

*CHRISTIAN CLASSICS ETHEREAL LIBRARY*

# Hymns of the Early Church

**John Brownlie**





---

## Hymns of the Early Church

---

**Author(s):** Brownlie, John

**Publisher:** Grand Rapids, MI: Christian Classics Ethereal Library

**Description:** Translations, selections, and suggestions from Greek and Latin hymns. "Brownlie's translations have all the beauty, simplicity, earnestness, and elevation of thought and feeling which characterize the originals" [Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology]

**Subjects:** Practical theology  
Worship (Public and Private) Including the church year,  
Christian symbols, liturgy, prayer, hymnology  
Hymnology  
Hymns in languages other than English

# Contents

Title Page	1
Hymns of the Early Church	2
Morning	2
1: Wake, awake to duty!	3
2: Thine be the glory, God of Light	5
3: With beauty decked the morn ascends	6
4: Rise, thou glorious orb of day	7
5: Up, up, my soul! with gladness rise	8
6: The crimson blush of morning glows	9
7: The morn awakes; from eastern hills	10
8: Gone are the shades of night	11
9: Lo, in its brightness the morning arising	12
10: From the hills the light is streaming	13
11: O Light that knew no dawn	14
12: The morn in beauty breaks	16
Evening	17
13: Now at this evening hour	17
14: Fades the glory of the west	18
15: See where the orb of day	19
16: There is no darkness where Thou art	20
17: Lord, upon our night descending	21
18: Lord, let my evening prayer	22
19: O Lord of light, Thy beams display	23
20: God of all grace, Thy mercy send	24
21: The day fades into night	26
22: A crown of gold surpassing rare	27

23: O Word of Truth! in devious paths	28
Christmas	29
24: Rosy dawn, with locks of gold	29
25: In the early morning	31
26: Lo, the clouds of night are rending	33
27: Herdsmen keeping lonely vigil	34
28: Hail to the King, who comes in weakness now	35
29: Hark! upon the morning breezes	36
30: Hail to the morn that dawns on eastern hills	37
31: Come, let us sing with joyful mirth	38
32: Zion is glad this glorious morn:	39
33: Out from the rising of the sun	40
34: What shall we bring to Thee?	41
35: Over trackless regions	42
36: Bethlehem rejoices!	44
37: A band of herdsmen tarried late	45
38: Glory in the highest!	47
39: Christ is born, go forth to meet Him	48
Palm Sunday	49
40: Behold the Lord to Zion rides	49
41: O God of love, whose mercy came	50
42: Christ the Word! Thine incarnation	51
Easter	53
43: Glory to God! The morn appointed breaks	53
44: Accept our evening prayer	54
45: We have heard the wondrous story	55
46: He led them forth to Bethany	56
47: See the King of kings ascending	57
48: He mounts to where the azure shines	58
49: Past the cross with all its shame	59
Pentecost	60
50: Oh, may the Spirit of all grace	60

51: To God the Holy Ghost	61
52: Spirit of Light, Thy glory pour	62
53: O King enthroned on high	63
54: Spirit of God, in love descend	64
55: Lord, may Thy Holy Spirit calm	65
56: As Thou didst say--the Spirit came	66
Anointing of the sick	67
57: O Gracious Christ, Thy power reveal	67
58: Thou, Lord, hast power to heal	68
59: A Fount of mercy, Lord, Thou art	69
Burial Service	70
60: Rest in the Lord, O servant by His grace	70
Other Topics	71
61: Almighty God, great Source of all	71
62: Great love Divine, whose compass broad	72
63: Great Son of God, supremely brave	73
64: How shall we climb the hill of God	74
65: Almighty God! Thy power controls	75
66: Far from Thy heavenly care	76
67: Light serene of holy glory	77
68: When Thou shalt come, O Lord	78
69: To Thy blest Cross, O Christ, we come	79
70: Lord, I am Thine, for Thou hast died for me	80
71: Come, with the load of sorrow thou art bearing	81
72: When the morn with golden ray	82
73: Glorious from the field of strife	84
74: Darkly the tempest swept	85
75: O city girt with glory!	86
76: Christian soldiers in the conflict!	88
77: The time is drawing near	89
78: Lord, to our humble prayers attend:	90
79: Come, praise with gladness the Lord of all creation	92

80: High on the throne of the Ancient of Days	93
81: Ah, that blest abode above	94
82: I sought the Lord at early morn	95
83: Let a shining robe be mine	96
84: I am alone, yet not alone	97
85: Oh, the Cross, the Saviour dying	98
86: I wandered sore distressed	99
87: Once the Lord, for our salvation	100
88: Close beside the heart that loves me	101
89: My soul doth wait on God	102
90: The chariots of the Lord are strong	103
91: O heavenly land beyond the sun!	104
92: There is no friend like Jesus	105
93: When I heard the Saviour calling	106
94: I would not have a hand to guide	107
95: O Jesus, let me hear Thy voice	108
96: Come, rest awhile; 'tis eventide	109
97: We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast spread	110
98: Hark the voice of angels	111
99: O, come in early morning	113
Indexes	115
Index of Pages of the Print Edition	116



This PDF file is from the Christian Classics Ethereal Library, [www.ccel.org](http://www.ccel.org). The mission of the CCEL is to make classic Christian books available to the world.

- This book is available in PDF, HTML, and other formats. See <http://www.ccel.org/ccel/brownlie/earlyhymns.html>.
- Discuss this book online at <http://www.ccel.org/node/3268>.

The CCEL makes CDs of classic Christian literature available around the world through the Web and through CDs. We have distributed thousands of such CDs free in developing countries. If you are in a developing country and would like to receive a free CD, please send a request by email to [cd-request@ccel.org](mailto:cd-request@ccel.org).

The Christian Classics Ethereal Library is a self supporting non-profit organization at Calvin College. If you wish to give of your time or money to support the CCEL, please visit <http://www.ccel.org/give>.

This PDF file is copyrighted by the Christian Classics Ethereal Library. It may be freely copied for non-commercial purposes as long as it is not modified. All other rights are reserved. Written permission is required for commercial use.

**HYMNS  
OF  
THE EARLY CHURCH**

TRANSLATED FROM GREEK AND LATIN SOURCES; TOGETHER WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM A LATER PERIOD; CENTOS AND SUGGESTIONS FROM THE GREEK; AND SEVERAL ORIGINAL PIECES

BY THE

REV. JOHN BROWNLIE, D.D.

AUTHOR OF

*"Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary," &c.*

LONDON:

**MORGAN & SCOTT LD.**

12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E. C.

NEW YORK: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH

35, WEST 32ND STREET

MCMXIII

Copyright, 1913, by MORGAN & SCOTT, LD.





**HYMNS OF  
THE EARLY CHURCH**

---



John Brownlie

6,5,6,5

*Morning*

Wake, awake to duty!  
See, the morning light  
Falls with radiant beauty  
From the arms of night.  
Claim the hours before thee  
For the tasks of life,  
Thousand calls implore thee  
From the din of strife.

Listless minds are dreaming,  
Idle hands are still;  
Evil hearts are scheming  
Purposes of ill.  
See the hands that beckon,  
Hear the call of right;  
Thou with God must reckon  
Up, and toil and fight!

Through the hours of morning,  
At the height of noon,  
When the light gives warning  
Night approaches soon:  
Do the task with gladness  
Which the hours present;  
Who can tell the sadness  
Of a day mis-spent?

Day by day declineth,  
Time is getting hoar;  
Soon yon sun that shineth  
Sets for evermore.  
Ah, the City glorious,  
Where they need no sun,  
Ah, the band victorious,



And the glad "Well done"!

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

Thine be the glory, God of Light,  
For all the joy from morn that springs;  
Oh, may a morn dispel each night,  
And bless our lives with beauteous things.

Give us this day the light that dwells  
In every heart Thy presence fills;  
That night with all its fears dispels,  
And life, and hope, and joy instils.

Then shall our nights no darkness bring,  
But morn, bright morn, for ever shine;  
And when night spreads her dusky wings,  
More bright shall be the light Divine.

All praise to Thee, the God of Light;  
All praise to Christ, the glorious Son;  
And to the Spirit, Lord of might,  
Now, and while endless ages run.



John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

With beauty decked the morn ascends,  
And all the earth is bright;  
And lo, the sun the darkness rends,  
And floods the sky with light.



All hail, Thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Upon our night arisen!  
May sin no more our souls oppress,  
And bind in darksome prison.

Let those that lie in slumber fast,  
Because the darkness reigns,  
The light behold, and straightway cast  
Aside their gloomy chains;

And greet the light that makes them free,  
The bounding joy it brings;  
And share the calm felicity,  
That looks to heaven and sings.



O Jesus Christ, our hearts aglow,  
Thy blessed advent hail;  
On us Thy healing virtue show,  
And o'er our ills prevail.

And let us walk as those whose eyes  
Have seen the light of heaven,  
Till light shall in our souls arise,  
Whence night and gloom are driven.

John Brownlie

7,7,7,7,7,7

Rise, thou glorious orb of day,  
    Draw the curtains from the sky;  
Let thy light in glad array,  
    All creation beautify;  
Bid the fears of darkness born,  
Melt before the light of morn.



Light transcendent! fill the skies,  
    Glorious Orb of heavenly light!  
Take the darkness from our eyes,  
    Fill our souls with visions bright.  
Jesus, Light of lights, appear,  
Rise upon our souls with cheer.

From Thy throne of splendour bright,  
    Shed Thy glory far abroad;  
Let the wanderers in their plight  
    See the path that leads to God,  
And upon their pathway shine,  
Heavenly Orb of light Divine.

There no sun illumes the day,  
    Where the wanderers find their rest;  
Moon nor stars their light display  
    In the kingdom of the blest;  
For the Christ Himself is Sun,  
And the day is never done.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

Up, up, my soul! with gladness rise,  
And greet the ever-brightening skies.  
The morn hath come, sweet morn, awake!  
And from thy pinions slumber shake.



Pure as the morn God's presence shines;  
Love like its beams, thy life entwines;  
Richer the gifts thy God bestows  
Than morning beauty can disclose.

Sweet as the breath that fans the bowers,  
And stirs the leaves and opening flowers,  
Comes with the morn, the breath Divine  
To stir thee, slumbering soul of mine.

O Thou, the Morn, the Light, the Sun,  
With Thee be every day begun;  
Brightness shall clothe my life always,  
And fill my soul with grateful praise.



Glory to Thee, O Christ my Lord!  
Light of my soul, Incarnate Word!  
Come with the morn, abide always,  
And cheer my course to endless day.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

The crimson blush of morning glows  
On towering peaks where clouds repose;  
And, lo! the sombre robe of night  
Is rent with shafts of golden light.



O Light Divine, each opening day  
Illume our souls with gladdening ray;  
And, as the sun his course pursues,  
With growing light our lives diffuse.

In childhood's morn, when wondering eyes  
Behold the light that fills the skies;  
And loins are girt at opening day  
Life's myriad voices to obey:

O Light Divine, serene and pure,  
Shine on a path of life, secure;  
Let joy, like songs the morn that greet,  
Make music for the willing feet.

When, prompted by the will of God,  
A path we tread, before untrod;  
And doubts our onward course attend,  
Thy light upon our path extend.



O Light of lights, when day is done,  
And night pursues our setting sun,  
Be ours to hail that better day,  
Whose light Thou art eternally.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

The morn awakes; from eastern hills  
The golden light creation fills;  
And arrows chase the night that flies  
Before the ever-brightening skies.



The morn awakes; up, soul of mine!  
And, like the morn, in beauty shine;  
Strong, as the high-ascending sun,  
Thy race of duty boldly run.

Night for the weary comes at length;  
Morn gives the soul the needed strength;  
Light shall thy path encircling, cheer,  
And melt each lingering cloud of fear.

O Light of lights, when night descends,  
And brooding fear my life attends,  
Show to my soul, that night departs  
When morning trims her glowing darts.

O Christ, who art my better Sun,  
Bright shines the day with Thee begun;  
No terror can the mind oppress,  
Nor cloud th' aspiring soul distress.



To Thee, O glorious Light of light,  
Be honour paid when morn is bright;  
To Father, and to Spirit blest,  
Be glory every day exprest.

John Brownlie

6,6,6,6

JAM META NOCTIS TRANSIIT

*Hilary of Poitiers, 350*



Gone are the shades of night,  
The hours of rest are o'er;  
New beauties sparkle bright,  
And heaven is light once more.

To Thee our prayers shall speed,  
O Lord of light Divine;  
Come to our utmost need,  
And in our darkness shine.

Spirit of love and light,  
May we Thine image know,  
And in Thy glory bright,  
To full perfection grow.

Hear us, O Father blest,  
Save us, O Christ the Son;  
Thou Comforter the best,  
Lead us till life is done.



John Brownlie

11,10,11,10

Lo, in its brightness the morning arising,  
Gold on the hilltops in richness is spread;  
Heaven decks the earth with a beauty surprising,  
Light is the victor, and darkness hath fled.



Lord of the morning, our souls are awaking,  
Flood them with beauty, and free them from gloom;  
Morn speaks of joy, for when morning was breaking,  
Free from death's bands Thou didst rise from the tomb.

Souls that in slumber behold not the beauty,  
See not the Master arise in His might;  
Hear not the call to the doing of duty,  
Know not the rapture that thrills in the light.

Morn speaks of life--let us rise to new living,  
Rise with the Lord to the freedom He gives;  
Give to the world what the morning is giving,  
Hope that was born in the darkness, and lives.



Lo, in its brightness the morning arising:  
Lord of the morning, our darkness dispel;  
Shine in our souls, till, the sordid despising,  
Rise we from earth in Thy presence to dwell.

John Brownlie

8,5,8,5

From the hills the light is streaming,  
Hail, the gladsome morn!  
Earth with busy life is teeming,  
For the day is born.



Dawn, Thou Light of lights, undying,  
On a fairer day,  
All creation beautifying  
With Thy glorious ray.

Weary eyes the hills are scanning  
For the early gleam;  
Souls, Thy long delay unmanning,  
Sleep, and idly dream.

Ah, my soul, be up and doing,  
Life will soon be done;  
Night, the day is close pursuing  
To the setting sun.

And the day of God shall waken  
To the soul with fear,  
If, the call of life forsaken,  
We are slumbering here.



From the hills the light is streaming,  
Hail the gladsome morn!  
And the light of God is beaming--  
This, His day, is born.

John Brownlie

6,6,6,6,8,8

ατερ αρχης, απεραντον

Centō from σε τον αφθιτον μοναρχην

By Gregory of Nazianzus, b. 329



O Light that knew no dawn,  
That shines to endless day,  
All things in earth and heaven  
Are lusted by Thy ray;  
No eye can to Thy throne ascend,  
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend.

Thy grace, O Father, give,  
That I may serve in fear;  
Above all boons, I pray,  
Grant me Thy voice to hear;  
From sin Thy child in mercy free,  
And let me dwell in light with Thee.

That, cleansed from filthy stain,  
I may meet homage give,  
And, pure in heart, behold  
And serve Thee while I live;  
Clean hands in holy worship raise,  
And Thee, O Christ my Saviour, praise.



In supplication meek  
To Thee I bend the knee;  
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,  
In love remember me,  
And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,  
Grant me a humble servant's place.

Thy grace, O Father, give,  
I humbly Thee implore;  
And let Thy mercy bless  
Thy servant more and more.  
All grace and glory be to Thee

From age to age eternally.

John Brownlie

6,6,6,6,6,6

The morn in beauty breaks,  
The world to life awakes:  
    Up, soul of mine, and sing!  
And let the day begun,  
In hours of service run,  
    And joy to duty bring.

The darkness fades away,  
Light ushers in the day--  
    Let there be light for me!  
That round my path no cloud  
Dark folding may enshroud  
    Me in perplexity.

To Father and to Son,  
To Spirit, Three in One,  
    Eternal praise be given:  
Sung by the saints above,  
In songs of fervent love,  
    Up in the choirs of heaven.



John Brownlie

6,6,8,6

*Σε και νυν ευλογουμεν*

*Evening*



Now at this evening hour,  
O Thou, my Christ, to Thee,  
Thou Word of God, Eternal Light,  
All grateful praises be.

From Thee the Spirit comes,  
Third beam of peerless light,  
And in Thyself one glorious orb  
The triple rays unite.

Thy word and wisdom Thou  
To lighten man hast given,  
That he the splendour might reflect  
That shines superb in heaven;

And having light within,  
Might see Thine image bright,  
And daily rise, till he himself  
Is altogether light.



John Brownlie

7,7,7,7

Fades the glory of the west--  
All the crimson and the gold,  
Night allures the world to rest  
'Neath her mantle's dusky fold.



Ah, my soul, when night descends,  
Fear lest slumber bind thee fast,  
And the Bridegroom with His friends,  
To the marriage hasten past.

He may come--what soul can know?--  
When the sun has gone from sight,  
When the stars in myriads glow  
In the middle of the night.

Think not thou may'st safely dream  
Of His coming by and by,  
When the morning's early gleam  
Wakes the slumberer, from the sky.



Wake, awake, the time is near,  
Trim thy lamp, and tend its light;  
For the Bridegroom may appear  
In the middle of the night.

John Brownlie

6,6,8,6,6,6

See where the orb of day  
    In glory sinks to rest,  
The clouds of gold and purple crown  
    The mountains of the west;  
And eve in silence brings  
The night on dusky wings.



It is the hour of peace,  
    And hearts to heaven ascend:  
Come with your burdens and your care,  
    To an unchanging Friend;  
And let the passing day  
Bear all your fears away.

It is the hour of prayer;  
    Let every fault be known;  
Unveil the secrets of the soul,  
    And every sin disown;  
The blood for sinners spilt,  
Shall bear away your guilt.

It is the hour of praise;  
    Let joy the stillness break;  
And every grateful thought of God  
    To living song awake;  
And saints in heaven shall bear  
To God your fervent prayer.



The night in silence falls:  
    O God, to Thee be praise!  
And to the Spirit and the Son,  
    Throughout the endless days;  
Eternal Three in One,  
While endless ages run.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

There is no darkness where Thou art,  
O Jesus Christ, Thou Light serene;  
Clouds fold their curtains and depart,  
And darkness melts where Thou art seen.



Fair Morning Star! more glorious Sun!  
Thou Light of lights, Thy beams display,  
Till darkness owns the victory won,  
And night is lost in endless day.

Where slumbering souls in bondage lie,  
Because the night hath hemmed them in,  
Descend, as morning from the sky,  
And wake them from their sleep of sin.

Where sorrow dims the downcast eye,  
And luring hope is lost to view,  
With light the tear-drops beautify,  
As sunlight on the morning dew.



O Jesus Christ, Thy light is life;  
Shine on our souls and life revive,  
That they may stand before the strife,  
And conquer as the strong who strive.

O Jesus Christ, Thy light is joy;  
Restore our souls from sorrow's blight,  
And win them to the glad employ  
Of those who praise both day and night.

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

Lord, upon our night descending,  
    Bid the light with gladness shine;  
Let its rays, through darkness wending,  
    Round our fears in beauty twine.



Thou art Light, and where Thou dwellest,  
    Like a traveller, gloom departs;  
Come, who threatening clouds dispellest,  
    And abide within our hearts.

Ah, the visions Thou impartest,  
    With the morn, and with the noon;  
With what glory Thou attirest  
    Eve, that falleth late or soon.

Flood our lives with varied beauty,  
    Morn, and noon, and coming night;  
Light us in the path of duty,  
    And at eve let there be light.



John Brownlie

6,6,8,6

Lord, let my evening prayer  
As incense sweet ascend;  
And while I lift my hands to Thee,  
From heaven in mercy bend.



For in Thy name I hope,  
And brightness floods my way;  
The night departs, and clouds that roll,  
And threaten with dismay.

And in Thy name I trust,  
To find Thy promise sure;  
Thy cov'nant like the mountains strong,  
That evermore endure.

Now, at this evening hour,  
My hope and trust renew;  
Refresh me as the earth that drinks  
The cool refreshing dew.



And when the morning wakes,  
Awake my soul, I pray,  
That in Thy strength goes forth to bear  
The burdens of the day.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

O Lord of light, Thy beams display,  
And waken joy in every heart;  
Bring to our souls the light of day,  
And bid our brooding night depart.



In Thy fair realm there is no gloom,  
The radiant day is never done;  
They need no candle to illumine,  
Nor wait the rising of the sun.

No morning ushers in the day,  
Nor evening marks its slow decline;  
There Thou art Sun, and shiniest aye,  
And all the light and joy are Thine.

Eternal Light, Eternal Day,  
No eve obscures, no darkness hides;  
But clear the noon-tide shines away,  
For there Thy presence aye abides.



Come at this hour, O Light Divine,  
As daylight fades, and night is nigh;  
And in our souls with radiance shine,  
As Thou art wont in realms on high.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,4

κυριε ελεησον. 'Αντιλαβου, σωσον, ελεησον και διαφυλαξον ημας

*Litany of the Deacon*



God of all grace, Thy mercy send;  
Let Thy protecting arm defend;  
Save us, and keep us to the end:  
Have mercy, Lord.

And through the coming hours of night,  
Fill us, we pray, with holy light;  
Keep us all sinless in Thy sight:  
Grant this, O Lord.

May some bright messenger abide  
For ever by Thy servants' side,  
A faithful guardian and our guide:  
Grant this, O Lord.

From every sin in mercy free,  
Let heart and conscience stainless be,  
That we may live henceforth for Thee:  
Grant this, O Lord.



We would not be by care opprest,  
But in Thy love and wisdom rest--  
Give what Thou seest to be best:  
Grant this, O Lord.

While we of every sin repent,  
Let our remaining years be spent  
In holiness and sweet content:  
Grant this, O Lord.

And when the end of life is near,  
May we, unshamed and void of fear,  
Wait for the Judgment to appear:  
Grant this, O Lord.





John Brownlie

6,6,8,6,8,8

The day fades into night,  
The shadows lengthening fall,  
And see, the deepening purple light  
Throws on the hills its pall:  
Lord, be our Light when suns decline,  
And in our souls unclouded shine.



Still is the eventide,  
Calm is the soft repose,  
When earthly toil is laid aside,  
And eyelids drooping, close;  
Lord, let Thy peace my soul possess,  
In everlasting restfulness.

Night of my life draws near;  
Lord, when the light departs,  
Be all to me that Thou hast been  
To other trusting hearts,  
And in the calm that night bestows,  
Let me in peace with Thee repose.

The night gives place to morn,  
The gloom shall pass away,  
And an eternal day be born,  
Whose sun shall shine for aye;  
Lord, wake me when the morn is come,  
And let me find with Thee my home.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

A crown of gold surpassing rare,  
The western hills, in beauty wear;  
And earth and sea reflect the light,  
That fades before th' approach of night.



O Glorious Sun! whose peerless ray  
Illumes the realm of endless day,  
Shine on a world where darkness dwells,  
And all the joy of day dispels.

Soft o'er the land the twilight creeps;  
Night falls apace, and nature sleeps;  
Oh, let not night my life control,  
And plunge in sleep my drowsy soul.

Sleep to the weary pilgrim give,  
But let the soul through slumber live;  
Wake when the first faint gleam of morn  
Tells that another day is born.



Light of my life! bid night depart,  
Sing to my soul, and cheer my heart;  
That morn, and noon, and night may be  
One beauteous day of joy to me.

And when the brightest morn shall break,  
And bid the eternal day awake,  
O glorious Sun! in radiance shine,  
To guard from night the realm Divine.

John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

εψευσαμην σε την αληθειαν, λογε

*Gregory of Nazianzus, b. 329*



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.

And now 'tis night, and night within;  
O God, the light hath fled!  
I have not kept the vow I made  
When morn its glories shed.

For clouds of gloom from nether world  
Obscured my upward way;  
O Christ the Light, Thy light bestow  
And turn my night to day!

John Brownlie

7,8,7,8,7,7

*Christmas*



Rosy dawn, with locks of gold,  
Looks upon the world awaking;  
For the day by prophets told,  
Lo, in beauty now is breaking,  
And the Christ is come to earth:  
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

Minstrels from the realms of light,  
Bend to earth to sing His praises,  
For, from depth to highest height,  
God our fallen race upraises;  
Now the Christ is come to earth,  
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

Go to Bethlehem, wanderers lone,  
Seek the Christ, for whom such glory  
Flashing from the heavenly throne  
Floods with light the ancient story:  
For the Christ is come to earth,  
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

There, in weakness see Him lie,  
Cradled where His mother laid Him,  
Who, by minstrels from the sky,  
Hath immortal honours paid Him;  
See the God-man come to earth,  
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.



King Immortal! treasures rare,  
Gifts of heart and life we bring Thee;  
Hearts and voices everywhere,  
More than gold--their praises bring Thee;  
Thou, O Christ, art come to earth,  
Hail, all hail Thy wondrous birth.



John Brownlie

6,5,6,5

In the early morning,  
Ere the darkness clears,  
Lo, a star most radiant,  
High in heaven appears;  
And their eyes behold it,  
Glowing like a gem,  
As the sages journey  
Forth to Bethlehem.



In the early morning,  
While the shepherds gaze,  
Lo, through clouds asunder,  
Heaven is all ablaze;  
Brighter than the sunrise  
From the eastern hills,  
And the song of angels  
All creation fills.

In the early morning,  
When the silence hung,  
'Mid the dazzling splendour,  
Were the praises sung:  
Glory in the highest  
To the God of heaven,  
Peace on earth abounding  
Unto men be given.



Now the sages, guided  
To the lowly place,  
Lying in a manger  
Find the Lord of grace;  
And they fall before Him  
As before a king,  
And their costly offerings  
With devotion bring.

Lord of life eternal,  
    Who didst come for men;  
At the time appointed  
    Thou wilt come again;  
Not a babe in meekness,  
    Born of humble birth;  
But the King Immortal,  
    Judge of all the earth.

Glory in the highest,  
    Be ascribed to God;  
Ceaseless hallelujahs  
    Fill the earth abroad;  
Glory to Immanuel,  
    All creation sing,  
Who to heaven hath raised us  
    By His offering.



John Brownlie

8,7,8,5

Lo, the clouds of night are rending,  
Clad in light, heavenly bright,  
Herald hosts to earth descending,  
Hail approaching morn.



Hail the morn with heavenly singing,  
And the song, they prolong,  
News untold to earth is bringing,  
Of Immanuel born.

Fearful watchers, see the glory,  
Cease to gaze with amaze;  
Herdsmen, sages, list the story,  
Peace abides on earth.

Glory! sons of men repeat it,  
Heavenly morn, Christ is born,  
Lift your eyes to heaven and greet it,  
Greet Immanuel's birth.



Gone the dismal years of waiting,  
Angels bright, shed your light!  
Peace hath banished ill and hating,  
On this glorious morn.

Glory be to God ascending,  
And the Son, who hath won  
Life for man in bliss unending,  
Now the Christ is born.



John Brownlie

8,7,8,7,7,7

Herdsmen keeping lonely vigil  
While the earth in slumber lay;  
Eager scanned the far horizon,  
For the coming of the day;  
And a blaze of heavenly light,  
Rent the curtains of the night.



Never shone a morn so radiant  
Since creation had its birth,  
And the orb of day in fulness  
Shed its primal light on earth,  
And the morning stars abroad,  
Triumphed with the sons of God.

Stay your coming, dawn and sunrise,  
For a Sun of high renown  
Pours His light upon our darkness,  
And this Orb shall ne'er go down;  
Now Immanuel, Christ our Lord,  
Dwells on earth, Incarnate Word.

Lift your eyes, ye lonely watchers,  
See the host in raiment white;  
List, the strains of heavenly music  
Mingling with transcendent light;  
Ne'er such music waked a morn;  
Sons of men! the Christ is born.



Weary hearts that dwell in darkness!  
Cast your dismal fears away;  
Lo, the Sun on earth is shining,  
For the morn has risen today,  
And the light that hailed His birth,  
Pours its glory on the earth.

John Brownlie

10,10,10,5

*οι μαγοι τα δωρα προσφερουσιν  
οι ποιμενες το θαυμα κηρυττουσιν*



Hail to the King, who comes in weakness now,  
No wreath of gold encircleth His brow,  
Lowly His state--in lowly worship bow;  
Hail to the King!

Born of His maiden mother, pure as snow,  
Son of our God, begotten long ago,  
Ere yet the stream of time began to flow;  
Hail to the King!

Nowhere was found a shelter for His head,  
Humble He lay, e'en where the oxen fed,  
No couch nor crib, a manger was His bed;  
Hail to the King!

Herdsmen were there who heard the angels sing;  
Wise men from far who myrrh and incense bring,  
No other hand bestowed an offering;  
Hail to the King!



Hail to the King! O Christ, upon Thy throne,  
Look on the souls which Thou didst make Thine own,  
When by Thy birth and death Thou didst atone;  
Hail to the King!

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8,8,8d

Δοξα εν υψιστοις Θεω



Hark! upon the morning breezes,  
In the darkness, ere the waking,  
Music sweet the senses pleases,  
Soft upon the stillness breaking;  
"Glory, Glory!" this the singing,  
Welcome to Immanuel bringing.

Shepherds at their watch beholding  
Angels clad in glistening whiteness,  
Heard the wondrous news unfolding  
'Mid that dazzling scene of brightness:  
"Glory, Glory!" peace, and kindness,  
Light is breaking on our blindness.

Glorious morn! The sun, uprising,  
Shone upon a world rejoicing;  
God is with us--truth surprising!  
List to song the message voicing:  
"Glory, Glory!" ages told it,  
Heavenly voices now unfold it.



God adored, our nature wearing!  
Ah, such condescending meekness!  
Stooping to a world despairing,  
Full of pity for our weakness:  
"Glory, Glory!" praises swelling,  
God hath made with man His dwelling.

John Brownlie

10,10,10,4

*τεχθεντος του Χριστου*

Hail to the morn that dawns on eastern hills,  
More radiant far than any earthly morn;  
'Tis heavenly light that all creation fills--  
The Christ is born.

Mystery profound, through all the ages sealed,  
Now, to a world all hopeless, and forlorn,  
In Bethlehem's manger is at length revealed--  
The Christ is born.

Lo, from their watch the herdsmen raise their eyes,  
For, dazzling light the robe of night had torn,  
And angels poured their raptures from the skies--  
The Christ is born.

Bring ye your gifts of gold and incense rare,  
Wise men who come, all travel-stained and worn;  
Find ye the Child, and pay your homage there--  
The Christ is born.

Hail to the morn, the world exulting sings;  
Only to Him, in fealty we are sworn,  
Lord of our lives, Immortal King of kings!--  
The Christ is born.



John Brownlie

8,8,6,8,8,6

*Δευτε αγαλλιασωμεθα τῶ χυριω, το παρον μυστηριον εκδιηγουμενοι*

Come, let us sing with joyful mirth  
The mystery of Immanuel's birth,  
Who, virgin born, is here;  
The middle wall no longer stands,  
No flaming sword in cherub's hands  
Inspires the soul with fear.

See, clear the pathway open lies  
That upward leads to Paradise,  
Where stands the Tree of Life;  
And freely may I enter in,  
Whence I was driven by mortal sin,  
And worsted in the strife.

For He, the Father's only Son,  
A glorious work hath now begun,  
Descending from above  
In servant's form, though yet the Son,  
Unchanging while the ages run,  
To win us by His love.

Come, now, let hearts united be  
To laud His praises joyfully,  
The God-Man born to-day.  
And let Thy mercy reach us now,  
For pitiful and kind art Thou,  
O Virgin born, we pray.



John Brownlie

8,8

*PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM*

*From a Latin MS. of the Early 14th Century*

Zion is glad this glorious morn:  
A Babe in Bethlehem is born.

See where He lies in manger low,  
Whose kingly reign no end shall know.

The ox and ass that filled the stall,  
Knew that the Babe was Lord of all.

Out from the east the sages bring  
Their treasures for an offering.

They humbly seek the lowly place,  
And worship there the King of grace:

The Son of God, who made the earth,  
A virgin mother gave Him birth.

No poison from the serpent stains  
The human blood that fills His veins;

And though our flesh He meekly wears,  
No mark of sin His nature bears;

That He might man to God restore,  
And give the grace that once He wore.

Come, while our hearts are full of mirth,  
And bless the Lord of lowly birth.

The Holy Trinity we'll praise,  
And give our thanks to God always.



John Brownlie

8,6,8,6,8,6

Out from the rising of the sun,  
O'er tracts of desert wild,  
The Magi came on journey lone,  
To seek the heaven-born Child;  
The star o'erhead their footsteps led,  
And hope their way beguiled.



They bore Him costly gifts of gold,  
And myrrh and spices sweet:  
"For He is King," they had been told,  
Whom they would meekly greet;  
And they would go, in reverence low,  
And worship at His feet.

O humble Child, in manger laid!  
The wise beheld Thee there,  
And reverently their homage paid,  
And gave their offerings rare.  
Their quest was found, and to the ground  
They bowed the head in prayer.



O Jesu, who in manger lay,  
The Son of God most high,  
Let me my humble homage pay,  
And bring my offerings nigh.  
And humbly greet Thee at Thy feet,  
And low in worship lie.

John Brownlie

6,6,6,8,8,6

τι σοι προσενηγκωμεν, Χριστε

*By St. Anatolius, 458 A.D.*

What shall we bring to Thee?  
What shall our offering be  
On this Thy natal morn?  
For Thou, O Christ, hast come to earth--  
A virgin mother gave Thee birth--  
For our redemption born.

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.

The heavens 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 offerings bring.

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.





John Brownlie

6,5,6,5,6,5

Over trackless regions,  
From the Morning land,  
Bearing costly treasures,  
Came a seeking band--  
Wise men with devotion,  
From the Morning land.



Wheresoe'er the star led,  
In the ebon sky,  
Thither pressed those wise men,  
With uplifted eye,  
Following the star light  
In the ebon sky.

They would find the young King  
Whom the star foretold;  
They would render homage,  
And their gifts unfold,  
Bowing low before Him,  
Whom the star foretold.

Jesu, Son of David,  
God's Incarnate Word,  
Endless, unbegotten,  
By the wise adored--  
We would bow before Thee,  
God's Incarnate Word.



Not without an offering  
Would we seek our King;  
But with true devotion  
What is noblest, bring--  
With a gift so precious,  
Would we seek our King.

Jesu, King Eternal,

Son of God, Divine,  
Man, yet still remaining  
Of the Godbead Trine--  
See, our hearts we give Thee,  
Son of God, Divine.

John Brownlie

6,5,6,5

Δοξα εν υψιστοις Θεω

*By St. John of Damascus, 780 A.D.*



Bethlehem rejoices!  
Hark the voices clear,  
Singing in the starlight  
Nearer and more near.  
Unto God be glory,  
Peace to men be given;  
This His will who dwelleth  
In the heights of heaven.

Heaven cannot contain Him,  
Nor the bounds of earth,  
Yet, oh glorious mystery!  
Virgin gives Him birth.  
Unto God be glory,  
Peace to men be given;  
This His will who dwelleth  
In the heights of heaven.

Now the light ariseth  
In the darkened skies,  
Now the proud are humbled  
And the lowly rise.  
Unto God be glory,  
Peace to men be given;  
This His will who dwelleth  
In the heights of heaven.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8,8,8

αγγελοι μετα ποιμενων δοξαζουσι



A band of herdsmen tarried late,  
Through hours of night disconsolate;  
Around, the snow lay glistening white,  
And stars o'erhead were shining bright;  
    O favoured shepherds, there shall rise  
    A brighter star in yonder skies.

Whence comes this glory, brighter far  
Than light that shines from midnight star?  
An angel from the Lord appears,  
And lo! their minds are filled with fears;  
    O favoured shepherds, wherefore fear?  
    The messenger of God is here.

"O band of herdsmen, list! I bring  
Glad tidings of a promised King;  
Go, in a manger ye shall find  
The new-born Saviour of mankind";  
    O favoured shepherds, such surprise!  
    To see the Christ in mean disguise.

Then stood the herdsmen all amaze,  
For heaven with glory was ablaze;  
And choirs of angels, clad in white,  
Awoke with song the silent night:  
    O favoured shepherds, ye are blest,  
    To hear that heavenly song exprest.



"To God be glory," thus they sang,  
While earth and heaven with music rang;  
"And peace abounding henceforth dwell  
With those on earth who please Me well";  
    O favoured shepherds, night is past,  
    And morn, bright morn, is come at last.

O band of herdsmen, long ago,  
That song was sung on earth below;  
Now myriad hosts uplift the strains  
That first awoke on Bethlehem's plains:  
    O favoured shepherds, round the throne,  
    The angel's song is now your own.

John Brownlie

6,5,6,5

Glory in the highest!  
Hark, what angels sing:  
Was there e'er such music  
Borne on rising wing?  
See, the gates of heaven  
On their portals rise,  
And the song that charms us  
Comes from Paradise.



Glory in the highest!  
Christ our Lord is born;  
Hail His glorious advent  
On this happy morn;  
Ages long have waited  
'Mid their brooding hills;  
Now the herald-voices  
Wake the silent hills.

Herdsmen in their watching  
Lift their eyes amazed;  
Sages from the sunland  
At the starlight gazed;  
And they bear their treasures,  
Gold for diadem,  
Meet to crown the Monarch  
Born at Bethlehem.



Glory in the highest!  
With the sages bring  
What is best and fairest  
For an offering;  
Lay before the manger  
Where the Infant lies,  
All your heart's devotion,  
Love's best sacrifice.

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7,7,7

*Χριστος γενναται*

*By St. Cosmas the Melodist, 760 A.D.*

Christ is born, go forth to meet Him,  
Christ by all the heaven adored;  
Singing songs of welcome, greet Him,  
For the earth receives her Lord.  
All ye nations, shout and sing;  
For He comes, your glorious King.

Once His heavenly image bearing,  
Man has sunk to depths of sin;  
Now defiled, debased, despairing,  
Clad in rags and foul within;  
But our God, who beauty gave,  
Lifts the soul He comes to save.

From the height of heaven beholding,  
Pity filled the heart of grace;  
And our Lord, His love unfolding,  
Made the earth His dwelling-place;  
And a virgin mother gave  
God Incarnate, man to save.

Wisdom, Might, and Word Eternal,  
Glory of the Father, Thou!  
Hid from man and powers supernal,  
Lo, He wears our nature now!  
To the Lord your worship bring,  
Praise Him, your victorious King.



John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

*Palm Sunday*



Behold the Lord to Zion rides,  
And crowds hosannas sing;  
They spread their garments in the way,  
And hail Him as a king.

O Zion, blind with earthly pride,  
Why couldst thou not behold  
The Christ of God, whom sage and seer  
From age to age foretold?

A King indeed, but not to reign  
By power of earthly might;  
The glory of whose royal state  
Is hid from carnal sight.

Whose subjects are the souls of men  
From thrall of darkness won;  
Whose kingdom knows no bounds, within  
The dawn and setting sun.



Behold thy King to Zion rides  
Where He the cross shall bear;  
And on that throne with blood bedecked,  
His robe of purple wear;

Where slaves to sin His love shall view,  
And from their bondage rise  
To noble fealty, by the power  
Of loving sacrifice.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

O God of love, whose mercy came  
To this dark world of sin and shame,  
And on a cross of suffering sore,  
That sin and shame in meekness bore.



Supreme the love the Christ displayed,  
When He, True God, True Man was made;  
When He was scorned, His patience then  
Shone forth Divine, with sinful men.

Did e'er such mercy lead the great  
To stoop from high to low estate?  
Did e'er such love incline the heart  
To take the erring sinner's part?

'Twas God who loved, 'twas God who gave  
His Son our erring souls to save;  
'Tis Christ that wins us by the love  
From earth below to heaven above.



Win me, O Lord, whose mercy came  
To this dark world of sin and shame,  
To that bright world whose beauties shine  
For ever in Thy love Divine.

To Thee, O Father, glory be;  
And glory, Christ, God-Man, to Thee;  
And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
Now, and while countless ages run.

John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

Χριστος ο Λογος με θεοι σαρκουμενος



Christ the Word! Thine incarnation  
Links my nature to Thine own;  
By Thy sore humiliation,  
I am lifted to Thy throne;  
By Thy suffering Thou hast fired me  
With a zeal to sacrifice,  
And to noble life inspired me:  
Hence my grateful songs arise.

Word of God! Thy crucifixion  
Hath upraised me from the earth;  
By Thy death and dereliction,  
Thou hast given me nobler birth;  
By Thy resurrection glorious,  
Life immortal now I own:  
Hence ascend my songs victorious  
To Thy praise, O Christ the Son.



By Thy hand at the creation,  
Thou didst form me from the ground,  
And, to mark my kingly station,  
With Thine image I was crowned;  
And that hand, when pierced and bleeding,  
Raised me from corruption's mire;  
And, though all this love unheeding,  
Decked me with Divine attire.

Thou who gav'st my soul its being,  
Breathing in me life Divine,  
Didst, by Thine all-wise decreeing,  
Unto death Thy life resign;  
And from death my soul defending,  
Thou didst sojourn with the dead,  
That Thou might'st, my fetters rending,

Raise me up, Thou glorious Head!

Shame be on your heads abiding,  
Disobedient people now,  
Who to death, and vile deriding,  
Caused the Word of God to bow!  
Shame! for death, nor powers infernal,  
Nor the dark of hades' gloom,  
Could retain the King Eternal  
In the bondage of the tomb.



John Brownlie

10,10,10,10

*Easter*



Glory to God! The morn appointed breaks,  
And earth awakes from all the woeful past;  
For, with the morn, the Lord of Life awakes,  
And sin and death into the grave are cast.

Glory to God! The cross, with all its shame,  
Now sheds its glory o'er a ransomed world;  
For He who bore the burden of our blame,  
With pierced hands the foe to hell hath hurled.

Glory to God! Sing ransomed souls again,  
And let your songs our glorious Victor laud,  
Who by His might hath snapped the tyrant's chain,  
And set us free to rise with Him to God.

Darkness and night, farewell! the morn is here;  
Welcome! the light that ushers in the day;  
Visions of joy before our sight appear,  
And like the clouds, our sorrows melt away.



Great Son of God, Immortal and renowned!  
Brighter than morn the glory on Thy brow;  
Crowns must be won, and Thou art nobly crowned,  
For death is dead, and sin is vanquished now.

John Brownlie

6,6,8,6,8,8

*τας εσπερινας ημων ευχας*



Accept our evening prayer,  
O Holy Christ our Lord,  
And grant forgiveness of our sin  
According to Thy word,  
Who, by Thy rising, hast revealed  
A power that lay from man concealed.

Oh come, ye people, come,  
Give praise to Christ your God;  
The glory of His rising tell  
To all the world abroad:  
For He is God, whose power hath hurled  
The great accuser from the world.

Encompass Zion round,  
And in her midst proclaim  
The glory of the Son of God,  
Who back from bondage came;  
Who burst the gates of death, to win  
Our freedom from the yoke of sin.



Thy Passion, Lord, hath freed  
Our souls from passion's reign;  
Nor may we know corruption base,  
Since Thou hast risen again;  
Glory to Thee, O Christ the Lord,  
Son of our God, Incarnate Word!

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7,8,8

*αναστασιν Χριστου θεασαμενοι*



We have heard the wondrous story  
Of the Resurrection morn;  
We have seen its matchless glory,  
Christ the risen Lord adorn.  
Let us worship and adore Him,  
Let us now fall down before Him.

Men with erring sinners found Thee,  
Found the only sinless One;  
And upon a cross they bound Thee,  
For the good that Thou hadst done;  
Let us worship and adore Him,  
Let us now fall down before Him.

We have heard the wondrous story  
Of the Resurrection morn:  
Christ our God, to Him be glory,  
For the bands of death are torn;  
Let us worship and adore Him,  
Come and let us fall before Him.



Come, ye faithful, come with gladness,  
To your God thanksgiving pay;  
For the Cross was shorn of sadness  
On the Resurrection day:  
Let us worship and adore Him,  
Come and let us bow before Him.

John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

He led them forth to Bethany,  
And with uplifted hand,  
Invoked abiding blessing there,  
Upon His chosen band.



And while He climbed the heavenly path,  
His followers with amaze  
Beheld the Christ from earth ascend,  
Beyond their farthest gaze.

O Christ, our Lord, ascended now,  
The Kingdom is Thine own;  
And angel hosts in triumph lead  
The Victor to His throne.

But think upon the days of woe,  
The sorrow and the pain,  
And visit with Thy gracious help  
Thy followers again.



That they may stand while others fall,  
And fight while others flee,  
And on the cross their arms extend  
In loyalty to Thee.

And raise them to the calm of heaven  
When all the strife is past,  
Where saints behold Thee and adore  
While endless ages last.

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

See the King of kings ascending  
To His throne of power again;  
Who in humble garb descending,  
Came to dwell with lowly men.



Glad the angel hosts adoring  
Fling the golden gates aside;  
Mortals, view the Victor soaring,  
Heaven receives the Lord with pride.

Strike your harps, ye choirs supernal;  
Lift your songs of welcome now;  
For behold, your King eternal  
Comes with laurels on His brow.

Gone the sorrow and the sighing,  
All the anguish and the pain;  
Gone the weakness and the dying--  
Choirs immortal, raise the strain:



Hallelujah! endless glory  
To the King of Glory give;  
Mortals, heed the gladsome story,  
Christ is risen, and thou may'st live!



John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

*και την προσ υψος ουρανου θειαν ανληψιν*

He mounts to where the azure shines,  
Triumphant as the light;  
Till, past the glowing gates, the Christ  
Is lost to mortal sight.

And now, amid the bliss of heaven,  
The Father's throne He shares;  
And gems of radiant beauty deck  
The sparkling crown He wears.

Remember, Lord, Thy promise made  
When hearts in sadness pined,  
And send the Comforter to soothe  
The sorrows of mankind;

And as the lingering ages pass,  
To teach the souls of men  
That they may hail the Christ when He  
In glory comes again.

All praise to Thee, Eternal God,  
And to the Son be given,  
Whose glory, darkly veiled on earth,  
Now fills the light of heaven;

And to the Holy Comforter,  
By whom our lives are blest,  
Be praise, by every waiting heart,  
For evermore expressed.



John Brownlie

7,5,7,5,7,5

Past the cross with all its shame,  
    All its grief and gloom;  
Past the solitude of death  
    In the silent tomb:  
Lo, the Victor from the strife,  
Giver of Immortal life.

Stands He there on Olivet,  
    With an outstretched hand,  
Calling His last blessing down,  
    On His faithful band,  
Ere He mounts the azure height  
Past the range of mortal sight.

Bow, ye heavens, in reverence low;  
    Clouds, a pathway clear;  
For the Christ, who came to earth,  
    Mounts the glowing sphere;  
Stand, ye heavenly gates, aside,  
For He enters to abide.

Angels look with wondering gaze,  
    As their Lord draws nigher;  
Why these wounded hands and feet?  
    And that stained attire?  
Hail! the God-man from the strife,  
Wins for man immortal life.

All alone, the faithful gaze  
    Towards the silent skies;  
For the Christ hath passed beyond  
    Love's enquiring eyes;  
But our flesh is knit to His  
Where the ascended God-man is.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

*Pentecost*

Oh, may the Spirit of all grace  
Descend and in our hearts abide,  
And what of good or ill betide,  
Find in them aye a resting-place.

There is no peace to mortals given,  
Save when the Spirit finds His rest  
Within the secret of our breast,  
And there inspires the calm of heaven.

Our earthly calms a storm presage;  
They whisper peace, and tempests rise;  
And clouds obscure the brightest skies,  
And winds and waves in tumult rage.

No storm disturbs the heavenly peace;  
No whispering fills the soul with fears  
As when the brooding tempest nears,  
And clouds around our path increase.

'Tis lasting calm, 'tis heavenly rest:  
Come, Spirit of the Living God,  
And in our spirits shed abroad  
The peace that makes the troubled blest.



John Brownlie

6,6,6,6,8,8

To God the Holy Ghost  
Let homage due be paid,  
Who, when we sorrow most,  
Comes with His heavenly aid,  
And speaks the word alluring, kind,  
That fills with peace the anxious mind.

Then winds their raging cease,  
And billows sink to rest;  
Our souls repose in peace,  
As child on mother's breast;  
Blest Spirit! there is naught to fear,  
When Thou, our Comforter, art near.

Come then, Thou gracious Guest,  
Our earnest prayers ascend;  
Prepare Thyself a rest,  
Abide our constant Friend;  
Fulfil the promise Jesus made,  
When sorrow on His soul was laid.

Oh, bid our darkness flee,  
And with Thy light come in;  
Our souls from trouble free,  
And from the thrall of sin:  
Blest Spirit! condescending, come,  
And make our souls Thy chosen home.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

Spirit of Light, Thy glory pour,  
And let mine eyes Thy radiance see;  
From sin's dark night my soul restore,  
To dwell in light for aye with Thee.

Spirit of Love, whose heavenly wiles  
Can lure the heart from meaner bonds,  
Come to my life as love that smiles,  
And wakens love that quick responds.

Spirit of Grace, with gifts more rare  
Than all the stores of earth possess,  
Now to my soul Thy riches bear,  
Of pity, love, and tenderness.

Spirit of Light, and Love, and Grace,  
Welcome, Thy entrance to my heart;  
Take to Thyself its chiefest place,  
Who of the triune Godhead art.



John Brownlie

6,6,8,4

*βασιλευ ουρανιε, παρακλητε*

O King enthroned on high,  
Thou Comforter Divine,  
Blest Spirit of all Truth, be nigh  
And make us Thine.

Yea, Thou art everywhere,  
All places far or near;  
Oh, listen to our humble prayer,  
Be with us here!

Thou art the source of life,  
Thou art our treasure-store;  
Give us Thy peace, and end our strife  
For evermore.

Descend, O Heavenly Dove,  
Abide with us alway;  
And in the fulness of Thy love  
Cleanse us, we pray.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

Spirit of God, in love descend,  
And make our hearts Thy place of rest;  
In all our need a steadfast Friend,  
To fill our store with gifts the best;



To cleanse our souls with holy fire  
From sordid stains that guilt imparts,  
And with Thy heavenly power inspire  
Our languid zeal, and fainting hearts;

To lift our minds to nobler things  
Than earth from all its best can show--  
The wealth that flies on speedy wings,  
The fleeting joys, like sparks that glow.

Come in the hour of sore distress,  
When deep the heart for comfort sighs;  
And with Thy soothing kindness  
The tear-drops wipe from weeping eyes.



"Lo, I am with you to the end,"  
Thus speaks the promise of our Lord;  
O Spirit of the Christ, descend,  
Fulfil to us the gracious word.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

Lord, may Thy Holy Spirit calm  
Our troubled souls, and give them rest;  
And with His touch, like healing balm,  
Allay the pain of the distressed.



We hear the promise Thou didst make  
To lone disciples long ago;  
And peace and hope our souls o'ertake,  
And joy dispels our brooding woe.

Now let us feel the Spirit's power,  
And let us hear His gracious word;  
Fulfil to us this holy hour,  
The promise of our dying Lord.

Come, Holy Ghost, with warmth of love,  
With light of hope, and calm of peace,  
And raise our sense-bound souls above  
The mocking joys of earth that cease.





John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

*Ἔργω, ὡς παλαι μαθηταις ἐπηγγειλω*

As Thou didst say--the Spirit came  
In fiery tongues of living flame;  
And men were moved to spread abroad  
The wisdom of th' Incarnate God.

And nations heard the truth, and gave  
Their souls to Him who came to save;  
And toiling in their sins, arose  
The power of Satan to oppose.

As Thou didst say--the Spirit's power  
Came at the Pentecostal hour;  
And drooping souls with zeal were fired,  
And felt the life that power inspired.

As Thou didst say--the Spirit's voice  
Spake to dull hearts, and bade rejoice;  
And men that dwelt in sorrow's night,  
Felt hope awake as morning light.

As Thou didst say--His power can still  
Our empty lives to fulness fill;  
Can charge with hope, with zeal inspire,  
And kindle life, and light, and fire.

As Thou didst say--O Spirit, come,  
Make with Thy people here Thy home;  
In all their need Thy gifts supply,  
And Christ our Lord still glorify.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

*Anointing of the sick*

O Gracious Christ, Thy power reveal,  
And let Thy sin-sick servant live;  
Speak but the word, for Thou canst heal,  
And from its wounds my soul relieve.

My stricken soul for succour cries,  
For Thou, O Lord, compassion art;  
Now, while I lift my pleading eyes,  
Thy healing grace in love impart.

Thou, Lord, didst journey long ago,  
Where sick and sorrowing lives were spent;  
And Thou didst heed the call of woe,  
And joy and health from heaven were sent.

And Thou hast power to-day as then,  
And Thou with love art loving still;  
Still art Thou with the sons of men  
Thy healing mission to fulfil.

Teach me, O Christ, my rest to find  
From all my sickness and my care,  
Upon Thy love exceeding kind,  
That finds the needy everywhere.



John Brownlie

6,6,6,6,8,8

*ταχως εις αντιληψιν, νομος υπαρχων Χριστι*

*Anointing of the sick*



Thou, Lord, hast power to heal,  
And Thou wilt quickly aid;  
For Thou dost deeply feel  
The stripes upon us laid--  
Thou who wast wounded by the rod  
Uplifted in the hand of God.

Send speedy help, we pray,  
To him who ailing lies,  
That from his couch he may  
With thankful heart arise;  
Through prayers which all availing find  
Thine ear, O Lover of mankind.

Oh, blinded are our eyes,  
And all are held in night;  
But like the blind who cries,  
We cry to Thee for light;  
In penitence, O Christ, we pray,  
Give us the radiant light of day.



John Brownlie

8,6,8,6,8,8

ελεους πηγη, υπαρχων 'περαγαθε

*Anointing of the sick*



A Fount of mercy, Lord, Thou art,  
Perennial and Divine;  
Thou Source of every lasting good,  
All needed grace is Thine;  
Now to the sufferer healing give,  
And touch the sick, that he may live.

O Saviour, Who alone art God,  
Thy hand is quick to heal,  
For Thou didst wear our feeble flesh,  
And all its ailments feel;  
And Thou canst make the sufferer whole,  
And save the sin-afflicted soul.

O Christ, the great Physician Thou,  
Tender and full of power;  
Now with the oil of grace anoint  
The sufferer at this hour;  
Bid Thou the pain and weakness cease,  
And give the sore afflicted peace.



John Brownlie

10,10,10,10

*τον πιστον οικετην σου, αναπουσον ως ευσπλαγχνος*

*Burial Service*



Rest in the Lord, O servant by His grace;  
Dwell in His courts, and gaze upon His face;  
Know naught of toil, of weariness, or woe:  
They rest who serve, not weary, as below.

Rest in the Lord: the strife of war is past,  
Wear now the wreath of victory at last;  
E'en death is slain--the cross of Christ sufficed,  
Death is not death, to those who live in Christ.

Rest in the Lord: the goal of life is won,  
To thee 'tis given to hear the glad "Well done";  
Great their reward who, till their Lord appear,  
Serve in the vineyard of the Master, here.

Rest in the Lord: none can His honour claim,  
They honour have, who honour most His name;  
Thine this reward, who counted gain but loss,  
Nor felt it shame to glory in the cross.



Rest in the Lord: swift comes the happy time  
When we who strive shall reach Thy fairer clime;  
Christ, give us welcome when the toil is past,  
And bring us to the bliss of heaven at last.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8,8,8

Almighty God, great Source of all,  
Upholder of the earth and sea,  
To whom Thy works unceasing call,  
Throughout their vast immensity;  
The heaven reflects Thy glory bright,  
From sunlit dome, and starry height.



Dark clouds surround Thy kingly seat;  
But where Thou art is peerless light;  
There righteousness and mercy meet  
In all their gentleness and might;  
The beauty of Thy place of bliss  
Is purity and holiness.

Almighty God! Thy power supreme  
The rebel arm presumes to win,  
While all the hosts of hell blaspheme,  
And hurl the darts of death and sin;  
But lo, the God-man, girt with might,  
Hath turned the hosts of hell to flight.



Almighty God! we lift our eyes  
To where the awful cross is raised,  
And there, by holy sacrifice,  
Behold the pride of sin abased;  
And at His feet, whose love o'ercame,  
Renew our fealty to Thy name.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8,8,8

Great love Divine, whose compass broad  
Involves the utmost point from God;  
Wide as the sun its radiance sheds,  
Broad as the night its darkness spreads;  
Far as the heavens creation span  
Reaches the love of God for man.



Great love Divine, far reaching, vast,  
To endless time from ages past;  
As far as stretches human need,  
Far as the sin of man can lead;  
No wandering soul outstrips its pace,  
Or gains the limit of its grace.

Great love Divine, profoundly deep,  
More mysteries than the waters keep  
Are held within its vast abyss,  
Unsounded, dark, and fathomless;  
It sinks to where the hopeless lie,  
To touch their deepest misery.



Great love Divine, surpassing far  
In height yon glorious morning star;  
Brighter its sheen, more pure and fair,  
No stain of faithlessness is there;  
It beckons from the heavenly throne  
Whence from eternity it shone.

Profoundest thought the mind can hold,  
Conned by the saints through ages old,  
Taught by the Christ whose mission showed  
Its greatness by the gift bestowed;  
Great love Divine!--immortal theme!  
In breadth, length, depth, and height supreme.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8,8,8

Great Son of God, supremely brave,  
    Who stooped to earth in fleshly guise,  
The erring souls of men to save,  
    And bring them back to Paradise;  
Unceasing praise Thy love shall tell,  
Where men redeemed, and angels dwell.



Great Son of God, supremely meek,  
    The vileness of our shame to wear;  
In haunts of sin the lost to seek,  
    The burden of their guilt to bear,  
And on a cross resign Thy breath,  
To save their souls from endless death.

Great Son of God, supremely good,  
    The blessing of Thy life to give;  
Thy wounded flesh for needful food,  
    That in Thy strength our souls may live,  
And in that strength unfaltering rise  
To lives of noblest sacrifice.



Great Son of God, we own Thy claim--  
    Our souls are Thine, and not our own;  
Now on our foreheads stamp Thy name,  
    That we may live for Thee alone,  
And in our lives such service show,  
As Thou didst render here below.



John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

*Preparation for Worship*

How shall we climb the hill of God,  
And stand before His face--  
We, who in heedless ways have trod,  
And scorned the thought of grace?

Our hands with guilty deeds are stained,  
All that we touch is vile;  
The things we sought for, and have gained,  
With filthiness defile.

And in our hearts, the home of love,  
No love of God resides;  
No thought that wings its flight above,  
Where purity abides.

But Thou wilt cleanse our filthiness,  
And with Thy Spirit's fire  
Consume the hateful sordidness,  
That taints our souls' desire.

Then shall we climb the holy hill  
With those whose hands are clean;  
Such visions bright our minds shall fill  
As by the pure are seen.

O God, our God, we worship low,  
For Thou hast brought us nigh;  
Grant us in holiness to grow,  
Till we abide on high.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

Almighty God! Thy power controls  
The surging sea that ceaseless rolls;  
Its waves obey Thy high behest,  
And mount to heaven, or sink to rest.



Creation owns its rightful Lord,  
And bows submissive to Thy word;  
No will against Thy will prevails,  
He sinks to earth who God assails.

When passions surge within the soul,  
As waves before the tempest roll;  
When wild desires the heart entice  
From yielding aught to sacrifice,

Then, Lord, command the surge to cease,  
And give the soul Thy lasting peace;  
For Thou hast power who stilled the sea  
That wildly raged at Galilee.



Lord, when our souls by care oppressed,  
By sorrow grieved, or doubt distressed,  
Peer through the darkness for the ray  
That tells of dawn, and coming day:

Speak, and the Voice that bade the light  
O'erthrow the reign of primal night,  
Shall bring the sunshine that shall scare  
Those prowling terrors in their lair.

O Christ our Lord, Thy power proclaim,  
Our wills control, our passions tame;  
Be near us, and unrest shall cease,  
Amid the calm of heavenly peace.

John Brownlie

6,6,8,4

της πατρωας δοξης σου

*Penitence*



Far from Thy heavenly care,  
Lord, I have gone astray;  
And all the wealth Thou gav'st to me,  
Have cast away.

Now from a broken heart,  
In penitence sincere,  
I lift my prayer to Thee, O Lord;  
In mercy hear;

And in Thy blest abode  
Give me a servant's place,  
That I, a son, may learn to own  
A Father's grace.

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

φως ιλαρον αγαις δοξης

*By Athenogenes, d. 200*



Light serene of holy glory  
From the Immortal Father poured,  
Holy Thou, O blessed Jesus,  
Holy, blessed, Christ the Lord.

Now we see the sun descending,  
Now declines the evening light,  
And in hymns we praise the Father,  
Son and Spirit, God of Might.

Worthy of unending praises,  
Christ the Son of God, art Thou;  
For Thy gift of life eternal,  
See the world adores Thee now.

John Brownlie

6,6,8,6

*οταν ελθης ο θεος επι γης*

When Thou shalt come, O Lord,  
Wrapt in Thy glory bright,  
Then shall the earth in terror quake,  
The sun withhold his light.

When Thou shalt come, O Lord,  
Then to Thy judgment-bar,  
Even as a mighty stream, shall flow  
The sons of men from far.

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.

When Thou shalt come, O Lord,  
In mercy let me stand--  
No guilt upon my conscience laid--  
Approved, at Thy right hand.



John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

*την αχραντον εικονα σου προσκυνουμεν*



To Thy blest Cross, O Christ, we come,  
And falling down adore Thee,  
And humbly make confession full  
Of all our sins before Thee.

For Thou Thyself art very God,  
And freely cam'st to save us;  
And in our flesh the fetters broke  
With which our sins enslave us.

Therefore we own with grateful hearts  
The joy the Saviour brought us,  
Who came to earth, and in our sins  
With love and pity sought us.

John Brownlie

10,10,10,10

*Consecration*



Lord, I am Thine, for Thou hast died for me;  
Thy claim I own, and give myself to Thee;  
Not with the price of gold, of gold most fine  
Hast Thou redeemed my soul, and made me Thine:

Thy blood was shed upon the awful tree;  
I marvel at the love there shown for me  
All loveless, and to sin and self a slave;  
Thy gifts enriched me, yet I nothing gave!

Now in its wonder would my soul arise,  
Shorn of all pride, but precious in Thine eyes,  
Who for its life Thy glory laidst aside,  
And wore its shame, and for its purchase died;

And fired with love, that wondrous love proclaim  
In life, in death, in fealty to Thy name;  
In loving service, for such service given,  
Here upon earth, and yonder in Thy heaven.



Lord, I am Thine, Thy love hath won my soul;  
Now shall my life obey such sweet control--  
No, not mine own, the purchase is complete,  
I bring my all to lay it at Thy feet.

John Brownlie

11,10,11,10

ο Σωτηρ ημων, ανατολη ανατολων

*The Burden Bearer*



Come, with the load of sorrow thou art bearing,  
Lay it on Him who every burden bears;  
Let not thy soul in trouble sink despairing,  
He who hath sorrowed, every sorrow shares.

Look for the morn when night is dark and weary,  
Morning shall come when hours of night are spent;  
Clouds hide the sun, and make the noontide dreary,  
Gladness shall cheer you when the clouds are rent.

Look for His smile who gilds the hills at morning;  
Surely it comes as comes the morning sun;  
Beauty shall grace thy life with bright adorning,  
Even as the sunlight, till thy day is done.



Then, when the morn, that makes the hilltops golden  
Round the Jerusalem thy spirit gains,  
Breaks on thy view, shall come the gladness olden,  
Shared by the dwellers in those blest domains.



John Brownlie

7,7,7,5

*JESU, LUX HOMINUM*



When the morn with golden ray,  
Ushers in the new-born day,  
Brighter be Thy beams, I pray,  
    Jesu, Light of men.

When the joys of earth are blest,  
When I deem its gifts the best,  
Lead me to the land of rest,  
    Jesu, Light of men.

When the clouds around my head  
Fill the soul with doubt and dread,  
Let Thy gracious light be shed,  
    Jesu, Light of men.

When the darkness veils the light,  
When the day is lost in night,  
Shine in beams of radiance bright,  
    Jesu, Light of men.

When in night of grief I mourn,  
When with pain my heart is torn,  
Come in brightness, like the morn,  
    Jesu, Light of men.



When the vale of death I tread,  
Clouds of darkness round my head,  
On the path Thy brightness shed,  
    Jesu, Light of men.

When I dwell in light Divine,  
When the bliss of heaven is mine,  
Light of lights, all praise be Thine,  
    Jesu, Light of men.



John Brownlie

7,7,7,7,7,7

*ως ηγερθη ο κυριος, θανατωσας τον θανατον*



Glorious from the field of strife,  
Lo! the Victor mounts His throne;  
Lord of death and King of life,  
His the triumph, His alone--  
Glorious from the field of strife,  
Christ, Immortal King of Life.

Wake to gladness, sons of men!  
Heaven, your gates eternal raise!  
Welcome to your bliss again  
Him, the worthiest of praise--  
Glorious from the field of strife,  
Christ, Immortal King of Life.

Ah, the rage of angry foes!  
Ah, the garments rolled in blood!  
Where were dealt the fiercest blows,  
There the valiant Victor stood--  
Glorious on the field of strife,  
Christ, Immortal King of Life.



Sin and death--the twain assailed,  
And the Christ expiring fell;  
But the Death o'er death prevailed,  
And the might of sin and hell;  
Victor from the field of strife,  
Hail! Immortal King of Life.

John Brownlie

6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4

Darkly the tempest swept  
Over the sea;  
Fiercely the billows leapt,  
Bounding and free;  
Sternly each rower bent,  
While in the firmament  
Clouds were by lightnings rent,  
O'er Galilee.



Pillowed, the Master lay,  
Rocked by the deep;  
Worn with the toil of day,  
Weary, asleep;  
"Master," they fearful cry,  
"Wake to the danger nigh;  
Winds from the threatening sky,  
Billows that leap."

Calmly the Master rose--  
Winds are assuaged;  
Sank into calm repose  
Waters that raged,  
"Peace!" O Thou Lord of might,  
Speak in our dread affright,  
When through our troubled night,  
Battles are waged.



John Brownlie

7,6,7,6,8,8

*JERUSALEM LUMINOSA VERAЕ PACIS VISIO*



O city girt with glory!  
Thou scene of quiet rest,  
Where dwells the King Eternal,  
Oh, beautiful and blest!  
Thy streets are filled with glorious song,  
The praises of a myriad throng.

With stones of polished beauty  
Is reared thy structure fair;  
And gems, and gold, and crystal  
Are sparkling everywhere;  
With pearls thy gates are glittering gay,  
And golden is thy bright highway.

For ever, and in sweetness  
Are Alleluias given;  
Unending is the feast day,  
The royal feast of heaven;  
Whate'er within thy walls is stored,  
Is pure and holy to the Lord.



No clouds with sombre curtain  
Thy glorious brightness screen;  
There shines the Sun eternal,  
And aye at noonday seen;  
There is no night to give repose,  
For no one toil or trouble knows.

The vernal glow of spring-time  
Is rich and lasting there;  
The wealth of summer's beauty  
Is scattered everywhere;  
And that fair realm can never know  
The autumn's blast, or winter's snow.

The notes that fall in sweetness,  
    Where birds in woodland sing;  
The sounds of softest music,  
    That winds in summer bring,  
Are wafted o'er that city bright,  
In strains of unalloyed delight.



There youth adorned with vigour  
    Ne'er into age declines;  
No aged fears the mortal,  
    Nor for the past repines;  
For past and future are unknown,  
In heaven the present reigns alone.

No fleshly law can triumph,  
    And over reason ride;  
With bodies pure and stainless  
    The spirit shall abide;  
And power of flesh, and power of will,  
Shall both one common law fulfil.

Oh, bright the heavenly glory  
    This fragile frame shall wear,  
When health, and strength, and freedom  
    Shall crown with beauty rare;  
And pleasure's draughts no sorrow know,  
But everlasting joys bestow.



Now gladly bear the burden;  
    With zeal thy task maintain;  
And gifts shall crown thy labour,  
    And all thy loss be gain;  
When decked with splendour thou shalt be  
Where glory shines eternally.

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

*PUGNATE, CHRISTI MILITES*

Christian soldiers in the conflict!  
Bear the banner of the cross;  
Rich reward shall crown the victor,  
More than recompense, for loss.

Not with paltry palms that wither  
Shall the brow be gaily crowned;  
But with light that shines eternal,  
And with heavenly joy renowned.

Yours are mansions fair and comely,  
There your souls in bliss shall rest;  
Stars shall sparkle in their radiance  
On the pathway of the blest.

Earthly joys are faint and fleeting,  
Earthly favours quickly fade;  
Heavenward lift your eyes, expecting  
There your true reward is laid.

God be praised, who crowns the victor;  
Christ be praised, who saves from sin;  
Equal praise to God the Spirit,  
By whose aid we fight and win.



John Brownlie

6,6,8,6

**Refrain**

The time is drawing near,  
It may not tarry long,  
When they who face the conflict here,  
Shall join the glorious throng,

Where gladness fills the heart,  
And honour crowns the brow;  
For tireless service fit me, Lord,  
By willing service now.

Let sunshine flood the soul,  
When threatening night descends,  
That I may see the light serene  
No sunset ever ends.

Let strength my spirit nerve,  
That, with each labour done,  
I may, like those who serve above,  
See some new task begun;

The time is drawing near:  
Till that bright morning break,  
May I, with those who see Thy face,  
Thy will, my pleasure make:





John Brownlie

8,8,8,7

*ἕπερ τῆς ἀνωθεν εἰρηνης, καὶ τῆς σωτηριας τῶν ψυχῶν ἡμῶν, τοῦ Κυρίου δεηθῶμεν*

*ἘΚΤΕΝΗ, or Great Collect*

Lord, to our humble prayers attend:  
Let Thou Thy peace from heaven descend,  
And to our souls salvation send.  
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

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.

To all who meet for worship here,  
Do Thou in faithfulness draw near;  
Inspire with faith and godly fear.  
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

Oh, clothe Thy ministers with might,  
To rule within Thy Church aright,  
That they may serve as in Thy sight.  
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

The sovereign ruler of our land,  
Protect by Thine Almighty hand,  
And all around the throne who stand.  
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

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.

Let voyages by land and sea  
In danger's hour in safety be;  
The suffering and the captives free.



Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

Around us let Thy shield be cast,  
Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,  
And tribulation's bitter blast.

Have mercy, Lord, upon us.



John Brownlie

12,10,12,10+9,10

*Harvest*

***Refrain***



Come, praise with gladness the Lord of all creation,  
Heaven tells His glory, earth His bounty shews;  
Lowly He sought us, and won for us salvation,  
Grace fills our lives with goodness He bestows.

Bountiful Giver, Thine be the praise,  
Blessing, and honour, and glory, always.

Spring time and harvest, and cloud and summer gladness,  
Come to our earth because His promise lives;  
Morn smiles with beauty, and evening soothes our sadness--  
Such are the treasures that His bounty gives.

Spring time is now, and summer with its beauty;  
Brightness and sadness here alternate come;  
Lord, may the flowers, and fruits of love and duty,  
Blossom and ripen for Thy harvest home.



Then when the angels the reapers at the ending,  
Gather the fruitage which our lives have grown,  
May we with gladness, angel toil attending,  
Sing of the harvest at the heavenly home.

John Brownlie

10,10,10,10

High on the throne of the Ancient of Days,  
Lauded by hosts that unceasingly praise,  
Christ in the glory He valiantly won,  
Reigns in His right, the omnipotent Son.



Highest in rank fall adoringly down,  
Cherub, and seraph of peerless renown;  
Bowing their heads 'neath the shade of their wings,  
Each the Trisagion ceaselessly sings.

Princes and potentates, noble and strong,  
They to whom virtue and kin-ship belong,  
Lay at His footstool the crowns which they wear,  
Honoured to leave them in loyalty there.

Who can approach where such majesty bright,  
Fills with its radiance the dwelling of light?  
Who, where immortals abide evermore,  
Dare in the glory transcendent adore?



Lo, from the regions of sorrow they come,  
Singing, whose lips in the darkness were dumb;  
Thousands, ten thousands, with offerings of love,  
Rise to the bliss that receives them above.

Thou hast redeemed them, O Christ, they are Thine,  
Pure as the hosts in Thy presence they shine;  
They with the angels adoringly praise,  
Blending their song with immortals' always.

John Brownlie

7,6,7,6

Ah, that blest abode above,  
Who shall pass its portals?  
Who at length in peace and love,  
Dwell with the immortals?



They who battle for the right  
When the day is longest;  
They who conquer in the fight,  
When the foe is strongest.

Who shall, nearest to the throne,  
Have a place appointed?  
Who have greatest favour shewn  
By the Lord's Anointed?

They who serve Him gladly now,  
King and Captain royal;  
Ever mindful of their vow,  
Noble, steadfast, loyal.



Ah, the bliss of heaven's abode:  
Rise, my soul, to win it!  
Shrink not from the weary road,  
But in faith begin it.

List not to the call of sense,  
Earth is vain and lying;  
Yonder is thy recompense,  
'Mid a bliss undying.

Forward ever, day by day,  
Tread the path of duty;  
Angels help you in the way  
To the realm of beauty.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8,8,8

I sought the Lord at early morn,  
    When earth awoke to see the light;  
And to my soul a light was borne  
    That quelled the darkness of my night;  
He heard my prayer at early morn,  
And light into my heart was borne.



I sought the Lord when noontide shone,  
    And head and hand earth's duties shared;  
"I am Thy servant, Lord, alone,"  
    I said, and told Him how I fared;  
He heard my prayer as I drew near,  
And kept me at my task, sincere.

I sought the Lord when evening fell,  
    And night came gliding on apace;  
For I had sins my Lord to tell,  
    And He is full of pardoning grace;  
He heard my prayer, and bade me rest,  
And in His love my soul was blest.

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll pray,  
    And Thou, O Lord, my prayer wilt hear;  
For Thou art near my path always,  
    To aid, to comfort, or to cheer;  
No hour too early, none too late,  
To knock imploring at Thy gate.



O Jesus Christ, to Thee be praise!  
    'Tis Thou hast taught my soul to pray,  
For Thou didst speak with God always,  
    At morn, at noon, at close of day;  
And Thou hast said He hears the prayer  
The longing soul breathes everywhere.

John Brownlie

7,7,7,7

Let a shining robe be mine,  
Spotless as the snow drift white,  
Thou, who for Thy form Divine,  
Mak'st a garment of the light.



Darkness from Thy presence flies,  
Thou art light: and where Thou art,  
Radiance, as from heavenly skies,  
Seeks, effulgent, every heart.

Far I wandered from the right,  
Dark around, and dark within;  
Groping in the gloom of night,  
Wounded in the ways of sin.

And my rags with mire defiled,  
Clothe my naked soul with shame;  
For, from Thee, a wayward child,  
I have wandered to my blame.



Let Thy presence fill my soul,  
Let my heart Thy nearness feel;  
Speak the word, and I am whole;  
Touch my wounds, and they shall heal.

Then the night that round me lies,  
At Thy presence shall depart;  
And a glorious light arise  
In the darkness of my heart.

Let a shining robe be mine,  
Spotless as the snow drift white;  
Thou, who, for Thy form Divine,  
Mak'st a garment of the light.

John Brownlie

8,4,8,4,8

I am alone, yet not alone,  
For Thou art near:  
I cannot see Thy loving face,  
But I can hear  
The cheering promise of Thy grace.



Thou wilt not leave me in the dark  
When falls the night;  
For round my path and in my soul  
Thou art the Light  
To guide me with Thy sweet control.

No want can steal my rich supplies  
Of love and peace;  
For though I lack what others hold,  
My stores increase  
With heavenly gifts more rare than gold.

And Thou wilt bear me all life through,  
And in the end  
Wilt still abide what Thou hast been,  
My constant Friend,  
And take me where Thy face is seen.





John Brownlie

8,8,8,5

Oh, the Cross, the Saviour dying,  
Wounded sore, and faint, and sighing,  
Bowed beneath the burden lying  
    On His spotless soul.

'Tis thy load He falters under;  
Speaks not heaven in wrathful thunder?  
Earth! behold the sight, and wonder,  
    Love has borne the rod.

Canst thou love the sin that bound Him,  
Threw the robe of scorn around Him,  
Mocking bowed the knee, and crowned Him  
    With the cruel thorn?

Jesus, at Thy feet relenting,  
Bring I all my guilt repenting,  
All my cruel sin lamenting:  
    Christ, my sin forgive!



John Brownlie

6,6,6,6,6,6

I wandered sore distressed,  
    All weary and forlorn;  
I had no place to rest,  
    Of all my pleasures shorn--  
My thirsting spirit sighed,  
And in the desert cried.

The Shepherd heard my cry,  
    Who came His flock to find,  
And drew in mercy nigh,  
    For He is wondrous kind;  
His winning voice awoke  
My spirit as He spoke.

He bade my wandering cease,  
    And gave my heart a home,  
That, from the bliss of peace,  
    I might no longer roam;  
He gave me hope for fears,  
And lasting joy for tears.



John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

Once the Lord, for our salvation,  
Left the realm of endless bliss;  
And to serve, in lowly station,  
Came to such a world as this.



Weary oft He toiled in weakness,  
Winning erring lives from wrong;  
Dwelling with the poor in meekness,  
Bidding fainting souls be strong;

Bearing scorn and rude deriding,  
From the proud who passed Him by;  
Never the repentant chiding  
For their guilt and misery.

For His heart with love o'erflowing,  
Bound Him to our needy race;  
Day by day the gifts bestowing  
From the fulness of His grace.



Once upon a cross uplifted,  
Did the Lord for sinners die,  
That there might to man be gifted,  
Life, to live eternally.

Shall I then with such a Giver,  
Claim whate'er I have as mine?  
Nay, myself and mine, for ever,  
To His service I resign.

John Brownlie

8,7,8,7

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.



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.

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.

Rest, my soul: that love unfailing  
    Strengthens in the hour of woe--  
For the pain thy life assailing  
    Found Him when He dwelt below.



John Brownlie

6,6,8,6

My soul doth wait on God,  
From Him my help proceeds;  
His mercy is exceeding broad,  
To overtake my needs.



He gives His pardoning grace,  
When I my sin confess;  
Nor ever hides from me His face  
In my distressfulness.

The Spirit of all power,  
Most freely He bestows;  
And I am strong in evil hour,  
When pressed by direst foes.

Oh, He has gifts in store,  
More rich than wealth commands;  
And when His pity I implore,  
He fills my empty hands.



God, Thou art good and kind,  
And full of tender grace;  
Have me for ever in Thy mind,  
Nor hide from me Thy face.

John Brownlie

8,6,8,6

The chariots of the Lord are strong,  
Their number passeth ken;  
Mount them and fight against the wrong,  
Ye who are valiant men.



Where, unabashed, the power of sin  
Vaunts an unhindered sway,  
Ride, in the strength of God, and win  
Fresh laurels in the fray.

For freedom wield the sword of might,  
And cut the bands that bind;  
Strike boldly in the cause of right,  
And still fresh laurels find.

Where hands are weak, and hearts are faint,  
Through conflict sharp and sore;  
Where hearts that murmur no complaint,  
Shrink at the thought of more:



There let the power of God be shown,  
To quell satanic might;  
To rescue those who strive alone,  
Despondent in the fight.

Ride on, the chariots of the Lord,  
Dispel the hosts of sin;  
Ye who are valiant, wield the sword,  
And still fresh laurels win.

John Brownlie

8,3,8,3,8,8,3

O heavenly land beyond the sun!  
Far away;  
Where pilgrims rest, their wanderings done,  
Far away;  
Where sin and sorrow, grief and pain,  
Shall ne'er afflict the soul again,  
Far away.



O heavenly land of promise sweet!  
Far away;  
Where Christ and His redeemed shall meet,  
Far away;  
Where love and peace shall fill the heart,  
And joy respond in every part,  
Far away.

O blessed land where Jesus is!  
Far away;  
Where all shall come He claims as His  
Far away;  
The pure in heart, the meek, are there,  
And oh, that land is passing fair!  
Far away.



O blessed land beyond the sun!  
Far away;  
I'll share thy joys when earth is done,  
Far away;  
Lord Jesus, fit me by Thy grace,  
And in Thy love prepare a place,  
Far away.

John Brownlie

7,6,7,6

There is no friend like Jesus,  
So constant and so kind;  
He heals the wounded spirit,  
And calms the troubled mind.



The hungry soul He feedeth  
With manna from His store;  
And of His living water  
We drink to thirst no more.

When weary is our journey,  
And heavy is our load,  
This constant Friend is with us,  
To cheer our toilsome road.

When bright our path and joyous,  
And sunshine floods the way,  
Our joy He renders tenfold  
More joyous every day.



There is no friend like Jesus,  
So constant is His love;  
The earth has seen His kindness,  
'Twill be enjoyed above.

Through death's dark vale He'll lead us--  
That vale He passed before;  
With life immortal clothe us,  
To be unclothed no more.

And in that land the fairest,  
With joys that never end,  
Our Lord shall stand supremely,  
Our true and constant Friend.



John Brownlie

8,7,8,7,8,7

When I heard the Saviour calling  
    Weary, burdened souls to rest--  
"Tis the voice of love that calleth,  
    I will honour His behest;"  
And I found repose from sorrow,  
Leaning on my Saviour's breast.



Weary souls, all upward toiling,  
    Have ye sorrow for your care?  
Wherefore bend beneath the burden  
    Which your Lord will gladly share?  
He can bear your weight of sorrow,  
Who the cross to Calvary bare.

Seek not rest in worldly promise;  
    Worldly rest hath troubled dreams;  
Not so true the world's fulfilment,  
    As at first the promise seems.  
He who tastes the Living Water  
Thirsts not after other streams.

Hear the voice of Jesus calling,  
    Take the burden He bestows,  
"Tis a load, the more you bear it,  
    Lighter and yet lighter grows;  
And at length the faithful bearer  
Finds an undisturbed repose.



John Brownlie

8,3,8,8,3

I would not have a hand to guide  
    But Thine;  
For Thou hast trod where sinners stray,  
And knowest well life's troubled way,  
    And mine.

I would not have a will to rule  
    But Thine;  
For Thou art wise as Thou art good,  
And none can better choose what should  
    Be mine.

Oh, I would tread the sorest path  
    For Thee;  
For Thou canst make the roughest plain,  
Give joy for grief, and calm the pain  
    For me.



John Brownlie

8,8,8,4

O Jesus, let me hear Thy voice,  
No music sweeter to my ear;  
It tells my drooping heart to hope,  
For Thou art near.



Speak when the tempest fiercely blows,  
Bid Thou its angry raging cease;  
For where Thy voice is heard, there reigns  
Eternal peace.

Speak when the clouds in dusky folds  
Hide from mine eyes the noontide sun;  
For when Thy voice proclaims Thy will,  
Thy will is done.

O Jesus, let Thy voice be heard  
In stilly eve and buoyant morn;  
And let the peace it brings, each day  
My life adorn.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,4

Come, rest awhile; 'tis eventide--  
The hour to meditation dear;  
And set the cares of life aside,  
For God is near.



Oh, let a thankful spirit tell  
The wonders of His heavenly grace,  
The love that loves us, all too well,  
Who spurn His grace.

Amid our daily life He bears  
Our cold despite and thankless scorn;  
As if He gave not rest at eve,  
And joy at morn.

Thou gav'st me, Lord, at early morn,  
A gift unsullied, for my care;  
Another day, I might adorn  
With graces rare.



I dare not tell it to my God  
But oh, that gift's no longer bright;  
He gave it with the charm of morn,  
And now 'tis night.

O God, 'tis well at eventide,  
The hour for meditation given,  
To know we're welcome at Thy side--  
Foretaste of heaven.

For oh, one precious day misspent,  
Is all too great a load to bear;  
But I will lay it at Thy feet,  
And leave it there.

John Brownlie

8,8,8,8

We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast spread  
A table for Thy people here;  
Where we may taste the Living Bread,  
And feel Thy blessed presence near.



Here, where Thy people meet, Thou art;  
We hear Thy voice in accents sweet;  
Thy blood is wine to fainting heart,  
Thy flesh to hungry spirits meat.

Oh, help us, Lord, to feast with joy  
Upon the bounties of Thy grace;  
Here may no anxious thoughts annoy,  
Here may we see Thy loving face.

O Christ, who, in Thy love untold,  
Didst give Thyself to death for man,  
Here at Thy table, Lord, unfold  
The beauty of Redemption's plan.



Oh, send Thy Spirit to our aid--  
That Spirit promised long ago,  
When first the solemn feast was laid,  
Even in the valley of Thy woe.

And let Him bring sweet comfort near,  
And when we see the thorn-decked brow,  
We may remember He who died  
Is crowned with life immortal now.

John Brownlie

6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5

Hark the voice of angels.  
Listen to their praise;  
Christ the Lord of glory  
Is their song always;  
Never are they weary,  
Ever do they sing,  
For they dwell in Zion,  
And they love its King.  
Hark! they tell the glory  
Of the heavenly King;  
Glad their hearts to serve Him,  
Glad the praise they bring.



Hark! the voice of children,  
In the heavenly throng;  
And they praise the Saviour,  
With a sweeter song;  
For He died to save them,  
In His matchless love,  
And rejoicing brought them  
To His home above.  
Hark! they tell the wonders  
Of redeeming grace;  
Dwelling in the sunshine  
Of the Saviour's face.



Hark! the voice of children,  
Singing here below--  
Pilgrims on a journey,  
Up to Zion we go;  
Faint our youthful praises,  
Sweeter yet we'll sing,  
When we reach the palace  
Of the heavenly King.  
Hark! the voice of children,  
Singing here below--

Pilgrims on a journey,  
Up to Zion we go.

Hail the smile of morning!  
Hills and valleys sing,  
Sunlight is adorning  
Every pleasant thing;  
Not a note of sadness  
Mars the tuneful lay;  
Melody of gladness  
Greets the coming day.  
Lend your gleeful voices,  
Children, to the lay;  
Morn of life rejoices,  
As the morn of day.

Love is like the morning,  
Smiling from the hills;  
All our life adorning,  
Banishing our ills;  
In the love that greets us,  
Every opening day,  
God our Father meets us,  
Smiling on our way.  
Let our hearts adoring,  
God of love adore;  
Aye His grace imploring  
That we love Him more.



John Brownlie

7,6,7,6

O, come in early morning,  
The Saviour's heart is kind;  
And they who seek Him early,  
Are ever sure to find;  
They cannot miss the pathway,  
When all around is bright;  
They lose the path and stumble,  
Who tarry till the night.



Oh, come in early morning,  
The dew is on the flower,  
There's laughter in the woodland,  
And music in the bower;  
The world is full of gladness,  
And sings the Maker's praise,  
There's not a note of sadness,  
To mar the matin lays.

Oh, come in early morning,  
The sun is climbing high;  
And all the world is smiling,  
Beneath a cloudless sky;  
There's not a piping blackbird,  
But sings with lusty glee;  
There's not a little lambkin,  
But frolics on the lea.



Oh, come in early morning,  
It cannot aye be bright,  
The night shall fold its curtains,  
And hide the joyous light;  
And gloom, and grief, and sadness,  
Shall be in every song;  
Oh, come in early morning,  
And serve Him all day long.



Oh, come in early morning,  
    Oh, come with laughing eye,  
Oh, come with pulses bounding,  
    And hope that's soaring high;  
The joy of morn shall linger  
    Throughout a joyous day,  
And in the night the gladness  
    No gloom shall chase away.

# **Indexes**

## **Index of Pages of the Print Edition**

i ii 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32  
33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63  
64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94  
95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118  
119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141  
142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164  
165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187  
188 189 190 191 192