

HYMNS

USED IN

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,

AND

St. Paul's Church,

STALYBRIDGE.

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HYMNS.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth and early rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if 'twere last;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all seeing eye surveys
Thy sacred thoughts, thy works and ways.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring 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!

MORNING HYMN II.

- 1 **O** COME let us with one accord,
Lift up our voice and praise the Lord:
Let us this morning bless his name,
And laud and magnify the same.
- 2 Let universal nature raise
A cheerful voice to give him praise;
Let all the world his glory sing,
Who is their Saviour, God, and King.
- 3 For by his word the heav'ns were made,
The earth's foundation also laid;
All things were done at his command,
Which through all ages firmly stand.
- 4 Therefore, let heaven and earth agree,
To laud his praise in unity;
And let us here with one accord,
Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord!

 EVENING HYMN I.

- 1 **T**HE 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 noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains 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 path 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 the bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

EVENING HYMN II.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills 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, so that I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 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 !

ADVENT HYMN.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY GOD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And cast the works of darkness from our heart :
Send us thy light and arm us for the strife
Against all evils of this mortal life,
O'er which our Saviour Jesus Christ, thy Son,
With great humility the conquest won.
- 2 That when in glory our victorious Head,
Shall come to judge the living and the dead,
We may through him to life immortal spring,
Wherein he reigns the everlasting King ;
The Father, Son, and Spirit may adore,
One glorious God triune for evermore.

CHRISTMAS HYMN I.

- 1 CHRISTIANS! awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of this world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chaunted 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 the 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 promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 3 In David's city, Shepherds, ye shall find
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind,
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes the Babe Divine,
Lies in a manger, this shall be the sign,
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.
- 4 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth and mutual good will;
To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds ran
To see the wonders God had wrought for man.
- 5 And found with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son the Saviour in a manger laid
Amaz'd! the wond'rous story they proclaim;
The first apostles of his infant fame;
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart
The heavenly visions, which the swains impart.

- 6 They to their flocks, still praising God return,
 And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn:
 Let us, like these good Shepherds then, employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
 Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
 God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.
- 7 Artless and watchful as these favour'd swains,
 While Virgin meekness in the heart remains,
 Trace we the Babe who has retriev'd our loss,
 From his poor manger to the bitter cross;
 Treading his steps assisted by his grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 8 Then may we hope, the angelic throngs among,
 To sing redeem'd a glad triumphant song;
 He that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all his glory shall display,
 Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
 Of angels and of angel-men the King.

CHRISTMAS HYMN II.

(Portuguese Air.)

- 1 **Y**E faithful triumphants enter into Bethlehem,
 Enter, O enter with joy of heart;
 Tidings glad tidings sent from heaven by angels,
 O come let us adore, O come let us adore and
 praise the Lord.
- 2 A Virgin conceived and bare the world a Saviour:
 God of God, and light of light;
 Hail! Holy infant! very God of very God.
 O come, &c.

- 3 Great joy to all people, to-day a Son is given!
 Glory be to thee, O Christ!
 Th' Eternal Word was made man to dwell amongst us
 O come, &c.
- 4 Sing praises in full chorus, all ye hosts of angels!
 Sing praises all ye nations of the earth!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 O come let us adore and praise the Lord.

CHRISTMAS HYMN III.

- 1 **G**OD, who in sundry times, in divers ways,
 Spake by his prophets in the ancient days;
 When years their due predicted course had run,
 Spake to mankind by his beloved Son,
 Of things in heav'n, in earth th' appointed heir,
 Whom all the world, by him produc'd, revere.
- 2 In his divine humanity was seen,
 Eternal glory through its filial screen;
 That world within his sacred person dwell'd,
 That power by which all nature, is upheld:
 In him the too-bright majesty above,
 Shone forth attemper'd by incarnate love.
- 3 To him our utmost praises all belong,
 His birth the subject of our annual song;
 With voice of joy and gladness let us pay
 The year's collected tribute to the day;
 Let every hour's remembrance now unite
 To hail in concert its returning light.

- 4 Think what a radiant heavenly light thereon,
 At first upon the watchful shepherds shone,
 What glory of the Lord spread round about,
 When hosts of angels with a joyful shout,
 Proclaim'd the Christ, the Lord, the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God, and peace to men on earth.
- 5 Let every good that Providence imparts,
 Speak this angelic message to our hearts;
 Let us look up whatever ills befall,
 To him who bore and sanctified them all,
 Deign'd to be born, to suffer and to die,
 To gain for us a glorious life on high.
- 6 Happy the soul that in this lower life,
 By faith and love maintains the christian strife;
 Taught by his word supported by his power,
 Fulfils the duties of the present hour,
 And aims at nothing here but to increase
 Of God and man the Glory and the peace.

CHRISTMAS HYMN IV.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born king!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd;
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born king!

2 Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord:
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb;
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!
 Pleas'd as men with men to' appear,
 Jesu's our Immanuel here.

Hark, &c.

3 Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Son 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, &c.

EASTER HYMN I.

1 **S**EE how the winged seraphs fly,
 Posting from heav'n above,
 To welcome with triumphant song
 The new-rais'd God of love.

2 Death and the grave in vain combine
 The Godhead to invade,
 Which now are captiv'd—Death and Hell,
 Their victory is display'd.

- 3 The night with more than wonted haste,
 Flies joyfully away,
 And all the messengers of light
 Attend the welcome day.

Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 Join in concert with our song,
 And waft the happy news along,
 New boundless joys and endless bliss,
 Eternal mercy, love and peace,
 Have crown'd the world with happiness.

EASTER HYMN II.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ is ris'n to day,—Hallelujah,
 Our triumphant holy day,—Hallelujah,
 Who did once upon the cross,—Hallelujah,
 Suffer to redeem ous loss,—Hallelujah.
- 2 Hymes of praise then let us sing,—Hallelujah.
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King,—Hallelujah,
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,—Hallelujah.
 Sinners to redeem and save,—Hallelujah.
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd,—Hallelujah.
 Our salvation hath procur'd,—Hallelujah.
 Now above the sky he's King,—Hallelujah.
 Where the angels ever sing,—Hallelujah.

PLEYEL'S GERMAN HYMN.

1 G LORY be to God on high
 G God, whose glory fills the sky !
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n !
 Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father; heav'nly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad thy attributes confess,
 Glorious all and numberless.

3 Christ, our Lord and God we own ;
 Christ, the Father's only Son ;
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.

4 Powerful advocate of God,
 Justify us by thy blood ;
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow ;
 Hear our soul's atonement now.

5 Thou his co-eternal Son
 Art with thy great Father one ;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee ;
 One Supreme Eternal Three.

MARTIN LUTHER'S HYMN.

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

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
 Oh! the pain the bliss of dying!
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper;—Angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away:
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 O death, where is thy sting?

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