

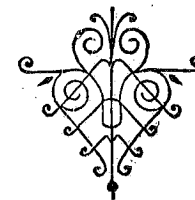


Sullivan, Arthur Seymour, Sir

HYMN TUNES

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED
AND
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PREFACE.

THE fifty-six tunes, with the twelve arrangements, in this volume have been gathered from various sources, and, so far as can be ascertained, the collection is complete. Nos. 5, 33, 35, and 44, are printed from manuscripts found after the composer's death, which occurred November 22nd, 1900. The first (No. 5) of these tunes is a setting of the late Mrs. Alexander's familiar words, "The roseate hues of early dawn," originally composed for the "Hymnary." The manuscript of No. 33 is dated "June 16, 1899." Words for Nos. 29, 30, 33, and 40 have been specially written by Miss Mary Bradford Whiting.

The Hymn-Tune creativeness of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan covered a period of thirty-two years. In 1867 he contributed to "A Hymnal, chiefly from The Book of Praise," edited by the late John Hullah, and in the same year to "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship," a collection compiled for the use of the Presbyterian Church of England; in 1899 he composed the tune named "Victoria," No. 33 in the present collection. Between these two dates he wrote twelve tunes for the "Hymnary"—one of them being his familiar setting of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's words, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—and he edited the music edition of "Church Hymns": these are the landmarks, so to speak, of his contributions to the common worship-song of the Church.

For eleven years (1861-1872) in the early part of his career, Arthur Sullivan held the organistships of two London churches—St. Michael's, Chester Square, Pimlico, and St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, Kensington. To this practical experience of a congregation's needs and capabilities, his success as a hymn-tune composer is in a large measure due. "One of the brightest and last-risen stars of our English musical hemisphere," wrote John Hullah of him in the Preface of the Hymnal referred to above. These words, charged with the sincerity of honest conviction, if somewhat prophetic at the moment they were written, have been indelibly endorsed by the hand of Time.

London, 1902.

*April 11, 1977
P. M. Salmon*

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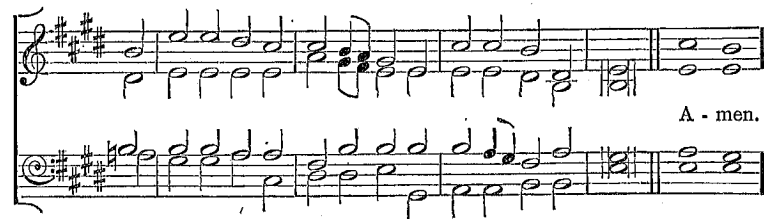
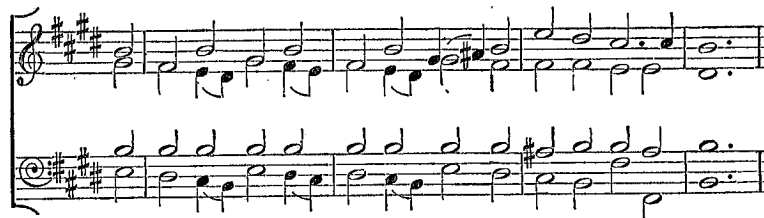
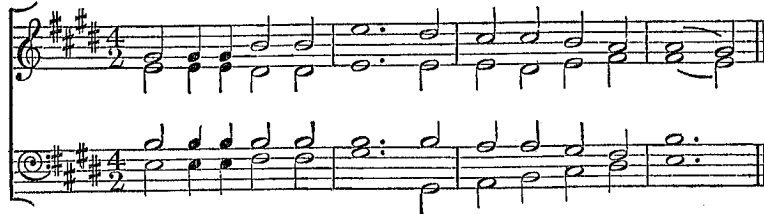
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1

Crown Him with many crowns.

CORONÆ.

D.S.M.



(2)

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

1.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2.

Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3.

Crown Him the Lord of peace.
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

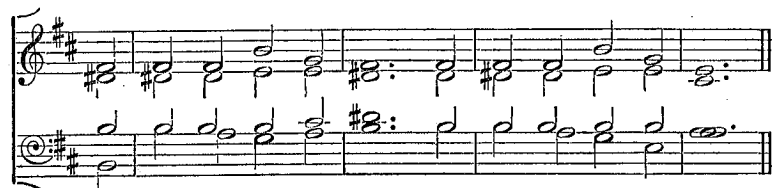
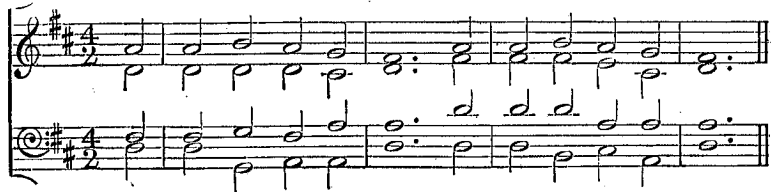
MATTHEW BRIDGES.

(3)

2 ☉ where shall rest be found.

ECCLESIA.

D.S.M.



1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
sound
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

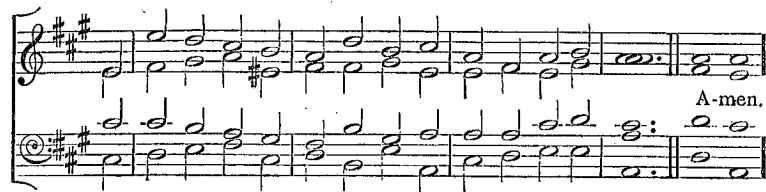
3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy
face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

3 God moves in a mysterious way.

St. NATHANIEL.

C.M.



- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

W. COWPER.

AUDITE AUDIENTES MR.

D.C.M.

Slowly, VOICES IN UNISON.

Org.

VOICES IN HARMONY.

* was Wea-ry and worn and sad, *f*

A - men.

* First verse only.

1.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

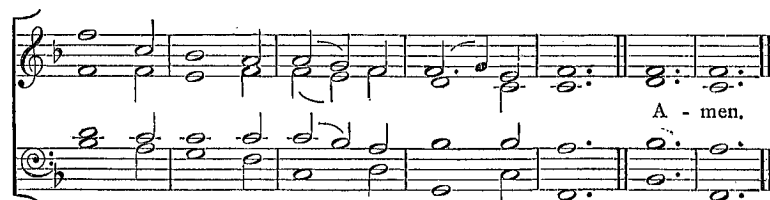
3.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done. Amen.

H. BONAR.

THE ROSEATE HUES.

D.C.M.



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1.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away!
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
 Oh, for the golden floor,
 Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
 That setteth nevermore!

2.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
 Oh, for a soul washed white,
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day nor night.

3.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness, and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
 And by Thy Life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

VENI CREATOR.

L.M.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls in - spire, And lighten with ce - les - tial fire.

Thou the anointing Spi - rit art, Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts . . im - part.

- 2 Thy blessed unction | from above
Is comfort, life, and | fire of love.
Enable, with per - | petual light,
The dulness of our | blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our | soiled face
With the abundance | of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give | peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide, no | ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the | Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to | be but One;
That, through the ages | all along,
This may be our | endless song:—

Last verse. *Slower.*

Praise to Thy e - ter - nal merit, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.
Tr. Bp. J. Cosin.

7

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

PROPIOR DEO.

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

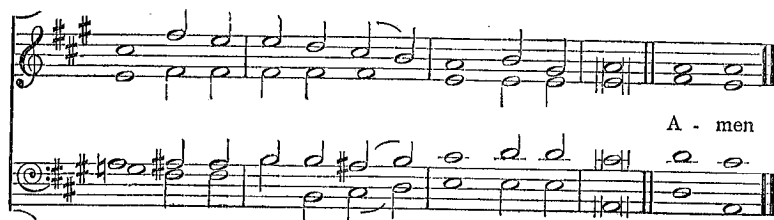
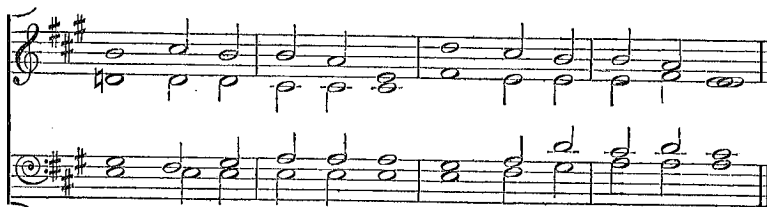
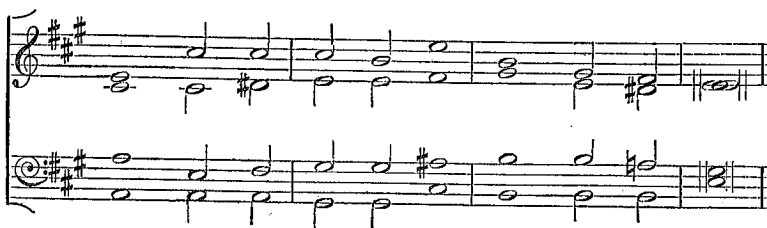
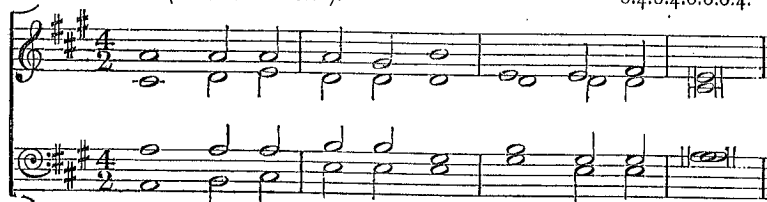
A - men.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto Heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.
S. F. ADAMS.

We are but strangers here.

FATHERLAND (OR ST. EDMUND).

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.



WE ARE BUT STRANGERS HERE.

1.

We are but strangers here,
 Heaven is our Home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is our Home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round us on every hand,
 Heaven is our Fatherland,
 Heaven is our Home.

2.

What though the tempests rage?
 Heaven is our Home;
 Short is our pilgrimage,
 Heaven is our Home.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast,
 We shall reach Home at last;
 Heaven is our Home.

3.

There at our Saviour's side
 Heaven is our home;
 May we be glorified;
 Heaven is our Home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 Grant us with them to rest:
 Heaven is our Home.

4.

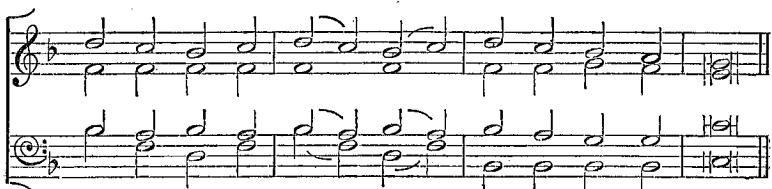
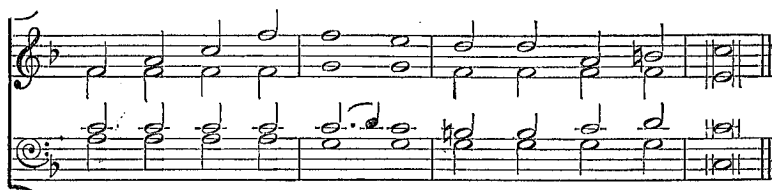
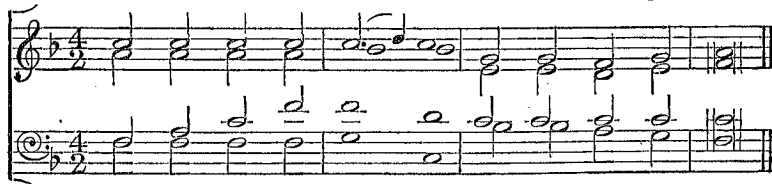
Grant us to murmur not,
 Heaven is our Home.
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heaven is our Home.
 Grant us at last to stand
 There at Thine own Right Hand,
 Jesu, in Fatherland:
 Heaven is our Home! Amen.

T. R. TAYLOR.

Onward, Christian soldiers.

St. GERTRUDE.

6.5., 12 lines.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.



With the Cross of Je - sus,
Cross of Je - sus, A - men.

With the Cross of Je - sus,

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe:
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph,
Satan's armies flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 What the Saints established
That we hold for true:
What the Saints believed
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.
Onward, &c.

5 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain,
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

6 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

S. BARING GOULD.

Brightly gleams our banner.

St. THERESA.

6.5., 12 lines.

SOPRANO VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, . .

Wa-ving on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high! . .

March-ing through the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

Still, with hearts u - ni - ted, Sing-ing on our way, —

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky,

f

Ped.

UNISON.

Wa-ving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high! A - men.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, &c.

4 All our days direct us,
In the way we go:
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

5 Then with saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises.
At Thy Throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
Brightly gleams, &c.

Amen.

T. J. POTTER.

11 Hushed was the evening hymn.

HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Musical score for 'Hushed was the evening hymn' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady rhythm. The final system ends with the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a Voice divine
Rang through the silence of the
shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.
J. D. BURNS.

12 Safe home, safe home in port.

SAFE HOME.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Musical score for 'Safe home, safe home in port.' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady rhythm. The first system has a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The second system has an 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The third system ends with the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

1 SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

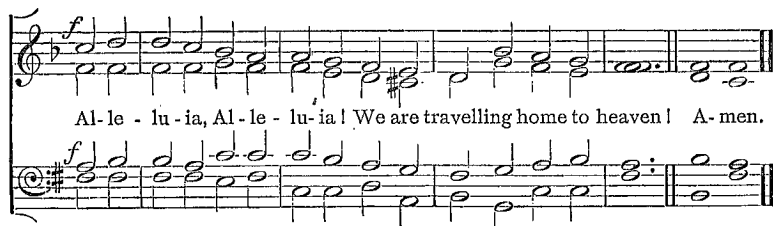
4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But One came by, with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears:
What matter now this bitter fray?
The King has wiped those tears away.

6 O happy, happy bride!
Thy widowed hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last:
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up. Amen.
J. M. NEALE.

PILGRIMAGE.

6.6.8.6.4.7.



1 From Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better
home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Alleluia !
We are travelling home to heaven !

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Alleluia !
We are travelling home to heaven !

5 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
As journeying through the wilderness,
We seek the promised rest !
Alleluia !
We are travelling home to heaven ! Amen.

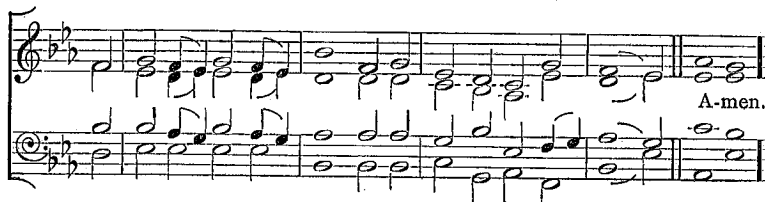
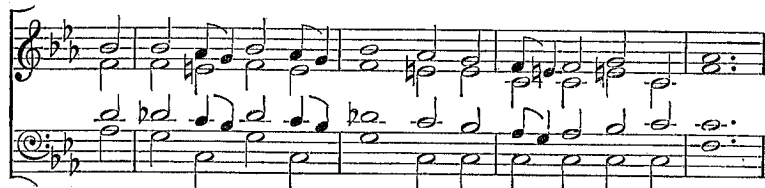
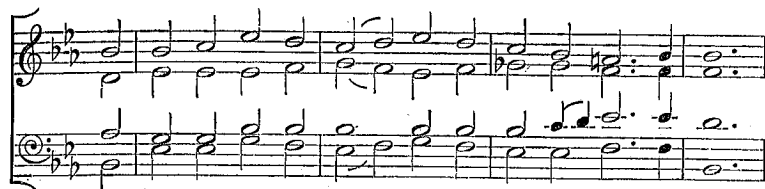
3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And all the strife is o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless
peace,
And never hunger more.
Alleluia !
We are travelling home to heaven !

4 There in celestial strains
The ransomed captives sing :
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Alleluia !
We are travelling home to heaven !

T. KELLY.

LUX MUNDI.

7.6.7.6. D.



1 O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
Oh, shame, thrice shame, upon us,
To keep Him standing there !

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking ;
And lo ! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait !
Oh sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low—
" I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ! "

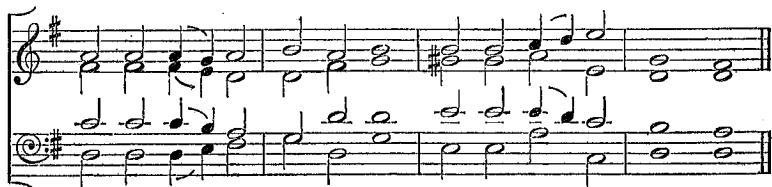
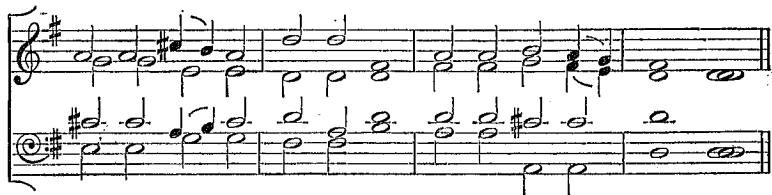
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

Bp. W. WALSHAM HOW.

15 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

St. KEVIN.
Stately.

7.6.7.6. D.



1 COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,—
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,—
Led them with unmoistened feet
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.

All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

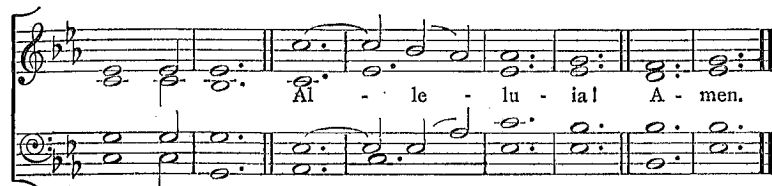
3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection! Amen.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

16 Let no tears to-day be shed.

St. MILLICENT.
Tenderly.

7.7.4.



1 LET no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed. Alleluia!

2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws. Alleluia!

3 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath past. Alleluia!

4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed for race well run: Alleluia!

5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward! Alleluia!

6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia!

7 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence. Alleluia!

8 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one; Alleluia!

9 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. R. F. LITLEDALE.

17 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.

LACRYMÆ. 7-7-7.

A - men.

- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place. Amen.

I. WILLIAMS

18 In the hour of my distress.

EVBLYN. 7-7-7.6.
Not too fast.

- 1 IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- 2 When I lie upon my bed
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- 3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
While mine eyes their night-watch keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- 4 When the tempter me pursueth,
And the sins of all my youth
Stand arrayed in naked truth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- 5 When the Judgment is revealed,
And the book of doom unsealed;
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me. Amen

R. HERRICK.

LITANY, No. 1.

7.7.7.6.

VOICES IN UNISON.

i. Je - su, we are far a - way From the light of heavenly day,

Lost in paths of sin we stray : Lord, in mer-cy hear us. A-men.

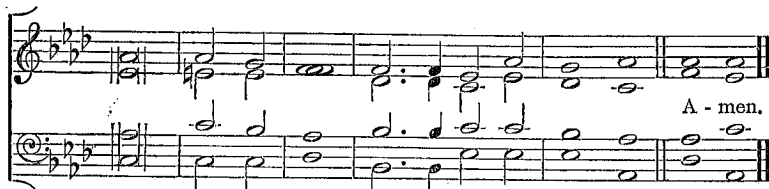
- 1 Jesu, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 2 Deeper has the darkness grown ;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 3 Thou our great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earth-bound heart :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 4 Foolish, weak, and sad we lie ;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 5 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

- 6 Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 7 On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 8 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 9 May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 10 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 11 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 12 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 13 Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 14 Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 15 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal :
Lord, in mercy hear us.
- 16 So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessed be :
Lord, in mercy hear us. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

LITANY, No. 2.

7.7.7.6.



- 1 Jesu, Life of those who die,
Advocate with God on high,
Hope of Immortality :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 Thou, whose death to mortals
gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave ;
Living now from death to save :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 3 Thou, before whose great white
Throne
All transgression must be shown ;
Pleading now for us Thine own :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 4 Thou, whose death was borne
that we,
From the power of Satan free,
Might not die eternally :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 5 Thou, who dost a place prepare,
That in heavenly mansions fair
Sinners may Thy glories share :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

DEATH.

- 6 We are dying day by day,
Soon from earth we pass away !
Lord of Life, to Thee we pray :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 Ere we hear the Angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our Saviour, be our All :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Wean our hearts from things
below,
Make us all Thy love to know,
Guard us from our ghostly foe :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 9 Shelter us with Angel's wing,
To our souls Thy pardon bring ;
So shall death have lost its sting :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 10 In the gloom Thy light provide,
Safely through the valley guide ;
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died !
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

JUDGMENT,

- 11 When Thy summons we obey,
On the dreadful Judgment Day,
Let not fear our soul dismay :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 12 While the lost in terror fly,
May we see with joyful eye
Our Redemption drawing nigh :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 13 May we see Thee on Thy Throne,
As the Saviour we have known
And have followed as our own :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 14 May we, then, among the blest,
Who Thy Name on earth con-
fessed
Hear Thee calling us to rest :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

HELL.

- 15 From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom,
Dead souls lie as in a tomb :
Save us, Holy Jesu.
- 16 From the black, the dull despair
Ruined men and angels share ;
From the dread companions
there :
Save us, Holy Jesu.
- 17 From the unknown agonies
Of the soul that helpless lies,
From the worm that never dies :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

- 18 From the lusts that never tame.
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

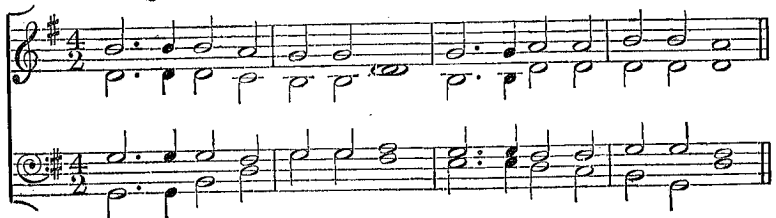
HEAVEN.

- 19 Where Thy saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain :
Bring us, Holy Jesu.
- 20 Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling
cease,
Where the weary rest in peace :
Bring us, Holy Jesu.
- 21 Where the pleasures never cloy,
Where in Angel's holy joy,
God-like men their powers
employ :
Bring us, Holy Jesu.
- 22 Where in wondrous light are
shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are
known :
Bring us, Holy Jesu.
- 23 Where, with loved ones gone
before,
We may love Thee, and adore
In Thy presence evermore :
Bring us, Holy Jesu.
Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

LITANY No. 3.

7.7.7.6.



1.

Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn, and when we pray.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2.

When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3.

Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4.

May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5.

May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6.

May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7.

May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8.

Jesu, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9.

Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10.

Jesu, whom we hope to see,
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee.
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

T. B. POLLOCK.

Let us with a gladsome mind.

EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE.
First and last verse.

Four 7's.

Musical score for 'Let us with a gladsome mind'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is labeled 'First and last verse. (Last verse.)'. The second system is labeled 'A - men.'. The third system is labeled 'Verses 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.' and ends with '&c.'. The fourth system is labeled 'Verse 5.' and ends with '&c.'.

1 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

2 Who by His wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

3 Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

4 Who by His all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

5 And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

6 The hornèd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

7 All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

8 Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure ! Amen.

J. MILTON.

Rock of ages, cleft for me.

MOUNT ZION.

Six 7's.

Musical score for 'Rock of ages, cleft for me'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is labeled 'MOUNT ZION.' and 'Six 7's.'. The second system is labeled 'A - men.'. The third system is labeled 'A - men.'.

1.
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.
Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

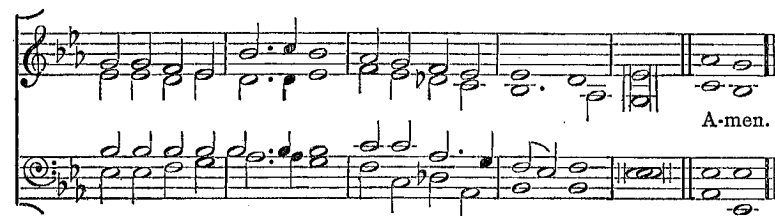
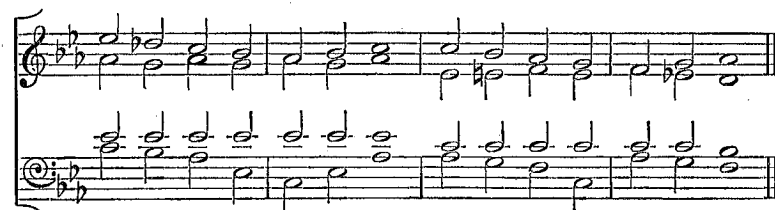
4.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne :
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

24 Saviour! when in dust to Thee.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

Eight 7's.



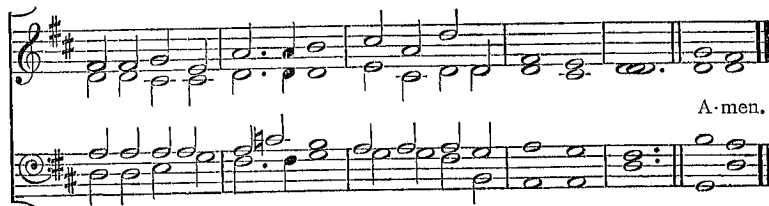
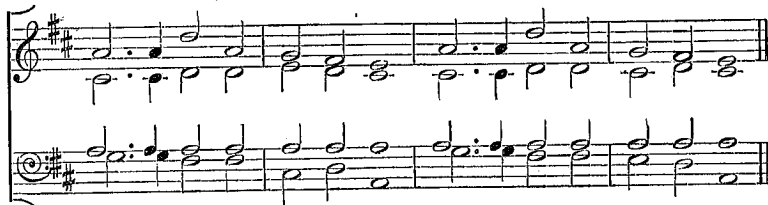
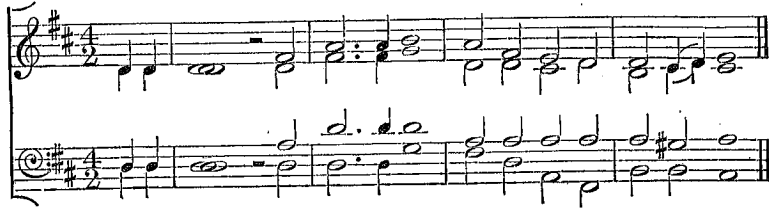
SAVIOUR! WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

- 1 SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee,
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below;
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power;
 Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode;
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
 From Thy seat above the sky,
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 4 By Thine hour of whelming fear;
 By Thine agony and prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and gibe, and scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry;
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sealed sepulchral stone;
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By Thy power from death to save;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To Thy Throne in heaven restored
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany! Amen.

R. GRANT.

ST. PATRICK.

Eight 7's.



- 1 He is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.
- 2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.
- 3 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.
- 4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

26 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.

THE LONG HOME.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

Musical score for 'Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/2. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style. The final system ends with the text 'A-men.'.

- 1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.
- J. W. MEINHOLD, tr. C. WINKWORTH

27 My God, I thank Thee.

CARROW.

8.4.8.4.8.4.

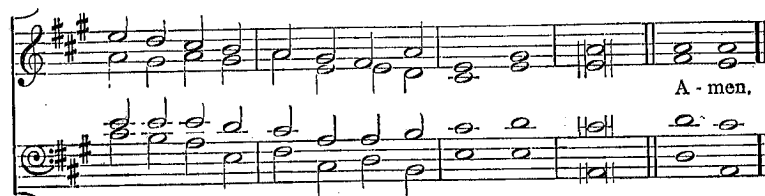
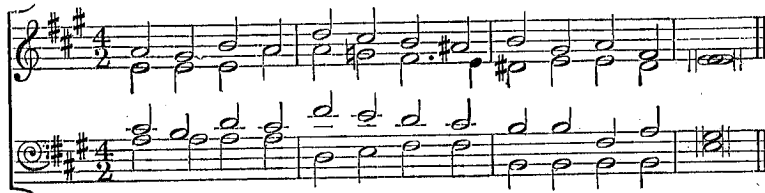
Musical score for 'My God, I thank Thee'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style. The final system ends with the text 'A - men.'.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1.
My God, I thank Thee Who hast
The earth so bright, [made
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.</p> | <p>4.
For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how
Our weak heart clings, [soon
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.</p> |
| <p>2.
I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast
Joy to abound, [made
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us around;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.</p> | <p>5.
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store: [kept
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.</p> |
| <p>3.
I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.</p> | <p>6.
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
Though amply blest, [souls,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.</p> |

ADBLAIDE A. PROCTER.

Rest.

8.5.8.3.

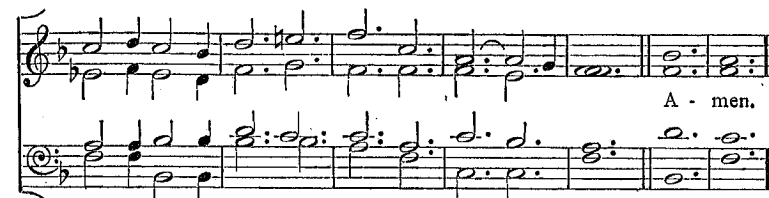
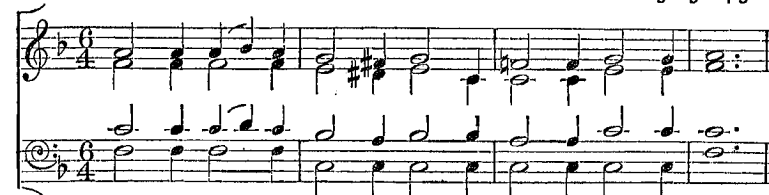


- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, and "coming,
Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Woundprints,
And His Side."
- 3 Is there diadem as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety:
But of Thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

ANGEL VOICES.

8.5.8.5.8.4.3.



1.
STARS of evening, softly gleaming
In the fading West,
With your heavenly light is streaming
Hope to hearts opprest!
Toil is over, cease from sorrow,
Till to-morrow
Sleep and rest!

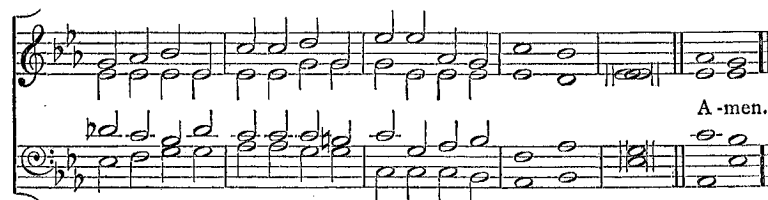
2.
Hark! the evening bells are bringing
Hope of glad release,
Welcome strains their chimes are
ringing—
"Labour now shall cease;
Though the day be long and dreary,
To the weary
Cometh peace!"

3.
Heavenly Father! watch beside us
Till the dawn of light,
And whatever may betide us
Guard us by Thy might!
Trusting in Thy gracious keeping,
Calmly sleeping
Through the night.

4.
So when Death's dark clouds fall
slowly
Over land and sea,
May Thy light, serene and holy,
On our pathway be;
Leading us to joy transcending
In unending
Rest with Thee! Amen.
MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

30 At Thine altar, Lord, we gather.

DULCE SONANS. WEDDING HYMN. 8.5.8.5.8.4.3.



1.
At Thine altar, Lord, we gather
On this gladsome day;
Hear us now, oh, heavenly Father,
While we humbly pray.
Keep Thy servants, blessings send
them,
And defend them
All their way.

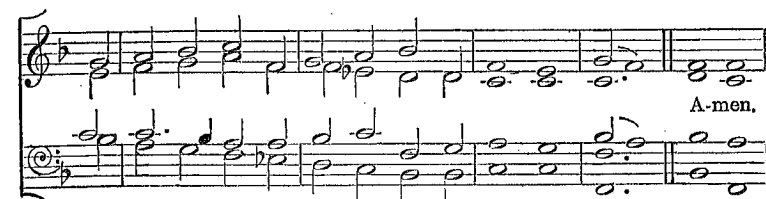
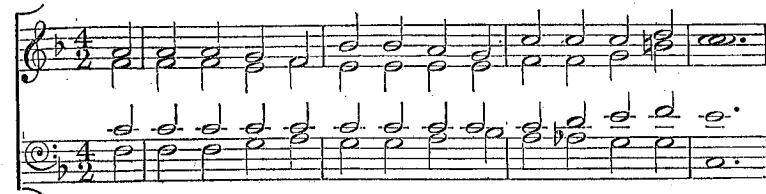
2.
Grant them Love in boundless measure,
Love that cannot die;
Love, the holiest, purest treasure
Of Thy gifts on high.
Daily labour and endeavour,
Love will ever
Glorify!

3.
Lord, be Thou their help prevailing
Till life's day be past,
May their courage be unfailing
And their faith be fast.
In Thy heavenly grace confiding,
Firm abiding
To the last!

4.
May their heart to heart communion
Still more blissful prove,
Till they reach the perfect union
Of their home above.
Heaven shall crown the troth thus
plighted,
Reunited
In Thy love! Amen.
MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

31 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

PROMISSIO PATRIS. 8.6.8.4.



1 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

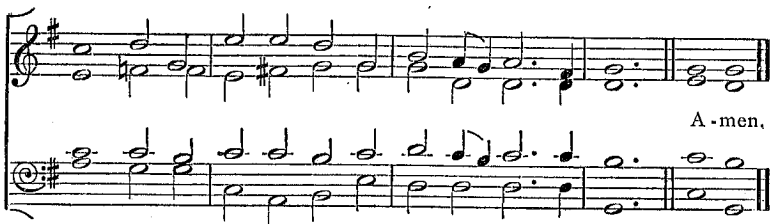
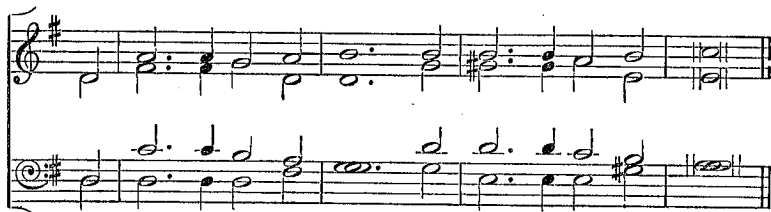
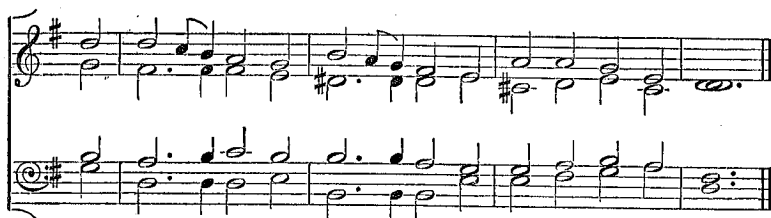
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

PARADISE.

8.6.8.6.5.6.6.6.



O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free,
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 'Tis weary waiting here;
 We long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near;
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 We long to sin no more;
 We long to be as pure on earth
 As on Thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 We shall not wait for long;
 E'en now the loving ear may catch
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight. Amen.

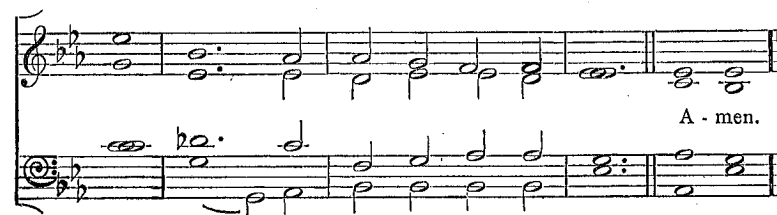
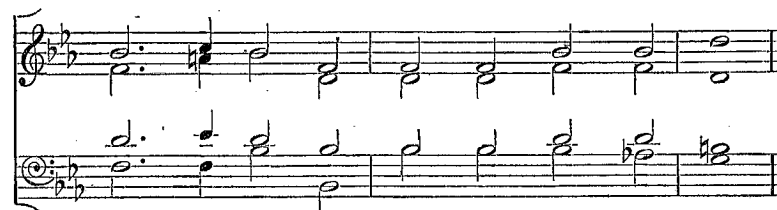
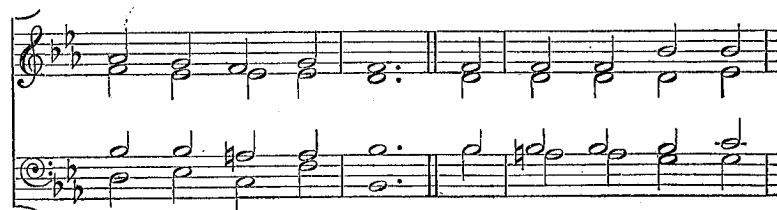
F. W. FABER.

33 To mourn our dead we gather here.

VICTORIA

8.6.8.6.8.

Slowly, with devotion.



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TO MOURN OUR DEAD WE GATHER HERE.

1.

To mourn our dead we gather here
 In love and grief to-day;
 Oh! thou whom we have held so dear,
 Whom God hath called away—
 Farewell!
 A last farewell we say!

2.

The strife is hushed in peace divine,
 The earthly task is o'er,
 Now everlasting rest is thine
 Upon the heavenly shore.
 Farewell!
 Farewell for evermore!

3.

By faith we hear the triumph song
 That greets thy ransomed soul,
 Thy Saviour's love, through woe and wrong,
 Hath led thee to thy goal.
 Farewell!
 Death's waves between us roll!

4.

Yet through our tears a whisper sweet
 Falls with a heavenly strain,
 What though we part 'tis but to meet,
 For joy comes after pain!
 Farewell!
 Until we meet again!

5.

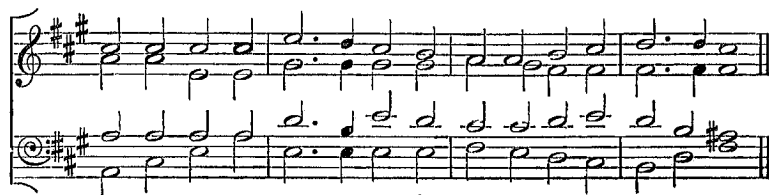
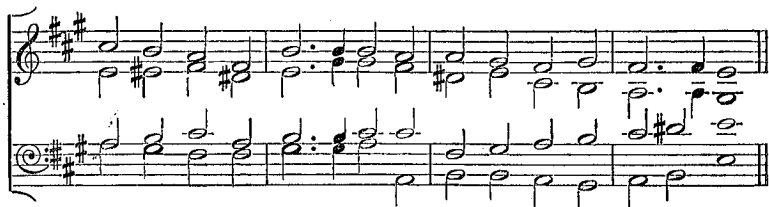
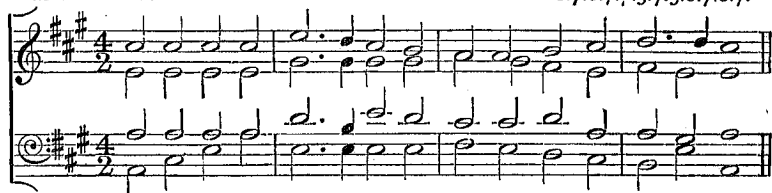
Across Death's dim and shadowy sea
 Bright rays of sunrise move,
 From that far Land where we would be—
 The deathless Land of Love!
 Farewell!
 We meet again above! Amen.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

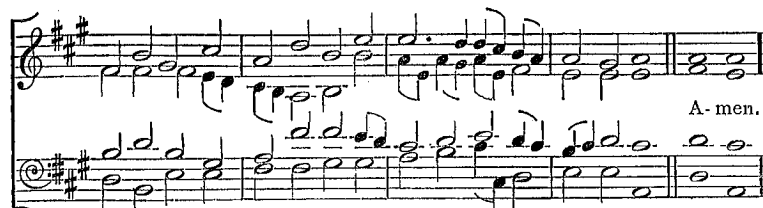
34 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

RESURREXIT.

8.7.8.7.7.5.7.5.8.7.8.7.



CHRIST IS RISEN! CHRIST IS RISEN!



A-men.

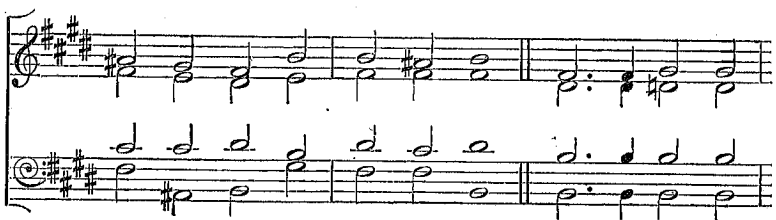
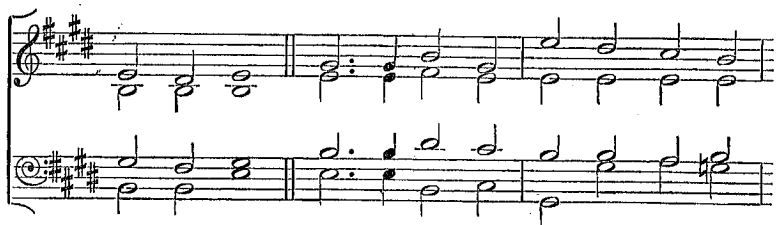
- 1 CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain,
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain!
 For our gain He suffer'd loss
 By Divine decree;
 He hath died upon the Cross,
 But our God is He.
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain!
- 2 See the chains of death are broken;
 Earth below and heaven above
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love;
 He for evermore shall reign
 By the Father's side,
 Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His Bride.
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain!
- 3 Glorious Angels downward thronging
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;
 Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
 For the Word Incarnate, cries,
 "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Gleam, ye starry train!
 All creation, find a voice;
 He 'o'er all shall reign."
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. GURNEY.

35 Thou to Whom the sick and dying.

BOLWELL.

8.7.8.7.7.7.



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THOU TO WHOM THE SICK AND DYING.

1.

Thou to Whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing words replying
 To the wearied cry of pain,
 Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care;
 On Thy higher help relying;
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3.

May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart,
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
 To Thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat. Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

36 Of Thy love some gracious token.

OF THY LOVE (OR ST. LUCIAN).

8.7.8.7.7.4 4.7.7.

Of Thy love some gracious token
 Grant us, Lord, before we go;
 Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
 Life and peace on all bestow!
 When we join the world again,
 Let our hearts with Thee remain:
 O direct us
 And protect us,
 Till we gain the heavenly shore,
 Where Thy people want no more! Amen.

T. KELLY.

37 Who trusts in God, a strong abode.

CONSTANCE.

8.7.8.7. D.

1 Who trusts in God, a strong abode
 In heaven and earth possesses;
 Who looks in love to Christ above,
 No fear his heart oppresses.
 In Thee alone, dear Lord, we
 own
 Sweet hope and consolation;
 Our shield from foes, our balm
 for woes,
 Our great and sure salvation!

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our
 path,
 And worldly scorn assail us,
 While Thou art near we will not
 fear,
 Thy strength shall never fail us.

Thy rod and staff shall keep us
 safe,
 And guide our steps for ever;
 Nor shades of death, nor hell
 beneath,
 Our souls from Thee shall sever.

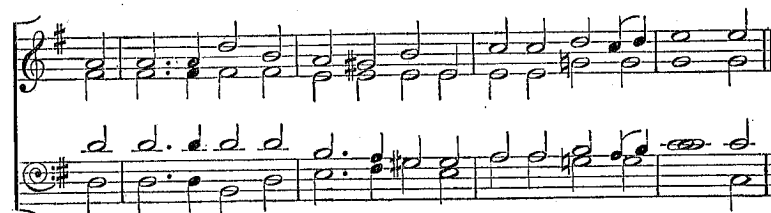
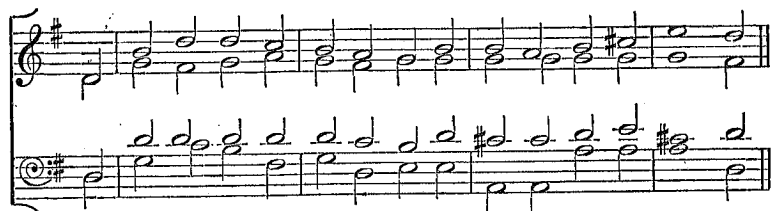
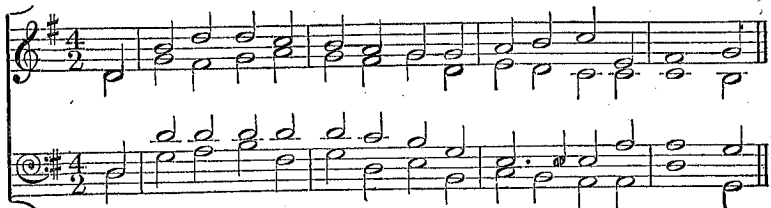
3 In all the strife of mortal life
 Our feet shall stand securely;
 Temptation's hour shall lose its
 power,
 For Thou shalt guard us surely.
 O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
 Our body, soul, and spirit,
 Until we stand at Thy right hand,
 Through Jesu's saving merit.
 Amen.

Tr. B. H. KENNEDY.

38 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

8.7.8.7. D.



TO THEE, O LORD, OUR HEARTS WE RAISE.

1 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
 In hymns of adoration,
 To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
 With shouts of exultation ;
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn
 The hills with joy are ringing,
 The valleys stand so thick with corn
 That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
 Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
 Upon Thine Altar, Lord, we lay
 The first-fruits of Thy blessing ;
 By Thee the souls of men are fed
 With gifts of grace supernal,
 Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,
 Give us the Bread Eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary ;
 But labour ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes for the weary ;
 May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
 To garners bright elected.

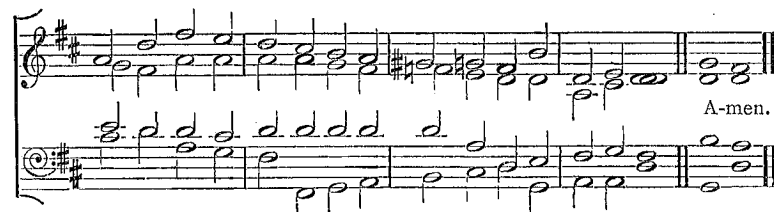
4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
 Where Saints abide for ever ;
 Where golden fields spread far and broad,
 Where flows the crystal river :
 The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending ;
 Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
 Which never hath an ending. Amen.

W. C. DIX.

39 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.

Lux Eoi.

8.7.8.7. D.



For the last verse, repeat from this sign 8.

HARK! A THRILLING VOICE IS SOUNDING.

1.

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding :
 'Christ is nigh!' it seems to say;
 'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day!'

2.

Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;
 All the powers of darkness vanish;
 Christ our Day Star mounts the skies.

3.

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

4.

So when next He shines in glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 Not for chastening, but salvation,
 Unto us shall He appear.

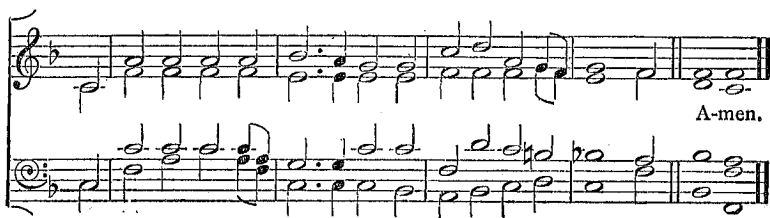
5.

Honour, glory, might, dominion,
 To the Father and the Son,
 With the Everlasting Spirit,
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

BISHOPGARTH.

8.7.8.7. D.

Stately.

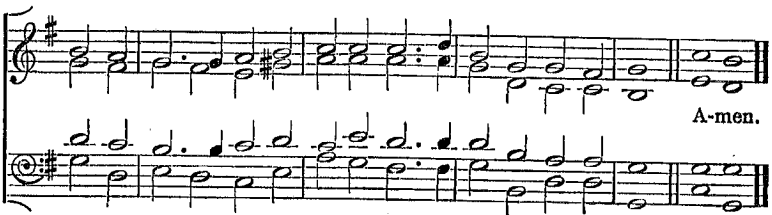
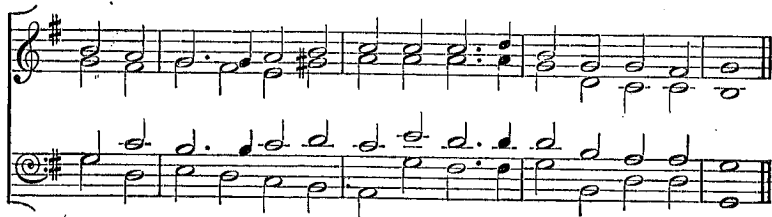
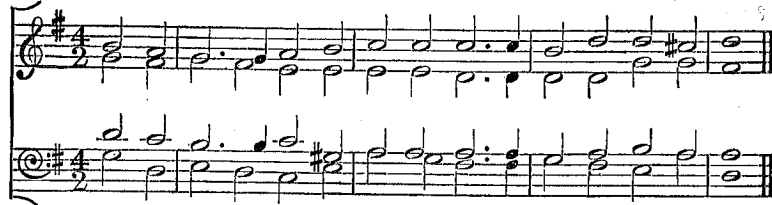
- 1 O God, the Ruler of our race,
The ways of men ordaining,
Anoint our King with sov'reign grace,
His right and cause maintaining.
Our Stay and Refuge Thou hast been
In every generation,
O let Thy mercy still be seen
And hear our supplication!
- 2 From every heart ascends the prayer—
For evermore defend him,
O shield him with a Father's care
And heavenly counsel lend him.
Thine ear is open to his call,
Thy love his footsteps guideth,
Thou wilt not suffer him to fall
Who in Thy love abideth!
- 3 O day of joy, send out thy light
With strains of gladness ringing,
While all our realms in one unite
Their heartfelt homage bringing.
The God who blessed us in the past
Is still His mercy proving,
'Tis He who binds us firm and fast
In love unmoved, unmoving!
- 4 All praise and honour be to Thee,
The God of pow'r and glory,
We own Thy might and majesty
And humbly bow before Thee.
God save our King and Queen, we cry,
Through life forsake them never,
Then may they reign with Thee on high
For ever and for ever! Amen.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

41 Love divine, all love excelling.

FALFIELD (OR FORMOSA).

8.7.8.7. D.



LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

1.

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesu! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2.

Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy Life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave
 Thee would we be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

3.

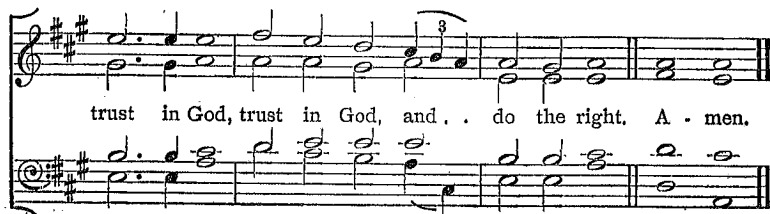
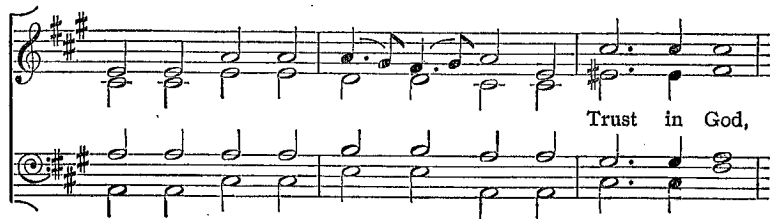
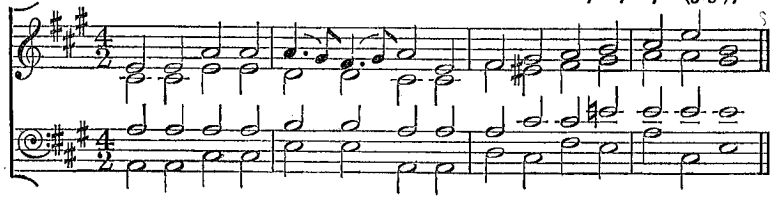
Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless may we be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise! Amen.

CH. WESLEY.

42 Courage, brother! do not stumble.

COURAGE, BROTHER!

8.7.8.7.8.7.8(3.3)7.



trust in God, trust in God, and . . do the right. A - men.

COURAGE, BROTHER! DO NOT STUMBLE.

1 COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble:
 "Trust in God and do the right."
 Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
 Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light!
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
 Trust no leaders in the fight,
 But in every word and action
 Trust in God, and do the right.

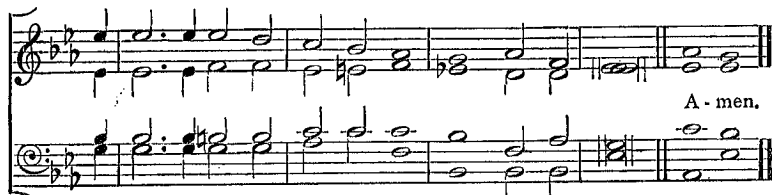
3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
 Fiends may look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee:
 Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 Trust in God, and do the right.
 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night,
 There's a star to guide the humble:
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

NORMAN MACLEOD.

HANFORD.

8.8.8.4.

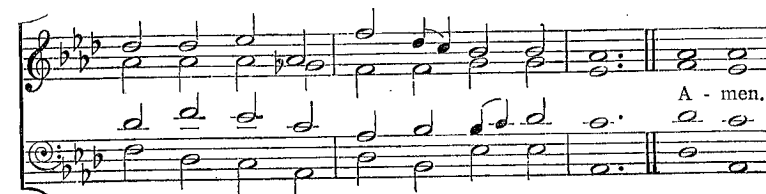


- 1 Jesu, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.
- 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace.
- 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.
- 6 Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall:
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

CHAPEL ROYAL.

8.8.8.8.6.



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- 1 O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

G. MATHESON.

45 The Saints of God! Their conflict past.

SAINTS OF GOD.

8.8.8.8; 8.8.

Org.

A - men.

THE SAINTS OF GOD! THEIR CONFLICT PAST!

1.

The Saints of God! Their conflict past,
 And life's long battle won at last,
 No more they need the shield or sword,
 They cast them down before their Lord:—
 O happy Saints! for ever blest,
 At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2.

The Saints of God! Their wanderings done,
 No more their weary course they run,
 No more they faint, no more they fall,
 No foes oppress, no fears appal:—
 O happy Saints! for ever blest,
 In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3.

The Saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
 Safe landed on that blissful shore,
 No stormy tempests now they dread,
 No roaring billows lift their head:—
 O happy Saints! for ever blest,
 In that calm haven of your rest!

4.

The Saints of God their vigil keep
 While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
 Till from the dust they too shall rise
 And soar triumphant to the skies:—
 O happy Saints! rejoice and sing,
 He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5.

O God of Saints! to Thee we cry;
 O Saviour! plead for us on high;
 O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
 Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
 That with All Saints our rest may be
 In that bright Paradise with Thee! Amen.

Archbishop MACLAGAN.

46 Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go.

VALETE.

8.8.8.8; 8.8.

1.
SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we
go;
Thy word into our mind instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to
glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

2.
The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath
won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

3.
Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

4.
All toil is blest, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast
cared:
Let not our works by strife be soiled,
Or by deceit our hearts ensnared.
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

5.
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Saviour, and our All.
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

6.
Sweet Saviour! bless us: night is
come,
Through night and darkness near
us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee!
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

47 Show me not only Jesus dying.

CHRISTUS.

9.6.9.6. D.

1 Show me not only Jesus dying,
As on the Cross He bled,
Nor in the tomb a Captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Not only in that form suspended
My Saviour bid me see,
For, to the highest heavens as-
cended,
He reigns in majesty!

2 Though still that shameful cross is
glorious,
Where His dear Blood was spilt,
That Cross of shame, where He
victorious
Hath cancelled all our guilt;
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, our Captain of salvation;
And therefore we shall live!

3 By death He death itself defeated,
And overcame the grave;
He rose, His triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save!
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
Lord Jesu, own us then! Amen.

J. CONDER

Lead, kindly Light.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-circ - ling gloom, Lead

Thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from

Keep Thou . . my feet;
home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; . . I

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; One step e-nough for me,

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst

lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but

I lov'd the ga - rish day,
now . . Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the ga - rish day, and,

spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will: re-member not past years.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er

moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is

And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,
gone, And with the morn those an - - gel fa - ces smile, Which

I have lov'd long since, and . . . lost a - while, A - men.
J. H. NEWMAN.

Thou God of Love.

THOU GOD OF LOVE.

10.6.10.4.

A - men.

1.

Thou God of Love! beneath Thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead
To rest in hope! from this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled.

2.

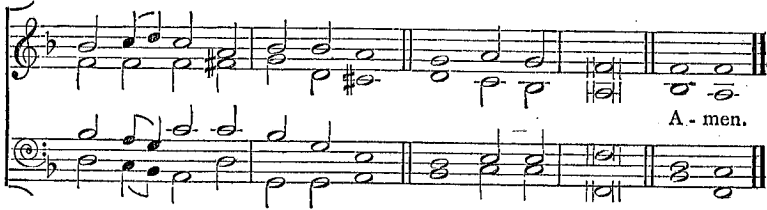
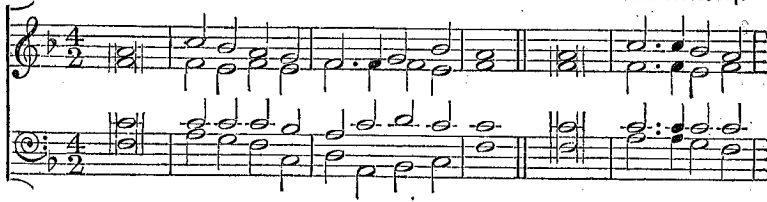
Oh! when our hearts are burthen'd with the weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
To our life's close. Amen.

J. E. BROWNE.

50 Father of heaven, Who hast created all.

ST. FRANCIS.

10.6.10.6.8.8.4.



1.
FATHER of heaven, Who hast created
all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy
gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er *him* in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on *his* soul impress;
O Father, hear!

2.
O Son of God, Who diedst for us,
behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take *him* to
Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend *him* through this earthly
strife,
And lead *him* on the path of life,
O Son of God!

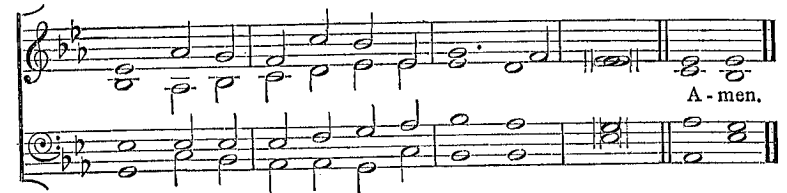
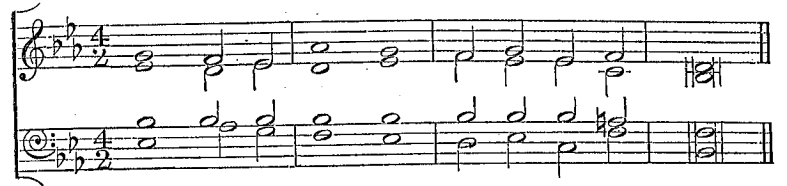
3.
O Holy Ghost, Who broodedst o'er
the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give *him* undying life, *his* spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant *him*, while yet a babe, to
be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4.
O Triune God, what Thou com-
mand'st is done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our
earthly sun,
Yet pour on *him* Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God! Amen.
Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

51 Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord.

COENA DOMINI.

10.10.



1 DRAW nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the holy Blood for you out-pour'd.

2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refresh'd, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's Giver, Christ, the Only Son,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

4 Offer'd was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offer'd by the law of old,
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole.
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now. Amen.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

52 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.

Holy City.

10.10.7.

1. Sing Alleluia forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of heaven: in sweet notes raise An

endless Al - le - lu - ia | 2. Ye powers who stand before the E-ter - nal Light, In

hymning choirs re-echo to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia |

3 The Holy City shall take | up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding | wake again
An endless Alleluia !

4 In blissful answering strains ye | thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with | thankful voice
An endless Alleluia !

SING ALLELUIA FORTH IN DUTEOUS PRAISE.

5 Ye who have gained at length your | palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall | still be this—
An endless Alleluia !

6 There, in one grand acclaim for | ever ring
The strains which tell the honour | of your King—
An endless Alleluia !

7 This is the rest for weary | ones brought back !
This is the food and drink which | none shall lack ;
An endless Alleluia !

8 While Thee, by whom were all things | made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in | sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia !

9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore : to

Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia ! A - men.
Tr. JOHN ELLERTON.

53 God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest.

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS.

II.9.II.9.

With weight.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/2 time signature. It begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f'. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both parts.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the composition from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the composition. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' below it. The lower staff continues with a piano dynamic marking 'p'.

GOD THE ALL-TERRIBLE! KING, WHO ORDAINEST.

I.

God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2.

God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3.

God the all-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

4.

God the all-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

5.

God the all-pitiful! Is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

6.

God the all-wise! By the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord! Amen.

H. F. CHORLEY & JOHN ELLERTON.

Welcome, happy morning!

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING (OR FORTUNATUS).

Five tr's.

First system of musical notation for 'Welcome, happy morning!'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation for 'Welcome, happy morning!'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/2.

Third system of musical notation for 'Welcome, happy morning!'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/2.

Fourth system of musical notation for 'Welcome, happy morning!'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/2.

Fifth system of musical notation for 'Welcome, happy morning!'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/2. The word 'A - men.' is written below the bass staff.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING!

1.

"WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
 Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to-day!
 Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

2.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now:
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
 Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's God-head true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, Manhood didst put on:
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5.

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
 'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

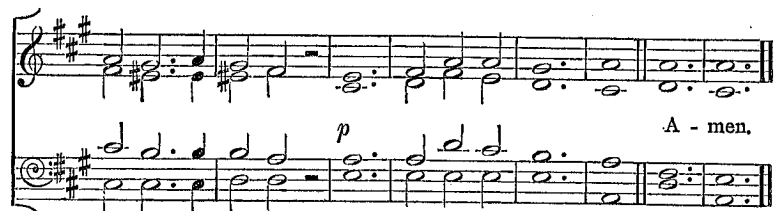
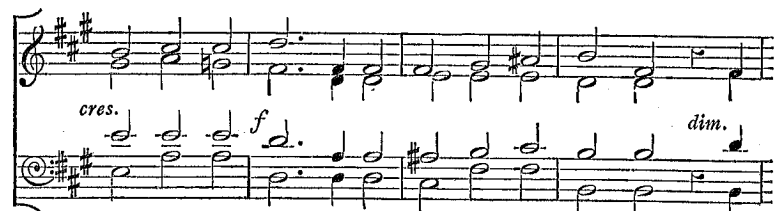
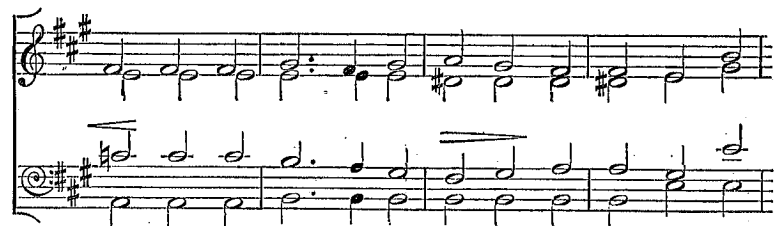
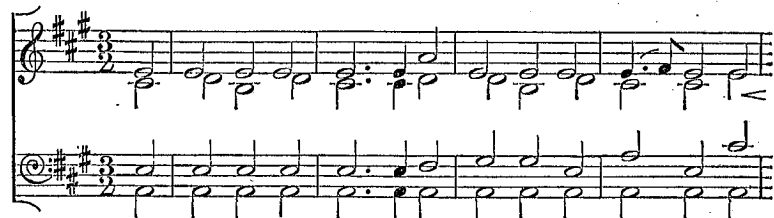
6.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain
 All that now is fallen raise to life again;
 Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
 Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day! Amen.

Tr. JOHN ELLERTON.

HEBER.

Four 12's.



1.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Saviour:—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

2.

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3.

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
 Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed to cherish;
 Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish." Amen.

Bishop HEBER

56 The strain upraise of joy and praise.

THE STRAIN UPRaise.
Allegro moderato, e con brio.

Irregular.

Full, *ff*

f The strain up-raise of joy and praise, Al - le - *ff*

mf *ff*

- lu - - - ia. To the glo-ry of their King shall the *f*

mf

THE STRAIN UPRaise OF JOY AND PRAISE.

ff ransom'd people sing, Al - le - lu - - - ia. *mf* And the

ff *mf*
Ped.

choirs that dwell on high Shall re - ech - o thro' the sky, *ff* Al - le -

ff
Ped.

- lu - - - ia. They in the rest of Pa - ra - dise who *mf*

mf

THE STRAIN UPRAISE OF JOY AND PRAISE.

TENORS AND BASSES.

Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and winter snow { Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and

summer glow, { Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious forests sing, } Al - le - lu - ia.

SOPRANOS.

First let the birds, with painted plumage, gay, { Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say } Al - le - lu - ia.

Gt. Diap.

without Ped.

THE STRAIN UPRAISE OF JOY AND PRAISE.

TENORS AND BASSES.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain, { Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, } Al - le - lu - ia.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

Here let the mountains thunder forth so - no - rous Al - le - lu - ia; { There let the valleys sing in gentler } *mf*

Sw. p

Ped.

chor - us, Al - le - lu - ia. { Thou jubilant abyss of } o - cean, cry, Al - le - lu - ia.

Ped.

THE STRAIN UPRAISE OF JOY AND PRAISE.

Ye tracts of earth and continents re-ply . . . Al-le-lu-ia. To God, who all creation

made, {The frequent hymn be duly paid,} Al-le-lu-ia. {This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty}

loves, Al-le-lu-ia. {This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King ap-

THE STRAIN UPRAISE OF JOY AND PRAISE.

- proves, Al-le-lu-ia. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-

- wa-king, Al-le-lu-ia. And children's voices echo, answer ma-king,

Al-le-lu-ia. Now from all men be out-poured, Al-le-

THE STRAIN UPRaise OF JOY AND PRAISE.

lu - ia to the Lord, With Al - le - lu - ia

ev - er - more, The Son and Spi - rit we a - dore,

Praise . . be done to the Three in One, Praise be

THE STRAIN UPRaise OF JOY AND PRAISE.

done to the Three in One, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

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

lu - - ia.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

ARRANGEMENTS.

57

For ever with the Lord.

NEARER HOME.

D.S.M.

J. WOODBURY.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and bass line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves, ending with the word 'A-men.' written below the lower staff.

Verse 2, lines 5 and 6.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has the lyrics: '* Ah! then my spi - rit faints To reach the land I love;'. The lower staff continues the bass line.

(94)

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

1.

"For ever with the Lord!"
 Amen; so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

2.

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear!
 * Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of Saints,
 Jerusalem above.

3.

"For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis Thy Will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
 Fight, and I must prevail.

4.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the Throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

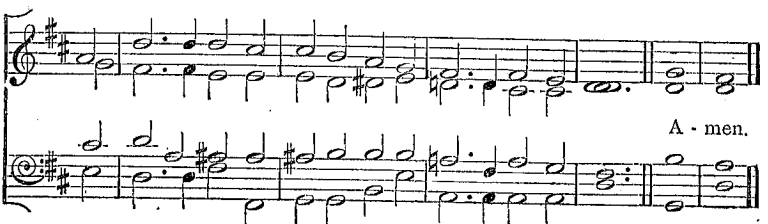
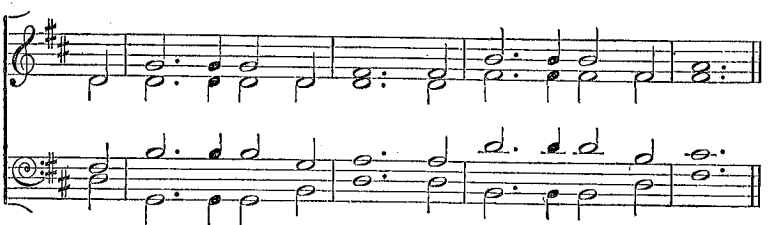
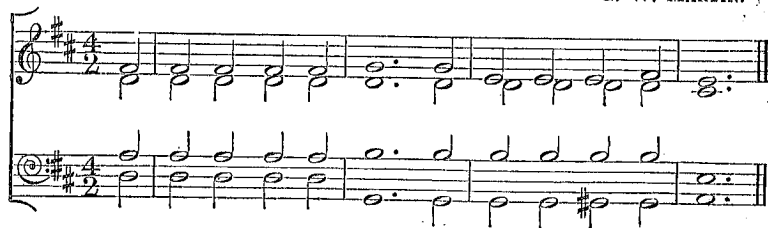
J. MONTGOMERY.

(95)

LEOMINSTER.

D.S.M.

G. W. MARTIN.



- 1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons wane,
And we shall be with those that rest
Till Christ shall come again:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where God Himself
Lights all the glorious clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this stern rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day:
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

H. BONAR.

59 The Son of God goes forth to war.

St. ANN'S. VOICES IN UNISON. C. M. Dr. CROFT.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;

f Ped.

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?

2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain,

mf Ch. no Ped.

Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol-lows in His train.

UNISON. MEN'S VOICES.

3. The Mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,

Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds. Ped.

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save.

4. Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,

mf Ch. no Ped.

He prayed for them who did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?

SOPRANOS ONLY.

5. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spi-rit came,

p no Ped.

Twelve va - liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Ped.

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

MEN'S VOICES.

f *sf*

6. They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;

f

They bowed the neck the death to feel: Who fol-lows in His train?

VOICES AND ORGAN.

mf

7. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

mf

Ch. no Ped.

A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

Slower. *ff*

8. They climbed the steep as-cent of Heaven, Through

ff Full Org.

Ped.

rall. *p*

per-il, toil, and pain: . . . O God, to us may

rall. *pp*

rall. *pp*

pp

grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-men, A-men.

Bp. HEBER. *pp*

pp

pp

16 ft. Ped. only.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

BETHLEHEM.

D.C.M.

Old Carol.



WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

1.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3.

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6.

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

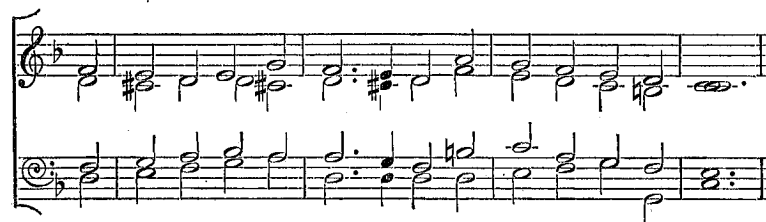
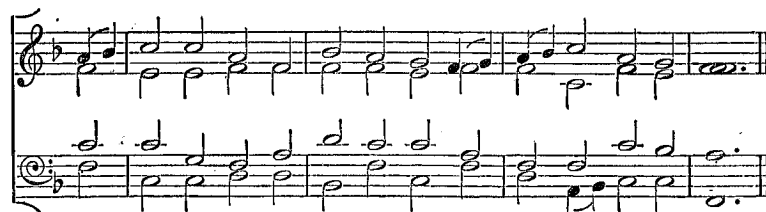
N. TATE.

61 It came upon the midnight clear.

Noël.

D.C.M.

Traditional Air.



A little slower.



IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

1.

It came upon the midnight clear—
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men."
From Heaven's all-gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

2.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd Angels sing.

3.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The words of peace they bring:—
Oh! listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing!

4.

O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This weary world below;
Thou seest how men climb the way
With painful steps and slow.
Oh! still the jarring sounds of earth
That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
To hear the Angels sing. Amen.

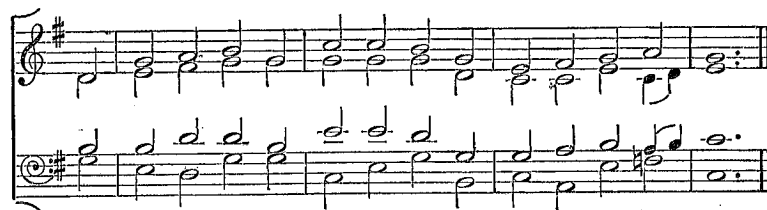
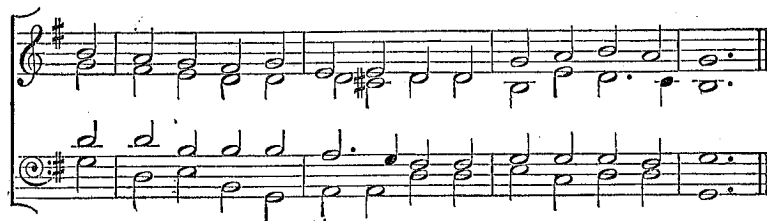
E. H. SEARS.

62 Great King of nations, hear our prayer.

OLD 137TH.

D.C.M.

Genevan Psalter.



GREAT KING OF NATIONS, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

1.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
 While at Thy feet we fall,
 And humbly with united cry
 To Thee for mercy call ;
 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
 O turn us not away ;
 But hear us from Thy lofty Throne,
 And help us when we pray.

2.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own,
 Yet wondrously from age to age
 Thy goodness hath been shown ;
 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
 Beset our country round,
 To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried,
 And help in Thee was found.

3.

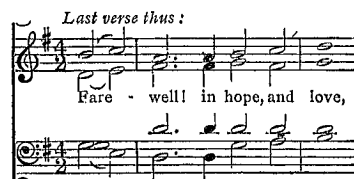
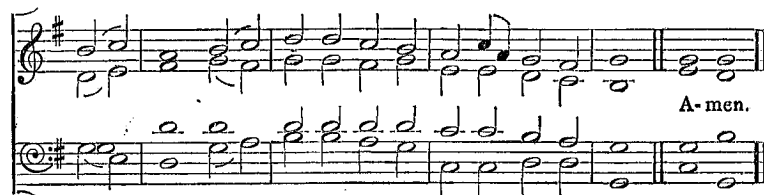
With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land ;
 With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer ;
 Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

PARTING.

6.6.8.4.

Old Melody.



1.
With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2.
With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3.
With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above
With them shall dwell.

4.
With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee;
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be.

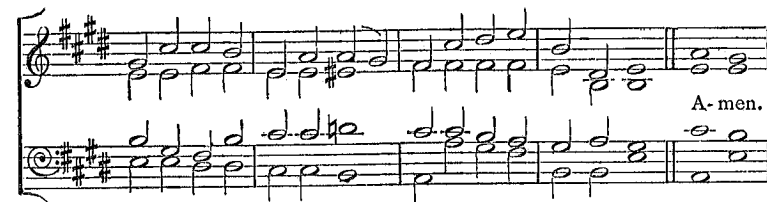
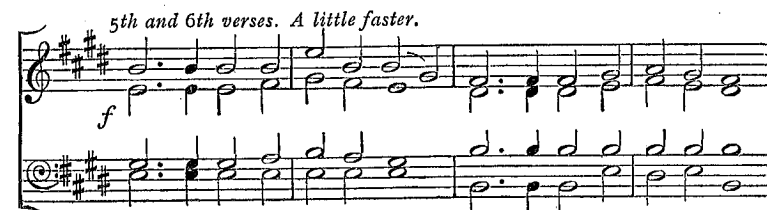
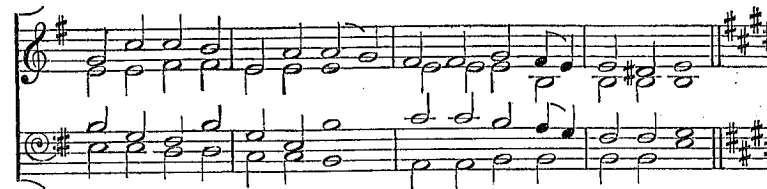
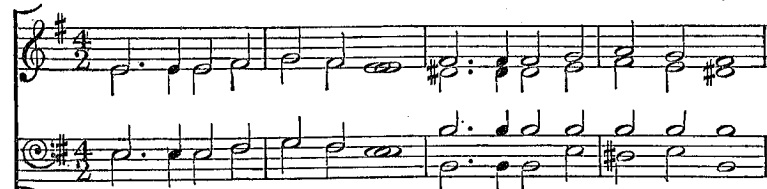
5.
Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.

6.
Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there! Amen.

G. WATSON.

CLARENCE.

Four 7's.



1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were
here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade,—and fall,—and
die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in
bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb

6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

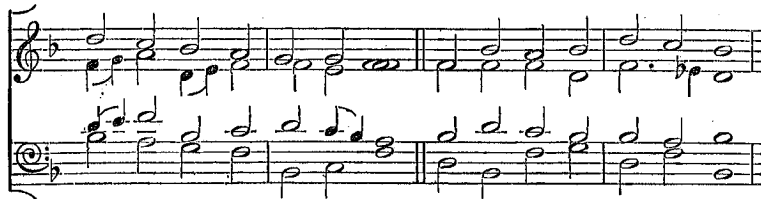
65

Holy Spirit! Come in might!

LIGHT.

7.7.7; 7.7.7.

S. WEBBE'S Collection.



1.

Holy Spirit! Come in might!
From Thy dwelling-place of light
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou helper of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

2.

Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in us will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.

3.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew,
Wash the stains of sin away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

4.

On Thine own, who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys which never end.

Amen.

Tr. E. CASWALL.

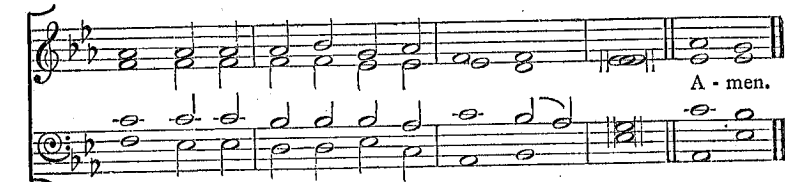
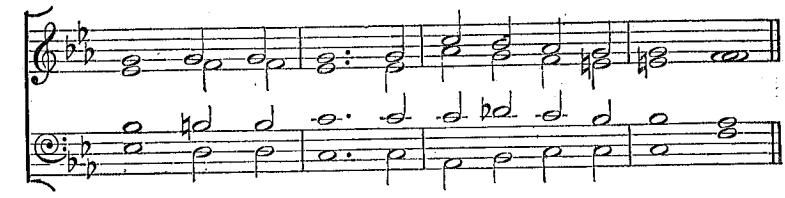
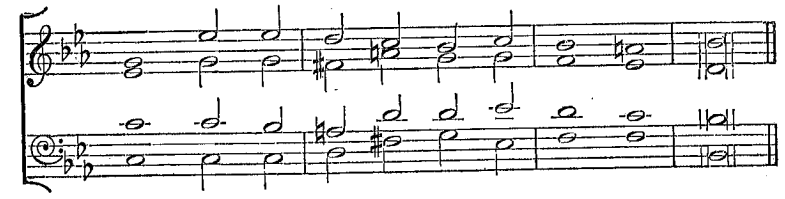
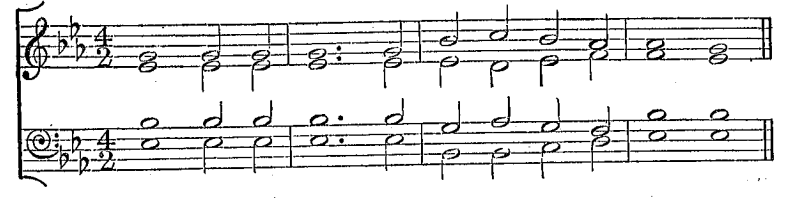
(110)

66 O Strength and Stay upholding all creation.

MARLBOROUGH.

11.10.11.10.

(?)



- 1 O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;
- 2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the Eternal Day. Amen.

Tr. JOHN ELLERTON.

(111)

67 For all Thy love and goodness.

SPRINGTIME.

P.M.

From ALDRICH.

1. For all Thy love and goodness, so bounti - ful and free, . .

Thy Name, Lord, be a - dored! { On the wings of joyous }
praise our hearts soar } up to Thee:

Last verse, slower.
Glo - ry to the Lord! Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

2.

The Springtime breaks all round about, waking from | winter's night:
Thy Name Lord, be adored!
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of | golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

FOR ALL THY LOVE AND GOODNESS.

3.

A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in | all the air.
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to God; there is gladness | everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4.

The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and | on the
plain:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the | trees again:
Glory to the Lord!

5.

The works of Thy hands are very fair; and for all Thy | bounteous
love
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better | Land above?
Glory to the Lord!

6.

Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their |
wintry grave!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall | come to save!
Glory to the Lord!

7.

Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot | choose but
sing!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessèd ones is a beautiful | endless Spring!
Glory to the Lord! Alleluia. Amen.
F. JANE DOUGLAS and Bp. W. WALSHAM HOW.

Carol for Christmas Day.

Moderato.
mf
 1. All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such
mf

ca - rol - ling; Hark! a voice which loud - ly cries, "Mor - tals, mor - tals,
cres.
cres.

wake and rise. Lo! to glad - ness Turns your sad - ness;
f
f *p*

From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night, though day be done."
cres.
cres. *f*

2 Wake, O earth, wake everything,
 Wake and hear the joy I bring:
 Wake and joy; for all this night,
 Heaven and every twinkling light,
 All amazing,
 Still stand gazing;
 Angels, Powers, and all that be,
 Wake, and joy this Sun to see!

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

p
 3. Hail! O Sun, O bless - ed Light, Sent in - to this world by night;
p

Let Thy rays and heav'n - ly pow'rs Shine in these dark
mf *dim.*
mf *dim.*

souls of ours. For, most du - ly, Thou art tru - ly
pp *cres.*
pp *cres.*

God and man, we do con - fess; Hail, O Sun of Right - eous - ness!
f *rall.* *f*
f *rall.* W. AUSTIN.