortality.
RENEWAL OF BAPTISMAL VOWS.

RINGE RECHT (First Tune).

The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.

O GESEGNETES REGIEREN (Second Tune).

1784.

1 Look in pity, Lord of glory,
   On the suppliants at Thy Feet;
Their Baptismal vows renewing
   Here before Thy Mercy-seat.

2 By the sacred fontal waters,
   Purer than the dew of morn,
In whose laver of salvation
   We to Second Life were born;
Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

3 By the majesty unspoken
   Of the dread Tri-unal Name,
   In whose solemn invocation
   We the heirs of God became;

4 Satan and his pomps for ever
   Here we all renounce again,
   Here we promise, Holy Saviour,
   Thine for ever to remain.

5 Lord and Saviour, God of Mercy,
   Lord of lords and King of kings,
   Keep, O keep us, now and always,
   In the shadow of Thy wings.

6 As we chose in life's beginning
   Thee for our Eternal Friend,
   So in faith and love maintain us,
   Persevering to the end.

647 HARVEST.

SALZBURG.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
   And shall take His Harvest home;
   From His field shall in that day
   All offences purge away;
   Give His Angels charge at last
   In the fire the tares to cast,
   But the fruitful ears to store
   In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
   To Thy final Harvest-home;
   Gather Thou Thy people in,
   Free from sorrow, free from sin,
   There for ever purified,
   In Thy Presence to abide:
   Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
   Raise the glorious Harvest-home.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

648

ORIEL.

1. God the Father! Whose creation
   Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
   Thou, Whose yearly operation
   Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
   Here to Thee we make oblation
   Of the August-gold of earth.

2. God the Word, the sun maturing
   With his blessed ray the corn,
   Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
   Thee, O Everlasting Morn,
   Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
   Thee, That liftest up our horn.

3. God, the Holy Ghost, the showers
   That have fatten'd out the grain
   Types of Thy Celestial powers,
   Symbols of baptismal rain,
   Shadow'd out the grace that dowers
   All the Faithful of Thy train.

4. When the Harvest of each nation
   Severs righteousness from sin,
   And Archangel-proclamation
   Bids to put the sickle in,
   And each age and generation
   Sink to woe, or glory win;

5. Grant that we, or young or hoary,
   Lengthen'd be our span or brief,
   Whatsoe'er the life-long story
   Of our joy or of our grief,
   May be garner'd up in Glory
   As Thine own Elected Sheaf.

6. Laud to Him to Whom Supernal
   Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
   Laud to Him from Whom infernal
   Powers and Dominations flee;
   Laud to Him the Co-eternal
   Paraclete for ever be.

649

HOLY IS THE SEED-TIME.

French Melody.
Harvest.

1 Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again:
Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn
Bursting from its prison riseth like the morn.

2 Holy is the harvest, when each ripen'd ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year:
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

3 Holy seed our Master soweth in His Field;
Be the Harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

4 Glory to the Father, Who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, Who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

650
LET US WITH A GLADSMOE MIND.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
   For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
   Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
   For the stores the gardens yield;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
   Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
   Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
   From her rich o'erflowing stores;

4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
   Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
   Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 To the Father and the Son,
   And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
   Now and through Eternity.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

WIR PFLÜGEN.

German.

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Harvest.

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water’d
By God’s Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav’n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav’n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav’n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

4 Our souls, Blest Saviour, gather—
Wheat for the Golden Floor,
Where Angels shall be reapers,
And Saints the Harvest store:
There glad, and safe, and glorious,
While endless ages run,
The First-fruit’s of creation
Shall hymn the Great Tri-une:
All Thy works shall praise Thee
In earth, and Heav’n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

Missions.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

652

CRÜGER.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

J. Crüger.

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

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

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on High,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

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

653

CAPETOWN.

German.
Foreign Missions.

1 God of Grace, O let Thy Light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night,
Bid Thy grace to shine.

2 To the nations led astray
Thine Eternal love display;
Let Thy truth direct their way,
Till the world be Thine.

3 Praise to Thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising Thee.

4 Let them moved to gladness sing,
Owing Thee their Judge and King;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring,
Where Thy rule shall be.

5 Praise to Thee, All-faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease
Through the length of days;

7 While His grace our life shall cheer,
Furthest lands shall own His fear,
Brought to Him in worship near,
Taught His Mercy's ways.

654
S. FULBERT.  

1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the Coming Day!
Arise, and with Thy Morning Beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, Blessed Lord, let ev'ry shore
And answering Island sing
The praises of Thy Royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright World Above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy Love.

4 Lord! Lord! Thy fair Creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Come, then, with all Thy quick'ning power,
With one awak'ning smile,
And bid the Serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous Realms defile.

6 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of Grace and Peace Divine:
Be Thine the Crown of Glory now,
The palm of Vict'ry Thine.

A-men.

(367)
1 Saviour, sprinkle many nations; Fruitful let Thy Sorrows be; By Thy pains and consolations Draw the Gentiles unto Thee! Of Thy Cross the wondrous story Be it to the nations told; Let them see Thee in Thy glory And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing, Pants for Thee each mortal breast, Human tears for Thee are flowing, Human hearts in Thee would rest: Thirsting as for dews of even, As the new-mown field for rain, Thee they seek as God of Heaven, Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the Isles are waiting! Stretch'd the hand and strain'd the sight, For Thy Spirit new-creating, Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light. Give the word, and of the preacher Speed the foot and touch the tongue, Till on earth by ev'ry creature Glory to the Lamb be sung!

( 368 )
1. Thou, Whose Almighty Word
   Chaos and darkness heard,
   And took their flight;
   Hear us, we humbly pray,
   And where the Gospel-day
   Sheds not its glorious ray,
   Let there be Light.

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

3. Spirit of Truth and Love,
   Life-giving, Holy Dove,
   Speed forth Thy flight;
   Move on the waters' face,
   Bearing the lamp of grace,
   And in earth's darkest place
   Let there be Light.

4. Holy and Blessed Three,
   Glorious Trinity,
   Wisdom, Love, Might;
   Boundless as ocean's tide
   Rolling in fullest pride,
   Through the world, far and wide,
   Let there be Light.
1 Unfurl the blood-red banner,
    Unsheath the Spirit's sword;
    Put on the Christian's armour,
    The armour of the Lord;

2 The helmet of salvation,
    And faith, victorious shield;
    Go forth with acclamation,
    The world your battle-field.

3 Unfurl the blood-red banner,
    And shout, with trumpet's sound,
    Deliverance to the captive,
    And freedom to the bound;

4 Earth's Jubilee of glory,
    The year of full Release;
    O tell the wondrous story;
    Go forth and publish peace!

5 Go forth, Confessors, Martyrs,
    With zeal and love unpriced,
    And preach the Blood of sprinkling,
    And live, or die, for Christ:

6 For Christ claim ev'ry nation,
    Your banners wide unfurl'd;
    Go forth and preach Salvation,
    Salvation for the world!
1 Uplift the banner! Let it float
   Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
   In anxious silence o'er the Sign,
   And vainly seek to comprehend
   The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
   Shall see from far the glorious sight,
   And nations, gath'ring at the call,
   Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
   Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
   Our glory only in the Cross,
   Our only hope the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
   Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:
   Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
   We conquer only in that Sign.

(371)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

659

HOME MISSIONS.

SOULS OF MEN (First Tune).

COME, THOU SAVIOUR (Second Tune).

Vivace.

French Air.

This is set in A minor at 324.

(372)
**Home Missions.**

1 Call them in! the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stain'd wand'rans from the fold;  
Peace and pardon freely offer,  
Can you weigh their weight with gold?

2 Call them in! the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin,  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,  
He is waiting; call them in!

3 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;  
Bid the stranger to the Feast;  
Call them in! the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least.

4 Forth the Father comes to meet them,  
He hath all their troubles seen;  
Robe and ring and royal sandals  
Wait the lost ones; call them in!

5 Call them in! the broken-hearted,  
Cov'ring 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak love's message, low and tender;  
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."

6 See! the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the Day-dawn will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming; call them in!

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**SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.**

1 Soldiers of the Cross, arise!  
Gird you with your armour bright;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky:  
Let it float there wide unfurl'd;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the Living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the Saving Sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of Realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the stray'd;  
Comfort mourners; banish grief;  
In the might of God army'd,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurl'd,  
Still unsheath'd the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world,  
Are the Kingdoms of the Lord.
1. I was a wand’ring sheep,  
   I did not love the fold;  
   I did not love my Shepherd’s Voice,  
   I would not be controll’d.

2. I was a wayward child,  
   I did not love my home,  
   I did not love my Father’s Voice,  
   I loved afar to roam.

3. The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
   The Father sought His child;  
   They follow’d me o’er vale and hill,  
   O’er deserts waste and wild.

4. They found me nigh to death,  
   Famish’d, and faint, and lone;  
   They bound me with the bands of love,  
   They saved the wand’ring one.

5. They spoke in tender love,  
   They raised my drooping head;  
   They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
   My fainting soul they fed.

6. They wash’d my filth away,  
   They made me clean and fair,  
   They brought me to my home in peace,—  
   The long-sought wanderer!

7. Jesus my Shepherd is,  
   ’Twas He that loved my soul,  
   ’Twas He that wash’d me in His Blood,  
   ’Twas He that made me whole.

8. ’Twas He that sought the lost,  
   That found the wand’ring sheep;  
   ’Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
   ’Tis He that still doth keep.

9. I was a wand’ring sheep,  
   I would not be controll’d;  
   But now I love my Shepherd’s Voice,  
   I love, I love the Fold!

10. I was a wayward child,  
    I once preferr’d to roam;  
    But now I love my Father’s Voice,  
    I love, I love my Home.
1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
  Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
  Let some drops descend on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O Gracious Father!
  Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
  Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O Gracious Saviour!
  Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
  Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O Mighty Spirit!
  Thou canst make the blind to see,
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
  Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
  Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
  O forgive and rescue me—Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
  Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
  Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
  Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the Streams of Life are springing,
  Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

(375)
Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave:
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful Jesus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crush'd by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touch'd by a loving hand,
Waken'd by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
**Parochial Missions.**

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'r'er a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful. Jesus will save.

---

664

**BELMONT.**

*Slow.*

S. Webbe, Junr.

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1 **Return, O wand'r'er, to thy Home,**
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 **Return, O wand'r'er, to thy Home,**
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride, say, Come;
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 **Return, O wand'r'er, to thy Home,**
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.

( 377 )
1 Yea! there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
   With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
   The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the Feast;
   Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of Jubilee!
   Make haste, make haste, 'tis not too full for thee;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
   The gate of love, it is not yet too late;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

6 Pass in, pass in! That Banquet is for thee,
   That cup of Everlasting love is free;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

7 All Heav'n is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
   The Angels beckon thee the prize to win;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

8 Louder and louder sounds the loving call;
   Come, ling'rer, come; enter that Festal Hall;
   Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
   Then the last, low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
   No room, no room! O woeful cry, "No room!"

The following is suggested for the end of verse 9:

"cry, "No room! No room!"
Burial of the Dead.

IHR GESTIRN.

CHRISTOPHER PETER.

The harmony from Songs of Sion, by permission.

Or the "Vesper Hymn" as at 323, without the added Chorus.

1 Brother,* now thy toils are o'er,
   Fought the battle, won the crown,
   On life's rough and barren shore
   Thou hast laid thy burden down:
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

2 Through death's valley, dim and dark,
   Jesus guide thee in the gloom,
   Show thee where His Footprints mark
   Tracks of glory through the tomb.
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

3 Angels bear thee to the Land
   Where the Towers of Sion rise,
   Safely lead thee by the hand
   To the Fields of Paradise.
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

4 White-robed at the Golden Gate
   Of the New Jerusalem,
   May the host of Martyrs wait,
   Give thee part and lot with them.
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

5 Choirs of Angels over us,
   Bear Christ's weak and trembling lamb,
   Give thee peace with Lazarus,
   In the breast of Abraham.
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

6 Rest in peace: the gates of Hell
   Touch thee not till He shall come
   For the souls He loves so well,
   Dear Lord of the Heavenly Home.
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

7 Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
   Clay we give to kindred clay;
   In the sure and certain trust
   Of the Resurrection Day.
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

8 Christ the Sower sows thee here:
   When th' Eternal Day shall dawn,
   He will gather in the ear
   On that Resurrection Morn:
   Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest
   With the spirits of the blest.

* Or Sister.
1. Christ will gather in His own
   To the place where He is gone,
   Where their heart and treasure lie,
   Where our life is hid on High.

2. Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
   Enter thine Eternal Home;"
   Asking not if we can spare
   This dear soul it summons there.

3. Had He ask'd us, well we know
   We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
   Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
   "Lord, we love him, let him stay."

4. But the Lord doth nought amiss,
   And, since He hath order'd this,
   We have nought to do but still
   Rest in silence on His Will.

5. Many a heart no longer here,
   Ah! was all too inly dear;
   Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
   Thou wilt be our All in all.
668

VESPER HYMN.

Burial of the Dead.

Slow.

1 God the Father, Who in mercy
Didst th' immortal soul bestow,
Who Thy servant hence hast summon'd,
Bidding him this world forego;
We entreat Thee, Father Blest,
Grant him Everlasting Rest.

2 God the Son, our Loving Saviour,
God made Man our souls to save;
Who hast borne the pains of dying,
That we might not fear the grave;
We entreat Thee, Saviour Blest,
Grant him Everlasting Rest.

3 God the Holy Ghost most patient,
Who hast made our souls Thy home,
Who the faithful never leavest
Here, or in the world to come;
We entreat Thee, Spirit Blest,
Grant him Everlasting Rest.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Ever Gracious One in Three,
Who hast made us, bought us, loved us,
Sanctified and seal'd to Thee;
We entreat Thee, God All-Blest,
Grant him Everlasting Rest.
1 SLEEP on, belovéd, sleep, and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's Breast;  
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best;  
Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;  
Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep;  
Good-night!

3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast;  
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;  
Until the twilight gloom is overpast;  
Good-night!

4 Until the Easter Glory lights the skies,  
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,  
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,  
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,  
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine;  
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,  
Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," belovéd—not "Farewell";  
A little while, and all His Saints shall dwell  
In hallow'd union, indivisible;  
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His Throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,  
Until we know even as we are known,  
Good-night!

(382)
SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

Unison. $d = 30$; $d = 90$.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow;
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sadness;

Rest, where none weep, Till the Eternal Morrow;
Brightly at last Dawns a Day of Gladness.

Though dark waves roll Over the silent river,
Under thy sod, Earth, receive our treasure.

Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.
To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure.

3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dearest,
    They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest
    Soon shall Thy Voice Comfort those now weeping,
    Bidding rejoice All in Jesus sleeping.

(383)
1 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide Arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

3 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

(384)
Burial of the Dead.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

IN NATALI DOMINI.

Air probably of the 14th Century.
(With the last line repeated.)

1 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair
Now hath pass'd from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belov'd sleep.

2 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
Pass'd beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is trust' best gain;
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the Home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us Above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy Feet.

A - men.

O.H.B.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

673

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

MEINHOLD (First Tune). Luneberg Gesangbuch, 1686.

S. HUBERT (Second Tune). From The Children's Service Book.

1 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In a world of pain and care,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in Light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its Heav'nly Food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

( 386 )
1 Deep down beneath th' unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe,
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The peaceful find a home.

2 Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main:
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncertain'd sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;
And they shall rise again.

3 The cold sea's coldest, hidden depths
Shall hear the trump of God:
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;
God's treasured ones he must restore;
God's buried gems he holds no more
Beneath or wave or clod.

4 O'er this loved clay God sets His watch;
The Angels guard him well;
Till summon'd by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its shelt'ring shroud,
He leaves his ocean-cell.

5 O Jesu Christ! O Risen Lord!
Let life, not death, prevail:
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste;
Call up the dead of ages past;
Gather Thy precious gems at last
From ocean's deepest vale.

(387)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

For Children.

675 CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

ROSE OF SHARON (First Tune). French Air.

\[\text{(Music notation)}\]

LITTLE BARDFIELD (Second Tune). J. T. Simmons.

\[\text{(Music notation)}\]

(388)
1. Do no sinful action,
   Speak no angry word;
   Ye belong to Jesus,
   Children of the Lord.

2. Christ is kind and gentle,
   Christ is pure and true;
   And His little children
   Must be holy too.

3. There's a wicked spirit
   Watching round you still,
   And he tries to tempt you
   To all harm and ill.

4. But ye must not hear him,
   Though 'tis hard for you
   To resist the evil,
   And the good to do.

5. For ye promised truly,
   In your infant days,
   To renounce him wholly,
   And forsake his ways.

6. Ye are Christian soldiers,
   Ye must learn to fight
   With the bad within you,
   And to do the right.

7. Christ is your own Master,
   He is good and true,
   And His little children
   Must be holy too.

*When "Rose of Sharon" is sung, the last verse to be sung to the latter half of the Tune.*

(389)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

INNOCENTS (First Tune). From The Parish Choir, 1850.

God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy Throne on High:
Lord of all the Heavenly powers,
Be the same sweet anthem ours.

Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes reveal'd
Things that to the wise were seal'd.

Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the Cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a Crown of Glory wear.

God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

(390)
1 Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
Hear Thy children cry to Thee;
Sin and self no more shall please us,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 Thou didst suffer, gentle Jesus,
Bitter shame and agony;
From sin's bondage to release us
Thou didst hang upon the Tree.

3 Thou didst bear the nails and spitting,
Cruel scourge and Thorny Crown;
And the soldiers' mock'ry, sitting
Meekly on Thy mimic Throne.

4 Thou didst bear the Jews' deriding,
Judas' guilt, and Herod's pride,
And Thy Mother's grief abiding
Mute and tearful by Thy Side.

5 But my sins it was that stung Thee,
Not the scourge, and nails and spear;
'Twas my sins alone that hung Thee
On the Cross, my Saviour dear!

6 By Thy Childhood, gentle Jesus,
By the pains Thou didst endure,
Let not sin and Satan please us;
Make us gentle, good, and pure.

7 Thou wast pierc'd, O gentle Jesus,
Pierc'd that sinners might not die;
'O let sin no longer please us,
Make us Thine eternally.

8 Gentle Jesus! Thou hast won us
By Thy Passion and Thy Love;
Gentle Jesus! deign to own us
In the Land of Rest above!
1 I love to hear the story
    Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
    Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
    But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
    Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
    Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
    Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my Blessed Saviour
    Was once a Child like me,
To show how pure and holy
    His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
    His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
    Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
    Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
    Came down on earth to dwell.

3 To sing His love and mercy
    My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
    I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
    That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
    Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
    Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
    Came down on earth to dwell.
1. Jesus, High in Glory,
   Lend a listening ear;
   When we bow before Thee,
   Children's praises hear.

2. Though Thou art so Holy,
   Heav'n's Almighty King,
   Thou wilt stoop to listen,
   When Thy praise we sing.

3. We are little children,
   Weak and apt to stray;
   Saviour, guide and keep us
   In the Heav'nly way.

4. Save us, Lord, from sinning;
   Watch us day by day:
   Help us now to love Thee;
   Take our sins away.

5. Then, when Jesus calls us
   To our Heav'nly Home,
   We would gladly answer
   "Saviour, Lord, we come."

When sung to "Lyrae" begin at 5 for verse 5.

(393)
**Part 3. Hymns New and Old.**

**680**

**EVENING.**

French Melody.

(From The Children's Service Book.)

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

2. Now the darkness gathers, Stars begin to peep, Birds, and beasts, and flowers Soon will be asleep.

3. Jesu, give the weary Calm and sweet repose; With Thy tender blessing May mine eyelids close.

4. Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.

5. Comfort ev'ry sufferer Watching late in pain; Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.

6. Through the long night watches May Thine Angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.

7. When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure, and fresh, and sinless In Thy Holy Eyes.

8. Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, Ard to Thee, Blest Spirit, Whilst all ages run.

**681**

**DEUS-HOMO.**

Trier Gesangbuch.

Attacca.

1. O Jesus, Jesus! God and Man!

5. O God... most great, most great and good!

For love of children once a Child; O Jesus!

At work or play, by night or day, Make us re-
For Children.

God and Man! We hail Thee, Saviour, sweet and mild.

2 O Jesus! God and Man!
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for Eternity.

3 O Jesus! Mary's Son!
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

4 O Jesus! bless our work,
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they
Who in the Church of Jesus live!

5 O God most great and good!
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who dost remember us alway.

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SICILIAN MARINERS.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For Thy lambs Thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesu,
Thou hast bought us—Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessèd Jesu,
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill.
Blessèd Jesu,
Thou hast loved us—love us still.
There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to Heav'n,  
Saved by His Precious Blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the Gate  
Of Heav'n, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His Redeeming Blood,  
And try His works to do.
There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years;
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.

There's a Rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the Blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from ev'ry turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where ev'ry little pilgrim
Shall rest Eternally.

There's a Home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in Glory,
A Home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For ev'ry one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a Crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved His Name below.

There's a Song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even Angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a Robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And a Harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

TREVES.

Refrain ad lib.

Up in Heaven, in the bright place far away.

1 Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
   In the bright place far away,
   He, Whom bad men crucified,
   Sitteth at His Father's Side,
   Till the Judgement Day.

2 And He loves His little children,
   And He pleadeth for them there,
   Asking the great God of Heav'n
   That their sins may be forgiven,
   And He hears their prayer.

3 Never more a helpless Baby,
   Born in poverty and pain,
   But with Awful Glory crown'd,
   With His Angels standing round,
   He shall come again.

4 Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
   And the good souls shall rejoice;
   Parents, children, ev'ry one,
   Then shall stand before His Throne,
   And shall hear His Voice.

5 And all faithful holy Christians,
   Who their Master's work have done,
   Shall appear at His Right Hand,
   And inherit the Fair Land
   That His love has won.

( 398 )
For Children.

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.

1 We are but little children weak, Not born in any high estate; What can we do for Jesus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?

2 We know the Holy Innocents Laid down for Him their infant life, And Martyrs brave and patient Saints Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

3 We wear the cross they wore of old, Our lips have learn'd like vows to make: We need not die; we cannot fight; What may we do for Jesus' sake?

4 O day by day each Christian child Has much to do, without, within; A death to die for Jesus' sake, A weary war to wage with sin.

5 When deep within our swelling hearts The thoughts of pride and anger rise, When bitter words are on our tongues, And tears of passion in our eyes;

6 Then we may stay the angry blow, Then we may check the hasty word, Give gentle answers back again, And fight a battle for our Lord.

7 With smiles of peace and looks of love, Light in our dwellings we may make, Bid kind good-humour brighten there, And still do all for Jesus' sake.

8 There's not a child so small and weak But has his little cross to take, His little work of love and praise That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Children's Litany, see 860.

Many other Hymns throughout the Book are suitable for use at a Children's Service.

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Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

General Hymns.

LEOMINSTER (First Tune).

G. W. MARTIN.
Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THOU ART GONE UP (Second Tune).

TALLIS.
1 A few more years shall roll,
   A few more seasons come,
   And we shall be with those that rest
   Asleep within the tomb:
   Then, O my Lord, prepare
   My soul for that Great Day;
   Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
   And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
   O'er these dark hills of time,
   And we shall be where suns are not,
   A far serener clime:
   Then, O my Lord, prepare
   My soul for that Blest Day;
   Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
   And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
   On this wild, rocky shore,
   And we shall be where tempests cease,
   And surges swell no more:
   Then, O my Lord, prepare
   My soul for that Calm Day;
   Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
   And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
   A few more partings o'er,
   A few more toils, a few more tears,
   And we shall weep no more:
   Then, O my Lord, prepare
   My soul for that Bright Day;
   Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
   And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
   And He shall come again,
   Who died that we might live, Who lives
   That we with Him may reign:
   Then, O my Lord, prepare
   My soul for that Glad Day;
   Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
   And take my sins away.
1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
    The Blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He,
    A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender Heart, that felt for all,
    For all its Life-Blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
    Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
    The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
    That wreath'd His Brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
    Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
    To Zion's blessed hill.

5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
    Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
    Where Jesus had no home.

6 Dead to the world with Him Who died
    To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our Risen Head,
    In spirit dwell Above.

( 402 )
General Hymns.

MILES' LANE.

SHRUBSOLE.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
   Let Angels prostrate fall;
   Bring forth the Royal diadem
   To crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
   Who from His Altar call;
   Praise Him Whose blood-stain'd path ye trod,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
   Ye ransom'd of the Fall,
   Hail Him Who saves you by His grace
   And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
   Whom David Lord did call;
   The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall;
   Go! spread your trophies at His Feet,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue
   Before Him prostrate fall,
   Join in the universal song,
   And crown Him Lord of all!

(403)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

OLD HUNDREDTH (First Tune).

From Bourgeois.

NOTE.—The small notes may be sung to certain verses, especially when male voices join in the melody.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
   Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
   Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
   Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
   Without our aid He did us make;
   We are His flock, He doth us feed,
   And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
   Approach with joy His Courts unto;
   Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
   For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
   His mercy is for ever sure;
   His truth at all times firmly stood,
   And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
   From men and from the Angel-host
   Be praise and glory evermore.

LUADATE DOMINUM, OMNES

GENTES (Second Tune).

Gallican Ascensiontide Melody.

This may be used as a Sequence on occasions of rejoicing, and on Sundays in Trinity-tide.

To be sung in Unison.

FIRST VERSE.

NOTE.—Each verse should be played over on the full organ without the voices and then sung in Unison to my organ, and all without pause between either lines or verses, until the Doxology. The latter is not to be played over before being sung.
General Hymns.

SECOND VERSE.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

THIRD VERSE.

O enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy. His Courts unto; Praise, land, and bless His Name always, For it is seemly so to do.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

FOURTH VERSE.

For why? the Lord our God is good; His mercy is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom Heaven and earth adore, From men and from the

Slower.

Angel-host Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.
General Hymns.

WINCHESTER OLD.  

A General Hymns.

1 All ye who seek for sure relief
   In trouble or distress,
   Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
   Or guilt the soul oppress;

2 Jesus, Who gave Himself for you,
   Upon the Cross to die,
   Opens to you His Sacred Heart,
   Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly He invites,
   Ye hear His words so blest;
   "All ye that labour, come to Me,
   And I will give you rest."

4 O Heart! Thou joy of Saints on High,
   Thou hope of sinners here!
   Attracted by those loving words,
   Through Thee I make my prayer.

5 Wash Thou my soul in that dear Blood
   Which forth from Thee doth flow;
   New grace, new hope inspire; a new
   And better heart bestow

( 407 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

VENITE POST ME (Second Tune).

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
   Art thou sore distrest?
   "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
   Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
   If He be my Guide?
   "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
   And His Side."

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
   That His Brow adorns?
   "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
   But of thorns."

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

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

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
   Will He say me nay?
   "Not till earth and not till Heaven
   Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
   Is He sure to bless?
   Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins!
   Answer, "Yes!"

( 408 )
1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
   When heated in the chase,
   So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
   And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the Living God,
   My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh when shall I behold Thy Face,
   Thou Majesty Divine?

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

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

1 Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord,
   I marvel how such wrong can be:
   And yet how oft in deed and word
   Have I been found ashamed of Thee!

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
   Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
   Whose Feet the Way of Sorrows trod
   To bring me to Thy Home Above:

3 Ashamed of Thee!—of that Blest Name
   Which speaks of mercy full and free!

4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine
   Was not ashamed of our lost race,
   But even this cold heart of mine
   Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place:

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
   This cruel wrong no more may be:
   And in Thy last great Advent-day
   O be not Thou ashamed of me!
1 At the Name of Jesus
    Ev'ry knee shall bow,
    Ev'ry tongue confess Him
    King of glory now;
    'Tis the Father's pleasure
    We should call Him Lord,
    Who from the beginning
    Was the Mighty Word.
General Hymns.

2 At His Voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
All the Hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the Heav'nly Orders,
In their great array.

3 Mighty and Mysterious
In the highest Height,
Word from Everlasting,
Very Light of Light;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipp'd,
Trusted, and adored.

4 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He pass'd:

5 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's Breast,
Fill'd it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

6 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His Will enfold you
In its light and power.

7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His Angel train:
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

( 411 )
Awake, awake, O Zion!
Put on thy strength Divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress, be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored!
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord!

From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from ev'ry sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bow'd in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The New Mysterious Name.

Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close:
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While Hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and Heav'n adore.

The Lamb, Who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign,—
To reign in ev'ry nation,
To rule in ev'ry zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In ev'ry heart a throne.

Awake, awake, O Zion!
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on High;
Thy sun uprisesslowly,
But keep thou watch and ward
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord!
1. Behold the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced Side.

2. Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious Blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from ev'ry sin,
Till life be past.

3. Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou Everlasting Lord,
Saviour most Blest!
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints
Eternal rest.

4. Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the Throne
Of God Above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light and Love.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

DEDICATION.

E. GILDING.

1 Bless'd 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 Heav'n's
   Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
   Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
   Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
   Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
   May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
   A Temple meet for Thee.

BREAK FORTH, O EARTH.

1 Break forth, O earth, in praises,
   Dwell on the wondrous story :
The Saviour's Name and love proclaim,
   The King Who reigns in glory :
See on the Throne beside Him,
   O'er all her foes victorious,
His royal Bride for whom He died,
   Like Him for ever glorious.

2 Come, O ye kings, ye nations,
   With songs of gladness hail Him,
Ye Gentiles all, before Him fall,
   The Royal Priest in Salem :

3 O'er Hell and Death triumphant,
   Your conqu'ring Lord hath risen,
His praises sound Whose power hath bound
   Your ruthless foe in prison.

4 Hail to the King of Glory!
   Head of the New Creation !
Thy ways of grace we love to trace,
   And praise Thy great salvation ;
Thy Heart was press'd with sorrow,
   The bonds of death to sever,
To make us free, that we might be
   Thy Crown of joy for ever.
1 Bright the vision that delighted
   Once the sight of Judah's seer;
   Sweet the countless tongues united
   To entrance the Prophet's ear.

2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
   Cherubim and Seraphim
   Fill'd His Temple, and repeated
   Each to each th' alternate hymn:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;
   Earth is with its fulness stored;
   Unto Thee be glory given,
   Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

4 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
   Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
   "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
   "Lord of hosts, Lord God most High."

5 With His Seraph train before Him,
   With His holy Church below,
   Thus unite we to adore Him,
   Bid we thus our anthem flow:

6 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;
   Earth is with its fulness stored;
   Unto Thee be glory given,
   Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."
1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ring on
To their home on High:
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our Heav'nward way.

2 Lo, sweet Jesus, Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.

3 Mary, God's dear Mother,
Israel's Lily, hail!
Pattern for Christ's children
In this sinful vale:
'Mid life's surging ocean
Whither can we flee,
Save to our sweet Saviour
Who was born of thee?

Often have we left Thee,
Straying far away,
Keep us, Blessed Saviour,
In the narrow way.

Brightly gleams, &c.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ring on
To their home on High.

(416)
General Hymns.

4 All our days direct us,
   Make us meek and mild,
   By Thy Childhood's Pattern,
   Mary's Holy Child:
   Bid Thine Angels shield us,
   When the storm-clouds lower,
   Pardon Thou—protect us
   In the last dread hour.
   Brightly gleams, &c.

5 Then with Saints and Angels
   May we join above,
   Offering prayers and praises
   At Thy Throne of Love:
   When the march is over,
   Then comes rest and peace,
   Jesus in His beauty,
   Songs that never cease.
   Brightly gleams, &c.

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PANGBOURNE. E. J. Rowton.

1 "Christian, seek not yet repose,"
   Hear thy Guardian Angel say,
   "Thou art in the midst of foes;
   Watch and pray."

2 Principalities and powers,
   Must'ring their unseen array,
   Wait for thy unguarded hours;
   Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy Heavenly armour on,
   Wear it ever, night and day;
   Ambush'd lurks the Evil One;
   Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
   Still they mark each warrior's way,
   All with one clear voice exclaim,
   "Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
   Him thou lovest to obey;
   Hide within thy heart His word,
   "Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
   Hung the issue of the day;
   Pray that help may be sent down;
   Watch and pray.

O.H.B.
1. Cling to the Mighty One,  
   Cling in thy grief;  
   Cling to the Holy One,  
   He gives relief;  
   Cling to the Gracious One,  
   Cling in thy pain;  
   Cling to the Faithful One,  
   He will sustain.

2. Cling to the Living One,  
   Cling in thy woe;  
   Cling to the Loving One,  
   Through all below;  
   Cling to the Pard'ning One,  
   He speaketh peace;  
   Cling to the Healing One,  
   Anguish shall cease.

3. Cling to the Bleeding One,  
   Cling to His Side;  
   Cling to the Risen One,  
   In Him abide.  
   Cling to the Coming One,  
   Hope shall arise;  
   Cling to the Reigning One,  
   Joy lights thine eyes.

(418)
General Hymns

AD INFEROS.

1 Close beside the Heart that loves me
   Would I rest in sorrow's hour,
   With a Father's smile above me,
   And beneath an Arm of Power.

2 Weak and worthless, worn and weary,
   Welcome bids my faith be strong;
   Sorrow's hour is short, if dreary,
   Joy shall last through ages long.

3 Dark the hour, but comes the morrow,
   Dawn shall waken by and by;
   Light shall gild the clouds of sorrow,
   When the sun is in the sky.

4 Rest, my soul; that Love unfailing
   Strengthens in the hour of woe;
   For the pain, thy life assailing,
   Found Him when He dwelt below.

5 'Tis a Heart that knows the sorrow,
   Trust it when the night comes down;
   Tears shall yield to song to-morrow,
   Night to Morn, and Cross to Crown.
1. Come, let us sing the Song of songs,
   The Saints in Heav'n began the strain,
   The homage which to Christ belongs:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

2. Slain to redeem us by His Blood,
   To cleanse from ev'ry sinful stain,
   And make us Kings and Priests to God:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

3. To Him, enthroned by filial right,
   All power in Heav'n and earth proclaim,
   Honour, and majesty, and might:
   "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

4. Come, Holy Spirit, from on High,
   Our Faith, our Hope, our Love sustain,
   Living to sing, and dying cry,
   "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

5. Yea, in Eternity of bliss,
   If call'd through grace with Him to reign,
   Our song, our song of songs, be this,
   "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."
1 “Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest.”
O blessed Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 “Come unto Me, ye wand’rers, And I will give you light.”
O loving Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were fill’d with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness
And songs the break of day.

3 “Come unto Me, ye fainting, And I will give you life.”
O cheering Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 “And whosoever cometh, I will not cast him out.”
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.
1. Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
   Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
   Ancient of Eternal Days,
God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
   Whom the Heav'n of Heav'n obeys.

2. Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
   Form'd the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
   Moved the Lord of Life to die,
Fore-ordain'd the Prince of princes
   For the throne of Calvary.

3. There, for us and our redemption,
   See Him all His Life-blood pour!
There He wins our full salvation,
   Dies, that we may die no more;
Then, arising, lives for ever,
   Reigning where He was before.

4. High on those Eternal Mountains
   Stands His sapphire Throne, all bright,
'Midst unending Alleluias,
   Bursting from the sons of light;
Sion's people tell His praises,
   Victor, after hard-won fight.

5. Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
   Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
   King of that Celestial Day;
He the Lamb, once slain, is worthy,
   Who was dead, and lives for aye.

6. Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims,
   Who shall pluck you from His Hand?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
   Who are fighting for His Land:
O that we, amidst His true ones,
   Round His Throne one day may stand.
1 Comes, at times, a stillness as of even,
   Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is sinking out of Heaven,
   As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

2 Comes at length a sound of many voices,
   As when the waves break lightly on the shore;
As when at dawn the feather'd choir rejoices,
   Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

3 Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
   On the dying breath of evening borne,
Sinks the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
   "Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

4 Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
   Borne on the breezes of the rising day;
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
   Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."
Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all Eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorb'd in prayer and praise:
Iliar reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His Hands and Side,
Those Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:

No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably Sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout Eternity.
General Hymns.

DAILY, DAILY.

1 Daily, daily, sing the praises
   Of the City God hath made;
   In the beauteous fields of Eden
   Its foundation-stones are laid.

   O that I had wings of Angels
   Here to spread and Heavenward fly,
   I would seek the gates of Zion
   Far beyond the starry sky!

2 All the walls of that dear City
   Are of bright and burnish'd gold,
   It is matchless in its beauty,
   And its treasures are untold.

   O that I had wings, &c.

3 In the midst of that dear City
   Christ is reigning on His seat,
   And the Angels swing their censers
   In a ring about His Feet.

   O that I had wings, &c.

4 From the Throne a river issues,
   Clear as crystal, passing bright,
   And it traverses the City
   Like a sudden beam of light.

   O that I had wings, &c.

5 There the meadows green and dewy
   Shine with lilies wondrous fair,
   Thousand, thousand are the colours
   Of the waving flowers there.

   O that I had wings, &c.

6 There the forests ever blossom,
   Like our orchards here in May;
   There the gardens never wither,
   But eternally are gay.

   O that I had wings, &c.

7 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
   And is laden with the song
   Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
   And the great Redeemed Throng.

   O that I had wings, &c.

8 O I would my ears were open
   Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
   Of that Eden could attain!

   O that I had wings of Angels
   Here to spread and Heavenward fly,
   I would seek the gates of Zion
   Far beyond the starry sky!

(425)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.

1 Days and moments quickly flying
    Blend the living with the dead;
    Soon will you and I be lying
    Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God, Who gave them,
    Will have sped their rapid flight;
    Able now by grace to save them,
    Oh, that while we can, we might!

3 Jesu! Infinite Redeemer!
    Maker of this mighty frame!
    Teach, O teach us to remember
    What we are, and whence we came.

4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
    Soon we must through darkness go,
    To inherit bliss unending,
    Or eternity of woe.

5 Soon before the Judge most Glorious
    We with all the dead shall stand,
    Saviour, over death victorious,
    Place us then at Thy Right Hand.

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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS (First Tune).

A. H. BROWN.
Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2.
Faith of our fathers! Faith and prayer
Shall win our country back to thee;
And, through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers! &c.

3.
Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! &c.

4.
Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! &c.
Far from my Heavenly Home,
   Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
   And speed me to my rest."

My spirit homeward turns,
   And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
   When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
   A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
   And reach the Saints' abode?

God of my life, be near;
   On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
   And bring me home at last.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
   Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy Throne of Grace
   Let this petition rise;

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
   From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
   And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
   My daily path attend;
Thy Presence through my journey shine,
   And crown my journey's end.
FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW (First Tune).

A. H. Brown.

1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white, Trembled the mariners, Peril was high;

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I."

2. Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3. Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."
1 Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glistened white,
Trembled the mariners.
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."
1 Firmly I believe and truly
   God is Three, and God is One;
   And I next acknowledge duly
   Manhood taken by the Son.

2 And I trust and hope most fully
   In that Manhood crucified;
   And each thought and deed unruly
   Do to death, as He has died.

3 Simply to His grace and wholly
   Light and life and strength belong,
   And I love, supremely, solely,
   Him the Holy, Him the Strong.

4 And I hold in veneration,
   For the love of Him alone,
   Holy Church as His creation,
   And her teachings as His own.

5 Adoration aye be given,
   With and through th' Angelic Host,
   To the God of Earth and Heaven,
   Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(431)
1 "For ever with the Lord!"
   Amen; so let it be:
   Life from the dead is in that word,
   'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
   Absent from Him I roam,
   Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
   A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's House on High,
   Home of my soul, how near
   At times to faith's foreseeing eye
   The golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
   To reach the Land I love,
   The bright inheritance of Saints,
   Jerusalem Above.

5 "For ever with the Lord!"
   Father, if 'tis Thy will,
   The promise of that faithful word
   E'en here to me fulfil;

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
   Then can I never fail;
   Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
   Fight, and I must prevail!

7 So when my latest breath
   Shall rend the veil in twain,
   By death I shall escape from death,
   And Life Eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
   How shall I love that word,
   And oft repeat before the Throne,
   "For ever with the Lord!"
718 General Hymns.

HIERUSALEM LUMINOSA.  Clement Powell.

For the fount of Life Eternal
Longs the soul with eager thirst;
As th' imprison'd restless spirit
Seeks her fleshly gates to burst;
Struggling, yearning for the Country
Whence she has been banish'd erst.

Who can tell the perfect gladness
Of the peace within the skies?
Where, of living pearls upbuilt,
Mansions for the Blessed rise;
Where the vaulted halls of feasting
Gleam with gold and radiant dyes.

Twelve dear gems of countless value
Form the walls' foundation stone;
Polish'd gold, like beaming crystal,
Paves the glorious streets alone;
No pollution, no defilement,
Rain, nor melting snow, are known.

There no stormy winter rages;
Summer's heat no harm can bring;
Everlasting roses blooming
Make an everlasting spring;
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

Pasture groweth, flow'ret bloweth,
Honey streameth rivers fair;
While with aromatic perfume
Gloweth all the grateful air;
Flowery fruits, that never wither,
Hang in ev'ry thicket there.

1 2 3 4 5
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

6 There now waxing moon nor waning,
   Sun nor stars in courses bright;
   For the Lamb to that glad City
   Is the Everlasting Light;
   There the daylight shines for ever,
   All unknown are time and night.

7 There the Saints in beauty vested,
   As the sun in glory pure,
   Crown'd with triumph's flushing honours,
   Knit in unison secure,
   Now in safety tell their battles,
   And their foes' discomfiture.

8 Freed from ev'ry stain of evil,
   All their carnal wars are done;
   For the flesh made spiritual,
   And the soul agree in one;
   Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment;
   Sin and scandal are unknown.

9 To their first estate return they,
   Freed from ev'ry mortal sore,
   And the Truth for ever present,
   Ever lovely, they adore,
   Drawing, from that living Fountain,
   Living sweetness evermore.

10 There they live in endless being,
    Passingness hath passed away;
    There they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
    For decay'd is all decay;
    And immortal vigour endeth
    Darkling Death's malignant sway.

11 Though each Saint's respective merit
    Hath his varying palm assign'd,
    Love takes all as his possession,
    Where his power has all combined;
    So that all, that each possesses,
    All partake in unconfined.

WHERE THE SACRED BODY LIETH.

H. E. Hodson.
General Hymns.

Part III.

12 Where the Sacred Body lieth,
   Eagle souls together speed;
   There the Saints and there the Angels,
   Seek refreshment in their need,
   And the sons of earth and Heaven
   On that One Bread ever feed.

13 Lovely voices make a concert
   Ever new and ever clear;
   And in never ceasing Festal
   Organs soothe the ravish'd ear;
   Worthily the King they honour,
   Who hath won them vict'ry's cheer.

14 Christ, Thy Soldiers' palm of honour
   To this City bright and free
   Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
   I shall cast away from me,
   A partaker in Thy bounty
   With Thy blessed ones to be!

15 Grant me vigour, while I labour
   In the ceaseless battle press'd;
   That Thou may'st, the conflict over
   Give me Everlasting Rest;
   And that I at length inherit
   Thee, my Portion, ever blest.

The following Doxology may be sung at the end of each part:—

Glory let us give, and blessing
   To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might and praise addressing,
   While Eternal Ages run;
Ever, too, His love confessing,
   Who, from Both, with Both is One.
1 Give us our Daily Bread,
   O God, the Bread of Strength!
   For we have learnt to know
   How weak we are at length;
   As children we are weak,
   As children must be fed,
   Give us Thy Grace, O Lord,
   To be our Daily Bread.

2 Give us our Daily Bread,
   The Bread of Angels, Lord,
   By us so many times
   Broken, betray'd, adored;
   His Body and His Blood;
   The Feast that Jesus spread;
   Give Him, our Life, our All,
   To be our Daily Bread.
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion, City of our God:
He, Whose word cannot be broken
Form'd thee for His own abode
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage:
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Saviour, if of Zion's City
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know

( 437 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

OLD CXXXVII. (First Tune).

Crespin, 1557. Allison's Setting.

S. ANN (Second Tune).

Croft.
**General Hymns.**

1 God moves in a mysterious way
   His wonders to perform;
   He plants His footsteps in the sea,
   And rides upon the storm.

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

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

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
   But trust Him for His grace;
   Behind a frowning Providence
   He hides a smiling Face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
   Unfolding ev'ry hour;
   The bud may have a bitter taste,
   But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
   And scan His work in vain;
   God is His own interpreter,
   And He will make it plain.

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**DEUS MISERICORS.**

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
   Show the brightness of Thy Face;
   Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
   Fill Thy Church with light Divine;
   And Thy saving health extend
   Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord:
   Be by all that live adored;
   Let the nations shout and sing
   Glory to their Saviour King;
   At Thy Feet their tribute pay,
   And Thy holy will obey.

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

( 439 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

REGNAT DEUS (First Tune).

Slow. \( \frac{d}{d} = 50. \quad \frac{d}{d} = 100. \)

Chorale in Five Parts.
From MENDELSSOHN's Fifth Sonata for the Organ.

ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER (Second Tune). 15th Century.

Slow.

\( \frac{d}{d} = 50. \)
General Hymns.

1.
God reigns Above, He reigns Alone,
He sits upon the great White Throne;
Fair mists of Seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
   Ancient of Days, Whose days go on.

2.
For us, whatever's undergone,
He knoweth, willeth what is done;
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
None but the Good discerns the good;
   I trust Thee, while my days go on.

3.
By anguish, which made dark the sun,
I hear Him charge His Saints, that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
   However darkly days go on.

4.
I praise Thee, while my days go on;
I love Thee, while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
   I thank Thee, while my days go on.

( 441 )
724

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

S. NINIAN (First Tune). J. B. Dykes.

THE MARTYRS' TUNE (Second Tune). Gauntlett.

(442)
1 God the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
   Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on High where Thou reignest;
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
   Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee,
   Yet to Eternity standeth Thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
   Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.
HAIL THE SIGN.

Boys. f

The 8th Psalm Tone.
Arranged with accompaniment of voices in four parts. C. J. R.

Men. f

Note.—At the last three lines the plain-song should be reinforced by strong voices from both Tenors and Basses.

1. Hail the Sign, the Sign of Jesus,
    Bright and Royal Tree!
Standard of the Monarch, planted
    First on Calvary!
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
    Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
    Cross of Christ, all hail!

2. Sign to Martyrs strength and refuge,
    Sign to Saints so dear!
Sign of evil men abhorred,
    Sign which Devils fear.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
    Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
    Cross of Christ, all hail!

(444)
General Hymns.

3 Sign, which, when the Lord returneth,  
In the Heav'ns shall be;  
Sinners quail, while Saints with rapture  
Shall the Vision see;  
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,  
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,  
Cross of Christ, all hail!

4 Lo, I sign the Cross of Jesus  
Meekly on my breast;  
May it guard my heart when living,  
Dying, be its rest.  
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,  
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,  
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,  
Cross of Christ, all hail!

5 In the Name of God the Father,  
Name of God the Son,  
Name of God the Blessed Spirit,  
Ever Three in One.  
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,  
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,  
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,  
Cross of Christ, all hail!

726

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD. By an Archbishop of Sens, 1222.

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;  
Jesus speaks, and speak'st to thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
Sought thee wand'red, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My Throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

(445)
1 He comes with the swell of the Angels' song,
   He comes with the shout of the Shepherds' praise;
   He comes the Messiah, the Promised so long,
   The God in the Man His glory displays.

2 Hosanna! Our Prince, our Saviour, is come,
   Whom Prophets and Kings desired to see;
   The splendour He leaves of His Heav'nly Home,
   To visit the souls that destitute be.

3 Behold Him, ye blind, in the Light He pours!
   Leap, leap to receive Him, ye halt and lame!
   Ye captives, burst forth from your prison-doors!
   Rejoice, ye deaf, in the sound of His Name!

4 He comes to illumine the dark in mind,
   To free the soul from the bondage of fear;
   He comes that the guilty pardon may find,
   Hosanna! Our Saviour, our Lord, is here.
1.
Holy Father, hear my cry,
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2.
Father, save me from my sin,
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3.
Father, let me taste Thy love,
Saviour, fill my soul with peace,
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4.
Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

(447)
HOLY OFFERINGS.

Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

R. Redhead.

HOLY OFFERINGS.

1. Holy offerings, rich and rare,
   Offerings of praise and prayer,
   Purer life and purpose high,
   Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
   Lowly acts of adoration
   To the God of our salvation,
   On His Altar laid we leave them;
   Christ present them! God receive them!

2. Promises in sorrow made,
   Left, alas! too long unpaid;
   Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
   Never into action wrought;
   Long withheld, we now restore them,
   On Thy Holy Altar pour them,
   There in trembling faith to leave them,
   Christ present them! God receive them!

3. Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
   Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
   Dreams of what we yet might be
   Could we cling more close to Thee.
   That, despite of faults and failings,
   Help Thy grace in its prevailings,
   On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
   Christ present them! God receive them!

(448)
General Hymns.

4 Pleasant food and garb of pride
   Put for conscience' sake aside;
   Lawful luxury foregone
   To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

5 Homage of each humble heart,
   Ere we from Thy House depart;
   Worship fervent, deep and high,
   Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,
   And the Spirit, Three in One!
   Though our mortal weakness raise
   Off'ring of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

730
NICTHT SO TRAUERG (B).

From HILLER'S Choralbuch.

1 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,
   Dawn upon this soul of mine;
   Word of God, and inward Light,
   Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
   Glow within this heart of mine,
   Kindle ev'ry high desire,
   Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
   Fill and nerve this will of mine;
   By Thee may I strongly live,
   Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Law Divine,
   Reign within this soul of mine;
   Be my Lord, and I shall be
   Firmly bound, yet ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
   Still this restless heart of mine;
   Speak to calm this tossing sea,
   Stay'd in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
   Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
   In the desert ways I'll sing
   "Spring, O well, for ever spring."

O.H.B.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

WIE SCHÖN LEUCHT'T UNS DER MORGENSTERN.

Harmonised mostly by J. S. Bach.

1 How brightly beams the Morning Star, With mercy coming from afar! The Host of Heav'n rejoices; O righteous Branch! O Jesse's Rod! Thou Son of Man and Son of God! We too will lift our voices. Jesu! Jesu! Holy, Holy, yet most lowly, Draw Thou near us: Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.

2 Though circled by the Hosts on High, He deign'd to cast a pitying eye Upon His helpless creature; The whole creation's Head and Lord, By highest Seraphim adored, Assumed our very nature: Jesu, grant us, Through Thy merit, to inherit Thy salvation; Hear, O hear our supplication.

3 Then will we to the world make known The love Thou hast to outcasts shown, In calling them before Thee, And seek each day to be more meet To join the throng who at Thy Feet Unceasingly adore Thee. Living, dying, From Thy praises, mighty Jesus, Shrink we never, Sing we forth Thy love for ever.

4 Rejoice, ye Heav'ns, and earth reply: With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky, For love so condescending; Incarnate God, put forth Thy power, Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror, Thy glory wide extending. Amen, Amen! Alleluia, Alleluia! Praise be given To Thy Name by earth and Heaven.
1 How shalt thou bear the Cross, that now
   So dread a weight appears?
   Keep quietly to God, and think
   Upon th' Eternal Years.

2 Full many things are good for souls
   In proper times and spheres;
   Thy present good is in the thought
   Of those Eternal Years.

3 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
   Nor be ashamed of tears;
   Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
   Sing of th' Eternal Years.

4 One cross can sanctify a soul;
   Late Saints and ancient Seers
   Were what they were, because they mused
   Upon th' Eternal Years.

5 Death will have rainbows round it, seen
   Through calm contrition's tears,
   If tranquil Hope still trims her lamp
   At those Eternal Years.

6 A single practice long sustain'd
   A soul to God endears;
   This must be thine—to weigh the thought
   Of those Eternal Years.

7 He practises all virtues well
   Who his own cross reveres,
   And stores within his heart the thought
   Of those Eternal Years.

( 451 )
1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
   In a believer’s ear!
   It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
   And drives away his fear.

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

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

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

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

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
   With ev’ry fleeting breath;
   And may the music of Thy Name
   Refresh my soul in death.
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace Divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till Perfect Day shall shine,
Through peace to light.
1 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
    “Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
    Thy head upon My Breast.”
I came to Jesus as I was,
    Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
    And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
    “Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
    Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
    Of that Life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench’d, my soul revived,
    And now I live in Him.

2 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
    “I am this dark world’s Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
    And all thy day be bright.”
I look’d to Jesus, and I found
    In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I’ll walk
    Till trav’ling days are done.
1 I loved the beauty of the earth,  
The brightness of the skies;  
Life wooed me with its careless mirth,  
My birthright and my prize.

2 The lights of Heav'n shone pale and dim  
On eyes that would not see;  
The wisdom of the Cherubim  
Was foolishness to me.

3 But youth is short, and life is frail,  
And human praise untrue,  
Created beauty but a veil  
To hide Thee from my view.

4 'Twas not for these Thou madest me,  
But for Thyself, O Lord;  
Thou bad'st me rest alone in Thee,  
My Prize and my Reward!

5 All earthly joy shall fail at last,  
All earthly love grow cold,  
Save loves by that one Love made fast  
To Jesus and His fold.

6 One aim there is of endless worth,  
One sole sufficient Love,  
To do Thy will, my God, on earth,  
And reign with Thee Above.

7 From joys that fail'd my soul to fill,  
From hopes that all beguil'd,  
To changeless rest in Thy dear will,  
O Jesus, call Thy child.
1 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
   For I am very poor;
   A stranger and a pilgrim,
   I have no earthly store;
   I need the love of Jesus
   To cheer me on my way,
   To guide my doubting footsteps,
   To be my strength and stay. (bis.)

2 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
   I need a Friend like Thee,
   A Friend to soothe and pity,
   A Friend to care for me;
   I need the Heart of Jesus
   To feel each anxious care,
   To tell my every trial,
   And all my sorrows share. (bis.)

3 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
   I need Thee day by day,
   To fill me with Thy Fulness,
   To lead me on my way;
   I need the cleansing Fountain
   Where I can always flee,
   The Blood of Christ most precious,
   The sinner's perfect plea. (bis.)

4 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
   And hope to see Thee soon,
   Encircled with the rainbow,
   And seated on Thy Throne;
   There, with Thy Blood-bought children,
   My joy shall ever be,
   To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
   To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. (bis.)
General Hymns.

MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT.

With an added Refrain.

1 I was wandering and weary,
    When my Saviour came unto me;
   For the ways of sin grew dreary,
    And the world had ceased to woo me;
  And I thought I heard Him say,
    As He came along His way,
   "O wayward souls, come near Me;"
    My sheep should never fear Me;

2 At first I would not hearken,
    And put off till the morrow;
   But life began to darken,
    And I was sick with sorrow;
  And I thought I heard Him say,
    As He came along His way,
   "O wayward souls, come near Me;"
    I am the Shepherd true.

3 At last I stopped to listen,
    His Voice could not deceive me;
   I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
    So anxious to relieve me;
  And I thought I heard Him say,
    As He came along His way,
   "O wayward souls, come near Me;"
    I am the Shepherd true.

4 I thought His love would weaken,
    As more and more He knew me;
   But it burneth like a beacon,
    And its light and heat go through me;
  And I ever hear Him say,
    As He goes along His way,
   "O wayward souls, come near Me;"
    And I thought I heard Him say,

5 Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
    What will best and longest please us;
   Follow not the ways of others,
    But trust ourselves to Jesus;
  We shall ever hear Him say,
    As He goes along His way,
   "O wayward souls, come near Me;"
    O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.
1 I wish to have no wishes left,
   But to leave all to Thee;
   And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
   Things that I wish should be.

2 And these two wills I feel within,
   When on my death I muse:
   But, Lord, I have a death to die,
   And not a death to choose.

3 Why should I choose? for in Thy love
   Most surely I descry
   A gentler death than I myself
   Should dare to ask to die.

4 But Thou wilt not disdain to hear
   What those few wishes are,
   Which I abandon to Thy Love
   And to Thy wiser care.

5 All graces I would crave to have
   Calmly absorb'd in one,—
   A perfect sorrow for my sins,
   And duties left undone.

6 I would the light of reason, Lord,
   Up to the last might shine,
   That my own hands might hold my soul,
   Until it pass'd to Thine.

7 All Sacraments, and Church-blest things
   I fain would have around;
   A Priest beside me, and the hope
   Of consecrated ground.

8 But I would pass in silence, Lord,
   No brave words on my lips,
   Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I
   Should die in the eclipse.

9 But when, and where, and by what pain,
   All this is one to me;
   I only long for such a death
   As most shall honour Thee.

(458)
1 I worship thee, sweet Will of God,
   And all thy ways adore;
   And ev'ry day I live, I seem
   To love thee more and more.

2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
   Of Jesu's toils and tears!
   The passion of His yearning Heart
   Those three and thirty years.

3 And He hath breath'd into my soul
   A special love of thee;
   A love to lose my will in His,
   And by that loss be free.

4 When obstacles and trials seem
   Like prison-walls to be,
   I do the little I can do,
   And leave the rest to thee.

5 I have no cares, O blessed Will!
   For all my cares are thine;
   I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
   Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

6 Man's weakness waiting upon God
   Its end can never miss,
   For men on earth no work can do
   More Angel-like than this.

7 He always wins who sides with God,
   To him no chance is lost:
   God's will is sweetest to him, when
   It triumphs at his cost.

8 Ill that He blesses is our good,
   And unblest good is ill;
   And all is right that seems most wrong,
   If it be His sweet Will!
1 If we come to our Lord, and in penitence bend,
    There is *pardon* for you and for me;
If we come with repentance, resolve to amend,
    There is *pardon* for you and for me;
If we come with confession, contrition of soul,
    There is *pardon* for you and for me;
If we come with desire, as the sick to be whole,
    There is *pardon* for you and for me;
General Hymns.

2 If we come with humility; lowly in heart,
    There is mercy for you and for me;
If we come, in the Kingdom of Heav'n to have part,
    There is mercy for you and for me;
If we come with a hunger for Heavenly Food,
    There is mercy for you and for me;
If we come with a love of the true and the good,
    There is mercy for you and for me.

3 If we come in infirmity, stating our need,
    There is succour for you and for me;
If we come when we suffer, and sorrow, and bleed,
    There is succour for you and for me;
If we come in exhaustion, refreshment to find,
    There is succour for you and for me;
If we come in afflictions of body and mind,
    There is succour for you and for me.

4 If we come in necessity, help to obtain,
    There are riches for you and for me;
If we earnestly labour salvation to gain,
    There are riches for you and for me;
If we tread the right path, that is thorny and strait,
    There are riches for you and for me;
If in faith on our Lord we but patiently wait,
    There are riches for you and for me.

5 If we run in the race with desire for the prize,
    There's salvation for you and for me;
If the world and its pleasures and pomps we despise,
    There's salvation for you and for me;
If we commune with God, and are instant in prayer,
    There's salvation for you and for me;
If we wrestle in hope and not yield to despair,
    There's salvation for you and for me.

6 When the tempest assails, when the Devil has power,
    There is shelter for you and for me;
In the stress of the strife, and at life's latest hour,
    There is shelter for you and for me;
In the Heav'nly harbour, the Home of delight,
    There is shelter for you and for me;
In the Garden of Eden, the Mansion of light,
    There is shelter for you and for me.
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming, There is rest for you;
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.
General Hymns.

1 In the Christian's Home in glory
   There remains a Land of Rest,
   Where the Saviour's gone before me,
   To fulfil my soul's request:
   On the other side, &c.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
   Which eternally shall stand;
   My abode will not be transient
   In that holy, happy Land.
   On the other side, &c.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
   And its sting shall be withdrawn;
   Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!
   Hail with joy the happy morn:
   On the other side, &c.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
   Shout your triumphs as you go!
   Sion's gates will open to you,
   You shall find an entrance through:
   On the other side, &c.

743
WESTMINSTER.  

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P A R T  I.

1 Jerusalem! my happy Home!
   When shall I come to thee?
   When shall my sorrows have an end?
   Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the Saints,
   O sweet and pleasant soil,
   In thee no sorrow may be found,
   No grief, no care, no toil!

3 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
   No cold nor darksome night;
   There ev'ry soul shines as the sun;
   There God Himself gives light.

4 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
   There envy bears no sway;
   There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
   But pleasure ev'ry way.

5 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
   God grant I once may see
   Thy endless joys, and of the same
   Partaker aye to be.

6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
   Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
   Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
   Exceeding rich and rare.

7 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
   With carbuncles do shine!
   Thy very streets are paved with gold
   Surpassing clear and fine.

8 Thy houses are of ivory,
   Thy windows crystal clear;
   Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
   O God, that I were there!

( 463 )
Part II.

9 Ah! my sweet Home, Jerusalem,
    Would God I were in thee!
    Would God my woes were at an end,
    Thy joys that I might see!

10 Thy Saints are crown'd with glory great,
    They see God face to face;
    They triumph still, they still rejoice:
    Most happy is their case.

11 Our sweet is mix'd with bitter gall,
    Our pleasure is but pain;
    Our joys scarce last the looking on,
    Our sorrows still remain.

12 But there they live in such delight,
    Such pleasure and such play,
    As that to them a thousand years
    Doth seem as yesterday.

13 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
    Most beautiful and fair,
    Full furnished with trees and fruits,
    Most wonderful and rare.

14 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
    Continually are green;
    There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
    As nowhere else are seen.

15 There cinnamon, there sugar grow,
    There nard and balm abound:
    What tongue can tell, or heart contain,
    The joys that there are found?
16 Quite through the streets, with silver
   The Flood of Life doth flow, [sound,
Up on whose banks, on ev'ry side,
   The Wood of Life doth grow.

17 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

18 There David stands, with harp in hand,
   As master of the Quire;
Ten thousand times that man were
   That might this music hear? [bless'd

19 Our Lady sings Magnificat
   With tune surpassing sweet,
And all the Virgins bear their part
   Sitting about her feet.

20 Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
   Saint Austin doth the like!
Old Simeon and Zachary
   Have not their songs to seek.

21 There Magdalen hath left her moan,
   And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed Saints, whose harmony
   In ev'ry street doth ring.

22 Jerusalem! my happy Home!
   Would God I were in thee;
Would God my woes were at an end,
   Thy joys that I might see.
OLD CXLVIIIth PSALM (First Tune).

OLD CXXXVith PSALM (Second Tune).
1 Jerusalem on High
   My song and City is,
   My home whene'er I die,
   The centre of my bliss:
       O happy place!
   When shall I be,
   My God, with Thee,
       To see Thy Face?

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

3 The Patriarchs of old
   There from their travels cease;
   The Prophets there behold
   Their long'd-for Prince of peace:
       O happy place! &c.

4 The Lamb's Apostles there
   I might with joy behold,
   The harpers I might hear
   Harping on harps of gold:
       O happy place! &c.

5 The bleeding Martyrs, they
   Within those courts are found,
   Clothed in pure array,
   Their scars with glory crown'd:
       O happy place! &c.

6 Ah me! ah me! that I
   In Kedar's tents here stay;
   No place like that on High;
   Lord, thither guide my way:
       O happy place!
   When shall I be,
   My God, with Thee,
       To see Thy Face?

( 467 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

CANTERBURY.  ORLANDO GIBBONS (Melody and Bass).

1 Jesus, grant me this, I pray,
   Ever in Thy Heart to stay;
   Let me evermore abide
   Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

2 If the Evil One prepare,
   Or the world, a tempting snare,
   I am safe when I abide
   In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
   Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
   Nought I fear when I abide
   In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

4 Death will come one day to me;
   Jesus, cast me not from Thee;
   Dying, let me still abide
   In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

746  HOLLINGSIDE (First Tune).  J. B. DYKES.
IN NATALI DOMINI (Second Tune). Air probably of the 14th Century.
(With the last line repeated.)

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

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

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
   Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin;
Let the Healing Streams abound;
   Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art;
   Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
   Rise to all Eternity.

(469)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LITTLE BARDFIELD.

1 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the Realms Above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To Celestial Day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

CAREY'S (First Tune).

1 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the Realms Above.

748

HENRY CAREY.
General Hymns.

DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA! (Second Tune).

1 Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All,
   Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
   How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how exult Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
   That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought;
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
   To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, Blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

(471)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

JESU, LEIDEN, KREUZ UND PEIN (First Tune). M. Vulpius.

SUSPIRIA (Second Tune). C. J. Ridsdale.

(472)
1 Jesus, Solace of my soul,
   Gentle Mediator,
King of kings from pole to pole,
   Heav'n and earth's Creator,
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
   Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
   Rending Thee asunder?

2 Love, it drew Thee from the sky,
   Love of souls that perish'd,
Leaving, here on earth to die,
   All Thy glories cherish'd:
Born life's saddest paths to tread,
   Thou, the world's Salvation;
Hungry, Thou, the Living Bread,
   In its desolation;

3 Ours the while the joys of life,
   Thine its tribulation,
Ours the glory of the strife,
   Thine the consternation;
Ours the banquet's sweetness all,
   Thine the self-devotion,
Thine the vinegar and gall,
   For Thy bitter potion.

4 O the depth, the breadth, the height,
   Of Thy love's extension!
Jesus, O the wondrous might
   Of Thy condescension!
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
   Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
   Rending Thee asunder?

(473)
750
KING’S NORTON.

JER. CLARK (Melody and Bass).

Or tune of 365.

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

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
   Nor can the mem’ry find,
   A sweeter sound than Thy Blest Name,
   O Saviour of mankind!

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

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

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

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

( 474 )
1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
   All to leave, and follow Thee;
   Destitute, despised, forsaken,
   Thou from hence my All shall be;
   Perish ev’ry fond ambition,
   All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;
   Yet how rich is my condition!
   God and Heav’n are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
   ’Twill but drive me to Thy Breast;
   Life with trials hard may press me,
   Heav’n will bring me sweeter rest:
   Oh, ’tis not in grief to harm me,
   While Thy love is left to me;
   Oh, ’twere not in joy to charm me,
   Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Let the world despise and leave me,
   It has left my Saviour too;
   Human hearts and looks deceive me;
   Thou art not like them untrue:
   I have call’d Thee, “Abba, Father,”
   I have stay’d my heart on Thee;
   Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
   All must work for good to me.

4 Take, my soul, Thy full salvation;
   Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care;
   Joy to find in ev’ry station
   Something still to do or bear:
   Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
   What a Father’s smile is thine;
   What a Saviour died to win thee;
   Child of Heav’n, shouldst thou repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
   Arm’d by faith, and wing’d by prayer;
   Heav’n’s Eternal Day’s before thee,
   God’s own Hand shall guide thee there:
   Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
   Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
   Hope soon change to glad fruition,
   Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Jesus is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden Angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King;
He was True God in Beth'l'em's Crib,
On Calvary's Cross True God;
He, Who in Heav'n Eternal reign'd,
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! There never was
A time when He was not;
Boundless, Eternal, Merciful,
The Word, the Sire begot! [stretch,
Backward our thoughts through ages
Onward through endless bliss,
For there are two Eternities,
And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise:
We are not Angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.
1 Jesus! Refuge of the weary!
Object of the spirit's love!
Fountain in life's desert dreary!
Saviour from the World Above!

2 O how oft Thine eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall!
Yet Thou, on the Cross extended,
Bore the penalty for all.

3 Yet no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass Thy sacred Cross;
Though, 'neath thorns Thy Forehead wreathing,
Dropp'd the Bloody Sweat for us.

4 Yet Thy sinless Death hath bought us
Life Eternal, peace, and rest;
What Thy grace alone hath taught us,
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

5 Jesu! Would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for Thee,
Would our eyes were ever turning
To Thy Cross of Agony.

6 From the Saviour parted never,
Clinging to His shelt'ring Side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified.

7 Then the Wounds with which He bought us
We shall worship evermore;
And the Shepherd Good Who sought us
With enraptur'd hearts adore.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LUX BENIGNA (First Tune).

J. B. Dykes.

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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT (Second Tune).

Anon.
General Hymns.

*NOTE.—At the third verse the pause in the last line should be transferred to the first chord of the next bar.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
   Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from Home,
   Lead Thou me on:
   Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
   The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
   Shouldst lead me on;
   I loved to choose and see my path; but now
   Lead Thou me on:
   I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
   Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
   Will lead me on,
   O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
   The night is gone;
   And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
   Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

( 479 )
1 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
   My God and King!
   The Heav'ns are not too high,
   His praise may thither fly;
   The earth is not too low,
   His praises there may grow;
   Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
   My God and King!

2 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
   My God and King!
   The Church with Psalms must shout;
   No door can keep them out;
   But, above all, the heart
   Must bear the longest part;
   Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
   My God and King!

( 480 )
1 Let us with a gladsome mind
   Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
   For His mercies aye endure,
   Ever faithful, ever sure!

2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
   For of gods He is the God;
   For His mercies, &c.

3 He His chosen race did bless
   In the wasteful wilderness,
   For His mercies, &c.

4 He hath with a pitying eye
   Seen us in our misery;
   For His mercies, &c.

5 All things living He doth feed,
   His full hand supplies their need;
   For His mercies, &c.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
   His great Majesty and worth;
   For His mercies, &c.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD!

From Hiller's Choralbuch.

1 Light of the world! O shine on us,
Thy little flock below;
Shine on this path we daily tread,
Shine on each poor, defenceless head,
Shine through the shadows dark and dread,
That hover round us now.

2 Light of the world! O shine on us,
Thy little pilgrim band;
Shine on the way once trod before
By Thine own Feet in sorrow sore,
That leads us onward to the shore
Of Sion's Sabbath-land.

3 Light of the world! be visible,
In ev'ry cloud be seen;
In ev'ry taste of soul-distress,
In ev'ry step of weariness,
Shine backward o'er this wilderness
That stretches out between.

4 Light of the world! be merciful,
And lead us safely on;
On through the rough and bleak highway,
Where perils wait in dread array,
To snare each pilgrim-soul away
When he is once alone.

5 Light of the world! reveal—reveal,
And turn from us all harm;
Make clear the road to Jordan's side,
And meet us by its rushing tide,
For never evil may betide
Those shelter'd by Thine Arm.

6 Light of the world! O shine on us,
As through that vale we flee;
That in the City, fair and bright,
That lies beyond—beyond our sight,
We each, in robes of bridal white,
May stand at last with Thee.
General Hymns.

OBERLIN.

From Sacred Harmony.

Or tunes at 89, 90, or 576.

1 Light's abode, Celestial Salem,
   Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
   Mansion of the Highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the Prophets sing!

2 There for ever and for ever
   Alleluia is out-pour'd;
For unending, for unbroken,
   Is the Feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy,
   That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
   Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
   From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
   For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
   Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
   Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
   That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
   Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
   May with endless gifts be paid;
And in Everlasting Glory
   Thou with joy may'st stand array'd.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
   Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
   Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co- eternal,
   While unending ages run.

( 483 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

759
S. FULBERT.

Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy Life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heav'n.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's Will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy Will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heav'n.

760
S. MAGNUS.

Jer. CLARK.

(484)
General Hymns.

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

2 If life be long, O make me glad
   The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
   To end his toilsome day.

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

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
   Thy Blessed Face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
   What will Thy Glory be?

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

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
   The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
   And I shall be with Him.

761
LORD OF MERCY.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

1 Lord of mercy and of might,
   Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher Infinite,
   Jesu, hear and save.

2 Who, when sin's primeval doom
   Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
   Jesu, hear and save.

3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
   Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
   Jesu, hear and save.

4 Throned above Celestial things,
   Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
   Jesu, hear and save.

5 Soon to come to earth again,
   Judge of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
   Jesu, hear and save.

(485)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

CHRISTCHURCH (First Tune). C. Steggall.

CROFT’S OLD 148TH (Second Tune). Croft.
General Hymns.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
   How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
   Thine earthly Temples are!
   To Thine abode
   My heart aspires
   With warm desires,
   To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
   Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
   Their constant service there!
   They praise Thee still;
   And happy they
   That love the way
   To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
   Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
   Till each in Heav'n appears:
   O glorious seat!
   When God, our King,
   Shall thither bring
   Our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
   Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd;
   We draw our blessings thence:
   Thrice happy he,
   O God of Hosts,
   Whose spirit trusts
   Alone in Thee.

(487)
**Part 3. Hymns New and Old.**

**CHRISTE DU BEISTAND (First Tune).** Apelles von Löwenstern, 1644.

Lord God Almighty, Lord God Almighty.


**ISTE CONFESSOR (Second Tune).**

Unison. Vivace.

Gallican.

(488)
General Hymns.

1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
   Star of our night, and Hope of ev'ry nation,
   Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
   Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling;
   See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
   Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
   Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
   Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
   Lord, o'er Thy Church nor Death nor Hell prevaileth;
   Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Grant us Thy help, till foes are backward driven,
   Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
   Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
   Peace in Thy Heaven.

(489)
1 My Father's Home Eternal, Which all dear pleasures share, Hath many divers mansions, And each one passing fair; They are the victors' guerdon, Who, through the hard-won fight, Have follow'd in My Footsteps, And reign with Me in light.

2 Amidst the happy number The Virgins' Crown and Queen, The Ever-Virgin Mother, Is first and foremost seen; The Patriarchs in triumph My praises nobly sing, The holy Prophets worship Their long-expected King.

3 The Apostolic cohort, My valiant and My Own, As royal Co-assessors, Are nearest to My Throne; My Martyrs reign in glory Who triumph'd as they fell, And by a thousand tortures Defeated Death and Hell.

4 The brave and true Confessors Put on their meet array, Who bare the heat and burden Of many a weary day; The Virgins walk in beauty Amidst their lily-bowers, The coronals assuming Of never-fading flowers.

5 And ev'ry faithful servant, Made perfect in My grace, Hath each his fitting station Midst those that see My Face; Victorious over sorrow, From dread temptation free, They sit with Me, and banquet, And dwell for aye with Me.
1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy Majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat,  
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine Eternal Years,  
"O Everlasting Lord!  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, Living God!  
With deepest, tend'rest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

6 O then, this worse than worthless heart  
In pity deign to take,  
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,  
And for Thy glory's sake.

7 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee.
1 My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the Nails, and Spear,
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
   And Sweat of Agony;
   Yea, death itself; and all for me
   Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O Blessed Jesu Christ,
   Should I not love Thee well?
   Not for the sake of winning Heav'n,
   Nor of escaping Hell;

5 Not from the hope of gaining aught,
   Not seeking a reward;
   But as Thyself hast loved me,
   O Ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
   And in Thy praise will sing;
   Solely because Thou art my God,
   And my most loving King.
1 My God and Father, while I stray,  
   Far from my home in life's rough way,  
   O teach me from my heart to say,  
   Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
   Let me be still and murmur not,  
   Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
   Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
   For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
   Submissive still would I reply,  
   Thy will be done.

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
   What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
   I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
   Thy will be done.

5 Should pining sickness waste away  
   My life in premature decay,  
   My Father, still I strive to say,  
   Thy will be done.

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
   With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,  
   My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
   Thy will be done.

7 Renew my will from day to day,  
   Blend it with Thine, and take away  
   All that now makes it hard to say,  
   Thy will be done.

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
   The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
   I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
   Thy will be done.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

AUf, AUf, MEIN HERZ.

\textit{Vivace.}

\textit{J. Crüger.}

(Arr. by Eickhof).

\textit{d=100.}
General Hymns.

1 My Lord in glory reigning
   Upon the Glassy Sea,
By Angel Hosts surrounded,
   Is thinking still on me:
My heart for joy is dancing,
   My lamp is burning clear,
The Bridegroom bids me enter,
   If I but persevere.

2 My Lord a Land is ruling,
The Land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banish'd,
   And all is love and light:
What though my lot be lowly,
   What though my way be drear,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that Kingdom,
   If I but persevere.

3 My Lord a Home is building,
   A Mansion passing fair,
Of orient pearl, and burnish'd gold,
   Of jewels costly, rare:
A Home where naught is wanting;
   Away with doubt and fear
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that Mansion.
   If I but persevere.

4 My Lord a Song is teaching
   The Angel Choirs on High,
They strike their harps and cymbals,
   And sound the psaltery:
A Song to greet that wand'rer,
   To Heav'n's Gate drawing near,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that welcome,
   If I but persevere.
1.
My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest;

2.
Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee;

3.
Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

4.
No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love;
Oh, let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from Above!
1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
   Nearer to Thee;  
   E'en though it be a cross  
       That raiseth me;  
   Still all my song shall be,  
       "Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
           Nearer to Thee."

2 Though night steal over me,  
   My rest a stone,  
   As o'er the Patriarch  
       Weary and lone;  
   Yet in my dreams I'd be  
       Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
           Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear  
   Steps unto Heav'n;  
   All that Thou sendest me  
       In mercy given;  
   Angels to beckon me  
       Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
           Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, all my waking thoughts  
   Bright with Thy praise,  
   Out of my stony griefs  
       Bethel I'll raise;  
   So by my woes to be  
       Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
           Nearer to Thee.

5 Till in my Father's House  
   Perfectly blest,  
   After my journeyings  
       Safe and at rest,  
   All my delight shall be  
       Ever, my God, with Thee,  
           Ever with Thee.
1 Never further than Thy Cross,
   Never higher than Thy Feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
    Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love which bore the Cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
   And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Symbols of our liberty
   And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,
   Still to this our hearts must tend;
When our earliest hopes began,
Then our last aspirations end.

6 Till amid the Hosts of light
   We in Thee redeem'd complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy Feet.
1 None other Lamb, none other Name,
   None other Hope in Heav'n or earth or sea,
   None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
   None beside Thee.

2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
   Only my heart's desire cries out in me
   By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
   Cries out to Thee.

3 Lord, Thou art Life though I be dead,
   Love's fire Thou art however cold I be;
   Nor Heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head,
   Nor home, but Thee.
1 Now on the Holy Ghost let us call
2 Thy grace, sweet Spirit, on us bestow,

For a right belief, foremost of all; If He guard our
That we may feel Thy quick'ning glow; So shall we love

death-bed, Fare-well to sadness; In our long home We tru-ly Each Chris-tian bro-ther, And dwell in peace One

shall have glad-ness; Ky-ri-e. Elei-son.
with an-o-ther: Ky-ri-e. Elei-son.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (First Tune).

J. CRÜGER.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (Second Tune).} \\
\text{Arranged for Two Trebles, Alto, Two Tenors and Bass by MENDELSSOHN.}
\end{align*} \]
1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in Highest Heav'n!
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

( 503 )
1 O come to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
   O come to the Lord, Who forgives and forgets;
   Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
   There's a bright Home above where the sun never sets.

2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
   To fold His dear children in closest embrace!
   O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
   And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face!

3 Have you sinn'd as none else in the world sinn'd before you?
   Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
   O fear not, and doubt not! the mother that bore you
   Loves you less than the Saviour, Whose Blood you have spilt.

4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
   And vow at His Feet you will keep in His grace;
   For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
   And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

5 Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
   Of suff'ring and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
   For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
   And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

6 O come then to Jesus, and drink of His fountains!
   Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
   Believe me that earth's fairest valleys and mountains
   Are dull to the bright Land that waits you above.

( 504 )
1 O God of Hosts, the Mighty Lord,
     How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
     The brightness of Thy Face!

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

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

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

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

6 Thou God, Whom Heav'nly Hosts obey,
     How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
     Is still reposed on Thee!
1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home;

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home.
General Hymns.

Begin here for verse 7.

GOUNOD (Second Tune).

C. GOUNOD.

To Jesus as your Head! to Jesus as your Head!

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1 O happy band of pilgrims,
   If onward ye will tread
   With Jesus as your Fellow
   To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour
   As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
   As Jesus hunger'd then!

3 The Cross that Jesus carried
   He carried as your due;
   The Crown that Jesus weareth,
   He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
   The hope in which ye yearn,
   The love that through all troubles
   To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
   The sorrows ye endure,
   The manifold temptations
   That death alone can cure;

6 What are they but His jewels
   Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
   Set up to Heav'n on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
   Look upward to the skies,
   Where such a light affliction
   Shall win so great a prize.

( 507 )
1 O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace,
   Eternal Fount of love,
   Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
   With fire from Heav'n above.

2 As Thou in bond of love dost join
   The Father and the Son,
   So fill us all with mutual love
   And knit our hearts in one.

3 All glory to the Father be,
   All glory to the Son,
   All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee.
   While endless ages run.

( 508 )
1 O Jesu, Thou art standing,  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er,  
Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
His Name and sign who bear,  
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us  
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking;  
And lo! that Hand is scar'd,  
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,  
And tears Thy Face have marr'd;  
O love that passeth knowledge  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door;  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LEONI (First Tune).

Verses 1 & 2.

Hebrew Air.
(Said to be the most correct form of the melody.)

\( \text{Verse 3.} \)

(510)
1. O Jesus! Lamb of God,
   Who, us to save from loss,
   Didst taste the bitter cup of death
   Upon the Cross.

2. Most merciful High Priest,
   Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
   'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,
   Until the end.

3. Thou wilt our souls sustain,
   Our Guide and Strength wilt be,
   Until in glory, Lord, Above,
   Thy Face we see.

(511)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

O LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH AND SEA (First Tune). Anon.

1 O Lord of Heav'n and earth and sea
   To Thee all praise and glory be;
   How shall we show our love to Thee
   Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
   Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
   Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
   Giver of all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
   For all the blessings Earth displays,
   We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
   Giver of all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,
   But gav'st Him for a world undone,
   And freely with that Blessed One
   Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
   Spirit of life, and love, and power,
   And dost His Sevenfold Graces shower
   Upon us all.

6 For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
   For means of grace and hopes of Heav'n,
   Father, what can to Thee be given,
   Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
   We have a treasure without end
   Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
   Who givest all?

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
   Repaid a thousandfold will be;
   Then gladly will we give to Thee,
   Giver of all.

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
   Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
   O may we ever with Thee live,
   Giver of all!

   (512)
General Hymns.

VATER UNSER IN HIMMELREICH.

Mendelssohn's Setting.
Reduced to Four Parts.

1 O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The Image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'ring wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, Who, ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierc'd through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we Eternal Joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, Who lov'est me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead,
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Who once above yon skies,
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

O PARADISE (First Tune).

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

WELT ADE, ICH BIN DEIN MÜDE (Second Tune). Rosenmüller, 1610.
General Hymns.

1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the Happy Land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is furnishing for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I know 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

( 515 )
O SACRED HEART.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

1. O Sacred Heart,
   Our home lies deep in thee;
   On earth thou art an exile’s rest,
   In Heav’n the glory of the Blest,
   O Sacred Heart.

2. O Sacred Heart,
   Our trust is all in thee;
   For though earth’s night be dark and drear,
   Thou breathest rest where thou art near,
   O Sacred Heart.

3. O Sacred Heart,
   When shades of death shall fall,
   Receive us ’neath thy gentle care,
   And save us from the Tempter’s snare,
   O Sacred Heart.

4. O Sacred Heart,
   Lead exiled children home,
   Where we may ever rest near thee,
   In peace and joy Eternally,
   O Sacred Heart.

( 516 )
1 O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows,
   I lift my soul to Thee;
   In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
   Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
   My sins lie heavily,
   Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
   Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
   And ills I cannot flee,
   Then let my strength be as my day;
   Good Lord, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
   This feeble frame should be,
   Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
   Good Lord, remember me.

5 And, oh, when in the hour of death
   I bow to Thy decree,
   Be this the prayer of my last breath,
   Good Lord, remember me.

6 And when before Thy Throne I stand,
   And lift my soul to Thee,
   Then with the Saints at Thy Right Hand,
   Good Lord, remember me.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

AISNI QUE LA BICHE RÉE.

BOURGEOIS.

(GOUINEL'S HARMONY.)

1 O Thou sweetest Source of gladness,
Faith and Hope, and Heavenly Light,
Who in joy, as in our sadness,
Dost convince us of Thy Might;
Holy Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Distributor of grace,
Life and joy of all Creation,
Hear, O hear, our supplication.

2 O Thou Best of all Donations
God can give or we implore!
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We can wish for nothing more;
Come, Thou Lord of Love and Pow'r,
On our hearts Thy graces show'r;
Work in us a new Creation
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

3 From the Height that knows no measure
As a show'r Thou dost descend;
Bringing down the richest Treasure
Man can wish, or God can send;
O Thou Glory shining down
From the Father and the Son!
Grant us Thy communication,
Which makes all a new Creation.

4 Be our Friend on each occasion,
God Omnipotent to save!
When we die be our Salvation,
When we're buried, be our grave!
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with Thy Saints in Glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

787
O TO HAVE DWELT IN BETHLEHEM.

Pastorale. Unison.
1 O to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
   When the Star of the Lord shone bright!
   To have shelter'd the holy Wanderers
   On that blessed Christmas night,
   To have kiss'd the tender way-worn feet,
   Of the Mother Undefiled,
   And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
   To have tended the Holy Child.

2 Hush! such a glory was not for thee,
   But that care may still be thine;
   For are there not little ones still to aid
   For the sake of the Child Divine?
   Are there no wandering pilgrims now
   To thy heart and thy home to take?
   Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
   You can comfort for Mary's sake?

3 O to have knelt at Jesu's Feet,
   And have learnt His Heav'nly lore!
   To have listen'd the gentle lessons He taught,
   On mountain and sea and shore!
   While the rich and the mighty knew Him
   To have meekly done His will! [not, Hush! for the world rejects Him, yet
   You can serve and love Him still.

4 O to have seen what we now adore,
   And, though veil'd to faithless sight,
   To have known in the Form that Jesus
   The Lord of Life and Light! [bore Hush! for He dwells among us still,
   For His Word can ne'er deceive;
   Go where His lowly Altars rise,
   And worship and believe.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

O QUANTA, QUALIA.

La Feillée.

Unison.

A-men.
General Hymns.

1 On, what their joy and their glory must be,
   Those endless Sabbaths the blesséd ones see;
   Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest
   God shall be All, and in all ever Blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne?
   What are the peace and the joy that they own?
   Tell us, ye blest ones, who in it have share,
   If what ye feel ye can fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
   Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
   Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er,
   Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.

4 We, where no troubles distraction can bring,
   Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing,
   While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
   Thy blesséd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
   Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
   One and unending is that triumph-song
   Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
   We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
   Seeking Jerusalem, dear Native Land,
   Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
   Of Whom, and through Whom, and in Whom are all,
   Of Whom, the Father; and through Whom, the Son;
   In Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN (First Tune).

Older form of the tune "Innsbruck," as in Musae Sionae of M. Praetorius.

1 Earth's joys for me, for me are o'er.
2 For else I am, I am most poor.
3 My heart asks only, only Thee.

INNSBRUCK (O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN) (Second Tune).

Set by J. S. Bach.
General Hymns.

1 O world, I must forsake thee,
   And far away betake me
       To seek my Native Shore;
   So long I've dwelt in sadness,
   I wish not now for gladness,
       Earth's joys for me are o'er.

2 Sore is my grief and lonely,
   And I can tell it only
       To Thee, my Friend most sure!
   God, let Thy Hand uphold me,
   Thy pitying Heart enfold me,
       For else I am most poor.

3 My Refuge, where I hide me,
   From Thee shall nought divide me,
       No pain, no poverty;
   Nought is too hard to bear it,
   If Thou be there to share it;
       My heart asks only Thee.

( 523 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

HANOVER (First Tune).

Handel (or Croft (?)).

OLD 104TH (Second Tune).
General Hymns.

1 O worship the King
   All Glorious Above;
O gratefully sing
   His power and His 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
   The deep thunder-clouds form.
And dark is His path
   On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
   Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
   Hath founded of old,
Hath 'established it fast
   By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
   Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
   What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air;
   It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
   It descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils
   In the dew and the rain.

5 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!

6 O measureless Might!
   Ineffable Love!
While Angels delight
   To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation,
   Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
   Shall sing to Thy praise.
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Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

O WORSHIP THE LORD (First Tune). H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

GERMANIA (Second Tune). Trier Gesangbuch.

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(526)
General Hymns.

1 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
   Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
   With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
   Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name!

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
   High on His Heart He will bear it for thee,
   Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
   Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His Courts in the slenderness
   Of the poor wealth thou would'st reckon as thine;
   Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
   These are the offerings to lay on His Shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
   He will accept for the Name that is dear;
   Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
   Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
   Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim,
   With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
   Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name!

(527)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

1. Oft in danger, oft in woe,
   Onward, Christians, onward go;
   Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
   Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life!

2. Onward, Christians, onward go,
   Join the war, and face the foe;
   Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
   Dreary is the long campaign.

3. Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
   Will ye quit the painful field?
   Will ye flee in danger's hour?
   Know ye not your Captain's power?

4. Let your drooping hearts be glad;
   March, in Heav'nly armour clad;
   Fight, nor think the battle long;
   Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.

5. Let not sorrow dim your eye;
   Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
   Let not fear your course impede;
   Great your strength, if great your need.

6. Onward then to battle move;
   More than conquerors ye shall prove;
   Though opposed by many a foe,
   Christian soldiers, onward go!
1 One there is above all others,
   Oh, how He loves!
   His is love beyond a brother's,
   Oh, 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,
   Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis Eternal Life to know Him,
   Oh, how He loves!
   Think, O think how much we owe Him,
   Oh, how He loves!
   With His Precious Blood He bought us,
   In the wilderness He sought us,
   To His fold He safely brought us,
   Oh, how He loves!

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus,
   Oh, how He loves!
   'Tis His great delight to please us,
   Oh, how He loves!
   How our hearts delight to hear Him
   Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
   Why should we distrust or fear Him?
   Oh, how He loves!

4 Through His Name we are forgiven,
   Oh, how He loves!
   Backward shall our foes be driven,
   Oh, how He loves!
   Best of blessings He'll provide us,
   Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
   Safe to Glory He will guide us,
   Oh, how He loves!
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

795

DOMUS SANCTORUM.  From The Children's Service Book.

(530)
General Hymns.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
   Marching as to war,
   With the Cross of Jesus
   Going on before;
   Christ the Royal Master
   Leads against the foe;
   Forward into battle,
   See, His banners go!
   Onward, Christian soldiers,
   Marching as to war,
   With the Cross of Jesus
   Going on before.

2 At the Sign of triumph
   Satan's host doth flee;
   On then, Christian soldiers,
   On to victory;
   Hell's foundations quiver
   At the shout of praise;
   Brothers, lift your voices,
   Loud your anthems raise.
   Onward, Christian soldiers,
   Marching as to war,
   With the Cross of Jesus
   Going on before.

3 Like a mighty army
   Moves the Church of God;
   Brothers, we are treading
   Where the Saints have trod;
   We are not divided,
   All one body we,
   One in hope and doctrine,
   One in charity.
   Onward, Christian soldiers,
   Marching as to war,
   With the Cross of Jesus
   Going on before.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
   Kingdoms rise and wane,
   But the Church of Jesus
   Constant will remain;
   Gates of Hell can never
   'Gainst that Church prevail;
   We have Christ's own promise,
   And that cannot fail.
   Onward, Christian soldiers,
   Marching as to war,
   With the Cross of Jesus
   Going on before.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
   Join our happy throng,
   Blend with ours your voices
   In the triumph song;
   Glory, laud, and honour
   Unto Christ the King,
   This through countless ages
   Men and Angels sing.
   Onward, Christian soldiers,
   Marching as to war,
   With the Cross of Jesus
   Going on before.

( 531 )
1 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd
   His tender last farewell,
   A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
   With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
   A gracious willing Guest,
   While He can find one humble heart
   Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle Voice we hear,
   Soft as the breath of even,
   That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
   And speaks of Heav'n.

4 And ev'ry virtue we possess,
   And ev'ry conquest won,
   And ev'ry thought of holiness,
   Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
   Our weakness, pitying, see;
   O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
   And worthier Thee.

(532)
General Hymns.

OUR MASTER.

Andante, \( \text{c} = 100 \),

Thijm.

Seddin"s Carol.

1. Our Master hath a Garden which fair flowers adorn, There will I go and gather both at eve and morn; Nought's heard therein but Angel hymns with harp and lute, Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle soothing flute.

2. The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity, The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility; Nought's heard therein, &c.

3. The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience, The rich and cheerful Marygold Obedience; Nought's heard therein, &c.

4. One plant is there with crown bedight, the rest above, With crown imperial, and this plant is Holy Love; Nought's heard therein, &c.

5. But still of all the flowers, the Fairest and the Best, Is Jesus Christ, the Lord Himself, His Name be blest; Nought's heard therein, &c.

6. O Jesus, my chief Good and sole Felicity, Thy little garden make my ready heart to be; So may I once hear Angel hymns with harp and lute, Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle soothing flute.

( 533 )
1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' Bosom sought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.
1 **Praise**, my soul, the King of Heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should sing?  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Praise the Everlasting King!

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

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Widely yet His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,  
Gathered in from ev'ry race;  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Praise with us the God of grace!

(535)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

LIEBSTER GOTT (First Tune).

J. S. BACH.

1 Praise the Lord! ye Heav'ns adore Him; Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Text:} \]

Praise Him, Angels, in all ye stars. the Height; and light:

Praise Him, Angels, in the Height; Praise Him all ye stars and light:

Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken; Worlds His Mighty Voice obey'd;

Laws, which never shall be broken, For their guidance

(536)
**General Hymns.**

1. Praise the Lord! ye Heav'n's adore Him;
   Praise Him, Angels, in the Height;
   Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
   Praise Him all ye stars and light:
   Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
   Worlds His Mighty Voice obey'd;
   Laws, which never shall be broken,
   For their guidance He hath made.

2. Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
   Never shall His promise fail;
   God hath made His Saints victorious,
   Sin and death shall not prevail;
   Praise the God of our salvation;
   Hosts on High, His power proclaim:
   Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
   Laud and magnify His Name!

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**ALLA TRINITA BEATA (Second Tune).**

From *Laudis Spiritualis.*

(537)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

801

REDFEAD No. 76 (First Tune).

R. REDHEAD.

NORWICH (Second Tune).

Dr. Buck of Norwich (?).

(538)
General Hymns.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
   Let me hide myself in Thee;
   Let the Water and the Blood,
   From Thy Riven Side which flow'd,
   Be of sin the double cure,
   Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
   When my eyes are closed in death,
   When I soar through tracts unknown,
   See Thee on Thy Judgement-throne,
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
   Let me hide myself in Thee.

( 539 )
1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
   Safe on His gentle breast,
   There by His love o’ershadow’d,
   Sweetly my soul shall rest:
   Hark! ’tis the voice of Angels,
   Borne in a song to me,
   Over the fields of glory,
   Over the Crystal Sea.

   Safe in the arms of Jesus!
   Safe on His gentle breast!
   There, by His love o’ershadow’d,
   Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
   Safe from corroding care,
   Safe from the world’s temptations,
   Sins cannot harm me there;
   Free from the blight of sorrow,
   Free from my doubts and fears;
   Only a few more trials,
   Only a few more tears.

   Safe in the arms of Jesus!
   Safe on His gentle breast!
   There, by His love o’ershadow’d,
   Sweetly my soul shall rest.

3 Jesus, my heart’s dear Refuge,
   Jesus has died for me!
   Firm on the Rock of Ages,
   Ever my trust shall be:
   Here let me wait with patience,
   Wait till the night is o’er,
   Wait till I see the morning
   Break on the golden shore.

   Safe in the arms of Jesus!
   Safe on His gentle Breast!
   There, by His love o’ershadow’d,
   Sweetly my soul shall rest.
General Hymns.

EXAUDI NOS.

H. Oswald.

1 Saviour, Blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King: All we have we offer, All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spirit, All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in adoration Bending low the knee: Thou, for our redemption, Can't on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on High.

3 Great, and ever greater, Are Thy mercies here; True and everlasting Are the glories there; Where no pain nor sorrow, Toil nor care, is known; Where the Angel-legions Circle round Thy Throne.

4 Dark, and ever darker, Was the wintry past; Now a ray of gladness O'er our path is cast; Ev'ry day that passeth, Ev'ry hour that flies, Tells of love unfeigned, Love that never dies.

5 Clearer still, and clearer, Dawns the light from Heav'n, In our sadness bringing News of sins forgiven; Life has lost its shadows, Pure the light within; Thou hast shed Thy radiance On a world of sin.

6 Brighter still, and brighter, Glows the western sun, Shedding all its gladness O'er our work that's done; Time will soon be over, Toil and sorrow past, May we, Blessed Saviour, Find a rest at last!

7 Onward, ever onward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by Saints before us, Journeying on to God; Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on, Backward never looking, Till the prize is won.

8 Higher then, and higher, Bear the ransom'd soul, Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal; Where, in joys unthought of, Saints with Angels sing, Never weary, raising Praises to their King.
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

1. Shall we gather at the river,
    Where bright Angel feet have trod;
    With its crystal tide for ever,
    Flowing by the Throne of God?
    Yes, we'll gather at the river,
    The beautiful, the beautiful river,
    Gather with the Saints at the river,
    That flows by the Throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,
    Washing up its silver spray,
    We will walk, and worship ever,
    All the happy, golden day.
    Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
    Lay we ev'ry burden down;
    Grace our spirits will deliver,
    And provide a robe and crown.
    Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river,
    Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
    Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
    With the melody of peace.
    Yes, we'll gather at the river,
    The beautiful, the beautiful river,
    Gather with the Saints at the river,
    That flows by the Throne of God.

(542)
Shine on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself can give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let ev'ry day begin,
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heav'n refresh our weary souls
With Everlasting Peace.

( 543 )
1 Soldiers of Christ! arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His Eternal Son;  

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

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

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

5 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may overcome through Christ alone,  
And victor stand at last.

807
LASSET UNS DEN HERREN PREISEN.

J. Schop, 1641.

Note.—The small notes are for the organ to give effect to the redoubled chord in certain lines.
General Hymns.

1 Songs of praise the Angels sang,
   Heav'n with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
   When He spake, and it was done.

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

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
   Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heav'ns, new Earth;
   Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

808
SOULS OF MEN.

1 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
   Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
   From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
   Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
   Come and gather round His Feet?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
   Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
   Which is more than liberty.

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

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

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

7 If our love were but more simple,
   We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
   In the sweetness of our Lord.
SUNSET AND EVENING STAR.

For Solo or Men's voices only. C. J. Ridsdale.

Quasi recitativo.

1 Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me, And
2 Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And

may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to
may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too

For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The
1 Sunset and evening star,
   And one clear call for me!
   And may there be no moaning of the bar,
   When I put out to sea,
   But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
   Too full for sound and foam,
   When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
   Turns again home.

2 Twilight and evening bell,
   And after that the dark!
   And may there be no sadness of farewell,
   When I embark;
   For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
   The flood may bear me far,
   I hope to see my Pilot face to face
   When I have crost the bar.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

810

GRAS JESUS (First Tune).

Breton Air.

From Dr. Bullinger's Collection, by permission.

TAKE UP THY CROSS (Second Tune).

ALLAN COATES.

(548)
General Hymns.

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My Disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine 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 sin's temptations brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

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

6 To Thee, Great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our Home to see
The Heav'nly life that knows no end.

(549)
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Vivace.

Anon.

(550)
1 Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumph'd o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns Above,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the Islands of the sea.

( 551 )
1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd Saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
’Tis finish'd! all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O Day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all our former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan’s happy shore,
What knitting sever’d friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm’d with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great Salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the Heav’n’s Thy promised Sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.
1. The Church has waited long
   Her absent Lord to see;
   And still in loneliness she waits,
   A friendless stranger she:
   Age after age has gone,
   Sun after sun has set,
   And still in weeds of widowhood
   She weeps a mourner yet;
   Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

2. Saint after Saint on earth
   Has lived, and loved, and died;
   And as they left us one by one,
   We laid them side by side;
   We laid them down to sleep,
   But not in hope forlorn;
   We laid them but to ripen there,
   Till the last glorious morn;
   Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

3. The serpent's brood increase,
   The powers of Hell grow bold;
   The conflict thickens, faith is low,
   And love is waxing cold:
   How long, O Lord, our God,
   Holy, and true, and good,
   Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
   Her sighs and tears and blood?
   Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

4. We long to hear Thy Voice,
   To see Thee face to face,
   To share Thy Crown and Glory then,
   As now we share Thy grace:
   Come, Lord, and wipe away
   The curse, the sin, the stain,
   And make this blighted world of ours
   Thine own fair world again;
   Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

(553)
1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His Holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from ev'ry nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With ev'ry grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of the war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
General Hymns.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,
With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's Hand
Led through the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden-land.

6 O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On High may dwell with Thee:
There past the border mountains,
Where, in sweet vales, the Bride
With Thee, by living fountains,
For ever shall abide.

815
ABRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.

1 The Head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now;
A Royal Diadem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that Hea'vn affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And Hea'vn's Eternal Light.

3 The Joy of all who dwell Above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an Everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Hea'vn.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him Above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their Everlasting Theme.

( 555 )
THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA. 

C. J. RIDSDALE.

When shall we come to Thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?

1. The Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and
When shall we come to thee, roar!
Calm Land beyond the Sea?

2. The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flush'd with evening's peaceful
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait,
It longs to fly to thee, and dreams!
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

3. The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

4. The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

5. The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always
That we may gaze on thee, bright,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

6. The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest;
But sweeter far that Father's Breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess'd;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!
1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
   And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
   His Presence shall my wants supply,  
   And guard me with a watchful eye;  
   My noonday walks He shall attend,  
   And all my midnight hours defend.

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

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

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
   Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
   Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;  
   The barren wilderness shall smile,  
   With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;  
   And streams shall murmur all around.
1 The roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away!  
Oh! for the pearly gates of Heav'n,  
Oh! for the golden floor,  
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness  
That setteth nevermore!

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

3 Here faith is ours, and Heav'nly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace  
Beyond our best desire:  
Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
Oh! by Thy life laid down,  
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.

(558)
General Hymns.

HEUT TRIUMPHIERET GOTTES SOHN.

A.D. 1601.

1. The spacious firmament on High,
   With all the blue ethereal sky,
   And spangled Heav'n, a shining frame,
   Their great Original proclaim:
   Th' unwearied sun from day to day
   Doth his Creator's power display,
   And publishes to ev'ry land
   The work of an Almighty Hand.

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

3. What, though in solemn silence all
   Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
   What, though no real voice or sound
   Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
   In reason's ear they all rejoice,
   And utter forth a glorious voice;
   For ever singing, as they shine,
   "The Hand that made us is Divine."

( 559 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

820

VIGILATE (PART I.)

Anon.
General Hymns.

1 The world is very evil;
   The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
   The Judge is at the gate;

2 The Judge That comes in mercy,
   The Judge That comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
   To diadem the right.

3 Arise, arise, good Christian,
   Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
   To Heav'ly gladness lead;

4 To light that hath no evening,
   That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
   The light that is but one.

5 O Home of fadeless splendour,
   Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
   Who here as exiles mourn;

6 'Midst power that knows no limit,
   And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
   Shall glad the Saints around.

7 The peace of all the faithful,
   The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
   Divinest, sweetest, best:

8 Yes, peace, for war is needless,
   Yes, calm, for storm is past,
And goal from finish'd labour,
   And anchorage at last.

9 O happy, holy portion,
   Reflection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
   Sweet cure of all distrest!

10 Strive, man, to win that glory;
   Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
   Till hope be lost in sight;

11 Till Jesus gives the portion
   Those blessed souls to fill,
Th' insatiate, yet satisfied,
   The full, yet craving still;

12 That fulness and that craving
   Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst Heav'ly citizens,
   A Home like theirs shall gain.

If followed by verse 10
of Part IV.

Amen.

2 P (561) O.H.B.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

820 (Part II.)

JERUSALEM EXULTING (First Tune). E. Sedding.

\[\text{Music notation image}\]

\(\text{Amen.}\)
BRIEF life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The Life that knows no ending,  
The tearless Life, is there.

O happy retribution!  
Short toil, Eternal Rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turn'd to pleasure;  
Such pleasure, as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know;

And after fleshly scandal,  
And after this world's night,  
And, after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the Crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;

And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope.

But He, Whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own;

Yes! God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face

( 563 )

URBS SYON AUREA.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

This tune is set in A7 at 531.

Part III.

1 For thee, O dear, dear Country
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;

2 The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

3 O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;

4 Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.

5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

6 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.

7 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;

8 Jesus, the Crown of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing;
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring.

9 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

10 Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

11 And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;

12 Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
For, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.
1 Jerusalem the Golden,
   With milk and honey blest,
   Beneath thy contemplation
   Sink heart and voice oppress'd;

2 I know not, O! I know not,
   What joys await us there,
   What radiance of glory,
   What bliss beyond compare.

3 They stand, those halls of Syon,
   All jubilant with song,
   And bright with many an Angel,
   And all the Martyr throng;

4 The Prince is ever in them;
   The daylight is serene;
   The pastures of the blessed
   Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

5 There is the throne of David;
   And there, from care released,
   The shout of them that triumph,
   The song of them that feast;

6 And they, who, with their Leader,
   Have conquer'd in the fight,
   For ever and for ever
   Are clad in robes of white!

7 Jerusalem the glorious!
   The glory of th' elect!
   O dear and future vision
   That eager hearts expect;

8 E'en now, by faith I see thee;
   E'en here thy walls discern;
   To thee my thoughts are kindled,
   And strive, and pant, and yearn.

9 O mine, my golden Syon!
   O lovelier far than gold!
   With laurel-girt battalions,
   And safe victorious fold;

10 In mercy, Jesu, bring us
   To that dear Land of Rest;
   Who art with God the Father,
   And Spirit, ever Blest.
1 There is a blessed Home
   Beyond this land of woe,
   Where trials never come,
   Nor tears of sorrow flow;
   Where faith is lost in sight,
   And patient hope is crown'd,
   And Everlasting Light
   Its glory throws around.

2 There is a Land of peace,
   Good Angels know it well;
   Glad songs that never cease
   Within its portals swell;
   Around its glorious Throne
   Ten thousand Saints adore
   Christ, with the Father One,
   And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
   To see the Lamb Who died,
   And count each sacred Wound
   In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
   To give to Him the praise
   Of ev'ry triumph won,
   And sing through endless days
   The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
   Nor fear to tread below
   The path your Saviour trod
   Of daily toil and woe;
   Wait but a little while
   In uncomplaining love,
   His own most gracious smile
   Shall welcome you Above.
**General Hymns.**

1 **THERE IS A HAPPY LAND (First Tune).**

Unison.

**DESIRE (Second Tune).**

H. Smart.

1. **THERE IS A HAPPY LAND (First Tune).**

\[ \text{Tune of 836.} \]

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THE WANDERING SHEEP.

The Trebles may double the Tenor air, if it is thought desirable.

Anon.

Small notes for the Organ.
General Hymns.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay
   In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
   Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
   Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
   Has wander'd away from Me;
And altho' the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

3. But none of the ransom'd ever knew
   How deep were the waters cross'd;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
   Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4. "Lord, whence are those Blood-drops all the way,
   That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
   Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
"Lord, whence are Thy Hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierc'd to-night by many a thorn."

5. But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
   And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heav'n,
   "Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the Angels echo'd around the Throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"
1 They are waiting for our coming,
   Angels on the other shore;
   Waiting to receive the ransom'd
   When the storms of life are o'er:
   Watching at the shining portals
   Of our Father's Mansion fair;
   They will strike their harps of glory,
   They will bid us welcome there.

   They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
   Angels on the other shore,
   Waiting to receive the ransom'd,
   When the storms of life are o'er.

2 They are waiting for the aged,
   Those who long the way have trod;
   Waiting for the poor in spirit,
   Rich in faith and love to God;
   For the young and valiant soldiers,
   Who have nobly borne their part;
   For the self-denying Christian,
   For the meek, the pure in heart.

   They are waiting, &c.

3 They are waiting for the heralds,
   Who in distant lands proclaim
   Life Eternal with salvation
   Through a dying Saviour's Name;
   Waiting for the silent mourner,
   For the weary and oppress'd,
   Who have borne their cross with patience,
   And are going home to rest.

   They are waiting, &c.

4 In the sunny vales of Eden,
   By the river clear and bright,
   Where the Tree of Life is planted,
   And our faith is lost in sight,
   We shall join the Church triumphant,
   Free from sorrow, toil, and care;
   Ev'ry tie again united,
   There will be no parting there.

   They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
   Angels on the other shore,
   Waiting to receive the ransom'd,
   When the storms of life are o'er.
General Hymns.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (First Tune).

Gauntlett.

1. They whom many a land divides,
   Many a mighty sea besides,
   Have they with each other part?
   Have they fellowship in heart?

2. Each to each may be unknown,
   Wide apart their lot be thrown;
   Differing tongues their lips may speak,
   One be strong and one be weak.

3. Doubt it not; the living share
   Each with each in praise and prayer;
   Share in Sacraments and sigh,
   And in far-spread litany.

4. They whose course on earth is o'er,
   Think they of their brethren more?
   They before the Throne who bow,
   Feel they for their brethren now?

5. We, by enemies distrest,
   They, in Paradise at rest;
   We, in battle sharp and sore,
   They, at peace for evermore.

6. Doubt it not; the Saints Above
   Bend on earth the eye of love;
   By their prayer and living word,
   Help us, guide us, Blessed Lord!

PART II.
THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.

A. H. BROWN.

1 Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in Eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest:
Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the Realms of Day.

4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to Heav'n.
General Hymns.

1 Those Eternal Bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the Throne of God;
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white?

2 He, who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He, who, like the Martyrs,
Says, "I will be crown'd":
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love;
Clinging to the nation
Of the Blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with lute and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, "Fight."

4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side:
Tell who will the story
Of our now distress;
Oh, the future glory!
Oh, the loveliness!

828
ALDERMARRY.

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

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

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

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose Joys Eternal flow.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

The Trebles may double the Tenor air, if it is thought desirable.

Anon.

THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

1 Thou didst leave Thy Throne and Thy kingly Crown,
   When Thou camest to earth for me;
   But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
   For Thy Holy Nativity.
   Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
   Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
   But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
   And in great humility.
   Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   There is room in my heart for Thee.
General Hymns.

3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
   In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
   In the deserts of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
   That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
   They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   Thy Cross is my only plea.

5 When Heav'n's arches shall ring, and her Choirs shall sing
   At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy Voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
   There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
   When Thou comest and callest for me.

830 CAPETOWN. German.

1 Three in One and One in Three,
   Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
   Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning-shine
   Lift on us Thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
   Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
   Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heav'n,
   Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
   Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the Saints hereafter we
   Hope to bear the palm.

( 575 )
1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
   In trouble and in joy;
The praises of my God shall still
   My heart and tongue employ.

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

3 The Hosts of God encamp around
   The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
   Who on His succour trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
   Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
   Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
   Have nothing else to fear;
   Make you His service your delight,
   He'll make your wants His care.

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

(578)
1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow
   Onward goes the pilgrim band,
   Singing songs of expectation,
   Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us, through the darkness
   Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
   Brother clasps the hand of brother,
   Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the Light of God's own Presence
   O'er His ransom'd people shed,
   Chasing far the gloom and terror,
   Bright'ning all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
   One the faith which never tires,
   One the earnest looking forward,
   One the hope our God inspires;

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
   Lift as from the heart of one;
   One the conflict, one the peril,
   One the march in God begun;

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
   On the far Eternal Shore,
   Where the One Almighty Father
   Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
   Onward with the Cross our aid!
   Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
   Till we rest beneath its shade.

8 Soon shall come the great awakening,
   Soon the rending of the tomb;
   Then the scattering of all shadows,
   And the end of toil and gloom.
1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
    However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
    Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
    It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
    Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
    I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
    So shall I walk aright.

4 The Kingdom that I seek
    Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
    Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
    With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
    Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
    My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
    My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
    In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
    My Wisdom, and my All.

8 To Father and to Son,
    And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
    Eternal Glory be.

(578)
334 General Hymns.

AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE.

An Old Melody. Remodelled by Schein.

1 To Jesus' Heart all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.
While Ages course along,
Blest be, with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 O Heart for sinners riven
By sheer excess of love,
The spear through thee was driven,
'Twas sin of mine that drove.
While Ages course along, &c.

3 Too true I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet let me now be taken
Back to my home again.
While Ages course along, &c.

4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.
While Ages course along, &c.

5 When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all thine own.
While Ages course along, &c.

( 579 )
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

835
ORIEL.

1.
To the Name that brings Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But to ev'ry tongue and nation
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

2.
Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and Hell.

3.
'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the Citizens on High.

4.
'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Finds it music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heav'nly joy possesseth here.

5.
'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over ev'ry other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6.
Jesu, we, Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That, hereafter, upward soaring,
We with Angels may have part.

(580)
WE ARE BUT STRANGERS HERE.

1 We are but strangers here,  3 There at our Saviour's Side,  
    Heav'n is our Home;          Heav'n is our Home;        
Earth is a desert drear,  May we be glorified; 
    Heav'n is our Home;        Heav'n is our Home; 
Danger and sorrow stand  There are the good and blest, 
Round us on ev'ry hand,    Those we love most and best, 
Heav'n is our Fatherland,  Grant us with them to rest;  
Heav'n is our Home.        Heav'n is our Home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  4 Grant us to murmur not, 
    Heav'n is our Home;          Heav'n is our Home; 
Short is our pilgrimage,    What'eer our earthly lot,  
    Heav'n is our Home;        Heav'n is our Home; 
And time's wild wintry blast  Grant us at last to stand  
Soon shall be overpast,    There at Thine own Right Hand,  
We shall reach home at last;  Jesu, in Fatherland;  
    Heav'n is our Home.        Heav'n is our Home.
1 We are soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty to save,
   And His Banner the Cross is unfurl'd;
   We are pledged to be faithful, and steadfast, and brave,
   Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
   And our faith and our hope are the same;
   And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died,
   When we bear the reproach of His Name.

3 At the font we were mark'd with the Cross on our brow,
   Of our grace and our calling the Sign;
   And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
   For the armour we wear is Divine.

4 We will watch ready arm'd, if the Tempter draw near,
   If he come with a frown or a smile;
   We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
   Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

5 We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
   We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
   The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
   And our spirits their freedom shall win.

6 For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
   And we will not be led by the throng;
   We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on High.
   And the Bright World to which we belong.
General Hymns.

Part II.

7 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,

While we follow where Christ leads the way;

'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,

We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

8 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,

In the Might of our God we will stand;

Oh! what joy to be crown'd, and be pure evermore,

In the peace of our own Fatherland.

838

BRADFIELD. S. J. ROWTON.

1 We know not a voice of that River,

If vocal or silent it be,

Where for ever and ever and ever

It flows to no sea.

2 More deep than the seas is that River,

More full than their manifold tides,

Where for ever and ever and ever

It flows and abides.

3 Pure gold is the bed of that River,—

The gold of that land is the best—

Where for ever and ever and ever

It flows on at rest.

4 Oh goody the banks of that River,

Oh goody the fruits that they bear,

Where for ever and ever and ever

It flows, and is fair.

5 For lo! on each bank of that River

The Tree of Life life-giving grows,

Where for ever and ever and ever

The pure River flows.

( 583 )
1 We love the place, O God,
   Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
   All other joy excels;

2 We love the house of prayer,
   Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there,
   Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred Font;
   For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
   His blessings from above.

4 We love Thine Altar, Lord;
   Its Mysteries revere;
For there, in faith adored,
   We find Thy Presence near.

5 We love the Word of life,
   The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
   And joys that never cease.

6 We love to sing below
   For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
   The triumph-song of Heav'n.

7 Lord Jesus, give us grace
   On earth to love Thee more,
In Heav'n to see Thy Face,
   And with Thy Saints adore.

( 584 )
We praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry soul
That leaves this world in peace;
Haste the full number of Thy Saints,
That all may find release.

We thank Thee for the struggle past,
For grace so richly given;
We know Thy blessing still shall last,
We watch the op'ning Heav'n.

As, one by one, the souls we love
Are taken from our sight,
Our hearts rise up to praise the care
Which claims the spirit's flight.

Here in the dust the form is left
Which felt the touch of sin;
But Jesu! Thine indwelling grace
Shall life and glory win.

O Lord, how long shall death prevail
To check Thy Triumph Day?
O speed the trumpet's glorious call,
Which earth and Heav'n obey.
1 We speak of the Realms of the Blest,
   Of that Country so bright and so fair;
   And oft are its glories confess'd;
   But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold, [rare,
   Of its walls deck'd with jewels most
   Its wonders and pleasures untold;
   But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
   From sorrow, temptation, and care,
   From trials without and within;
   But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
   With which we can never compare
   The sweetest on earth we can raise;
   But what must it be to be there?

5 We speak of its service of love,
   Of the robes which the glorified wear,
   Of the Church of the Ransom'd above;
   But what must it be to be there?

6 Let us then amidst pleasures or woe
   Still for Heaven our spirits prepare;
   And shortly we also shall know,
   And feel, what it is to be there.

842
GOAD JESUS.
Unison.

Breton Air.
From the Collection by Dr. Bullinger, by permission.

1. What are those that glow— from a-far,
   These that lean o-ver the gold-en bar,
   Blessed for ev-er-more;

2. They the Blessed ones gone be-fore,
   They the li-on, pure as the dove,
   Strong as the li-on, pure as the dove.
General Hymns.

What are these that glow from afar,
These that lean over the golden bar,
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms, and hearts of love?

2.
Thy the Blessed ones gone before,
Thy the Blessed for evermore;
Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their home of Heav'n-content.

3.
What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bow'd;
In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm?

4.
Welcoming Angels these that shine,
Your own Angel, and yours, and mine;
Who have hedged us, both day and night,
On the left hand and on the right.

5.
Light above light, and bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo, Whó is this?
As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven upon His Hands.

6.
As a Priest, with God-uplifted eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice,
As the Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
That we too may live, He lives again.

7.
God the Father give us grace
To walk in the light of Jesus' Face;
God the Son give us a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' Heart.

8.
God the Spirit so hold us up,
That we may drink of Jesus' Cup,
God Almighty, God Three in One,
God Almighty, True God alone.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

843

S. BIRINUS.

German.

From The Children's Service Book.

1 When morning gilds the skies,
   My heart awaking cries,
   May Jesus Christ be praised:
   Alike at work and prayer,
   To Jesus I repair;
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
   Peals over hill and dell,
   May Jesus Christ be praised:
   Oh! hark to what it sings,
   As joyously it rings,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 When sleep her balm denies,
   My silent spirit sighs,
   May Jesus Christ be praised:
   When evil thoughts molest,
   With this I shield my breast,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
   My Canticle Divine,
   May Jesus Christ be praised:
   Be this th' Eternal Song,
   Through ages all along,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

( 588 )
1 When our heads are bow'd with woe,  
When the bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou, O Lord, our flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine Own,  
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls;  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou hast bow'd the dying head,  
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

(580)
**Part 3. Hymns New and Old.**

**LORD OF MERCY.**

1. When the day of toil is done,
   When the race of life is run,
   Father, grant Thy wearied one
   Rest for evermore.

2. When the strife of sin is still'd,
   When the foe within is kill'd,
   Be Thy gracious word fulfill'd,
   Peace for evermore.

3. When the darkness melts away
   At the breaking of Thy Day,
   Bid us hail the cheering ray,
   Light for evermore.

**846**

**DURLOCKS.**

The Children's Service Book.

1. Where the mourner weeping
   Sheds the secret tear,
   God His watch is keeping,
   Though none else be near.

2. God will never leave thee,
   All thy wants He knows,
   Feels the pains that grieve thee,
   Sees thy cares and woes.
General Hymns.

3 Raise thine eyes to Heaven,
   When thy spirits quail,
   When, by tempests driven,
   Heart and courage fail.

4 When in grief we languish,
   He will dry the tear,
   Who His children's anguish
   Soothes with succour near.

5 All our woe and sadness,
   In this world below,
   Balance not the gladness
   We in Heav'n shall know.

6 Jesu, Gracious Saviour,
   In the Realms Above
   Crown us with Thy favour,
   Fill us with Thy love.

847

WHILE THE CROSS IS GLEAMING.

Vivace.

C. T. Bowen.

By permission of W. Clowes & Sons, from Chope's Carols.

1 While the Cross is gleaming,
   Sign of vict'ry gain'd,
   Banners o'er us streaming
   Tell of war maintain'd:
   Christ His strife hath ended
   With the Powers of ill,
   By His might defended,
   We are striving still.

3 Through exceeding sorrow
   Christ the battle won,
   Ere a brighten'd morrow
   Was for man begun;
   Though we work in sadness,
   We must work His will,
   Till the morn of gladness
   Break o'er Zion's hill.

3 On His Body feeding,
   We are strong to fight,
   'Neth His Church's leading,
   We shall strive aright:

For the Faith of ages,
   Given once for all,
   Each true soldier wages
   Warfare at her call.

4 With His Cross before us,
   Foes in vain assail;
   With His banner o'er us,
   We through love prevail;
   He came forth victorious
   From the mortal strife;
   He will make us glorious,
   Crown'd with Crowns of Life.

5 Happy then the meeting,
   When we see His Face,
   Welcome then the greeting
   From the Throne of grace:
   "Good and faithful servants
   Of My Father Blest,
   Now your work is ended,
   Enter into rest."
1 Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from Everlasting,
And to Everlasting God.

2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His Throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Number'd with the malefactors,
Pierc'd by nails, and crown'd with thorns?
'Tis the God Who ever liveth in High,
In the glorious golden City
Reigning everlastingly!
1 Work, for the night is coming,
   Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
   Work amid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
   Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
   When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
   Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour,
   Rest cometh sure and soon:
Give to each flying minute
   Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
   When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
   Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
   Work, for the daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
   Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
   When man's work is o'er.
Part 3. Hymns New and Old.

850

WORSHIP, HONOUR, GLORY, BLESSING (First Tune). C. J. RIDSDALE.

\[
\text{A-men.}
\]
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name;
Young and old, their thanks expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim:
As the Saints in Heav'n adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy Throne;
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

End of Part III.
PART IV.

Litanyes.

Music of the Versicles, &c., which may be transposed to any key in relation to the Litany just sung.

Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us. Our Father, &c.

Or this—

Wash me throughly from my wickedness.
And cleanse me from my sin.

Note.—When Alleluia is added (as at Easter tide), the inflection must be delayed till the penultimate of Alleluia.

851

Litany of Penitence.

From The Children’s Service Book.
Litany of Penitence.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
   God the Spirit, Three in One,
   Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne;
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Father, hear Thy children's call;
   Humbly at Thy Feet we fall,
   Prodigals, confessing all;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
   All our life of sin and shame,
   Penitent we breathe Thy Name;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
   Oft forgotten and defied,
   Now we mourn our stubborn pride;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love, that caused us first to be,
   Love, that bled upon the Tree,
   Love, that draws us lovingly;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 We Thy call have disobey'd,
   Into paths of sin have stray'd,
   And repentance have delay'd;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
   Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
   Evil, long to be made pure;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
   Bound, we pray to be made free,
   Stain'd, we pray for sanctity;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
   That with loving sorrow torn,
   Truly contrite we may mourn;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
    Help us to resist the foe,
    Fearing what alone is woe;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By Thy gracious saving call,
    Spoken tenderly to all
    Who have shared in Adam's fall,
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Let not sin within us reign,
    May we gladly suffer pain,
    If it purge away our stain;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May we to all evil die,
    Fleshly longings crucify,
    Fix our hearts and thoughts on High;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
    Hail Thy grace, Thy Judgement fear,
    And through trial persevere;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
    And to strain with eager eyes
    Towards the promised Heav'nly prize;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Grant us love Thy love to own,
    Love to live for Thee alone,
    And the power of grace make known;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 All our weak endeavours bless,
    As we ever onward press,
    Till we perfect holiness;
    We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 When shall end the battle sore,
    When our pilgrimage is o'er,
    Grant Thy peace for evermore;
    We beseech Thee, Jesu.

19 Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
    Our Father . . . from evil. Amen.
    F. Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness.
    F. And cleanse me from my sin.

   Let us pray.
   Almighty and Everlasting God, Who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

( 597 )
Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE PASSION.

852

(First Tune.)

From The Children's Service Book.

(Second Tune.)

Slow.

From The Children's Service Book.
Litany of the Passion.

1 God the Father, seen of none,
   God the Sole-begotten Son,
   God the Spirit, with Them One,
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Who for us didst bear
   Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
   Hearken to our lowly prayer,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

   **PART II.**

3 By that hour of agony,
   Spent while Thine Apostles three
   Slumber'd in Gethsemane,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,
   That the cup might pass away,
   So Thou mightest still obey,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 By the kiss of treachery,
   To Thy foes betraying Thee,
   By Thy harsh captivity,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 By the words of Caiaphas,
   Dooming Thee for all Thy race,
   By the spitting on Thy Face,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 By those sad rebuking eyes,
   Moving Peter's tears and sighs,
   When he had denied Thee thrice,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 By Thy being bound in thrall,
   When they led Thee, one and all,
   Unto Pilate's Judgement-hall,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
   By the purple robe of scorn,
   By the reed and Crown of Thorn,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 By the insult of the Jews
   When Barabbas they would choose,
   And would Christ, their King, refuse,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 By Thy going forth to die,
   When they raised their wicked cry,
   "Crucify Him, Crucify!"
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
   By the cup they bade Thee share,
   Mingled gall and vinegar,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy nailing to the Tree,
   By the Title over Thee,
   By the gloom of Calvary,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy Seven Words then said,
   By the bowing of Thy Head,
   By Thy numbering with the dead,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the piercing of Thy Side,
   By the stream of double tide,
   Blood and Water thence supplied,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

   **PART III.**

16 When temptation sore is rife,
   When we faint amidst the strife,
   Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
   Save us, Holy Jesu.

17 Cleansing us from outward sin,
   And from evil thoughts within,
   That we may true pureness win,
   Save us, Holy Jesu.

18 While on stormy seas we toss,
   Let us count all things as loss,
   But Thee only on Thy Cross,
   Save us, Holy Jesu.

19 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
   When death's bitterness is past,
   We may see Thy Face at last!
   Save us, Holy Jesu.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
   Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
   X. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him.
   ¶ And with His stripes we are healed.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the Cross. Who now liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.
Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

(First Tune.)  R. Woodward.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
   Holy Ghost the Comforter,
   Ever Blessed Three in One,
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Word Eternal, Uncreate,
   Maker of the Universe,
   God of God, and Light of Light,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Bruiser of the serpent's head,
   Promised seed of Abraham,
   Lion of Judah, Shiloh blest,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Star of Jacob, Morning Star,
   Healing Sun of Righteousness,
   Glorious Day-spring from on High,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Of our brethren, Prophet true,
   Spoken of by Moses,
   Angel of the Covenant,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Rose of Sharon, spotless Flower,
   Lily of the Valley,
   Vine of Israel, Tree of Life,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

( 600 )
Litany of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

7 Stem of Jesse, Righteous Branch, David's Root and Offspring, David's Son, and David's Lord, Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Seed of the woman, Virgin-born, Son of blessed Mary, Royal Babe of Bethlehem, Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Messiah, Prophet, Priest and King, God with us Immanuel, Very God and Very Man, Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Long-expected Prince of Peace, Desire of many nations, Great Physician of our souls, Hear us, Holy Jesu.


PART II.

12 From all sin and fleshly lusts, From the assaults of the Devil, From the world's deceitful pomp, Deliver us, O Jesu.

13 From all envy and pride of heart, Hatred and maliciousness, From all evil and deadly sin, Deliver us, O Jesu.

14 From the vengeance of Thy wrath, Sword, or fire, or pestilence, Pining hunger, or sudden death, Deliver us, O Jesu.

15 From all heresy and unbelief, Hardness and impenitence, From all doubt or distrust in Thee, Deliver us, O Jesu.

PART III.

16 By Thy Virgin Mother pure, Giving birth to Thee, her God, Maiden-Mother, Mother-Maid, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

17 By Thy suffering Infancy, By Thy manger-cradle, Swaddling bands, and bed of straw, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

18 By Thy journey, long and drear, Flying from King Herod's wrath, Outcast Exile from Thy Home, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

19 By Thy foster-father's care, By Thy holy Childhood, By Thy meek humility, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

20 Child of labour, by Thy toil In the shop of Nazareth, Working for Thy daily bread, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

21 By Thy pain and hunger keen, Fasting in the wilderness, By Thy thirst at Jacob's well, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

22 By Thy weary walk of love, Seeking Thy lost sheep to save, Saviour, Redeemer, Shepherd true, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

23 By Thy crying, grief, and tears, Bloody sweet and agony, By the kiss of treachery, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

24 By Thy look on Peter turn'd In the dreadful Judgement-hall, Look of pardon, look of love, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

25 By the reed in mockery given, By the purple robe of shame, Cruel scourge and Crown of Thorns, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

26 By Thy precious Death and Burial, By Thy triumph o'er the grave, Mighty God, Ascended Lord, Save us, O sweet Jesu.

27 When the Archangel's trump shall And the dead again shall rise, [sound, Oh in that dread Judgement Day, Good Lord, remember me. Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

O God, Whose Blessed Son was manifested that He might destroy the works of the Devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of Eternal Life; Grant us, we beseech Thee, that, having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as He is pure; that, when He shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto Him in His Eternal and Glorious Kingdom; where with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, He liveth and reigneth, ever One God, world without end. Amen.

Let us pray.

( 601 )
Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE ROGATION DAYS.

LITANY OF S. AGATHA.

1 O God the Father, God the Son,
   Eternal Spirit, Three in One,
   Blest Trinity, while ages run,
   In loving kindness, hear us.

2 Lord, to our humble prayers attend,
   Oh may Thy peace from Heav'n descend,
   And to our souls salvation send;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

3 Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace,
   The welfare of Thy Church increase,
   And bid all strife and discord cease;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

( 602 )
Litany of the Rogation Days.

4 To all who meet for worship here,
   Do Thou in faithfulness draw near;
   Inspire with faith and godly fear;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

5 Oh let Thy Priests be clothed with might,
   To rule within Thy Church aright,
   That they may serve as in Thy sight;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

6 The sovereign ruler of our land
   Protect by Thine Almighty Hand,
   And all around the throne who stand;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

7 In time of war be near to aid,
   Strong be the arm for battle made,
   Prostrate be ev'ry foeman laid;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

8 Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth,
   Give fruits and flowers a timely birth,
   Our harvests crown with peaceful mirth;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

9 Let voyagers by land and sea
   In danger's hour in safety be;
   The suffering and the captive free;
   Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

10 Around us let Thine arm be cast,
    Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,
    And tribulation's bitter blast;
    Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
   Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.

℣. Ask and ye shall receive.
℟. That your joy may be full.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and earth, in Whom we live, and move, and have our being, Who dost cause Thy sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendest rain both upon the just and the unjust; We beseech Thee at this time favourably to behold Thy people, who call upon Thee, and send Thy blessing down from Heaven to give us a fruitful season; that, our hearts being continually filled with Thy goodness, we may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(603)
Part 4. Litanyes.

LITANY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

For 3 Voices, with Bass ad libitum.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
   God the Spirit, Three in One,
   Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne:
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
   Dew descending from above,
   Breath of life, and Fire of love,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
   Wisdom, godliness sincere,
   Understanding, counsel, fear,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, guiding us aright,
   Spirit, making darkness light,
   Spirit of resistless might,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.
Litany of the Holy Spirit.

PART II.

5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
   Him Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
   Sent our nature to restore,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou Whom Jesus from His Throne
   Gave to cheer and help His own,
   That they might not be alone,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
   Showing her God's perfect Will,
   Making Jesus present still,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Coming with Thy power to save,
   Moving on Baptismal wave,
   Raising us from sin's dark grave,
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

PART III.

9 All our evil passions kill,
   Bend aright our stubborn will,
   Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
   Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Come to raise us when we fall,
    And, when snares our souls enthral,
    Lead us back with gentle call;
    Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 Come to strengthen all the weak,
    Give Thy courage to the meek,
    Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
    Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Come to aid the souls who yearn
    More of Truth Divine to learn,
    And with deeper love to burn;
    Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Keep us in the narrow way,
    Warn us when we go astray,
    Plead within us when we pray;
    Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
    All Thy Sevenfold Gifts impart;
    Never more from us depart;
    Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.

† Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful people. (Alleluia.)
‡ And kindle in them the Fire of Thy love. (Alleluia.)

Let us pray.

God, Who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by the sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit; Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgement in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His Holy Comfort; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the Unity of the same Spirit, One God, world without end. Amen.

(605)
Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE CHURCH.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
   God the Spirit, Three in One,
   Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne;
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, with Thy Church abide,
   Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
   While on earth her faith is tried;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Arms of love around her throw,
   Shield her safe from ev'ry foe,
   Comfort her in time of woe;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
   Grant her patience to endure,
   Trusting in Thy promise sure;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

5 May her voice be ever clear,
   Warning of a Judgement near,
   Telling of a Saviour dear;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 All her fetter'd powers release,
   Bid our strife and envy cease,
   Grant the Heav'nly gift of peace;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 All that she has lost restore,
   May her strength and zeal be more
   Than in brightest days of yore;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May she one in doctrine be,
   One in truth and charity,
   Winning all to faith in Thee;
   We beseech Thee, hear us.
Litany of the Church.

9 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold;
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 May her Priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

12 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal’s most holy flame;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Listen to her warning cry;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 May her scatter’d children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Arm her soldiers with the Cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 May she soon all glorious be,
Spoilless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the Home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.

†. Christ is the Head of the Body. (Alle- luia.)
‡. The Church. (Alle- luia.)

Let us pray.

Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(607)
Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

857

(First Tune.)

Rouen Melody.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever-Blessed Three in One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Bread of Life, from Heav'n come down,
Hidden God and Saviour,
Sacrifice for ever One,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

3 Bread of Fatness, Royal Food,
Wine, whose fruit are Virgins,
Ever living Sacrifice,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

4 Spotless Lamb of God most High,
On the Heav'nly Altar seen,
Priest and Victim, both in One,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

( 608 )
Litany of the Blessed Sacrament.

5 Hallow’d Corn of God’s elect,
   Cup of Blessing fill’d for us,
   Hidden Manna, Angels’ Food,
   Save us, O sweet Jesu.

6 Son of God, and Son of Man,
   Atonement of the guilty soul,
   Marvel of exceeding Love,
   Save us, O sweet Jesu.

7 Pledge of Thine Eternal Gifts,
   Memorial of Thy Passion,
   Heav’nly Antidote for death,
   Save us, O sweet Jesu.

8 Word-made-flesh, ’neath earthly veils,
   Gift surpassing all our hopes,
   Food, and Sharer of the Feast,
   Save us, O sweet Jesu.

9 Medicine of Eternal Life,
   August and Holy Mystery,
   Purest Offering, Paschal Lamb,
   Save us, O sweet Jesu.

10 Fountain-head of Life and Love,
   Pledge of future Glory,
   Nourishment of holy souls,
   Save us, O sweet Jesu.

PART II.

11 From all frail and worldly thoughts,
   From the unworthy reception
   Of Thy Body and Thy Blood,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

12 From the lust of sinful flesh,
   From the lust of wandering eyes,
   From the o’erweening pride of life,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

PART III.

13 By the Desire wherewith, ere death,
   Thou didrest with the Twelve
   Thy last Paschal Feast to eat,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

14 By that deep Humility
   Wherewith Thou didst wash their feet,
   Giving the New Law of Love,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

15 By that burning Love of Thine,
   Moving Thee to institute
   This most Holy Sacrament,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

16 By the Sacred Testament
   Of Thine Own most Precious Blood,
   To our altars left by Thee,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

17 By Thy Body’s Five Blest Wounds,
   Thy torn Hands and pierced Feet,
   And Thy Heart which bled with love,
   Deliver us, O Jesu.

18 That it may please Thee to increase
   Faith in us, and reverence
   Towards this Blessed Sacrament,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

19 That it may please Thee grace to give,
   That, with souls absolved and free,
   We may oft approach the Feast,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

20 That it may please Thee to forgive
   All the unworthy Communions
   Made by Christians unprepared,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

21 That it may please Thee to preserve
   All Thy flock from heresy,
   And from blindness of the heart,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

22 That it may please Thee to impart
   All the rich and Heav’nly Fruits
   Of this Holy Sacrament,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

23 That it may please Thee life to give,
   In the strength of that blest meat,
   Safe to tread the path of death,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.

F. Thou gavest them Bread from Heaven.
   (Alleluia.)
F. Containing in itself all sweetness. (Alleluia.)

Let us pray.

O God, Who in this wonderful Sacrament hast
   left unto us a Memorial of Thy Passion: grant us,
   we beseech Thee, so to reverence the Sacred
   Mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may
ever perceive within ourselves the fruit of Thy
   Redemption. Who livest and reignest, One God,
   world without end. Amen.
Part 4. Litanies.

LITANY OF TIMES OF TROUBLE.

1. God the Father throned in Heaven,
   God the Everlasting Son,
   God the Spirit freely given,
   Ever Blessed Three in One;
   By Thy mercy,
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2. Jesu, Lord, we kneel before Thee:
   Bend from Heav'n Thy gracious Ear;
   While our waiting souls adore Thee,
   Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
   By Thy mercy,
   O deliver us, Good Lord.

(610)
**Litany of Times of Trouble.**

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
   From the hard'ning power of sin,
   From all malice and unkindness,
   From the pride that lurks within,
   By Thy mercy,
   O deliver us, Good Lord.

4 When temptation sorely presses,
   In the day of Satan's power,
   In our times of deep distresses,
   In each dark and trying hour,
   By Thy mercy,
   O deliver us, Good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
   In the time of grief and pain,
   When we feel our mortal weakness,
   When all human help is vain,
   By Thy mercy,
   O deliver us, Good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
   In the awful Judgement-day,
   May our souls, on Thee relying,
   Find Thee still our Rock and Stay;
   By Thy mercy,
   O deliver us, Good Lord.

7 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
   Comfort to our souls afford;
   May we, now Thy love possessing,
   Reap at length our full Reward;
   By Thy mercy,
   O deliver us, Good Lord.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
The Lord hear thee in the day of | trouble.
The Name of the God of Jacob de- | - fend thee.

Let us pray.

O, God, Merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities, whencesoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought; and by the providence of Thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(611)
Part 4. Litanies.

**LITANY OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.**

ALLEL MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN (First Tune). J. Schop, 1640.

(Second Tune.)

J. Baden Powell.

Lord of Life and Love, we pray, Grant him mercy in That Day.

After the last verse, Voices in Unison.

Harmony.

The F. & Rv.

F. I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me...

Rv. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

The rest is to be said in Monotone.

(612)
Litany of the Faithful Departed.

1 God the Father, God the Son, Holy Ghost, the Comforter, Ever Blessed Three in One; Hearken to our humble prayer; Hear us when we call to Thee, Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Hear us, Son of God, O hear! We approach Thee for our dead; Lead him, in the vale of fear, Be Thy wings around him spread; Lord of Life and Love we pray, Grant him mercy in that day.

3 Grant Thy faithful rest and light In Thy Paradise of calm, Lying, till be past the night, In the breast of Abraham; Lord of Life, &c.

PART II.

4 Child of Mary, Who didst bear Mortal flesh, for man to die; Child of sorrow, toil and care, Grant him rest eternally; Lord of Life, &c.

5 Dweller in the Vale of Death, Second Adam, Source of Life, Wearer of the thorny wreath, Victor in the deadly strife; Lord of Life, &c.

6 Thou Who didst let fall the tear On the grave of Bethany; Who at Nain didst stay the bier That lone mother's tear to dry; Lord of Life, &c.

7 Thou Whose Voice could wake the "Maid! I say to thee, arise!" [dead, Who didst bow Thy dying Head On the day of Sacrifice; Lord of Life, &c.

8 Thou Who passedst through the gloom Which enshrouds the Vale of Death, Guide his footsteps through the tomb, Shelter him Thine arms beneath; Lord of Life, &c.

PART III.

9 By Thy Flesh with scourges torn, By Thy suffering human Soul, By the Crown of woven thorn, By the mocking title-scroll; Lord of Life, &c.

10 By Thy Last and awful word— "Father I commend my Soul To Thine hands" : O God and Lord, By Thy Manhood pure and whole; Lord of Life, &c.

11 By the quiet rock-hewn cave Where Thy Body slept so well, When Thy Spirit, through Thy grave, Enter'd to the realms of Hell; Lord of Life, &c.

12 By Thy preaching of the Christ To the souls in prison bound, When was roll'd away the mist Which had hung their vision round; Lord of Life, &c.

13 By th' Eternal Sacrifice Which Thou pleadedst at the Throne, Only Gift which can suffice, For that Gift is all Thine Own: Lord of Life, &c.

14 By the Offering which we plead, One with Thine in Heaven above; By the Lamb, Whose Five Wounds To fill full our cup of Love; [bleed Lord of Life, &c.

15 In the fell and fearful day, Day of fury and of ire, When the earth shall melt away In the thunder-blast of fire; Lord of Life, &c.

16 When to hear the doom are met Saints and sinners, quick and dead, And the great White Throne is set, And the books are open spread; Lord of Life and Love, we pray, Who didst tread the narrow way Ransom for his soul to pay, Let him not be cast away, Grant him mercy in That Day. Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . from evil. Amen. F. I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, R. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Let us pray.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all them that believe, grant unto the soul of Thy servant the remission of all his sins; that through devout supplications he may obtain the pardon he has always desired. Who livest and reignest, One God, world without end. Amen.

F. The Lord be with you. R. And with thy spirit. F. May the Almighty and Merciful God graciously hear us. R. Amen.

F. And may the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. R. Amen.
Part 4. Litanies.

860 LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

(First Tune.)

1 God the Father, God the Word,
   God the Holy Ghost adored,
   Blessed Trinity, One Lord,
   Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
   Born for us a little Child
   Of the Virgin undefiled,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

(Second Tune.)

3 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
   In Thy swaddling-clothes array'd,
   And within Thy Manger laid,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, at Whose infant Feet
   Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
   Kneled to pay their worship meet,
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

(614)
Litany of the Holy Childhood.

5 Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise Men, hasting to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, to Thy Temple brought,
Whom the aged Simeon sought,
By the Holy Spirit taught,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Whom Thy mother found
With the Doctors sitting round,
Wond'ring at Thy lore profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Lord of life and death,
Who to her that gave Thee breath
Subject wast in Nazareth,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

9 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

10 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, O Jesu.

11 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

12 By Thy Birth and childish years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy Wounds and thorn-crown'd
By Thy Blood for sinners shed,
[Head,
By Thy Rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the Name we bow before,
Saving Name, which evermore
All the hosts of Heav'n adore,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16 By Thine own unconquer'd might,
By Thy glory in the Height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Litany Tune that may be used instead of any of the former.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil.
F. All Thy children shall be taught | of the Lord.
(Allelula.)
F. And great shall be the peace of Thy | children.
(Allelula.)

Let us pray.

O God, Who didst reveal Thyself to Thy
Prophet Samuel while he was yet a child; grant
unto us, Thy children, the knowledge of Thy Will,
that we may ever walk in Thy commandments;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

END OF PART IV.
APPENDIX.

I. WHILE SHEPHERDS.

*Alternative Tune for No. 365.*

Cornish Air.

And glory shone around, and glory shone around.
APPENDIX.

II.

S. MATTHEW'S.
See Nos. 539, 542, and 752.

The form of the tune (Melody and Bass) at its first appearance in 1768. See Cowan and Love, "Music of the Church Hymnary."
CHILDREN’S SERVICES

FORM I.

Let us pray.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

O Almighty God, look, we beseech Thee, upon the Face of Thy Beloved Son, and for His sake mercifully hear the prayers which we offer unto Thee:

For our parents and all our relations and friends: That through Thy most mighty protection both here and ever, they may be preserved in body and soul,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For the Clergy and all who minister in this Church (or place): That they may be faithful dispensers of Thy Word and Holy Sacraments,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For all the children: That with meek heart and due reverence they may hear and receive Thy Holy Word, truly serving Thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of their life,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For all in this land who are living in unbelief or sin: That they may be led into the way of truth, and hold the Faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For Jews, Mohammedans, and the Heathen: That it may please Thee to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For the sick and dying, and for all who are in trouble or distress: That it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

For all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear: That by Thy mercy they may rest in peace, and that light perpetual may shine upon them,

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

And grant unto us, Thy servants, Unity, a true Faith, and a life agreeable to Thy Holy Will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(All stand up.)
HYMN.

(All sit.)

Here follows THE LESSON—a short passage from Holy Scripture.

(All stand up.)

HYMN.

CATECHISING or ADDRESS.

HYMN, or THE MAGNIFICAT.

Then shall be said THE CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead and buried, He descended into Hell; The third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Catholick Church; The Communion of Saints; The forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body, And the Life Everlasting. Amen.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

(All kneel.)

COLLECTS AND BLESSING.

FORM II.

Litany 860 (or some other Litany).

HYMN.

Here follows THE LESSON—a short passage from Holy Scripture.

HYMN.

CATECHISING.

HYMN.

A short Address on some point in the previous Catechising.

HYMN.

COLLECTS

FORM III.

Litany 860 (or some other Litany).

HYMN.

Here follows THE LESSON—a short passage from Holy Scripture.

HYMN.

CATECHISING or ADDRESS.

HYMN.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

COLLECTS.
CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

FORM IV.

CHILDREN'S VESPERS.

O our Father . . . from evil. Amen.

O God, make speed to save us.

O Lord, make haste to help us.

(All stand up.)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Praise ye the Lord.

The Lord's Name be praised.

Psalm cxiii.

Praise the Lord, ye servants: O praise the Name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the Name of the Lord: from this time forth for evermore.

3 The Lord's Name is praised: from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.

4 The Lord is high above all heathen: and His glory above the Heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath His dwelling so high: and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and earth?

6 He taketh up the simple out of the dust: and lifteth the poor out of the mire;

7 That He may set him with the princes: even with the princes of His people.

8 He maketh the barren woman to keep house: and to be a joyful mother of children.

Psalm cxiv.

When Israel came out of Egypt: and the house of Jacob from among the strange people,

2 Judah was his Sanctuary: and Israel his dominion.

3 The sea saw that, and fled: Jordan was driven back.

4 The mountains skipped like rams: and the little hills like young sheep.

5 What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou flieddest: and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams: and ye little hills, like young sheep?

7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord: at the presence of the God of Jacob.

8 Who turned the hard rock into a standing water: and the flint-stone into a springing well.

Psalm cxv.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise: for Thy loving mercy, and for Thy truth's sake.

2 Wherefore shall the heathen say: Where is now their God?

3 As for our God, He is in Heaven: He hath done whatsoever pleased Him.

4 Their idols are silver and gold: even the work of men's hands.

5 They have mouths, and speak not: eyes have they, and see not.

6 They have ears, and hear not: noses have they, and smell not.

7 They have hands, and handle not; feet have they, and walk not: neither speak they through their throat.
They that make them are like unto them: and so are all such as put their trust in them.

But thou, house of Israel, trust thou in the Lord: He is their succour and defence.

Ye house of Aaron, put your trust in the Lord: He is their helper and defender.

Ye that fear the Lord, put your trust in the Lord: He is their helper and defender.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He shall bless us: even He shall bless the house of Israel, He shall bless the house of Aaron.

He shall bless them that fear the Lord: both small and great.

The Lord shall increase you more and more: you and your children.

Ye are the blessed of the Lord: Who made Heaven and earth.

All the whole Heavens are the Lord's: the earth hath He given to the children of men.

The dead praise not Thee, O Lord: neither all they that go down into silence.

But we will praise the Lord: from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord.

Here follows The Lesson from Ephesians iv. 29—end; or some other passage from Holy Scripture; after which a Hymn may be sung, followed by The Magnificat.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaid.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Then shall be said The Apostles' Creed.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

The Collect for the Day.

Laus Deo.