

· CHURCH ·

· HYMNS ·

WITH TUNES

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# Church Hymns

NEW EDITION, CONTAINING 658 HYMNS.

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The present New and Revised Edition of CHURCH HYMNS has occupied the careful attention of a Committee appointed for the purpose for a period of over five years.

**A New Book.**—The result of their labours is not merely a New Edition of the old CHURCH HYMNS, but in reality a New Book. Some 250 Hymns included in the Old Edition have been omitted and about 320 others substituted in their place. The number of Hymns for Children has been more than doubled.

**Text.**—Special care and attention have been bestowed on the Text of the Hymns, and it is confidently believed that the present Hymn book contains the most accurate reproduction of the authors' texts to be found anywhere.

**Music.**—The general superintendence of the musical portion has been entrusted to Dr. C. H. Lloyd Prentor and Musical Instructor of Eton College. Hymns have, as far as possible, been connected with those tunes with which they are popularly associated. **The number of alternative tunes is exceptionally large.** A special feature has been made of **Plain Song Tunes**, some sixty of which, selected and harmonised by Dr. Basil Harwood, of Christ Church, Oxford, have been included. It should be noted however, that **in all cases where a Plain Song Tune** has been allotted to any hymn, **an alternative modern tune** is also given.

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A Full List of Editions and Styles of Binding may be had on application.

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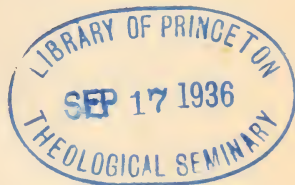
## SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

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# CHURCH HYMNS

WITH TUNES.



THE MUSIC EDITED BY

CHARLES H. LLOYD,

M.A., Mus. Doc. Oxon.

THE PLAIN SONG TUNES SELECTED AND HARMONIZED BY

BASIL HARWOOD, M.A., Mus. Doc. Oxon.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

1903.

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*(Published under the direction of the Church Hymn-Book Committee.)*



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# PREFACE.

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THE present edition contains a number of copyright tunes, inserted by permission in the previous edition, and already acknowledged. To these many more are now added. The Editor cordially thanks many owners of copyright tunes (especially the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.) for their generous permission to include tunes in their possession. In particular he thanks:—

The Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" for *Galilee*, by Dr. Philip Armes; *St. Timothy*, by the Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.; *Via Pacis* and *St. Joseph of the Studium*, by Sir Joseph Barnby; *St. Beatrice*, by Sir J. F. Bridge, M.V.O.; *Xavier*, by Dr. F. Champneys; *Alford*, *Caritas*, *Come unto Me*, *Dominus regit me*, *Gerontius*, *Pax Dei*, *Requiescat*, *Rivaulx*, *St. Cross*, *St. Cuthbert*, *Stephanos*, and *Vox Dilecti*, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; *Diademata*, by Sir G. J. Elvey; *Leicester*, by W. Hurst; *St. Columba* and *Southwell*, by H. S. Irons; *Sacramentum Unitatis*, by Dr. C. H. Lloyd; *Father, let me dedicate*, by Sir G. A. Macfarren; *All things bright and beautiful*, *Litany*, *Merton*, *St. Philip*, and *Unde et memores*, by Dr. W. H. Monk; *Dominica*, by Sir H. S. Oakeley; *Victory*, adapted from Palestrina; *Rex Gloriæ*, by Henry Smart; *Credo* and *Sebaste*, by Sir John Stainer; *Litany*, by Dr. E. H. Turpin, and *Monkland*, by J. Wilkes.

Messrs. Novello and Co. for—*O Perfect Love*, *Praise the Lord*, and *Pro omnibus sanctis*, by Sir Joseph Barnby; *Jehovah-Nissi*, by Dr. G. J. Bennett; *St. John the Baptist*, by J. B. Calkin; *Dies Dominica*, *Dunholme*, *Lux Benigna*, and *Thanksgiving*, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; *Osborne*, by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg; *Dulkeith*, by T. Hewlett; *Dona Dei*, by H. S. Irons; *Margaret*, by the Rev. T. R. Matthews; *Freshwater* and *Nature*, by Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart.; *Nachtlied*, by Henry Smart; *Charity*, *Cross of Jesus*, *Deum videbunt*, *Dignus est Agnus*, *Evening Prayer*, *Exsurgat Deus*, *Simplicity*, and *Woodlynn*, by Sir John Stainer; and *Bishopgarth*, by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

A., for *Laudemus* and *Monkswood*; E. F. A., for *Chapel Brae*; Mr. W. Amps, for *Venice*; The Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Dublin), for *Moccas*, by A. R. Reinagle; Mr. T. E. Aylward, for his tune *Sarum Hymnal*, No. 46; Mr. W. S. Bambridge, for *Clewer* and *Granham Hill*; Dr. G. J. Bennett, for *Eastgate*; The Rt. Rev. Bishop Bickersteth, for *Pax tecum*, by G. T. Caldbeck; Mrs. Borrodaile, for *Eternity* and *Warfare*, by Miss L. J. Hutton; Mr. A. M. Bramall, for *Compassion*, by Fountain Meen; Mr. A. H. Brewer, for *Annunciation*; Rev. H. Walter Brock, for *Moseley*, by Henry Smart; Rev. Dr. E. W. Bullinger, for *Bullinger*; Dr. E. Bunnett, for *Agnes*; Victoria Lady Carbery, for *Gretton* and *St. Jude*, by Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, and

*St. Hugh*, by Dr. E. J. Hopkins; Rev. R. R. Chope, for *St. Aëlred*, *St. Anatolius*, and *St. Bees*, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; Mr. G. F. Cobb, for *Chesterton* and *Laudate Salvatorem*; Lord Crofton, for *Crofton*; Rev. R. F. Dale, for *St. Catherine*; Mr. P. H. Diemer, for *Enmore*; Mr. E. Edwards, for *Lux*; The Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, for *Erskine*, by W. H. Gladstone; The Executors of Sir John Goss, for *Peterborough*; Rev. W. J. Hall, for *Eucharistica*, by J. Langran; Rev. J. Hampton, for *Gethsemane*, by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.; Dr. Basil Harwood, for *Almondsbury*; Mr. W. L. Howlett, for *St. Lawrence*, by the Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne; Rev. Canon Hutton, for *Ascendit*, *Lincoln*, *St. Eustace*, *St. Gabriel*, and *St. Jerome*, by H. H. Pierson, and for *Soon and for ever*, by H. H. Pierson and H. S. Irons; Mr. Basil Johnson, for *Dulcot and Wells*; Mr. H. Lahee, for *Nativity*; Mr. P. Tottenham Lucas, for *Missouri* and *Yarlet*; Messrs. Metzler and Co., for *Redhead*, No. 66; Rev. J. Napleton, for *Glebehampton*; Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., for *Protector meus* (Anon.); Mr. Arthur Page, for *The Lord of Might*; Dr. Horatio Parker, for *Harbinger*; Sir Walter Parratt, M.V.O., for *Sundown*; Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart., for *Jubilate*; Messrs. Pawson and Brailsford, for *St. Margaret*, by E. H. Lemare; Rev. F. Peel, for *God of our fathers*; Signor E. Pieraccini (lately dead), for *St. Salvador*; Mr. Giles Shaw, for *Zoan*, by the Rev. W. H. Havergal; Mr. T. L. Southgate, for *Gideon*, by J. B. Southgate; Mr. T. Worsley Staniforth, for *Jerusalem*; Rev. Dr. G. W. Torrance, for *Adoration*; Mrs. J. Walch, for *Sawley*, by J. Walch; Mr. J. G. Walton, for *St. Finbar*; Mr. C. Lee Williams, for *Thorngrove*, and *Tibberton*; His Grace the Archbishop of York, for *Bread of Heaven*, *Kensington*, *Newington*, *Showers of Blessing*, and *The Shadow of the Cross*; and the Representatives of the late J. M. W. Young, for *St. Remigius*.

Permission has been purchased from the following owners of Copyrights for the use of the undermentioned tunes:—The Proprietors of the “Chorale Book for England” for their arrangement of “Die Nacht ist kommen”; Rev. James Baden Powell, for his settings of *Salve, festa Dies*, for Easter, Ascension, and Whitsuntide; Mr. Cyril Bowdler, for *Bowdler*, No. 178; Mr. A. H. Brown, for *Apostolicus*, *Kettlebaston*, *Orthodoxus*, *St. Ferdinand*, *St. Stythian's*, and *Wimbish*; the Trustees of the Church Hymnary (Scotland), for *Meiningen*, called *Rock of Ages* in that book; The Congregational Union, for *Cairnbrook*, by Dr. E. Prout; Mr. W. Crofton Hemmons, for *Palmyra*, by Dr. J. Summers; The Very Rev. H. H. Dickinson, for *Childhood*, by the Rev. C. J. Dickinson; Mr. J. W. Elliott, for *Oblation*; The Executors of Dr. E. J. Hopkins, for *Christmas Morn* and *Feniton Court*; Mr. H. S. Irons, for *Ecce Homo*, *Fons Lucis*, *Hope*, *Penitence*, *Qui dedit nobis victoriam*, *Regnabit Deus*, *St. Chrysostom*, *St. Julian*, and *St. Paul*; Mrs. M. J. Monk, for *Angel-voices*, by Dr. E. G. Monk; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for *Intercession* and *Sabbath* (Calleott), *Regent Square* (Smart), and



*Tabor* (Steggall); Dr. A. L. Peace, for *Edom*; Mr. W. Walker for *Redhead*, Nos. 4, 46, and 47; Rev. F. G. Wesley, for *Colchester*, *Hawarden*, and *Houghton*, by Dr. S. S. Wesley.

The Editor expresses his regret if through inadvertence any tunes in which copyright exists have been printed without permission.

Some 250 hymns included in the old edition have been omitted, carrying with them a number of tunes for which there was no further need. At the same time some tunes, which had failed to establish themselves in popular favour, have been replaced by others which it is hoped may prove more attractive. In the task of selection and rejection the Editor has had the assistance of the Rev. Canon Hutton and the Rev. W. Abbott, two members of the Committee who are specially acquainted, the one with the requirements of Cathedral worship, and the other with the practical needs of ordinary parishes. If here and there a tune is found which has no special musical value, it has been inserted on account of associations which could not be ignored. For the harmonies the Editor is mainly responsible. Where he has altered those of the earlier edition, his aim has been to make the different voice parts more interesting, and the effect fuller. Open notes have generally been substituted for the black notes of the old edition, as being easier to read; and, with a few special exceptions, double bars have been placed to correspond with the end of each line of the words.

A special feature has been made of Plain Song tunes, of which about sixty have been included. The selection and harmonization of these demanded technical knowledge of an exceptional kind, and the Editor congratulates himself on having secured for this purpose the invaluable assistance of Dr. Basil Harwood, of Christ Church, Oxford.

At the request of the Committee the Editor has added expression marks; but they are intended rather as suggestions than as authoritative interpretations.

The Editor offers his warm thanks to Mr. Henry King for much valuable advice on many difficult points; and he is deeply grateful to his niece, Miss Kathleen Lloyd, for her ungrudging help in copying tunes, verifying references, correcting proofs, preparing indexes, and supplying composers' dates.

The labour expended on the previous edition by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and his colleague Mr. J. W. Elliott is cordially acknowledged. The present Editor is very conscious of the imperfection of his own work; but he is not without hope that this book may in some ways tend to the advancement of good and worthy music in the service of the Church.

ETON, *July*, 1903.

# GENERAL INDEX.

*Tunes marked thus (\*) are Copyright of S.P.C.K., as well as the harmonies of the Plain-Song tunes and many others.*

*Tunes marked thus (†) are inserted by permission of the respective owners of the Copyright.*

*Tunes marked thus (‡) have been expressly composed for this book.*

*Questions concerning the Copyright of these HYMNS and TUNES should be addressed to the Secretaries, S.P.C.K., Northumberland Avenue, W.C.*

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
A burdened heart that bleeds ..	123	C. G. Rossetti ..	†Wreford .. ..	E. S. Carter.
A few more years shall roll ..	353	H. Bonar .. ..	†Leominster .. ..	G. W. Martin.
A Fortress sure is God our King ..	354	G. Thring .. ..	Ein' feste Burg.. ..	M. Luther.
Abide with me ! .. ..	355	H. F. Lyte .. ..	†Eventide .. ..	W. H. Monk.
Abroad the regal Banners fly ..	135	J. Dryden (?)	(1. Vexilla Regis .. ..	Sarum.
According to Thy gracious word ..	244	J. Montgomery ..	(2. Bavaria .. ..	German.
Again, as evening's shadow falls ..	10	S. Longfellow ..	†St. Hugh .. ..	E. J. Hopkins.
All glory, praise, and honour ..	137	J. M. Neale .. ..	†Tibbont .. ..	C. L. Williams.
All hail, Adorèd Trinity .. ..	199	J. D. Chambers ..	St. Theodulph .. ..	M. Teschner.
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	356	E. Perronet .. ..	(1. Ave colenda Trinitas ..	Sarum.
All-Holy Sovereign of the sky ..	64	R. Campbell	(2.†Chersterton .. ..	G. F. Cobb.
All people that on earth do dwell ..	357	W. Kethe .. ..	Miles' Lane .. ..	W. Shrubsole.
All praise and thanks to God ..	358	C. Winkworth ..	(1. Coeli Deus sanc-	
All praise to Thee .. Part II.	2	Bp. T. Ken .. ..	tissime .. ..	Sarum.
All things bright and beautiful ..	609	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	(2. Angels' Song .. ..	Ad. from O. Gibbons.
All things praise Thee .. ..	359	G. W. Conder .. ..	Old 100th (Old Version)	Geneva Psalter.
All ye who seek a comfort sure ..	139	E. Caswall .. ..	†Adoration .. ..	G. W. Torrance.
Alleluia ! Sing to Jesus ! .. ..	380	W. C. Dix .. ..	(1. Tallis's Canon .. ..	T. Tallis.
Alleluia ! Song of sweetness ! ..	118	F. Pott & J. M. Neale	(2. Morning Hymn .. ..	F. H. Barthélemon
Almighty Father, hear our cry ..	318	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	†All things bright and	W. H. Monk.
Almighty God, Thy word is cast ..	120	J. Cawood .. ..	beautiful .. ..	J. F. Swift.
Almighty God, Whose Only Son ..	320	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Te laudant omnia .. ..	J. Richardson.
And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul..	155	E. S. Alderson ..	St. Bernard .. ..	J. W. Elliott.
And now, O Father, mindful ..	245	W. Bright .. ..	†Eucharistica (Elliott) ..	Plain Song.
And now the wants are told ..	36	W. Bright .. ..	(1. Alleluia, dulce carmen	Webbe's Collection.
Angel-voices ever singing ..	361	F. Pott .. ..	(2. Alleluia, dulce carmen	W. Knapp.
Angels, from the realms of glory ..	83	J. Montgomery ..	Wareham .. ..	Robert Wainwright.
Another year hath fled ; renew ..	102	A. T. Russell ..	Manchester .. ..	Anon.
Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat	302	J. Newton .. ..	Intercession (Anon.) ..	J. Stainer.
Around the throne of God in heaven	610	Mrs. Shepherd ..	†Woodlynn .. ..	W. H. Monk.
Art thou weary, art thou languid ..	363	J. M. Neale .. ..	†Unde et memores .. ..	Day's Psalter.
As a shadow life is fleeting Part II.	103	E. Caswall .. ..	St. Flavian .. ..	E. G. Monk.
As now the sun's declining rays ..	11	J. Chandler .. ..	†Angel-voices .. ..	E. J. Hopkins.
As pants the hart for cooling streams	364	Tate and Brady ..	(1.†Feniton Court .. ..	W. Horsley.
As the bird, whose clarion gay ..	61	W. J. Courthope ..	(2. Angeli .. ..	H. S. Irons.
As Thou didst rest, O Father ..	39	Bp. A. Barry .. ..	†St. Julian .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
As with gladness men of old ..	109	W. C. Dix .. ..	St. Peter .. ..	Anon.
Ashamed of Thee ! O dearest Lord	365	(J. Grigg, recast by ..	Glory .. ..	(H. W. Baker, arr. by
Asleep in Jesus ! blessèd sleep ..	280	Bp. W. W. How ..	(1.†Stephanos .. ..	W. H. Monk.
At even, when the sun did set ..	12	M. Mackay and G. ..	(2.†Art thou weary ..	(E. W. Bullinger.
At the Lamb's high feast we sing ..	160	Thring .. ..	St. Sylvester .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay ..	1	Henry Twells ..	St. Peter .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
Author of Life Divine .. ..	246	R. Campbell .. ..	Martyrdom .. ..	H. Wilson.
Awake, and sing the song .. ..	366	W. Bright .. ..	†Enmore .. ..	P. H. Diemer.
Awake, my soul, and with Part I.	2	C. Wesley .. ..	†Sabbath .. ..	W. H. Callcott.
		(W. Hammond, M. ..	Dix .. ..	C. Kocher.
		Madan, and A. ..		
		M. Toplady .. ..		
		Bp. T. Ken .. ..	†St. Salvador .. ..	E. Pieraccini.
			†St. Gabriel (Pierson) ..	H. H. Pierson.
			(1. Commandments .. ..	Geneva Psalter.
			(2. Angelus .. ..	G. Josephi.
			Salzburg .. ..	J. Hintze.
			Heathlands .. ..	H. Smart.
			†Hartland .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
			†The Day of Praise ..	C. Steggall.
			(1. Tallis's Canon .. ..	T. Tallis.
			(2. Morning Hymn .. ..	F. H. Barthélemon.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Be present at our table, Lord ..	647	J. Cennick .. ..	Old 100th (Modern Version) .. ..	Geneva Psalter.
Be still, my soul .. Part I.	247	Abp. MacLagan ..	Ellesmere .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide	367	I. Williams .. ..	Abridge .. ..	Isaac Smith.
Before Jehovah's awful throne ..	368	I. Watts & J. Wesley	Old 100th (Modern Version) .. ..	Geneva Psalter.
Before the ending of the day ..	55	F. Pott & J. M. Neale	1. Telucis ante terminum ..	Sarum.
Before the Lord we bow ..	369	F. S. Key .. ..	2. f Wells .. ..	Basil Johnson.
Behold a little Child ..	611	Bp. W. W. How ..	Croft's 148th .. ..	W. Croft.
Behold, the Bridegroom ..	72	R. M. Moorsom ..	St. Godric .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Behold the Lamb of God ..	370	M. Bridges .. ..	Stalheim .. ..	Norwegian?
Behold, the Master passeth by ..	219	(Bp. W. W. How, adptd. from Bp. Ken J. H. Newman & R. Campbell	(1. St. John .. ..	Old Melody.
Behold, the shade of night departs	49	J. H. Newman & R. Campbell	(2. f) Dignus est Agnus ..	J. Stainer.
Behold us, Lord, before Thee met	270	W. Bright .. ..	*Thanksgiving .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Bethlehem! of noblest cities ..	110	E. Caswall .. ..	Bristol .. ..	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Blessed be Thy Name ..	371	J. Montgomery ..	Giessen .. ..	Adapted.
Blessed city, Heavenly Salem Pt. I	331	J. M. Neale .. ..	Stuttgart .. ..	Gotha Cantional.
Blessing, honour, thanks and praise	281	C. Wesley .. ..	Thuringia .. ..	Adam Drese.
Blest are the pure in heart ..	205	(J. Keble and the Mitre Hymn Book	(1. Urbs beata .. ..	Sarum.
Bound upon the accursed Tree ..	144	H. H. Milman ..	(2. Oriel .. ..	Anon.
Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed ..	248	Josiah Conder ..	Salzburg .. ..	J. Hintze.
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	249	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	Franconia .. ..	Müller's Choralbuch.
Brief life is here our portion Pt. II	561	J. M. Neale .. ..	*Ecce Homo .. ..	J. V. Watts and H. S. Irons.
Bright the vision that delighted ..	200	Bp. R. Mant .. ..	†Bread of Heaven ..	Abp. MacLagan.
Brightest and best of the sons ..	111	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	†Eucharistica (Langran) ..	J. Langran.
Brightly gleams our banner ..	612	T. J. Potter & others	St. Alphege .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Brother, thou art gone before us ..	282	H. H. Milman ..	†Redhead, No. 46 .. ..	R. Redhead.
Bulwark of a mighty nation ..	342	G. Thring .. ..	(1. Epiphany .. ..	E. J. Hopkins.
By Christ redeemed ..	250	G. Rawson & Editors	(2. Epiphany Hymn ..	J. F. Thrupp.
By cool Siloam's shady rill ..	613	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	†St. Theresa .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
By the Cross, sad vigil keeping ..	151	Bp. R. Mant .. ..	*†Campo santo .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide	372	C. Wesley .. ..	†Eastgate .. ..	G. J. Bennett.
Celestial Word, to this our earth ..	73	W. J. Courthope ..	†Redemption .. ..	J. Naylor.
Children of the heavenly King ..	373	J. Cennick .. ..	Wiltshire .. ..	G. Smart.
Christ, above all glory seated ..	374	(Bp. J. R. Woodford & W. J. Copeland	(1. Stabat Mater .. ..	Mechlin.
Christ is made the sure .. Part II.	331	J. M. Neale .. ..	(2. Stabat Mater .. ..	Traditional.
Christ is our Corner-stone ..	375	J. Chandler .. ..	*†Craigmillar .. ..	C. W. Pearce.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	161	A. T. Gurney .. ..	(1. Verbum Supernum ..	Sarum.
Christ the Lord is risen again ..	162	C. Winkworth ..	prodiens .. ..	J. H. Schein.
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day" ..	163	C. Wesley .. ..	(2. Eisenach .. ..	Anon.
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	3	C. Wesley .. ..	Innocents .. ..	Samuel Smith.
Christian, seek not yet repose ..	376	C. Elliott .. ..	†Newton Ferns .. ..	Sarum.
Christians, awake! Salute the happy	84	J. Byrom .. ..	(1. Urbs beata .. ..	Sarum.
Come, gracious Spirit ..	190	S. Browne .. ..	(2. Oriel .. ..	Anon.
Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire	189	Bp. J. Cosin .. ..	Gopsal .. ..	G. F. Handel.
Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One ..	51	J. H. Newman ..	††Resurrexit .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Come, Holy Spirit, come; Let Thy	377	J. Hart .. ..	Würtemberg .. ..	J. Rosenmüller.
Come, Holy Spirit, come; Oh hear	614	D. A. Thrupp ..	†Qui dedit nobis ..	H. S. Irons.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	378	I. Watts .. ..	victoriam .. ..	Werner's Choralbuch.
Come, let us join our friends above	379	C. Wesley .. ..	Ration .. ..	J. W. Elliott.
Come, let us to the Lord our God ..	380	J. Morison .. ..	(1. Agathos .. ..	J. W. Monk.
Come, Lord, and tarry not ..	381	H. Bonar .. ..	(2. Vigilate .. ..	W. H. Monk.
			Yorkshire .. ..	J. Wainwright.
			†Hope .. ..	H. S. Irons.
			(1. Veni Creator .. ..	Plain Song.
			(2. Veni Creator (Sarum) ..	Sarum.
			(3. f) Veni Creator (Chant) ..	Arthur Sullivan.
			(1. Nunc Sancte nobis ..	Plain Song.
			(2. Commandments .. ..	Geneva Psalter.
			†Moccas .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
			Franconia .. ..	Müller's Choralbuch.
			†Nativity .. ..	H. Lahee.
			Dundee .. ..	Scotch Psalter.
			St. David .. ..	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
			Langton .. ..	Ad. by Mrs. Streatfield



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ..	382	J. Newton .. ..	St. Lucy .. ..	H. J. Poole.
Come, see the place where Jesus lay	164	T. Kelly .. ..	Exeter .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
Come, sing with holy gladness ..	615	J. J. Daniell .. ..	Ellacombe .. ..	Kocher's Zionharfe.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus ..	383	C. Wesley .. ..	Gotha .. ..	H.R.H. The Prince Consort.
Come to our poor nature's night ..	384	G. Rawson .. ..	†Missouri .. ..	P. Tottenham Lucas.
Come unto Me, ye weary .. ..	385	W. C. Dix .. ..	†Come unto Me .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	386	J. Hupton & J. M. Neale .. ..	Unser Herrscher .. ..	J. Neander.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	165	J. M. Neale .. ..	†St. Kevin .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Come, ye thankful people, come ..	301	H. Alford .. ..	St. George (Elvey) .. ..	G. J. Elvey.
Commit thou all thy ways .. ..	387	J. Wesley .. ..	†Carlisle .. ..	C. Lockhart.
Conquering kings their titles take	383	J. Chandler .. ..	Innocents .. ..	Anon.
Creator of the rolling flood .. ..	214	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	†Sarum Hymnal, No. 46	T. E. Aylward.
Creator of the world! to Thee ..	119	(J. M. Neale, J. Chandler, &c.	(1. Te laeta mundi Conditor .. .. (2. St. Gregory .. ..	Milan. Darmstadt Gesang- buch. Adapted.
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid ..	191	J. Dryden .. ..	Giessen .. ..	
Creator! Who from heaven Thy throne .. ..	68	(J. D. Chambers, Bp. Mant, & J. Julian	(1. Plasmator hominis Deus .. .. (2. Soldau .. ..	Milan. 13th Century.
Crown Him with many crowns ..	389	G. Thring .. ..	†Diademata .. ..	G. J. Elvey.
Crown Him with many crowns ..	390	M. Bridges .. ..	†Corone .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Day by day we magnify Thee ..	616	John Ellerton ..	†Chapel Brae .. ..	E. F. A.
Day is breaking, dawn is bright ..	68	W. J. Courthope ..	*†Daybreak .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Day of wrath! Oh, day .. ..	74	W. J. Irons .. ..	(1. Dies Irae .. .. (2. Dies Irae .. ..	Plain Song. J. B. Dykes.
Days and moments quickly .. ..	103	E. Caswall .. ..	St. Sylvester .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear	335	J. Newton .. ..	Tallis's Ordinal .. ..	T. Tallis.
Disposer supreme .. ..	391	I. Williams .. ..	Old 104th .. ..	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Do no sinful action .. ..	617	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Warfare .. ..	L. J. Hutton.
Draw nigh and take the Body ..	251	J. M. Neale .. ..	(1. Sancti venite (2.†Coena Domini .. ..	French Plain Song. Arthur Sullivan.
Eternal Father! strong to save ..	317	W. Whiting .. ..	†Melita .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Eternal God! we look to Thee ..	392	J. Merrick .. ..	Belmont .. ..	S. Webb, Jun. (?)
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	344	J. W. Chadwick ..	†God of our fathers .. ..	F. Peel.
Every morning the red sun .. ..	618	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Eternity .. ..	L. J. Hutton.
Fair waved the golden corn .. ..	619	J. H. Gurney .. ..	Holyrood .. ..	J. Watson.
Far from my heavenly home .. ..	393	H. F. Lyte .. ..	St. Augustine .. ..	Lowell Mason.
Far from Thy heavenly care .. ..	124	J. Brownlie .. ..	†Farewell .. ..	J. Naylor.
Father, again in Jesus' Name ..	125	Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore .. ..	Penitencia .. ..	E. Dearle.
Father, by Thy love and power ..	13	J. Anstie .. ..	*†Evening Prayer .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Father, ere yet another day is ended	14	H. C. Shuttleworth ..	*†Lighten our darkness .. ..	Anon.
Father, hear Thy children's call ..	648	T. B. Pollock .. ..	†Litany No. 1 .. .. (2.†Thorn Grove .. ..	C. C. Scholefield. C. Lee Williams.
Father, let me dedicate .. ..	106	L. Tuttielt .. ..	†Father, let me dedi- cate .. ..	G. A. Macfarren. A. R. Reinagle.
Father of all, in Whom alone ..	341	C. Wesley .. ..	St. Peter .. ..	J. Barnby.
Father of all, to Thee .. ..	394	J. Julian .. ..	†Via Pacis .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Father of heaven, Whose love ..	395	E. Cooper .. ..	†Rivaulx .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Father of love, our Guide and Friend	396	W. J. Irons .. ..	Old 137th .. ..	Day's Psalter.
Father of men, in Whom are one ..	346	H. C. Shuttleworth ..	Daughters of Galilee .. ..	H. M. Gwyther.
Father of mercies, in Thy word ..	397	A. Steele .. ..	†Childhood .. ..	C. J. Dickinson.
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss ..	398	A. Steele .. ..	St. Columba (Macmeikan) .. ..	J. M. Macmeikan.
Father, while the shadows fall ..	620	E. Miller .. ..	*†Euphrone .. ..	A. M. Goodhart.
Fierce raged the tempest .. ..	399	G. Thring .. ..	†St. Aelred .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Fierce was the wild billow .. ..	400	J. M. Neale .. ..	†Glebehampton .. ..	J. Napleton.
Fight the good fight .. ..	401	J. S. B. Monsell ..	Duke Street .. ..	J. Hatton.
First day of days! wherein, arrayed	56	J. D. Chambers ..	(1. Primodierum omnium (2.†Church Triumphant .. ..	Sarum. J. W. Elliott.
First of Martyrs, thou whose name	95	Anon. .. ..	Lübeck .. ..	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.
For all the Saints who from their ..	232	Bp. W. W. How ..	(1. Troyte, No. 2 .. .. (2.†Pro omnibus Sanctis .. ..	A. H. D. Troyte. J. Barnby.
For all Thy Saints, a noble throng	216	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	St. James .. ..	R. Courteville.
For all Thy Saints, O Lord .. ..	233	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	Franconia .. ..	Müller's Choralbuch.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
"For ever with the Lord" .. ..	402	J. Montgomery ..	†Nearer Home .. ..	J. B. Woodbury, arr. by Arthur Sullivan.
For the beauty of the earth ..	403	F. S. Pierpoint ..	*Probus .. ..	G. R. Sinclair.
For thee, O dear, dear country	561	J. M. Neale ..	†Jubilate .. ..	C. H. H. Parry.
Part III.)				
For Thy mercy and Thy grace ..	104	H. Downton ..	Gibbons .. ..	O. Gibbons.
Forth from the dark and stormy sky	404	Bp. R. Heber ..	†St. Finbar .. ..	J. G. Walton.
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go	4	C. Wesley ..	Norfolk .. ..	S. Howard.
Forty days and forty nights ..	126	G. Smytman ..	Heinlein .. ..	Nuremberg
Fountain of mercy! God of love ..	302	A. Flowerdew ..	Oxford New .. ..	Gesangbuch.
Framer of the earth and sky ..	57	J. H. Newman ..	Vienna .. ..	J. Coombes.
From all that dwell below the skies	405	I. Watts ..	Old 100th (Old Version)	J. H. Knecht.
From East to West, from shore to ..	85	J. Ellerton ..	St. Leonard .. ..	Geneva Psalter.
From Egypt lately come ..	406	T. Kelly ..	†Pilgrimage .. ..	H. Smart.
From every stormy wind that blows	407	H. Stowell ..	†Shadow of the Cross ..	Arthur Sullivan.
From foes that would the land devour	408	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Patria .. ..	Archbp. MacLagan.
From Greenland's icy mountains ..	323	Bp. R. Heber ..	Missionary .. ..	T. F. Dunhill.
From highest heaven the Eternal Son	499	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Old 113th .. ..	Lowell Mason.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild ..	621	C. Wesley ..	†Simplicity .. ..	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Give me the wings of faith to rise ..	234	I. Watts ..	Chelsea .. ..	J. Stainer.
Giver of the perfect gift ..	127	J. Ellerton ..	Battisill .. ..	T. Attwood.
Glorious things of thee are spoken	410	J. Newton ..	Austria .. ..	J. Battisill.
Glory be to Jesus ..	411	E. Caswall, fr. Italian	Caswall .. ..	F. J. Haydn.
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	15	Bp. T. Ken ..	Tallis's Canon .. ..	F. Filitz.
Glory to Thee, O Lord ..	99	Emma Toke ..	Franconia .. ..	T. Tallis.
Go to dark Gethsemane ..	412	J. Montgomery ..	†Meiningen .. ..	Müller's Choralbuch.
God from on high hath heard ..	86	Bp. J. R. Woodford	Eden .. ..	Meiningen
God is gone up with a merry noise	181	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Ascendit Deus .. ..	Gesangbuch.
God is love: His mercy brightens ..	413	Sir J. Bowring ..	†Langdale .. ..	O. M. Feilden.
God is our Refuge, tried and proved	414	H. F. Lyte ..	St. Ann .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
God is our stronghold and our stay	415	Eliz. Wordsworth ..	Ein' feste Burg .. ..	R. Redhead.
God is working His purpose out ..	324	A. C. Ainger ..	*Benson .. ..	W. Croft.
God moves in a mysterious way ..	416	W. Cowper ..	London New .. ..	M. Luther.
God of all grace, Thy mercy send ..	649	J. Brownlie ..	†Apostolicus .. ..	M. D. Kingham.
God of our life, to Thee we call ..	288	W. Cowper ..	Saxony .. ..	Scotch Psalter.
God of mercy, God of grace ..	417	H. F. Lyte ..	Dix .. ..	A. H. Brown.
God of the living, in Whose eyes ..	283	J. Ellerton ..	†Colchester .. ..	Old German Chorale
God save our gracious King ..	351	Anon. ..	National Anthem ..	C. Kocher.
God, that madest earth and heaven	16	Bp. R. Heber and Abp. R. Whately	(1. Upsal .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
God the Father, God the Son ..	650	J. Brett ..	(2. Temple .. ..	Uncertain.
God the Father, God the Son ..	651	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Litany No. 2 .. ..	J. Crüger.
God the Father, seen of none ..	652	R. F. Littledale ..	†Litany No. 3 .. ..	E. J. Hopkins.
Golden harps are sounding ..	622	F. R. Havergal ..	†Evelyn .. ..	Har. by A. Sullivan.
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost ..	121	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Haydn .. ..	W. H. Monk.
Gracious Spirit, Life Divine ..	418	J. Julian ..	†Charity .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine ..	419	J. Stocker ..	†St. Margaret .. ..	Ad. from F. J. Haydn.
Great Creator, wise and good ..	62	R. Campbell ..	Kiel .. ..	J. Stainer.
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	623	A. Gilbert ..	†Battisill .. ..	E. H. Lemare.
Great God of boundless mercy, hear	69	J. D. Chambers ..	†Lundy .. ..	A. J. Romberg.
Great God of Hosts, our ears have ..	292	E. Osler ..	(1. Summae Deus cle- mentiae .. ..	J. Battisill.
Great God to Thee, our hearts ..	336	J. Julian ..	(2. Ludborough .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Great God, what do I see and hear	75	W. B. Collyer ..	†St. John the Baptist ..	Milan.
		T. Cotterill, &c.	†Bishopgarth .. ..	T. R. Matthews.
Great God, Who, hid from mortal sight .. ..	420	J. Chandler ..	Luther's Hymn .. ..	J. B. Calkin.
Great God, Who madest all for man	345	G. Thring ..	(1. O Luce qui mortalibus ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Great King of nations, hear ..	291	J. H. Gurney ..	(2. St. Luke .. ..	Lieder.
Great Mover of all hearts ..	421	I. Williams ..	*Dona Dei .. ..	French Plain Song.
Great Ruler of the nations ..	299	Eliz. Wordsworth ..	†Gretton .. ..	Jeremiah Clark.
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ..	422	W. Williams ..	†Innsbruck .. ..	H. S. Irons.
Hail, Festal Day (Easter) ..	166	T. A. Lacey ..	*Rector Omnipotens ..	R. Brown Borthwick
Hail, Festal Day (Ascension) ..	182	T. A. Lacey ..	(1. Protector meus .. ..	H. Isaac.
			(2. Mannheim .. ..	A. H. Brewer.
				Anon.
				F. Filitz.
				J. Baden Powell.
				J. Baden Powell.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Hail, Festal Day ( <i>Whitsuntide</i> ) ..	192	T. A. Lacey ..	†Salve! Festa Dies No. 4	J. Baden Powell.
Hail, gladdening Light ..	17	J. Keble ..	†Sebast ..	J. Stainer.
Hail, harbinger of Morn ..	212	C. S. Calverley ..	†Harbinger ..	Horatio Parker.
			(1. Cœlestis .. aule	
Hail! Princes of the Host of heaven	237	J. Chandler ..	Principes ..	Plain Song.
			(2. †Gideon ..	J. B. Southgate.
Hail the day that sees Him rise ..	183	C. Wesley and		
		T. Cotterill	Innocents ..	Anon.
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus ..	423	J. Bakewell and		
		M. Madan	Alla Trinità beata ..	Laudi Spirituali.
Hail to the Lord's Anointed ..	424	J. Montgomery ..	Crüger ..	J. Crüger.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! hearts to				
heaven ..	167	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Lux Eoi ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Hark, an awful voice is sounding ..	76	E. Caswall ..	†Merton ..	W. H. Monk.
Hark! hear ye not the Angel-song ..	87	G. Wither and G.		
		Thring ..	*†Cantus Angelicus ..	Anon.
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord ..	425	W. Cowper ..	†St. Bees ..	J. B. Dykes.
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour ..	77	P. Doddridge ..	Bristol ..	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Hark, the herald Angels sing ..	88	C. Wesley ..	Mendelssohn ..	F. Mendelssohn- Bartholdy.
Hark, the sound of holy voices ..	235	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Deerhurst ..	J. Langran.
Hark, the voice of love and mercy ..	154	J. Evans ..	†St. Raphael ..	E. J. Hopkins.
Have mercy, Lord, on me ..	128	Tate and Brady ..	St. Bride ..	S. Howard.
He is gone—A cloud of light ..	184	A. P. Stanley and		
		H. White	†St. Patrick ..	Arthur Sullivan.
He is risen, He is risen ..	168	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Edom ..	A. L. Peace.
Head of Thy Church triumphant ..	96	C. Wesley ..	†Lostwithiel ..	J. Turle.
Heal us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer	426	W. Cowper ..	†Sudeley ..	J. Stainer.
Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father	18	H. Parr ..	*†Odde ..	A. H. Brewer.
Heavenly Father, from Thy throne	653	E. Shepcote (?)	†Lonsdale ..	F. A. J. Hervey.
Heralds of Christ, to every age ..	240	J. Chandler ..	Christi perennes nuntii	Milan.
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that				
is fairest ..	340	A. G. W. Blunt ..	Clare Market ..	Mary Palmer.
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee ..	252	H. Bonar ..	†St. Agnes ..	J. Langran.
Here we suffer grief and pain ..	624	T. Bilby ..	Rejoicing ..	T. Bilby.
High let us swell our tuneful notes	89	P. Doddridge ..	St. Magnus ..	Jeremiah Clark.
His are the thousand sparkling rills	153	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Erskine ..	W. H. Gladstone.
His the glory, His the honour ..	343	R. M. Moorsom ..	Godesberg ..	H. Albert.
Holy Father, in Thy mercy ..	316	I. S. Stephenson ..	†Cairnbrook ..	E. Prout.
Holy Ghost, great Gift of grace ..	654	Anon. ..	Mill Lane ..	Anon.
Holy Ghost, Illuminator Part II.	187	Bp. C. Wordsworth	(1. †St. Asaph ..	W. S. Bambridge.
			(2. †Rex Gloriæ ..	H. Smart.
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God ..	193	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Nicea ..	J. B. Dykes.
Holy Spirit! Lord of Light ..	427	E. Caswall ..	Veni Sancte Spiritus ..	S. Webbe.
Holy Spirit, Lord of love ..	271	Abp. MacLagan ..	*†Probus ..	G. R. Sinclair.
Hosanna to the living Lord ..	428	Bp. R. Heber ..	Baden ..	J. Pachelbel, ad. by J. Goss.
How beauteous are their feet ..	218	I. Watts ..	St. Michael ..	Day's Psalter.
How blessed, from the bonds of sin	348	Jane Borthwick ..	Old 31st ..	Day's Psalter.
How bright these glorious spirits	236	I. Watts ..	†St. Jerome ..	H. H. Pierson.
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	429	J. Newton ..	St. Peter ..	A. R. Reinagle.
Hushed was the evening hymn ..	625	J. D. Burns ..	†Hushed was the evening hymn ..	Arthur Sullivan.
I am not worthy, Holy Lord ..	253	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Leicester ..	W. Hurst.
I heard a sound of voices ..	430	G. Thring ..	*†Lucerna ejus est Agnus	B. Harwood.
I heard the voice of Jesus say ..	431	H. Bonar ..	†Vox Dilecti ..	J. B. Dykes.
I hunger and I thirst ..	254	J. S. B. Monsell ..	†Moseley ..	H. Smart.
I love to hear the story ..	626	E. Miller ..	†Bowdley, No. 178	Cyril Bowdler.
I need Thee, precious Jesus ..	432	F. Whitfield ..	Munich ..	Württemberg Gesang- buch.
I praised the earth, in beauty seen	433	Bp. R. Heber ..	†Nature ..	C. H. H. Parry.
I think when I read that sweet story	627	J. Luke ..	Salamis ..	Greek Melody.
If there be that skills to reckon ..	227	J. M. Neale ..	(1. Quisquis valet num- erare ..	Plain Song.
In exile here we wander ..	434	W. Cooke ..	(2. †St. Lawrence ..	C. Stegall.
In His temple now behold Him ..	206	H. J. Pye ..	St. Avold ..	M. Haydn.
			Bamberg ..	Old German Melody, har. by J. C. Bach.
In stature grows the heavenly Child	112	J. Chandler ..	Tallis's Ordinal ..	T. Tallis.
In the hour of trial ..	435	J. Montgomery ..	Bohemia ..	Old German Melody.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
In the Name of Jesus .. ..	436	C. M. Noel .. ..	†Princethorpe .. ..	W. Pitts.
In token that thou shalt not fear ..	266	H. Alford .. ..	St. James .. ..	R. Courteville.
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer ..	437	A. M. Toplady ..	†Tabor .. ..	C. Steggall.
It came upon the midnight clear ..	90	E. H. Sears .. ..	(1.) †Noel .. ..	Traditional.
It is a thing most wonderful ..	628	Bp. W. W. How ..	(2.) St. Maria .. ..	Old German Melody.
It is finished! Blessed Jesus ..	157	Abp. W. D. MacLagan	†Gideon .. ..	J. B. Southgate.
			†Langdale .. ..	R. Redhead.
Jerusalem, my happy home ..	438	J. Bromehead ..	†Southwell (Irons)	H. S. Irons.
Jerusalem on high .. ..	439	S. Crossman ..	†Christ Church ..	C. Steggall.
Jerusalem the golden .. Part IV.	561	J. M. Neale ..	†Ewing .. ..	Alexander Ewing.
Jesu, high in glory .. ..	629	H. B. McKeever ..	†North Coates ..	T. R. Matthews.
Jesu, in Thy dying woes ..	156	T. B. Pollock ..	(1.) †Litany .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
			(2.) †Litany .. ..	E. H. Turpin.
Jesu, Lord, enthroned on high ..	145	Jesse Brett ..	Supplication .. ..	J. Crüger.
Jesu, Lover of my soul .. ..	440	C. Wesley .. ..	†Hollingside .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Jesu, meek and gentle .. ..	441	G. R. Prynne ..	Caswall .. ..	F. Filitz.
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All ..	442	H. Collins ..	†St. Chrysostom (Barnby)	J. Barnby.
Jesu, our Hope, our heart's Desire ..	443	P. Chandler ..	†Redhead, No. 66 ..	R. Redhead.
Jesu, our Lord, how rich Thy grace ..	444	J. Doddridge ..	St. Fulbert .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Jesu, still lead on .. ..	445	J. Borthwick ..	Thuringia .. ..	A. Drese.
Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me ..	630	M. L. Duncan ..	†Evening Prayer ..	J. Stainer.
Jesu, the very thought of Thee ..	446	E. Caswall ..	(1.) Evan .. ..	W. H. Havergal.
			(2.) †St. John the Baptist	J. B. Calkin.
			(1.) Jesu, Redemptor se-	
			culi .. ..	Sarum.
			(2.) Ely .. ..	Bishop Turton.
Jesu, the world's redeeming Lord ..	169	W. J. Copeland ..	(1.) Jesu, Dulcedo cordium	Sarum.
			(2.) Walton .. ..	Anon.
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts ..	447	R. Palmer .. ..	†Lacryme .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Jesu, to Thy Table led .. ..	255	R. H. Baynes ..	†Litany, No. 4 ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Jesu, we are far away .. ..	635	T. B. Pollock ..	†Gotha .. ..	H. R. H. The Prince
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult ..	201	Mrs. C. F. Alexander		Consort.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day ..	170	Anon. .. ..	Easter Hymn .. ..	Lyra Davidica.
Jesus, I my cross have taken ..	443	H. F. Lyte .. ..	St. Ambrose .. ..	R. Cecil.
Jesus, I will trust Thee .. ..	449	M. J. Walker ..	Goshen .. ..	Anon.
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now ..	171	F. E. Cox .. ..	St. Albans .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory ..	450	J. J. Cummins ..	†St. Raphael .. ..	E. J. Hopkins.
Jesus, my Shepherd, here I know ..	451	R. O. Assheton ..	†Sawley .. ..	J. Walsh.
Jesus! Name of wondrous love ..	101	Bp. W. W. How ..	Battleshill .. ..	J. Battleshill.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ..	452	I. Watts .. ..	†Galilee .. ..	P. Armes.
Jesus! where'er Thy people meet ..	453	W. Cowper .. ..	Commandments ..	Geneva Psalter.
Joy! because the circling year ..	193	J. Ellerton and		
		F. J. A. Hort ..	Vienna .. ..	J. H. Knecht.
Just as I am, without one plea ..	454	C. Elliott .. ..	†St. Crispin .. ..	G. J. Elvey.
Lamb of God, I look to Thee ..	631	C. Wesley .. ..	Vienna .. ..	J. H. Knecht.
Lead, kindly Light .. ..	455	J. H. Newman ..	(1.) †Lux in tenebris ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us ..	456	J. Edmeston ..	(2.) †Lux benigna ..	J. B. Dykes.
Let all the world in every corner sing ..	457	G. Herbert ..	Mannheim .. ..	F. Filitz.
Let God arise to lead forth those ..	293	A. C. Ainger ..	†Undique Gloria ..	G. J. Elvey.
Let me be with Thee where Thou art ..	458	C. Elliott ..	†Exurgat Deus ..	J. Stainer.
Let our choir new anthems raise ..	242	J. M. Neale ..	St. Alban .. ..	St. Alban's Tune Book
Let the round world with songs ..	238	Bp. R. Mant ..	(1.) †St. Joseph of the Studium	J. Barnby.
rejoice .. ..			(1.) Exultet orbis gaudiis	Sarum.
Let us with a gladsome mind ..	303	J. Milton .. ..	(2.) Wainwright ..	Richard Wainwright.
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving ..	332	J. Ellerton ..	†Ever faithful, ever sure	Arthur Sullivan.
Lift up your heads, eternal gates ..	185	Tate and Brady ..	Austria .. ..	F. J. Haydn.
Lift up your heads, ye gates ..	325	J. Montgomery ..	Tiverton .. ..	F. J. Grigg.
Light's abode, celestial Salem ..	459	J. M. Neale ..	London New .. ..	Scotch Psalter.
Lo! from the desert homes ..	213	I. Williams ..	(1.) Urbs beata .. ..	Sarum.
Lo, God is here! Let us adore ..	460	J. Wesley ..	(2.) †Regent Square ..	H. Smart.
Lo! He comes with clouds des-			Croft's 148th .. ..	W. Croft.
cending .. ..	78	C. Wesley and	(1.) Ellesmere .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
		J. Cennick ..	(2.) Stirling .. ..	Anon.
			(1.) Hehnsley .. ..	T. Olivers and
			(2.) St. Thomas ..	M. Madan.
Lo! now is our accepted day ..	129	J. M. Neale ..	(1.) Ecce tempus idoneum	Webbe's Collection.
			(2.) St. Ambrose ..	Sarum.
				Old Melody.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band	228	R. Hill's Collection, altd. by T. Cotterill and others	†Crown of Life ..	H. H. Pierson.
Lo! the firmament doth bear ..	60	T. Whytehead	†St. Pancras (Smart)	H. Smart.
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ..	461	H. F. Lyte ..	Wordsworth ..	Bp. C. Wordsworth.
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee ..	462	J. H. Gurney ..	St. Hildred ..	Anon.
Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine	310	T. Cotterill ..	St. Basil ..	Old Tune.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	37	J. Fawcett (?)	{1. Freu' dich sehr ..	From J. S. Bach.
Lord, have mercy when we strive ..	463	Bp. R. Heber	†St. Thomas ..	Webbe's Collection.
Lord, her watch Thy Church ..	326	H. Downton	†Everton ..	A. H. Brown.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	404	E. Codner ..	†Showers of blessing	H. Smart.
Lord, I would own Thy tender care	632	J. Taylor	St. Leonard ..	Abp. MacLagan.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day ..	130	I. Williams ..	{1. †Rosehill ..	H. Smart.
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants	179	J. Keble ..	{2. †St. Philip ..	A. Phillips.
Lord, it belongs not to my care ..	465	R. Baxter ..	†St. Hugh ..	W. H. Monk.
Lord Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear	267	C. Winkworth	Berne ..	E. J. Hopkins.
Lord Jesu, think on me ..	466	A. W. Chatfield	†Graham Hill	E. J. Hopkins.
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar ..	140	Bp. W. W. How	St. Vincent ..	J. Schop.
Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name	467	{Bp. R. Heber and J. Dracup ..	†Wareham ..	W. S. Bambridge
Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us	312	E. S. Alderson	†Caritas ..	J. Uglow.
Lord of grace and holiness ..	272	A. C. Benson	†Osborne ..	W. Knapp.
Lord of mercy and of might ..	468	Bp. R. Heber	†Irene ..	J. B. Dykes.
Lord of my life, Whose tender care	19	Anon. ..	†Palmyra ..	H. R. H. Princess
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation ..	469	P. Pusey ..	†Cloisters ..	Henry of Battenberg.
Lord of the harvest! Hear we hail	304	J. H. Gurney	†Craigmillar ..	C. C. Scholefield.
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray	40	{P. Doddridge and T. Cotterill ..	Angels' Song ..	J. Sumners.
Lord of the worlds above ..	470	I. Watts ..	Darwell's 148th ..	J. Barnby.
Lord, shall Thy children come ..	273	{Bp. S. Hinds and H. J. Buckoll ..	Steterburg ..	C. W. Pearce.
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	349	F. R. Havergal ..	Melcombe ..	Ad. from O. Gibbons.
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	471	J. Montgomery	Bangor ..	J. Darwall.
Lord, Thy word abideth ..	472	Sir H. W. Baker	†St. Cyprian ..	N. Decius.
Lord, to our humble prayers attend	656	J. Brownlie ..	†Orthodoxus ..	S. Webbe.
"Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes"	150	Abp. MacLagan	†Kensington ..	Old Welsh Melody.
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	473	J. D. Carlyle	St. Flavian ..	R. R. Chope.
Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast	276	{Anon., recast by G. Thring ..	†Vox Jesu ..	A. A. Brown.
Love Divine, all loves excelling ..	474	C. Wesley ..	†Cross of Jesus ..	Abp. MacLagan.
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep ..	633	J. E. Leeson ..	Ross ..	Day's Psalter.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	38	J. Newton ..	{1. †Langdale ..	Spohr, ad. by J. Barnby
My Father, for another night ..	5	Sir H. W. Baker	{2. Sicilian Mariners ..	J. Stainer.
My God, accept my heart this day	274	M. Bridges ..	†St. Timothy ..	S. S. Wesley.
My God and Father, while I stray	475	C. Elliott ..	St. Peter ..	R. Redhead.
My God, and is Thy Table spread ..	256	P. Doddridge	{1. Troyte, No. 1 ..	Sicilian Melody.
My God, how endless is Thy love ..	6	I. Watts	{2. †St. Remigius ..	H. W. Baker, arr. by
My God, my Father, dost Thou call	476	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Rockingham ..	W. H. Monk.
My spirit longs for Thee ..	477	J. Byrom ..	Montgomery ..	A. R. Reinagle.
Nearer, my God, to Thee ..	478	S. F. Adams ..	Erfurt ..	A. II. D. Troyte.
New every morning is the love ..	7	J. Keble ..	†Propior Deo ..	J. M. W. Young.
None other Lamb, none other Name	479	C. G. Rossetti	*†In Te, Domine, speravi ..	E. Miller.
Not by Thy mighty hand ..	113	Bp. J. R. Woodford ..	Narenza ..	J. Stanley.
Now dawning glows the Day of days	172	F. J. A. Hort	{1. Aurora lucis rutilat ..	Geistliche Lieder,
Now God be with us, for the night	20	C. Winkworth	{2. †Church Triumphant ..	Magdeburg.
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm ..	107	J. Newton ..	†Die Nacht ist kommen	L. J. Hayne.
Now let our mingling voices rise ..	91	M. A. Jevons	Abbey ..	Arthur Sullivan.
			Exeter ..	S. Webbe.
				C. H. Lloyd.
				Cologne Gesangbuch.
				Sarum.
				J. W. Elliott.
				Der Böhmisches Brü-
				der Kirchengesang.
				Scotch Psalter.
				S. S. Wesley.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling . . . . . Part I.	257	E. Caswall and J. M. Neale . . . . .	1. Pange lingua . . . 2. St. Thomas . . .	Sarum. S. Webbe.
Now sinks in night the flaming sun	21	Bp. R. Mant . . . . .	(1. Jam sol recedit . . . 2. Almondsbury . . .	Sarum. B. Harwood.
Now thank we all our God . . . .	296	C. Winkworth . . . . .	Nun danket . . . . .	M. Ruckert.
Now that the daylight fills the sky	50	J. M. Neale . . . . .	(1. Jam lucis . . . . . 2. Lux . . . . .	Plain Song. E. Edwards.
Now the day is over . . . . .	634	S. Baring-Gould . . . . .	Merrial . . . . .	J. E. Roe.
Now the labourer's task is o'er	234	J. Ellerton . . . . .	†Requiescat . . . . .	J. B. Dykes.
Now the thirty years accomplished Part II.	136	J. M. Neale . . . . .	(1. Pange lingua . . . 2. Oriel . . . . .	Mechlin. Anon.
O Blest Creator, God Most High . .	70	J. D. Chambers . . . . .	(1. Deus Creator omnium . . . 2. Wareham . . . . .	Sarum. W. Knapp.
O Body, bruised for my sake Part II.	247	Abp. MacLagan . . . . .	Ellesmere . . . . .	A. R. Reinagle.
O Brightness of the Eternal Father's face . . . . .	22	E. W. Eddis . . . . .	†St. Nicholas . . . . .	C. C. Scholefield.
O Christ, our Light, O Fount of light	657	R. M. Moorsom . . . . .	†St. Corentin . . . . .	H. S. Irons.
O Christ, the true and only Light . .	203	W. Bartholomew and A. T. Russell	Breslau . . . . .	Har. by Mendelssohn.
O Christ, Who art the Light and Day	54	W. J. Copeland . . . . .	(1. Christe, Qui Lux es . . . 2. Leonburg . . . . .	Sarum. German.
O Christ, Who hast prepared a place	450	J. Chandler . . . . .	(1. Christe, Qui Lux es . . . 2. St. Pancras (Battishill) . . .	Plain Song. J. Battishill.
O Christ, Whose glory fills the heaven	67	J. Julian . . . . .	(1. Aeterna cœli gloria . . . 2. Breslau . . . . .	Solesmes. Clauder's Psalmodia nova.
O come, all ye faithful . . . . .	92	F. Oakeley . . . . .	Adeste fideles . . . . .	J. Reading (?).
O come, O come, Emmanuel . . . .	79	J. M. Neale . . . . .	(1. Veni, veni, Emmanuel . . . 2. Spire . . . . .	Plain Song. German.
O day of rest and gladness . . . . .	41	Bp. C. Wordsworth . . . . .	Day of Rest . . . . .	J. W. Elliott.
O Father all creating . . . . .	277	J. Ellerton . . . . .	†Lancashire . . . . .	H. Smart.
O for a closer walk with God . . . .	431	W. Cowper . . . . .	Martyrdom . . . . .	H. Wilson.
O for a faith that will not shrink . .	432	W. H. Bathurst . . . . .	Dunfermline . . . . .	Scotch Psalter.
O God of Bethel! by Whose hand . .	433	P. Doddridge & J. Logan . . . . .	St. David . . . . .	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
O God of God! O Light of Light . .	484	J. Julian . . . . .	†Peterborough . . . . .	J. Goss.
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord . .	485	Tate and Brady . . . . .	St. Stephen . . . . .	W. Jones, of Nayland.
O God of love, O King of peace . . .	294	Sir H. W. Baker . . . . .	St. Gregory . . . . .	Darmstadt.
O God of mercy, God of might . . .	486	G. Thring . . . . .	†St. Chrysostom (Irons) . . .	H. S. Irons.
O God of truth, O Lord of might . .	52	J. M. Neale . . . . .	(1. Rector potens . . . . . 2. Kent . . . . .	Sarum. J. F. Lampe.
O God of truth, Whose living word	487	T. Hughes . . . . .	Salisbury . . . . .	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
O God, our Father, Thee we praise . .	42	J. Julian . . . . .	(1. Die parente tem- porum . . . . . 2. Brockham . . . . .	Solesmes. Jeremiah Clark.
O God, our Help in ages past . . . .	433	I. Watts . . . . .	St. Ann . . . . .	W. Croft.
O God the Son Eternal . . . . .	220	Bp. R. Heber, recast by J. Keble . . . . .	Tenbury . . . . .	F. A. G. Ouseley.
O God, Thou art my God alone . . .	439	J. Montgomery . . . . .	Wainwright . . . . .	Richard Wainwright.
O God, unseen yet ever near . . . .	258	E. Osler . . . . .	Tallis's Ordinal . . . . .	T. Tallis.
O God, Who gavest Thy servant . .	97	Bp. R. Heber . . . . .	Wach' auf, mein Herz . . .	Har. by J. S. Bach.
O Hand of bounty, largely spread . .	490	Bp. R. Heber . . . . .	Surrey . . . . .	H. Carey.
O happy band of pilgrims . . . . .	491	J. M. Neale . . . . .	†St. Anselm . . . . .	J. Barnby.
O heavenly Jerusalem . . . . .	492	I. Williams . . . . .	St. Alphege . . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett.
O Jesu, I have promised . . . . .	493	J. E. Bode . . . . .	Kreuznach . . . . .	Magdeburg.
O Jesu, King most wonderful Part II.	446	E. Caswall . . . . .	†St. John the Baptist . . .	Gesangbuch. J. B. Calkin.
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace . . .	59	J. Chandler . . . . .	(1. Splendor paterne . . . 2. Wach' auf, mein Herz . . .	Sarum. Har. by J. S. Bach.
O Jesu, Lord, Thy Cross I see . . .	321	J. Brett . . . . .	Delhi . . . . .	E. F. Rimbault.
O Jesu, Thou art standing . . . . .	494	Bp. W. W. How . . . . .	†St. Catherine . . . . .	R. F. Dale.
O King, enthroned on high . . . . .	194	J. Brownlie . . . . .	†St. Stythian's . . . . .	A. H. Brown.
O King of earth and air and sea . . .	495	Bp. R. Heber . . . . .	†Rex terrarum . . . . .	T. F. Dunhill.
O King of kings, before Whose throne . . . . .	496	J. Quarles & T. Darling . . . . .	†Colchester . . . . .	S. S. Wesley.
O King of kings! Thy blessing shed . .	352	Anon. . . . .	†Wimbish . . . . .	A. H. Brown.
O King of Saints, O Lord of might . .	337	Jesse Brett . . . . .	Giessen . . . . .	Adapted.
O Light that knew no dawn . . . . .	8	J. Brownlie . . . . .	†Jubilee . . . . .	F. C. Chattock.
O Light, Whose beams illumine all	497	E. H. Plumptre . . . . .	St. Petersburg . . . . .	D. Bortnianski.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
O Lord, how happy should we be	498	J. Anstice .. ..	Innsbruck .. ..	H. Isaac.
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see ..	499	J. Chandler .. ..	1. O qui perpetuus .. ..	Plain Song.
O Lord, in all our trials here ..	500	E. Toke .. ..	2. Melcombe .. ..	S. Webbe.
O Lord of heaven and earth ..	313	Bp. C. Wordsworth ..	Coventry .. ..	S. Howard.
O Lord our Banner, God of might	295	Eliz. C. Wordsworth ..	Almsgiving .. ..	B. J. Dykes.
O Lord, turn not Thy face away ..	131	{ J. Marckant & Bp. R. Heber }	{ Jehovah-Nissi .. ..	{ G. J. Bennett. Archdeacon Prys's
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	501	C. Wesley .. ..	St. Mary .. ..	{ Book of Psalms. W. Hayes.
O Love, how deep! .. ..	502	J. M. Neale .. ..	Magdalen College .. ..	French Plain Song.
O Love so strong, O Power so sweet	503	W. Bright .. ..	1. O Amor quam ex- stans .. ..	J. H. Schein.
O Love, Who formedst me to wear	504	C. Winkworth .. ..	2. Eisenach .. ..	Bp. Turton.
O Master, it is good to be .. ..	243	A. P. Stanley .. ..	Ely .. ..	German.
O merciful Creator, hear .. ..	132	F. Pott and others ..	Spire .. ..	Old Tune.
O most merciful .. ..	505	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	St. Basil .. ..	{ 1. Audi, benigne Conditor .. ..
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending .. ..	278	Mrs. R. Gurney .. ..	2. St. Luke .. ..	Sarum.
O praise ye the Lord .. ..	208	H. J. Pye .. ..	Sicilian Mariners .. ..	Jeremiah Clark.
O sacred head! sore wounded ..	141	{ W. H. Alexander & Compilers }	1. O perfect Love .. ..	Sicilian Melody.
O Saving Victim, opening wide Part II.)	262	E. Caswall .. ..	2. Crofton .. ..	J. Barnby.
O Saviour! is Thy promise fled ..	506	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	Annunciation .. ..	Lord Crofton.
O Saviour, may we never rest ..	507	W. H. Bathurst .. ..	Passion Chorale .. ..	A. H. Brewer.
O Saviour, precious Saviour ..	508	F. R. Havergal .. ..	O Salutaris Hostia .. ..	{ H. L. Hassler, har. by J. S. Bach.
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod ..	186	{ Based on R. Campbell and J. Chandler }	Brockham .. ..	French Plain Song.
O Son of God, our Captain .. ..	211	J. Ellerton .. ..	Holy Trinity .. ..	Jeremiah Clark.
O sons and daughters, let us sing ..	173	J. M. Neale .. ..	Zoar .. ..	J. Barnby.
O Sovereign Lord of Nature's might	66	W. J. Courthope .. ..	1. Opus peregristi Tuum 2. Illsey .. ..	W. H. Havergal.
O Spirit of the living God .. ..	327	J. Montgomery .. ..	Eirene .. ..	Sarum.
O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation .. ..	53	{ John Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort }	1. O filii et filie (Old form) .. ..	J. Bishop.
O Thou, before the world began ..	259	{ C. Wesley, recast by J. Keble(?) T. Haweis, recast by T. Cotterill }	2. O filii et filie (Modern form) .. ..	F. R. Havergal.
O Thou, from Whom all goodness ..	509	{ T. Cotterill .. ..	1. Magna Deus potentie 2. St. Gregory .. ..	Plain Song.
O Thou, in Whom Thy Saints repose	334	J. Ellerton .. ..	Winchester New .. ..	Plain Song.
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend	510	Charlotte Elliott .. ..	Hamberger Musika- lisches Handbuch.	{ Plain Song. Darmstadt Gesang- buch.
O Thou, the Eternal Son of God ..	146	W. C. Dix .. ..	Eirene .. ..	F. R. Havergal.
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	511	J. Wesley .. ..	Old 112th (Vater unser)	Har. by J. S. Bach.
O Thou, Who at Thy Eucharist ..	260	Major W. H. Turton ..	Tallis's Ordinal .. ..	T. Tallis.
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide	114	J. M. Neale .. ..	Colchester .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
O Thou, Who makest souls to shine	311	Bp. J. Armstrong .. ..	St. Eustace .. ..	H. H. Pierson.
O Throned, O Crowned with all renown .. ..	259	Tate and Brady .. ..	Windsor .. ..	Esté's Psalter.
O Trinity of Blesséd Light .. ..	71	Abp. Benson .. ..	Gödel .. ..	J. H. Schein.
O Wisdom, that with God's own breath .. ..	80	H. C. Beeching .. ..	Jerusalem .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
O Word of God above .. ..	333	I. Williams & others ..	Sacramentum Unitatis ..	T. Worsley Staniforth
O Word of God Incarnate .. ..	512	Bp. W. W. How .. ..	St. Lawrence .. ..	L. G. Hayne.
Object of my first desire .. ..	513	A. M. Toplady .. ..	Breslau .. ..	{ Claunder's Psalmodia nova.
O'er the shoreless waste of waters ..	268	Bp. W. W. How .. ..	St. Ursula .. ..	F. Westlake.
Of the Father Sole-begotten .. ..	93	J. M. Neale & others ..	1. O lux beata .. ..	Sarum.
Oft in danger, oft in woe .. ..	514	{ H. K. White, E. Bickersteth, and F. S. Fuller Maitland }	2. Melcombe .. ..	S. Webbe.
Oh bless the Lord, my soul .. ..	515	J. Montgomery .. ..	Steterburg .. ..	N. Decius.
			The Day of Praise .. ..	C. Stegall.
			Carlsruhe .. ..	M. Vulpius.
			Zurich .. ..	J. Schop.
			St. Hilary .. ..	Ganther.
			1. Corde Natus (Old form)	13th Century.
			2. Corde Natus (Modern form) .. ..	13th Century.
			University College .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
			Veauce .. ..	W. Amps.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Oh, come and mourn with me awhile	147	F. W. Faber ..	(1. †St. Cross .. .. (2. Babylon's Streams ..	J. B. Dykes. T. Campion.
Oh come, loud anthems let us sing	516	Tate and Brady ..	Montgomery .. ..	J. Stanley.
Oh ! for a heart to praise my God ..	517	C. Wesley .. ..	†St. Jude .. ..	R. Brown-Borthwick.
Oh ! for a thousand tongues to sing	518	C. Wesley .. ..	Wiltshire .. ..	G. Smart.
Oh, help us, Lord ; each hour ..	519	H. H. Milman ..	Bedford .. ..	W. Wheall.
Oh ! let him, whose sorrow ..	520	F. E. Cox .. ..	†St. John Baptist ..	O. M. Feilden.
Oh ! quickly come, dread Judge ..	521	L. Tuttle .. ..	†St. Finbar .. ..	J. G. Walton.
Oh render thanks to God above ..	522	Tate and Brady ..	Warrington .. ..	R. Harrison.
Oh what, if we are Christ's ..	523	Sir H. W. Baker ..	St. Michael .. ..	Day's Psalter.
Oh, what the joy and the glory ..	524	J. M. Neale .. ..	O quanta qualia .. ..	Ancient Melody.
Oh, who are they, so pure and bright	100	W. J. Irons .. ..	†Kettlebaston .. ..	A. H. Brown.
Oh worship the King .. ..	525	Sir R. Grant .. ..	Hanover .. ..	W. Croft.
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	31	J. Chandler .. ..	(1. Jordanis oras prævia (2. Winchester New ..	Sarum. Hamburger Musika- lisches Handbuch.
On the Resurrection morning ..	174	S. Baring-Gould ..	Melton .. ..	C. E. Willing.
On the waters dark and drear ..	319	W. C. Dix .. ..	Vienna .. ..	J. H. Knecht.
Once again to meet the day ..	9	Lord Coleridge ..	Altenburg .. ..	M. Vulpus.
Once in royal David's city ..	635	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Irby .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Once more the solemn season calls	122	J. Chandler, etc. ..	Bangor .. ..	Old Welsh Melody.
Once, only once, and once for all ..	261	W. Bright .. ..	Albano .. ..	Vincent Novello.
Onward, Christian soldiers ..	526	S. Baring-Gould ..	†St. Gertrude .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	527	H. Auher .. ..	†St. Cuthbert .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
Our day of praise is done ..	43	J. Ellerton .. ..	†Venice .. ..	W. Amps.
Out of the deep I call .. ..	133	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Southwell .. ..	Denham's Psalter.
Palms of glory, raiment bright ..	523	J. Montgomery ..	Lübeck .. ..	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.
Peace, perfect peace .. ..	529	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	(1. †Pax tecum .. .. (2. †Yarlet .. ..	G. T. Caldbeck. P. Tottenham Lucas.
Pleasant are Thy courts above ..	530	H. F. Lyte .. ..	†Maidstone .. ..	W. B. Gilbert.
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ..	531	J. Montgomery ..	†Ludborough .. ..	T. R. Matthews.
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	532	H. F. Lyte .. ..	(1. Praise, my soul .. (2. Alleluia, dulce carmen	J. Goss. Webbe's Collection.
Praise, Oh praise our God and King	305	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Monkland .. ..	German Melody, arr. by J. Wilkes.
Praise the Lord : to-day we raise ..	298	A. C. Ainger .. ..	†Praise the Lord ..	J. Barnby.
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him .. ..	533	†Foundling Hospital Collection .. ..	Austria .. ..	F. J. Haydn.
Praise to God, immortal praise ..	306	A. L. Barbauld ..	Lübeck .. ..	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.
Praise to God Who reigns above ..	221	R. M. Benson ..	†Xavier .. ..	F. Champneys.
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous	300	J. Ellerton .. ..	Hilderstone .. ..	P. Hart.
Praise to the Holiest in the height	534	J. H. Newman ..	(1. Westminster .. .. (2. †Gerontius .. ..	J. Turle. J. B. Dykes.
Praise we our God with joy ..	535	Anon. .. ..	†Laudemus Dominum ..	A.
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire ..	536	J. Montgomery ..	St. Columba (Macmeikan)	J. M. Macmeikan.
Rejoice, the Lord is King ..	537	C. Wesley .. ..	†Harewood .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
Rejoice to-day with one accord ..	297	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Ein' feste Burg .. ..	M. Luther.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart .. ..	533	E. H. Plumptre ..	†Deum videbunt ..	J. Stainer.
Ride on ! Ride on in majesty ..	133	H. H. Milman ..	(1. Winchester New ..	Hamburger Musika- lisches Handbuch.
Rock of ages, cleft for me .. ..	539	A. M. Toplady ..	(2. †Palma .. .. †Rock of ages .. ..	W. G. Cusins. R. Redhead.
Sabbath of the Saints of old	158	T. Whytehead ..	†Houghton .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise .. ..	23	J. Ellerton .. ..	(1. †Eilers .. .. (2. †Pax Dei .. ..	E. J. Hopkins. J. B. Dykes.
Saviour, Blessed Saviour ..	540	G. Thring .. ..	†Princethorpe .. ..	W. Pitts.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	24	J. Edmeston ..	Lugano .. ..	Italian Melody.
Saviour, sprinkle many nations ..	323	Bp. A. C. Cox ..	†Bethany .. ..	H. Smart.
Saviour ! when in dust to Thee ..	541	Sir R. Grant .. ..	†Penitence .. ..	H. S. Irons.
Saviour, Who exalted high ..	542	Bp. R. Mant .. ..	†Appledore .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding	269	W. A. Mühlberg ..	†Sicilian Mariners ..	Sicilian Melody.
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph .. .. Part I.)	137	Bp. C. Wordsworth	(1. †St. Asaph .. .. (2. †Rex Glorie .. ..	W. S. Bambridge. H. Smart.
See the destined day arise ..	148	Bp. R. Mant .. ..	†Dulcot .. ..	Basil Johnson.
See the golden sun arise .. ..	65	W. J. Courthope ..	†Pendrea .. ..	M. J. Monk.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
Servants of God, awake..	44	E. Scott and T. Cotterill	Croft's 148th .. ..	W. Croft.
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	543	C. Wesley .. ..	St. Etheldreda .. ..	Bishop Turton.
Shine Thou upon us, Lord .. ..	350	J. Ellerton .. ..	†Hawarden .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	544	J. Ellerton .. ..	†Holy City .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle	136	J. M. Neale .. ..	(1. Pange lingua .. ..	Mechlin.
Part I.)			(2. Oriel .. ..	Anon.
Sing to God in sweetest measures ..	241	R. Campbell .. ..	Evangelists .. ..	German.
Sing to the Lord a joyful song ..	545	J. S. B. Monsell ..	*†Cantate Deo .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
Soldiers of Christ! arise .. ..	546	C. Wesley .. ..	Narenza .. ..	Old German Chorale.
Soldiers of the Cross, arise .. ..	322	Bp. W. W. How ..	Innocents .. ..	Anon.
Soldiers, who are Christ's below ..	547	J. H. Clark .. ..	Orientis partibus ..	Old French Melody.
Songs of praise the Angels sang ..	548	J. Montgomery ..	Culbach .. ..	Scheffler's Geistliche Hirtenlieder.
Sons of men, behold from far ..	115	C. Wesley and Bp. R. Heber	†Qui dedit nobis vic- toriam .. ..	H. S. Irons.
Soon and for ever .. ..	549	J. S. B. Monsell ..	†Soon and for ever ..	H. H. Pierson and H. S. Irons.
Source of light and life divine ..	58	J. Chandler .. ..	†Simplicity .. ..	J. Stainer.
Spirit blest, Who art adored ..	658	T. B. Pollock .. ..	†Agnes .. ..	E. Bunnett.
Spirit of God, that moved of old ..	195	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	Wainwright .. ..	Richard Wainwright.
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love ..	196	Foundling Hospital Collection	Pentecost .. ..	W. Boyd.
Stand up, and bless the Lord ..	550	J. Montgomery ..	St. Michael .. ..	Day's Psalter.
Stars of the morning, so gloriously	222	J. M. Neale .. ..	Trisagion .. ..	H. Smart.
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	25	J. Keble .. ..	(1. Sun of my soul ..	H. Percy Smith.
Sunset and evening star .. ..	285	Lord Tennyson ..	(2. Hursley .. ..	P. Ritter.
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	45	Isaac Watts .. ..	†Freshwater .. ..	C. H. H. Parry.
Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go	26	F. W. Faber .. ..	†St. Paul .. ..	H. S. Irons.
Sweet Saviour! in Thy pitying grace	134	R. M. Moorson ..	†Valete .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	142	Cento by W. Shirley, etc.	†Brecknock .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
Sweetly sang the Angels .. ..	636	J. Julian .. ..	†Cross of Jesus .. ..	J. Stainer.
			*†Carmen Angelorum ..	T. F. Dunhill.
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	551	C. W. Everest ..	Breslau .. ..	Clauder's Psalmodia nova.
Tell it out among the heathen ..	329	F. R. Havergal ..	†Regnabit Dens .. ..	H. S. Irons.
Tempted oft to go astray .. ..	210	J. S. B. Monsell ..	†Glenyarrah .. ..	F. S. Kelly.
Ten thousand times ten thousand ..	552	H. Alford .. ..	†Alford .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
The Church's One Foundation ..	553	S. J. Stone .. ..	Aurelia .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
The day departs .. ..	27	Jane Borthwick ..	(1. St. Wilfrid .. ..	Mainzer Choralbuch.
The day is gently sinking to a close	28	Bp. C. Wordsworth	(2. †Monkswood .. ..	A.
The day is past and over .. ..	29	J. M. Neale .. ..	†Nachtlied .. ..	H. Smart.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	30	J. Ellerton .. ..	(1. †St. Anatolius (Brown)	A. H. Brown.
The eternal gifts of Christ the King	239	J. M. Neale .. ..	(2. †St. Anatolius (Dykes)	J. B. Dykes.
The foe behind, the deep before ..	175	J. M. Neale .. ..	(1. †St. Clement .. ..	C. C. Scholefield.
The God of Abraham praise ..	554	T. Olivers .. ..	(2. †Radford .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
The head that once was crowned ..	555	T. Kelly .. ..	†Eterna Christi munera	Plain Song.
The heavenly Word proceeding forth	262	J. M. Neale .. ..	The foe behind .. ..	J. Naylor.
Part I.)			Leoni .. ..	Old Hebrew Tune.
			St. Magnus .. ..	Jeremiah Clark.
			(1. Verbum Supernum prodiens .. ..	Mechlin.
			(2. St. Vincent .. ..	J. Uglow.
The highest and the holiest place ..	207	H. Alford .. ..	St. Etheldreda .. ..	Bishop Turton.
The King of love my Shepherd is ..	556	Sir H. W. Baker ..	†Dominus regit me ..	J. B. Dykes.
The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice	557	J. Conder .. ..	†St. Paul .. ..	H. S. Irons.
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	82	Bp. R. Heber .. ..	†The Lord of might ..	A. Page.
The morning bright with rosy light	637	T. O. Summers ..	*†Dayspring .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
The old year's long campaign is o'er	108	S. J. Stone .. ..	*†Erigenia .. ..	A. M. Goodhart.
The people that in darkness sat ..	116	J. Morison .. ..	Dundee .. ..	Scotch Psalter.
The radiant morn hath passed away	31	G. Thring .. ..	(1. †St. Gabriel (Ouseley)	F. A. G. Ouseley.
The righteous souls that take their flight .. ..	256	Anon. .. ..	(2. †St. Corentin .. ..	H. S. Irons.
The roseate hues of early dawn ..	558	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	The righteous souls ..	Highmore Skcats, sen
The Saints of God! Their conflict past .. ..	229	Abp. W. D. Maclagan	†Castle Rising .. ..	F. A. J. Hervey.
The shadows of the evening hours ..	32	A. A. Procter .. ..	Rest .. ..	J. Stainer.
			St. Simon .. ..	I. Crüger.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
The Son of God goes forth to war ..	230	Bp. R. Heber ..	†St. Ann .. ..	W. Croft, arr. by Arthur Sullivan.
The Sower went forth sowing ..	307	W. St. Hill Bourne	†St. Beatrice .. ..	J. F. Bridge.
The spacious firmament on high ..	559	J. Addison ..	†Peterborough .. ..	J. Goss.
The strain upraise of joy and praise	560	J. M. Neale ..	Troyte, No. 2 .. ..	A. H. D. Troyte.
The strife is o'er, the battle done ..	176	F. Pott .. ..	†Victory .. ..	From Palestine.
The sun is sinking fast .. ..	33	E. Caswall ..	1. †St. Columba (Irons)	H. S. Irons.
The tide of time is rolling on ..	105	I. Gregory Smith	2. †Sundown .. ..	W. Parratt.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	279	J. Keble .. ..	†Dunholme .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
The wise may bring their learning	638	Anon. .. ..	†St. Alphege .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
The world is very evil .. ..	561	J. M. Neale ..	†Christmas Morn ..	E. J. Hopkins.
Thou we adore, Eternal Lord ..	562	T. Cotterill ..	Pearsall .. ..	Katholische Gesang- buch, St. Gall.
Thou we adore, O hidden Saviour!	263	Bp. J. R. Woodford	1. Adoro Te devote ..	Har. by J. S. Bach.
Thou wilt I love, my Strength ..	563	J. Wesley .. ..	2. Old 124th .. ..	French Plain Song.
There is a blessed home .. ..	564	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Erfurt .. ..	C. Goudimel.
There is a book, who runs may read	565	J. Keble .. ..	Surrey .. ..	H. Carey.
There is a green hill far away ..	639	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	Beulah .. ..	Old Melody.
There is a happy land .. ..	640	A. Young .. ..	†St. Flavian .. ..	Day's Psalter.
There is a land of pure delight ..	566	I. Watts .. ..	Horsley .. ..	W. Horsley.
There is no night in heaven ..	567	F. M. Knollis ..	Happy Land .. ..	Indian Air.
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	568	J. Crewdson ..	York .. ..	Scotch Psalter.
There's a Friend for little children	641	A. Midlane ..	Ben Rhydding .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
There were ninety and nine that			Queenstown .. ..	J. S. Mitchell.
safely lay .. ..	569	E. C. Clephane ..	†Eden Grove .. ..	S. Smith.
Therefore we, before Him bending ..	257	E. Caswall and J. M. Neale	†Compassion .. ..	Fountain Meen.
They come, God's messengers of			1. Pange lingua .. ..	Sarum.
love .. ..	223	R. Campbell ..	2. St. Thomas .. ..	S. Webbe.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old ..	338	E. H. Plumtre ..	Angels' Song (Old Form)	Ad. from O. Gibbons.
Thine for ever! God of love ..	570	M. F. Maude ..	St. Matthew .. ..	W. Croft.
Thine for ever! Thine for ever ..	275	Bp. C. Wordsworth	†Newington .. ..	Abp. MacLagan.
Think, kind Jesu, my salvation ..	74	W. J. Irons ..	†Newton Ferns .. ..	Samuel Smith.
This day, at Thy creating word ..	46	Bp. W. W. How ..	1. Dies Ire .. ..	Plain Song.
This is the day of Light .. ..	47	J. Ellerton ..	2. †Dies Ire .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
This is the day the Lord hath made	43	Isaac Watts ..	Redhead, No. 4 ..	R. Redhead.
Thou art gone to the grave .. ..	287	Bp. R. Heber ..	1. †The Day of Praise	C. Steggall.
Thou art gone up on high .. ..	188	E. Toke .. ..	2. †Dominica .. ..	H. S. Oakeley.
Thou art the Christ, O Lord ..	215	Bp. W. W. How ..	Irish .. ..	Isaac Smith.
Thou art the Way; to Thee alone ..	571	Bp. G. W. Doane	†Clewer .. ..	W. S. Bambridge.
Thou boundless Source of every good	572	O. Heginbotham & T. Cotterill	1. †Ascension .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Thou didst leave Thy throne ..	642	E. S. Elliott ..	2. †Ascendit .. ..	H. H. Pierson.
Thou hidden Love of God .. ..	347	J. Wesley .. ..	†Harewood .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
Thou Judge of quick and dead ..	573	C. Wesley .. ..	St. James .. ..	R. Courteville.
Thou to Whom the sick and dying ..	339	G. Thring .. ..	St. Peter .. ..	A. R. Reinagle.
Thou, Who sentest Thine Apostles	225	J. Ellerton ..	†Margaret .. ..	T. R. Matthews.
Thou, Whose Almighty Word ..	574	J. Marriott ..	St. Petersburg .. ..	D. Bortnianski.
Three in One, and One in Three ..	575	G. Rorison ..	†Leominster .. ..	G. W. Martin.
Throned upon the awful Tree ..	152	J. Ellerton ..	1. Requiem .. ..	W. Schulthes.
Through all the changing scenes ..	576	Tate and Brady	2. †Lincoln .. ..	H. H. Pierson.
Through the changes of the day ..	34	W. H. Burleigh	Oriel .. ..	Anon.
Through the day Thy love .. ..	35	T. Kelly .. ..	Moscow .. ..	F. Giardini.
Through the night of doubt ..	577	S. Baring-Gould	Capetown .. ..	F. Filitz.
Thy kingdom come, O God ..	578	L. Hensley ..	†Gethsemane .. ..	F. A. G. Onseley.
Thy Life was given for me ..	314	F. R. Havergal ..	Abridge .. ..	Isaac Smith.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord ..	579	H. Bonar .. ..	Salzburg .. ..	J. Hintze.
Till He come—Oh let the words ..	264	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Dretzel .. ..	German.
To-day, O Lord, before our eyes ..	226	Bp. C. Wordsworth	St. Oswald .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
To the Name that brings Salvation	580	J. M. Neale ..	St. Cecilia .. ..	L. G. Hayne.
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	303	W. C. Dix .. ..	†Oblation .. ..	J. W. Elliott.
To whom but Thee, O God of grace	149	W. J. Irons ..	Eden .. ..	O. M. Feilden.
True Light, that lightest all ..	581	G. Thring ..	Tichfield .. ..	J. Richardson.
Try us, O God, and search the ground	582	C. Wesley .. ..	Tallis's Ordinal ..	T. Tallis.
			1. Gloriosi Salvatoris ..	Plain Song.
			2. Oriel .. ..	Anon.
			†Golden Sheaves ..	Arthur Sullivan.
			Saxony .. ..	Old German Chorale.
			†Beacon .. ..	C. V. Stanford.
			Bedford .. ..	W. Wheel.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.	Name of Tune.	Composer.
We are but little children weak ..	643	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	†Alstone .. ..	C. E. Willing.
We give Thee but Thine own ..	315	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Alma Mater .. ..	R. Redhead.
We have not seen, we cannot see ..	202	J. M. Neale .. ..	Manchester .. ..	Robert Wainwright.
We know not a voice of that River	583	C. G. Rossetti ..	*Agnashen .. ..	C. H. Lloyd.
We love the place, O God .. ..	584	W. Bullock and Sir		
		H. W. Baker .. ..	†Quam dilecta .. ..	H. L. Jenner.
We love Thee, Lord; yet not alone	585	J. A. Elliott .. ..	St. Matthew .. ..	W. Croft.
We plough the fields, and scatter ..	309	J. M. Campbell ..	Wir pfügen .. ..	J. A. P. Schulz.
We praise the King of realms on high	586	R. M. Moorsom ..	Abbey .. ..	Scotch Psalter.
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour ..	209	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Argyle .. ..	E. H. Turpin.
We praise Thy Name, O Lord Most				
High .. ..	217	Anon. .. ..	Mainzer .. ..	J. Mainzer.
We pray Thee, heavenly Father ..	265	V. S. S. Coles ..	†Dies Dominica .. ..	J. B. Dykes.
We saw Thee not when Thou didst				
come .. ..	587	A. Richter & others	†Credo .. ..	J. Stainer.
We sing the glorious conquest ..	204	John Ellerton ..	Missionary .. ..	Lowell Mason.
We sing the praise of Him Who died	588	T. Kelly .. ..	Brockham .. ..	Jeremiah Clark.
We speak of the realms of the blest	644	E. Mills .. ..	Realms of the blest ..	Anon.
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair				
earth .. ..	589	Bp. Cotton .. ..	†Church Triumphant ..	J. W. Elliott.
We thank Thee, O our Father ..	645	C. M. MacSorley ..	*Laudate Salvatorem ..	G. F. Cobb.
Weary of earth, and laden .. ..	590	S. J. Stone .. ..	†Dalkeith .. ..	T. Hewlett.
Weep not for Him Who onward bears	143	T. B. Pollock .. ..	Burford .. ..	H. Purcell.
Weeping as they go their way ..	159	W. S. Raymond ..	†Lacrymæ .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
Welcome, happy morning! .. ..	177	J. Ellerton .. ..	†Welcome, happy morning .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
What our Father does is well ..	290	Sir H. W. Baker ..	Tichfield .. ..	J. Richardson.
What star is this, with beams so				
bright .. ..	117	J. Chandler .. ..	(1. Quæ stella sole pul- chrior .. ..	Solesmes.
			(2. Gödel .. ..	J. H. Schein.
What thanks and praise to Thee we				
owe .. ..	224	Abp. W. D. Maclagan.	Ely .. ..	Bishop Turton.
What various hindrances we meet	591	W. Cowper .. ..	Breslau .. ..	Clauder's Psalmodia nova.
When all Thy mercies, O my God ..	592	J. Addison .. ..	Bishopthorpe .. ..	Jeremiah Clark.
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend	593	H. F. Lyte .. ..	St. Sepulchre .. ..	G. Cooper.
When Christ came down on earth	594	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	Erfurt .. ..	Geistliche Lieder, Madgeburg.
When gathering clouds around ..	595	Sir R. Grant .. ..	Stella .. ..	Anon.
When God of old came down ..	197	J. Keble .. ..	Winchester Old .. ..	Esté's Psalter.
When I survey the wondrous Cross	596	I. Watts .. ..	Rockingham .. ..	E. Miller.
When our heads are bowed with woe	597	H. H. Milman ..	†Redhead, No. 47 ..	R. Redhead.
When the dark waves round us roll	598	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Fiducia .. ..	S. S. Wesley.
When the weary, seeking rest ..	599	H. Bonar .. ..	†Intercession (Callcott)	W. H. Callcott.
When wounded sore the stricken				
soul .. ..	600	Mrs. C. F. Alexander	St. Bernard .. ..	J. Richardson.
Where high the heavenly temple	601	M. Bruce and J. Logan	Commandments .. ..	Geneva Psalter.
While shepherds watched their				
flocks by night .. ..	94	N. Tate .. ..	(1. †Bethlehem .. ..	Old Carol.
While the sun is shining .. ..	646	T. A. Stowell ..	(2. Winchester Old ..	Esté's Psalter.
Who are these, like stars appearing	231	F. E. Cox .. ..	†Ruth .. ..	Samuel Smith.
			All Saints .. ..	Störl's Württember- ger Gesangbuch.
Who is this, so weak and helpless..	602	Bp. W. W. How ..	†Cross and Crown ..	J. W. Elliott.
Who trusts in God, a strong abode	603	B. H. Kennedy, re- written by Bp. W. W. How ..	†Constance .. ..	Arthur Sullivan.
With glory clad, with strength				
arrayed .. ..	604	Tate and Brady ..	Montgomery .. ..	J. Stanley.
With the sweet word of Peace ..	330	G. Watson .. ..	†Parting .. ..	Arthur Sullivan (adapted).
Word Supreme, before creation ..	98	J. Keble .. ..	Mannheim .. ..	F. Filitz.
Ye boundless realms of joy .. ..	605	Tate and Brady ..	Darwall's 148th .. ..	J. Darwall.
Ye choirs of new Jerusalem ..	178	R. Campbell .. ..	St. Fulbert .. ..	H. J. Gauntlett.
Ye holy Angels bright .. ..	606	R. Baxter, recast by R. R. Chope ..	Howard .. ..	S. Howard.
Ye servants of God .. ..	607	C. Wesley .. ..	Hanover .. ..	W. Croft.
Ye servants of the Lord .. ..	608	P. Doddridge ..	St. George (Gauntlett)	H. J. Gauntlett.



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| HORT, Fenton John Anthony (1823-1892)   | (L.) 53 (part) 172, 193 (part)  |  |  |
| HOW, Bishop William Walsham (1823-1897) | (Ger.) 603 (part)   |  |  |
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22	φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης	(?) Athenogenes
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72	ἰδοὺ ὁ Νυμφίος	Anon.
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649	Κήρις ἐλήσπον, ἀντιλαβοῦ, κ. τ. λ.	Anon.
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12	Jam sol recedit igneus	St. Ambrose
33	Sol praeceps rapitur	18th cent.
42	Die parente temporum	18th cent.
49	Ecce jam noctis	St. Gregory the Great
50	Jam lucis orto sidere	Ambrosian
51	Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus	St. Ambrose
52	Rector potens, verax Deus	Ambrosian
53	Rerum Deus tenax vigor	Ambrosian
54	Christe, qui lux es et dies	Ambrosian
55	Te lucis ante terminum	Ambrosian
56	Primo dierum omnium	St. Gregory the Great
57	Aeternae rerum Conditor	St. Ambrose
58	Lucis Creator optime	(?) St. Gregory the Great
59	Splendor paternae gloriæ	St. Ambrose
60	Immense coeli Conditor	(?) St. Gregory the Great
61	Ales diei nuntius	A. C. Prudentius
62	Telluris ingens Conditor	(?) St. Gregory the Great
63	Nox, et tenebrae et nubila	A. C. Prudentius
64	Coeli Deus sanctissime	Ambrosian
65	Lux ecce surgit aurea	A. C. Prudentius
66	Magnae Deus potentiae	Ambrosian
67	Aeterna coeli gloria	Ambrosian
68	Plasmatior hominis Deus	7th cent.
69	Summas Deas clementiae	Ambrosian
70	Deus Creator omnium	St. Ambrose
71	O Lux beata Trinitas	St. Ambrose
73	Verbum supernum prodiens	5th cent.
74	Dies irae, dies illa	Thomas of Celano
76	En clara vox redarguit	Ambrosian, 5th cent.
79	Veni, veni, Emmanuel	12th cent.
80	O Sapia quae ex ore	12th cent.
81	Jordanis oras praevia	C. Coffin
85	A solis ortus cardine	Coelius Sedulius
86	Jam desinant suspiria	C. Coffin
92	Adeste fideles	15th or 16th cent.
93	Corde natus ex Parentis	A. C. Prudentius
95	O qui tuo, dux martyrum	J. B. de Sainteuil
110	O sola magnarum urbium	A. C. Prudentius
112	Divine, crescebas, Puer	J. B. de Sainteuil
117	Quae stella sole pulchrior	C. Coffin
118	Alleluia, dulce carmen	(?) 11th cent.
119	Te laeta, mundi Conditor	C. Coffin
122	Solemne nos jejunii	(?) 11th cent.
127	Summi largitor praemii	(?) St. Gregory the Great
129	Ecce tempus idoneum	(?) St. Gregory the Great
132	Audi, benigne Conditor	St. Gregory the Great
135	Vexilla Regis prodeunt	Fortunatus
136	Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certa minis	Fortunatus
137	Gloria, laus et honor	St. Theodulph of Orleans
139	Quicunque certum quaeritis	18th cent.
148	Lustra sex, qui jam peregit	Fortunatus
151	Stabat mater dolorosa	(?) Pope Innocent III.
160	Ad regias Agni dapes	(?) 6th cent.
166	Salve, festa dies	Fortunatus
169	Jesu Redemptor saeculi, Verbum	11th cent.
172	Aurora lucis rutilat	Ambrosian
173	O filii et filiae	13th cent.
176	Finita jam sunt praelia	(?) 12th cent.
177	Salve, festa dies	Fortunatus
178	Chorus novae Hierusalem	St. Fulbert of Chartres
182	Salve, festa dies	Fortunatus
186	Opus peregristi tuum	C. Coffin
189	Veni, Creator Spiritus	9th or 10th cent.
191	Veni, Creator Spiritus	9th or 10th cent.
192	Salve, festa dies	Fortunatus
193	Beata nobis gaudia	(?) St. Hilary
199	Ave! colenda Trinitas	(?) 11th cent.
212	Praecursor altus luminis	The Venerable Bede
213	Nunc suis tandem	C. Coffin
227	Quisquis valet numerare	15th cent.
237	Coelestis aulae principes	J. B. de Sainteuil
238	Exultet orbis gaudiis	11th cent.
239	Aeterna Christi munera	Ambrosian
240	Christi perennes nuntii	J. B. de Sainteuil
241	Psallat chorus corde mundo	Adam of St. Victor
251	Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite	7th cent.
257	Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium	St. Thomas Aquinas
262	Verbum supernum prodiens Nec Patris	St. Thomas Aquinas
263	Adoro Te devote	St. Thomas Aquinas
331	Urbs beata, Hierusalem	(?) 6th cent.
333	Patris aeterni Soboles coeava	C. Guiet
374	Aeternae Rex altissime	13th cent.
375	Angularis fundamentum	(?) 6th cent.
388	Victis sibi cognomina	15th cent.
391	Supreme quales, Arbitr	J. B. de Sainteuil
420	O Luce qui mortalibus	C. Coffin
421	Supreme Motor cordinum	C. Coffin
427	Veni, Sancte Spiritus	(?) Pope Innocent III.
443	Jesu nostra Redemptio	7th cent.
446	Jesu dulcis memoria	St. Bernard of Clairvaux



- 447 Jesu dulcedo cordium *St. Bernard of Clairvaux*  
 459 Jerusalem luminosa .. .. 15th cent.  
 480 Nobis, Olympo redditus .. .. *J. B. de Santeuil*  
 492 Coelestis O Jerusalem .. .. 17th cent.  
 499 O quam juvat fratres, Deus .. .. *C. Coffin*  
 502 Apparuit benignitas: O amor quam .. .. 15th cent.  
 524 O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata *Peter Abelard*  
 544 Alleluia! plis edite laudibus .. .. (?) 5th cent.  
 560 Cantemus cuncti melodum .. .. 18th cent.  
 561 Hora novissima, tempora pessima *Balbulus Notker*  
 .. .. *St. Bernard of Morlaix*  
 575 Tu Trinitatis Unitas .. .. *St. Gregory the Great*  
 580 Gloriosi Salvatoris .. .. 15th cent.  
 657 Luminis fons, lux et origo lucis .. .. *Alcuin*

GERMAN.

- 20 Die Nacht ist kommen, drin wir ruhen sollen  
 .. .. *P. Herbert*  
 27 Der Tag ist hin .. .. *J. A. Freylinghausen*  
 141 O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden *P. Gerhardt*  
 162 Christus ist erstanden, Von des Todes Banden  
 .. .. *M. Weisse*  
 171 Jesus lebt! mit ihm auch ich .. .. *C. F. Gellert*  
 203 O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht .. .. *J. Heermann*  
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 290 Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan .. .. *B. Schmolck*  
 309 Nun danket alle Gott .. .. *M. Rinkart*  
 347 Im Anfang war's auf Erden (v. 3) .. .. *M. Claudius*  
 347 Verborgne Gottesliebe du .. .. *G. Tersteegen*  
 348 O hochbeglückte Seele .. .. *C. J. P. Spitta*

- 354 Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott .. .. *M. Luther*  
 358 Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut *J. J. Schütz*  
 387 Befehl du deine Wege .. .. *P. Gerhardt*  
 445 Jesu geh' voran .. .. *N. L. von Zinzendorf*  
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 469 Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine  
 .. .. *M. A. von Lowenstern*  
 504 Liebe die du mich zum Bilde .. .. *J. Scheffler*  
 511 Seelenbräutigam, O du Gotteslamm  
 .. .. *N. L. von Zinzendorf*  
 520 Wem in Leidenstagen .. .. *H. S. Oswald*  
 563 Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke .. .. *J. Scheffler*  
 603 Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut *J. Magdeburg*

DANISH.

- 577 Igjennem Nat og Traengsel .. .. *B. S. Ingemann*

ITALIAN.

- 411 Viva, viva, Gesù .. .. (?) 18th cent.

SYRIAC.

- 343 Shubkha l'rakhmaik Mshikka malkan .. .. 11th cent.

WELSH.

- 422 Arglwydd arwain trwy'r anialwch *W. Williams*

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- 586 Nu scylun hiegan Hefaenrices uard .. .. *Cædmon*

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## Morning.

HEATHLANDS.

Six 7's.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.

♩ = 88.

A. men.

*mf* **A**T Thy feet, O Christ, we lay  
 Thine own gift of this new day;  
 Doubt of what it holds in store  
 Makes us crave Thine aid the more;  
*p* Lest it prove a time of loss,  
 Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

*mf* If it flow on calm and bright,  
 Be Thyself our chief delight;  
 If it bring unknown distress,  
 Good is all that Thou canst bless;  
*p* Only, while its hours begin,  
 Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

*mf* We in part our weakness know,  
 And in part discern our foe;  
 Well for us, before Thine eyes  
 All our danger open lies;  
*p* Turn not from us, while we plead  
 Thy compassions and our need.

*mf* Fain would we Thy word embrace,  
 Live each moment on Thy grace,  
*cr* All ourselves to Thee consign,  
 Fold up all our wills in Thine,  
*f* Think, and speak, and do, and be  
 Simply that which pleases Thee.

*p* Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;  
 Hear, and grant the choicest boon  
*cr* That Thy love can e'er impart,  
 Loyal singleness of heart;  
*f* So shall this and all our days,  
 Christ our God, show forth Thy praise. Amen.

## Morning.

TALLIS'S CANON (*First Tune*).

L.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520?-1585.

First system of musical notation for Tallis's Canon (First Tune). It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 69 beats. The music features a canon with two voices, each playing a sequence of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation for Tallis's Canon (First Tune). It continues the canon from the first system. The word "A-men." is written at the end of the second staff.

MORNING HYMN (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

F. H. BARTHÉLÉMON, 1741-1808.

First system of musical notation for Morning Hymn (Second Tune). It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in D major (two sharps) and 4/2 time. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 76 beats. The music features a hymn tune with a canon.

Second system of musical notation for Morning Hymn (Second Tune). It continues the hymn tune and canon from the first system. The word "Amen." is written at the end of the second staff.



# Morning.

## PART I.

*f* **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

*mf* Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere;  
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

*f* By influence of the light divine,  
Let thy own light to others shine;  
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King. Amen.

## PART II.

*f* **A** LL praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake!

*mf* Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers with all their might  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

*mf* CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies, *p* Dark and cheerless is the morn  
 Christ, the true, the only Light, Unaccompanied by Thee;  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise, Joyless is the day's return  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night; Till Thy mercy's beams I see:  
 Day-spring from on high, be near; Till they inward light impart,  
 Day-star, in my heart appear! Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

*mf* Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
 Fill me, Radiance Divine,  
 Scatter all my unbelief;  
*cr* More and more Thyself display,  
*f* Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

# Morning.

4

NORFOLK.

L.M.

S. HOWARD, 1710-1782.

♩ = 80.

A-men.

*mf* **F**ORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go  
 Our daily labour to pursue;  
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
 In all we think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
 Oh let us cheerfully fulfil;  
 In all our works Thy presence find,  
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may we set at our right hand,  
 Whose eyes our inmost substance see,  
 And labour on at Thy command,  
 And offer all our works to Thee.

Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray;  
 And still to things eternal look,  
 And hasten to Thy glorious day;

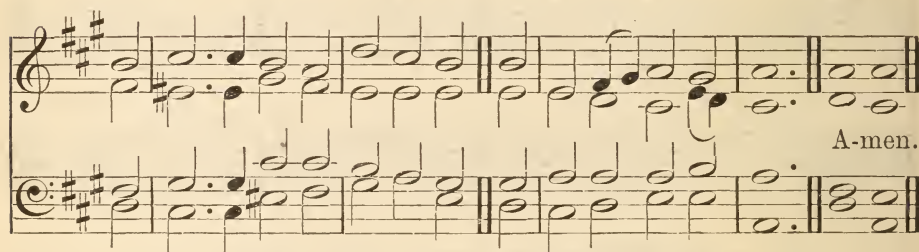
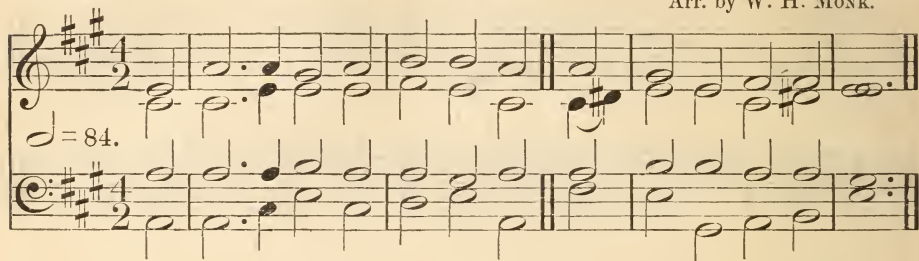
For Thee delightfully employ  
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
 And run our course with even joy,  
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

ST. TIMOTHY.

C.M.

H. W. BAKER, 1821-1877.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.



*mf* **M**Y Father, for another night  
 Of quiet sleep and rest,  
 For all the joy of morning light,  
 Thy Holy Name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give  
 Myself anew to Thee,  
 That as Thou wilt I may live,  
 And what Thou wilt be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
 Whate'er I speak or frame,  
 Thy glory may I seek in all,  
 Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for His sake, I pray,  
 Thy child accept and bless;  
 And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
 In paths of righteousness. Amen.



# Morning.

6

MONTGOMERY.

L.M.

J. STANLEY, 1713-1786.

*mf* **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love ;  
 Thy gifts are every evening new  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil, like early dew.

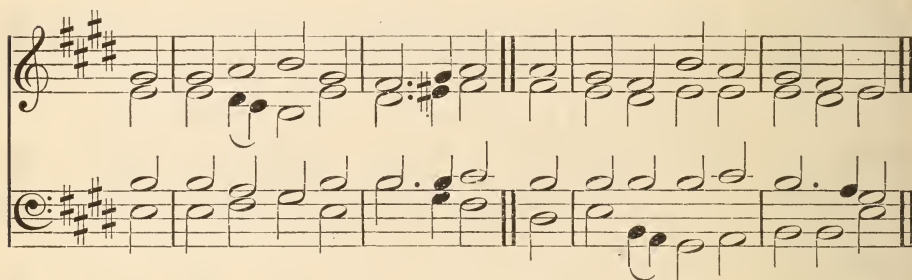
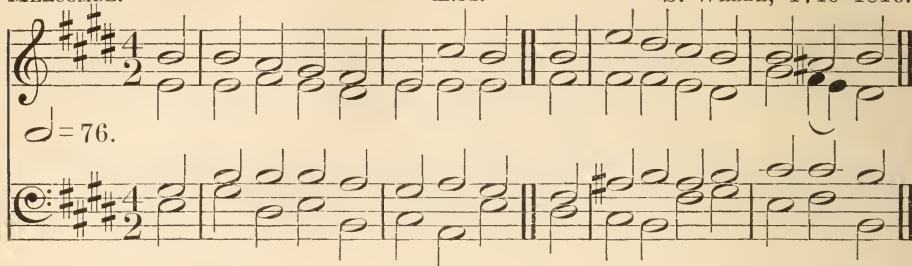
Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours :  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,  
 To Thee I consecrate my days :  
*f* Perpetual blessings from Thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.



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

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

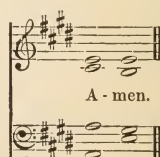
If on our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
 As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and  
 prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,  
 Will furnish all we ought to ask,  
 Room to deny ourselves, a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
 Fit us for perfect rest above;  
 And help us, this and every day,  
 To live more nearly as we pray.



*f* **O** LIGHT that knew no dawn, *mf* That, cleansed from stain of sin,  
That shines to endless day, I may meet homage give,  
All things in earth and heaven And, pure in heart, behold  
Are lusted by Thy ray ; And serve Thee while I live ;  
No eye can to Thy throne ascend, Clean hands in holy worship raise,  
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend. And Thee, O Christ, my Saviour, praise.

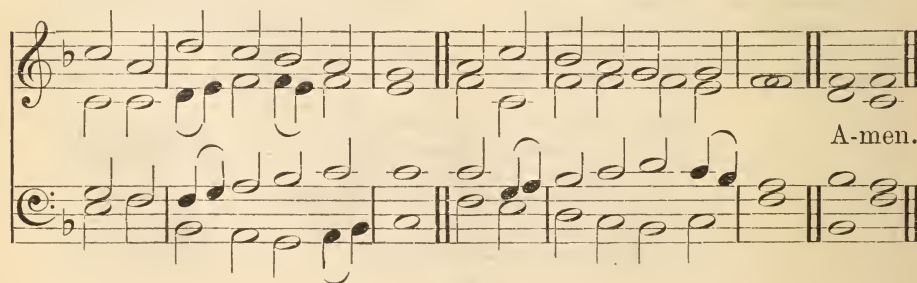
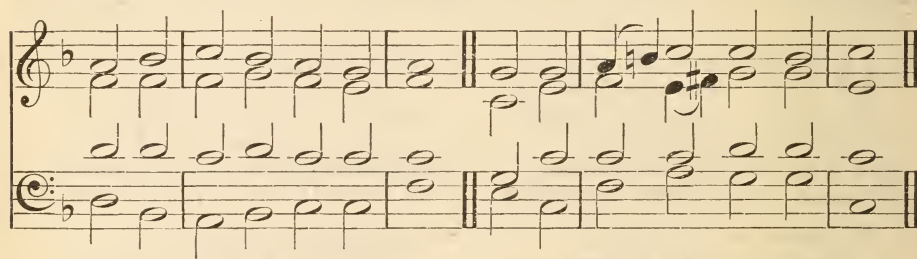
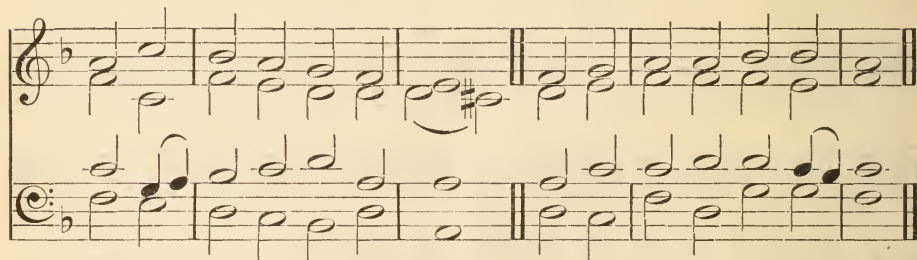
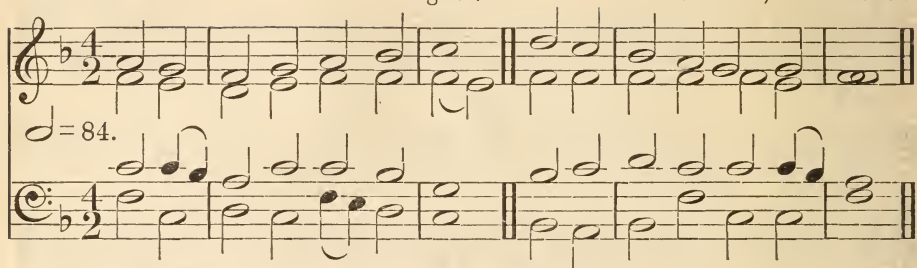
*p* Thy grace, O Father, give, *p* In supplication meek  
That I may serve in fear : To Thee I bend the knee ;  
Above all boons, I pray, O Christ, when Thou shalt come,  
Grant me Thy voice to hear ; In love remember me,  
From sin Thy child in mercy free, And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,  
And let me dwell in light with Thee. Grant me a humble servant's place.

*mf* Thy grace, O Father, give,  
I humbly Thee implore ;  
*cr* And let Thy mercy bless  
Thy servant more and more.  
*f* All grace and glory be to Thee  
From age to age eternally.

ALTENBURG.

Eight 7's.

M. VULPIUS, 1560-1616?





## Morning.

*mf* **O**NCE again to meet the day  
Time hath borne us on our way;  
Once again to God we bring  
Prayer's most lowly offering;  
We, the making of Thine hand,  
In Thy strength alone we stand;  
*p* God of mercy, God of might!  
Guard us till the fall of night.

*p* Round us always as we move  
Folded be Thy tender love;  
If we wander from the way,  
Lead us back, O Lord, we pray;  
If temptations close us in,  
If we doubt, or faint, or sin,  
God of mercy, God of power!  
Leave us not in that dark hour.

*mf* All we do and all we are,  
Thou art with us everywhere;  
Under Thine all-seeing eye  
We must live, and we must die.  
O'er the creatures of Thy word  
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord;  
*p* God of mercy, God of might!  
Guard us, keep us, day and night.

*cr* Then when time is past and gone,  
When the Day of Doom comes on,  
*f* When the trumpet calls the dead,  
When the heavens and earth are fled,  
Shrivelling at the only breath  
Of the tempest of Thy wrath,  
*dim* Save us then, O God of might!  
By Thy mercies infinite! Amen.

### *Also the following :*

As the bird, whose clarion gay—61  
Behold the shade of night departs—49  
Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One—51  
Day is breaking, dawn is bright—63  
Great God of boundless mercy, hear—69  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!—198  
Now that the daylight fills the sky—50  
O Christ, Whose glory fills the heaven—67  
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace—59  
See the golden sun arise!—65

### **Afternoon.**

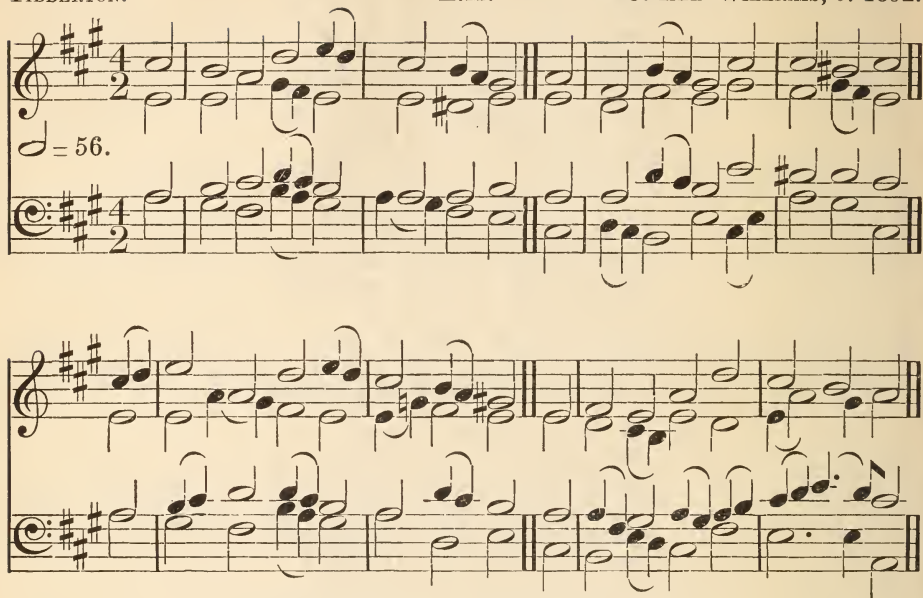
#### *The following may be used :*

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide—355  
Again, as evening's shadow falls—10  
As now the sun's declining rays—11  
Father, ere yet another day is ended—14  
Lead, kindly Light—455  
O God of truth, O Lord of might—52  
O Strength and Stay—53  
The day is gently sinking to a close—28  
The sun is sinking fast—33

TIBBERTON.

L.M.

C. LEE WILLIAMS, b. 1852.



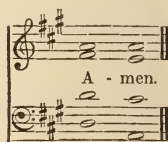
*May also be sung to "Commandments," No. 12.*

*mf* **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls;  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts, that seek release,  
Here find the rest of God's own peace;  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.

*p* O God our Light, to Thee we bow;  
Within all shadows standest Thou,  
Give deeper calm than night can bring;  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

*mf* Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain;  
But in the spirit's secret cell  
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.



ST. PETER.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.

♩ = 80.

A-men.

*p* **A**S now the sun's declining rays  
 Towards the eve descend,  
 E'en so our years are sinking down  
 To their appointed end.

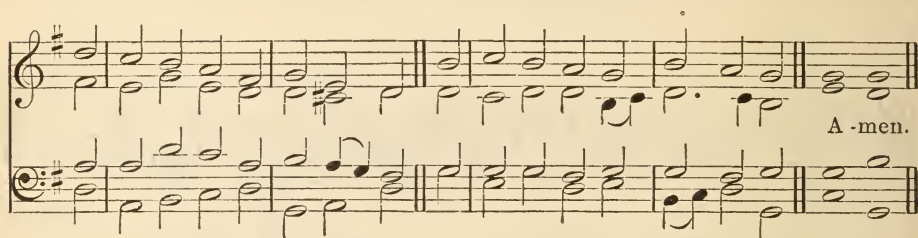
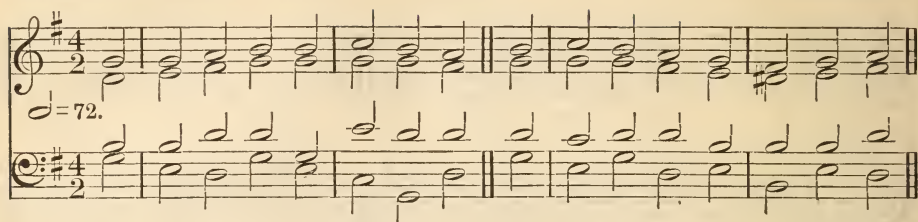
Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched  
 To draw Thy people nigh;  
 Oh, grant us then that Cross to love,  
 And in those arms to die!

*f* All glory to the Father be,  
 All glory to the Son,  
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 While endless ages run. Amen.

COMMANDMENTS (*First Tune*).

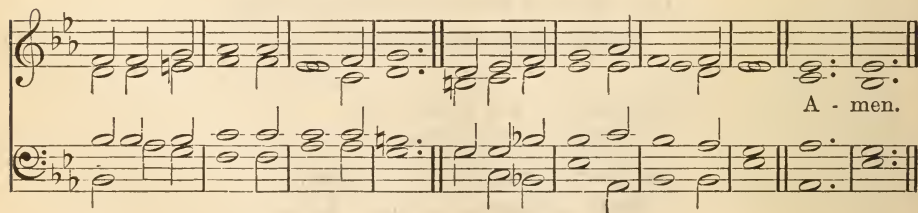
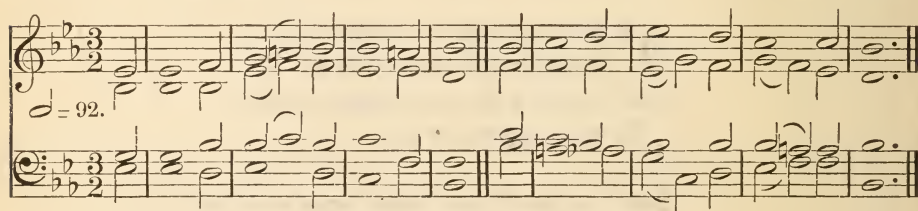
L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1549.

ANGELUS (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

G. JOSEPHI, c. 1657.





## Evening.

*mf* **A**T even, when the sun did set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
Oh, in what divers pains they met!  
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near:  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
*cr* We know and feel that Thou art here.

*p* O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care;  
And some are tried with sinful doubt;  
And some such grievous passions tear  
That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they who fain would serve Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

*mf* O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
*p* Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

Ten 7's.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked "♩ = 92." The system consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a repeat sign. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a repeat sign. Both staves contain a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some accompaniment in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves in the same key and time signature. The notation features a mix of chords and single notes, with some chromatic movement in the right hand.

Third system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves. The right hand features more complex chordal structures and some chromaticism, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the piece with two staves. The right hand ends with a final chord, and the left hand has some sustained notes. The text "A-men." is written at the end of the system.

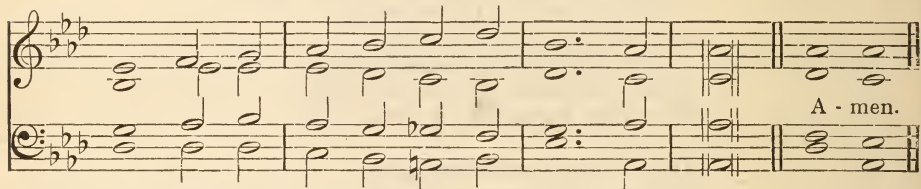
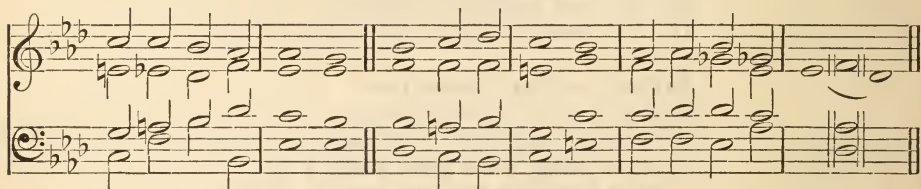
## Evening.

*mf* FATHER, by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour:  
Light has vanished, labours cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace;  
Thou, Whose genial dews distil  
On the lowliest weed that grows,  
Father, guard our couch from ill,  
Lull Thy children to repose:  
We to Thee ourselves resign,  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour, to Thy Father bear  
This our feeble evening prayer:  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We like sheep have gone astray;  
Wordly thoughts and thoughts of pride,  
Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,  
Secret faults and undescried  
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view;  
Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee  
Pray that these may pardoned be.

*p* Holy Spirit, breathing balm,  
Fall on us in evening's calm;  
Yet awhile, before we sleep,  
We with Thee will vigils keep.  
Lead us on our sins to muse,  
Give us truest penitence;  
Then the love of God infuse,  
Breathing humble confidence;  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Softens, strengthen, comfort still.

*mf* Blessèd Trinity, be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear;  
Then when shrinks the lonely heart,  
Thou, O God, most present art.  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Watch o'er our defenceless head;  
Let Thy Angels' guardian-host  
Keep all evil from our bed,  
*cr* Till the flood of morning rays  
*f* Wakes us to a song of praise. Amen.



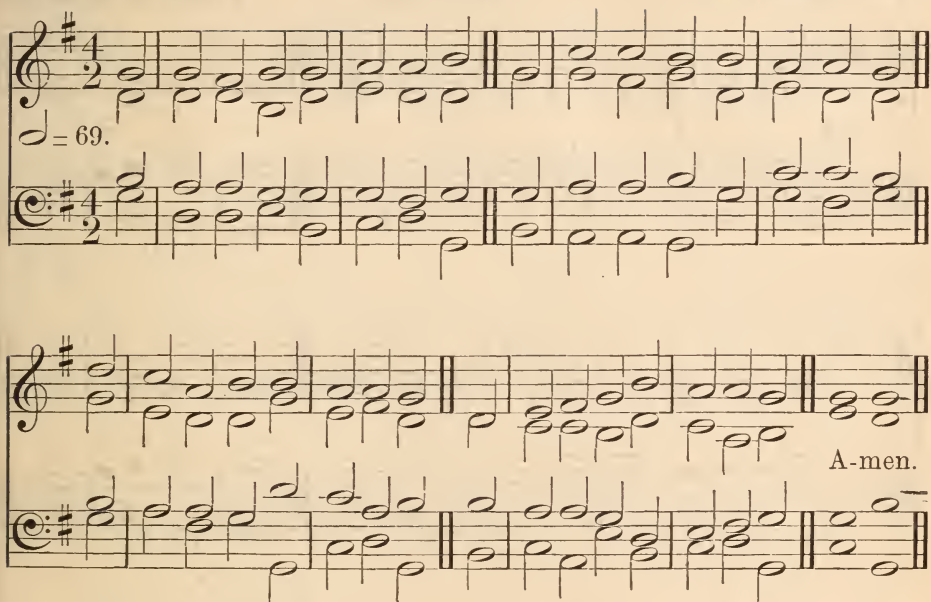
*mf* **F**ATHER, ere yet another day is ended,  
 Into Thy hands be all its hours commended;  
 Angels about our way keep watch and ward,  
 Lighten our darkness with Thy peace, O Lord.  
 When falls on life's gay noon the night of sadness,  
 Oh may we feel Thee near, Eternal Gladness;  
 Our feeble faith uphold, new strength afford,  
 Lighten our darkness with Thy Presence, Lord.  
 Sunshine and cloud are Thine; yet gloom is dreary,  
 Hope yields to fear, and we grow weak and weary,  
 Lead us to rest on Thy unfailing word,  
 Lighten our darkness with Thy love, O Lord.  
 Pain wrings the heart, and fierce temptations try us:  
 Dimly we know that Elder Brother by us,  
 Who in the garden suffered and implored,  
 Lighten our darkness for His sake, our Lord.  
 Father, when earthly life for us is ended,  
 Into Thy hands its deeds and years commended,  
 Now our one guide, be then our one reward,  
 Lighten our darkness in Thy heaven, O Lord. Amen.



TALLIS'S CANON.

L.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520 ?-1585.

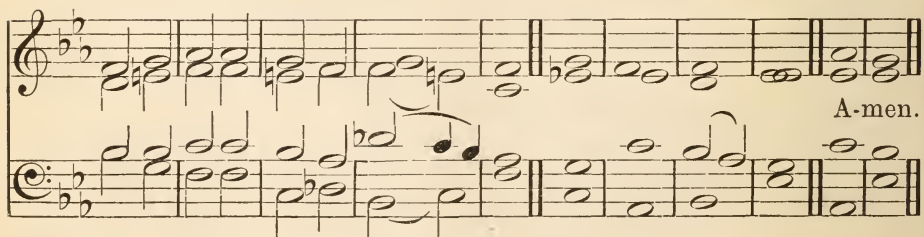
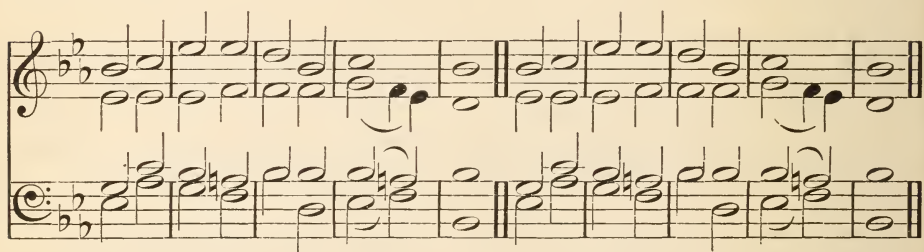
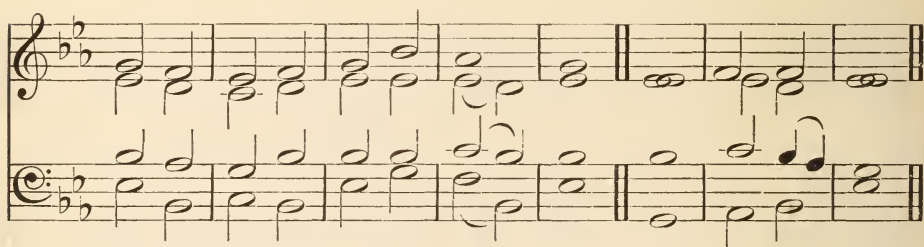
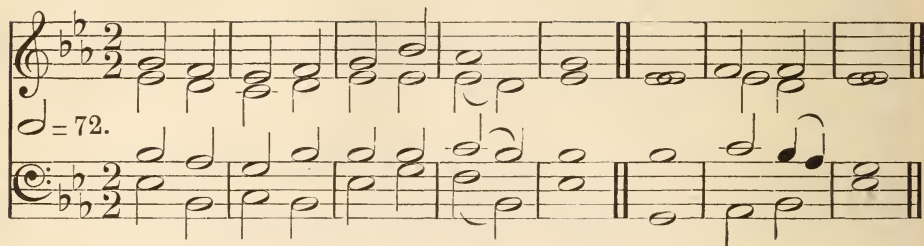


*f* **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this *p* Oh may my soul on Thee repose ;  
 night, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids  
 For all the blessings of the light ; close— [make  
 Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, *mf* Sleep, that may me more vigorous  
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings ! To serve my God when I awake.

*p* Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, *p* When in the night I sleepless lie,  
 The ill that I this day have done ; My soul with heavenly thought supply ;  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee, Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. No powers of darkness me molest.

*mf* Teach me to live, that I may dread *f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings  
 The grave as little as my bed ; flow ;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Rise glorious at the awful day. Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.



# Evening.

TEMPLE (Second Tune).

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

♩ = 80.

A-men.

<i>p</i> GOD that madest earth and heaven,	<i>mf</i> Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
Darkness and light ;	<i>p</i> And, when we die,
Who the day for toil has given,	May we in Thy mighty keeping
For rest the night ;	All peaceful lie. [us,
<i>mf</i> May Thine Angel-guards defend us,	<i>mf</i> When the last dread trump shall wake
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,	Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
<i>p</i> Holy dreams and hopes attend us,	<i>f</i> But to reign in glory take us,
This livelong night.	<i>p</i> With Thee on high. Amen.

SEBASTE.

Irregular.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

*f*

HAIL, gladdening Light, } glo · ry poured, { Who is the } Fa - ther, Heavenly, Blest,  
 of His pure } Immortal }

$\text{♩} = 100.$  *f*

*p*

Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

*p*

*p*

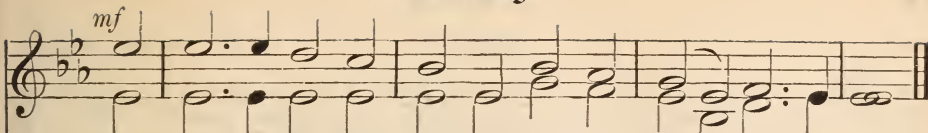
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us shine,

*p*



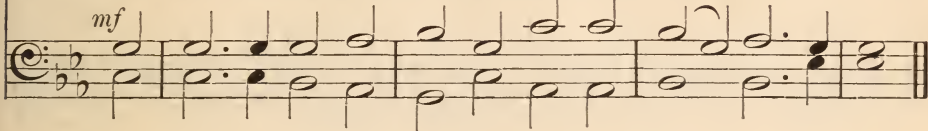
# Evening.

*mf*



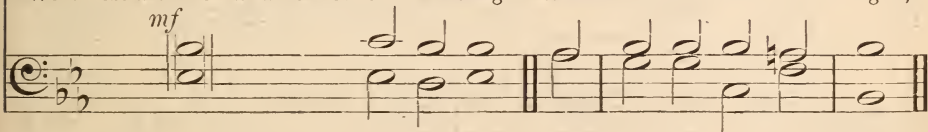
We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spi-rit Di-vine.

*mf*



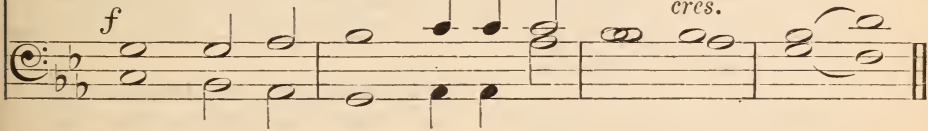
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un-de-fi-led tongue,

*mf*



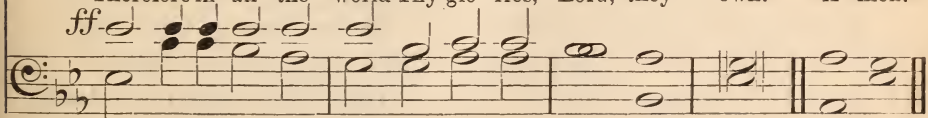
Son of our God, Giv-er of life, a-lone! . .

*f*



Therefore in all the world Thy glo-ries, Lord, they own. A-men.

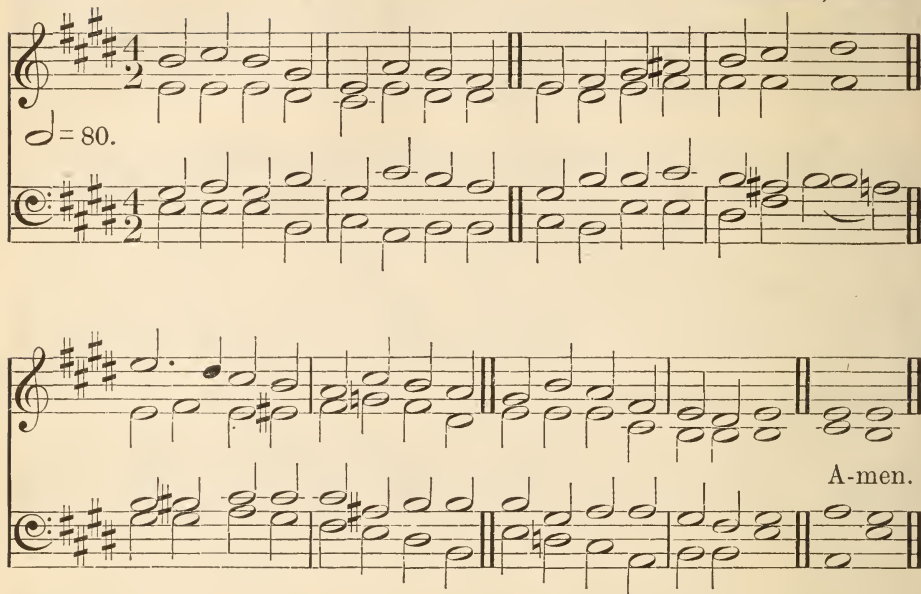
*ff*



ODDE.

8.7.8.7.

A. H. BREWER, b. 1865.



*mf* **H**EAR our prayer, O heavenly Father,  
 Ere we lay us down to sleep;  
 Bid Thine Angels, pure and holy,  
 Round our bed their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
 Far outweighs them every one;  
 Down before the Cross we cast them,  
 Trusting in Thy help alone.

*p* Keep us through this night of peril  
 Safe beneath its sheltering shade;  
 Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
 When our pilgrimage is made.

*mf* None can measure out Thy patience  
 By the span of human thought;  
 None can bound the tender mercies  
 Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

*p* Pardon all our past transgressions,  
*cr* Give us strength for days to come;  
*mf* Guide and guard us with Thy  
 blessing

*dim* Till Thine Angels bear us home.

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

♩ = 84.

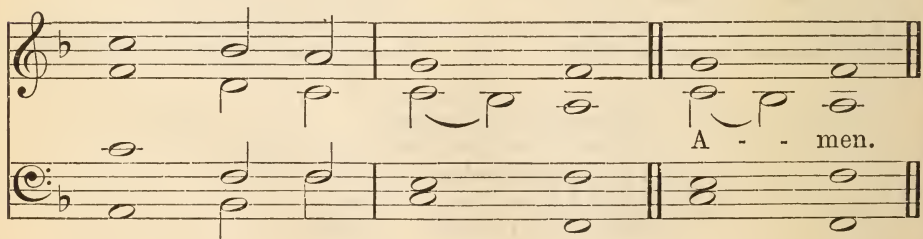
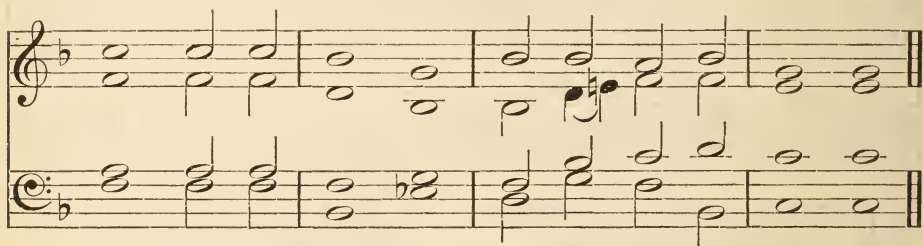
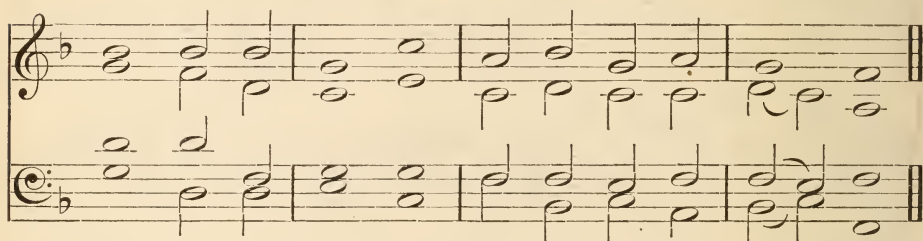
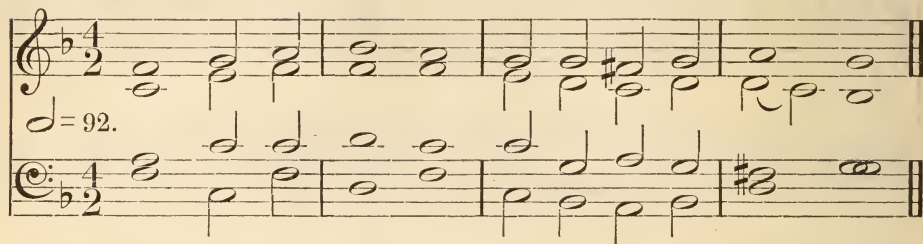
Amen.

*p* **L**ORD of my life, Whose tender care *p* Oh may I daily, hourly, strive  
 Hath led me on till now, In heavenly grace to grow,  
 Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer, To Thee, and to Thy glory live,  
 Before Thy throne I bow: Dead else to all below,  
*mf* I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray *mf* Tread in the path my Saviour trod,  
 Forgiveness for another day. Though thorny, yet the path to God.

*mf* With prayer my humble praise I bring  
 For mercies day by day;  
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,  
 Lord, teach me how to pray;  
*f* All that I have, I am, to Thee  
 I offer through eternity. Amen.

11.11.11.5.

DIE NACHT IST KOMMEN.

*Der Böhmischen Brüder Kirchengesang, 1566.*



## Evening.

*p* **N**OW God be with us, for the night is closing;  
The light and darkness are of His disposing,  
And 'neath His shadow we to rest may yield us,  
For He will shield us.

Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;  
In soul and body from all harm defend us;  
Thine Angels send us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;  
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;  
*cr* All day serve Thee; in all that we are doing  
Thy praise pursuing.

*p* We have no refuge: none on earth to aid us,  
*cr* Save Thee, O Father, Who Thine own hast made us;  
*mf* But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,  
Who seek Thee only.

*f* Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,  
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;  
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver  
Us now and ever. Amen.

JAM SOL RECEDIT IGNEUS (*First Tune*).*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE VIII. Sarum.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'JAM SOL RECEDIT IGNEUS'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written above the vocal line.

ALMONDSBURY (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

BASIL HARWOOD, b. 1859.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'ALMONDSBURY'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 60.' is present at the beginning of the first system. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written above the vocal line.

## Evening.

*mf* NOW sinks in night the flaming sun ;  
O Thou, our Everlasting Day,  
Thrice Holy Godhead, Three in One,  
Thy brightness to our hearts display :

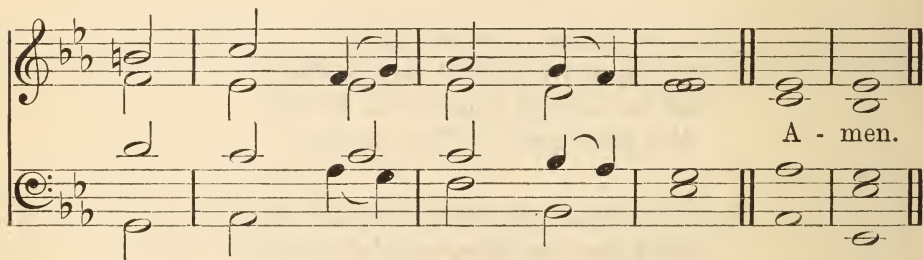
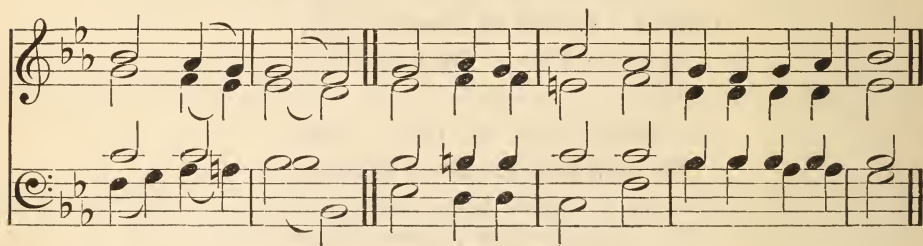
To Thee we hymn the morning lay,  
To Thee our evening vows are given ;  
Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,  
To praise Thee in the courts of heaven.

No shadows there, nor clouds impede  
The view with visions of affright :  
Nor sun nor moon those mansions need ;  
*f* The Lamb is their perpetual Light.

*p* Oh, yet unseen by mortal sight,  
May in our souls that scene endure,  
That we, through hope of that delight,  
May purer grow as Thou art pure.

*cr* And when the day shall come that we  
Shall know no more, as now, in part,  
May we unveiled Thy Presence see,  
Be like, and know Thee as Thou art :

*f* And evermore with voice and heart  
Join concert with Thy heavenly Host,  
And bear, in praising Thee, our part,  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.



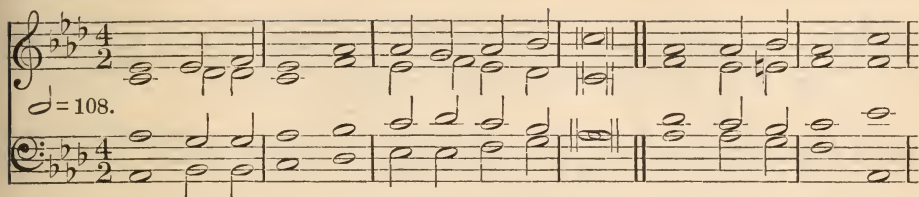
*mf* **O** BRIGHTNESS of the Eternal Father's face,  
Most holy, heavenly, blest,  
Lord Jesu Christ, in Whom His truth and grace  
Are visibly expressed;

*p* Now that the daylight fades, and one by one  
The lamps of evening shine:

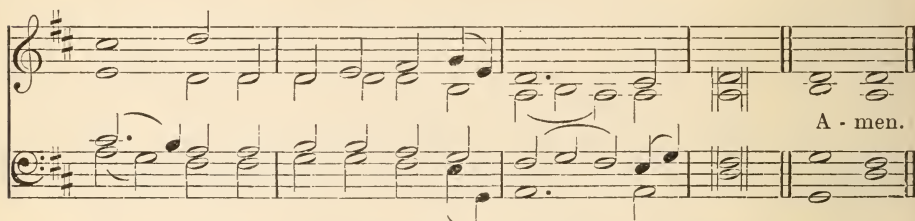
*cr* We praise once more the Father and the Son  
And Holy Ghost Divine.

*f* Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
Praise from Thy Saints, O Lord;  
Be Thou, O Son of God, in Whom we live,  
Through all the world adored! Amen.





*mf* SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise:  
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;  
*p* Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.  
 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;  
*cr* Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
*mf* From harm and danger keep Thy children free;  
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.  
*p* Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
*mf* With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:  
*p* Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.  
*p* Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
*cr* Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
*mf* Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
*p* Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.



*mf* SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise:  
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;  
*p* Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.  
 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;  
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 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.  
*p* Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
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 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.  
*p* Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
*cr* Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
*mf* Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
*p* Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

♩ = 84.

A. men.

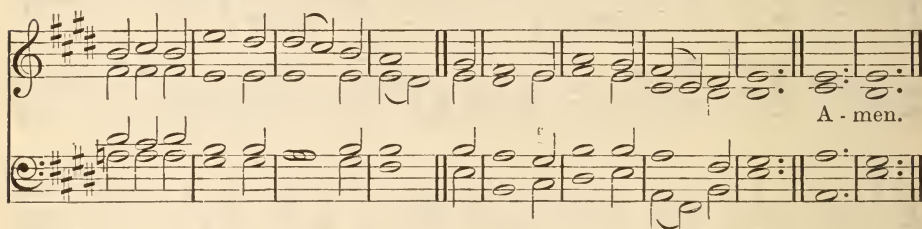
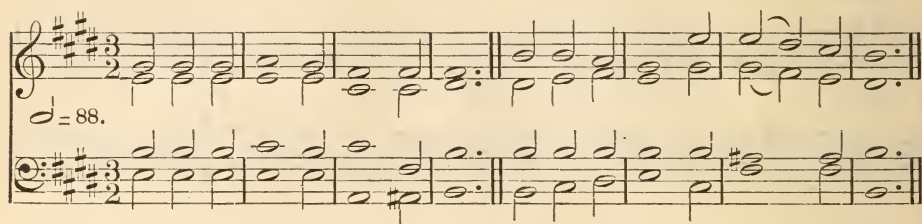
*p* SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-  
 Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,  
 Sin and want we come confessing; *mf* Thou art He Who, never weary,  
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst Watchest where Thy people be.  
 heal. *p* Should swift death this night o'ertake  
*mf* Though destruction walk around us, us,  
 Though the arrow past us fly, And our couch become our tomb,  
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us; *mf* May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh. Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

Amen.

SUN OF MY SOUL (*First Tune*).

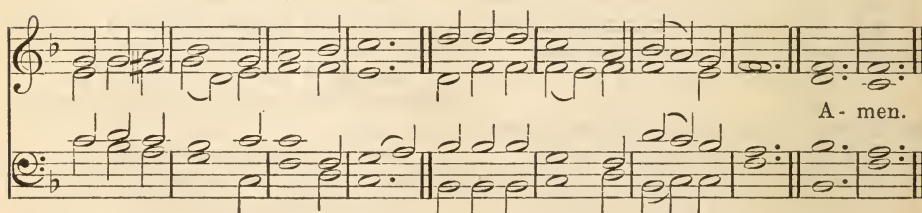
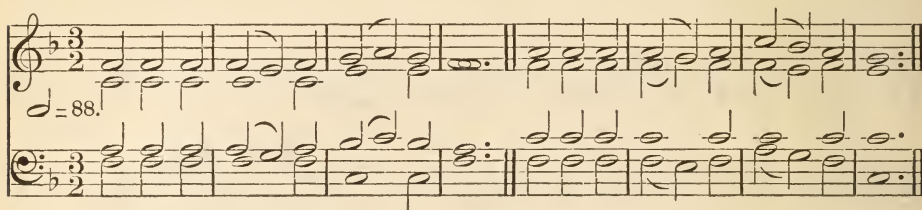
L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH, 1825-1898.

HURSLEY (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

P. RITTER, 1760-1846.





## Evening.

*mf* SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near:  
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

*p* When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

*mf* Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

*p* If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

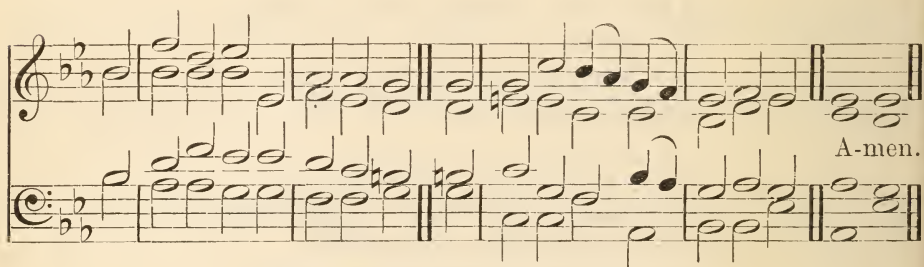
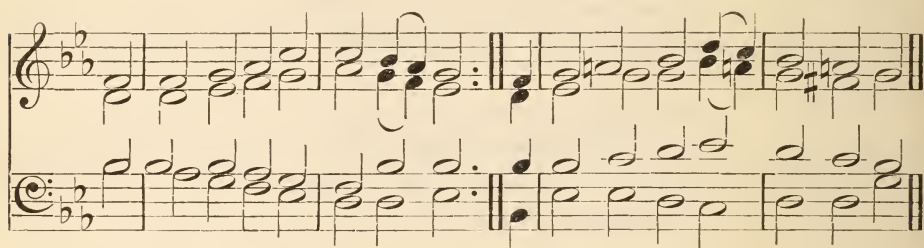
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

*mf* Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
*cr* Till in the ocean of Thy love  
*f* We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

VALETE.

Six 8's.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*p* SWEET Saviour! bless us 'ere we go;  
 Thy word into our minds instil,  
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
 With lowly love and fervent will.

*cr* Through life's long day, and death's dark night,

*p* O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

## Evening.

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.  
*cr* Through life's long day, and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace.  
*cr* Through life's long day, and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

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

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

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

ST. WILFRID (*First Tune*).

4.4.7.8.7.

Mainzer Choralbuch.

First system of the musical score for St. Wilfrid (First Tune). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a 4/2 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/2 time signature. A tempo marking '♩ = 80.' is placed below the first measure of the treble staff. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both staves, with repeat signs after the first and second measures.

Second system of the musical score for St. Wilfrid (First Tune). It continues the treble and bass staves from the first system. The music concludes with a double bar line and the word 'Amen.' written to the right of the final measure in the treble staff.

MONKSWOOD (*Second Tune*).

4.4.7.8.7.

A., 1894.

First system of the musical score for Monkswood (Second Tune). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a 4/2 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/2 time signature. A tempo marking '♩ = 84.' is placed below the first measure of the treble staff. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both staves, with repeat signs after the first and second measures.

Second system of the musical score for Monkswood (Second Tune). It continues the treble and bass staves from the first system. The music concludes with a double bar line and the word 'A-men.' written to the right of the final measure in the treble staff.



## Evening.

*mf*      **T**HE day departs;  
            Our souls and hearts  
            Long for that better morrow,  
When Christ shall set His people free  
            From every care and sorrow.

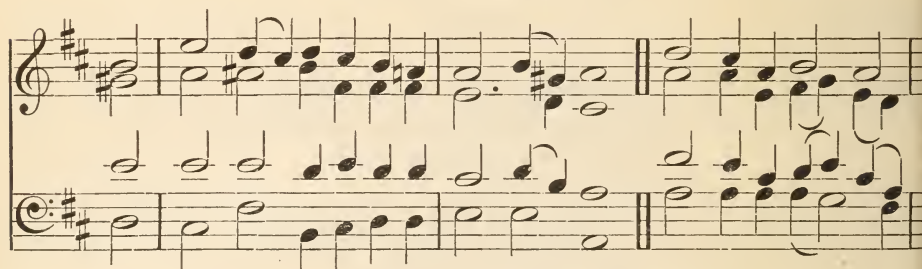
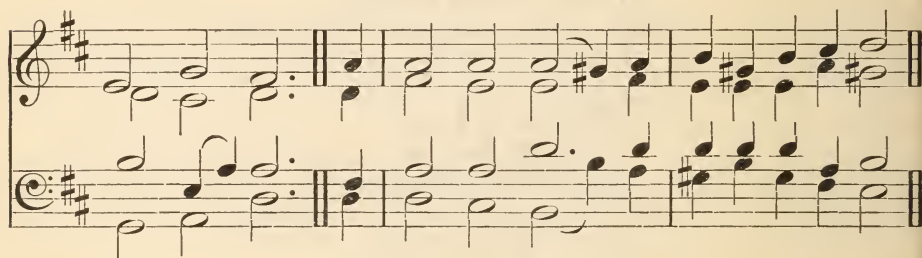
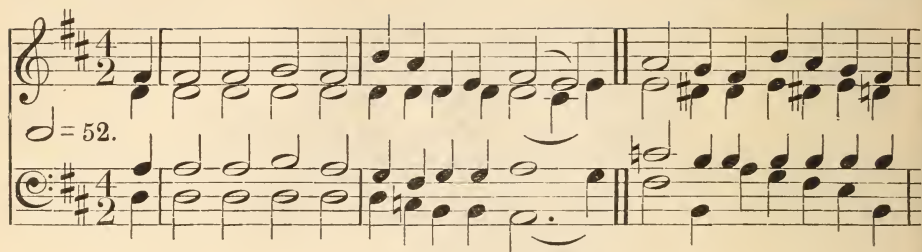
            The sunshine bright  
            Is lost in night;  
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,  
Shine on our souls with beams of love,  
            All darkness there dispelling.

            Be Thou still nigh,  
            With sleepless eye,  
While all around are sleeping,  
And Angel-guards, at Thy command,  
            Afar all danger keeping.

            The land above,  
            Of peace and love,  
No earthly beams need brighten;  
For all its borders Christ Himself  
            Doth with His glory lighten.

*f*          May we be there,  
            That joy to share,  
Glad Hallelujahs singing:  
With all the ransomed evermore  
            Our joyful praises bringing.

*p*          Lord Jesu, Thou  
            Our Refuge now,  
Forsake Thy servants never;  
*cr* Uphold and guide that we may stand  
            Before Thy throne for ever. Amen.



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## Evening.

*p* THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;  
*mf* O Brightness of Thy Father's glory,—Thou  
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;  
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,  
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

*p* Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;  
*mf* O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,  
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

*mf* Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
*p* Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
And earthly hopes, and human succours fail;  
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice,—(*f*) "Fear not, for it is I."

*p* The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
*mf* In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide. Amen.

ST. ANATOLIUS (*First Tune*).

7.6.7.6.8.8.

A. H. BROWN, b. 1830.

First system of the musical score for St. Anatolius (First Tune). It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/2 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 84. The music features a series of chords and single notes, primarily using the notes G, A, B-flat, and C. The first staff has a repeat sign after the fourth measure, and the second staff has a repeat sign after the eighth measure.

Second system of the musical score for St. Anatolius (First Tune). It continues the melody and harmony from the first system, maintaining the 4/2 time and two-flat key signature. The music concludes with a final cadence in the eighth measure of the second staff.

Third system of the musical score for St. Anatolius (First Tune). This system includes the text "A-men." at the end of the first staff. The music continues with a final flourish and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots in the eighth measure of the second staff.

ST. ANATOLIUS (*Second Tune*).

7.6.7.6.8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

First system of the musical score for St. Anatolius (Second Tune). It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 84, and the dynamics are marked as *mf* (mezzo-forte). The music features a series of chords and single notes, primarily using the notes F-sharp, G, A, and B. The first staff has a repeat sign after the fourth measure, and the second staff has a repeat sign after the eighth measure.



## Evening.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The first system begins with a treble staff marked *cres.* and a bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, marked *dim.* in the treble. The third system features a treble staff marked *p* and a bass staff. The fourth system continues with *cres.* and *dim.* markings, ending with the word *Amen.* in the treble staff.

*mf* THE day is past and over;  
           All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;  
 I pray Thee now that sinless  
           The hours of dark may be:  
*p* O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
*p* And guard me through the coming night.  
*mf* The joys of day are over;  
           I lift my heart to Thee,  
           And ask Thee that offenceless  
           The hours of dark may be:  
*p* O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
*p* And guard me through the coming night.  
*mf* The toils of day are over;  
           I raise the hymn to Thee,  
           And ask that free from peril  
           The hours of dark may be:  
*p* O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
*p* And guard me through the coming night.  
*mf* Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
           For Thou alone dost know  
           How many are the perils  
           Through which I have to go:  
           O loving Jesu, hear my call,  
*p* And guard and save me from them all.   Amen.

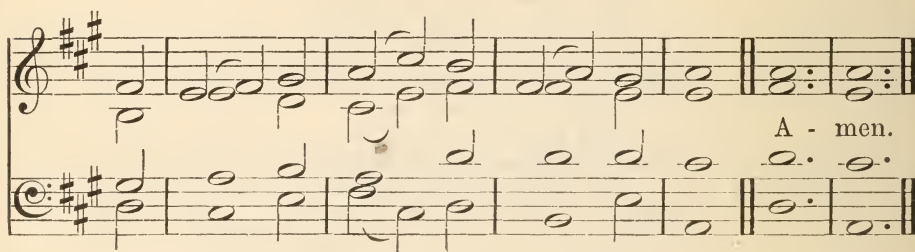
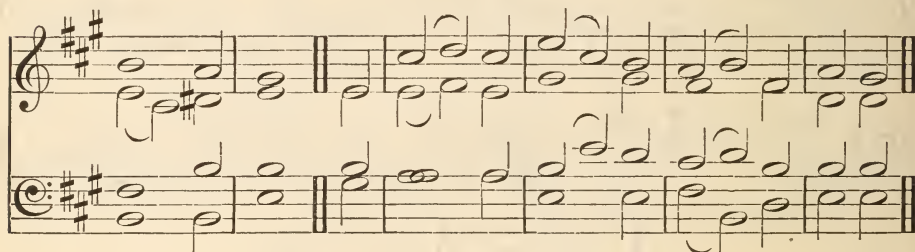
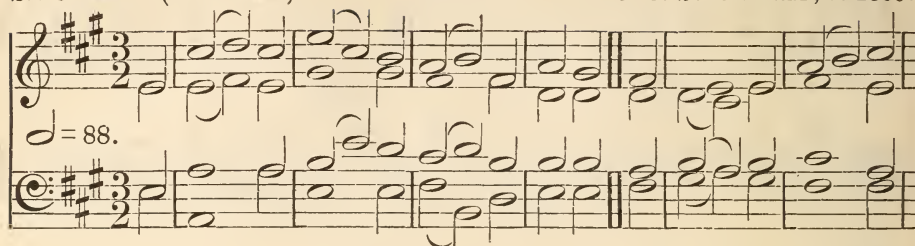
30

## Evening.

ST. CLEMENT (*First Tune*).

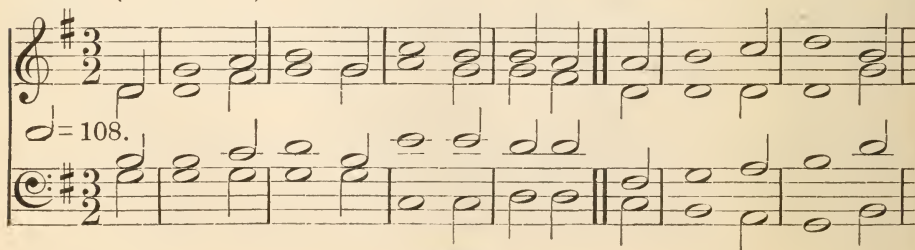
9.8.9.8.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, b. 1839.

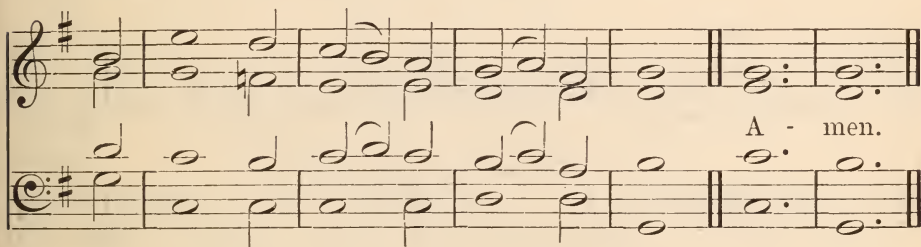
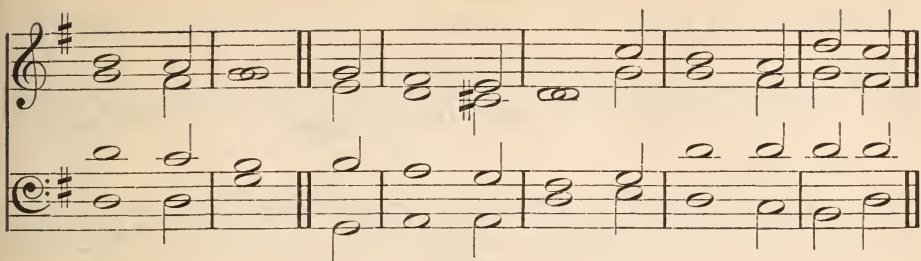
RADFORD (*Second Tune*).

9.8.9.8.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.



## Evening.



*mf* **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
           The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
*f* To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
       Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

*mf* We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
       While earth rolls onward into light,  
   Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
       And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
   The dawn leads on another day,  
   The voice of prayer is never silent,  
       Nor dies the strain of praise away.

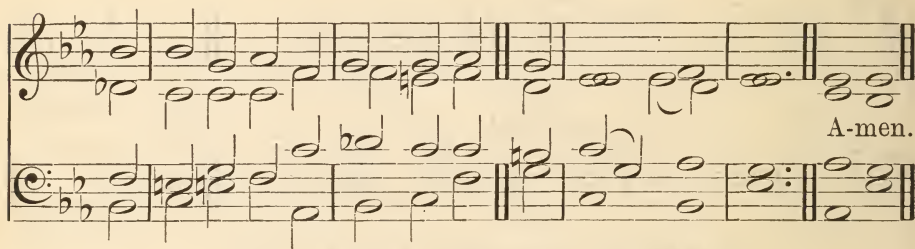
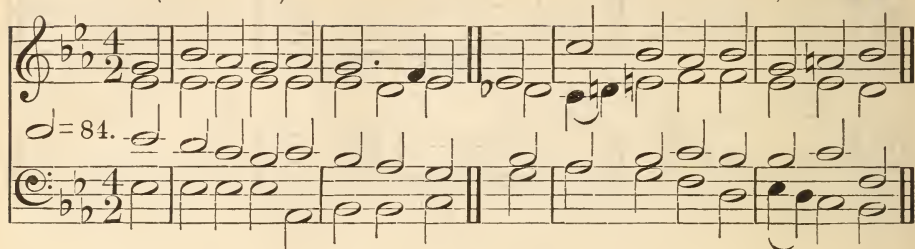
The sun, that bids us rest, is waking  
   Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
   And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
       Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

*f* So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,  
       Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
   But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,  
       Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.   Amen.

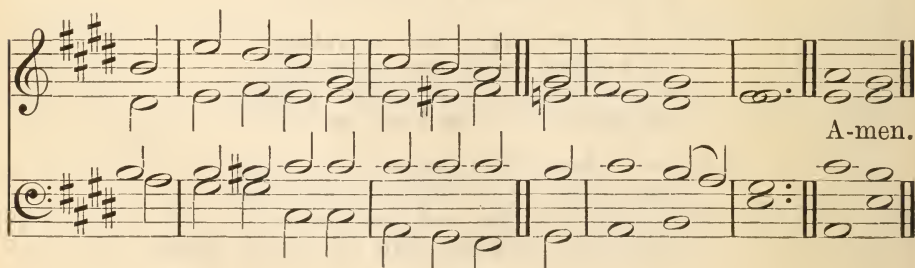
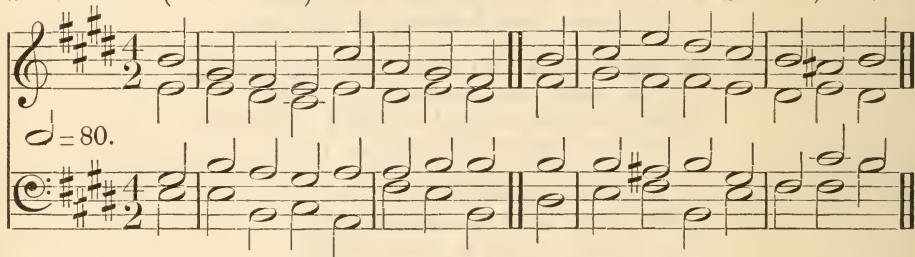
ST. GABRIEL (*First Tune*).

8.8.8.4.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825-1889.

ST. CORENTIN (*Second Tune*).

8.8.8.4.

H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.



## Evening.

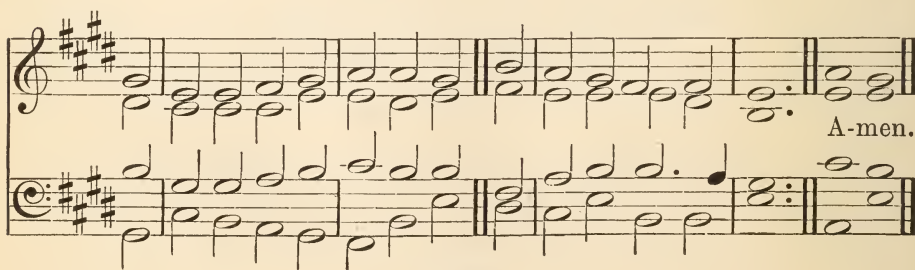
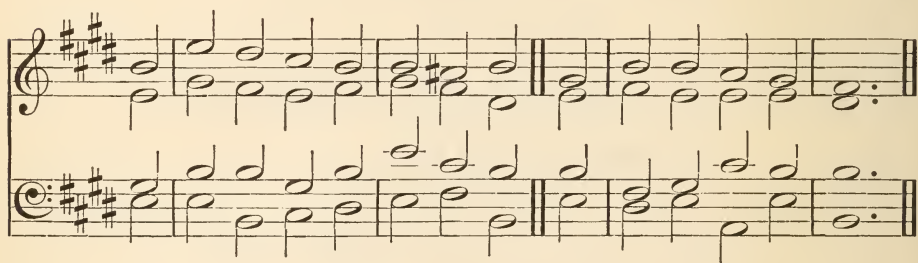
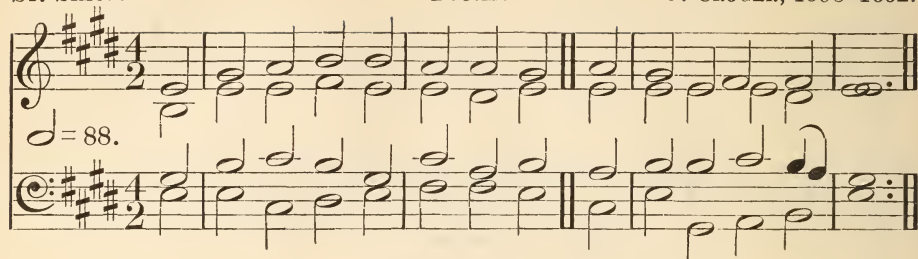
*mf* **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
*p* Creep on once more.

*mf* Our life is but an autumn sun,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—  
*p* Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,  
Safe home at last.

*mf* Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky;

*cr* Where light and life and joy and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging Angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;

*f* Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall;  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all! Amen.



## Evening.

*p* **T**HE shadows of the evening hours  
Fall from the darkening sky ;  
Upon the fragrance of the flowers  
The dews of evening lie :  
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,  
We kneel at close of day ;  
Look on Thy children from on high,  
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
Oh do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise :  
*cr* The brightness of the coming light  
Upon the darkness rolls ;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows on our souls.

*p* Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
That one by one depart :  
*cr* Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine ;  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,  
And trust in things divine.

*p* Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend ;  
From midnight fears and perils Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend ;  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes ;  
Through the long day we labour, Lord,—  
Oh give us now repose. Amen.

ST. COLUMBA (*First Tune*).

6.4.6.6.

H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.

First system of the musical score for St. Columba (First Tune). It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 100. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a repeat sign after the first four measures. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Second system of the musical score for St. Columba (First Tune). It continues from the first system with two staves. The music concludes with the word "A-men." written above the final notes of the treble staff.

SUNDOWN (*Second Tune*).

6.4.6.6.

W. PARRATT, *b.* 1841.

First system of the musical score for Sundown (Second Tune). It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 96. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a repeat sign after the first four measures.

Second system of the musical score for Sundown (Second Tune). It continues from the first system with two staves. The music concludes with the word "A - - men." written above the final notes of the treble staff.



## Evening.

*p* THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
*f* Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

*p* As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned,

*mf* So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide,  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

*f* Thus would I live; yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity!  
One Lord Divine!  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine. Amen.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo marking is  $\text{♩} = 88$ . The system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The bass staff continues with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes C4, B3, and A3. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. Both staves end with a double bar line. The word "Amen." is written below the bass staff.

## Evening.

*mf* **T**HROUGH the changes of the day  
Kept by Thy sustaining power,  
Offerings of thanks we pay,  
Father, in this evening hour.  
Praises to Thy Name belong,  
Source and Giver of all good ;  
While we lift our evening song,  
Fill our souls with gratitude.

From the dangers which have frowned,  
From the snares in secret set,  
We have, through Thy mercy, found  
Safety and deliverance yet.  
All the day that mercy hath  
Guarded us from ills untold,  
All the day along our path  
Scattered blessings manifold.

Spirit, Who hast been our Light  
And the Guardian of our way,  
Let Thy mercy and Thy might  
Keep us to another day :  
Help us, Father, so to spend  
All our moments as they flee,  
That, when life and labour end,  
We may fall asleep in Thee. Amen.

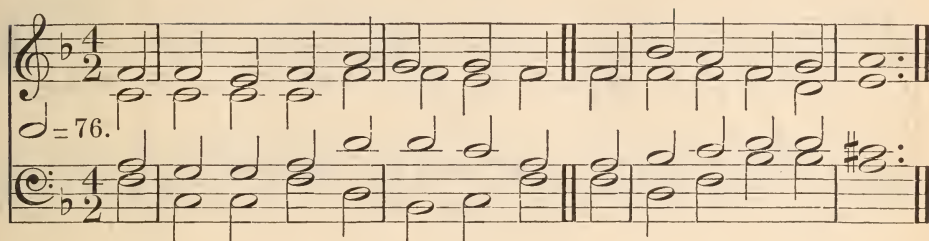
*mf* THROUGH the day Thy love has *mf* Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
spared us; Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
Now we lay us down to rest: Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
Through the silent watches guard us; In Thine arms may we repose;  
Let no foe our peace molest: *p* And, when life's sad day is past,  
*p* Jesu, Thou our Guardian be; Rest with Thee in heaven at last.  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee. Amen.

*Also the following:*

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide—355  
All-Holy Sovereign of the sky—64  
Before the ending of the day—55  
Creator! Who from heaven Thy throne—68  
Great Creator, wise and good—62  
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer—437  
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom—455  
Lo! the firmament doth bear—60

O Blest Creator, God Most High—70  
O God of truth, O Lord of night—52  
O God, Thou art my God alone—489  
O Sovereign Lord of Nature's might—66  
O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation—53  
O Trinity of Blessed Light—71  
Source of light and life divine—58  
The roseate hues of early dawn—558





*mf* **A**ND now the wants are told, that *p* Oh wondrous peace, in thought to  
brought dwell  
Thy children to Thy knee; On excellence divine;  
Here lingering still, we ask for nought, To know that nought in man can tell  
But simply worship Thee. How fair Thy beauties shine!

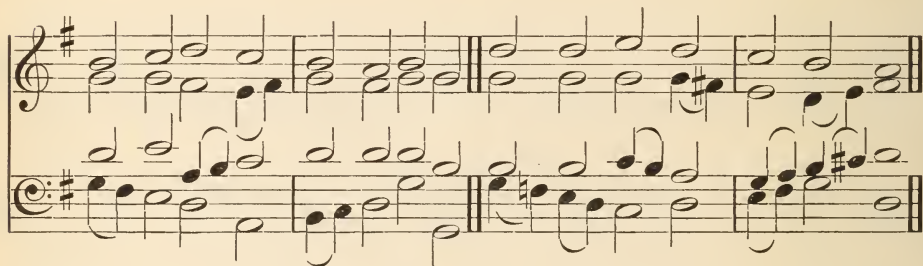
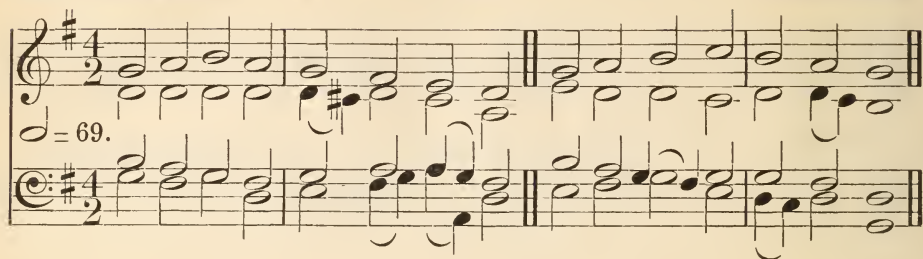
The hope of heaven's eternal days *mf* O Thou, above all blessing blest,  
Absorbs not all the heart O'er thanks exalted far,  
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise, Thy very greatness is a rest  
For being what Thou art. To weaklings as we are;

*f* For Thou art God, the One, the Same, For when we feel the praise of Thee  
O'er all things high and bright; A task beyond our powers,  
And round us, when we speak Thy Name, We say, "A perfect God is He,  
There spreads a heaven of light. And He is fully ours."

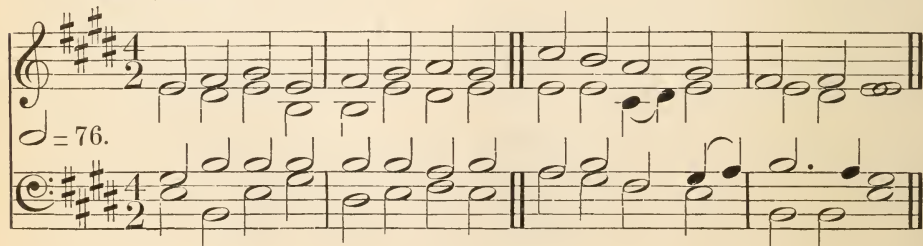
*f* All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

## Close of Service.

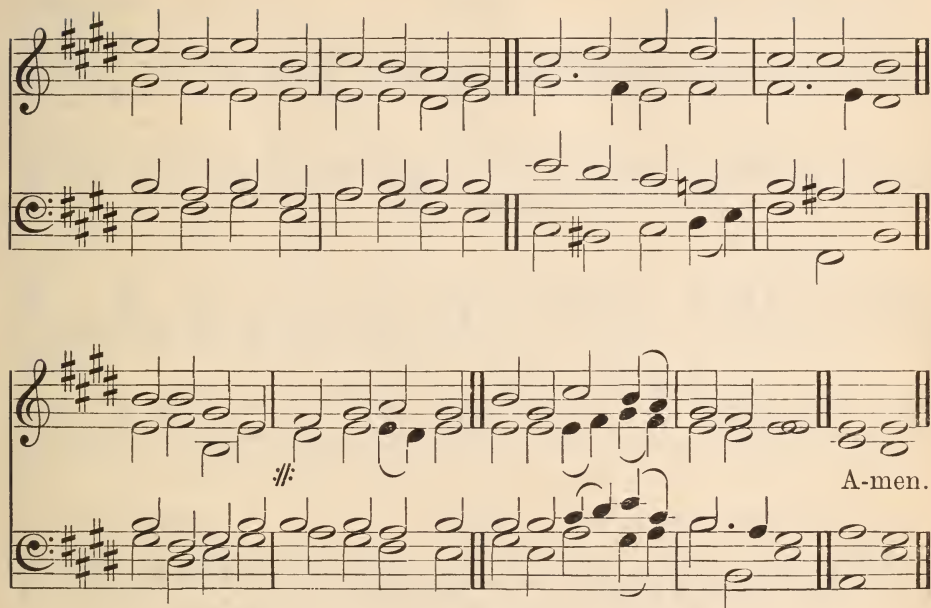
FREU' DICH SEHR (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. From J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.



ST. THOMAS (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. WEBBE'S Collection, 1792.



## Close of Service.



*May also be sung to "St. Raphael," No. 154.*

<p><i>mf</i> <b>L</b> ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,              Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  <i>cr</i> Let us each, Thy love possessing,              Triumph in redeeming grace.              <i>p</i> Oh refresh us,          In this dry and barren place.</p>	<p><i>f</i> Thanks we give and adoration              For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;          May the fruits of Thy salvation              In our hearts and lives abound!              Ever faithful          To the truth may we be found!</p>
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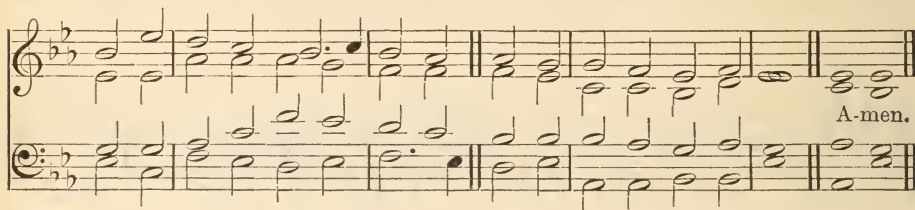
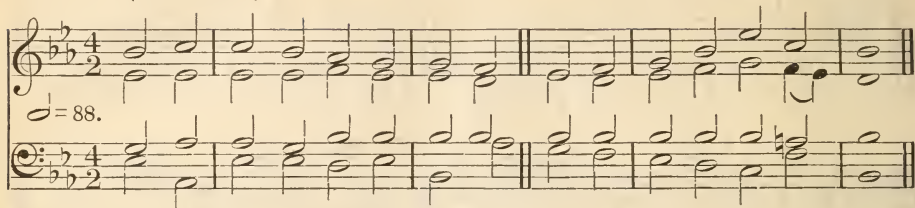
*p* So, whene'er the signal's given  
     Us from earth to call away,  
*cr* Borne on Angels' wings to heaven,  
     Glad the summons to obey,  
     May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.   Amen.

## Close of Service.

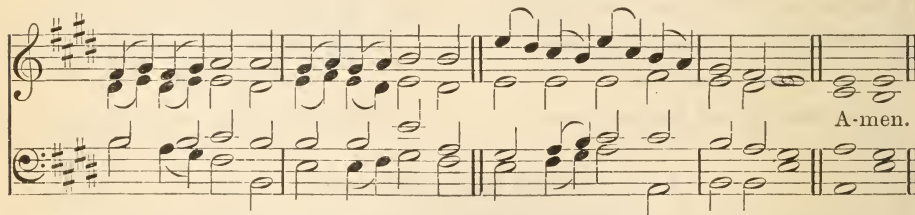
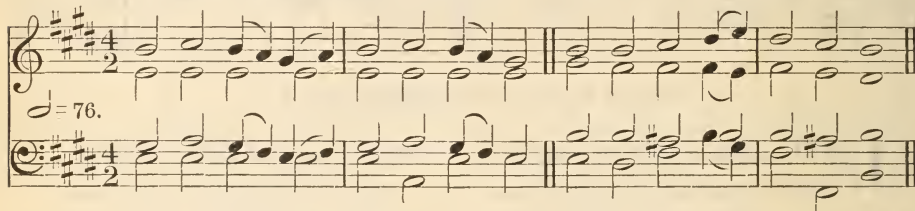
LANGDALE (*First Tune*).

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.

SICILIAN MARINERS (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.

Sicilian Melody.



*p* **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
*cr* And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
*dim* Rest upon us from above.

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

*Also the following :*

Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name—467

♩ = 104.

A-men.

*mf* AS Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth,  
 As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the new-born earth,  
 So give us now that Sabbath rest, which makes Thy children free—  
 Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness to Thee.  
 But in Thy worship, Father, Oh lift our souls above,  
 By holy word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic love;  
 Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth which Christ hath trod,  
 Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to God.  
 So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy Presence blest  
 The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,  
 Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no alloy,  
 And through eternity there flows the deepening stream of joy.  
*f* To Thee, Who giv'st us freedom, our Father and our King;  
 To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing;  
 Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O Holy Ghost;—to Thee  
 In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be. Amen.

\* The slurs are required in Verse 3.



ANGELS' SONG (Modern Form).

L.M. Adapted from O. GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

♩ = 76.

A - men.

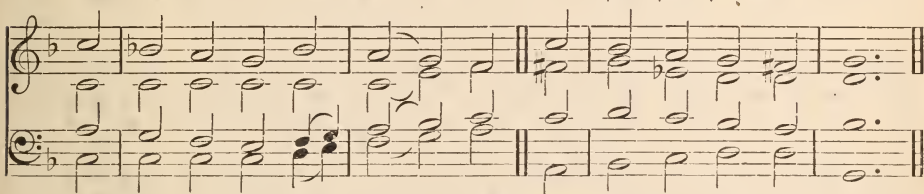
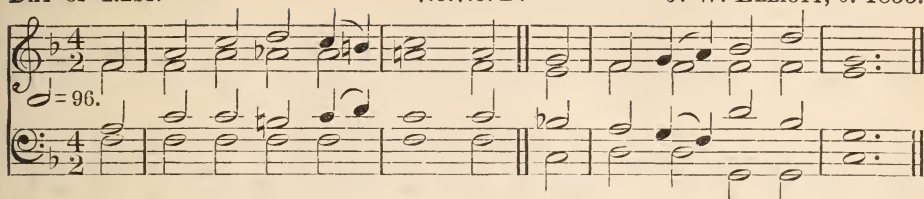
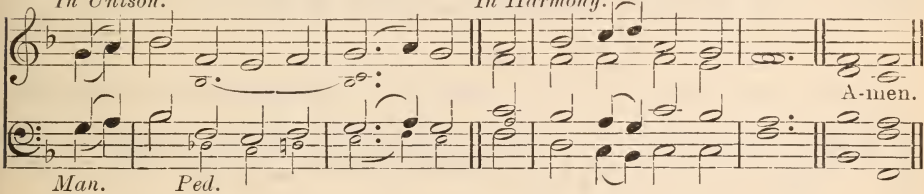
*mf* **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,  
In this Thy house, on this Thy  
Accept, as grateful sacrifice, [day;  
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our labouring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

*f* In Thy blest kingdom we shall be  
From every mortal trouble free;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.

*mf* No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

*f* O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!  
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;  
And let the world's true Sun arise! Amen.

*In Unison.**In Harmony.*

*f* (O) DAY of rest and gladness,  
 O day of joy and light,  
 O balm of care and sadness,  
 Most beautiful, most bright;  
 On thee the high and lowly,  
 Through ages joined in tune,  
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
 To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the Creation,  
 The light first had its birth;  
 On thee, for our salvation,  
 Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 On thee, our Lord victorious  
 The Spirit sent from heaven;  
 And thus on thee most glorious  
 A triple light was given.

*mf* To-day on weary nations  
 The heavenly Manna falls;  
 To holy convocations  
 The silver trumpet calls;  
 Where Gospel-light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams;  
 And living water flowing  
 With soul-refreshing streams.

*p* New graces ever gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 We reach the rest remaining  
 To spirits of the Blest.  
*f* To Holy Ghost be praises,  
 To Father and to Son;  
 The Church her voice upraises  
 To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

DIE PARENTE TEMPORUM (*First Tune*).

MODE I. SOLESMES.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

BROCKHAM (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669-1707.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A-men.

## Sunday.

*mf* O GOD, our Father, Thee we praise,  
On this Thy day, the First of days,  
Great Source of all, Creation's might,  
Who call'st earth's darkness into light.

This day Thy Well-Beloved Son  
Rose from the dead—His victory won;  
This day the Holy Spirit came  
With fiery tongues of cloven flame.

Oh may our weary hearts this day  
Be cheered and blest by love's sweet ray;  
That we, through love, may praise aright  
The great First Source of life and light.

Father, Who by Thy power benign,  
In man Thine Image didst enshrine;  
With Thy great love our spirits fill  
That heart and hand may do Thy will.

Jesu, with Whom we here would be,  
Dead unto sin, entombed with Thee;  
By love inflamed may we arise  
Each unto Thee a sacrifice.

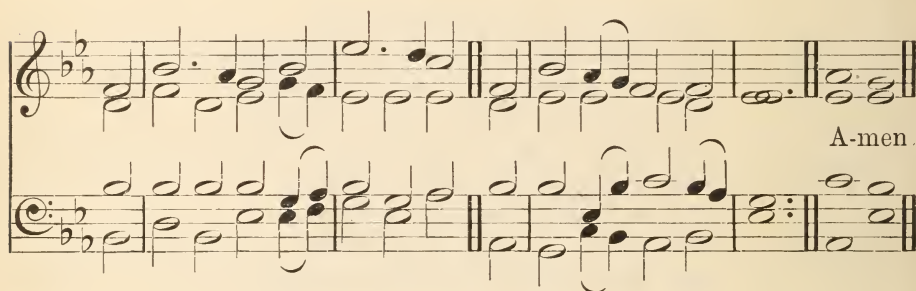
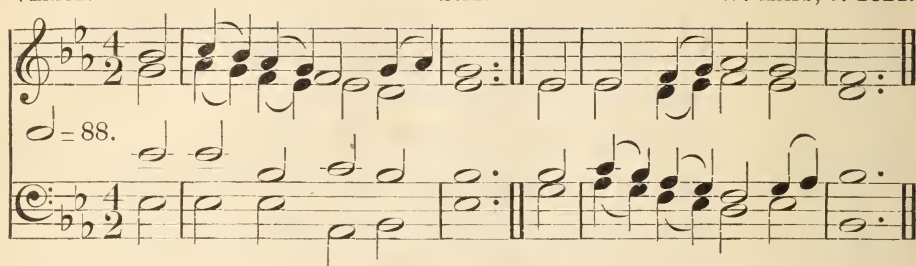
Spirit Divine, in Whom we live,  
To us Thy holy unction give,  
Until our hearts shall burn to see  
Thy love which binds all love to Thee.

O Great and Holy Three in One,  
Father and Spirit with the Son,  
Who wrought salvation's mystery,  
Knit all our hearts, O God, to Thee. Amen.

VENICE.

S.M.

W. AMPS, b. 1824.



*mf* **O**UR day of praise is done ;  
 The evening shadows fall ;  
 But pass not from us with the sun,  
 True Light that lightenest all !

Around the throne on high,  
 Where night can never be,  
 The white-robed harpers of the sky  
 Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

*mf* Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
 If Thou attune the heart,  
 We in Thine Angels' music still  
 May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
 Each wayward thought reclaim,  
 And make our life a daily psalm  
 Of glory to Thy Name.

*p* Too faint our anthems here ;  
 Too soon of praise we tire :

*f* But Oh, the strains how full and clear  
 Of that eternal choir !

*cr* A little while, and then  
 Shall come the glorious end ;  
*f* And songs of Angels and of men  
 In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.



♩ = 92.

A-men.

*f* SERVANTS of God, awake,  
 To hail this sacred day,  
 And in glad songs of praise  
 Your grateful homage pay ;  
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest,  
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn  
 The Lord of life arose ;  
 He burst the bands of death,  
 And vanquished all our foes ;  
 And now He pleads our cause above,  
 And reaps the fruit of all His love.

All hail, triumphant Lord !  
 Heaven with Hosanna rings,  
 And earth in humbler strains  
 Thy praise responsive sings ;  
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign ! Amen.

ST. PAUL.

L.M.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.

♩ = 96.

A - men.

*May also be sung to "Brockham," No. 42.*

*f* SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,  
 To show Thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

*p* Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

*f* My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless His works, and bless His word;  
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
 How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

And I shall share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And sweet supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

*f* Then shall I see and hear and know  
 All I desired or wished below,  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

REDHEAD, No. 4.

L.M.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.

♩ = 100.

A-men.

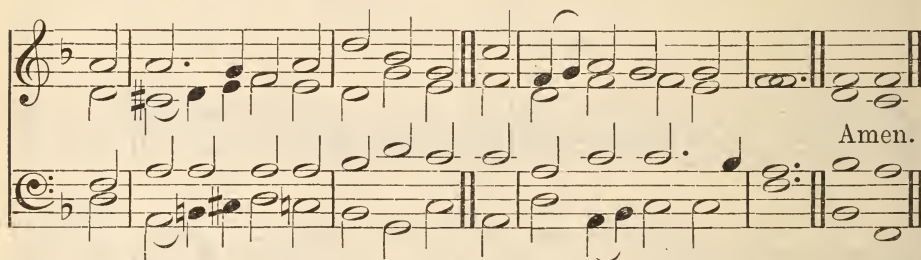
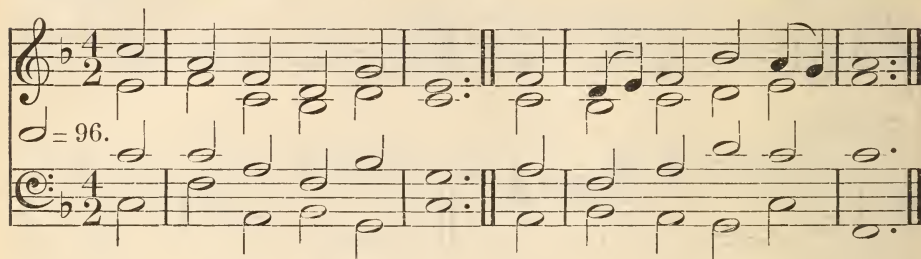
**T**HIS day, at Thy creating word, *mf* This day the Holy Spirit came  
 First o'er the earth the light With fiery tongues of cloven flame :  
 was poured : *p* O Spirit, fill our hearts this day  
*p* O Lord, this day upon us shine, With grace to hear, and grace to  
 And fill our souls with light divine. pray.

*f* This day the Lord, for sinners slain, *p* O day of light, and life, and grace !  
 In might victorious rose again : From earthly toils sweet resting-place !  
*p* O Jesu, may we raised be Thy hallowed hours, best gift of Love,  
 From death of sin to life in Thee. Give we again to God above !

*f* All praise to God the Father be ;  
 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
 Whom with the Spirit we adore  
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

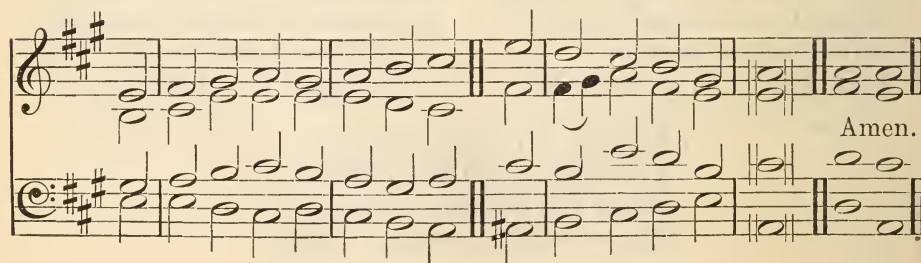
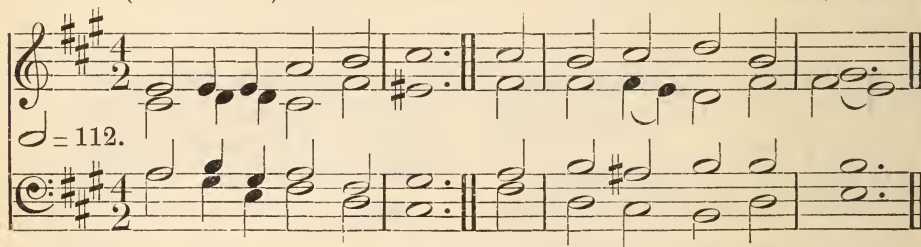
THE DAY OF PRAISE (*First Tune*). S.M.

C. STEGGALL, b. 1826.

DOMINICA (*Second Tune*).

S.M.

H. S. OAKELEY, b. 1830.





## Sunday.

*mf*    **T**HIS is the day of Light.  
          Let there be light to-day.  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
          And chase its gloom away.

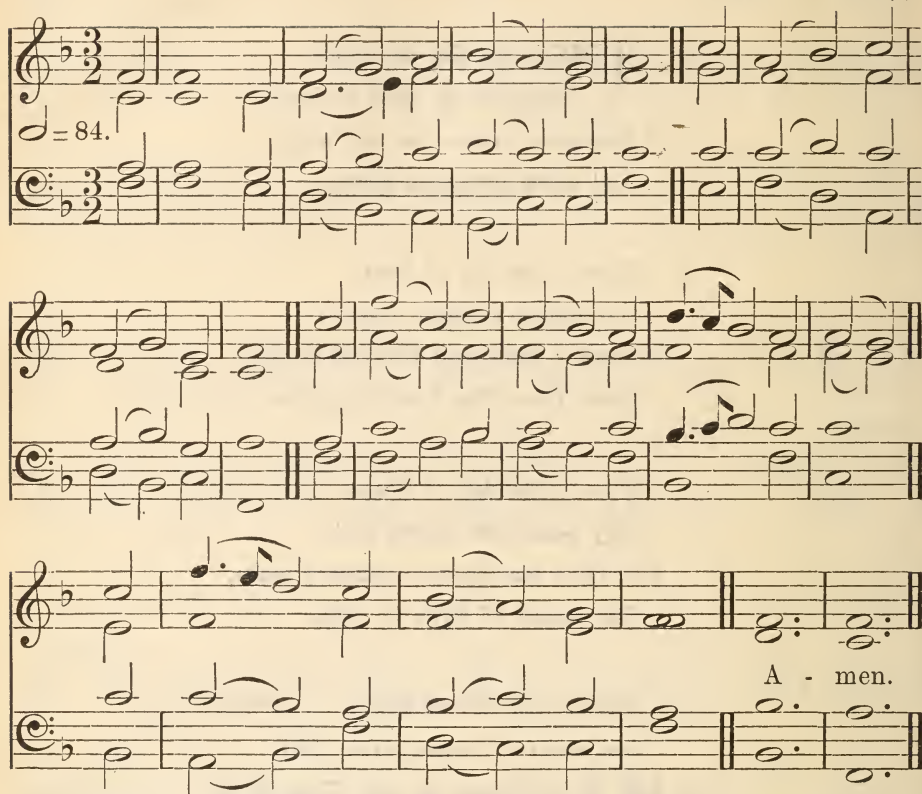
*p*     This is the day of Rest.  
          Our failing strength renew ;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
          Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

          This is the day of Peace.  
          Thy peace our spirits fill !  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
          The waves of strife be still.

          This is the day of Prayer.  
          Let earth to heaven draw near :  
*mf* Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
*p*     Come down to meet us here.

          This is the First of days !  
          Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
          O Vanquisher of death ! Amen.





*mf* **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made, *f* Hosanna to the Anointed King,  
 He calls the hours His own; To David's Holy Son!  
*f* Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, *p* Help us, O Lord! descend and bring  
 And praise surround the throne. Salvation from the throne.  
*mf* To-day He rose and left the dead, *f* Hosanna in the highest strains  
 And Satan's empire fell; The Church on earth can raise;  
*f* To-day the Saints His triumphs spread, The highest heavens in which He reigns  
 And all His wonders tell. Shall give Him nobler praise.

Amen.

*Also the following :*

First day of days! wherein arrayed—56  
 Framers of the earth and sky—57  
 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524  
 Source of light and life divine—58

# 

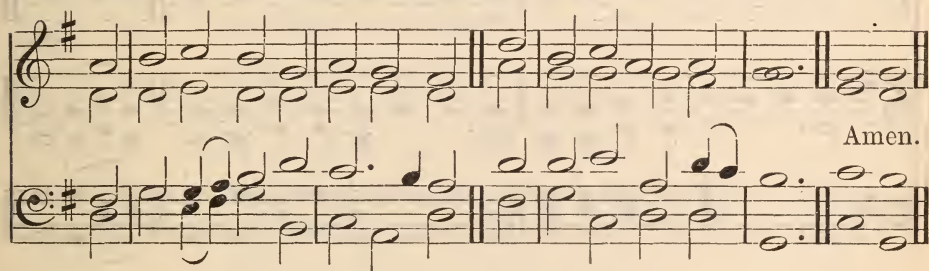
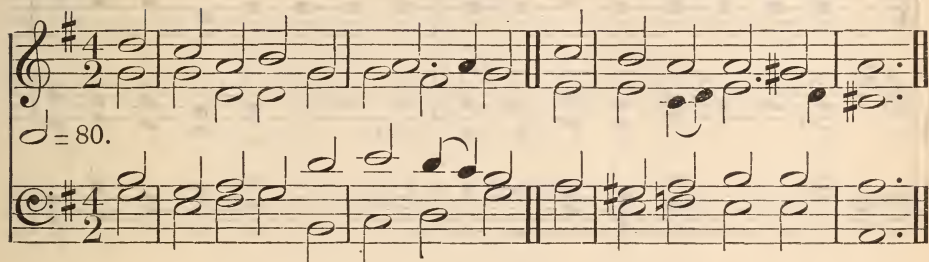
49

Daily.

BRISTOL.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.



### 

*mf* **B**EHOLD, the shade of night departs,  
 And beauteous shines the day;  
 Then to the Lord with grateful hearts  
 Let us unite to pray:

*p* To pray for pardon of the past,  
 For grace from sin to cease;  
 For guidance now, and at the last  
 For never-ending peace.

*mf* These blessings grant, O Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, God of grace,  
*f* To Whom be praise, blest Three in One,  
 In every time and place. Amen.

JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE VI. Ancient Plain Song.

A - men.

LUX (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

E. EDWARDS, b. 1830.

A-men.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*mf* **N**OW that the daylight fills the sky,  
Lift we our hearts to God on high,  
That He in all we do or say  
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May He restrain our tongues, lest strife  
Break forth to mar the peace of life ;  
And guard with watchful care our eyes  
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh may our inmost hearts be pure,  
Our thoughts from folly kept secure,  
The pride of fleshly sense subdued  
By temperate use of drink and food !

So when the daylight leaves the sky,  
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,  
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,  
Sing glory to our God again.

*f* All praise to God the Father be ;  
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whom with the Spirit we adore,  
One God, both now and evermore. Amen

NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

## THIRD HOUR.

*p* COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One  
 Art with the Father, and the Son;  
 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess  
 With Thy full flood of holiness.

*mf* Let heart, and lips, and strength, and mind,  
 Sound forth our witness to mankind;  
 And love light up our mortal frame,  
 Till others catch the living flame.

*f* Now to the Father, to the Son,  
 And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be praise and thanks and glory given  
 By men on earth, by Saints in heaven. Amen.

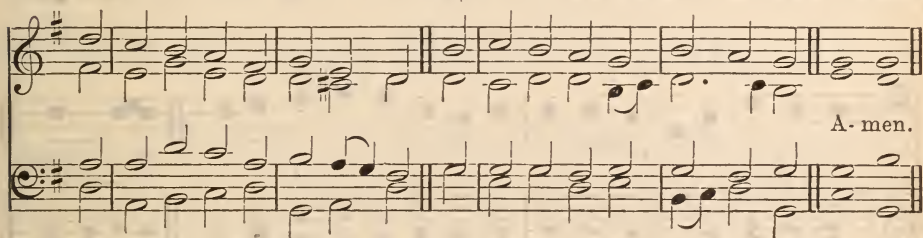
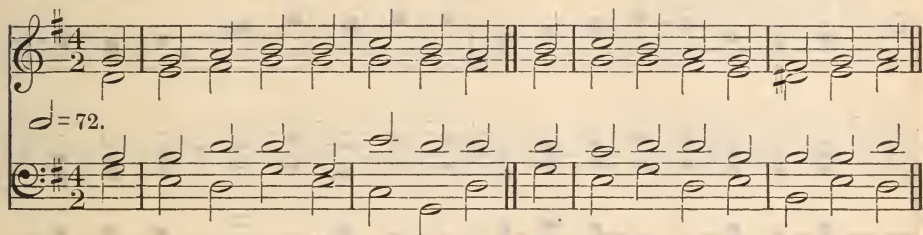


# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

COMMANDMENTS (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

*Geneva Psalter, 1542.*



## THIRD HOUR.

*p* COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One  
Art with the Father, and the Son;  
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess  
With Thy full flood of holiness.

*mf* Let heart, and lips, and strength, and mind,  
Sound forth our witness to mankind;  
And love light up our mortal frame,  
Till others catch the living flame.

*f* Now to the Father, to the Son,  
And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be praise and thanks and glory given  
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven. Amen.

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS (*First Tune*).

MODE II. transposed. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

The musical score is written for three parts: a vocal line at the top and a piano accompaniment at the bottom. The vocal line begins with a C-clef and a common time signature, followed by a series of square notes on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is written for grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in a key of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments (accents and slurs) and a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word 'Amen.' written below the vocal staff.

## SIXTH HOUR.

*mf* **O** GOD of truth, O Lord of might,  
 Who orderest time and change aright,  
 Sending the early morning ray,  
 Lighting the glow of perfect day ;

Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,  
 And banish every ill desire :  
 And while Thou keepst the body whole,  
 Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

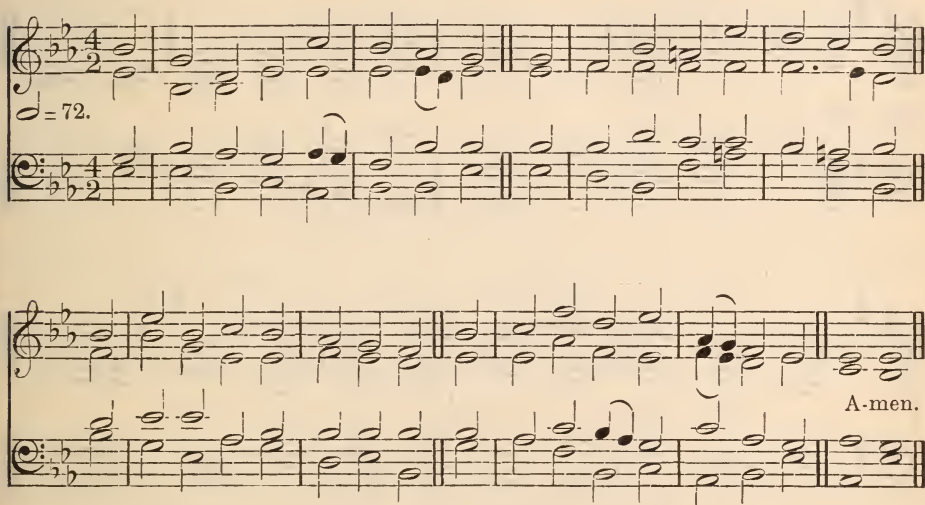
O Father, that we ask be done,  
 Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,  
 Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,  
 Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

KENT (Second Tune).

L.M.

J. F. LAMPE, d. 1751.



## SIXTH HOUR.

*mf* **O** GOD of truth, O Lord of might,  
 Who orderest time and change aright,  
 Sending the early morning ray,  
 Lighting the glow of perfect day ;

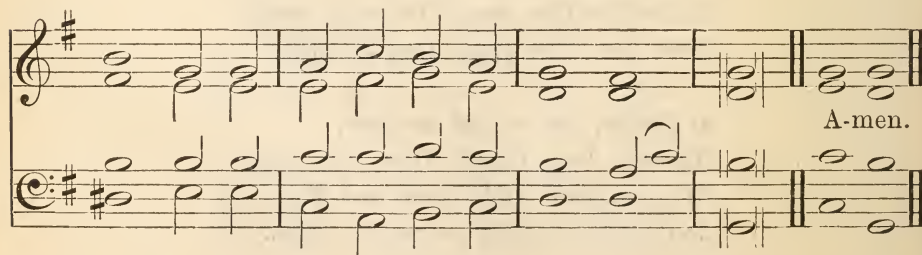
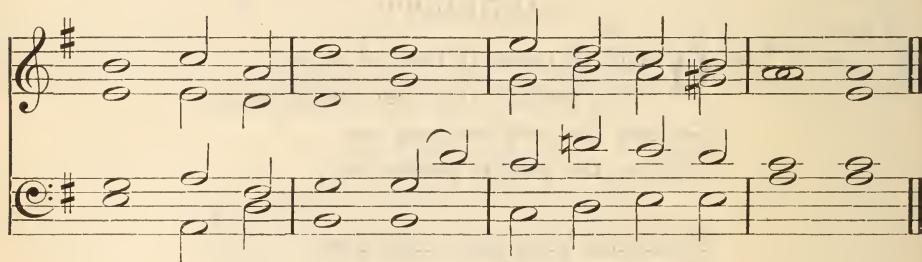
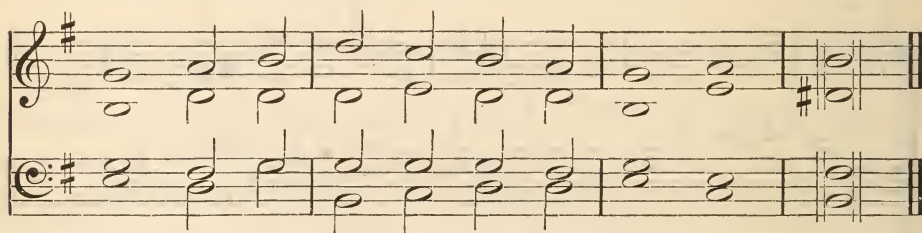
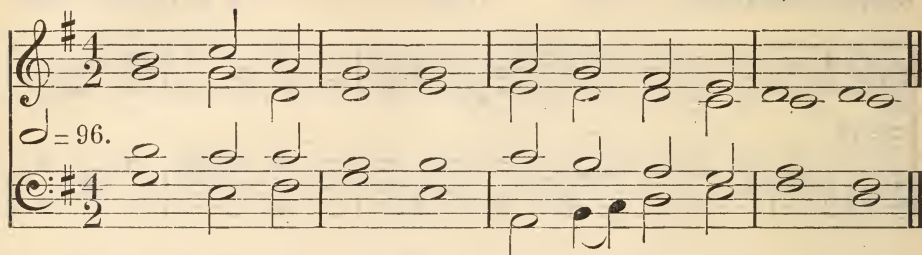
Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,  
 And banish every ill desire :  
 And while Thou keepst the body whole,  
 Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

O Father, that we ask be done,  
 Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,  
 Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,  
 Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

EIRENE.

11.10.11.10.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.



# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## NINTH HOUR.

*mf* **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 ;

*p* 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.

*mf* Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Co-eternal Word,  
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living  
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.



CHRISTE, QUI LUX ES ET DIES (*First Tune*).

MODE II. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*



LEONBURG (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

German.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## EVENING.

*mf* O CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,  
Who shed'st through night Thy searching ray,  
Who very Light of Light art known,  
And heaven's own Light to earth hast shown,

All-holy Lord, to Thee we bend,  
Thy servants through this night defend;  
Oh grant us, Lord, in Thee to rest,  
Our night with quiet slumbers blest.

Let but the eyes light slumber take,  
The heart to Thee be aye awake,  
Be Thy right hand upheld above  
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

Our Sun and Shield, behold from high,  
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;  
Thy servants guard and guide for good,  
The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

Be mindful of us, Lord, we pray,  
Whilst in this mortal flesh we stay;  
Thou only canst the soul defend,  
Be present with us to the end. Amen.

TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

## LATE EVENING.

*mf* **B**EFORE the ending of the day,  
 Creator of the world, we pray  
 That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep  
 Thy watch around us while we sleep.

Our souls from evil dreamings keep  
 Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;  
 Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,  
 And let our rest be innocent.

*cr* Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!  
 Hear Thou our praises, while we sing,  
*f* Adoring with the heavenly Host  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

## Hymns of the Ancient Church.

WELLS (Second Tune).

L.M.

BASIL JOHNSON, b. 1861.

♩ = 69.

A-men.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked '♩ = 69'. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody and ends with 'A-men.'.

### LATE EVENING.

*mf* **B**EFORE the ending of the day,  
Creator of the world, we pray  
That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep  
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

Our souls from evil dreamings keep  
Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;  
Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,  
And let our rest be innocent.

*cr* Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!

Hear Thou our praises, while we sing,

*f* Adoring with the heavenly Host

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.



# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## Hymns for the Week.

56

Sunday.

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE IV. Sarum.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM'. Each system consists of a vocal line (soprano and alto clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system concludes with the word 'A - men.' written below the vocal line.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT (*Second Tune*). L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'CHURCH TRIUMPHANT'. Each system consists of a vocal line (soprano and alto clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 80.' is present at the beginning of the first system. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system concludes with the word 'A-men.' written below the vocal line.



# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*f* **F**IRST day of days ! wherein, arrayed  
In light and beauty, earth was made ;  
And life to give us from the dead  
Victorious our Creator sped !

Let us with joyful hearts arise,  
And, chasing slumber from our eyes,  
Right early seek the Lord of grace,  
As erst the Prophet sought His face ;

*mf* That He may hearken to our prayer,  
Stretch forth His arm with kindly care,  
And every past offence forgiven,  
Restore us to our home in heaven ;

*mf* And as on this His sacred day  
We here our thankful homage pay  
Of praise and prayer, each peaceful hour  
May o'er us ample blessings shower.

*p* Father of majesty and light !  
Put every evil thought to flight ;  
From deeds unholy and impure  
Our frames, Thy workmanship, secure ;

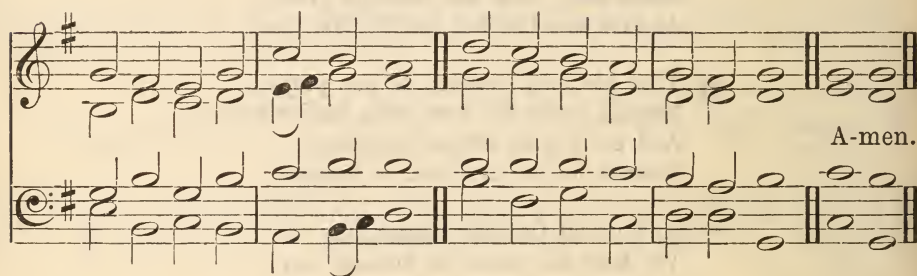
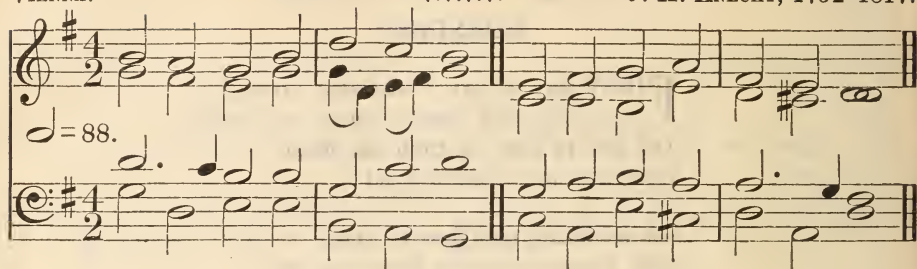
*cr* That, from all carnal bondage free,  
And made for ever pure, to Thee  
We may in adoration raise,  
Our hope, perpetual songs of praise.

*f* Glory to God the Father be !  
Like glory, Only Son, to Thee ;  
And to the Holy Paraclete,  
Now and through ages infinite. Amen.

VIENNA.

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT, 1752-1817.



*mf* **F**RAMER of the earth and sky,  
 Ruler of the day and night,  
 At Thy word the shadows fly,  
 Morn returns, and all is bright.

*f* Let us then our hearts arouse,  
 Morning calls us to awake,  
 Bids us haste to pay our vows,  
 And our meek confessions make.

Through the midnight hours forlorn,  
 Thou, the Lord of light, art near ;  
 Taught by Thee, the bird of morn  
 Tells that day will soon appear.

*p* Jesu, Master, when we fall  
 Turn on us Thy healing face ;  
 With that look our souls recall  
 Unto penitential grace.

Tossed upon the stormy tide,  
 Seamen hail the morning's ray ;  
 He who thrice his Lord denied  
 Found repentance with the day.

*mf* Sin's destructions, Lord, repair,  
 In our darkened bosoms shine :  
 Thine the early morning prayer,  
 Morning hymns of glory Thine.

*f* Glory to the Father be,  
 Equal glory to the Son ;  
 With the Spirit, One and Three,  
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

SIMPLICITY.

7.7.7.7.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

A-men.

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## EVENING.

*mf* SOURCE of light and life divine,      *mf* May we ne'er, by guilt oppressed,  
 Thou didst cause the light to shine;      Lose the way to endless rest;  
 Thou didst give Thy sunbeams birth      *p* May no thoughts impure and vain  
 O'er the new created earth.      Draw our souls to earth again.

Shade of eve and morning ray      *mf* May we, ere it be too late,  
 Took from Thee the name of day;—      Knocking at the heavenly gate,  
*p* Now the shades of night are nigh,      Every thought of evil shun,  
 Listen to our suppliant cry.      Till the prize of life be won.

*p* Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
*f* Praise and glory be to Thee,  
 Now and through Eternity. Amen.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

59

Monday.

SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ (*First Tune*).

MODE I. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ'. Each system consists of a vocal line (soprano, alto, and tenor parts) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass staves). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the vocal line.

L.M.

WACH' AUF, MEIN HERZ (*Second Tune*).

Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'Wach' auf, mein Herz'. Each system consists of a vocal line (soprano, alto, and tenor parts) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass staves). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 88.' is present at the beginning of the first system. The second system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the vocal line.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*p* **O** JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above;  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

So gladly let us pass the day,  
With meekness for its morning ray,  
Our faith like noontide shining bright,  
Our souls undimmed by shades of night.

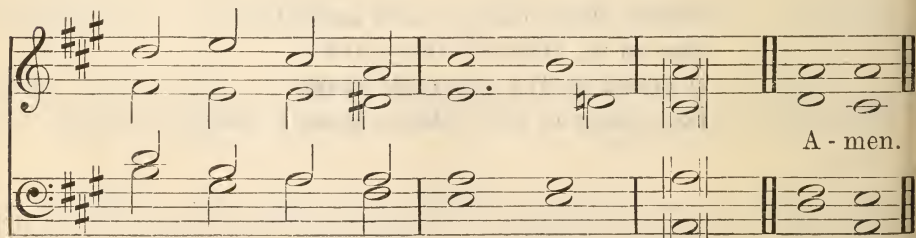
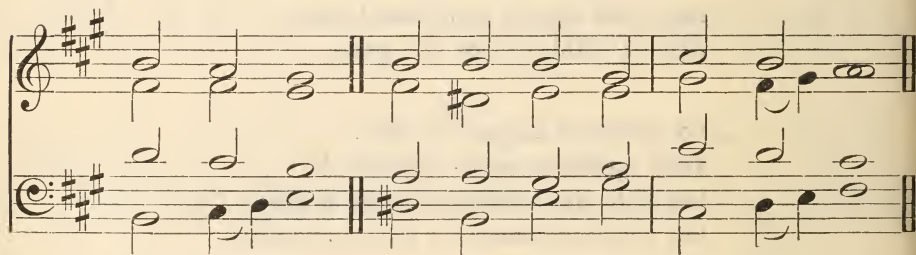
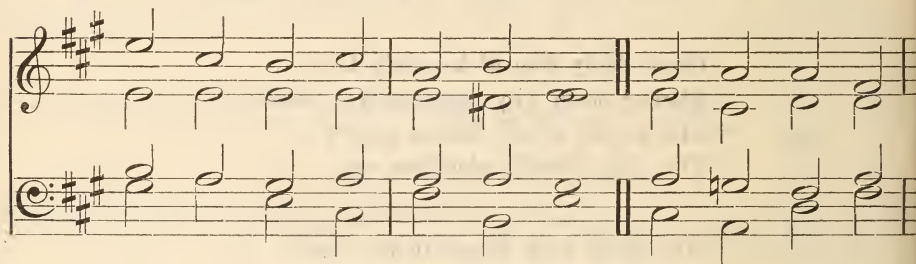
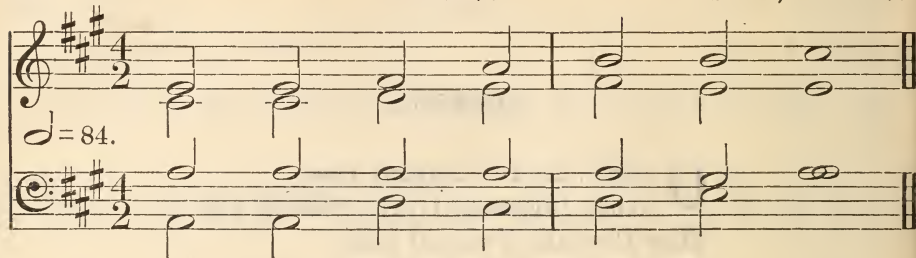
*f* Dawn's glory gilds the earth and skies;  
Rise on us, Heavenly Glory, rise;  
O Father in Thy Son made known,  
Son, sharer of Thy Father's throne! Amen.



ST. PANCRAS.

Five 7's.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.



A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## EVENING.

*mf* **L**O! the firmament doth bear  
Floods of water high in air,  
Whence each day the dew and rain  
Fall upon the thirsty plain,  
Soon to mount to heaven again:

Emblem of the grace in store  
In God's Presence evermore,  
That on lowly hearts and true  
Falling like the silent dew  
To its Fountain mounts anew.

*p* Day by day, then, be it ours,  
Lord, to drink those holy showers;  
That within our souls may lie  
*cr* Wells of water never dry,  
*f* Springing up to heaven most high.

*p* Thou Who dost the Spirit give,  
Fount of life, by which we live:  
Biding in His peaceful ways  
Bear we all our earthly days  
Fruit of love and holy praise.

*p* Thou Who tookest flesh and blood,  
That our eyes might look on God:  
*cr* To Thy Name all glory be,  
In the Blessèd Trinity,  
*f* Now and to eternity. Amen.

## Hymns of the Ancient Church.

61

Tuesday.

ENMORE.

7.7.7.5. D.

P. H. DIEMER, *b.* 1837.

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics are written below the notes. The paper is aged and yellowed.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

*May also be sung to "Daybreak," No. 63, or "Pendrea," No. 65.*

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*f* **A**S the bird, whose clarion gay  
Sounds before the dawn is grey,  
Christ, Who brings the spirit's day,  
Calls us, close at hand :  
“Wake!” He cries, “and for My sake,  
From your eyes dull slumber shake!  
Sober, righteous, chaste, awake!  
At the door I stand!”

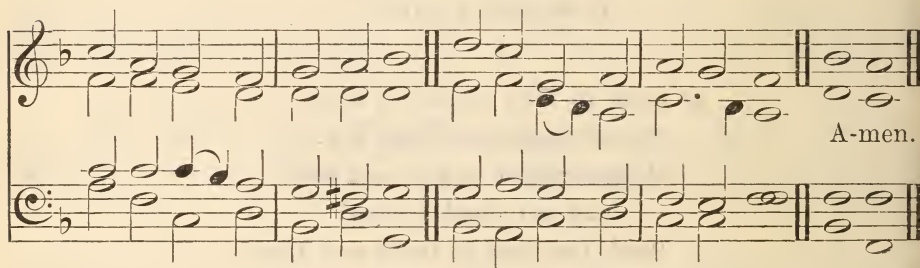
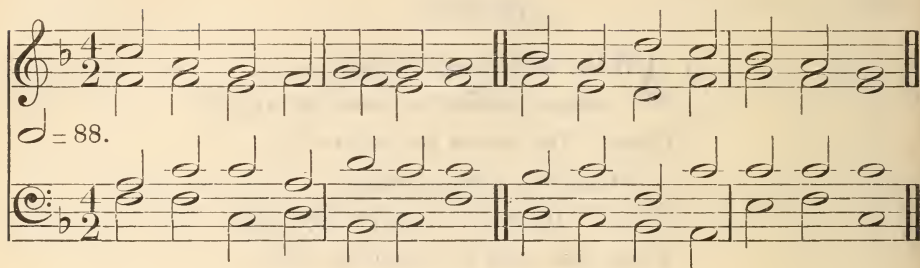
*mf* Lord, to Thee we lift on high  
Fervent prayer and bitter cry :  
Hearts aroused to pray and sigh  
May not slumber more :  
Break the sleep of Death and Time,  
Forged by Adam's ancient crime ;  
And the light of Eden's prime  
To the world restore !

*p* Now before Thy throne, while we  
Ask, upon our bended knee,  
That this blessing granted be,  
And Thy grace implore ;  
*cr* Unto God the Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
One in Three, be glory done,  
*f* Now and evermore. Amen.

BATTISHILL.

7.7.7.7.

J. BATTISHILL, 1738-1801.



## EVENING.

*mf* GREAT Creator, wise and good,      *p* Father, with Thy freshening grace  
     At Whose voice the waters fled,      Bathe the wounded spirit's sore;  
 And the earth in beauty stood,      Till our tears the past efface,  
     Rising from the ocean's bed:      And we fall from Thee no more.

At Whose voice the fruitful earth      Till we learn the narrow road,  
     Robed herself in fairest dress,      Shun the world's polluted breath,  
 Golden flowers received their birth,      *cr* Joy in nothing but our God,  
     Grateful herbage, man to bless.      *f* Triumph o'er the power of death.

*mf* Father, to our prayer give ear,  
     Hear us, O Co-equal Son,  
 Hear us, Blessèd Comforter;  
     Ever Three and ever One. Amen.



# 

63

Wednesday.

DAYBREAK.

7.7.7.5. D.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.

May also be sung to "Enmore," No. 61, or "Pendrea," No. 65.

### MORNING.

*mf* DAY is breaking, dawn is bright : *mf* Thee, O Christ, alone we know :  
Hence, vain shadows of the night ! Singing even in our woe,  
Mists that dim our mortal sight, With pure hearts to Thee we go :  
*cr* Christ is come ! Depart ! On our senses shine !  
*f* Darkness routed lifts her wings In Thy beams be purged away  
As the radiance upwards springs : All that leads our thoughts astray !  
Through the world of wakened things Through our spirits, King of day,  
Life and colour dart. Pour Thy light divine !

*p* Now before Thy throne, while we  
Ask, upon our bended knee,  
That this blessing granted be,  
And Thy grace implore ;

*cr* Unto God the Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
One in Three, be glory done,  
*f* Now and evermore. Amen.

CÆLI DEUS SANCTISSIME (*First Tune*).

MODE II. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

L.M.

ANGELS' SONG (Modern Form) (*Second Tune*). Adapted from O. GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

♩ = 92.

A - men.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## EVENING.

*mf* ALL-Holy Sovereign of the sky,  
Whose voice this day enthroned on high  
Those orbs that shine so bright and fair,  
And Thy Almighty power declare ;

By Thy appointment to divide  
The morning from the evening tide ;  
With influence sweet the earth to cheer,  
And bless with grateful change the year.

Shine on our hearts, Thou better Day,  
And inward darkness chase away ;  
Let evil flee before Thy smile,  
And sin no more our souls defile.

Such blessings, Lord, our prayers implore,  
This evening, and for evermore ;  
Hear us, O Father, hear, O Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

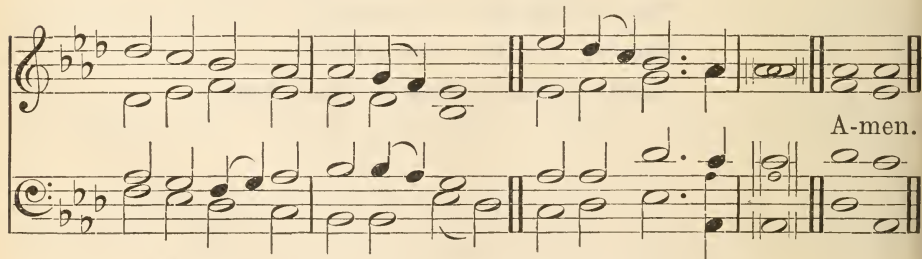
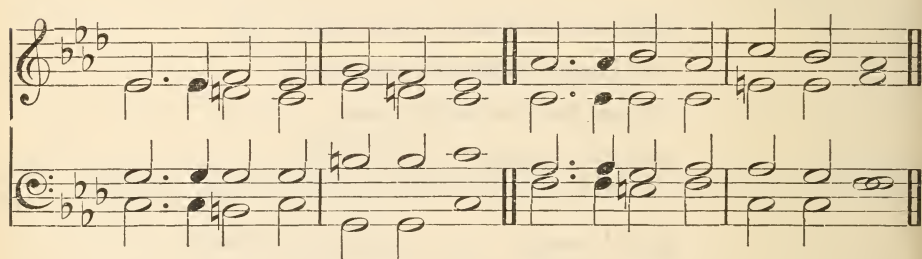
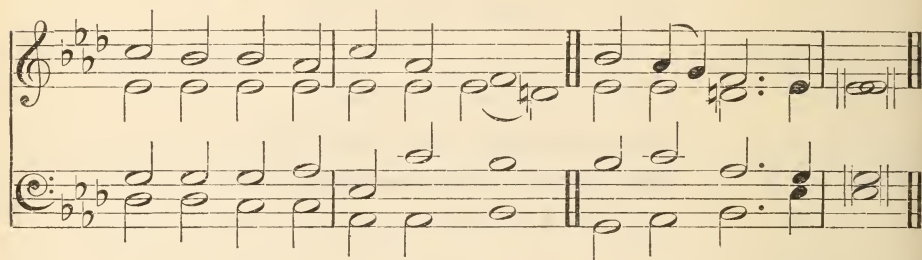
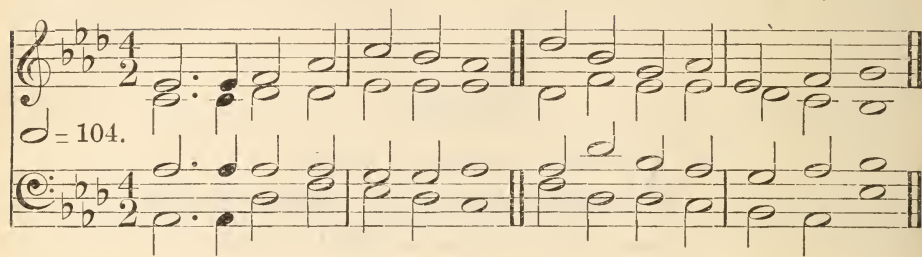
65

Thursday.

PENDREA.

7.7.7.5. D.

M. J. MONK, b. 1858.



*May also be sung to "Enmore," No. 61, or "Daybreak," No. 63.*

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*mf* SEE the golden sun arise !  
Let no more our darkened eyes  
Snare us, tangled by surprise  
In the maze of sin !  
From false words and thoughts impure  
Let this Light, serene and sure,  
Keep our lips without secure,  
Keep our souls within.

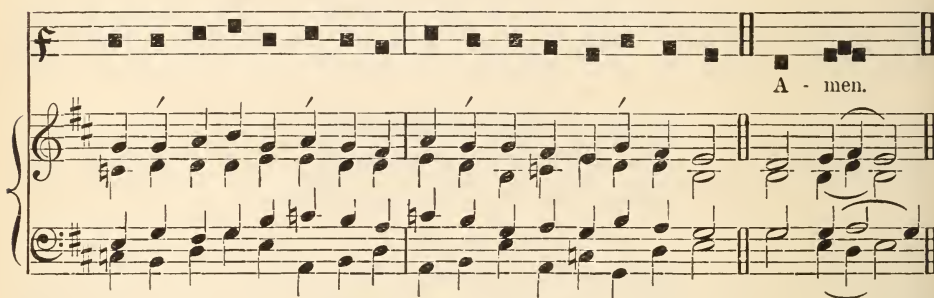
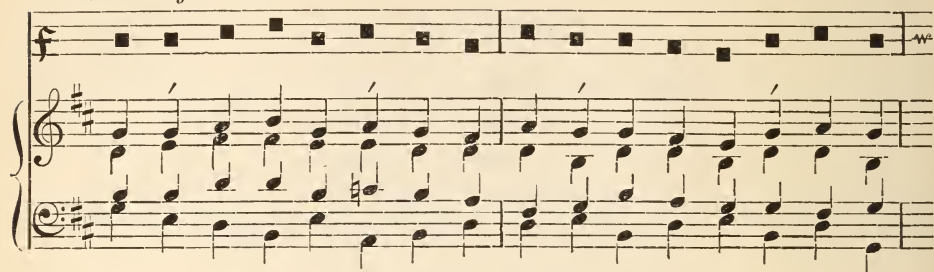
So may we the day-time spend,  
That, till life's temptations end,  
Tongue, nor hand, nor eye offend !  
One, above us all,  
Views in His revealing ray  
All we do, and think, and say,  
Watching us from break of day  
Till the twilight fall.

*p* Now before Thy throne, while we  
Ask, upon our bended knee,  
That this blessing granted be,  
And Thy grace implore ;  
*cr* Unto God the Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
One in Three, be glory done,  
*f* Now and evermore. Amen.



MAGNÆ DEUS POTENTIÆ (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

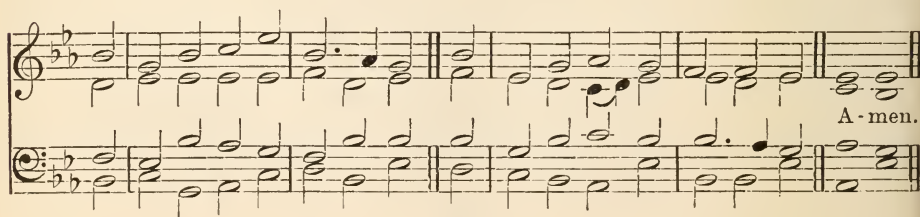
MODE II. Ancient Plain Song.



ST. GREGORY (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

*Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.*



# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## EVENING.

*mf* O SOVEREIGN Lord of Nature's might,  
Who badst the water's birth divide;  
Part in the heavens to take their flight,  
And part in ocean's deep to hide;

These low obscured, on airy wing  
Exalted those, that either race,  
Though from one element they spring,  
Might serve Thee in a different place;

Grant, Lord, that we Thy servants all,  
Saved by Thy tide of cleansing blood,  
No more 'neath sin's dominion fall,  
Nor fear the thought of death's dark flood!

Thy varied love each spirit bless,  
The humble cheer, the high control;  
Check in each heart its proud excess,  
But raise the meek and contrite soul!

This boon, O Father, we entreat;  
This blessing grant, Eternal Son;  
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete;  
Both now, and while the ages run. Amen.



# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*mf* **O** CHRIST, Whose glory fills the heaven,  
Our only Hope, in mercy given;  
Child of a Virgin meek and pure;  
Son of the Highest evermore:

Grant us Thine aid Thy praise to sing,  
As opening days new duties bring;  
That with the light our life may be  
Renewed and sanctified by Thee.

*p* The morning star fades from the sky,  
*cr* The sun breaks forth; night's shadows fly:  
*f* O Thou, true Light, upon us shine:  
Our darkness turn to light divine.

*p* Within us grant Thy light to dwell;  
And from our souls dark sins expel;  
Cleanse Thou our minds from stain of ill,  
And with Thy peace our bosoms fill.

*mf* To us strong faith for ever give,  
With joyous hope, in Thee to live;  
That life's rough way may ever be  
Made strong and pure by charity.

*f* All laud to God, the Father, be:  
All laud, Eternal Son, to Thee:  
All laud, as is for ever meet,  
To God, the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

PLASMATOR HOMINIS DEUS (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Milan.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

SOLDAU (*Second Tune*).

L.M. Pentecost Hymn of 13th Century.

♩ = 80.

A-men.



# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## EVENING.

*mf* CREATOR! Who from heaven Thy throne  
Ordainest all things, God alone!  
Who badst the earth to being bring  
Cattle and beast and creeping thing;

And as, to life called forth by Thee,  
Those varied forms began to be,  
To man's subjection Thou didst give  
All things which on the earth do live;

Do Thou,—when lawless passion sways  
Our minds and hearts to evil ways;  
And thoughts of ill, unholy seed,  
Are ripening into word and deed;—

To us Thy promised blessings give,  
Beneath Thy grace grant us to live:  
From guilty strife Thy flock release,  
Make fast the gentle bands of peace.

These favours, Lord, of Thee we pray,  
Thy blessing grant, this closing day;  
Sole Sovereign of the heavenly Host,  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

69

Saturday.

SUMME DEUS CLEMENTIÆ (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE VIII. Milan.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'SUMME DEUS CLEMENTIÆ'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written above the vocal line.

LUDBOROUGH (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS, b. 1826.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'LUDBOROUGH'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 76.' is present at the beginning of the first system. The second system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written above the vocal line.

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# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## MORNING.

*mf* GREAT God of boundless mercy, hear;  
Thou Framers of this earthly sphere:  
One in eternity of might,  
In Whom the immortal Three unite.

O listen to our thankful lays  
Of mingled penitence and praise;  
And set our hearts from error free,  
More fully to rejoice in Thee.

Our hearts and reins in pity heal,  
And with Thy chastening fires anneal;  
Gird Thou our loins, each passion quell,  
And every worldly lust expel.

*f* Now as our anthems, upward borne,  
Awake the silence of the morn,  
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace,  
From heaven, Thy blissful dwelling-place!

*p* Most gracious Father, grant our prayer;  
Co-equal Only Son, give ear;  
*cr* Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete,  
*f* Reign throughout ages infinite. Amen.

DEUS CREATOR OMNIUM (*First Tune*).

MODE IV. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

W<sup>a</sup>

A - men.

WAREHAM (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

W. KNAPP, 1698-1768.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

A - men.

# Hymns of the Ancient Church.

## EVENING.

*mf* O BLEST Creator, God Most High,  
Great ruler of the starry sky,  
*dim* Who, robing day with beauteous light,  
Hast clothed in soft repose the night,

*p* That sleep may wearied limbs restore  
And fit for toil and use once more ;  
May gently soothe the careworn breast  
And lull our anxious grief to rest.

*mf* We thank Thee for the day that's gone ;  
We pray Thee, now the night comes on,  
Oh help us sinners as we raise  
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

*f* To Thee our hearts their music bring,  
To Thee our lips in concord sing :  
To Thee our rapt affections soar,  
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

*p* Lord, when the parting beams of day  
In evening's shadows fade away,  
*cr* Let faith no wildering darkness know,  
*f* But night with faith's own splendour glow.

*mf* God over all, of mighty sway,  
Shield us, great Trinity, we pray,  
*cr* Whom with the Angels we adore,  
*f* One God, One Lord, for evermore. Amen.



O LUX BEATA TRINITAS (*First Tune*).  
To be sung in Unison.

MODE VIII. Sarum.

MELCOMBE (*Second Tune*).

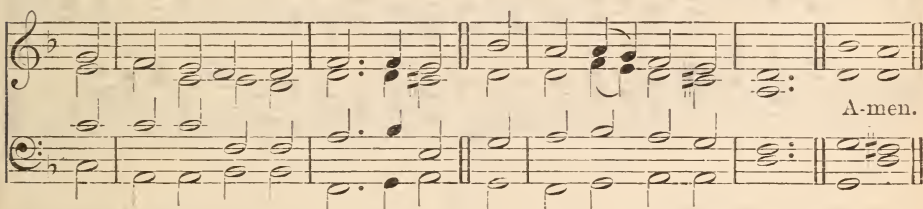
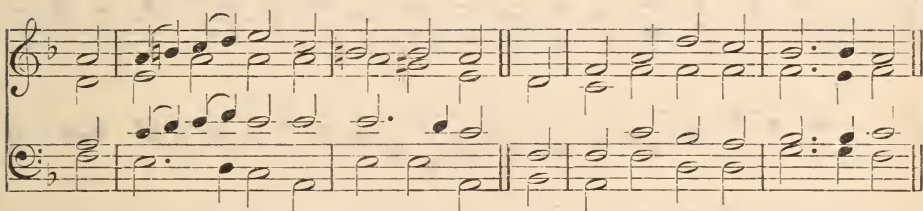
L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.

*mf* O TRINITY of Blessèd Light,  
O Unity of primal Might,  
The fiery sun now goes his way;  
Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.

To Thee our morning song of praise,  
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;  
Oh grant us with Thy Saints on high  
To praise Thee through eternity.

Amen.



A-men.

*mf* "BEHOLD, the Bridegroom draw-  
eth nigh;"  
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry?  
Go forth into the midnight dim,  
For blest are they whom He shall  
find  
With ready heart and watchful mind;  
*f* Go forth, my soul, to Him.

*mf* "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh by;"  
The call is echoed from the sky;  
Go forth, ye servants, watch and  
wait:  
*p* The slothful cannot join His train,  
No careless one may entrance gain;  
*f* Awake, my soul,—'tis late.

*p* O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
We cry to Thee with one accord;  
To us Thy pitying mercy show,  
That none may reach the door too  
late,  
When Thou shalt enter at the gate  
And to Thy kingdom go.

*mf* "Behold, the Bridegroom draweth  
near;"  
The warning falls on every ear, [all;  
The night of dread shall come to  
*f* Then, O my soul, renew thy light,  
And trim thy lamp that it burn  
bright;  
*dim* Soon shall I hear the call.  
Amen.

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS (*First Tune*).

MODE II. transposed. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system shows the beginning of the tune. The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the vocal line.

EISENACH (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586-1630.

Two systems of musical notation for the hymn 'EISENACH'. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F-sharp, C-sharp), and the time signature is 4/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 69.' is present at the beginning of the first system. The second system concludes with the text 'Amen.' written below the vocal line.

## Advent.

*mf* C ELESTIAL Word, to this our earth  
Sent down from God's eternal clime,  
To save mankind by mortal birth  
Into a world of change and time;

Lighten our hearts; vain hopes destroy;  
And in Thy love's consuming fire  
Fill all the soul with heavenly joy,  
And melt the dross of low desire.

*p* So when the Judge of quick and dead  
Shall bid His awful summons come,  
To overwhelm the guilty soul with dread,  
And call the blessed to their home,

Saved from the whirling, black abyss,  
*cr* For evermore to us be given  
To share the feast of saintly bliss,  
*f* And see the face of God in heaven. Amen.



DIES IRÆ (*First Tune*).

MODES I. &amp; II. Ancient Plain Song.

PART I., verses 1, 2, 7 and 8. PART II., verses 5 and 6.

*To be sung in Unison.*

PART I., verses 3 and 4. PART II., verses 1, 2, 7 and 8.

PART I., verses 5 and 6. PART II., verses 3, 4 and 9.



# Advent.

## PART I.

1.

**D**AY of wrath ! Oh, day of mourning !  
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

2.

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On Whose sentence all dependeth !

3.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth.

4.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

5.

Lo, the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded ;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded :

6.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading !  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?

8.

King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us !

## PART II.

1.

**T**HINK, kind Jesu, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation :  
Leave me not to reprobation !

2.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the Cross of suffering bought me :  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

3.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that Reckoning Day's conclusion !

4.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

5.

Thou the sinful woman savest ;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

6.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing ;  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.

7.

With Thy favoured sheep, oh ! place  
Nor among the goats abase me ; [me,  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

8.

While the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.

9.

Low I kneel, with heart submission,  
See, like ashes my contrition ;  
Help me in my last condition !

*For General Ending, see next page.*

# Advent.

## GENERAL ENDING.

A - - men.

## GENERAL ENDING.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!  
 From the dust of earth returning,  
 Man for judgment must prepare him;  
 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!  
 Lord all pitying, Jesu blest,  
 Grant him Thine eternal rest! Amen

# Advent.

DIES IRÆ (Second Tune).

8.8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

*p* = 69. Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning! See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,  
*p* Heaven and earth in ashes burning! Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
*f* When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all dependeth!

## PART I.

*p* **D**AY of wrath! Oh, day of mourning! *mf* Lo, the Book exactly worded,  
 ing! Wherein all hath been recorded;  
 See fulfilled the Prophet's warning, Thence shall judgment be awarded:  
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning! When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
*f* Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth, And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
 When from heaven the Judge descendeth, Nothing unavenged remaineth.  
 On Whose sentence all dependeth! *p* What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
*f* Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth, Who for me be interceding,  
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth, When the just are mercy needing?  
 All before the throne it bringeth. *f* King of majesty tremendous,  
*p* Death is struck, and nature quaking, Who dost free salvation send us,  
*cr* All creation is awaking, *p* Fount of pity, then befriend us!  
*dim* To its Judge an answer making.

# Advent.

♩ = 69. *mf* Think, kind Je - su, my sal - va - tion Caused Thy won - drous In - car - na - tion :

*mf*

Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion! *f* Faint and wea - ry Thou hast sought me,

On the Cross of suffering bought me : Shall such grace be vain - ly brought . . me !

## PART II.

<i>mf</i> <b>T</b> HINK, kind Jesu, my salvation	<i>pp</i> Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation :	All my shame with anguish owning ;
Leave me not to reprobation !	Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me, <i>mf</i>	Thou the sinful woman savest ;
On the Cross of suffering bought me :	Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?	And to me a hope vouchsafest.
<i>p</i> Righteous Judge of retribution,	Worthless are my prayers and sighing :
Grant Thy gift of absolution,	Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Ere that Reckoning Day's conclusion !	Rescue me from fires undying.



# Advent.

*p* *cres.* *ten.*

With Thy ia-voured sheep, oh! place me, Nor a - mong the goats a - base me ;

*p* *cres.*

Detailed description: This system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a tenuto (*ten.*) section. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also starting piano (*p*) and with a crescendo (*cres.*). The lyrics are written between the staves.

*rall.* *a tempo.* *f*

But to . . Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con-found-ed,

*rall.* *a tempo.* *f*

Detailed description: This system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a rallentando (*rall.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic, then returns to a tempo (*a tempo.*). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also starting with a rallentando (*rall.*) and a fortissimo (*f*), then returning to a tempo (*a tempo.*). The lyrics are written between the staves.

*ff* *rit.* *p*

Doomed to flames of woe un - bounded, Call me, with Thy Saints sur - round - ed.

*ff* *rit.* *p*

Detailed description: This system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and a ritardando (*rit.*), then returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also starting with a fortissimo (*ff*) and a ritardando (*rit.*), then returning to a piano (*p*). The lyrics are written between the staves.

*a tempo.* *p*

Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion, See, like ash - es my con - tri - tion ;

*a tempo.* *p*

Detailed description: This system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tempo (*a tempo.*). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also starting with a piano (*p*) and a tempo (*a tempo.*). The lyrics are written between the staves.



# Advent.

Help me, in my last con - di - tion! Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and an organ accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The organ accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a quarter-note pattern in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him;

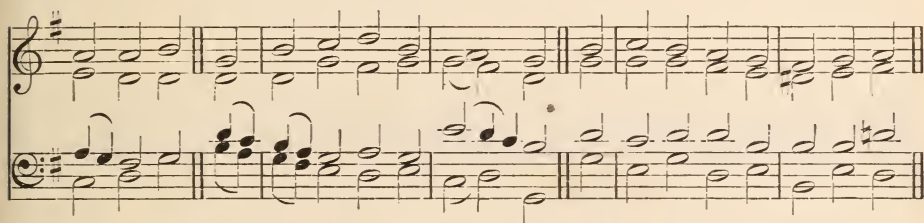
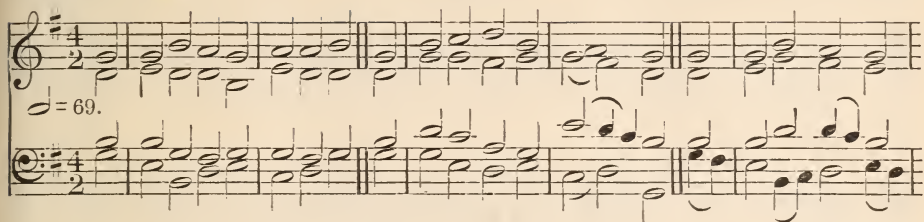
The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody has a crescendo (cres.) leading into a forte (f) section. The organ accompaniment also features a crescendo and a forte section. The system ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include crescendo (cres.), forte (f), and fortissimo (ff).

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord all pity-ing, Je - su blest,

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal melody has a decrescendo (dim.) leading into a pianissimo (pp) section. The organ accompaniment also features a decrescendo and a pianissimo section. The system ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include decrescendo (dim.) and pianissimo (pp).

Grant him Thine e - ter - - nal rest! A - men.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal melody has a decrescendo (dim.) leading into a pianissimo (pp) section. The organ accompaniment also features a decrescendo and a pianissimo section. The system ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include crescendo (cres.), decrescendo (dim.), and pianissimo (pp).



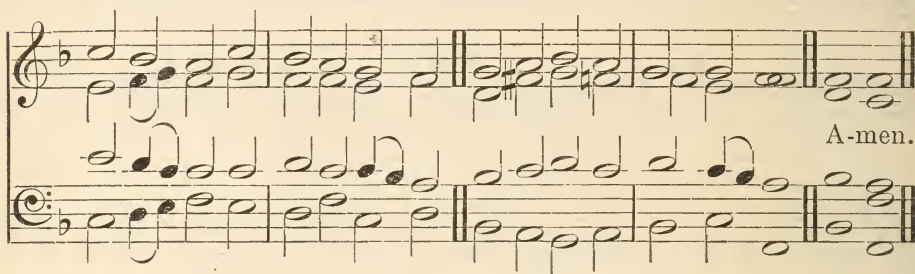
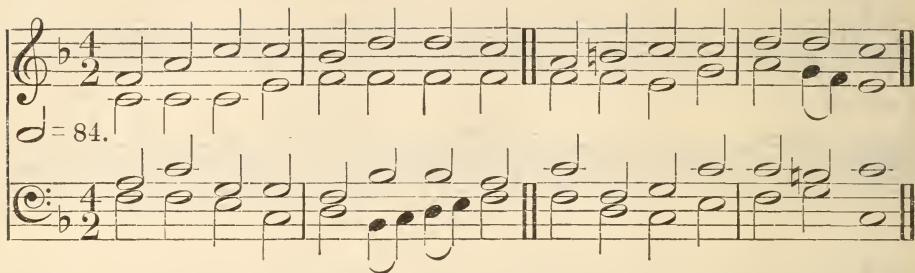
*mf* GREAT God, what do I see and hear! *p* But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 The end of things created! Behold His wrath prevailing,  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear, For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 On clouds of glory seated! And sighs are unavailing.  
*f* The trumpet sounds; the graves restore The day of grace is past and gone;  
 The dead which they contained before: Trembling they stand before the throne,  
*p* Prepare, my soul, to meet Him! All unprepared to meet Him.  
*f* The dead in Christ shall first arise *mf* Great God, what do I see and hear!  
 At the last trumpet's sounding; The end of things created!  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies, The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding! On clouds of glory seated!  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay, *cr* Beneath His Cross I view the day  
 His Presence sheds eternal day When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 On those prepared to meet Him. *f* And thus prepare to meet Him.

Amen.

MERTON.

8.7.8.7.

W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.



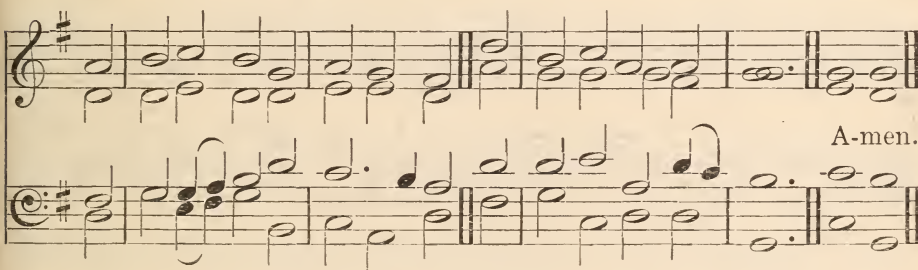
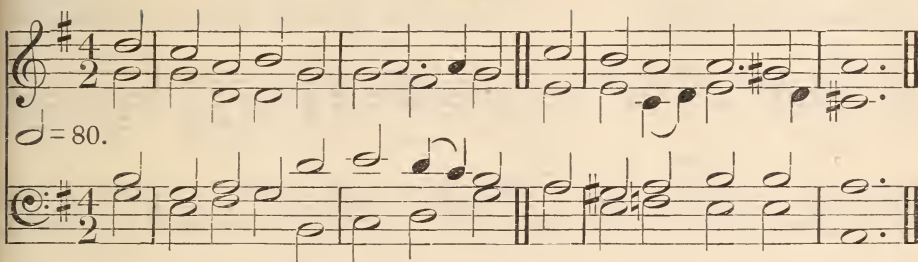
*f* **H**ARK, an awful voice is sounding: *mf* Lo! the Lamb so long expected  
 "Christ is nigh!" it seems to Comes with pardon down from  
 say; heaven;  
 "Cast away the dreams of darkness, Let us all, with tears of sorrow,  
 O ye children of the day!" Pray that we may be forgiven.

Startled at the solemn warning, *p* So when next He comes with glory,  
 Let the earth-bound soul arise: Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
 Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling, *cr* May He then as our Defender  
 Shines upon the morning skies. On the clouds of heaven appear.

*f* Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
 To the Father and the Son,  
 With the Co-eternal Spirit,  
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

BRISTOL.

C.M.

RAVENS-CROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.

A-men.

*f* **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour  
comes,

The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne  
And every voice a song.

He comes, from thickest films of  
vice

To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

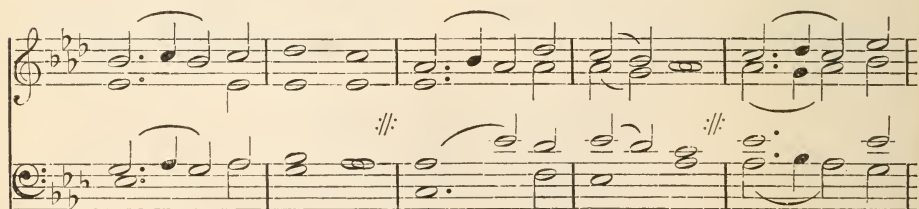
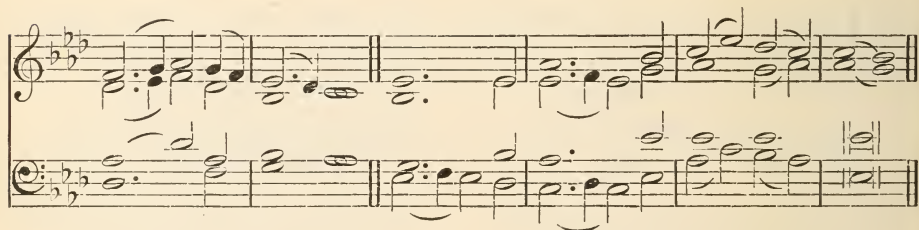
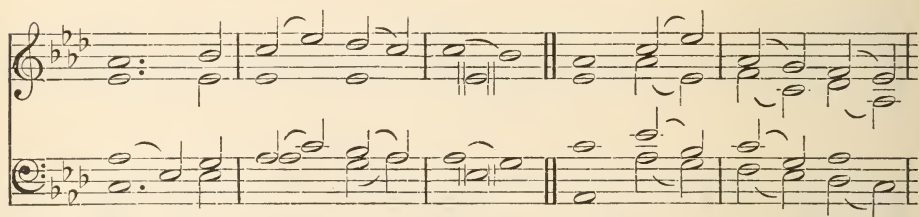
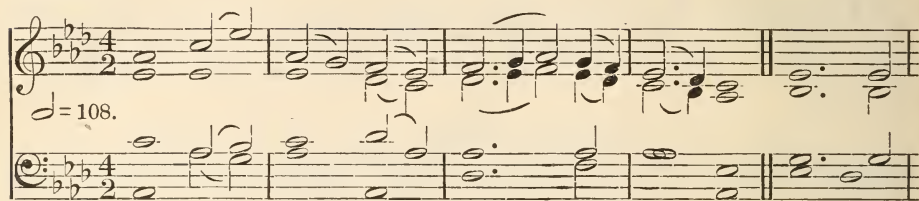
He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

*p* He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

*f* Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy belovèd Name. Amen.

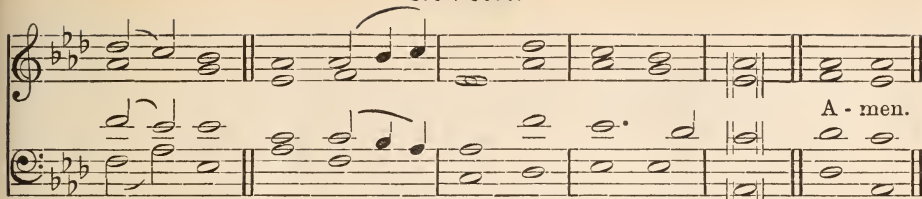
HELMSLEY (*First Tune*).

T. OLIVERS, 1675, AND M. MADAN, 1726-1790.





# Advent.



ST. THOMAS (Second Tune).

8.7.8.7.4.7.

WEBBE'S Collection, 1792.



<p><i>f</i> <b>L</b>O! He comes with clouds descending, <i>mf</i>  Once for favoured sinners slain!  Thousand thousand Saints attending  Swell the triumph of His train:  Alleluia!  God appears on earth to reign!</p>	<p>The dear tokens of His Passion  Still His dazzling Body bears;  Cause of endless exultation  To His ransomed worshippers;  With what rapture  Gaze we on those glorious scars!</p>
<p><i>p</i> Every eye shall now behold Him,  Robed in dreadful majesty;  Those who set at nought and sold Him,  Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,  Deeply wailing  Shall the true Messiah see.</p>	<p><i>f</i> Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee  High on Thine eternal throne!  Saviour, take the power and glory,  Claim the kingdom for Thine own!  Alleluia!  Thou shalt reign and Thou alone.  Amen.</p>

VENI, VENI EMMANUEL (*First Tune*).

MODE I. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in C-clef with a common time signature 'C'. It contains square notes and rests, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) indicated by a sharp sign on the F line. The bottom two staves are a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, also in C-clef and common time. They contain eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) indicated by a sharp sign on the F line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It follows the same three-staff format as the first system, with a single melodic line on top and a grand staff below. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the key signature of one sharp (F#).

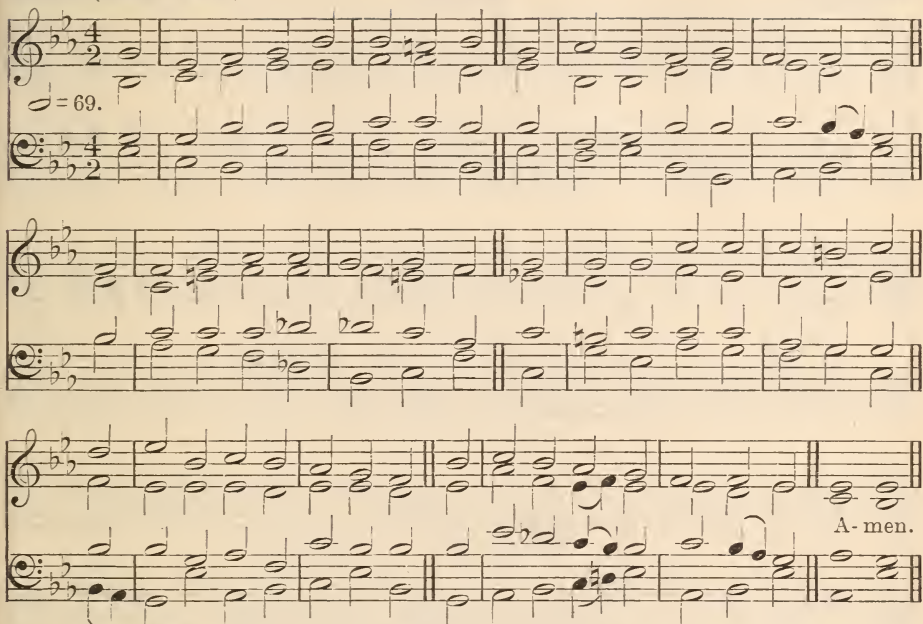
The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It follows the same three-staff format. The top staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata. The bottom two staves also conclude with a double bar line. The text 'A - men.' is written below the bottom staff. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

# Advent.

SPIRES (Second Tune).

Six 8's.

German.



<i>mf</i> <b>O</b> COME, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Israel, That mourns in lonely exile here, Until the Son of God appear.	<i>mf</i> O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spirits by Thine Advent here; Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight.
<i>f</i> Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.	<i>f</i> Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
<i>mf</i> O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan's tyranny; From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave.	<i>mf</i> O come, Thou key of David, come, And open wide our heavenly home; Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery.
<i>f</i> Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to Thee, O Israel. <i>lc</i>	<i>f</i> Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
<i>mf</i> O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height, In ancient times didst give the law In cloud, and majesty, and awe.	
<i>lc</i> <i>f</i> Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to Thee, O Israel. Amen.	

STETERBURG.

Six 8's.

N. DECIUS, d. 1541.

*O Sapientia quæ ex ore Altissimi prodisti, attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter  
suaviterque disponens omnia, Veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiæ.*

*mf* **O** WISDOM, that with God's own breath  
Didst wake the world to life from death,  
And all things still from pole to pole  
In calm obedience dost control:  
Come, with mild strength our spirits sway,  
And guide us on our heavenward way.

*O Adonai, et Dux domus Israel, qui Moysi in igne flammæ rubi apparuisti, et in  
Sina legem dedisti, Veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento.*

O Prince, Who didst in wrath arise  
To scatter Israel's enemies,  
To Moses gav'st the fiery sign,  
And Thine own law to keep us Thine;  
See Thy loved Church again a slave;  
Again stretch forth Thine arm and save.



## Advent.

*O Radix Jesse, qui stas in signum populorum, super quem continebunt reges os suum, quem gentes deprecabuntur, Veni ad liberandum nos ; jam noli tardare.*

O, sprung from Jesse's royal tree,  
Thou Rod of power and majesty,  
Our glorious ensign, hailed afar,  
Daunting proud kings and men of war ;  
Come quickly, and from East and West  
Rally the nations to Thy rest.

*O Clavis David, et Sceptrum domus Israel, qui aperis et nemo claudit, claudis et nemo aperit, Veni et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbra mortis.*

O Key, that canst unlock the door  
Of heaven, and none can shut it more,  
O righteous Sceptre, that canst quell  
Even our arch-foe, the lord of hell ;  
Come, rescue him who languisheth  
In this dark prison-house of death.

*O Oriens Splendor lucis æternæ et Sol justitiæ, Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.*

O Splendour of the eternal Light,  
Spring forth and dawn upon our sight ;  
Glad Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Disperse our sins and miseries ;  
Shine, shine on us who draw sad breath  
In this dark universe of death.

*O Rex gentium et Desideratus earum, Lapisque angularis qui facis utraque unum, Veni, salva hominem quem de limo formasti.*

O Thou, to Whom the nations bring  
Their heart's desire and hail Thee King ;  
The world's, the Church's corner-stone ;  
Who all the peoples hast made one ;  
Come, save poor man ; 'tis Thou Who must ;  
For Thou didst form him of the dust.

*O Emmanuel, Rex et Legifer noster, expectatio gentium et Salvator earum, Veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.*

O Thou, for Whom the nations wait,  
Their promised Saviour, tarrying late !  
Our King and Lawgiver art Thou ;  
Be so to them and save them now.  
O come, with them and us to dwell,  
Our King, our God, Emmanuel.



JORDANIS ORAS PRÆVIA (*First Tune*).

MODE IV. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

L.M.

WINCHESTER NEW (*Second Tune*).*Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.*

A - men.

## Advent.

*f* ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh!  
Awake and hearken; for He brings  
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

*mf* Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
And furnished for so great a Guest!  
Yea! let us each our heart prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge and our great Reward;  
*dim* Without Thy grace our souls must fade,  
And wither like a flower decayed.

*mf* Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,  
And make us rise to fall no more;  
Once more upon Thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love divine.

*f* To Him Who left the throne of heaven  
To save mankind, all praise be given:  
Like praise be to the Father done,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

THE LORD OF MIGHT.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

A. PAGE, b. 1846.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (three sharps) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 84.'. The system contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (three sharps) and 2/4 time. The system contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (three sharps) and 2/4 time. The system contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is present below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (three sharps) and 2/4 time. The system contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line. A '\*' marking is present above the treble staff.

*May also be sung to "Luther's Hymn," No. 75.*

\* This pause to be observed in the last verse only.

## Advent.

*f* THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow

Gave forth His voice of thunder ;

And Israel lay on earth below,

Outstretched in fear and wonder :

*mf* Beneath His feet was pitchy night,

*cr* And at His left hand and His right

*f* The rocks were rent asunder.

*mf* The Lord of love on Calvary,

A meek and suffering stranger,

Upraised to heaven His languid eye

In nature's hour of danger ;

*p* For us He bore the weight of woe,

For us He gave His Blood to flow,

And met His Father's anger.

*f* The Lord of love, the Lord of might,

The King of all created,

Shall back return to claim His right,

On clouds of glory seated ;

*cr* With trumpet-sound, and Angel-song,

*ff* And Hallelujahs loud and long,

O'er death and hell defeated.



*Also the following :*

A few more years shall roll—353

Christian, seek not yet repose—376

Come, Lord, and tarry not—381

Father of all, in Whom alone—341

Father of mercies, in Thy word—397

Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424

Hosanna to the living Lord!—428

Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping—326

Lord of mercy and of might—468

Lord, Thy word abideth—472

Love Divine, all loves excelling—474

O Saviour ! is Thy promise fled ?—506

O Word of God Incarnate—512

Oh ! quickly come, dread Judge of all—521

The world is very evil—561

Thou Judge of quick and dead—573

Thy kingdom come, O God—578

Ye servants of the Lord—608

[2nd S.]

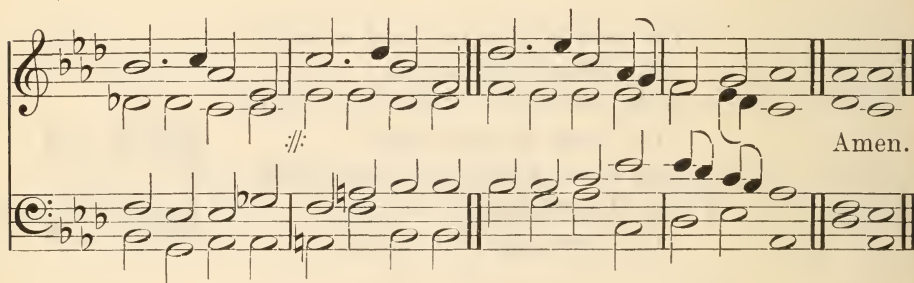
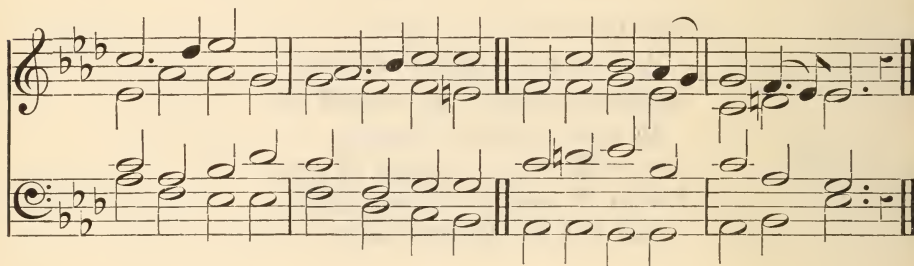
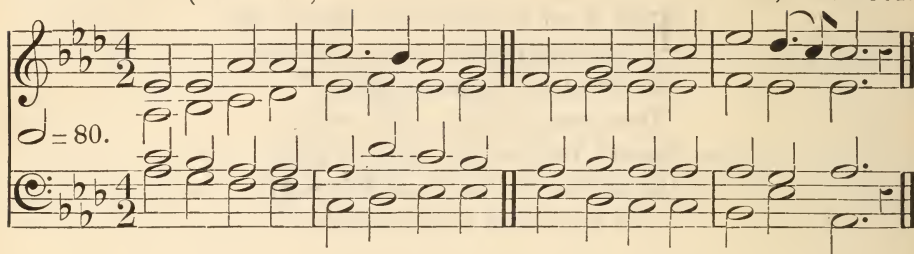
[2nd S.]

[PART I.]

FENITON COURT (*First Tune*).

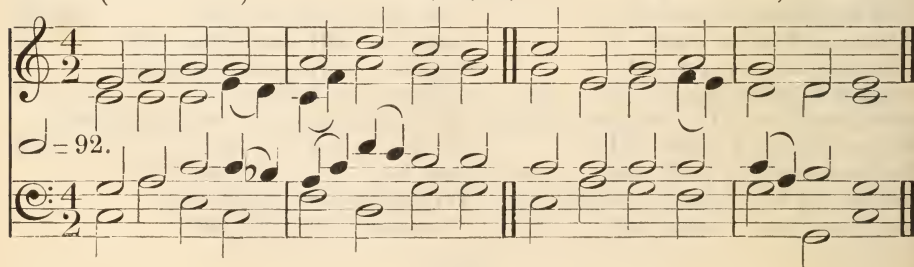
8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

ANGELI (*Second Tune*).

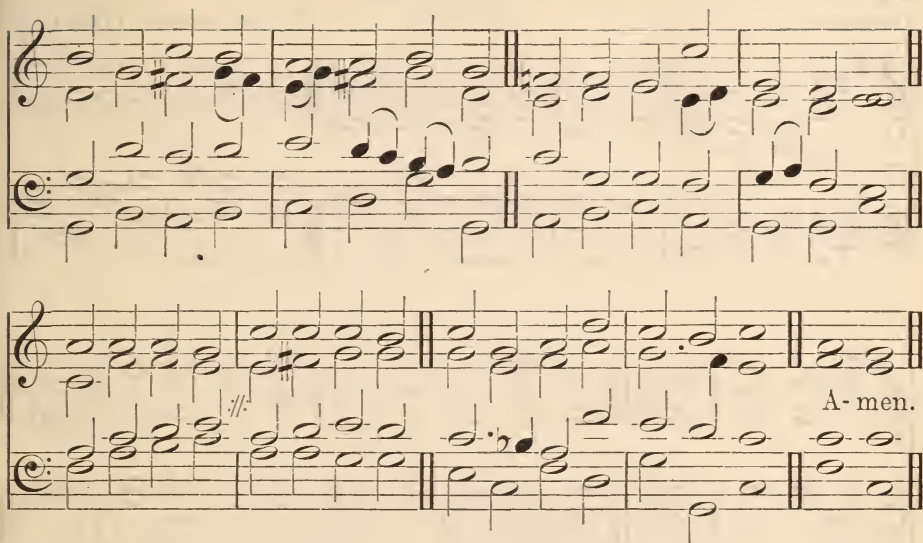
8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. HORSLEY, 1774-1853.





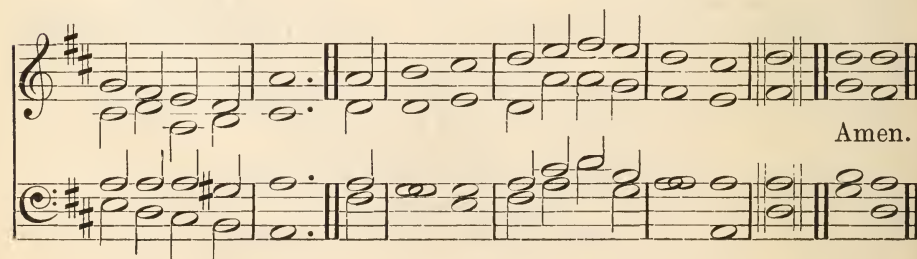
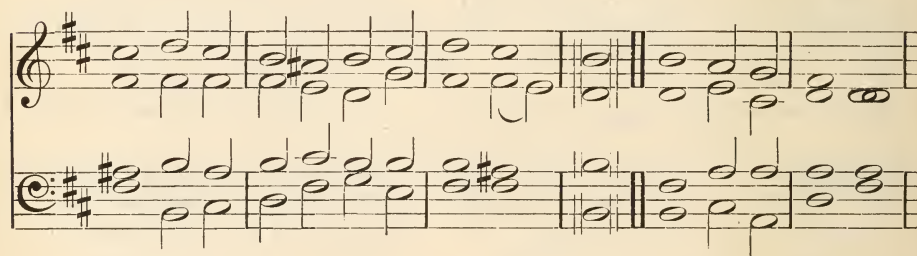
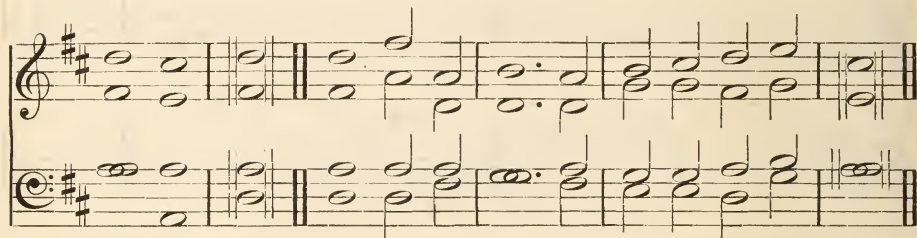
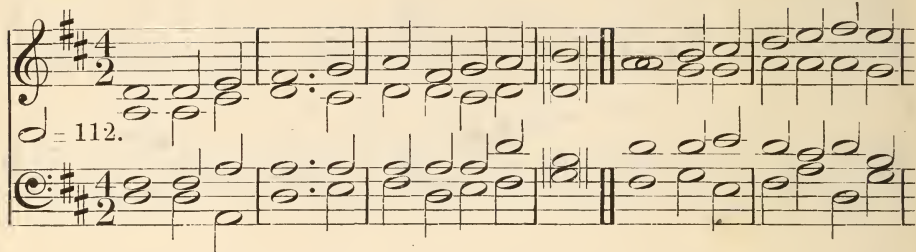
# Christmas.



*mf* **A** NGELS, from the realms of glory, *mf* Sages, leave your contemplations,  
*f* Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Brighter visions beam afar;  
 Ye who sang creation's story Seek the great Desire of nations,  
*f* Now proclaim Messiah's birth. Ye have seen His natal star.  
*p* Come and worship; *p* Come and worship;  
*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King! *f* Worship Christ, the new-born King!

*mf* Shepherds, in the field abiding, *mf* Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Watching o'er your flock by night, Waiting long in hope and fear,  
 God with man is now residing, Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 Yonder shines the Infant Light. In His temple shall appear.  
*p* Come and worship; *p* Come and worship;  
*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King! *f* Worship Christ, the new-born King!

*p* Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
*cr* Justice now repeals the sentence,  
*f* Mercy calls you—break your chains.  
*p* Come and worship;  
*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King! Amen.



## Christmas.

*f* CHRISTIANS, awake ! Salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above ;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun,  
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

*mf* Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the Angelic herald's voice, " Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
*f* This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

*mf* He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rung :  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
*p* Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

*mf* To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,  
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :  
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

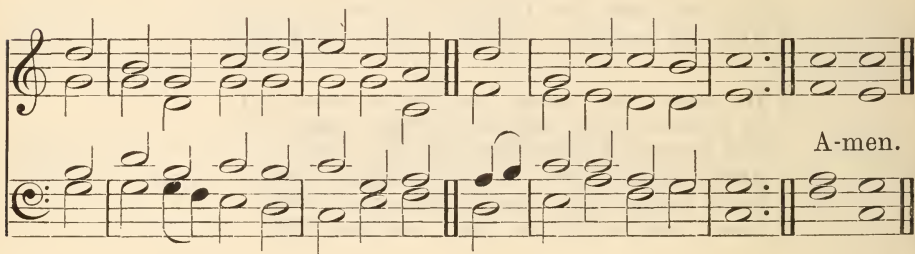
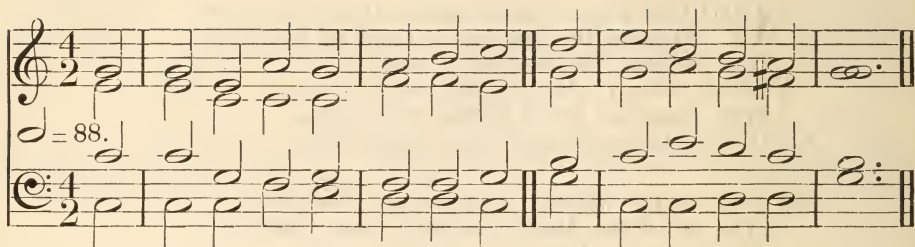
*p* Like Mary let us ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;  
Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross ;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

*f* Then may we hope, the Angelic thrones among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display ;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

ST. LEONARD.

C.M.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.



*f* FROM East to West, from shore to shore,  
 Let earth awake and sing  
 The holy Child Whom Mary bore,  
 The Christ, the Lord, the King!

He shrank not from the oxen's stall,  
 Nor scorned the manger-bed;  
 And He, Whose bounty feedeth all,  
 At Mary's breast was fed.

*mf* For lo! the world's Creator wears  
 The fashion of a slave;  
 Our human flesh the Godhead bears,  
 His creature, man, to save.

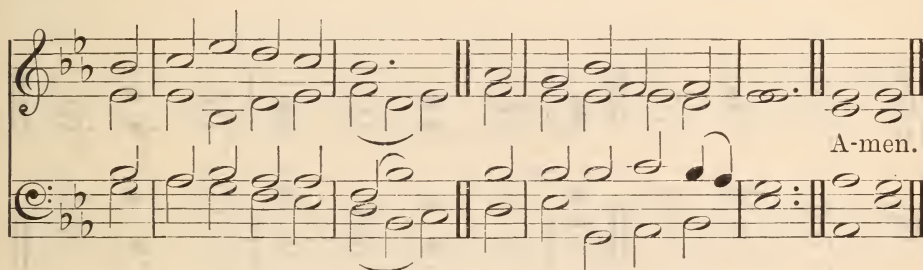
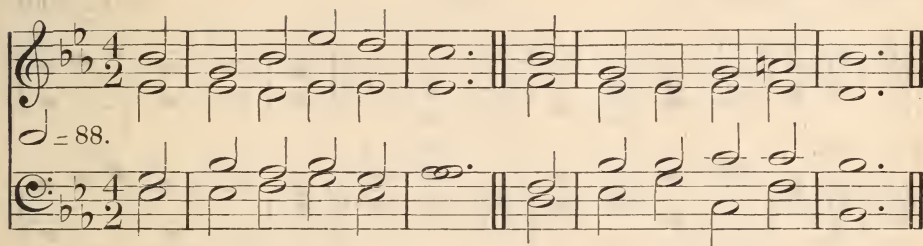
To shepherds poor the Lord Most High,  
 Great Shepherd, was revealed;  
 While Angel-choirs sang joyously  
 Above the midnight field.

All glory be to God above;  
 And on the earth be peace  
 To all who long to taste His love,  
 Till Time itself shall cease. Amen.

EDEN.

6.6.6.6.

O. M. FEILDEN, b. 1837.



*mf* **G**OD from on high hath heard!  
 Let sighs and sorrows cease;  
 The skies unfold, and lo!  
 Descends the gift of Peace!

*f* Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud  
 Which shrouds His glory now,  
 And hails Him Lord and God,  
 To Whom all creatures bow.

Hark! on the midnight air  
 Celestial voices swell;  
 The Hosts of heaven proclaim  
 "God comes on earth to dwell!"

Faith sees the sapphire throne  
*dim* Where Angels evermore  
*p* Adoring tremble still,  
 And trembling still adore.

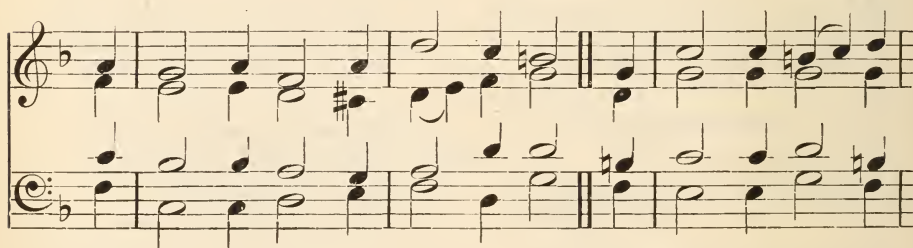
*p* A manger-bed, a Child,  
 Is all the eye can trace.

*mf* Though silent, Thou dost speak  
 And bid us not refuse  
 To bear what flesh would shun,  
 To spurn what flesh would choose.

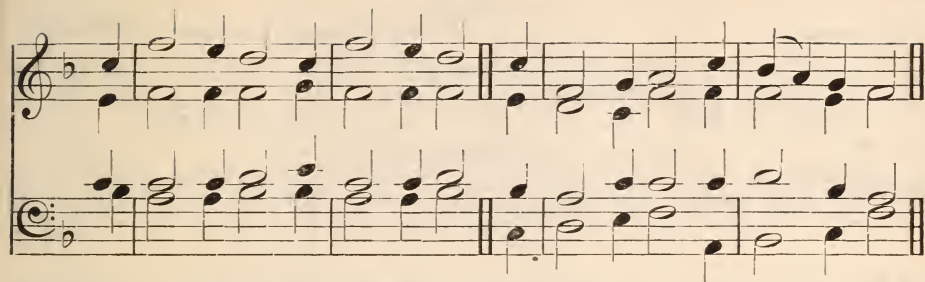
*mf* Is this indeed the Christ?  
 Is this the Eternal Son?  
 Who, ere the worlds began,  
 Was with the Father One?

Fill us with holy love,  
 Heal Thou our earthly pride;  
*cr* Be born within our hearts,  
*f* And ever there abide. Amen.



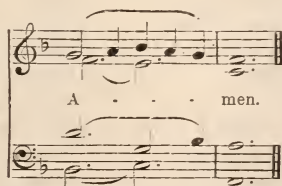


# Christmas.



*mf* **H**ARK! hear ye not the Angel-song  
           The hills of Bethlehem among?  
*p* To you this day, the Incarnate Word,  
       To you, the Everlasting Lord,  
*cr* To you on earth, this happy morn,  
       To you the Prince of Peace is born;  
*f* Whilst heaven re-echoes yet again,  
*p* Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.

*mf* Thus Angels sang, and thus sing we,  
*f* To God on high all glory be;  
*mf* Let Him on earth His peace bestow,  
       And unto men His favour show.  
*cr* Then men and maidens, young and old,  
       Come, join the shepherds at the fold,  
*f* And singing list, and listening sing  
       A carol to our new-born King.



## Christmas.

Ten 7's.

MENDELSSOHN.

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847.

♩ = 88.

A. men.

*Org. Ped.* This tune may be sung in Unison throughout, except the 9th line.

<i>f</i>	<b>H</b> ARK, the herald Angels sing,	<i>f</i>	Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
	"Glory to the new-born King.		Christ, the Everlasting Lord !
<i>p</i>	Peace on earth, and mercy mild,	<i>p</i>	Late in time behold Him come,
<i>mf</i>	God and sinners reconciled ! "		Offspring of a Virgin's womb !
<i>f</i>	Joyful, all ye nations, rise,		Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
	Join the triumph of the skies !	<i>cr</i>	Hail the Incarnate Deity !
	With the Angelic Host proclaim	<i>f</i>	Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
	"Christ is born in Bethlehem ! "		Jesus, our Immanuel !
<i>ff</i>	Hark ! the herald Angels sing,	<i>ff</i>	Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
	Glory to the new-born King !		Glory to the new-born King !

# Christmas.

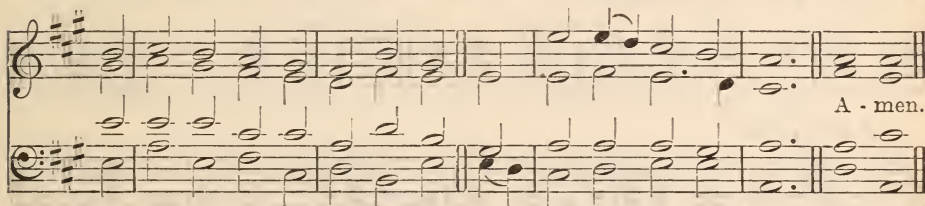
*f* Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
*mf* Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
*f* Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
*ff* Hark! the herald Angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King! Amen.

89

ST. MAGNUS.

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669-1707.



*f* **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes, *mf* Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
And join the Angelic throng, His rising beams adorn;  
For Angels no such love have known *f* Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
To wake a cheerful song! To us a Child is born!

*mf* Good-will to sinful men is shown, *f* Glory to God in highest strains,  
And peace on earth is given; In highest worlds be paid;  
*p* For, lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes His glory by our lips proclaimed,  
With grace and truth from heaven. And by our lives displayed.

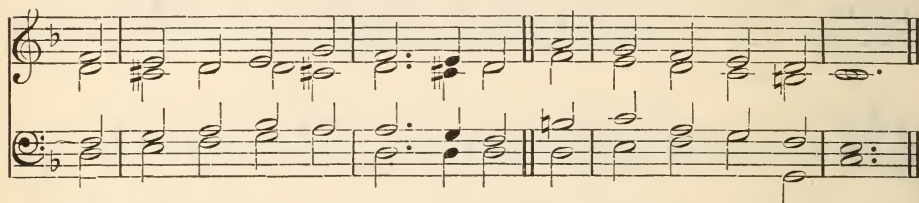
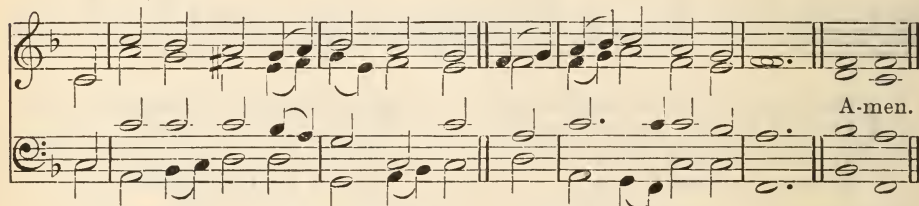
*p* When shall we reach those blissful realms  
Where Christ exalted reigns;  
*cr* And learn of the celestial choir  
*f* Their own immortal strains! Amen.



NOEL (*First Tune*).

D.C.M.

Traditional Air.

*A little slower.*

A-men.

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ST. MARIA (*Second Tune*).

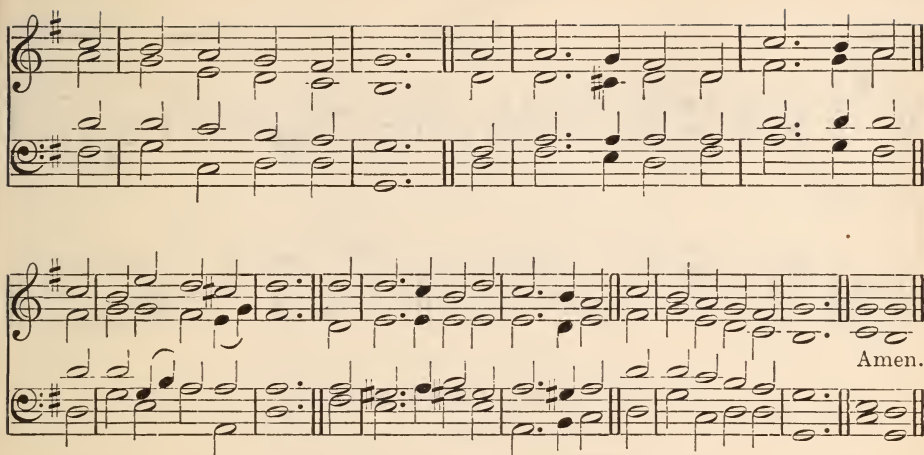
D.C.M.

Old German Melody.





# Christmas.



Amen.

*mf* **I**T came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From Angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :  
*p* Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King :—  
*pp* The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the Angels sing.

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

*p* Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long ;  
Beneath the Angels' strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And man at war with man hears not  
The song of love they bring ;  
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the Angels sing !

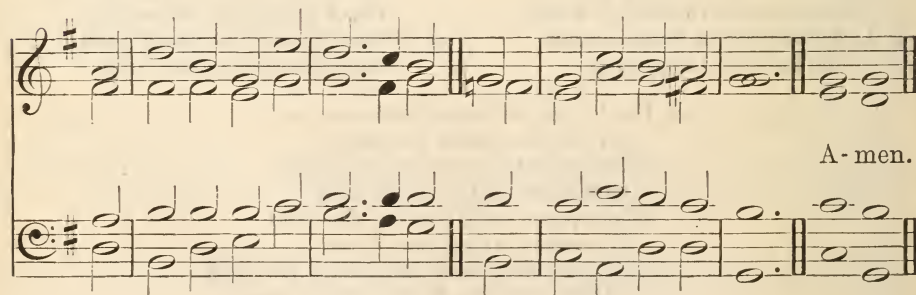
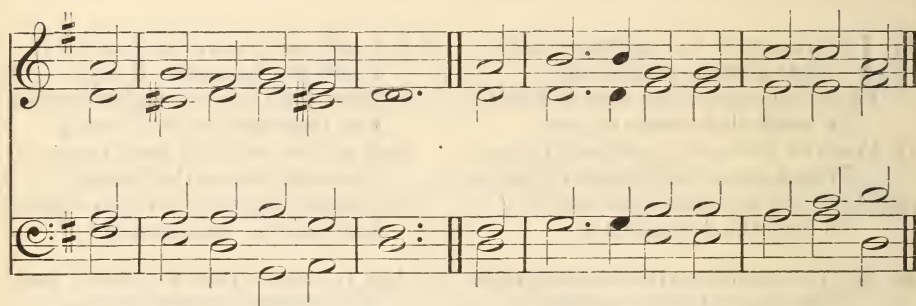
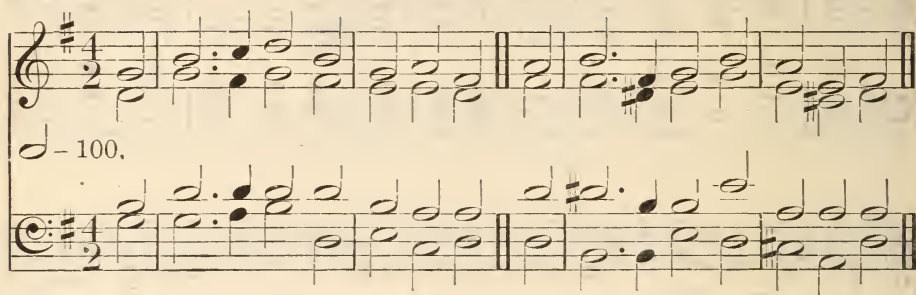
*mf* And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow ;  
*cr* Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
*mf* Oh rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the Angels sing.

*mf* For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold ;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
*cr* Its ancient splendours fling,  
*f* And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the Angels sing. Amen.

EXETER.

8.8.6. D.

S. WESLEY, 1766-1837.



A-men.

## Christmas.

*f* **N**OW let our mingling voices rise  
In grateful rapture to the skies,  
And hail a Saviour's birth;  
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,  
When Jesus from His glory came  
To bless the sons of earth.

*p* He came to bid the weary rest,  
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,  
To bind the broken heart;  
*mf* To spread the light of truth around,  
And to the world's remotest bound  
The heavenly gift impart.

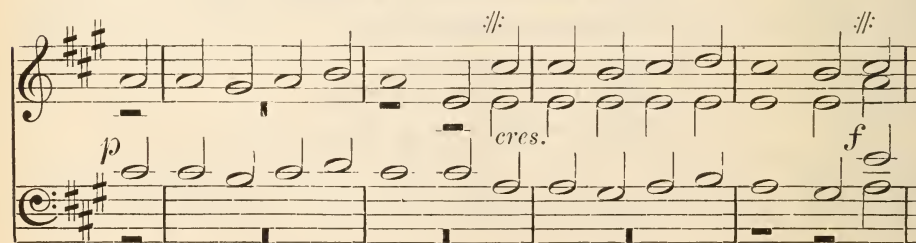
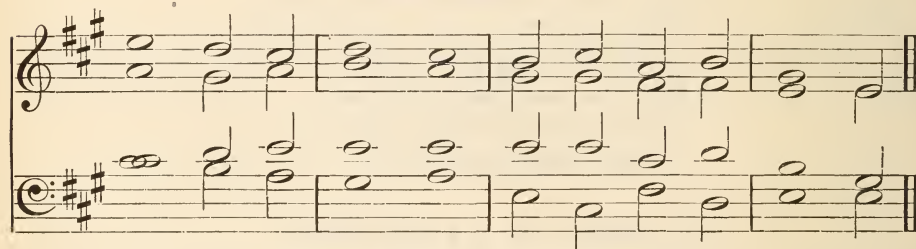
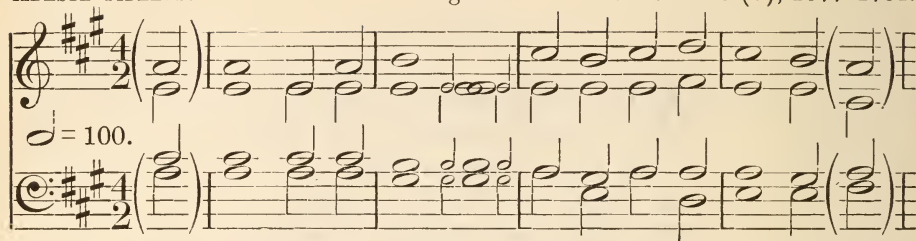
*mf* He came our trembling souls to save  
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,  
And chase our fears away;  
*f* Victorious over death and time,  
To lead us to a happier clime,  
Where reigns eternal day.

*f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom heaven's triumphant Host  
And Saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more. Amen.

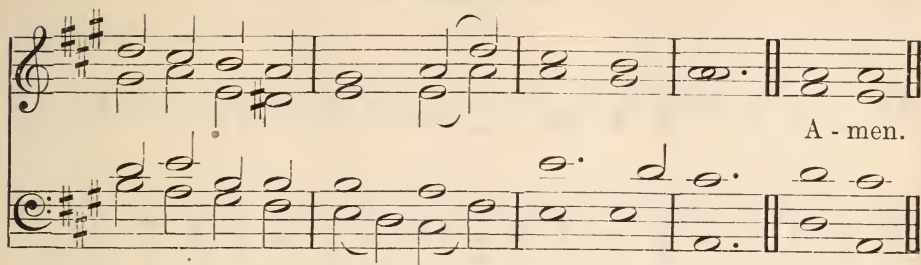
ADESTE FIDELES.

Irregular.

J. READING (?), 1677-1764.



# Christmas.



- f* **O** COME, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him  
Born the King of Angels;  
*p* O come let us adore Him,  
*cr* O come let us adore Him,  
*f* O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- f* God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created;  
*p* O come let us adore Him,  
*cr* O come let us adore Him,  
*f* O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- f* Sing, choirs of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:  
"Glory to God  
In the highest";  
*p* O come let us adore Him,  
*cr* O come let us adore Him,  
*f* O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing;  
*p* O come let us adore Him,  
*cr* O come let us adore Him,  
*f* O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. Amen.



CORDE NATUS (Old Form).

MODES V. &amp; VI. Plain Song of 13th Century.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A-men.

# Christmas.

CORDE NATUS (Modern Form).

8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

Plain Song of 13th Century.

*mf* **O**F the Father Sole-begotten,  
Ere the worlds began to be,  
He the Alpha and Omega,  
He the Source, the ending He,  
Of the things that are, that have been,  
And that future years shall see,  
Evermore and evermore !

He is here, Whom seers in old time  
Chanted of, while ages ran ;  
Whom the writings of the Prophets  
Promised since the world began :  
Then foretold, now manifested  
To receive the praise of man  
Evermore and evermore !

O that ever-blessèd birthday,  
When the Virgin full of grace,  
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate  
Bare the Saviour of our race ;  
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,  
First displayed His sacred face,  
Evermore and evermore !

*f* Praise Him, O ye Heaven of Heavens !  
Praise Him, Angels in the height !  
Every power and every virtue  
Sing the praise of God aright :  
Let no tongue of man be silent,  
Let each heart and voice unite,  
Evermore and evermore !

*mf* Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,  
Thee let choirs of infants sing,  
Thee the matrons and the virgins,  
And the children answering ;  
Let their modest song re-echo,  
And their heart its praises bring,  
Evermore and evermore !

*f* Laud and honour to the Father !  
Laud and honour to the Son !  
Laud and honour to the Spirit !  
Ever Three and ever One,  
Con-substantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run,  
Evermore and evermore !

Amen.

## Christmas.

BETHLEHEM (*First Tune*).

D.C.M.

Old Carol.

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 4/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 4/2 time signature. The tempo is marked as '♩ = 108.' The music consists of a melody in the treble and a bass line in the bass. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment is also simple, using quarter and eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

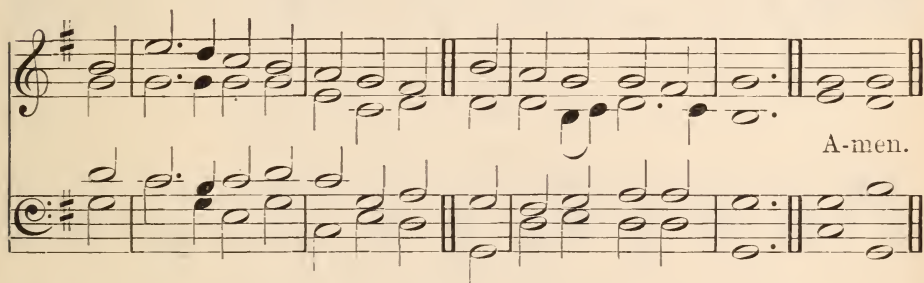
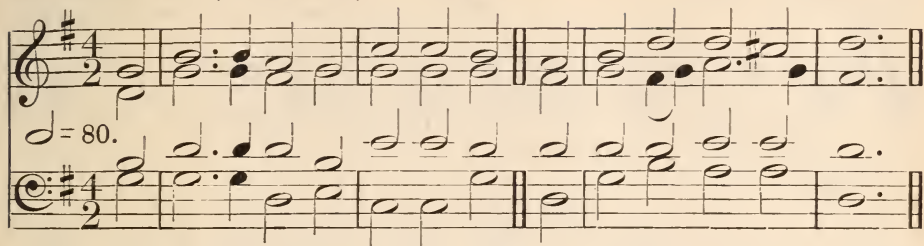
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# Christmas.

WINCHESTER OLD (*Second Tune*).

C.M.

ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



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

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

“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 :

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

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

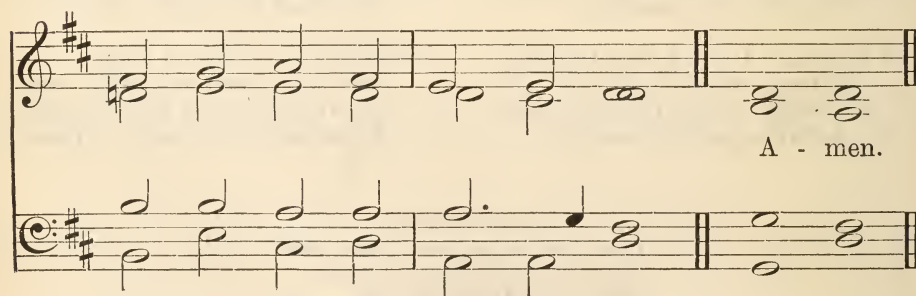
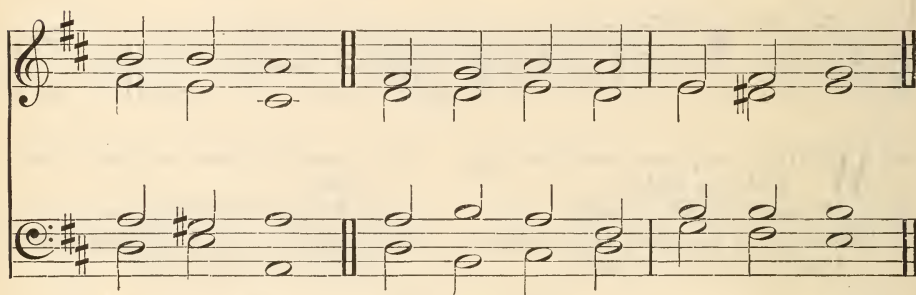
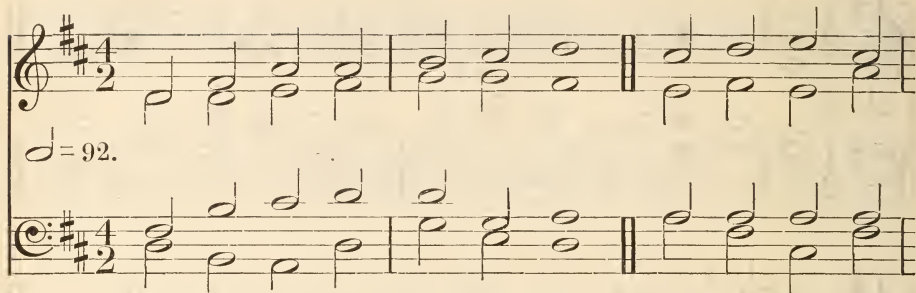
*f* “All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace : [men,  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to  
Begin and never cease.” Amen.

*Also the following :*

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus—383  
Hail to the Lord’s Anointed—424  
Once in royal David’s city—635  
Songs of praise the Angels sang—548

## St. Stephen's Day.

LÜBECK.

7.7.7.7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704.



## St. Stephen's Day.

*mf* **F**IRST of Martyrs, thou whose name  
Answers to thy crown of fame ;  
Not of flowers that see decay  
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

Like a gem each rugged stone  
Sparkling with thy life-blood shone ;  
Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,  
Studded round thy saintly head.

Every bruise upon Thy brow  
Glistens with a heavenly glow ;  
And thy wounded countenance  
Brightens to an Angel's glance.

Victim thou art called to be  
To the Victim slain for thee :  
First to own Thy Lord in death,  
Earliest witness to the faith :

First to tread the crimson sea,  
Through the pathway marked for thee ;  
Leading on the Martyr host  
To the heavenly Canaan's coast.

Thou, who didst dispense thy store  
Daily to the sick and poor,  
Now art come a welcome guest  
To the Lamb's high marriage-feast.

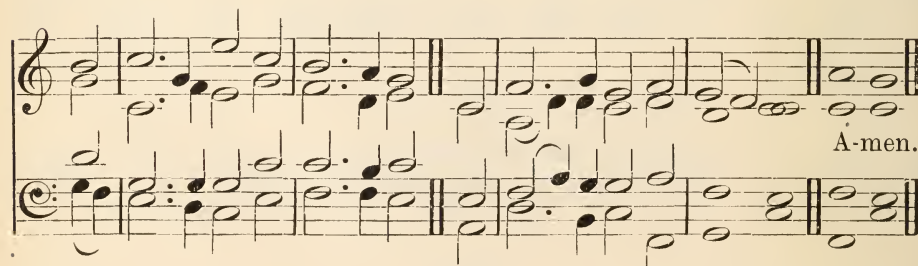
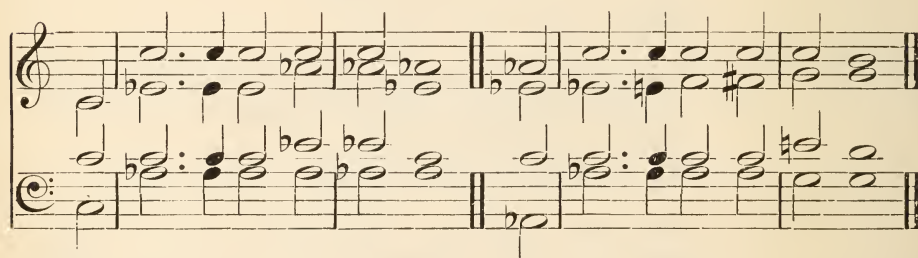
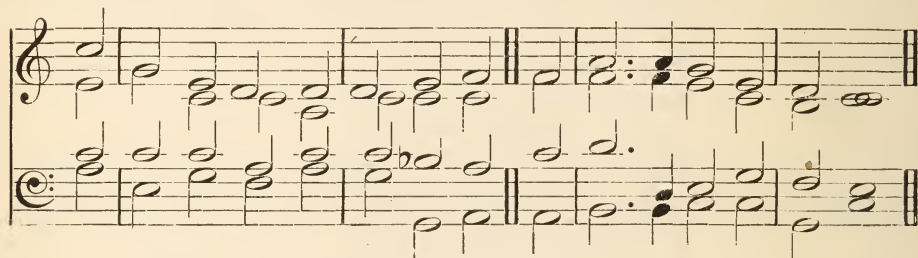
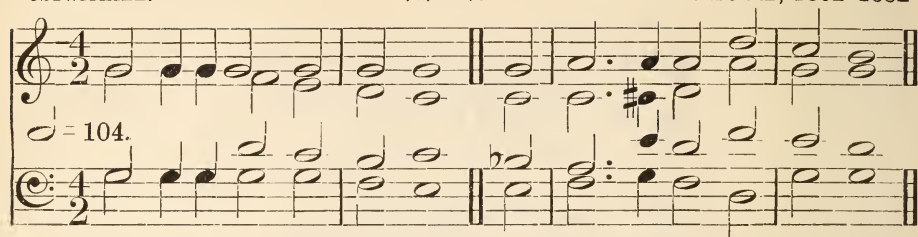
*f* Glory to the Father be ;  
Glory, Virgin-born to Thee ;  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
Praised by men and Angel host. Amen.

## St. Stephen's Day.

LOSTWITHIEL.

7.7.8.7. D.

J. TURLE, 1802-1882.



## St. Stephen's Day.

- f*     **H** E A D of Thy Church triumphant,  
       We joyfully adore Thee ;  
Till Thou appear, Thy members here  
       Shall sing like those in glory :  
       We lift our hearts and voices,  
       With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
       The praise of our salvation.
- p*     While in affliction's furnace,  
       And passing through the fire,  
*cr* Thy love we praise which knows our days  
       And ever brings us nigher :  
*f*     We clap our hands exulting  
       In Thine Almighty favour :  
The love divine, which made us Thine,  
       Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- mf*    Thou dost conduct Thy people  
       Through torrents of temptation :  
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,  
       The fire of tribulation ;  
*f*     The world, with sin and Satan,  
       In vain our march opposes,  
Through Thee we shall break through them all  
       And sing the song of Moses.
- mf*    By faith we see the glory  
       To which Thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise, for that high prize  
       Which Thou hast set before us :  
*cr*    And, if Thou count us worthy,  
       We each, as dying Stephen,  
*f*     Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,  
       To call us up to heaven. Amen.

*Also the following :*

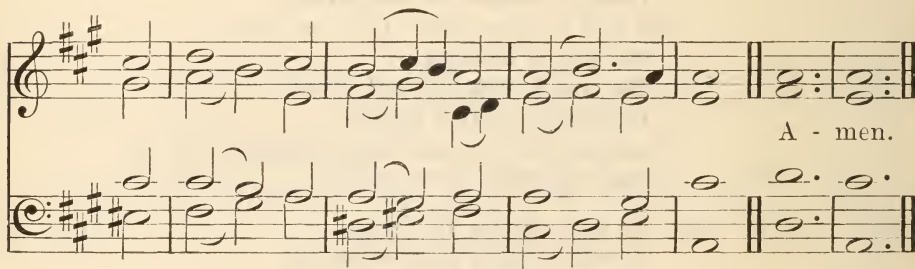
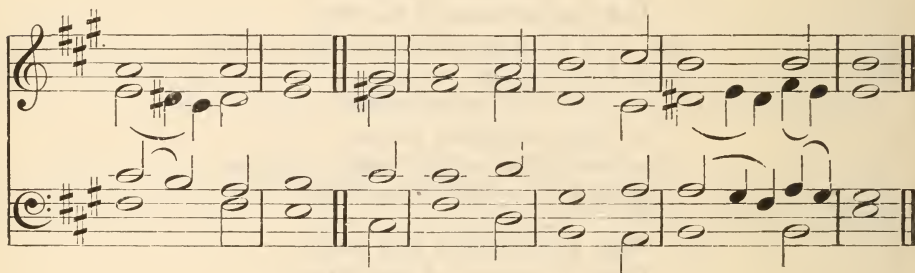
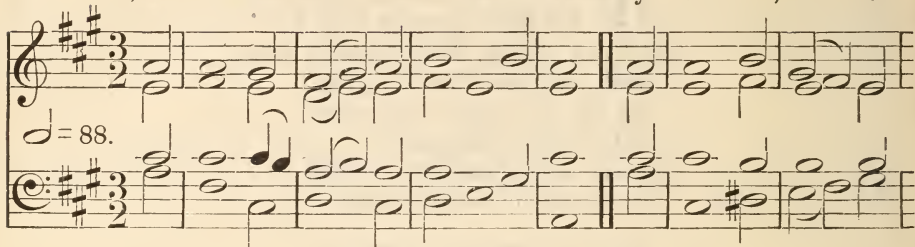
Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams—187 [Part II.]  
The Son of God goes forth to war—230

## St. John the Evangelist's Day.

L.M.

WACH' AUF, MEIN HERZ.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

*May also be sung to "St. Gregory," No. 119.*

*mf* **O** GOD! Who gavest Thy servant  
 grace,  
 Amid the storms of life distress,  
 To look on Thine Incarnate face,  
 And lean on Thy protecting breast:

To see the Light that dimly shone,  
 Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,  
 Pure Image of the Eternal One  
 Through shadows of Thy mortal veil!

Be ours, O King of Mercy, still  
 To feel Thy Presence from above,  
 And in Thy word and in Thy will,  
 To hear Thy voice, and know Thy  
 love:

And when the toils of life are done,  
 And nature waits Thy dread decree,  
 To find our rest beneath Thy throne,  
 And look, in humble hope, to Thee.  
 Amen.

MANNHEIM.

8.7. 8.7. 8.7.

F. FILITZ, 1804-1876.

A-men.

*mf* **W**ORD Supreme, before creation, *p* He first, hoping and believing,  
 Born of God eternally, Did beside the grave adore ;  
 Who didst will for our salvation Latest he, the warfare leaving,  
 To be born on earth, and die ; Landed on the eternal shore ;  
 Well Thy Saints have kept their station And his witness we receiving  
 Watching till Thine hour drew nigh. Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Now 'tis come, and Faith espies *cr* Lo! heaven's doors lift up, revealing  
 Thee: How Thy judgments earthward  
 Like an eaglet in the morn, move ;  
 One in steadfast worship eyes Thee, *f* Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,  
 Thy beloved, Thy latest born : Wine-cups from the wrath above ;  
 In Thy glory he descries Thee *p* Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing—  
 Reigning from the Tree of scorn. “ Little children, trust and love ! ”

*f* Thee, the Almighty King eternal,  
 Father of the eternal Word,  
 Thee, the Father's Word supernal,  
 Thee, of Both, the Breath adored,  
 Heaven and earth and realms infernal  
 Own, One glorious God and Lord. Amen.

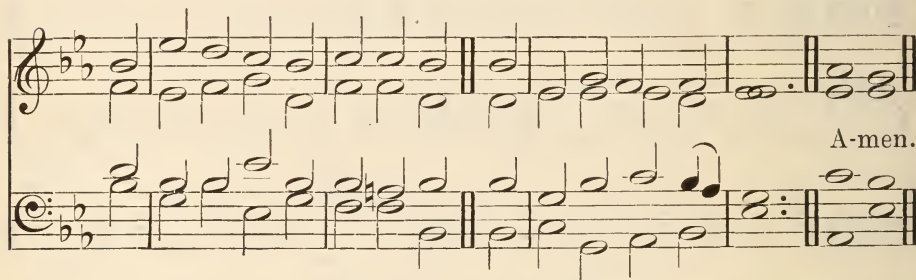
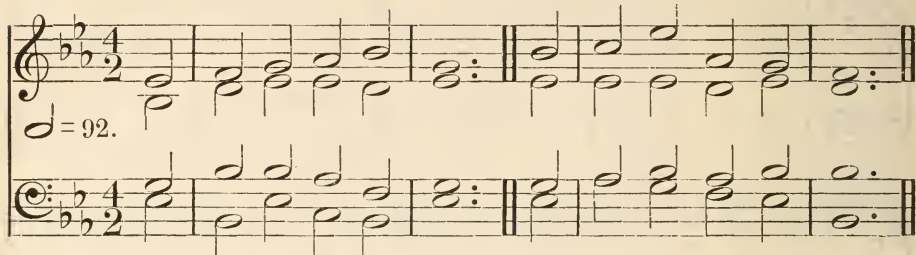


## The Innocents' Day.

FRANCONIA.

S.M.

MÜLLER'S Choralbuch, 1788.



*mf* GLORY to Thee, O Lord,  
 Who, from this world of sin,  
 By the fierce monarch's ruthless  
 sword  
 Those precious ones didst win !

Glory to Thee for all  
 The ransomed infant band,  
 Who since that hour have heard Thy  
 call,  
 And reached the quiet land !

Glory to Thee, O Lord !  
 For now, all grief unknown,  
 They wait in patience their reward,  
 The martyr's heavenly crown.

*p* Oh, that our hearts within,  
 Like theirs, were pure and bright !  
 Oh, that as free from wilful sin  
 We shrank not from Thy sight !

Baptized in their own blood,  
 Earth's untried perils o'er,  
 They passed unconsciously the flood, *cr* In life to glorify Thy power,  
 And safely gained the shore. *f* In death to praise Thy Name.

Amen.

## The Innocents' Day.

KETTLEBASTON.

L.M.

A. H. BROWN, b. 1830.

92.

A-men.

*mf* **O**H, who are they, so pure and bright,  
 Before the throne arrayed in white?  
 They stand serene and calmly fair,  
 As conscious of high welcome there.

That starry crown around their brow,  
 It tells their sacred glory now:  
 Blest virgin-souls, who, faultless, come  
 From font of grace—or martyrdom.

*p* And in their mouth is found no guile,  
 Christ's Holy Innocents, whose smile  
 Shines purer, from their knowing not  
 Upon their souls sin's conscious blot.

*mf* These, these are they, the undefiled,  
 The child-like Saint—the saint-like child—  
 Marked with Christ's cross or earth's dark frown,  
 But wearing there that starry crown.

*p* O help us, Saviour, by Thy grace  
 Near Thee to win that heavenly place;

*cr* Now following where Thy footsteps trod,  
 Blameless and harmless sons of God. Amen.

*Also the following:* We are but little children weak—643

BATTISHILL.

7.7.7.7.

J. BATTISHILL, 1738-1801.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

- mf* **J**ESUS! Name of wondrous love! *p* Jesus! Name of mercy mild,  
 Name all other names above! Given to the Holy Child,  
 Unto which must every knee When the cup of human woe  
 Bow in deep humility. First He tasted here below.
- f* Jesus! Name decreed of old; *f* Jesus! Only Name that's given  
 To the maiden mother told, Under all the mighty heaven,  
 Kneeling in her lowly cell, Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
 By the Angel Gabriel. Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- f* Jesus! Name of priceless worth *mf* Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
 To the fallen sons of earth Human Name of God above!  
 For the promise that it gave,— *dim* Pleading only this we flee,  
 "Jesus shall His people save." *p* Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

*Also the following :*

Conquering kings their titles take—388  
 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds—429  
 To the Name that brings Salvation—580

ST. JULIAN.

8.6.8.6.8.8.6.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

*mf* **A** NOTHER year hath fled; renew, *p* Yet, when our sins we call to mind,  
*dim* Lord, with our days, Thy love! We cannot fail to grieve;  
*cr* Our days are evil here and few; *cr* But thou art pitiful and kind,  
*cr* We look to live above: And wilt our prayer receive:  
*mf* We will not grieve, though day by day *mf* O Jesu, evermore the same,  
 We pass from earthly joys away; Our hope we rest upon Thy Name:  
 Our joy abides in Thee. Our hope abides in Thee.

For all the future, Lord, prepare  
 Our souls with strength divine;  
 Help us to cast on Thee our care,  
 And on Thy servants shine:  
*p* Life without Thee is dark and drear,  
*cr* Death is not death if Thou art near;  
*f* Our life abides in Thee. Amen.



ST. SYLVESTER.

Irregular.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

*Verses 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6, 7, 8.*

$\text{♩} = 56.$

*Verses 5 and 9.*

*pp* *cres.*

Life pass - eth soon: Death draw-eth near: Keep us, good Lord,

*pp* *cres.*

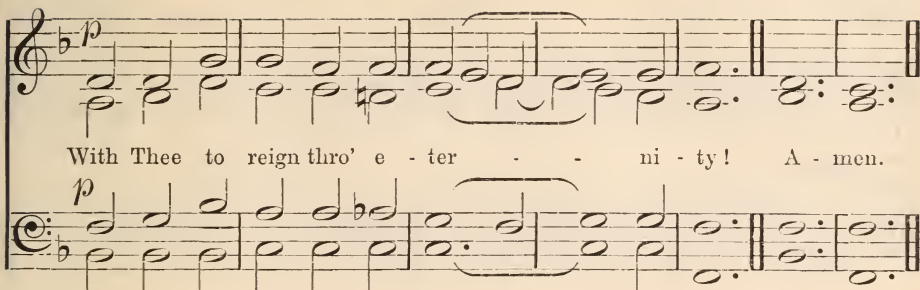
*mf* *dim.*

Till Thou ap - pear; With Thee to live, With Thee to die,

*mf* *dim.*



# New Year's Eve.



## PART I.

1.

*p* **D**AYS and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead;  
Soon will you and I be lying  
Each within our narrow bed.

2.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them  
Will have sped their rapid flight:  
Able now by grace to save them,  
Oh, that while we can we might!

3.

Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mighty frame,  
Teach, Oh teach us to remember  
What we are, and whence we came;

4.

Whence we came, and whither wending;  
Soon we must through darkness go,  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.

5.

*pp* Life passeth soon:  
Death draweth near:

*cr* Keep us, good Lord,  
Till Thou appear;

*mf* With Thee to live,

*dim* With Thee to die,

*p* With Thee to reign through eternity!

## PART II.

6.

*p* **A**s a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapour so it flies;  
For the old year now retreating  
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

7.

Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin,  
Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

8.

Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.

9.

*pp* Life passeth soon:  
Death draweth near:

*cr* Keep us, good Lord,  
Till Thou appear;

*mf* With Thee to live,

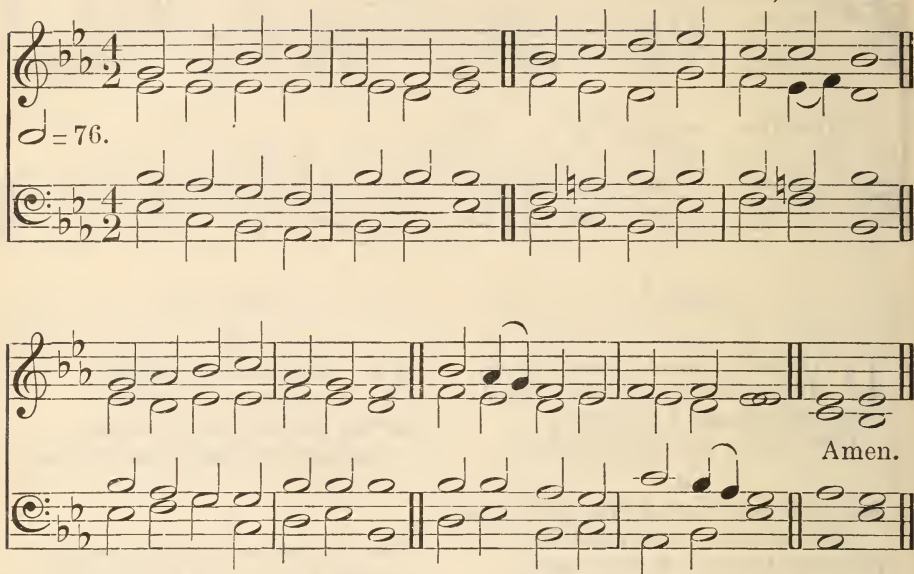
*dim* With Thee to die,

*p* With Thee to reign through eternity!  
Amen.

GIBBONS.

7.7.7.7.

O. GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



*mf* **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,      *mf* In our weakness and distress,  
      Constant through another year,      Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;  
      Hear our song of thankfulness,      In the pathless wilderness  
*p*    Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.      Be our true and living Way.

*mf* Lo! our sins on Thee we cast—      *p* Who of us death's awful road  
      Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,—      In the coming year shall tread,  
      And, forgetting all the past,      With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
      Press towards our glorious prize.      Comfort Thou his dying bed.

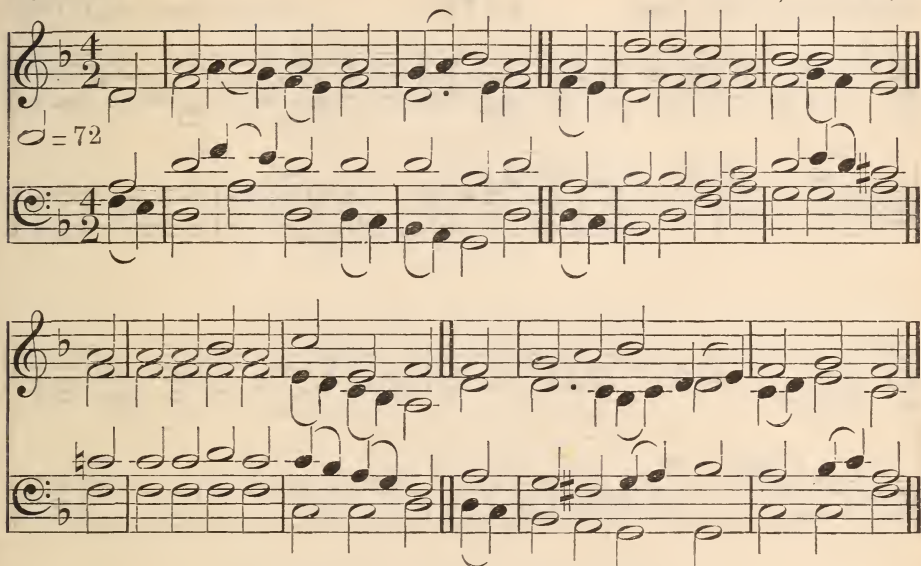
*p* Dark the future; (*cr*) let Thy light      *mf* Keep us faithful, keep us pure;  
      Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;      Keep us evermore Thine own:  
*p* Fierce our foes and hard the fight;      Help, Oh help us to endure;  
*mf* Arm us, Saviour, for the war.      Fit us for the promised crown.

Amen.

DUNHOLME.

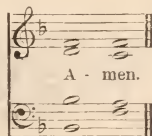
L.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*mf* **T**HE tide of time is rolling on, *p* And when our spirits take their flight,  
*mf* And now another year is gone : *cr* Grant they may live 'mid Saints in  
 The end of all things soon will come ; light ;  
*p* Oh may it bring us to our home. *mf* Oh guide them to the realms above,  
*p* All things around us fade and die ; Where all is joy, and peace, and love.  
 All earthly hopes are vanity :  
*mf* Oh let our restless hearts be stayed *f* To Thee, O Father, Son, to Thee,  
 On Him Whose glories never fade. To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be ;  
*mf* O Lord of love, let not the past As ever was in ages past,  
 Rise up against us at the last : And shall be still while ages last. .  
 O Shepherd of our souls, be near  
 To guide us through the coming year.  
 Keep us from every evil way,  
 Guard and protect us day by day,  
 Preserve us from the sinner's doom,  
 And save us from the wrath to come.

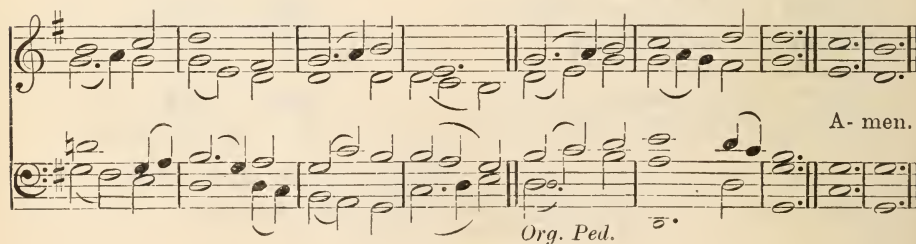
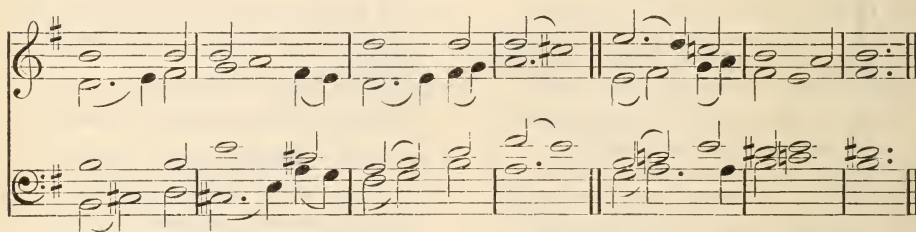
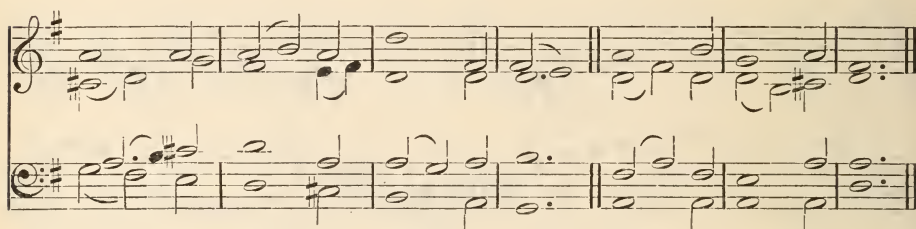
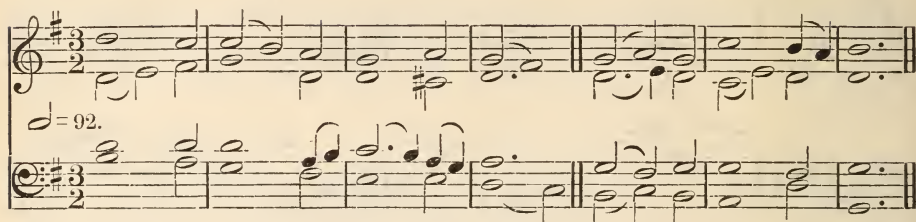
*Also the following :*

A few more years shall roll—353  
 Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]  
 O God, our Help in ages past—485

THORNGROVE (*First Tune*).

7.5. 7.5. D.

C. LEE WILLIAMS, b. 1853.



## New Year's Day.

*mf* FATHER, let me dedicate  
All this year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wouldst have me be:  
Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
Freedom dare I claim;  
This alone shall be my prayer,  
*cr* Glorify Thy Name.

*mf* Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
*cr* Glorify Thy Name.

*mf* If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine;  
*f* Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy Name.

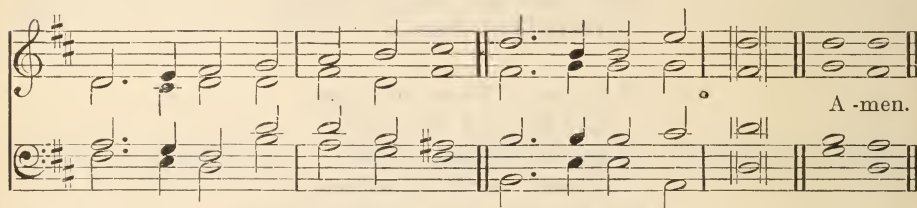
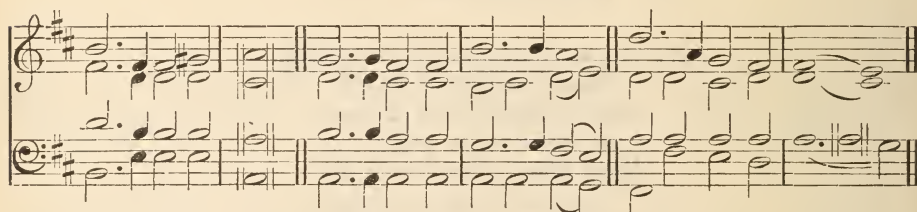
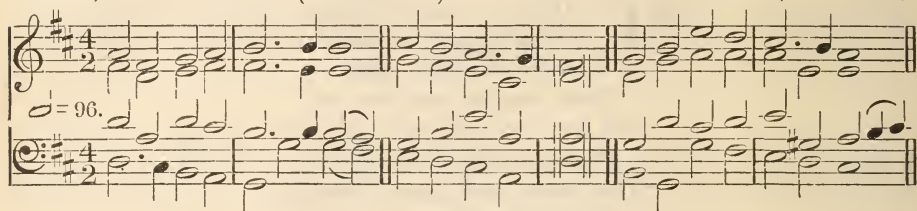
*p* If Thou callest to the Cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home;  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
*cr* "Glorify Thy Name." Amen.



7.5. 7.5. D.

FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE (*Second Tune*).

G. A. MACFARREN, 1813-1887.

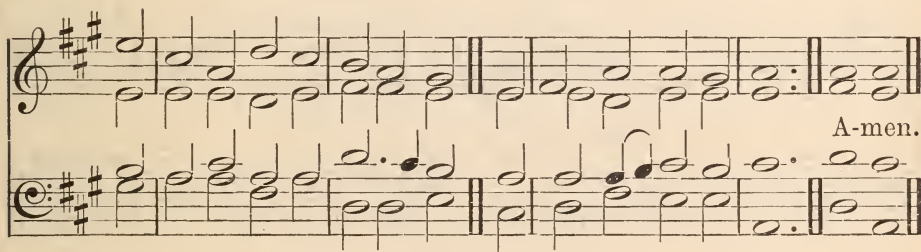
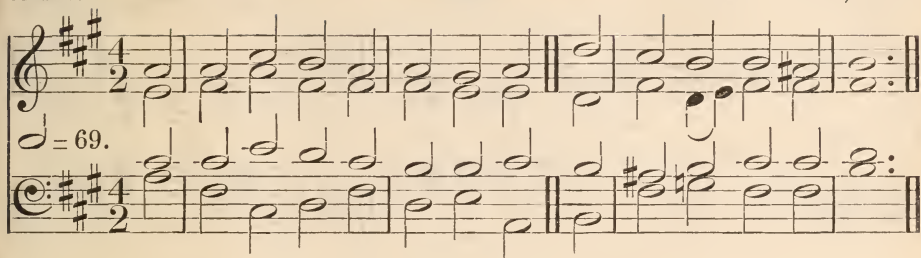


*mf* **F**ATHER, let me dedicate  
 All this year to Thee,  
 In whatever wordly state  
 Thou wouldst have me be :  
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
 Freedom dare I claim ;  
 This alone shall be my prayer,  
*cr* Glorify Thy Name.

*mf* Can a child presume to choose  
 Where or how to live ?  
 Can a Father's love refuse  
 All the best to give ?  
 More Thou givest every day  
 Than the best can claim,  
 Nor withholdest aught that may  
*cr* Glorify Thy Name.

*mf* If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
 Joys that yet are mine ;  
 If on life, serene and fair,  
 Brighter rays may shine ;  
*f* Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
 Thee in all proclaim,  
 And, whate'er the future brings,  
 Glorify Thy Name.

*p* If Thou callest to the Cross,  
 And its shadow come,  
 Turning all my gain to loss,  
 Shrouding heart and home ;  
 Let me think how Thy dear Son  
 To His glory came,  
 And in deepest woe pray on,  
*cr* "Glorify Thy Name." Amen.



*mf* **N**OW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,  
 And make Thy glory known;  
 Now let us all Thy Presence feel,  
 And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,  
 And plead a Saviour's Name;  
*p* For all that we can call our own  
 Is vanity and shame.

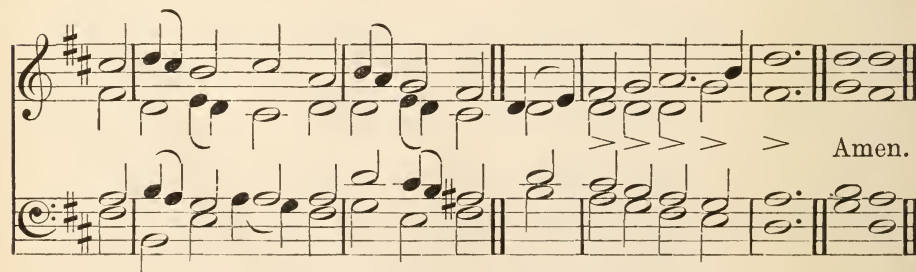
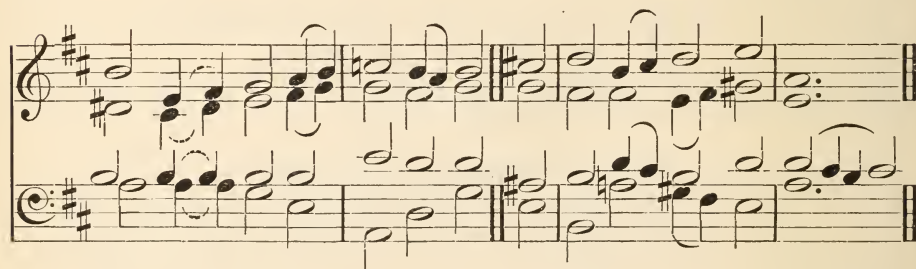
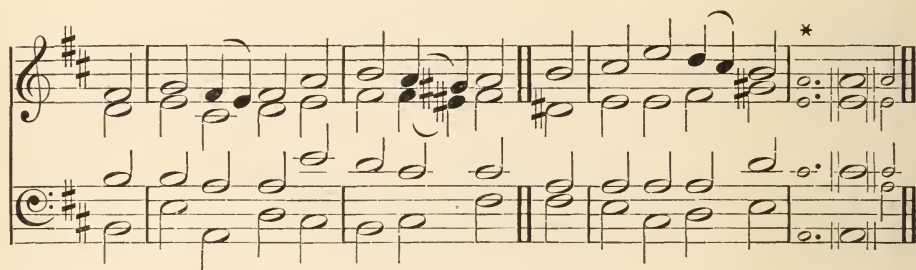
*mf* From all the guilt of former sin  
 May mercy set us free;  
 And let the year we now begin,  
 Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,  
 That Saints may love Thee more,  
 And sinners now may learn to love  
 Who never loved before. Amen.

ERIGENIA.

D.C.M.

A. M. GOODHART, b. 1866.



\* The small notes are for verses 3 and 4.

## New Year's Day.

*mf* THE old year's long campaign is o'er :  
Behold a new begun ;  
*p* Not yet is closed the holy war,  
Not yet the triumph won.  
*cr* Out of his still and deep repose  
We hear the old year say :  
*f* "Go forth again to meet your foes,  
Ye children of the day !

*f* "Go forth ! firm faith in every heart,  
Bright hope on every helm,  
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,  
And this no fear o'erwhelm.  
Go in the spirit and the might  
Of Him Who led the way ;  
Close with the legions of the night,  
Ye children of the day."

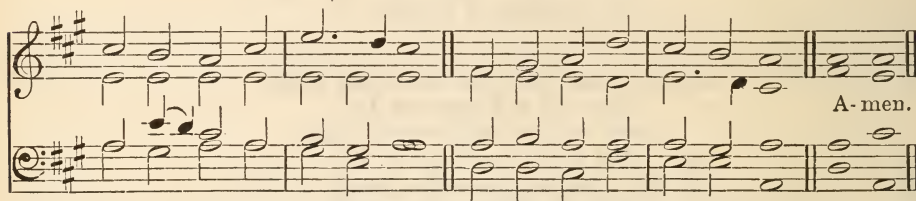
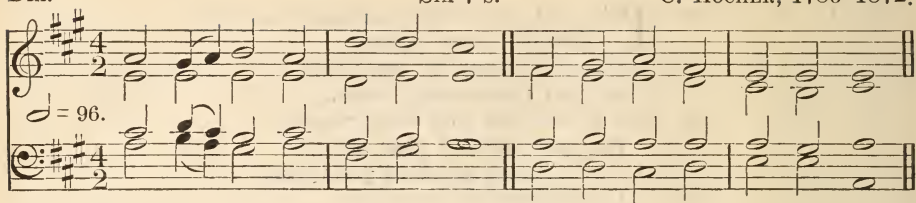
*mf* So forth we go to meet the strife,  
We will not fear nor fly ;  
Love we the holy warrior's life,  
*p* His death we hope to die.  
*mf* We slumber not, this charge in view,  
"Toil on while toil ye may,  
*f* Then night shall be no night to you,  
Ye children of the day."

*p* Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,  
Thine own sustain, defend ;  
And give, though dim this earthly sun,  
Thy true light to the end ;  
*cr* Till morning tread the darkness down,  
And night be swept away,  
*f* And never-ending triumph crown  
The children of the day. Amen.

---

*Also the following :*

A few more years shall roll—353  
O God, our Help in ages past—488  
Thou Judge of quick and dead—573



*f* **A**S with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
*mf* So, most gracious God, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

*f* As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;  
*mf* So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

*f* As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

*p* Holy Jesu! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

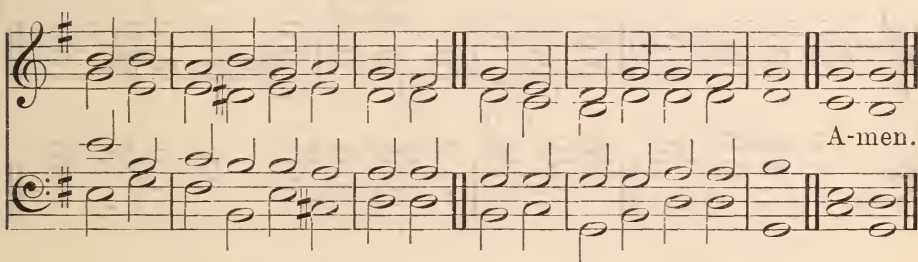
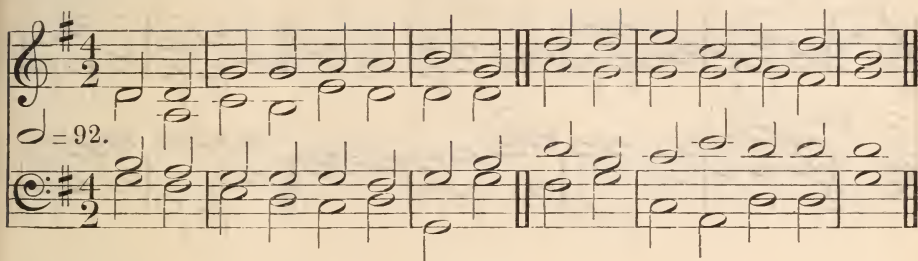
*f* In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;  
*ff* There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King! Amen.



STUTT GART.

8.7. 8.7.

Gotha Cantional, 1715.



*f* **B**ETHLEHEM! of noblest cities  
 None can once with thee compare,  
 Thou alone the Lord from heaven  
 Didst for us Incarnate bear.

By its radiant beauty guided  
 See the Eastern Kings appear;  
 See them bend, their gifts to offer,—  
 Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

*mf* Fairer than the sun at morning  
 Was the star that told His birth,  
 To the lands their God announcing,  
 Hid beneath a form of earth.

Offerings of mystic meaning!—  
 Incense doth the God disclose;  
 Gold a royal Child proclaimeth,  
*p* Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

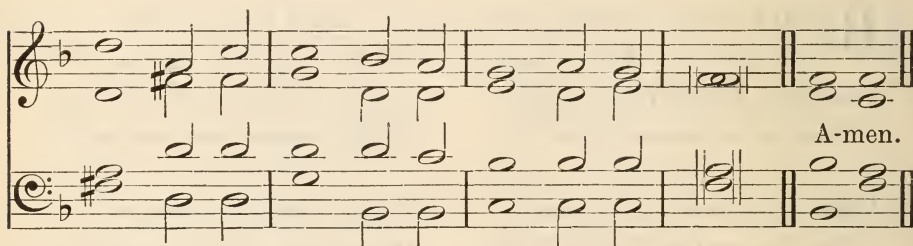
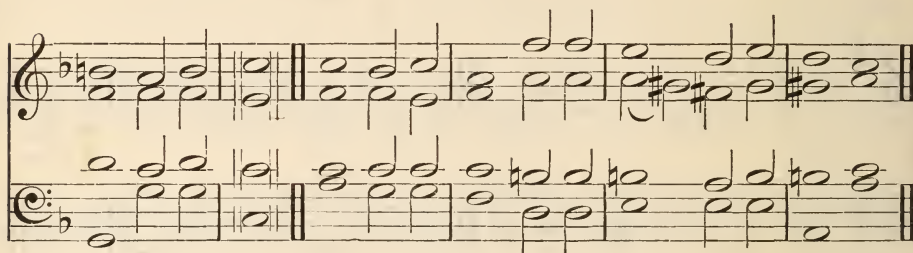
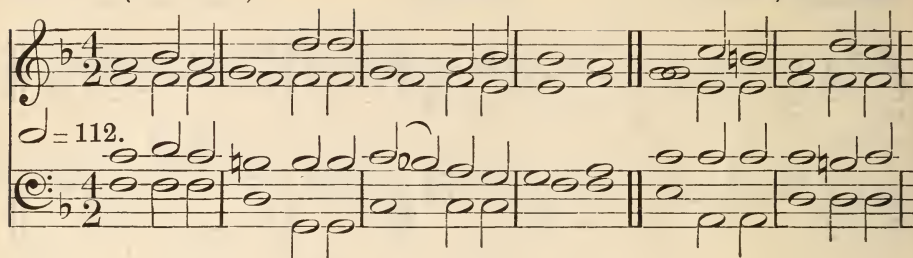
*f* Holy Jesu! in Thy brightness  
 To the Gentile world displayed!  
 With the Father and the Spirit,  
 Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.

## Epiphany.

EPIPHANY (*First Tune*).

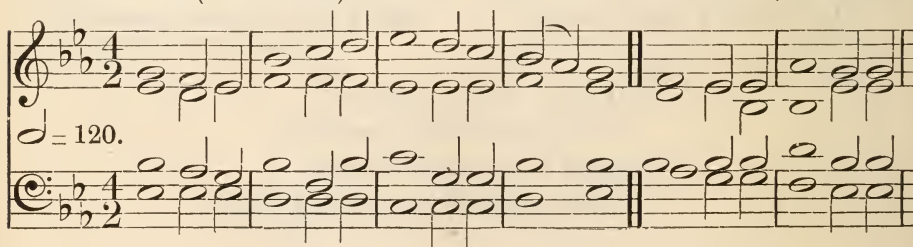
11.10.11.10.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

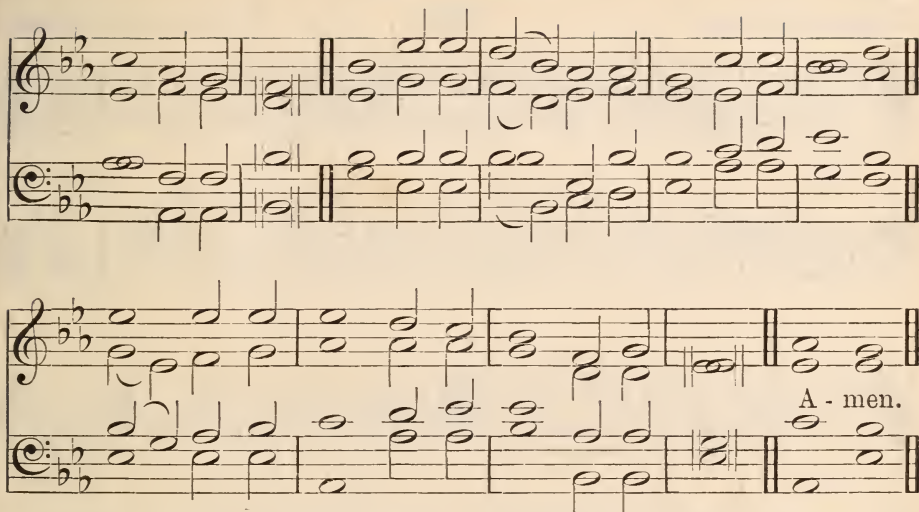
EPIPHANY HYMN (*Second Tune*).

11.10.11.10.

J. F. THRUPP, 1827-1867.



# Epiphany.



*mf* **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

*p* Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

*mf* **B**rightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid! Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520 ?-1585.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A-men.

*mf* **I**N stature grows the heavenly Child      Those mighty hands that stay the sky  
     With death before His eyes:      No earthly toil refuse,  
 A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,      And He Who set the stars on high  
     Prepared for sacrifice.      An humble trade pursues.

The Son of God His glory hides      He before Whom the Angels stand,  
     With parents mean and poor:      At Whose behest they fly,  
 And He Who made the heaven abides      Now yields Himself to man's command  
     In dwelling-place obscure.      And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed  
     We, Jesu, Thee adore  
*f* And praise to God the Father yield  
     And Spirit evermore. Amen.



NARENZA.

S.M.

Cologne Gesangbuch.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

*mf* NOT by Thy mighty hand,  
 Thy wondrous works alone,  
 But by the marvels of Thy word  
 Thy glory, Christ, is known.

And Thou wilt come again,  
 To reap what Thou hast sown,  
 The Sower and the Reaper Thou,  
 The Gatherer of Thine own.

Forth from the eternal gates,  
 Thine everlasting home,  
 To sow the seed of truth below,  
 Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field  
 With Thine unsleeping eye :  
 The children of the kingdom keep  
 To Thy Epiphany :—

And still from age to age  
 Thou, gracious Lord, hast been  
 The bearer forth of goodly seed,  
 The Sower still unseen.

So, when in Thy great day  
 The tares shall severed be,  
 May we be gathered in Thy barn  
 With all Thy Saints to Thee. Amen.



JERUSALEM.

C.M.

T. WORSLEY STANFORTH, b. 1845.

♩ = 84.

A-men.

*mf* **O** THOU Who by a star didst guide *p* As yet we know Thee but in part ;  
 The wise men on their way, *cr* But still we trust Thy word,  
 Until it came and stood beside *mf* That blessèd are the pure in heart,  
 The place where Jesus lay ; For they shall see the Lord.

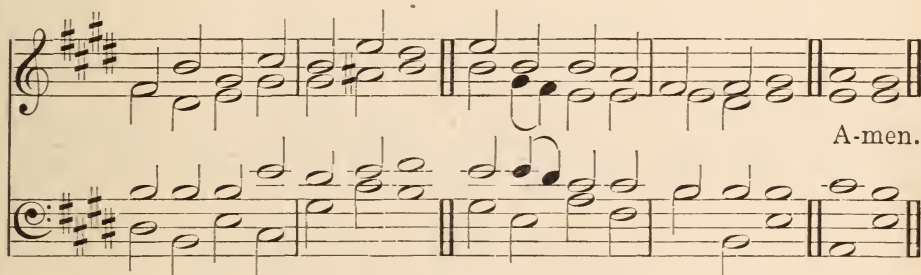
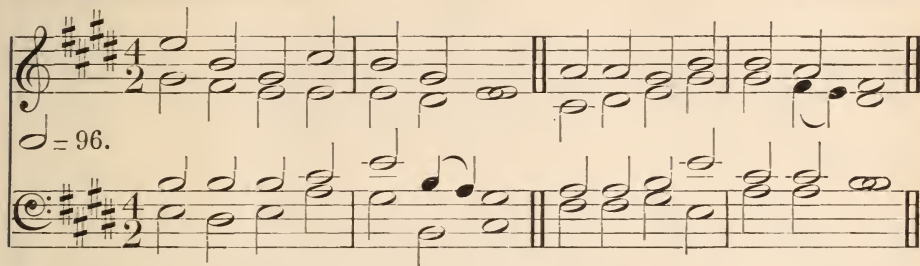
Although by stars Thou dost not lead *p* O Saviour, give us then Thy grace  
 Thy servants now below, To make us pure in heart,  
 Thy Holy Spirit, when they need, That we may see Thee face to face  
 Will show them how to go. Hereafter as Thou art.

*f* To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Ghost,  
 By men on earth be honour done,  
 And by the heavenly Host. Amen.

QUI DEDIT NOBIS VICTORIAM.

7.7.7.7.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



*f* SONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected star!  
Star of truth that gilds the night,  
Guides bewildered Nature right.

*f* Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your God appear;  
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,  
Meet Him manifested there!

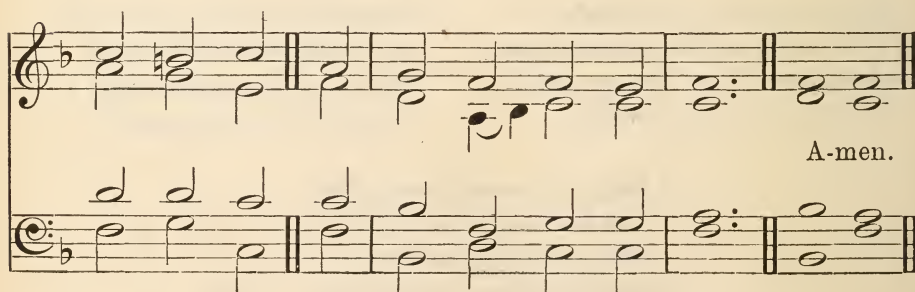
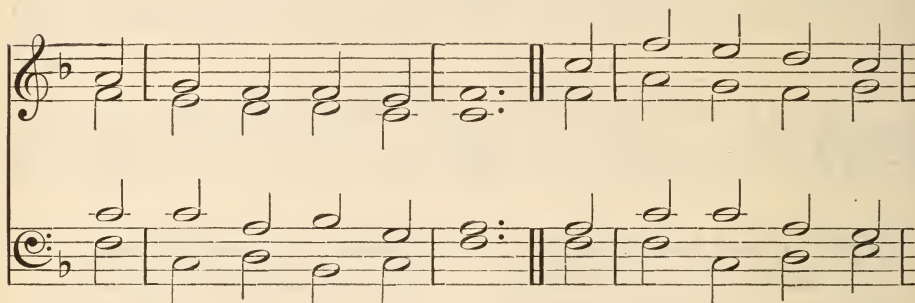
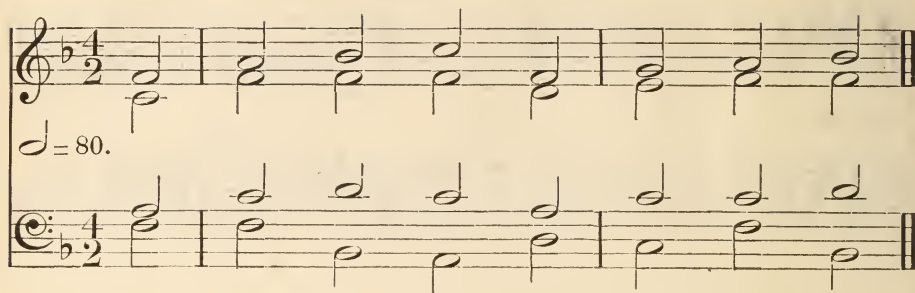
*p* Mild it shines on all beneath,  
*cr* Piercing through the shades of death;  
*f* Scattering error's wide-spread night;  
Kindling darkness into light.

There behold the Dayspring rise,  
Pouring light on mortal eyes;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day!

*f* Sing, ye morning stars, again!  
God descends on earth to reign!  
God in mercy leaves the sky!  
Shout, ye sons of God, on high! Amen.

DUNDEE.

C.M.

*Scotch Psalter, 1615.*

A-men.

## Epiphany.

*f* **T**HE people that in darkness sat  
A glorious light have seen ;  
The Light has shined on them who long  
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,  
The gathering nations come ;  
They joy as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,  
And break the tyrant's rod,  
As in the day when Midian fell  
Before the sword of God.

*ff* For unto us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given,  
And on His shoulder ever rests  
All power in earth and heaven.

*f* His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
The Everlasting Lord,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power  
Shall over all extend ;  
On judgment and on justice based,  
His reign shall have no end.

*p* Lord Jesu, reign in us we pray,  
*cr* And make us Thine alone,  
*f* Who with the Father ever art  
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

QUÆ STELLA SOLE PULCHRIOR (*First Tune*).

MODE III. SOLESMES.

*To be sung in Unison.*

First system of the musical score for "Quæ Stella Sole Pulchrior". It features a vocal line with square note heads and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass staves.

Second system of the musical score, concluding with the text "A - men." below the vocal line.

GÖLDEL (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586-1630.

First system of the musical score for "Gödel". It features a vocal line with diamond note heads and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass staves. A tempo marking "♩ = 80." is present below the first staff.

Second system of the musical score, concluding with the text "A - men." below the vocal line.



## Epiphany.

*mf* **W**HAT star is this, with beams so bright,  
More beauteous than the noonday light ?  
It shines to herald forth the King,  
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfilled what God decreed,  
"From Jacob shall a star proceed ;"  
And Eastern Sages with amaze  
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

The guiding star above is bright ;  
Within them shines a clearer light,  
Which leads them on with power benign  
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay ;  
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way :  
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all  
They leave at their Creator's call.

*p* O Jesu, while the star of grace  
Now leads us on to seek Thy face,  
Let not our slothful hearts refuse  
The guidance of that light to use.

*f* All glory, Jesu, be to Thee  
For this Thy glad Epiphany,  
Whom with the Father we adore  
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

---

### *Also the following :*

At even, when the sun did set—12	[3rd S.]	Jesu, the very thought of Thee—446 [Part I.]
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies—3		Jesu shall reign where'er the sun—452
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus—383		O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord—485 [1st S.]
Fierce raged the tempest—399	[4th S.]	O Hand of bounty, largely spread—490
From all that dwell below the skies—405		O Love, how deep ! how broad !—502
God of mercy, God of grace—417		The strain upraise of joy and praise—560
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424		

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN (*First Tune*).

MODE IV. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

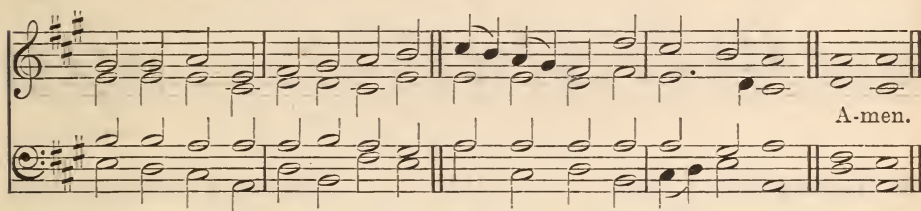
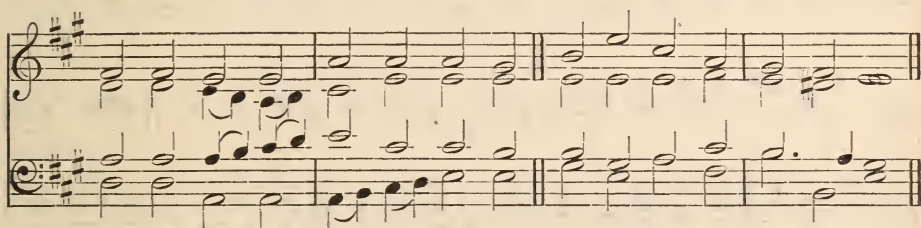
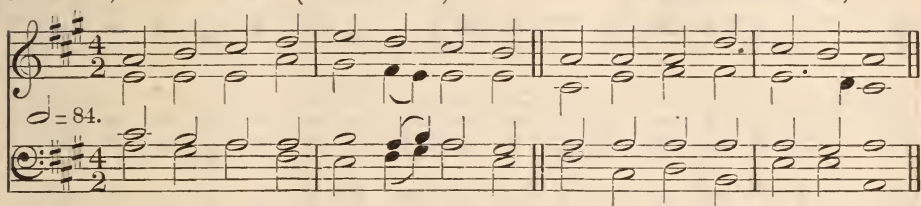
The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system features a vocal line (soprano) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass staves). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign and the text "A-men."

# Before Septuagesima.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN (Second Tune).

WEBBE'S Collection, 1791.



*May also be sung to "Oriel," No. 136.*

*f* **A** LLELUIA! Song of sweetness!  
Voice of joy that cannot die!  
Alleluia is the anthem  
Heard among the choirs on high;  
Singing in God's blissful mansion  
Day and night eternally.

Alleluia! Joyful Mother,  
True Jerusalem and free,  
Alleluia, now triumphant,  
All thy children sing in thee:

*p* But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles still are we.

*p* Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions  
Make us for awhile forego;  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

*mf* Trinity of endless glory,  
Hear Thy people as they cry:  
*cr* Grant us all to keep Thy Easter  
In our home beyond the sky,  
*f* There to Thee our Alleluia  
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

*Also the following:*

Sing Alleluia forth in dutious praise—544

TE LÆTA MUNDI CONDITOR (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Milan.

*To be sung in Unison.*

ST. GREGORY (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

*Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.*
*May also be sung to "St. Vincent," No. 140.*

## Septuagesima.

*mf* CREATOR of the world ! to Thee  
An endless rest of joy belongs;  
And heavenly choirs are ever free  
To sing on high their festal songs.

*p* But we are fallen creatures here,  
Where pain and sorrow daily come;  
And how can we, in exile drear,  
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home?

O Father ! Who dost promise still,  
That they who mourn shall blessèd be;  
Grant us to mourn for deeds of ill,  
That banish us so long from Thee :

*tr* But, weeping, grant us faith to rest  
In hope upon Thy loving care;  
*f* Till Thou restore us, with the blest,  
Their songs of praise in heaven to share. Amen.

---

*Also the following :*

Fight the good fight with all thy might—401  
Let us with a gladsome mind—303  
The spacious firmament on high—559  
There is a book, who runs may read—565  
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth—589



MANCHESTER.

C.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT, 1748-1782.

♩ = 80.

A - men.

**A**LMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast  
 Like seed into the ground :  
 Now let the dew of heaven descend  
 And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the world's deceitful cares  
 The rising plant destroy ;  
 But let it yield a hundredfold  
 The fruits of peace and joy.

Let not the foe of Christ and man  
 This holy seed remove :  
 But give it root in every heart,  
 To bring forth fruits of love.

Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent  
 To raise us to Thy throne,  
*dim* Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
*p* That we reject Thy Son.

*mf* Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
 Thy quickening grace bestow ;  
 That all whose souls the truth receive  
 Its saving power may know. Amen.

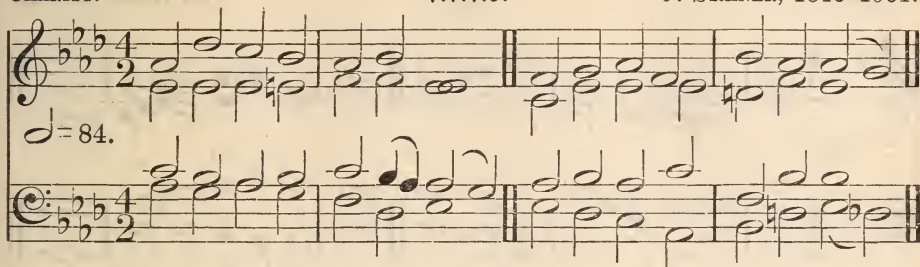
*Also the following :*

Praise to the Holiest in the height—534  
 The Sower went forth sowing—307

CHARITY.

7.7.7.5.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



*mf* **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
 Taught by Thee, we covet most  
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost  
 Holy, heavenly love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,  
 Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
 Knowledge—all things—empty prove  
 Without heavenly love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,  
 Give my goods the poor to feed,  
 All is vain, if love I need;  
 Therefore, give me love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;  
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;  
 Love than death itself more strong;  
 Therefore, give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,  
 Melting in the light of day;  
 Love will ever with us stay;  
 Therefore, give us love,

Faith will vanish into sight;  
 Hope be emptied in delight;  
 Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
 Therefore, give us love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see  
 Joining hand in hand agree;  
 But the greatest of the three,  
 And the best, is Love. Amen.

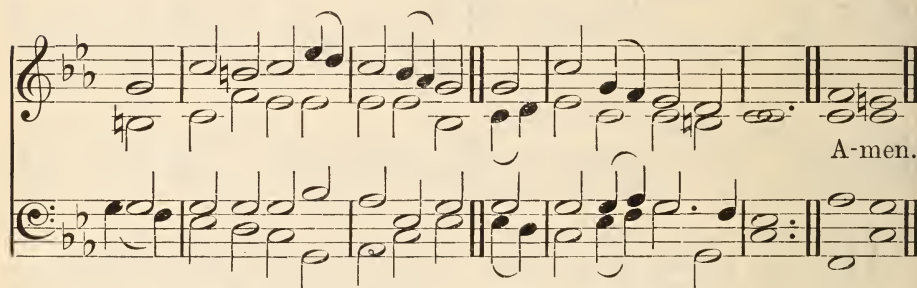
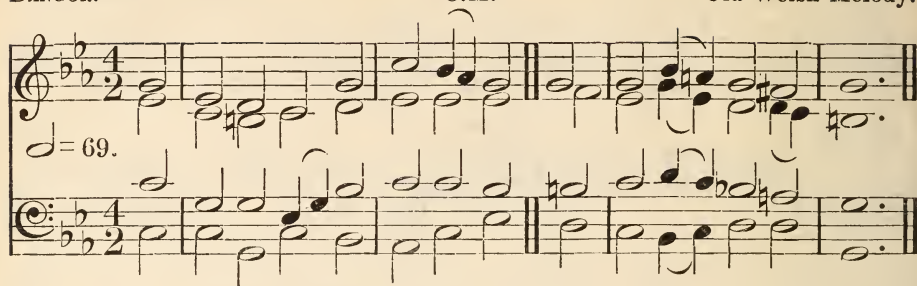
*Also the following :*

Great Mover of all hearts—421  
 Lord of mercy and of might—468

BANGOR.

C.M.

Old Welsh Melody.



*May also be sung to "Burford," No. 143.*

*p* ONCE more the solemn season calls  
 A holy fast to keep;  
 And now within the temple walls  
 Let priest and people weep.

But vain all outward sign of grief,  
 And vain the form of prayer,  
 Unless the heart implore relief,  
 And penitence be there.

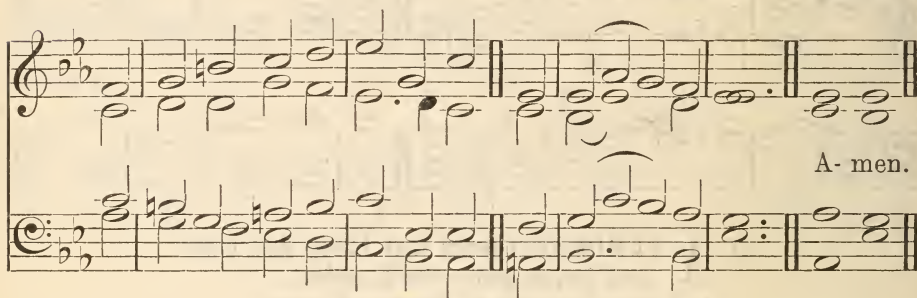
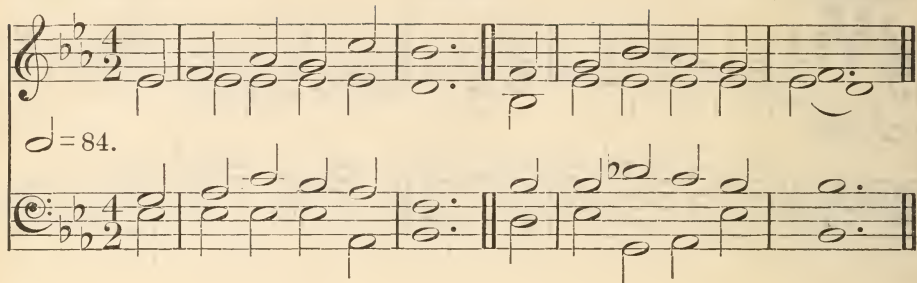
We smite the breast, we weep in vain,  
 In vain in ashes mourn,  
 Unless with penitential pain  
 The smitten soul be torn.

In sorrow true then let us pray  
 To our offended God,  
 From us to turn His wrath away,  
 And stay the uplifted rod.

O God, our Judge and Father, deign  
 To spare the bruised reed;  
 We pray for time to turn again,  
 For grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;  
 Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,  
 To gather from these fasts below  
 Immortal fruit above. Amen.

( 193 )



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

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

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



♩ = 88.

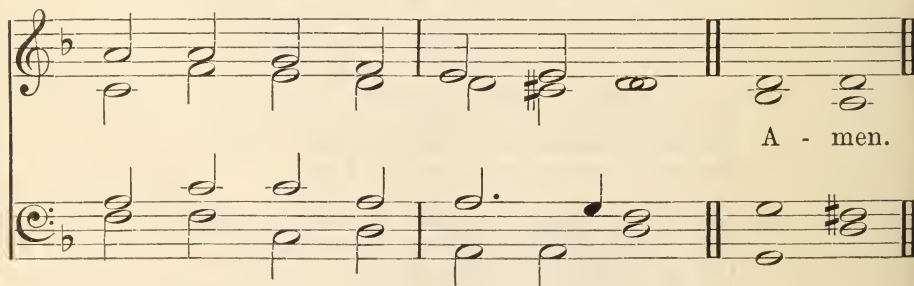
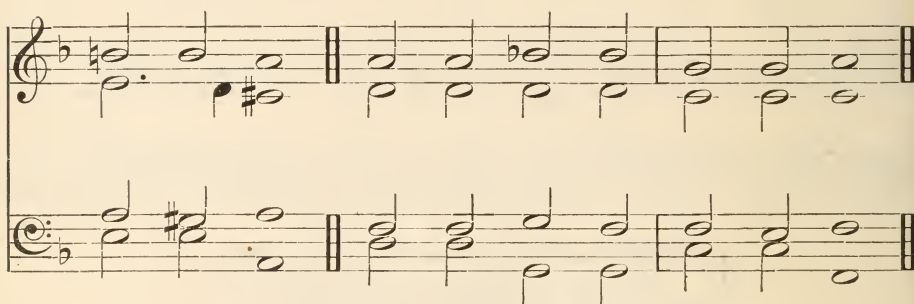
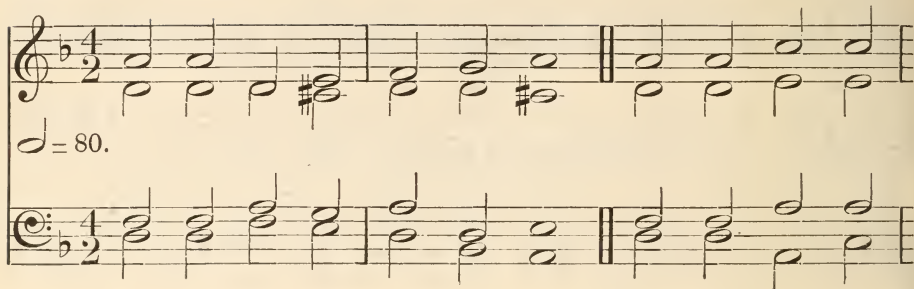
A - men.

*p* **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,  
 And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:  
 Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,  
 To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

*mf* Oh we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,  
 And all Thy works from day to day declare;  
 Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?  
 Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

*p* Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,  
 Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;  
*cr* But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,  
 Returning sinners to a Father's home.

*mf* Oh, by that Name, in whom all fulness dwells,  
 Oh, by that Love, which every love excels,  
 Oh, by that Blood, so freely shed for sin,  
 Open sweet mercy's gate, and let us in! Amen.



## Lent.

*mf* FORTY days and forty nights  
Thou wast fasting in the wild  
Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted still, yet undefiled.

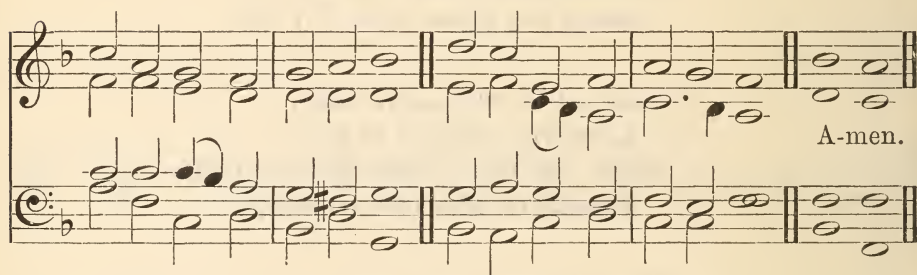
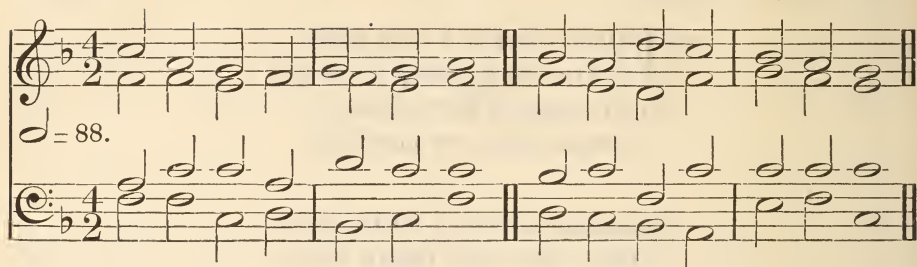
Sunbeams scorching all the day;  
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;  
Prowling beasts about Thy way;  
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

*v* Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
Learn Thy discipline of pain,  
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,  
Strength for after time to gain?

Then if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit shall assail,  
*f* Thou, his vanquisher before,  
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

*mf* So shall we have peace divine;  
Holier gladness ours shall be;  
Round us too shall Angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, oh! keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side;  
*f* That with Thee we may appear  
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.



*mf* **G**IVER of the perfect gift !  
 Only Hope of human race !  
 Hear the prayer our hearts uplift  
 Trembling at Thy throne of grace.

Who can save us, Lord, but Thou ?  
 Let Thy mercy show Thy power ;  
 Lo, we plead Thy promise now,  
 Now, in this the accepted hour.

*p* Though the accusing voice within  
 Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,  
*mf* Thou canst cleanse from every sin,  
 Thou canst set the conscience free.

Oh ! may these our Lenten days,  
 Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,  
*cr* That with purer, nobler praise  
 We may keep Thy feast at last.

*p* God the Holy Trinity,  
 Grant the mercy we implore :  
*f* God the One, all praise to Thee  
 Through the ages evermore ! Amen.

♩ = 69.

Amen.

*p* HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
 As Thou wert ever kind;  
 Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,  
 And cleanse me from my sin;  
 For I confess my crime, and see  
 How great my guilt has been.

The joy Thy favour gives  
 Let me again obtain,  
 And Thy free Spirit's firm support  
 My fainting soul sustain.

*f* To God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit glory be,  
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
 To all eternity. Amen.



ECCE TEMPUS IDONEUM (*First Tune*).

MODE III. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

ST. AMBROSE (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

Old Melody.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A-men.

## Lent.

*mf* **L**O! now is our accepted day,  
The time for purging sins away,  
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,  
That we have done against the Lord.

For He the Merciful and True  
Hath spared His people hitherto;  
Not willing that the soul should die,  
Though great its past iniquity.

*p* Then let us all with earnest care,  
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,  
And works of mercy and of love,  
Entreat for pardon from above;

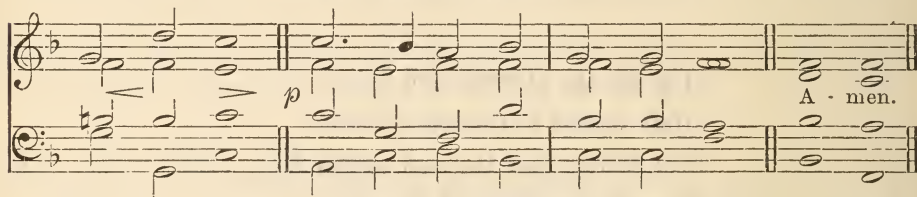
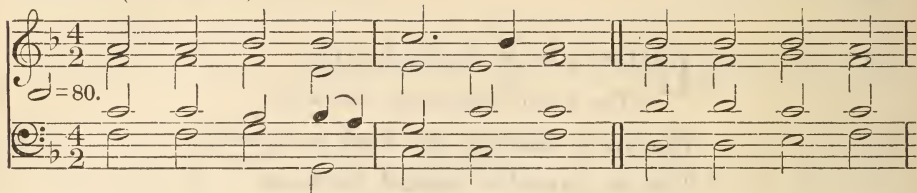
*mf* That He may all our sins efface,  
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,  
And join us to the Angel band  
For ever in the heavenly land.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,  
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

ROSEHILL (*First Tune*).

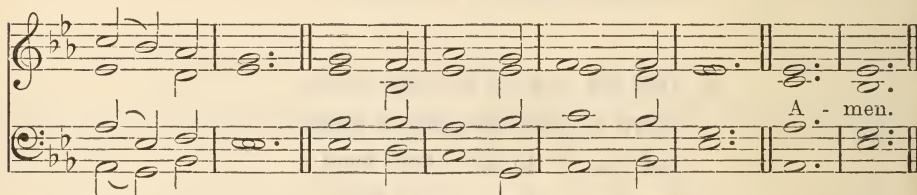
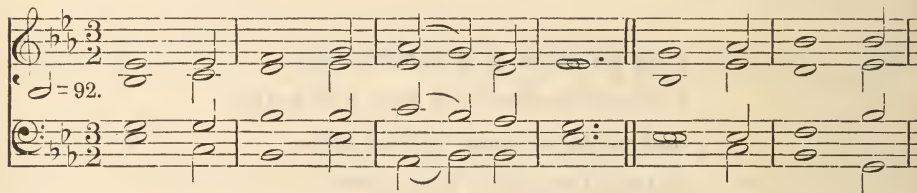
7.7.7.

A. PHILLIPS, b. 1844.

ST. PHILIP (*Second Tune*).

7.7.7.

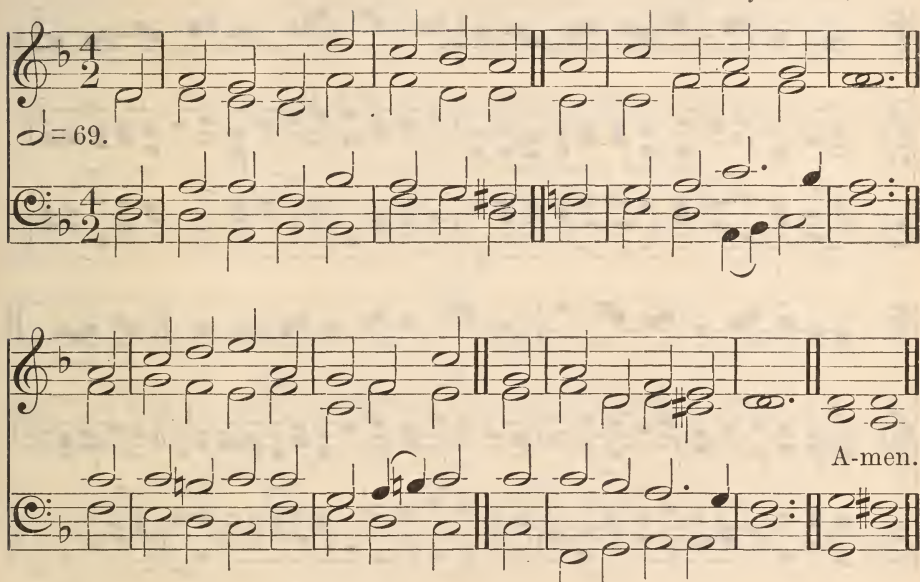
W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.



*p* LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
 Ere it wholly pass away,  
 On our knees we fall and pray.  
 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
 Ere that awful doom appears.  
 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
 Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
 Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,  
 By Thy supplicating cry,  
 By Thy willingness to die.  
 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
 For Jerusalem below,  
 Let us not Thy love forego.  
 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
 Lest we lose this day of grace,  
 Lest we never see Thy face. Amen.

For  
 Now the thirty years accomplished—see 136 [PART II.]



*p* **O** LORD, turn not Thy face away  
 From them that lowly lie,  
 Lamenting sore their sinful life  
 With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
 To them that mourn their sin ;  
 Oh ! shut them not against us, Lord,  
 But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,  
 For surely Thou canst tell :  
 What we have done and what we are,  
 Thou knowest very well.

Wherefore to beg and to entreat  
 With tears we come to Thee,  
 As children that have done amiss  
 Fall at their father's knee.

And need we, then, O Lord, repeat  
 The blessing which we crave,  
 When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
 The thing that we would have ?

Mercy ! O Lord, mercy we seek,  
 This is the total sum !  
 For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,  
 Oh let Thy mercy come ! Amen.



AUDI, BENIGNE CONDITOR (*First Tune*).  
To be sung in Unison.

MODE II. Sarum.

ST. LUKE (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669-1707.

*p* **O** MERCIFUL Creator, hear!  
To us in pity bow Thine ear:  
Accept the tearful prayer we raise  
In this our fast of forty days,

Each heart is manifest to Thee;  
Thou knowest our infirmity:  
Repentant now we seek Thy face;  
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.



# Lent.

Our sins are manifold and sore,  
But spare Thou them who sin deplore;  
And for Thine own Name's sake make  
The fainting and the weary soul. [whole

Grant us to mortify each sense,  
By means of outward abstinence;  
That free from every stain of sin  
The soul may keep her fast within.

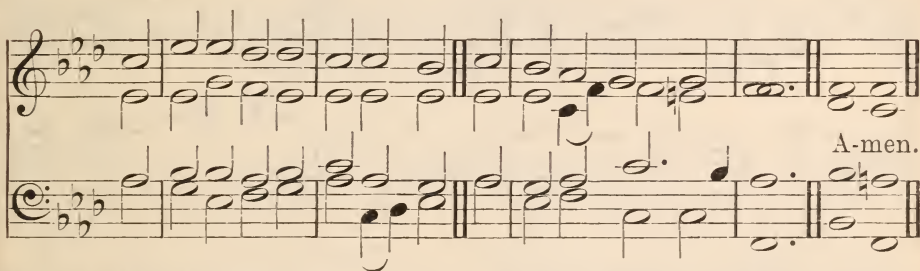
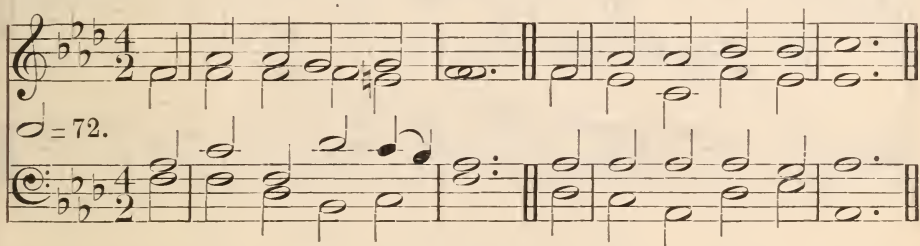
Blest Three in One and One in Three,  
Almighty God, we pray to Thee  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

133

SOUTHWELL.

S.M.

DENHAM'S *Psalter*, 1588.

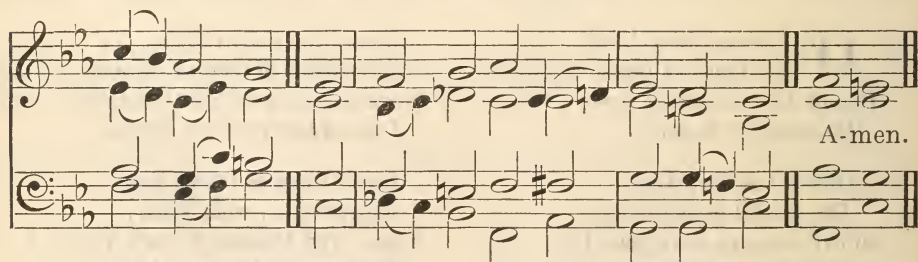
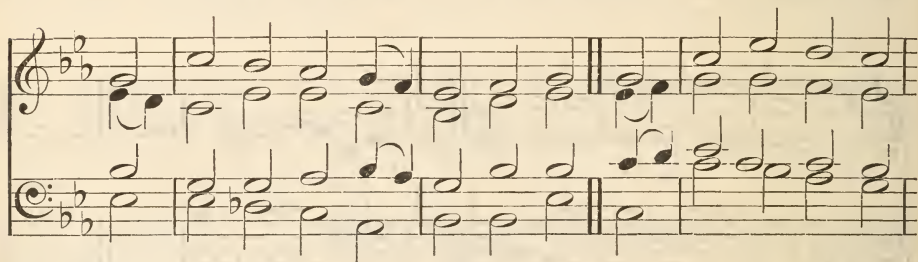
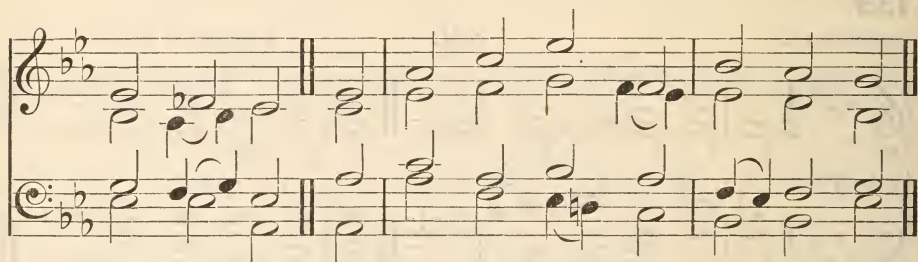
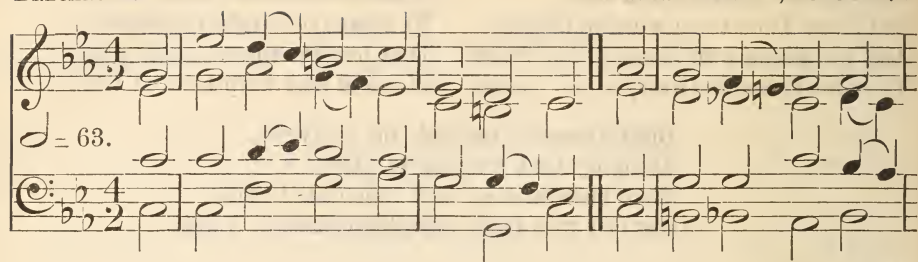


**O**UT of the deep I call  
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;  
Before Thy throne of grace I fall;  
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,  
The woeful deep of sin,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,  
And dread of coming shame  
From morning watch till night is near  
I plead the precious Name.

Lord, there is mercy now,  
As ever was, with Thee;  
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,  
Be merciful to me. Amen.



*May also be sung to the "Old 112th," No. 259.*

## Lent.

*mf* SWEET Saviour! in Thy pitying grace  
 Thy sweetness to our souls impart;  
 Thou Friend and Lover of our race,  
 Give healing to the wounded heart;  
*cr* Oh hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  
*p* And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

*mf* Long-suffering Jesu! hear our prayer  
 Who weep before Thee in our shame;  
 We have no hope but Thee; Oh spare,  
 Lord, spare us from the undying flame;  
*cr* Oh hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  
*p* And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

*mf* All we have broken Thy command;  
 Lord, help us for Thy mercies' sake;  
 Deliver us from Satan's hand,  
 And safely to Thy Kingdom take;  
*cr* Oh hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  
*p* And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

*mf* We flee for refuge to Thy love,  
 Salvation of the helpless soul;  
 Pour down Thy radiance from above,  
 And make these sin-worn spirits whole;  
*cr* Good Lord, in mercy hear our cry,  
*p* And save us, Jesu! lest we die. Amen.

### *Also the following :*

A few more years shall roll—353  
 Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat—362  
 Art thou weary, art thou languid—363  
 Father of all, to Thee—394  
 Heal us, Emmanuel, hear our prayer—426  
 In the hour of trial—435  
 Jesu, Lover of my soul—440  
 Just as I am, without one plea—454  
 Lord Jesu, think on me—466  
 Lord of mercy and of might—468  
 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne—473  
 My God and Father, while I stray—475  
 O Jesu, Thou art standing—494  
 O King of earth and air and sea—495.

O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows—509  
 O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight—511  
 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need—519  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me—539  
 Saviour! when in dust to Thee—541  
 Saviour, Who exalted high—542  
 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551  
 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin—590  
 Weep not for Him Who onward bears—143  
 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend—593  
 When gathering clouds around I view—595  
 When our heads are bowed with woe—597  
 When wounded sore the stricken soul—600

# Lent.

135

## Fifth Sunday in Lent.

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT (*First Tune*).

MODE I. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

BAVARIA (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

German.

A-men.



## Lent.

*mf*    **A**BROAD the regal Banners fly,  
Now shines the Cross's mystery  
Upon it Life did death endure,  
And yet by death did life procure.

Pierced by a spear, to cleanse our hearts,  
His side a sacred Stream imparts;  
Which issues in a double flood—  
A Stream of Water and of Blood.

That which the Prophet-King of old  
Hath in mysterious verse foretold  
Is now accomplished, whilst we see  
That God is reigning from the Tree.

Blest Tree, most sacred and divine,  
Which dost in royal purple shine;  
Supporting an Incarnate God,  
And rendered holy by thy load.

Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore  
The wealth that did the world restore,  
The Balance which the Price did weigh  
That spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

Blest Trinity, life's Source and Spring!  
May every soul Thy praises sing:  
Let those obtain a Crown in heaven  
To whom the Cross hath conquest given.    Amen.



PANGE LINGUA (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE III. Mechlin.

A - men.

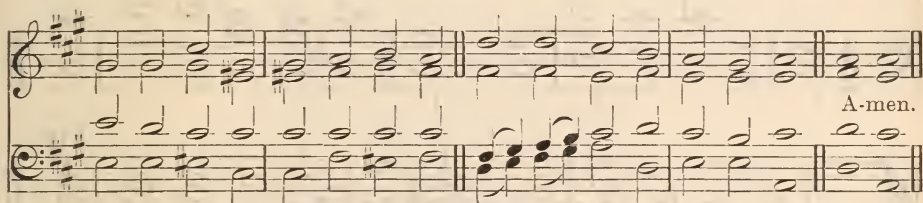
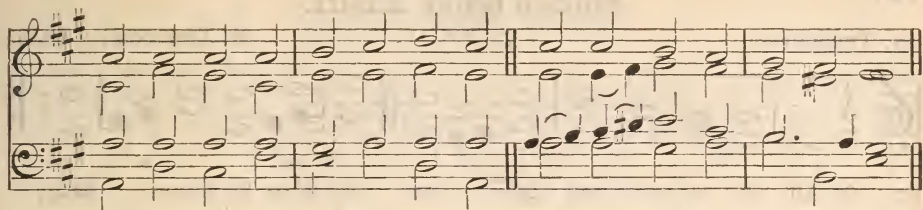
Oriel (*Second Tune*).

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Anon.

88.

# Lent.



## PART I.

## PART II.

*f* SING, my tongue, the glorious battle, *mf* NOW the thirty years accomplished  
 Sing the last, the dread affray; Which on earth He willed to see,  
 O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy, Born for this, He meets His Passion,  
 Sound the high triumphal lay, Gives Himself an Offering free:  
 How, the pains of death enduring, On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,  
 Earth's Redeemer won the day. There the Sacrifice to be.

*p* He, our Maker, deeply grieving Faithful Cross, above all other  
 That the first-made Adam fell, One and only noble Tree,  
 When he ate the fruit forbidden, None in foliage, none in blossom,  
 Whose reward was death and hell, None in fruit thy peer may be;  
 Marked e'en then this Tree the ruin Sweet thy wood by man is reckoned  
 Of the first tree to dispel. For the weight that hung on thee.

*mf* Therefore, when at length the fulness Thou alone wast counted worthy  
 Of the appointed time was come, This world's ransom to sustain,  
 He was sent, the world's Creator, That a shipwrecked race for ever  
 From the Father's heavenly home, Might a port of refuge gain,  
 And was found in human fashion, With the sacred Blood anointed  
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb. Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

*Doxology to be sung at the end of each Part.*

*f* Praise and honour to the Father,  
 Praise and honour to the Son,  
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One,  
 One in might, and One in glory,  
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

# Holy Week. Sunday before Easter.

ST. THEODULPH.

7.6.7.6. D.

M. TESCHNER, c. 1613.

$\text{♩} = 104$ . All glo - ry, praise, and hon - our To Thee, Re-deem-er, King;

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.

D.C.

# Holy Week.

## Sunday before Easter.

*f* ALL glory, praise, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King;  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

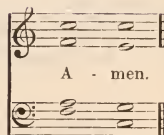
Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
The King and blessed One!  
All glory, etc.

The company of Angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created make reply.  
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went,  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion  
They raised their hymns of praise,  
To Thee in glory reigning  
Our melody we raise.  
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring;  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, etc.





WINCHESTER NEW (*First Tune*). L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.

$\text{♩} = 72.$   
 A-men.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Winchester New (First Tune)'. It is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/2 time. The tempo is marked as 72 beats per minute. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, while the Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written to the right of the final measure.

PALMÆ (*Second Tune*).  
*Not fast.*

L.M.

W. G. CUSINS, 1833-1893.

$\text{♩} = 76.$   
 A-men.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Palmæ (Second Tune)'. It is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/2 time. The tempo is marked as 76 beats per minute. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, while the Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written to the right of the final measure.



## Holy Week.

*f* **R**IDE on ! Ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !  
Thine humble beast pursues his road  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

*f* Ride on ! Ride on in majesty !  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die ;  
*f* O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

*f* Ride on ! Ride on in majesty !  
*p* The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see the approaching Sacrifice !

*f* Ride on ! Ride on in majesty !  
*mf* Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh,  
The Father on His sapphire-throne  
Expects His own Anointed Son.

*f* Ride on ! Ride on in majesty !  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain !  
*f* Then take, O God, Thy power and reign ! Amen.

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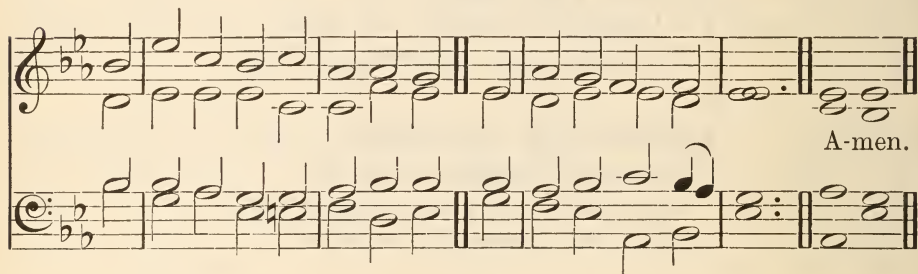
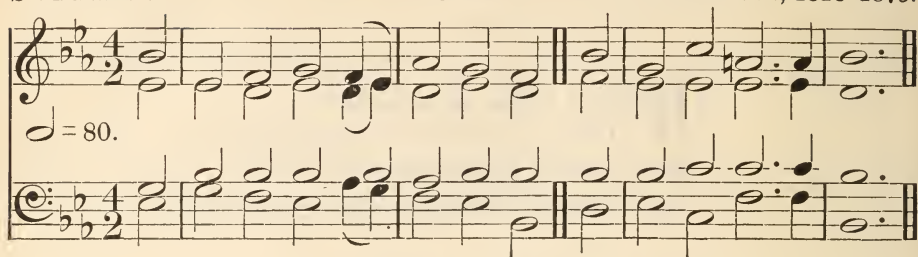
*Also the following :*

Hosanna to the living Lord !—429

ST. BERNARD.

C.M.

J. RICHARDSON, 1816-1879.



*mf* **A**LL ye who seek a comfort  
       sure  
 In trouble and distress,  
 Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
 Or guilt the soul oppress :

*p* Jesus, Who gave Himself for you  
       Upon the Cross to die,  
*cr* Opens to you His sacred heart ;  
*dim* Oh, to that heart draw nigh !

*mf* Ye hear how kindly He invites ;  
       Ye hear His words so blest ;  
 “ All ye that labour, come to Me,  
       And I will give you rest.”

What meeker than the Saviour's  
       As on the Cross He lay, [heart ?—  
 It did His murderers forgive,  
       And for their pardon pray.

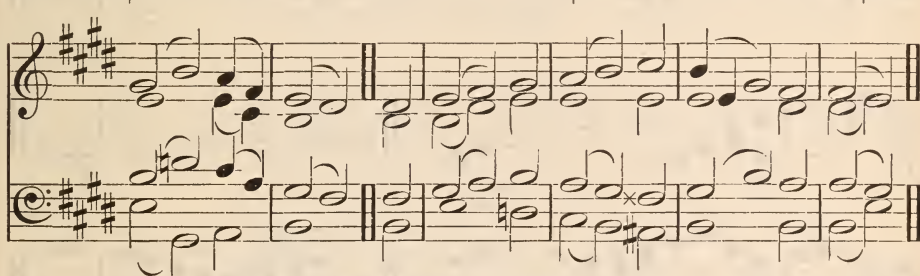
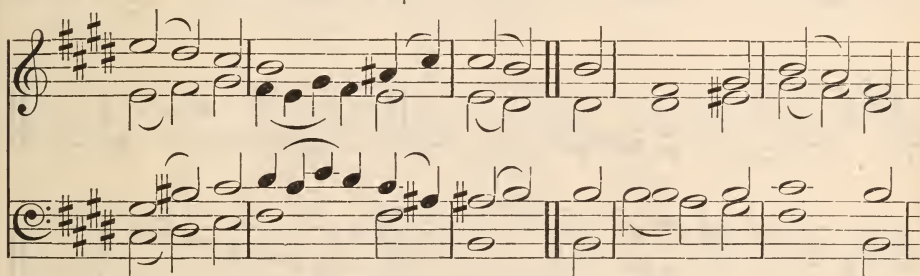
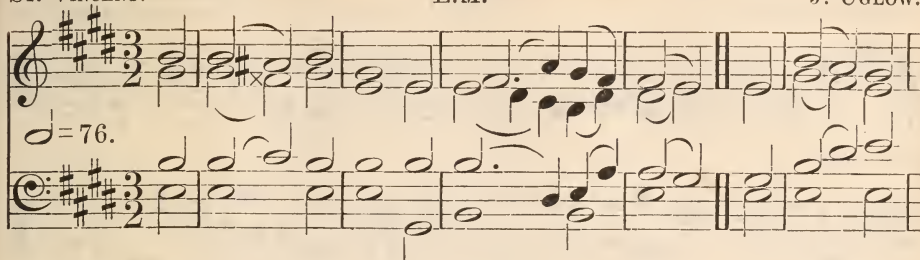
*f* O heart! Thou Joy of Saints on high,  
       Thou Hope of sinners here,  
*mf* Attracted by those loving words  
       To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear  
       Blood  
       Which forth from Thee doth flow ;  
 New grace, new hope inspire ; a new  
       And better heart bestow. Amen.

ST. VINCENT.

L.M.

J. ÜGLOW.

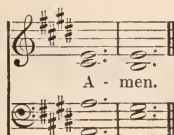


*May also be sung to "St. Gregory," No. 119.*

**p** LORD Jesu, when we stand afar  
 And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,  
 In love of Thee and scorn of self,  
 Oh, may we count the world as loss!  
 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
 And the rough way that Thou hast  
 Make us to hate the load of sin [trod,  
 That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord, uplifted high,  
 With outstretched arms in mortal  
 woe,

Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
 The sinful world that lies below;—  
 Give us an ever-living faith  
 To gaze beyond the things we see;  
 And in the mystery of Thy Death  
 Draw us and all men unto Thee.



## Hymns on the Passion.

PASSION CHORALE.

7.6.7.6. D.

H. L. HASSLER, 1564-1612.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

♩ = 69.

rit.

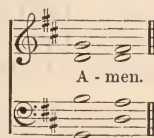
## Hymns on the Passion.

*p* O SACRED head ! sore wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down ;  
O Kingly head ! surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown ;  
*cr* Once reigning in the highest  
In light and majesty,  
*p* Here mocked and scorned, Thou diest,—  
*mf* And here I worship Thee.

*p* Thy grief and bitter Passion  
Were all for sinners' gain ;  
Mine—mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the cruel pain :  
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour,  
Turn not from me Thy face,  
But look on me with favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

*mf* What language can I borrow  
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy love that hath no end ?  
Lord, make me Thine for ever !  
Oh ! may I faithful be !  
And let me never—never  
Outlive my love to Thee !

*p* Be near when I am dying ;  
Oh ! show Thy Cross to me ;  
*cr* Lord, on Thy help relying,  
Come Thou, and set me free !  
*mf* These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Thee shall never move ;  
For he who dies believing  
Dies safely in Thy love.

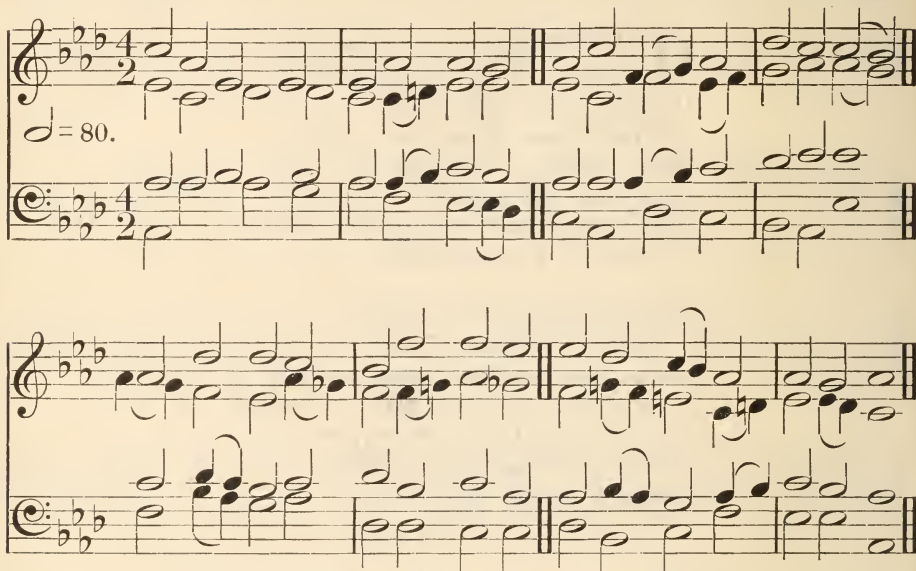




CROSS OF JESUS.

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*mf* SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross we spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

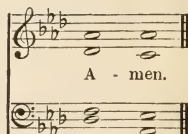
Rest we here, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of Blood;  
Precious drops, our souls bedewing;  
Plead and claim our peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,  
While we see Divine compassion  
Beaming in His languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
Till we taste Thy whole salvation  
And unveiled Thy glory see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee—  
For the grief that wrought our  
peace—  
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,  
In our hearts Thy love increase.

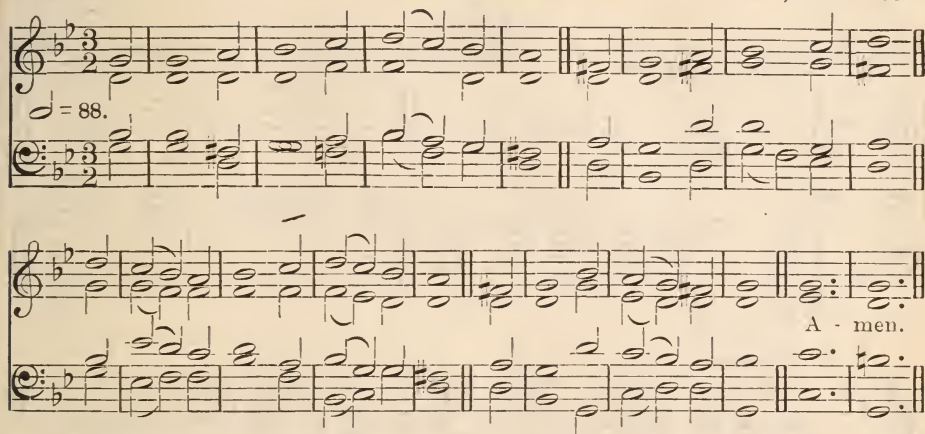
Unto Thee, the world's salvation,  
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,  
Low we bow in adoration,  
Ever-blessèd One and Three.



BURFORD.

C.M.

H. PURCELL, 1658-1695.



*mf* **W**EEP not for Him Who onward  
 bears  
 His Cross to Calvary;  
 He does not ask man's pitying tears,  
 Who wills for man to die.

The awful sorrow of His face,  
 The bowing of His frame,  
 Come not from torture or disgrace;  
 He fears not Cross or shame.

There is a deeper pang of grief,  
 An agony unknown,  
 In which His Love finds no relief;  
 He bears it all alone.

*p* He thinks of all for whom His Life  
 Of lowliness and pain,  
 And weariness and care and strife,  
 Will be, alas! in vain.

He sees the souls for whom He dies  
 Yet clinging to their sin,  
 And heirs of mansions in the skies  
 Who will not enter in.

Ah! this, my Saviour, was the shame  
 That bowed Thy head so low!  
 These were the wounds that racked  
 Thy frame,  
 And made Thy tears to flow.

*mf* Oh! may I in Thy sorrow share,  
 And mourn that sins of mine  
 Should ever wound with grief or care  
 That loving heart of Thine. Amen.

### MAUNDY THURSDAY.

*The following are suitable:*

Now, my tongue, the mystery telling—257  
 O Thou, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray—260  
 The heavenly Word proceeding forth—262

[Part I.]

[Part I.]

# Hymns on the Passion.

144

Good Friday.

ECCE HOMO.

Ten 7's.

*Voices in Unison*

J. V. WATTS, b. 1822, AND H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.

*Org. Ped.*

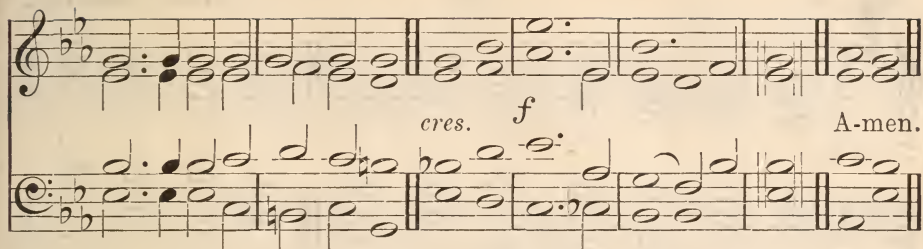
*In Harmony.*

V. 3.

V. 2.

V. 2.

# Good Friday.



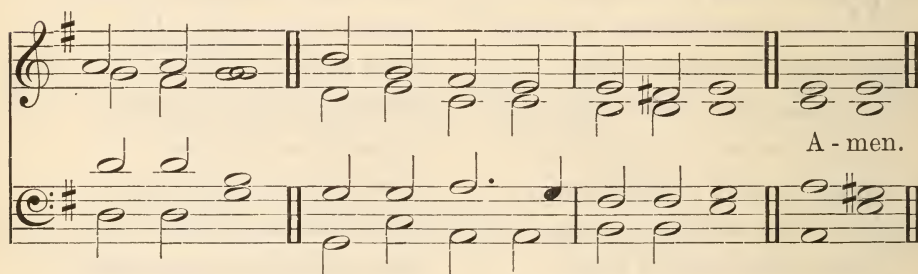
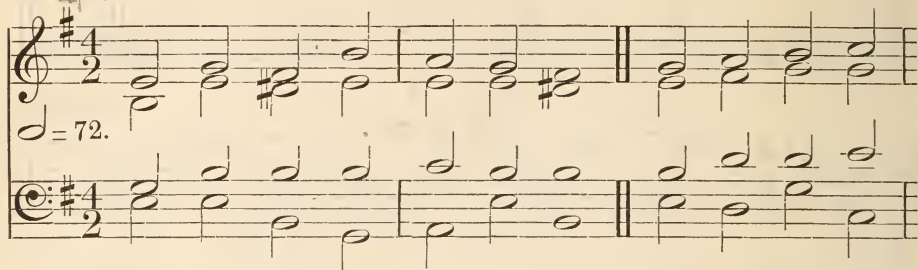
<p><i>mf</i> <b>B</b>OUND upon the accursèd Tree, <i>mf</i> Bound upon the accursèd Tree,          Faint and bleeding, who is He ? Sad and dying, who is He ?</p> <p><i>p</i> By the eyes so pale and dim, <i>p</i> By the last and bitter cry ;          Streaming blood, and writhing limb, The ghost given up in agony,          By the flesh with scourges torn, By the lifeless Body, laid          By the crown of twisted thorn, In the chamber of the dead ;          By the side so deeply pierced, By the mourners, come to weep          By the baffled burning thirst, Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;          By the drooping death-dewed brow, <i>cr</i> Crucified ! we know Thee now ;  <i>f</i> Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou ! <i>f</i> Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !</p> <p><i>mf</i> Bound upon the accursèd Tree, <i>mf</i> Bound upon the accursèd Tree,          Dread and awful, who is He ? Dread and awful, who is He !</p> <p><i>p</i> By the sun at noon-day pale, By the prayer for them that slew,  <i>cr</i> Shivering rocks, and rending veil, " Lord, they know not what they do ! "</p> <p>By Earth that trembles at His doom, <i>cr</i> By the spoiled and empty grave,  <i>f</i> By yonder Saints who burst their tomb, By the souls He died to save,  <i>mf</i> By Eden promised ere He died <i>f</i> By the conquest He hath won,          To the felon at His side, By the Saints before His throne,          Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow ; By the rainbow round His brow,  <i>f</i> Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou ! <i>ff</i> Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">A-men.</p>
--	--



SUPPLICATION.

7.7.7.

J. CRÜGER, 1598-1632.

*May also be sung to "St. Philip," No. 130.*

*p* **J**ESU, Lord, enthroned on high,  
 Willing once for us to die,  
 At Thy Cross we humbly lie.

Jesu, Lord, betrayed and tried,  
 By Thine own at last denied,  
 Scorned of men and crucified :

By Thy soul in anguish torn  
 With the insult and the scorn,  
 Mocking robe and crown of thorn :

By Thy tears of grief which fell ;  
 By Thy woes which none may tell ;  
 By Thy strife with death and hell :

By Thy sad and lonely cry  
 Through the gloom that veiled the sky  
 Ere Thou willed Thyself to die :

*mf* By Thy dying sad and lone ;  
 By Thy Cross and victory won,  
 Finished work and battle done :

Dying, Lord, that we might live,  
 Willing now Thy grace to give,  
 Hear us, Jesu, and forgive.

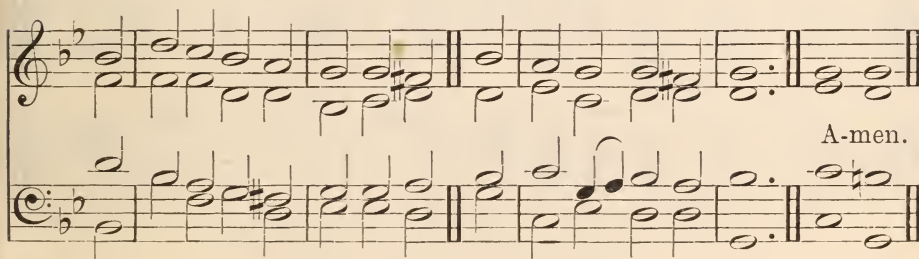
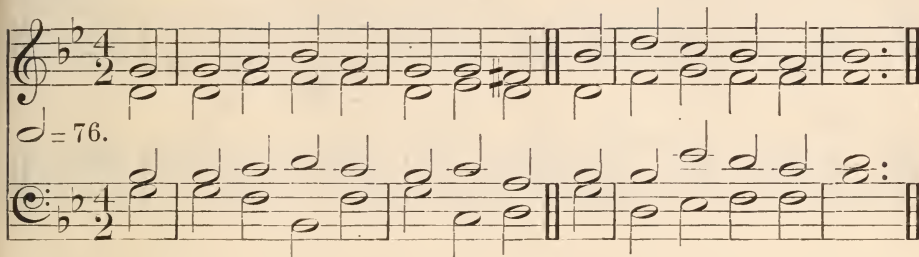
*dim* Lord of glory, Jesu blest,  
 Hope of weary souls oppress,  
 Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Amen.



WINDSOR.

C.M.

ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.

A-men.

*mf* **O** THOU, the Eternal Son of God,      Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-  
      The Lamb for sinners slain,      To-day are laid aside;      [robes  
 We worship Thee, Whose head is      And human sorrows, Son of Man,  
      In agony and pain.      [bowed      Thy Godhead seem to hide.

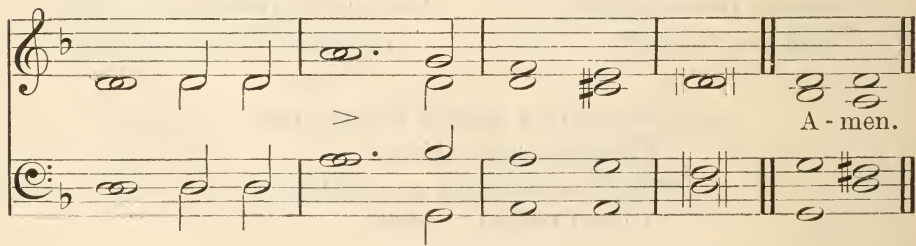
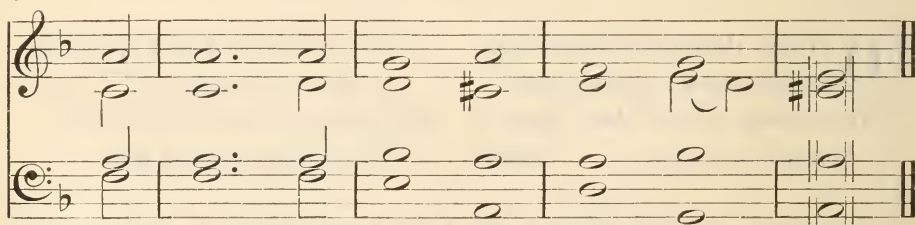
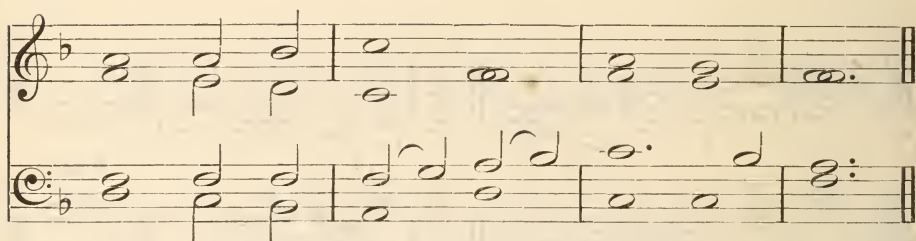
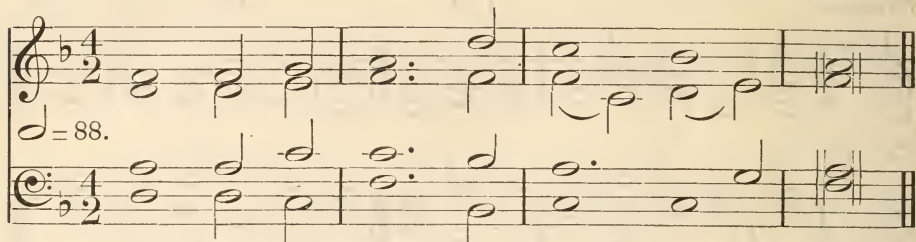
None tread with Thee Thine awful *p* The Cross is sharp, but in Thy woe  
      Thou sufferest alone;      [path;      This is the lightest part;  
 Thine is the perfect Sacrifice      Our sin it is which pierces Thee,  
      Which only can atone.      And breaks Thy sacred heart.

*mf* Who love Thee most, at Thy dear Cross  
      Will truest, Lord, abide;  
 Make Thou that Cross our only hope,  
      O Jesu Crucified! Amen.

ST. CROSS (*First Tune*).

L.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



# Good Friday.

BABYLON'S STREAMS (Second Tune).      L.M.

T. CAMPION, d. 1619.

*mf* **O**H, come and mourn with me awhile;  
 Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;  
 Oh, come, together let us mourn:—  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

*mf* Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
 Ah, look how patiently He hangs!  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

*p* Seven times He spake—seven words of love;  
 And all three hours His silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men:—  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

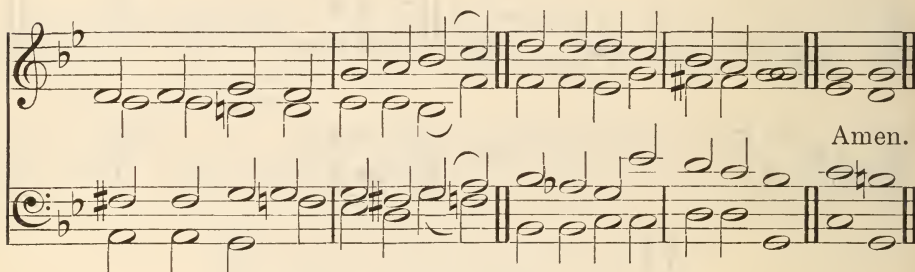
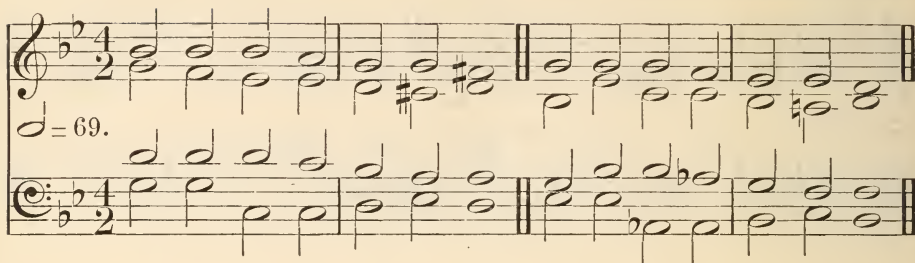
*mf* A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
 Ask, and they will not be denied;  
 A broken heart love's cradle is;  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

*mf* Oh, Love of God! Oh, sin of man!  
 In this dread act your strength is tried;  
*f* And victory remains with love,  
*pp* For He, our Love, is crucified! Amen.

DULCOT.

7.7.7.7.

BASIL JOHNSON, b. 1861.



*May also be sung to "Redhead, No. 47," No. 597.*

*mf* SEE the destined day arise!  
 See, a willing Sacrifice,  
 To redeem our fatal loss,  
 Jesus hangs upon the Cross!

Who but Thou had dared to drain,  
 Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,  
 And with tender Body bear  
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Jesu, who but Thou had borne,  
 Lifted on that Tree of scorn,  
 Every pang and bitter throe,  
 Finishing Thy life of woe?

Thence poured forth the Water flowed,  
 Mingled from Thy side with Blood;  
 Sign to all attesting eyes  
 Of the finished Sacrifice.

*p* Holy Jesu, grant us grace

In that Sacrifice to place

*cr* All our trust for life renewed,

*f* Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

# Good Friday.

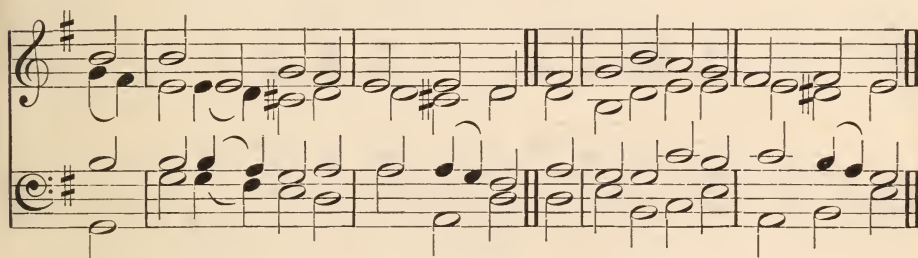
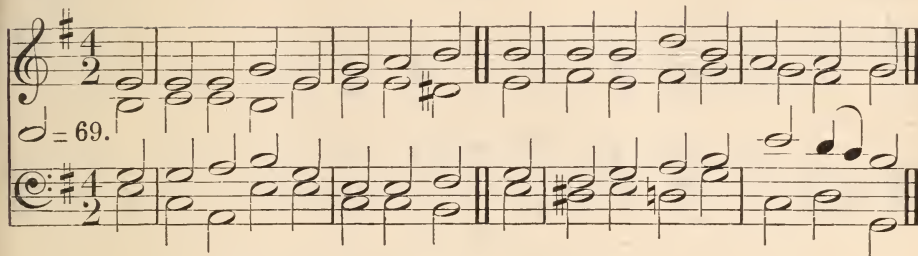
149

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

SAXONY.

L.M.

Old German Chorale.



*"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."*

*mf* **T**O whom but Thee, O God of  
grace,  
Shall laden souls for mercy seek?  
Oh turn not Thou away Thy face,  
But pardon to the contrite speak.

*p* Our countless faults before Thee lie,  
Our secret sins beneath Thy glance;  
And all must bear that scrutiny,  
The light of Thy dread countenance.

We have no worthiness to bring,  
No plea but this—that Christ has died,  
And to His Cross alone we cling,  
Sheltered by Jesus crucified.

*cr* Send from the Cross our pardon true,  
That voice which bids us hope and  
live—

*p* "Father, they know not what they do,  
Father, Thy sinful sons forgive."

*f* So, cleansed and pardoned, we will raise  
Our everlasting songs to Thee;  
And Father, Son, and Spirit praise,  
One God to all eternity.





# Hymns on the Passion.

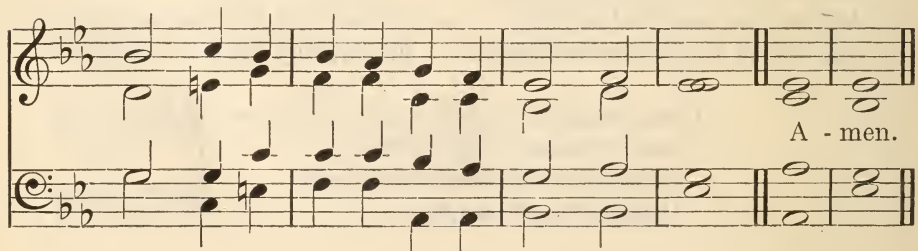
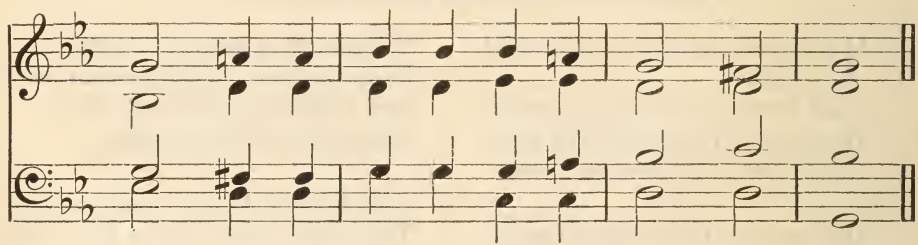
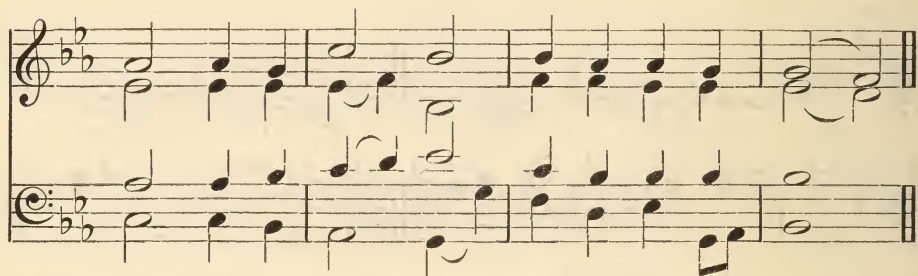
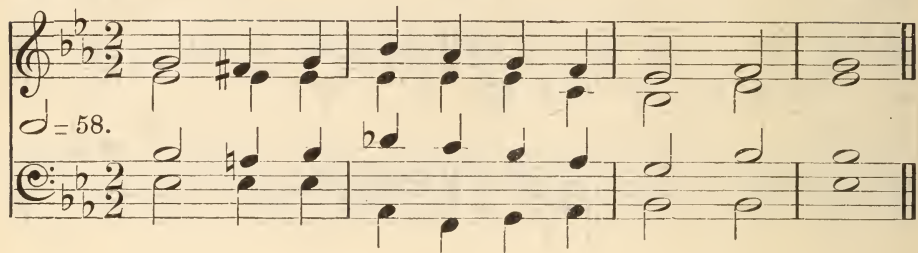
150

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

KENSINGTON.

10.10.10.10.

Archbishop MACLAGAN, h. 1826.



## Good Friday.

### Hymns on the Seven Words.

*"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."*

*mf* "LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me ;"  
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears ;  
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see  
The promised glory of the far-off years !

No kingly sign declares that glory now,  
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour ;  
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,  
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

Hark ! through the gloom the dying Saviour saith,  
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day ;"  
*cr* O words of love to answer words of faith !  
O words of hope for those who live to pray !

*p* Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,  
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I may see ;  
And, thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding head,  
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

Remember me, but not my shame or sin :  
*cr* Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away ;  
*mf* Thy precious Death for me did pardon win ;  
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful day.

*p* Remember me ; and, ere I pass away,  
*cr* Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,  
*mf* And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day  
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me." Amen.

# Hymns on the Passion.

151

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

STABAT MATER (*First Tune*).

MODE IV. Mechlin.

*To be sung in Unison.*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line with square notes and rests, ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). They contain a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It follows the same three-staff format with a single melodic line and a grand staff accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The top staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom two staves conclude with a final chord. The text "A - men." is written below the right side of the system.

# Good Friday.

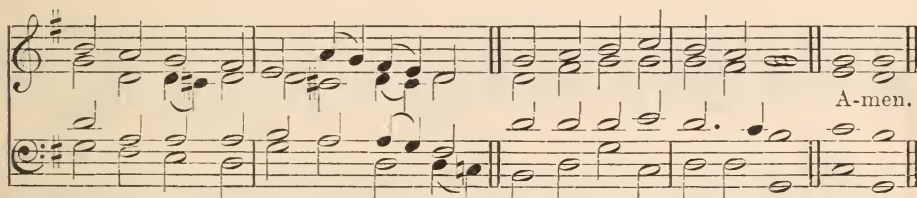
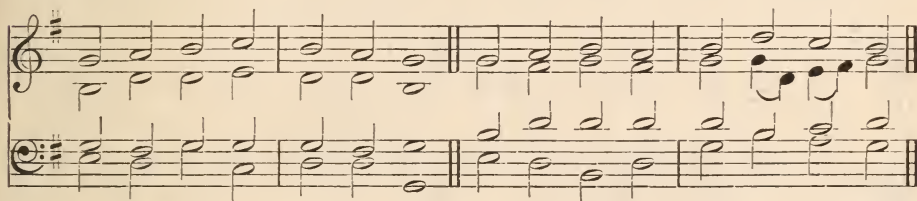
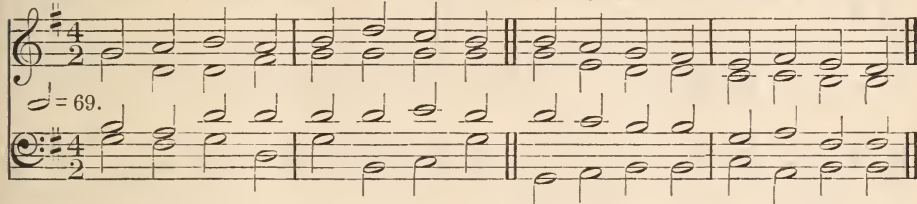
## Hymns on the Seven Words.

8.8.7. D.

Traditional.

STABAT MATER (*Second Tune*).

Harmonies partly after S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.



“Woman, behold thy son. . . . Behold thy mother.”

*mf* **B**Y the Cross, sad vigil keeping,  
 Stood the Mother, doleful, weep-  
 Where her Son extended hung; [ing,  
 For her soul, of joy bereaved,  
 Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,  
 Lo! the piercing sword had wrung.

*p* Oh how sad and sore distressed  
 Now was she, that Mother blessed  
 Of the Sole-Begotten One!  
 Woe-begone, with heart's prostration, *mf*  
 Mother meek, the bitter passion  
 Saw she of her glorious Son.

*mf* Who on Christ's fond Mother looking, *cr*  
 Such extreme affliction brooking,  
 Born of woman, would not weep?

Who on Christ's fond Mother thinking,  
 With her Son in sorrow sinking,  
 Would not share her sorrow deep?

*p* For His people's sins rejected,  
 She beheld Him, unprotected, [rent:  
 Torn with thorns, with scourges  
 Saw her Son from judgment taken,  
 Her beloved in death forsaken,  
 Till His spirit forth He sent.

With Thy Mother's deep devotion,  
 Make me feel her strong emotion,  
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind!  
 That my heart fresh ardour proving,  
 Thee, my God and Saviour, loving,  
 May with Thee acceptance find.

Amen.



# Hymns on the Passion.

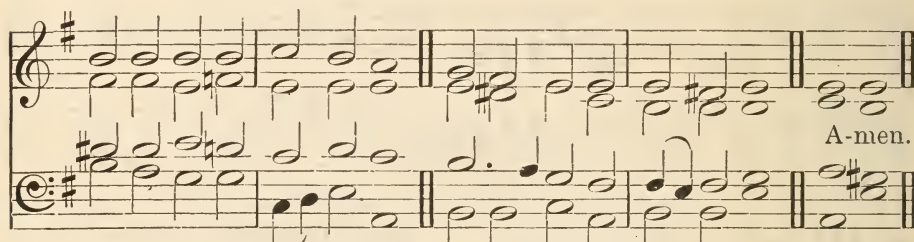
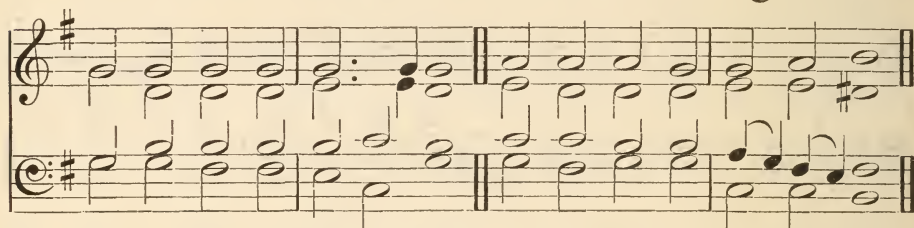
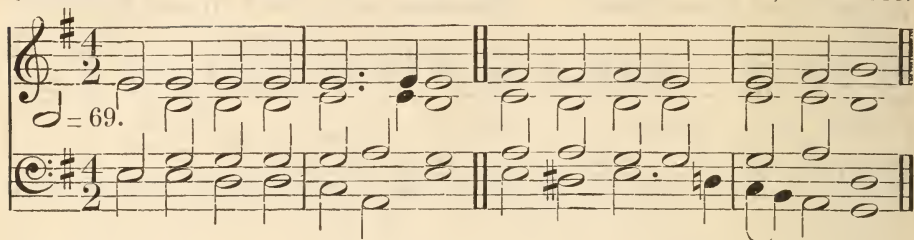
## Hymns on the Seven Words.

152

GETHSEMANE.

Six 7's.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825-1889.



“ My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”

<p><i>mf</i> <b>T</b>HRONED upon the awful Tree, <i>mf</i> Hark that cry that peals aloud  King of grief, I watch with Thee; Upward through the whelming cloud !  <i>p</i> Darkness veils Thine anguished face, <i>cr</i> Thou, the Father's Only Son,  None its lines of woe can trace, Thou, His own Anointed One,  None can tell what pangs unknown Thou dost ask Him—(<i>p</i>)can it be?—  <i>pp</i> Hold Thee silent and alone. <i>f</i> “Why hast Thou forsaken Me?”  <i>p</i> Silent through those three dread <i>p</i> Lord, should fear and anguish roll  hours, Darkly o'er my sinful soul,  <i>cr</i> Wrestling with the evil powers, Thou, Who once wast thus bereft  <i>dim</i> Left alone with human sin, <i>cr</i> That Thine own might ne'er be left,  Gloom around Thee and within, Teach me by that bitter cry  Till the appointed time is nigh, <i>mf</i> In the gloom to know Thee nigh.  <i>pp</i> Till the Lamb of God may die. <span style="float: right;">Amen.</span></p>	
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# Good Friday.

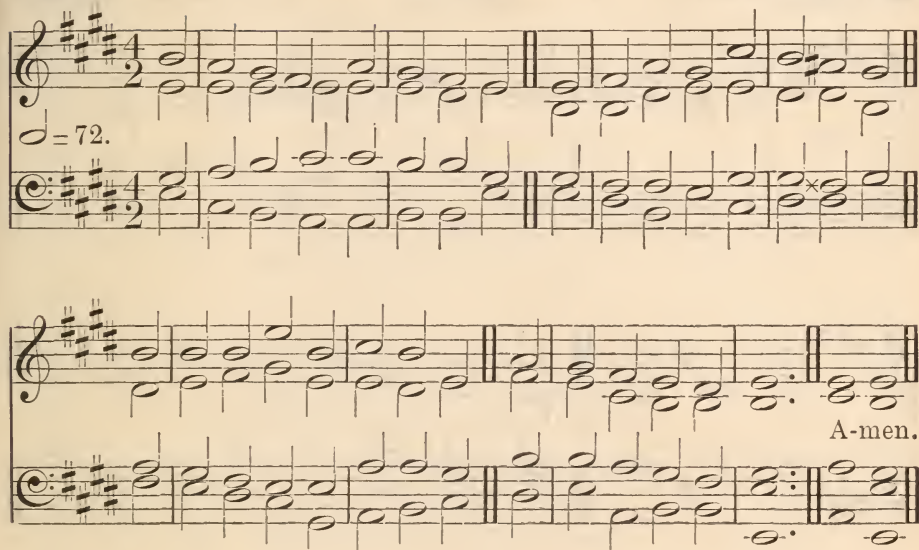
## Hymns on the Seven Words.

153

ERSKINE.

8.8.8.6.

W. H. GLADSTONE, 1840-1889.



"I thirst."

*mf* **H**IS are the thousand sparkling rills,  
That from a thousand fountains burst,  
And fill with music all the hills:  
*p* And yet He saith, "I thirst."

*mf* All fiery pangs on battlefields,  
On fever beds where sick men toss,  
*p* Are in that human cry He yields  
To anguish on the Cross.

*mf* But more than pains that racked Him then  
Was the deep longing thirst divine,  
That thirsted for the souls of men:  
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

*p* O Love most patient, give me grace;  
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;  
That parched dry lip, that fading face,  
*cr* That thirst, were all for me. Amen.

# Hymns on the Passion.

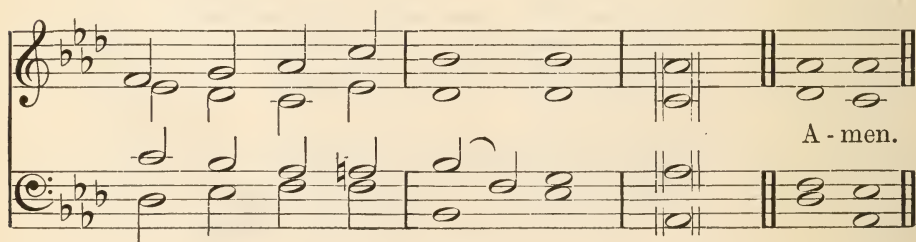
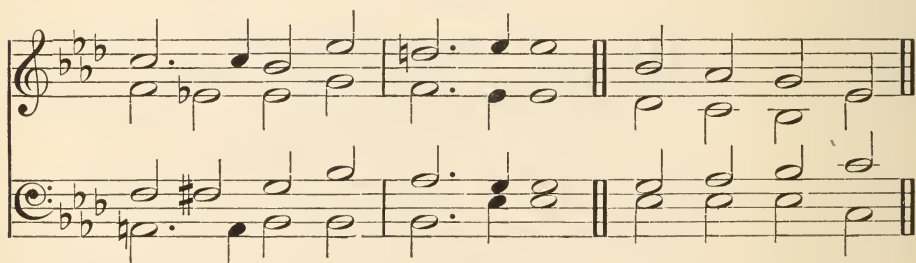
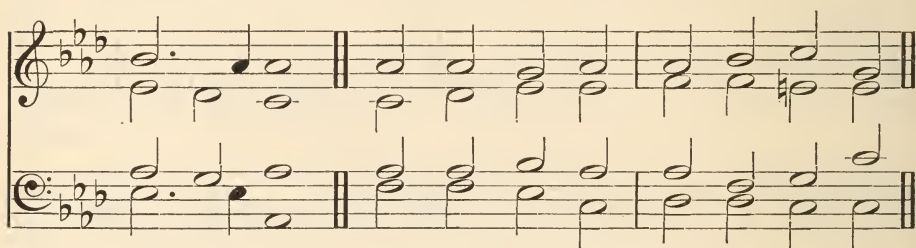
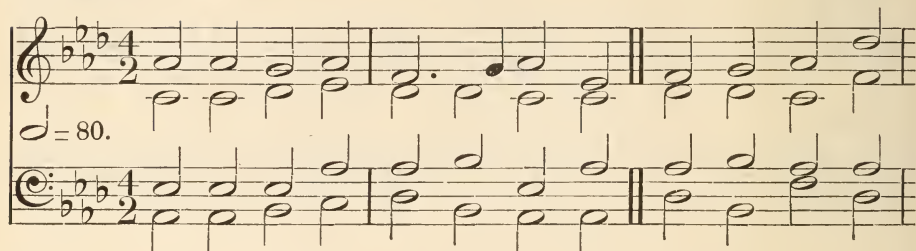
154

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

ST. RAPHAEL.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



A - men.

# Good Friday.

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

*"It is finished."*

*f* **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:  
*p* "It is finished,"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

*mf* "It is finished." Oh what pleasure  
Do the wondrous words afford!  
*cr* Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
*p* "It is finished,"  
*mf* Saints, the dying words record.

*f* Finished all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law,  
Finished all that God had promised:  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
*p* "It is finished,"  
*mf* Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

*f* Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs;  
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name.  
*cr* All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join the triumph to proclaim.  
*ff* Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.

# Hymns on the Passion.

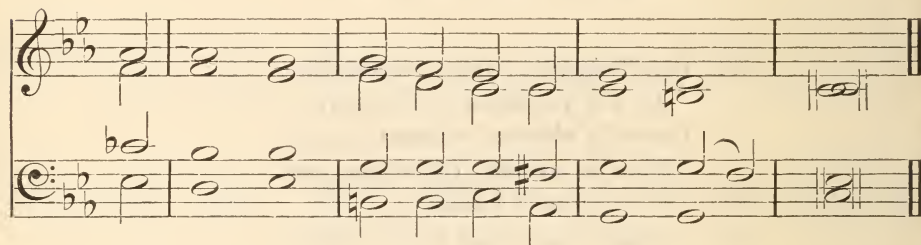
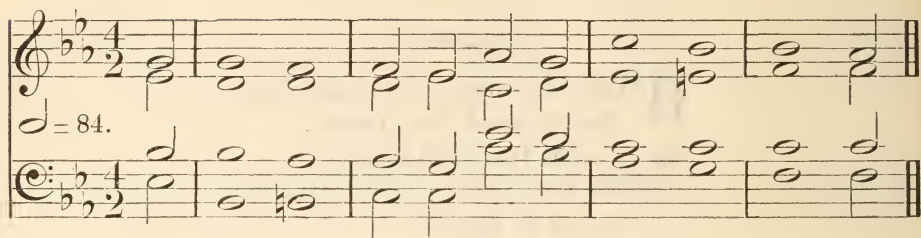
155

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

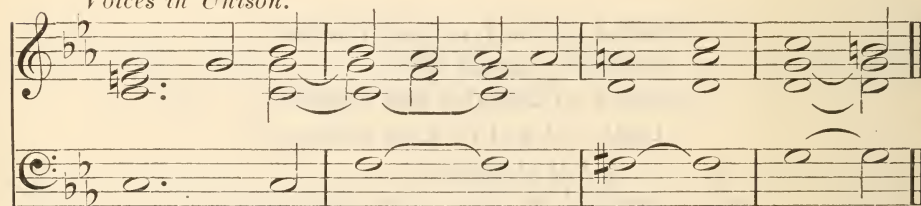
WOODLYNN.

11.10.11.10.

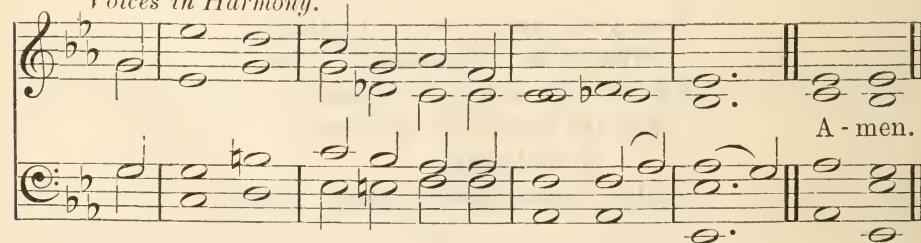
J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



*Voices in Unison.*



*Voices in Harmony.*



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

# Good Friday.

## Hymns on the Seven Words.

*"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.*

*p* **A**ND now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul resigning  
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,  
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,  
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

Freely Thy life Thou yielddest, meekly bending  
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,  
*mf* Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending  
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

*pp* Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish  
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night  
Oh breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish  
*cr* At that dread eventide let there be ligh

*p* To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;  
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;  
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;  
*cr* And then, Oh! then, (*p*) Thine everlasting rest. Amen.



# 

156

## 

LITANY (*First Tune*).

7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

♩ = 96.

A- men.

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### 

*p* **J**ESU, in Thy dying woes,  
 Even while Thy life-blood flows,  
 Craving pardon for Thy foes :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,  
 When our sins Thy pangs renew,  
 For we know not what we do :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh ! may we who mercy need,  
 Be like Thee in heart and deed,  
 When with wrong our spirits bleed :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

### 

*p* **J**ESU, pitying the sighs  
 Of the thief, who near Thee dies,  
 Promising him Paradise :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we, in our guilt and shame,  
 Still Thy love and mercy claim,  
 Calling humbly on Thy Name :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh ! remember us who pine,  
 Looking from our cross to Thine ;  
 Cheer our souls with hope divine :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## Good Friday.

### Litany of the Seven Words.

#### PART III.

*p* **J**ESU, loving to the end  
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,  
And Thy dearest human friend :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we in Thy sorrows share,  
And for Thee all peril dare,  
And enjoy Thy tender care :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART IV.

*p* **J**ESU, whelmed in fears unknown,  
With our evil left alone,  
While no light from heaven is shown :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When we vainly seem to pray,  
And our hope seems far away,  
In the darkness be our stay :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Though no Father seem to hear,  
Though no light our spirits cheer,  
Tell our faith that God is near :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART V.

*p* **J**ESU, in Thy thirst and pain,  
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood  
drain,  
Thirsting more our love to gain :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thirst for us in mercy still ;  
All Thy holy work fulfil—  
Satisfy Thy loving will :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we thirst Thy love to know ;  
Lead us in our sin and woe  
Where the healing waters flow :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART VI.

*p* **J**ESU—all our ransom paid,  
All Thy Father's will obeyed—  
By Thy sufferings perfect made :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Brighten all our heavenward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART VII.

*p* **J**ESU—all Thy labour vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past —  
Yielding up Thy soul at last :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When the death-shades round us lower,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
Grace to reach the home on high :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

# Hymns on the Passion.

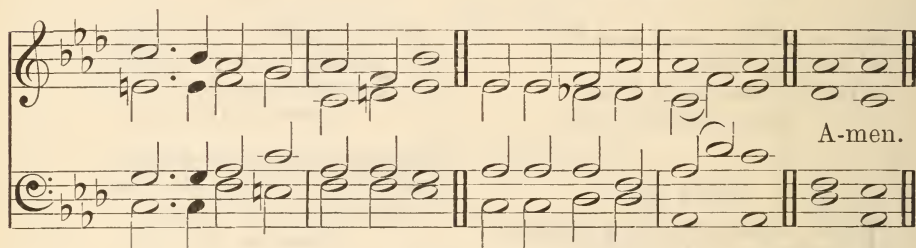
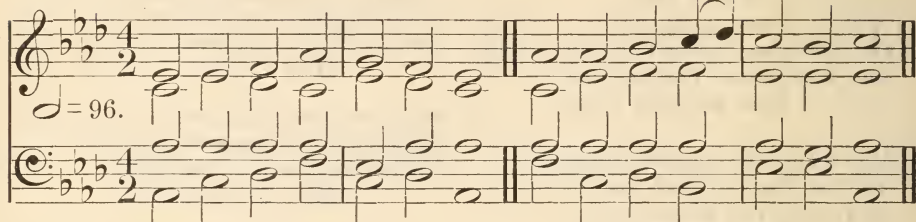
156

## Litany of the Seven Words.

LITANY (*Second Tune*).

7.7.7.6.

E. H. TURPIN, *b.* 1835.



### PART I.

*p* **J**ESU, in Thy dying woes,  
Even while Thy life-blood flows,  
Craving pardon for Thy foes:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,  
When our sins Thy pangs renew,  
For we know not what we do:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! may we who mercy need,  
Be like Thee in heart and deed,  
When with wrong our spirits bleed:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

### PART II.

*p* **J**ESU, pitying the sighs  
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,  
Promising him Paradise:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we, in our guilt and shame,  
Still Thy love and mercy claim,  
Calling humbly on Thy Name:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! remember us who pine,  
Looking from our cross to Thine;  
Cheer our souls with hope divine:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

### PART III.

*p* **J**ESU, loving to the end  
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,  
And Thy dearest human friend:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we in Thy sorrows share,  
And for Thee all peril dare,  
And enjoy Thy tender care:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## Good Friday.

### Litany of the Seven Words.

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we thirst Thy love to know ;  
Lead us in our sin and woe  
Where the healing waters flow :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART IV.

*p* **J**ESU, whelmed in fears unknown,  
With our evil left alone,  
While no light from heaven is shown :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When we vainly seem to pray,  
And our hope seems far away,  
In the darkness be our stay :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Though no Father seem to hear,  
Though no light our spirits cheer,  
Tell our faith that God is near :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART V.

*p* **J**ESU, in Thy thirst and pain,  
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood  
drain,  
Thirsting more our love to gain :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thirst for us in mercy still ;  
All Thy holy work fulfil—  
Satisfy Thy loving will :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART VI.

*p* **J**ESU—all our ransom paid,  
All Thy Father's will obeyed—  
By Thy sufferings perfect made :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Brighten all our heavenward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#### PART VII.

*p* **J**ESU—all Thy labour vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past—  
Yielding up Thy soul at last :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu,

When the death-shades round us lower,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
Grace to reach the home on high :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

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*The following are also suitable for Passion-tide :*

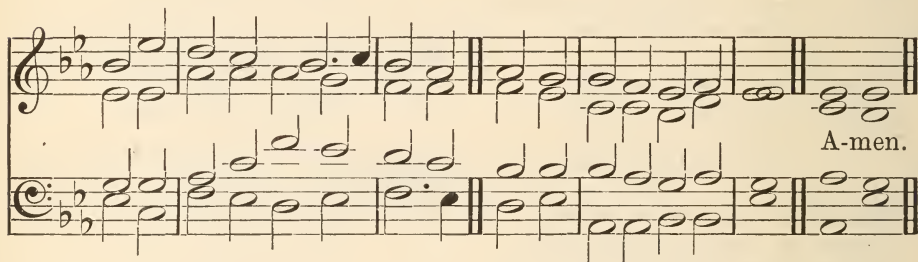
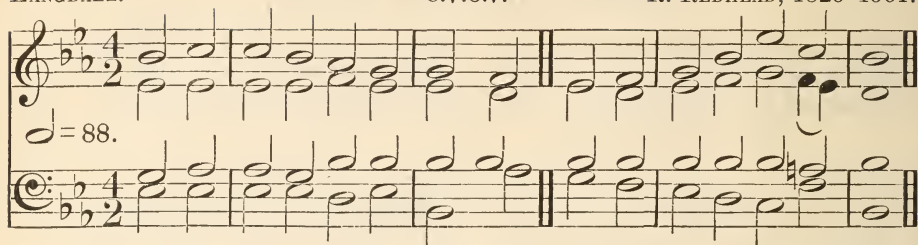
Behold the Lamb of God :—370  
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus—423  
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar—140  
O sacred head! sore wounded—141  
O Thou, before the world began—259

O Thou, the Eternal Son of God—146  
Rock of ages, cleft for me—539  
Saviour, Who exalted high—542  
We sing the praise of Him Who died—588  
When wounded sore the stricken soul—600

LANGDALE.

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



*p* **I**T is finished ! Blessèd Jesus,  
 Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,  
 Teaching us the sons of Adam  
 How the Son of God can die.

*f* Lo ! the heavenly light around Him  
 As He draws His people near ;  
 All amazed they come rejoicing  
 At the gracious words they hear.

Lifeless lies the piercèd Body,  
 Resting in its rocky bed,  
 Thou hast left the Cross of anguish  
 For the mansions of the dead.

Patriarch and Priest and Prophet  
 Gather round Him as He stands,  
 In adoring faith and gladness,  
 Hearing of the piercèd hands.

*mf* In the hidden realm of darkness  
 Shines a light unseen before,  
 For the Lord of dead and living  
 Enters at the lowly door.

*mf* There in lowliest joy and wonder  
 Stands the robber by His side,  
 Reaping now the blessèd promise  
 Spoken by the Crucified.

Lo ! in spirit, rich in mercy  
 Comes He from the world above,  
 Preaching to the souls in prison  
 Tidings of His dying love.

*p* Jesus, Lord of our salvation,  
 Let Thy mercy rest on me ;  
 Grant me too, when life is finished,  
 Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.



HOUGHTON.

Six 7's.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.

♩ = 80.

A-men.

*mf* **S**ABBATH of the Saints of old,  
 Day of mysteries manifold,  
 By the great Creator blest,  
 Type of His eternal rest!  
 Resting from His work the Lord  
 Spake to-day the hallowing word.

Resting from His work to-day,  
 In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
 Still He slept, from head to feet  
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
 Lying in the rock alone,  
 Hidden by the sealèd stone.

All that Sabbath long, I ween,  
 Mournful watched the Magdalene;  
 Rising early, resting late,  
 By the sepulchre to wait,  
 In the holy garden glade,  
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

*p* Lord, with Thee, till life shall end,  
 We would solemn vigil spend;  
 Close the door from sight and sound  
 Of the busy world around;  
 And in patient watch remain  
 Till our Lord appear again.

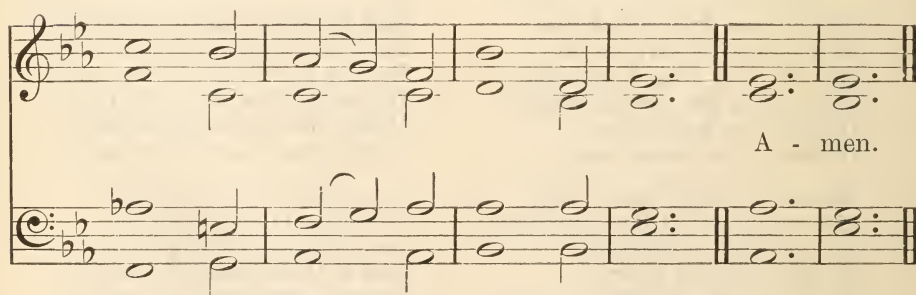
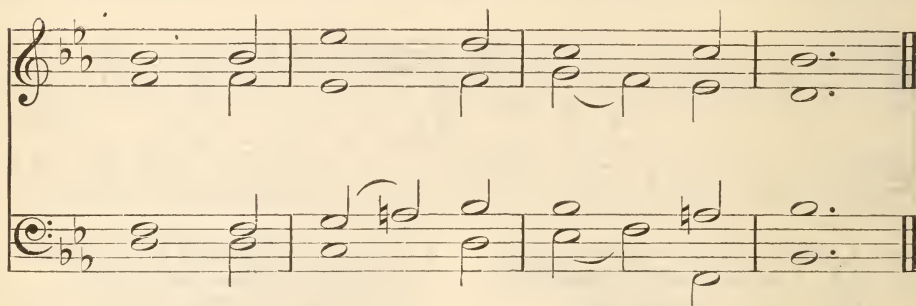
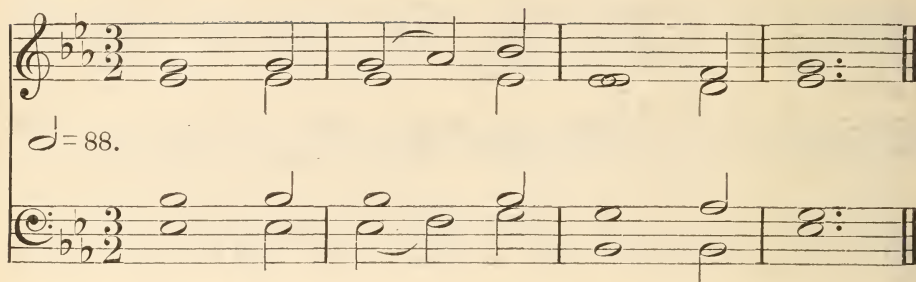
Still with Thee their Sabbath keep  
 They who 'neath the Altar sleep;  
 Resting from their labours past,  
*cr* Waiting for the trumpet's blast;  
*f* When, the new creation done,  
 Endless joys shall be begun.

*p* Jesu, keep us safe from sin;  
 With them let us enter in,  
*cr* Dangers past and toil at end,  
 And to those blest joys ascend;  
 There in flesh our God to see,  
*p* And adore eternally. Amen.

LACRYME.

7.7.7.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



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## Easter.

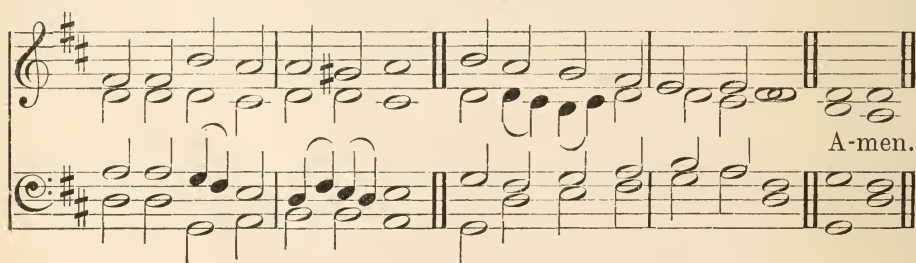
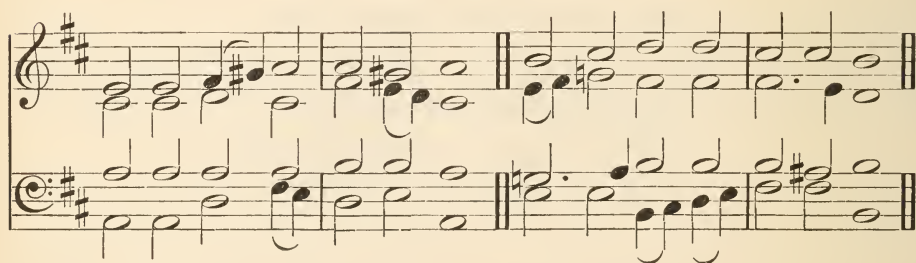
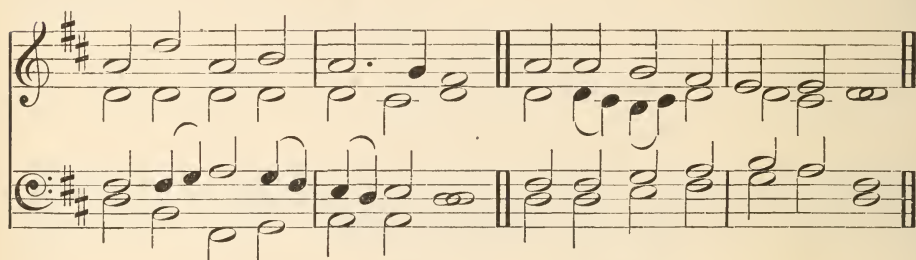
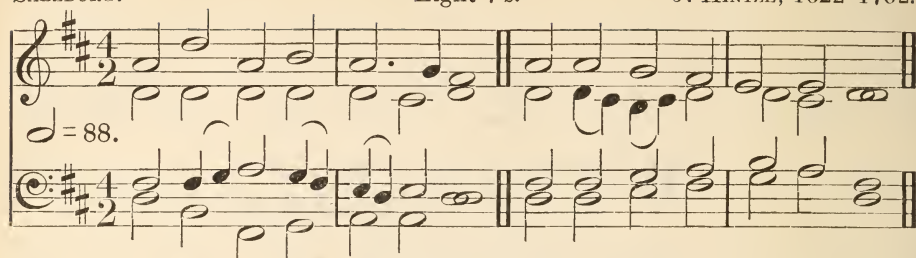
*p* **W**EEPING as they go their way  
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,  
Late at even—who are they?

These are they who watched to see  
Where He hung in agony,  
Dying on the accursèd Tree.

All is over—fought the fight;  
Heaviness is for the night,  
*cr* Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him  
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,  
If our souls would rise with Him.

*f* Glory to the Lord, Who gave  
His pure Body to the grave,  
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.



## Easter.

*f* A'T the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide  
Flowing from His piercèd side.  
Praise we Him, Whose love divine  
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,  
Gives His Body for the feast;  
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest !

*mf* Where the Paschal Blood is poured,  
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword ;  
*f* Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ Whose Blood was shed,  
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;  
*mf* With sincerity and love  
Eat we Manna from above.

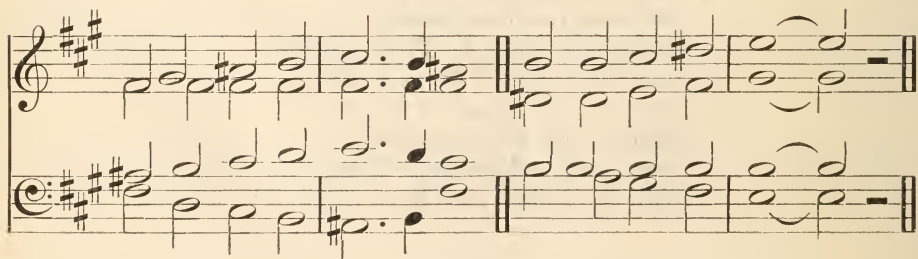
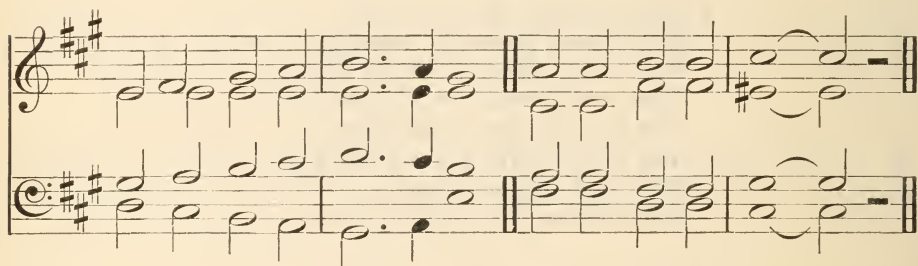
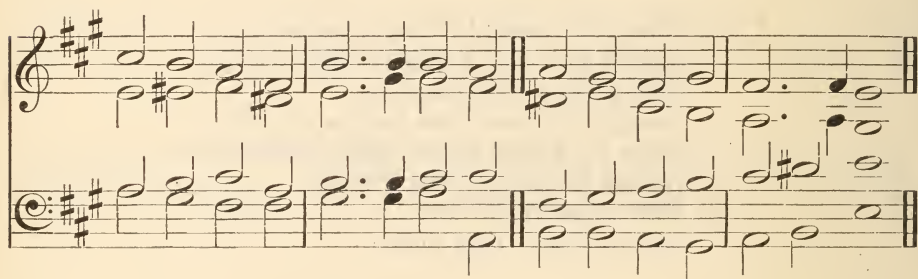
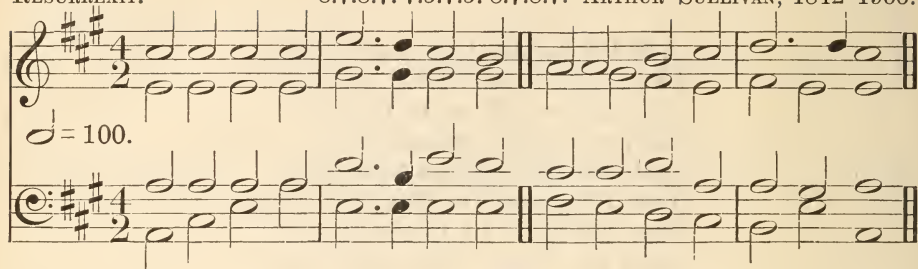
*f* Mighty Victim from the sky  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie,  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light :  
Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthrall ;  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

*p* Easter triumph, Easter joy—  
Sin alone can this destroy ;  
*cr* From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
*f* Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Father, unto Thee we raise ;  
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit, ever be ! Amen.

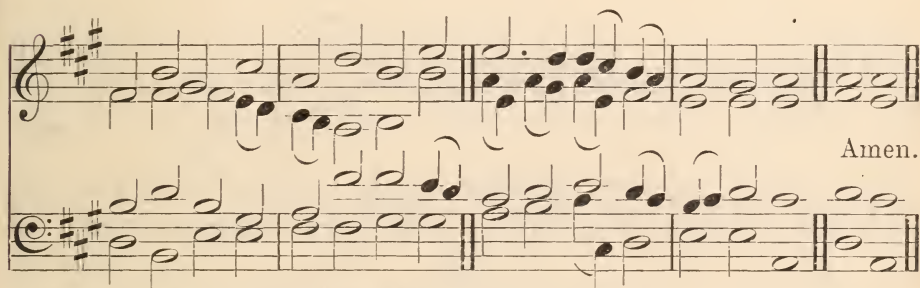
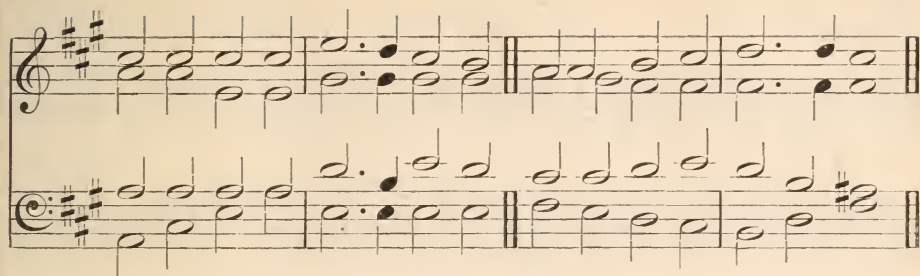


RESURREXIT.

8.7.8.7. 7.5.7.5. 8.7.8.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



# Easter.



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<p><i>f</i> CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!  He hath burst His bonds in twain:  Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  Cry of gladness, soar again!  <i>p</i> For our gain He suffered loss,  By divine decree  He hath died upon the Cross,  <i>f</i> But our God is He.  <i>ff</i> Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  He hath burst His bonds in twain:  Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  Earth and heaven prolong the strain!  <i>mf</i> Lo! the chains of death are broken!  Earth below, and heaven above,  Joy anew in every token  Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!  <i>f</i> He o'er earth and heaven shall reign</p>	<p>At His Father's side,  Till He cometh once again,  Bridegroom to His Bride.  <i>ff</i> Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  He hath burst His bonds in twain:  Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  Earth and heaven prolong the strain!  <i>mf</i> Glorious Angels, downward thronging,  Hail the Lord of all the skies!  Heaven, with joy and holy longing  For the Father's Image, cries—  <i>f</i> Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!  Sing, ye starry train!  Let Creation find a voice!  He o'er all shall reign!  <i>ff</i> 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! Amen.</p>
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WÜRTEMBERG.

7.7.7.7., with Alleluia. J. ROSENMÜLLER, 1610-1686.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

*f* CHRIST the Lord is risen again;  
 Christ hath broken every chain;  
 Hark, Angelic voices cry,  
 Singing evermore on high,  
 Alleluia!

*mf* He Who slumbered in the grave,  
*f* Is exalted now to save;  
*ff* Now through Christendom it rings  
 That the Lamb is King of kings.  
 Alleluia!

*mf* He Who gave for us His life,  
 Who for us endured the strife,  
*f* Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
 We too sing for joy, and say  
 Alleluia!

*mf* Now He bids us tell abroad  
 How the lost may be restored,  
 How the penitent forgiven,  
 How we too may enter heaven.  
*f* Alleluia!

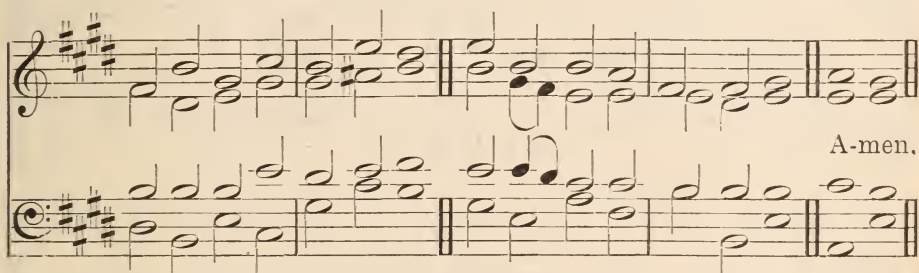
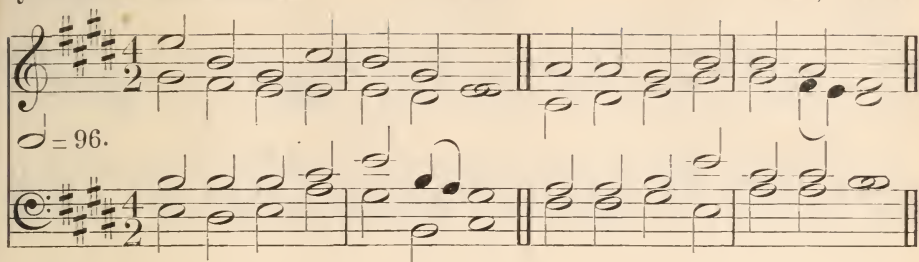
*mf* He Who bore all pain and loss  
 Comfortless upon the Cross,  
*f* Lives in glory now on high,  
 Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
 Alleluia!

*p* Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;  
*cr* Take our sins and guilt away,  
*f* That we all may sing for aye,  
*ff* Alleluia!

Amen.

QUI DEDIT NOBIS VICTORIAM.

7.7.7.7.

H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.

*f* "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"  
 Sons of men, and Angels, say;  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!  
 Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply!

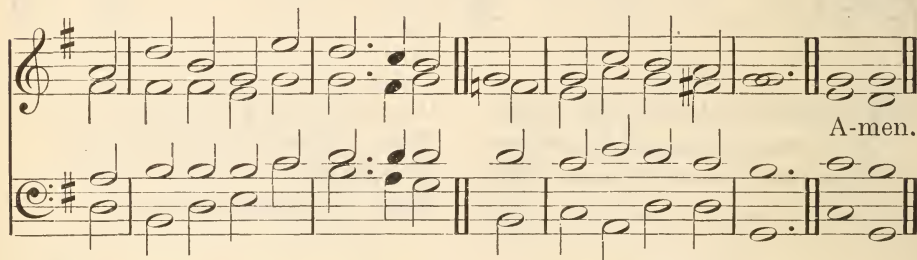
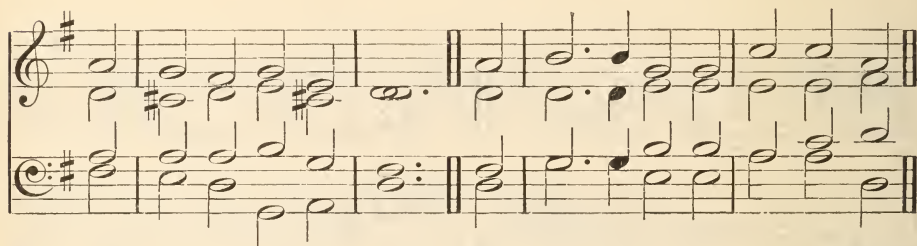
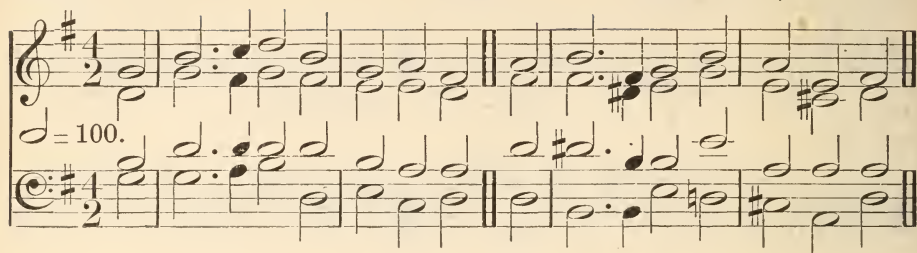
Lives again our glorious King!  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
 Once He died our souls to save;  
 Where thy victory, O Grave?

Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Fought the fight, the battle won;  
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell!  
 Death in vain forbids His rise;  
 Christ has opened Paradise!

King of Glory, soul of bliss,  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love. Amen.



*f* COME, see the place where Jesus lay,  
 And hear Angelic watchers say—  
 “He lives, Who once was slain :  
 Why seek the living ’midst the dead ?  
 Remember how the Saviour said  
 That He would rise again.”  
*f* O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,  
 When by His own almighty power  
 He rose, and left the grave :  
*cr* Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
*ff* Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
 And ever lives to save.

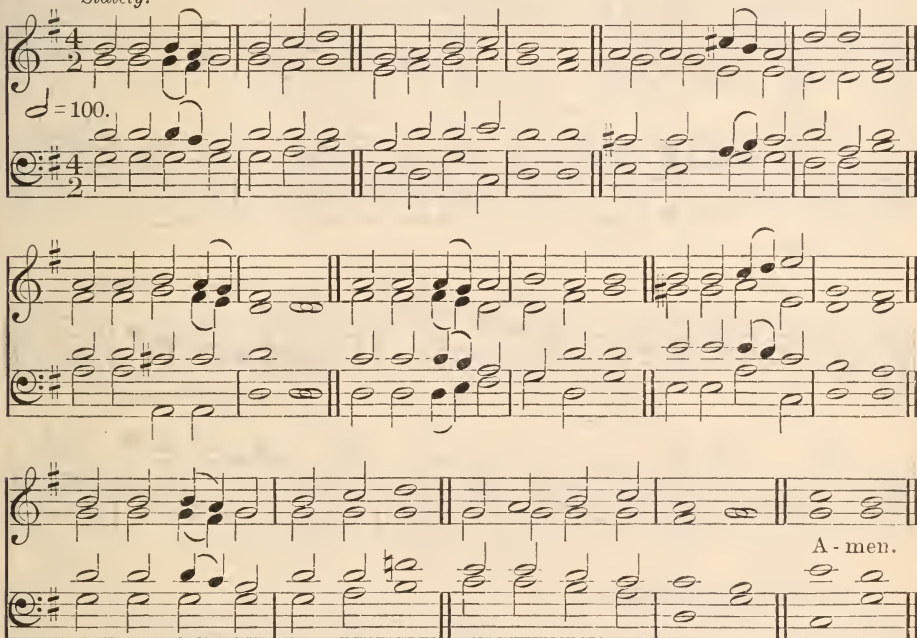
*mf* The First-begotten of the dead,  
 For us He rose, our glorious Head,  
 Immortal life to bring :  
*p* What though the Saints like Him  
 shall die,  
*cr* They share their Leader’s victory,  
*f* And triumph with their King.  
*mf* No more they tremble at the grave,  
*cr* For Jesus will their spirits save,  
*f* And raise their slumbering dust :  
 O risen Lord, in Thee we live,  
 To Thee our ransomed souls we give,  
 To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.



ST. KEVIN.

7.6.7.6. D.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

*Stately.*

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* COME, ye faithful, raise the strain  
 Of triumphant gladness!  
 God hath brought His Israel  
 Into joy from sadness,—  
 All the winter of our sins,  
 Long and dark, is flying  
 From His light, to Whom we give  
 Thanks and praise undying.

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!

Neither might the gates of death,  
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal  
 Hold Thee as a mortal:  
 But to-day amidst Thine own  
 Thou didst stand, bestowing  
 That Thy peace which evermore  
 Passeth human knowing. Amen.

SALVE, FESTA DIES!

10.10., with Refrain. JAMES BADEN POWELL, b. 1842.

*Andante maestoso, ma con spirito.*

The piano introduction is in 4/2 time, marked *f* (forte) and  $\text{♩} = 112$ . It consists of two systems of grand staff notation. The first system has a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody in the treble clef begins with a half rest, followed by a dotted quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a half note, followed by a dotted quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

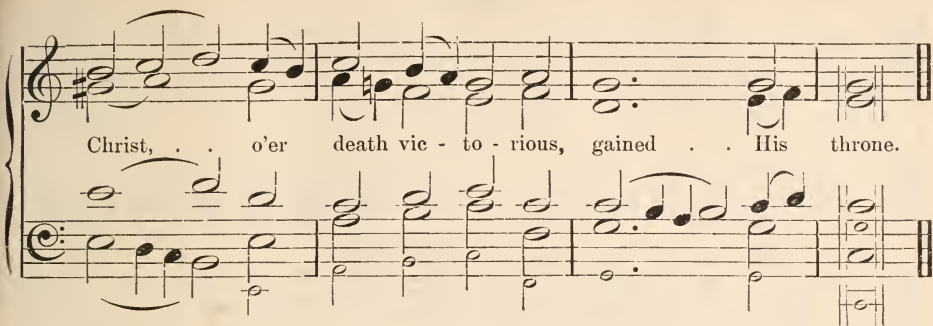
CANTORS (*unaccompanied*).

The cantors' vocal melody is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a half rest, followed by a dotted quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The melody continues with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lyrics are: "Hail! Fes - tal Day, to end - less a - ges known, When Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained His throne."

CHORUS IN HARMONY (*accompanied*) AFTER EACH VERSE.

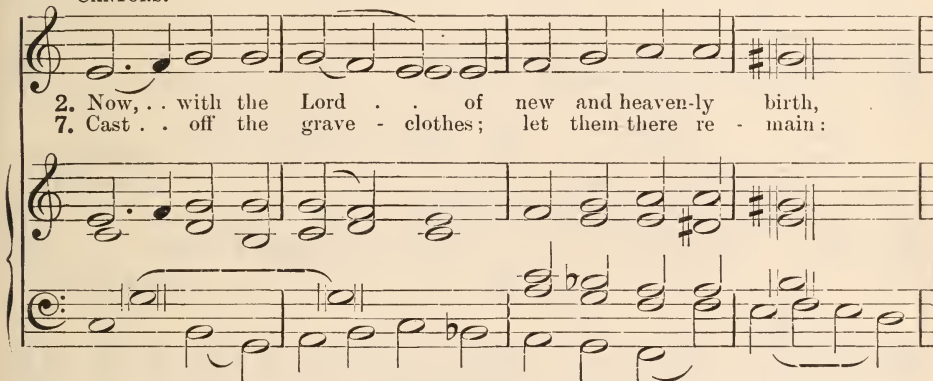
The chorus in harmony is written for piano accompaniment in 4/2 time. It begins with a half rest, followed by a dotted quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The melody in the treble clef continues with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lyrics are: "Hail! Fes - tal Day, . . to end - less a - ges known, . . When"

# Easter.

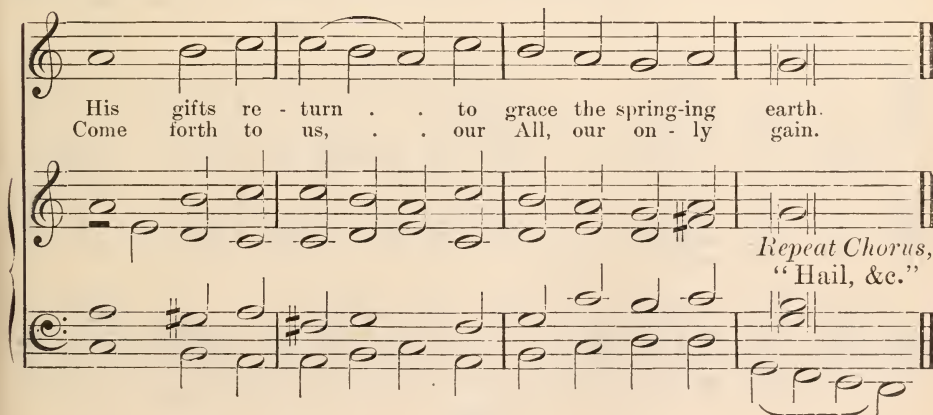


Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained . . His throne.

CANTORS.



2. Now, . . with the Lord . . of new and heaven-ly birth,  
7. Cast . . off the grave - clothes; let them there re - main :



His gifts re - turn . . to grace the spring-ing earth.  
Come forth to us, . . our All, our on - ly gain.

*Repeat Chorus,  
"Hail, &c."*

# Easter.

CANTORS.

3. He reigns . . . su - preme, . . . Who died the death of shame; And  
 8. Cre - a - tor, Fount of Life, . . . Thou know'st . . . the grave: And  
 11. The shades of death are pierced, . . . his laws . . . un - done, And

all cre - a - - ted things a - dore His Name.  
 thence . . . re - turn - ing Thou art strong to save.  
 trem - bling cha - os flees the ri - sing sun. **Last Chorus.**  
 (page 261.)

*Repeat Chorus,  
 "Hail!" &c.*

CANTORS.

4. Enl - fil Thy prom - ise, King of love, we pray! The  
 9. Light of the world, show us Thy face once more, The

# Easter.

third . . . morn bright - ens; rise, and come a - way.  
 day . . . that died with Thee, to - day re - store.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in G major, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ending with a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

## CHORUS IN HARMONY (*accompanied*) AFTER EACH VERSE.

Hail! Fes - tal Day! . . to end - less a - ges known, . . When

The second system of the musical score is for the chorus. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in G major, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ending with a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

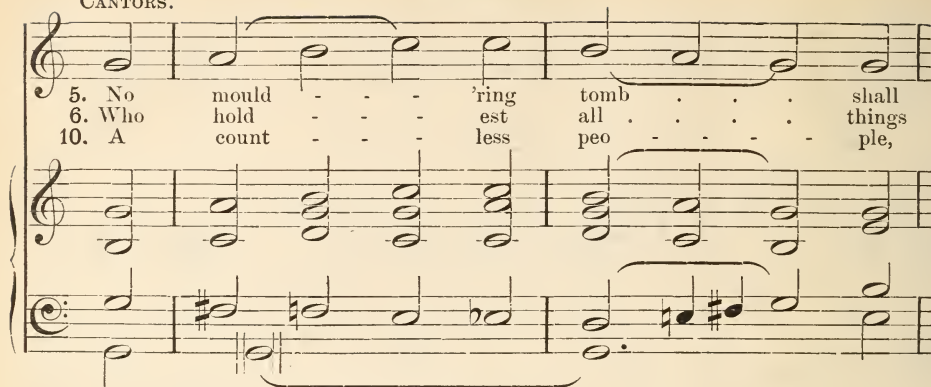
Christ, . . . o'er death vic - to - rious, gained . . His throne.

The third system of the musical score is for the second verse. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in G major, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and ending with a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.



# Easter.

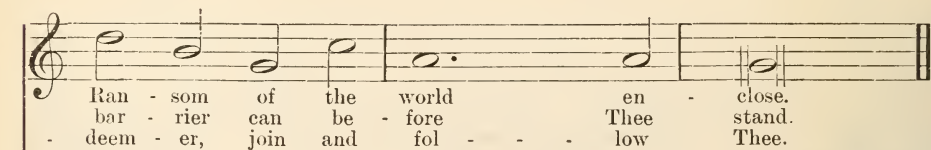
CANTORS.



5. No mould - - - ring tomb shall  
6. Who hold - - - est all . . . things  
10. A count - - - less peo - - - ple,

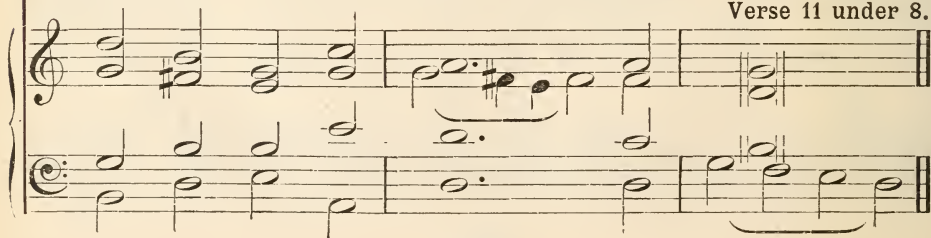


hold Thee in re - pose; No stone the  
in Thy's hol - lowed hand, No rock y  
from death's fet - ters free, Own Thee Re -



Ran - som of the world en close;  
bar - rier can be - fore Thee stand;  
deem - er, join and fol - - - low Thee.

Verse 11 under 8.



Verse 11 under 8.

# Easter.

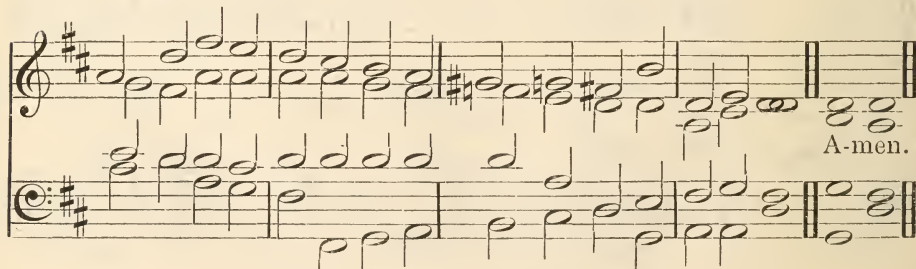
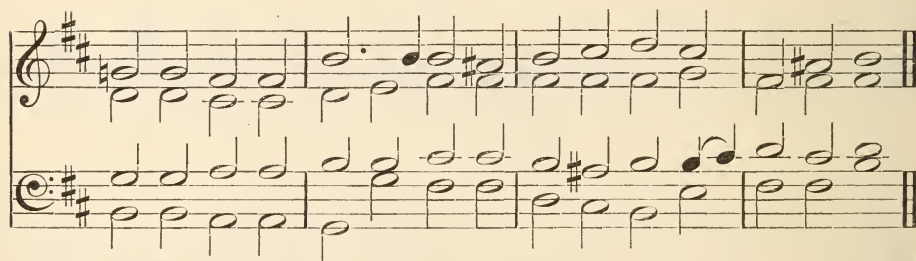
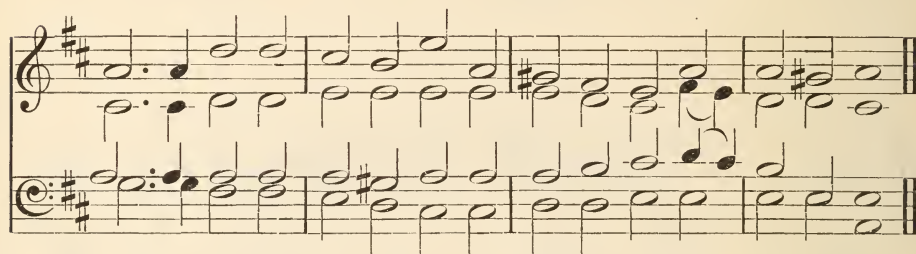
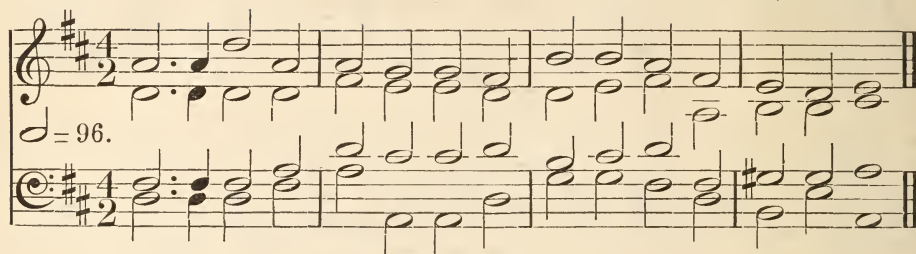
## Last Chorus.

*f* Hail! Fes - tal Day, . . to end - less a - ges

known, . . When Christ, . . o'er death vic - to - rious,

gained . . His throne. *rall.*

*ff* Tromba or Tuba.



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## Easter.

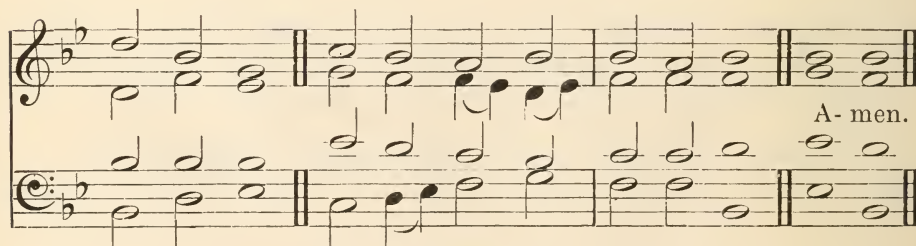
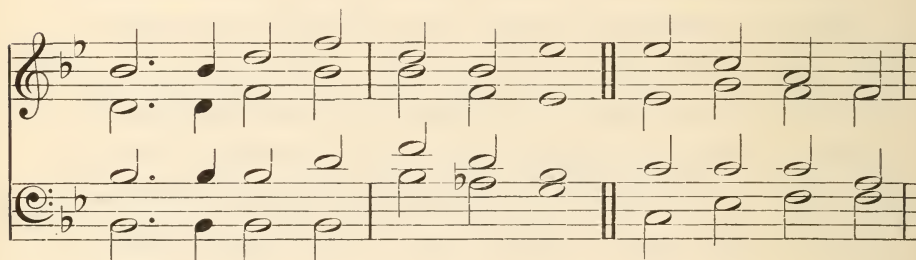
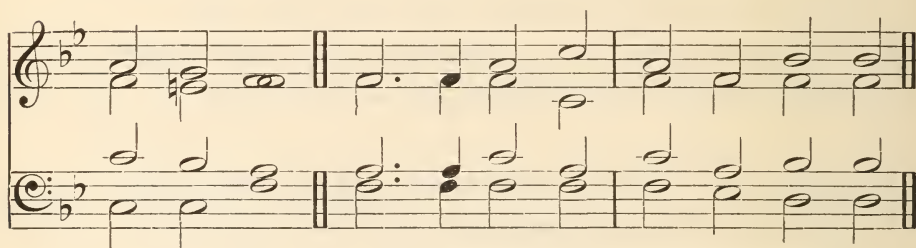
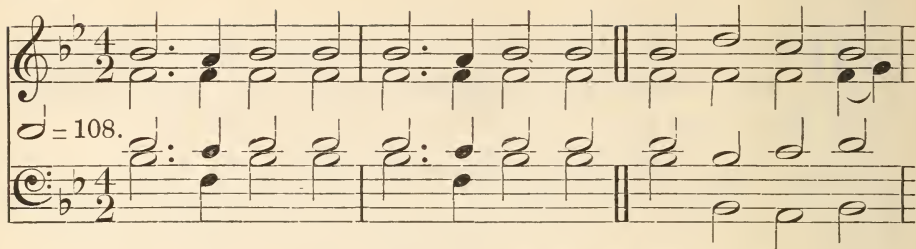
*f* HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise!  
*mf* He Who on the Cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,  
*f* Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead!

*f* Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy Easter morn.  
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,  
We with Christ to life eternal by His Resurrection rise.

*f* Christ is risen, Christ the First-fruits of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;  
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

*f* Christ is risen, we are risen! (*p*) Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face,  
*cr* So that we, with hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,  
*f* And by Angel-hands be gathered, and be ever, Lord, with Thee.

*f* Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God on high!  
To the Father, and the Saviour, Who has gained the victory!  
Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of Love and Sanctity!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune Majesty! Amen.





## Easter.

*f* **H**E is risen, He is risen,  
Tell it with a joyful voice,  
He has burst His three days' prison,  
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;  
Death is conquered, man is free,  
Christ has won the victory.

*mf* Tell it to the sinners weeping  
Over deeds in darkness done,  
Weary fast and vigil keeping,  
*cr* Brightly breaks their Easter sun;  
*f* Blood can wash all sins away,  
Christ has conquered hell to-day.

*mf* Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
With glad smile and radiant brow;  
Lent's long shadows have departed,  
All His woes are over now,  
And the Passion that He bore;  
*f* Sin and pain can vex no more.

*mf* Come, with high and holy hymning  
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;  
Not one darksome cloud is dimming  
Yonder glorious morning ray  
Breaking o'er the purple east;  
*f* Brighter far our Easter feast.

*f* He is risen, He is risen;  
He hath ope'd the eternal gate;  
We are free from sin's dark prison,  
Risen to a holier state.  
And a brighter Easter beam  
On our longing eyes shall stream. Amen.

JESU, REDEMPTOR SECULI (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

First system of the musical score for 'JESU, REDEMPTOR SECULI (First Tune)'. It features a vocal line at the top with square neumes on a four-line staff, and a piano accompaniment below in treble and bass staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part consists of chords and single notes.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with square neumes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

ELY (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

Bishop TURTON, 1780-1864.

First system of the musical score for 'ELY (Second Tune)'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 80.' is present below the vocal staff. The piano part consists of chords and single notes.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in bass clef. The system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

# Easter.

## FOR THE EVENING.

*mf* **J**ESU, the world's redeeming Lord,  
The Father's Co-eternal Word,  
Of Light invisible true Light,  
Thine Israel's Keeper day and night;

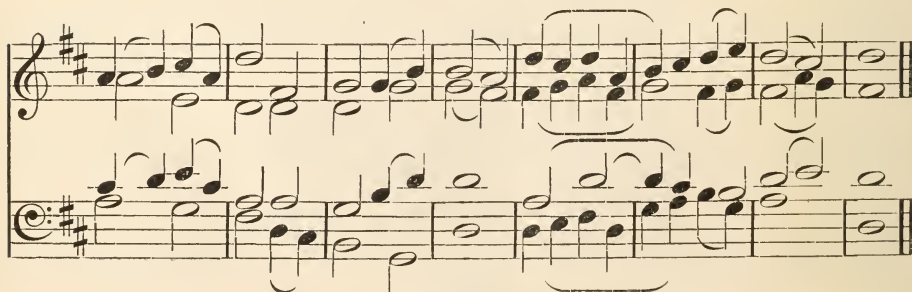
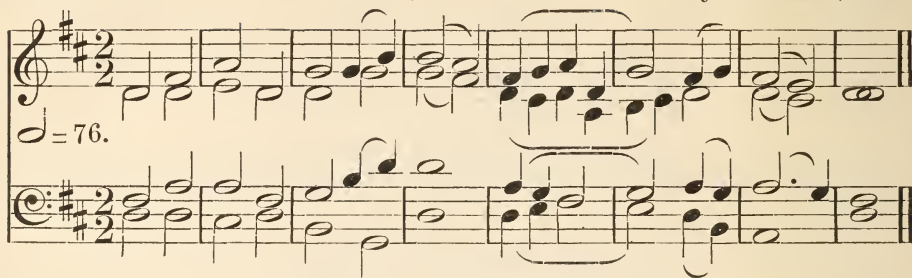
Our great Creator and our Guide,  
Who times and seasons dost divide,  
Refresh at night with quiet rest  
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed:

That while in this frail house of clay  
A little longer here we stay,  
Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,  
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

We pray Thee, while we dwell below,  
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;  
Nor let his wiles victorious be  
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

O Lord of all, with us abide  
In this our joyful Easter-tide;  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

*f* All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,  
From death to endless life restored;  
All praise to God the Father be,  
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.



## Easter.

*f* **J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
Alleluia !  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Alleluia !  
Who did once upon the Cross  
Alleluia !  
Suffer to redeem our loss.  
Alleluia !

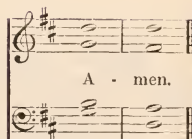
Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Alleluia !  
Unto Christ our heavenly King ;  
Alleluia !  
Who endured the Cross and grave,  
Alleluia !  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia !

*mf* But the pains which He endured  
Alleluia !

Our salvation have procured ;  
Alleluia !

*ff* Now above the 'sky He's King,  
Alleluia !

Where the Angels ever sing  
Alleluia !





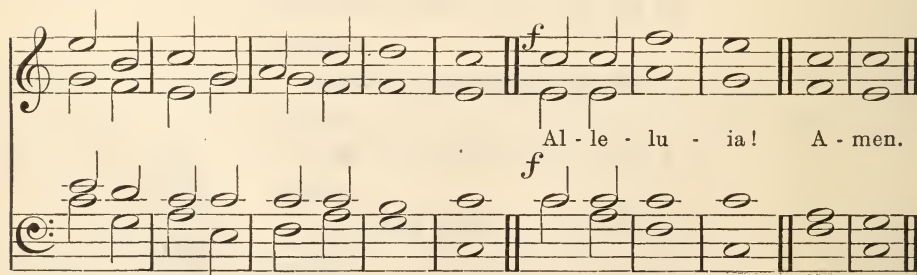
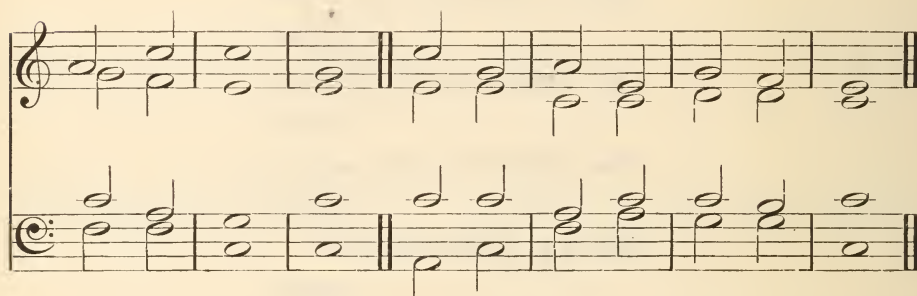
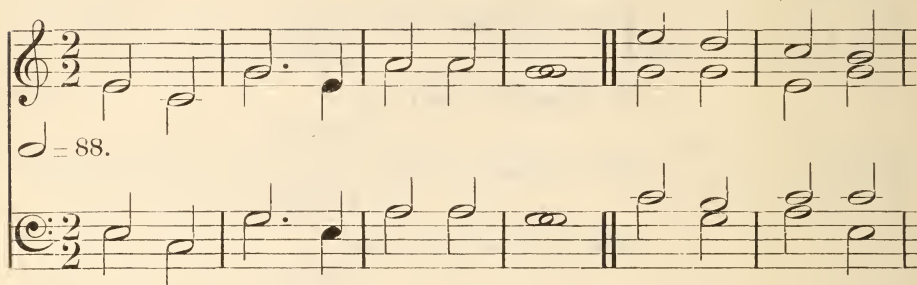
# Easter.

171

7.8.7.8., with Alleluia.

ST. ALBINUS.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



## Easter.

*f* JESU lives! Thy terrors now  
Can no longer, Death, appal us!  
Jesus lives! By this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.  
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
*p* This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
*f* Alleluia!

*f* Jesus lives! (*p*) For us He died:  
*mf* Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
*f* Alleluia!

*f* Jesus lives! Our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever;  
*mf* Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
*cr* Tear us from His keeping ever.  
*f* Alleluia!

*f* Jesus lives! To Him the throne  
Over all the world is given;  
*mf* May we go where He is gone,  
*cr* Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
*f* Alleluia! Amen.

AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

First system of the musical score for 'AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT'. It features a single melodic line at the top with square notes on a five-line staff, and a piano accompaniment below in treble and bass staves. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Second system of the musical score for 'AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT'. It continues the single melodic line and piano accompaniment. The system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT (*Second Tune*). L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833.

First system of the musical score for 'CHURCH TRIUMPHANT'. It features a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 80.' is present below the first measure of the piano part.

Second system of the musical score for 'CHURCH TRIUMPHANT'. It continues the single melodic line and piano accompaniment. The system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

## Easter.

*f* NOW dawning glows the Day of days;  
All heaven resounds with songs of praise!  
From earth loud shouts of triumph rise,  
And hell despoiled with groans replies.

*f* For He, the mighty King of day,  
Hath crushed proud Death's unlawful sway,  
And, marching through his dark domain,  
Broken the weary prisoners' chain.

*mf* Fierce soldiers o'er His tomb kept guard;  
A mighty stone the entrance barred;  
*f* But, bursting from His prison, He rose  
Triumphant o'er His baffled foes.

*f* Loosed are the pains of hell this hour;  
Death over life hath lost his power:  
"The Lord is risen," the Angel said,  
"Why seek the living 'mid the dead?"

*p* Thou gracious King and Lord of day,  
Dwell Thou within our hearts, we pray;  
*cr* So from Thine own shall grateful praise  
*f* Rise to Thy throne through all our days. Amen.

## O FILII ET FILIÆ (Old Form).

*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE II. Ancient Plain Song.

FINE.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

D.C.

## O FILII ET FILIÆ (Modern Form). 8.8.8., with Alleluias.

Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

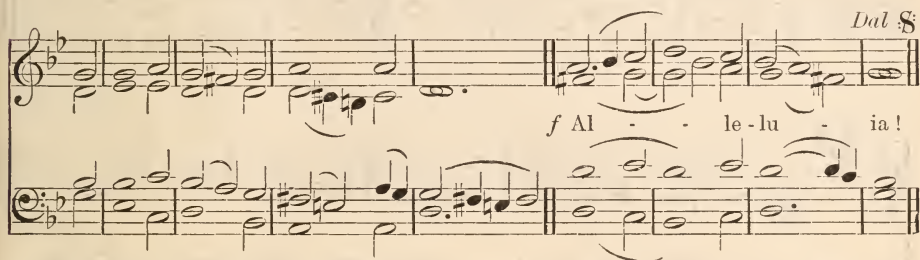
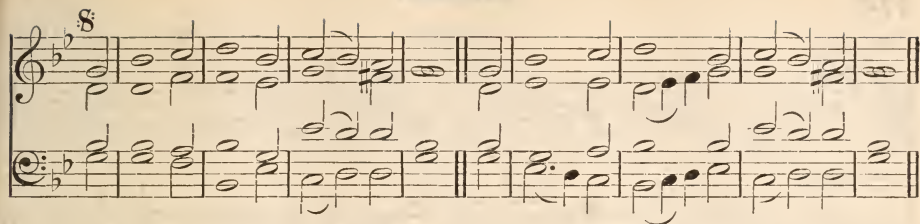
FINE.

$\text{♩} = 132$ . Al - le - lu - ia! . . Al - le - lu - ia! . . Al - le - lu - ia!

\* To be sung *before* the first and *after* the last verse.



# Easter.



*f* ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

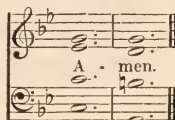
*f* **O** SONS and daughters, let us sing! *mf* When Thomas first the tidings  
The King of heaven, the glo- heard,  
rious King, How they had seen the risen Lord,  
O'er death to-day rose triumphing. He doubted the disciples' word.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

*mf* That Easter morn, at break of day, *p* "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see ;  
The faithful women went their way My hands, My feet I show to thee ;  
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay. Not faithless, but believing be."  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

*mf* An Angel clad in white they see, *mf* No longer Thomas then denied ;  
Who sat, and spake unto the three, He saw the feet, the hands, the side ;  
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee." *f* "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

*p* That night the Apostles met in *mf* How blest are they who have not  
fear ; seen,  
Amidst them came their Lord most And yet whose faith hath constant  
dear, been,  
And said, "My peace be on all here." For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

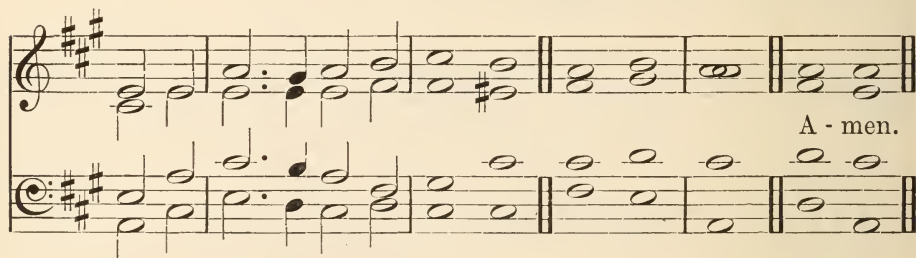
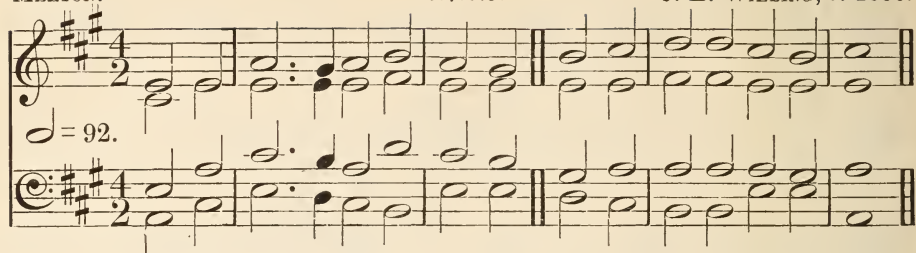
*f* On this most holy Day of days  
To God your hearts and voices raise  
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.  
Alleluia!



MELTON.

8.7.8.3.

C. E. WILLING, b. 1830.



A - men.

*mf* **O**N the Resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again ;  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
No more pain !

*mf* Soul and body reunited  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in Christ's own likeness  
Satisfied.

*p* Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.

Oh ! the beauty, oh ! the gladness  
Of that Resurrection day !  
Which shall not through endless ages  
Pass away !

*p* For a space the tirèd body  
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;  
*cr* Till there breaks the last and  
brightest

*mf* On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore,  
Father, mother, children, brethren,  
Meet once more.

Easter morn.

*mf* But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong ;  
*cr* Bursting at the Resurrection  
Into song !

*p* To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last ;  
*cr* To Thy Cross, through death and  
judgment,  
Holding fast.  
Amen.

THE Foe BEHIND.

Irregular.

JOHN NAYLOR, 1838-1897.

*Voices in Unison.*

$\text{♩} = 112.$

1. The foe be-hind, the deep be-fore, Our

hosts have dared and passed the sea, And Phar-ah's war-riors

strew the shore, And Is-rael's ran-somed tribes are free.

# Easter.

*Voices in Harmony.*

*f*

2. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The

*f*

Lord hath triumphed glo - rious - ly! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly!

*Legato.*

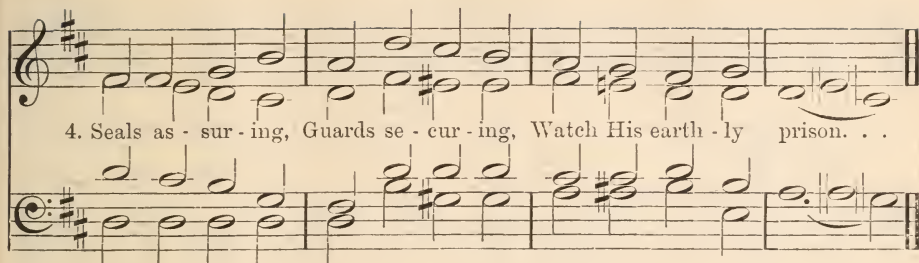
*mf*

3. Hap - py mor - row, Turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth! . .

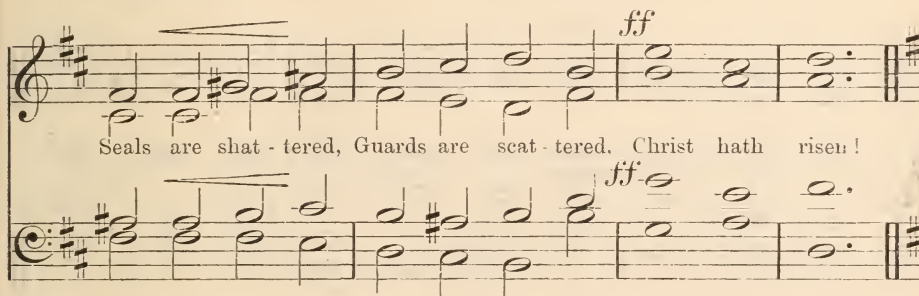
*mf*

Bond - age end - ing, Love de - scend - ing O'er the earth!

# Easter.

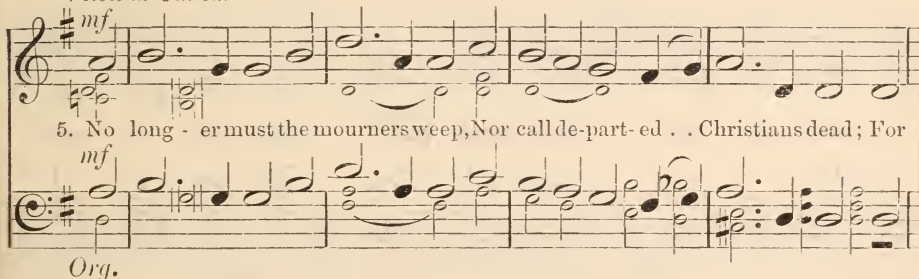


4. Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing, Watch His earth - ly prison. . .



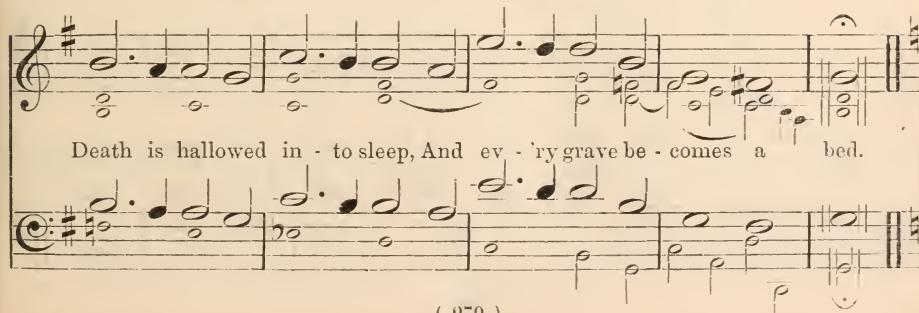
Seals are shat - tered, Guards are scat - tered, Christ hath risen! *ff*

*Voices in Unison.*



5. No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed . . Christians dead; For *mf*

*Org.*



Death is hallowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed.



# Easter.

*p*

6. Now once more E - den's door O - pened stands to

*p*

*cres.*

mor - tal eyes: For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!

*cres.* *f*

*p*

7. Now at last, Old things past, . . Hope, and joy, and

*p*

*cres.*

peace be - gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

*cres.* *f*

# Easter.

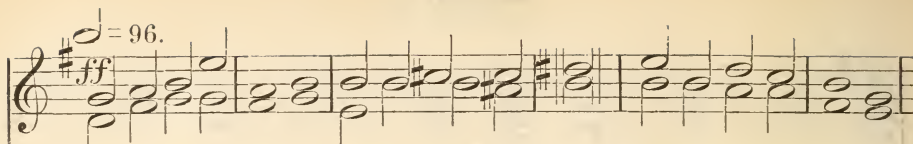
8. It is not ex - ile, rest on high, It

is not sad - ness, peace from strife: To fall a - sleep is

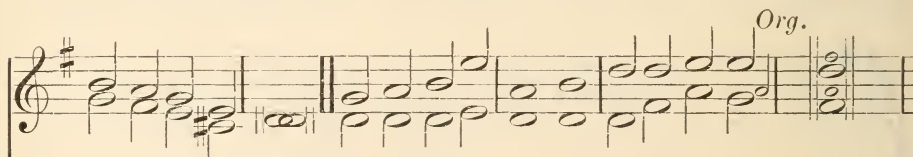
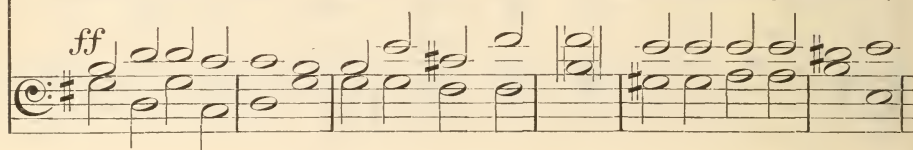
not to die: To dwell with Christ is bet - ter . . . life.

[For verses 9 and 10, see next page.]

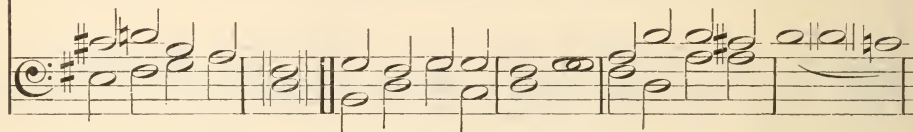
# Easter.



9. Where our banner leads us We may safe - ly go : Where our Chief pre - cedes us,



We may face the foe. 10. His right arm is o'er us, He our Guide will be : . . .



Christ hath gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low ye ! A - men.



VICTORY.

8.8.8., with Alleluias. From PALESTRINA, 1515 ?-1594.

*f* Al - le - lu - ia! (*cr*) Al - le - lu - ia! (*ff*) Al - le - lu - ia!

*Org. p*

*f* Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

*f* ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

*f* THE strife is o'er, the battle done:  
The victory of Life is won:  
The song of triumph has begun,—

The three sad days have quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst, *p* Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,

Let shout of holy joy outburst,— *f* That we may live and sing to Thee

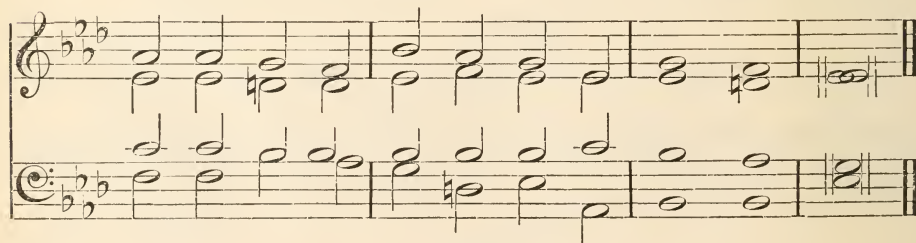
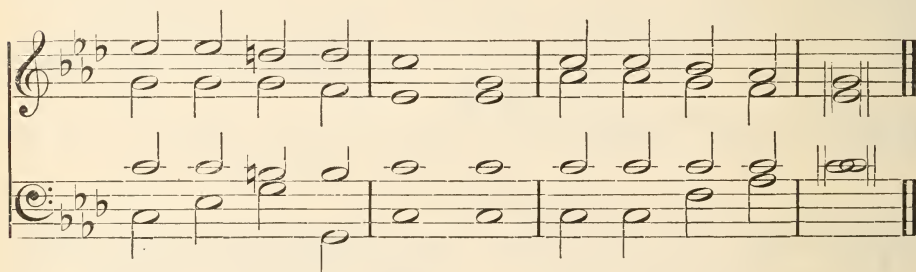
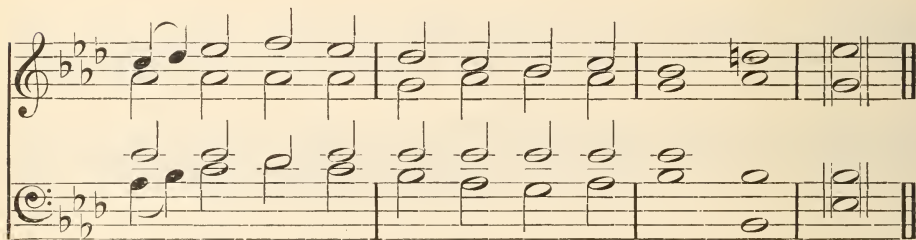
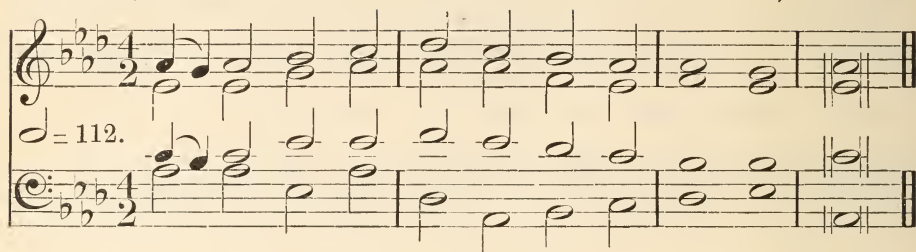
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Amen.

"WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING."

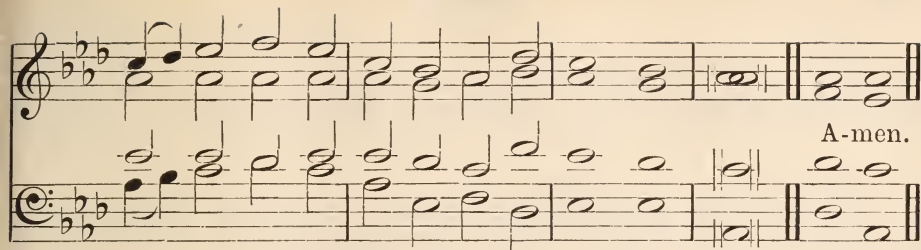
Five 11's.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.





# Easter.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

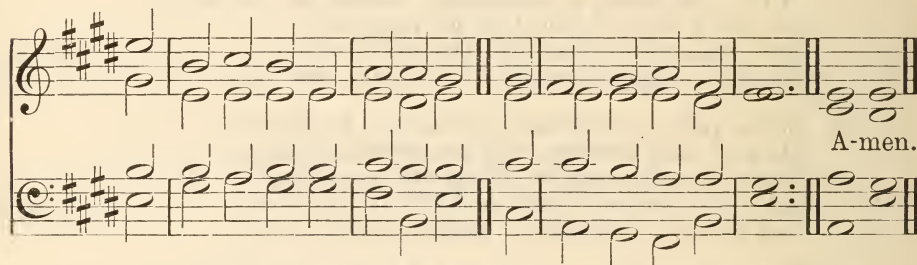
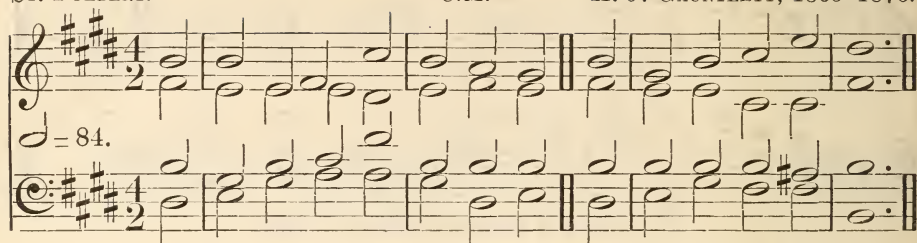
A-men.

- f* “**W**ELCOME, 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.
- mf* Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,  
 All good gifts returned with her returning King:  
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
 Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
- f* Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!
- mf* 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.
- f* “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.
- mf* Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,  
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature’s fall,  
 Of the Father’s Godhead true and Only Son,  
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
- f* Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!
- p* Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,  
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
- mf* Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
 ’Tis Thine own third Morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
- f* “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.
- mf* Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan’s chain;  
 All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;  
 Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
- f* Hell to-day is vanquished! heaven is won to-day! Amen.

St. FULBERT.

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



*f* YE choirs of new Jerusalem,  
Your sweetest notes employ,  
The Paschal victory to hymn  
In strains of holy joy ;

*f* Triumphant in His glory now,  
His sceptre ruleth all ;  
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow,  
And at His footstool fall.

How Judah's Lion burst His chains, *p* While joyful thus His praise we sing,  
And crushed the serpent's head, His mercy we implore,  
And brought with Him from death's Into His palace bright to bring  
The long imprisoned dead. [domains And keep us evermore.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey *f* Through times unknown to earthly  
Alone our Leader bore ; O Father, praise to Thee, [thought,  
His ransomed hosts pursue their way, To Him Who our deliverance wrought,  
Where He hath gone before. And to the Spirit be. Amen.

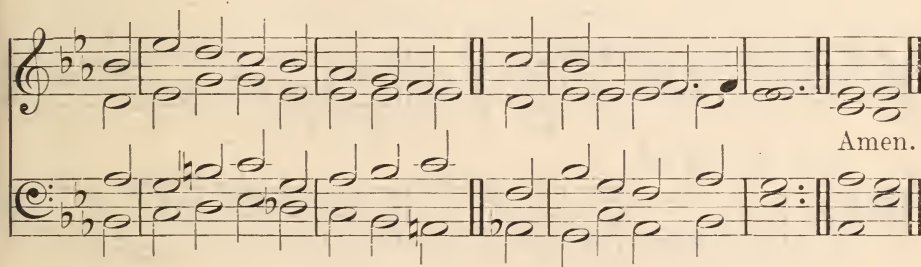
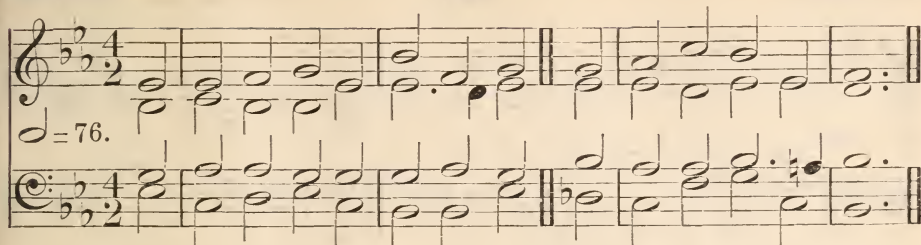
*Also the following :*

All hail the power of Jesus' Name—356  
Awake, and sing the song—366  
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem—386  
Light's abode, celestial Salem—459  
The King of love my Shepherd is—556

ST. HUGH.

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



*mf* **L**ORD, in Thy Name Thy servants  
 plead,  
 And Thou hast sworn to hear ;  
 Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
 The fresh and fading year.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
 The wondrous growth unseen,  
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that  
 brace,  
 The love that shines serene.

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew  
 wild,  
 We trusted, Lord, with Thee:  
 And still, now Spring has on us smiled,  
 We wait on Thy decree.

So grant the precious things brought  
 forth  
 By sun and moon below,  
 That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth  
 We never may forego.

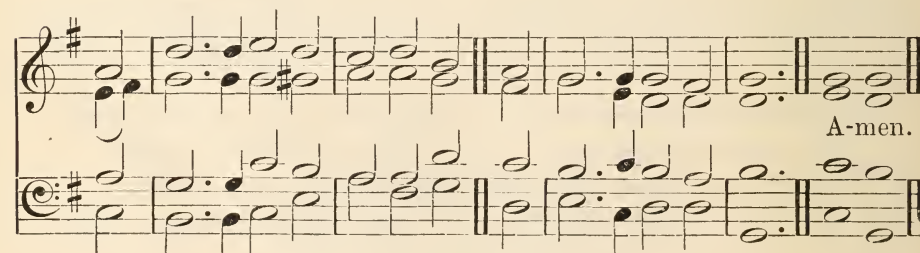
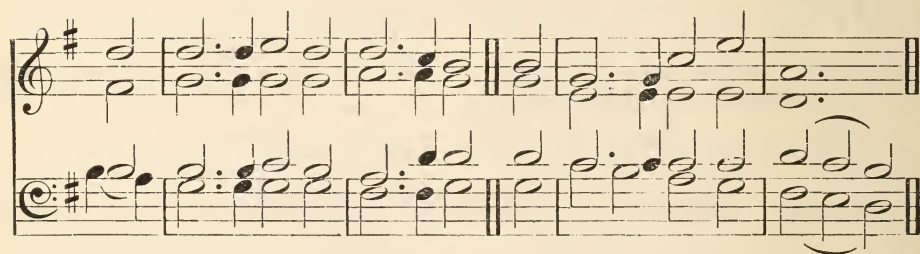
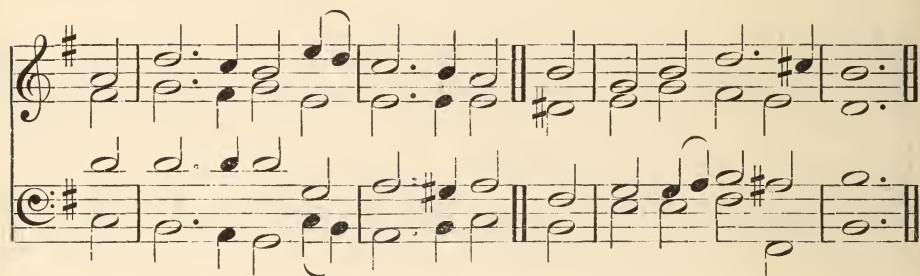
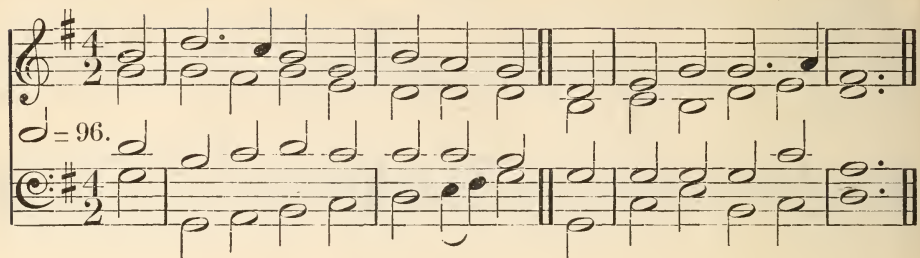
The former and the latter rain,  
 The summer sun and air,  
 The green ear, and the golden grain,  
 All Thine, are ours by prayer.

*f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

ST. URSULA.

D.C.M.

F. WESTLAKE, 1840-1898.



## Rogation Days.

*f* **O** THRONED, O Crowned with  
all renown,  
Since Thou the earth hast trod,  
Thou reignest, and by Thee come  
down  
Henceforth the gifts of God.  
By Thee the suns of space, that burn  
Unspent, their watches hold ;  
The hosts that turn, and still return,  
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

Thus in their change let frost and  
heat  
And winds and dews be given ;  
All fostering power, all influence  
sweet,  
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.  
Attemper fair with gentle air  
The sunshine and the rain,  
That kindly earth, with timely birth,  
May yield her fruits again ;

*f* The powers of earth, for all her ills,  
An endless treasure yield ;  
The precious things of ancient hills,  
Forest, and fruitful field. [wealth,  
Thine is the health, and Thine the  
That in our halls abound ;  
And Thine the beauty and the joy  
With which the years are crowned.

That we may feed Thy poor aright,  
And, gathering round Thy throne,  
Here, in the holy Angels' sight,  
Repay Thee of Thine own.  
For so our sires in olden time  
Spared neither gold nor gear,  
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,  
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

*mf* And as, when ebb'd the Flood, our sires  
Kneeled on the mountain sod ;  
*cr* While o'er the new-world's altar-fires  
Shone out the Bow of God ;  
*p* And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,  
*cr* Word that shall aye avail ;  
*mf* "Summer and winter shall not cease,  
Seed-time nor harvest fail ;"

For there, to give the second birth  
In mysteries and signs,  
The face of Christ o'er all the earth  
On kneeling myriads shines.  
And if so fair beyond compare  
Thy earthly houses be,  
In how great grace shall we Thy face  
In Thine own palace see ! Amen.



ASCENDIT DEUS.

Irregular.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.

*f*  $\text{♩} = 104.$

1. God is gone up with a mer - ry noise Of Saints that sing on high,

*f* FINE.

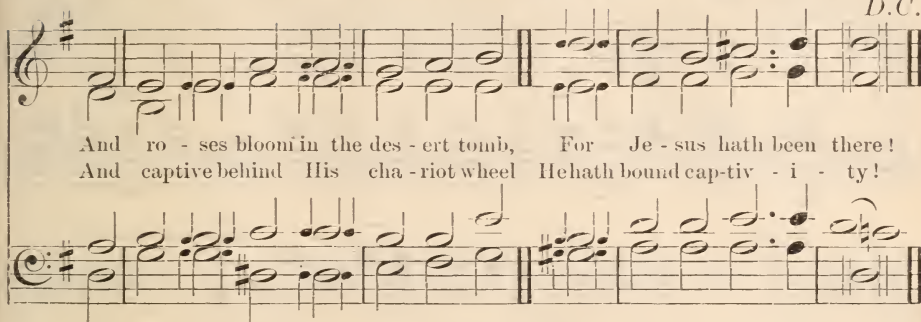
With His own right hand and His ho - ly arm He hath won the vic - to - ry!

2. Now emp - ty are the courts of death, And crushed thy sting, de - spair ;  
3. And He hath tamed the strength of hell, And dragged him thro' the sky,

## Ascension.

*Repeat Verse 1 after Verses 2 & 3.*

*D.C.*



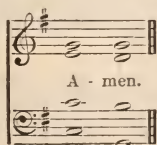
And ro - ses bloom in the des - ert tomb, For Je - sus hath been there!  
And captive behind His cha - riot wheel He hath bound cap - tiv - i - ty!

*f* GOD is gone up with a merry noise  
Of Saints that sing on high,  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory!

*f* Now empty are the courts of death,  
And crushed thy sting, despair;  
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,  
For Jesus hath been there!

*f* And He hath tamed the strength of hell,  
And dragged him through the sky,  
And captive behind His chariot wheel  
He hath bound captivity!

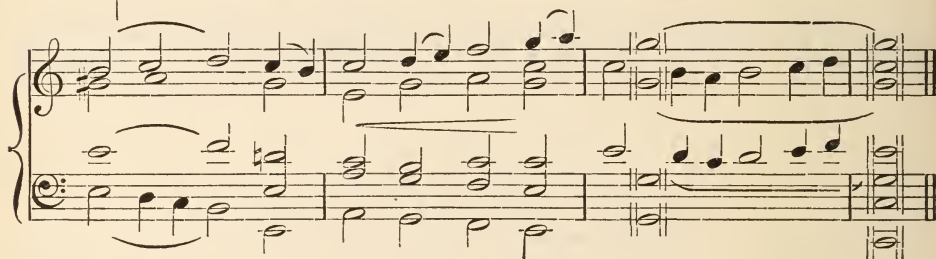
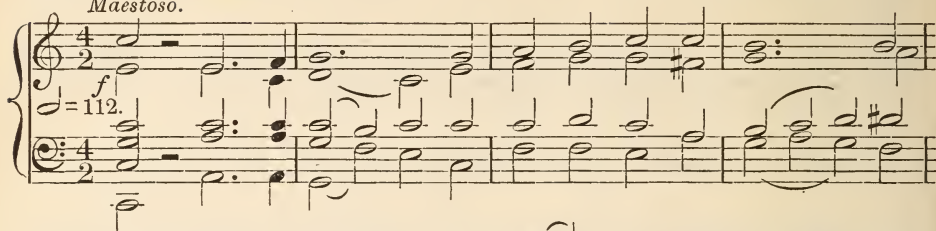
*f* God is gone up with a merry noise  
Of Saints that sing on high;  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory!



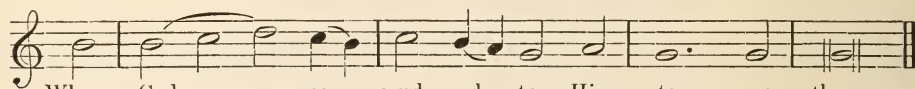
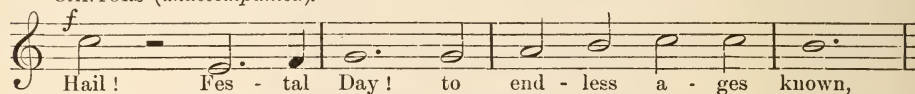
A - men.

SALVE, FESTA DIES ! (No. 5.) 10.10., with Refrain. JAMES BADEN POWELL, b. 1842.

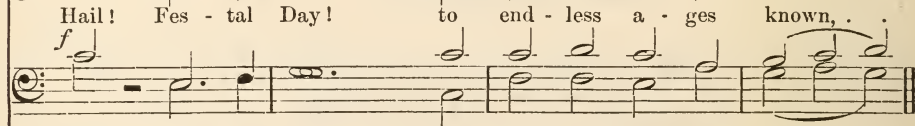
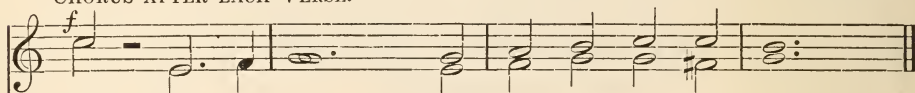
*Maestoso.*



CANTORS (unaccompanied).



CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.



ORGAN.



# Ascension.

When God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - - ry throne.

CANTORS.

2. Now with the Lord, . . of new and heavenly birth, His gifts re - turn . . to

CANTORS.

grace the springing earth. 3. Now glows . . the year. . . with painted flowers' ar -

*Repeat Chorus,  
"Hail!" &c.*



# Ascension.

- ray, And warm - er light un-bars the gates of day.

*Repeat Chorus,  
"Hail!" &c.*

## CANTORS.

4. Now Christ, from gloom-y hell, . . comes tri - - umph-ing, And  
 5. The reign of death o'er - thrown, . . He mounts . . on high, Sent  
 8. Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er! Christ . . our Light! The  
 9. Co - e - qual, Co - e - ter - nal, Thou . . to Whom The

field . . and grove . . with flower and leaf - age spring.  
 forth . . with joy - ous praise from sea and sky. *Ver. 6, p. 295.*  
 One - Be - got - ten of the Fa - ther's Might;  
 king - dom of . . the world de - creed shall come. *Ver. 10, p. 295.*

*Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.*



# Ascension.

CANTORS.

7. A count - less peo - ple from Death's fet - ters free,

Own Thee Re - deem - er, join and fol - low Thee.

*Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.*

CANTORS.

6. Loose now the cap - tives, loose the pri - son door, The  
10. Thou, look - ing on our race in dark - ness laid, To

# Ascension.

fall - - en, from the deep, to light re - store. *Ver. 7,*  
 res - - cue man, true Man Thy - self wast made. *p. 295.*

## CHORUS.

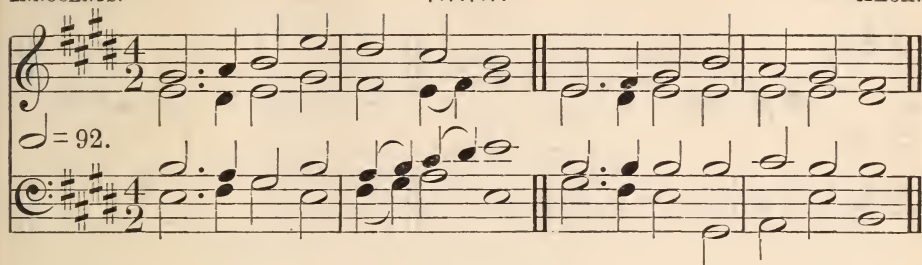
*f* Hail! Fes - tal Day! to end - less a - ges known.

When God . . . as - cend - ed to His star - ry throne. *rall.*

INNOCENTS.

7.7.7.7.

Anon.



*f* **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise  
 Glorious to His native skies !  
 Christ awhile to mortals given  
 Re-ascends His native heaven.

See He lifts His hands above !  
 See He shows the prints of love ;  
 Hark ! the gracious lips bestow  
 Blessings on His Church below.

There the glorious triumph waits ;  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
 Wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
 Take the King of Glory in !

Still for us He intercedes ;  
 His prevailing Death He pleads ;  
 Near Himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

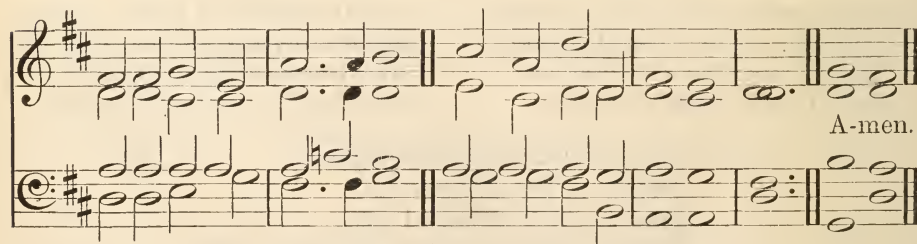
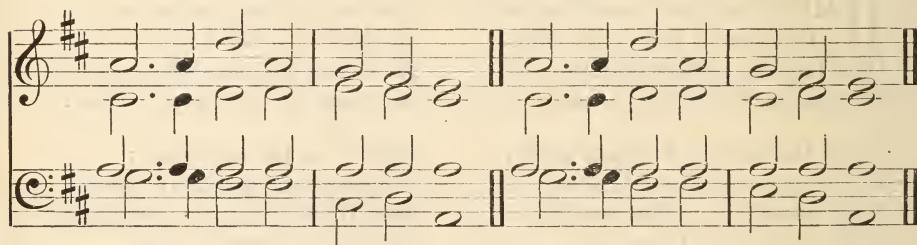
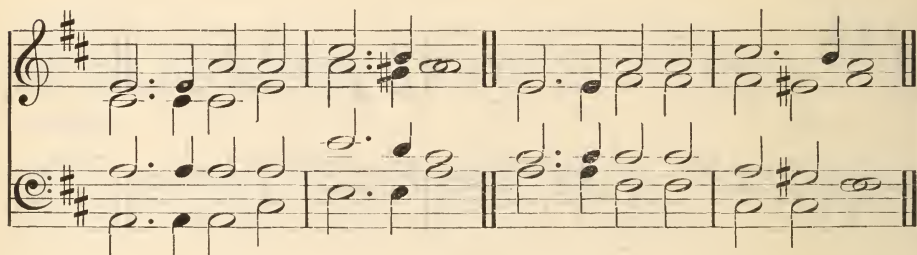
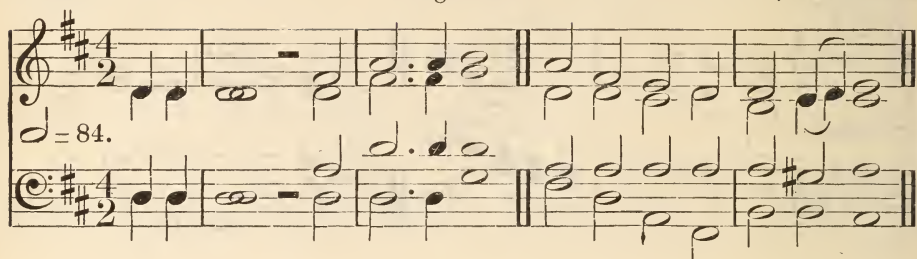
*mf* Him though highest heaven receives, *p* Lord, though parted from our sight  
 Still He loves the earth He leaves ;  
 Though returning to His throne,  
 Still He calls mankind His own.  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following Thee beyond the skies.

*mf* There we shall with Thee remain,  
 Partners of Thy endless reign ;  
 There Thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Amen.

ST. PATRICK.

Eight 7's.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## Ascension.

*mf* **H**E 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.

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.

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.

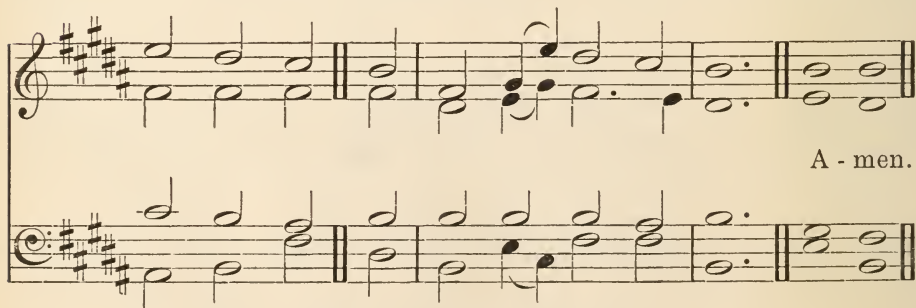
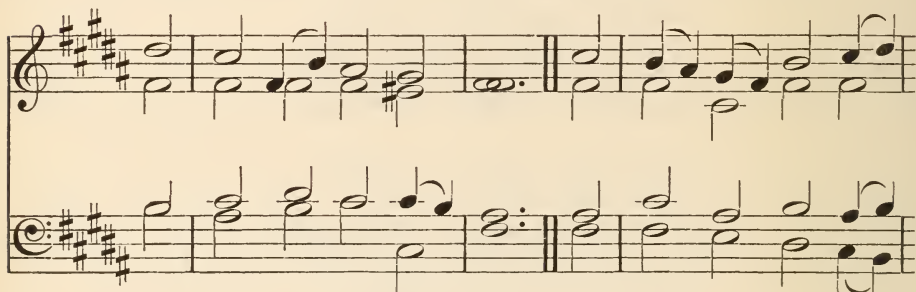
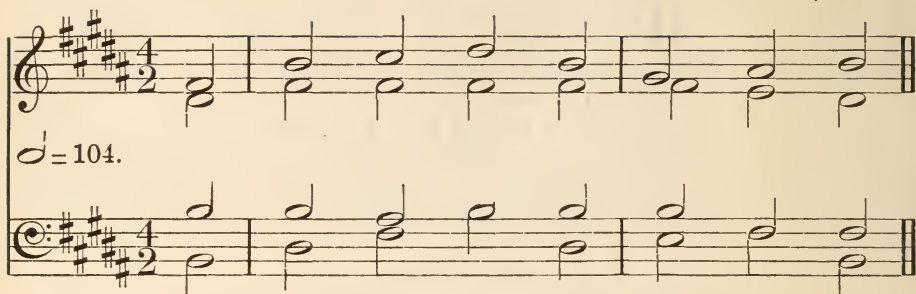
He is gone—But not in vain,  
Wait until He comes again:  
He is risen, He is not here,  
Far above this earthly sphere;  
Evermore in heart and mind  
There our peace in Him we find:  
To our own eternal Friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.



## Ascension.

TIVERTON.

C.M.

F. J. GRIGG, *d.* 1768.

A - men.

## Ascension.

*f* **L**IFT up your heads, eternal gates!  
Unfold to entertain  
The King of Glory; see, He comes  
With His celestial train!

*mf* Who is the King of Glory? Who?  
*f* The Lord for strength renowned;  
In battle mighty, o'er His foes  
Eternal Victor crowned.

*ff* Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold  
In state to entertain  
The King of Glory; see, He comes  
With all His shining train!

*mf* Who is the King of Glory? Who?  
*f* The Lord of Hosts renowned;  
Of glory, He alone is King,  
Who is with glory crowned.

*ff* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Immortal glory be,  
Who was, and is, and shall be still  
To all eternity. Amen.

OPUS PEREGISTI TUUM (*First Tune*).

MODE IV. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

ILLSLEY (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

J. BISHOP, 1665-1735.

♩ = 69.

A-men.

## Ascension.

*mf* O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod  
The winepress of the wrath of God,  
Ascend, and claim again on high  
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet ;  
While myriads in their bright array  
Attend Thee homeward on Thy way.

The gates of heaven obey the call,  
And open to the Lord of all ;  
His throne receives the Eternal Son,  
Both God and Man for ever one.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd, Thou  
Within the veil art entered now,  
To offer there Thy precious Blood  
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

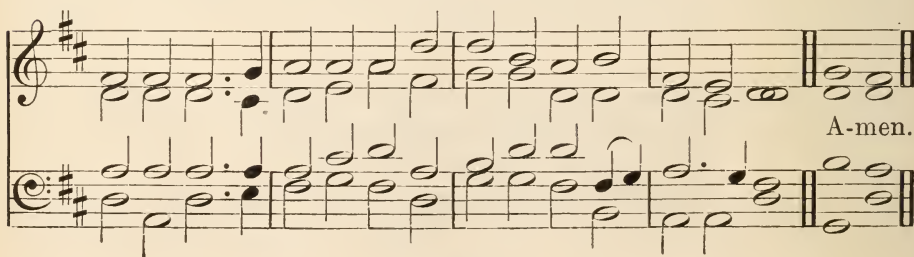
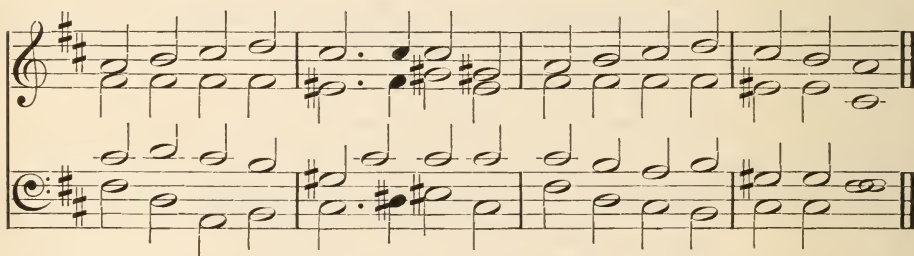
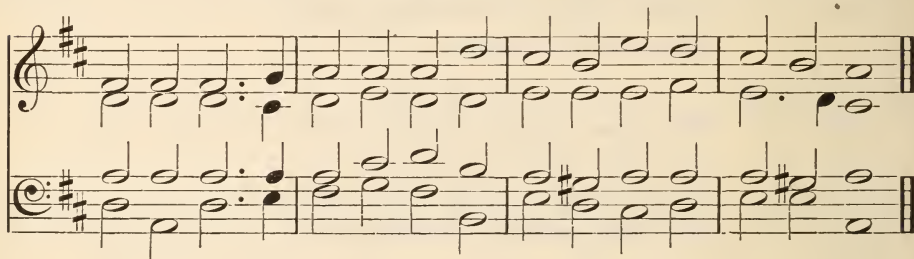
And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,  
With countless gifts of grace supplied,  
Through all her members draws from Thee  
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care  
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear ;  
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,  
With Thee for evermore to reign. Amen.

ST. ASAPH (*First Tune*).

8.7.8.7. D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, b. 1842.





# Ascension.

## PART I.

*f* SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!  
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,  
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?

*f* Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory!

*p* He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,

*f* He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

*mf* While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.

*mf* He who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

*mf* Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;  
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:  
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

*f* Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;  
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:  
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

## PART II.

*mf* HOLY Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies,  
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band;

See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,

See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,

*f* See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

*p* Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,

Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;

*cr* That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,

*f* Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

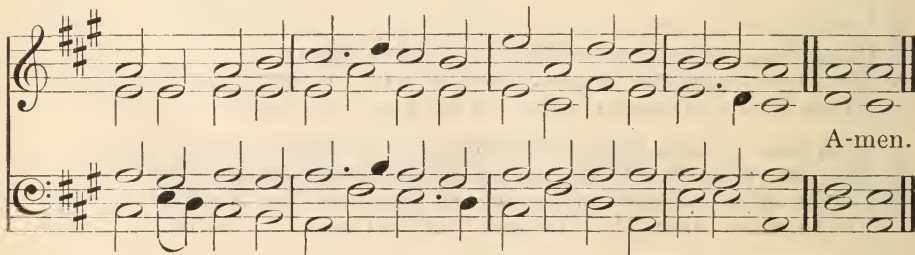
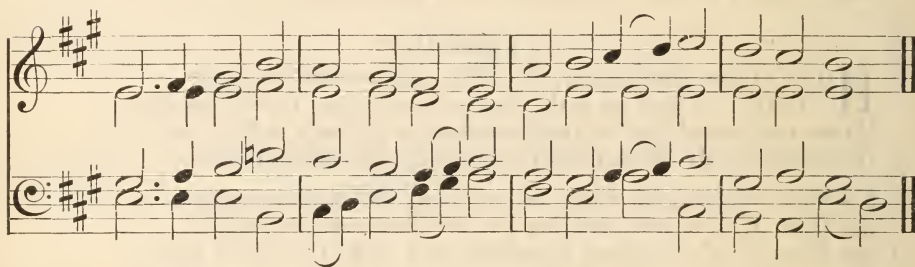
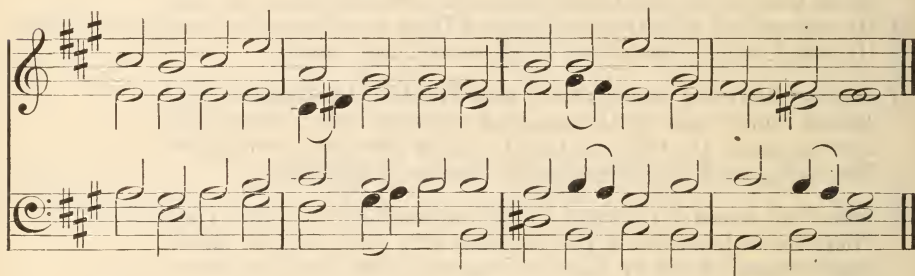
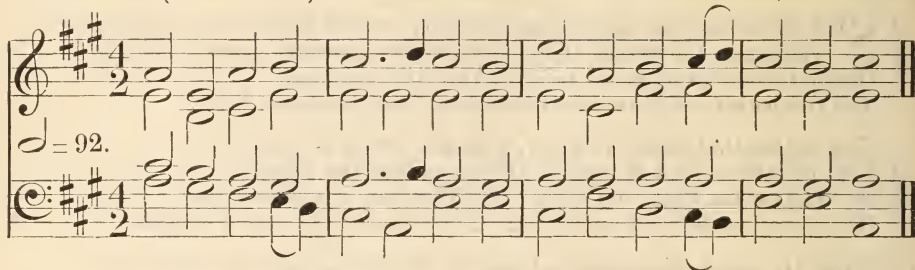
*f* So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,  
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,

*cr* Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,  
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there. Amen.

REX GLORIÆ (*Second Tune*).

8.7.8.7. D.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.



# Ascension.

## PART I.

*f* **S**EE the Conqueror mounts in triumph ; see the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate !  
Hark ! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,  
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee ?

*f* Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory !

*p* He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,

*f* He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

*mf* While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends

While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.

He Who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,

He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

*mf* Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil ;

Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail ;

Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place :

Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

*f* Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand ;

There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand :

Jesus reigns, adored by Angels ; Man with God is on the throne ;

Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

## PART II.

*mf* **H**OLY Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies  
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band ;

See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,

See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,

*f* See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,

Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

*p* Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,

Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above ;

*cr* That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,

*f* Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

*f* So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,

With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,

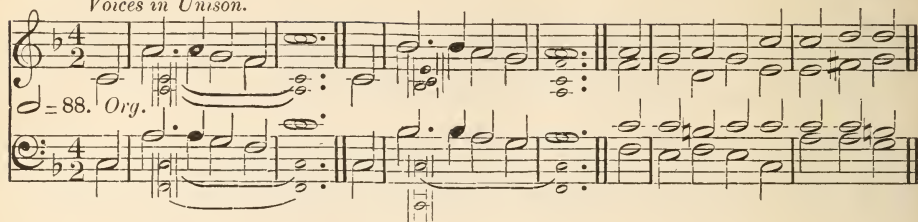
*cr* Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,

Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there. Amen.

ASCENSION (*First Tune*).

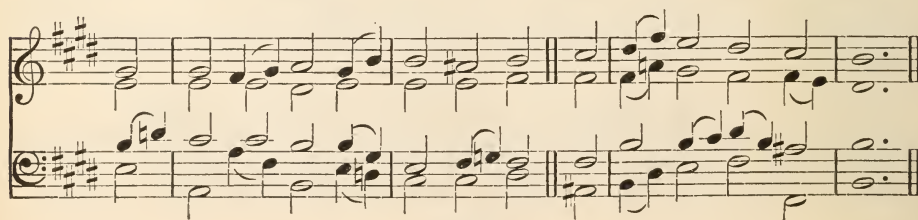
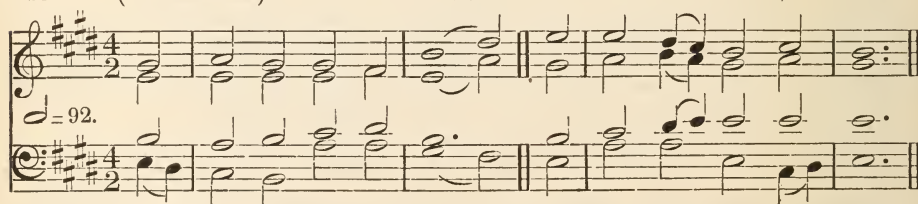
D.S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

*Voices in Unison.*ASCENDIT (*Second Tune*).

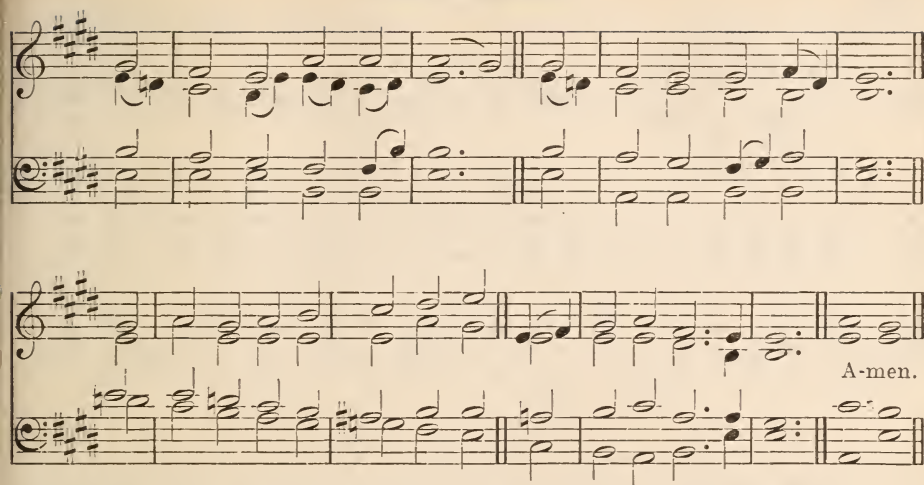
D.S.M.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873.





# Ascension.



<p><i>f</i> <b>T</b>HOU art gone up on high          To mansions in the skies;          And round Thy throne unceasingly          The songs of praise arise.  <i>p</i> But we are lingering here,          With sin and care oppressed;          Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,          And lead us to our rest.</p>	<p><i>f</i> Thou art gone up on high;  <i>p</i> But Thou didst first come down,          Through earth's most bitter misery          To pass unto Thy crown;          And girt with griefs and fears          Our onward course must be;  <i>cr</i> But only let that path of tears          Lead us at last to Thee!</p>
---	---

*f* Thou art gone up on high;  
*mf* But Thou shalt come again,  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
*p* Oh! by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
*cr* That we may stand in that dread hour  
*f* At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

## Also the following :

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!—356  
 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!—360  
 Christ, above all glory seated—374  
 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem—386  
 Crown Him with many crowns—389 and 390  
 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus—423

Jesu, our Hope, our heart's Desire—443  
 O Christ, Who hast prepared a place—480  
 Rejoice, the Lord is King!—537  
 The head that once was crowned with thorns—  
 555  
 Where high the heavenly temple stands—601



VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS (*First Form*).

MODE VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

The musical score for 'VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS (First Form)' is presented in three systems. Each system consists of three staves: a single staff at the top for the vocal melody in C-clef with a common time signature, and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) below for piano accompaniment in F-clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system contains two measures of music. The second system contains two measures of music. The third system contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

VERSE 9.

The musical score for 'VERSE 9' is presented in a single system with three staves: a single staff at the top for the vocal melody in C-clef with a common time signature, and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) below for piano accompaniment in F-clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The system contains two measures of music, ending with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns as in the previous section.

A-men.

# Whitsuntide.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS (*Second Form*).  
To be sung in Unison.

MODE VIII. Sarum.

## VERSE 9.

*p* COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.  
Thy blessèd unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
Enable, with perpetual light,  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,  
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.  
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 :

*f* Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ! Amen.

VENI CREATOR (Chant) (Third Tune). 8.8.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls in - spire, { And lighten with ce - les - tial fire. { Thou the anointing } Spi - rit art,

*Last verse.*

Who dost Thy sevenfold } gifts . . . im - part. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it,

*Slower.*

Father, Son, and Ho - - ly Spi - rit! A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*p* COME, Holy Ghost! our souls in | spire,      Anoint and cheer our | soiled | face  
     And lighten with ce | lestial | fire.      With the abundance | of Thy | grace.  
 Thou the anointing | Spirit | art,  
 Who dost Thy sevenfold | gifts im | part.      Keep far our foes, give | peace at | home,  
 Thy blessed unction | from a | bove      Where Thou art Guide, no | ill can | come.  
 Is comfort, life, and | fire of | love.      Teach us to know the | Father, | Son,  
     And Thee, of Both, to | be but | One.  
*cr* Enable, with per | petual | light,      That, through the ages | all a | long,  
 The dulness of our | blinded | sight.      This may be our | endless | song:

*f* Praise to Thy e | ternal | merit,  
 Father, Son, and | Holy | Spirit! Amen.

HOPE.

L.M.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.

♩ = 96.

A - men.

*mf* COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly  
Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy  
way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with  
God.

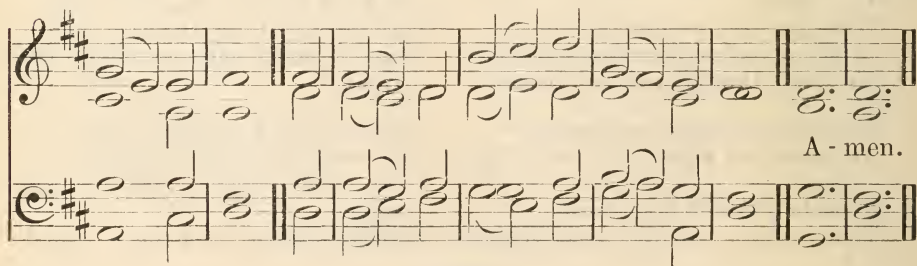
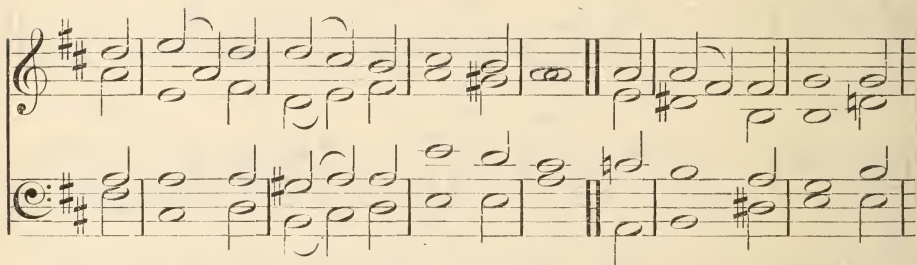
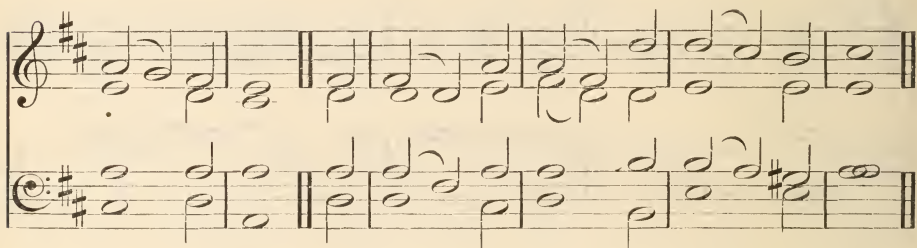
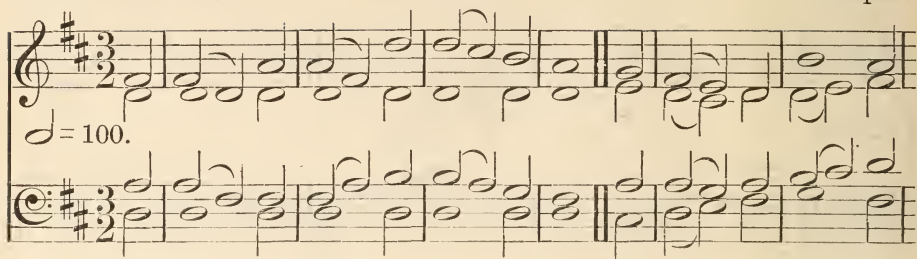
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, that we may  
share  
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.



GIESSEN.

Six 8's.

Adapted.





## Whitsuntide.

*mf* CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,  
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

*f* Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete to Thee. Amen.

SALVE, FESTA DIES! No. 4. 10.10., with Refrain. JAMES BADEN POWELL, b. 1842.

*Andante.*

The piano introduction is in 4/2 time, B-flat major, with a tempo of 112. The first system features a treble and bass staff with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

CANTORS (*unaccompanied*).

The cantors' part is a single melodic line in B-flat major, 4/2 time. It begins with a *f* dynamic and ends with a double bar line.

Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, When God's . . fair

The cantors' part continues the melody from the first verse, ending with a double bar line.

grace from heav'n on earth . . did shine; Hail! Fes - - tal Day di - vine.

CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.

The piano accompaniment for the chorus is in 4/2 time, B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff with chords and moving lines. The first system begins with a *f* dynamic. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line.

Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, . . When

*Small notes for Organ only.*

# Whitsuntide.

God's fair grace from heav'n on earth did

shine; Hail! Fes tal Day di vine.

CANTORS.

2. Lo! God the Spi - rit to th'A - pos - tles' hearts This Life -  
5. Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Ho - ly Fount of Light!

ORGAN.

This Life -

# Whitsuntide.

day in form of fire . . . Him-self im-parts. Hail, &c.  
- Giv-er! Fire of ra-diance ev-er bright. Hail, &c.

CHORUS.

CANTORS.

3. Forth from the Fa-ther bear-ing mys-tic powers,  
6. Thou Good all good con-tain-ing, Peace di-vine!  
8. Some fore-taste grant us of Thy se-cret things,

On hu-man hearts new strength He rich-ly showers. Hail, &c.  
Fill with Thy sweet-ness all these hearts of Thine. Hail, &c.  
The o-ver-shad-ow-ing of Che-rub-wings. Hail, &c.

# Whitsuntide.

CANTORS.

*cres.*

*mf*

4. Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell, God's  
 7. Who fill - est all things, earth, and sky, and sea, Cleanse  
 9. To love di - vine our lips and heart in - spire By

won - drous works in di - vers tongues to tell. Hail, &c.  
 Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee. Hail, &c.  
 fly - ing Se - raph touched with al - tar - fire.

CHORUS.

CHORUS AFTER LAST VERSE.

*f*

Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry age di - vine, When

*Small notes for Organ only.*



# Whitsuntide.

God's . . . fair grace from heav'n on earth . . . did shine; Hail!

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

Fes - tal Day . . . di - vine. Org. *f*

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte). The word "Org." indicates the organ part.

*Tpt.* *Tpt.*

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. Dynamics include *f* (forte). The word "Tpt." indicates the trumpet part.

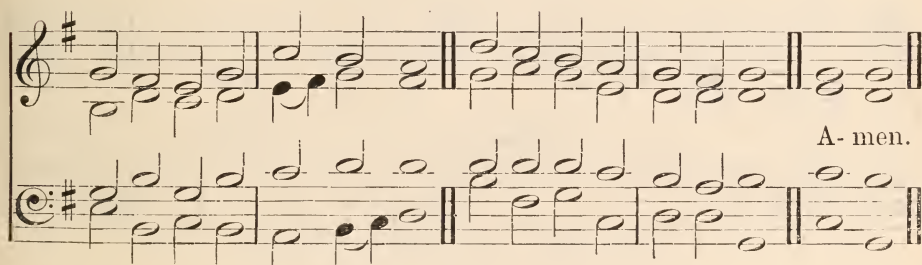
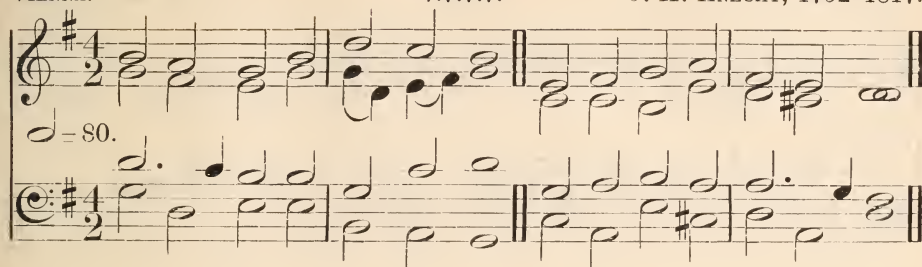
*ff* *rall.*

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature remains two flats. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *rall.* (rallentando).

VIENNA.

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT, 1752-1817.



*mf* **J**OY! because the circling year  
 Brings our day of blessings here;  
 Day when first the Light divine  
 On the Church began to shine!

Hardened scoffers vainly jeered;  
 Listening strangers heard and feared;  
 Knew the Prophet's word fulfilled;  
 Owned the work which God had willed.

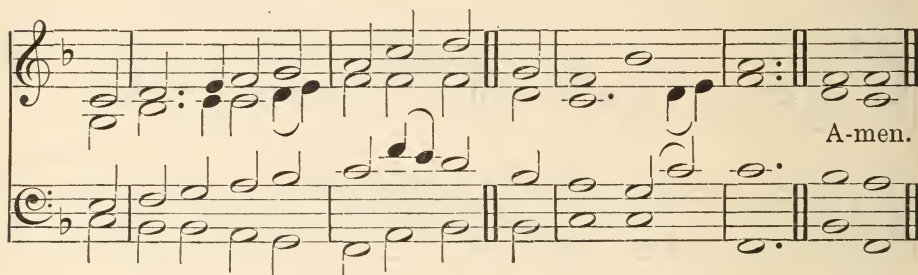
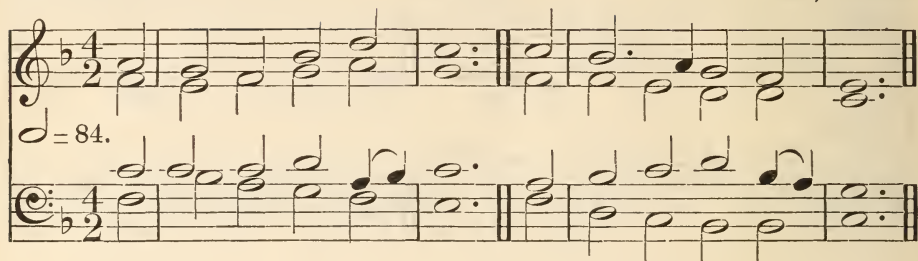
Like to quivering tongues of flame  
 Unto each the Spirit came;  
 Tongues, that earth might hear their  
 call;  
 Fire, that love might burn in all.

Still Thy Spirit's fulness, Lord,  
 On Thy waiting Church be poured!  
 Once Thou on Thy Saints didst  
 shower  
 Mighty signs and words of power;

So the wondrous works of God  
 Wondrously were spread abroad;  
 Every tribe's familiar tone  
 Made the glorious marvel known.

Humbler things we ask Thee now,  
 Gifts from heaven to men below;  
 Grant our burdened hearts release,  
 Grant Thine own abiding peace.

Amen.



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

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

Descend, O heavenly Dove,  
 Abide with us always;  
 And in the fulness of Thy love  
             Cleanse us, we pray.    Amen.

WAINWRIGHT.

L.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT, 1758-1825.

♩ = 72.

A-men.

*mf* SPIRIT of God, that moved of old  
 Upon the waters' darkened face,  
 Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,  
 And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,  
 All highest Strength, all purest Love,  
 The rushing of the mighty Wind,  
 The brooding of the gentle Dove;—

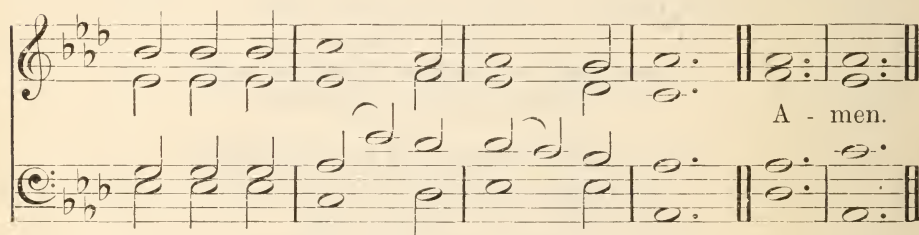
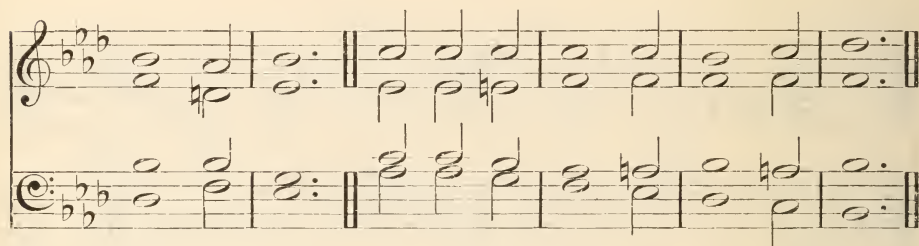
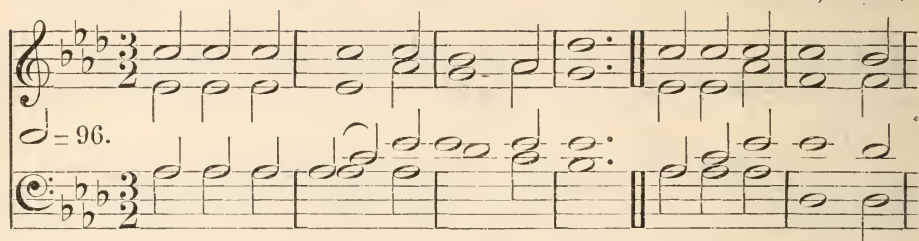
Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,  
 And urge us on, and keep us Thine;  
 Nor leave the hearts that once were made  
 Fit temples for Thy grace divine:—

Nor let us quench Thy Sevenfold Light:  
 But still with softest breathings stir  
 Our wayward souls—and lead us right,  
 O Holy Ghost the Comforter! Amen.

PENTECOST.

L.M.

W. BOYD, b. 1847.



*p* SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love, *mf* In every clime, in every tongue,  
 Oh! shed Thine influence from Be God's eternal praises sung:  
 above; Through all the listening earth be  
 And still from age to age convey taught  
 The wonders of this sacred day. The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

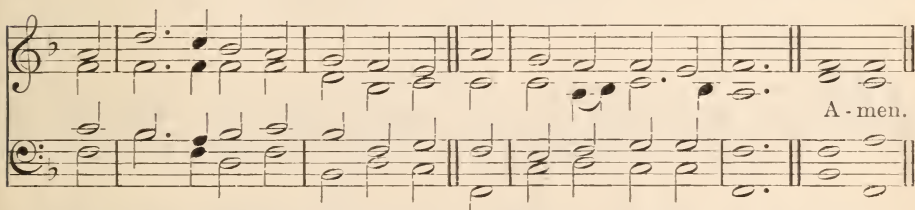
*p* Unfailing Comfort! Heavenly Guide!  
 Over Thy favoured Church preside;  
 Still may mankind Thy blessings prove;  
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.



WINCHESTER OLD.

C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter, 1592.



*f* **W**HEN God of old came down from heaven,  
 In power and wrath He came;  
 Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
 Half darkness and half flame:

*f* And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
 The voice exceeding loud,  
 The trump, that Angels quake to  
 hear,  
 Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

*p* But when He came the second time, *mf* So, when the Spirit of our God  
 He came in power and love;  
 Softer than gale at morning prime  
 Hovered His Holy Dove.

Came down His flock to find,  
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
 A rushing, mighty wind.

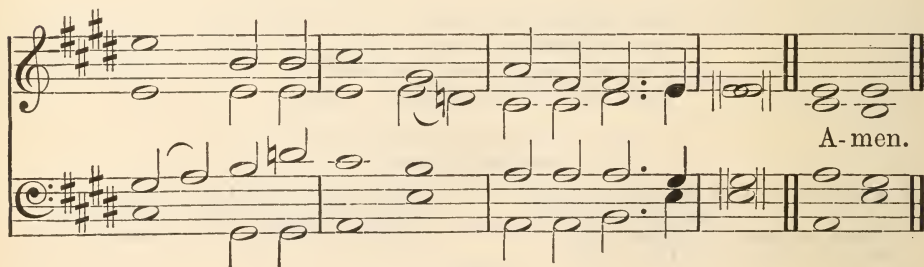
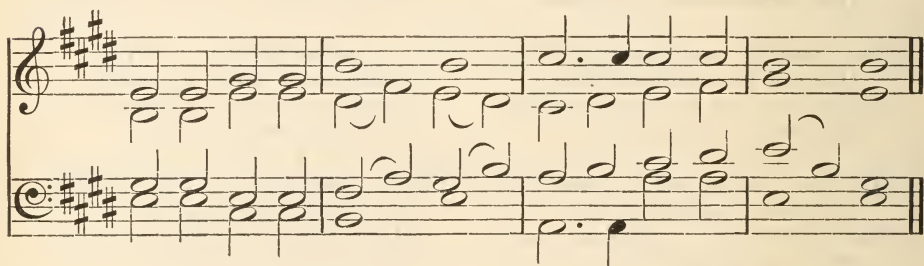
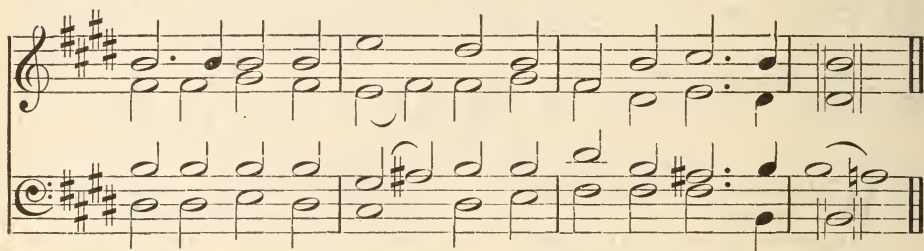
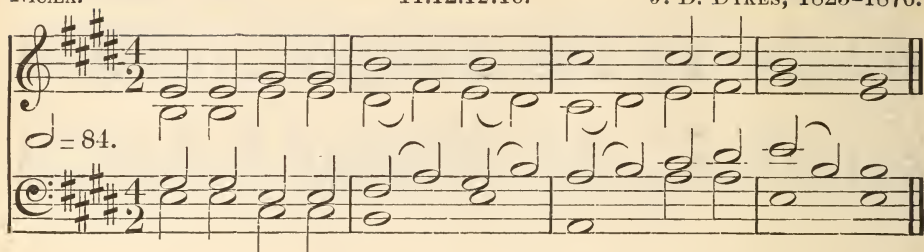
*f* The fires that rushed on Sinai down, *f* It fills the Church of God; it fills  
 In sudden torrents dread,  
 The sinful world around;  
*mf* Now gently light, a glorious crown, *p* Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
 On every sainted head.  
 No place for it is found.

*mf* Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
 Open our ears to hear;  
 Let us not miss the accepted hour;  
 Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

*Also the following:*

Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One—51  
 Come to our poor nature's night—384  
 Gracious Spirit, Life Divine—418  
 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine—419

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light!—427  
 O Love so strong, O Power so sweet—503  
 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed—527



## Trinity Sunday.

*p* **H**OLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
*mf* Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
*p* Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
*mf* God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

*p* Holy, Holy, Holy! All the Saints adore Thee,  
*mf* Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*p* Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
*mf* Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

*p* Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
*f* All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea.  
*p* Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
*f* God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

AVE COLENTA TRINITAS (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*



CHESTERTON (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

G. F. COBB, b. 1838.

## Trinity Sunday.

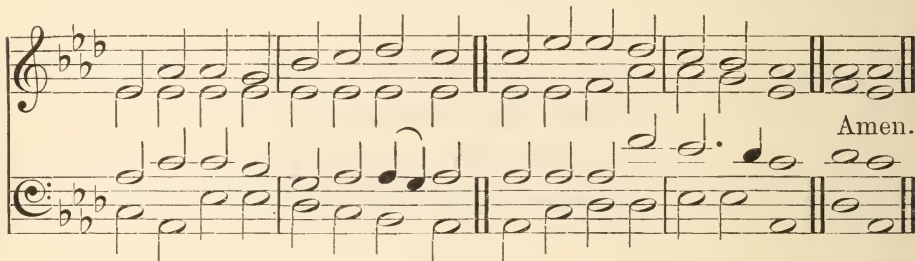
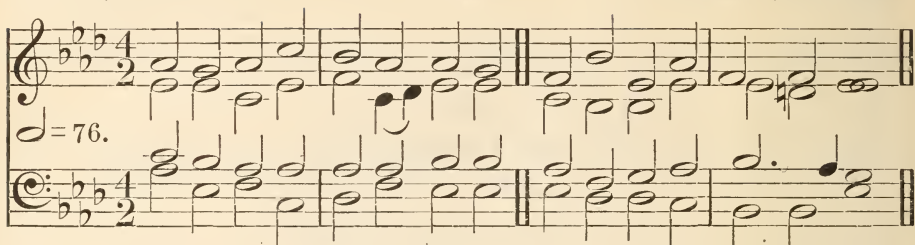
*mf* **A**LL hail, Adorèd Trinity;  
All hail, Eternal Unity;  
O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, ever One.

Behold to Thee, this festal day,  
We utter forth a thankful lay,  
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,  
The saving health of all the earth.

*f* Three Persons praise we evermore,  
One only God our hearts adore;  
*mf* In Thy sure mercy ever kind  
May we our true protection find.

*p* O Trinity! O Unity!  
Be present as we worship Thee;  
*cr* And with the songs that Angels sing  
Unite the hymns of praise we bring. Amen.





*mf* **B**RIGHT the vision that delighted *f* Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 Once the sight of Judah's seer; Earth takes up the Angels' cry,  
 Sweet the countless tongues united *p* "Holy, Holy, Holy,"—singing, [High.]  
 To entrance the prophet's ear. *f* "Lord of Hosts, The Lord Most

Round the Lord in glory seated *mf* With His Seraph train before Him,  
 Cherubim and Seraphim With His holy Church below,  
 Filled His temple, and repeated Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Each to each the alternate hymn: Bid we thus our anthem flow :

*f* "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ; *f* "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored ; Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given, Unto Thee be glory given,  
*p* Holy, Holy, Holy Lord." *p* Holy, Holy, Holy Lord." Amen.

*Also the following :*

Father of heaven, Whose love profound—395  
 O King of kings, before Whose throne—496  
 The strain upraise of joy and praise—560  
 Thou, Whose Almighty word—574  
 Three in One, and One in Three—575

# Saints' Days.

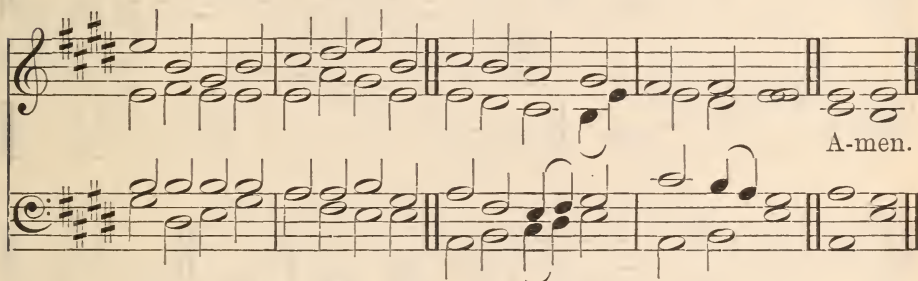
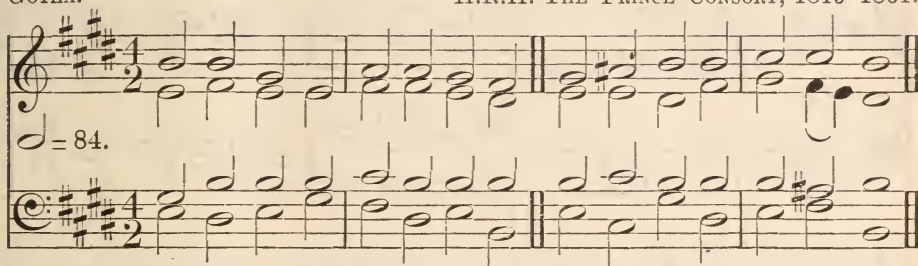
## St. Andrew the Apostle.

201

8.7.8.7.

GOtha.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, 1819-1861.



*May also be sung to "Stuttgart," No. 110.*

<p><i>mf</i> <b>J</b>ESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult          Of our life's wild restless sea          Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,          Saying, "Christian, follow Me ;"</p>	<p>Jesus calls us from the worship          Of the vain world's golden store,          From each idol that would keep us,          Saying, " Christian, love Me more."</p>
---	--

<p>As of old Saint Andrew heard it          By the Galilean lake, [dred,          Turned from home, and toil, and kin-          Leaving all for His dear sake.</p>	<p>In our joys and in our sorrows,          Days of toil and hours of ease,          Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,          " Christian, love Me more than these."</p>
--	--

*p* Jesus calls us ; by Thy mercies,  
*cr* Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

# Saints' Days.

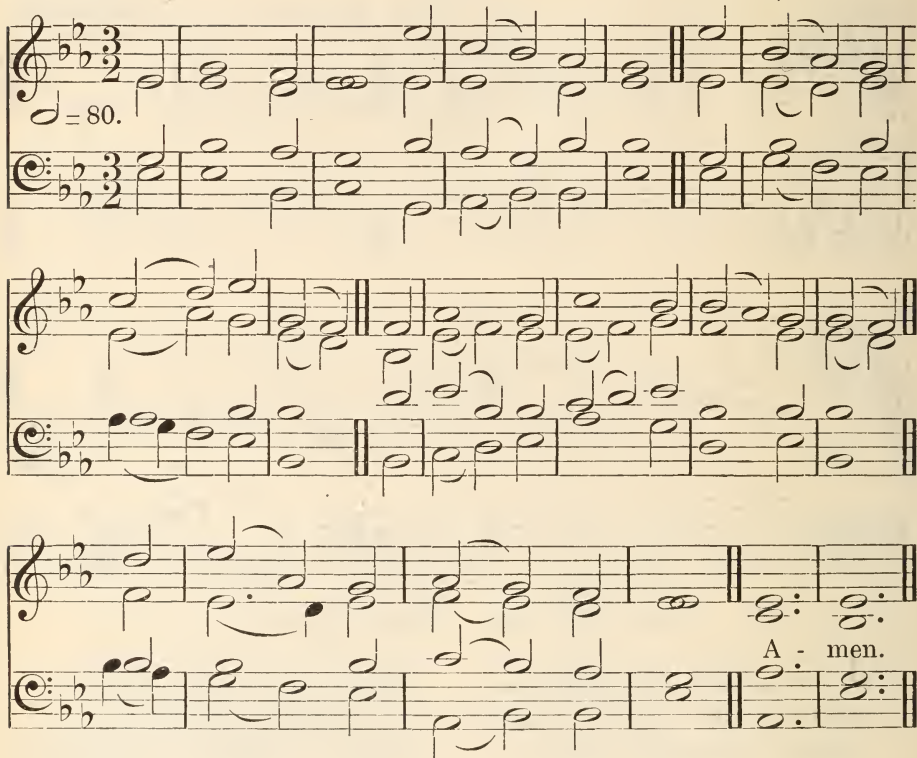
## St. Thomas the Apostle.

202

MANCHESTER.

C.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT, 1748-1782.



*mf* **W**E have not seen, we cannot see,  
 The happy land above,  
 From sin and death and suffering free,  
 Where all is peace and love ;

We only see the path so long  
 By which we have to go ;  
 We only feel the foe so strong  
 Who seeks to work us woe.

We have not seen, we cannot see  
 The Cross our Master bore,  
 With all its pains, that man might be  
 The devil's slave no more.

We only think it hard to part  
 With every pleasant sin,  
 And give to God a perfect heart,  
 And make Him Lord within.

We walk by faith, and not by sight ;  
 And, blessed Saint, like thee,  
 We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,  
 Because we cannot see.

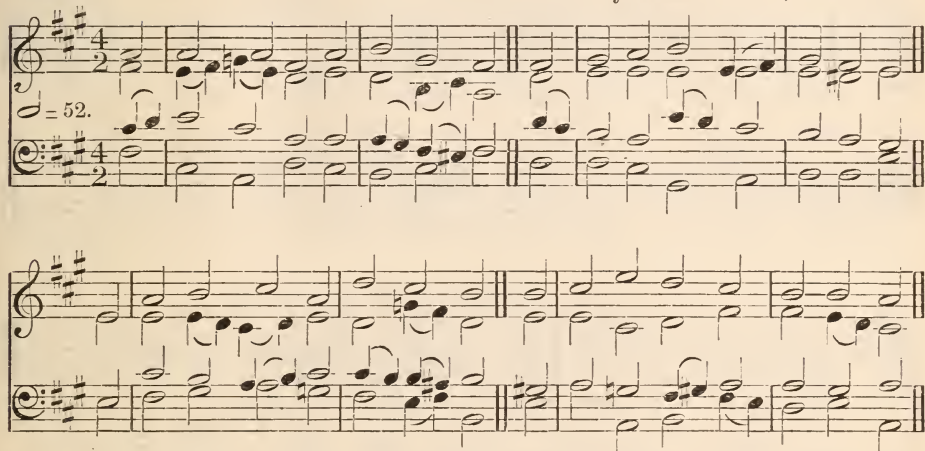
Upon the promise we would lean  
 Thy doubting heart received ;  
 Blessed are they that have not seen,  
 And that have yet believed. Amen.

## Conversion of St. Paul.

L.M.

BRESLAU.

Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.

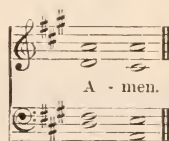


*mf* **O** CHRIST, the true and only Light,  
 Direct the souls that walk in night,  
 And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering care  
 To find their blest redemption there.

O Lord, give sight unto the blind,  
 And join us all in heart and mind;  
 Oh gather the dispersed to Thee;  
 The wavering, Lord, from doubt set free.

Those who in error wander wide,  
 Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;  
 Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal:  
 To all the hope of glory seal.

*f* So they who sing Thy praise above,  
 With us shall join in bonds of love;  
 And Thee for all Thy grace adore  
 On earth,—in heaven,—for evermore.



First system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/2. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. A tempo marking "♩ = 100." is placed between the staves. The music consists of two measures, each with a repeat sign at the end.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two measures with repeat signs.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. It consists of two measures with repeat signs.

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The top staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The text "A-men." is written above the final measure of the bottom staff.



## Conversion of St. Paul.

*f* **W**E sing the glorious conquest  
Before Damascus' gate,  
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,  
Came breathing threats of hate:  
The ravening wolf rushed forward  
Full early to the prey;  
But lo! the Shepherd met him,  
And bound him fast to-day!

*mf* O Glory most excelling  
That smote across His path!  
O Light that pierced and blinded  
The zealot in his wrath!  
O Voice that spake within him  
The calm reproving word!  
O Love that sought and held him  
The bondman of his Lord!

O Wisdom, ordering all things  
In order strong and sweet,  
What nobler spoil was ever  
Cast at the Victor's feet?  
What wiser master-builder  
E'er wrought at Thine employ,  
Than he, till now so furious  
Thy building to destroy.

*p* Lord teach Thy Church the lesson,  
Still in her darkest hour  
Of weakness and of danger  
To trust Thy hidden power.  
*cr* Thy grace by ways mysterious  
The wrath of man can bind,  
And in Thy boldest foeman  
Thy chosen Saint can find! Amen.

# Saints' Days.

205

## The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

FRANCONIA.

S.M.

MÜLLER'S Choralbuch, 1754.

♩ = 92.

A-men.

*mf* **B**LEST are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see our God;  
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the heavens  
 Our life and peace to bring,  
 To dwell in lowliness with men,  
 Their pattern and their King:

*p* Still to the lowly soul  
 He doth Himself impart;  
 And for His dwelling and His throne  
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

*mf* Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
 May ours this blessing be;  
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
 A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

## The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Old German Melody.

BAMBERG.

Harmonized by J. C. BACH, 1643-1703.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A-men.

*mf* **I**N His temple now behold Him,  
 See the long-expected Lord!  
 Ancient prophets had foretold Him;  
 God hath now fulfilled His word.  
*f* Now to praise Him His redeemed  
 Shall break forth with one accord.

*p* In the arms of her who bore Him,  
 Virgin pure, behold Him lie,  
 While His aged Saints adore Him,  
 Ere in perfect faith they die:  
*f* Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Lo, the Incarnate God Most High!

*p* Jesus, by Thy presentation,  
 Thou, Who didst for us endure,  
*cr* Make us see Thy great salvation,  
 Seal us with Thy promise sure;  
*f* And present us in Thy glory  
 To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

*f* Prince and Author of salvation,  
 Be Thy boundless love our theme!  
 Jesu, praise to Thee be given  
 By the world Thou didst redeem,  
 With the Father and the Spirit,  
 Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

# Saints' Days.

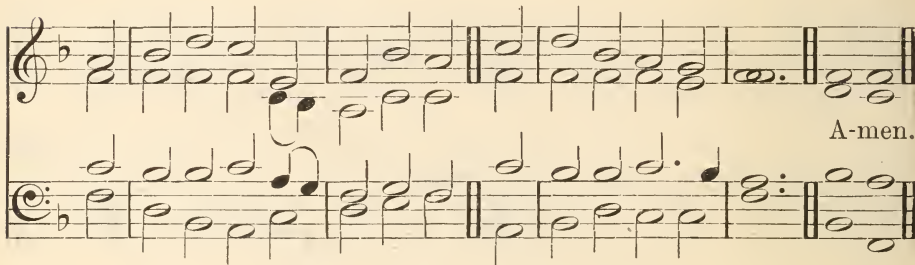
207

## St. Matthias's Day.

ST. ETHELDREDA.

C.M.

Bishop TURTON, 1780-1864.



*mf* **T**HE highest and the holiest place  
 Guards not the heart from sin;  
 The Church that safest seems without  
 May harbour foes within.

But not the great designs of God  
 Man's sins shall overthrow;  
 Another witness to the truth  
 Forth to the lands shall go.

Thus in the small and chosen band  
 Beloved above the rest,  
 One fell from his apostleship,  
 A traitor-soul unblest.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die;  
 Thy purpose shall not fail;  
 The word of grace no less shall sound,  
 The truth no less prevail.

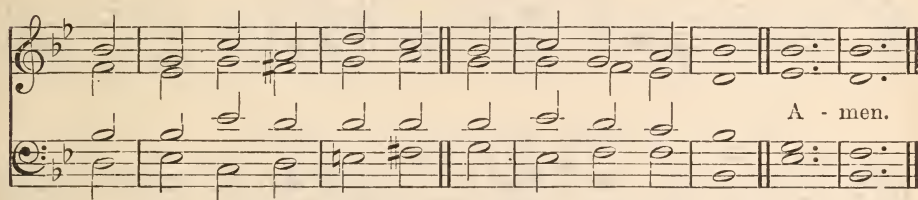
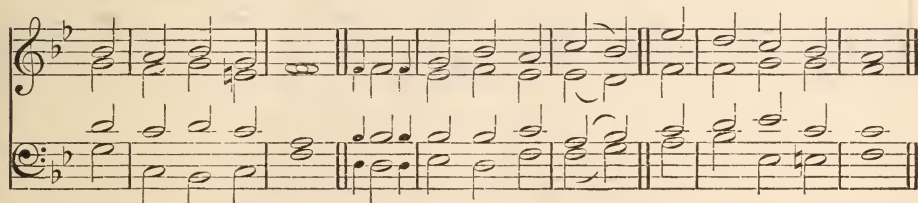
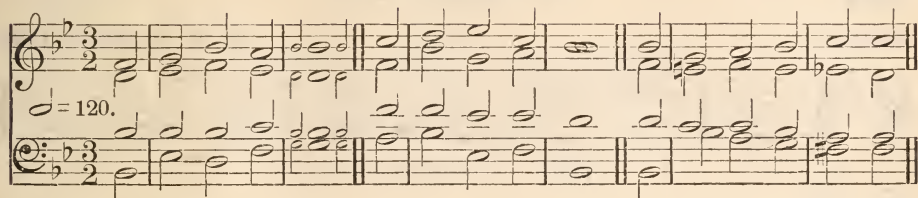
Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways;  
 Long as the worlds endure,  
 From foes without and foes within  
 Thy Church shall stand secure. Amen.

# 208 The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

ANNUNCIATION.

6.5.6.5. D.

A. H. BREWER, b. 1865.



*f* **O** PRAISE ye the Lord,  
 Ye nations, rejoice,  
 Pour forth adoration  
 On this blessed morn ;  
 An Angel to Mary  
 Hath raised his voice,  
 Declaring salvation,  
 For Christ shall be born.

*mf* The Lord hath fulfilled  
 His wonderful sign—  
 The sign He declared  
 Of old should be done ;

A Virgin conceiving  
 By power Divine  
 Shall bear, as the Saviour  
 Of Israel, a Son.

*f* Then raise the glad voice,  
 Ye nations and lands ;  
 Pour forth adoration,  
 Ye kindreds of earth ;  
 Let the mountains rejoice,  
 The floods clap their hands,  
 And God's great Creation  
 Sing praise at His birth. Amen.

*Also the following : Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !—101*



# Saints' Days.

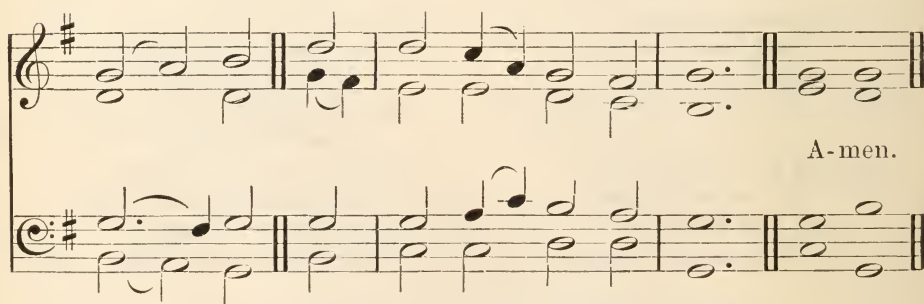
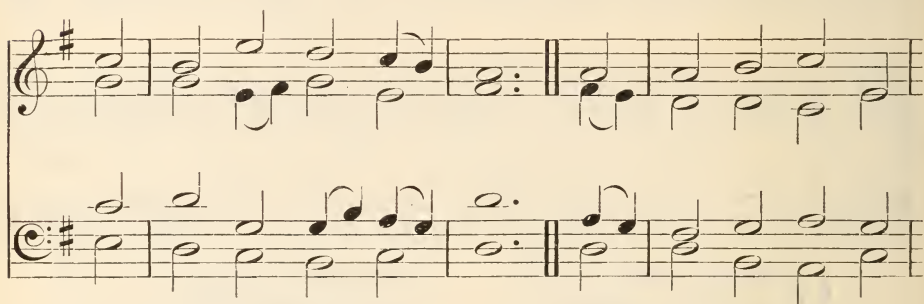
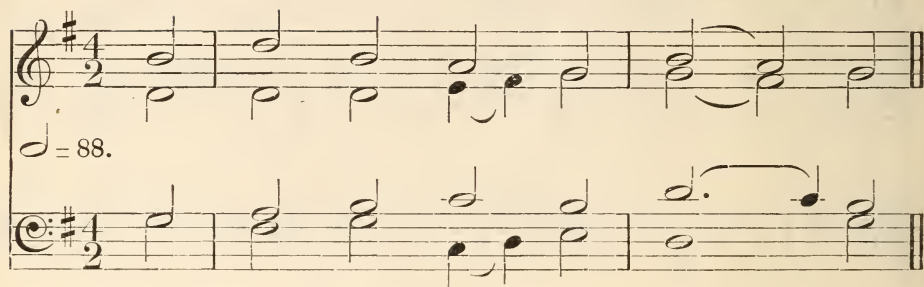
209

St. Mark's Day.

ARGYLE.

7.6.7.6.

E. H. TURPIN, b. 1835.



## St. Mark's Day.

*f* **W**E praise Thy grace, O Saviour,  
That beareth with us long,  
And ever out of weakness  
Thy servants maketh strong.

*p* The Saint, who left his comrades,  
And turned back from the fight,  
*f* Behold at last victorious  
In Thy prevailing might!

*mf* From Thee, Lord, came the courage  
Once more to front the host:  
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,  
In weakness shineth most.

Thy love Thy Saint hath numbered  
Among the Blessèd Four,  
And all the world rejoiceth  
To learn his Gospel-lore.

*p* O Lord, our human weakness  
With pitying eye behold;  
*cr* Uplift the fainting spirit,  
And make the coward bold.

*f* O Jesu, glorious Victor  
O'er all the hosts of sin,  
In us Thy strength make perfect,  
In us the victory win. Amen.

# Saints' Days.

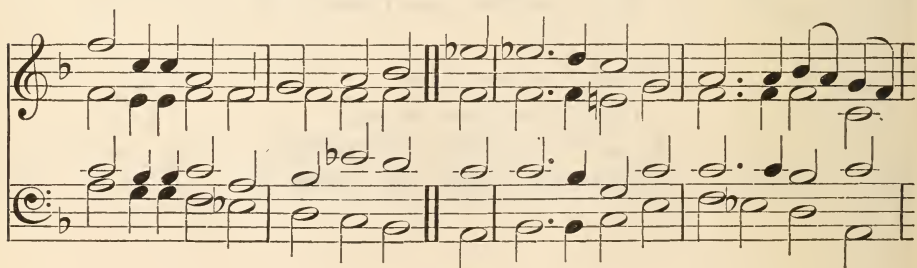
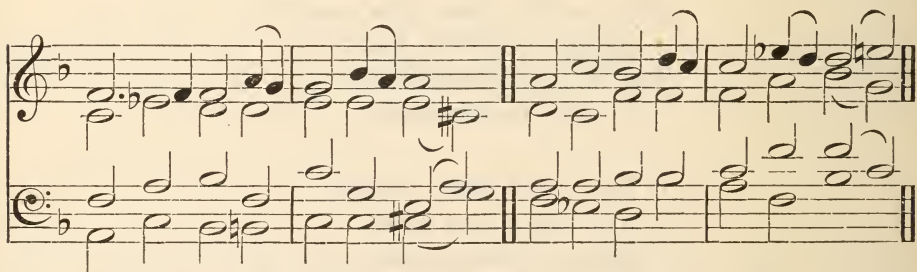
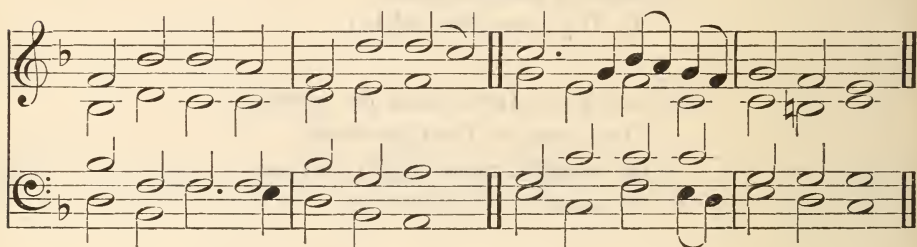
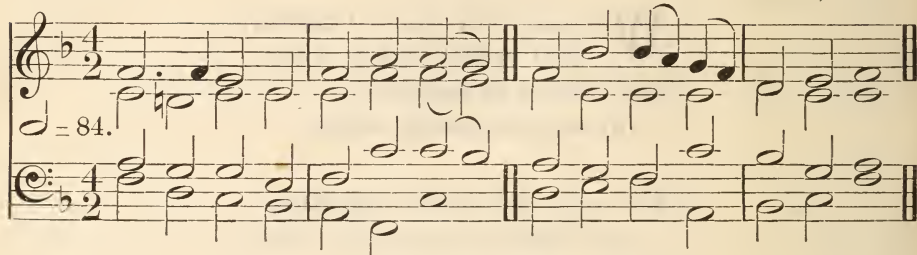
210

St. Philip and St. James's Day.

GLENYARRAH.

7.7.7.7.7. 8.12.

F. S. KELLY, b. 1881.



# St. Philip and St. James's Day.

Verse 3, lines 6 and 7.

A-men.

mar-tyr's crown? O Saviour of the

*p* **T**EMPTED oft to go astray, *f* Thou the Way art, Thou the Prize  
*cr* Jesu Christ, be Thou my Way; That beyond the journey lies;  
 Mocked with shadowy dreams of Thou the Truth art, Thou the  
 youth, Guide,  
*cr* Jesu Christ, be Thou my truth; Gone before, yet by our side;  
*p* Wearied out with manhood's strife, Everlasting life below  
*cr* Jesu Christ, be Thou my life; It is truly Thee to know;  
*f* Such to Thy Saints wast Thou of yore, Such to Thy Saints wast Thou of yore,  
 Unchangeable Thou art, and shalt be Unchangeable Thou art, and shalt be  
 evermore. evermore.

*mf* Would we follow, true and bold,  
 Steps of holy men of old;  
*cr* Freely leave the world, to prove  
 Our, like their, undying love;  
*p* And as freely life lay down,  
*cr* To receive a martyr's crown?  
*mf* O Saviour of the Saints of yore,  
 Be Thou to us, what Thou to them wast, evermore. Amen.

Also the following:

Thou art the Way;—to Thee alone—571

# Saints' Days.

211

St. Barnabas the Apostle.

EURENE.

11.10.11.10.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

V. 6.

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of two staves. The tempo is marked as  $\text{♩} = 108$ . The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with some notes beamed together. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It consists of two staves in G major and 4/2 time. The melody in the right hand continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It consists of two staves in G major and 4/2 time. The right hand features a more active melody with some grace notes, while the left hand remains mostly chordal.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in G major and 4/2 time. The music ends with a final chord in both hands. The text "A-men." is written at the end of the system.



## St. Barnabas the Apostle.

*mf* O SON of God, our Captain of Salvation,  
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,  
*cr* We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,  
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:—

*mf* Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs  
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;  
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours  
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast:—

*cr* Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,  
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
And wins the sundered to be one again:—

*p* And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
Soothe the sick-bed, and share the children's mirth.

*mf* Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation  
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;  
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,  
*cr* From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

*mf* Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,  
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"  
*f* Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,  
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.

# Saints' Days.

## St. John Baptist's Day.

212

HARBINGER.

6.6.10. D.

HORATIO PARKER, b. 1863.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 88 (♩ = 88.). The system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics "Thou . . that art" are written below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It consists of a treble and a bass staff with the same key signature and time signature.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It consists of a treble and a bass staff with the same key signature and time signature.

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The lyrics "A-men." are written below the bass staff. It consists of a treble and a bass staff with the same key signature and time signature.

## St. John Baptist's Day.

*f*     **H**AIL, harbinger of Morn:  
Thou that art this day born,  
And heraldest the Word with clarion voice!  
Ye faithful ones, in him  
Behold the dawning dim  
Of the bright Day, and let your hearts rejoice.

*mf*     John;—by that chosen name  
To call him, Gabriel came  
By God's appointment from his home on high:  
What deeds that babe should do  
To manhood when he grew,  
God sent His Angel forth to testify.

*f*     There is none greater, none,  
Than Zachariah's son;  
Than this no mightier prophet hath been born  
Of woman. He may claim  
More than a prophet's fame;  
Sublimar deeds than theirs his brow adorn.

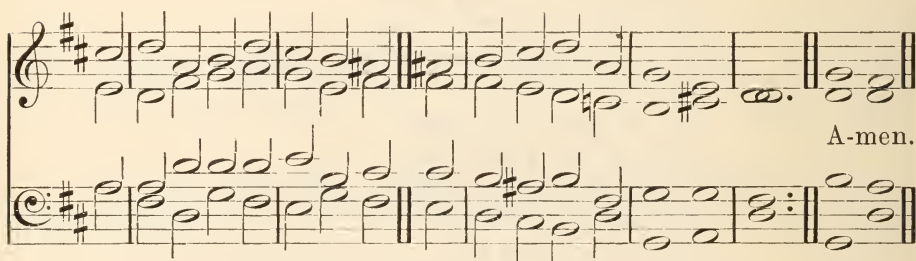
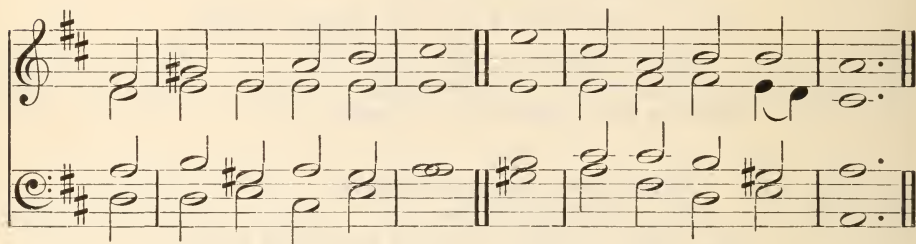
*mf*     "Lo, to prepare Thy way,"  
Did God the Father say,  
"Before Thy face My messenger I send,  
Thy coming to forerun;  
As on the orient sun  
Doth the bright daystar morn by morn attend."

*f*     Praise therefore God Most High;  
Praise Him Who came to die  
For us, His Son that liveth evermore;  
And to the Spirit raise,  
The Comforter, like praise,  
While time endureth, and when time is o'er. Amen.

CROFT'S 148TH.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.



*f* **L**O! from the desert home,  
 Where he hath hid so long,  
 The new Elias comes,  
 In sternest wisdom strong;  
 The voice that cries  
 Of Christ from high,  
 And judgment nigh  
 From opening skies.

## St. John Baptist's Day.

- f* Your God e'en now doth stand  
Within heaven's opening door,  
His fan is in His hand,  
And He will purge His floor ;  
The wheat He claims  
And with Him stows,  
*p* The chaff He throws  
To deathless flames.
- mf* Ye haughty mountains, bow  
Your sky-aspiring heads ;  
Ye valleys, hiding low,  
Lift up your gentle meads  
*f* Make His way plain  
Your King before,  
For evermore  
He comes to reign.
- mf* Let thy dread voice around,  
Thou harbinger of Light,  
On our dull ears still sound,  
*dim* Lest here we sleep in night,  
Till judgment come,  
*p* And on our path  
Shall burst the wrath,  
And deathless doom.
- p* O God, with love's sweet might,  
Who dost anoint and arm  
*cr* Christ's soldier for the fight  
With spells that shield from harm,  
*f* Thrice Blessèd Three,  
Heaven's endless days  
Shall sing Thy praise  
Eternally. Amen.

---

*Also the following :*

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry—81  
O Saviour ! is Thy promise fled ?—506



# Saints' Days.

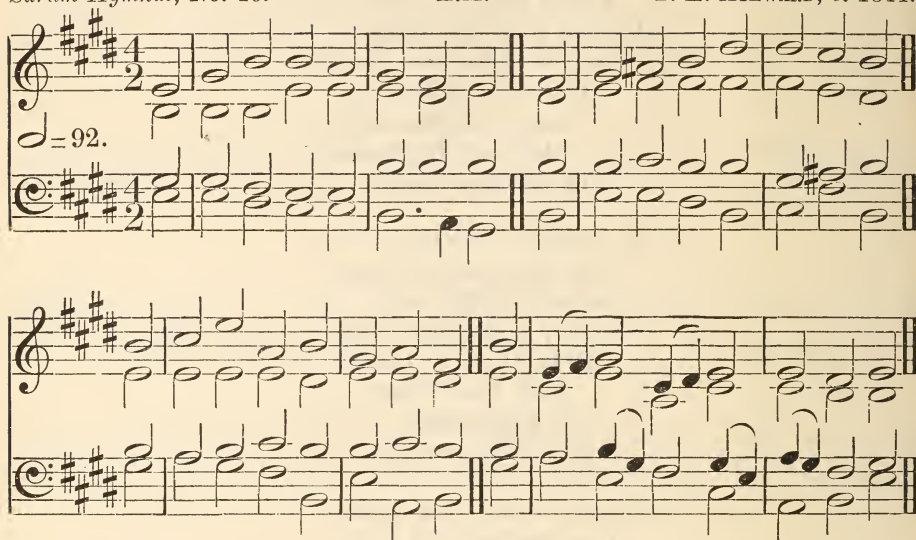
214

## St. Peter's Day.

Sarum Hymnal, No. 46.

L.M.

T. E. AYLWARD, b. 1844.

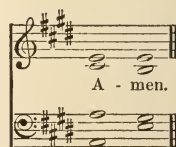


*mf* CREATOR of the rolling flood!  
 On Whom Thy people hope alone;  
 Who cam'st by water and by blood,  
 For man's offences to atone:—

Who from the labours of the deep  
 Didst set Thy servant Peter free,  
 To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,  
 And build an endless Church to Thee:—

*p* Grant us, devoid of worldly care,  
 And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,  
 To seek Thy help in humble prayer,  
 And on Thy sacred rock to stand:—

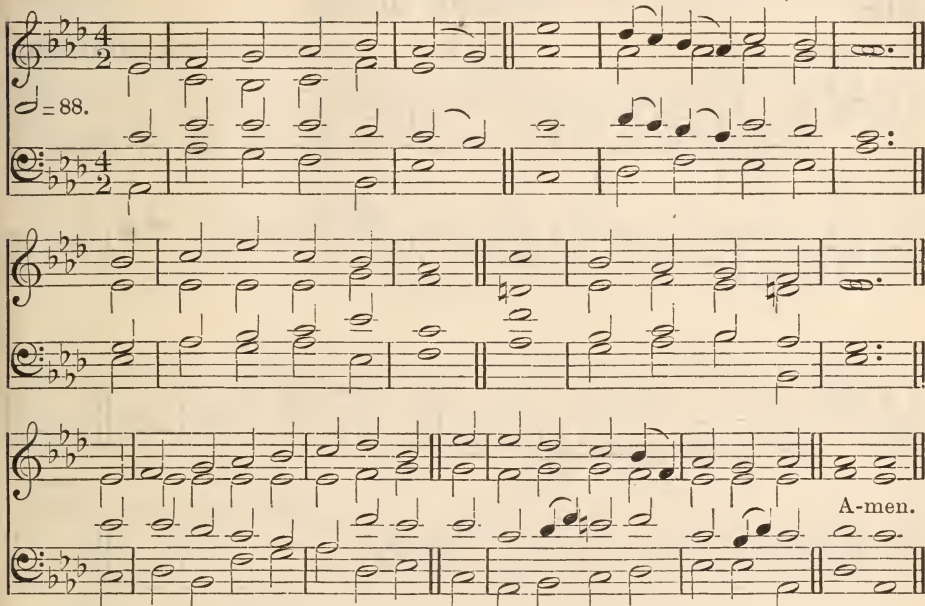
And when, our life-long toil to crown,  
 Thy call shall set the spirit free,  
*cr* To cast with joy our burthen down,  
*f* And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee!



HAREWOOD.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.



*f* "THOU art the Christ, O Lord,  
 The Son of God Most High!" *p* Thrice was he put to shame,  
 For ever be adored Thrice did the dauntless fall;  
 That Name in earth and sky, But, oh! that look that came  
 In which, though mortal strength may *cr* It pierced and broke the spell-bound  
 fail, heart,  
 The Saints of God at last prevail! *f* And foiled the tempter's sifting art!  
*mf* Oh, surely he was blest *p* Thrice fallen—thrice restored!  
 With blessedness unpriced, The bitter lesson learnt,  
 Who, taught of God, confessed *cr* That heart for Thee, O Lord,  
 The Godhead in the Christ! [own With triple ardour burnt.  
 For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst The cross he took he laid not down  
 Thy Saint a true foundation-stone. Until he grasped the martyr's crown!

*f* O bright triumphant faith!  
 O courage void of fears!  
 O love most strong in death!  
 O penitential tears!  
*p* By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,  
 And make us go where Thou shalt call. Amen.

Also the following: Lord! have mercy when we strive—463

# Saints' Days.

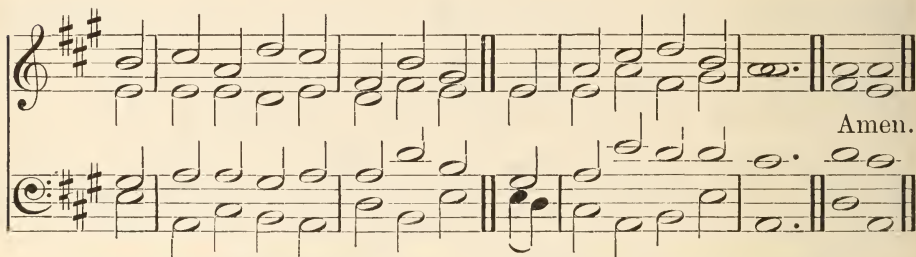
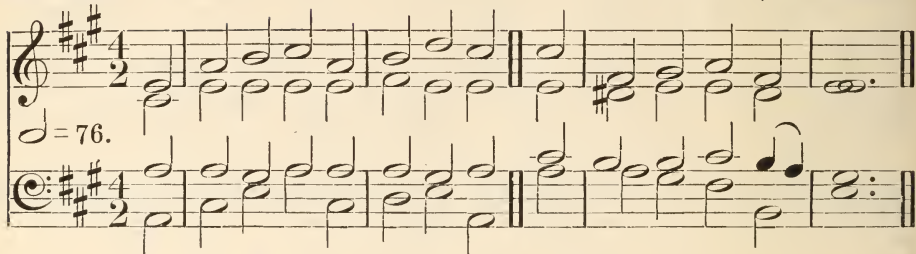
216

## St. James the Apostle.

ST. JAMES.

C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE, 1676 ?-1772.



*mf* **F**OR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,  
 Who fell by fire and sword,  
 Who soon were called, or waited  
 long,  
 We praise Thy Name, O Lord ;

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,  
 Who drank Thy cup of pain,  
 And passed from Herod's flashing  
 blade  
 To see Thy face again.

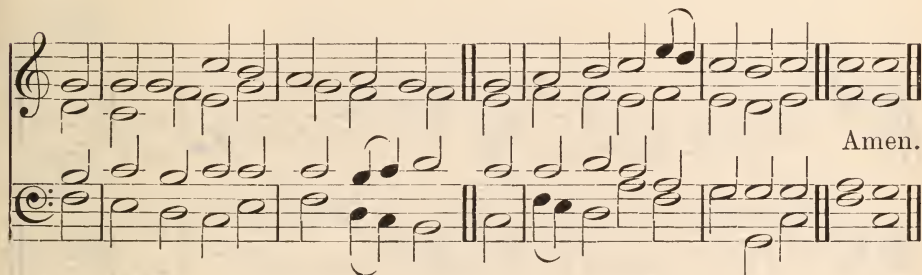
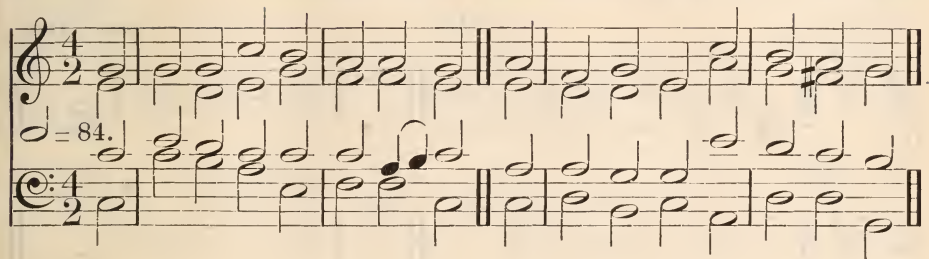
For him who left his father's side,  
 Nor lingered by the shore,  
 When, softer than the weltering  
 tide,  
 Thy summons glided o'er ;

*p* Lord, give us grace, and give us love,  
 Like him to leave behind  
 Earth's cares and joys, and look  
 above  
 With true and earnest mind.

Who stood beside the maiden dead,  
 Who climbed the mount with Thee,  
 And saw the glory round Thy head,  
 One of Thy chosen three ;

*mf* So shall we learn to drink Thy Cup,  
 So meek and firm be found,  
*cr* When Thou shalt come to take us up  
 Where Thine elect are crowned.

Amen.



*f* **W**E praise Thy Name, O Lord  
Most High,

Redeemer of our souls from death,  
And all Thy mercies magnify,  
In making known Thy saving faith.

O favoured one, who, ere he knew  
The sharpness of the coming cross,  
Of Thy bright beauty caught the  
view  
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

*mf* Thou didst the humble fisher call,  
Beside the shores of Galilee :  
At Thy command he gave up all,  
And left his nets to follow Thee.

Thy promise is fulfilled, and he  
Dares in Thy painful steps to go ;  
*p* To drink Thy cup of agony,  
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

O happy choice, for earthly toil  
The strife to rescue souls from sin :  
For treasures that may rust and spoil,  
The crown of heavenly life to win.

*mf* Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee  
In bliss may us with courage nerve,  
The world and all its pomp to flee,  
Our cross to bear, and Thee to serve.

Amen.



# Saints' Days.

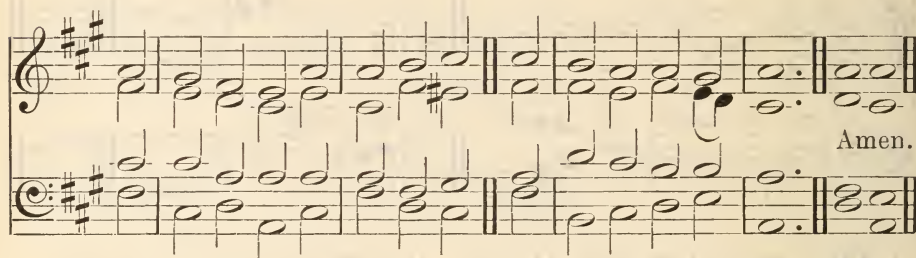
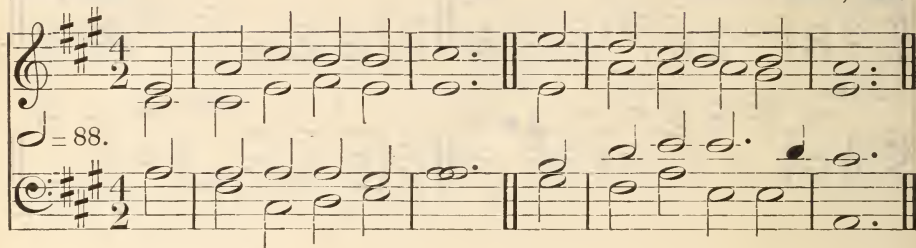
218

St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

ST. MICHAEL.

S.M.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1563.



<i>mf</i> <b>H</b> OW beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, <i>p</i> And words of peace reveal!	How blessed are our eyes That see this heavenly light! Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without the sight.
How charming is their voice, How sweet the tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour King; <i>f</i> He reigns and triumphs here.	<i>mf</i> The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; <i>cr</i> Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.
<i>mf</i> How happy are our ears That hear this joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found.	<i>f</i> The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth abroad: Let every nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.

Amen.

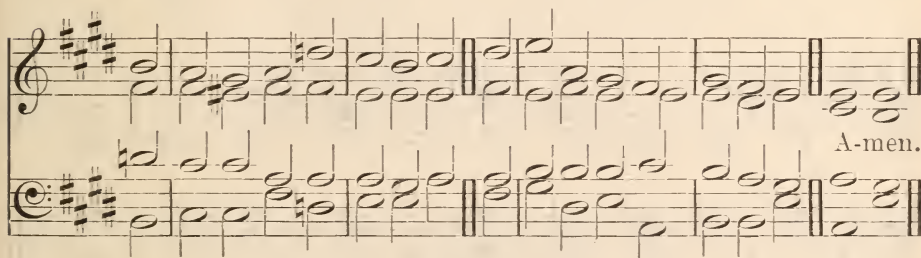
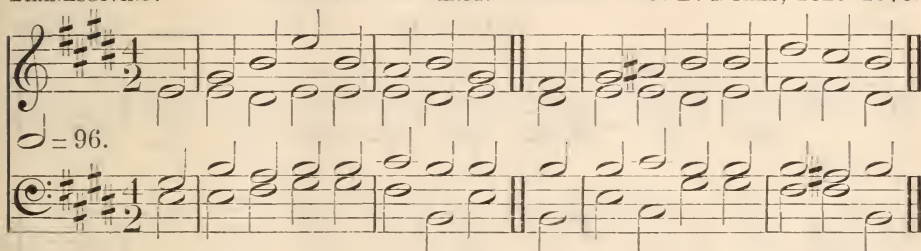


## St. Matthew the Apostle.

THANKSGIVING.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*p* **B**EHOLD, the Master passeth by !  
 Oh, seest thou not His pleading  
 eye ?  
 With low sad voice He calleth thee—  
 “Leave this vain world, and follow Me.”

That “Follow Me” his faithful ear  
 Seemed every day afresh to hear :  
 Its echoes stirred his spirit still,  
 And fired his hope, and nerved his  
 will.

O soul, bowed down with harrowing *p* care,  
 Hast thou no thought for heaven to  
 spare ?  
*mf* From earthly toils lift up thine eye ;—  
 Behold, the Master passeth by !

God gently calls us every day :  
 Why should we then our bliss  
 delay ?  
 He calls to heaven an endless light :  
 Why should we love the dreary  
 night ?

One heard Him calling long ago,  
 And straightway left all things below,  
 Counting his earthly gain as loss  
 For Jesus and His blessed Cross.

*f* Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew’s call,  
 At which he rose and left his all :  
*p* Thou, Lord, e’en now art calling me,—  
*f* I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Amen.

# Saints' Days.

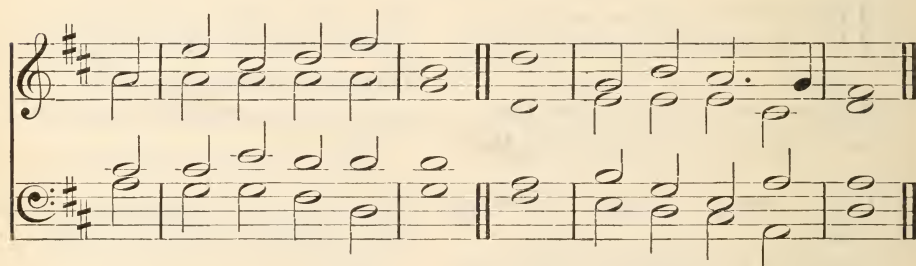
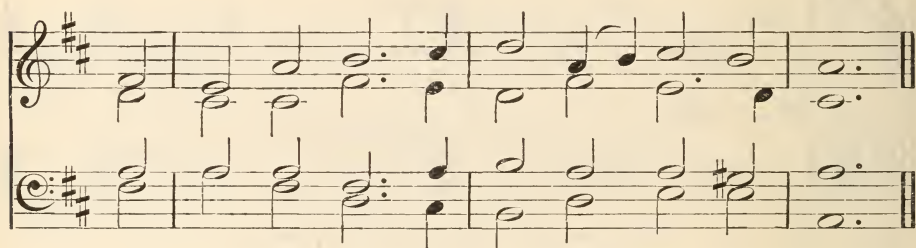
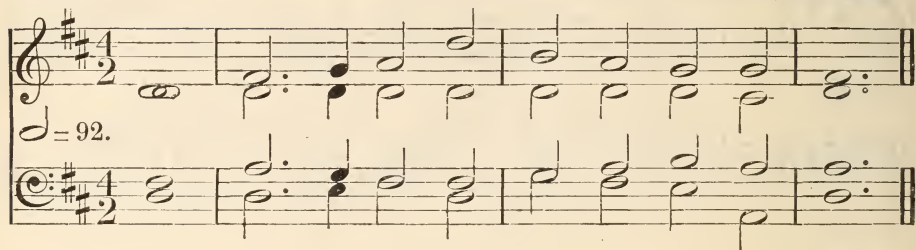
220

St. Michael and all Angels.

TENBURY.

10.10.6.6.10.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825-1889.



## St. Michael and all Angels.

*mf* **O** GOD the Son Eternal, Thy dread might  
Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of heaven,  
And from the realms of light  
Cast down in burning fight  
Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

Thine Angels, Lord, we sing with thankful lays,  
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky ;  
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,  
Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,  
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing  
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,  
The mercies of their King  
To mortal Saints to bring,  
*p* Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

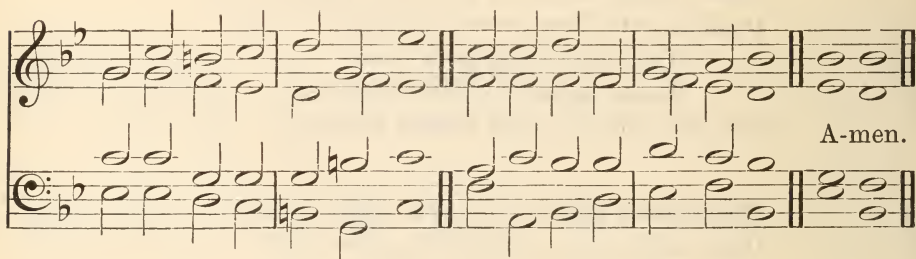
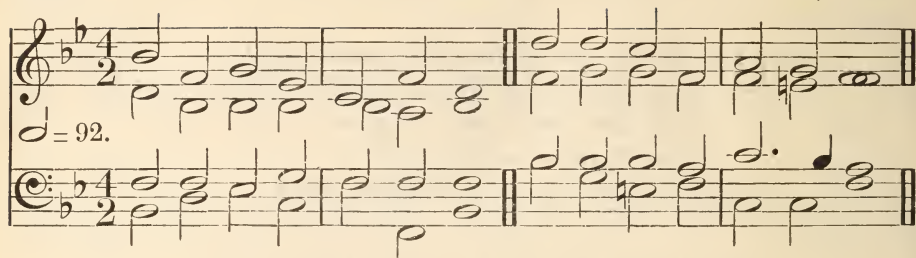
*mf* But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,  
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,  
Not with Thine hierarchy,  
The armies of the sky,  
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

*f* Therefore with Angels and Archangels we  
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,  
And tune our songs to Thee,  
Who art, and art to be ;  
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise ! Amen.

XAVIER.

7.7.7.7.

F. CHAMPNEYS, b. 1848.



*f* PRAISE to God Who reigns above,  
 Binding earth and heaven in love;  
 All the armies of the sky  
 Worship His dread sovereignty.

Yet on man they joy to wait,  
 All that bright celestial state,  
 For in Man their Lord they see,  
 Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

*mf* Seraphim His praises sing,  
 Cherubim on fourfold wing,  
 Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,  
 Marshalled Might that never cowers.

On the throne their Lord Who died  
 Sits in Manhood glorified;  
 Where His people faint below  
 Angels count it joy to go.

Speeds the Archangel from His face,  
 Bearing messages of grace;  
 Angel hosts His words fulfil,  
 Ruling nature by His Will.

Oh, the depths of joy divine  
 Thrilling through those Orders nine,  
 When the lost are found again,  
 When the banished come to reign!

*f* Now in faith, in hope, in love,  
 We will join the choirs above,  
 Praising, with the heavenly Host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

*mf* STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,  
 Filled with celestial resplendence and light;  
 These that, where night never followeth day,  
 Raise the Tris-agion \* ever and aye;

These are Thy counsellors: these dost Thou own,  
 God of Sabaoth! the nearest Thy throne;  
 These are Thy ministers; these dost Thou send,  
 Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid-space,—  
 Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—  
*cr* Then, when were ended the six days' employ,—  
*f* Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

*mf* These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,  
 Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers:  
 Where with the Living Ones, mystical Four,  
*dim* Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

*mf* Still let them succour us; still let them fight,  
 Lord of Angelic Hosts, battling for right!  
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
*dim* We with the Angels may bow and adore!

\* A Greek versicle used in the Eastern and Gallican liturgies: "Holy God, holy mighty, holy immortal, have mercy upon us." Tris-agion means "thrice-holy."



# Saints' Days.

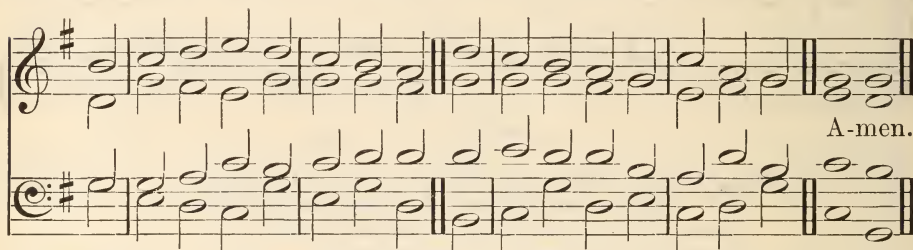
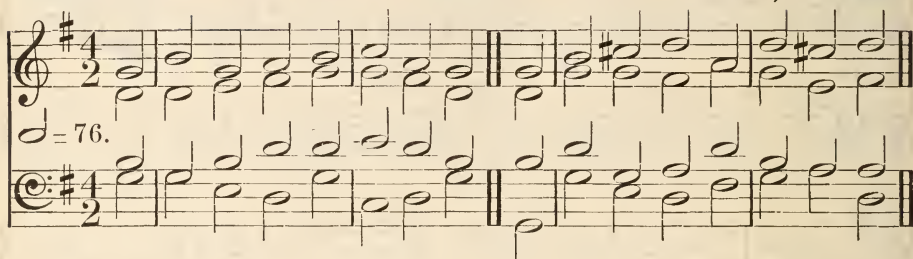
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St. Michael and all Angels.

ANGELS' SONG.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



*mf* **T**HEY come, God's messengers of love, [above,  
They come from heavenly realms  
From fields of never-fading green,  
From skies where clouds are never  
seen.

*p* Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and  
tears  
Have sanctified frail nature's fears!  
When to the earth in sorrow weighed,  
Thou didst not scorn Thine Angels'  
aid:

They come to watch around us here,  
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:  
Ye heavenly Guides, flee not away,  
God willeth you with us to stay.

An Angel guard to us supply,  
When on the bed of death we lie;  
And in Thine own Almighty arms,  
O shield us in the last alarms.

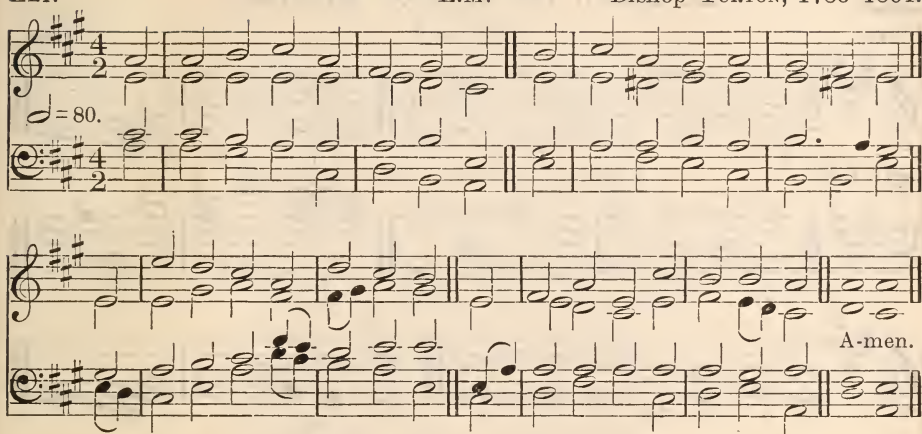
*p* But chiefly at its journey's end,  
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend;  
And whisper to the faithful heart,  
*pp* "O Christian soul, in peace depart."

*f* To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One;  
From all above, and all below,  
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

Amen.

Also the following:

Come, let us join our cheerful songs—378  
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer—437



*f* **W**HAT thanks and praise to Thee *mf* What countless worshippers have  
 we owe, sung,  
 O Priest and Sacrifice divine, In lowly fane or lofty choir,  
 For Thy dear Saint through whom we know The song that loosed the silent  
 know tongue  
 So many a gracious word of Thine; Of him who was the Baptist's sire!  
*mf* Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale *f* And still the Church through all her  
 Of all Thy Manhood's toils and tears, days,  
 And for a moment lift the veil Uplifts the strains that never cease,  
 That hides Thy Boyhood's spotless The Blessed Virgin's hymn of praise,  
 years. *p* The aged Simeon's words of peace.

*p* How many a soul with guilt oppressed *mf* O happy Saint! whose sacred page,  
*cr* Has learned to hear the joyful sound So rich in words of truth and love,  
 In that sweet tale of sin confessed, Pours on the Church from age to  
 The Father's love, the lost and age  
 found! This healing unction from above;  
*p* How many a child of sin and shame The witness of the Saviour's life,  
*cr* Has refuge found from guilty fears The great Apostle's chosen friend  
 Through her, who to the Saviour came Through weary years of toil and  
 With costly ointments and with strife,  
 tears! And still found faithful to the end.

So grant us, Lord, like him to live,  
 Beloved by man, approved by Thee,  
 Till Thou at last the summons give,  
 And we, with him, Thy face shall see. Amen.

# Saints' Days.

225

St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

Oriel.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Anon.

*mf* **T**HOU Who sentest Thine Apostles  
 Two and two before Thy face,  
 Partners in the night of toiling,  
 Heirs together of Thy grace,  
*cr* Throned at length, their labours ended,  
 Each in his appointed place;  
*mf* Praise to Thee for those Thy champions  
 Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;  
 One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened  
 Burned anew with nobler flame;  
 One, the kinsman of Thy Childhood,  
 Brought at last to know Thy Name.

## St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

*f* Praise to Thee! Thy fire within then  
Spake in love, and wrought in power;  
Seen in mighty signs and wonders  
In Thy Church's morning hour;  
Heard in tones of sternest warning  
When the storms began to lour.

*p* Once again those storms are breaking;  
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;  
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;  
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:  
Save us, Lord, our One Salvation;  
Guard the Faith revealed of old.

*mf* Call the erring by Thy pity;  
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;  
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,  
Counting life itself less dear,  
Standing firmer, holding faster,  
As we see the end draw near.

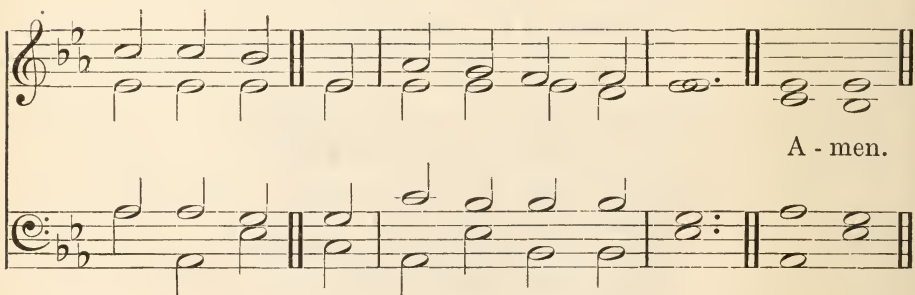
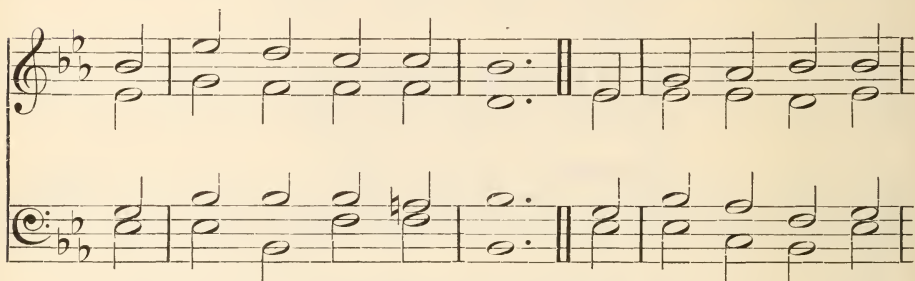
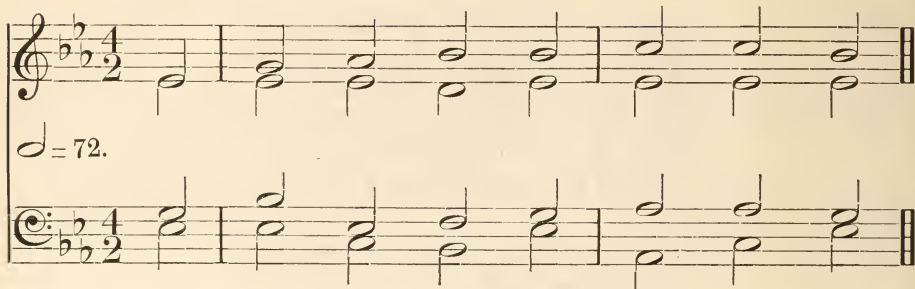
Till, with holy Jude and Simon  
And the thousand faithful more,  
We, the good confession witnessed  
And the life-long conflict o'er,  
On the sea of fire and crystal  
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

*f* God the Father, great and wondrous  
In Thy works, to Thee be praise;  
King of Saints, to Thee be glory,  
Just and true in all Thy ways;  
Praise to Thee, from both proceeding,  
Holy Ghost, through endless days. Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520?-1585.



A - men.



## St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

*mf* **T**O-DAY, O Lord, before our eyes  
Two blest Apostles stand,  
For ever in Thy holy Church  
United hand in hand.

Jude bids us for the holy faith  
With fervent zeal to fight,  
And zeal shines brightly in thy name,  
Simon the Canaanite.

*p* O Lord, send down into our hearts  
Thy Spirit from above;  
And give us ever fervent zeal  
Tempered with holy love.

*mf* Give zeal that for Thy glory burns,  
And still Thy law obeys;  
Which, while with Stephen it rebukes,  
With Stephen loves and prays.

So may we with Thy brethren, Lord,  
In heavenly glory be;  
For fellowship in holy love  
Is brotherhood to Thee.

*p* O gracious Spirit, ever brood  
On us with holy wing,  
*mf* Give zeal and love, that we Thy praise,  
In heaven may always sing. Amen.

# Saints' Days.

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## All Saints' Day.

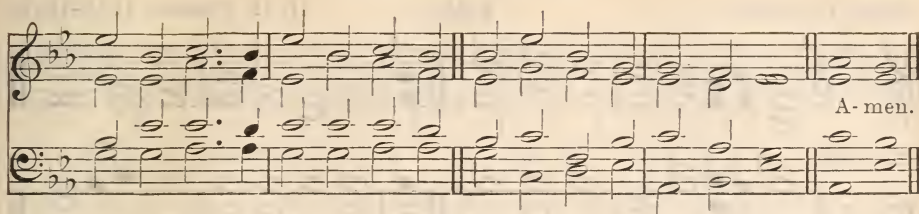
QUISQUIS VALET NUMERARE (*First Tune*). MODE IV. transposed. Ancient Plain Song.  
To be sung in Unison.

ST. LAWRENCE (*Second Tune*).

8.7.8.7.8.7.

C. STEGGALL, b. 1826.

## All Saints' Day.



*mf* IF there be that skills to reckon  
 All the number of the blest,  
 He, perchance, can weigh the gladness  
 Of the everlasting rest  
 Which, their earthly warfare finished,  
 They through sufferings have possest.

Through the vale of lamentation  
 Happily and safely past,  
 Now the years of their affliction  
 In their memory they recast,  
 And the fulness of perfection  
 They can contemplate at last.

There the Trinity of Persons  
 Unbeclouded shall we see;  
 There the Unity of Essence  
 Shall revealed in glory be;  
 While we hail the Threefold Godhead,  
 And the simple Unity.

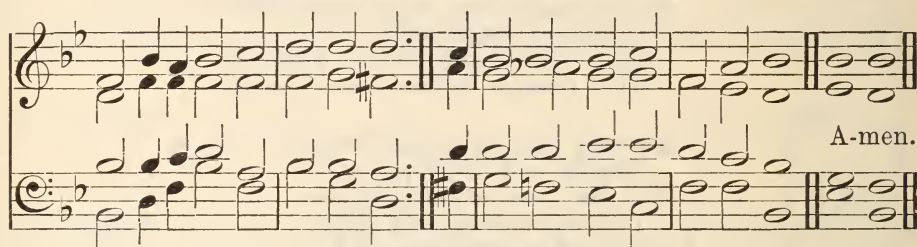
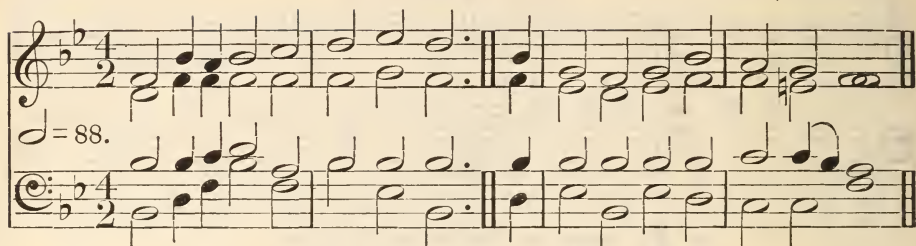
Wherefore, man, take heart and courage  
 Whatsoe'er thy present pain;  
 Such untold reward through suffering  
 Thou mayest merit to attain;  
 And for ever in His glory  
 With the Light of Light to reign.

*f* Laud and honour to the Father;  
 Laud and honour to the Son;  
 Laud and honour to the Spirit;  
 Ever Three, and ever One:  
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal!  
 While unending ages run. Amen.

CROWN OF LIFE.

I.M.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873.



*May also be sung to "Stirling," No. 460.*

*f* **L**O! round the throne, a glorious *f* They see their Saviour face to face,  
band,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
The Saints in countless myriads stand, Him day and night they ceaseless  
Of every tongue redeemed to God, praise,  
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood. To Him the loud thanksgiving raise :

*p* Through tribulation great they came; *f* "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
They bore the cross, despised the Through endless years to live and  
shame ; reign ;  
From all their labours now they rest, Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,  
In God's eternal glory blest. And made us kings and priests to God."

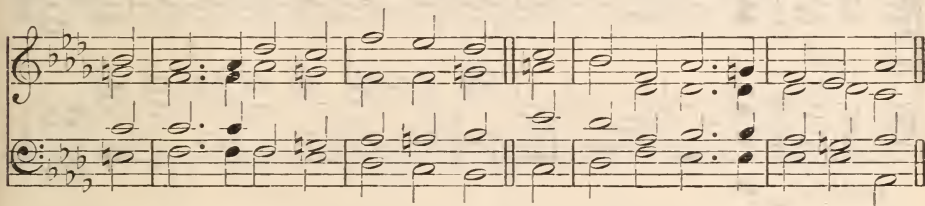
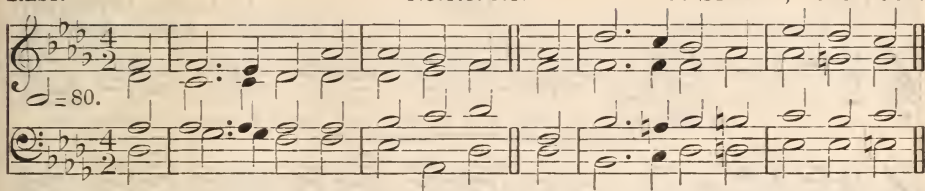
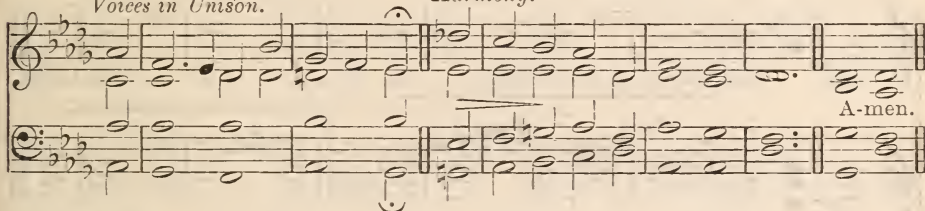
*p* O may we tread the sacred road  
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod ;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
*f* And win, like them, a crown of life. Amen.



REST.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

*Voices in Unison.**Harmony.*

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

*mf* 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:—  
*p* O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
 In that dear home how sweet your rest!

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

*mf* 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:  
*p* That with all Saints our rest may be  
 In that bright Paradise with Thee! Amen.



ST. ANN.

C.M.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.

*Voices in Unison.*

Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*f*

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

*f*

*Ped.*

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

*mf*

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

*mf*

*Ch. Org. with Voices. No Ped.*

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

N.B.—If a simpler arrangement is preferred, the harmonies of verse 2 can be sung throughout.

## All Saints' Day.

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

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

*Unison. MEN'S VOICES.*

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

*Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.*

*Ped.*

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff of this system is labeled 'Unison. MEN'S VOICES.' and the second staff is labeled 'Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.' and 'Ped.'

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

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

# Saints' Days.

*mf*

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

*mf*

Ch. Org. No Ped.

He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?

TREBLES ONLY.

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

*p*

No Ped.

# All Saints' Day.

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

MEN'S VOICES.

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

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

They bowed their necks the death to feel:—Who fol - lows in their train?

They bowed their necks the death to feel:—Who fol - lows in their train?



# Saints' Days.

*mf*

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

*mf*

Ch. Org. No Ped.

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

*Slower.*

8. They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through per - il,

*ff*

*Slower.*

*ff*

*Ped.*



# All Saints' Day.

*rall.*

toil, and pain : . . . O God, to us may grace be given

*rall.*

*pp*

*rall.*

To fol - low in their train. A - men, A - men.

*pp*

*pp*  
16 ft. Ped. only.

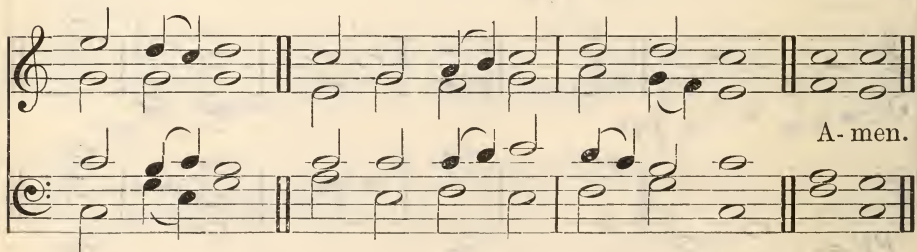
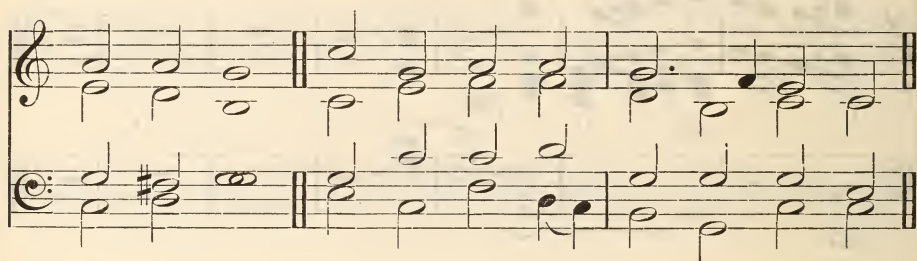
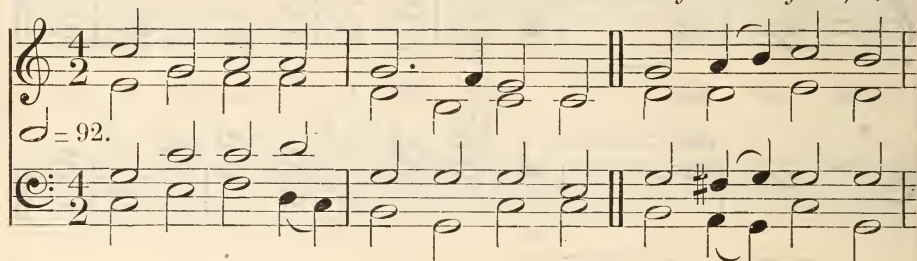
# Saints' Days.

231

8.7.8.7.7.7.

ALL SAINTS.

STÖRL's *Württembergischer Gesangbuch*, 1711.



## All Saints' Day.

*mf* WHO are these, like stars appearing,  
These, before God's throne who stand!  
Each a golden crown is wearing—  
Who are all this glorious band?  
*f* Alleluia! hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King!

*mf* Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—  
Whence comes all this glorious band?

*f* These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng;  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

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

*mf* These, the Almighty contemplating,  
Did as Priests before Him stand,  
Soul and body always waiting  
Day and night at His command:  
*f* Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

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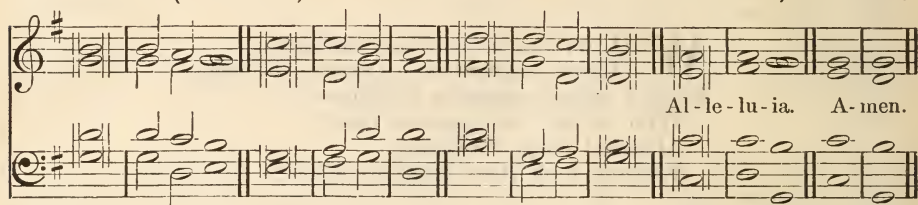
*Also the following :*

How bright these glorious spirits shine!—236  
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528  
Ten thousand times ten thousand—552

TROYTE No. 2 (*First Tune*).

10.10.10.4.

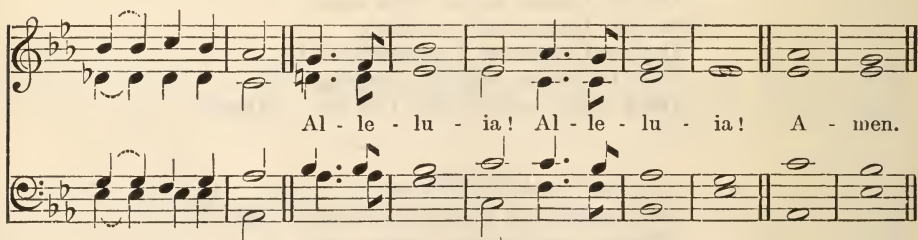
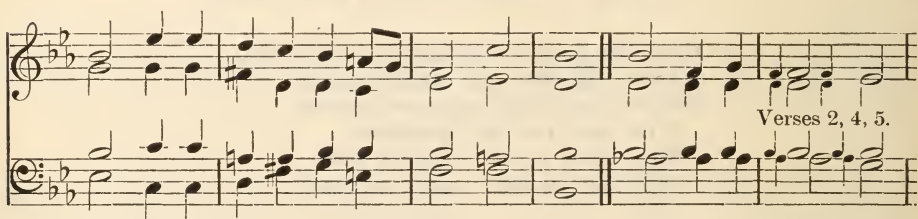
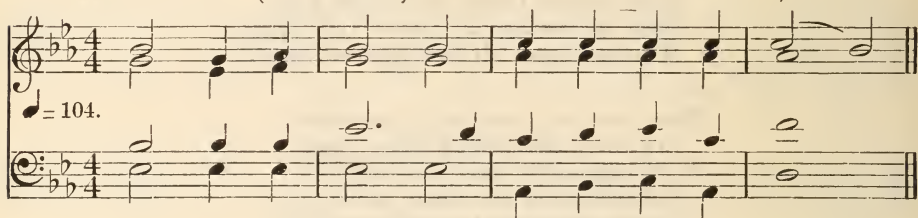
A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811-1857.



10.10.10.4.

PRO OMNIBUS SANCTIS (*Second Tune*).

J. BARNEY, 1838-1896.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)



## Festivals of Saints.

*Full. Unison.*

*f* **F**OR all the Saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.  
Alleluia!

*Full. Harmony.*

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight.  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light!  
Alleluia!

*Men in Unison.*

Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia!

*Full. Harmony.*

*mf* Oh, blest communion! Fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia!

*Men in Unison.*

*p* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
*cr* Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
*f* And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!  
Alleluia!

*Trebles only.*

*p* The golden evening brightens in the west:  
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia!

*Full. Harmony.*

*f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way!  
Alleluia!

*Full. Unison.*

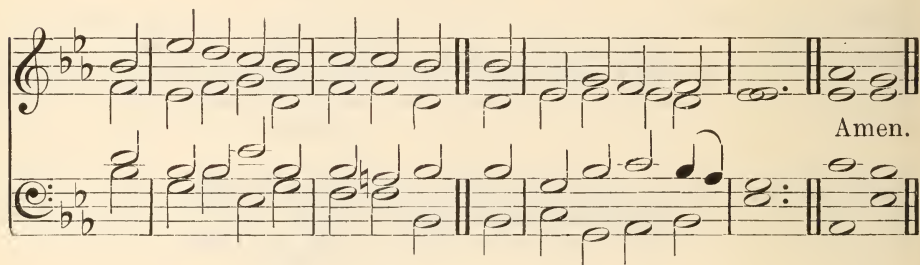
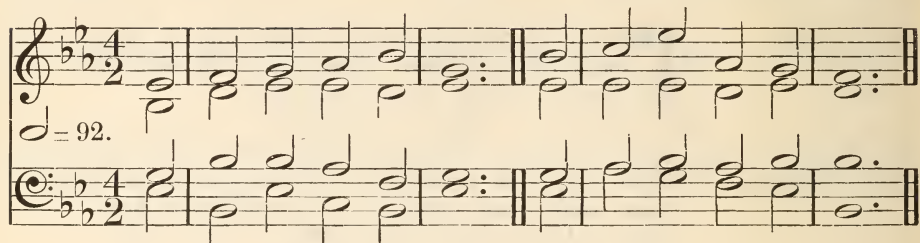
*ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—  
Alleluia! Amen.



FRANCONIA.

S.M.

MÜLLER'S Choralbuch, 1754.



*mf* **F**OR all Thy Saints, O Lord,  
 Who strove in Thee to live,  
 Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
 Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord,  
 Accept our thankful cry,  
 Who counted Thee their great reward,  
 And strove in Thee to die.

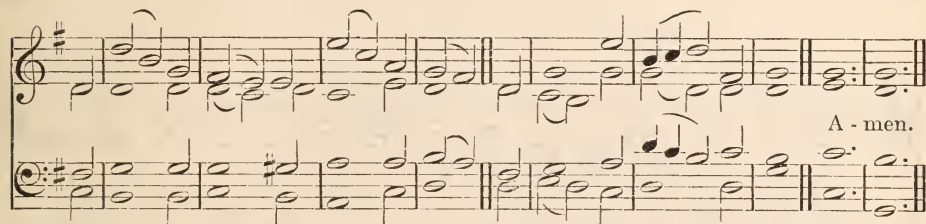
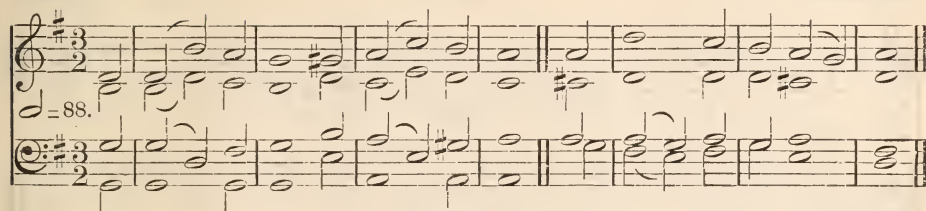
They all, in life and death,  
 With Thee, their Lord, in view,  
 Learnt from Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
 To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,  
 And humbly beg that we  
 May follow them in holiness,  
 And live and die in Thee. Amen.

CHELSEA.

C.M.

T. ATTWOOD, 1765-1838.



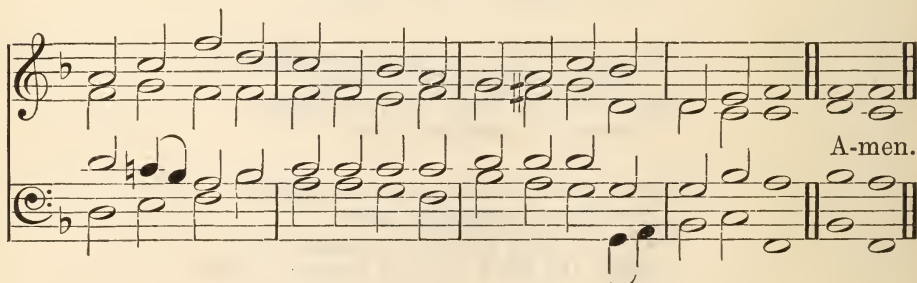
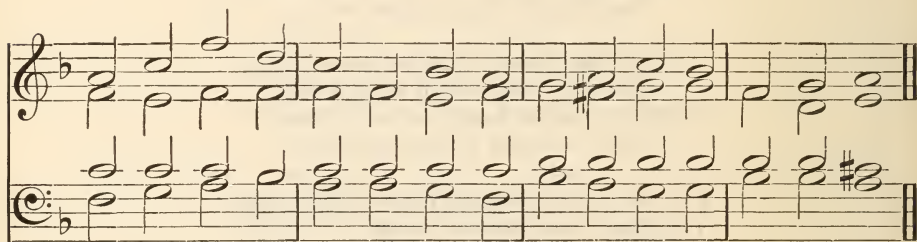
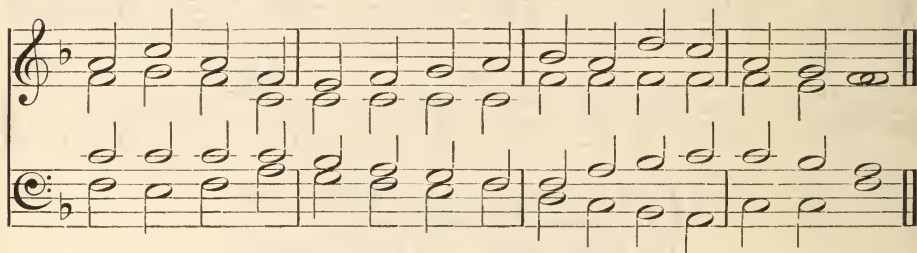
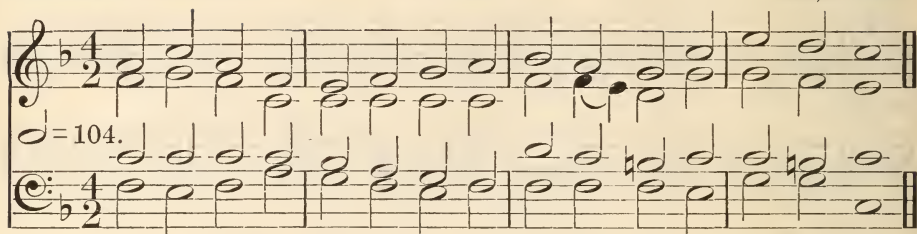
*mf* **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The Saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

*p* Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears;  
*mf* They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins and doubts and fears.

*p* I ask them, whence their victory came;  
*f* They with united breath,  
 Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to His Death.

*mf* They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
 His zeal inspired their breast:  
 And, following their Incarnate God,  
 Possess the promised rest.

*f* Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
 For His own pattern given;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Show the same path to heaven. Amen.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## Festivals of Saints.

*f* **H**ARK, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee.

*mf* Multitudes, which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

*mf* Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,  
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,  
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

*p* They have come from tribulation and have washed their robes in Blood,  
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus ; tried they were and firm they stood ;  
*cr* Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
*f* They have conquered death and Satan, by the might of Christ the Lord.

*f* Marching with Thy Cross their banner they have triumphed following  
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour and their King ;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;  
And by death to life immortal they were born, and glorified.

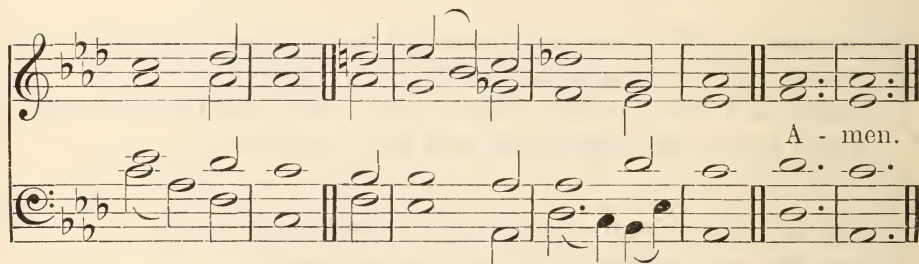
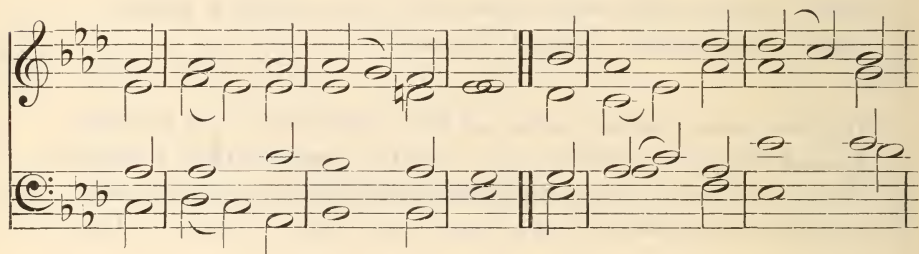
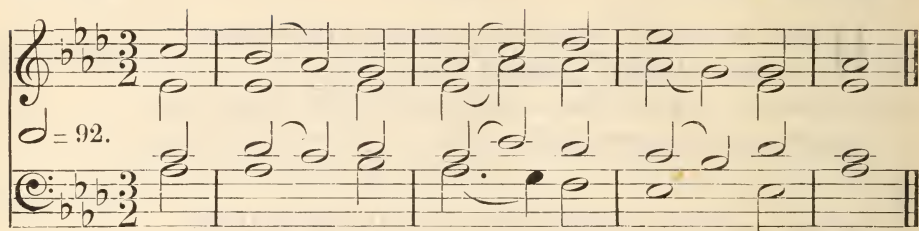
*f* Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light ;  
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite ;  
*p* Love and Peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

*f* God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,  
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,  
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore  
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

ST. JEROME.

C.M.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873.



*May also be sung to "St. Stephen," No. 485.*

*mf* **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!  
 Whence all their white array?  
 How came they to the blissful seats  
 Of everlasting day?

*p* Lo! these are they, from sufferings great,  
*cr* Who came to realms of light;  
*f* And in the Blood of Christ have washed  
 Those robes which shine so bright.



## Festivals of Saints.

*f* Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love amidst  
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad Hosannas ring.

*mf* Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor sun with scorching ray;  
*f* God is their sun, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

*mf* The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment Divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock  
Where living streams appear;  
*f* And God the Lord from every eye  
*dim* Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

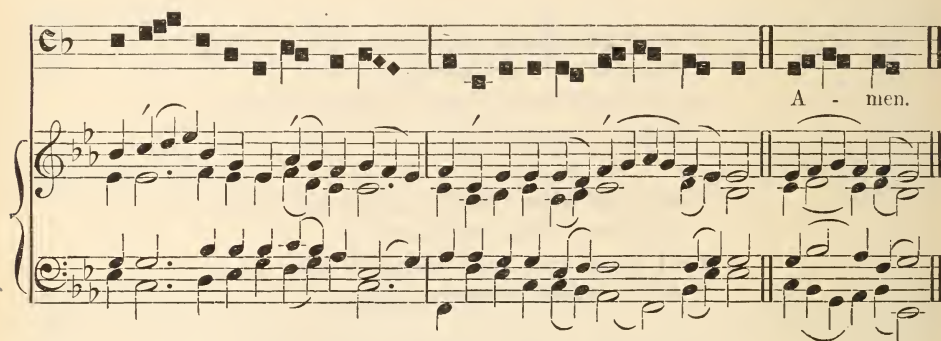
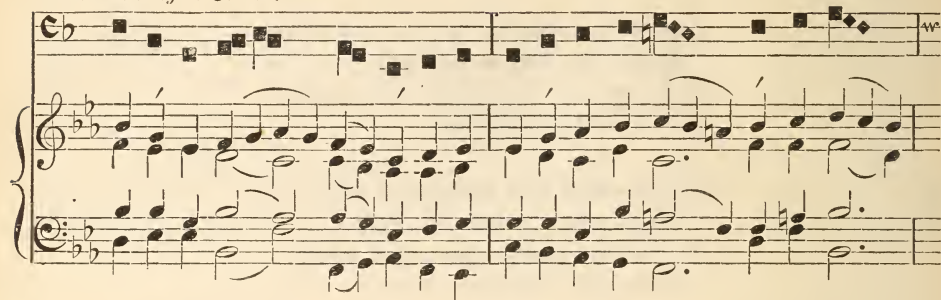
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*Also the following :*

Come, let us join our friends above—379  
Disposer supreme—391  
Jerusalem, my happy home—438  
Jerusalem on high—439  
Jerusalem the golden !—561 [PART IV.]  
O God, our Help in ages past—488  
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524  
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise—544  
The Church's One Foundation—553  
The Son of God goes forth to war—230

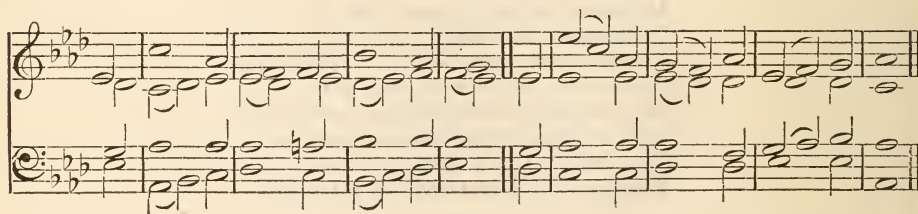
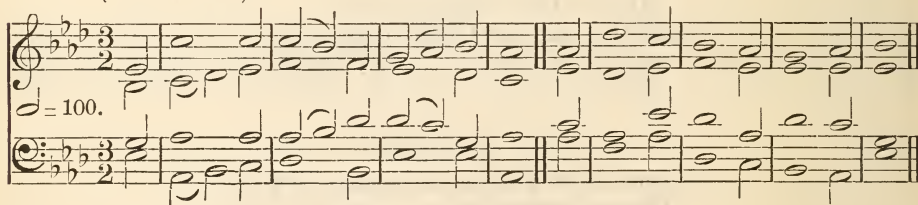
CÆLESTIS AULÆ PRINCIPES (*First Tune*).

MODES V. &amp; VI. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*GIDEON (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

J. B. SOUTHGATE, 1814-1868.



## Festivals of the Apostles.

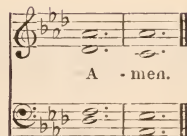
*f* **H**AIL! Princes of the Host of heaven,  
To whom by Christ, your Chief, 'tis given  
On twelve bright thrones to sit on high,  
And judge the world with equity.

*mf* 'Tis yours to cheer with sacred light  
Those who lie sunk in sin's dark night;  
To guide them in the upward path,  
And rescue them from endless wrath.

With no vain arts, no earthly sword,  
Ye quell the rebels of the Lord;  
*cr* The Cross, the Cross which men despise,  
*f* 'Tis that achieves your victories.

*mf* Through you the wondrous works of God  
Are spread through every land abroad;  
Thus every clime records your fame,  
And distant ages praise your name.

*f* And now to God, the Three in One,  
Be highest praise and glory done,  
Who calleth us from sin's dark night,  
To walk in His eternal light. Amen.



EXULTET ORBIS GAUDIIS (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

The first system of the musical score for 'EXULTET ORBIS GAUDIIS'. It features a vocal line at the top with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves, a treble and a bass clef, both in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

WAINWRIGHT (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT, 1758-1825.

The first system of the musical score for 'WAINWRIGHT (Second Tune)'. It features a vocal line at the top with a treble clef and a 4/2 time signature. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves, a treble and a bass clef, both in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. A tempo marking '♩ = 72.' is present below the vocal staff.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

## Festivals of the Apostles.

*f* **L**ET the round world with songs rejoice ;  
Let heaven return the joyful voice ;  
All mindful of the Apostles' fame,  
Earth, sky, their Sovereign's praise proclaim.

*mf* Thou, at Whose word they bore the light  
Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,  
Oh still to us that light impart,  
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

Thou, at Whose will to them was given  
The key that shuts and opens heaven,  
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,  
Oh grant us grace to enter there

Thou, at Whose will they preached the word  
Which cured disease, which health conferred ;  
To us its healing power prolong ;  
The weak support, confirm the strong :

That when Thy Son again shall come,  
And speak the world's unerring doom,  
He may with them pronounce us blest,  
And place us in Thy endless rest.

*f* To Thee, O Father ; Son, to Thee ;  
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be !  
So was it aye for ages past,  
So shall through endless ages last. Amen.



ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA.

*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

*May also be sung to "Brockham," No. 506.*

*f* THE eternal gifts of Christ the *mf* Theirs was the steadfast faith of  
 King, Saints,  
 The Apostles' glory let us sing ; The hope that never yields nor faints,  
 To Him, with hearts of gladness, raise And love of Christ in perfect glow,  
 The voice of thankful love and praise. That lays the Prince of this world low.

For they the Church's princes are, *cr* In these the Father's glory shone ;  
 Triumphant leaders in the war ; In these the will of God the Son ;  
 In heavenly courts a warrior band, *f* In these exults the Holy Ghost ; [Host.  
 True lights to lighten every land. Through these rejoice the heavenly

*p* Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,  
*cr* That, with the glorious band above,  
 Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,  
*f* Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

*Also the following : Disposer supreme—391*

CHRISTI PERENNES NUNTI.

MODE VIII. Milan.

*To be sung in Unison.*
*May also be sung to "Ludborough," No. 531.*

*mf* **H**ERALDS of Christ, to every age, *mf* The woes He bore, the words He  
 Who open wide the Gospel taught,  
 page, The wondrous miracles He wrought,  
 Unfolding all the wondrous plan All this ye wrote, as God decreed,  
 Of love divine to sinful man. That all posterity might read.

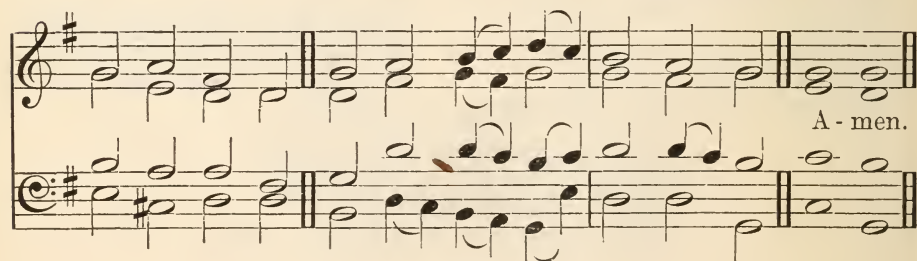
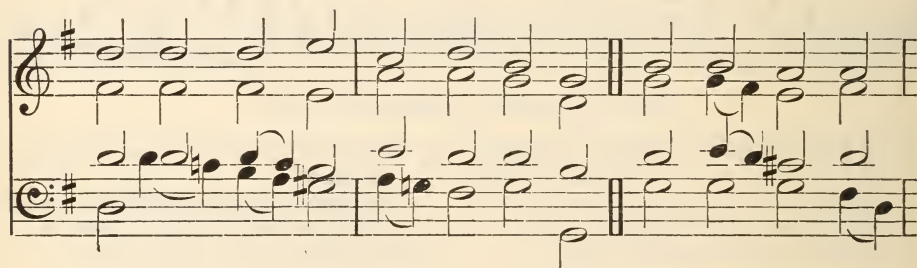
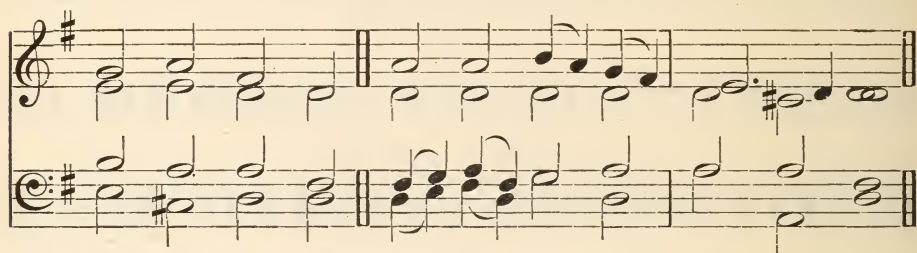
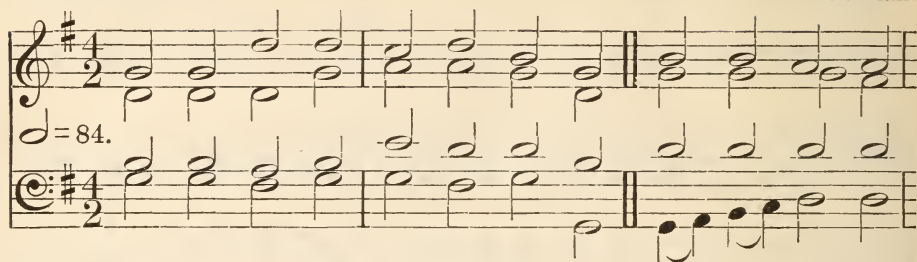
The mysteries, which beneath the *p* The self-same Spirit was your Guide,  
 law On Him your faithful minds relied;  
 The holy prophets dimly saw, Oh may that Spirit still be given  
*f* Ye now behold in open day, To teach our hearts the laws of  
 For Christ removes the shades away. heaven!

*f* Oh! praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 Who victory o'er the grave hath won,  
 And to the Spirit praise be given  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.

EVANGELISTS.

8.8.7. D.

German.



## Festivals of the Evangelists.

*mf* SING to God in sweetest measures  
Praise for those who spread the treasures  
In the holy Gospel shrined:  
Blessèd tidings of salvation,  
*p* Peace on earth their declaration,  
*mf* Love from God to lost mankind.

*mf* Thou, by Whom the words were given  
For our light and guide to heaven,  
Spirit, on our darkness shine;  
Graft them in our hearts, increasing  
Faith, hope, love, and joy unceasing,  
Till our hearts are wholly Thine.

*f* Then shall thanks and praise ascending,  
For Thy mercies without ending,  
Rise to Thee, Thou Lord of love:  
*p* With Thy gracious aid defend us;  
Let Thy guiding light attend us,  
*cr* Till we join Thy Saints above. Amen.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of D minor (three flats). The tempo is marked  $\text{♩} = 100$ . The music consists of two measures followed by a repeat sign and then two more measures. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of D minor. The music continues from the first system, with two measures followed by a repeat sign and then two more measures. The melody continues in the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of D minor. The music continues from the second system, with two measures followed by a repeat sign and then two more measures. The melody continues in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 2/4 time, key of D minor. The music continues from the third system, with two measures followed by a repeat sign and then two more measures. The melody continues in the treble staff. The word "rit." is written above the final measure of the treble staff, and "A-men." is written below the final measure of the bass staff.



## Festivals of Martyrs.

*f* **L**ET our choir new anthems raise,  
Wake the morn with gladness:  
God Himself to joy and praise  
Turns the martyrs' sadness:  
This the day that won their crown,  
Opened heaven's bright portal,  
As they laid the mortal down,  
And put on the immortal.

*mf* Never flinched they from the flame,  
From the torture, never;  
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,  
Satan's best endeavour:  
*cr* For by faith they saw the Land  
Decked in all its glory,  
*f* Where triumphant now they stand  
With the victor's story.

*mf* Faith they had that knew no shame,  
Love that could not languish;  
And eternal hope o'ercame  
Momentary anguish.  
He Who trod the self-same road,  
Death and hell defeated;  
Wherefore these their sufferings showed  
Calvary repeated.

*f* Up, and follow, Christian men!  
Press through toil and sorrow!  
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—  
Oh, the glorious morrow!  
Who will venture on the strife?  
Who will first begin it?  
Who will grasp the land of life?  
*ff* Warriors! up and win it! Amen.

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*Also the following :*

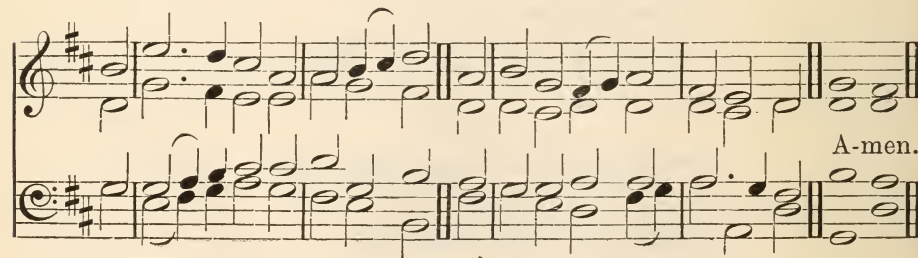
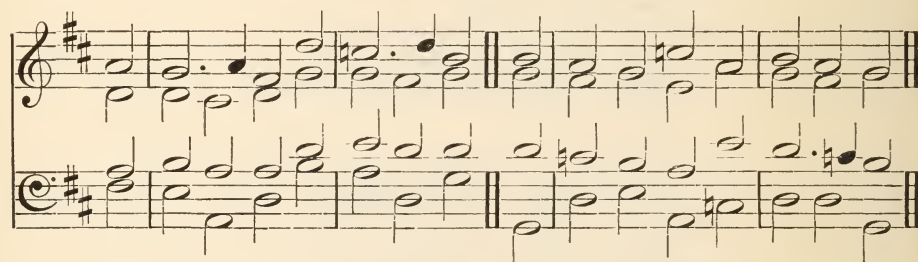
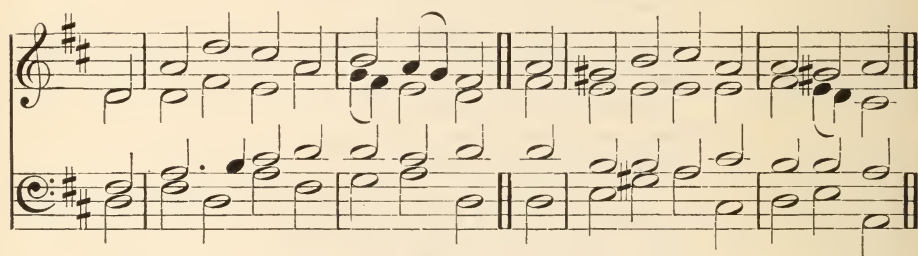
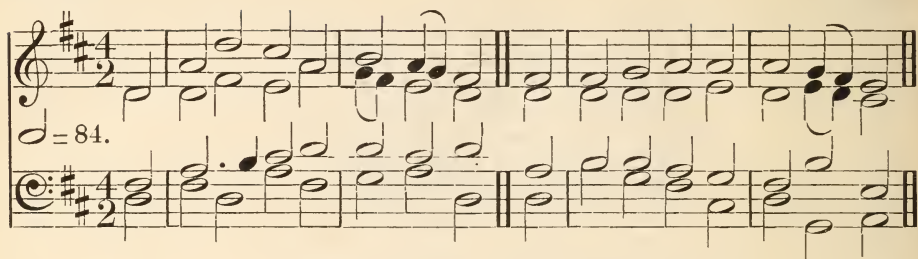
How bright these glorious spirits shine!—236  
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band—228  
Oh what, if we are Christ's—523  
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528  
Soldiers, who are Christ's below—547

## The Transfiguration.

ST. BASIL.

D.L.M.

Old Tune.



## The Transfiguration.

*mf* O MASTER, it is good to be  
High on the mountain here with Thee :  
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
Those glorious Saints of other days ;  
Who once received on Horeb's height  
The eternal laws of truth and right ;  
Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be  
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three :  
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock  
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;  
Here, where the son of thunder learns  
The thought that breathes, and word that burns ;  
Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
With Him Whose last best creed is love.

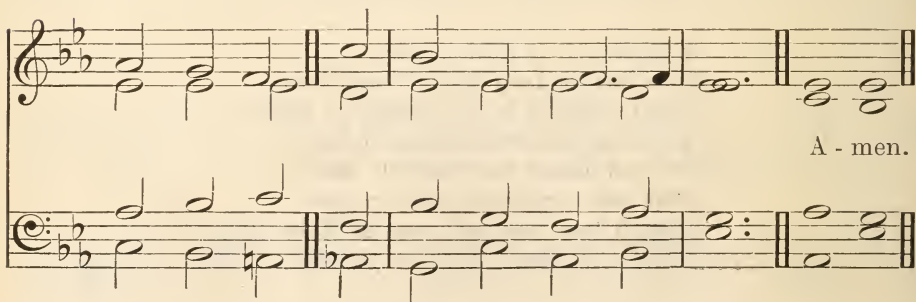
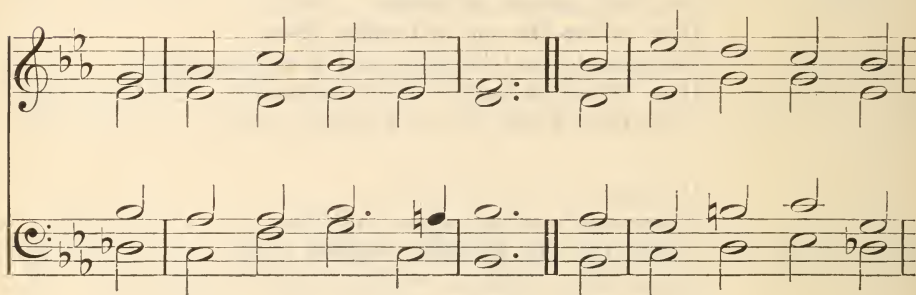
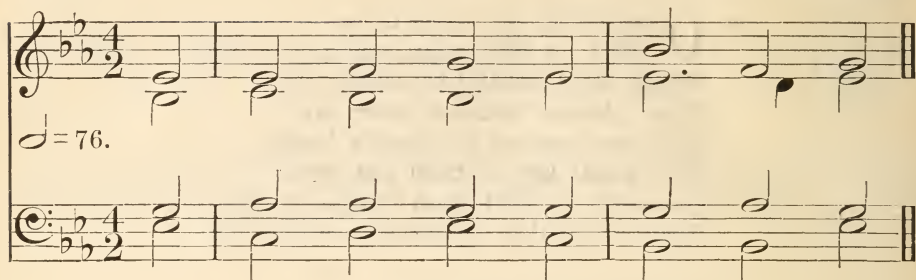
O Master, it is good to be  
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee ;  
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow,  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine :  
Till we too change from grace to grace  
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

O Master, it is good to be  
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee :  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—  
*f* “ This is My Son—Oh hear ye Him.” Amen.

ST. HUGH.

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



A - men.

## Holy Communion.

*p* ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy Testamental Cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee ?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me ;  
*mf* Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

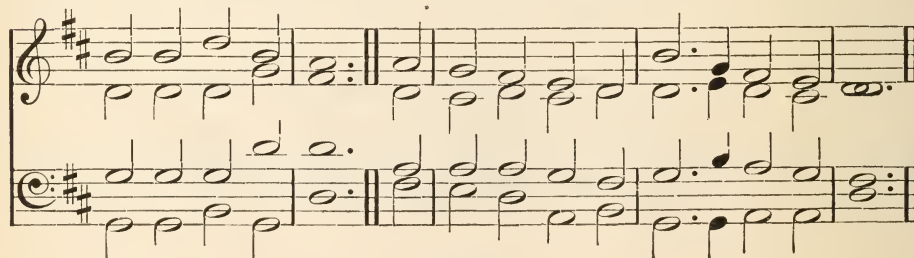
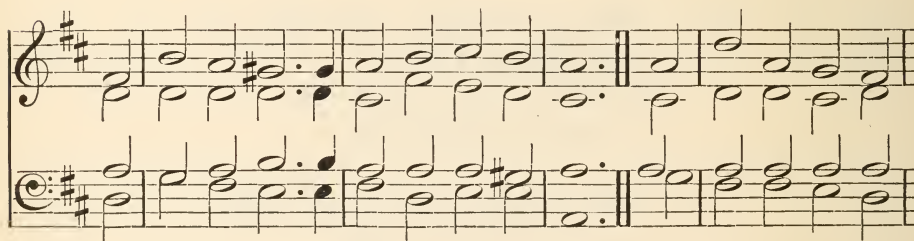
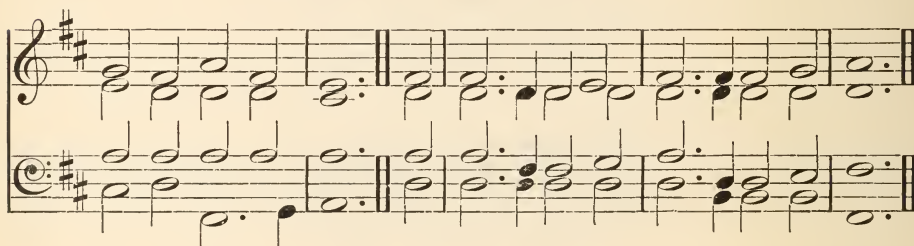
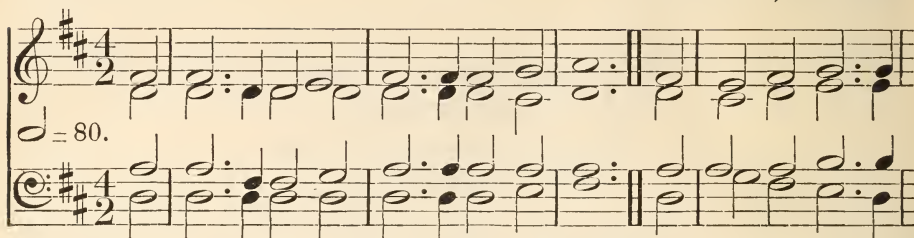
*p* And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,  
Jesu, remember me. Amen.



UNDE ET MEMORES.

Six 10's.

W. H. MONK, 1825-1889.



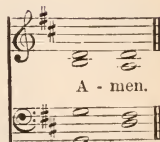
## Holy Communion.

*p* **A**ND now, O Father, mindful of the love  
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,  
And having with us Him that pleads above,  
*cr* We here present, we hear spread forth to Thee  
*mf* That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,  
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

*p* Look, Father, look on His anointed face,  
And only look on us as found in Him;  
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:  
*mf* For lo! between our sins and their reward  
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

*p* And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;  
*cr* Oh fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,  
Oh do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal  
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,  
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

*p* And so we come; Oh draw us to Thy feet,  
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;  
*cr* And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,  
Deliver us from every touch of ill:  
*f* In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
*p* And grant us never more to part with Thee.

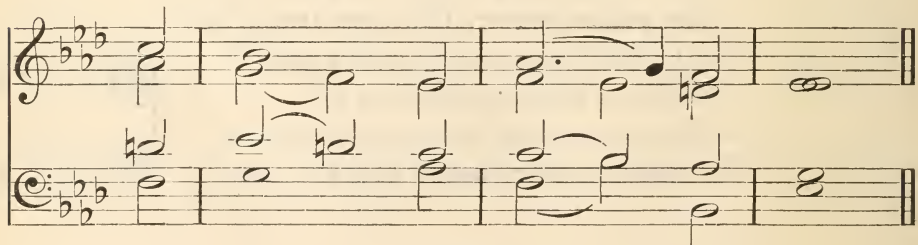
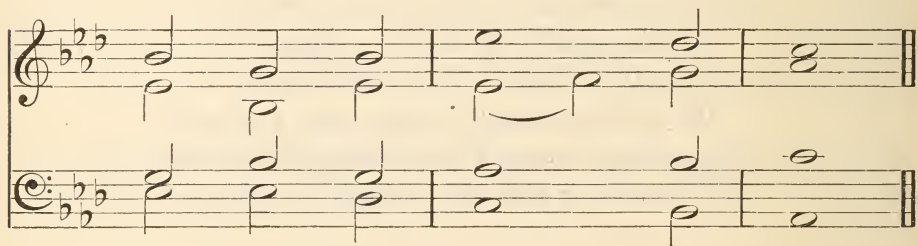
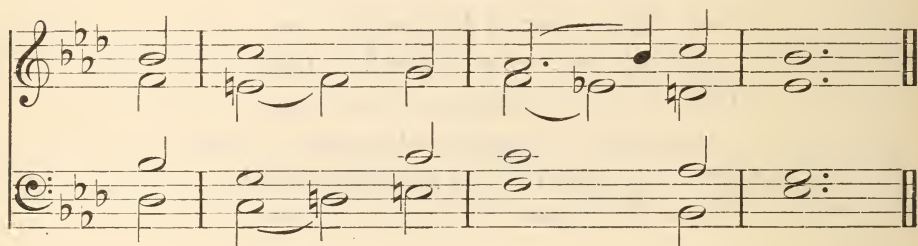
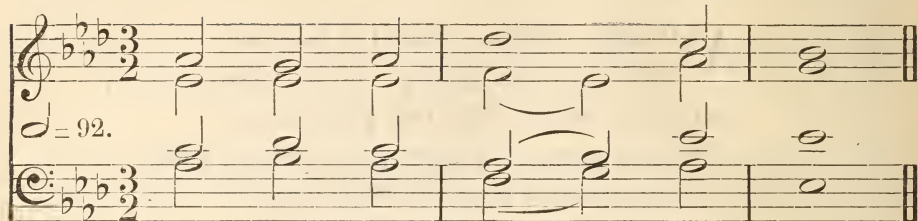


## Holy Communion.

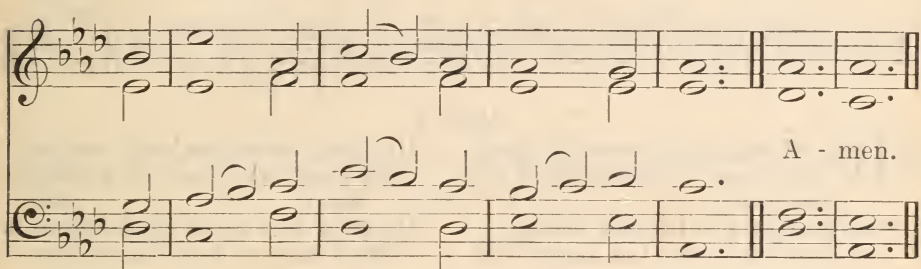
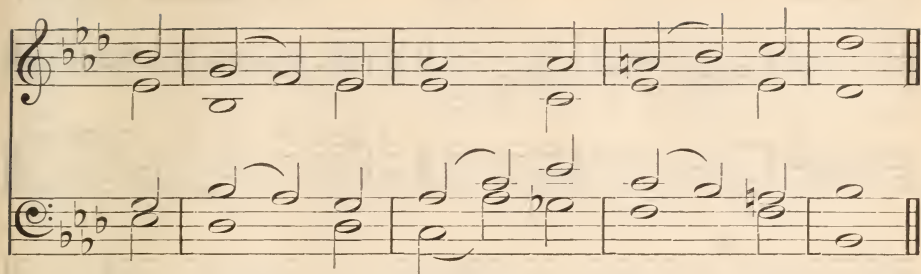
HARTLAND.

6.6.6.6. 8.8.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.



# Holy Communion.



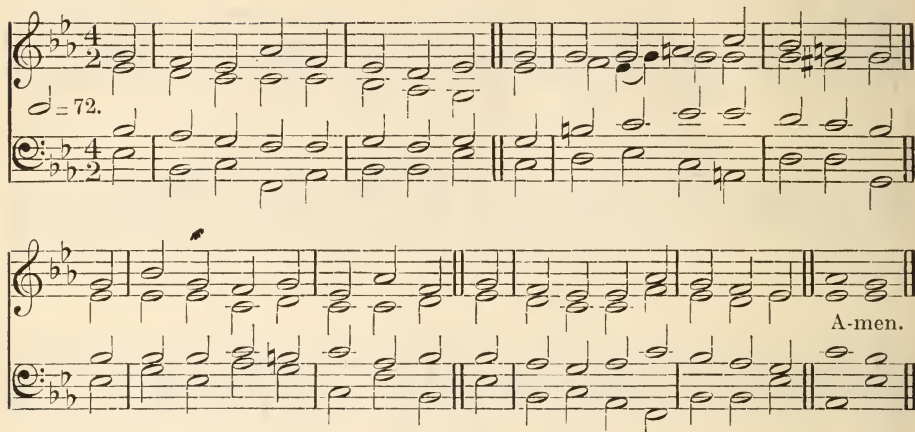
*p*     **A**UTHOR of Life Divine,  
Who hast a Table spread,  
Furnished with mystic Wine  
And everlasting Bread,  
*cr* Preserve the life Thyself hast given,  
And feed and train us up for heaven.

*p*     Our needy souls sustain  
With fresh supplies of love,  
Till all Thy life we gain,  
And all Thy fulness prove,  
*cr* And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,  
Behold without a veil Thy face. Amen.

ELLESMERE.

L.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



## PART I.

*p* **B**E still, my soul! for God is near;  
 The great High Priest is with thee now!  
 The Lord of Life Himself is here,  
 Before Whose face the Angels bow.  
 To make thy heart His lowly throne  
 Thy Saviour God in love draws nigh;  
 He gives Himself unto His own,  
 For whom He once came down to die.

He pleads before the Mercy-seat—  
 He pleads with God; He pleads for thee;  
 He gives thee Bread from heaven to  
 His Flesh and Blood in mystery.

*mf* I come, O Lord!—for Thou dost call—  
 To blend my pleading prayer with Thine;  
 To Thee I give myself—my all,  
 And feed on Thee, and make Thee mine. Amen.

## PART II.

*p* **O** BODY bruised for my sake,  
 And dying on the awful Tree!  
 That I from death new life should take,  
 And live engrafted into Thee.

O living Bread! Who once didst die,  
 And lay Thee down in rocky tomb,  
 Within my heart for ever lie, [gloom.  
 And shed Thy brightness o'er its

O precious Blood! so freely shed,  
 The pledge of pardon from above;  
 Speak to my heart, so cold and dead,  
 And wake it into life and love.

Speak better things than Abel's blood—  
 My ransom paid, my sins forgiven!  
 My soul restored to peace with God,  
 My place prepared for me in heaven.

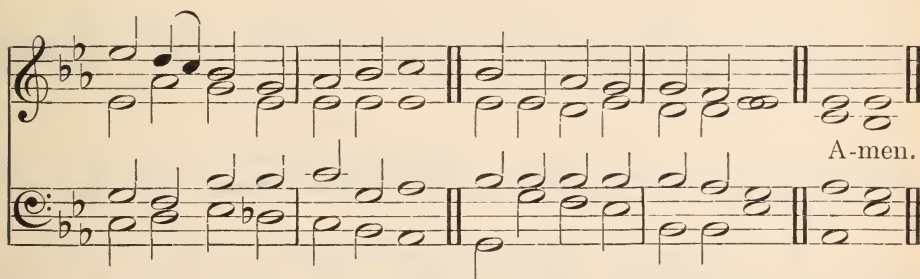
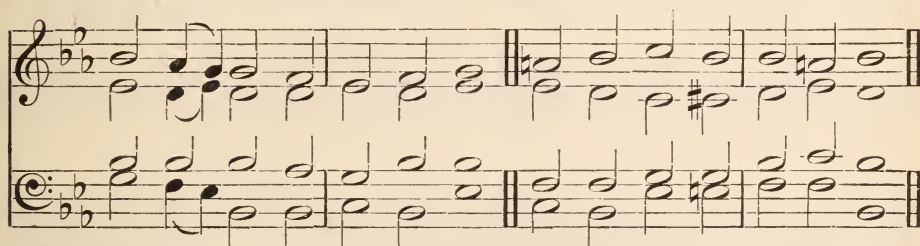
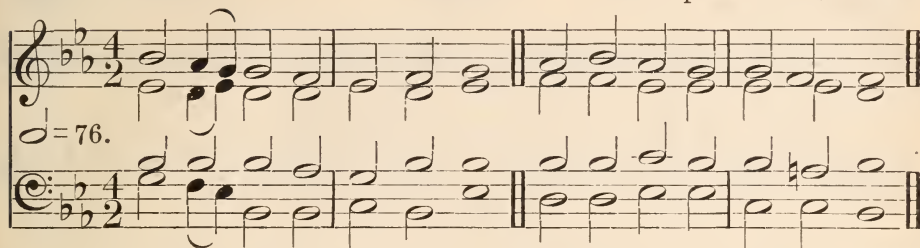
O sacred Food! O cleansing Stream!  
 Fill all my soul with love divine;  
 O Thou, Who didst my life redeem,  
 Come to my heart, and make it Thine! Amen.



BREAD OF HEAVEN.

Six 7's.

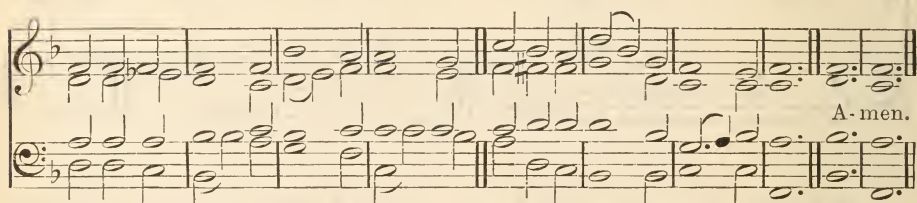
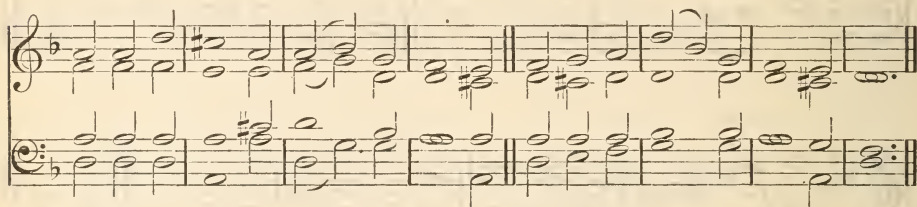
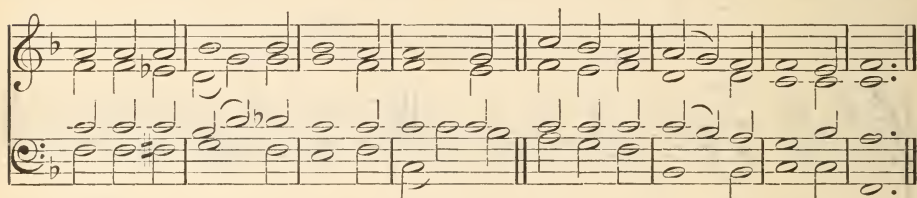
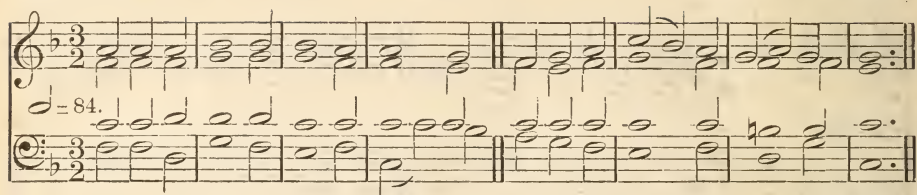
Archbishop MACLAGAN, b. 1826.



A-men.

*p* **B**READ of heaven! on Thee I feed, *p* Vine of heaven! Thy Blood supplies  
 For Thy Flesh is meat indeed; This blest Cup of Sacrifice.  
 Ever may my soul be fed 'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;  
 With this true and living Bread; To Thy Cross I look, and live.  
*cr* Day by day with strength supplied *cr* Thou, my Life, Oh let me be  
*dim* Through the Life of Him Who died. Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

Amen.



*p* **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,  
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
 By Whom the words of life were spoken,  
 And in Whose death our sins are dead;  
 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
 And be Thy Feast to us the token  
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

*♩* = 76.

A-men.

*mf* **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ re- *p* And thus that dark betrayal-night  
 stored,  
 We keep the memory adored, With the last Advent we unite  
*p* And show the death of our dear Lord By one blest chain of loving  
 rite,  
*pp* Until He come. *pp* Until He come :—

*p* His Body slain upon the Tree, *mf* Until the trump of God be heard,  
 His Life-blood, shed for us, we Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
 see ; *cr* And with the great commanding  
*cr* Thus faith shall read the mystery word  
*pp* Until He come. *f* The Lord shall come.

*mf* Oh, blessèd hope ! With this elate  
 Let not our hearts be desolate,  
*cr* But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
*p* Until He come ! Amen.

## Holy Communion.

SANCTI VENITE (*First Tune*).

MODE V. Old French Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

Two systems of musical notation for the Sancti Venite (First Tune). Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef, C major, common time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, C major, common time). The vocal line is written in square notes, and the piano accompaniment is in eighth notes. The first system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text "A-men." written below the vocal line.

CENA DOMINI (*Second Tune*).

10.10.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Two systems of musical notation for the Cena Domini (Second Tune). Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef, B-flat major, 4/2 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, B-flat major, 4/2 time). The vocal line is written in half notes, and the piano accompaniment is in half notes. The first system includes a tempo marking "♩ = 80." below the vocal line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text "A - men." written below the vocal line.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## Holy Communion.

*p* **D**RAW nigh and take the Body of the Lord,  
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

*mf* Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,  
Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to God.

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

*p* Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,  
That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.

*mf* He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Giveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

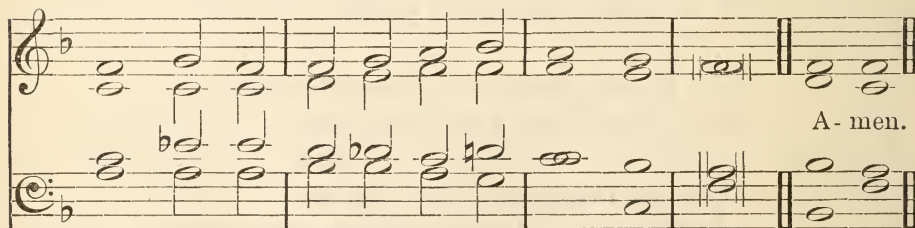
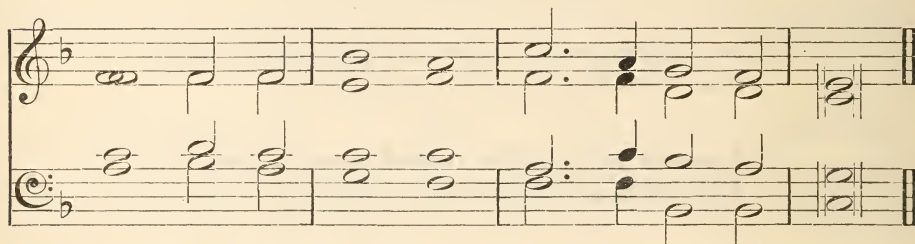
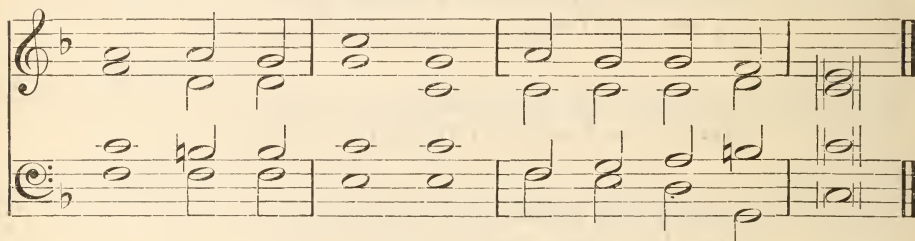
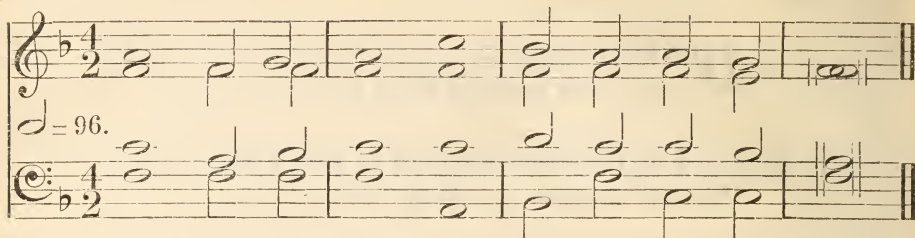
*p* Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

*mf* He that in this world rules His Saints and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields:

With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole;  
Gives living Waters to the thirsty soul.

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





(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*May also be sung to "Old 124th," No. 263.*

## Holy Communion.

*mf* **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;  
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood :  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—  
Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord, my God ! Amen.

LEICESTER.

C.M.

W. HURST, b. 1849.

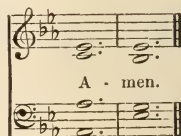


*p* I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,  
 That Thou shouldst come to me;  
*cr* Speak but the word, one gracious word  
 Can set the sinner free.

*p* I am not worthy; cold and bare  
 The lodging of my soul;  
 How canst Thou deign to enter there?  
*cr* Lord, speak, and make me whole.

*p* I am not worthy; yet, my God,  
*cr* How can I say Thee nay;  
 Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood  
 My ransom-price to pay?

*mf* O come! in this sweet morning hour  
 Feed me with Food Divine;  
 And fill with all Thy love and power  
*p* This worthless heart of mine.



MOSELEY.

6.6.6.6.

H. SMART, 1818-1879.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

A-men.

*mf* **I** HUNGER and I thirst ;  
 Jesu, my manna be :  
 Ye living waters, burst  
 Out of the rock for me.

*mf* Thou true life-giving Vine,  
 Let me Thy sweetness prove ;  
 Renew my life with Thine,  
 Refresh my soul with love.

*p* Thou bruised and broked Bread,  
 My life-long wants supply ;  
 As living souls are fed,  
 Oh feed me, or I die.

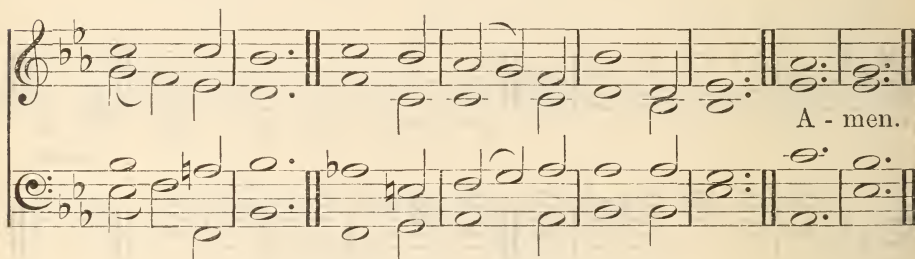
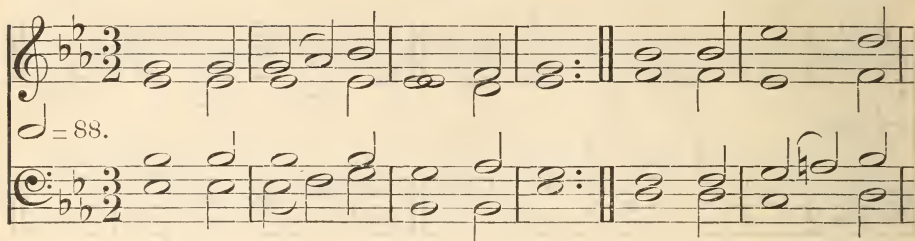
Rough paths my feet have trod,  
 Since first their course began ;  
 Feed me, Thou Bread of God ;  
 Help me, Thou Son of Man.

*p* For still the desert lies  
 My fainting soul before ;  
*cr* O living waters rise  
 Within me evermore. Amen.

LACRYMÆ.

7.7.7.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*mf* **J**ESU, to Thy Table led,  
       Now let every heart be fed  
       With the true and living Bread.

*p* While in penitence we kneel,  
*cr* Thy sweet Presence let us feel,  
*mf* All Thy wondrous love reveal.

*p* While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,  
       Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
*cr* Turn our sadness into praise.

*mf* When we taste the mystic Wine,  
       Of Thine out-poured Blood the sign,  
*cr* Fill our hearts with love Divine.

*p* Draw us to Thy wounded side, [tide;  
*cr* Whence there flowed the healing  
*dim* There our sins and sorrows hide.

*mf* From the bonds of sin release;  
       Cold and wavering faith increase;  
*p* Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

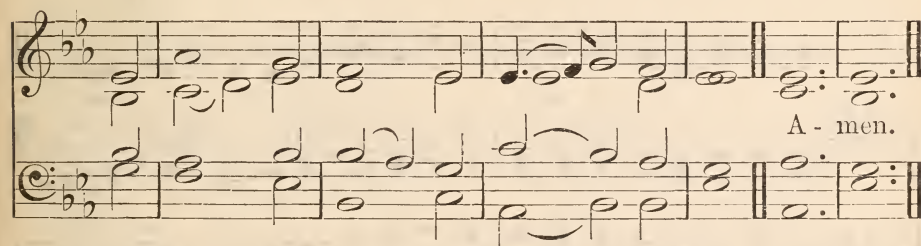
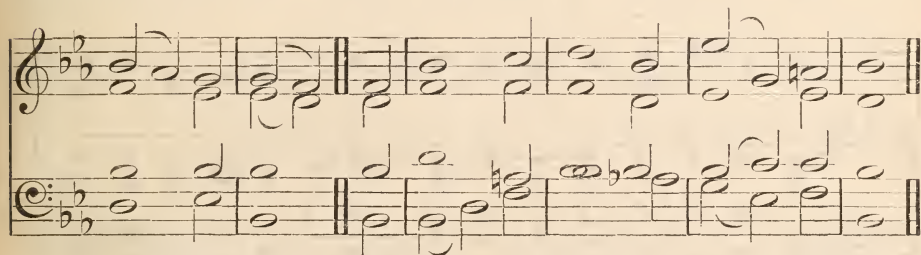
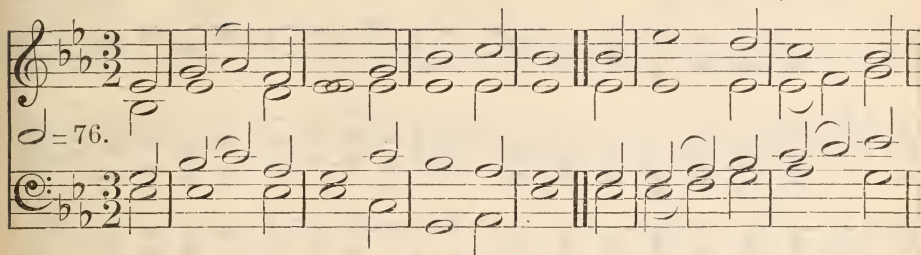
*mf* Lead us by Thy piercèd hand  
*cr* Till around Thy throne we stand  
*p* In the bright and better land. Amen.



ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

E. MILLER, 1731-1807.



*mf* **M**Y God, and is Thy Table spread, *p* Why are its dainties all in vain  
 And does Thy Cup with love o'er- Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
 Thither be all Thy children led, [flow? Was not for you the Victim slain?  
 And let them all its sweetness know. Are you forbid the children's Bread?

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes, *f* Oh, let Thy Table honoured be,  
 Rich banquet of His Flesh and And furnished well with joyful  
 Blood! guests,  
 Thrice happy he who here partakes And may each soul salvation see  
 That sacred Stream, that heavenly That here its sacred pledges tastes!  
 Food. Amen.

PANGE LINGUA (*First Tune*).  
To be sung in Unison.

MODE III. (transposed). Sarum.

A - men.

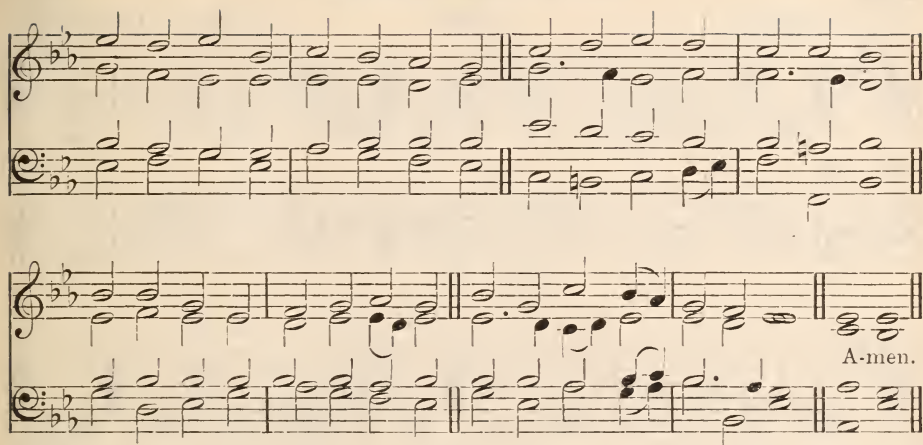
St. THOMAS (*Second Tune*).

8.7.8.7.8.7.

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.

♩ = 69.

# Holy Communion.



## PART I.

<p><i>mf</i> <b>N</b>OW, my tongue, the mystery tell—          Of the glorious Body sing, [ing,          And the Blood, all price excelling,          Which the Gentiles' Lord and          King,  <i>p</i> In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,          Shed for this world's ransoming.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> That last night, at supper lying,          'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,          Jesus, with the law complying,          Keeps the feast its rites demand;          Then, more precious Food supply-          ing,          Gives Himself with His own hand.</p>
<p><i>mf</i> Given for us, and condescending          To be born for us below,          He with men in converse blending,          Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,  <i>p</i> Till He closed with wondrous          ending          His most patient life of woe.</p>	<p><i>p</i> Word-made-Flesh true Bread He          maketh          By His word His Flesh to be;          Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh          Must from carnal thoughts be free;  <i>mf</i> Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,          Shows true hearts the mystery.          Amen.</p>

## PART II.

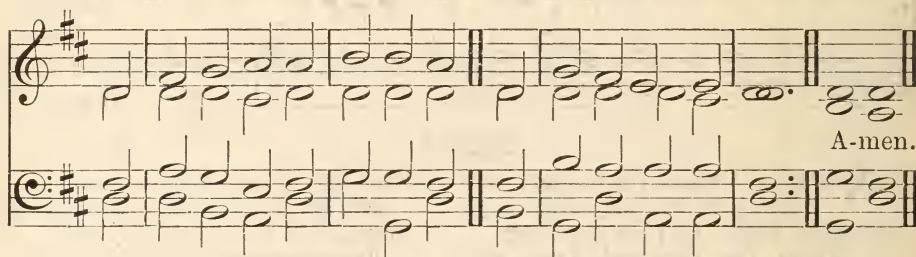
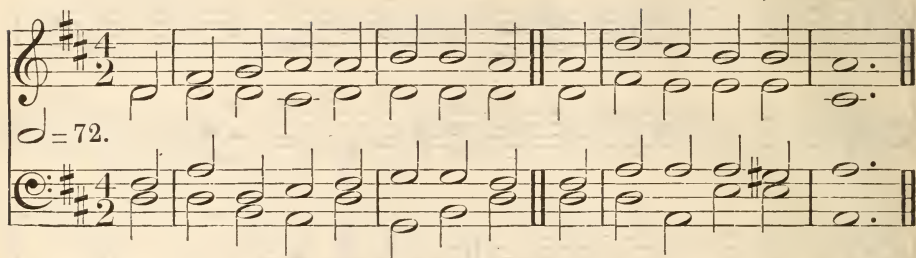
<p><i>p</i> <b>T</b>HEREFORE we, before Him bend—          ing,          This great Sacrament revere;  <i>cr</i> Types and shadows have their ending,          For the newer rite is here;  <i>mf</i> Faith, our outward sense befriending,          Makes our inward vision clear.</p>	<p><i>f</i> Glory let us give, and blessing          To the Father, and the Son,          Honour, might, and praise addressing,          While eternal ages run;          Ever too His love confessing,          Who from Both with Both is One.          Amen.</p>
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O Body bruised for my sake—see 247 [Part II.]

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520?-1585.



*mf* **O** God, unseen yet ever near!  
           Thy Presence may we feel;  
*dim* And thus inspired with holy fear  
*p* Before Thine Altar kneel!

*mf* Here may Thy faithful people know  
       The blessings of Thy love;  
       The streams that through the desert flow,  
       The Manna from above!

We come, obedient to Thy word,  
       To feast on heavenly Food;  
       Our meat the Body of the Lord,  
       Our drink His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey;  
       For we, O God, are Thine;  
*cr* And go rejoicing on our way,  
       Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

O Saving Victim, opening wide—262 [Part II.]

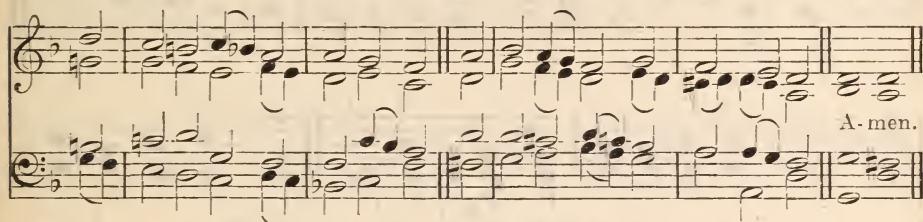
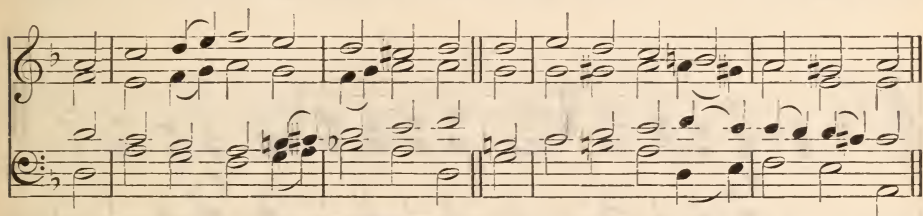
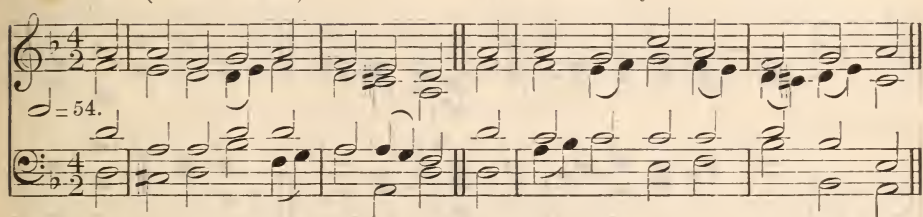


## Holy Communion.

Six 8's.

OLD 112TH (VATER UNSER).

Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

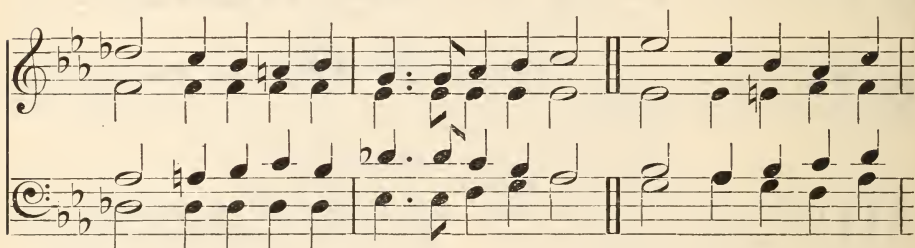
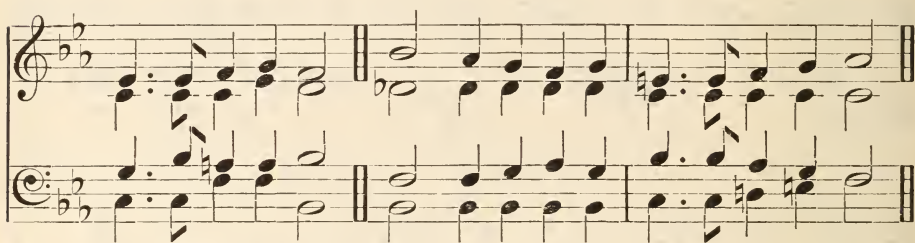
*May also be sung to "Giessen," No. 270.*

*mf* **O** THOU, before the world began,  
 Ordained a Sacrifice for man;  
 And by the Eternal Spirit made  
 An Offering in the sinner's stead;  
 Our everlasting Priest art Thou,  
 Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

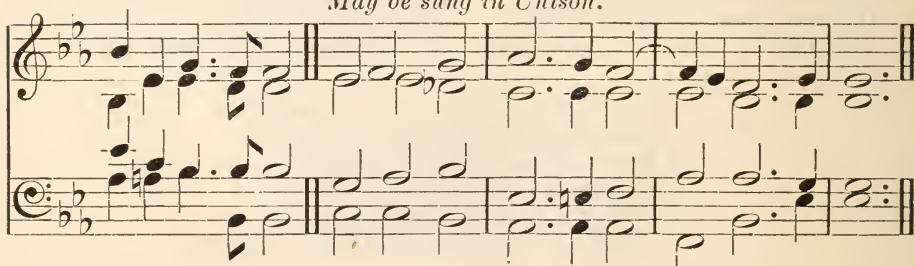
Thy Offering still continues new,  
 Thy vesture keeps its blood-stained hue;  
 Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;  
 Thy years, O God, can never fail,  
 Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

*p* Oh! that our faith may never move,  
 But stand unshaken as Thy love;  
*cr* Sure evidence of things unseen,  
 Now let it pass the years between,  
*p* And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,  
 Our Victim and our Priest to be! Amen.





*May be sung in Unison.*



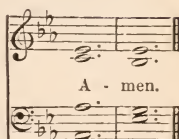
## Holy Communion.

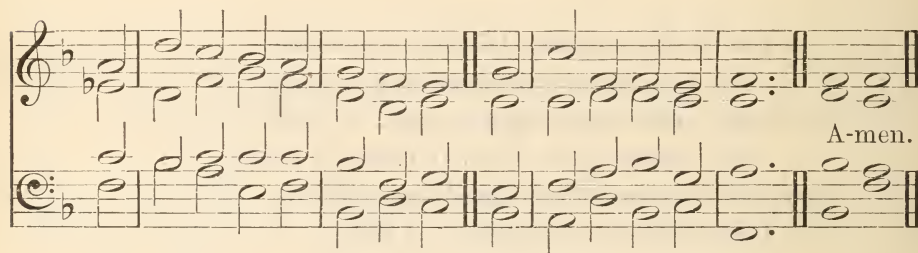
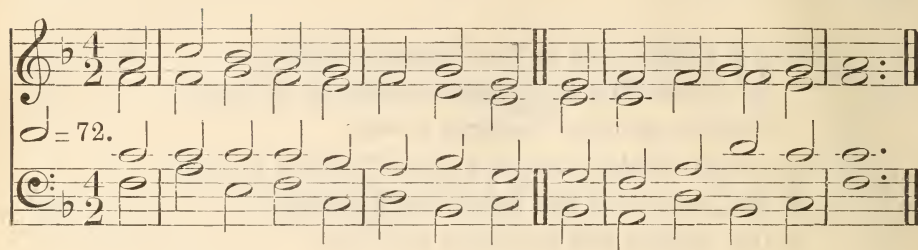
*mf* **O** THOU, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray  
That all Thy Church might be for ever one,  
*p* Grant us at every Eucharist to say  
*cr* With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."  
*mf* Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
*pp* One through this Sacrament of Unity.

*p* For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;  
Oh make our sad divisions soon to cease;  
*cr* Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,  
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;  
*mf* Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
*pp* One through this Sacrament of Unity.

*p* We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy Fold,  
Oh bring them back, Good Shepherd of the sheep,  
*r* Back to the Faith which Saints believed of old;  
Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep;  
*mf* Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
*pp* One through this Sacrament of Unity.

*mf* That so, at length when Sacraments shall cease,  
We may be one with all Thy Church above,  
*cr* One with Thy Saints in one unbroken peace,  
One with Thy Saints in one unbounded love:  
More blessèd still in peace and love to be  
*pp* One with the Trinity in Unity.





*mf* **O**NCE, only once, and once for all  
 His precious life He gave ;  
 Before the Cross our spirits fall,  
 And own it strong to save.

So He, Who once atonement wrought,  
 Our Priest of endless power,  
 Presents Himself for those He bought  
 In that dark noontide hour.

“ One Offering, single and complete,”  
 With lips and heart we say ;  
 But what He never can repeat  
 He shows forth day by day.

His Manhood pleads where now it lives  
 On heaven's eternal throne,  
 And where in mystic rite He gives  
 Its Presence to His own.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line  
 Within the Holiest stood,  
 And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine  
 With sacrificial blood ;

And so we show Thy death, O Lord,  
 Till Thou again appear ;  
 And feel, when we approach Thy Board,  
 We have an Altar here.

*f* All glory to the Father be,  
 All glory to the Son,  
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 While endless ages run. Amen.

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS (*First Tune*).

MODE VIII. Mechlin.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A- men.

## PART I.

*mf* **T**HE heavenly Word proceeding forth,  
 Yet leaving not the Father's side,  
 Accomplishing His work on earth  
*p* Had reached at length life's eventide.

*mf* By false disciple to be given  
 To foemen for His life athirst,  
 Himself, the very Bread of heaven,  
 He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,  
 His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;  
*cr* In love's own fulness thus designed  
 Of the whole man to be the Food.

*p* By Birth their Fellow-man was He;  
 Their Meat, when sitting at the Board;  
*cr* He died, their Ransomer to be;  
*mf* He ever reigns, their great Reward. Amen.

ST. VINCENT (Second Tune).

L.M.

J. ÜGLOW.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A - men.

## PART I.

*mf* **T**HE heavenly Word proceeding forth,  
 Yet leaving not the Father's side,  
 Accomplishing His work on earth  
*p* Had reached at length life's eventide.

*mf* By false disciple to be given  
 To foemen for His life athirst,  
 Himself, the very Bread of heaven,  
 He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,  
 His precious Flesh, His precious Blood ;

*cr* In love's own fulness thus designed  
 Of the whole man to be the Food.

*p* By Birth their Fellow-man was He ;  
 Their Meat, when sitting at the Board ;

*cr* He died, their Ransomer to be ;

*mf* He ever reigns, their great Reward. Amen.



# Holy Communion.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

MODE VI. Old French Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

*May also be sung to "Melcombe," No. 349, which was composed for the Latin original of this hymn.*

## PART II.

*p* **O** SAVING Victim, opening wide  
*cr* The gate of heaven to man below,  
 Our foes press on from every side,  
*p* Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

*f* All praise and thanks to Thee ascend  
 For evermore, Blest One in Three;  
*p* Oh grant us life, that shall not end,  
 In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

ADORO TE DEVOTE (*First Tune*).

MODE V. Old French Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

First system of the musical score for 'ADORO TE DEVOTE (First Tune)'. It features a vocal line with square neumes on a four-line staff, and a piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) with a treble and bass clef. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in a simple, unison-like style.

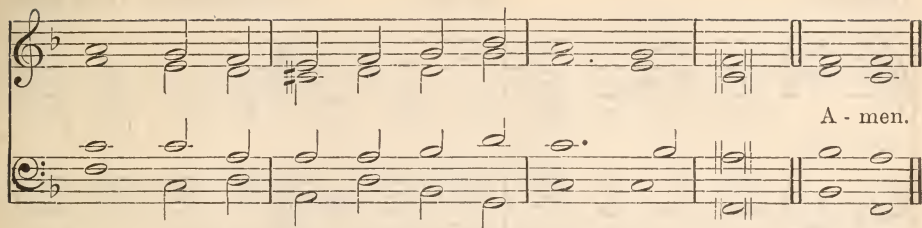
Second system of the musical score for 'ADORO TE DEVOTE (First Tune)'. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below it.

OLD 124th (*Second Tune*).10.10.10.10. C. GOUDIMEL, *Genera Psalter*, 1551,

First system of the musical score for 'OLD 124th (Second Tune)'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo marking '♩ = 104.' is present. The score is for piano only, with a treble and bass clef. The music is composed of chords and moving lines.

Second system of the musical score for 'OLD 124th (Second Tune)'. It continues the piano accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 4/2 time signature and two-flat key signature.

## Holy Communion.



*May also be sung to "St. Agnes" (Langran), No. 252.*

*p* **T**HEE we adore, O hidden Saviour! Thee,  
Who in Thy Supper with us deign'st to be.  
Both flesh and spirit in Thy Presence fail,  
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

*mf* Oh, blest Memorial of our dying Lord,  
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!  
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,  
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

Fountain of goodness! Jesu, Lord and God!  
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;  
Increase our faith and love, that we may know  
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.

*p* O Christ! Whom now beneath a veil we see,  
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;  
*cr* To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,  
*mf* The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

---

Therefore we, before Him bending—257 [PART II.]

TICHFIELD.

Six 7's.

J. RICHARDSON, 1816-1879.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked with a half note followed by "= 76.". The system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation. The key signature remains three flats. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The key signature remains three flats. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The key signature remains three flats. The system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of quarter and half notes. Both staves end with a double bar line. The text "A - men." is written below the lower staff.

## Holy Communion.

*p* **T**ILL He come—Oh let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
*cr* Let us think how heaven and home  
*dim* Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

*p* When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast?  
Hush, be every murmur dumb:  
It is only till He come.

*mf* Clouds and conflicts round us press:  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the Cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
*p* Death and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper, “Till He come.”

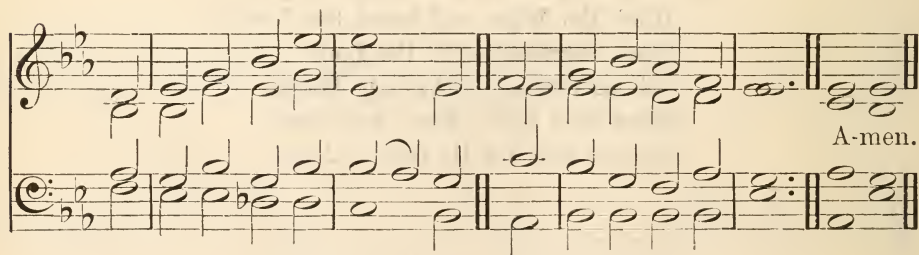
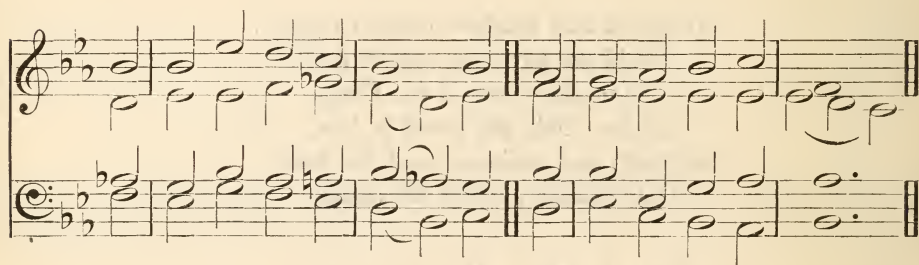
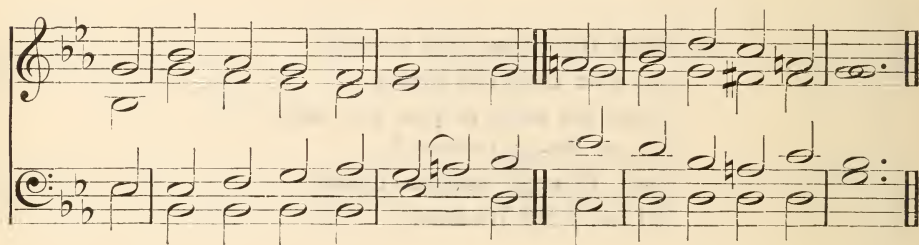
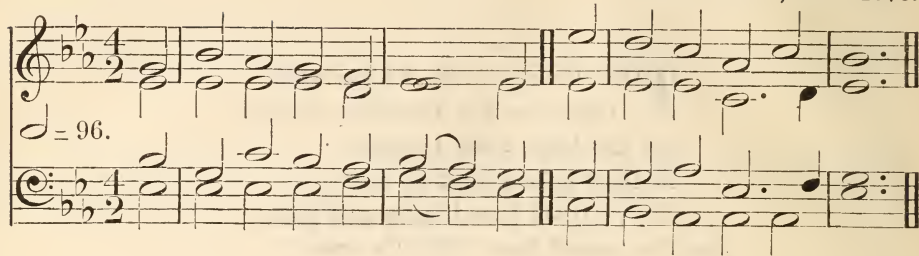
*mf* See, the Feast of love is spread,  
Drink the Wine, and break the Bread:  
Sweet memorials—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly Board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only till He come. Amen.



DIES DOMINICA.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## Holy Communion.

*mf* **W**E pray Thee, heavenly Father,  
To hear us in Thy love,  
And pour upon Thy children  
The unction from above;  
That so in love abiding,  
From all defilement free,  
We may in pureness offer  
Our Eucharist to Thee.

Be Thou our Guide and Helper,  
O Jesu Christ, we pray;  
So may we well approach Thee,  
If Thou wilt be the Way.  
Thou, very Truth, hast promised  
To help us in our strife,  
Food of the weary pilgrim,  
Eternal Source of Life.

And Thou, Creator Spirit,  
Look on us, we are Thine;  
Renew in us Thy graces,  
Upon our darkness shine;  
That with Thy benediction  
Upon our souls outpoured,  
We may receive in gladness  
The Body of the Lord.

O Trinity Eternal!  
O Unity most high!  
On Thee alone relying,  
Thy servants would draw nigh.  
Unworthy in our weakness,  
On Thee our hope is stayed,  
And blest by Thy forgiveness  
We will not be afraid. Amen.

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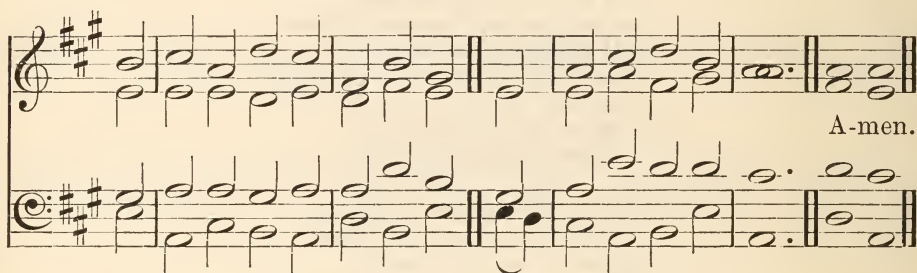
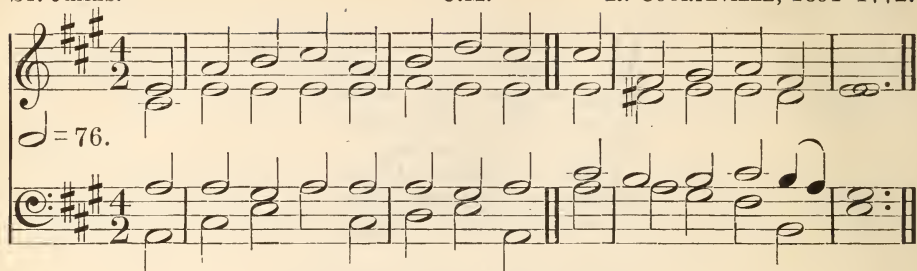
*Also the following :*

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!—360  
Forth from the dark and stormy sky—404  
God the Father, God the Son—651  
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!—447  
The King of love my Shepherd is—556

ST. JAMES.

C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE, 1691-1772.



*May also be sung to "St. Stephen," No. 485.*

<p><i>mf</i> <b>I</b>N token that thou shalt not fear          Christ crucified to own,          We print the Cross upon thee here,          And stamp thee His alone.</p>	<p><i>f</i> In token that thou shalt not flinch          Christ's quarrel to maintain,          But 'neath His banner manfully          Firm at thy post remain ;</p>
--	---

<p>In token that thou shalt not blush          To glory in His Name,          We blazon here upon thy front          His glory and His shame.</p>	<p><i>p</i> In token that thou, too, shalt tread          The path He travelled by ;          Endure the cross, despise the shame,  <i>cr</i> And sit thee down on high ;</p>
---	---

*mf* Thus outwardly and visibly  
 We seal thee for His own ;  
 And may the brow that wears His Cross  
*cr* Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A-men.

*May also be sung to "Melita," No. 317.*

*mf* **L**ORD Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,  
 As Thou wast once an Infant here,  
 So give this child of Thine, we pray,  
 Thy grace and blessing day by day.  
 O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine, [Thine.  
 We pray Thee guard this child of

As in Thy heavenly Kingdom, Lord,  
 All things obey Thy sacred word,  
 Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,  
 And shield this child by morn and eve.  
 O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,  
 We pray Thee guard this child of  
 Thine.

Their watch let Angels round him keep  
 Where'er he be, awake, asleep;  
 Thy holy Cross now let him bear,  
 That he Thy Crown with Saints may wear.  
 O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,  
 We pray Thee guard this child of Thine. Amen.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

A-men.



## Holy Baptism.

*mf* O'ER the shoreless waste of waters  
In the world's primeval night,  
*cr* Moved the quickening Spirit, waking  
All things into life and light.  
*f* So, Lord, in Thy new creation  
Light in Thine own Light we see,  
By the water and the Spirit  
Born again to life in Thee.

*mf* When from Thine avenging deluge  
Thou Thy chosen ones wouldst save,  
*cr* Lo! the Ark of Thine appointing  
Rode in safety on the wave.  
*f* So, Lord, on the world's broad ocean,  
Tost with tempests fierce and dark,  
Thine elect have found a refuge,  
And Thy Church is now their Ark.

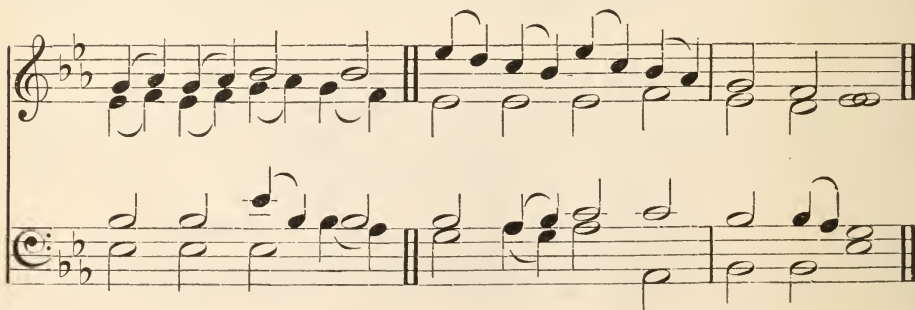
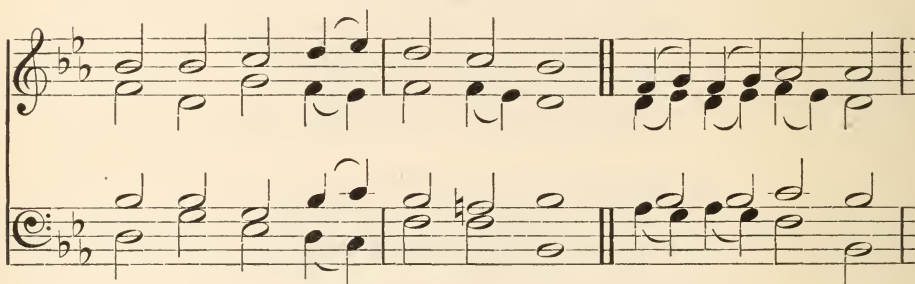
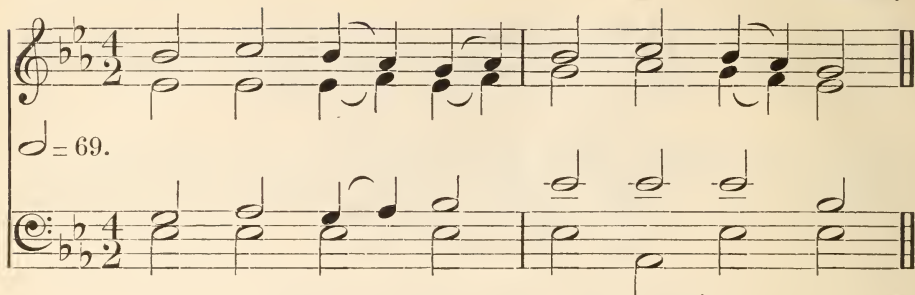
*mf* Through the Red Sea's cloven waters  
Israel's children gained the shore,  
*cr* Free to seek the land of promise,  
Egypt's bond-slaves now no more:  
*f* So upon their journey starting,  
Thou Thy children, Lord, dost free:  
Lo! they pass from Satan's bondage  
Into glorious liberty!

*p* Buried with their buried Saviour,  
*cr* Raised with Him to life again,  
*mf* Oh, that, dead to sin, Thy children  
May to Christ-like life attain!  
*p* Father, guide them by Thy Spirit,  
*cr* Lead them on from strength to strength,  
Till, all toils and conflicts ended,  
*f* They are safe with Thee at length. Amen.

SICILIAN MARINERS.

8.7.8.7.

Sicilian Melody.



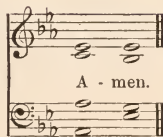
## Holy Baptism.

*mf* SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share :

Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness so loving  
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

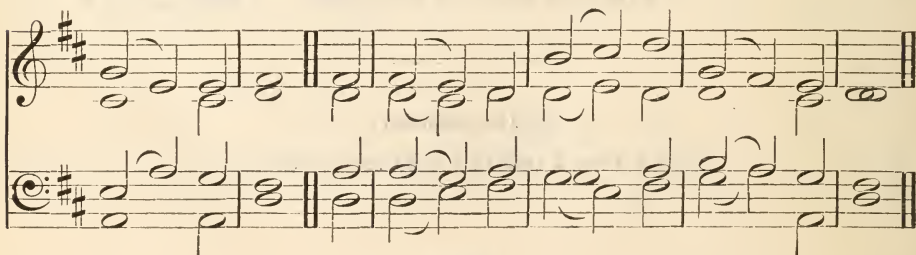
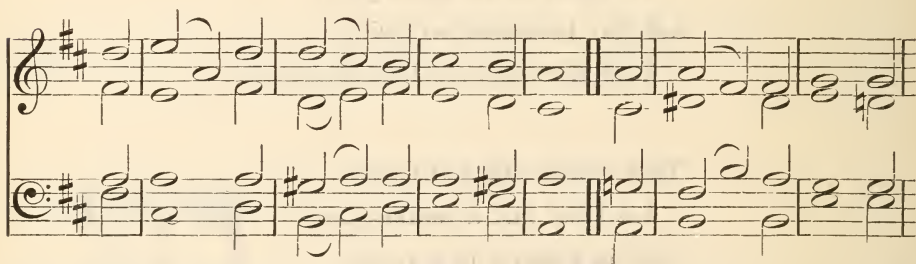
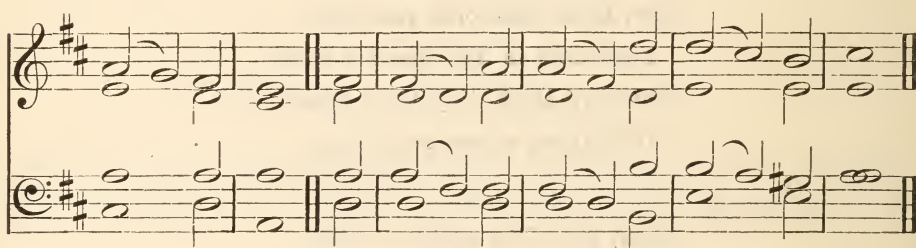
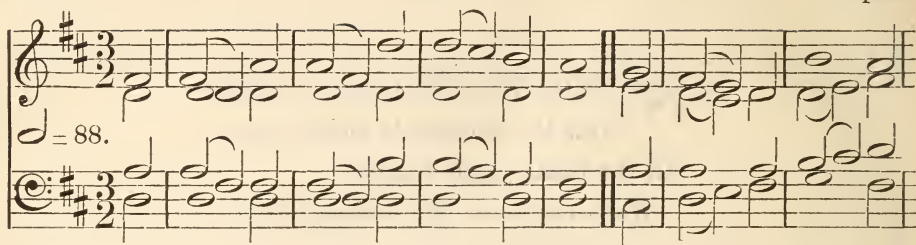
Then within Thy fold eternal  
Let them find a resting-place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.



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*Also the following :*

I think when I read that sweet story of old—627



## Confirmation.

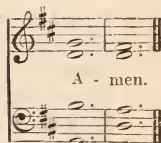
*mf* **B**EHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,  
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,  
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet  
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years,  
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,  
*f* Who art true Man and perfect God.

*mf* To Thee we look, in Thee confide,  
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;  
For who on Jesus e'er relied  
*cr* And found not Jesus still the same?  
*p* Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,  
Oh, stablish well what Thou hast wrought!

*mf* The seed of our Baptismal life,  
O living Word! by Thee was sown;  
*cr* So, where Thy soldiers wage the strife,  
Our posts we take, our vows we own;  
And ask, in Thine appointed way,  
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

*mf* We need Thee more than tongue can speak  
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;  
But thousands, once as young and weak,  
Have fought the fight, and won the crown.  
We ask the help that bore them through;  
We trust the Faithful and the True.

*p* So bless us with the Gift complete  
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,  
That awful Presence kind and sweet  
Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven.  
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:  
Give us Thy Spirit here and now.

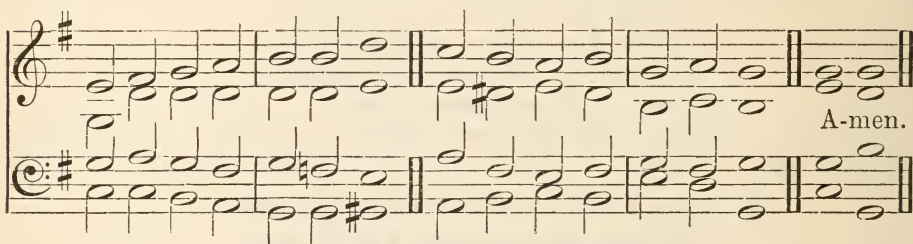
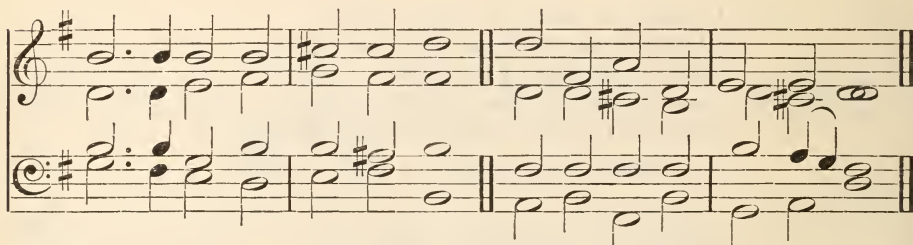
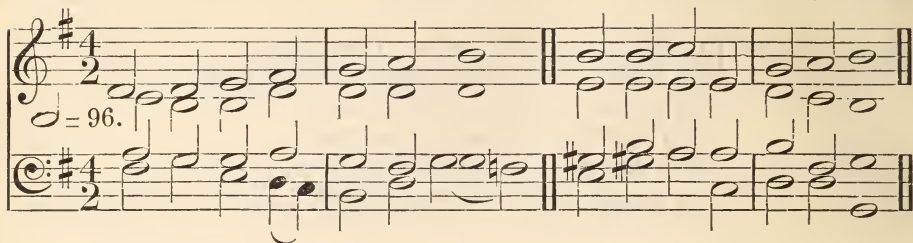




PROBUS.

Six 7's.

G. R. SINCLAIR, b. 1863.



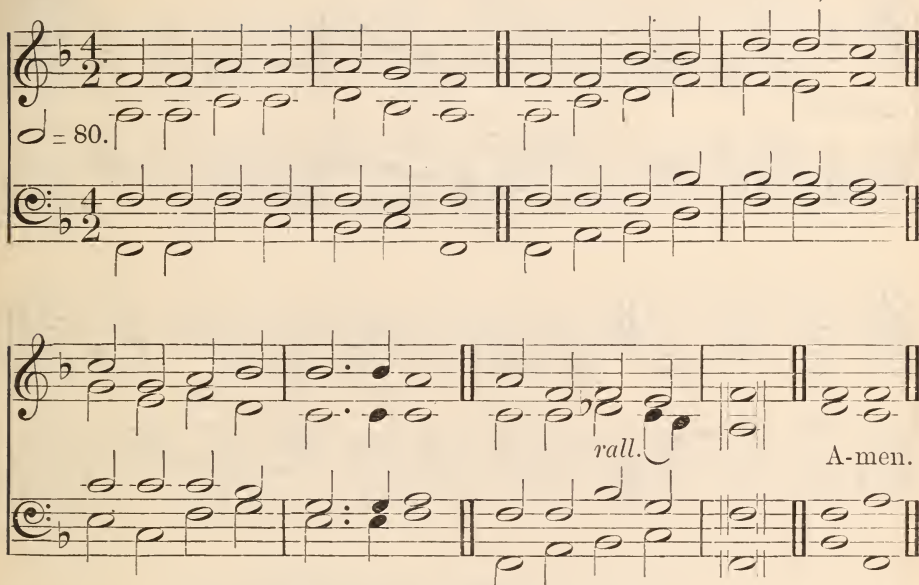
*May also be sung to "Dix," No. 109.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>p</i> <b>H</b> OLY Spirit, Lord of love,<br>Thou Who camest from above,<br>Gifts of blessing to bestow<br>On Thy waiting Church below ;  | <i>mf</i> Give them light Thy truth to see,<br>Give them life to live for Thee,<br><i>cr</i> Daily power to conquer sin,<br>Patient faith the Crown to win ;  |
| <i>cr</i> Once again in love draw near<br>To Thy children gathered here.  | <i>mf</i> Shield them from temptation's breath,<br>Keep them faithful unto death.   |
| <i>mf</i> From their bright Baptismal day,<br>Through their childhood's onward way,<br>Thou hast been their constant Guide,<br>Watching ever by their side ;<br>May they now, till life shall end,<br>Choose and know Thee as their Friend. | <i>p</i> When the holy vow is made,<br>When the holy hands are laid,<br>Come in this most solemn hour,<br>With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,<br><i>cr</i> Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,<br>Make each heart Thy happy home. |

Amen.

OSBORNE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, b. 1857.



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*mf* **L**ORD of grace and holiness,      Keep them generous, brave, and true,  
 Who alone canst guide and bless,      Still their loving trust renew,  
 God of love and tenderness,      Makethem faithful through and through:  
 Guard these lambs of Thine.      Saviour, keep them Thine.

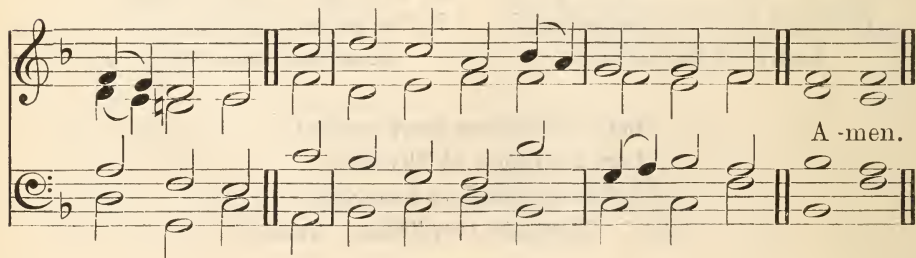
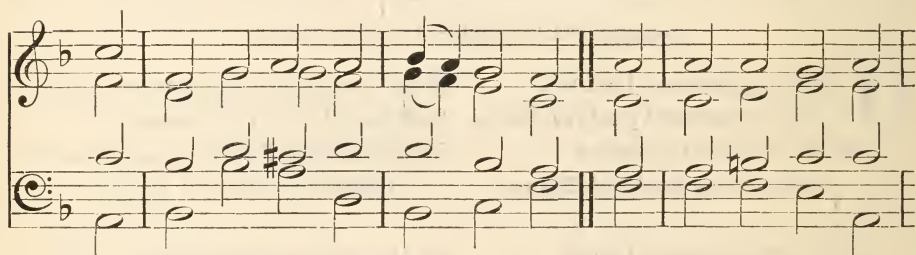
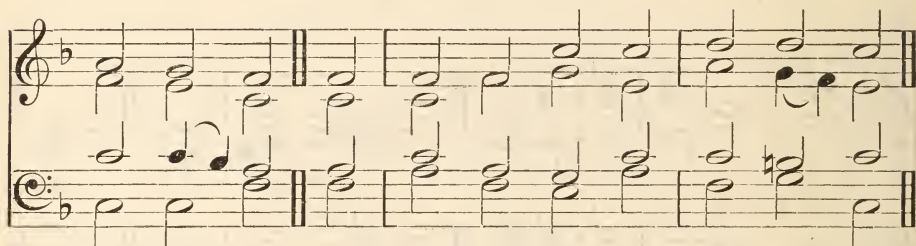
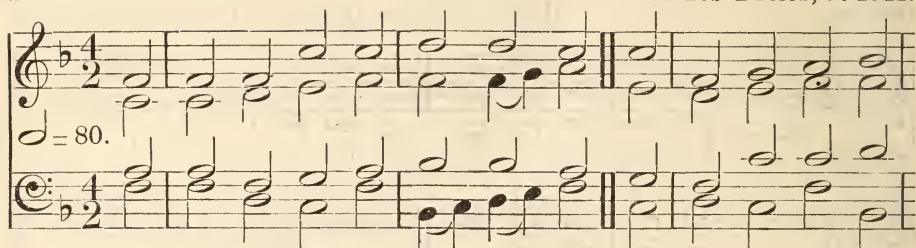
Jesu, Thou wast man indeed,      By the grace of gentle years,  
 Thou dost for our weakness plead;      By all tender hopes and fears,  
 Thou dost know our deepest need;      By the power of loving tears,  
 Jesu, keep them Thine.      Jesu, keep them Thine.

Lord, Thy loving heart is wide!  
 Jesu, hold them at Thy side,  
*cr* Saved, redeemed, and sanctified,  
*f* Thine, for ever Thine. Amen.

STETERBURG.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

NICOLAUS DECIUS, d. 1541.



## Confirmation.

*mf* LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?—  
A boon of love divine we seek;—  
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,  
Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,  
Thy children pray for grace, that they  
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come?—and come again?—  
Oft as we see yon Table spread,  
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—  
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread,  
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,  
That they may come and find Thee there.

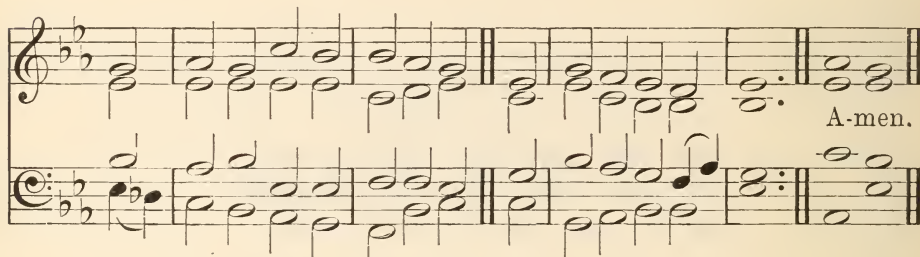
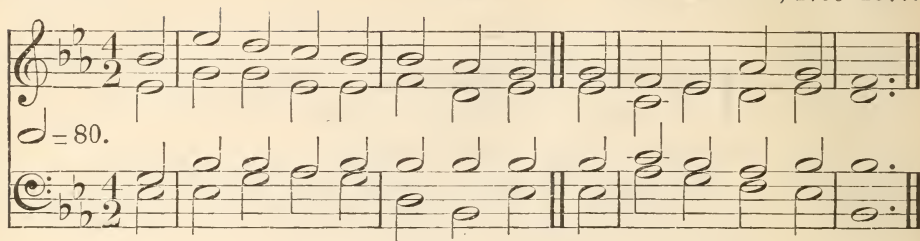
Lord, shall we come?—not thus alone  
At holy time, or solemn rite,  
But every hour till life be flown,  
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light—  
Come to Thy throne of grace,—that we  
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come?—come yet again?—  
Thy children ask one blessing more;—  
*cr* To come, not now alone,—but then  
When life, and death, and time are o'er,  
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be  
*f* Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee. Amen.

St. PETER.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



*mf* **M**Y God, accept my heart this day,  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from Thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

*p* Before the Cross of Him Who died,  
 Behold, I prostrate fall;  
 Let every sin be crucified,  
*cr* And Christ be all in all.

*mf* Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace.  
 And seal me for Thine own,  
*cr* That I may see Thy glorious face,  
 And worship near Thy throne.

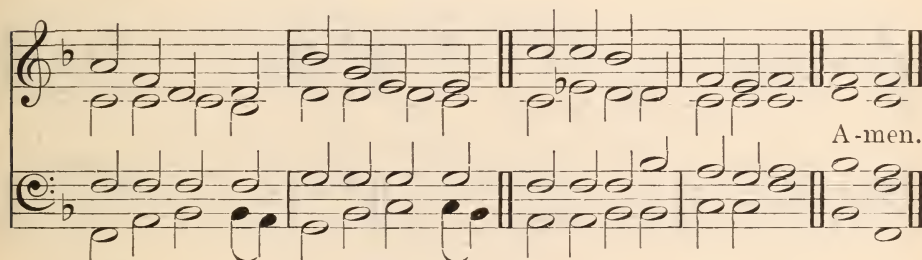
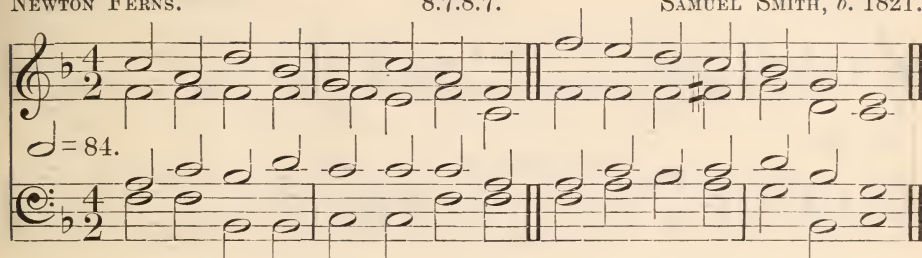
*mf* Let every thought, and work, and word,  
 By Thee be ever blest;  
*cr* Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of rest. Amen.



NEWTON FERNS.

8.7.8.7.

SAMUEL SMITH, b. 1821.



*mf* **T**HINE for ever ! Thine for ever !  
 May Thy face upon us shine.  
*p* Help, oh, help our weak endeavour,  
 Lord, to be for ever Thine.

*mf* Thine for ever, Thine for ever !  
 Thine for ever may we be :  
 May no sin nor sorrow sever  
 Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

*mf* Thine for ever, Thine for ever !  
 Armed with faith, and strong in  
*cr* Ever fighting, fainting never, [Thee, *p*  
 May we march to victory !

*mf* Daily in the grace increasing  
 Of Thy Spirit, more and more,  
 Watching, praying, without ceasing,  
 May we reach the heavenly shore !

*p* Hard the conflict ; (*mf*) but what glory  
 Is revealed to our eyes  
 While we read the heavenly story  
 Of our home beyond the skies !

*f* " Thine for ever " we are singing  
 Here on earth, and while we sing  
 Voices in our ears are ringing  
 Hymns of Angels to our King.

Thine for ever ! Thine for ever !  
 May Thy face upon us shine.  
 Help, oh ! help our weak endeavour,  
 Lord, to be for ever Thine.

*f* Glory be to God the Father,  
 Glory be to God the Son,  
 Glory to the Holy Spirit,  
 Glory to the Three in One. Amen.

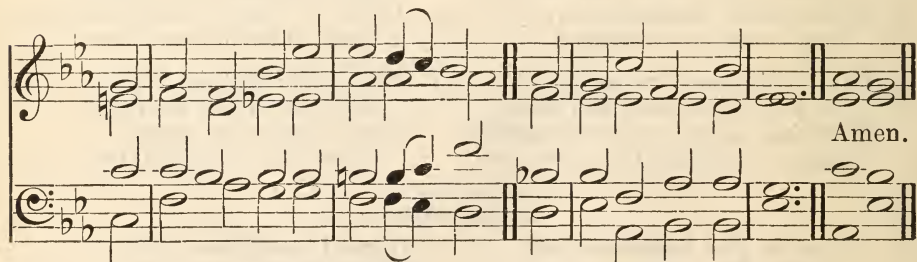
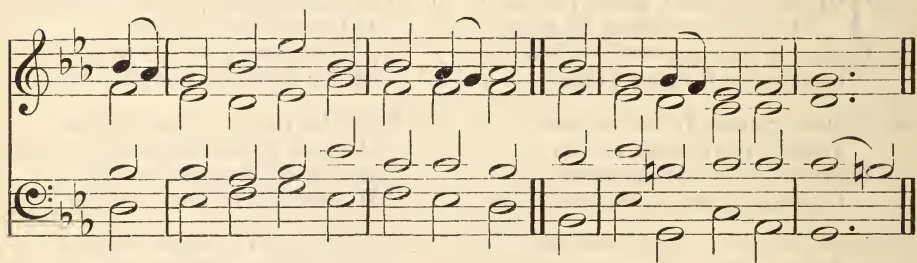
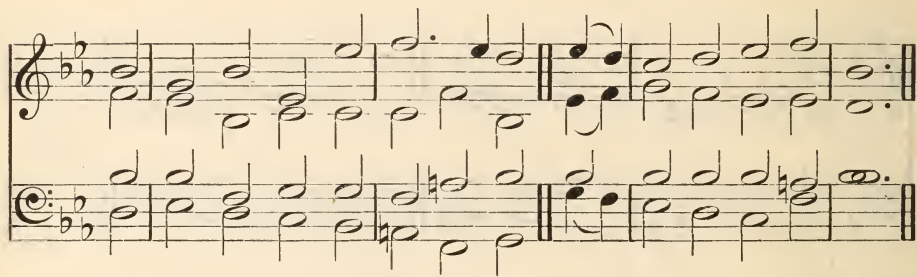
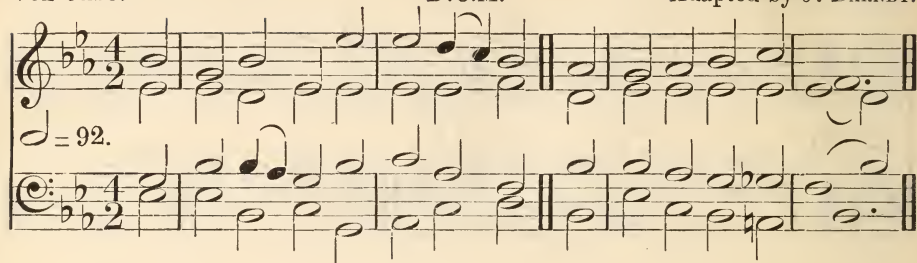
*Also the following :*

Fight the good fight with all thy  
 might—401  
 Jesu, meek and gentle—441

O Jesu, I have promised—493  
 Soldiers of Christ ! arise—546  
 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551

Vox Jesu.

D.C.M.

SPOHR, 1784-1859.  
Adapted by J. BARNBY.

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## Holy Matrimony.

*mf* **L**ORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast,  
Didst as a Guest appear,  
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,  
*p* Vouchsafe Thy Presence here;  
*cr* For holy Thou indeed dost prove  
The marriage vow to be,  
*f* Proclaiming it a type of love  
Between the Church and Thee.

*mf* The holiest vow that man can make  
The golden thread in life,  
The bond that none may dare to break,  
That bindeth man and wife;  
Which, blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,  
No evil shall destroy,  
Through care-worn days each care divides,  
And doubles every joy.

*mf* On those who at Thine Altar kneel  
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
That each may wake the other's zeal  
To love Thee more and more:  
*p* O grant them here in peace to live,  
In purity and love,  
*cr* And, this world leaving, to receive  
*f* A crown of life above. Amen.

First system of musical notation. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 4/2. The tempo/meter marking is  $\text{♩} = 96$ . The system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4, followed by a half note G4, then a half note F#4, and a half note E4. The bass staff begins with a G3, followed by a half note G3, then a half note F#3, and a half note E3. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a half note D4, then a half note C4, and a half note B3. The bass staff continues with a half note D3, then a half note C3, and a half note B2. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a half note A3, then a half note G3, and a half note F#3. The bass staff continues with a half note A2, then a half note G2, and a half note F#2. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a half note E4, then a half note D4, and a half note C4. The bass staff continues with a half note E3, then a half note D3, and a half note C3. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The text "A-men." is written below the bass staff.

## Holy Matrimony.

*mf* O FATHER all creating,  
Whose wisdom, love, and power  
First bound two lives together  
In Eden's primal hour,  
To-day to these Thy children  
Thine earliest gifts renew,—  
*cr* A home by Thee made happy,  
*f* A love by Thee kept true.

*mf* O Saviour, Guest most bounteous  
Of old in Galilee,  
Vouchsafe to-day Thy Presence  
With these who call on Thee ;  
*cr* Their store of earthly gladness  
Transform to heavenly wine,  
*dim* And teach them in the tasting,  
To know the gift is Thine.

*p* O Spirit of the Father,  
Breathe on them from above,  
So mighty in Thy pureness,  
So tender in Thy love ;  
*cr* That guarded by Thy Presence,  
From sin and strife kept free,  
*mf* Their lives may own Thy guidance,  
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

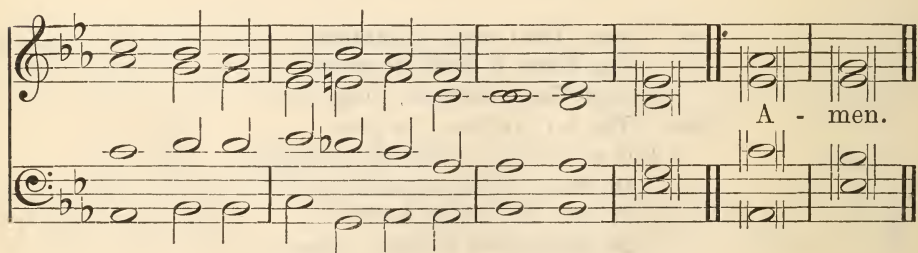
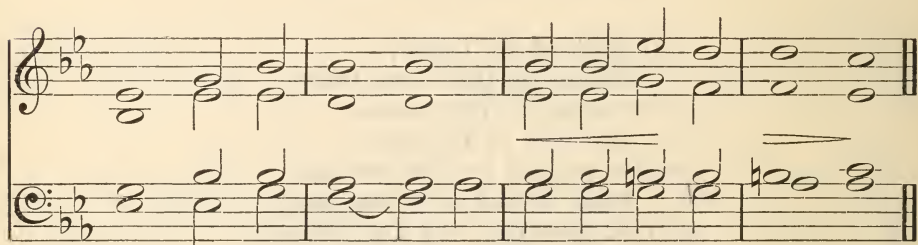
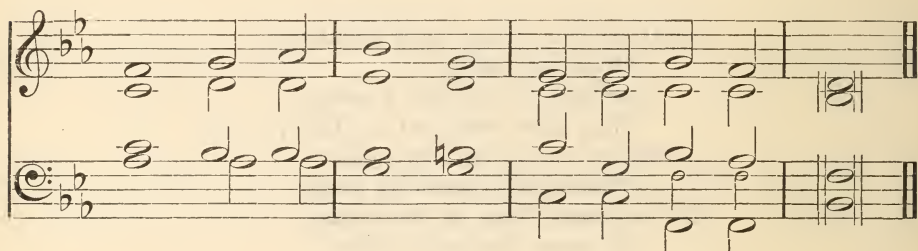
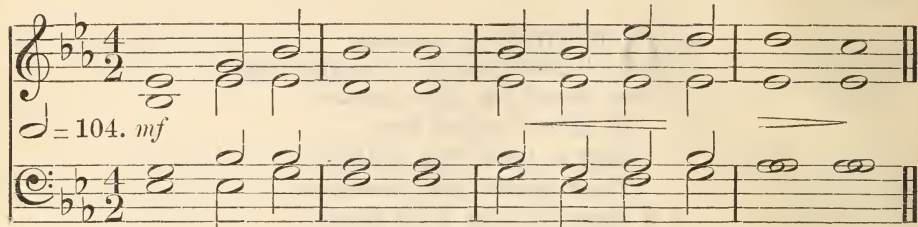
• *mf* Except Thou build it, Father,  
The house is built in vain ;  
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,  
*dim* The joy will turn to pain ;  
*f* But nought can break the marriage  
Of hearts in Thee made one,  
And love Thy Spirit hallows  
Is endless love begun. Amen.



## Holy Matrimony.

O PERFECT LOVE (*First Tune*). 11.10.11.10.

J. BARNBY, 1838-1896.



A - men.

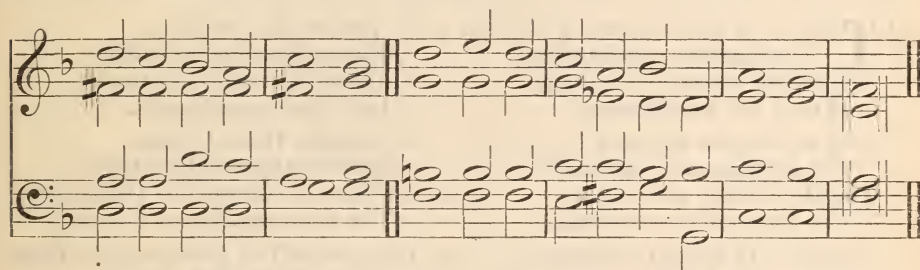
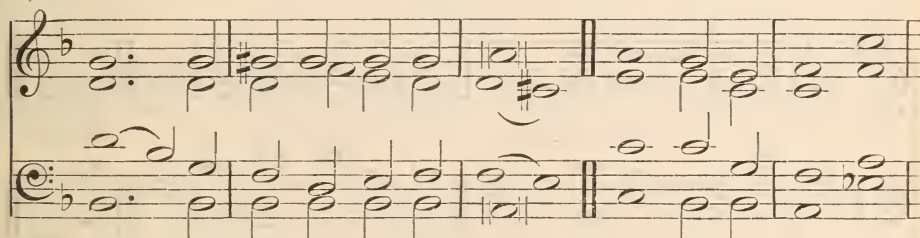
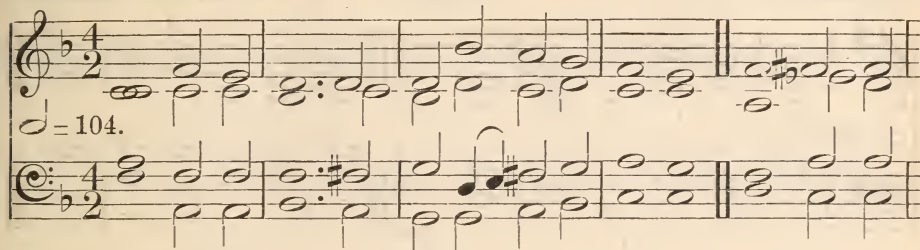
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# Holy Matrimony.

CROFTON (*Second Tune*).

11.10.11.10.

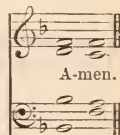
Lord CROFTON, b. 1834.



*mf* **O** PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,  
*p* Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,  
*cr* That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,  
 Whom Thou for evermore doth join in one.

*mf* O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
*p* Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
*cr* Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,  
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

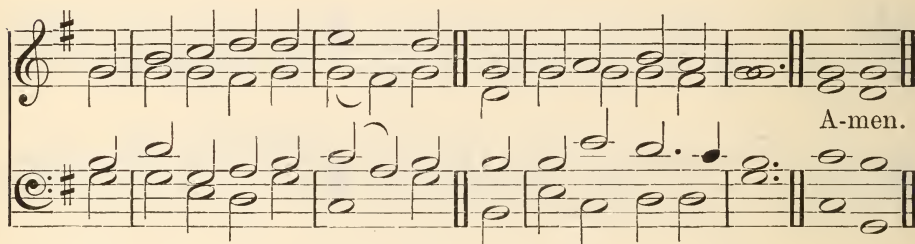
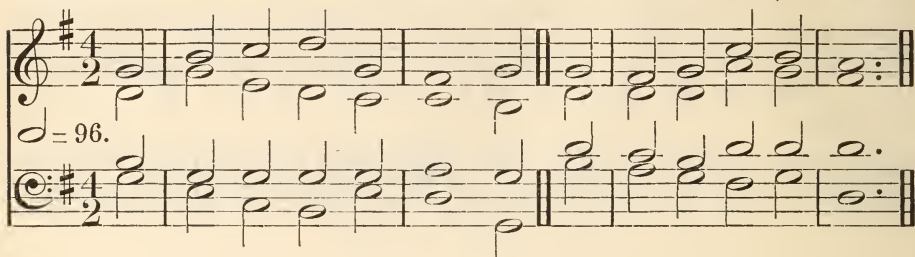
*mf* Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,  
*p* Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;  
*cr* And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.



ST. ALPHEGE.

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



*mf* **T**HE voice that breathed o'er Eden *p* Be present, Son of Mary,  
 That earliest wedding-day, To join their loving hands,  
 The primal marriage blessing, *cr* As Thou didst bind two natures  
 It hath not passed away. In Thine eternal bands.

*p* Be present, Holiest Spirit,  
 To bless them as they kneel,  
*cr* As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,  
 The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

*mf* Oh! spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
 Let no ill power find place,  
 When onward to Thine Altar  
 The hallowed path they trace,

*f* To cast their crowns before Thee,  
 In perfect sacrifice,  
 Till to the home of gladness  
 With Christ's own Bride they rise!

*p* Be present, awful Father,  
 To give away this bride,  
*cr* As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
 Out of his own pierced side.

*Also the following:*

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove—190  
 Lead us, heavenly Father—456

Now thank we all our God—296  
 O God of Bethel! by Whose hand—483  
 Thine for ever! God of love—570

Communion of the Sick. See Hymns for Holy Communion.

ST. GABRIEL.

L.M.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873.

♩ = 72.

A-men.

*May also be sung to "St. Sepulchre, No. 593.*

- p* **A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,  
Of those whose eyes have ceased to weep,  
When they, who wept so oft before,  
Shall wake again to weep no more.
- p* Asleep in Jesus! wondrous sleep,  
Which they who sow in tears shall reap:  
*cr* No more by doubt or fear oppress,  
*dim* They sleep the sleep of Saints at rest.
- p* Asleep in Jesus! happy he  
Whose sleep at last in Him shall be;  
Whose sorrows past and labours o'er,  
Now rests in Him for evermore.
- p* Asleep in Jesus! happy they  
*cr* Who wake on that eternal day,  
*f* To share, with those whom God shall bring,  
The glories of His triumphing.
- p* Asleep in Jesus! who can weep  
For those who sleep so calm a sleep?  
*mf* Then let the living for the dead  
In Christ, by Christ be comforted.
- p* Asleep in Jesus! none can tell  
*cr* The joys of those He loves so well:  
*dim* Then, Holy Jesu, grant that we  
May, dying, fall asleep in Thee. Amen.

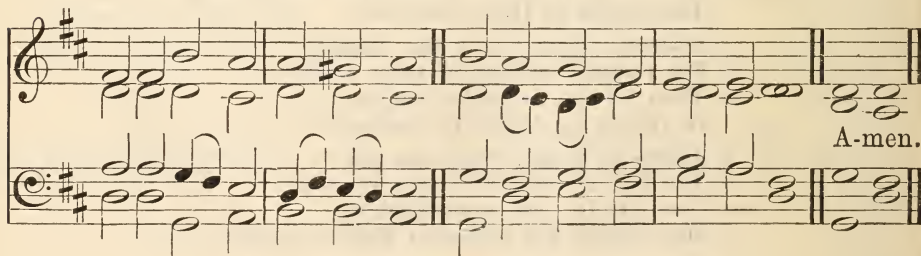
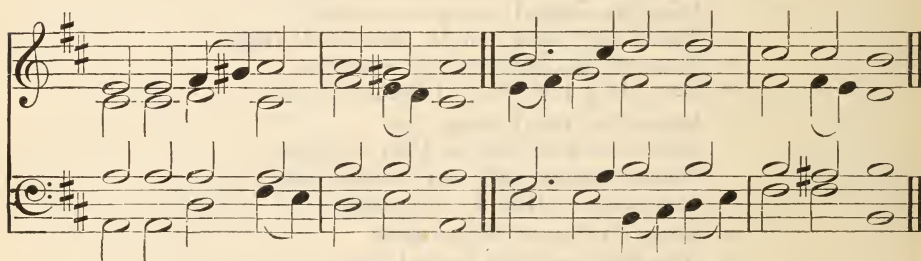
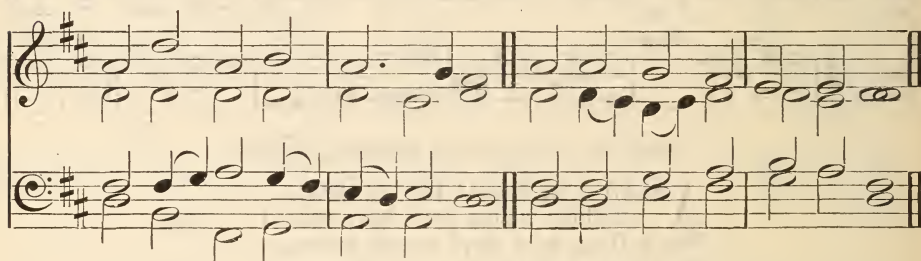
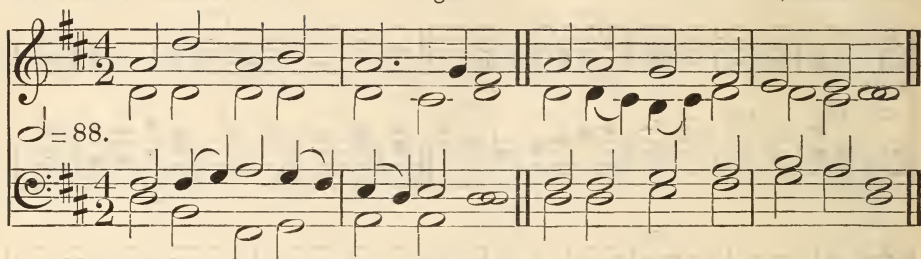


## Burial of the Dead.

SALZBURG.

Eight 7's.

J. HINTZE, 1622-1702.





## Burial of the Dead.

*mf* **B**LESSING, honour, thanks and praise,  
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;  
Thou in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory.  
True and faithful to Thy word,  
Thou hast glorified Thy Son:  
Jesus Christ our dying Lord  
*f* He for us the fight has won.

*mf* Lo! the prisoner is released;  
Lightened of his fleshly load.  
*p* Where the weary are at rest  
He is gathered unto God.  
*mf* Lo! the pain of life is past,  
All his warfare now is o'er,  
Death and hell behind are cast,  
Grief and suffering are no more.

*mf* Hark, a voice divides the sky,  
*p* Happy are the faithful dead,  
In the Lord who sweetly die:  
They from all their toils are freed:  
*mf* These the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest;  
Jesus is their great reward,  
Jesus is their endless rest.

*p* Absent from our loving Lord  
We shall not continue long:  
*cr* Join we them with one accord  
In the new, the joyful song;  
*ff* Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,  
Triune God, we pay to Thee,  
Who in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory. Amen.

## Burial of the Dead.

CAMPO SANTO.

Irregular.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 88. The text "Verses 1, 2, 5." is written below the first staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 4/2. The music is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The system ends with a double bar line.

## Burial of the Dead.

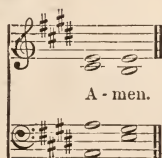
*p* **B**ROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown  
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown ;  
*cr* From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,  
*dim* Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

*p* The toilsome way thou hast travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load ;  
*mf* But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest abode :  
*p* Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

*mf* Sin can never taint Thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail :  
And there thou art sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
*dim* Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

*p* "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," the solemn words are said ;  
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed ;  
*cr* But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,  
*dim* Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

*mf* And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find !  
*cr* May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,  
*dim* Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest !

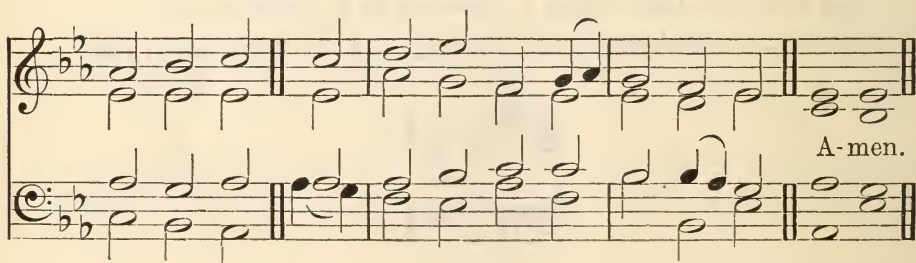
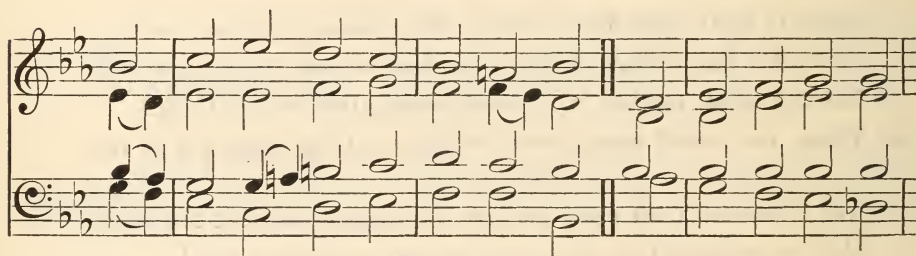
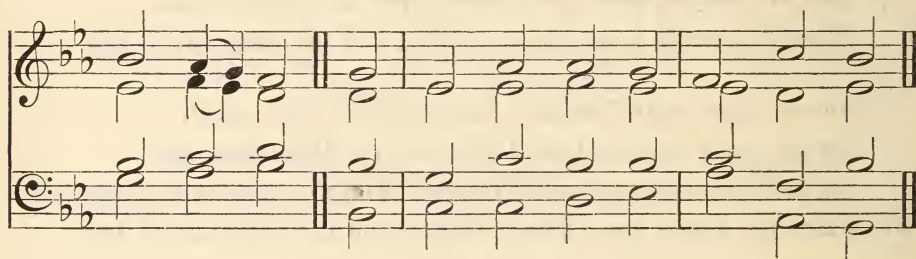
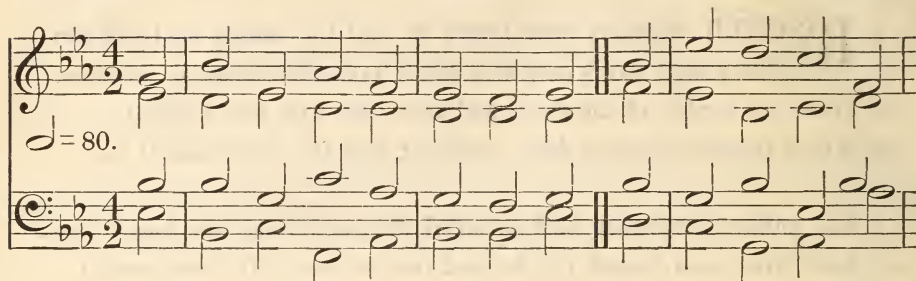


## Burial of the Dead.

COLCHESTER.

Six 8's.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.



## Burial of the Dead.

*mf* GOD of the living, in Whose eyes  
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;  
All souls are Thine ; we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away ;  
*cr* From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto Thee.

*mf* Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With Thee is hidden still their life ;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,  
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;  
*cr* For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto Thee.

*mf* Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;  
*cr* Not left to lie like fallen tree ;  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

*mf* Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
*cr* That none might fear that world to see  
Where all are living unto Thee.

*mf* O Breather into man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Giver of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin ;  
*cr* That body, soul, and spirit be  
For ever living unto Thee ! Amen.

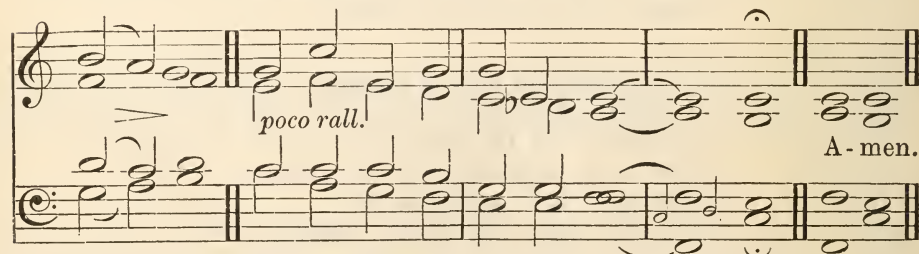
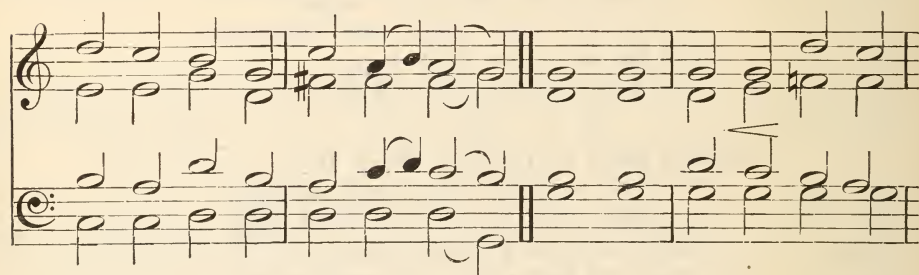
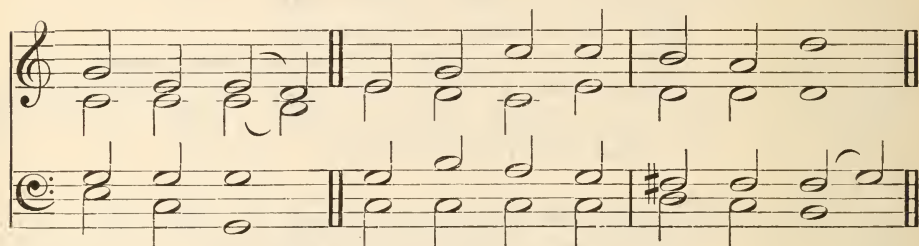
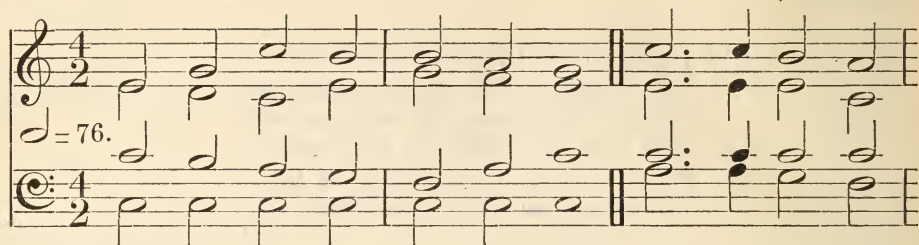


## Burial of the Dead.

REQUIESCAT.

7.7.7.7.8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*If there is no Accompaniment the small notes may be sung.*

## Burial of the Dead.

*p*     **N**OW the labourer's task is o'er;  
       Now the battle-day is past;  
*cr*     Now upon the farther shore  
       Lands the voyager at last.  
*p*     Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
       Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*mf*    There the tears of earth are dried;  
       There its hidden things are clear;  
*cr*    There the work of life is tried  
       By a juster Judge than here.  
*p*     Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
       Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*mf*    There the sinful souls that turn  
       To the Cross their dying eyes.  
*cr*    All the love of Christ shall learn  
       At His feet in Paradise.  
*p*     Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
       Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*mf*    There no more the powers of hell  
       Can prevail to mar their peace;  
*cr*    Christ the Lord shall guard them well;  
       He Who died for their release.  
*p*     Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
       Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*mf* [“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust; ” \*  
       Calmly now the words we say;  
*cr*    Left behind, we wait in trust  
       For the Resurrection day.]  
*p*     Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
       Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.    Amen.

---

\* In the case of a Burial at Sea these four lines may be substituted for those bracketed above :—

Laid in ocean's quiet bed,  
Calmly now the words we say;  
Till the sea gives up its dead,  
Till the Resurrection day.

## Burial of the Dead.

FRESHWATER.

Irregular.

C. H. H. PARRY, b. 1848.

 $\text{♩} = 92.$ 

1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!  
 2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark!

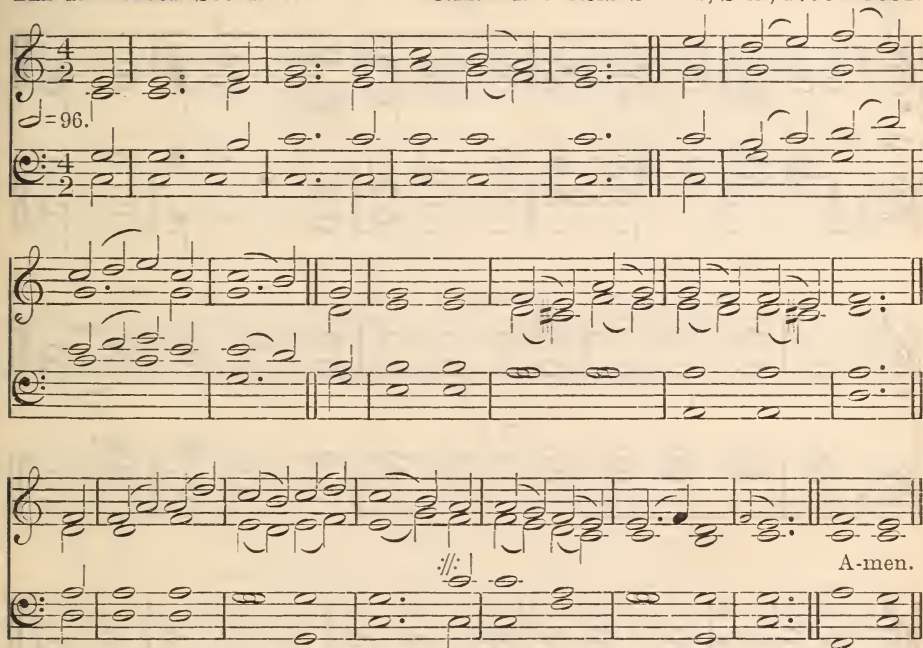
And may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,  
 And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well, When I . . . em-bark;

But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam,  
 For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,

When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain home.  
 I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

THE RIGHTEOUS SOULS.

C.M. HIGHMORE SKEATS, Sen., 1756?-1831.



May also be sung to "Chelsea," No. 234.

*mf* **T**HE righteous souls that take their flight  
     Far from this world of pain ;  
*p* In God's eternal bosom blest  
     For ever shall remain.

*p* To minds unwise they seem to die,  
     All joyful hope to cease ;  
*cr* While they, secured by faith, repose  
*p* In everlasting peace.

*mf* For at the great, the awful day,  
     When Christ descends from high ;  
*cr* With myriads of Angelic Saints,  
     They'll meet Him in the sky.

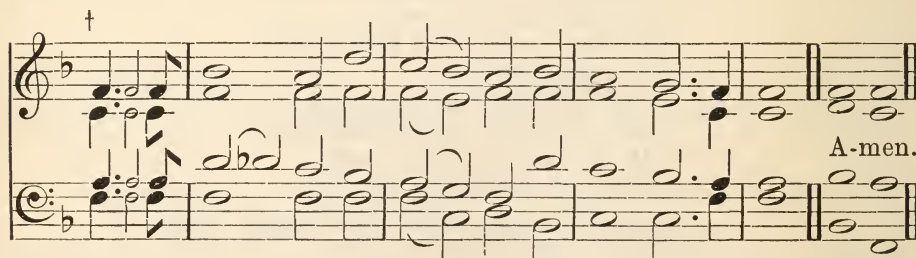
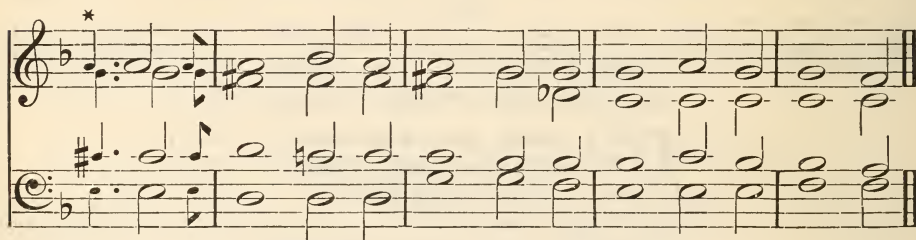
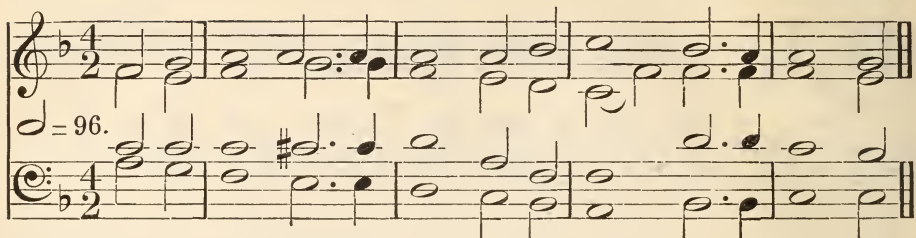
*mf* Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,  
     Shall pour redeeming grace ;  
*cr* And call them ever to behold  
     The brightness of His face. Amen.

## Burial of the Dead.

CLEWER.

Irregular.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, b. 1842.



\* The small notes are to be sung in verses 2 and 3.

† The small notes are to be sung in verses 2 and 4.



## Burial of the Dead.

*p* **T**HOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,  
    Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;  
*cr* Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,  
*f* And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

*p* Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,  
    Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;  
*cr* But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
*f* And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

*p* Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,  
    Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;  
*cr* But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,  
*f* And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song.

*p* Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,  
*cr* Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;  
*f* He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;  
*ff* And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died. Amen.

---

### *Also the following*

A few more years shall roll—353  
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]  
Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning—74  
    [Part I.]  
Days and moments quickly flying—103 [Part I.]  
For ever with the Lord—402  
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now—171  
My God and Father, while I stray—475

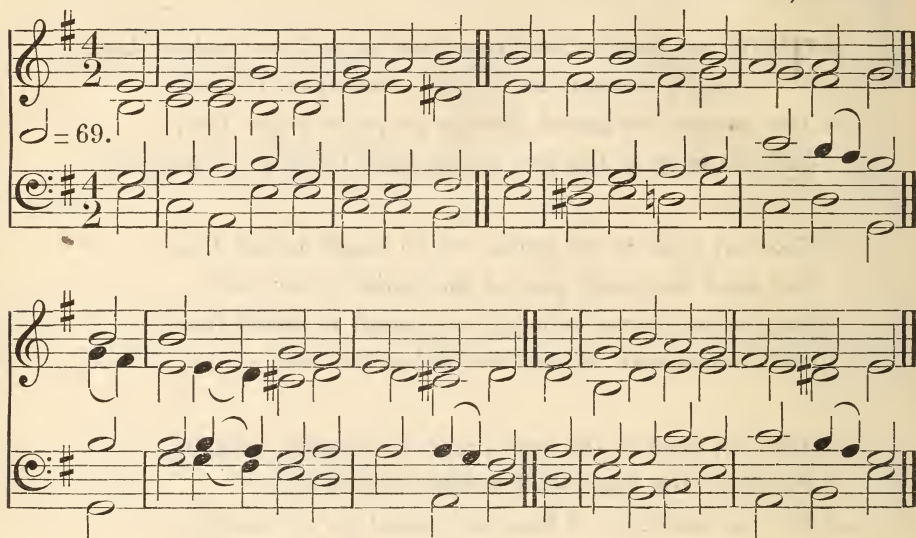
O God, our Help in ages past—488  
Oh! let him, whose sorrow—520  
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524  
On the Resurrection morning—174  
Palms of glory, raiment bright—523  
Peace, perfect peace—529  
There is no night in heaven—567  
When our heads are bowed with woe—597

## In Time of Distress.

SAXONY.

L.M.

Old German Chorale, 16th cent.



*p* **G**OD of our life, to Thee we call;  
 Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

*mf* Amidst the roaring of the sea  
 Our souls still hang their hopes on Thee:  
 Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,  
 Alone can save us from despair.

*p* Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
 Where should we lodge our deep complaint?

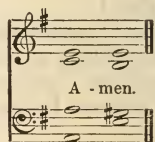
*cr* Where, but with Thee, Whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

*mf* Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Does not the word still fixed remain  
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

*p* Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,  
 And bend on us Thy pitying eye:

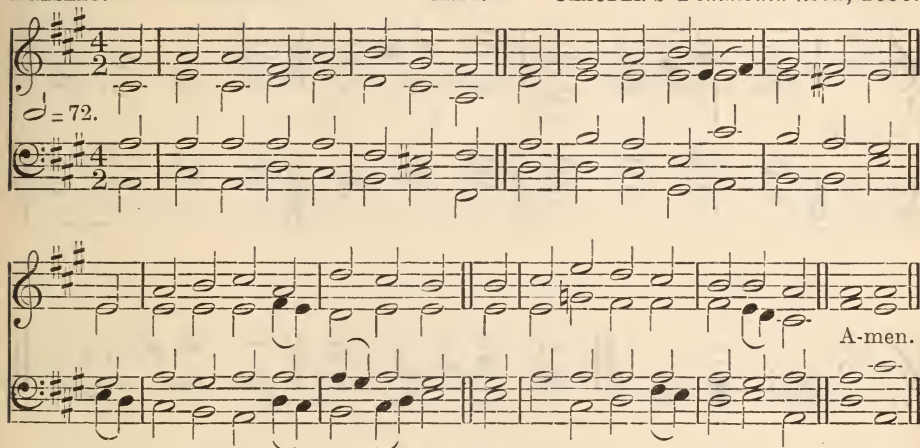
*cr* 'To Thee their prayer Thy people make:

*p* Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake.



BRESLAU.

L.M.

CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.

*mf* **O** THOU, Whom heavenly Hosts obey,  
 How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?  
 How long Thy suffering people pray,  
 And to their prayers have no return?

Thou broughtst a vine from Egypt's land,  
 And, casting out the heathen race,  
 Didst plant it with Thine own right hand,  
 And firmly fix it in their place.

To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;  
 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;  
 From heaven, Thy throne, this vine survey,  
 And her sad state with pity view.

Behold the vineyard made by Thee,  
 Which Thy right hand did guard so long;  
 And keep that branch from danger free,  
 Which for Thyself Thou mad'st so strong.

*p* Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou  
*cr* The lustre of Thy face display;  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
*f* Like scattered clouds, shall pass away. Amen.

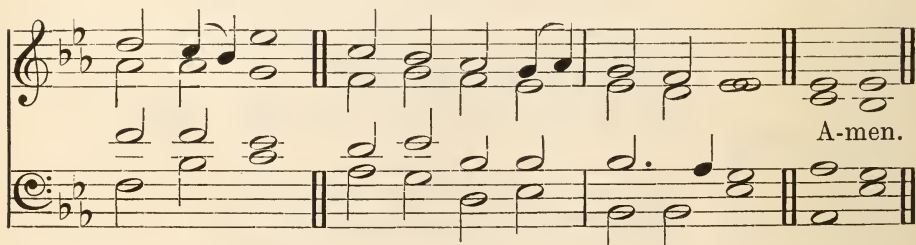
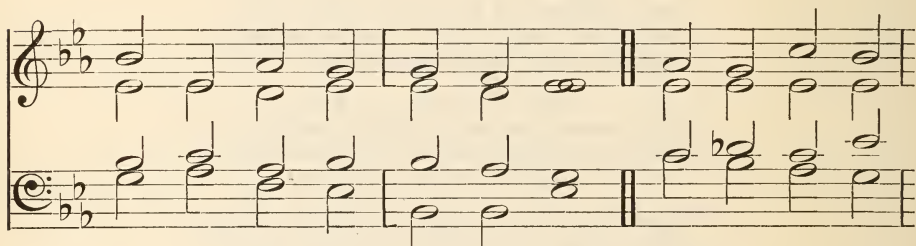
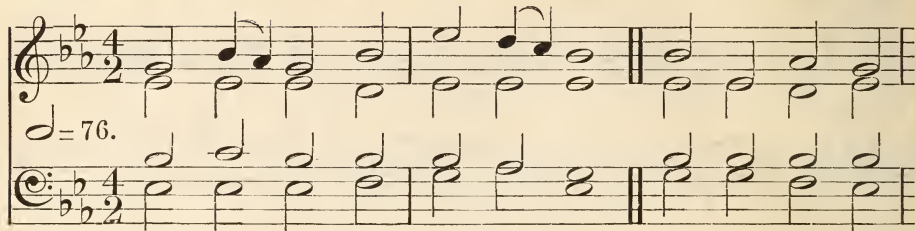
*Also the following:*

From foes that would the land devour—408  
 God moves in a mysterious way—416  
 When the dark waves round us roll—598

TICHFIELD.

Six 7's.

J. RICHARDSON, 1816-1879.



## In Time of Scarcity.

*mf* **W**HAT our Father does is well :  
Blessèd truth His children tell !  
Though He send, for plenty, want,  
Though the harvest-store be scant,  
Yet we rest upon His love,  
Seeking better things above.

What our Father does is well :  
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?  
If a blessing He withhold  
In the field, or in the fold,  
Is it not Himself to be  
All our Store eternally ?

What our Father does is well :  
Though He sadden hill and dell,  
Upward yet our praises rise  
For the strength His word supplies ;  
He has called us sons of God,  
Can we murmur at His rod ?

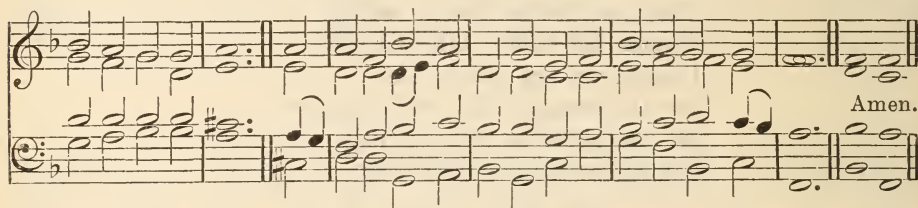
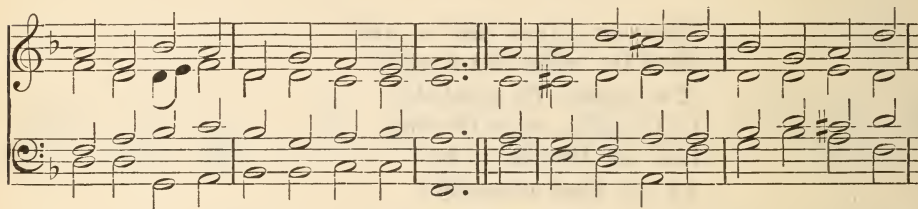
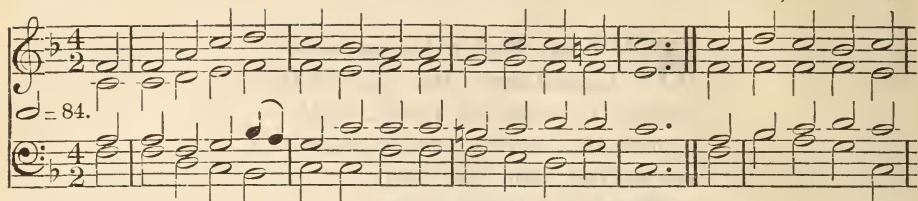
What our Father does is well :  
May the thought within us dwell ;  
Though nor milk nor honey flow  
In our barren Canaan now,  
*f* God can save us in our need,  
God can bless us, God can feed.

*f* Therefore unto Him we raise  
Hymns of glory, songs of praise ;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Honour, might, and glory be,  
Now, and through eternity. Amen.



GRETTON.

14.14.14.14. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, 1840-1894.



*p* 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; Oh turn us not away,  
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

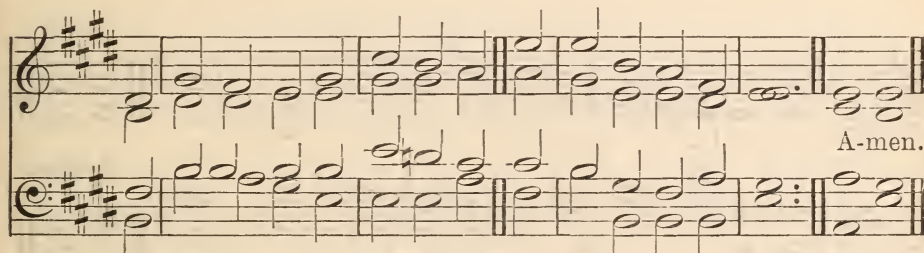
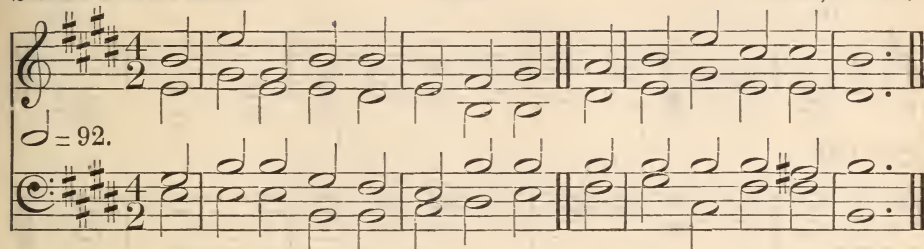
Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less, we own;  
 Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown;  
 When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,  
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and help in Thee was found.

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.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

C.M.

J. B. CALKIN, b. 1827.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* GREAT God of Hosts, our ears have heard,  
 Our fathers oft have told,  
 What wonders Thou hast done for them,  
 Thy glorious deeds of old.

*mf* Not by their might was safety wrought,  
 Nor victory by their sword;

*f* But Thou didst guard the chosen race  
 Who Thy great Name adored.

*mf* Great God of Hosts! their God, and ours;  
 Our only Lord and King;

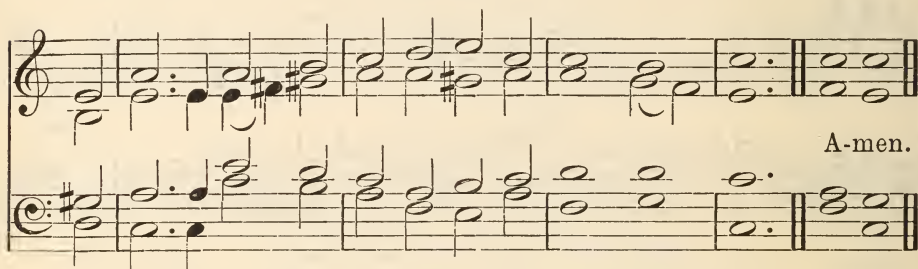
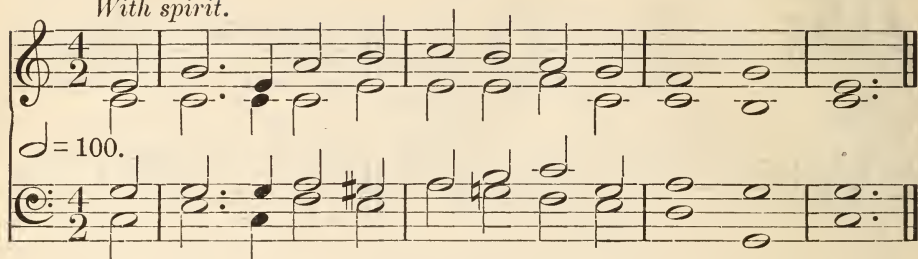
Let Thy right arm which fought for them  
 To us salvation bring.

*f* To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,  
 By Whom the conquest came,  
 And, in triumphant songs of praise,  
 Will celebrate Thy Name. Amen.

EXSURGAT DEUS.

8.4.8.4.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

*With spirit.*

A-men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* **L**ET God arise to lead forth *p* Grant strength to those, who mourn  
 those to-day  
 Who march to war!  
 Their loved ones lost,  
 Let God arise, and all His foes Yea, those who give their best, nor stay  
 Be scattered far! To count the cost.

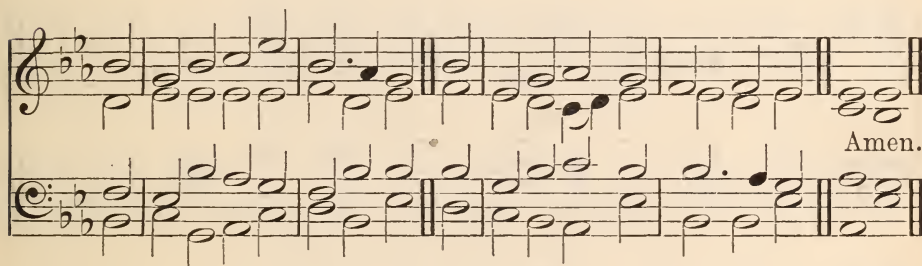
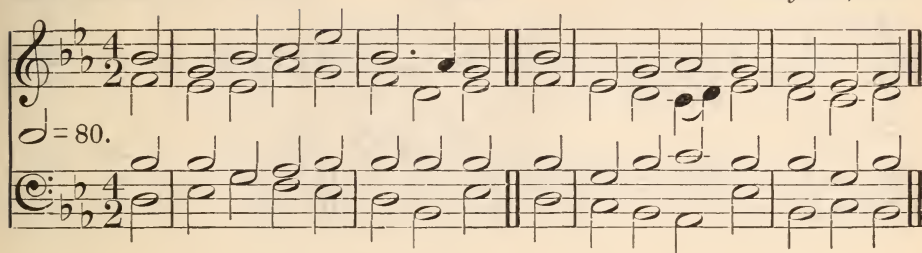
*mf* So Israel prayed, and Thou, O Lord, *f* Fight Thou for us, that we may fill  
 Wast with him then: Thy courts with praise;  
 Be with us now, who draw the sword *mf* Then teach us mercy, teach us still  
 For war again. The fallen to raise.

*f* Grant Thou our soldiers courage high *p* Yet more and more, as ages run,  
 When foes are near, Bid warfare cease,  
*dim* To strive, to suffer, or to die And give to all beneath the sun  
*cr* Untouched by fear. Love, Freedom, Peace. Amen.

ST. GREGORY.

L.M.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.



*mf* **O** GOD of love, O King of peace,  
 Make wars throughout the world to cease;  
 The wrath of sinful man restrain;  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

*mf* Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
 The wonders that our fathers to'd;  
 Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

*mf* Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
 Where rest but on Thy faithful word?  
 None ever called on Thee in vain;  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

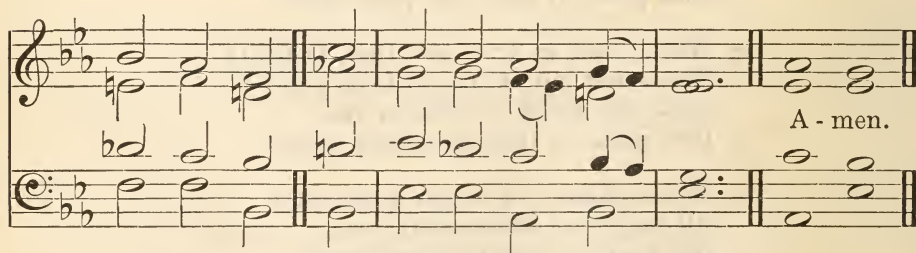
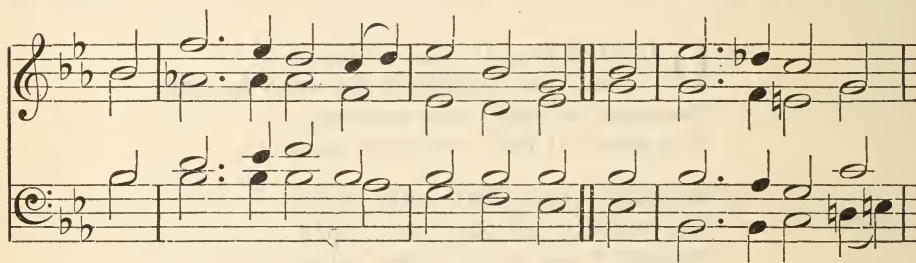
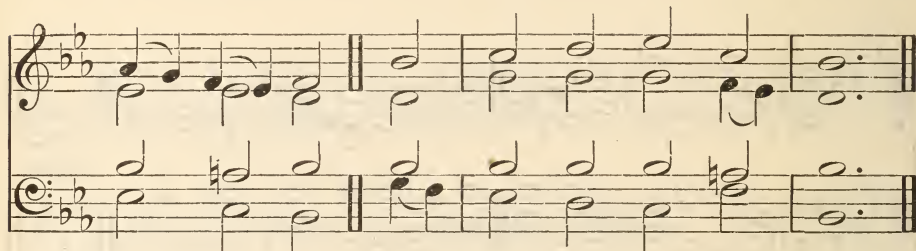
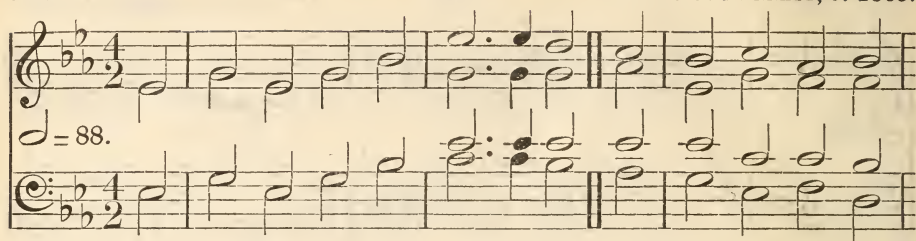
*mf* Where Saints and Angels dwell above,  
 All hearts are knit in holy love;  
 Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain;  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.



JEHOVAH-NISSI.

8.8.6. D.

GEORGE J. BENNETT, b. 1863.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*May also be sung to "Innsbruck," No. 498.*



## In Time of War.

*mf* **O** LORD our Banner, God of might,  
Who wast with Joshua in the fight,  
And Moses on the hill,  
Be with Thy servants far away,  
Their shield by night, their guide by day,  
To succour them from ill.

For husband, brother, son, and sire,  
We raise up hands that never tire  
On this our mount of prayer;  
*p* Thou knowest, we but dimly guess,  
The day's long toil, the night's distress,  
And all they do and bear.

*mf* The battle's issue hangs on Thee;  
In Thy firm hand the scales we see  
Of mortal loss and gain:  
And tidings carried swift as thought  
'Twixt land and land to Thee are nought  
But Thine own will made plain.

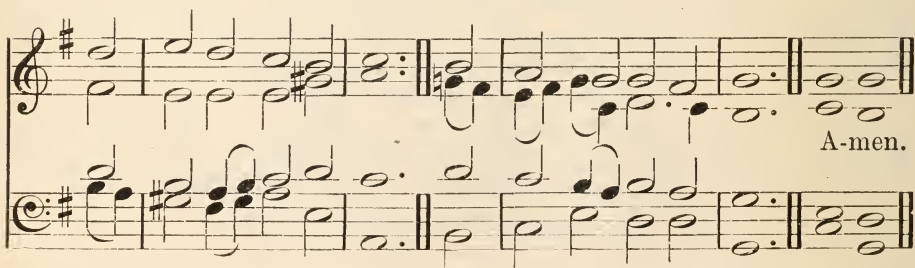
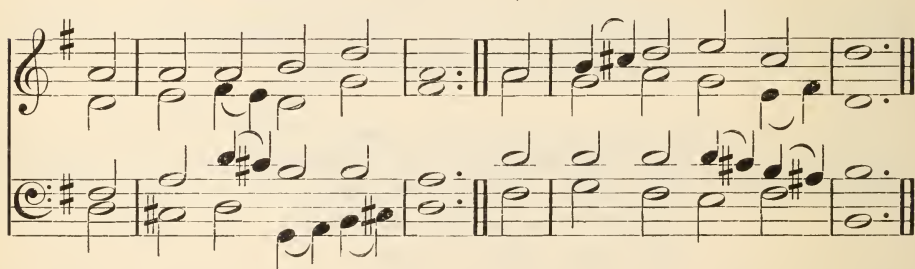
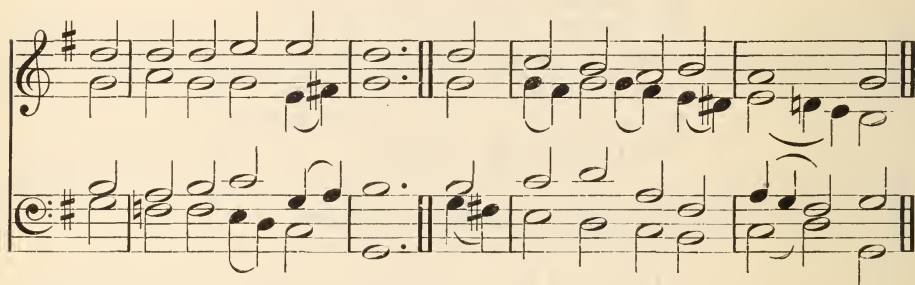
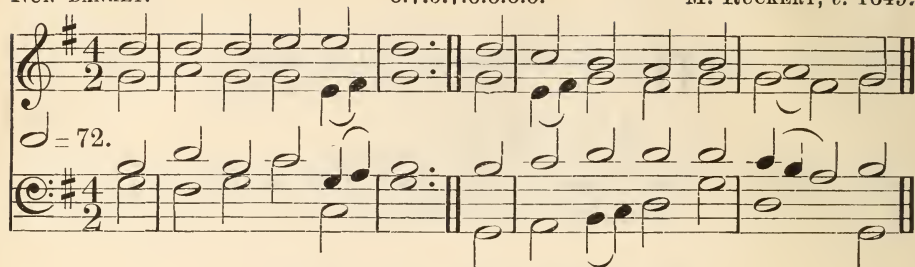
*f* Giver of strength, Oh! bless and aid  
Thy servants 'gainst the foe arrayed;  
Go forth with them to fight!  
In battle's storm their shelter be;  
Thy Spirit grant, of unity,  
Of counsel, and of might.

*p* Watch o'er the wounded in the field,  
And, where the sick and dying yield  
Their souls, do Thou be nigh!  
Give peace within the heart distressed,  
And peace on earth, (*or*) and, last and best,  
*mf* Thy peace beyond the sky. Amen.

NUN DANKET.

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.

M. RÜCKERT, c. 1649.



## Thanksgiving.

*f* NOW thank we all our God,  
With heart, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In Whom His world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day

*p* Oh! may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever-joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

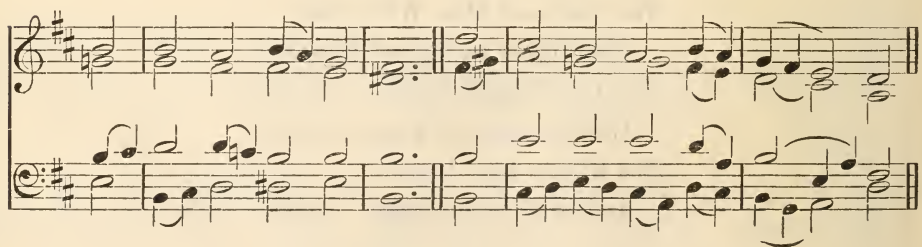
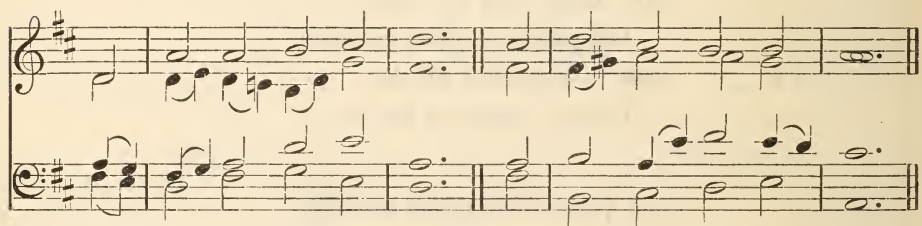
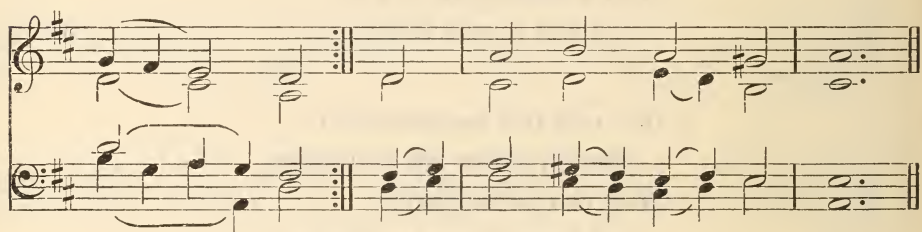
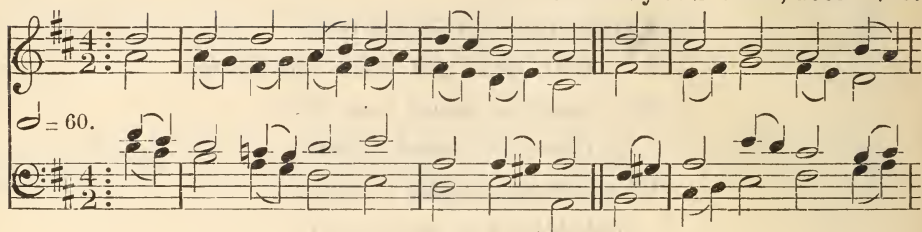
*ff* All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him Who reigns  
With Them in highest heaven!  
The One Eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore! Amen.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

M. LUTHER, 1483-1546.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

*For a simpler arrangement see No. 415.*

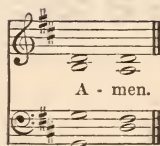
# Thanksgiving.

*f* **R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation;  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of His Name;  
For He is God alone  
Who hath His mercy shown;  
Let all His Saints adore Him!

*p* When in distress to Him we cried,  
He heard our sad complaining;  
*cr* Oh trust in Him, whate'er betide,  
His love is all-sustaining;

*f* Triumphant songs of praise  
To Him our hearts shall raise;  
Now every voice shall say,  
"Oh praise our God alway!"  
Let all His Saints adore Him!

*ff* Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation:  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of His Name;  
For He is God alone  
Who hath His mercy shown;  
Let all His Saints adore Him!



*Also the following:*

All people that on earth do dwell—357  
Before Jehovah's awful throne—368  
Before the Lord we bow—369  
Let all the world in every corner sing—457  
Oh come, loud anthems let us sing—516  
Oh worship the King—525  
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven—532

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him—533  
Praise to God, immortal praise—306  
Rejoice, the Lord is King!—537  
Sing to the Lord a joyful song—545  
The strain upraise of joy and praise—560  
Through all the changing scenes of life—576  
When all Thy mercies, O my God—592



PRAISE THE LORD.

Eight 7's.

J. BARNEY, 1838-1896.

*With spirit.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 126. The music features a melody in the upper voice and a supporting bass line, with various rests and repeat signs.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the F# key signature and 3/2 time signature. The melody and bass line continue with similar rhythmic patterns and repeat signs.

The third system of musical notation features two staves. The top staff includes a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The music continues with the same key signature and time signature, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes.

The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. The top staff begins with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a final cadence, marked by repeat signs and a final double bar line.

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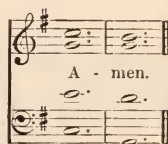
## In time of Victory.

*f* PRAISE the Lord: to-day we raise  
Hymns of thankfulness and praise.  
After sorrow's night forlorn  
Brightly breaks a joyful morn.  
For our soldiers' duty done,  
For our triumph nobly won,  
*ff* Lift your hearts with one accord,  
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

*mf* For the souls with high intent  
From our world-wide Empire sent,  
Fearless, faithful, tender, true,  
Strong to suffer, strong to do,  
*cr* All their powers with all their might  
Spending freely for the right,  
*ff* Lift your hearts with one accord,  
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

*mf* God can give, and God alone,  
From the seed in conflict sown  
Harvest time of fair increase,  
Freedom, brotherhood, and peace.  
*cr* For the joy that springs from tears,  
For the hope of coming years,  
*ff* Lift your hearts with one accord,  
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

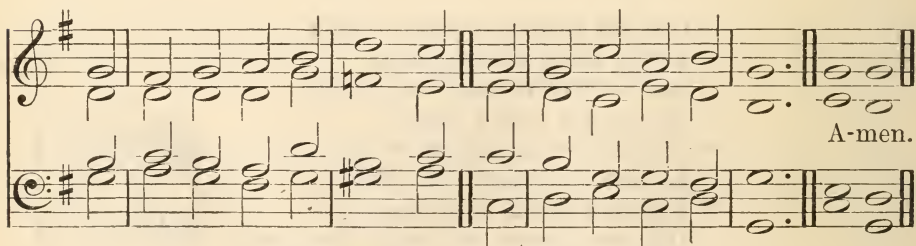
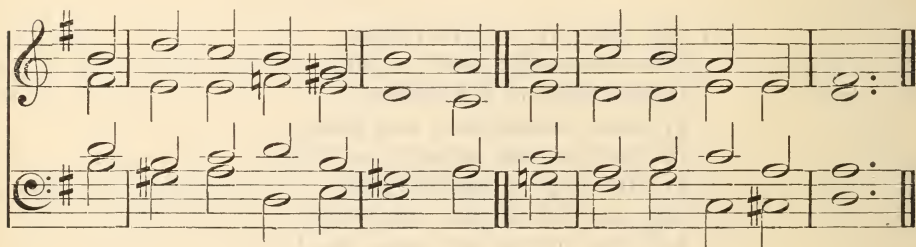
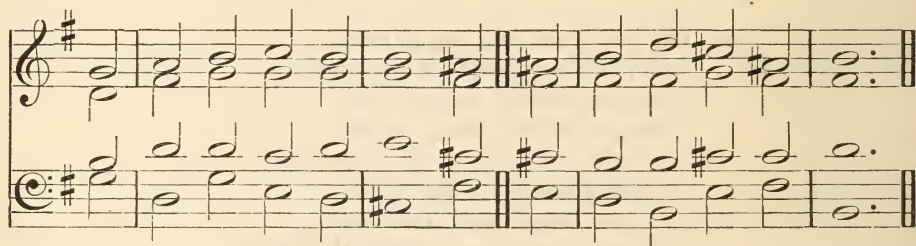
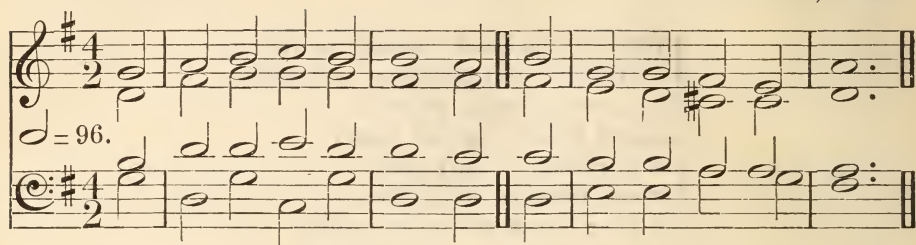
*f* O'er the earth from pole to pole,  
Far as ocean's billows roll,  
One with us in heart and voice  
All our kin to-day rejoice.  
*cr* For the love that links in one  
All our kin beneath the sun,  
*ff* Lift your hearts with one accord,  
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!



RECTOR OMNIPOTENS.

7.6.7.6. D.

A. H. BREWER, b. 1865.



May also be sung to "Kreuznach," No. 493.

## For Peace.

*mf* GREAT Ruler of the nations,  
Thou Lord of mortal life,  
Whose ageless will moves forward  
Through stress, and storm, and  
strife ;  
Though not in fire and earthquake  
And mighty tempests' roar,  
Thou speak'st in still small accents  
When thunders crash no more.

*p* When storms of war were rolling  
We bowed our heads in dust,  
With penitence and sorrow,  
With humbleness and trust  
*cr* We felt Thy judgments near us,  
To Thee we made our prayer,  
Ourselves and ours commending  
In patience to Thy care.

*mf* And now the clouds are lifting,  
The darkness rolls apart,  
The tender light is dawning  
Of peace within the heart ;  
*p* We see the homes around us  
By many a sorrow torn,  
*cr* But that soft voice of comfort  
*dim* Cries "Blest are they that  
mourn."

*p* Yea, blest are the departed  
Who in the Lord repose—  
All brethren in Christ Jesus,  
And friends who once were foes.  
They rest from all their labours,  
From famine, hardships, pain,  
*cr* Till God's last trumpet, sounding,  
*f* Shall bid them rise again.

*mf* Oh grant us, Lord, the blessing  
Of those who make for peace ;  
Be wisdom ours and mercy  
As days and years increase,  
*f* Through Him that overcometh,  
And sits enthroned above,  
*ff* Crowned with the crown of triumph  
For victories of love. Amen.

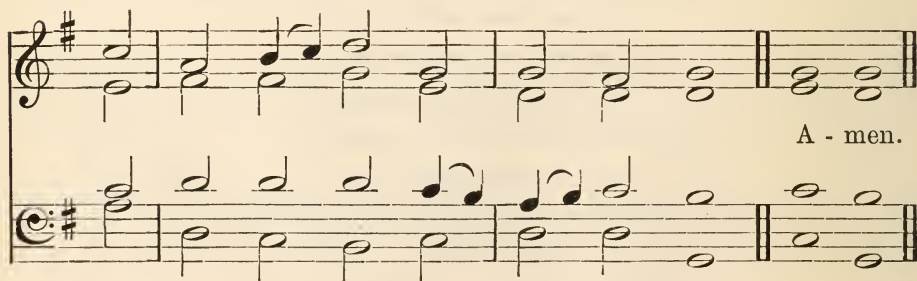
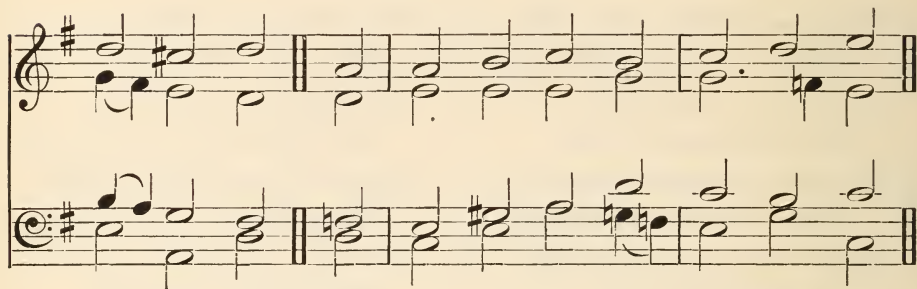
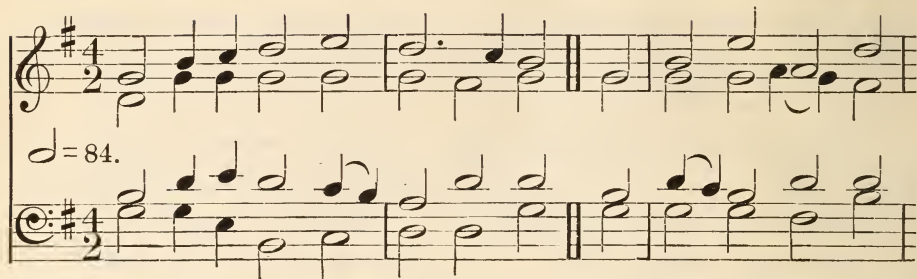
300

## For National Blessings.

HILDERSTONE.

L.M.

P. HART, 1670-1749.





## For National Blessings.

*f* PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand  
Prepared of old our glorious land;  
A garden fenced with silver sea;  
A people prosperous, strong and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past  
His mighty arm hath held us fast;  
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,  
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the Vine He set  
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;  
On many a shore her seedlings grow;  
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; His power alone  
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;  
Sustained by counsels wise and just,  
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern  
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn;  
His rod and staff, from age to age,  
Shall rule and guide His heritage! Amen.

---

*Also the following:*  
Before the Lord we bow—369

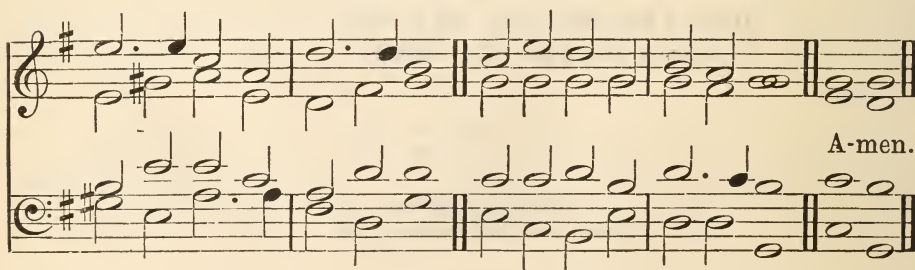
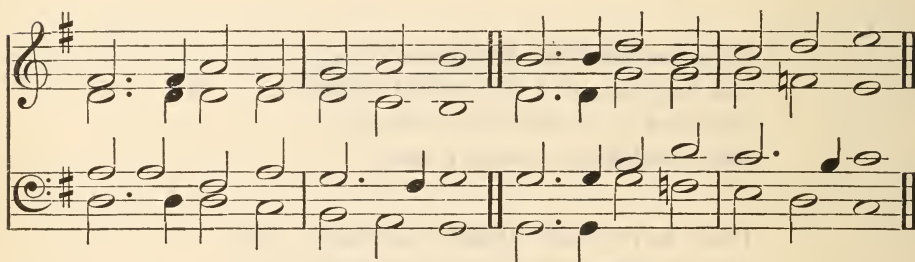
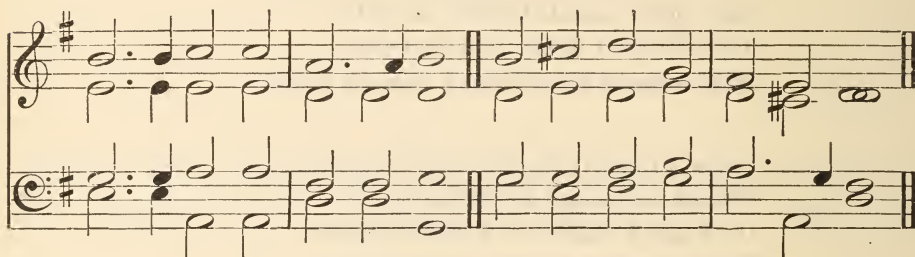
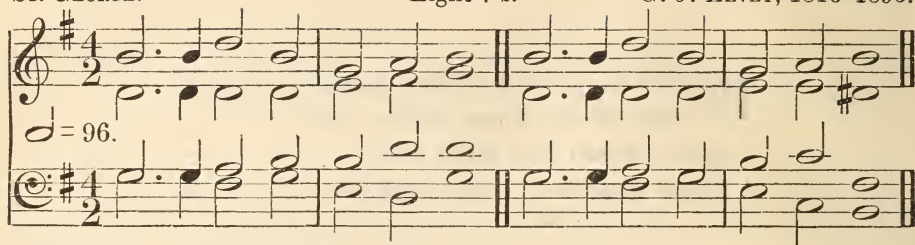
301

## Harvest.

ST. GEORGE.

Eight 7's.

G. J. ELVEY, 1816-1893.



A-men.

## Harvest.

- f* COME, ye thankful people, come,  
    Raise the song of Harvest-home!  
    All is safely gathered in,  
    Ere the winter-storms begin:  
*mf* God, our Maker, doth provide  
    For our wants to be supplied:—  
*f* Come to God's own temple, come,  
    Raise the song of Harvest-home!
- mf* All the world is God's own field,  
    Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
    Wheat and tares together sown,  
    Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
    First the blade, and then the ear,  
    Then the full corn shall appear:  
*p* Lord of harvest, grant that we  
    Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- mf* For the Lord our God shall come,  
    And shall take His harvest home;  
    From His field shall in that day  
    All offences purge away;  
*p* Give His Angels charge at last  
    In the fire the tares to cast;  
*f* But the fruitful ears to store  
    In His garner evermore.
- mf* Even so, Lord, quickly come  
    To Thy final Harvest-home!  
*cr* Gather Thou Thy people in,  
    Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
    There, for ever purified,  
    In Thy Presence to abide:  
*f* Come, with all Thine Angels, come,  
    Raise the glorious Harvest-home! Amen.

♩ = 88.

A - men.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/2 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system includes a tempo marking '♩ = 88.' The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating C major. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by the text 'A - men.' in the right margin.

*May also be sung to "St. Columba" (Macmeikan), No. 398.*

## Harvest.

*mf* FOUNTAIN of mercy ! God of love !  
How rich Thy bounties are ;  
The rolling seasons as they move  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A golden harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest Thou alone  
Dost, Lord, on man bestow ;  
Let him not then forget to own  
From Whom his blessings flow.

*f* Fountain of love ! our praise is Thine,  
To Thee our songs we'll raise ;  
And all created Nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.



EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE.

Irregular.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

 $\text{♩} = 108.$ 

*mf* 1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind :

The musical score for the first verse is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with accompaniment in the left hand. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## CHORUS.

*f* For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure! A-men.

The chorus is written for two staves in the same key and time as the verse. It features a more active melody in the right hand. The piece ends with a double bar line.

*f* 2. Who by His wis-dom did cre-ate The paint-ed heav'n's so full of state :  
*mf* 3. Who did the sol-id earth or-dain To rise a-bove the wa-tery plain :  
*mf* 4. Who by His all-com-mand-ing might Did fill the new-made world with light :

The second verse is written for two staves in the same key and time. It contains three lines of lyrics. The musical notation continues across the staves, ending with a double bar line.

Repeat Chorus.

# Harvest.

The first system of the musical score for 'Harvest.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

*mf* 5. And caused the gold - en - tress - ed sun All the day long his course to run :

*Repeat Chorus.*

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features the same musical notation and structure. The lyrics for measures 6 and 7 are provided below the staves.

*mf* 6. The horn - ed moon to shine by night, A - mongst her span - gled sis - ters bright :  
*mf* 7. All liv - ing creatures He doth feed, And with full hand sup - plies their need :

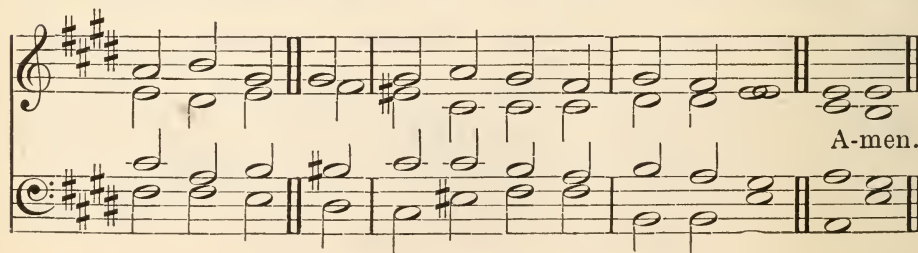
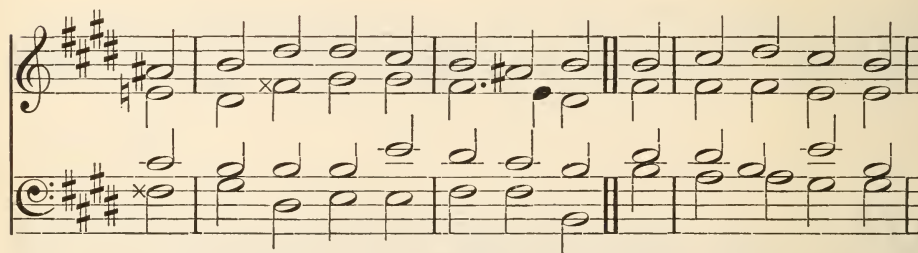
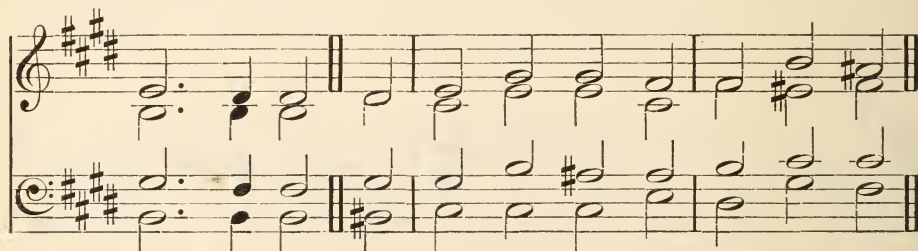
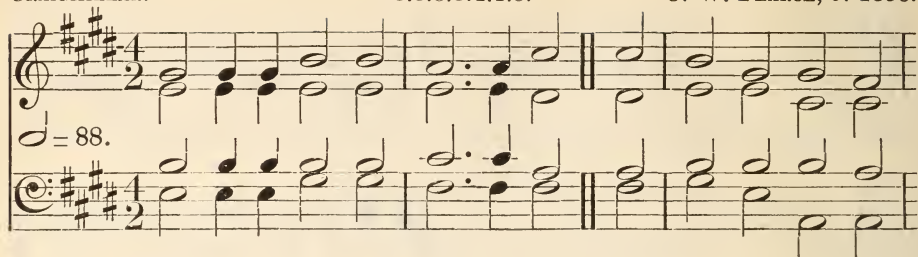
*Repeat Chorus.*

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It follows the same musical notation and structure as the previous systems. The lyrics for measure 8 are provided below the staves.

*f* 8. Let us there - fore war - ble forth His might - y ma - jes - ty and worth :

*Repeat Chorus.*

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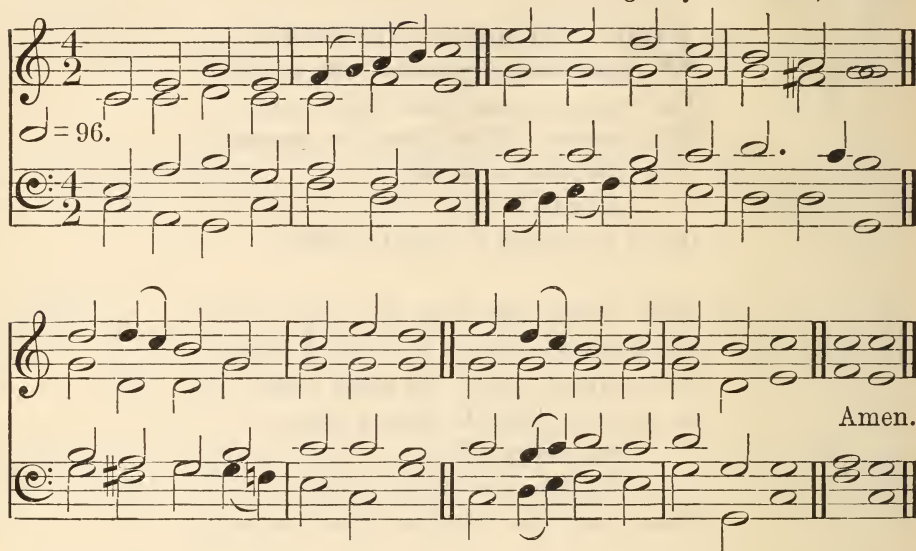
## Harvest.

*mf* **L**ORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
The varying seasons haste their round ;  
With goodness all our years are crowned ;  
*f* Our thanks we pay,  
This holy day ;  
*p* Oh let our hearts in tune be found !

*mf* When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—  
Still do we sing  
To Thee, our King ;  
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear ;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.

*f* Lord of the harvest ! all is Thine ;  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound ;  
New, every year,  
Thy gifts appear ;  
New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.



*f* PRAISE, Oh praise our God and  
Hymns of adoration sing; [King;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*mf* And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield;  
*f* For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*mf* Praise Him that He made the sun  
Day by day his course to run;

*ff* Praise Him for our harvest-store,  
He hath filled the garner-floor:

*f* For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*p* And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light;

*p* And for richer Food than this,  
*cr* Pledge of everlasting bliss;

*f* For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*f* For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*mf* Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;

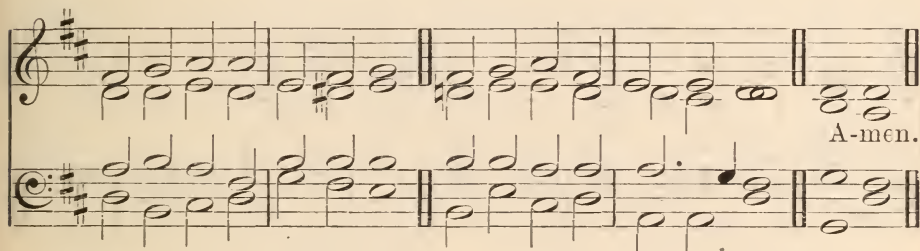
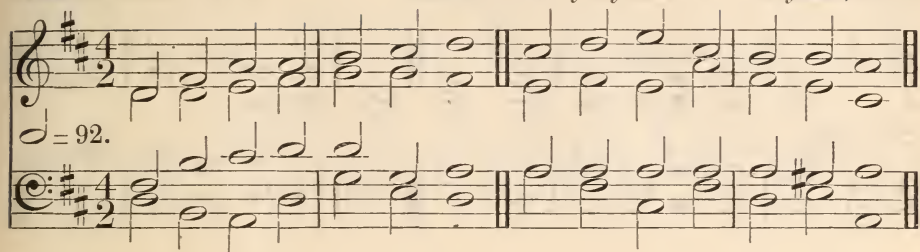
*ff* Glory to our bounteous King;  
Glory let creation sing;

*f* For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

Glory to the Father, Son,  
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.

Amen.





*f* PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:

These to Thee, my God, we owe:  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these, my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

For the blessings of the fields,  
For the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

*mf* \* Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;

All the Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land:  
All that liberal Autumn pours,  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

\* Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store; [fall,  
Though the sickening flocks should  
And the herds desert the stall;

*f* \* Yet, to Thee, my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee for Thyself alone. Amen.

\* These verses to be sung in time of Dearth and Famine.

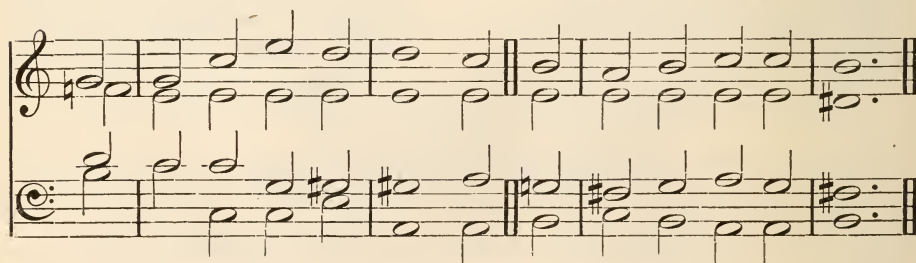
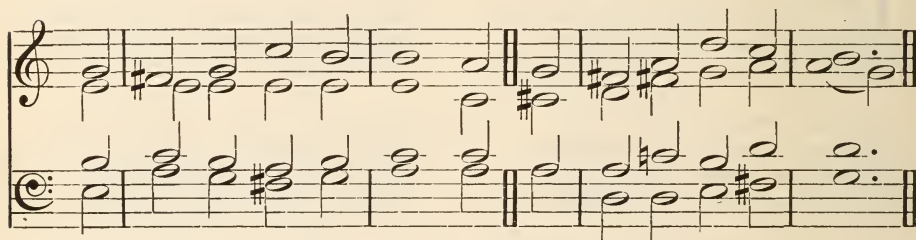
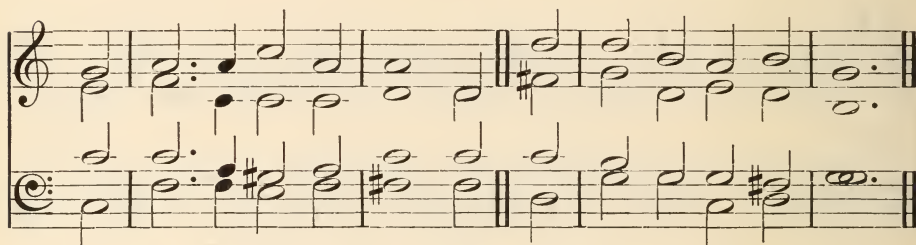
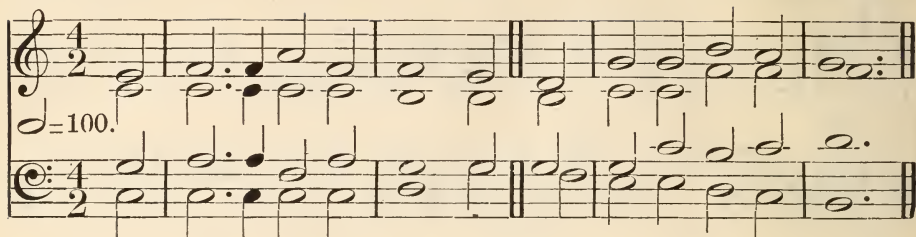
307

## Harvest.

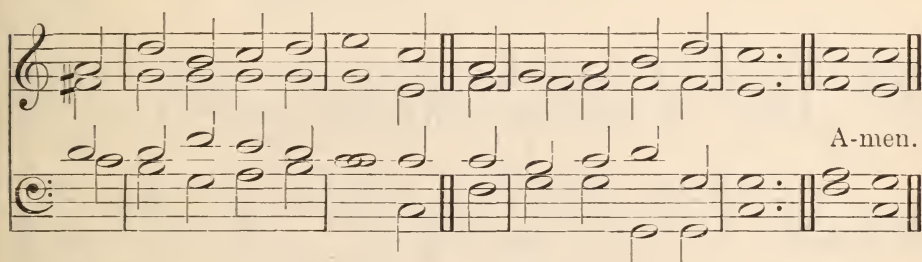
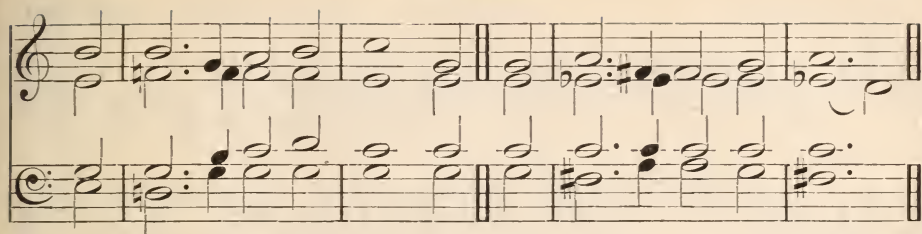
ST. BEATRICE.

7.6., 12 lines.

J. F. BRIDGE, b. 1844.



# Harvest.



*mf* **T**HE Sower went forth sowing,  
The seed in secret slept  
Through days of faith and patience,  
Till out the green blade crept ;  
And warmed by golden sunshine  
And fed by silver rain,  
At last the fields were whitened  
To harvest once again.

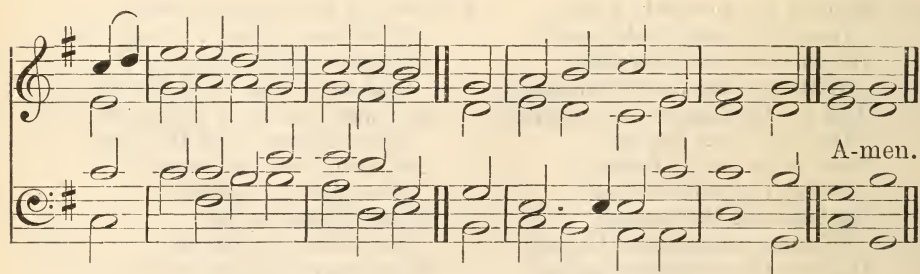
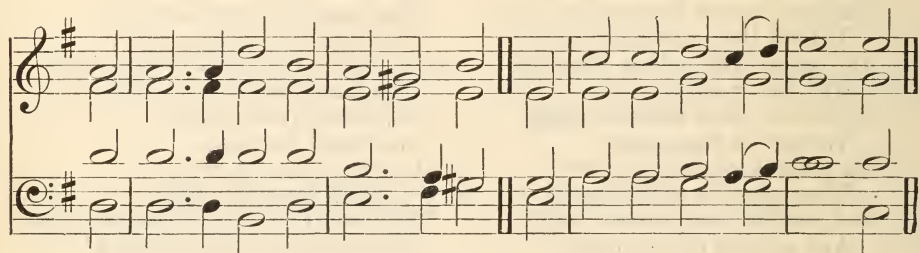
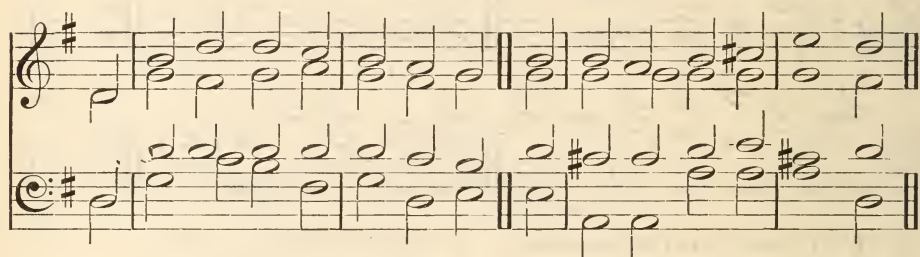
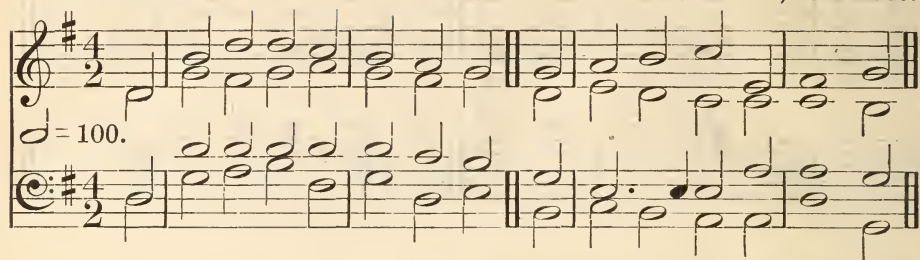
*f* Oh praise the heavenly Sower,  
Who gave the fruitful seed,  
And watched and watered duly,  
And ripened for our need.

*mf* Behold ! the heavenly Sower  
Goes forth with better seed,  
The word of sure Salvation,  
With feet and hands that bleed ;  
Here in His Church 'tis scattered,  
Our spirits are the soil ;  
Then let an ample fruitage  
Repay His pain and toil.

*f* Oh, beautiful the harvest  
Wherein all goodness thrives,  
And this the true thanksgiving,  
The first-fruits of our lives.

*p* Within a hallowed acre  
He sows yet other grain,  
When peaceful earth receiveth  
The dead He died to gain ;  
*cr* For though the growth be hidden,  
We know that they shall rise ;  
Yea, even now they ripen  
In sunny Paradise.  
*f* O summer land of harvest,  
O fields for ever white  
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,  
With crowns of golden light !

*mf* One day the heavenly Sower  
Shall reap where He hath sown,  
And come again rejoicing,  
And with Him bring His own ;  
*p* And then the fan of judgment  
Shall winnow from His floor  
The chaff into the furnace  
That flameth evermore.  
O holy, awful Reaper,  
Have mercy in the day  
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,  
And cast us not away. Amen.



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## Harvest.

*f* **T**O 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.

*mf* 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 daily bread,  
Give us the Bread Eternal.

*p* We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary,  
But labour ends with sunset ray,  
And rest is 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 !

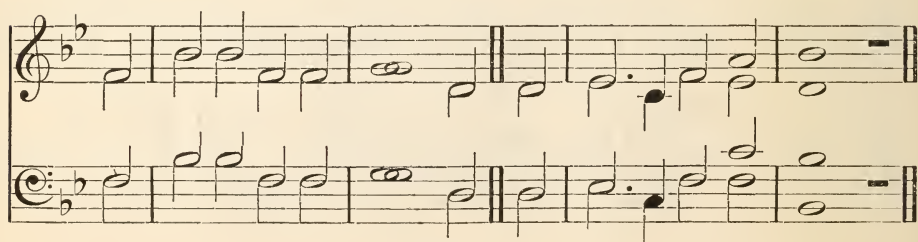
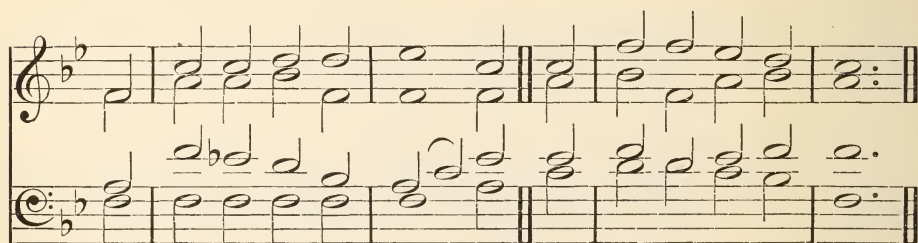
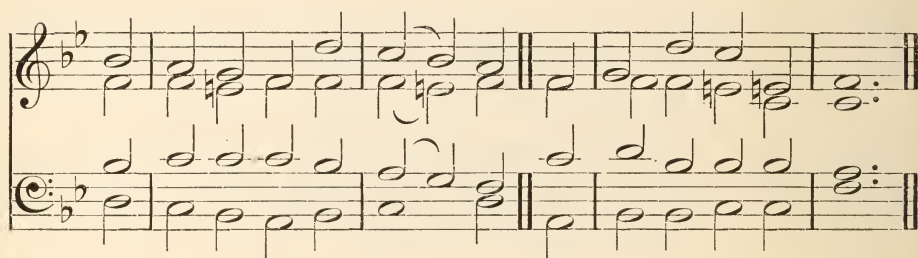
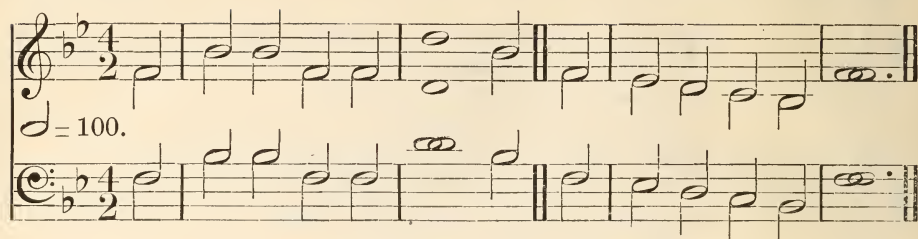
*mf* Oh ! blessèd is that land of God,  
Where Saints abide for ever ;  
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river.  
*cr* The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending ;  
*f* Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending ! Amen.



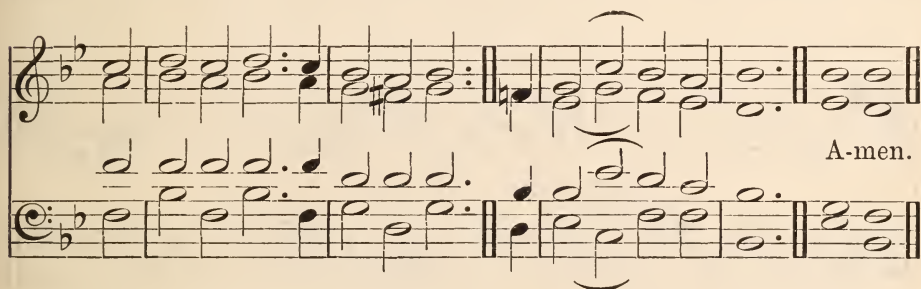
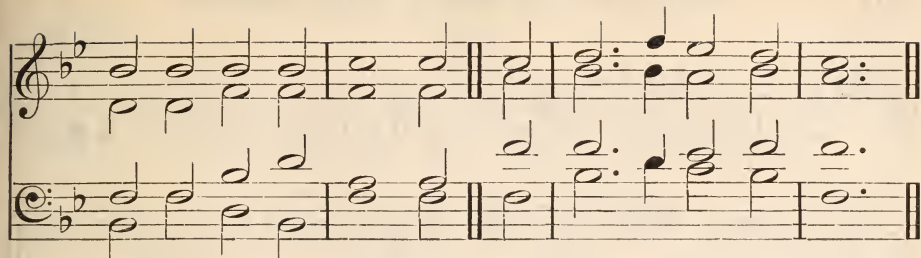
WIR PFLÜGEN.

7.6.7.6. D, 6.6.8.4.

J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1747-1800.



# Harvest.



*mf* **W**E plough the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

*f* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank  
For all His love. [the Lord,

*mf* He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;

Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
*f* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank  
For all His love. [the Lord,

*mf* We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food.  
No gifts have we to offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
But that which Thou desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*f* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank  
For all His love. [the Lord,  
Amen.

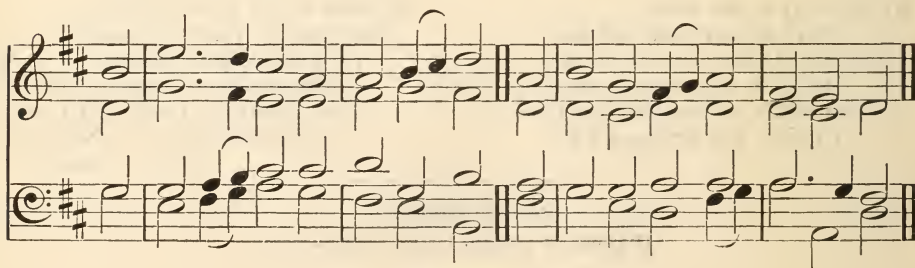
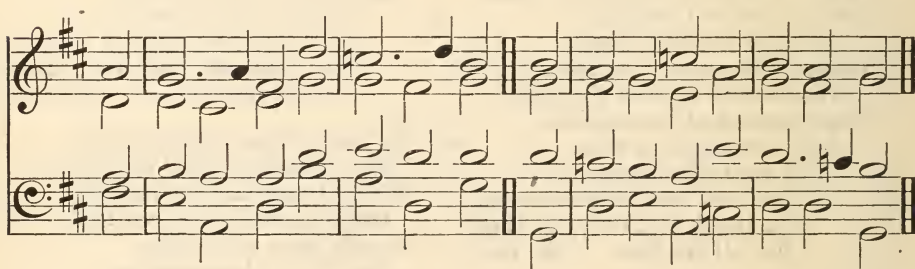
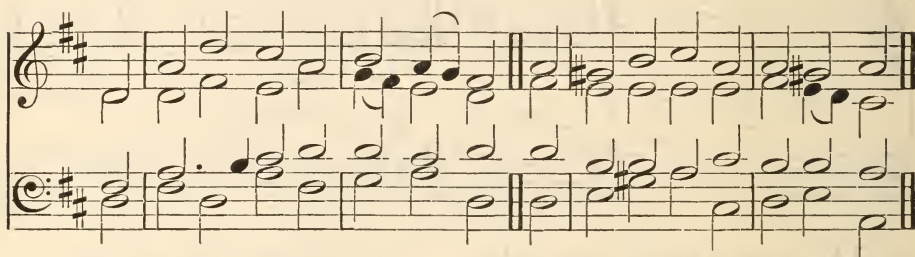
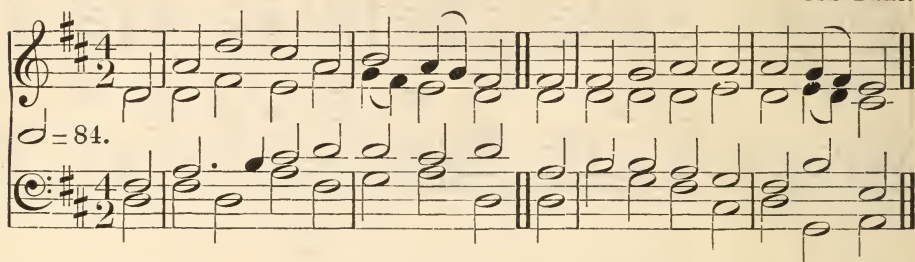
*Also the following :*

O Hand of bounty, largely spread—490

ST. BASIL.

D.L.M.

Old Tune.

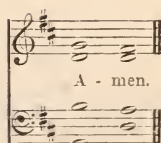


## Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

*mf* **L**ORD, cause Thy face on us to shine;  
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine:  
Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
And love Thy earthly dwelling-place;  
May we in truth our sins confess,  
Worship the Lord in holiness,  
And all Thy power and glory see,  
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.

Bless all whose voice salvation brings,  
Who minister in holy things:  
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless;  
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.  
Let many in the judgment day,  
Turned from the error of their way,  
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;  
Save those who preach and those who hear.

*p* O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,  
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease:  
*cr* One is our faith, and One our Lord:  
One body, Spirit, hope, reward;  
One God and Father of us all,  
On Whom Thy Church and people call.  
*f* Oh may we one communion be,  
One with each other and with Thee.



ST. LAWRENCE.

L.M.

L. G. HAYNE, 1836-1883.

♩ = 76.

A-men.



## Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

*mf* O THOU Who makest souls to shine  
With light from brighter worlds above,  
And droppest glistening dew divine  
On all who seek a Saviour's love ;

Do Thou Thy benediction give  
On all who teach, on all who learn,  
That all Thy Church may holier live,  
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,  
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer :  
Themselves first training for the skies,  
They best will raise their people there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,  
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;  
Such gifts will make the lowliest here  
Far better than a kingdom find.

Oh ! bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;  
That guide and guided both be one ;  
One in the faithful watch they keep  
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,  
Our glory meets us ere we die ;  
Before we upward pass to heaven  
We taste our immortality. Amen.

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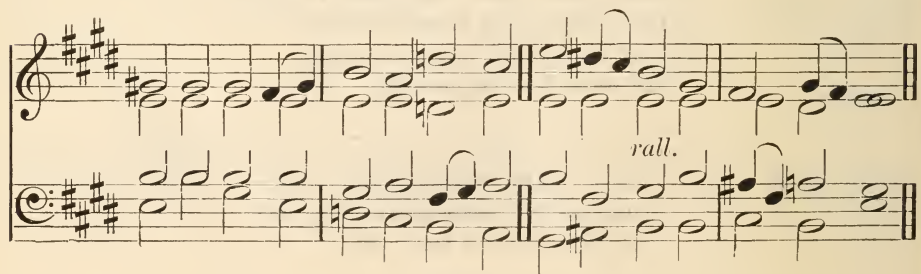
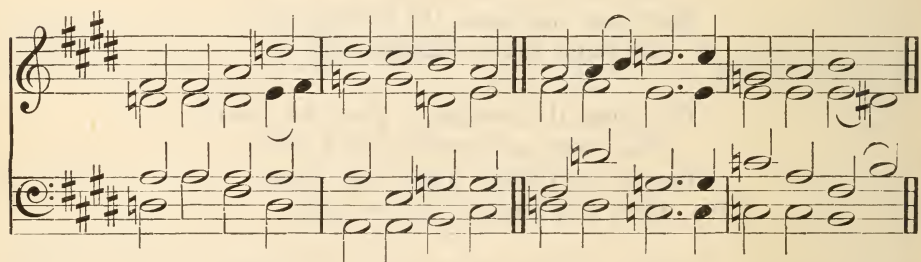
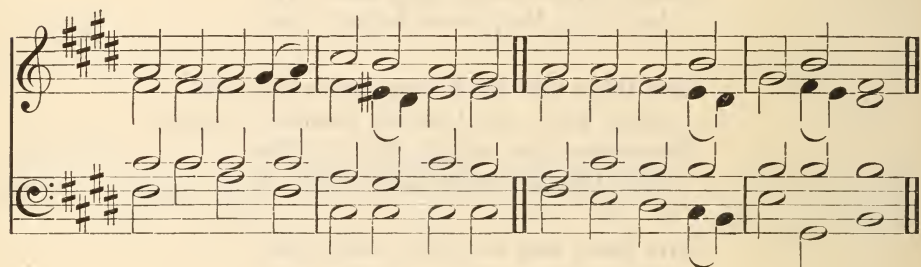
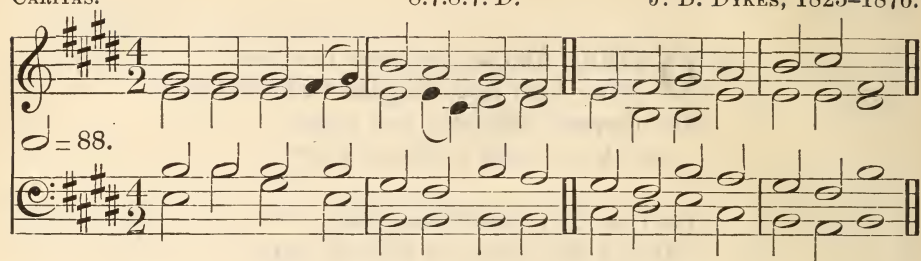
*Also the following :*

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high—531  
Ye servants of the Lord—608

CARITAS.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



## Almsgiving.

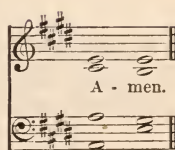
*mf* **L**ORD of Glory, Who hast bought us  
 With Thy Life-blood as the price,  
 Never grudging for the lost ones  
 That tremendous Sacrifice,  
 And with that hast freely given  
 Blessings, countless as the sand,  
 To the unthankful and the evil  
 With Thine own unsparing hand ;

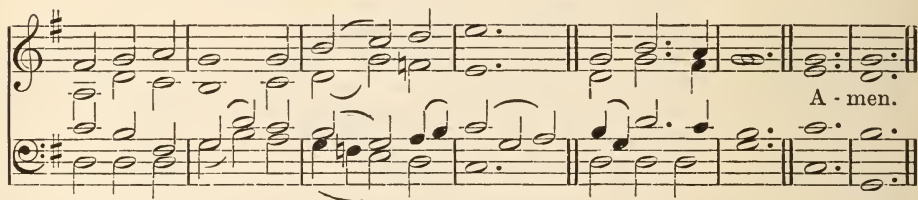
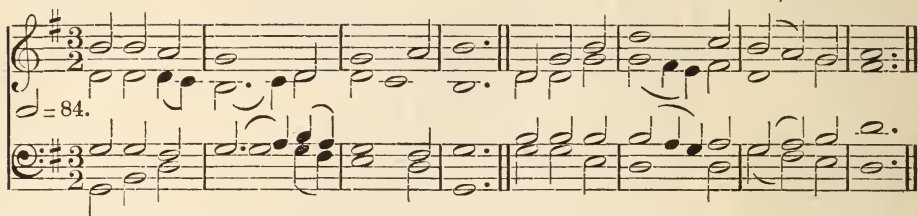
*p* Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee  
 Gladly, freely of Thine own ;  
 With the sunshine of Thy goodness  
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;  
*cr* Till our cold and selfish natures,  
 Warmed by Thee, at length believe  
*f* That more happy and more blessed  
 'Tis to give than to receive.

*mf* Wondrous honour hast Thou given  
 To our humblest charity  
 In Thine own mysterious sentence,  
 "Ye have done it unto Me."  
 Can it be, O gracious Master,  
 Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
 Saying by Thy poor and needy,  
 "Give as I have given to you ?"

*mf* Yes : the sorrow and the suffering,  
 Which on every hand we see,  
 Channels are for tithes and offerings  
 Due by solemn right to Thee ;  
 Right of which we may not rob Thee,  
 Debt we may not choose but pay,  
 Lest that face of love and pity  
 Turn from us another day.

*mf* Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us  
 With Thy Life-blood as the price,  
 Never grudging for the lost ones  
 That tremendous Sacrifice,  
*cr* Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
 Hope, to stay our souls on Thee ;  
*f* But, Oh best of all Thy graces,  
*dim* Give us Thine own charity.





*f* **O** Lord of heaven and earth and sea, *mf* Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
 To Thee all praise and glory be; Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
 How shall we show our love to Thee, And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
 Giver of all? Upon us all.

*mf* The golden sunshine, vernal air, For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
 Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare : For means of grace, and hopes of  
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there, *cr* Father, what can to Thee be given,  
 Giver of all ! Who givest all ?

For peaceful homes and healthful days, *p* We lose what on ourselves we spend :  
 For all the blessings earth displays, *f* We have as treasure without end  
*cr* We owe Thee thankfulness and praise, Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
 Giver of all ! Who givest all !

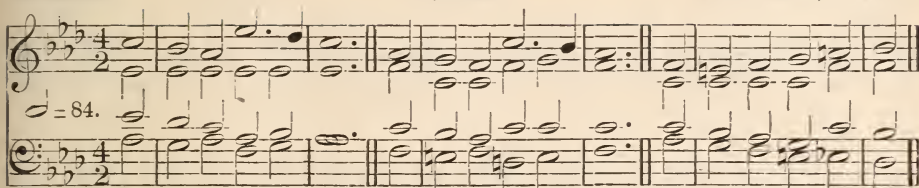
*p* Thou didst not spare Thine only Son, *f* To Thee, from Whom we all derive  
 But gav'st Him for a world undone, Our life, our gifts, our power to give,  
*cr* And freely with that Blessed One Oh, may we ever with Thee live,  
 Thou givest all ! Giver of all ! Amen.

## Almsgiving.

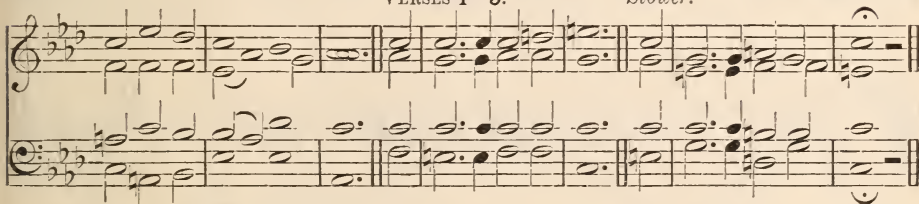
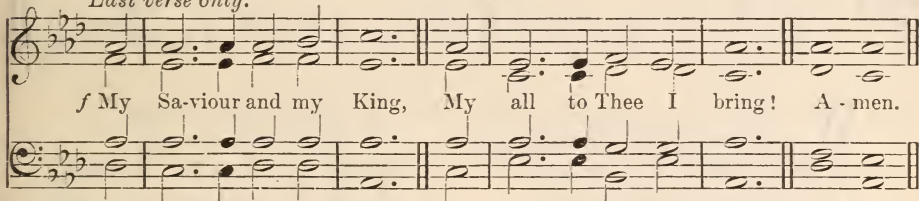
OBLATION.

6.6.6.6.6.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833



VERSES 1—5.

*Slower.**Last verse only.*

*p* **T**HY Life was given for me!  
*cr* Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed  
 That I might ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead.  
*mf* Thy Life was given for me :—  
*p* What have I given for Thee ?  
*p* Long years were spent for me  
 In weariness and woe,  
*cr* That through eternity  
 Thy glory I might know.  
*p* Long years were spent for me :—  
 Have I spent one for Thee ?  
*mf* Thy Father's home of light  
 Thy rainbow-circled Throne,  
*dim* Were left for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone.  
 Yea, all was left for me :—  
*p* Have I left aught for Thee ?

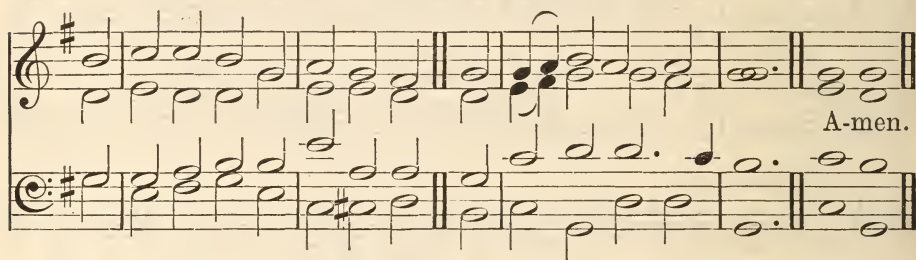
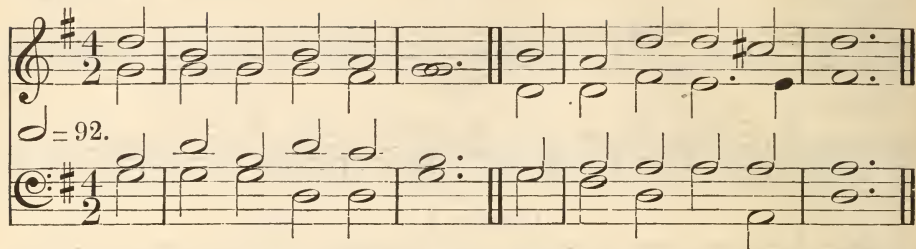
*p* Thou, Lord, hast borne for me  
 More than my tongue can tell  
 Of bitterest agony,  
 To rescue me from hell.  
 Thou sufferedst all for me :—  
*p* What have I borne for Thee ?  
*f* And Thou hast brought to me  
 Down from Thy home above  
 Salvation full and free,  
 Thy pardon and Thy love.  
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me :—  
*p* What have I brought to Thee ?  
*mf* Oh, let my life be given,  
 My years for Thee be spent  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent ;  
*f* My Saviour and my King,  
 My all to Thee I bring ! Amen.



ALMA MATER.

S.M.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



- mf* **W**E give Thee but Thine own, *cr* To comfort and to bless,  
 Whate'er the gift may be : To find a balm for woe,  
 All that we have is Thine alone, To tend the lone and fatherless,  
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee. Is Angels' work below.
- May we Thy bounties thus *mf* The captive to release,  
 As stewards true receive, To God the lost to bring,  
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us, To teach the way of life and peace,—  
 To Thee our first-fruits give. It is a Christ-like thing.
- p* Oh ! hearts are bruised and dead ; *f* And we believe Thy word,  
 And homes are bare and cold ; *p* Though dim our faith may be,—  
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled *cr* Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
 Are straying from the fold ! *f* We do it unto Thee. Amen.

*Also the following :*

Jesu, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!—444

O God of mercy, God of might—486

O King of kings, before Whose throne—496

♩ = 84.

A-men.

*mf* **H**OLY Father, in Thy mercy      *mf* May the joy of Thy salvation  
     Hear our anxious prayer,      Be their strength and stay;  
 Keep our loved ones, now far absent,      May they love and may they praise Thee  
     'Neath Thy care.      Day by day.

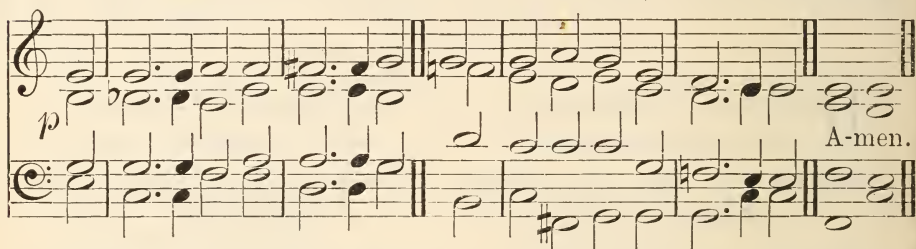
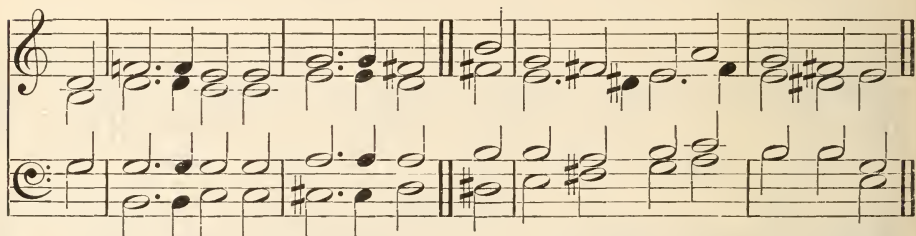
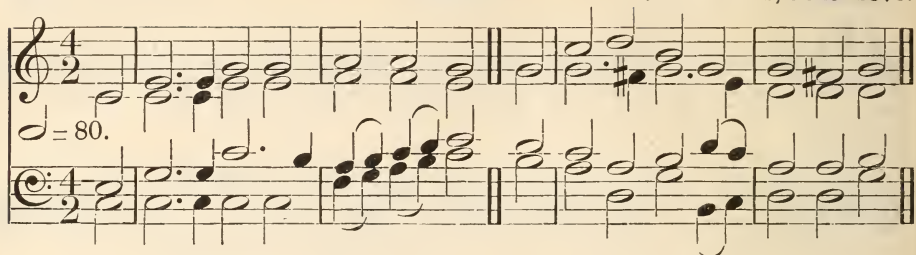
Jesus, Saviour, let Thy Presence      *p* Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching  
     Be their light and guide;      Sanctify their life;  
 Keep, Oh keep them, in their weakness, *cr* Send Thy grace, that they may conquer  
     At Thy side.      In the strife.

*p* When in sorrow, when in danger,      *mf* Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
     When in loneliness,      God the One in Three, [keep them  
 In Thy love look down and comfort      Bless them, guide them, save them,  
     Their distress.      Near to Thee. Amen.

MELITA.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



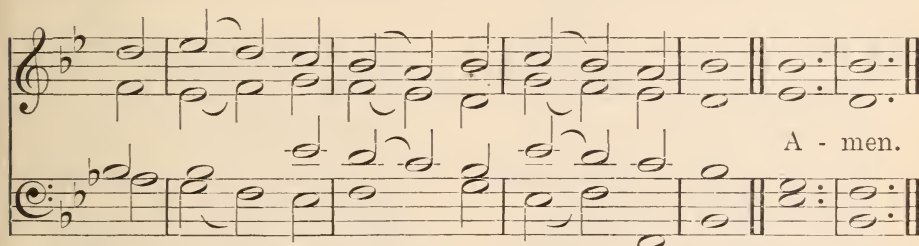
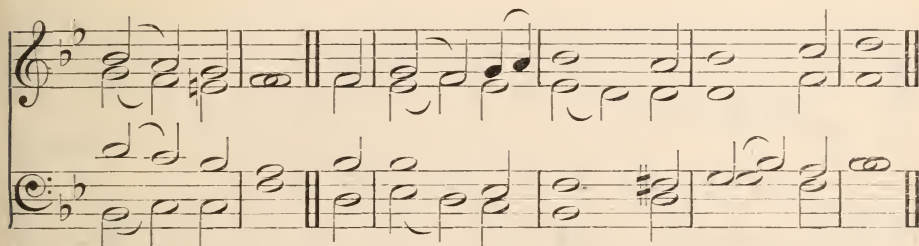
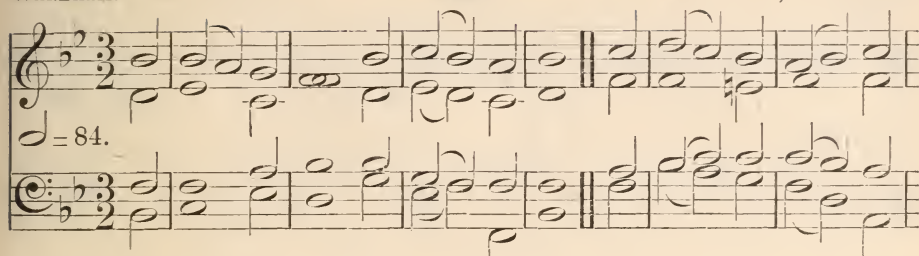
*mf* **E**TERNAL Father! strong to save, *mf* O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood  
 Whose arm doth bind the rest- Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
 less wave, Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,  
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep And gavest light and life and  
 Its own appointed limits keep : peace :  
*p* Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee *p* Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
 For those in peril on the sea! For those in peril on the sea!

*mf* O Saviour! Whose almighty word *mf* O Trinity of love and power!  
 The winds and waves submissive Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
 heard, From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
*cr* Who walkdst on the foaming deep, Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
*dim* And calm amid its rage didst sleep : *cr* And ever let there rise to Thee  
*p* Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee *f* Glad hymns of praise from land  
 For those in peril on the sea! and sea. Amen.

WAREHAM.

L.M.

W. KNAPP, 1698-1768.



*May also be sung to "Rockingham," No. 256.*

*mf* **A**LMIGHTY Father, hear our cry, *p* O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power  
*As* o'er the trackless deep we *cr* The ocean woke to life and light,  
 roam;  
 Be Thou our haven always nigh,  
 On homeless waters Thou our home. Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
 Thy fostering warmth, Thy quick-  
 ening might!

*p* O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice  
 The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
*cr* Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,  
 And cleanse and calm the troubled  
 breast. *f* Great God, Triune Jehovah, Thee  
 We love, we worship, we adore;  
 Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,  
 Our Joy on heaven's eternal shore.  
 Amen.



VIENNA.

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT, 1752-1817.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 88.' The music consists of two systems. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A-men.

*mf* ON the waters dark and drear,  
 Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near;  
 With our ship where'er it roam,  
 As with loving friends at home.

Only by Thy power and love  
 Fit us for the port above;  
*dim* Still the deadly storm within,  
 Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

Thou hast walked the heaving wave;  
 Thou art mighty still to save;  
*p* With one gentle word of peace  
 Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

*f* So when breaks the glorious dawn  
 Of the Resurrection morn,  
 When the night of toil is o'er,  
 We shall see Thee on the shore.

*mf* Safely from the boisterous main  
 Bring us back to port again;  
 In our haven we shall be,  
 Jesu, if we have but Thee.

*f* Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
 Praise unending unto Thee  
 Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

*Also the following:*

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep—399  
 Fierce was the wild billow—400

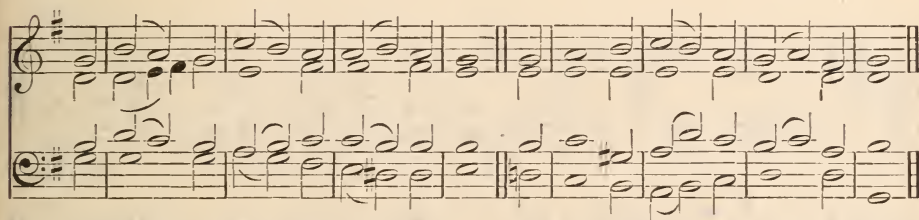
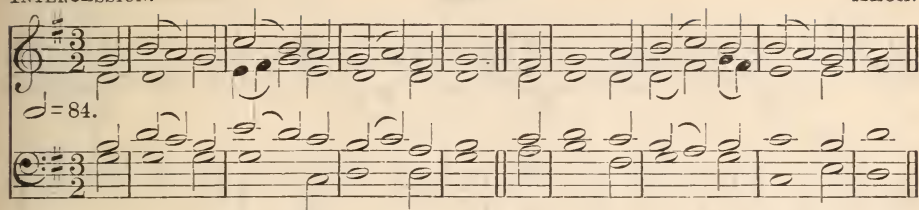
*And in the case of a Burial at Sea:*  
 Now the labourer's task is o'er—284



INTERCESSION.

L.M.

Anon.



*mf* **A**LMIGHTY God, Whose Only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph  
won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

And some within Thy sacred fold  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of  
life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife:

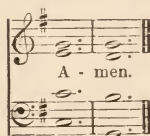
In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

And many a quickened soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

*p* There are who never yet have heard *mf* Oh give repentance true and deep  
The tidings of Thy blessèd word,  
But still in heathen darkness dwell,  
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire.

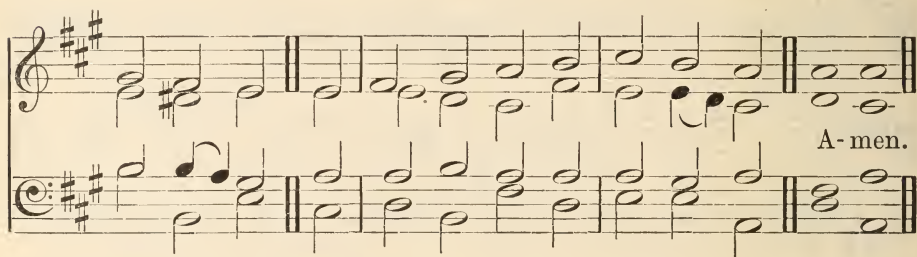
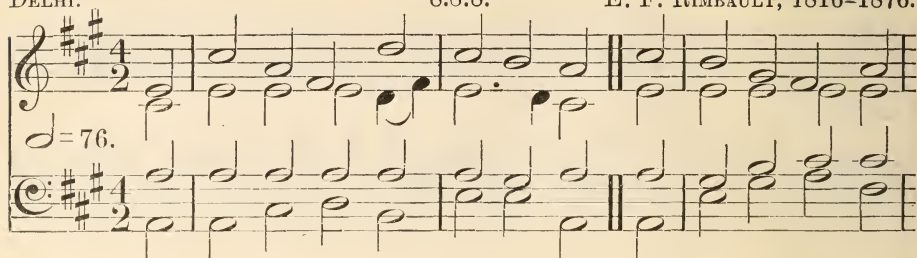
*f* That so from Angel-hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the Blest, adore  
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.



DELHI.

8.8.8.

E. F. RIMBAULT, 1816-1876.

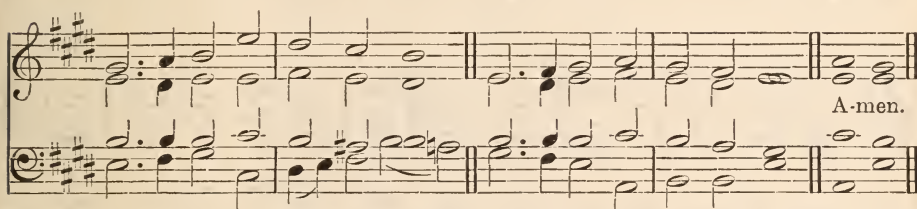
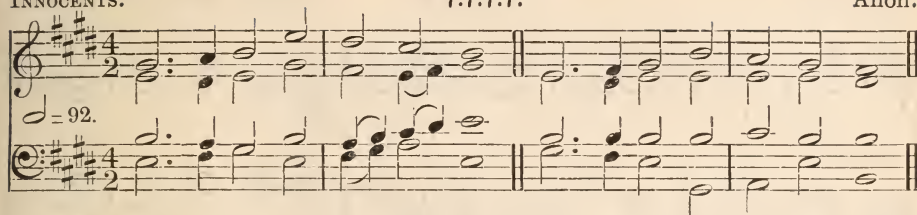


- mf* **O** JESU, Lord, Thy Cross I see, *cr* Yea, Thou wilt show me, for I flee  
*cr* In love endured, and all for me, From all my past, to hide in Thee.  
*cr* That I might saved and rescued be. Take Thou my life and set it free.
- mf* Yea, all for me ; that sin should cease, *p* Glad peace in Thee exceeding sweet,  
 And life be filled, and love increase, To rest one moment at Thy feet,  
*p* Unto Thine own eternal peace. *cr* To know the joy of hope complete,
- mf* What can I give, or what desire ? *mf* New life to find, in powers that  
 Thy words alone my thoughts in- blend,  
 spire, To work one work, to gain one end,  
*cr* And lift both hope and purpose Through days of love, which Thou  
 higher. shalt send.
- p* 'Tis Thine own call that bids me come, *p* Oh, grant me, Jesu, so to go,  
 With all my griefs, though great And in Thy life for ever grow,  
 their sum, And joy fulfilled in Thine to  
 And learn what life may yet become. know.
- cr* That so, my Saviour, life may be  
 One offering holy ; let me see,  
 In all I give, Thy gift for me. Amen.

INNOCENTS.

7.7.7.7.

Anon.



- f* SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!  
 Gird you with your armour bright;  
 Mighty are your enemies,  
 Hard the battle ye must fight.
- p* Where the shadows deepest lie,  
*mf* Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
*p* Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
*mf* There the saving sign display.
- mf* O'er a faithless fallen world  
*cr* Raise your banner in the sky:  
 Let it float there wide unfurled;  
*f* Bear it onward; lift it high.
- p* To the weary and the worn  
*mf* Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
*p* To the outcast and forlorn  
*mf* Speak of mercy and of peace.
- p* 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
 Strangers to the living word,  
*cr* Let the Saviour's herald go,  
*mf* Let the voice of hope be heard.
- p* Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
 Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
*mf* In the might of God arrayed,  
 Scatter sin and unbelief.
- cr* Be the banner still unfurled,  
 Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
*f* Till the kingdoms of the world  
 Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

Also the following:

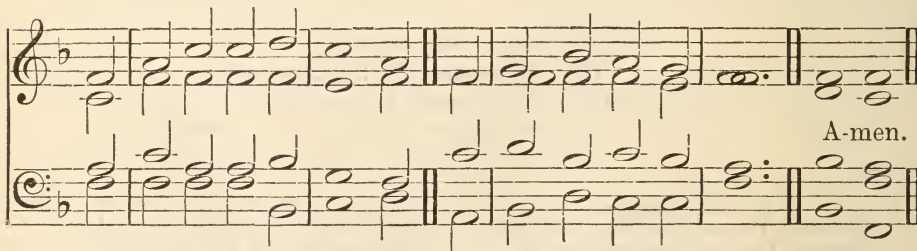
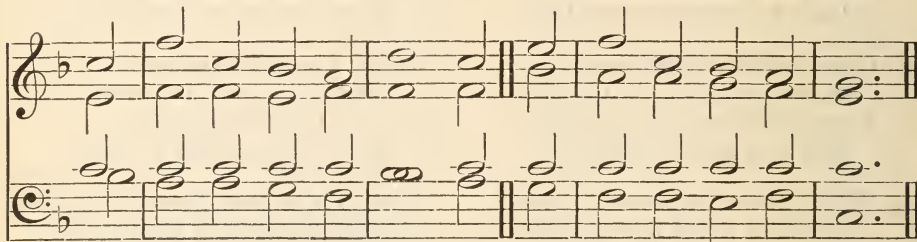
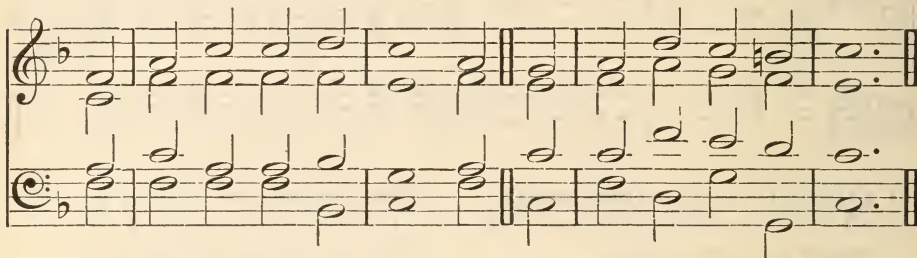
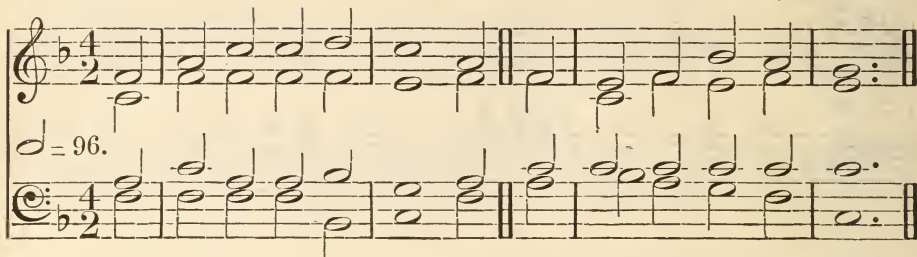
Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat—362  
 Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All—442  
 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing—464

My God, my Father, dost Thou call—476  
 O for a closer walk with God—481  
 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551  
 Thy kingdom come, O God—578

MISSIONARY.

7.6.7.6. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



*May also be sung to "Aurelia" No. 553.*

## Foreign Missions.

*mf* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
*p* The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone!

*mf* Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
*f* Salvation! Oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's Name.

*f* Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
*cr* Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
*ff* Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign! Amen.



BENSON.

Irregular.

M. D. KINGHAM.

*mf* 88.

1. God is . . work - ing His pur - pose out, as  
 3. What can we do to . . work God's work, to  
 5. All we can do is . . no - thing worth, un -

*cres.*

year suc - ceeds to . . year: God is . . work - ing His  
 pros - per and in - crease The bro - ther - hood of . .  
 - less God bless - es the deed, Vain - ly we hope for the

*cres.*

pur - pose out, and the time is . . draw - ing . . near—  
 all man - kind— the . . reign of the Prince of . . Peace?  
 har - vest - tide, till . . God gives life to the seed; Yet

# Foreign Missions.

*p* *cres.*

Near - er and near - er draws the time,  
What can we do to has - ten the time,  
near - er and near - er draws the time, the .. time that shall sure - ly

*f* *cres.* *ff* *dim.*

be, When the earth shall be fill'd with the glo - ry of God, as the

*f* *cres.* *ff* *dim.*

wa - ters cov - er the sea.

*After last verse.*

A - men.

*mf*

2. From u - most East to .. ut - most West, wher - e'er man's foot hath  
4. March we forth in the strength of God, with the ban - ner of Christ un -

# Foreign Missions.

*cres.*

trod, By the mouth of ma - ny . . mes - sen - gers goes  
- furred, That the light of the glo - rious Gos - pel of Truth may

*cres.*

*cres.*

forth the voice of God; Give ear . . to Me, ye con - ti-nents—ye  
shine throughout the world: Fight we the fight with sor - row and sin, to

*mf*

*cres.*

*cres.*

isles, give ear to Me, } That the  
set their cap - tives free, } That the earth may be fill'd with the

*f*

*cres.*

*dim.*

glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea.

*f*

*dim.*

♩ = 80.

A-men.

*f* **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of  
 Ye bars of iron, yield! [brass!  
 And let the King of Glory pass;  
 The Cross is in the field!

Ye armies of the living God,  
 His sacramental host!  
 Where hallowed footstep never trod,  
 Take your appointed post.

*mf* That Banner, brighter than the star  
 That leads the train of night,  
 Shines on the march, and guides from  
 far  
 His servants to the fight.

Though few and small and weak your  
 bands,  
 Strong in your Captain's strength,  
 Go to the conquest of all lands;  
 All must be His at length.

A holy war those servants wage;  
 Mysteriously at strife  
 The powers of heaven and hell engage  
 For more than death or life.

*f* Uplifted are the gates of brass,  
 The bars of iron yield;  
 Behold the King of Glory pass!  
 The Cross hath won the field!

Amen.

EVERTON.

8.7.8.7. D.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.

♩ = 96.

A - men.

*mf* **L** ORD, her watch Thy Church is  
keeping :

When shall earth Thy rule obey ?

When shall end the night of weeping ?

When shall break the promised day ?

*p* See the whitening harvest languish,  
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;

*cr* Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish ?  
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

*p* Tidings, sent to every creature,

Millions yet have never heard :

Can they hear without a preacher ?

*cr* Lord Almighty, give the word !

*f* Give the word !—in every nation

Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
Witnessing a world's salvation,

To the earth's remotest bound.

*f* Then the end ! Thy Church completed,

All Thy chosen gathered in,

With their King in glory seated,

Satan bound, and banished sin ;

*p* Gone for ever parting, weeping,

Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain :—

*cr* Lo ! her watch Thy Church is keeping ;

Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign ! Amen.



♩ = 72.

A-men.

*mf* **O** SPIRIT of the living God,  
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
 Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;  
 Souls without strength inspire with  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

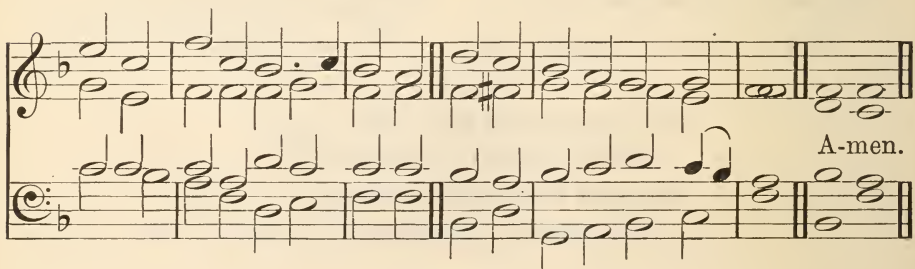
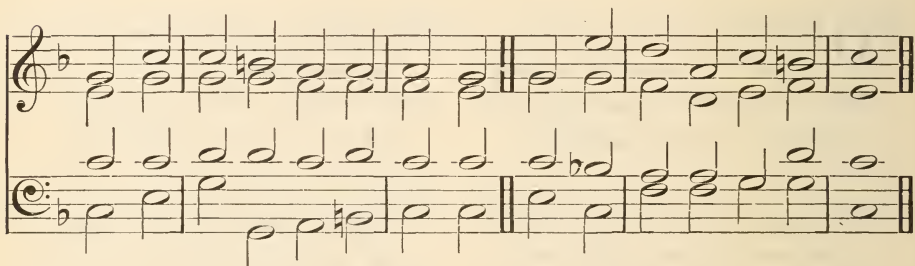
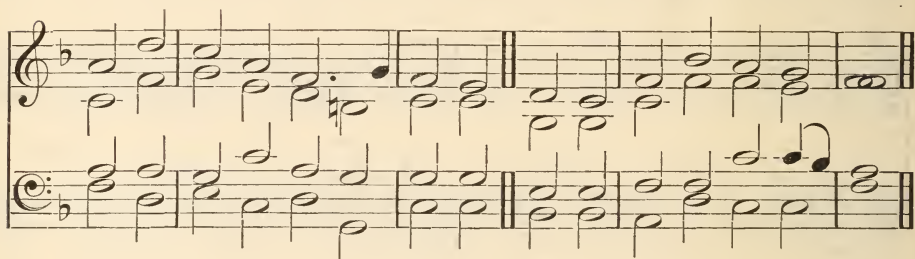
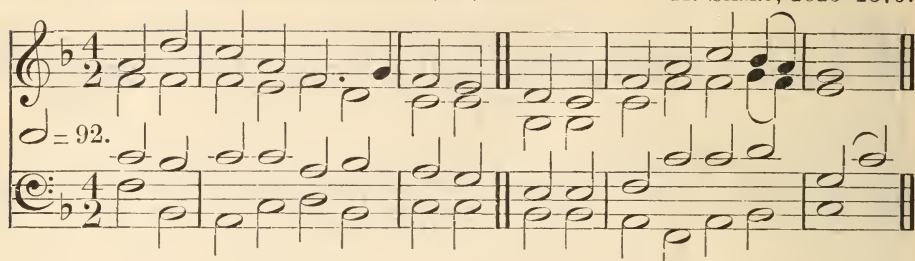
Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, *f* Baptize the nations far and nigh,  
 To preach the reconciling word; The triumphs of the Cross record;  
 Give power and unction from above, The Name of Jesus glorify,  
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard. Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed  
 All flesh shall His salvation see;  
 So be the Father's love fulfilled,  
 The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee. Amen.

BETHANY.

8.7.8.7. D.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.



## Foreign Missions.

*mf* SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;  
By Thy pains and consolations,  
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.  
*cr* Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,  
Be it to the nations told ;  
*f* Let them see Thee in Thy glory  
And Thy mercy manifold.

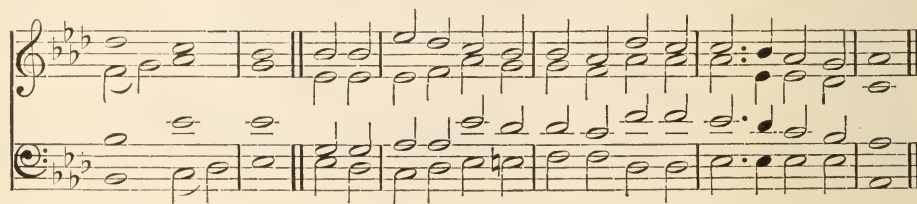
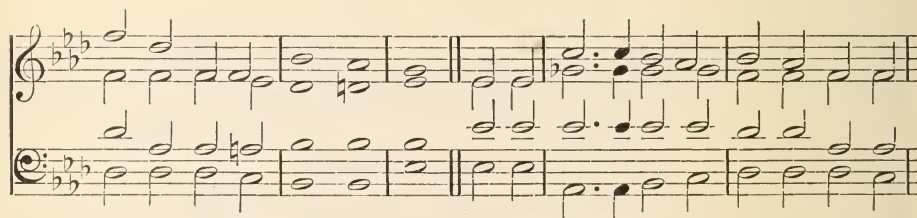
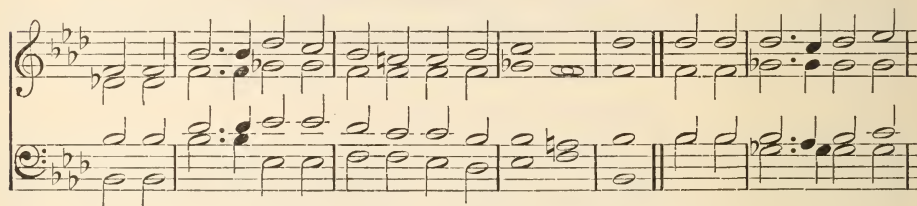
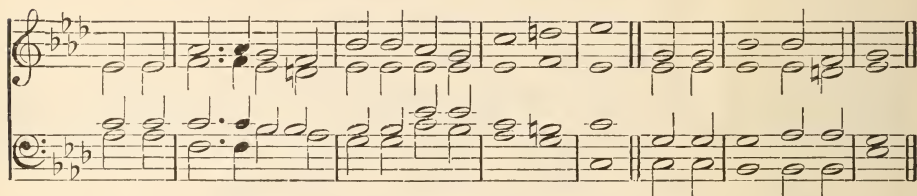
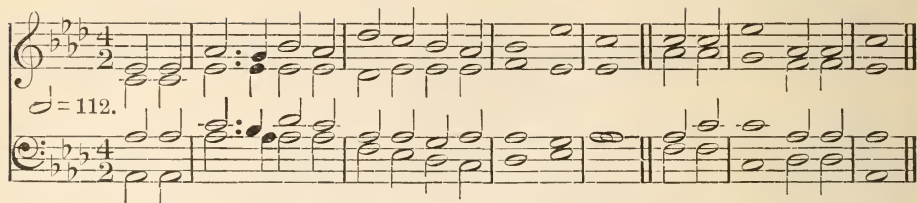
*mf* Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest.  
Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

*mf* Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,  
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,  
For Thy Spirit new creating,  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.  
*cr* Give the word ! and of the preacher  
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
*f* Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung ! Amen.

REGNABIT DEUS.

13.6.13.6.13.13.15.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



## Foreign Missions.

*f* **T**ELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,  
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing:  
Tell it out, tell it out!

*mf* Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,

*cr* That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace:

*f* Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,  
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.

*f* Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,  
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,  
Tell it out, tell it out!

*mf* Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;

*cr* Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;

*f* Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;  
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

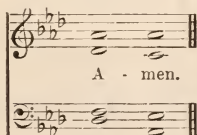
*f* Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above,  
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love:  
Tell it out, tell it out!

*mf* Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;

*cr* Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;

*f* Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,  
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.





# Foreign Missions.

330

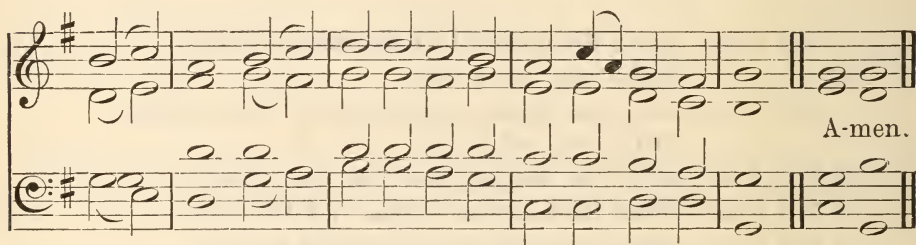
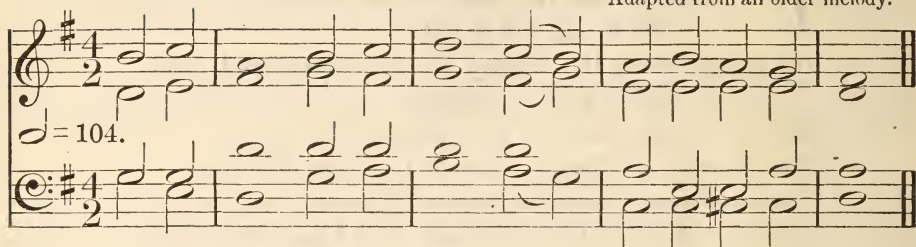
## For a Service of Farewell.

PARTING.

6.6.8.4.

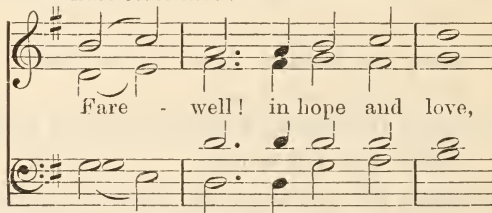
ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Adapted from an older melody.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*Last verse thus :*



*p* **W**ITH the sweet word of Peace  
We bid our brethren go ;  
Peace as a river to increase,  
And ceaseless flow.

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

## Foreign Missions.

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

*mf* With the strong word of Faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee,  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their help shall be;

Then the bright word of Hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earth-born dream.

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

---

*Also the following:*

God of mercy, God of grace—417  
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424  
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun—452  
Not by Thy mighty hand—113  
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended—30  
Thou, Whose Almighty word—574  
Thy kingdom come, O God—578

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## Laying a Foundation Stone.

*The following may be used:*

Christ is made the sure Foundation—331 [PART II.]  
Christ is our Corner-stone—375  
The Church's One Foundation—553

## Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

URBS BEATA (*First Tune*).

MODE II. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

# Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

## PART I.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,  
Vision dear of peace and love,  
Who of living stones art builded  
In the height of heaven above,  
And, with Angel-hosts encircled,  
As a bride doth earthward move ;

From celestial realms descending,  
Bridal glory round thee shed, [thee,  
Meet for Him Whose love espoused  
To thy Lord shalt thou be led ;  
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
They are open evermore ;  
And by virtue of His merits  
Thither faithful souls do soar,  
Who for Christ's dear Name in this  
Pain and tribulation bore. [world

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the heavenly Architect,  
Who therewith hath willed for ever  
That His palace should be decked.

## PART II.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,  
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,  
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,  
Binding all the Church in one,  
Holy Sion's help for ever,  
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody,  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day ;  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
Hear Thy servants, as they pray ;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee for ever  
With the Blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

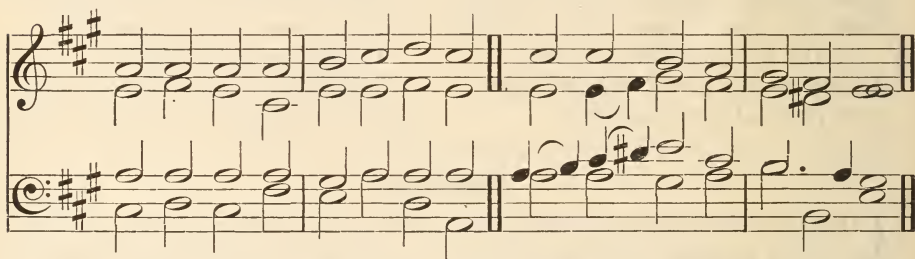
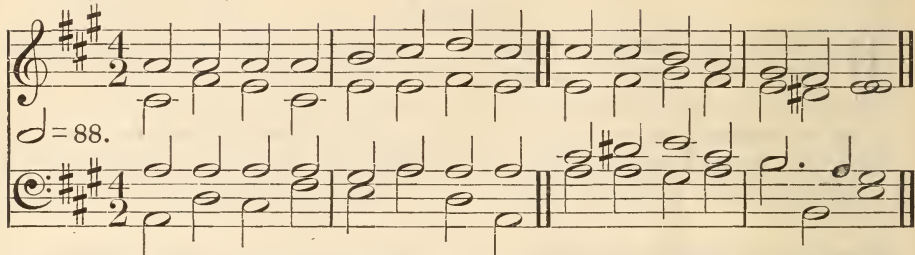
*The following may be sung at the end of each Part :*

Laud and honour to the Father,  
Laud and honour to the Son,  
Laud and honour to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

ORIEL (*Second Tune*).

8.7. 8.7. 8.7.

Anon.



## PART I.

*mf* BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,  
 Vision dear of peace and love,  
 Who of living stones art builded  
 In the height of heaven above  
 And, with Angel-hosts encircled,  
 As a bride doth earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,  
 Bridal glory round thee shed, [thee,  
 Meet for Him Whose love espoused  
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led;  
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
 Of pure gold are fashioned.



# Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,	<i>mf</i> Many a blow and biting sculpture
They are open evermore ;	Polished well those stones elect,
And by virtue of His merits	In their places now compacted
Thither faithful souls do soar,	By the heavenly Architect,
<i>p</i> Who for Christ's dear Name in this	Who therewith hath willed for ever
Pain and tribulation bore. [world	That His palace should be decked.

## PART II.

<i>f</i> CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,	<i>mf</i> To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,	Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day ;
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,	With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Binding all the Church in one,	Hear Thy servants, as they pray ;
Holy Sion's help for ever,	And Thy fullest benediction
And her confidence alone.	Shed within its walls away.

All that dedicated City,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody,  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee for ever  
With the Blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

*The following may be sung at the end of each Part :*

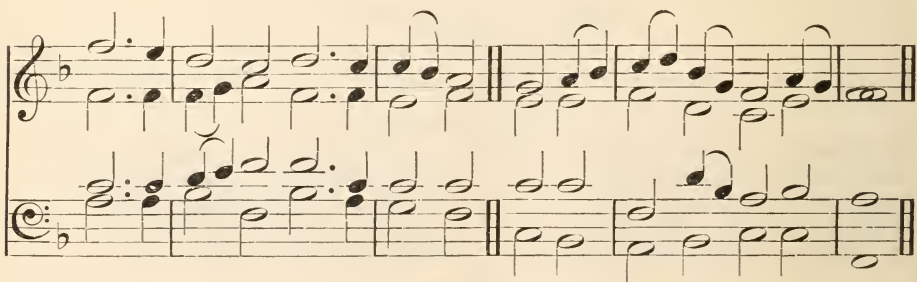
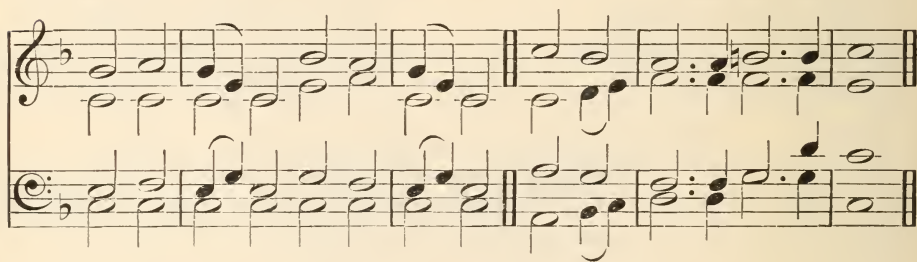
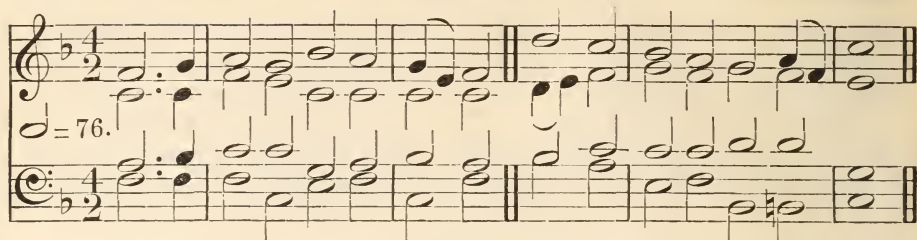
*f* Laud and honour to the Father,  
Laud and honour to the Son,  
Laud and honour to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

---

*Also the following :*

All people that on earth do dwell—357  
Christ is our Corner-stone—375  
Hosanna to the living Lord !—428  
Jerusalem the golden !—561 [Part IV.]  
Lo, God is here ! Let us adore—460

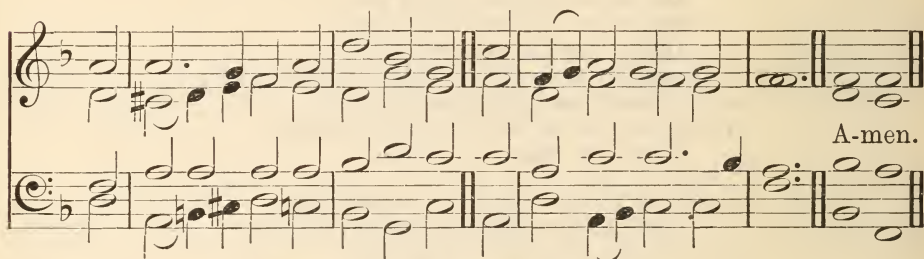
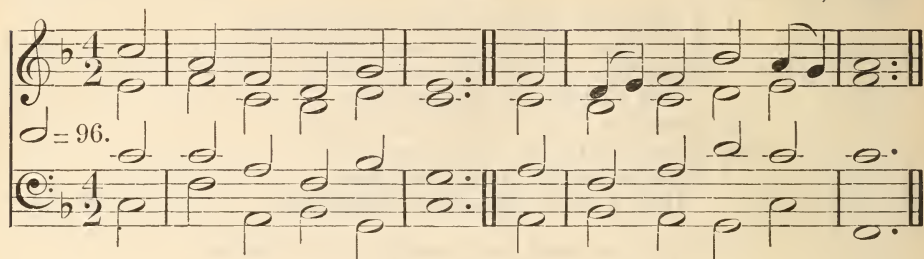
Lord of the worlds above—470  
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord—485  
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see—499  
Pleasant are Thy courts above—530  
We love the place, O God—584



## Restoration of a Church.

- f* **L**IFT the strain of high thanksgiving !  
 Tread with songs the hallowed way !  
 Praise our fathers' God for mercies  
 New to us their sons to-day :
- mf* Here they built for Him a dwelling,  
*cr* Served Him here in ages past,  
*f* Fixed it for His sure possession,  
 Holy ground, while time shall last.
- mf* When the years had wrought their changes,  
 He, our own unchanging God,  
 Thought on this His habitation,  
 Looked on His decayed abode ;  
 Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,  
*cr* Blessed the silver and the gold,  
*f* Till once more His house is standing  
 Firm and stately as of old.
- mf* Entering then Thy gates with praises,  
 'Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer ;—  
*cr* "Rise into Thy place of resting,  
 Show Thy promised Presence there !"
- mf* Let the gracious word be spoken  
 Here, as once on Sion's height,  
 "This shall be My rest for ever,  
 This My dwelling of delight."
- mf* Fill this latter house with glory  
 Greater than the former knew ;  
 Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,  
 Guide its Choir to reverence true ;  
 Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
 Here its sevenfold blessing shed ;  
 Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,  
 Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.
- f* Praise to Thee, Almighty Father !  
 Praise to Thee, Eternal Son !  
 Praise to Thee, all-quickenng Spirit !  
 Ever-blessèd Three in One !
- p* Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom ;  
*cr* Moulding out of sinful clay  
*f* Living stones for that true Temple  
 Which shall never know decay.





*May also be sung to "Franconia," No. 233.*

*mf* **O** WORD of God above,  
 Who fillest all in all,  
 Hallow this house with Thy sure love, *mf* The Judge acquits, and grace divine  
 And bless our Festival. Restores the dead in sin.

Here from the Font is poured  
 Grace on each sinful child;  
 The blest anointing of the Lord  
 Brightens the once defiled.

Yea, God enthroned on high  
 Here also dwells to bless;  
 Here trains adoring souls that sigh  
 His mansions to possess.

*p* Here Christ to faithful hearts  
 His Body gives for food;  
 The Lamb of God Himself imparts  
 The Chalice of His Blood.

*f* All might, all praise be Thine,  
 Father, Co-equal Son,  
 And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,  
 While endless ages run. Amen.

*Also the following:*

Before Jehovah's awful throne—368  
 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet—453

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A-men.

*p* **O** THOU in Whom Thy Saints repose,  
When life's brief conflict finds its  
close ;

Behold us met before Thy face  
To hallow this their resting-place :  
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep ;  
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

Thou knowest, Lord, for Thou hast wept  
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,  
What tears must flow, what hearts must  
bleed,

When here we sow the precious seed :  
Thou still rememberest on Thy throne  
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

Bid then Thy Hosts encamp around  
This chosen spot of holy ground :  
Here let calm Hope with Memory  
dwell,

And Faith of heavenly comfort tell :  
No thought of ill, no footstep rude  
Profane the sacred solitude.

Here when Thy mourners shall repair  
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,  
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming  
eyes

To those fair glades of Paradise,  
Where safe within the guarded gate  
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

Amen.

*Also the following :*

Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]  
Come, let us join our friends above—379  
God of the living, in Whose eyes—283

*See also Hymns for Burial.*

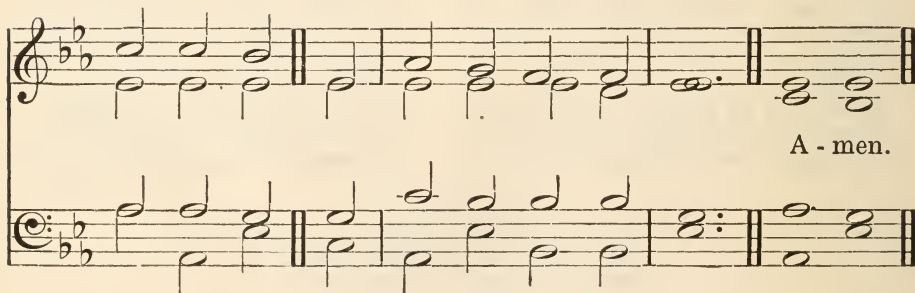
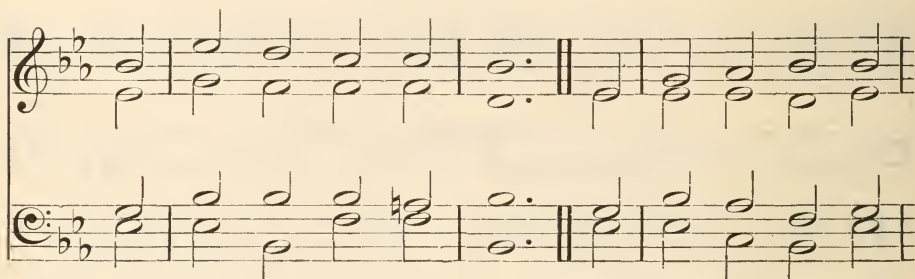
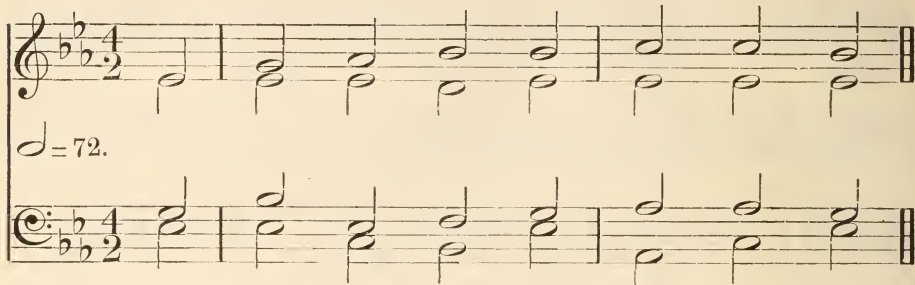


## Opening of a Mission Room.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520?-1585.



## Opening of a Mission Room.

*mf* **D**EAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear!  
Thy Presence now display:  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace  
And love and concord dwell:  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And in the Presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,  
The contrite heart bestow;  
*cr* And shine upon us from on high,  
That we in grace may grow. Amen

---

*Also the following:*

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet—453

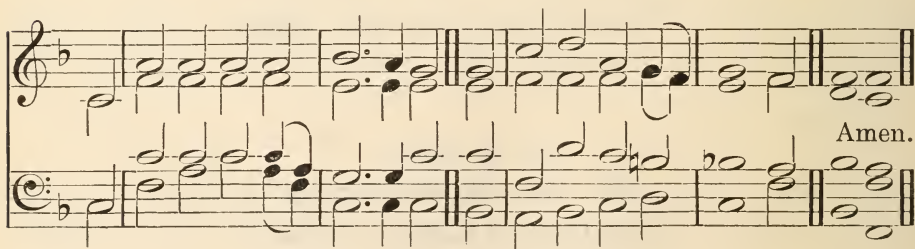
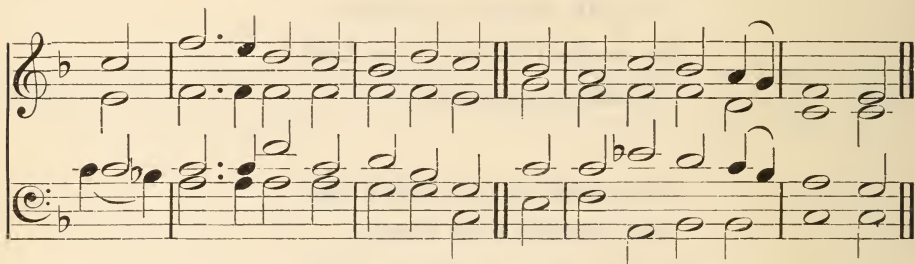
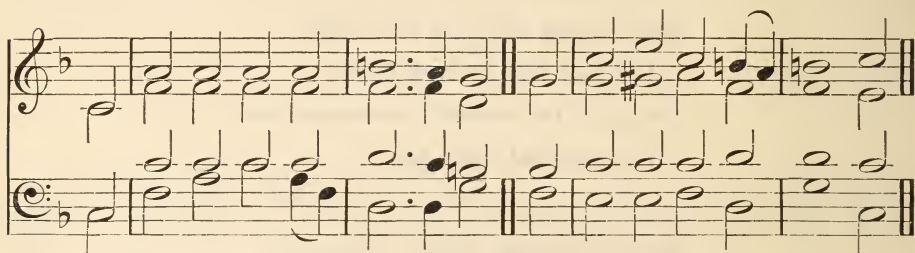
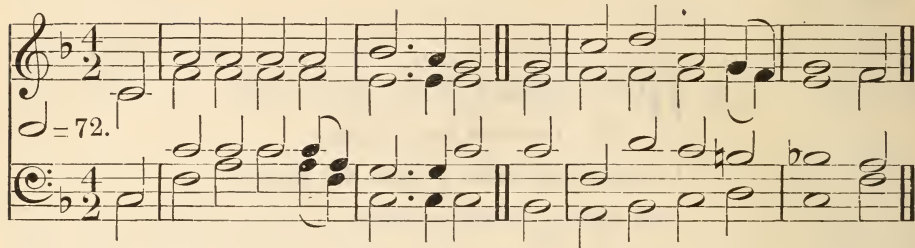
*See also Hymns for Dedication of a Church.*

## Dedication of Special Offerings.

BISHOPGARTH.

8.7. 8.7. D.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## Dedication of Special Offerings.

*mf* GREAT God, to Thee our hearts we raise  
In joyful adoration ;  
*cr* With Saints above we hymn Thy praise  
In notes of exultation :  
*f* They, round Thy throne, a shining throng,  
Stand, Thy dread might confessing :  
*mf* We at Thy feet pour forth our song,  
And humbly seek Thy blessing.

*mf* To Thy great glory, Lord, we place  
Within Thy shrine most holy,  
These hallowed gifts, Thy courts to grace,  
With thankful hearts and lowly.  
Accept, we pray, these works of love,  
And seal them Thine for ever :  
Thy gracious unction from above  
Pour Thou on gifts and giver.

*p* Fountain of good, and God of love,  
Giver of light supernal ;  
Of all Thy gifts from heaven above,  
Grant us the life eternal.  
And when within this shrine we kneel,  
Our sacred Master meeting,  
Oh may our hearts His Presence feel,  
And joy in heavenly greeting.

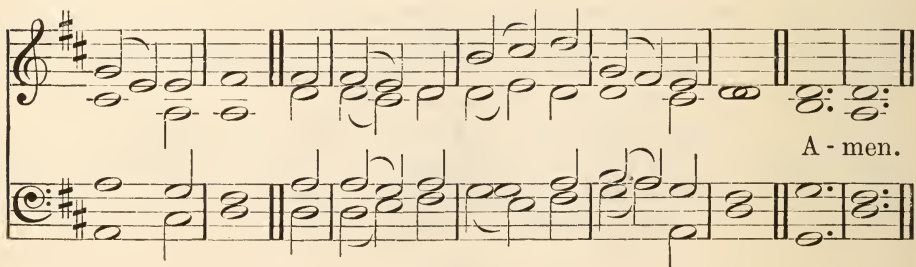
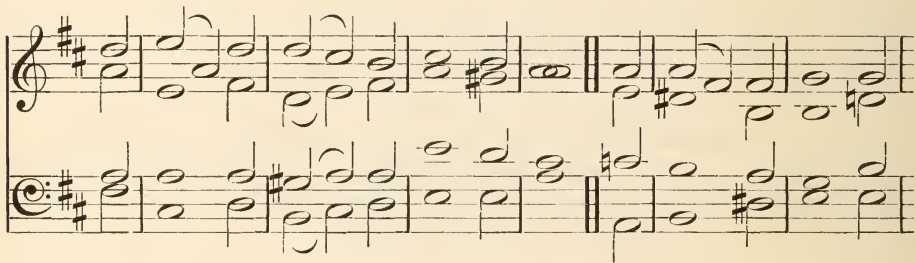
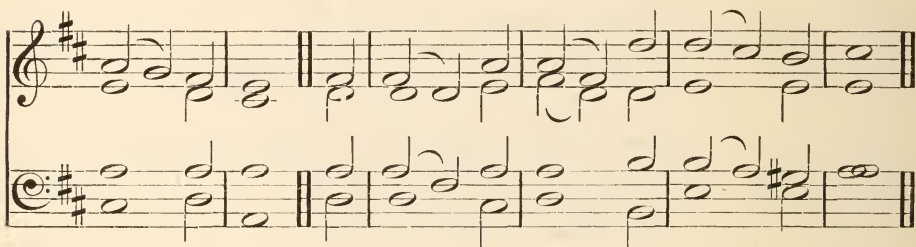
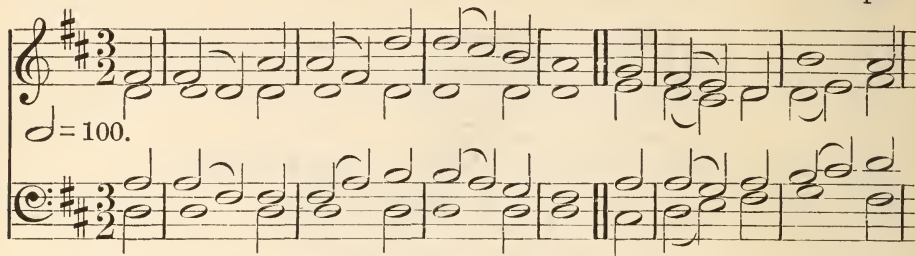
*mf* God of our Fathers, Thee we hail,  
One God, from everlasting,  
While Saints their crowns, within the veil,  
Before Thy throne are casting.  
On us and ours, O Lord, we pray,  
In joy and in affliction,  
Shed forth Thy Spirit, day by day,  
In hallowing benediction. Amen.

## Dedication of Special Offerings.

GIESSEN.

Six 8's.

Adapted.





## Dedication of Special Offerings.

*f* O KING of Saints, O Lord of might,  
Of souls redeemed the Life and Light,  
Thine is the power when souls excel  
In grace because they love Thee well.  
O Jesu blest, in all Thine own  
We praise Thee for Thyself made known.

*mf* And so we come ; Lord, guide each thought,  
By grateful love and memory taught,  
That rises to Thy throne to-day,  
The prayer that hearts in secret pray—  
That these Thy children's gifts may be  
In blessings made more worthy Thee.

*p* Let each abide, as made to stand  
And hallowed by Thy loving hand ;  
Hear Thou in heaven each tender prayer,  
The burden of each heart of care ;  
Keep Thou their feet, and make them blest  
Who in the Holiest would rest,

*mf* Lord, bless the gifts we offer here  
With grateful love of hearts sincere ;  
*cr* Henceforth Thine own ; Oh let them be  
So used by those who worship Thee  
*f* That every heart shall learn to raise  
Some better note of love and praise. Amen.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Our Father

Our Father

Our Father

Our Father

*May also be sung to "Old 137th," No. 396.*

## Hospitals.

*f* **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old  
Was strong to heal and save;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave.  
*p* To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

*mf* And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech and strength and sight;  
*f* And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.  
*p* And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

*mf* Though love and might no longer heal  
By touch, or word, or look,  
Though they who do Thy work must read  
Thy laws in Nature's book;  
*p* Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,  
Come, cleanse the sinful taint;  
*mf* Give joy and peace where all is strife,  
And strength where all is faint.

*mf* Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death;  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,  
With Thine almighty breath.  
To hands that work and eyes that see  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore.



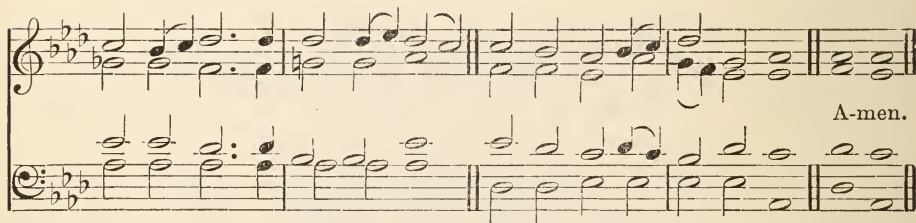
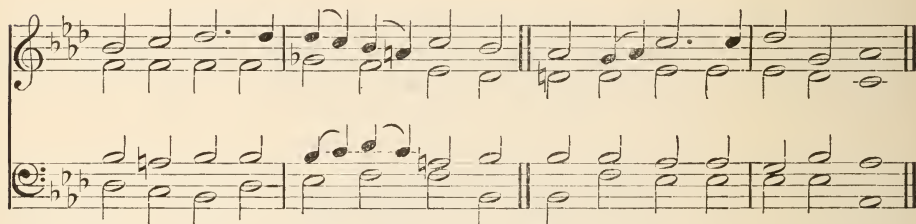
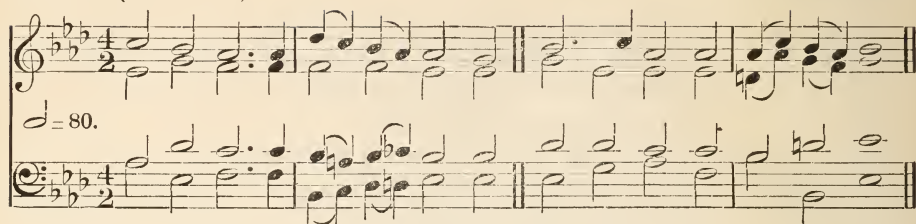
339

## Hospitals.

REQUIEM (*First Tune*).

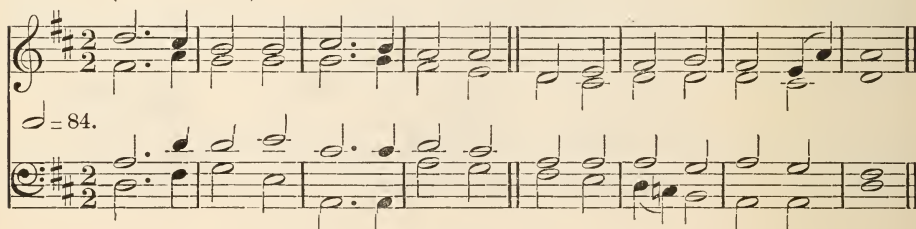
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W. SCHULTHEIS, 1816-1879.

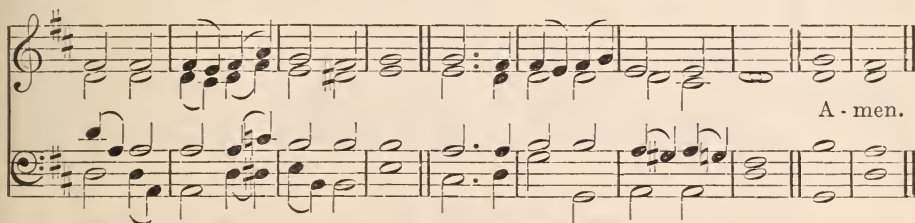
LINCOLN (*Second Tune*).

8.7.8.7. 7.7.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873.



# Hospitals.



<p><i>mf</i> <b>T</b>HOU to Whom the sick and dying          Ever came, nor came in vain,          Still with healing words replying          To the wearied cry of pain ;  <i>p</i> Hear us, Jesu, as we meet          Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> Still the weary, sick, and dying          Need a brother's, sister's care,          On Thy higher help relying          May we now their burden share,  <i>p</i> Bringing all our offerings meet,          Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.</p>
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<p><i>mf</i> Every care, and every sorrow,          Be it great, or be it small,          Yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,—          When,—where'er it may befall,  <i>p</i> Lay we humbly at Thy feet,          Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> May each child of Thine be willing,          Willing both in hand and heart,          All the law of love fulfilling,          Ever comfort to impart,  <i>p</i> Ever bringing offerings meet,          Suppliant to Thy Mercy-seat.</p>
---	---

*mf* Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,  
 To Thy healing power yield,  
*cr* Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,  
*f* One in Thee together meet,  
 Pardoned at Thy Judgment-seat. Amen.

*Also the following :*

At even, when the sun did set—12  
 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee—462

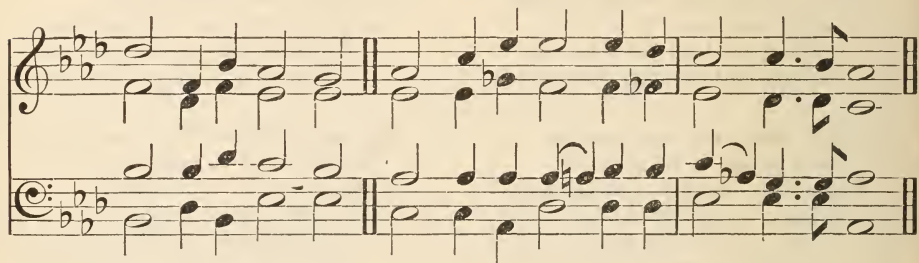
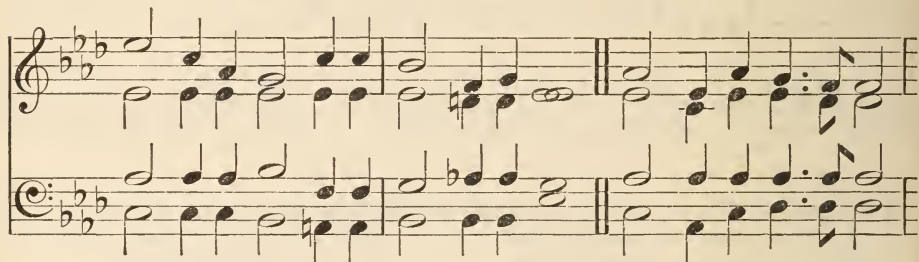
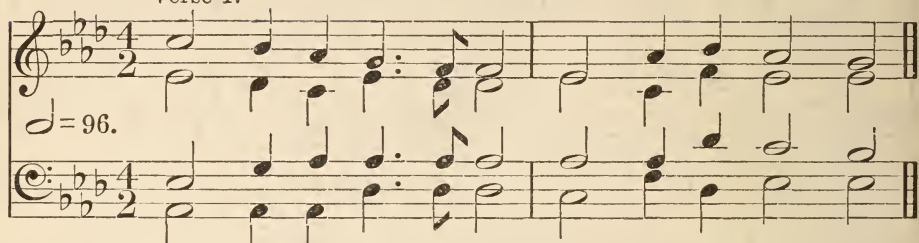


CLARE MARKET.

11.10.11.10.

MARY PALMER.

Verse 1.



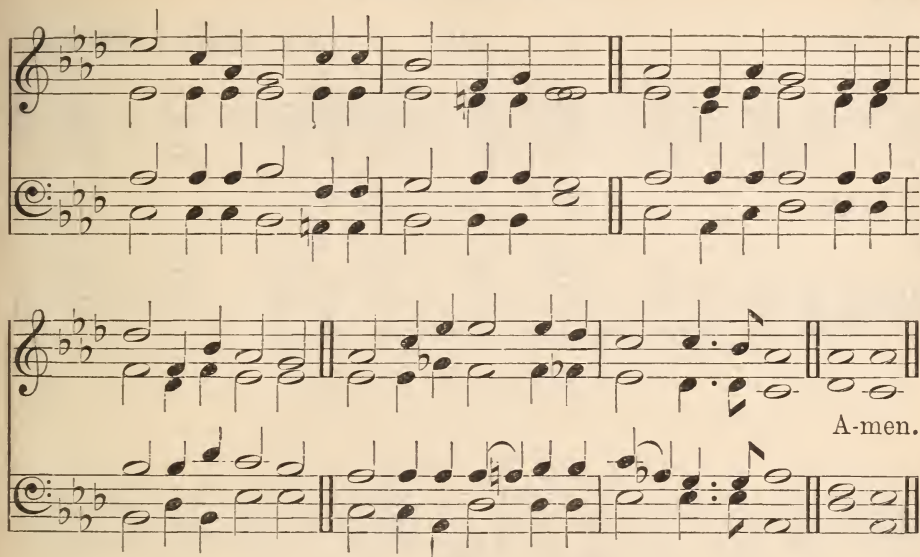
Verses 2, 3 and 4.



\* Verse 3, bar 1.

Raise, Lord, to health a - gain

## Flower Services.



*mf* **H**ERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,  
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,  
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest  
 More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

*p* Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying;  
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;  
 Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;  
 Grant the departing a gentle release.

*cr* Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,  
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;  
 Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,  
 Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

*p* We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;  
 We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;

*cr* Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,  
 Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky. Amen.

*Also the following :*

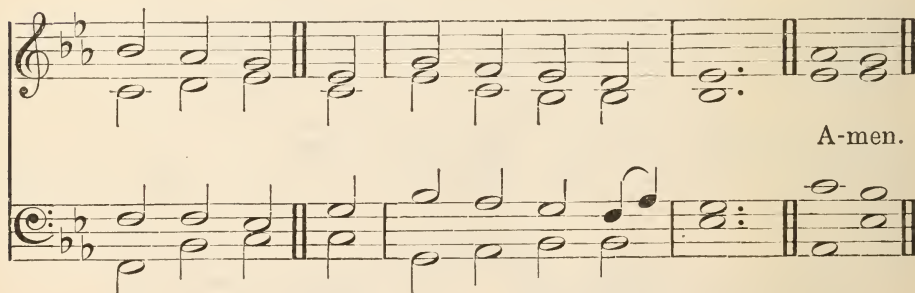
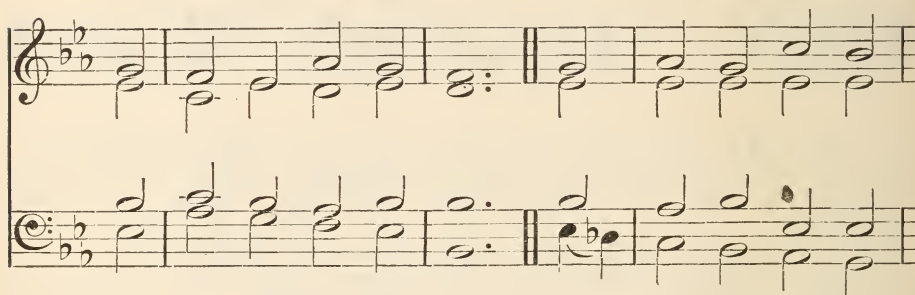
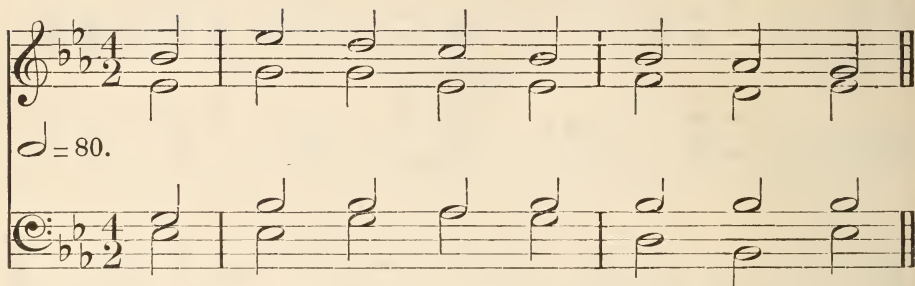
All things bright and beautiful—609  
 For the beauty of the earth—403

I praised the earth—433'  
 We thank Thee, Lord—589

ST. PETER.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



## Bible Classes.

*m* **F**ATHER of all, in Whom alone  
We live and move and breathe,  
One bright, celestial ray dart down  
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

While in Thy word we search for Thee,  
(We search with trembling awe!)  
Open our eyes, and let us see  
The wonders of Thy law.

Now let our darkness comprehend  
The light that shines so clear;  
Now the revealing Spirit send,  
And give us ears to hear.

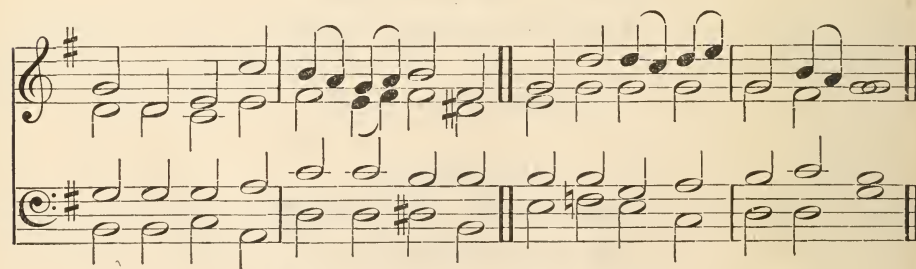
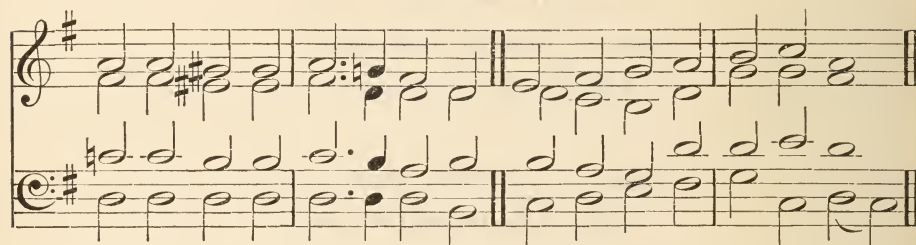
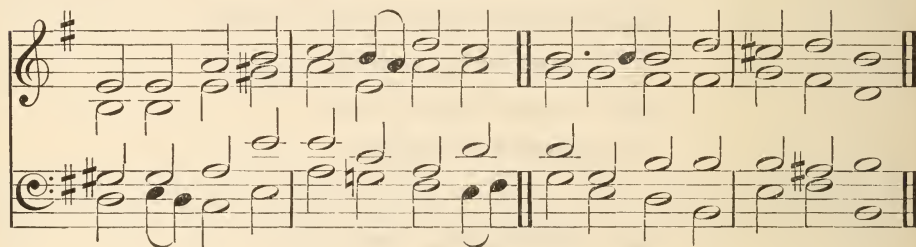
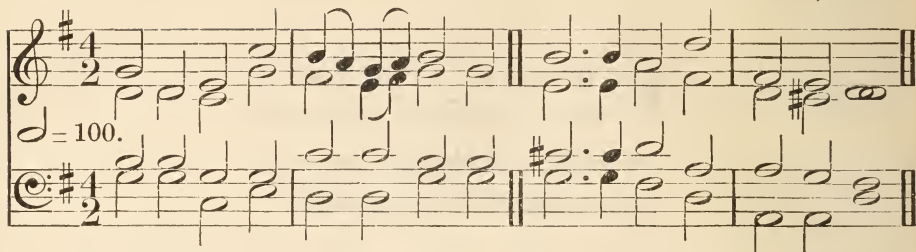
Before us make Thy goodness pass,  
Which here by faith we know;  
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,  
And die to all below. Amen.

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*Also the following:*

Father of mercies, in Thy word—397

Lord, Thy word abideth—472



*May also be sung to "Austria," No. 332.*

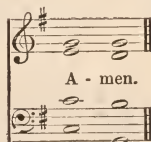


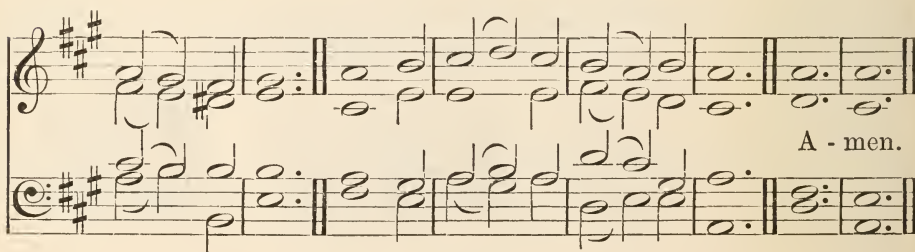
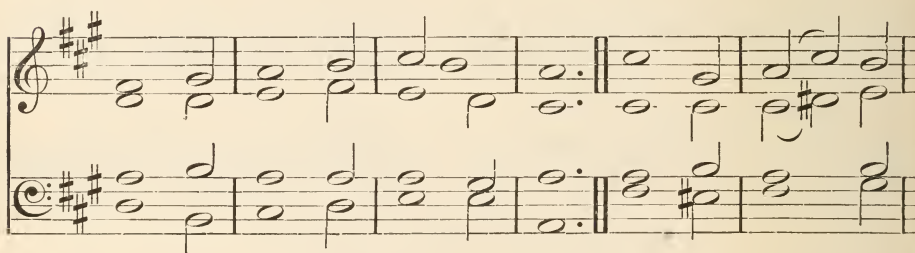
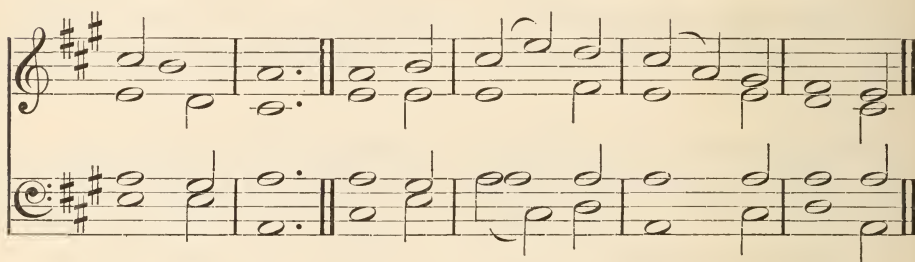
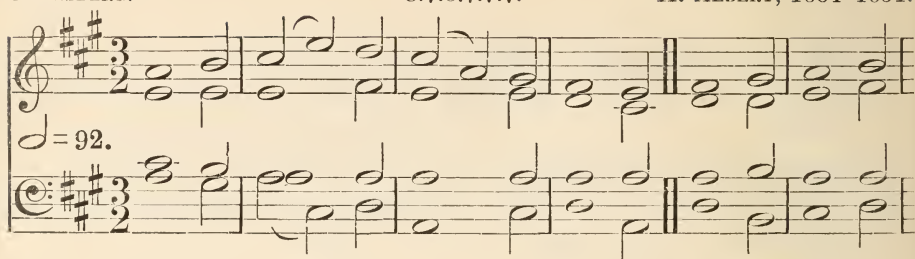
# The National Church.

*f* **B**ULWARK of a mighty nation, *mf* See her, as a loving mother,  
 See the Church of England Guard them with a mother's love,  
 stand, *cr* Ever pointing with her finger  
 Founded on the Rock of ages, To their Father's home above.  
 Hope, and glory of our land. *mf* Hers the voice that cheers them for-  
 See her stand, a holy temple, ward,  
 Bonded with the bond of love, Fainting o'er the world-worn track,  
 Living bond that ever bindeth Hers when from the path they wander,  
 Human souls to God above. First to call the wanderers back.

*mf* See her plead for all her children *f* Nursing-mother of our freedom,  
 Kneeling at their Saviour's throne, Sowing truth from door to door,  
 Sign the Cross upon their foreheads, Watching o'er the young and aged,  
 Mark, and seal them for His own. Church alike of rich and poor,  
 See her,—witness of the Spirit,— *mf* Shield her, Lord, from every evil,  
 Bid them search the Book that Strife within, and foes without,  
 sheds Give her strength to wage the war-  
*cr* Rays of light upon the living, fare  
*dim* Hope upon their dying beds. Faith must ever wage with doubt.

*p* May Thy heavenly grace be with her,  
 Guide, support her by the way,  
*cr* As she leads her children homeward  
 Through the mists that cloud the day ;—  
*cr* Till the living sea of crystal  
 Bursts upon their wondering sight,  
*f* And the songs of thronging Angels  
 Greet them in the realms of light.





## The National Church.

*f* HIS the glory, His the honour,  
High and low, recount His praise,  
Tell it out among the nations  
How the Christ in ancient days  
*dim* Left His home, His Father's side,  
*cr* Sought, and found, and won His Bride.

*mf* In the far-off land He found her,  
And she gave to Him her heart,  
For His love is everlasting,  
That nor life nor death can part;  
*dim* There, to win her troth, He died,  
*p* There, for her, was crucified.

*mf* Oh, our King! fulfil Thy promise,  
Bring her where no taint of sin,  
Where no sadness and no blemish,  
Where no stain can enter in;  
Keep her ever at Thy side,  
Bring her home, Thy faithful Bride.

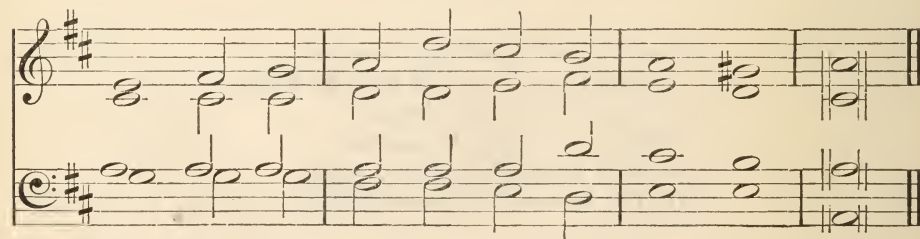
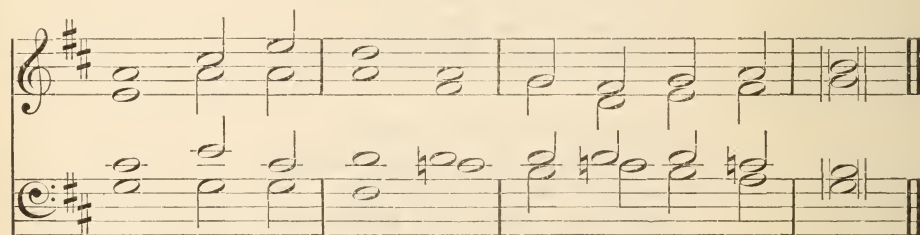
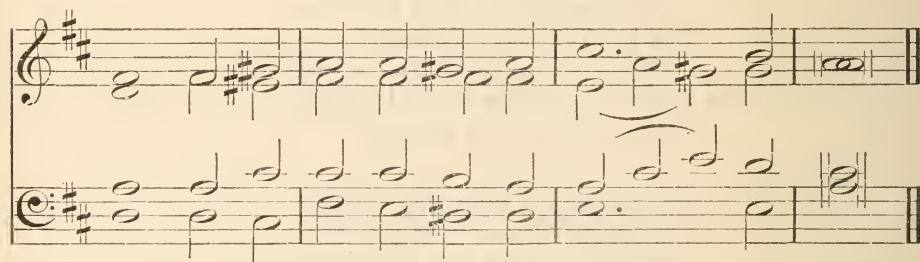
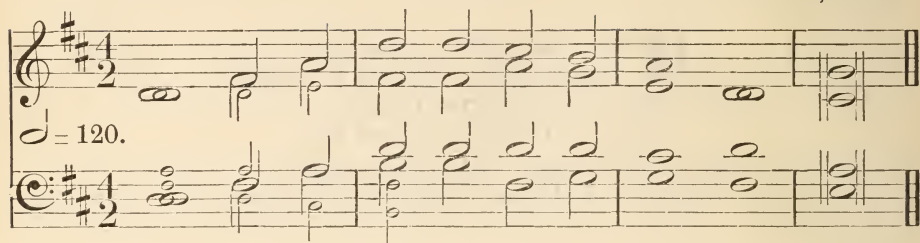
Perfect then Thy new creation  
With the grace that shall endure,  
E'en amid temptation growing  
Still more stately and more pure,  
Till by sorrow sanctified  
She becomes Thy holy Bride.

*p* Peace be hers within her temples;  
*cr* Strength be hers, her walls to guard;  
*p* May her holiness and beauty  
By no evil thing be marred;  
*cr* Through all peril, Saviour, guide  
To Thy heaven Thy crownèd Bride. Amen.

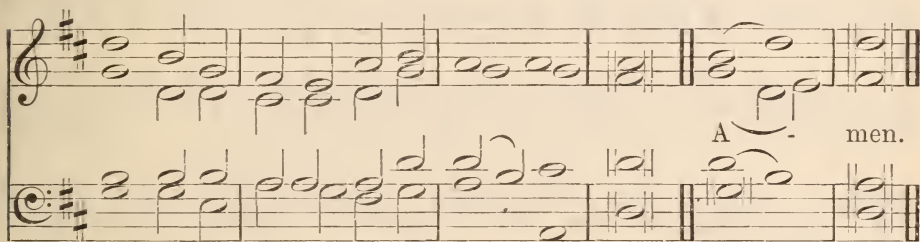
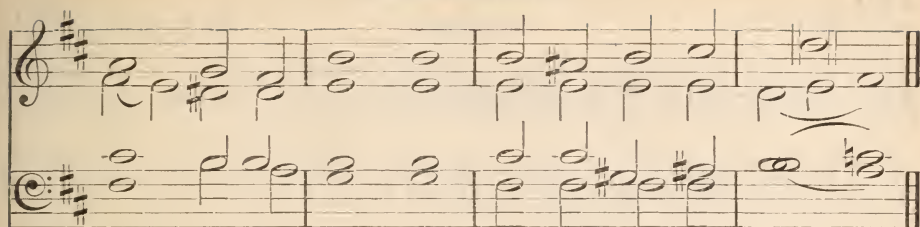
GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

Six 10's.

F. PEEL, b. 1839.



## For Unity.



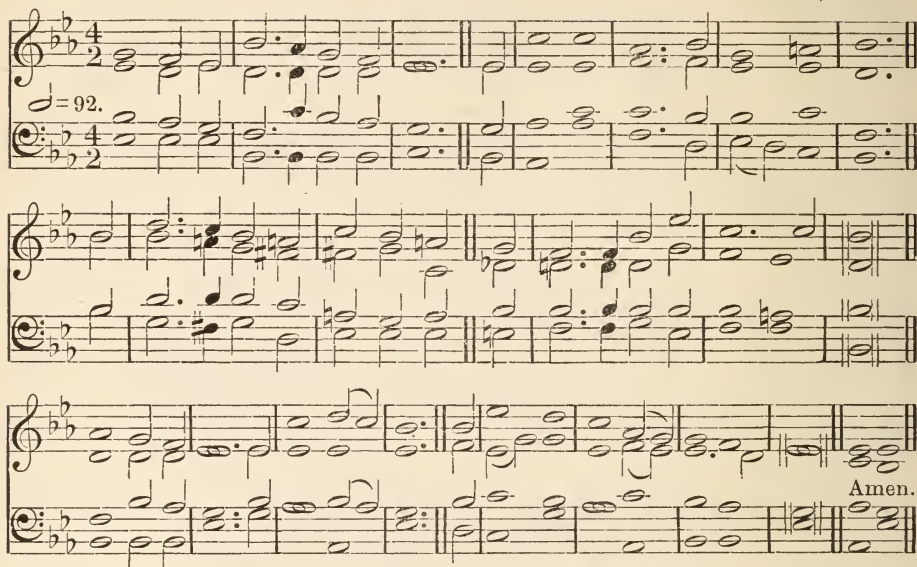
*mf* **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round  
 Of circling planets singing on their way;  
 Guide of the nations from the night profound  
 Into the glory of the perfect day;  
 Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be  
 Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.  
 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,  
 The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;  
 Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove  
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one;  
 As one with Thee to Whom we ever tend,  
 As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.  
 Oh make us one in hatred of all wrong,  
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,  
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,  
 One in the power that makes Thy children free,  
 To follow Truth, and thus to follow Thee.  
 Oh clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord.  
 Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;  
 Our inspiration be Thy constant word;  
 We ask no victories that are not Thine.  
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be  
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee. Amen.



DONA DEI.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



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*mf* GREAT God, Who madest all for man, *mf* For all are gifts, O Lord, of Thine,  
 All life on earth, fruit, flower, All Thine to give or take away,  
 and field, *cr* So may we all as one combine  
 Who o'er the wide world's widest span To praise Thee this and every  
 Dost make them all their blessings day ;—  
 yield ;— *p* Then help us, Lord, as in Thy  
*p* Oh help us, Lord, as in Thy sight, sight,  
 All these Thy gifts to use aright. All these Thy gifts to use aright.

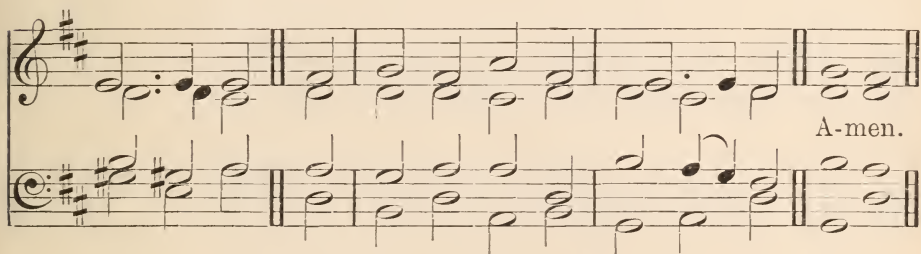
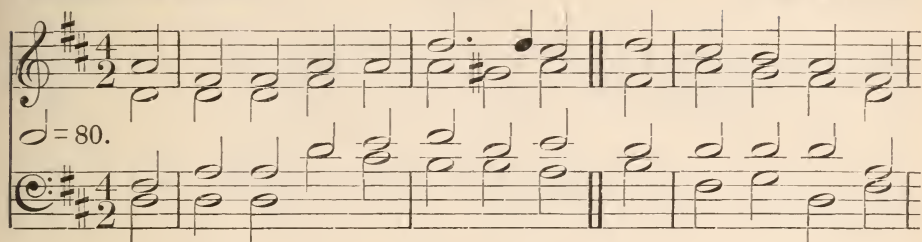
*mf* No living thing beneath the heaven, *p* The weak, the wavering, young or old,  
 From sea to sea, or shore to shore, 'Mid great temptations sorely tried,  
 That is not by Thy bounty given *cr* May Thine all-pitying eye behold,  
 To fill our ever-needed store ;— And draw them to Thy wounded  
 side ;—  
*p* Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight, *p* Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,  
 All these Thy gifts to use aright. All these Thy gifts to use aright. Amen.

*p* And may we all as brothers strive  
 Examples through our lives to be,  
*cr* Restrain our wayward wills, and live  
 Lives dedicated, Lord, to Thee ;—  
*p* Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight,  
 All these Thy gifts to use aright. Amen.

DAUGHTERS OF GALILEE.

8.8.8.

H. M. GWYTHYR.

*May also be sung to "Delhi," No. 321.*

*mf* **F**ATHER of men, in Whom are one  
All humankind beneath Thy sun,  
Stablish our work in Thee begun.

*p* O Christ, our Elder Brother, Who  
By serving man God's will didst do,  
Help us to serve our brethren too.

Except the house be built of Thee,  
In vain the builder's toil must be:—  
Oh strengthen our infirmity!

Guide us to seek the things above,  
The base to shun, the pure approve,  
To live by Thy free law of love.

Man lives not for himself alone,  
In others' good he finds his own,  
Life's worth in fellowship is known.

*cr* In all our work, in all our play,  
Be with us, Lord, our friend, our stay;  
Lead onward to the perfect day:

[We, friends and comrades on life's way, *mf*  
Gather within these walls to pray,—  
Bless Thou our fellowship to-day!]

*mf* Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,  
With comrades missed or gone before,  
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.

Amen.

*Also the following:*

How blessed, from the bonds of sin—348  
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see—499

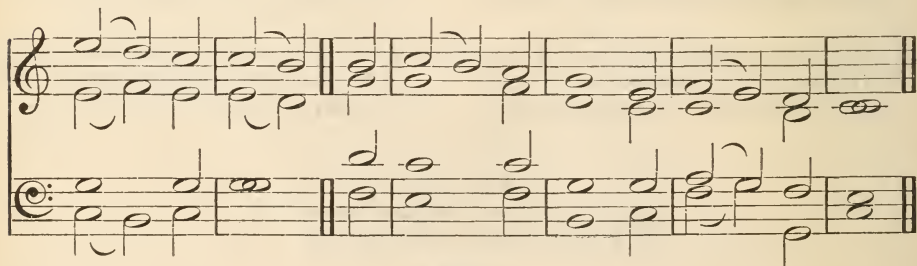
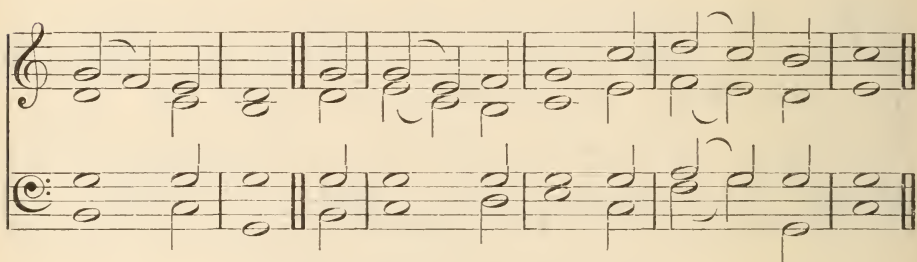
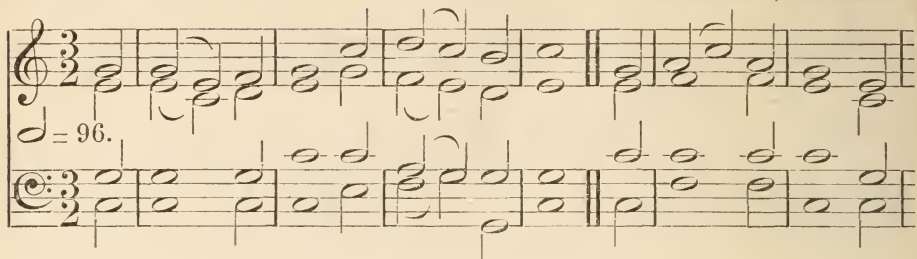
347

## At a Retreat.

ST. PETERSBURG.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

D. BORTNIANSKI, 1752-1825.



## At a Retreat.

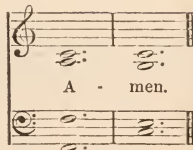
*mf* **T**HOU hidden Love of God, Whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose;  
*p* My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

*mf* 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee;  
 Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,  
 No peace my wandering soul shall see;  
 Oh when shall all my wanderings end,  
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there!  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live;  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive!  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"  
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

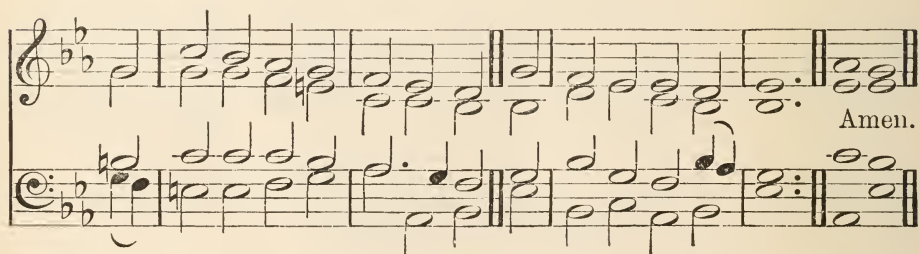
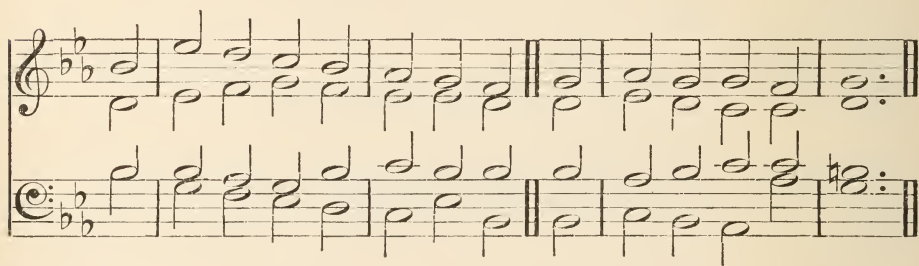
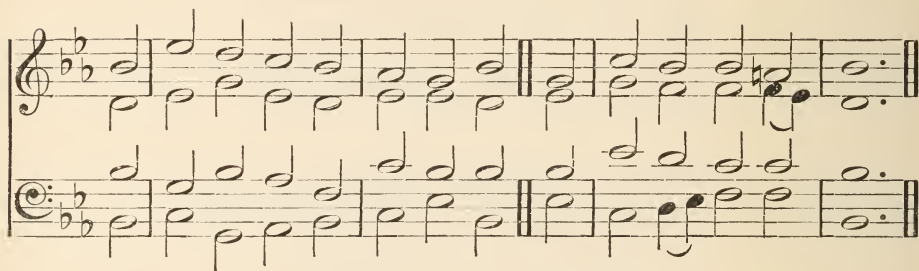
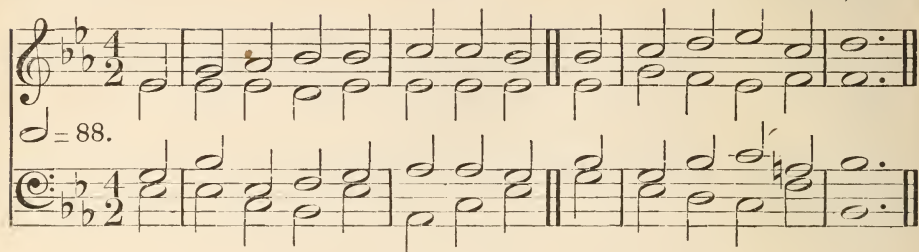



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*Also the following:*  
 Father of all, to Thee—394

OLD 81st.

D.C.M.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.



## Lay Helpers and Teachers.

*mf* HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin  
And earthly fetters free,  
In singleness of heart and aim,  
Thy servants, Lord, to be!  
The hardest toil to undertake  
With joy at Thy command,  
The meanest office to receive  
With meekness at Thy hand:

With willing heart and longing eyes  
To watch before Thy gate,  
Ready to run the weary race,  
To bear the heavy weight:  
No voice of thunder to expect,  
But follow calm and still,  
For love can easily divine  
The One Belovèd's will.

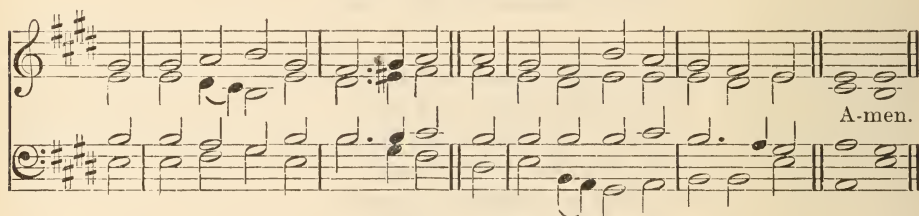
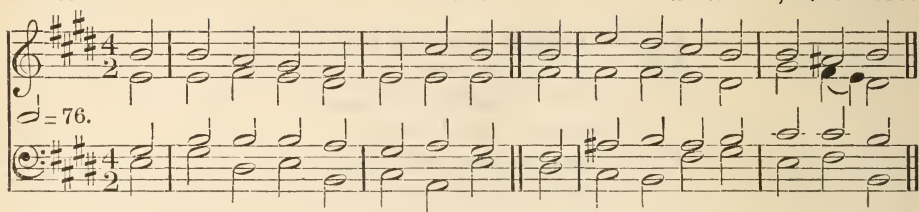
Thus may we serve Thee, gracious Lord!  
Thus ever Thine alone,  
Our souls and bodies given to Thee,  
The purchase Thou hast won.  
*cr* Through evil or through good report  
Still keeping by Thy side,  
*f* By life or death, in this poor flesh  
Let Christ be magnified!

*mf* How happily the working days  
In this dear service fly!  
*p* How rapidly the closing hour,  
The time of rest, draws nigh;  
When all the faithful gather home,  
*cr* A joyful company!  
*f* And ever where the Master is  
Shall His blest servants be! Amen.

MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBEE, 1740-1816.



*mf* **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may  
     speak  
 In living echoes of Thy tone;  
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
 The precious things Thou dost im-  
     part; [reach  
 And wing my words, that they may  
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
 The wandering and the wavering  
     feet;  
 Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
 Thy hungering ones with manna  
     sweet.

*p* Oh give Thine own sweet rest to  
 me,  
 That I may speak with soothing  
     power  
 A word in season, as from Thee,  
 To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh strengthen me, that while I stand *cr*  
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in  
     Thee,  
 I may stretch out a loving hand  
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

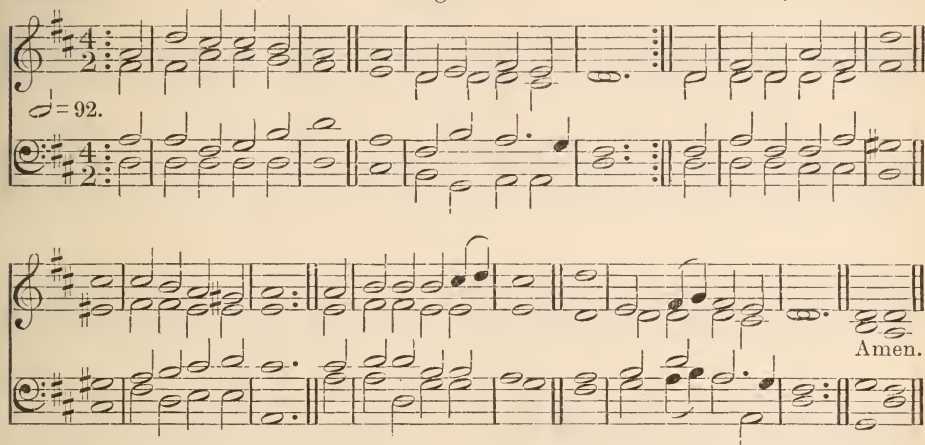
Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
 Until my very heart o'erflow  
 In kindling thought and glowing  
     word,  
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

*mf* Oh use me, Lord, use even me,  
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
*cr* Until Thy blessed face I see,  
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

HAWARDEN.

Eight 6's.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.



*mf* SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,  
 True Light of men, to-day;  
 And through the written word  
 Thy very self display;  
 That so from hearts which burn  
 With gazing on Thy face,  
 Thy little ones may learn  
 The wonders of Thy grace.

Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,  
 Thy Spirit's living flame,  
 That so with one accord  
 Our lips may tell Thy Name;  
 Give Thou the hearing ear,  
 Fix Thou the wandering thought,  
 That those we teach may hear  
 The great things Thou hast wrought.

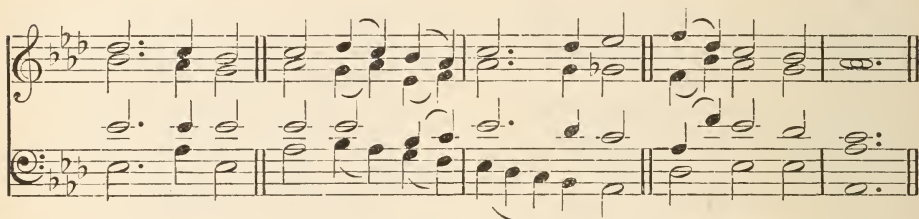
Speak Thou for us, O Lord,  
 In all we say of Thee;  
 According to Thy word  
 Let all our teaching be;  
 That so Thy lambs may know  
 Their own true Shepherd's voice,  
 Where'er He leads them go,  
 And in His love rejoice.

Live Thou within us, Lord;  
 Thy mind and will be ours;  
 Be Thou beloved, adored,  
 And served, with all our powers;  
 That so our lives may teach  
 Thy children what Thou art,  
 And plead, by more than speech,  
 For Thee with every heart. Amen.

*Also the following:*

Soldiers of Christ! arise—546  
 Soldiers of the Cross, arise—322

**Schools.** See Children's Hymns.



*f* GOD save our gracious King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King :  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us :  
 God save the King.

*mf* O Lord our God, arise,  
 Scatter his enemies,  
 And make them fall :  
*cr* Confound their politics ;  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks ;  
*f* On Thee our hopes we fix :  
 God save us all.

*mf* Thy choicest gifts in store  
 On him be pleased to pour ;  
 Long may he reign :  
*cr* May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
*f* To sing with heart and voice,  
*ff* God save the King.

= 98.

A - men.

*May also be sung to "Erfurt," No. 476.*

*mf* **O** KING of kings! Thy blessing shed  
On our anointed Sovereign's  
head;

And, looking from Thy holy heaven,  
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

Him with Thy choicest mercies bless;  
To all his counsels give success;

In war, in peace, Thy succour bring;  
Thy strength command—God save  
the King.

Him may we honour and obey;  
Uphold his right and lawful sway;  
Remembering that the powers that  
be  
Are ministers ordained by Thee.

And when all earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly kingdoms fade away,  
Grant him a throne in worlds on  
high,  
A crown of immortality. Amen.

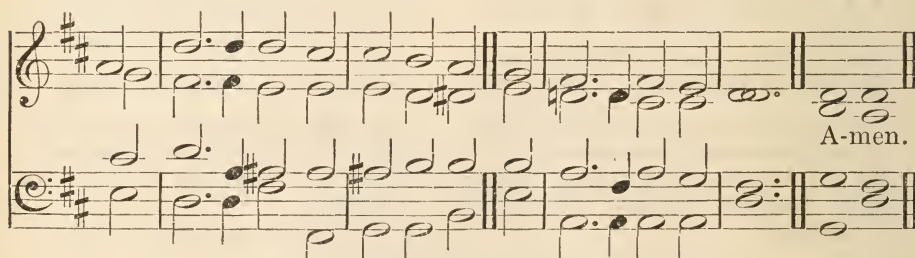
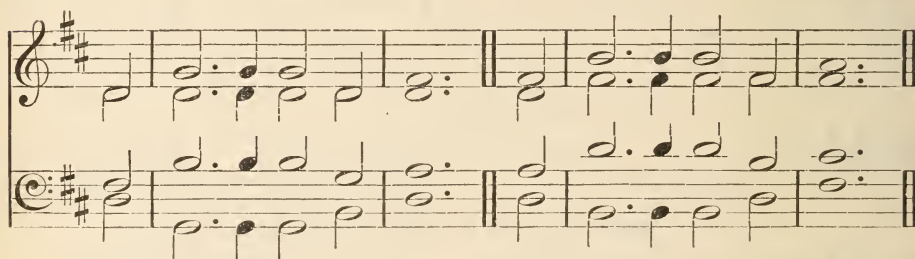
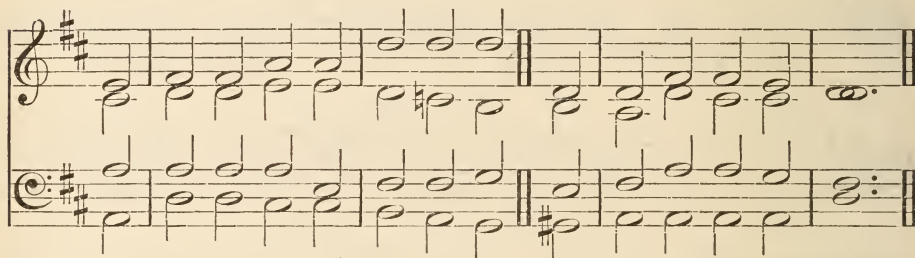
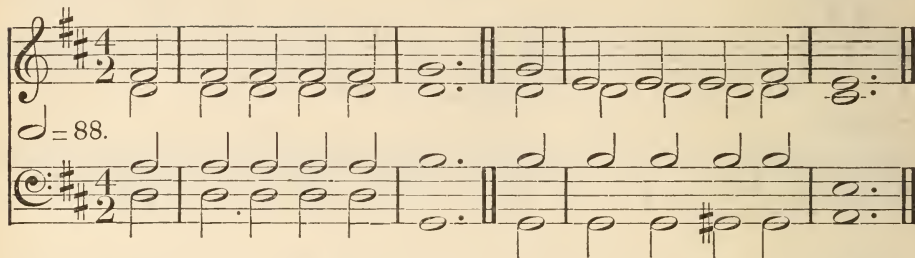
*Also the following:* From foes that would the land devour—408



LEOMINSTER.

D.S.M.

G. W. MARTIN, 1828-1881.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## General Hymns.

*mf*     **A** FEW more years shall roll,  
          A few more seasons come,  
*dim* And we shall be with those that rest  
      *p*     Asleep within the tomb :  
      *cr*     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that great day ;  
          Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
*dim*     And take my sins away.

*mf*     A few more suns shall set  
          O'er these dark hills of time,  
*dim* And we shall be where suns are not,  
          A far serener clime :  
      *cr*     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that blest day ;  
          Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
*dim*     And take my sins away.

*mf*     A few more storms shall beat  
          On this wild, rocky shore,  
*dim* And we shall be where tempests cease,  
          And surges swell no more :  
      *cr*     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
          My soul for that calm day ;  
          Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
*dim*     And take my sins away.

*p*     A few more struggles here,  
          A few more partings o'er,  
      A few more toils, a few more tears,  
*mf*     And we shall weep no more :  
      *p*     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
      *cr*     My soul for that bright day ;  
          Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
*dim*     And take my sins away.

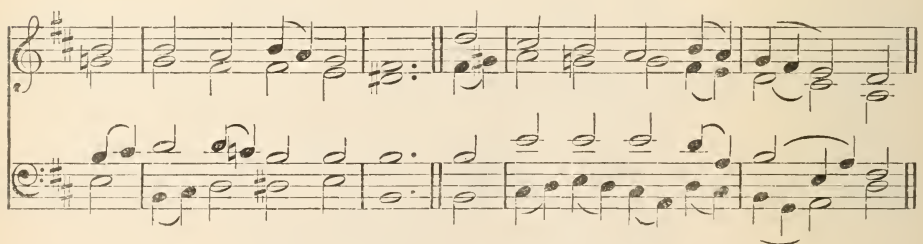
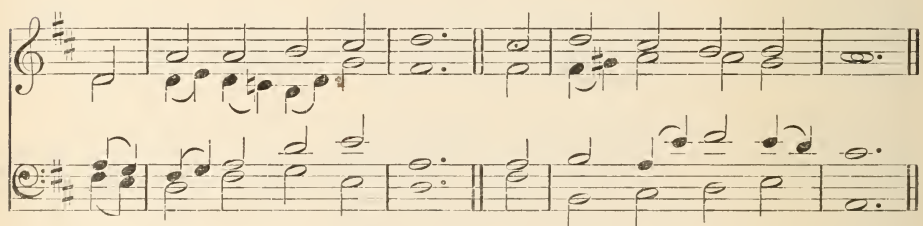
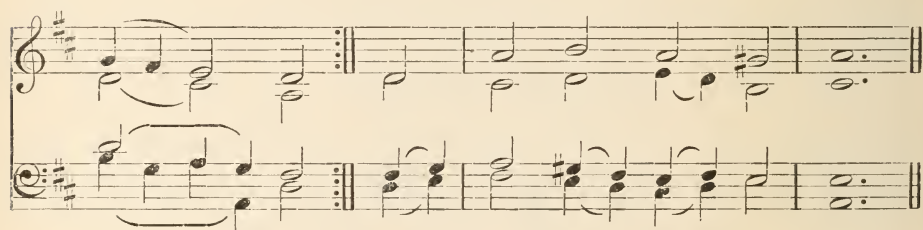
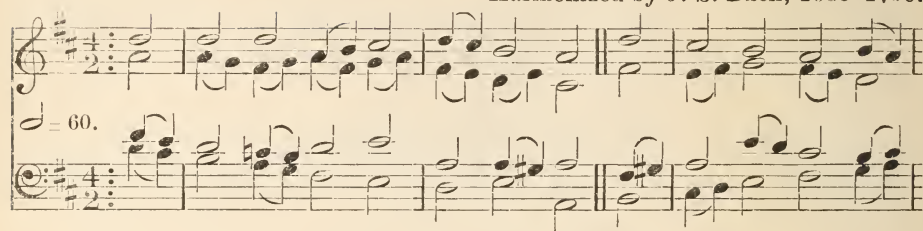
*mf*     'Tis but a little while  
          And He shall come again,  
      *cr*     Who died that we might live, Who lives  
          That we with Him may reign :  
      *p*     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
      *cr*     My soul for that glad day ;  
          Oh ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
*dim*     And take my sins away.     Amen.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

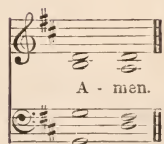
M. LUTHER, 1483-1546.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

*For a simpler arrangement see No. 415.*

## General Hymns.

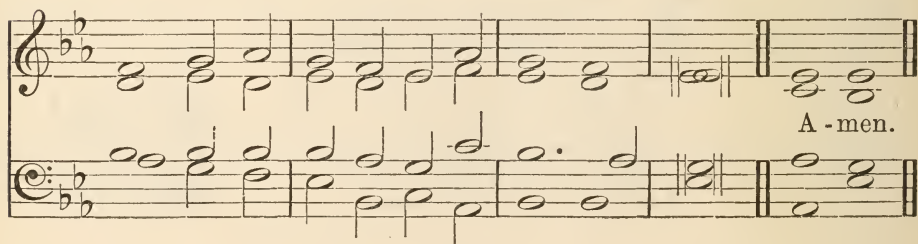
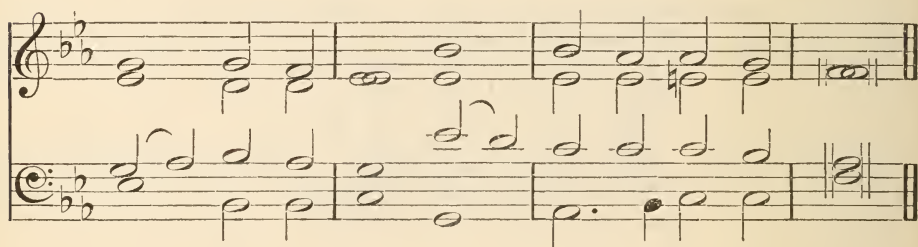
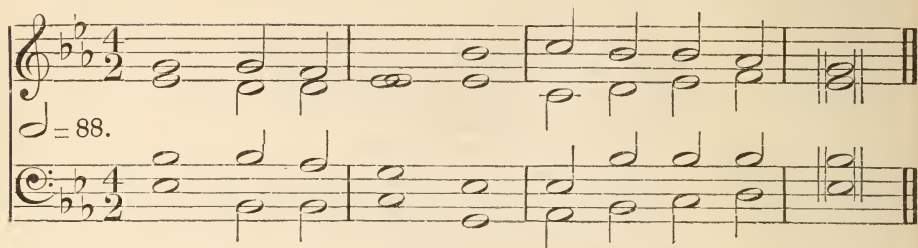
- f* **A** FORTRESS sure is God our King,  
A Shield that ne'er shall fail us,  
His sword alone shall succour bring,  
When evil doth assail us ;  
*mf* With craft and cruel hate  
Doth Satan lie in wait,  
And armed with deadly power,  
Seeks whom he may devour,  
Our crafty foe unyielding.
- mf* Oh ! who shall then our champion be,  
Lest we be lost for ever ?  
*f* One sent by God,—from sin 'tis He  
The sinner shall deliver ;  
*mf* And dost thou ask His name ?  
*ff* 'Tis Jesus Christ,—the Same  
Of Sabaoth the Lord,  
The Everlasting Word,—  
O'er sin and death victorious.
- mf* Though filled this earth with fiends may be,  
All eager to devour us,  
Yet are our minds from terror free,  
They ne'er shall overpower us :  
The prince of this world still  
May rage as e'er he will,  
His wrath we do not heed,  
For why ? his doom's decreed :  
One word shall overwhelm him.
- f* God's word remaineth ever sure,  
To us His goodness showing ;  
The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—  
Each day He is bestowing ;  
*mf* Though nought we love be left,  
Of all, e'en life, bereft ;  
*cr* Yet what shall Satan gain ?  
God's kingdom doth remain,  
*f* And shall be ours for ever.



EVENTIDE.

10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.



A - men.



## General Hymns.

*mf* **A**BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
*cr* When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, (*p*) Oh, abide with me!

*p* Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
*mf* O Thou, who changest not, (*p*) abide with me!

*mf* Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

*mf* I need Thy Presence every passing hour;  
*cr* What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, (*p*) Oh, abide with me!

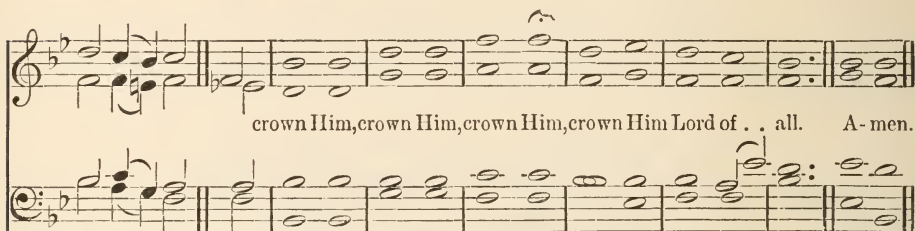
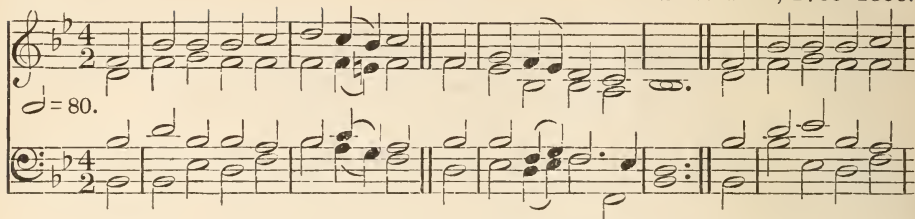
*f* I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

*p* Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;  
*cr* Speak through the gloom, and point me to the skies.  
*f* Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!  
*p* In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

MILES' LANE.

C.M.

W. SHRUBSOLE, 1760-1806.



*May also be sung to "St. Leonard," No. 85.*

*f* **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' Name! *mf* Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
 Let Angels prostrate fall; Whom David Lord did call;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
 To crown Him Lord of all! *cr* And crown Him Lord of all!

*mf* Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God *mf* Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget  
 Who from His Altar call; The wormwood and the gall;  
 Praise Him Whose blood-stained path *cr* Go! spread your trophies at His  
 ye trod, feet,  
*cr* And crown Him Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

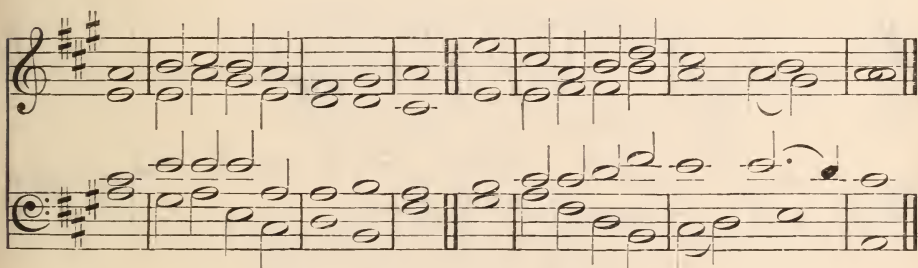
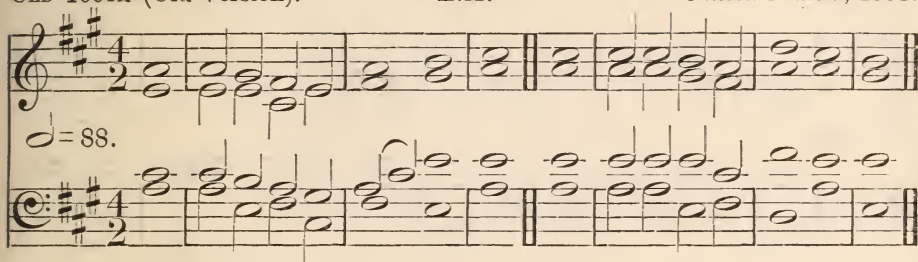
*mf* Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, *f* Let every tribe and every tongue  
 Ye ransomed of the fall, Before Him prostrate fall,  
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, Join in the universal song  
*cr* And crown Him Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

Amen.

OLD 100TH (Old Version).

L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1551.

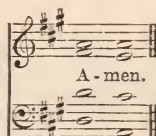
*For another Version see No. 368.*

*f* **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him, and rejoice,

*mf* The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His folk, He doth us feed;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

*f* Oh! enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

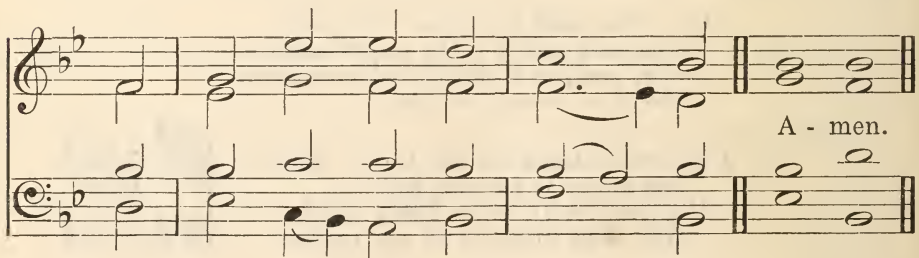
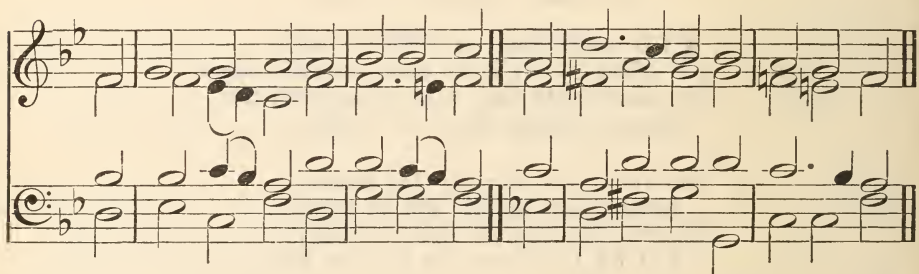
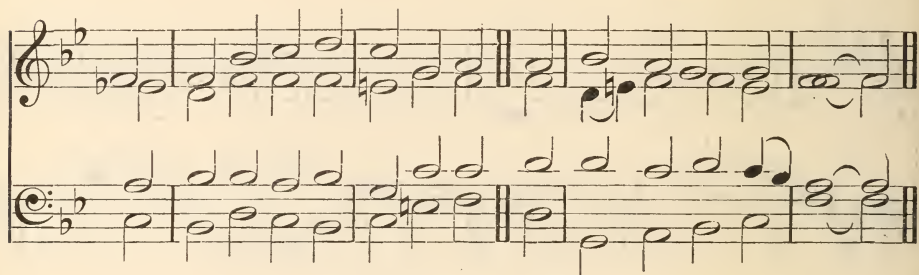
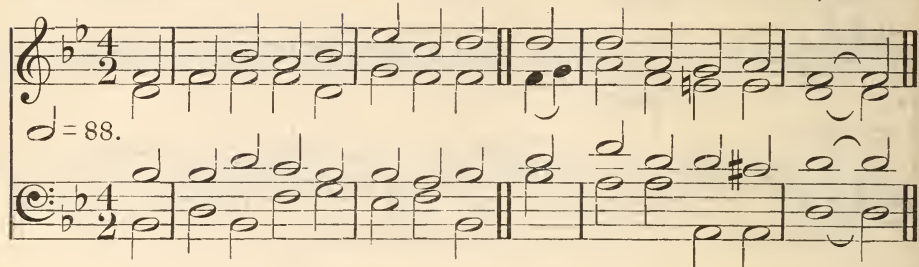
*f* For why? the Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.



ADORATION.

8.6.8.6.8.8.7.

G. W. TORRANCE, b. 1835.



## General Hymns.

*f* ALL praise and thanks to God Most High,  
The Father of all love !  
The God Who doeth wondrously,  
The God Who from above  
*mf* My soul with richest solace fills,  
The God Who every sorrow stills ;  
*ff* Give to our God the glory !

*f* The Hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,  
All thrones bow down to Thee,  
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,  
In earth and air and sea,  
Declare and laud their Maker's might,  
Whose wisdom orders all things right ;  
*ff* Give to our God the glory !

*mf* And for the creatures He hath made  
Our God shall well provide,  
His grace shall be their constant aid,  
Their guard on every side.  
*f* His kingdom ye may surely trust,  
There all is equal, all is just ;  
*ff* Give to our God the glory !

*f* Ah ! then, till life hath reached its bound,  
My God, I'll worship Thee ;  
The chorus of Thy praise shall sound  
Far over land and sea.  
O soul and body, now rejoice,  
My heart, send forth a gladsome voice,  
*ff* Give to our God the glory !

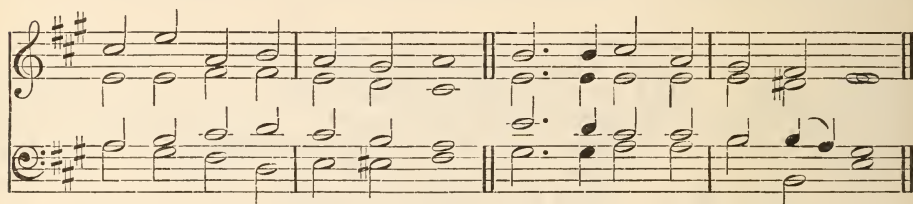
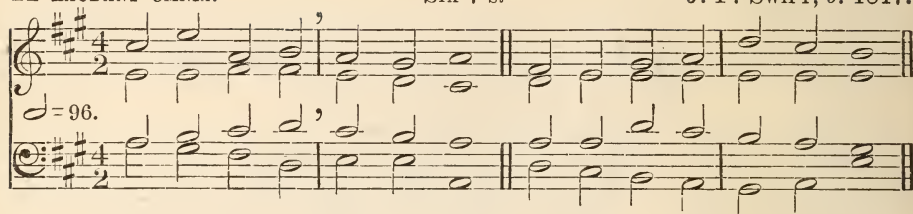
*f* All ye who name Christ's Holy Name,  
Give to our God the glory !  
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,  
Give to our God the glory !  
All idols under foot be trod,  
The Lord is God ! the Lord is God !  
*ff* Give to our God the glory ! Amen.



TE LAUDANT OMNIA.

Six 7's.

J. F. SWIFT, b. 1847.



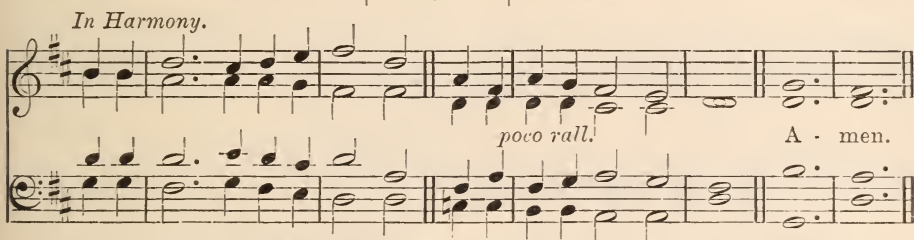
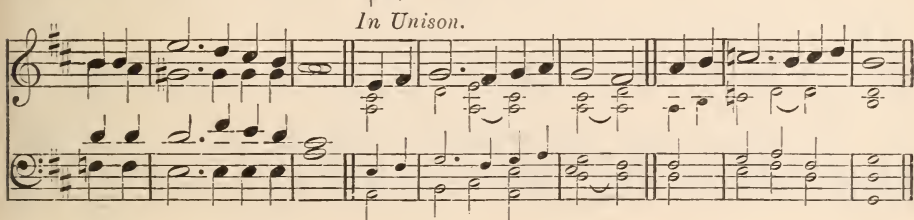
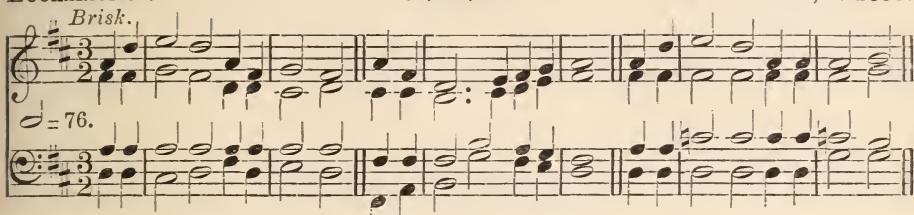
*f* **A**LL things praise Thee,—(*mf*) Lord *f* All things praise Thee;—heaven's  
 Most High, high shrine  
 Heaven and earth and sea and sky, Rings with melody divine;  
 All were for Thy glory made, *p* Lowly bending at Thy feet,  
 That Thy greatness thus displayed, Seraph and Archangel meet;  
 Should all worship bring to Thee; *f* This their highest bliss, to be  
*f* All things praise Thee:—(*p*) Lord, may Ever praising:—(*p*) Lord, may we!  
 we!

*f* All things praise Thee;—(*mf*) night to *f* All things praise Thee,—(*mf*) Gracious  
 night Lord,  
 Sings in silent hymns of light; Great Creator, Mighty Word,  
 All things praise Thee;—day to day Omnipresent Spirit, now  
 Chants Thy power in burning ray; At Thy feet we humbly bow;  
 Time and space are praising Thee, *cr* Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;  
*f* All things praise Thee:—(*p*) Lord, *f* All things praise Thee:—(*p*) Lord,  
 may we! may we! Amen.

EUCARISTICA.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833.



May also be sung to "Lux Eoi," No. 167.

*f* ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus!  
 His the sceptre, His the throne;  
 Alleluia! His the triumph,  
 His the victory alone.  
 Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion  
 Thunder like a mighty flood:  
 "Jesus, out of every nation,  
 Hath redeemed us by His Blood!"

*mf* Alleluia! Not as orphans  
 Are we left in sorrow now;  
 Alleluia! He is near us,  
 Faith believes, nor questions how.  
*p* Though the cloud from sight received  
 Him

When the forty days were o'er,  
*cr* Shall our hearts forget His promise—  
*f* "I am with you evermore"?

*mf* Alleluia! Bread of Angels,  
 Thou on earth our food, our stay;  
 Alleluia! Here the sinful  
 Flee to Thee from day to day.  
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,  
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
 Where the songs of all the sinless  
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

*f* Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!  
 His the sceptre, His the throne;  
 Alleluia! His the triumph,  
 His the victory alone.  
 Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion  
 Thunder like a mighty flood:  
 "Jesus, out of every nation,  
 Hath redeemed us by His  
 Blood!" Amen.

ANGEL-VOICES.

8.5.8.5.8.4.3.

E. G. MONK, 1819-1900.

*Sostenuto.*

♩ = 100.

*cres.* *f* A-men.

*mf* ANGEL-voices ever singing  
 Round Thy throne of light,  
 Angel-harps, for ever ringing,  
 Rest not day nor night ;  
 Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
*cr* And confess Thee,  
*f* Lord of might !  
*mf* Thou, Who art beyond the farthest  
 Mortal eye can scan,  
 Can it be that Thou regardest  
 Songs of sinful man ?  
 Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
*cr* And wilt hear us ?  
*f* Yea, we can.  
*mf* Yea, we know Thy love rejoices  
 O'er each work of Thine ;  
 Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
 For Thy praise combine ;

Craftsman's art and music's measure  
 For Thy pleasure  
 Didst design.

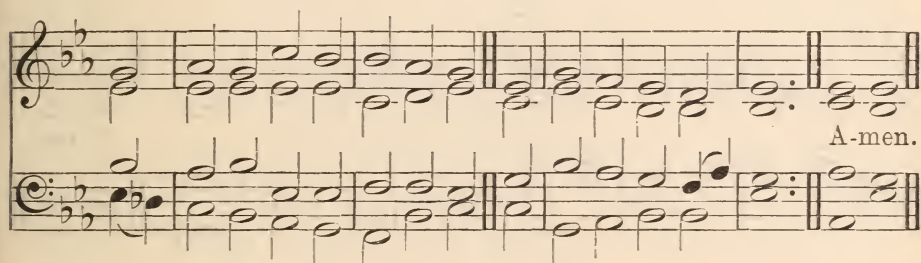
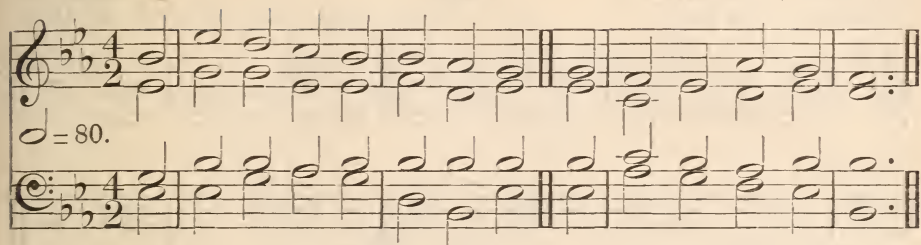
Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee ;  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and  
 voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody.

*f* Honour, glory, might, and merit,  
 Thine shall ever be,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Blessed Trinity !  
 Of the best that Thou hast given,  
 Earth and heaven  
 Render Thee ! Amen.

ST. PETER.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



*mf* **A**PPROACH, my soul, the Mercy-seat, *p* Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
 Where Jesus answers prayer; By Satan sorely pressed,  
 There humbly fall before His feet, By war without, and fears within,  
 For none can perish there. I come to Thee for rest.

Thy promise is my only plea, *mf* Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place  
 With this I venture nigh: That, sheltered near Thy side,  
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee, I may my fierce accuser face,  
 And such, O Lord, am I. And tell him Thou hast died.

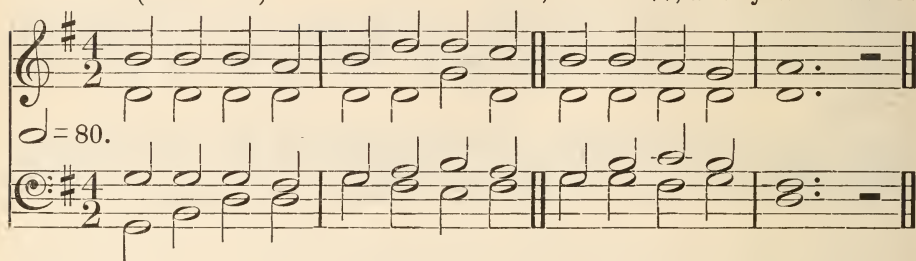
O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
 To bear the Cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead Thy gracious Name. Amen.



8.5.8.3.

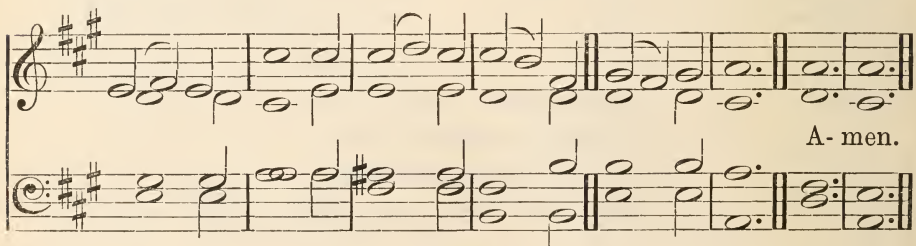
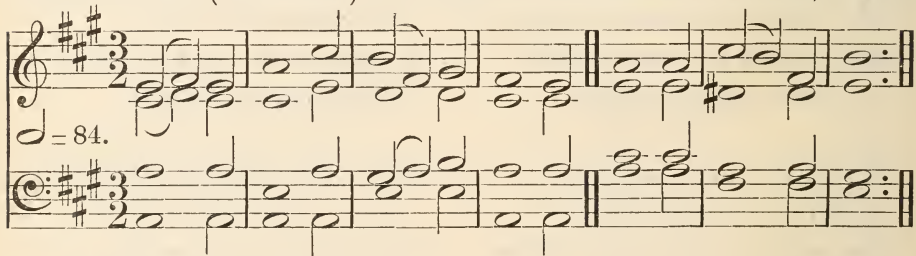
STEPHANOS (*First Tune*).

H. W. BAKER, 1821-1877, arr. by W. H. MONK.

ART THOU WEARY (*Second Tune*).

8.5.8.3.

E. W. BULLINGER, b. 1837.





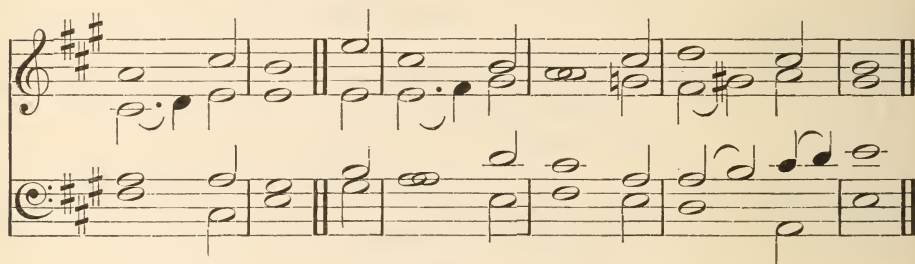
## General Hymns.

- p*     **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,  
           Art thou sore distrest ?  
*mf* “Come to Me”—saith One—“and coming,  
*p*                                     Be at rest !”
- mf*     Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
           If He be my Guide ?  
*p*     “In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
                                   And His side.”
- mf*     Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
           That His brow adorns ?  
           “Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
*p*                                     But of thorns !”
- mf*     If I find Him, if I follow,  
           What His guerdon here ?  
*p*     “Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
                                   Many a tear.”
- mf*     If I still hold closely to Him,  
           What hath He at last ?  
*f*     “Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
                                   Jordan past.”
- mf*     If I ask Him to receive me,  
           Will He say me nay ?  
*f*     “Not till earth, and not till heaven  
                                   Pass away !”
- mf*     Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
           Is He sure to bless ?  
*cr*     “Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
*f*                                     Answer, Yes !”     Amen.

MARTYRDOM.

C.M.

HUGH WILSON, 1764-1824.



*mf* **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
 When heated in the chase,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine :  
 Oh ! when shall I behold Thy face,  
 Thou Majesty Divine ?

*p* Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
*cr* Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
*f* The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.

ST. SALVADOR.

L.M.

E. PIERACCINI, 1848-1902.

92.

A - men.

*May also be sung to "Eisenach," No. 73.*

*p* **A** SHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord, *mf* Ashamed of Thee!—of that blest Name  
 I marvel how such wrong can be: Which speaks of mercy full and free!  
 And yet how oft in deed and word *p* Nay, Lord, I would my only shame  
 Have I been found ashamed of Thee! Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

*mf* Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God, *mf* Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine  
 Who soughtest me with wondrous love, Was not ashamed of our lost race,  
*dim* Whose feet the way of sorrows trod But even this cold heart of mine  
 To bring me to Thy home above:— Dost make Thy home and dwelling-  
 place:—

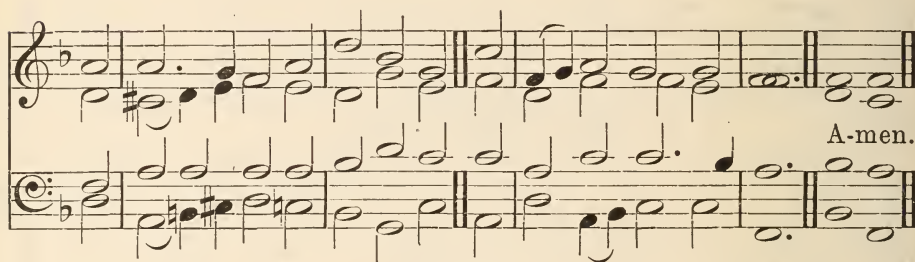
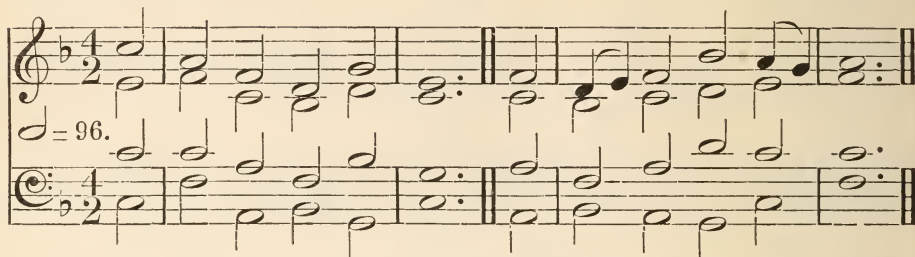
*mf* Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray  
 This cruel wrong no more may be:

*cr* And in Thy last great Advent-day  
*dim* Oh be not Thou ashamed of me! Amen.

THE DAY OF PRAISE.

S.M.

C. STEGGALL, b. 1826.



*f* **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Tune every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing on your heavenly way ;  
Ye ransomed singers, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King.

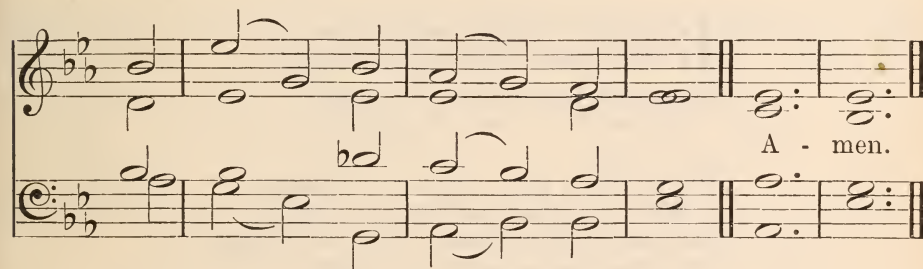
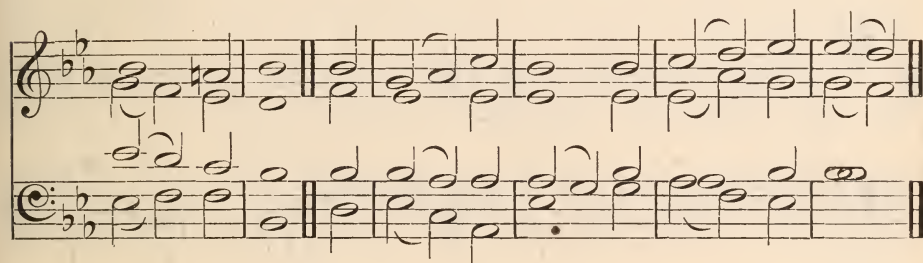
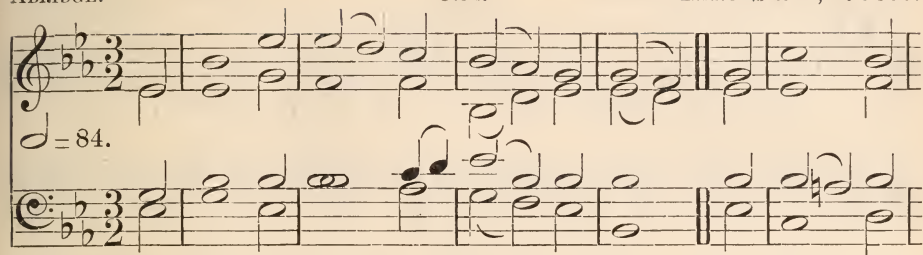
Sing of His dying love ;  
Sing of His rising power ;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For all whose sins He bore.

*mf* Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
" Ye blessèd children, come : "  
Soon will He call you hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.

*f* There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sing in sweetest notes the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

ABRIDGE.

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, *d.* 1800.

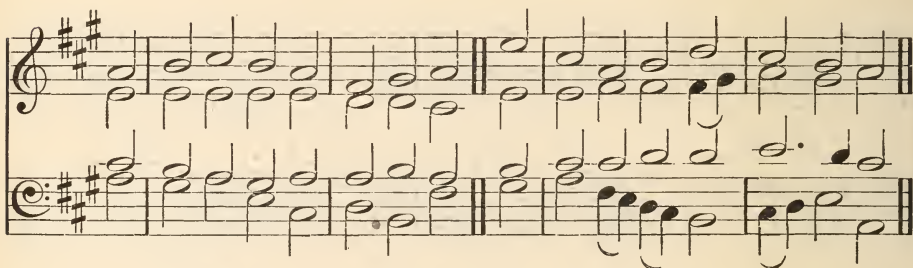
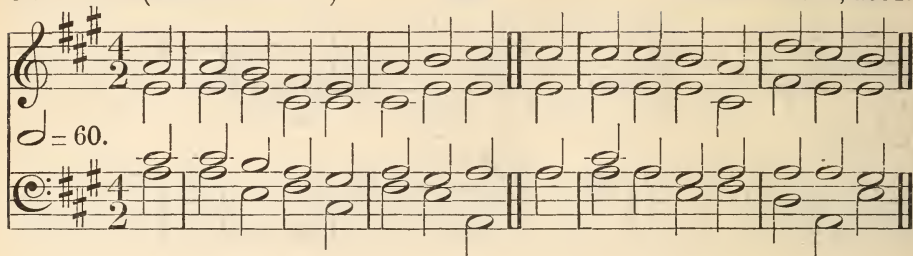
*mf* **B**E Thou our Guardian and our Guide,  
 And hear us when we call;  
 Let not our slippery footsteps slide,  
 And hold us lest we fall.

*p* And if we tempted are to sin,  
 And outward things are strong,  
*cr* Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,  
 And save our souls from wrong.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell  
 Around the path we tread;  
*p* Oh save us from the snares of hell,  
*cr* Thou Quickener of the dead.

*mf* Still let us ever watch and pray,  
 And feel that we are frail;  
 That if the tempter cross our way,  
 Yet he may not prevail. Amen.



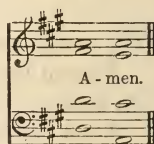


*mf* **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
 He brought us to His fold again.

*f* We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;  
 High as the heavens our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;  
 Vast as eternity Thy love;  
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.



CROFT'S 148TH.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.

♩ = 92.

A-men.

*mf* **B**EFORE the Lord we bow,  
*cr* The God Who reigns above,  
 And rules the world below,  
 Boundless in power and love ;

*f* Our thanks we bring  
 In joy and praise,  
 Our hearts we raise  
 To heaven's high King.

*mf* The nation Thou hast blest  
 May well Thy love declare,  
 From foes and fears at rest,  
 Protected by Thy care.

For this fair land,  
 For this bright day  
 Our thanks we pay—  
 Gifts of Thy hand.

May every mountain height,  
 Each vale and pasture green  
 Shine in Thy word's pure light,  
 And its rich fruits be seen !

*f* May every tongue  
 Be tuned to praise,  
 And join to raise  
 A grateful song.

*mf* Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,  
 Thy great Redeemer own,

*cr* Believe, obey, rejoice,  
 And worship Him alone ;

*dim* Cast down thy pride,  
 Thy sin deplore,

*p* And bow before  
 The Crucified.

*mf* Before the Lord we bow,  
 The God Who reigns above,

*cr* And rules the world below,  
 Boundless in power and love ;

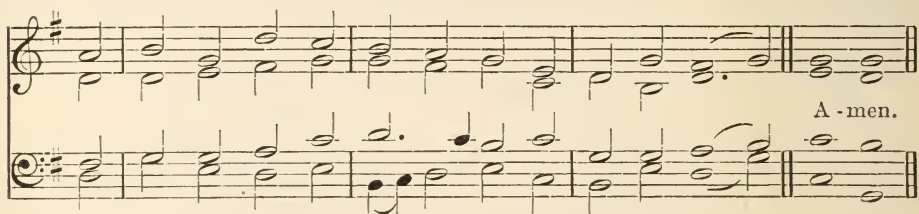
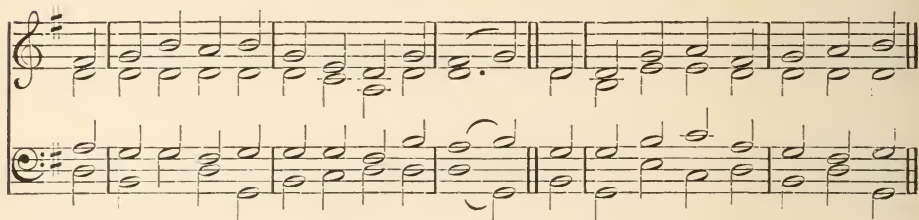
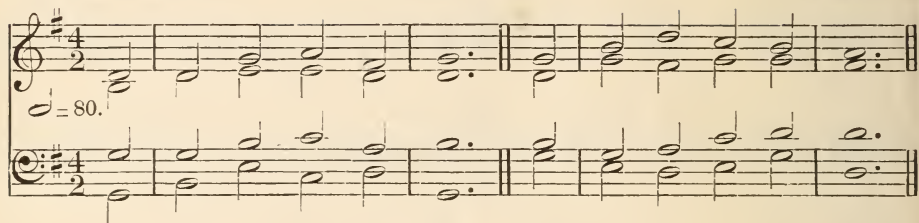
*f* Our thanks we bring  
 In joy and praise,  
 Our hearts we raise

To heaven's high King. Amen.

ST. JOHN (*First Tune*).

6.6.6.4.8.8.4.

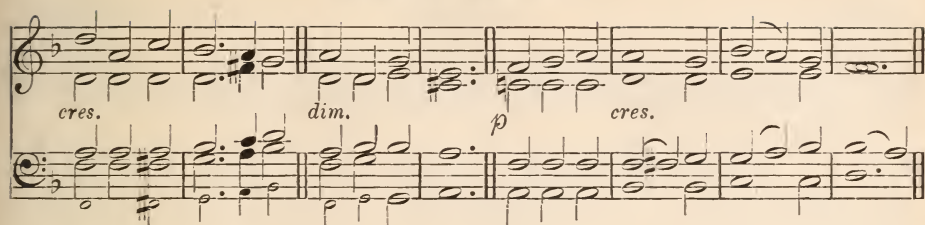
Old Melody.

DIGNUS EST AGNUS (*Second Tune*). 6.6.6.4.8.8.4.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

*Men's voices only, in Unison.**All voices in Harmony.**ad lib.**Rather slow.**Org.**Ped.*

# General Hymns.



(Copyright, 1903, by Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* **B**EHOLD the Lamb of God!  
*p* O Thou for sinners slain,  
 Let it not be in vain  
 That Thou hast died.

*cr* Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
 My only refuge let me make  
*p* Thy piercèd side.

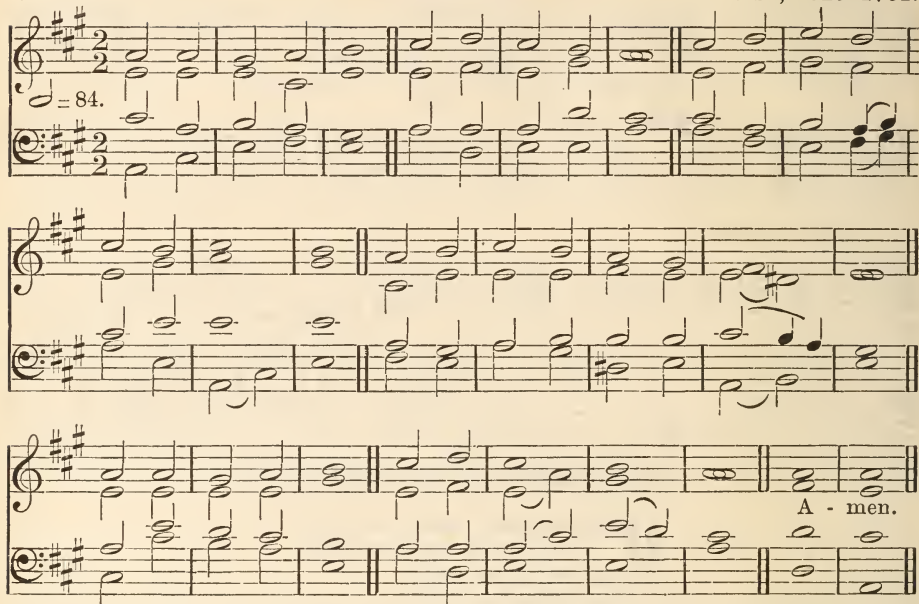
*f* Behold the Lamb of God!  
 All hail, Incarnate Word!  
 Thou everlasting Lord,  
 Saviour most Blest;  
*mf* Fill us with love that never faints,  
 Grant us with all Thy blessèd Saints  
*p* Eternal rest.

*f* Behold the Lamb of God!  
 Worthy is He alone  
 To sit upon the throne  
 Of God above;  
 One with the Ancient of all days,  
 One with the Comforter in praise,  
 All Light and Love! Amen.

THURINGIA.

5.5.8.8.5.5.

A. DRESE, 1620-1701.



- f* **B**LESSED be Thy Name,  
 Jesus Christ, the same  
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever !  
 What from Thee my soul shall sever,  
     While I hear Thy voice,  
 And in Thee rejoice ?
- mf* Hold me with Thine hand,  
 For by faith I stand !  
 On Thy strength my sole reliance,  
 In Thy truth my whole affiance :  
 Then, where'er I roam,  
 I am travelling home.
- f* Praise the Lord Most High,  
 All below the sky ;  
 Praise to Thine eternal merit,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ;  
 Earth and heaven raise  
 Songs of loudest praise ! Amen.
- Lord ! Thy word is light ;  
 Led by it aright,  
*dim* When, a pilgrim like my fathers,  
*p* Life's last shadow round me gathers,  
*cr* May its brightening ray  
 Shine to perfect day !
- mf* With my latest breath,  
 Overcoming death,  
 From the body disencumbered,  
 With Thy Saints in glory numbered,  
*p* Jesu, may I be  
 Found in peace with Thee.

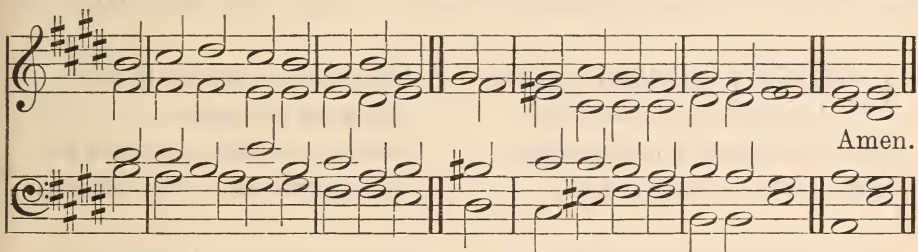
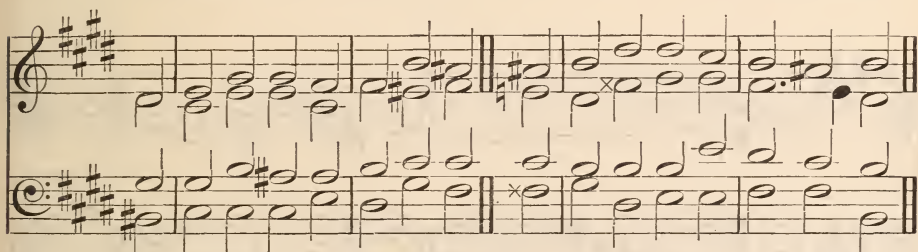
Brief life is here our portion—see 561 [Part II.]



CRAIGMILLAR.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

C. W. PEARCE, b. 1856.



*mf* CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide  
 Of all who seek that land above,  
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
*f* Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy  
 Our end, the glory of the Lord. [word;

*mf* By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
 We shall not in the desert stray;  
 By Thy paternal bounty fed,  
 We shall not lack in all our way;  
 As far from danger as from fear,  
 While love, almighty love, is near.

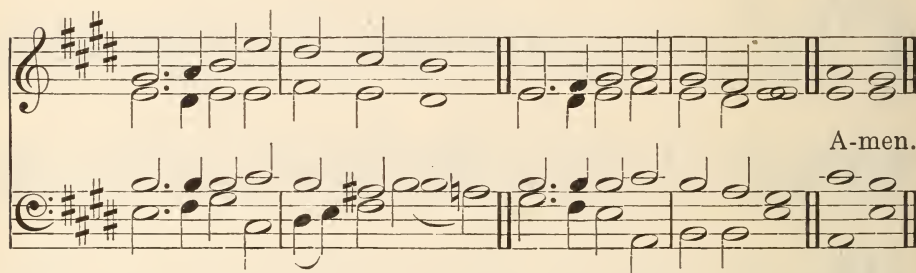
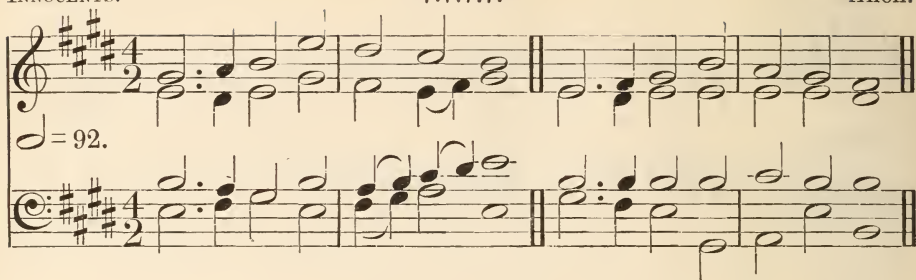
Take not the sacred sign away,  
 The token of Thy guardian power;  
 Preserved by night, refreshed by day,  
 Baptized in many a gracious shower;  
 Protect us with Thy cloudy shrine,  
 And in Thy fiery column shine.

To all believers Visible,  
 Who in Thy pardoning love confide,  
*cr* With us Thou promisest to dwell,  
 And to that pleasant country guide,  
 Where Israel finds, of Thee possest,  
*dim* The land of everlasting rest. Amen.

INNOCENTS.

7.7.7.7.

Anon.



*f* CHILDREN of the heavenly King!  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in His works and ways!

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
 Sion's city is in sight!  
 There our endless home shall be,  
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

We are travelling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod:  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

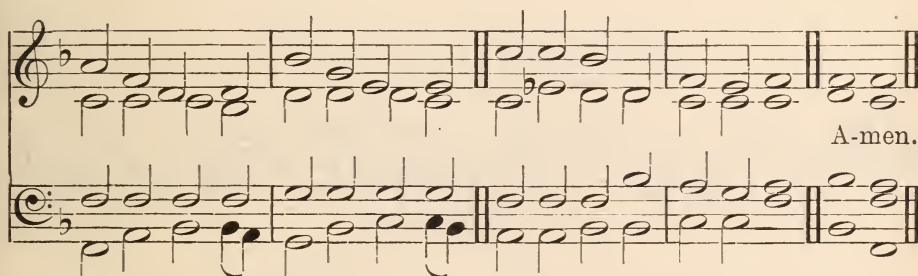
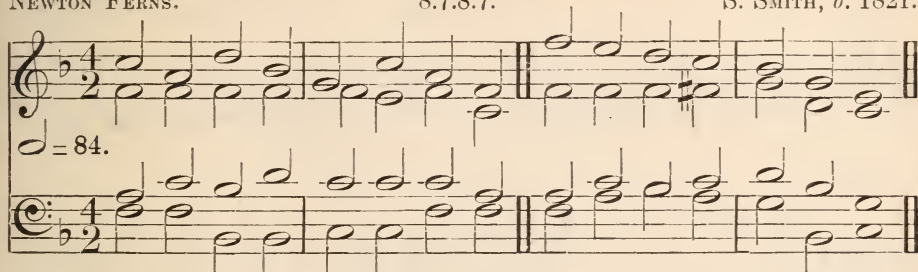
Fear not, brethren! Joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismayed go on.

*mf* Lord, obediently we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
*cr* Only Thou our Leader be,  
*f* And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

NEWTON FERNS.

8.7.8.7.

S. SMITH, b. 1821.



*f* CHRIST, above all glory seated !      *mf* We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,  
 King triumphant, strong to save !      Follow Thee beyond the sky :  
 Dying, Thou hast Death defeated,      *p* Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,  
 Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave. *cr* Lift our souls to Thee on high !

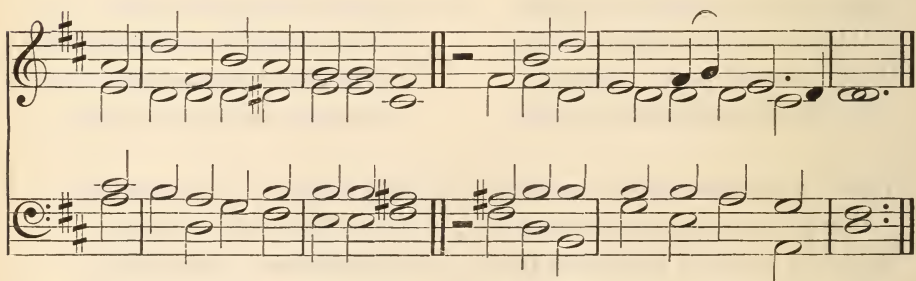
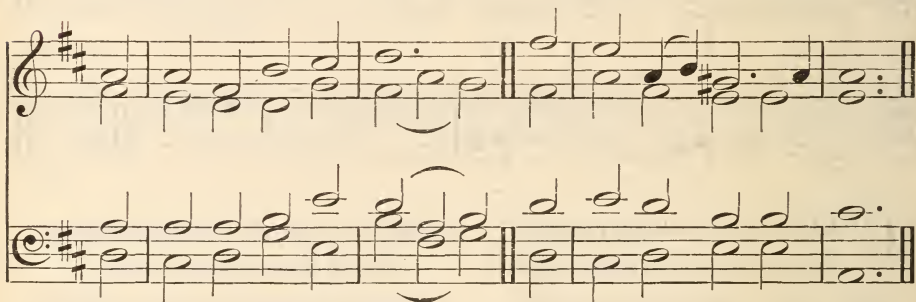
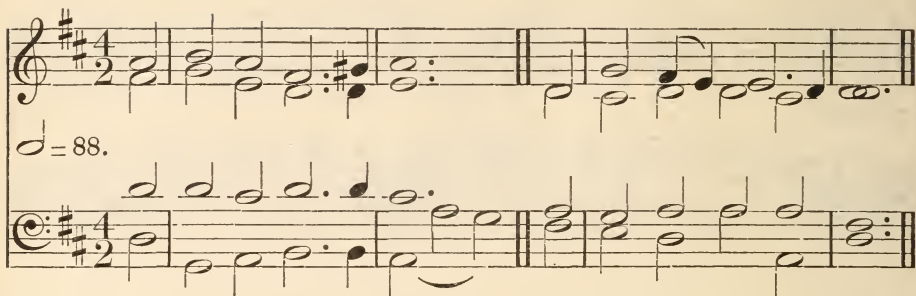
Thou art gone, where now is given,      *mf* So when Thou again in glory  
 What no mortal might could gain,      On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
 On the eternal throne of heaven      We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
 In Thy Father's power to reign.      Owned for evermore as Thine.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,      *f* Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,  
 Heaven above and earth below ;      Jesu, Thee shall all adore,  
 While the depths of hell before Thee      In Thy Father's might abiding  
 Trembling and defeated bow.      With one Spirit evermore ! Amen.

GOPSAL.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685-1759.



*May also be sung to "Harewood," No. 537.*

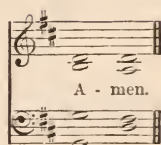
## General Hymns.

*f* CHRIST is our Corner-stone,  
On Him alone we build;  
With His true Saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled;  
On His great love  
Our hopes we place  
Of present grace  
And joys above.

*f* Oh! then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
*cr* Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing;  
*ff* And thus proclaim  
In joyful song .  
Both loud and long,  
That glorious Name.

*p* Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower  
On all who pray  
Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.

*mf* Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
*cr* And may that grace, once given,  
*f* Be with us evermore;  
*dim* Until that day  
When all the blest  
*p* To endless rest  
Are called away.

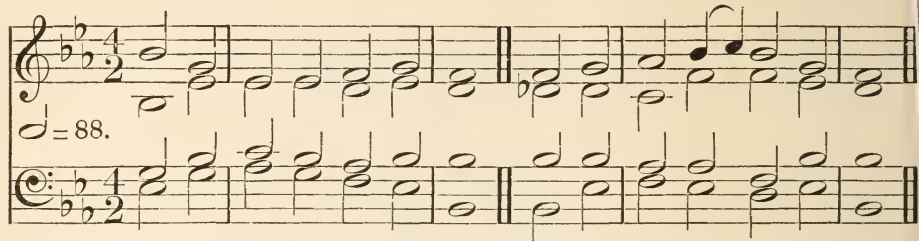




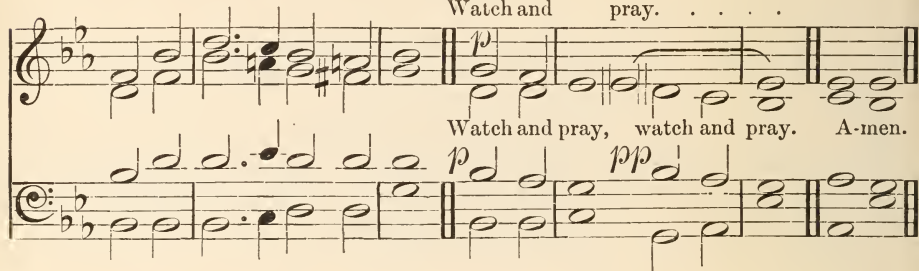
AGATHOS (*First Tune*).

7.7.7.3.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833.

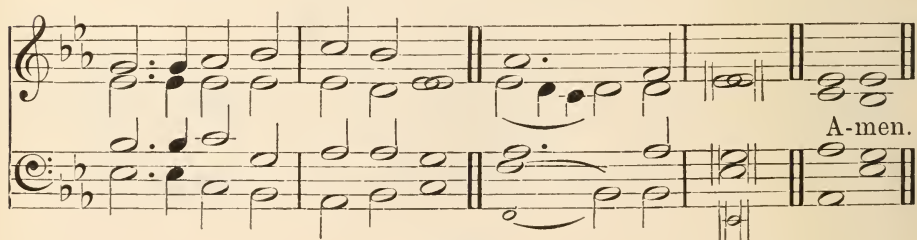
*Slower.*

Watch and pray. . . .

VIGILATE (*Second Tune*).

7.7.7.3.

W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.



## General Hymns.

*mf* CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,  
Hear thy guardian Angel say;  
Thou art in the midst of foes;  
*p* Watch and pray.

*mf* Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours;  
*p* Watch and pray.

*mf* Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lurks the evil one;  
*p* Watch and pray.

*mf* Hear the victors who o'ercame,  
Still they mark each warrior's way,  
All with one clear voice exclaim—  
*p* Watch and pray.

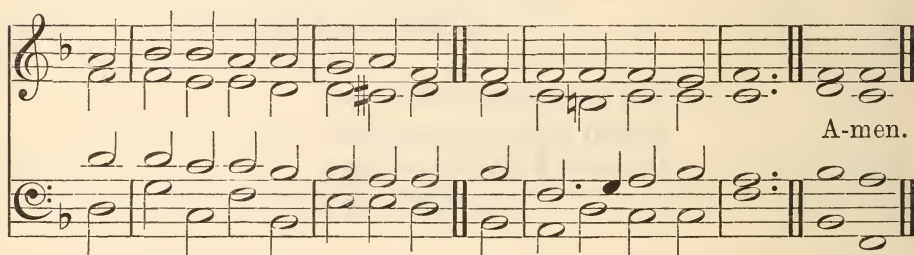
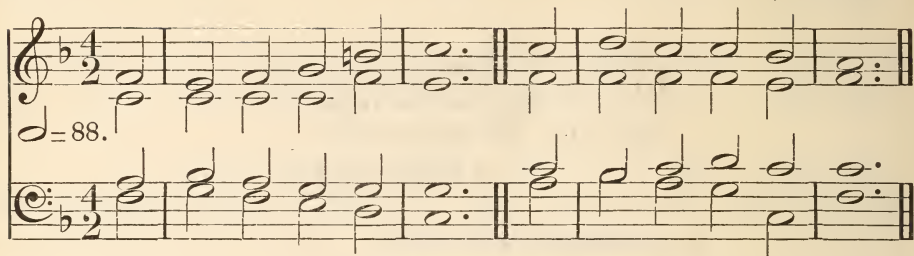
*p* Hear above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
*cr* Hide within thy heart His word—  
*p* Watch and pray.

*mf* Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down;  
*p* Watch and pray. Amen.

MOCCAS.

S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



*mf* COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
 Let Thy bright beams arise;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

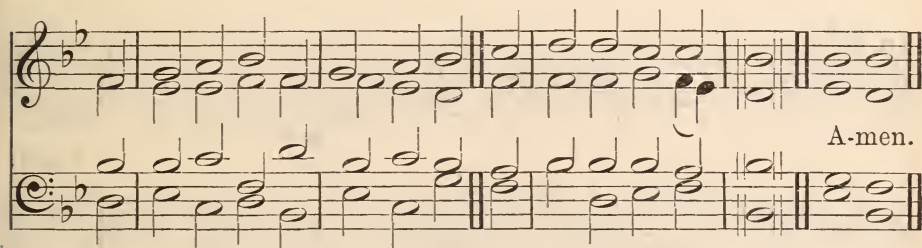
Convince us all of sin,  
 Then guide to Jesus' Blood;  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The secret love of God.

Cheer our desponding hearts,  
 Thou heavenly Paraclete;  
 Give us to lie with humble hope  
 At our Redeemer's feet.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part,  
 And new create the whole.

Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove;  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

*cr* Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
 Our minds from bondage free; [love  
*f* Then shall we know, and praise, and  
 The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.



*May also be sung to "St. Fulbert," No. 178.*

*f* COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With Angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus!"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;  
 "For He was slain for us!"

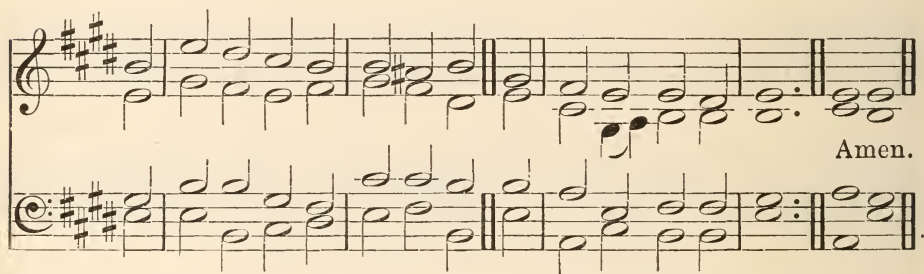
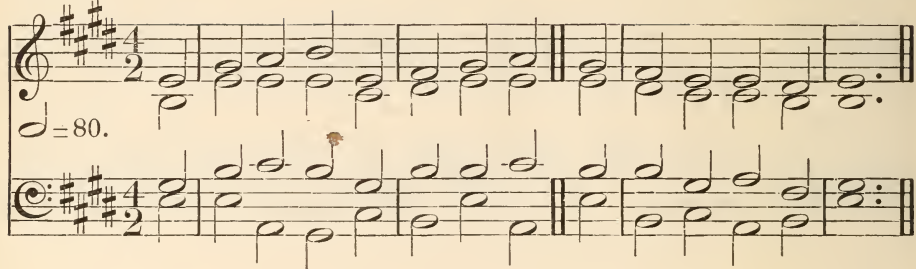
Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine;  
 And blessings, more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

The whole creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred Name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

DUNDEE.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



*mf* COME, let us join our friends above *mf* One army of the living God  
 That have obtained the prize, To His command we bow ;  
 And on the eagle-wings of love Part of His host have crossed the  
*p* To joy celestial rise. *p* And part are crossing now. [flood,

One family we dwell in Him, Lo, thousands to their endless home  
 One Church, above, beneath, Are swiftly borne away ;  
*dim* Though now divided by the stream, And we are to the margin come,  
*p* The narrow stream of death. And soon must launch as they.

*mf* Lord Jesu, be our constant Guide :  
*cr* Then, when the word is given,  
*f* Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
 And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.



ST. DAVID.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.

♩ = 76.

A-men.

*mf* COME, let us to the Lord our God  
 With contrite hearts return ;  
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
 The desolate to mourn.

*f* Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
 Shall know Him and rejoice :  
 His coming like the morn shall be,  
 Like morning songs His voice.

*f* His voice commands the tempest forth, *p* As dew upon the tender herb,  
 And stills the stormy wave ;  
 Diffusing fragrance round ;  
 And though His arm be strong to smite, *cr* As showers that usher in the spring,  
 'Tis also strong to save. And cheer the thirsty ground,—

*p* Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,— *cr* So shall His Presence bless our souls  
*cr* The dawn shall bring us light ;  
 And shed a joyful light ;  
*f* God shall appear, and we shall rise *f* That hallowed morn shall chase away  
 With gladness in His sight. The sorrows of the night. Amen.

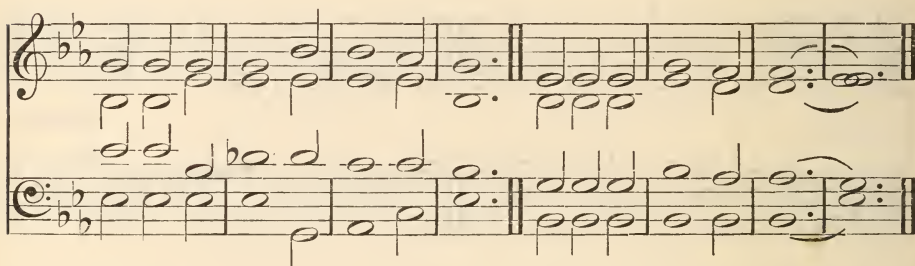
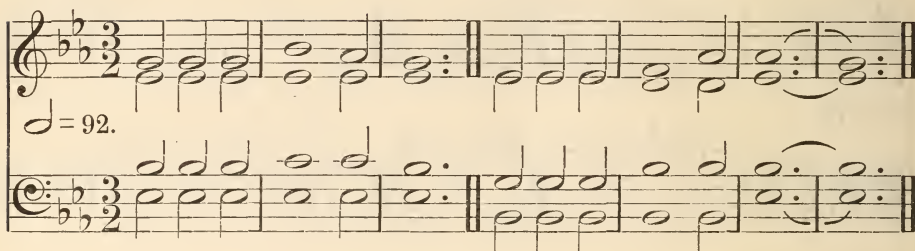
# General Hymns.

381

S.M.

LANGTON.

Adapted by Mrs. C. STREATFIELD, b. 1829.



*mf* COME, Lord, and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day!  
Oh! why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?

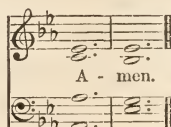
*f* Come in Thy glorious might,  
Come with the iron rod,  
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
Most mighty Son of God!

Come, for Thy Saints still wait; *mf*  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"  
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

*mf* Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth;  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.

Come, for the corn is ripe;  
Put in Thy sickle now,  
Reap the great harvest of the earth,  
Sower and Reaper Thou.

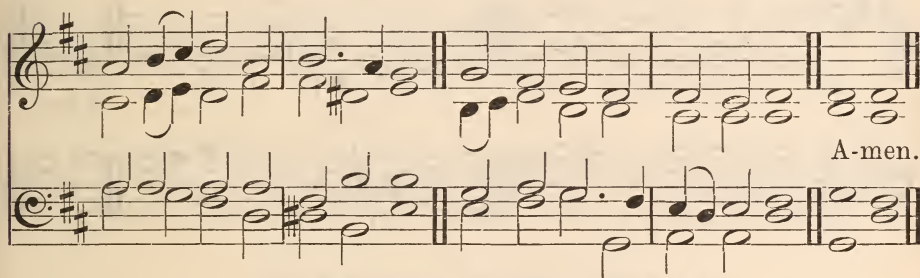
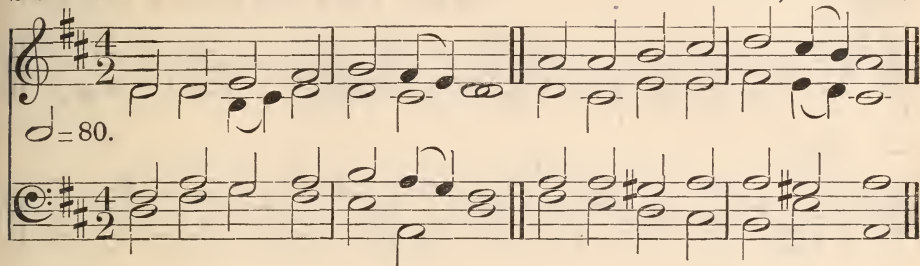
*f* Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness!



ST. LUCY.

7.7.7.7.

H. J. POOLE, 1844-1897.



*mf* COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
       Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
*cr* He Himself has bid thee pray,  
       Therefore will not say thee nay.

*p* With my burden I begin ;  
       Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
       Let Thy Blood for sinners spilt,  
       Set my conscience free from guilt.

*mf* Thou art coming to a King,  
       Large petitions with Thee bring ;  
       For His grace and power are such,  
       None can ever ask too much.

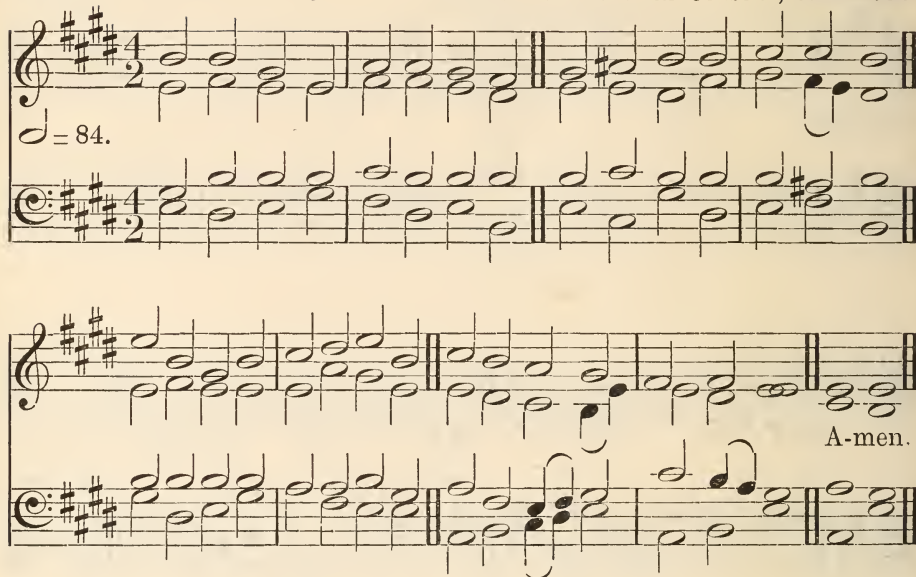
      Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;  
*cr* Take possession of my breast ;  
       There Thy blood-bought right main-  
       And without a rival reign. [tain,

*p* While I am a pilgrim here,  
       Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
*cr* As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
       Lead me to my journey's end. Amen.

8.7.8.7.

GOTHA.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, 1819-1861.

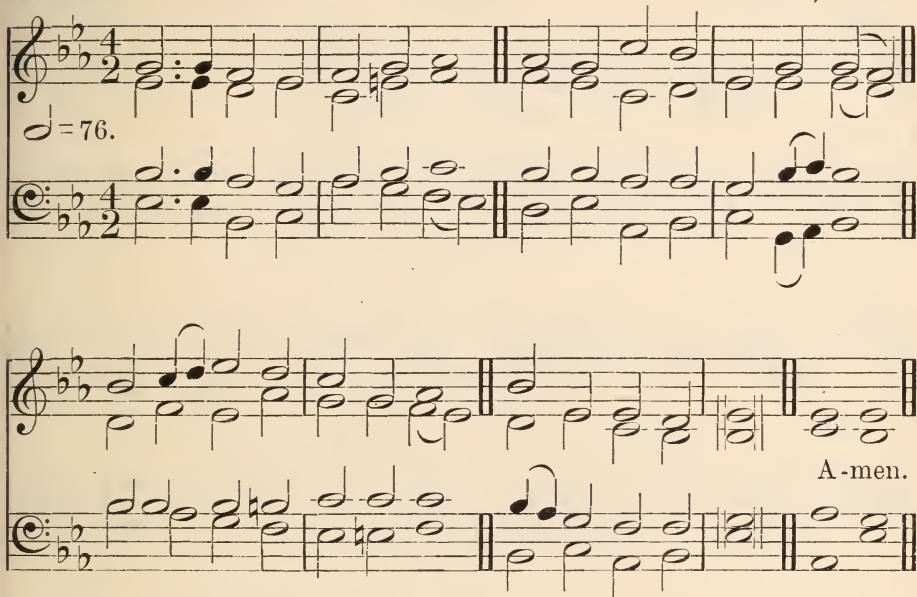


*mf* **C**OME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
*cr* Born to set Thy people free;  
 From our fears and sins release us;  
*dim* Let us find our rest in Thee.

*mf* Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;  
*cr* Born a Child, and yet a King;  
*f* Born to reign in us for ever;  
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

*p* By Thy own Eternal Spirit,  
*cr* Rule in all our hearts alone:  
*f* By Thy all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.



*May also be sung to "Capetown," No. 575.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>mf</i> COME to our poor nature's night<br>With Thy blessed inward light,<br>Holy Ghost, the Infinite,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine !                  | <i>mf</i> Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;<br>Guide, subdue our wayward will,<br>Things of Christ unfolding still,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine ! |
| <i>mf</i> We are sinful ; cleanse us, Lord :<br>Sick and faint ; Thy strength afford :<br>Lost, until by Thee restored,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine !   | <i>mf</i> In us, for us intercede,<br>And with voiceless groanings plead<br>Our unutterable need,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine !                  |
| <i>mf</i> Orphan are our souls and poor ;<br>Give us, from Thy heavenly store,<br>Faith, love, joy, for evermore,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine !         | <i>mf</i> In us "Abba, Father" cry,<br>Earnest of our bliss on high,<br>Seal of immortality,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine !                       |
| <i>mf</i> Search for us the depths of God,<br><i>cr</i> Bear us up the starry road<br>To the height of Thine abode,<br><i>p</i> Comforter Divine ! Amen. |   |



"COME UNTO ME."

7.6.7.6. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

First system of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/2 time signature. It begins with a whole rest followed by a melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked  $\text{♩} = 76$ . The organ part is indicated by *Org.* and a  $\text{♩} = 76$  marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Second system of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody, and the bottom staff continues the accompaniment. The dynamics *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo) are marked. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Third system of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody, and the bottom staff continues the accompaniment. The dynamic *mf* (mezzo-forte) is marked. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fourth system of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody, and the bottom staff continues the accompaniment. The dynamics *f* (forte) and *rall.* (rallentando) are marked. The system concludes with a double bar line and the text "A-men."

## General Hymns.

*mf* “COME unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.”

*p* O blessèd voice of Jesus,

*cr* Which comes to hearts oppress!

*mf* It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,

*f* Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love which cannot cease.

*mf* “Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light.”

*p* O loving voice of Jesus,

*cr* Which comes to cheer the night!

*mf* Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,

*f* But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day.

*mf* “Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life.”

*p* O cheering voice of Jesus,

*cr* Which comes to aid our strife!

*mf* The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;

*f* But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

*mf* “And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out.”

*p* O welcome voice of Jesus,

*cr* Which drives away our doubt!

*mf* Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be

*f* Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.

UNSER HERRSCHER.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

J. NEANDER, 1610-1680.



*f* COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,  
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;  
 Sing to Him Who found the ransom,  
 Ancient of eternal days;  
 God Eternal, Word Incarnate,  
 Whom the Heaven of Heaven obeys.

*mf* Ere He raised the lofty mountains,  
 Formed the sea, or built the sky,  
 Love eternal, free, and boundless,  
*dim* Moved the Lord of life to die;  
*mf* Lifted up the Prince of princes  
*dim* On the Throne of Calvary.

## General Hymns.

*f* Now on those eternal mountains  
Stands the sapphire throne all bright :  
With the ceaseless Alleluias  
Which they raise, the sons of light,  
Sion's people tell His praises,  
Victor after hard-won fight.

*f* Bring your harp, and bring your incense ;  
Sweep the string, and pour the lay ;  
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,  
King of that celestial day.  
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,  
Who was dead, and lives for aye.

*p* If His people walk in darkness,  
Through the thickest clouds of night,  
*mf* He, according to His promise,  
Sends the pillar-beam of light ;  
Then they pass along His highway,  
Turning not to left or right.

*p* When the thirsty pant for water,  
And no cooling streams are found,  
*mf* He descends like showers in spring-time,  
Softening all the parchèd ground ;  
While the smitten rock its torrents  
Pours in ample streams around.

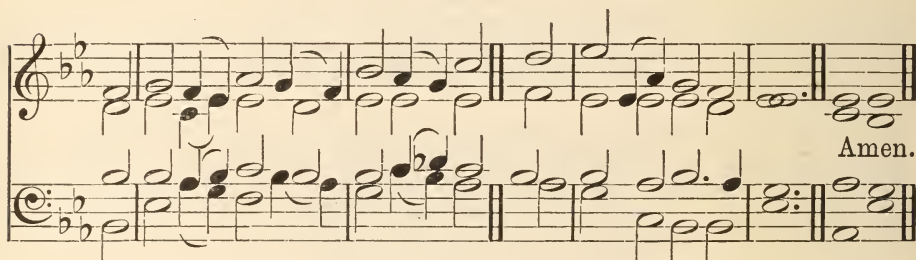
*mf* Hungry souls that faint and languish,  
By His bounteous hand are fed ;  
Yea, He gives them Food immortal !  
*dim* Gives Himself the living Bread :  
*p* Gives the Chalice of His Passion,  
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.

*f* Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims ;  
Who shall pluck you from His hand ?  
Pledged He stands for their salvation,  
Who are fighting for His land.  
Oh, that we, amidst His true ones,  
Round His throne may one day stand ! Amen.

CARLISLE.

S.M.

C. LOCKHART, 1745-1816.



*mf* **C**OMMIT thou all thy ways  
And griefs into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course  
Whom winds and seas obey;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy  
God shall lift up thy head.

Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou wondering own His way  
How wise, how strong His hand.

*p* Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee;  
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!

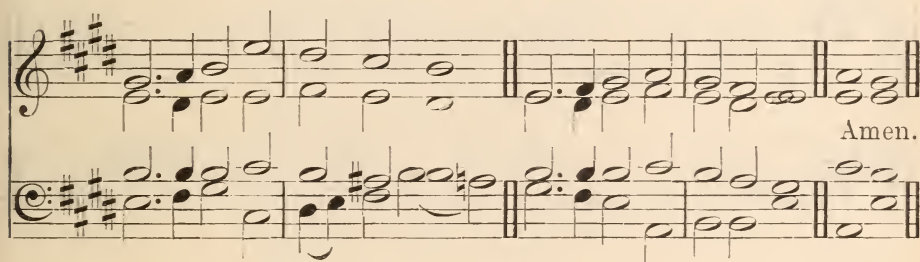
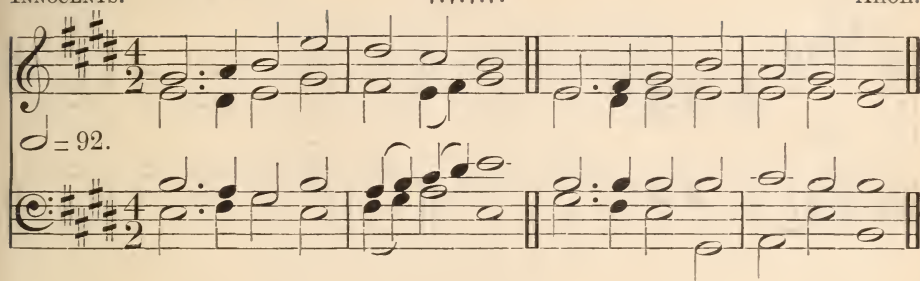
*cr* Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
*f* And publish with our latest breath  
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.



INNOCENTS.

7.7.7.7.

Anon.



*mf* CONQUERING kings their titles take      *f* Rather gladly for that Name  
     From the foes they captive make :      Bear the cross, endure the shame ;  
*f* Jesus, by a nobler deed,      Joyfully for Him to die  
     From the thousands He hath freed.      Is not death but victory.

Yes : none other name is given      *p* Jesu, Who dost condescend  
     Unto mortals under heaven,  
     Which can make the dead arise,  
     And exalt them to the skies.      To be called the sinner's Friend,  
     Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
     Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

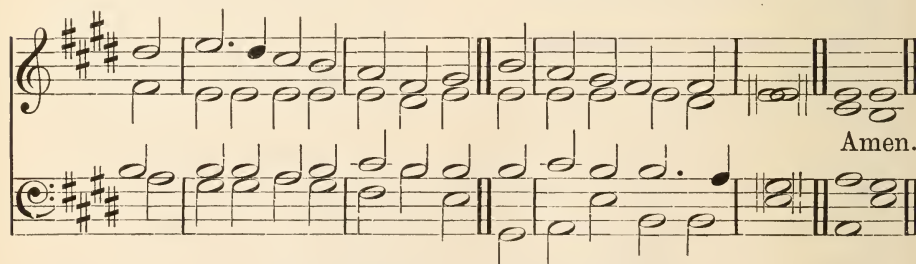
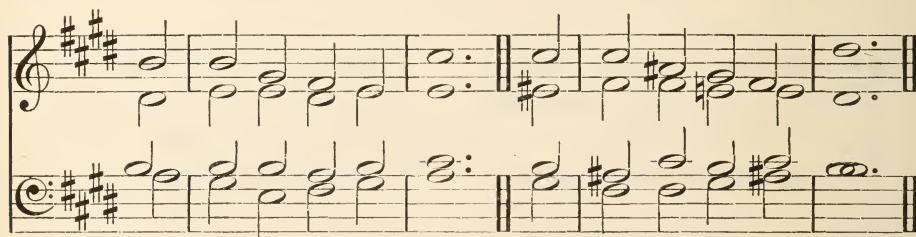
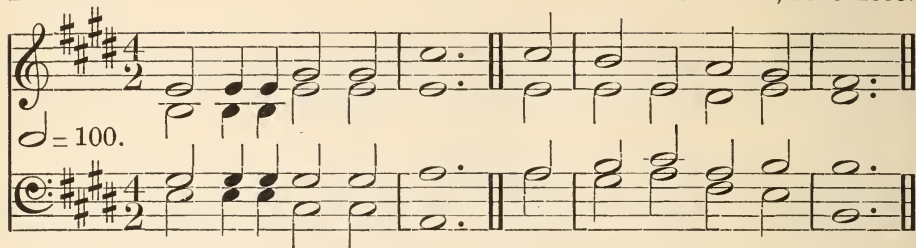
*mf* That which Christ so hardly wrought,      *f* Glory to the Father be,  
     That which He so dearly bought,  
     That salvation, brethren, say,  
     Shall we madly cast away ?      Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,  
     Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
     From the Saints and Angel-host.

Amen.

DIADEMATA.

D.S.M.

G. J. ELVEY, 1816-1893.



*May also be sung to "Coronæ," No. 390.*

## General Hymns.

*f* 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 chosen King  
Through all eternity.

*f* Crown Him the Son of God  
Before the worlds began,  
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,  
Crown Him the Son of Man,  
*mf* Who every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
That all in Him may rest.

*ff* Crown Him the Lord of life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save;  
His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died,—eternal life to bring,  
And lives, that death may die.

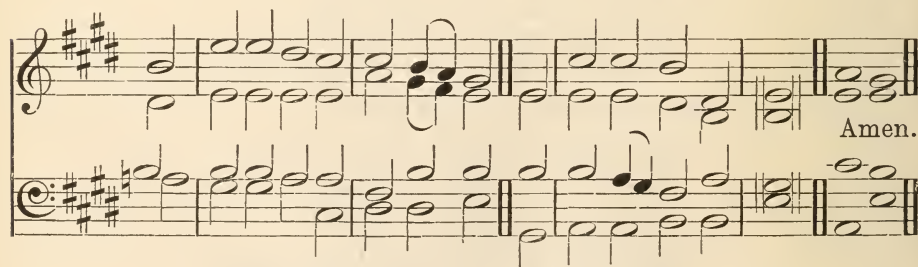
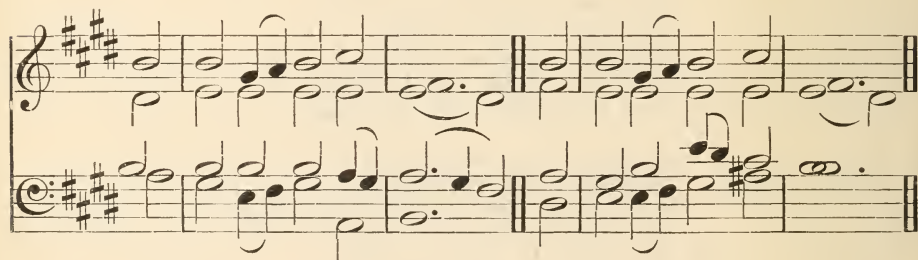
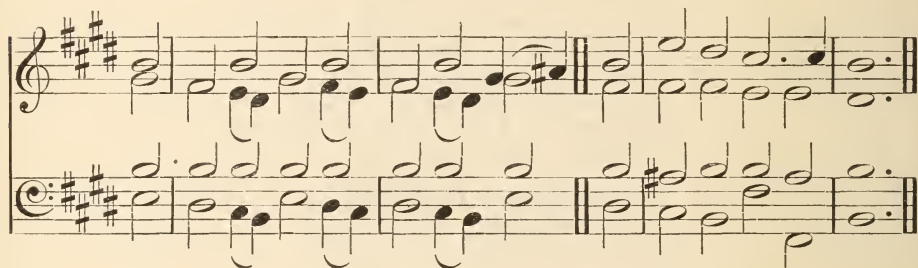
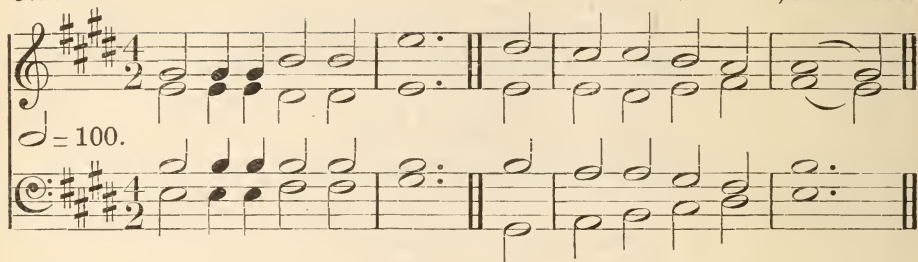
*f* Crown Him of lords the Lord,  
Who over all doth reign,  
Who once on earth the Incarnate Word  
For ransomed sinners slain,  
*ff* Now lives in realms of light,  
Where Saints with Angels sing  
Their songs before Him day and night,  
Their God, Redeemer, King.

*ff* Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
Enthroned in worlds above,  
Crown Him the King to Whom is given  
The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns  
As thrones before Him fall;  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
For He is King of all. Amen.

CORONÆ.

D.S.M.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

May also be sung to "Diademata," No. 389.

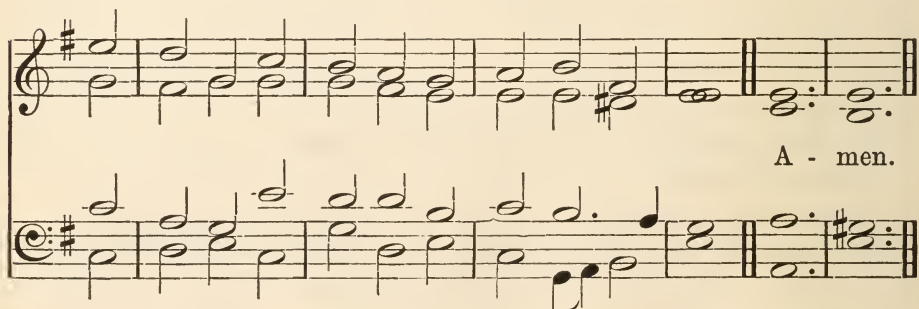
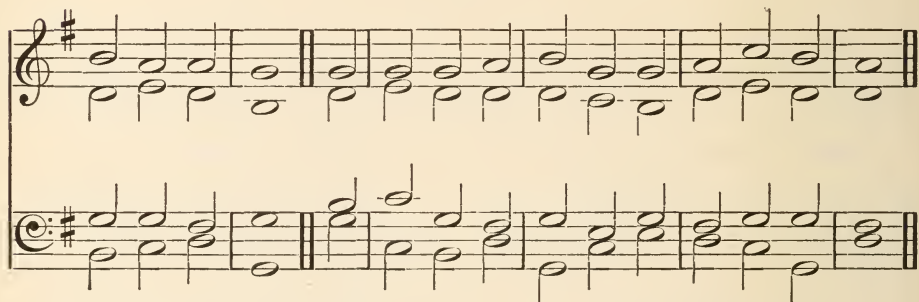
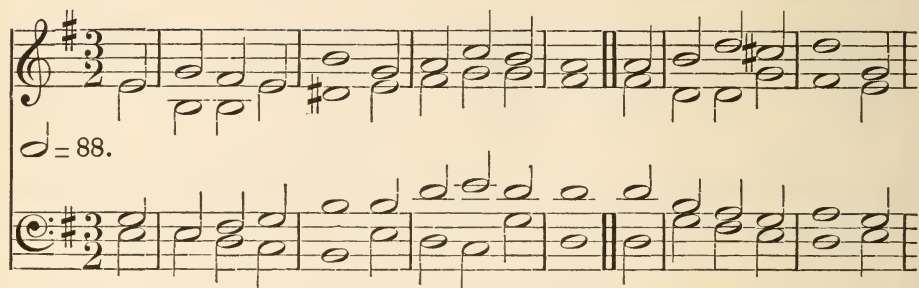
## General Hymns.

- f* CROWN Him with many crowns, *mf* Crown Him the Lord of peace !  
The Lamb upon His throne ! *cr* Whose power a sceptre sways  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem From pole to pole, that wars may  
drowns cease,  
All music but its own. Absorbed in prayer and praise.  
Awake, my soul, and sing *f* His reign shall know no end ;  
Of Him Who died for thee ; *p* And round His piercèd feet  
And hail Him as thy matchless King *cr* Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Through all eternity. Their fragrance ever sweet.
- f* Crown Him the Virgin's Son ! *f* Crown Him the Lord of years !  
*p* The God Incarnate born, [won Sole Potentate of Time !  
*cr* Whose arm those crimson trophies Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Which now His brow adorn. Ineffably sublime !  
*p* Fruit of the Mystic Rose, Glassed in a sea of light  
*cr* As of that Rose the Stem, Where everlasting waves  
*mf* The Root whence mercy ever flows,— Reflect His throne—the Infinite !  
*p* The Babe of Bethlehem ! Who lives and loves and saves.
- mf* Crown Him the Lord of love ! *f* Crown Him the Lord of heaven.  
*p* Behold His hands and side, One with the Father known,  
Those wounds, yet visible above, And the Blest Spirit through Him  
In beauty glorified : given  
No Angel in the sky From yonder Triune throne.  
Can fully bear that sight, All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
But downward bends his burning *p* For Thou hast died for me :  
eye *ff* Thy praise shall never, never fail  
At mysteries so bright. Throughout eternity ! Amen.



OLD 104TH.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.

May also be sung to "Hanover," No. 607.

## General Hymns.

*mf* **D**ISPOSER supreme,  
And Judge of the earth,  
Thou choosest for Thine  
The weak and the poor ;  
To frail earthen vessels  
And things of no worth  
Entrusting Thy riches  
Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,  
Though full of Thy light,  
And at Thy decree  
Are broken and gone ;  
*cr* Thence brightly appeareth  
Thy truth in its might,  
As through the clouds riven  
The lightnings have shone.

*mf* Like clouds are they borne  
To do Thy great will,  
*cr* And swift as the winds  
About the world go ;  
The fire of Thy Presence  
Their spirits doth fill,  
*f* They thunder, they lighten,  
The waters o'erflow.

*f* Their sound goeth forth,  
“ Christ Jesus is Lord ! ”  
Then Satan doth fear,  
His citadels fall :  
As when the dread trumpets  
Went forth at Thy word,  
And one long blast shattered  
The Canaanite's wall.

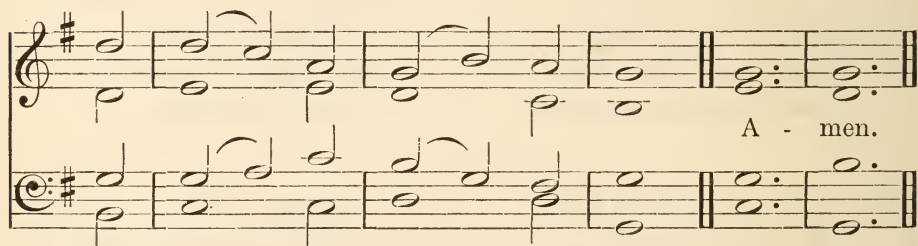
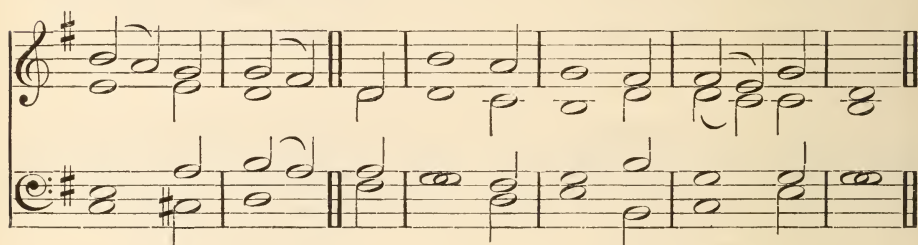
*f* Oh, loud be their trump,  
And stirring their sound,  
To rouse us, O Lord,  
From slumber of sin !  
*mf* The lights Thou hast kindled  
In darkness around,  
Oh, may they illumine  
Our spirits within.

*f* All glory to Thee,  
Who, hid from our sight,  
Yet fillest with love  
The vast infinite !  
And for us revealèd  
As One and yet Three,  
Dost call us from darkness  
Thy glory to see ! Amen.

BELMONT.

C.M.

S. WEBBE, Jun. ? 1770-1843.



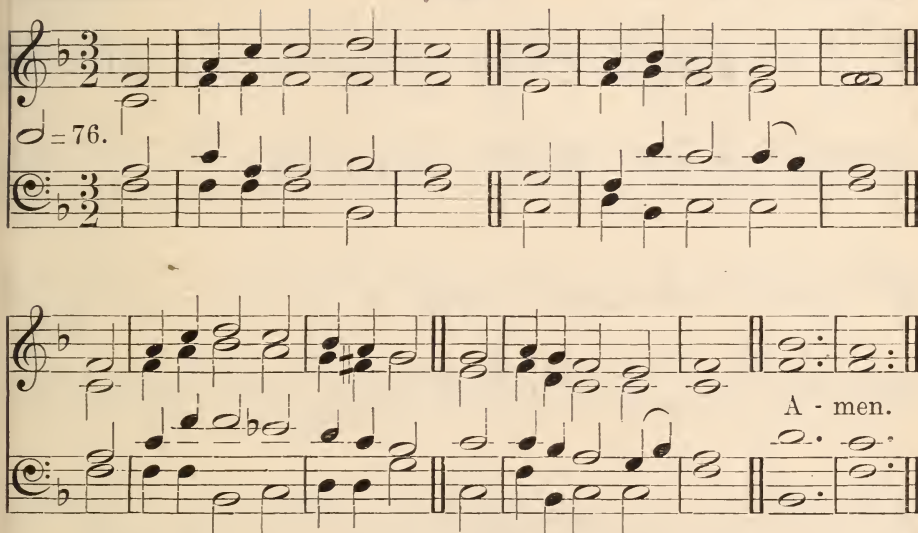
*mf* **E**TERNAL God! we look to Thee, Not what we wish, but what we want,  
 To Thee for help we fly; Oh, let Thy grace supply:  
 Thine eye alone our wants can see, The good unasked in mercy grant;  
 Thy hand alone supply. The ill, though asked, deny.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell, *f* All praise to God the Father, Son,  
 Thy love our footsteps guide: And Holy Spirit be,  
 That love will all vain love expel: The everlasting Three in One,  
 That fear all fear beside. The ever One in Three. Amen.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

S.M.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



*p* **F**AR from my heavenly home,  
 Far from my Father's breast,  
 Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come  
 And speed me to my rest."

*mf* My spirit homeward turns,  
 And fain would thither flee;  
*dim* My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
 When I remember thee.

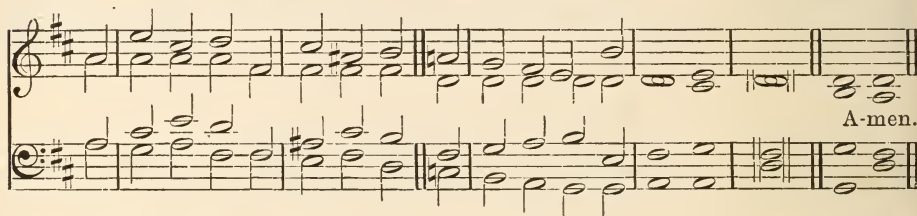
*mf* To thee, to thee I press,  
 A dark and toilsome road;  
 When shall I pass the wilderness,  
 And reach the Saints' abode?

*mf* God of my life, be near,  
 On Thee my hopes I cast,  
 Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
*cr* And bring me home at last. Amen.

VIA PACIS.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. BARNBY, 1838-1896.



*mf* **F**ATHER of all, to Thee  
 With loving hearts we pray,  
 Through Him, in mercy given,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way :  
 From heaven, Thy throne, in mercy  
 shed  
 Thy blessings on each bended head.

*p* Father of all, to Thee  
 We breathe unuttered fears,  
 Deep-hidden in our souls,  
 That have no voice but tears :  
 Take Thou our hand, and through the  
 wild  
 Lead gently on each trustful child.

Father of all, to Thee  
 Our contrite hearts we raise,  
*p* Unstrung by sin and pain,  
 Long voiceless in Thy praise ;  
*cr* Breathe Thou the silent chords along, *mf*  
 Until they tremble into song.

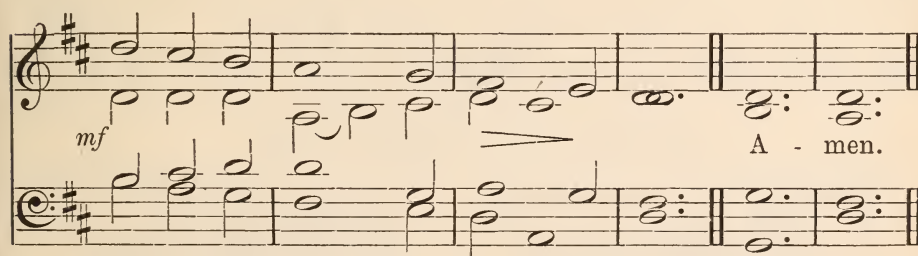
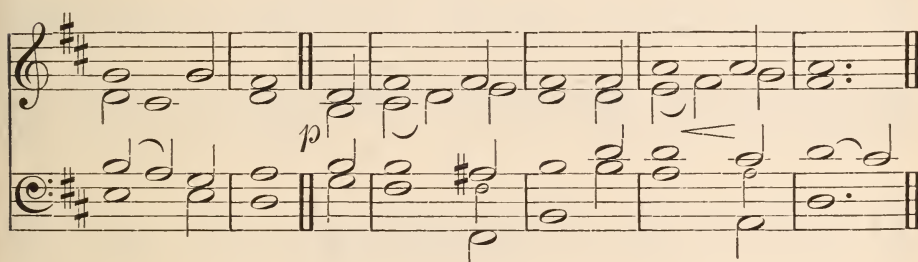
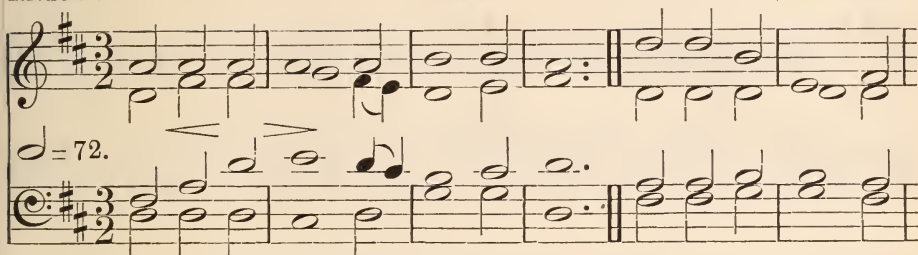
*f* Father of all, may we  
 In praise our tongues employ,  
 When gladness fills the soul  
 With deep and hallowed joy ;  
*mf* In storm and calm give us to see  
 The path of peace which leads to Thee.  
 Amen.



RIVAUDX.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*mf* FATHER of heaven, Whose love *mf* Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath  
 profound The soul is raised from sin and  
 A ransom for our souls hath found, death,  
*p* Before Thy throne we sinners bend; *p* Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
*mf* To us Thy pardoning love extend. *mf* To us Thy quickening power extend.

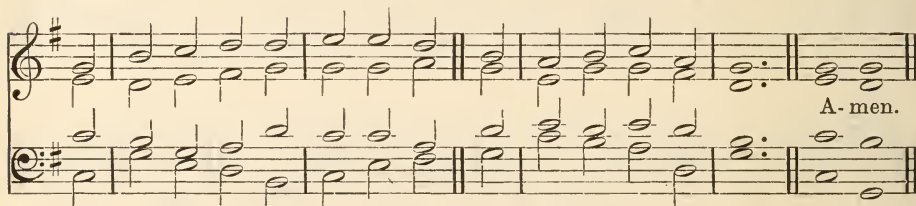
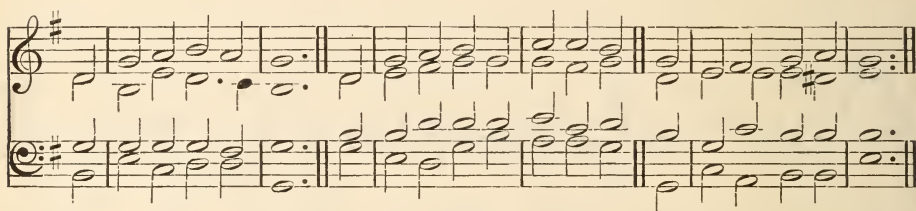
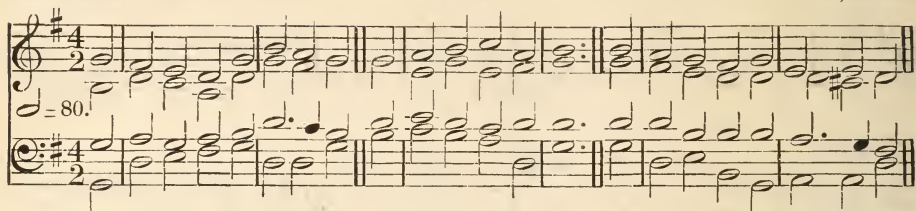
*mf* Almighty Son, Incarnate Word, *mf* Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord, Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!  
*p* Before Thy throne we sinners bend; *p* Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
*mf* To us Thy saving grace extend. *mf* Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Amen.

OLD 137TH.

D.C.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1563.



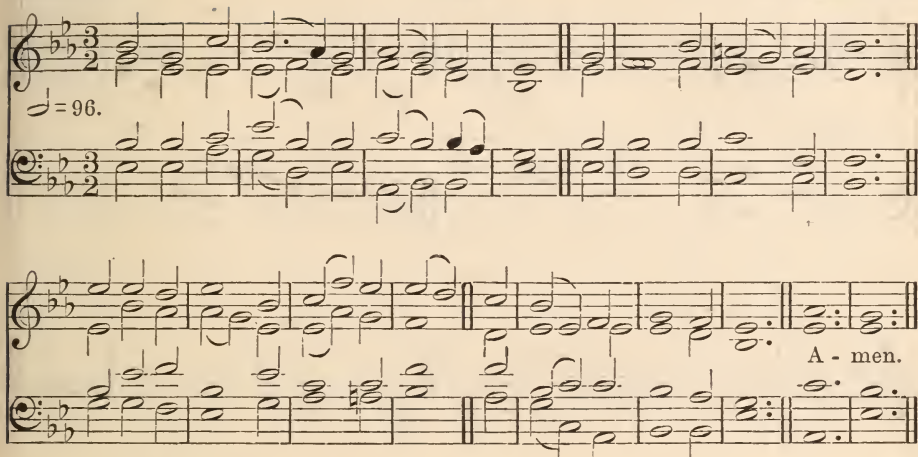
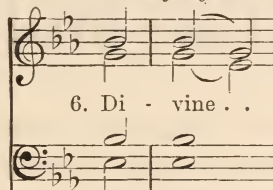
*May also be sung to "St. Matthew," No. 338.*

- mf* **F**ATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,  
 Oh, lead us gently on,  
 Until life's trial-time shall end,  
 And heavenly peace be won!  
 We know not what the path may be  
 As yet by us untrod;  
*cr* But we can trust our all to Thee,  
*f* Our Father and our God!
- mf* Or, if some darker lot be good,  
 Oh, teach us to endure  
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
 That make the spirit pure!
- mf* Christ by no flowery pathway came;  
 And we, His followers here,  
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy  
 Name,  
 In hope, and love, and fear.
- mf* If called, like Abraham's child, to climb  
 The hill of sacrifice,  
*cr* Some Angel may be there in time;  
 Deliverance shall arise:
- cr* And, till in heaven we sinless bow,  
 And faultless anthems raise,  
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
 Accept our feeble praise! Amen.

CHILDHOOD.

C.M.

C. J. DICKINSON, 1822-1883.

*The last verse may begin thus :*

*mf* **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy word  
 What endless glory shines !  
 For ever be Thy Name adored  
 For these celestial lines.

Here may the blind and hungry come,  
 And light and food receive ;  
 Here shall the meanest guest have  
 And taste and see and live. [room,

Here springs of consolation rise  
 To cheer the fainting mind,  
 And thirsting souls receive supplies,  
 And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heavenly peace around,  
 And life and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound.

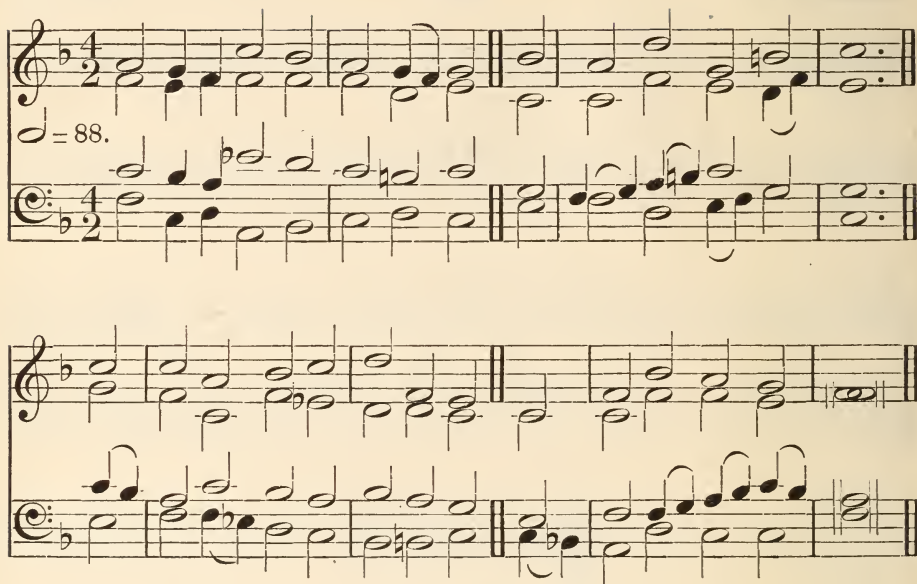
Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
 My ever dear delight,  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be Thou for ever near ;  
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour here. Amen.

ST. COLUMBA.

C.M.

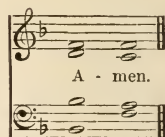
J. M. MACMEIKAN.



*p* FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
 And let me live to Thee.

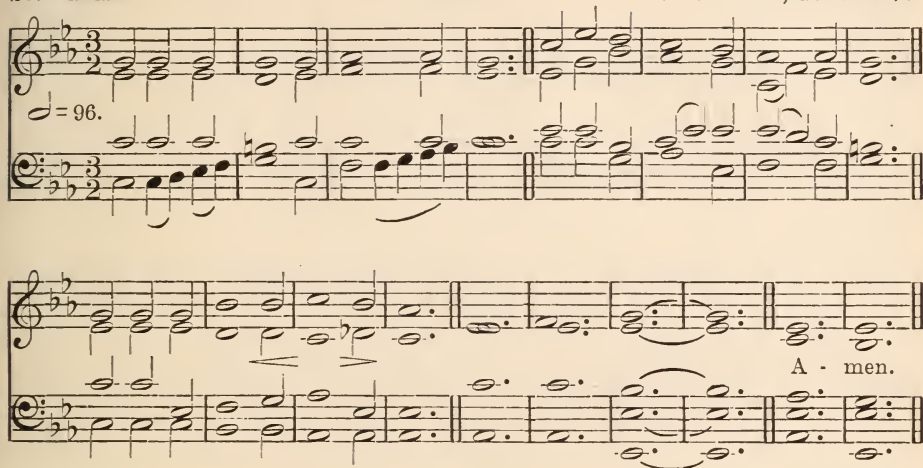
*cr* Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
 My path of life attend;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
*mf* And crown my journey's end.



ST. ÆLRED.

8.8.8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*f* **F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,  
*dim* But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,  
*p* Calm and still.

*mf* "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,  
 "Oh save us in our agony!"  
*cr* Thy word above the storm rose high,  
*p* "Peace, be still."

*p* The wild winds hushed; the angry deep  
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep;  
 The sullen billows ceased to leap  
 At Thy Will.

*mf* So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
*p* "Peace, be still." Amen.



GLEBEHAMPTON.

6.4.6.4. D.

J. NAPLETON, b. 1851.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

*f* **F**IERCE was the wild billow,  
 Dark was the night ;  
 Oars laboured heavily ;  
 Foam glimmered white ;  
 Trembled the mariners ;  
 Peril was high ;  
*mf* Then said the God of God,  
*p* " Peace : it is I."

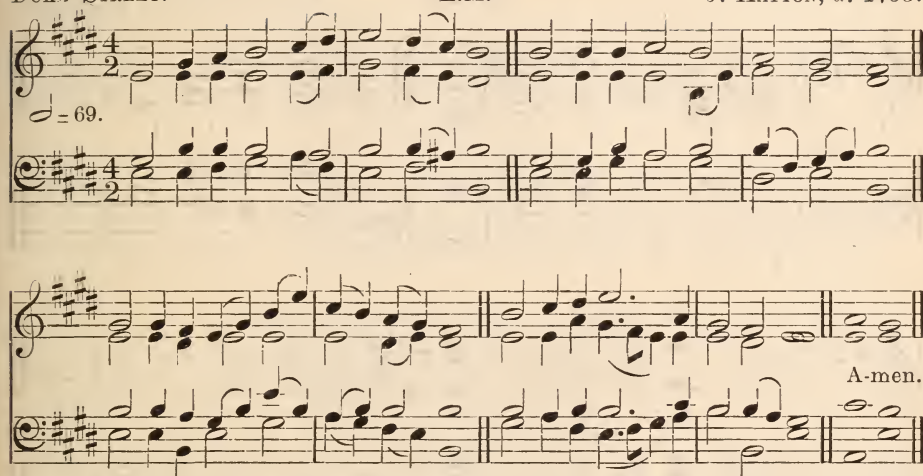
*mf* Ridge of the mountain wave,  
 Lower thy crest :  
 Wail of Euroclydon,  
*dim* Be Thou at rest.  
*cr* Sorrow can never be,  
 Darkness must fly,  
*mf* Where saith the Light of Light,  
*p* " Peace : it is I."

*p* Jesu, Deliverer,  
 Come Thou to me ;  
 Soothe Thou my voyaging  
 Over life's sea ;  
*cr* Thou, when the storm of death  
 Roars sweeping by,  
*dim* Whisper, O Truth of Truth,  
*p* " Peace : it is I." Amen.

DUKE STREET.

L.M.

J. HATTON, d. 1793.



*May also be sung to "Pentecost," No. 196.*

*f* **F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

*mf* Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
 Life with its way before us lies,  
*f* Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

*mf* Cast care aside upon thy Guide;  
 Lean, and His mercy will provide;  
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove  
*f* Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

*mf* Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,  
 He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
*f* Only believe, and thou shalt see  
 That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

NEARER HOME.

D.S.M.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1819-1858.

Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

♩ = 92.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of a single line of eight measures, ending with a double bar line. The notes are as follows:

Measure	Treble Staff (Melody)	Bass Staff (Accompaniment)
1	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
2	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
3	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
4	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
5	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
6	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
7	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)
8	G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter)	G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter)

V. 2.

The musical score for Violoncello II (V. 2.) is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major, indicated by two flat symbols (B-flat and E-flat) at the beginning. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with some measures containing repeat signs. The notation includes various musical symbols such as stems, beams, and repeat signs.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## General Hymns.

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

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

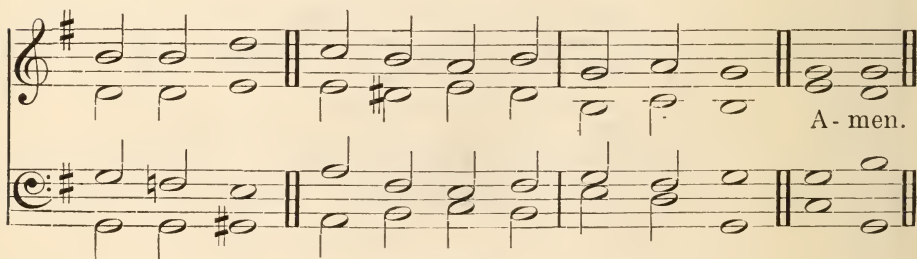
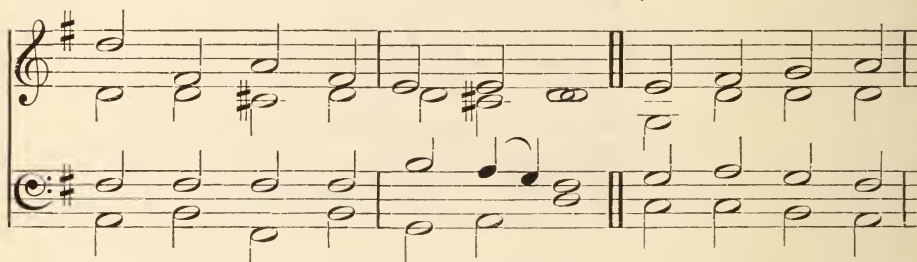
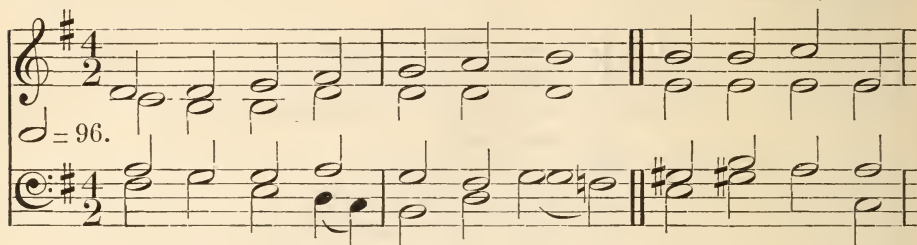
*f* "For ever with the Lord!"  
*mf* Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
    The promise of that faithful word  
    Even here to me fulfil;  
    Be Thou at my right hand,  
    Then can I never fail;  
*cr* Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
    Fight, and I must prevail!

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

PROBUS.

7.7.7.7. 7.7.

G. R. SINCLAIR, b. 1863.





## General Hymns.

*mf* **F**OR the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise!

*mf* For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise!

*mf* For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefiled,  
*f* Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise!

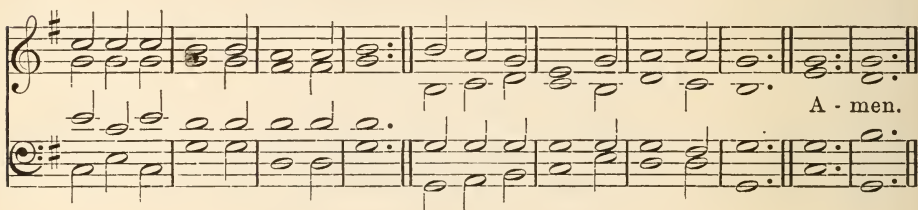
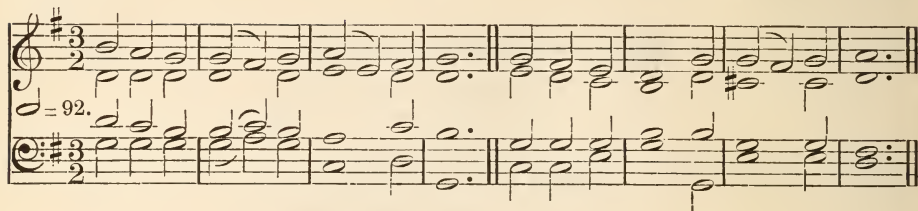
*f* For Thy Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise! Amen.

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For thee, O dear, dear country—561 [PART III.]

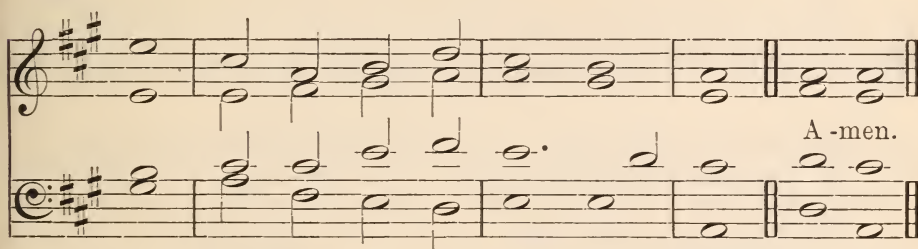
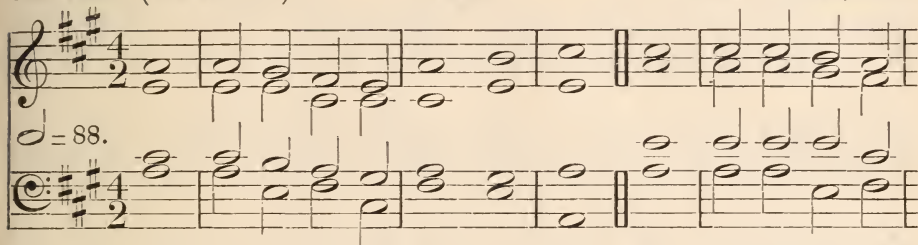
ST. FINBAR.

Six 8's. Melody by J. G. WALTON, b. 1821.



*mf* FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
       Lord! to Thine Altar's shade we fly:  
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
 Saviour! we seek Thy shelter here:  
*p* Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray:  
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

*mf* Long have we roamed in want and pain;  
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;  
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost:  
*p* Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;  
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away! Amen.



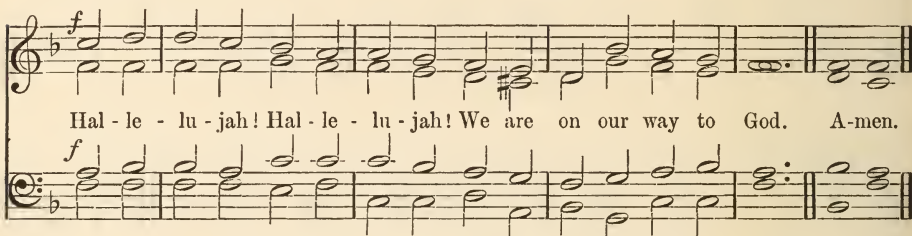
*f* FROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise :  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord :  
 Eternal truth attends Thy word.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

PILGRIMAGE.

6.6.8.6.4.7.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

<i>mf</i>	<b>F</b> ROM Egypt lately come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our better home, Where we our rest shall gain.	<i>p</i>	There sin and sorrow cease, And every conflict's o'er; There we shall dwell in endless peace, And never hunger more.
<i>f</i>	Hallelujah!	<i>f</i>	Hallelujah!
	We are on our way to God.		We are on our way to God.
<i>mf</i>	To Canaan's sacred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liberty are found, And sweets that never cloy.	<i>mf</i>	There in celestial strains Enraptured myriads sing; There love in every bosom reigns, For God Himself is King.
<i>f</i>	Hallelujah!	<i>f</i>	Hallelujah!
	We are on our way to God.		We are on our way to God.
<i>mf</i>	We soon shall join the throng, And all their pleasure share; We'll sing the everlasting song, With all the ransomed there.		
	Hallelujah!		
	We are on our way to God. Amen.		

SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

L.M.

Archbishop MACLAGAN, *b.* 1826.

SHADOW OF THE CROSS. Hymn. Membership Anthem, c. 1912.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Shadow of the Cross'. It is a two-staff piece in 2/2 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked as '♩ = 92'. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the melody is a half note G#4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B4, and finally a half note C5. The second measure is a half note D5, followed by a half note E5, then a half note F#5, and finally a half note G#5. The bass line follows a similar pattern, starting with a half note G#3, then A3, B3, and C4 in the first measure, and D4, E4, F#4, and G#4 in the second measure.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of two measures, each ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The first measure of the melody is a half note D4, and the second measure is a half note E4. The bass staff accompaniment for the first measure consists of a quarter note D3, a quarter note E3, and a half note F#3. The second measure of the bass staff consists of a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3.

A - men.

<i>mf</i>	<p><b>F</b>ROM every stormy wind that blows,          From every swelling tide of woes,</p>	<i>mf</i>	<p>There is a spot where spirits blend,          And friend holds fellowship with friend;          Though Sundered far, by faith they</p>
<i>dim</i>	<p>There is a calm, a sure retreat;          'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.</p>		<p>meet          Around one common Mercy-seat.</p>

<p><i>p</i> There is a place where Jesus sheds  <i>cr</i> The oil of gladness on our heads ;          A place than all beside more sweet ;  <i>p</i> It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.</p>	<p><i>p</i> Ah, whither could we flee for aid,          When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?          Or how the hosts of hell defeat,          Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat ?</p>
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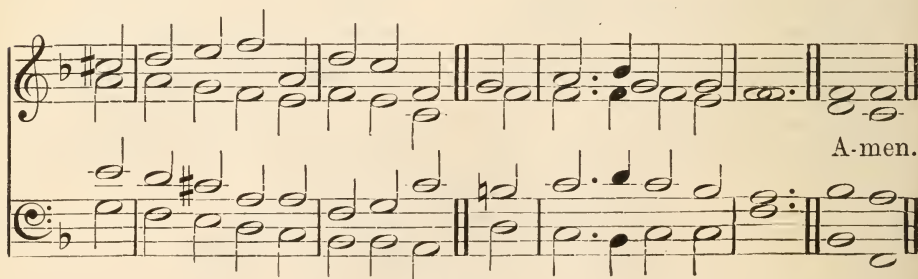
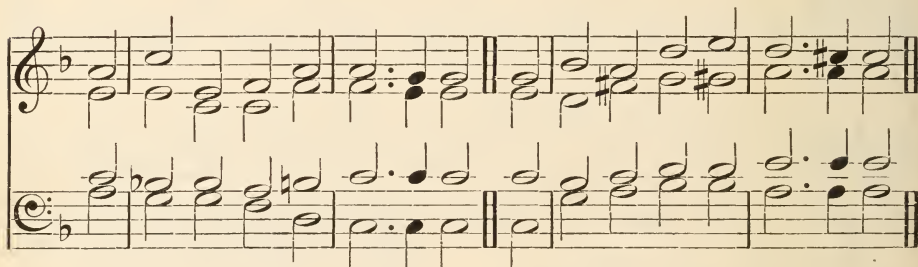
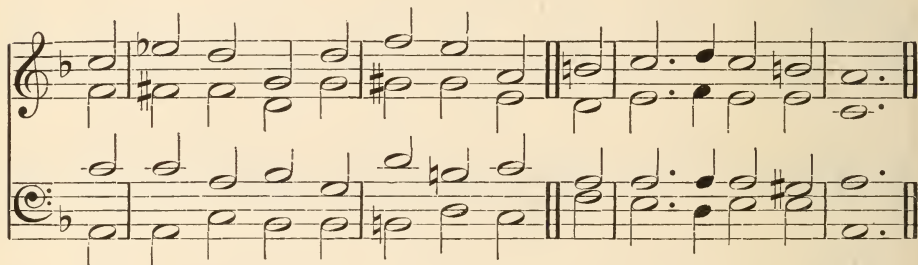
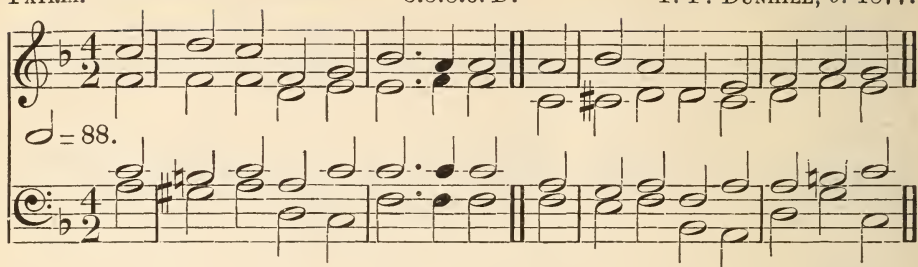
*f* There, there on eagle-wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat. Amen.



PATRIA.

8.8.8.6. D.

T. F. DUNHILL, b. 1877.



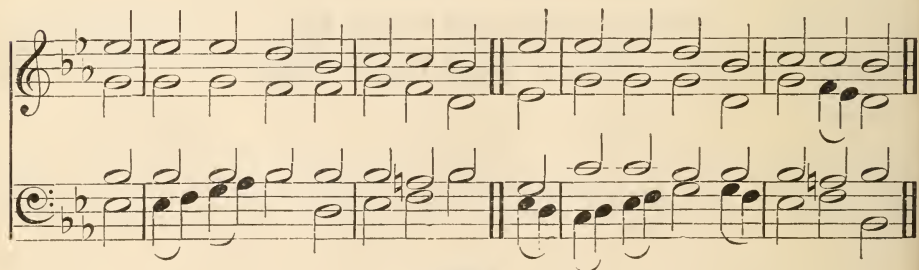
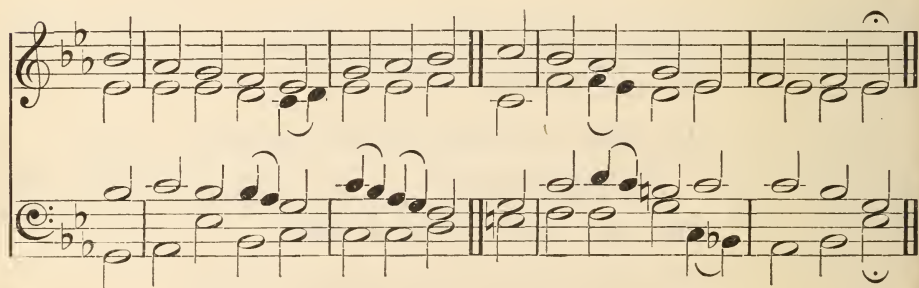
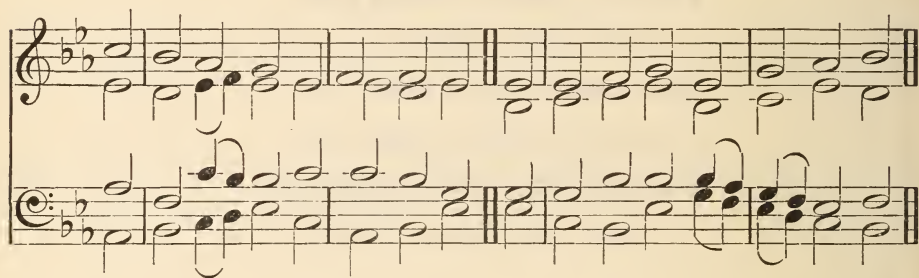
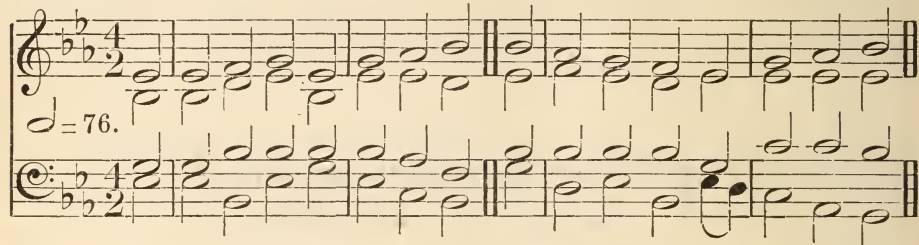
## General Hymns.

*mf* FROM foes that would the land devour;  
From guilty pride, and lust of power;  
From wild sedition's lawless hour;  
From yoke of slavery:  
From blinded zeal by faction led;  
From giddy change by fancy bred;  
From poisonous error's serpent head,  
Good Lord, preserve us free!

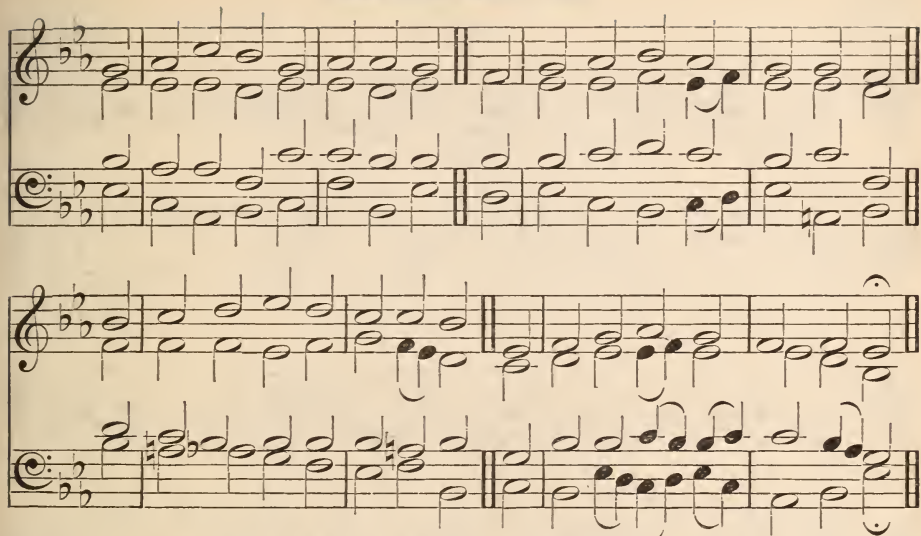
Defend, O God! with guardian hand,  
The laws and ruler of our land,  
And grant our Church Thy grace to stand  
In faith and unity!  
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,  
*cr* That Thou, Whose Blood was shed to save,  
Mayest at Thy second coming, have  
*f* A flock to welcome Thee! Amen.

OLD 113TH.

Six 8's, D.

RAVENSCHROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.

## General Hymns.



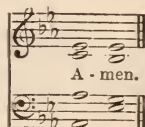
*mf* **F**ROM highest heaven the Eternal Son,  
 With God the Father ever One,  
 Came down to suffer and to die;  
 For love of sinful man He bore  
 Our human griefs and troubles sore,  
 Our load of guilt and misery.

*f* Rejoice, ye Saints of God, and praise  
 The Lamb Who died, His flock to raise  
 From sin and everlasting woe;  
 With Angels round the throne above  
 Oh tell the wonders of His love,  
 The joys that from His mercy flow.

*p* In darkest shades of night we lay,  
 Without a beam to guide our way,  
 Or hope of aught beyond the grave;

*mf* But He has brought us life and light,  
*cr* And opened heaven to our sight,  
*f* And lives for ever strong to save.

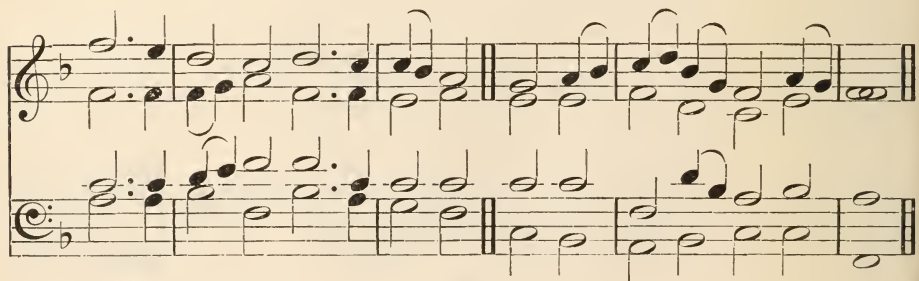
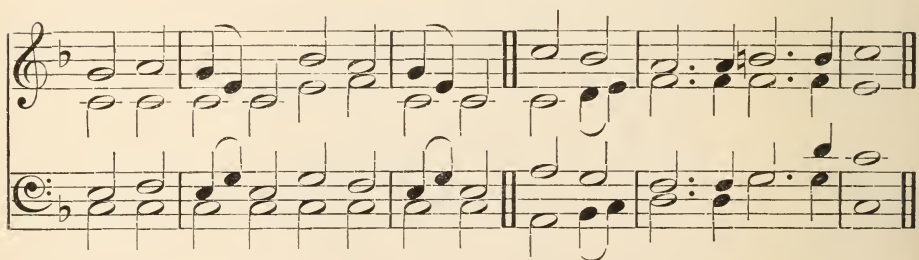
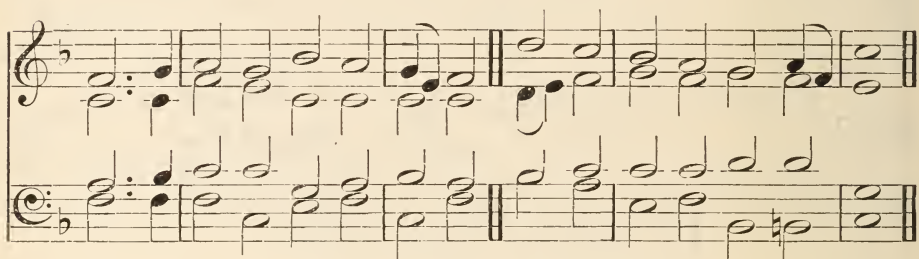
*ff* Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice;  
 Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice  
 The Lamb Whom heaven and earth adore;  
 To Him Who gave His Only Son,  
 To God the Spirit, with Them One,  
 Be praise and glory evermore.



AUSTRIA.

8.7.8.7. D.

F. J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.





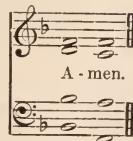
## General Hymns.

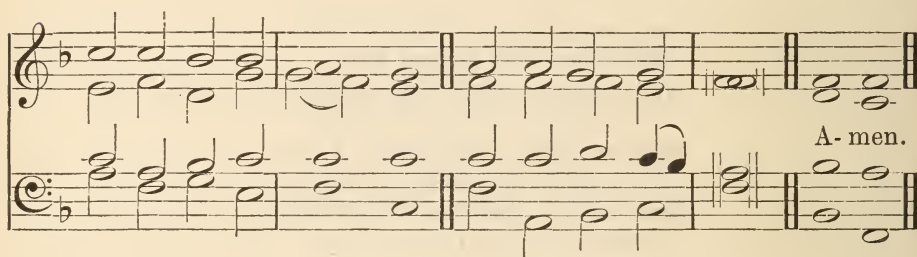
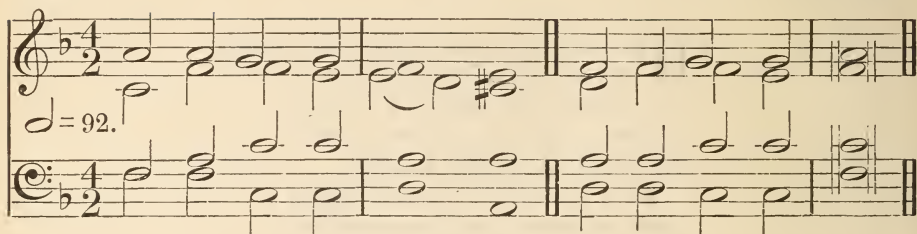
*f* GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, Whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode:  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

*mf* See, the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, when such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age!

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus they march, the pillar leading,  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Daily on the manna feeding,  
Which He gives them when they pray.

*mf* Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am;  
Let the world deride or pity,  
*f* I will glory in Thy Name:  
*p* Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All its boasted pomp and show;  
*f* Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.





*mf* **G**LORY be to Jesus,  
Who in bitter pains,  
Poured for me the Life-blood  
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal  
In that Blood I find ;  
Blest be His compassion,  
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
*dim* Which from endless torment  
*cr* Did the world redeem.

*mf* Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies ;  
But the Blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion,  
Terror-struck, departs.

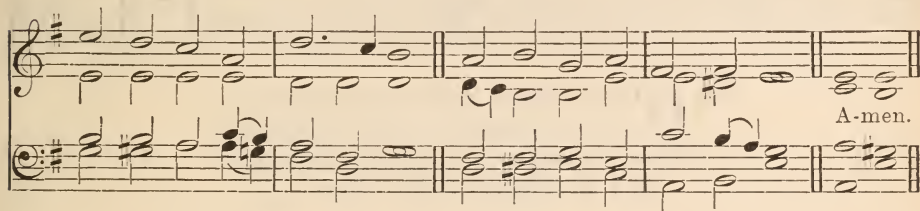
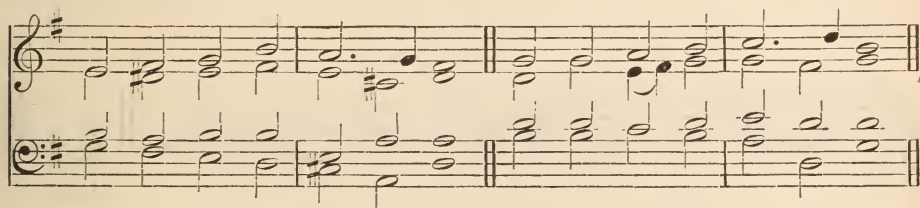
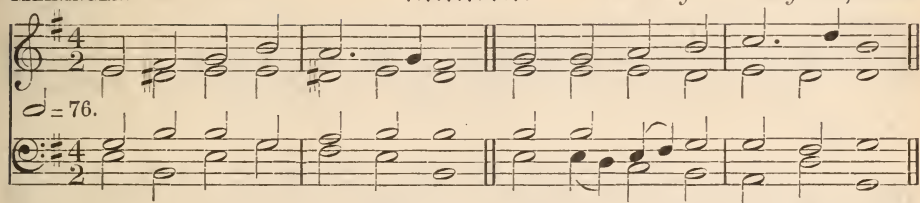
*f* Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,  
Make their glad reply.

*ff* Lift ye then your voices ;  
Swell the mighty flood ;  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

MEININGEN.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

Meiningen Gesangbuch, 1693.



*p* **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour.  
 Turn not from His griefs away;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete:  
 "It is finished,"—hear the cry;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Follow to the judgment-hall,  
 View the Lord of Life arraigned;  
 Oh the wormwood and the gall!  
 Oh the pangs His soul sustained!  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Early hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid His breathless  
 All is solitude and gloom; [clay;  
*cr* Who hath taken Him away?  
*f* Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.  
*p* Saviour, teach us so to rise! Amen.

LANGDALE.

8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

*mf* **G**OD is Love: His mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove;  
 Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:  
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

*p* Death and change are busy ever;  
 Man decays, and ages move;  
*cr* But His mercy waneth never;  
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

*p* Even the hour that darkest seemeth  
*cr* Will His changeless goodness prove;  
*f* From the mist His brightness streameth;  
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

*mf* He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above;  
*f* Everywhere His glory shineth;  
 God is Wisdom, God is Love. Amen.

ST. ANN.

C.M.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

A-men.

*f* **G**OD is our Refuge, tried and proved  
 Amid a stormy world;  
 We will not fear, though earth be moved,  
 And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,  
 The kingdoms fail and cease;  
 The Lord His Saints will not forsake,  
 The Lord will give us peace.

*p* A gentle stream of hope and love  
 To us shall ever flow;  
 It issues from His throne above,  
 It cheers His Church below.

*mf* When earth and hell against us came,  
 He spoke, and quelled their powers;  
*f* The Lord of Hosts is still the same,  
 The God of grace is ours. Amen.



EIN' FESTE BURG.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

M. LUTHER, 1483-1546.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/2. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a hymn style with block chords and some moving lines. A tempo marking of quarter note = 60 is provided.

The second system of musical notation continues the hymn. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and 4/2 time signature. The notation includes various chordal textures and melodic fragments.

The third system of musical notation continues the hymn. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and 4/2 time signature. The notation includes various chordal textures and melodic fragments.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the hymn on this page. It features two staves with treble and bass clefs, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and 4/2 time signature. The notation includes various chordal textures and melodic fragments.

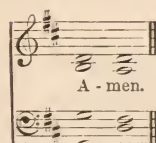
## General Hymns.

*f* GOD is our stronghold and our stay,  
 Our hope in tribulation;  
 What though the mountains rock and sway  
 To earth's long-hid foundation;  
 What though the ocean roar,  
 Fast gaining on the shore,  
 The hurtling storm rage loud  
 Beneath the thunder-cloud?  
 Our hearts are all untroubled.

*p* The might of water sinks to rest;—  
 How calm yon river glideth,—  
 God's city mirrored on its breast,—  
 The house where He abideth!  
 Hushed be all strife and din!  
 His Presence dwells within,  
*cr* She standeth unremoved,  
*mf* By God Himself beloved,  
*f* Who helpeth her right early.

*mf* In vain the heathen shout for war,  
 In vain our foes assemble;  
 The voice of God is heard from far,  
 And earth itself shall tremble.  
 He breaks the spear and bow,  
 He lays the warrior low,  
*cr* The chariot burns with flame;—  
 Our trust is in His Name,  
*f* And Jacob's God our Refuge!

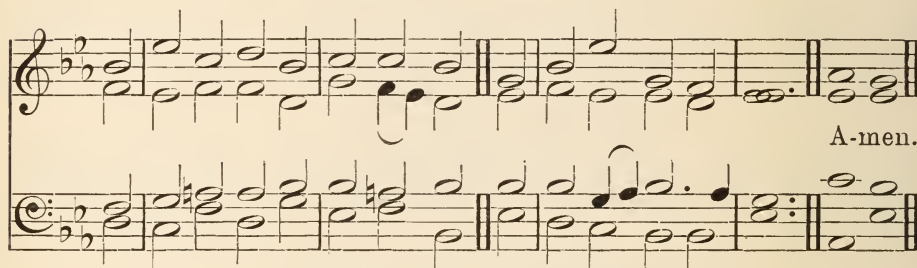
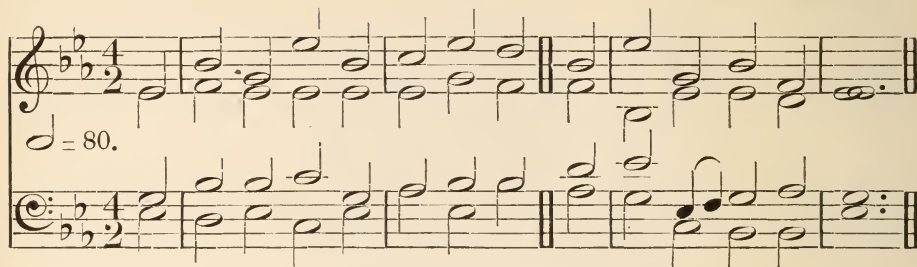
*p* Be still, the Lord is God alone,  
 Let all the world adore Him,  
 And bending low before His throne  
 For pitying grace implore Him.  
 His kingdom is within,  
 O'er hearts made pure from sin,  
*cr* Where love that casts out fear  
 Exults to feel Him near,—  
*f* The Lord of Hosts our Refuge.



LONDON NEW.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635.



*mf* **G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace ;  
*p* Behind a frowning providence  
*cr* He hides a smiling face.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill  
 He treasures up His bright designs  
 And works His sovereign will.

*mf* His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

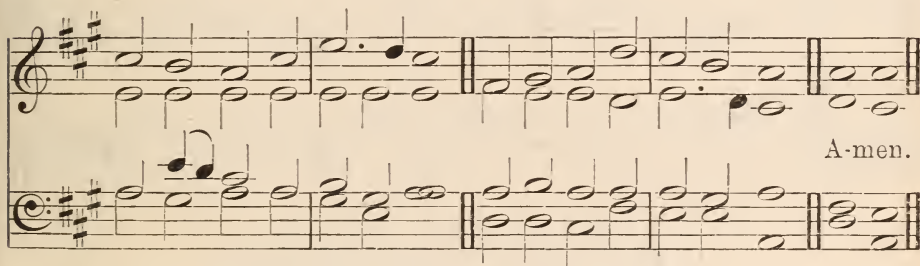
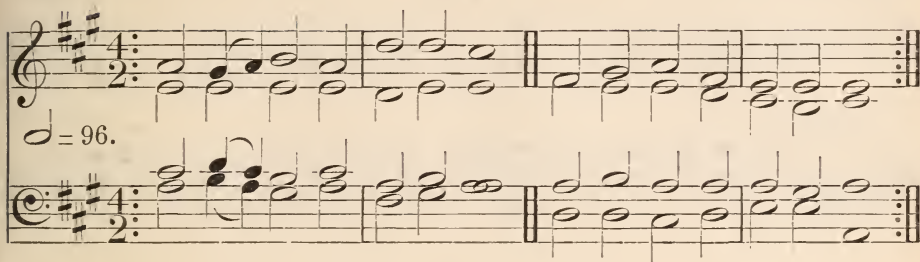
Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain ;  
*cr* God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain. Amen.

DIX.

Six 7's.

C. KOCHER, 1786-1872.



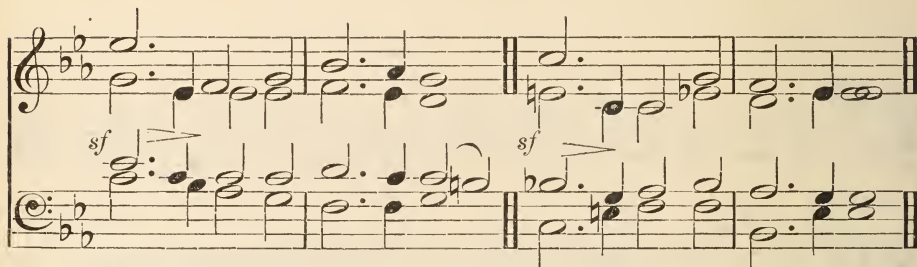
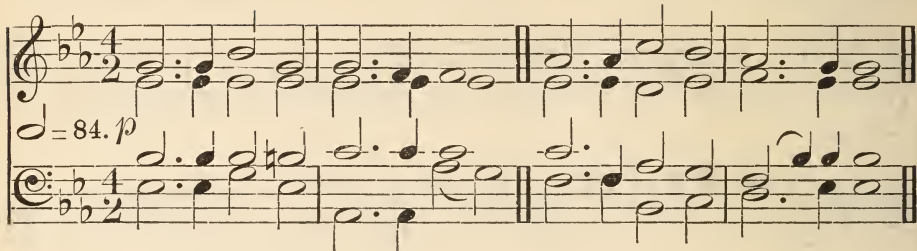
<i>mf</i> G	OD of mercy, God of grace,	<i>f</i> Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
	Show the brightness of Thy face ;	Be by all that live adored ;
	Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,	<i>ff</i> Let the nations shout and sing
	Fill Thy Church with light divine ;	Glory to their Saviour King ;
<i>cr</i>	And Thy saving health extend	<i>p</i> At Thy feet their tribute pay,
	Unto earth's remotest end.	And Thy holy will obey.

*f* Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
 God to man His blessing give,  
 Man to God devoted live ;  
 All below, and all above,  
 One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

ST. MARGARET.

7.7.7.7.

E. H. LEMARE, b. 1865.

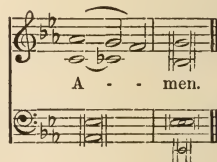


*p* GRACIOUS Spirit, Life Divine,  
 Breathe on us Thy Life benign:  
 Life, to join ourselves to Thee;  
 Life, our life in Thee to see.

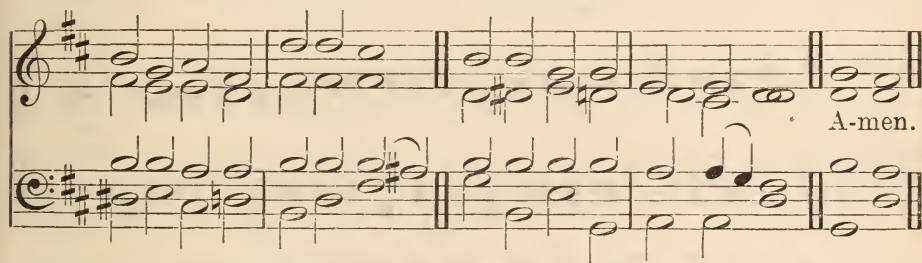
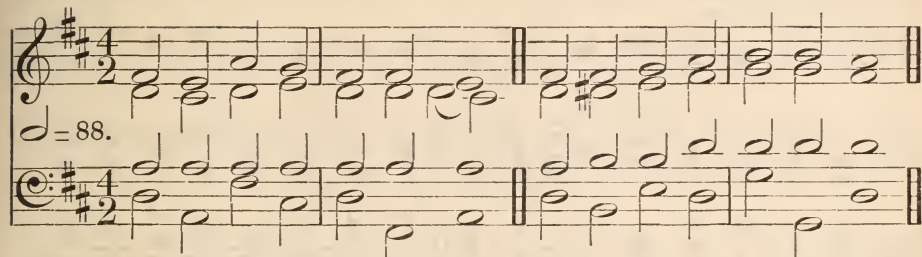
*mf* Holy Spirit, Fire Divine,  
 With Thy fire our souls refine:  
 Fire, to purge our sins away;  
 Fire, to cleanse us for Thy day.

*mf* Bounteous Spirit, Light Divine,  
 Cause on us Thy Light to shine:  
 Light, our path in life to see;  
 Light, to lead our feet to Thee.

*p* Gentle Spirit, Love Divine,  
 With Thy Love all love entwine:  
 Love, in trial peace to give;  
 Love, for all through life to live.







*mf* **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine!  
 Let Thy light around us shine;  
 All our guilty fears remove,  
*p* Fill us with Thy peace and love.

*mf* Pardon to the contrite give;  
 Bid the wounded sinner live;  
 Lead us to the Lamb of God;  
*p* Wash us through His precious Blood.

*mf* Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,  
 Comfort every troubled breast;  
 Life and joy and peace impart,  
 Sanctifying every heart.

*p* Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
 Keep us in the heavenly way;  
*cr* Bring us to the courts above,  
*f* Realms of light and endless love. Amen.

O LUCE QUI MORTALIBUS (*First Tune*).

MODE VI. Old French Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*



St. LUKE (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669?-1707.

## General Hymns.

*p* GREAT God, Who, hid from mortal sight,  
Dost dwell in unapproachèd light,  
Before Whose throne with veiled brow  
Thy sinless Angels trembling bow.

Awhile in darkness here below  
We lie oppressed with sin and woe ;  
*mf* But soon the everlasting day  
Shall chase the night of gloom away ;—

The day prepared for us by Thee ;  
The day reserved for us to see ;  
A day but faintly imaged here  
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

*p* Too long, alas ! it still delays,  
It lingers yet, that day of days ;  
The flesh, with all its load of sin,  
Must perish, ere its joy we win.

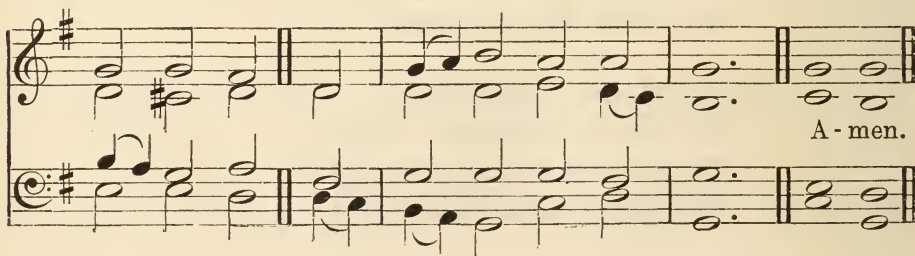
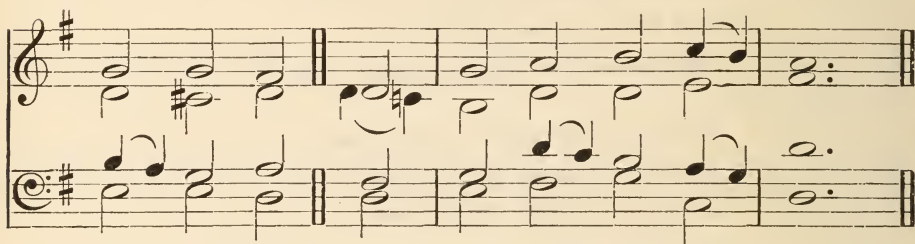
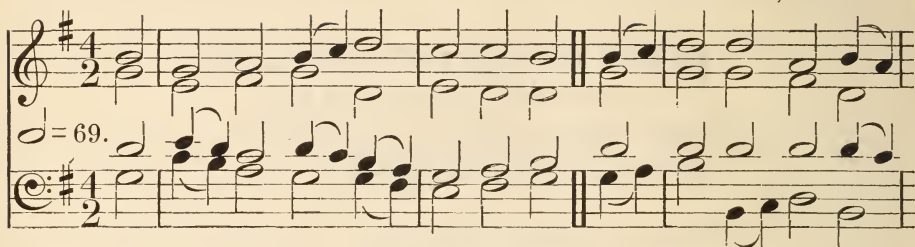
*f* Then from these earthly bonds set free  
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee ;  
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,  
Her blissful task for evermore.

*p* All-bounteous Trinity ! prepare  
Our souls Thy hidden joy to share,  
*cr* That our brief daytime, used aright,  
May issue in eternal light. Amen.

INNSBRUCK.

8.8.6. D.

H. ISAAC, 1440-15 .



## General Hymns.

*mf* GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose hand  
Doth all the secret springs command  
Of human thought and will,  
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless  
Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,  
Their order to fulfil.

*mf* Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;  
*f* But love alone shall then remain  
*dim* When this short day is gone:  
*cr* O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,  
*f* When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright  
With all our labours done?

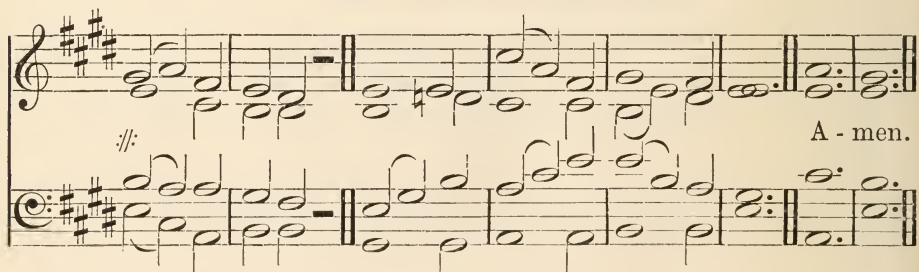
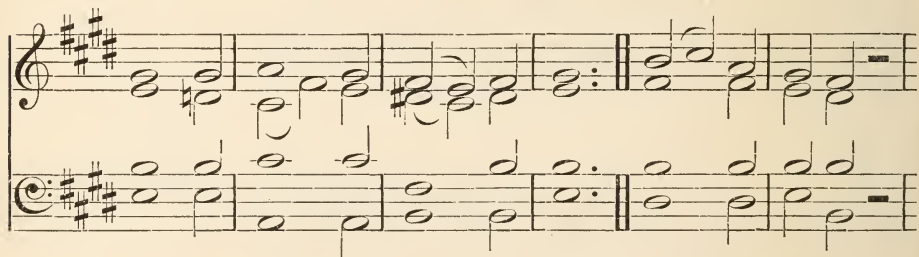
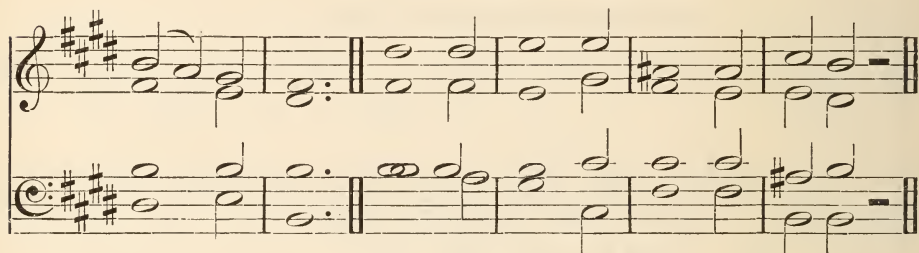
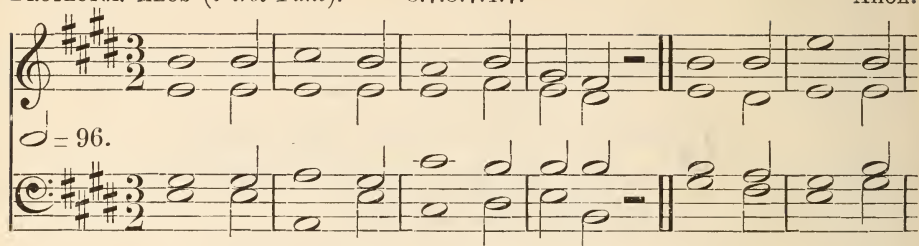
*p* We sow 'mid perils here and tears;  
*mf* There the glad hand the harvest bears,  
Which here in grief hath sown:  
*f* Great God Triune, the increase give;  
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,  
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.



PROTECTOR MEUS (*First Tune*).

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Anon.

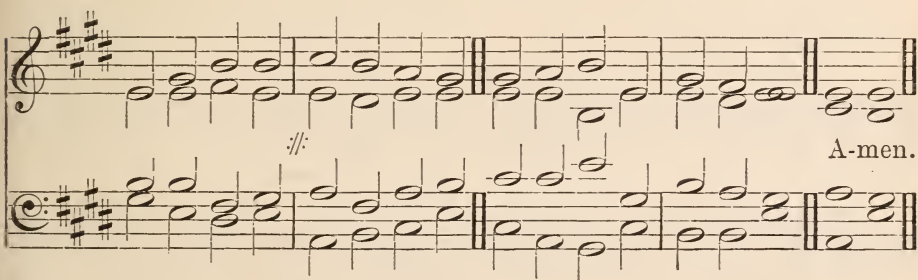
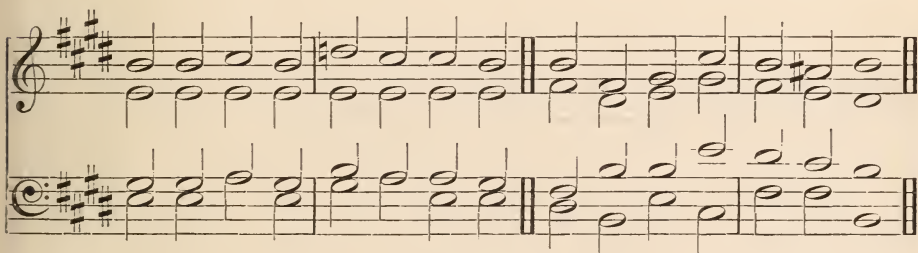
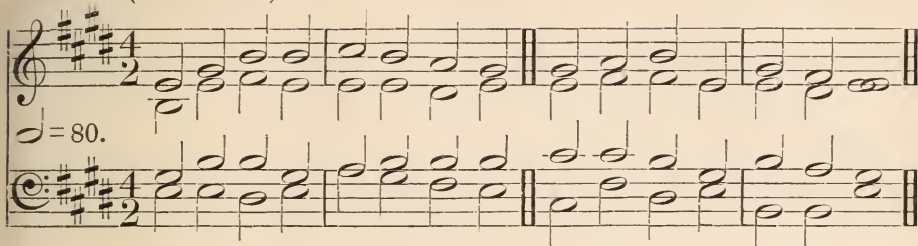


# General Hymns.

MANNHEIM (*Second Tune*).

8.7.8.7.4.7.

F. FILITZ, 1804-1876.



*mf* **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah, *mf* Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land; Whence the healing stream doth  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Let the fire, and cloudy pillar [flow;  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Lead me all my journey through;  
*p* Bread of heaven, *f* Strong Deliverer, [shield.  
 Feed me till I want no more. Be Thou still my strength and

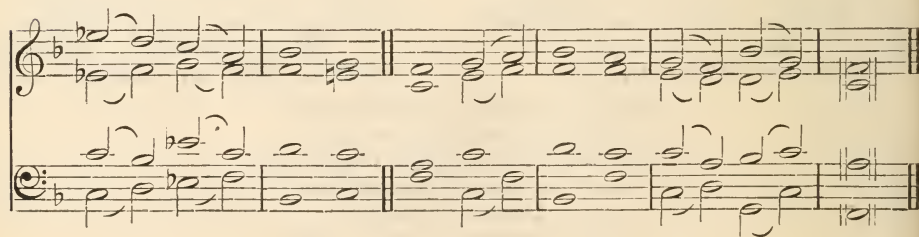
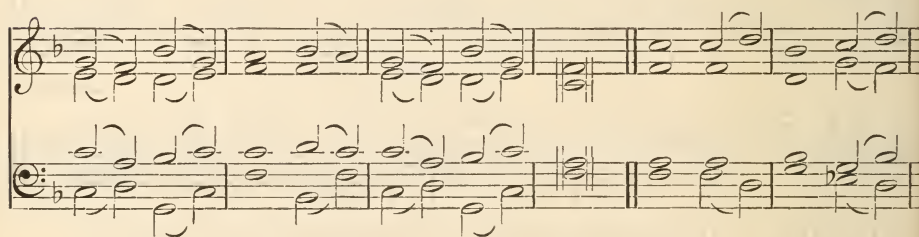
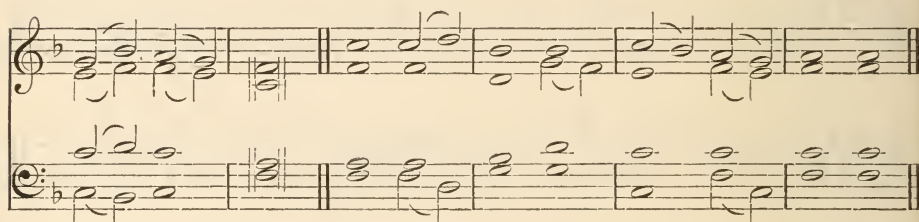
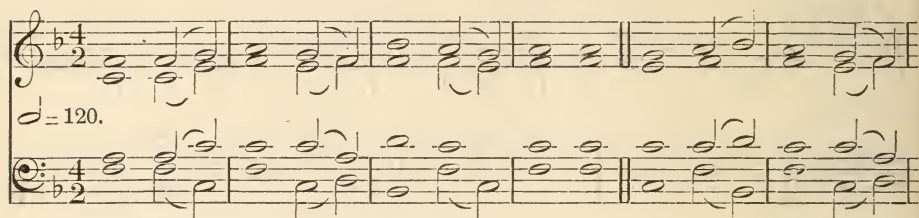
*p* When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;

*f* Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:

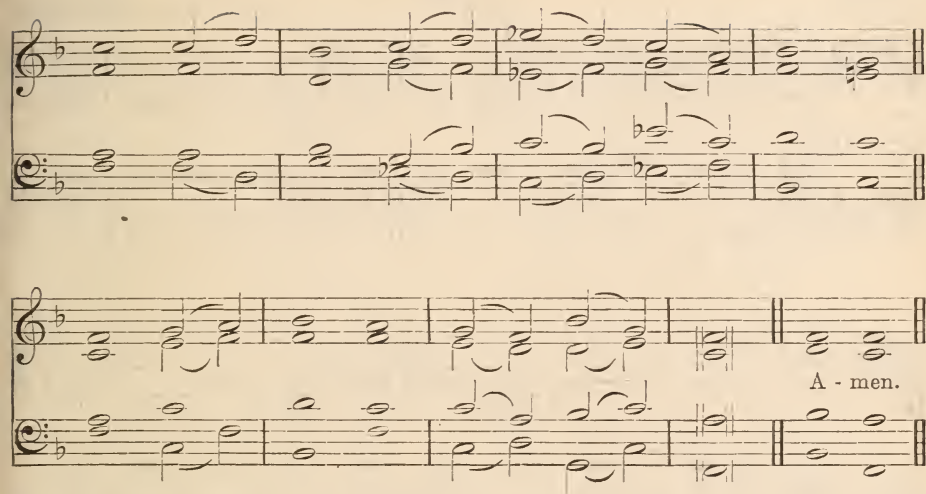
Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

ALLA TRINITÀ BEATA.

8.7.8.7. D.

*Laudi Spirituali, 1585.*

# General Hymns.



<p><i>mf</i> <b>H</b>AIL, Thou once despised Jesus,          Hail, Thou Galilean King !          Who didst suffer to release us,          Who didst free salvation bring !          Hail, Thou universal Saviour          Who hast borne our sin and shame ;          By Whose merits we find favour,          Life is given through Thy Name.</p>	<p><i>p</i> Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,          All our sins were on Thee laid ;  <i>mf</i> By Almighty love anointed,          Thou hast full atonement made :          Every sin may be forgiven          Through the virtue of Thy Blood ;  <i>f</i> Opened is the gate of heaven ;  <i>p</i> Peace is made 'twixt man and God.</p>
--	---

*f* Jesu, hail ! Enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide,  
 All the heavenly Hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side !  
 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give ! Amen.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 4/2 time, key of D major (one sharp). The tempo marking is ♩ = 104. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes a key signature change to D minor (two flats) in the final measure.

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. The word "A-men." is written at the end of the treble staff. The final measure of the treble staff shows a key signature change back to D major.



## General Hymns.

*f* **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

*mf* He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

*mf* He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth :  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And Righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

*f* Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

*mf* For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
*f* His Kingdom still increasing,  
A Kingdom without end :  
*mf* The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
*f* Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

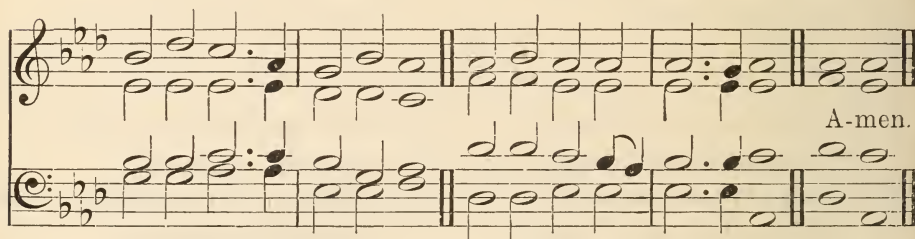
*f* O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest ;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
That Name to us is—Love.

Amen.

ST. BEES.

7.7.7.7.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*mf* **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord; *mf* " Mine is an unchanging love,  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word; Higher than the heights above,  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, Deeper than the depths beneath,  
*p* " Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me? Free and faithful, strong as death.

*mf* " I delivered thee when bound, [wound; *f* " Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
 And, when wounded, healed thy When the work of grace is done;  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Partner of My throne shalt be;  
 Turned thy darkness into light. *f* Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me? "

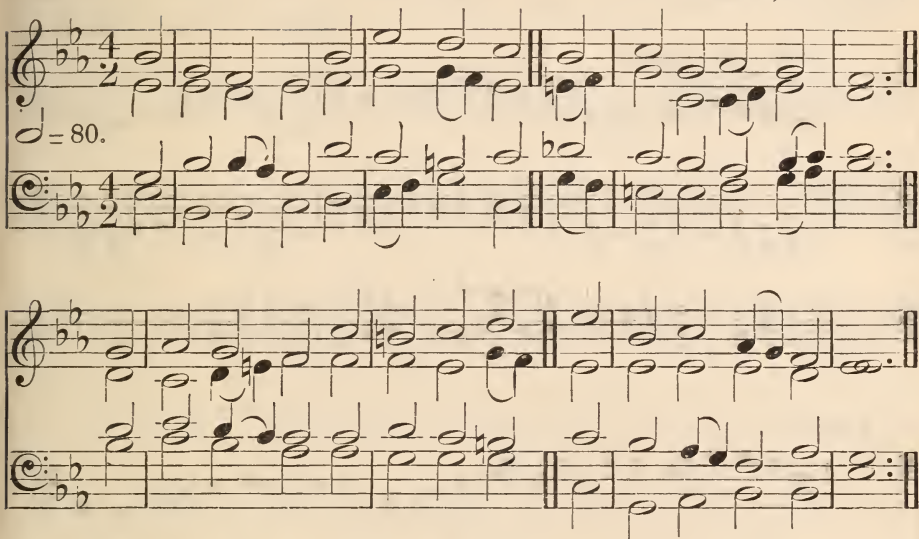
" Can a woman's tender care *p* Lord, it is my chief complaint  
 Cease towards the child she bare? That my love is weak and faint;  
*p* Yes, she may forgetful be, *mf* Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
*f* Yet will I remember thee. *cr* Oh for grace to love Thee more.

Amen.

SUDELEY.

C.M.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



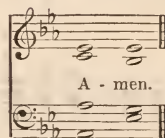
*p* **H**EAL us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer;  
 We wait to feel Thy touch:  
 Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;  
 And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess;  
 We faintly trust Thy word:  
 But wilt Thou pity us the less?  
 Be that far from Thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied  
 With trembling for relief;  
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,  
 "Help Thou mine unbelief!"

She too, who touched Thee in the press,  
 And healing virtue stole,  
 Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Like her, with hopes and fears we come  
 To touch Thee if we may;  
 Oh, send us not despairing home;  
 Send none unhealed away!



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS (*First Tune*).

## VERSE 1.

*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE I. Ancient Plain Song.

First system of music for Verse 1. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in C major, starting with a repeat sign and ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in C major, with the right hand playing a series of eighth notes and the left hand playing a series of quarter notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

## VERSE 2.

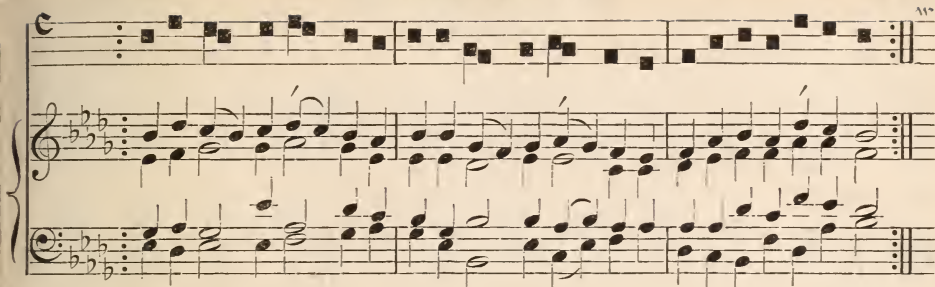
Second system of music for Verse 2. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in C major, starting with a repeat sign and ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in C major, with the right hand playing a series of eighth notes and the left hand playing a series of quarter notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

## VERSE 3.

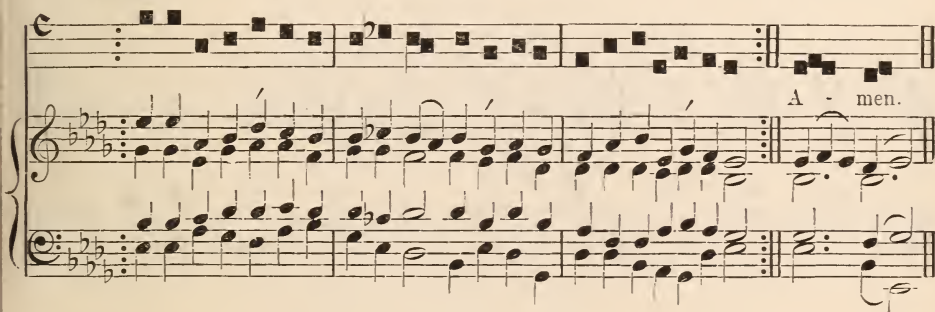
Third system of music for Verse 3. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in C major, starting with a repeat sign and ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in C major, with the right hand playing a series of eighth notes and the left hand playing a series of quarter notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

VERSE 4.

General Hymns.



VERSE 5.



1.

**H**OLY Spirit! Lord of Light!  
From the clear celestial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give:  
Come, Thou Father of the poor!  
Come, with treasures which endure!  
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

2.

Thou of all consolers best,  
Thou the soul's delightful Guest,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

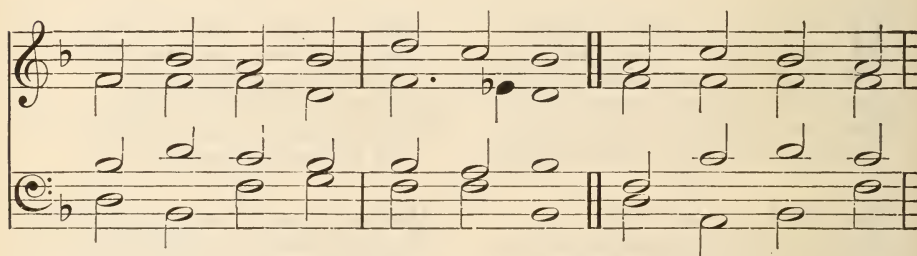
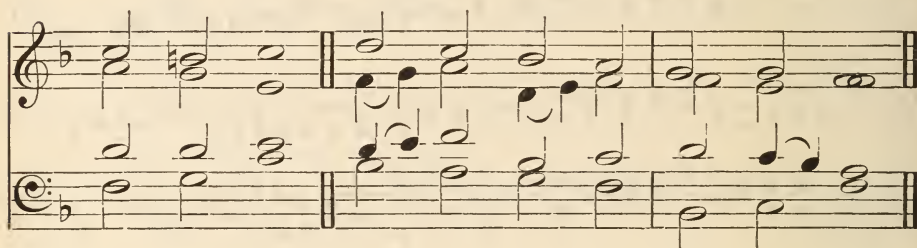
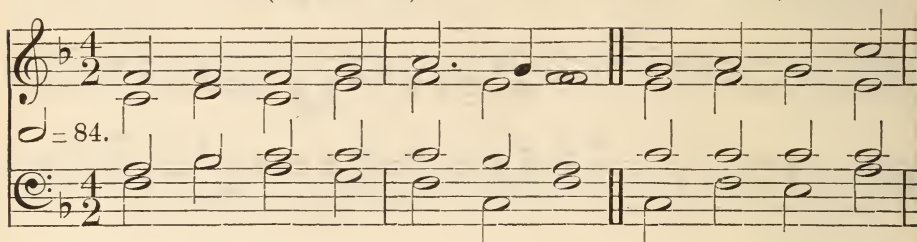
Thou on those who evermore  
Thee confess and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:  
Give them comfort when they die;  
Give them life with Thee on high,  
Give them joys that never end. Amen.



7.7.7. 7.7.7.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS (*Second Tune*).

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.



## General Hymns.

*mf* **H**OLY Spirit! Lord of Light!  
From the clear celestial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give:  
Come, Thou Father of the poor!  
• Come, with treasures which endure!  
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

Thou of all consolers best,  
Thou the soul's delightful Guest  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal, Light Divine!  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill:  
*p* If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay;  
All his good is turned to ill.

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

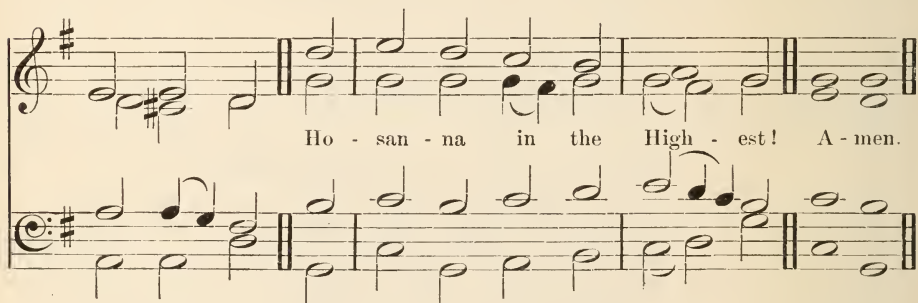
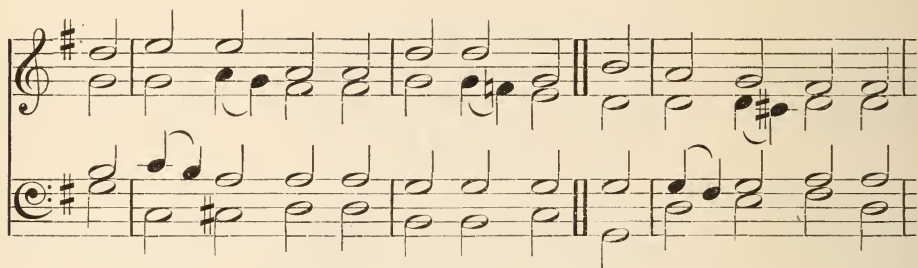
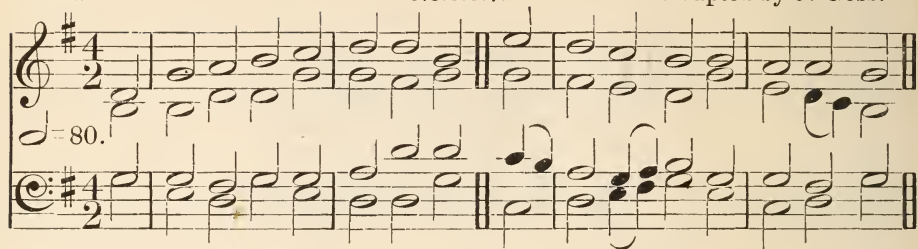
*mf* Thou on those who evermore  
Thee confess and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:  
Give them comfort when they die;  
*cr* Give them life with Thee on high;  
*f* Give them joys that never end. Amen.

BADEN.

8.8.8.8.7.

J. PACHELBEL, 1653-1706.

Adapted by J. Goss.



*f* **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!  
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.  
 Hosanna in the Highest!

*p* But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
 Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;  
*cr* And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee!  
*f* Hosanna in the Highest!

*mf* O Saviour, with protecting care  
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,  
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.

*p* So, in the last and dreadful day, [way,  
 When earth and heaven shall melt a-  
*cr* Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

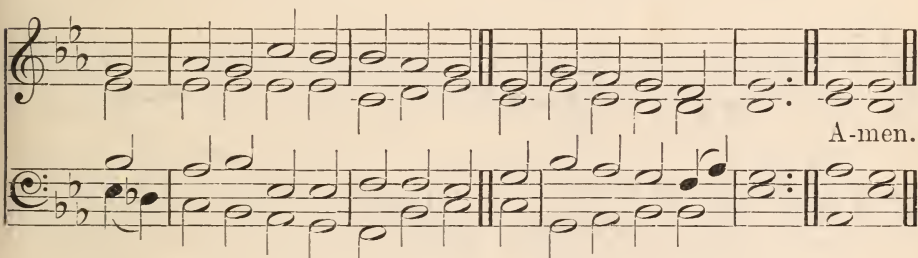
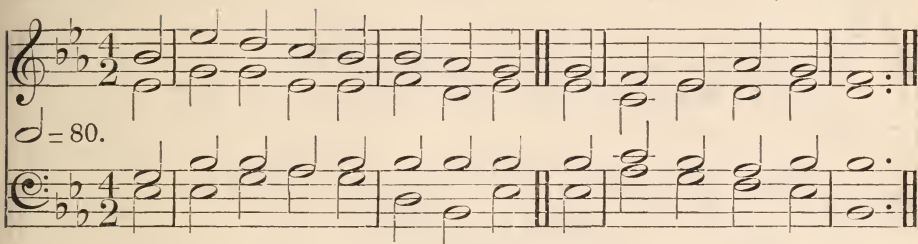
*f* Hosanna in the Highest!

*f* Hosanna in the Highest! Amen.

ST. PETER.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



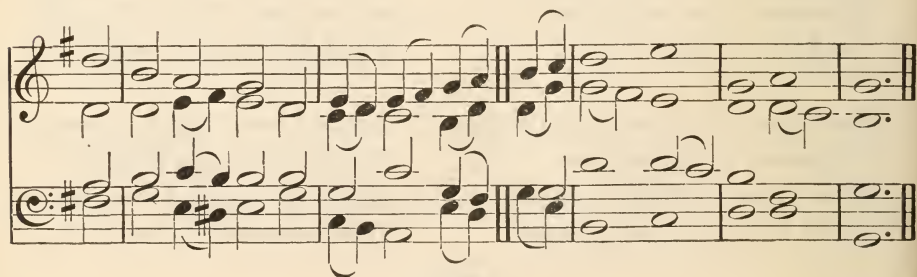
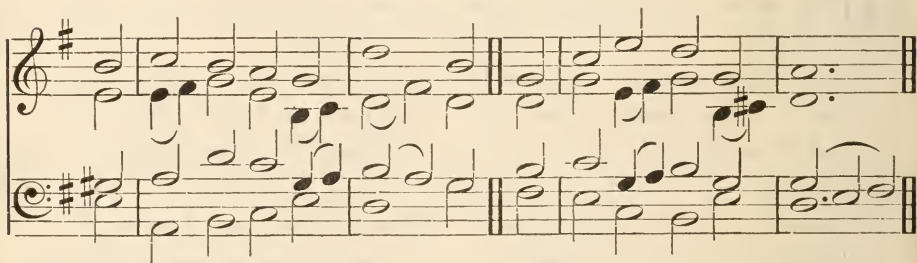
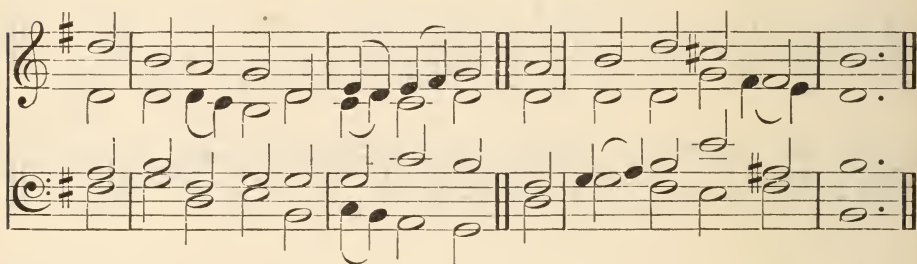
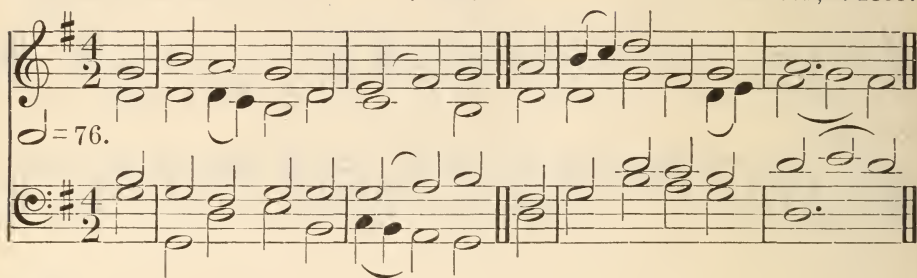
*mf* **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus *f* Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother,  
 sounds Friend,  
 In a believer's ear! [wounds, My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 And drives away his fear. Accept the praise I bring.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, *p* Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And calms the troubled breast; And cold my warmest thought;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, *cr* But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
*p* And to the weary rest. I'll praise Thee as I ought.

*mf* Dear Name! the rock on which I build! *f* Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
 My shield and hiding-place! With every fleeting breath;  
 My never-failing treasury, filled *p* And may the music of Thy Name  
 With boundless stores of grace! Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

LUCERNA EJUS EST AGNUS.

7.6.8.6. D.

BASIL HARWOOD, *b.* 1859.



# General Hymns.

*f* I HEARD a sound of voices  
 Around the great white throne,  
 With harpers harping on their harps  
 To Him Who sat thereon ;  
*ff* " Salvation, glory, honour,"  
 I heard the song arise,  
 As through the courts of heaven it  
 rolled  
 In wondrous harmonies.

*f* From every clime and kindred,  
 And nations from afar,—  
 As serried ranks returning home  
 In triumph from a war :  
 I heard the Saints upraising,  
 The myriad hosts among,  
 In praise of Him Who died, and lives,  
 Their one glad triumph-song.

*mf* I saw the Holy City,  
 The New Jerusalem,  
 Come down from heaven a Bride  
 adorned  
 With jewelled diadem :  
 The flood of crystal waters  
 Flowed down the golden street ;  
 And nations brought their honours  
 there,  
 And laid them at her feet.

*mf* And there nor sun was needed,  
 Nor moon to shine by night,  
*f* God's glory did enlighten all,  
 The Lamb Himself the Light :  
*mf* And there His servants serve Him,  
 And, life's long battle o'er,  
*f* Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,  
 King,  
 They reign for evermore.

*f* O great and glorious vision !—  
 The Lamb upon His throne—  
 O wondrous sight for man to see !  
 The Saviour with His own :  
 To drink the living waters,  
 And stand upon the shore,  
 Where neither sorrow, sin ; nor death  
 Shall ever enter more.

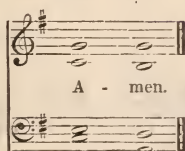
*ff* O Lamb of God Who reignest !  
 Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
 Whose glory lightens that new  
 earth

*dim* Which now we see from far ;

*cr* O worthy Judge eternal !  
 When Thou dost bid us come,

*f* Then open wide the gates of  
 pearl,

*dim* And call Thy servants home.



VOX DILECTI.

D.C.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and the second with a bass clef. The tempo and dynamics markings are: *p* (piano), *Org.* (Organ), *rall.* (rallentando), and *mf, a tempo.* (mezzo-forte, at tempo). The system concludes with a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

Second system of musical notation. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and the second with a bass clef. The tempo and dynamics markings are: *cres.* (crescendo). The system concludes with a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

Third system of musical notation. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and the second with a bass clef. The tempo and dynamics markings are: *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The system concludes with a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

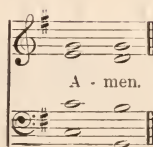
Fourth system of musical notation. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/2. The music is written for two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and the second with a bass clef. The tempo and dynamics markings are: *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo). The system concludes with a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

# General Hymns.

*p* 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;  
*cr* I found in Him a resting-place,  
*f* And He has made me glad.

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

*mf* 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."  
*cr*\* I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
*f* And in that Light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.



\* In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:—

I . . came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I . . looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

MUNICH.

7.6.7.6. D.

Württemberg Gesangbuch, 1711.

First system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. A tempo marking "♩ = 100." is placed between the staves. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass.

Second system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass.

Third system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass.

Fourth system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass.

A-men.

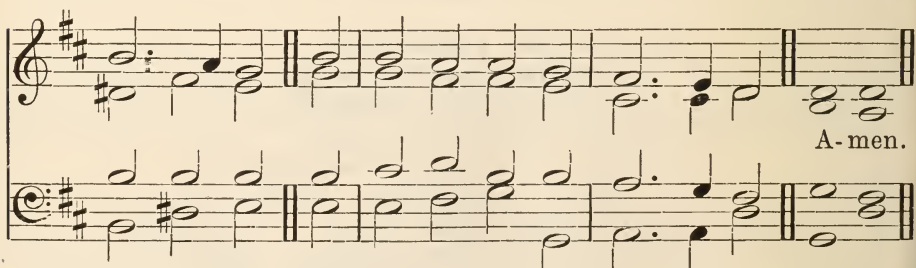
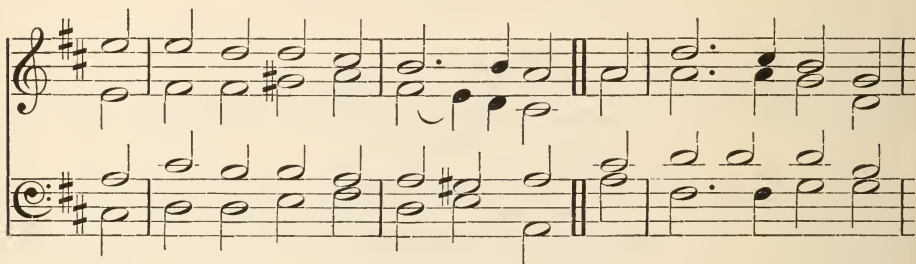
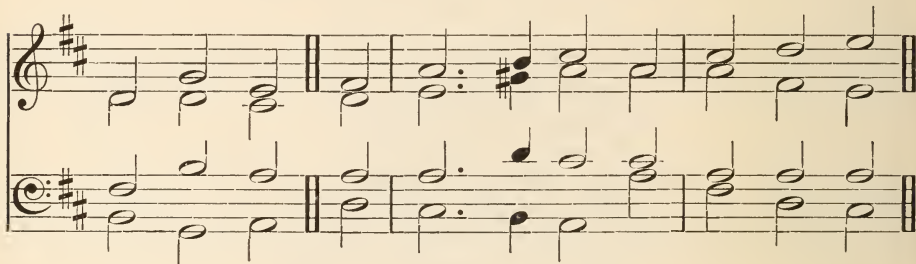
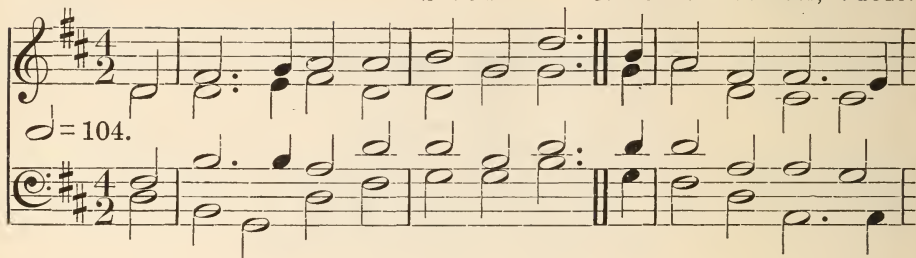
## General Hymns.

- p* I NEED Thee, precious Jesu,  
For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within.
- mf* I need the cleansing fountain  
Where I can always flee,  
The Blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- p* I need Thee, precious Jesu,  
For I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.
- mf* I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.
- p* I need Thee, precious Jesu,  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trouble,  
And all my sorrow share.
- mf* I need Thee, precious Jesu,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on Thy throne ;
- cr* There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be
- f* To sing Thy praises, Jesu,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.



NATURE.

Six 8's.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY, *b.* 1848.

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May also be sung to "Surrey," No. 563.

## General Hymns.

*mf* I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
*p* “ Our beauties are but for a day.”

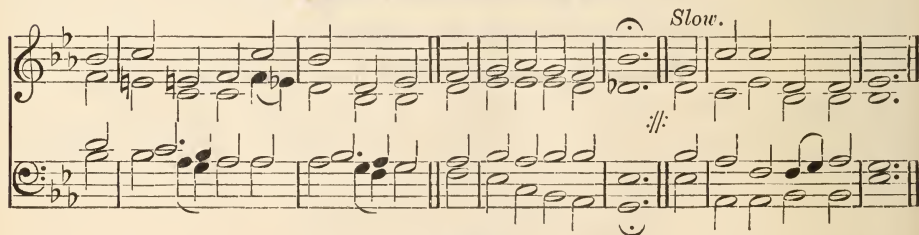
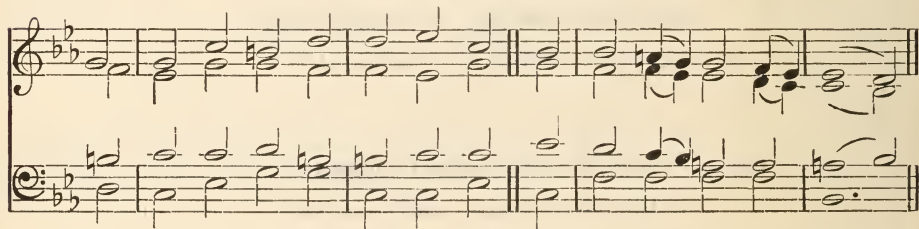
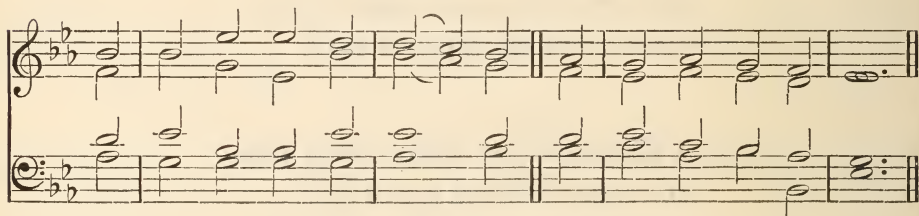
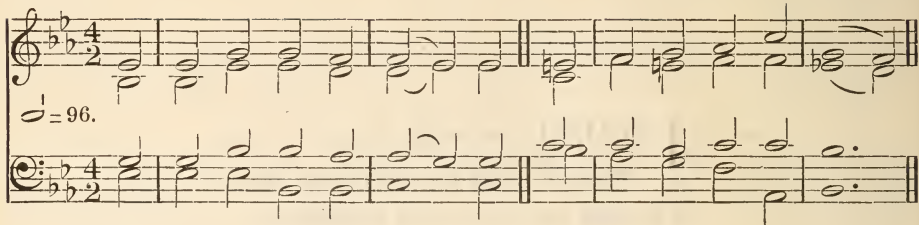
*mf* I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
*p* “ Our days of light are numberèd.”

*mf* O God, O Good beyond compare,  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee. Amen.

ST. AVOLD.

7.6.7.6. 8.6.8.6.

M. HAYDN, 1797-1806.



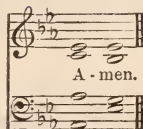
## General Hymns.

*mf*    **I**N exile here we wander,  
           In heaven is our abode,—  
           The city of the Angels,  
           The city of our God.  
*p* And here we toil, and strive, and fight,  
           With sin and woe opprest;  
*f* There God will give the sons of light  
           Eternal joy and rest.

*p*     Through many sore temptations,  
           By many sorrows torn,  
           We strive to win the glory;  
           Our many falls we mourn.  
*cr* But faith holds out the vision bright  
           Of our eternal home;  
*f* And hope assures that realm of light,  
           When we have overcome.

*mf*    Jesu, our Joy and Gladness,  
           To Thee for aid we flee;  
           Give tears of true contrition;  
           Our souls from guilt set free:—  
*cr* And we shall see that gladsome day,  
*f*     Where, bathed in joy divine,  
           Among Thy Saints, and bright as they,  
           We shall for ever shine.

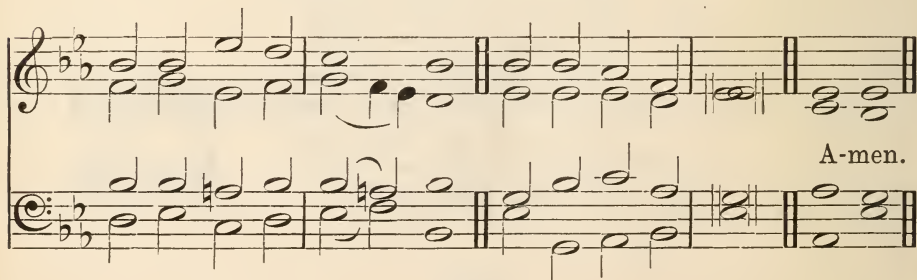
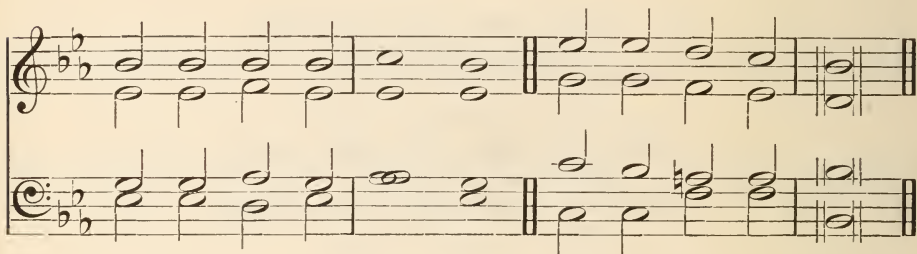
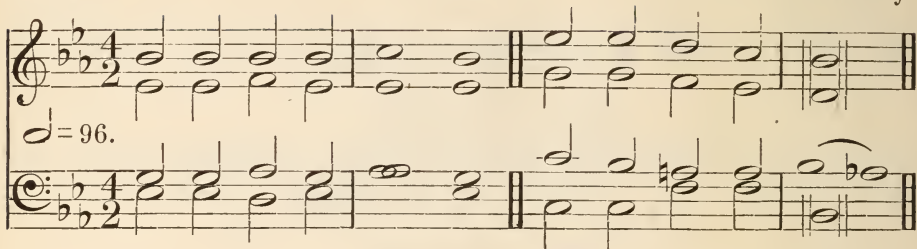
*f*     There we, as children dwelling,  
*mf*     Who here as exiles groan,  
*f*     God's praises shall be telling  
           Before His glorious throne;  
           There in our endless home shall rest  
           From strife and sorrow free,  
           And join the anthem of the blest  
           For ever, Lord, to Thee.



BOHEMIA.

6.5.6.5. D.

Old German Melody.





## General Hymns.

*p* **I**N the hour of trial,  
Jesu, plead for me ;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee ;  
When Thou seest me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.

*mf* With its 'witching pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm ;  
*p* Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

*p* If with sore affliction,  
Thou in love chastise,  
*mf* Pour Thy benediction  
On the sacrifice.  
Then upon Thine Altar  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the Cup.

*p* When in dust and ashes  
To the grave I sink,  
While heaven's glory flashes  
O'er the shelving brink ;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
*cr* Lord, receive me dying  
*mf* To eternal life. Amen.

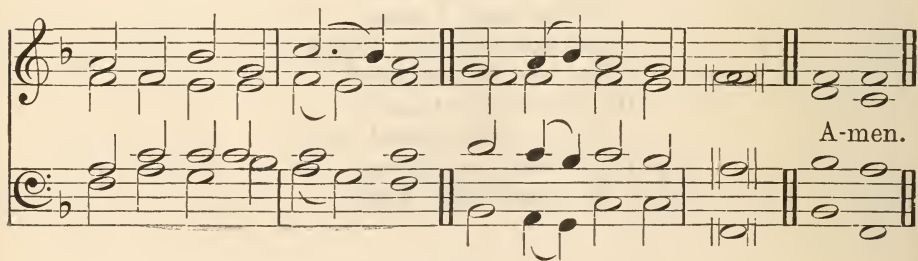
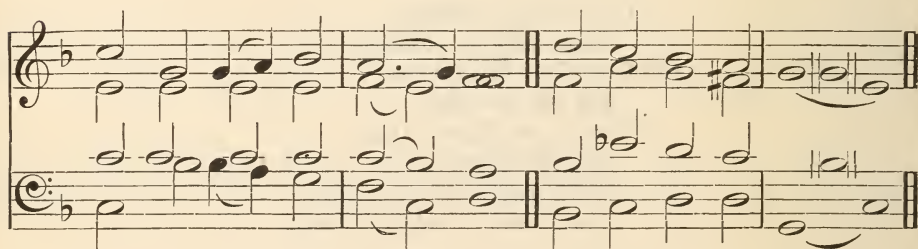
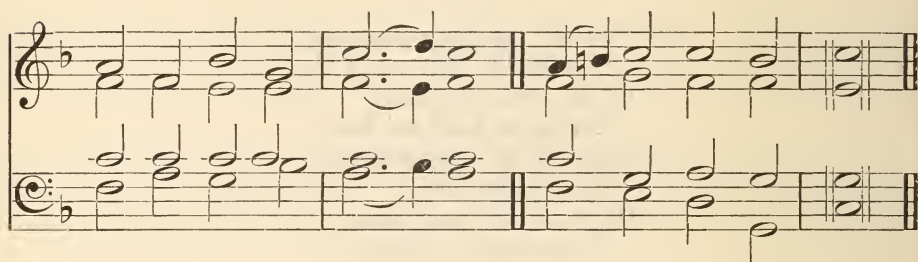
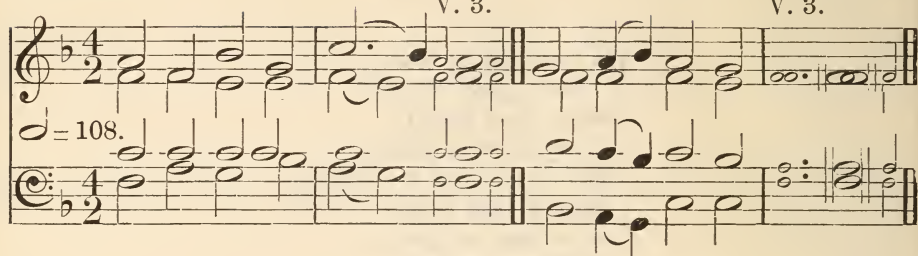
PRINCETHORPE.

6.5.6.5. D.

W. PITTS, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

V. 3.



## General Hymns.

*mf* **I**N the Name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
*cr* Every tongue confess Him  
*f* King of Glory now;  
*mf* 'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We should call Him Lord,  
*cr* Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word.

*f* At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the Angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and Dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly Orders,  
In their great array.

*f* Name Him, brothers, name Him  
With love as strong as death,  
*p* But humbly and with wonder,  
And with bated breath.  
*f* He is God the Saviour,  
He is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshipped,  
Trusted and adored.

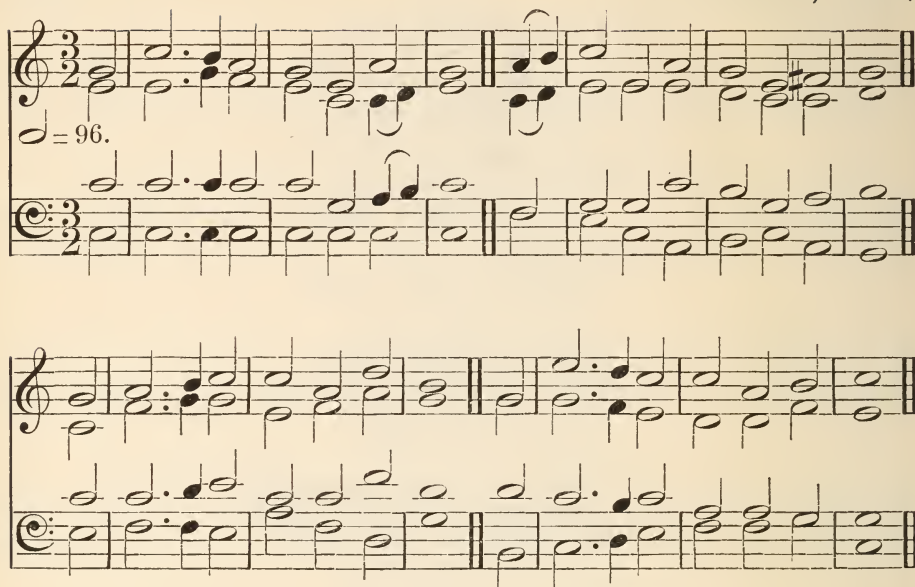
*mf* In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
*cr* Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His Will enfold you  
In its light and power.

*f* Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His Angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of Glory now. Amen.

TABOR.

8.8.8.8.

C. STEGGALL, b. 1826.



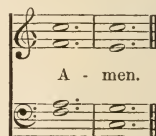
*mf* **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,  
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of  
 Thine,  
 My all to Thy covenant care  
 I sleeping and waking resign.

Thy ministering spirits descend  
 To watch while Thy Saints are a-  
 sleep;  
 By day and by night they attend  
 The heirs of salvation to keep.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
 The night is no darkness to me,  
 And, fast as my moments roll on,  
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy worship no interval knows,  
 Their fervour is still on the wing;  
 And, while they protect my repose,  
 They chant to the praise of my King.

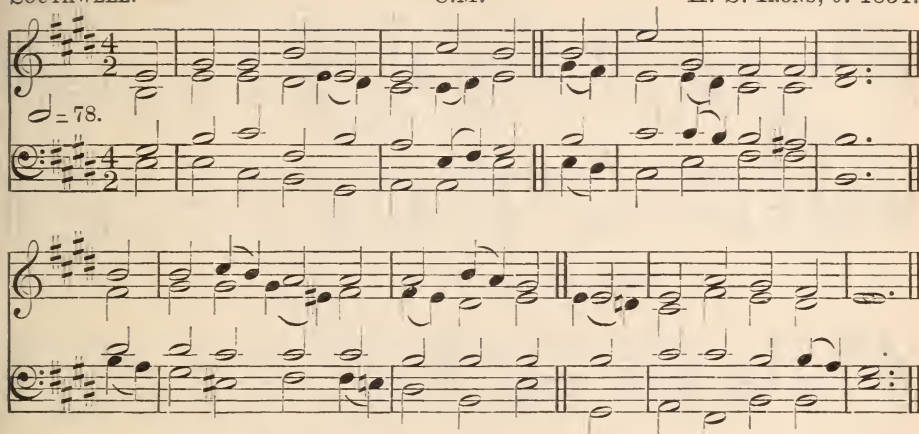
*f* I too, at the season ordained,  
 Their chorus for ever shall join;  
 And love, and adore, without end,  
 Their gracious Creator, and mine.



SOUTHWELL.

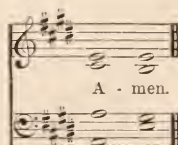
C.M.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



*May also be sung to "St. James," No. 216.*

*mf* **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 Name ever dear to me,  
 When shall my labours have an end  
 In joy, and peace, and thee?  
 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold,  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?  
 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
 I onward press to you.  
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
 Or feel, at death, dismay?  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.  
 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below  
 Will join the glorious band.  
 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
*f* Then shall my labours have an end  
 When I thy joys shall see.

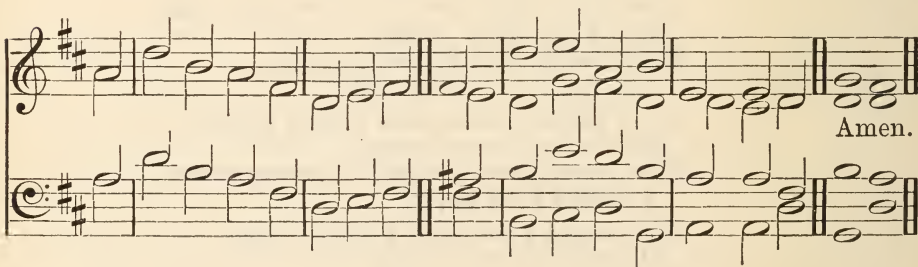
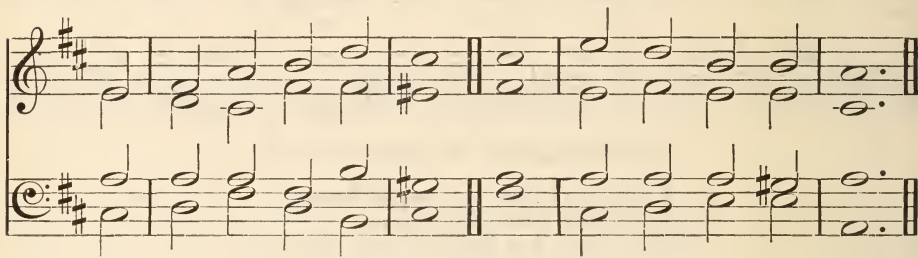
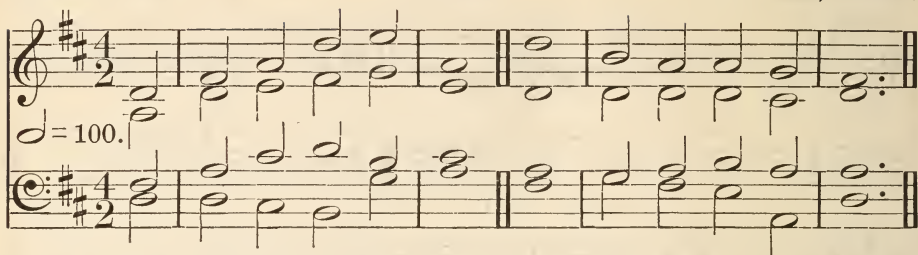




CHRIST CHURCH.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

C. STEGGALL, b. 1826.



*mf* **J**ERUSALEM on high  
 My song and city is,  
 My home whene'er I die,  
 The centre of my bliss:  
*f* O happy place!  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face?

## General Hymns.

*mf* There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live;  
There Angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face?

*mf* The Patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease;  
The Prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face?

*mf* The Lamb's Apostles there  
I might with joy behold;  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold;

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face?

*p* The bleeding Martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,  
*cr* Clothèd in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crowned:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face?

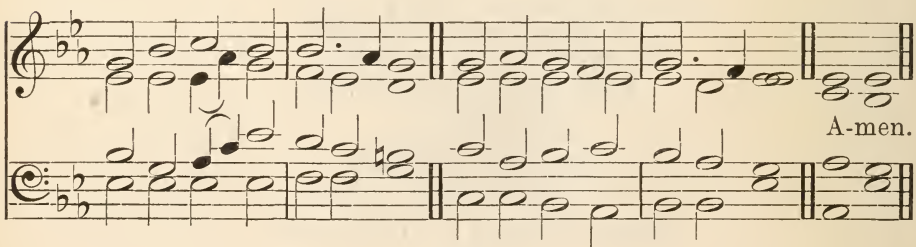
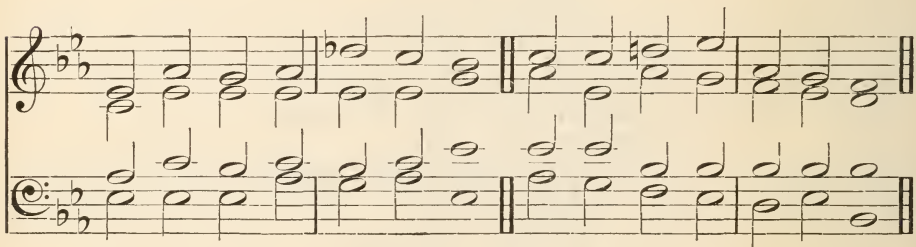
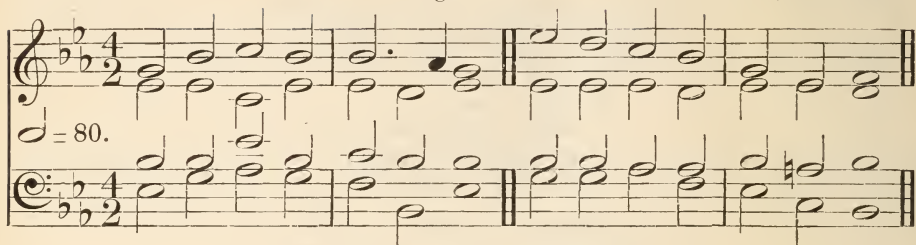
*mf* Ah me! Ah me! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay;  
No place like that on high;  
Lord, thither guide my way:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face? Amen.

HOLLINGSIDE.

Eight 7's.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



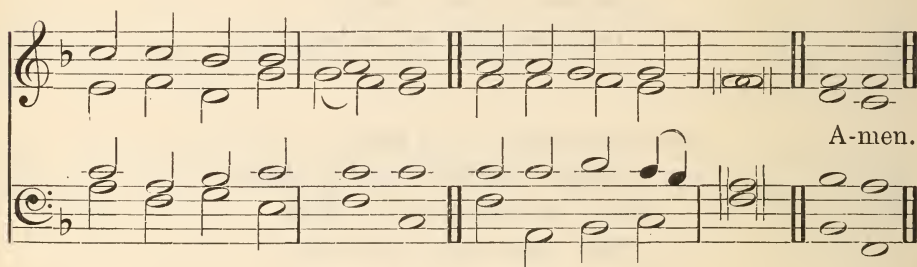
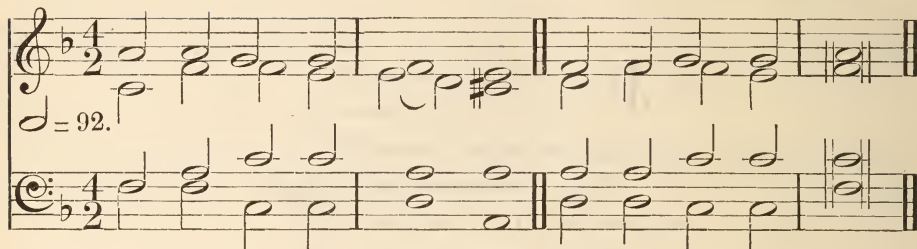
## General Hymns.

- p* **J**ESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
*cr* While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
*mf* Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past :  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- mf* Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
*p* Leave—ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
*cr* All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
*p* With the shadow of Thy wing.
- mf* Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin !  
*cr* Let the healing streams abound,  
*f* Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart ;  
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

CASWALL.

6.5.6.5.

F. FILITZ, 1804-1876.



*p* **J**ESU, meek and gentle,  
 Son of God Most High,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 Hear Thy children's cry.

Give us holy freedom.  
 Fill our hearts with love ;  
 Draw us, holy Jesu,  
 To the realms above.

*mf* Pardon our offences,  
 Loose our captive chains,  
 Break down every idol  
 Which our soul detains.

Lead us on our journey,  
 Be Thyself the Way  
 Through terrestrial darkness  
 To celestial day.

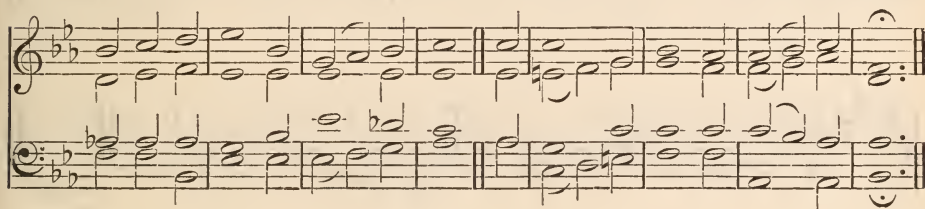
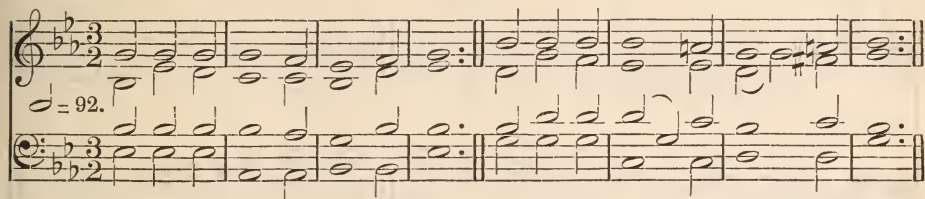
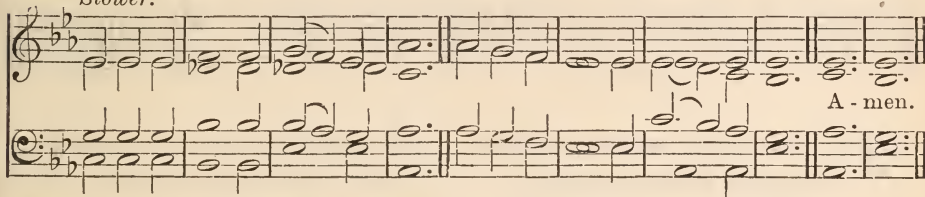
*p* Jesu, meek and gentle,  
 Son of God Most High,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.



ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

J. BARNEY, 1838-1896.

*Slower.*

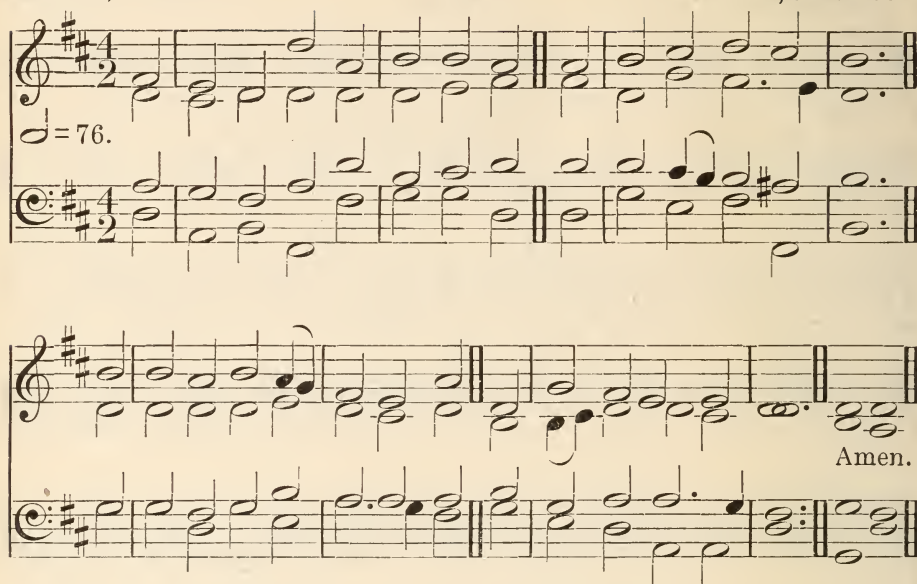
(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

- mf* **J**ESU, my Lord, my God, my All, *mf* Jesu, what didst Thou find in me  
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ; That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?  
*cr* Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place How great the joy that Thou hast brought !  
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace. Oh, far exceeding hope or thought !  
*p* Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ; *p* Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;  
 Oh ! make me love Thee more and more. Oh ! make me love Thee more and more.
- mf* Jesu, too late I Thee have sought, *f* Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,  
 How can I love Thee as I ought ? To Thee my heart and soul belong ;  
 And how extol Thy matchless fame, All that I have or am is Thine ; [mine.  
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name ? And Thou, sweet Saviour, Thou art  
*p* Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ; *p* Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;  
 Oh ! make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

REDHEAD, No. 66.

C.M.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



- mf* JESU, our Hope, our heart's Desire, *mf* Oh may Thy mighty love prevail  
 Thy work of grace we sing ; Our sinful souls to spare !  
 Redeemer of the world art Thou, Oh may we stand around Thy throne,  
 Its Maker and its King. And see Thy glory there !
- p* How vast the mercy and the love Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,  
 Which laid our sins on Thee, As Thou our Prize wilt be ;  
 And led Thee to a cruel death, In Thee be all our glory now  
 To set Thy people free ! And through eternity.
- f* But now the bonds of death are burst ; *f* All praise to Thee Who art gone up  
 The ransom has been paid ; Triumphantly to heaven ;  
 And Thou art on Thy Father's throne, All praise to God the Father's Name  
 In glorious robes arrayed. And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.

ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

♩ = 84.

A-men.

*mf* **J**ESU, our Lord, how rich Thy grace ! But Thou hast brethren here below,  
 Thy bounties how complete ! The partners of Thy grace,  
 How shall we count the matchless sum ? And wilt confess their humble names  
 How pay the mighty debt ? Before Thy Father's face.

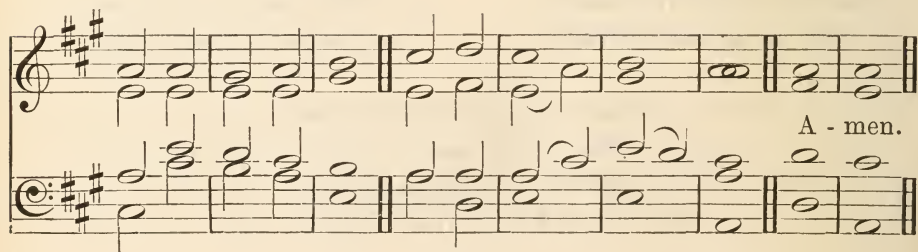
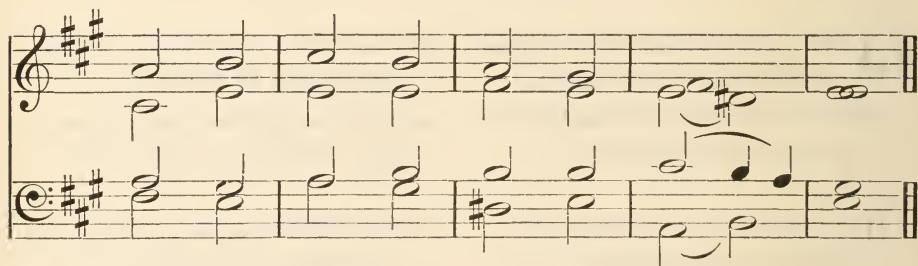
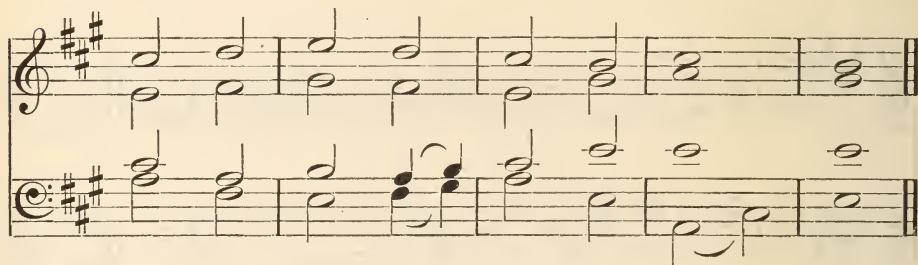
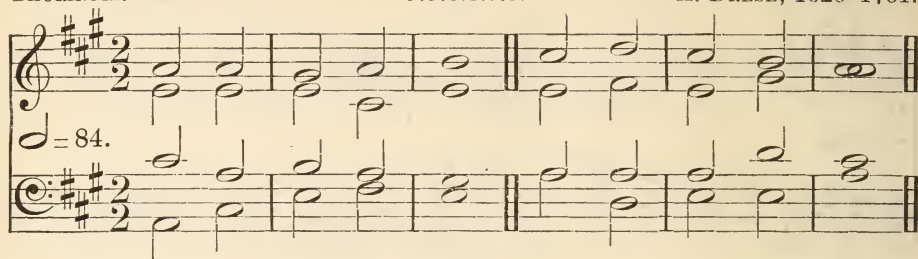
High on a throne of radiant light In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,  
 Dost Thou exalted shine ; And visited and cheered ;  
 What can our poverty bestow, And in their accents of distress  
 When all the world is Thine ? Our Saviour's voice is heard.

*p* Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love,  
 Thee in Thy poor to see,  
*cr* And while we minister to them,  
*f* To do it as to Thee. Amen.

THURINGIA.

5.5.8.8.5.5.

A. DRESE, 1620-1701.



## General Hymns.

*mf*        **J**ESU, still lead on,  
            Till our rest be won ;  
*p*    And, although the way be cheerless,  
*cr*   We will follow, calm and fearless ;  
*mf*        Guide us by Thy hand  
*dim*       To our fatherland.

*p*        If the way be drear,  
            If the foe be near,  
*cr*   Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
            Let not faith and hope forsake us,  
*mf*        For, through many a foe,  
            To our home we go.

*p*        When we seek relief  
            From a long-felt grief,—  
            When opprest by new temptations,  
*cr*   Lord, increase and perfect patience ;  
            Show us that bright shore  
*f*        Where we weep no more.

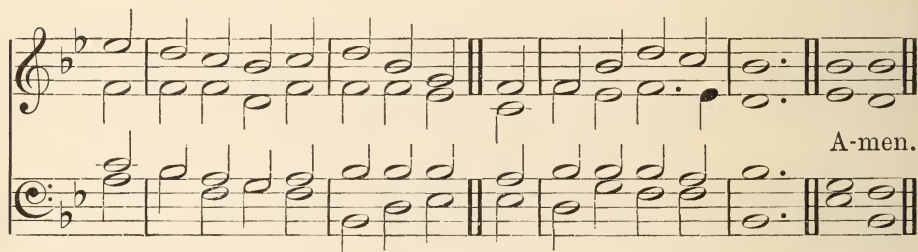
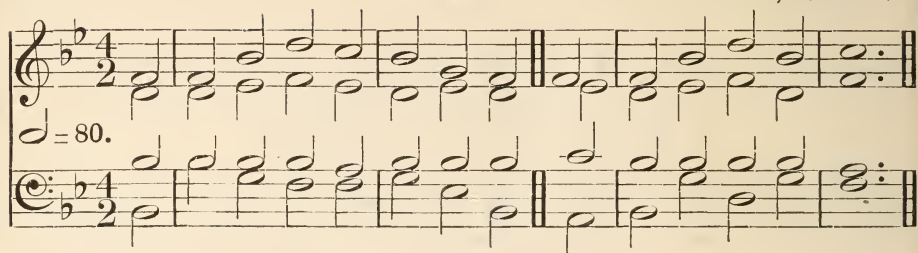
*p*        Jesu, still lead on,  
*cr*        Till our rest be won.  
            Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
            Still support, console, protect us,  
*f*        Till we safely stand  
            In our fatherland.    Amen.



EVAN.

C.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.



*mf* **J**ESU, the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills the breast;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy Presence rest.

O Hope of every contrite heart,  
 O Joy of all the meek,  
 To those who ask how kind Thou art,  
 How good to those who seek !

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,  
 The Saviour of mankind.

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but His loved ones know.

*f* Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our Prize wilt be ;  
 In Thee be all our glory now,  
 And through eternity. Amen.

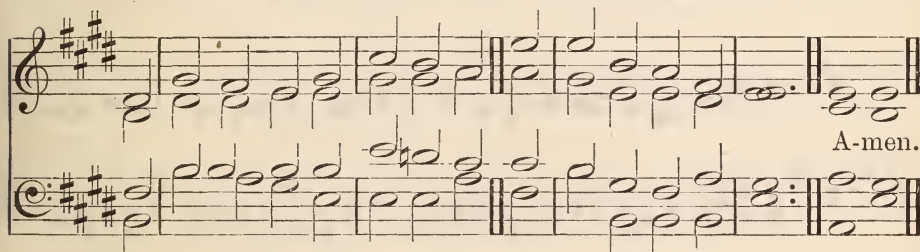
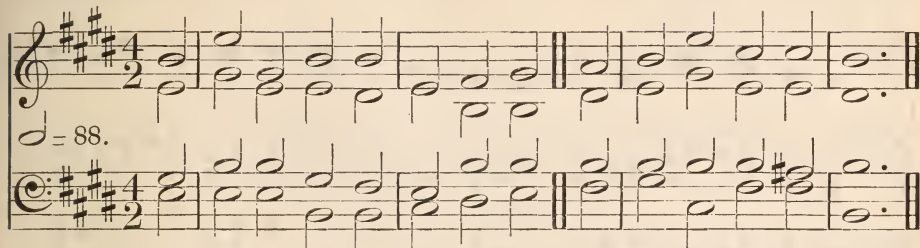
## 446 PART II.

## General Hymns.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

C.M.

J. B. CALKIN, b. 1827.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* **O** JESU, King most wonderful,  
 Thou Conqueror renowned,  
 Thon sweetness most ineffable,  
 In Whom all joys are found !

*f* O Jesu, Light of all below,  
 Thou Fount of living fire,  
 Surpassing all the joys we know,  
 And all we can desire ;

*mf* When once Thou visitest the heart, *mf* Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,  
 Then truth begins to shine, Thy wondrous love adore,  
 Then early vanities depart, And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame  
 Then kindles love divine. To seek Thee more and more.

*f* Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,  
 Thee may we love alone,  
 And ever in our lives express  
 The image of Thine Own. Amen.

JESU DULCEDO CORDIUM (*First Tune*).

MODE I. Sarum.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

WALTON (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

Anon.

♩ = 108.

## General Hymns.

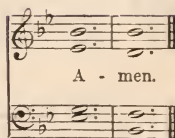
*mf* JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!  
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

*mf* Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
*cr* To them that seek Thee Thou art good;  
To them that find Thee, all in all!

*mf* We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

*p* Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
*cr* Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

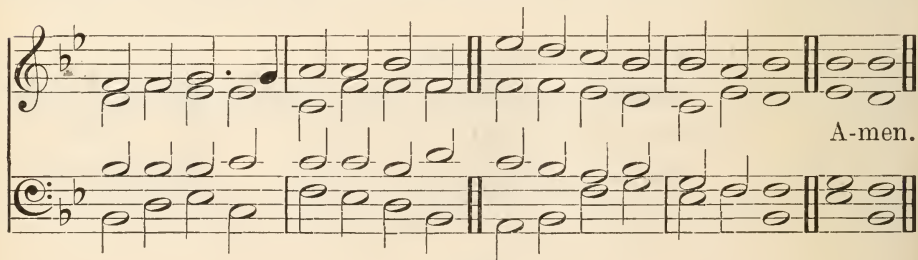
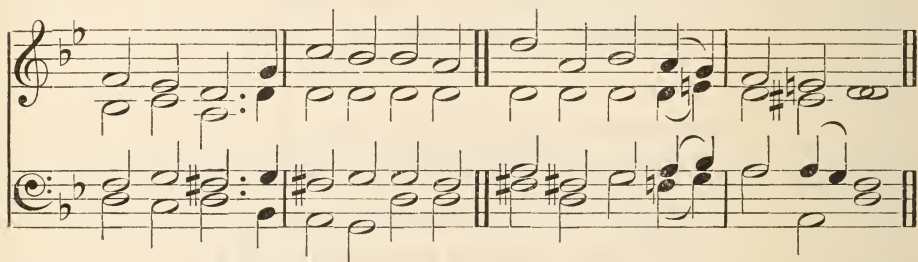
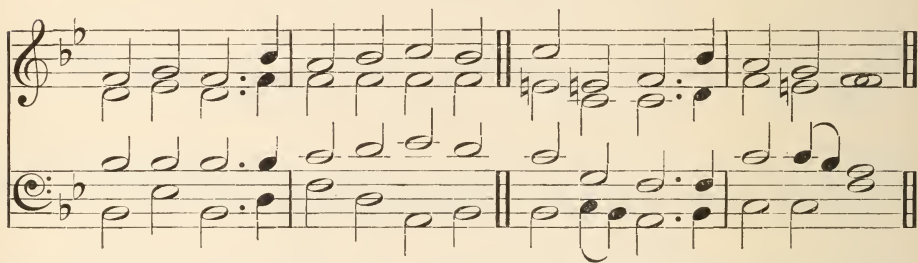
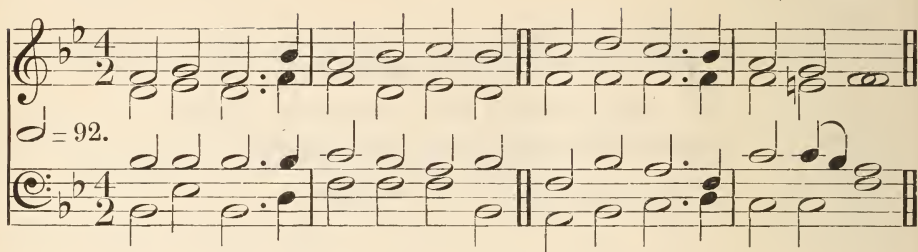
*mf* O Jesu, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
*cr* Chase the dark night of sin away;  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.



ST. AMBROSE.

8.7.8.7. D.

R. CECIL, 1748-1810.





## General Hymns.

*mf* JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee ;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be ;  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
*f* Yet how rich is my condition !  
God and heaven are still my own.

*mf* Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me ;  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

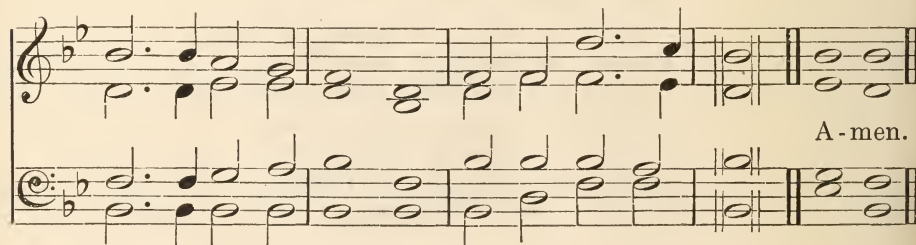
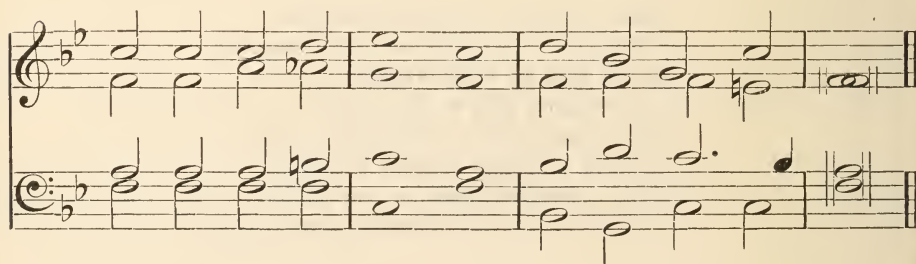
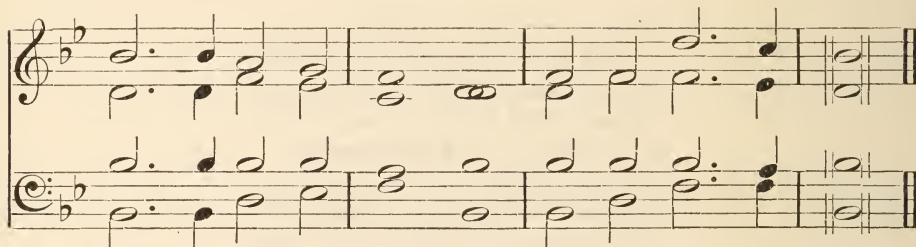
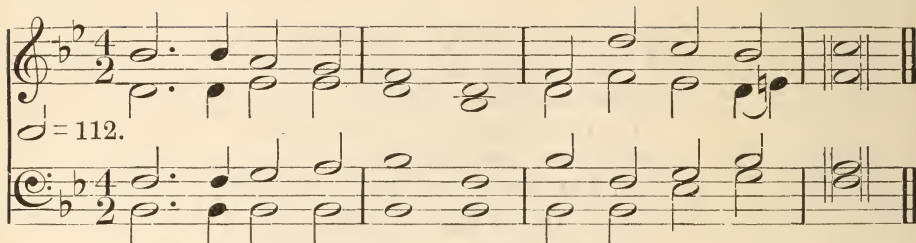
Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
What a Father's smile is thine ;  
What a Saviour died to win thee ;  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
*cr* Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
*f* Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.

GOSHEN.

11.11.11.11.

Anon.



## General Hymns.

*mf* JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul ;  
*p* Guilty, lost, and helpless, (*cr*) Thou canst make me whole.  
*mf* There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee :  
*p* Thou hadst died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

*mf* Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth,  
Spoken by the Angel at Thy wondrous Birth ;  
*p* Written, and for ever, on Thy Cross of shame,  
*cr* Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

*mf* Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days :  
*p* Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—  
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

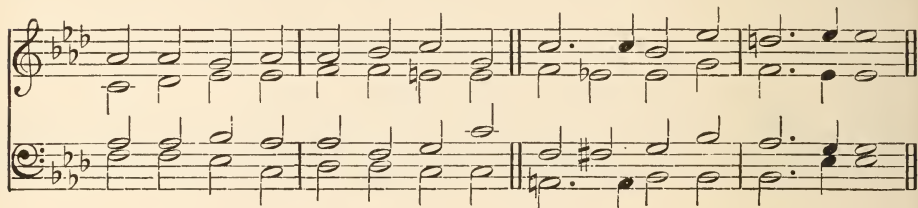
*mf* Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,  
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.  
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—  
*dim* Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

*f* Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt :  
Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out ;  
Faithful is Thy Promise, precious is Thy Blood ;  
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God. Amen.

ST. RAPHAEL.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

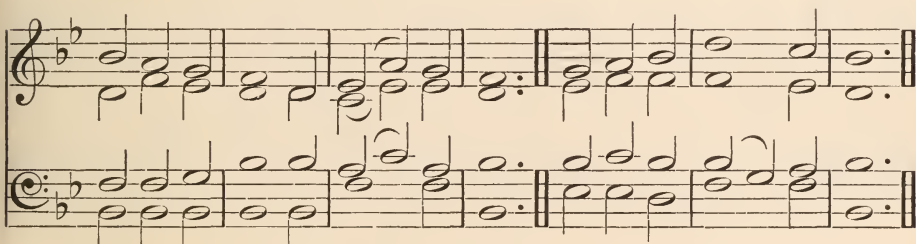
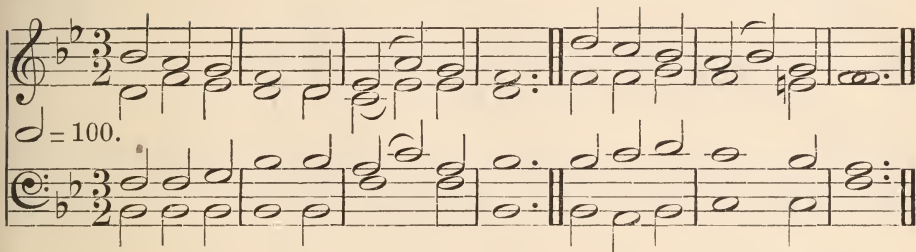


- mf* JESUS, Lord of life and glory, [ear; *mf* When the world around is smiling,  
     Bend from heaven Thy gracious      In the time of wealth and ease,  
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,      Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
     Friend of helpless sinners, hear:      In the day of health and peace,
- p*      By Thy mercy,      *p*      By Thy mercy,  
     Oh deliver us, good Lord.      Oh deliver us, good Lord.
- mf* From the depths of nature's blindness,      *p* In the weary hours of sickness,  
     From the hardening power of sin,      In the times of grief and pain,  
 From all malice and unkindness,      When we feel our mortal weakness,  
     From the pride that lurks within,      When the creature's help is vain,
- p*      By Thy mercy,      *p*      By Thy mercy,  
     Oh deliver us, good Lord.      Oh deliver us, good Lord.
- mf* When temptation sorely presses,      *p* In the solemn hour of dying,  
     In the day of Satan's power,      In the awful judgment day,  
 In our times of deep distresses,      *cr* May our souls, on Thee relying,  
     In each dark and trying hour,      Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
- p*      By Thy mercy,      *p*      By Thy mercy,  
     Oh deliver us, good Lord.      Oh deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

SAWLEY.

C.M.

J. WALCH, 1887-1901.



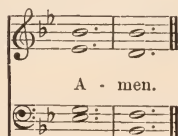
*mf* JESUS, my Shepherd, here I know,  
 He knoweth all my needs ;  
 And where the living waters flow  
 His flock He gently leads.

Yea, in the still and shadowed land  
 No fears my heart dismay,  
 While on before, with staff in hand,  
 Himself He leads the way.

In righteous ways, my righteous Lord  
 His steps will have me trace,  
 And turns again my erring soul  
 Unto her resting-place.

What if my foes around me press,  
 Thy Table, Lord, is spread,  
 The Cup of blessing Thou dost bless,  
 And joy is o'er me shed.

O Thou Who keepest grace and love  
 For all my days in store,  
 Grant me within Thy fold above  
 To dwell for evermore.

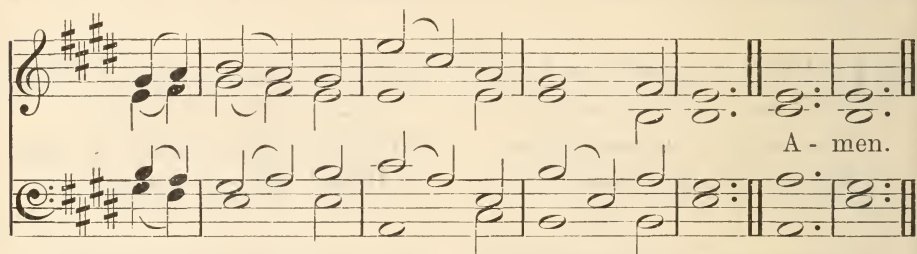
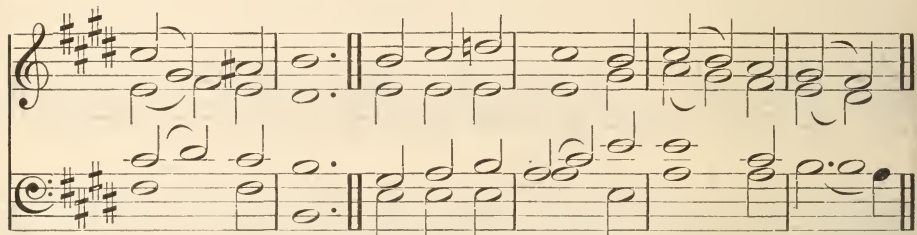
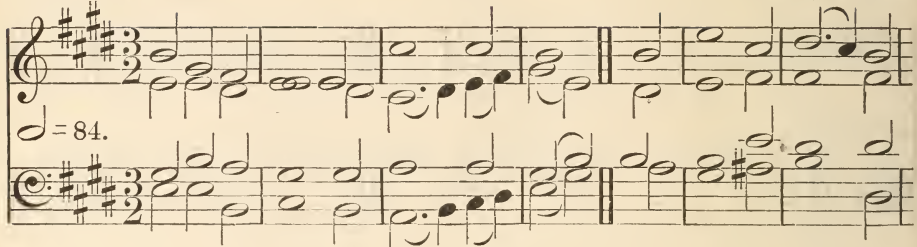




GALILEE.

L.M.

P. ARMES, b. 1830.



A - men.

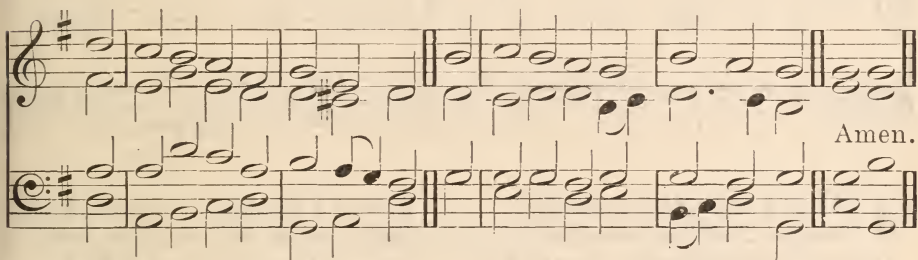
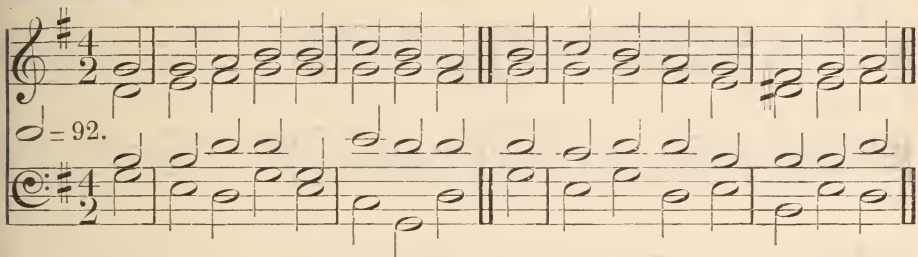
*f* JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

*mf* People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
*p* And infant voices shall proclaim  
*cr* Their early blessings on His Name.

*mf* To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown His head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

*f* Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
*p* The weary find eternal rest,  
*mf* And all the sons of want are blest.

*f* Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen. Amen.



*mf* **J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
 There they behold Thy Mercy-seat;  
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art  
 found,  
 And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind;  
 Such ever bring Thee where they  
 come,  
 And, going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew;  
 Here to our waiting hearts pro-  
 claim  
 The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

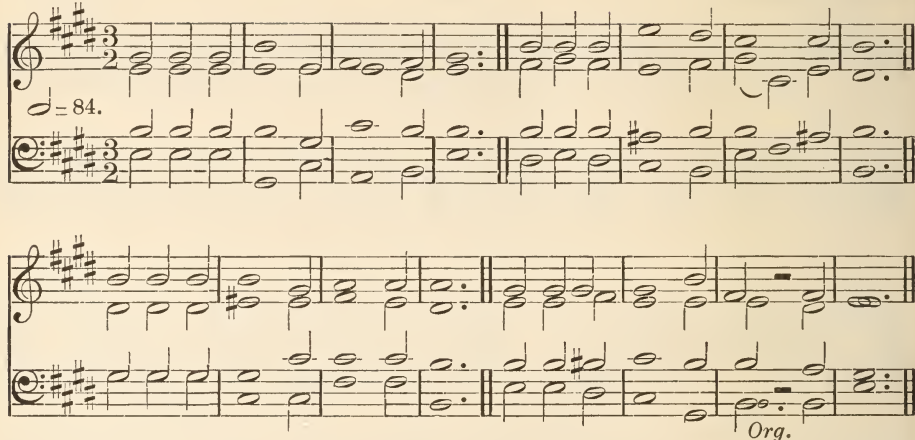
Here may we prove the power of  
 prayer  
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes!

*p* Lord, we are few, (*cr*) but Thou art near;  
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;  
 Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down  
*f* And make a thousand hearts Thine own. Amen.

ST. CRISPIN.

8.8.8.6.

G. J. ELVEY, 1816-1893.

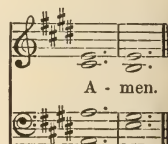


*p* **J**UST as I am, without one plea      Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
 But that Thy Blood was shed for me, *cr* Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,      Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
     O Lamb of God, I come !      *p*      O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not      *mf* Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,      Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,  
 To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each      relieve,  
     spot,      *cr* Because Thy promise I believe,  
     O Lamb of God, I come !      *p*      O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about      *mf* Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,      Has broken every barrier down ;  
 Fightings and fears within, without,      *cr* Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
     O Lamb of God, I come !      O Lamb of God, I come !

*mf* Just as I am, of that free love  
     The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
*cr* Here for a season, then above,  
*p*      O Lamb of God, I come !



LUX IN TENEBRIS (*First Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

*p*

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on ;

*cres.* *mf*

The night is dark, and I am far from home ; . . Lead

*dim.*

Keep Thou . . . my feet ; Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to

*p*

see The dis - tant scene ; . . one step e - nough for me.

# General Hymns.

*p*

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

*p*

*p* *cres.* *mf*

I loved to choose and see my path; but now . . . Lead Thou me on.

*p* *cres.* *mf*

I loved the ga - rish day,

*dim.*

I loved the ga - rish day, and, spite of fears, . . .

*dim.*

*p*

Pride ruled my will : . . re - mem - ber not past years.

*p*



# General Hymns.

*f*

3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

*f*

*p* *cres.*

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is

*p* *cres.*

And with the morn . . . those An - gel fa - ces smile

*f*

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

*f*

*dim.* *Slower.* *pp*

I have loved long since, . . . and . . . lost a - while. A - men.

*dim.* *pp*

LUX BENIGNA (*Second Tune*).

10.4.10.4.10.10.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

First system of musical notation for "Lux Benigna". It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/2 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 63. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, featuring a half note C5 and a quarter note B4. The bass staff includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff ends with a half note G4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line. The text "A - men." is written below the staff.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## General Hymns.

*mf* **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on ;

*p* The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

*cr* Lead Thou me on.

*mf* Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; (*p*) one step enough for me.

*mf* I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; (*p*) but now

Lead Thou me on.

*mf* I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : (*p*) remember not past years.

*mf* So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

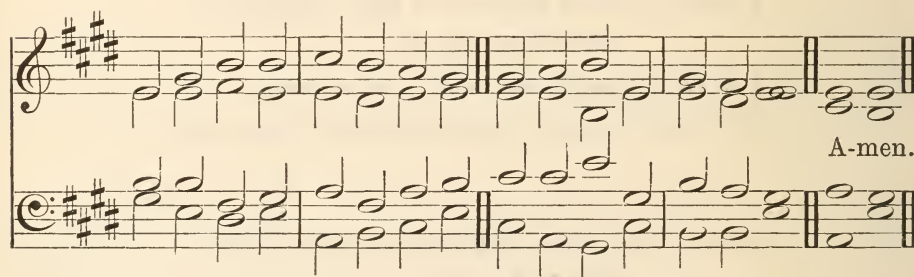
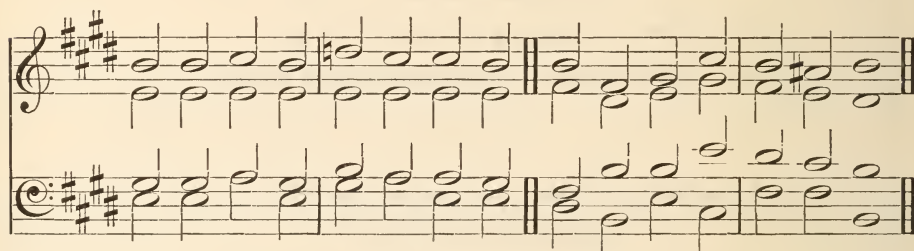
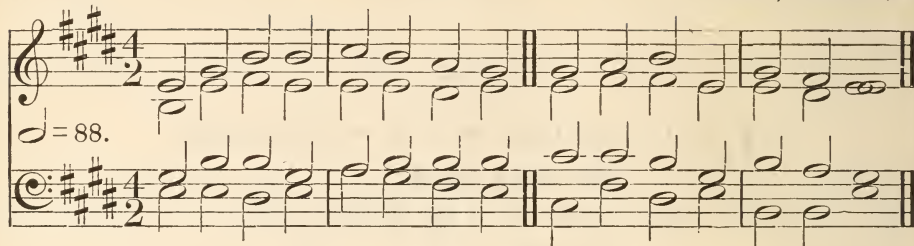
Will lead me on

*cr* O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

*f* And with the morn those Angel faces smile

*dim* Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile. Amen.



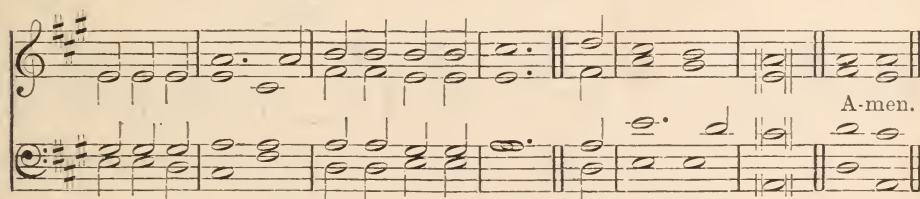
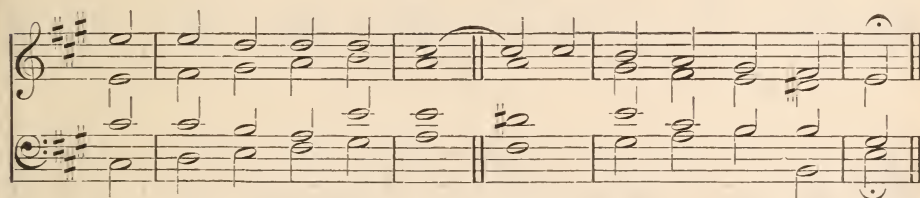
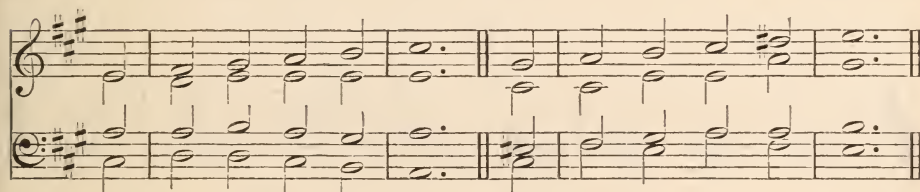
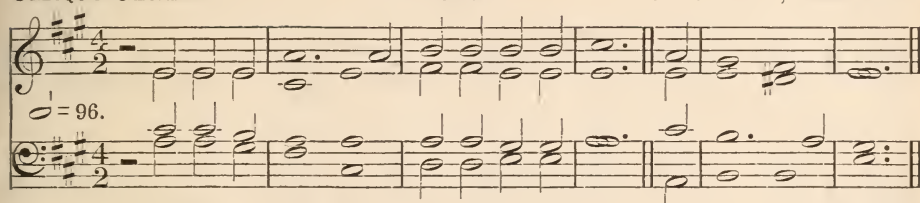
*mf* **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us *p* Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea; All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
 For we have no help but Thee; Thou didst feel its keenest woe:  
*cr* Yet possessing every blessing, Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
*f* If our God our Father be. Through the desert Thou didst go.

*mf* Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy.  
*cr* Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
*f* Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

UNDIQUE GLORIA.

10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4.

G. J. ELVEY, 1816-1893.

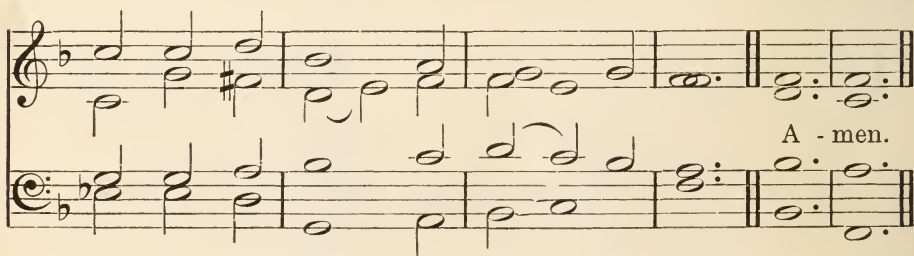
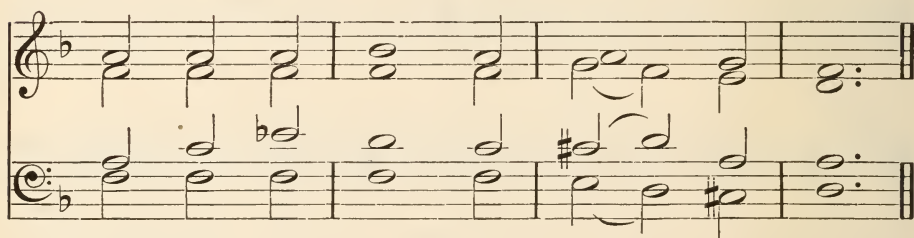


*f* **L**ET all the world in every corner sing *f* Let all the world in every corner sing  
 My God and King! My God and King! [shout ;  
 The heavens are not too high, The Church with psalms must  
 His praise may thither fly: No door can keep them out ;  
 The earth is not too low, But above all the heart  
 His praises there may grow. Must bear the longest part.  
*ff* Let all the world in every corner sing *ff* Let all the world in every corner sing  
 My God and King! My God and King! Amen.



ST. ALBAN.

L.M.

*St. Alban's Tune Book.*

## General Hymns.

*mf* **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest :  
*p* Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest.

*mf* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;  
*p* Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

*f* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless Saints Thy Name adore,  
*p* Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.

*f* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove ;  
There neither life nor death will part  
Me from Thy Presence and Thy love! Amen.

URBS BEATA (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE II. Sarum.

The first system of musical notation for 'URBS BEATA'. It consists of a single melodic line at the top with square notes and a grand staff below with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The grand staff accompaniment starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

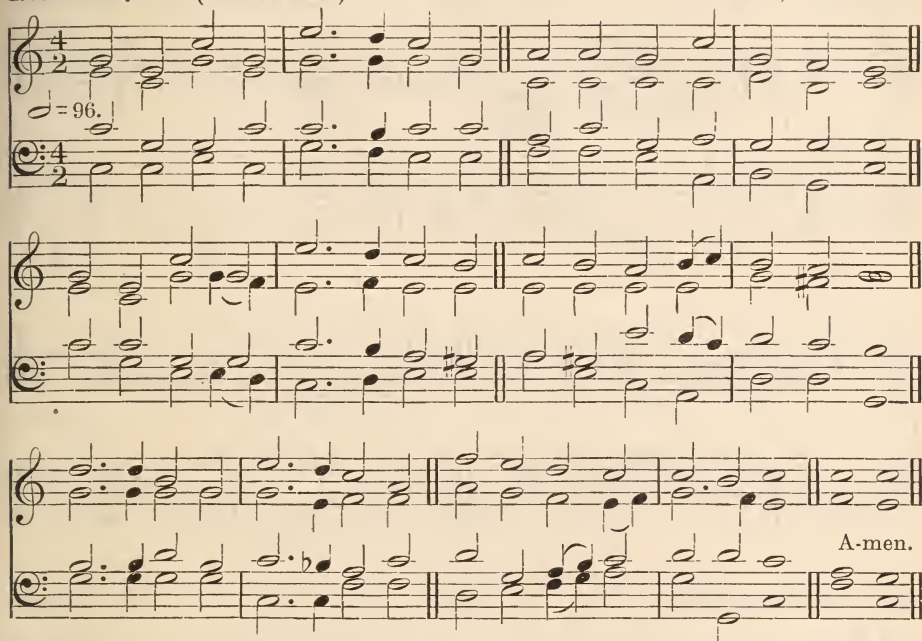
The second system of musical notation for 'URBS BEATA'. It continues the single melodic line and the grand staff accompaniment from the first system. The key signature remains one flat. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The third system of musical notation for 'URBS BEATA'. It continues the single melodic line and the grand staff accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The text 'A - men.' is written below the grand staff.

# General Hymns.

REGENT SQUARE (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7.

H. SMART, 1813-1879.



*mf* **L**IGHT'S abode, celestial Salem.  
Vision whence true peace doth  
spring,

Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
Mansion of the Highest King;

*f* Oh, how glorious are the praises  
Which of thee the prophets sing!

*mf* There for ever and for ever  
Alleluia is outpoured;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
*p* All is pure and all is holy  
That within thy walls is stored.

*mf* There no cloud nor passing vapour  
Dims the brightness of the air;

*cr* Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there;

*mf* There no night brings rest from labour,  
For unknown are toil and care.

*f* Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and  
free,

Full of vigour, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!

*mf* Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labours  
May with endless gifts be paid;  
*cr* And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

*f* Laud and honour to the Father,  
Laud and honour to the Son,  
Laud and honour to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

ELLESMERE (*First Tune*).

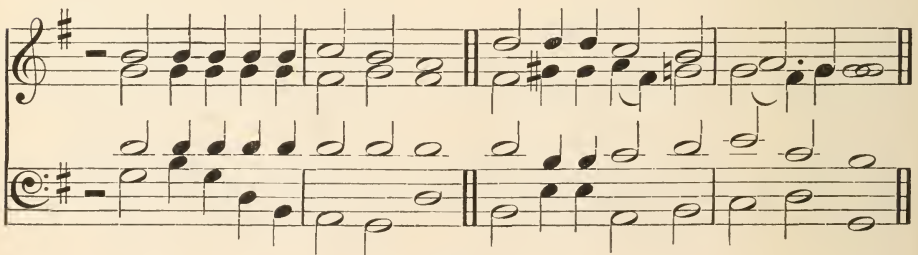
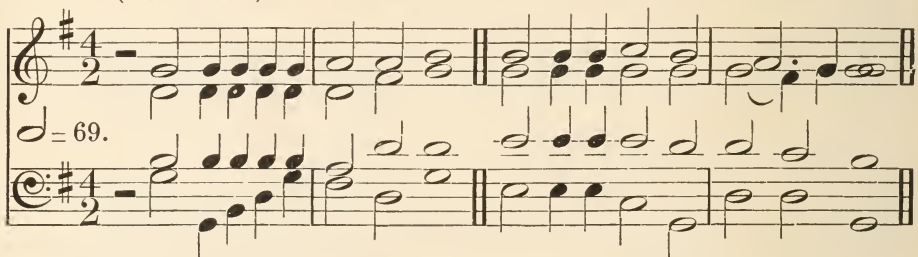
L.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.

STIRLING (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

Anon.





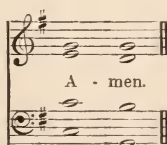
## General Hymns.

*p* **L**O, God is here! Let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And humbly bow before His face!

Lo, God is here! Him day and night  
*c<sup>o</sup>* United choirs of Angels praise:  
*f* To Him, enthroned above all height,  
The Host of heaven their anthems raise.

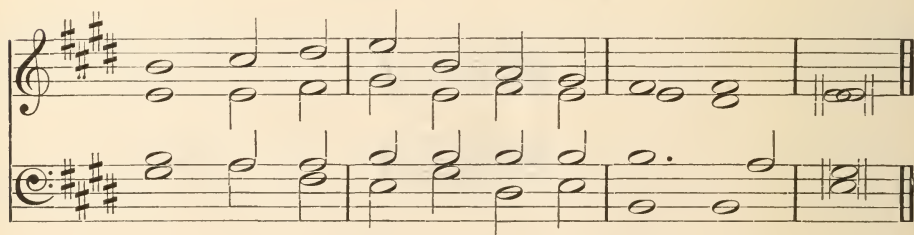
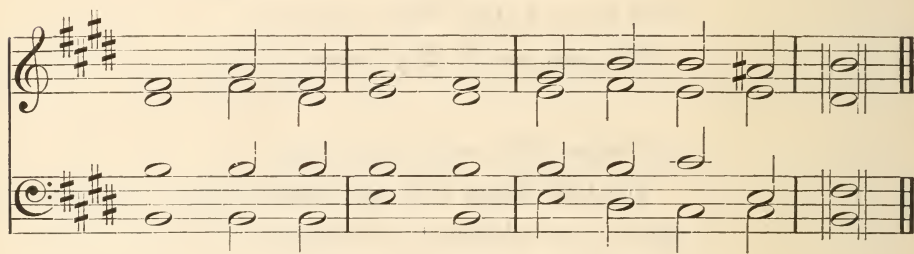
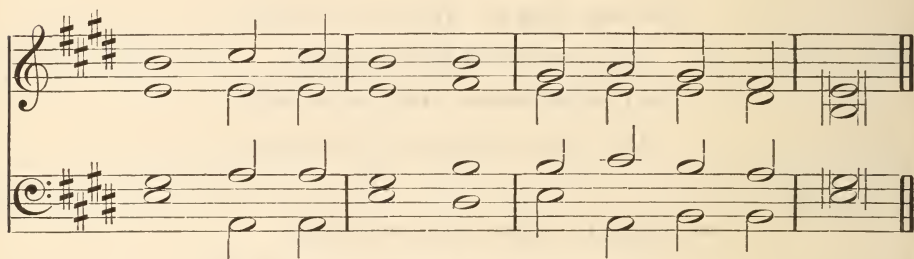
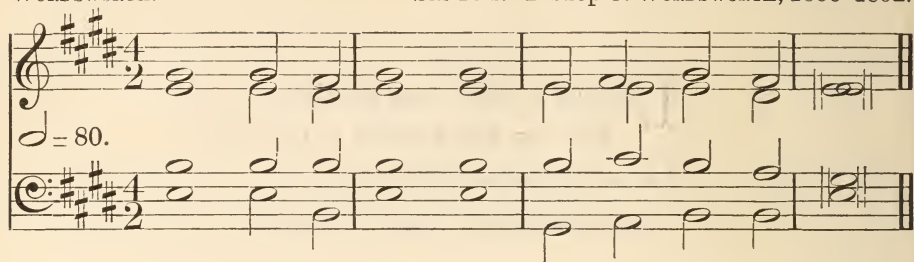
*mf* Almighty Father, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

*f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom earth and heaven adore.  
From men and from the Angel-host,  
Be praise and glory evermore.

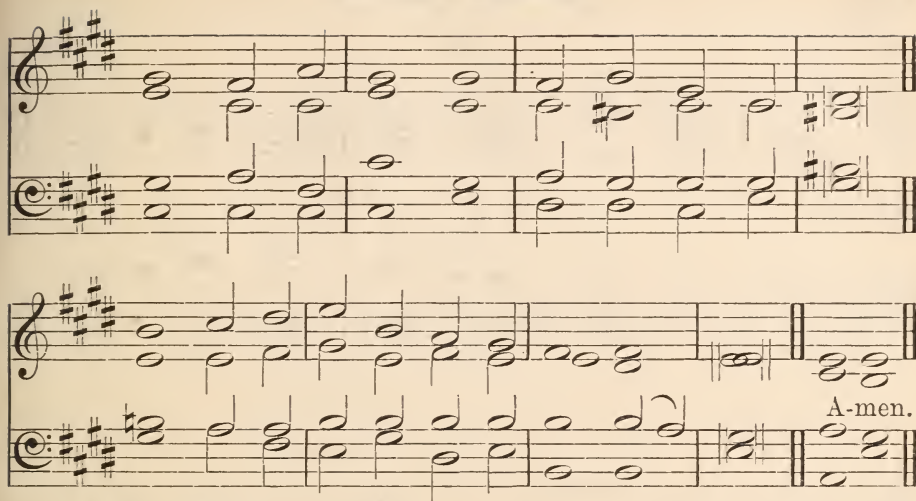


WORDSWORTH.

Six 10's. Bishop C. WORDSWORTH, 1806-1892.



## General Hymns.



*p* **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,  
           Far did I rove, and found no certain home,  
*cr* At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,  
           Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come :  
           With Him I found a home, a rest divine,  
*f* And I since then am His, and He is mine.

*mf* The good I have is from His stores supplied ;  
           The ill is only what He deems the best ;  
           He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;  
           And poor without Him, though of all possessed :  
           Changes may come ; I take, or I resign,  
*cr* Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

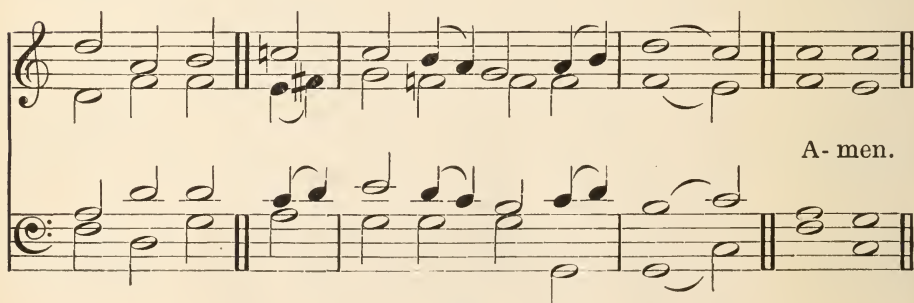
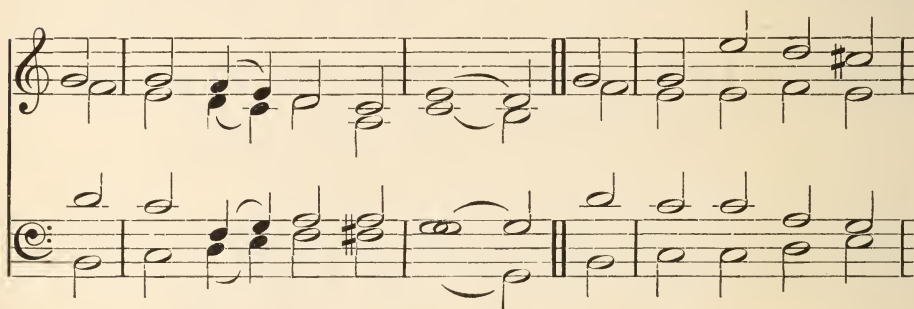
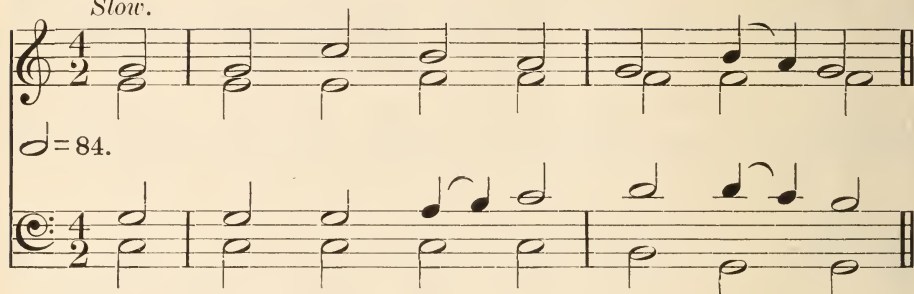
*mf* Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen :  
           A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines :  
           Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,  
           And sweetly on His people's darkness shines :  
           All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,  
*cr* While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

*p* While here, alas ! I know but half His love,  
           But half discern Him, and but half adore :  
*mf* But when I meet Him in the realms above  
           I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,  
*cr* And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,  
*f* How fully I am His, and He is mine. Amen.

ST. HILDRED.

C.M.

Anon.

*Slow.*

A - men.

## General Hymns.

*mf* **L**ORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy Life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear ;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine ;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

*p* If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
*mf* We in our turn would meekly cry,  
*p* "Father, Thy will be done."

*mf* Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
*cr* Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

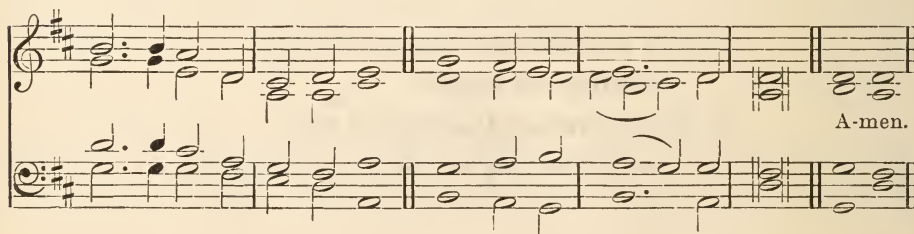
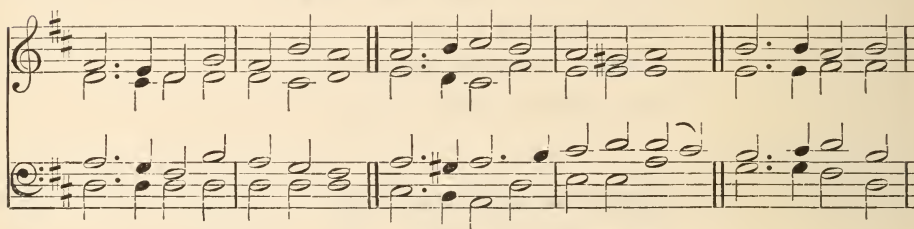
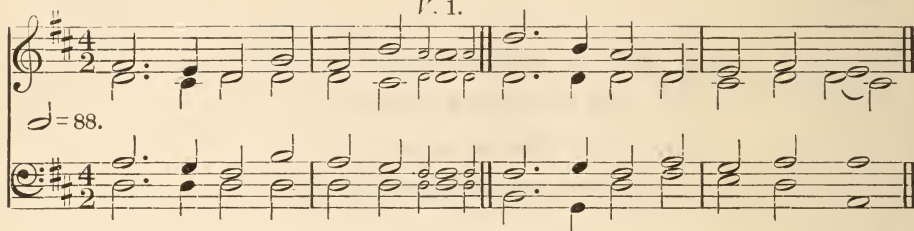


ST. FERDINAND.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.6.

A. H. BROWN, b. 1830.

P. 1.



## General Hymns.

*mf* **L**ORD! have mercy when we strive  
To save through Thee our souls alive!  
When the pampered flesh is strong,  
When the strife is fierce and long;  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe their cherished sin.  
*p* And our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale,  
*pp* Oh then have mercy, Lord!

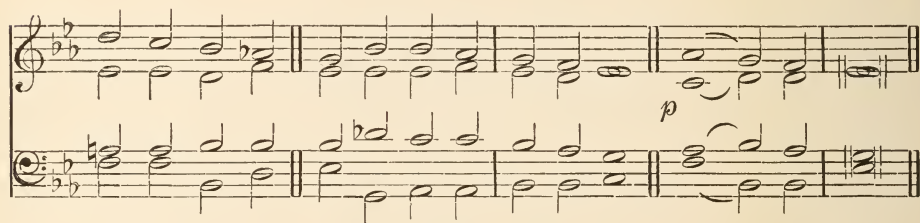
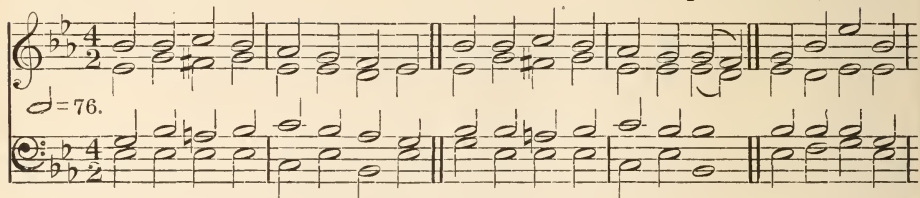
*p* Lord! have mercy when we lie  
On the restless bed, and sigh,  
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,  
From the thought of former ill,  
When all other hope is gone;  
When our course is almost done;  
When the dim advancing gloom  
Tells us that our hour is come,  
*pp* Oh then have mercy, Lord!

*p* Lord! have mercy when we know  
First how vain this world below;  
*cr* When the earliest gleam is given  
*f* Of Thy bright but distant heaven!  
*mf* When our darker thoughts oppress,  
*dim* Doubts perplex and fears distress,  
And our saddened spirits dwell  
On the open gates of hell,  
*pp* Oh then have mercy, Lord! Amen.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

8.7.8.7.3.

Archbishop MACLAGAN, b. 1826.

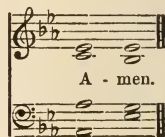


*mf* **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing *mf* Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !  
 Thou art scattering full and free, Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Witnesser of Jesu's merit,  
 Let some drops descend on me— Speak the word of power to me—  
 (*p*) Even me. (*p*) Even me.

*mf* Pass me not, O gracious Father, *p* Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
 Sinful though my heart may be; Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Has the world my heart been keeping?  
 Let Thy mercy light on me—(*p*) Even *cr* Oh forgive and rescue me—(*p*) Even  
 me. me.

*mf* Pass me not, O gracious Saviour ! *mf* Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Let me love and cling to Thee; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 I am longing for Thy favour; *cr* Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, Oh call me— Magnify it all in me—(*p*) Even  
 (*p*) Even me. me.

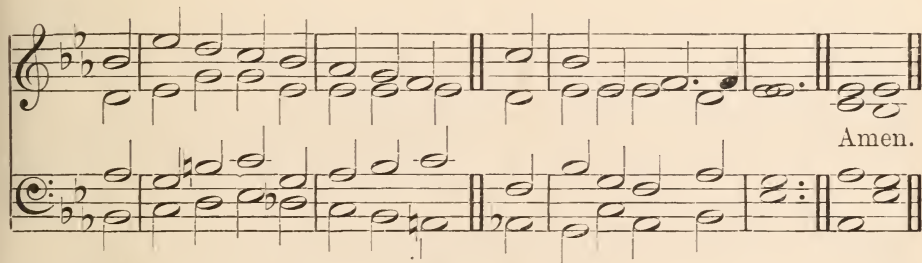
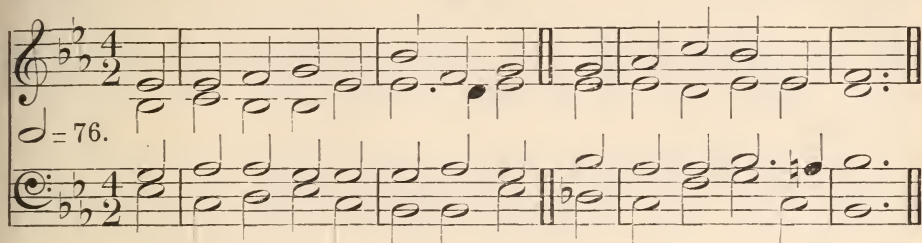
*mf* Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
*cr* Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, Oh bless me—(*p*) Even me.



ST. HUGH.

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



*mf* **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care  
 Whether I die or live ;  
 To love and serve Thee is my share,  
 And this Thy grace must give.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made  
 Thy blessed face to see ; [me meet  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will Thy glory be !

If life be long, I will be glad  
 That I may long obey ;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
 To end my toilsome day ?

*f* There shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant Saints  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

Christ leads me through no darker  
 rooms

Than He went through before ;  
 He that into God's kingdom comes  
 Must enter by this door.

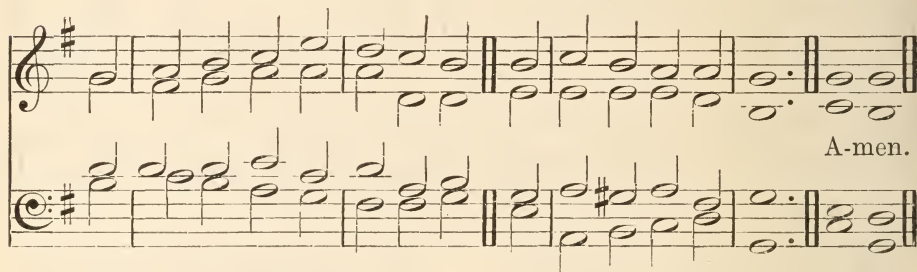
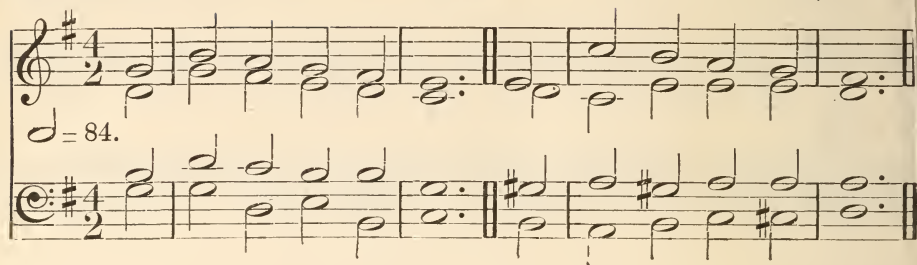
*p* My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim ;

*mf* But 'tis enough that Christ knows  
 all,  
 And I shall be with Him. Amen.

GRANHAM HILL.

S.M.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, b. 1842



A-men.

*mf* **L**ORD Jesu, think on me,  
 And purge away my sin :  
 From earth-born passions set me free,  
 And make me pure within.

*p* Lord Jesu, think on me  
*cr* When beats the tempest high :  
 When on doth rush the enemy,  
*p* O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

*p* Lord Jesu, think on me,  
 With care and woe oppressed ;  
*cr* Let me Thy loving servant be,  
 And taste Thy promised rest.

*p* Lord Jesu, think on me,  
*cr* That when the flood is past,  
 I may the eternal brightness see,  
*mf* And share Thy joy at last.

*p* Lord Jesu, think on me,  
 Nor let me go astray :  
*cr* Through darkness and perplexity  
 Point Thou the heavenly way.

*p* Lord Jesu, think on me,  
*cr* That I may sing above  
*f* To Father, Spirit, and to Thee,  
 The strains of praise and love.

Amen.



WAREHAM.

L.M.

W. KNAPP, 1698-1768.

♩ = 76.

A - men.

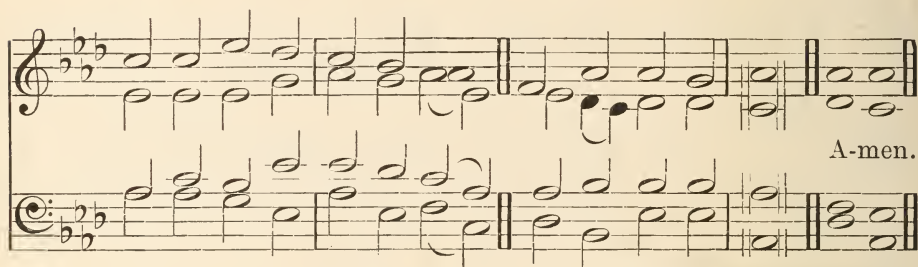
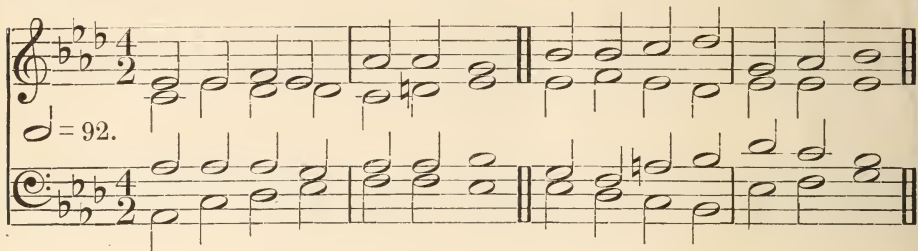
*mf* **L**ORD, now we part in Thy blest Name,  
 In which we here together came,  
 Grant us our few remaining days  
 To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise!

Teach us in life and death to bless  
 The Lord, our strength and righteousness;  
 And grant us all to meet above,  
 Then shall we better sing Thy love! Amen.

IRENE.

7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, b. 1839.



*May also be sung to "Capetown," No. 575.*

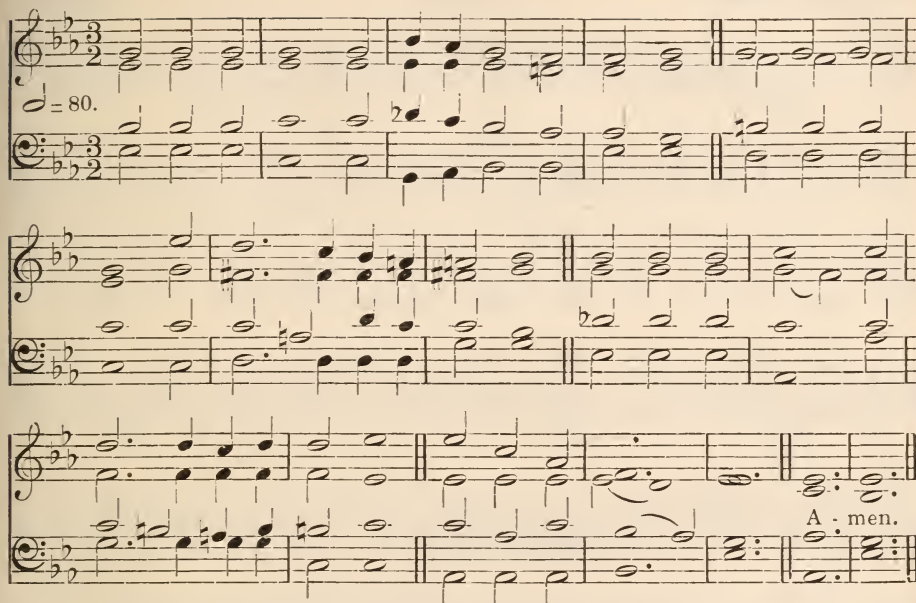
*mf* **L**ORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher infinite,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save !

*mf* Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !  
*p* Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesu, hear and save !

*mf* Who, when sin's tremendous doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save !

*f* Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on Angels' wings, -  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save !

*mf* Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of Angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then  
*p* Jesu, hear and save ! Amen.



*mf* **L**ORD of our life, and God of our salvation,  
 Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
*cr* Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
*f* Lord God Almighty.

*mf* See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,  
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
*cr* Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
*f* Thou canst preserve us.

*mf* Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
*cr* Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaieth,  
*p* Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

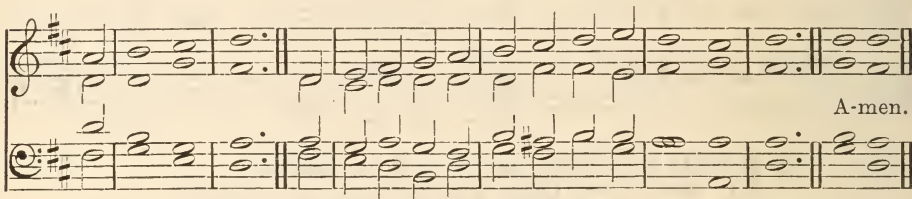
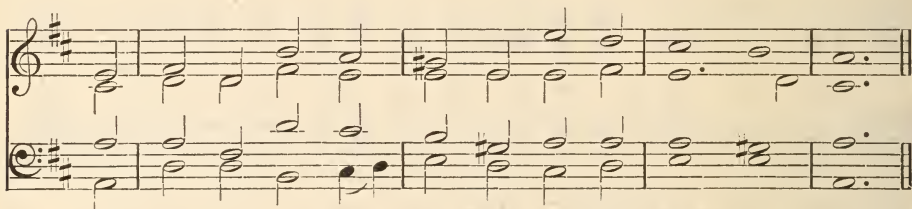
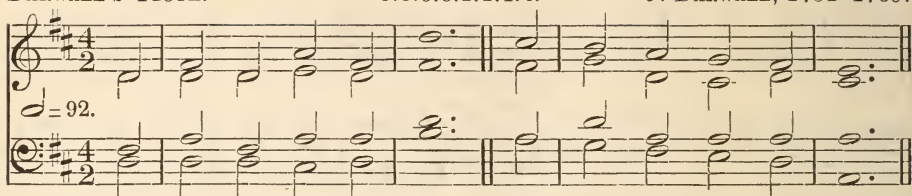
*p* Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,  
 Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,  
 Peace when the world its busy war is waging,  
 Calm Thy foes raging.

*mf* Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,  
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
*p* Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
*pp* Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

DARWALL'S 148TH.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

J. DARWALL, 1731-1789.



A-men.

*f* **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of Thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples, are !  
 To Thine abode  
 My heart aspires,  
 With warm desires,  
 To see my God.

*mf* They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
*cr* Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears .  
*f* O glorious seat !  
*mf* When God, our King,  
 Shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet !

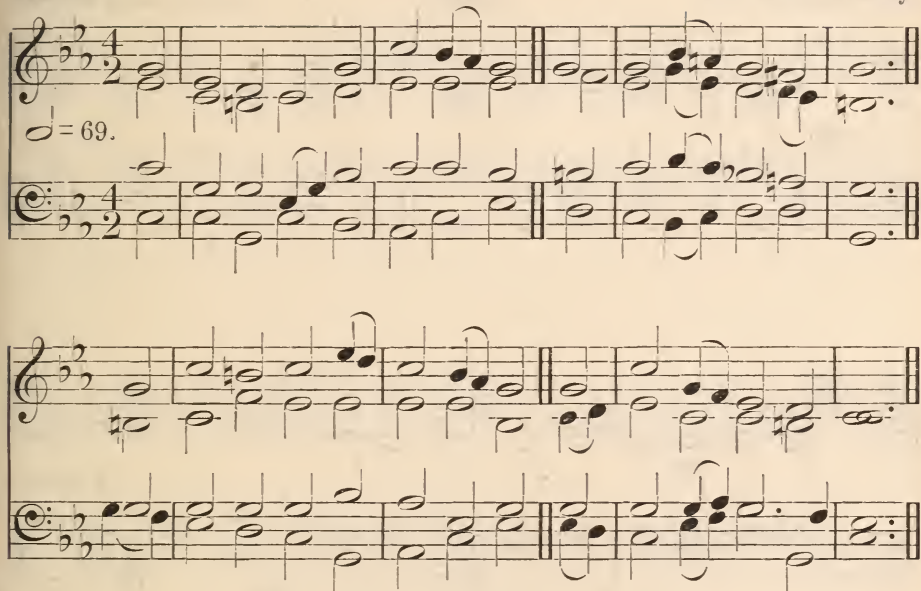
*mf* O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
*f* They praise Thee still ;  
 And happy they  
 That love the way  
 To Zion's hill.

*f* God is our Sun and Shield,  
 Our Light and our Defence ;  
 With gifts His hands are filled,  
 We draw our blessings thence.  
 Thrice happy he,  
 O God of Hosts,  
 Whose spirit trusts  
 Alone in Thee. Amen.

BANGOR.

C.M.

Old Welsh Melody.



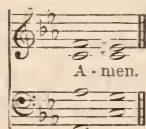
*May also be sung to "St. Flavian," No. 473.*

*p* **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,      God of all grace, we come to Thee,  
     With reverence and with fear;      With broken, contrite heart;  
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight, *cr* Give what Thine eye delights to see,  
     We may, we must, draw near.      Truth in the inward part;

We perish if we cease from prayer; *mf* Faith in the only Sacrifice  
     Oh, grant us power to pray!      That can for sin atone;  
*cr* And when to meet Thee we prepare,      To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
     Lord, meet us by the way.      On Christ, on Christ alone;

*p* Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin, *p* Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
     In weakness, want, and woe,      Though mercy long delay;  
 Fightings without, and fears within, *cr* Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
     Lord, whither shall we go?      And trust Thee though Thou slay.

*mf* Give these, and then Thy will be done;  
     Thus strengthened with all might,  
 We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,  
     Shall pray, and pray aright.

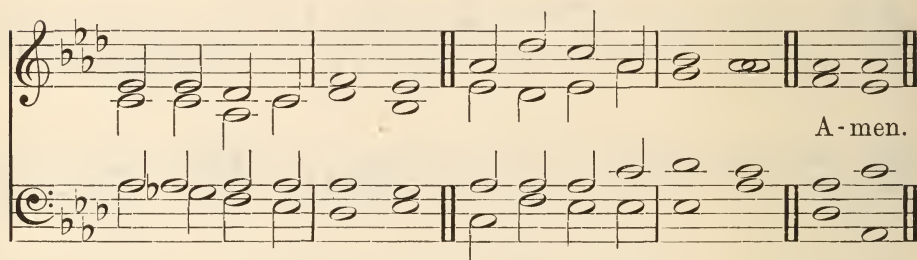
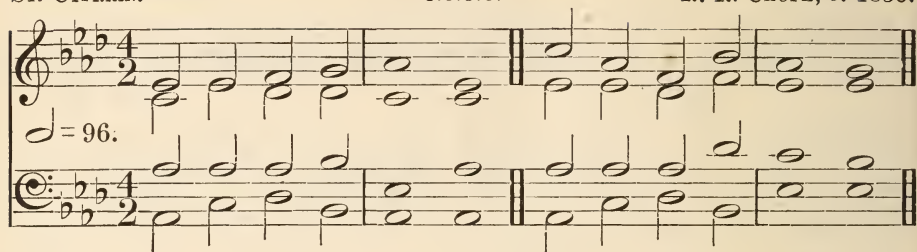




ST. CYPRIAN.

6.6.6.6.

R. R. CHOPE, b. 1830.



*mf* **L**ORD, Thy word abideth,  
 And our footsteps guideth ;  
 Who its truth believeth  
 Light and joy receiveth.

*mf* Who can tell the pleasure,  
 Who recount the treasure,  
 By Thy word imparted  
 To the simple-hearted ?

*p* When our foes are near us,  
*cr* Then Thy word doth cheer us,  
 Word of consolation,  
 Message of salvation.

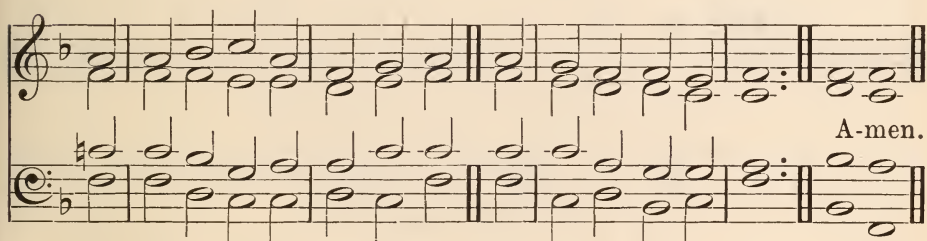
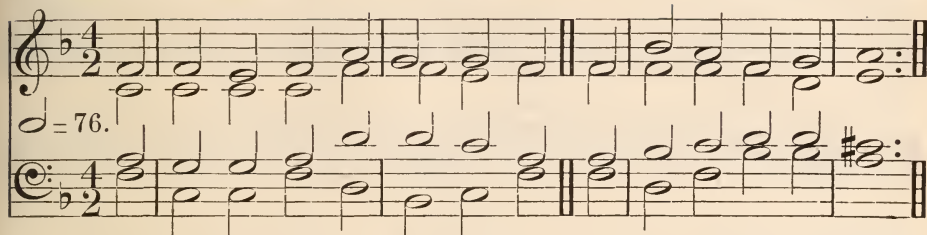
*p* Word of mercy, giving  
 Succour to the living ;  
 Word of life, supplying  
 Comfort to the dying !

*p* When the storms are o'er us,  
 And dark clouds before us,  
*cr* Then its light directeth,  
 And our way protecteth.

*mf* Oh, that we, discerning  
 Its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
 Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1562.

*mf* **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy *mf* When our responsive tongues essay  
 throne,  
 Their grateful hymns to raise,  
 And our confessions pour,  
 Grant that our souls may join the  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own, lay  
 And hate what we deplore. And mount to Thee in praise.

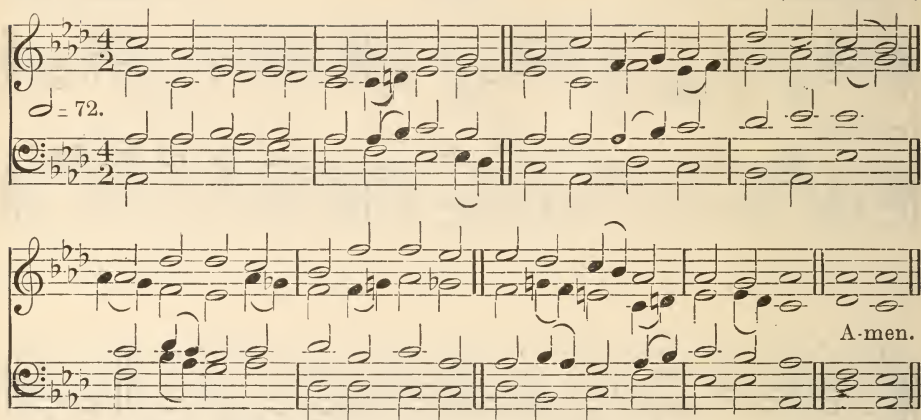
*p* Our broken spirits pitying see ; When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 True penitence impart ; May we our wills resign,  
 Then let a kindling glance from Thee And not a thought our bosom share  
 Beam hope upon the heart. That is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
 And waft it to the skies ;  
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
 That grants it, or denies. Amen.

CROSS OF JESUS.

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



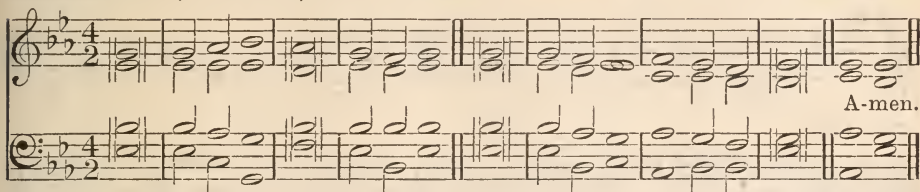
(By permission of Novelle and Company, Limited.)

- mf* **L**OVE Divine, all loves 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.
- Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy grace receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave.
- f* Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;  
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.
- mf* Finish then Thy new creation,  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Let us see Thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
- f* 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.

TROYTE, No. 1 (*First Tune*).

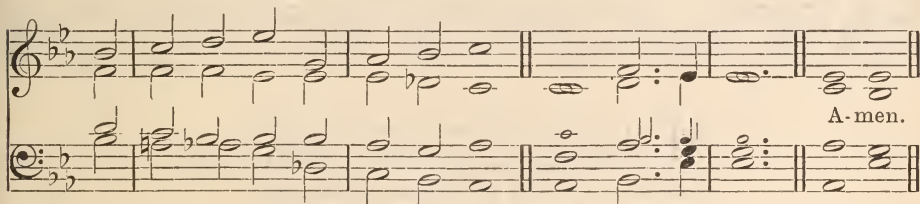
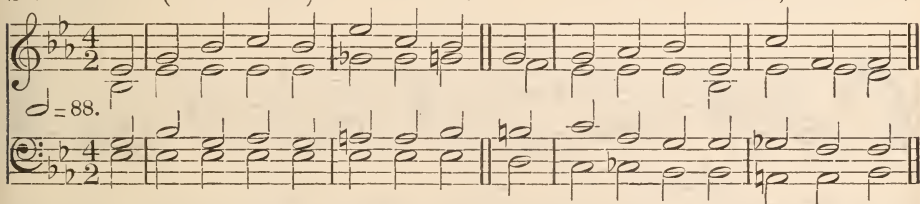
8.8.8.4.

A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811-1857.

ST. REMIGIUS (*Second Tune*).

8.8.8.4.

J. M. W. YOUNG, 1822-1897.



*p* MY God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough  
way,

*cr* Oh, teach me from my heart to say,

*p* Thy will be done!

*p* Though dark my path and sad my lot, *mf*  
Let me be still and murmur not,

*cr* Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,

*p* Thy will be done!

*p* What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,

Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was  
mine,

*I* only yield Thee what was Thine;

*pp* Thy will be done!

*mf* If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;

*p* Thy will be done!

*mf* Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine; and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,

*p* Thy will be done!

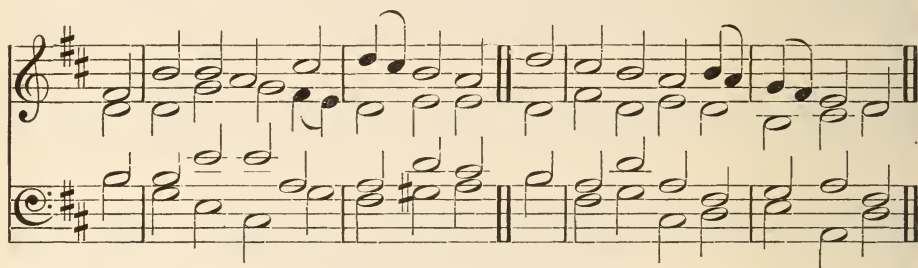
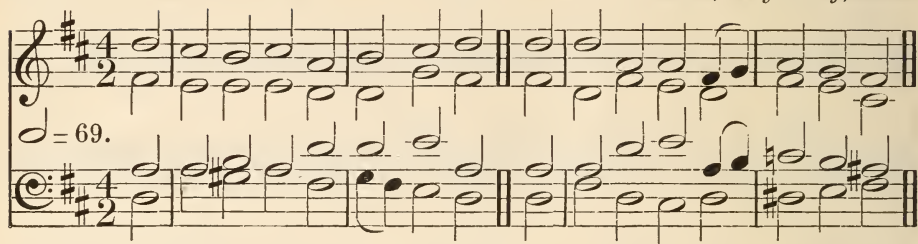
*mf* Then, when on earth I breathe no more

The prayer oft mixed with tears before,

*cr* I'll sing upon a happier shore,

*f* Thy will be done! Amen.

ERFURT.

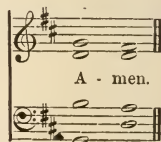
L.M. *Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg, 1540.*

*mf* **M**Y God, my Father, dost Thou call  
 Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee,  
 And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?  
 I come, I come: Lord, save Thou me.

O Jesu, art Thou passing by  
 With all Thy goodness, grace, and power,  
*p* And dost Thou hear my broken cry?  
*mf* I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

*p* O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,  
 My tenderest Friend refused too long,  
 And art Thou pleading, striving now?  
*mf* I come, I come: make weakness strong.

Yes, Lord, I come: Thy heart of love  
 Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;  
 I cast me at Thy feet to prove  
 The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.

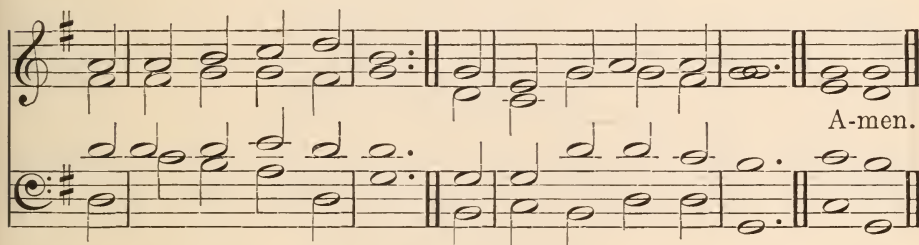
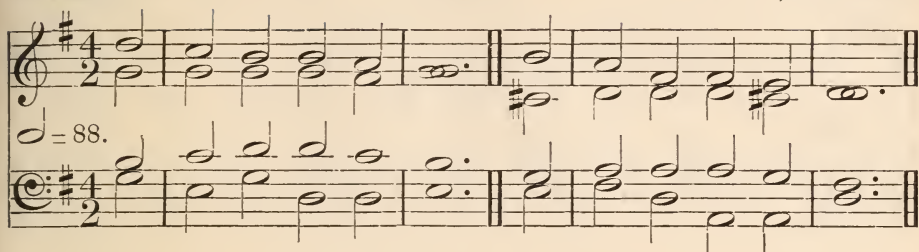




ST. CECILIA.

6.6.6.6.

L. G. HAYNE, 1836-1883.



*mf* MY spirit longs for Thee  
 Within my troubled breast,  
 Though I unworthy be  
 Of so divine a Guest:

Of so divine a Guest  
 Unworthy though I be,  
 Yet has my heart no rest,  
 Unless it come from Thee:

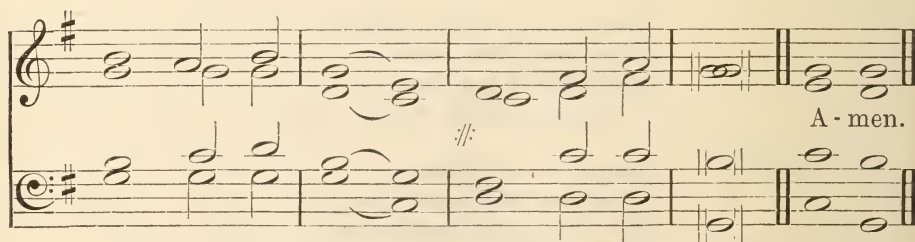
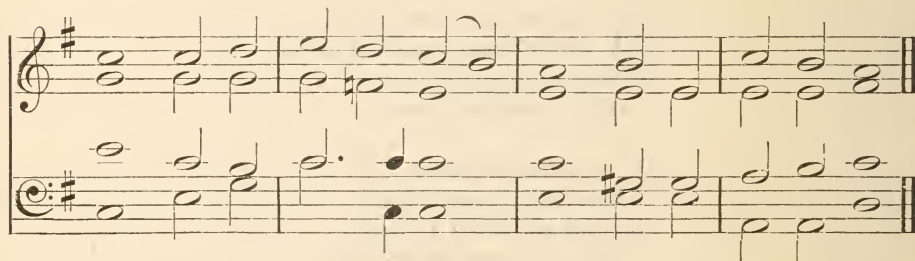
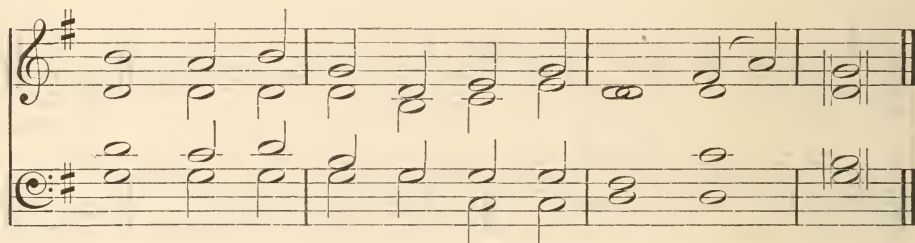
Unless it come from Thee,  
 In vain I look around;  
 In all that I can see  
 No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found  
 But in Thy blessèd love:  
 Oh, let my wish be crowned,  
 And send it from above! Amen.

PROPIOR DEO.

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## General Hymns.

*mf* N EARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
*p* E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
*cr* Still all my song would be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*p* Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me—  
My rest a stone;  
*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* Then let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven,  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
*cr* Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*mf* Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Beth-el I'll raise;  
*cr* So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee.

*f* Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*dim* Nearer to Thee. Amen.

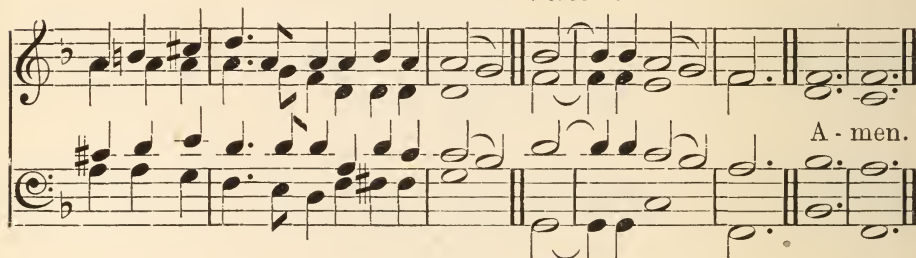
IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI.

8.10.10.4.

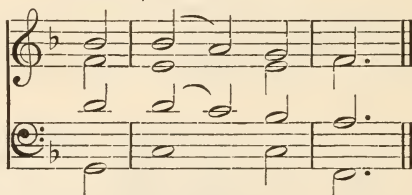
C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.



## Verse 1.



## - Line 4, Verses 2 and 3.



*mf* **N**ONE other Lamb, none other Name,  
 None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,  
 None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,  
 None beside Thee.

*p* My faith burns low, my hope burns low,  
*cr* Only my heart's desire cries out in me  
 By the deep thunder of its want and woe,  
 Cries out to Thee.

*f* Lord, Thou art Life though I be dead,  
 Love's fire Thou art however cold I be:  
*mf* Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,  
*p* Nor home, but Thee. Amen.

CHRISTE, QUI LUX ES ET DIES (*First Tune*).

MODE II. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

A - men.

O CHRIST, Who hast prepared a  
place

For us around Thy throne of grace,  
We pray Thee lift our hearts above,  
And draw them with the cords of love!

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

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

Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
A surety of Thine endless love,  
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be  
The uplifter of our souls to Thee.

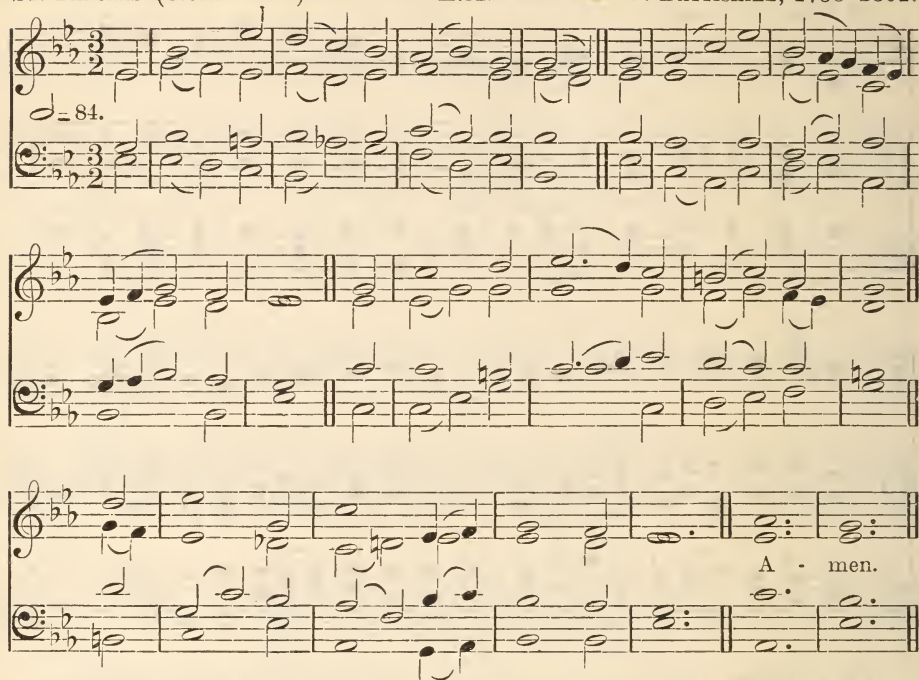
O future Judge, Eternal Lord,  
Thy Name be hallowed and adored ;  
To God the Father, King of heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.



ST. PANCRAS (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

J. BATTISHILL, 1738-1801.



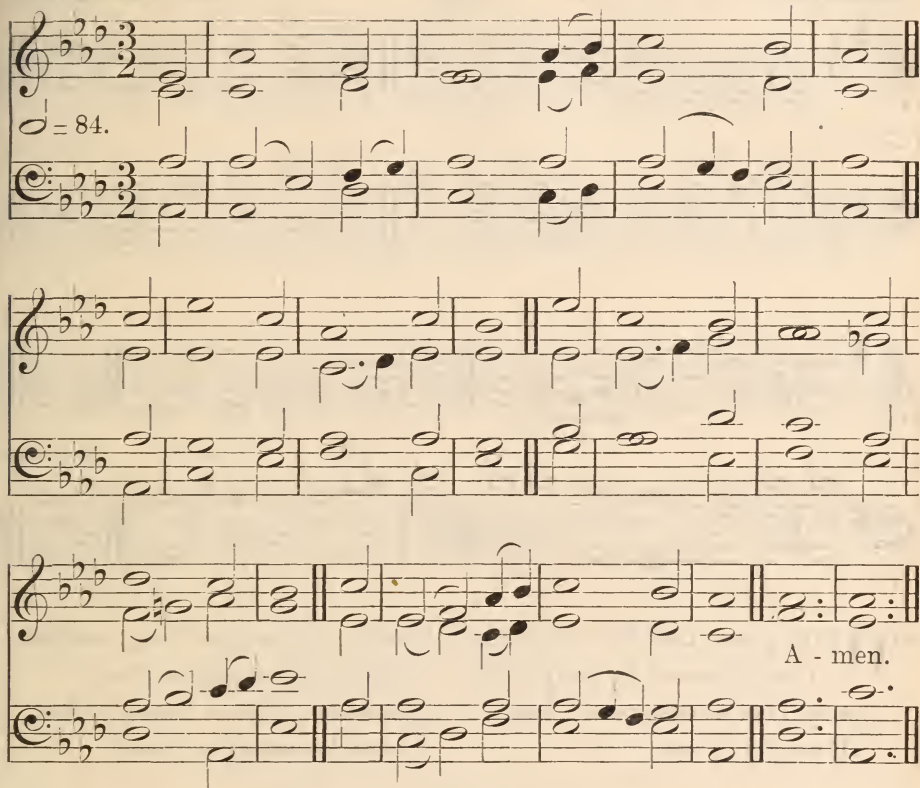
*mf* **O** CHRIST, Who hast prepared a place  
 For us around Thy throne of grace,  
 We pray Thee lift our hearts above,  
 And draw them with the cords of love!

*f* With open face and joyful heart,  
 We then shall see Thee as Thou  
 art;  
 Our love shall never cease to glow,  
 Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord, *mf* Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
 Art our exceeding great reward :  
 How transient is our present pain !  
 How boundless our eternal gain !

A surety of Thine endless love,  
 Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be  
 The uplifter of our souls to Thee.

*p* O future Judge, Eternal Lord,  
 Thy Name be hallowed and adored ;  
*f* To God the Father, King of heaven,  
 And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.



*mf* **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb!

*p* Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! *mf* So shall my walk be close with God,  
 How sweet their memory still! Calm and serene my frame;  
 But they have left an aching void So purer light shall mark the road  
 The world can never fill. That leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest:  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 And drove Thee from my breast.

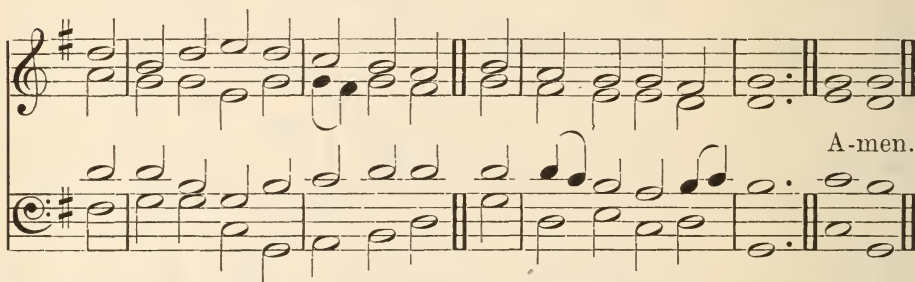
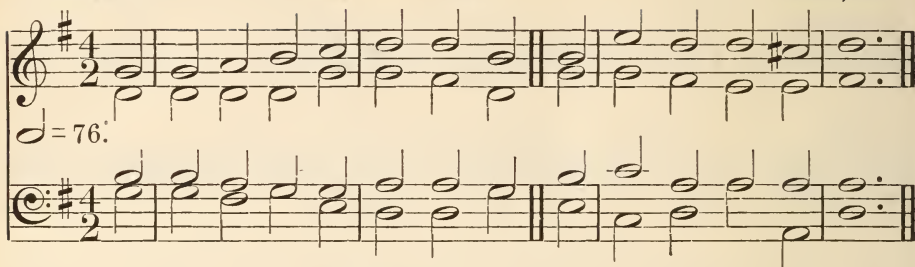
The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
*cr* Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

Amen.

DUNFERMLINE.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



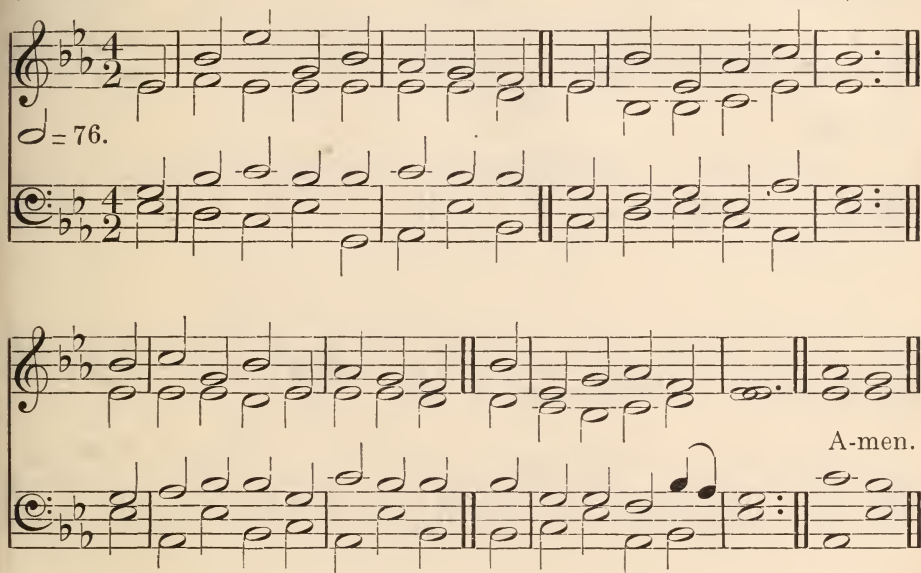
*mf* **O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,      A faith that shines more bright and clear  
     Though pressed by many a foe ;      When tempests rage without ;  
 That will not tremble on the brink      That when in danger knows no fear,  
     Of poverty or woe ;      In darkness feels no doubt ;

That will not murmur nor complain      A faith that keeps the narrow way  
     Beneath the chastening rod ;      Till life's last spark is fled,  
 But in the hour of grief or pain      And with a pure and heavenly ray  
     Can lean upon its God ;      Lights up a dying bed.

*p* Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
     And then, whate'er may come,  
*cr* I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss  
     Of an eternal home.    Amen.

ST. DAVID.

C.M.

RAVENSCHROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.

*mf* **O** GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed;  
 Who through this weary pilgrimage  
 Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers we now present  
 Before Thy throne of grace;  
 God of our fathers, be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
 Our wandering footsteps guide;  
 Give us each day our daily bread,  
 And raiment fit provide.

Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,  
 Till all our wanderings cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode  
 Our feet arrive in peace. Amen.

PETERBOROUGH.

D.L.M.

J. Goss, 1800-1880.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 4/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 4/2 time signature. The tempo is marked as '♩ = 100.' The music consists of two systems, each with a repeat sign. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time, indicated by the 'C' time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major. The score consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time, indicated by the 'C' time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the melody is G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The second measure is D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3. The accompaniment in the first measure consists of G3, A3, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3. The second measure consists of D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2. The piece ends with a double bar line.



## General Hymns.

*f* O GOD of God! O Light of Light!  
Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings;  
To Thee, where Angels know no night,  
The hymn of praise for ever rings:—  
To Him Who sits upon the throne,  
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,  
Laud, honour, might to Him alone,  
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

*mf* Nations beheld their coming Lord  
Slowly in type from age to age,  
Grand in the poet's wingèd word,  
Deep in the prophet's sacred page;  
*cr* Till, through the deep Judæan night,  
*f* Rang out the song, "Goodwill to men,"  
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,  
Re-echoed now,—“Goodwill,”—Amen!

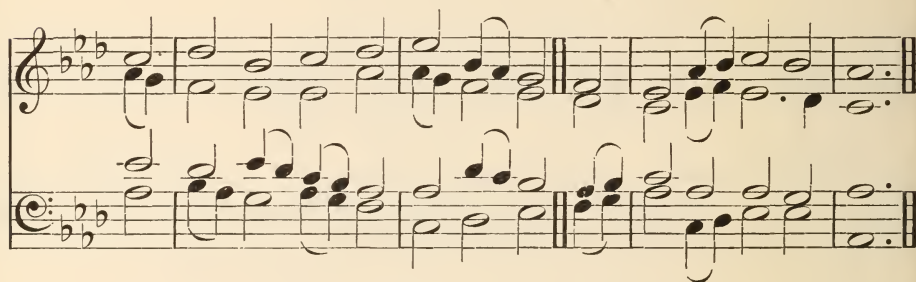
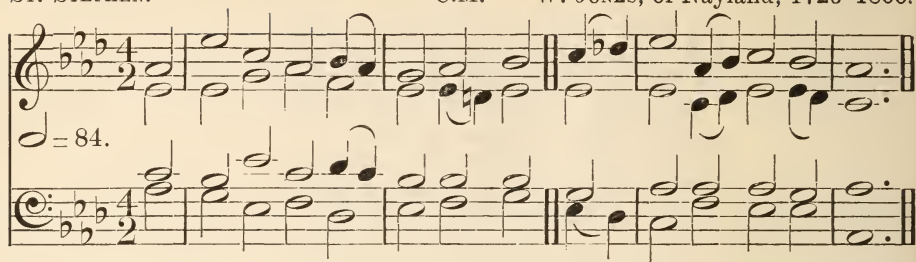
*p* His life of truth, His deeds of love,  
His death of pain 'mid hate and scorn;  
*cr* These all are past, and now above  
*f* He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,”  
So sang His Hosts, unheard by men;  
“Lift up your hearts,” for you He waits;  
“We lift them up,” Amen, Amen!

*p* Nations afar in ignorance deep,  
Isles of the sea where darkness lay,  
*cr* These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,  
And throng with joy the upward way.  
*f* They cry with us, “Send forth Thy light,  
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;  
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might,  
Set all men free;” Amen, Amen!

*f* Sing to the Lord a glorious song,  
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;  
Sing on, heaven's Hosts, His praise prolong;  
Sing ye who now on earth do dwell;  
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Worthy from Angels praise; and thanks from men:  
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,  
Glory and power, Amen, Amen! Amen.

ST. STEPHEN.

C.M. W. JONES, of Nayland, 1726-1800.



*f* O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where Thou, enthroned in glory,  
showest  
The brightness of Thy face !

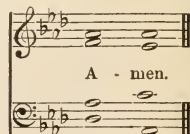
For God, Who is our sun and  
shield,  
Will grace and glory give ;  
And no good thing will He withhold  
From them that justly live.

*mf* My longing soul faints with desire,  
To view Thy blest abode ;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, the living God.

*f* Thou God, Whom heavenly Hosts  
obey,  
How highly blest is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely  
placed,  
Is still reposed on Thee !

*f* O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display.

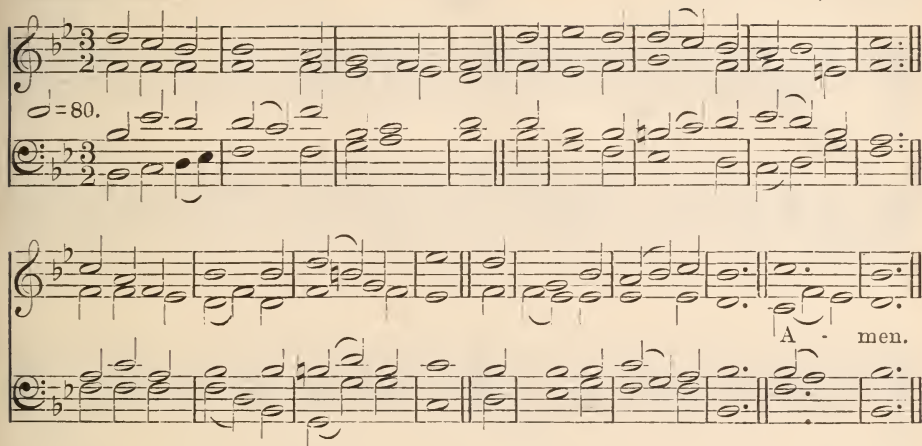
*mf* For in Thy courts one single day  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any place besides  
A thousand days to spend.



ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

8.8.8.6.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



*mf* O GOD of mercy, God of might,  
*p* In love and pity infinite,  
*cr* Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,  
*dim* To live our life to Thee.

*p* And Thou, Who camest on earth to die,  
*cr* That fallen man might live thereby,  
*dim* Oh hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
*cr* In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

*mf* Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
 To feel for those Thy Blood hath bought,  
 That every word, and deed, and thought,  
 May work a work for Thee ;

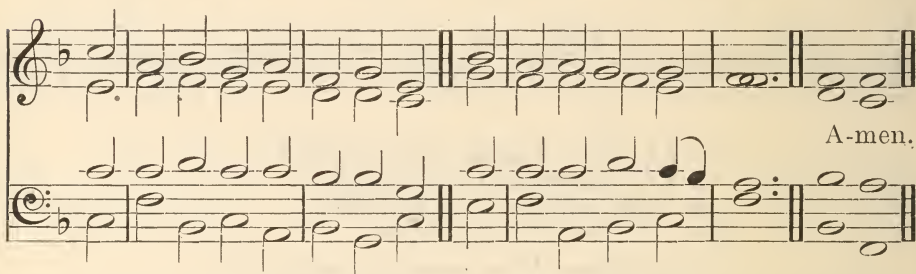
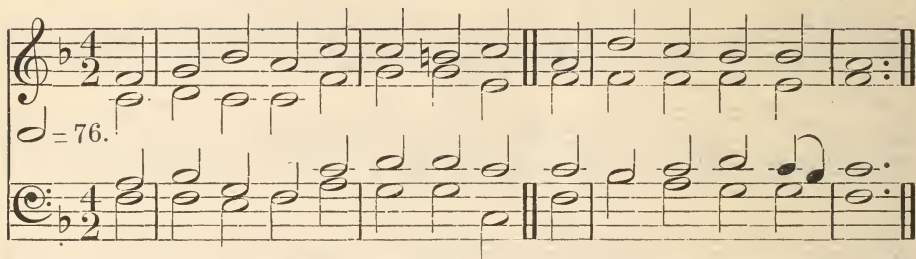
*f* For all are brethren, far and wide,  
 Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died :  
 Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
 To love them all in Thee.

*p* In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
 Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share ;  
*cr* May we, where help is needed, there  
 Give help as unto Thee.

*mf* And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
 All those who live, to live in love,  
*cr* Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
*f* All those who give to Thee. Amen.

SALISBURY.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1621.

*mf* **O** GOD of truth, Whose living word  
 Upholds whate'er hath breath,  
*dim* Look down on Thy creation, Lord,  
 Enslaved by sin and death.

Ah ! would we join that blest array.  
 And follow in the might  
 Of Him, the Faithful and the True,  
 In raiment clean and white ;

*mf* Set up Thy standard, Lord, that they  
 Who claim a heavenly birth  
 May march with Thee to smite the  
 lies  
 That vex Thy ransomed earth.

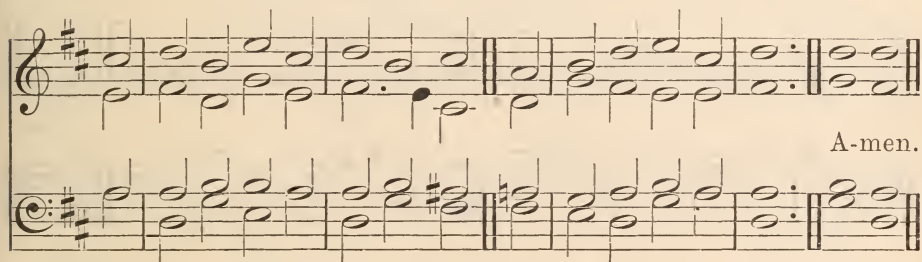
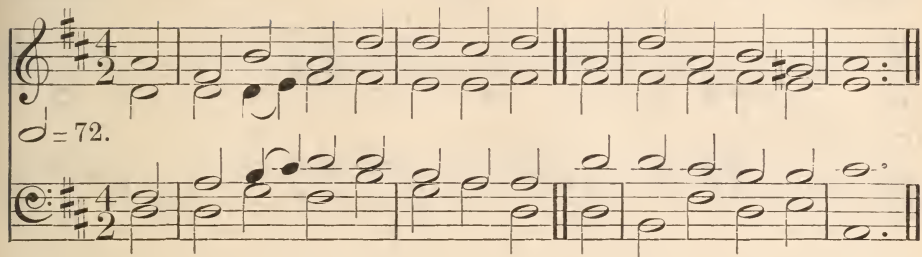
*cr* Then, God of truth, for Whom we  
 long—  
 Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—  
 Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
 And slay the falsehood there.

*p* Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,  
*cr* From every lie set free,  
*mf* Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,  
 And we shall live in Thee. Amen.

ST. ANN.

C.M.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.



A-men.

*mf* O GOD, our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come,  
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal Home!

*mf* A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone; [night  
 Short as the watch that ends the  
 Before the rising sun.

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
 Thy Saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
*dim* They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
*f* From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

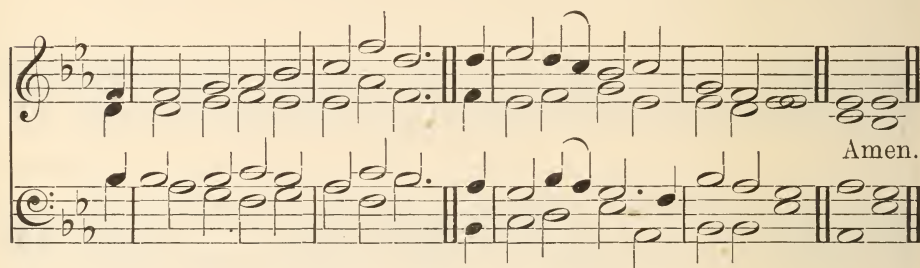
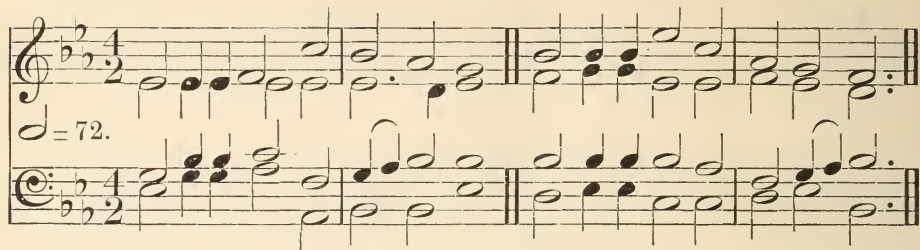
*f* O God, our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come; [last,  
 Be Thou our Guard while troubles  
 And our eternal Home! Amen.



WAINWRIGHT.

L.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT, 1758-1825.



*mf* **O** GOD, Thou art my God alone;  
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry;  
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thou in the watches of the night  
 When I remember on my bed,  
*cr* Thy Presence makes the darkness light,  
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

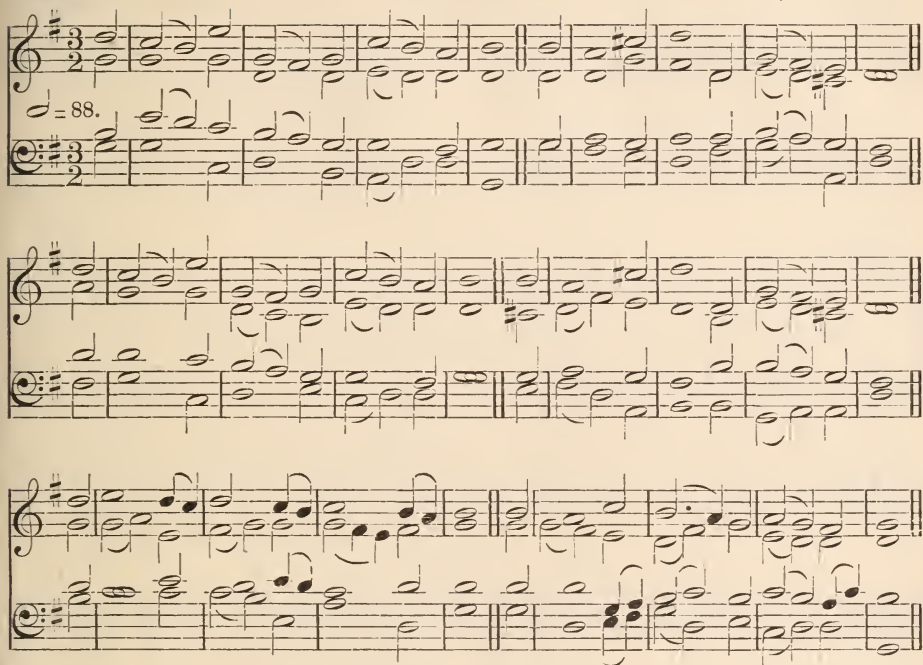
*mf* Better than life itself Thy love,  
 Dearer than all beside to me;  
 For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth compared to Thee?

*f* Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
 For all Thy mercy I will give;  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice,  
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I live. Amen.

SURREY.

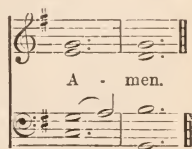
Six 8's.

HENRY CAREY, 1685-1743.



*mf* **O** HAND of bounty, largely spread, The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,  
 By Whom our every want is fed, The bread Thy blessing multiplied,  
 Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see, The stormy wind, the whelming flood,  
 We owe them all, O Lord! to Thee; That silent at Thy mandate stood,  
 The corn, the oil, the purple wine, How well they knew Thy voice Divine,  
 Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine! Whose works they were, and only Thine!

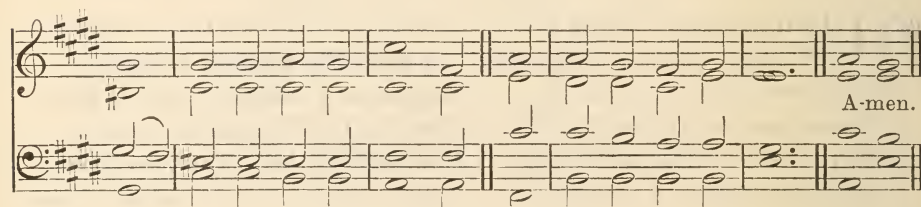
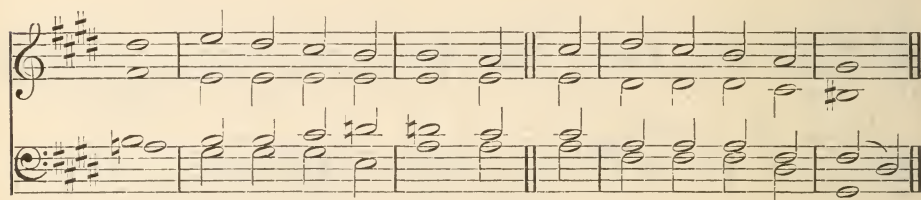
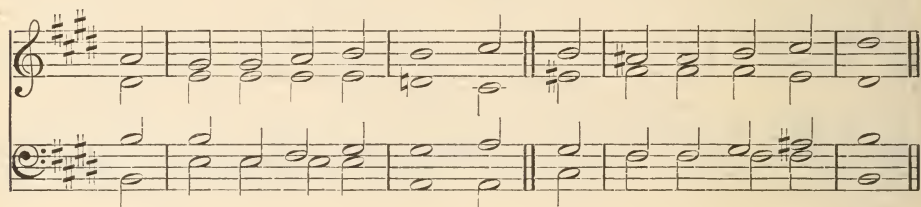
*p* Though now no more on earth we trace  
 Thy footsteps of celestial grace,  
*cr* Obedient to Thy word and will  
 We seek Thy daily mercy still;  
*f* Its blessed beams around us shine,  
 And Thine we are, and only Thine!



ST. ANSELM.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. BARNEY, 1838-1896.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
 If onward ye will tread  
 With Jesus as your Fellow  
 To Jesus as your Head!  
 Oh, happy, if ye labour  
 As Jesus did for men:  
 Oh, happy, if ye hunger  
 As Jesus hungered then!

*mf* The Faith by which ye see Him,  
 The Hope in which ye yearn,  
*cr* The Love that through all troubles  
 To Him alone will turn,—  
*f* What are they but His heralds  
 To lead you to His sight?  
 What are they save the effluence  
 Of uncreated Light?

# General Hymns.

*p* The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure,—  
*mf* What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

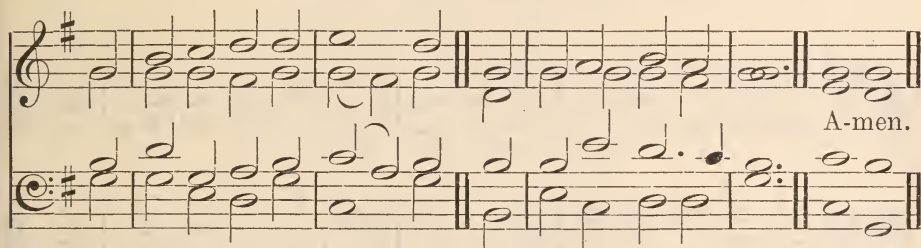
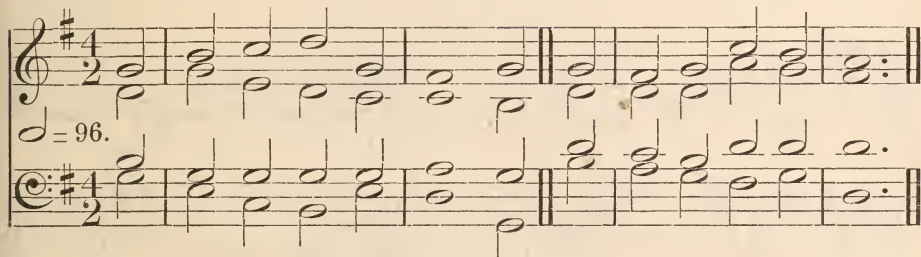
*mf* The Cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due;  
*f* The Crown that Jesus weareth,  
He weareth it for you.  
O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize! Amen.

492

ST. ALPHEGE.

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



*mf* **O** HEAVENLY Jerusalem,  
Of everlasting halls,  
Thrice blessed are the people  
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where Saints for ever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the King.

*mf* There God for ever sitteth,  
Himself of all the Crown;  
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.

*p* Nought to this seat approacheth  
Their sweet peace to molest;  
*f* They sing their God for ever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.

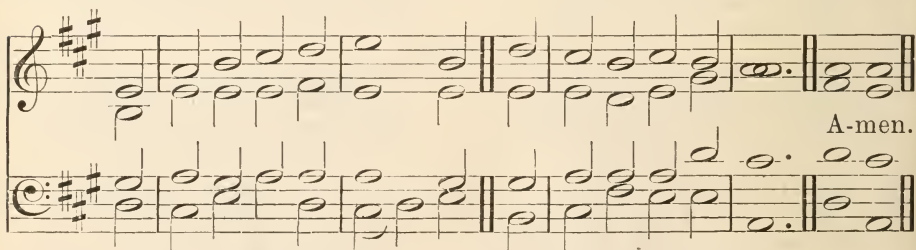
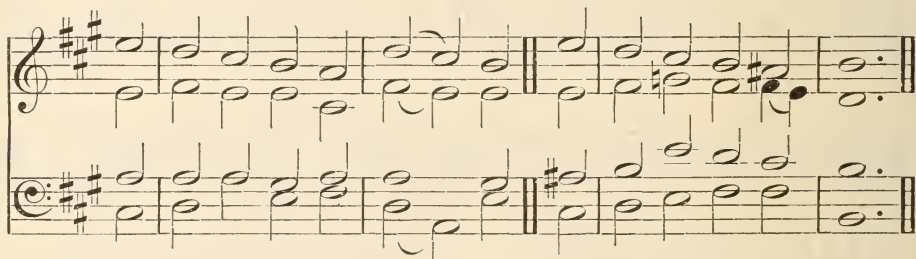
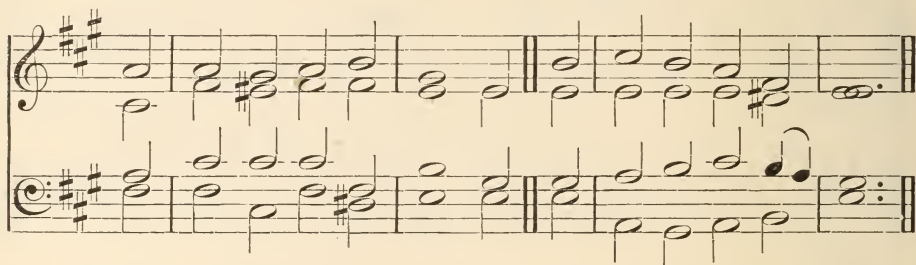
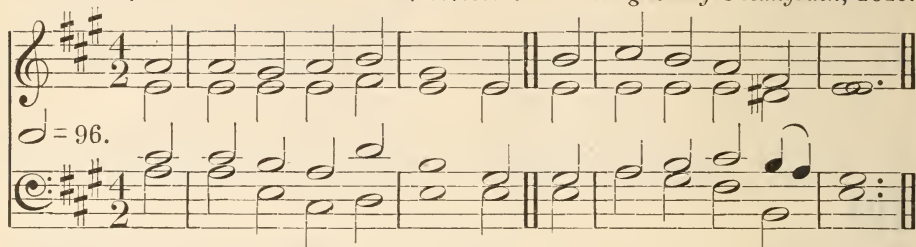
*mf* Sure hope doth thither lead us;  
Our longings thither tend;  
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.

*f* To Christ the Sun that lightens  
His Church above, below,  
To Father, and to Spirit,  
All things created bow. Amen.

KREUZNACH.

7.6.7.6. D.

Magdeburg Gesangbuch, 1640.



May also be sung to "Day of Rest," No. 41.

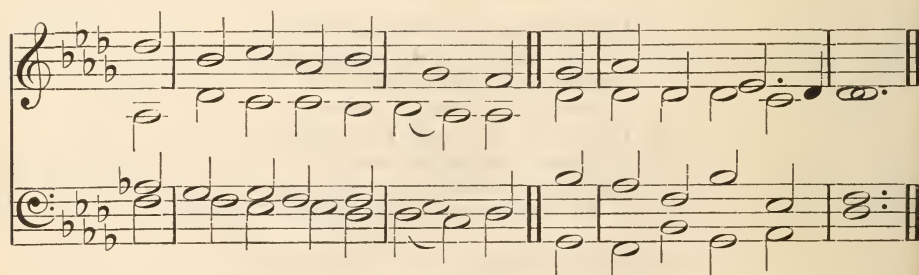
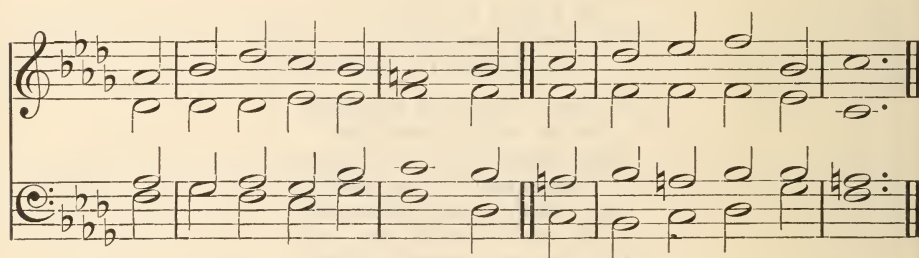
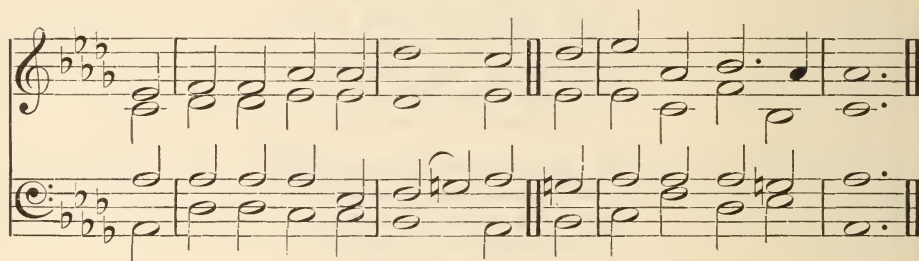
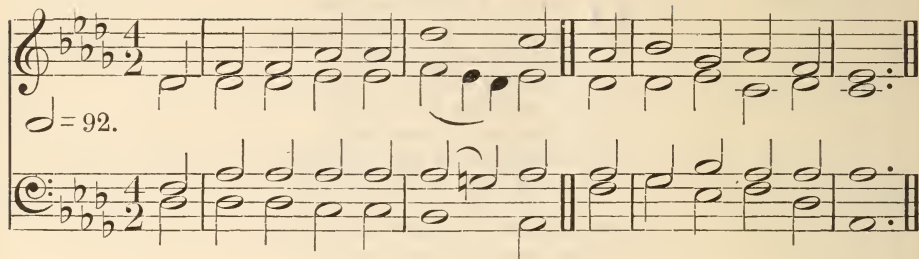


## General Hymns.

- mf* O JESU, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend!  
*f* I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.
- mf* Oh! let me feel Thee near me—  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear.  
*p* My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within:  
*cr* But, Jesu, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.
- p* Oh! let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will.  
*mf* Oh! speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control:  
*cr* Oh! speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul!
- mf* O Jesu, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesu, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
*p* Oh, give me grace to follow  
My Master and my Friend!
- p* Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,  
And in them plant mine own;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
*mf* Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end;  
*f* And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

ST. CATHERINE.

7.6.7.6. D.

R. F. DALE, *b.* 1845.

## General Hymns.

*p* **O** JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er.

*mf* Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His Name and sign who bear;  
Oh shame, thrice shame, upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!

*p* O Jesu, Thou art knocking;  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred.

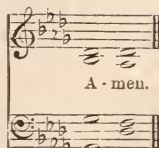
*mf* O love that passeth knowledge  
So patiently to wait!

*p* O sin that hath no equal  
So fast to bar the gate!

*p* 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

*cr* We open now the door:

*mf* Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.



REX TERRARUM.

L.M.

T. F. DUNHILL, b. 1877.

♩ = 108.

A - men.

*May also be sung to "Illsley," No. 186.*

*mf* **O** KING of earth and air and sea!  
 The hungry ravens cry to Thee;  
 To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep  
 The bosom of the boundless deep;  
 To Thee the lions roaring call,  
 The common Father, kind to all!  
 Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we  
 pray,  
 Our daily bread from day to day!  
 Thy bounteous hand with food can  
 bless  
 The bleak and lonely wilderness;

And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
 For daily bread from day to day!  
*p* And oh, when through the wilds we  
 roam  
 That part us from our heavenly home;  
 When, lost in danger, want, and woe,  
 Our faithless tears begin to flow;  
*cr* Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,  
 By which alone the soul may live;  
*mf* And grant Thy servants, Lord, we  
 pray,  
 The Bread of Life from day to day!  
 Amen.

COLCHESTER.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.

*♩ = 80.*

*A-men.*

*May also be sung to "St. Petersburg," No. 497.*

- mf* **O** KING of kings, before Whose throne  
 The Angels bow, no gift can we  
 Present that is indeed our own,  
 Since heaven and earth belong to Thee ;  
*cr* Yet this would we through grace impart,—  
*f* The offering of a thankful heart.
- mf* O Jesu, set on God's right hand,  
 With Thine Eternal Father plead  
 For all Thy loyal-hearted band,  
 Who still on earth Thy succour need ;  
 For us in weakness strength provide,  
 And through the world our footsteps guide.
- p* O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,  
*cr* Whose comforts never fail nor fade,  
 Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,  
 Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade ;  
 And grant that we, through all our days,  
 May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise. Amen.



ST. PETERSBURG.

8.8.8.8, 8.8.

D. BORTNIANSKI, 1752-1825.

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/2 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "♩ = 96". The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (half). The second measure is: D4 (half), C4 (half). The accompaniment for the first measure is: G3 (quarter), B2 (quarter), D3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), F#3 (quarter), G3 (half). The second measure is: C3 (half), B2 (half). The score is written on aged, yellowed paper.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time, indicated by the "C" time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The notes are as follows: Measure 1: Treble (G4), Bass (F4). Measure 2: Treble (A4), Bass (G4).

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bottom staff, aligned with the notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

*May also be sung to "Colchester," No. 496.*

## General Hymns.

*mf* O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall  
*dim* That lead our wandering feet astray :  
*cr* At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
That youth may love and age adore.

*mf* O Way, through Whom our souls draw near  
To yon eternal home of peace,  
*f* Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;  
*mf* In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

*mf* O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,  
Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;  
*p* When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
*cr* Turn Thou our darkness into light.

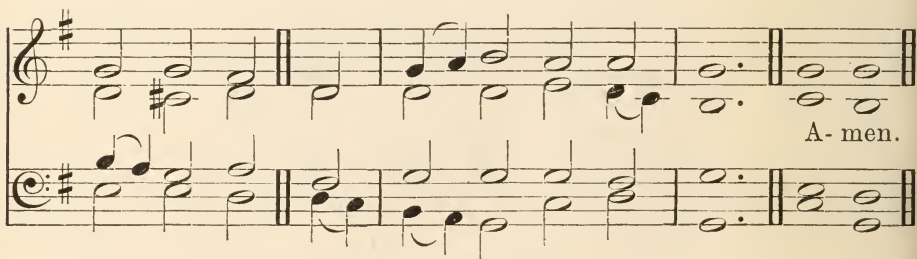
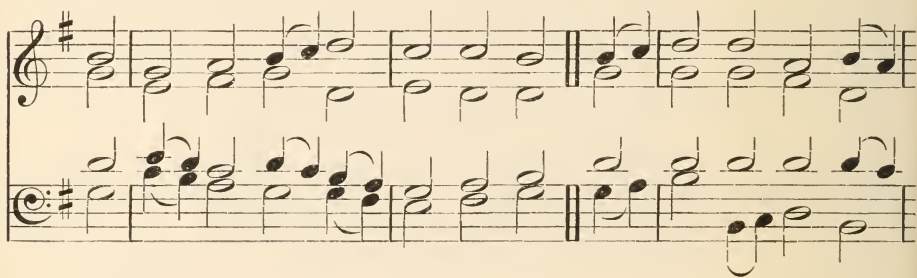
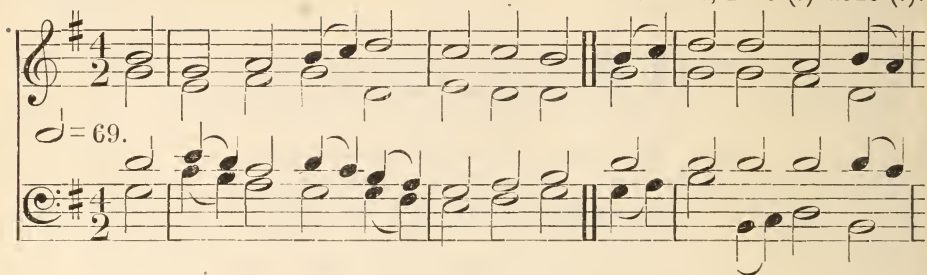
*mf* O Life, the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
*cr* Thy power to bless what Seraph knows ?  
*f* Thy joy supreme what words can paint ?  
*p* In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
*cr* Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

*f* O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
O Jesu, born mankind to save,  
*dim* Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,  
*mf* Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave ;  
*cr* Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,  
*f* Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

INNSBRUCK.

8.8.6. D.

H. ISAAC, 1440 (?) - 1520 (?)



A - men.

## General Hymns.

*mf* **O** LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee,  
If we from self could rest;  
*cr* And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

*p* How far from this our daily life!  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms!  
*cr* Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thy almighty arms!

*p* Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God;  
*cr* Then rise with lightened cheer,  
*mf* Sure that the Father, Who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

*p* We cannot trust Him as we should;  
So chafes frail nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away;  
*mf* Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

*mf* Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before Him lying still,  
*p* E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

O QUI PERPETUUS (*First Tune*).

MODE V. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

W

A - men.

MELCOMBE (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A-men.



## General Hymns.

*f* **O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see  
The brethren join in love to Thee ;  
On Thee alone their heart relies,  
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

*mf* How sweet within Thy holy place  
With one accord to sing Thy grace,  
Besieging Thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer.

*p* Oh ! may we love the House of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode ;  
Oh ! may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

*mf* The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,  
*cr* With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven

*mf* Lord, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love :  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
*f* And reign together in the sky. Amen.

COVENTRY.

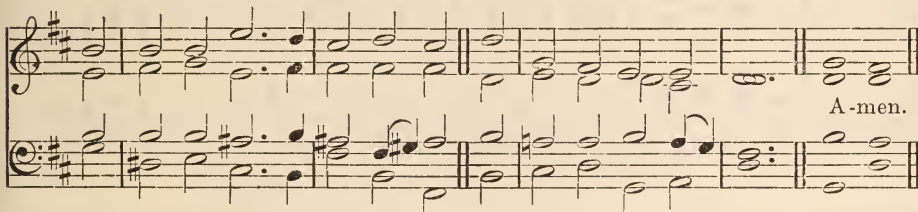
C.M.

S. HOWARD, 1710-1782.

*mf* **O** LORD, in all our trials here,  
 Whate'er those trials be,  
 Help us, without one doubt or fear,  
 To cast our care on Thee :—

To look from earth to yon bright sky,  
 And there by faith behold  
*f* The glories hid from mortal eye,  
 To mortal ear untold.

*p* And if contempt, reproach, or loss  
 We suffer for Thy Name,  
*cr* Teach us to triumph in the Cross,  
*f* To glory in the shame. Amen.



*mf* **O** LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!

When shall I find my willing

All taken up by Thee? [heart

*p* My thirsty spirit faints to prove

*cr* The greatness of redeeming love,

*f* The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God ;

*p* Oh, that it now were shed abroad

In this poor stony heart !

For love I sigh, for love I pine ;

This only portion, Lord, be mine ;

Be mine this better part.

*f* Stronger His love than death or hell ;

Its riches are unsearchable :

*mf* The first-born sons of light

Desire in vain its depths to see ;

They cannot reach the mystery,

The length, and breadth, and height.

*mf* For ever would I take my seat

With Mary at the Master's feet ;

Be this my happy choice ;

*cr* My only care, delight, and bliss,

My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Amen.

O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS (*First Tune*).  
*To be sung in Unison.*

MODE I. Old French Plain Song.

A - men.

EISENACH (*Second Tune*).

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586-1630.

A-men.

## General Hymns.

*mf* *cr* **O** LOVE, how deep ! how broad ! how high !  
*dim* It fills the heart with ecstasy  
That God, the Son of God, should take  
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

*mf* He sent no Angel to our race,  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of human frame,  
And He Himself to this world came.

Nor willed He only to appear,  
His pleasure was to tarry here ;  
And God and Man with man would be  
The space of thirty years and three.

For us baptized ! for us He bore  
His holy fast and hungered sore ;  
For us temptation sharp He knew,  
*f* For us the tempter overthrew.

*mf* For us He preaches and He prays,  
Would do all things, would try all ways,  
By words and signs and actions thus  
Still seeking not Himself but us.

*p* For us to wicked men betrayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,  
For us He bore the Cross's death ;  
For us at length gave up His breath.

*f* For us He rose from death again,  
For us He went on high to reign,  
For us He sent His Spirit here  
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

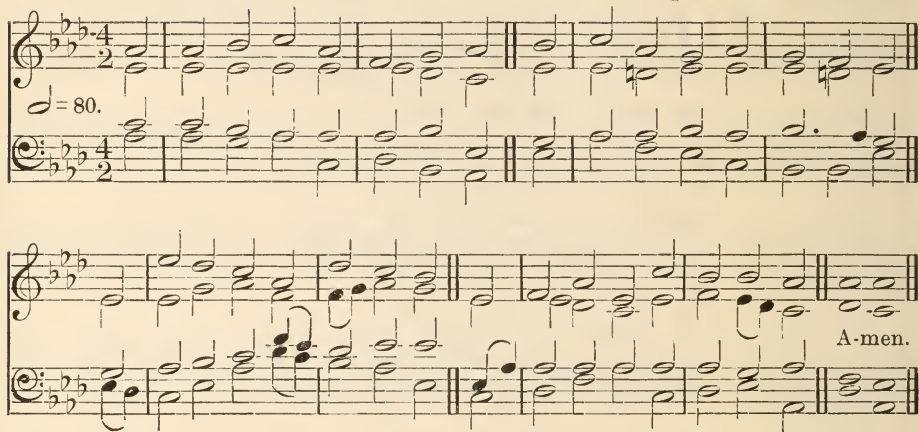
*f* To Him Whose boundless love has won  
Salvation for us through His Son,  
To God the Father, glory be  
Both now and through eternity. Amen.



ELY.

L.M.

Bishop TURTON, 1780-1864.



*mf* **O** LOVE so strong, O Power so sweet,  
 O Thou Whose name of Paraclete  
 Ensures to Christians, each and all,  
 A Patron ready at their call!

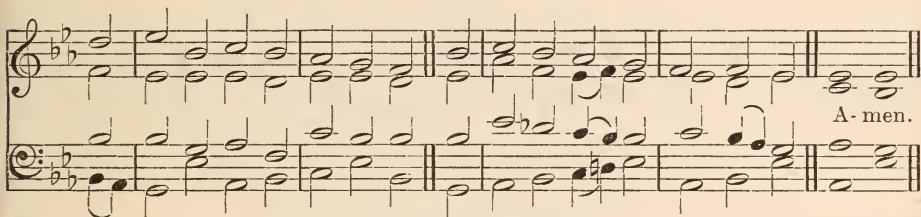
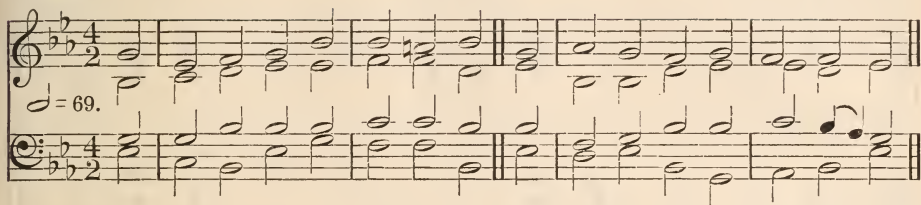
*p* We call on Thee with shame of face,  
 Deep-sorrowing o'er neglected grace,  
 And guidance lost through blind self-will,  
 And times of good misused for ill.

So, after all the vows we made,  
 The rites we shared, the prayers we prayed,  
 What can we ask, but yet once more  
 The pardon craved so oft before—

Too oft with feelings half untrue,  
 That came and passed like early dew—  
*mf* Now, Lord, the changeful mood control,  
 And root repentance in the soul.

*cr* O let Thy touch of cleansing fire  
 Set hearts aglow with high desire,  
 And so burn out each guilty stain,  
 That it may grieve Thee ne'er again.

*f* Then lead us, as with loving hand,  
 Right on through duty's broadening land,  
 Where souls from inward falseness free  
 Find light and strength and peace in Thee. Amen.



*May also be sung to "Surrey," No. 490.*

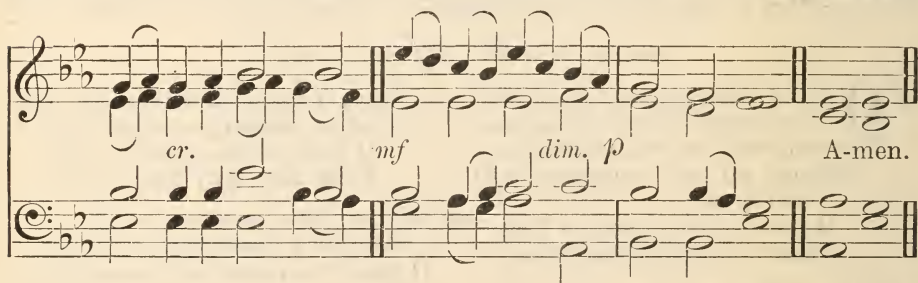
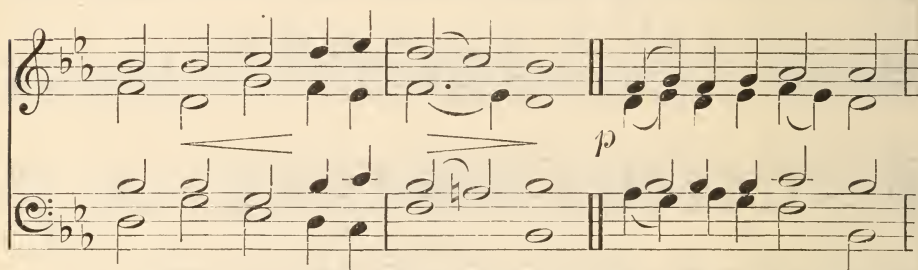
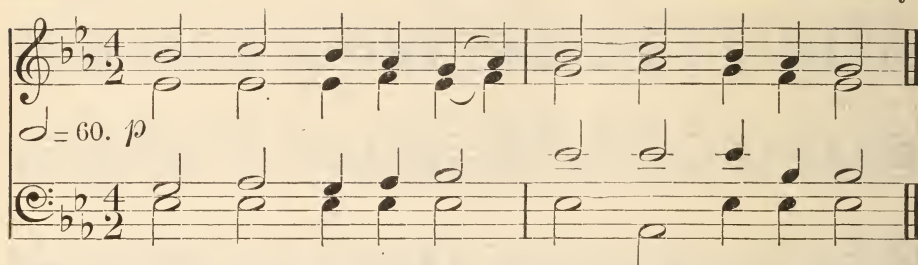
- mf* **O** LOVE, Who formedst me to wear *cr* O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain  
The image of Thy Godhead here; That we eternal joy might know;  
Who soughtest me with tender care *f* O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Through all my wanderings wild Thine ever, only Thine to be.  
and drear;
- f* O Love, I give myself to Thee, *mf* O Love, Who lovest me for aye,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Who for my soul dost ever plead;
- mf* O Love, Who ere life's earliest morn  
On me Thy choice hast gently laid; *f* O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,  
O Love, Who here as Man wast born, Whose power sufficeth in my stead;  
And wholly like to us wast made; O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- f* O Love, I give myself to Thee, *mf* O Love, Whose voice shall bid me rise  
Thine ever, only Thine to be. From out this dying life of ours;
- p* O Love, Who once in time wast slain,  
Pierced through and through with *f* O Love, Whose hand o'er yonder skies  
bitter woe! Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

Amen.

SICILIAN MARINERS.

5.5.7. D.

Sicilian Melody.



*p* **O** MOST merciful !  
 O most bountiful !  
 God the Father Almighty !  
 By the Redeemer's  
 Sweet intercession  
 Hear us, help us when we cry ! Amen.

BROCKHAM.

L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.

*♩* = 76.

A-men.

*mf* **O** SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?  
 Nor longer might Thy grace endure  
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,  
 And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

*mf* Come, Jesu, come! return again;  
*cr* With brighter beam Thy servants bless,  
*f* Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,  
 And share Thy kingdom's happiness!

*p* A feeble race, by passion driven,  
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
*cr* And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
 Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

*mf* Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,  
 When death rides darkly o'er the sea,  
 And strength and earthly daring fail,  
 Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee.

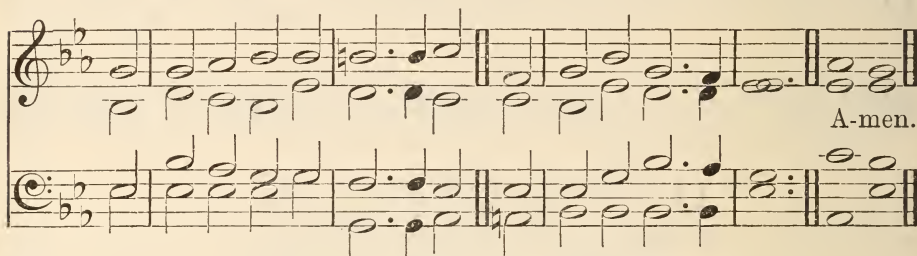
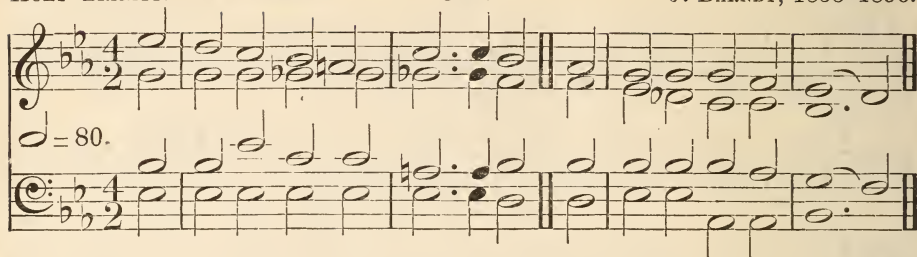
*p* Come, Jesu, come! and as of yore  
*cr* The Prophet went to clear Thy way,  
*mf* A harbinger Thy feet before,  
 A dawning to Thy brighter day;—

*cr* So now may grace, with heavenly shower,  
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;  
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
*f* Then come, and reap Thy harvest there. Amen.

HOLY TRINITY.

C.M.

J. BARNEY, 1888-1896.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*p* **O** SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
 Till Thou art formed within,  
 Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
 And crushed the power of sin.

Oh may we gaze upon Thy Cross,  
 Until the wondrous sight  
 Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
 And earthly sorrows light:

*mf* Until, released from carnal ties,  
 Our spirit upward springs,  
 And sees true peace above the skies,  
 True joy in heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become  
 United, Lord, to Thee,  
 And, in a fairer, happier home,  
 Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.



ZOAN.

7.6.7.6. D.

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.

*mf* **O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love,  
*cr* O Name of might and favour,  
All other names above!

*p* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
*cr* To Thee alone we sing;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King.

*f* In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power Divine;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine;

*p* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
*cr* To Thee alone we sing;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King.

*mf* O Bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought;

*p* We worship Thee, we bless Thee, *f*  
*cr* To Thee alone we sing;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King.

*mf* Oh grant the consummation  
Of this our song above  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love;

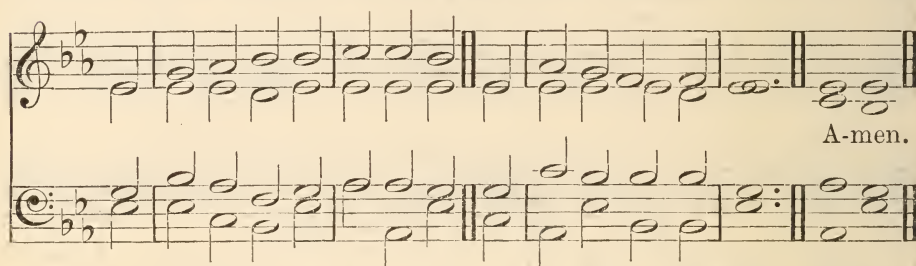
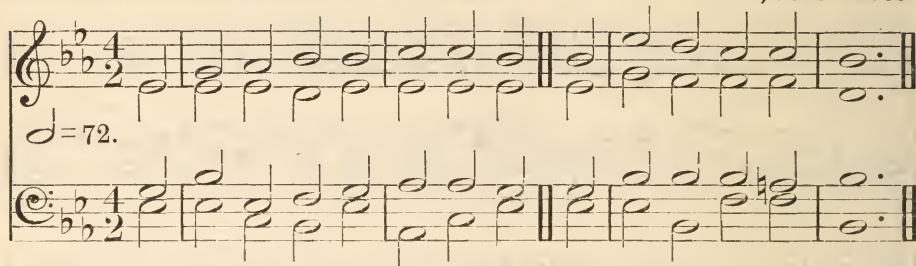
[Thee  
Then shall we praise and bless  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King.

Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

C.M.

T. TALLIS, 1520?-1585.



*p* **O** THOU, from Whom all goodness  
flows,  
I lift my soul to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me.

If for Thy sake, upon my name  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
*mf* All hail reproach, and welcome  
shame!  
*p* Good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
*cr* Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
*p* Good Lord, remember me.

*p* If worn with pain, disease, and grief  
This feeble frame should be;  
*cr* Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
*p* Good Lord, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
*cr* Oh let my strength be as my day;  
*p* Good Lord, remember me.

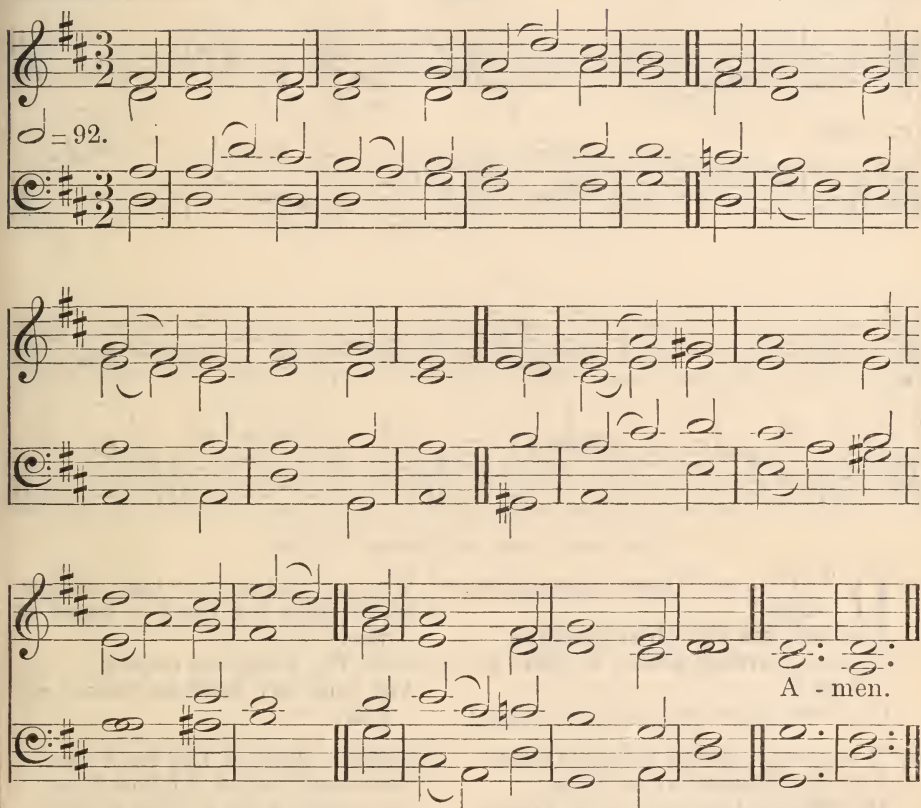
*p* When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Good Lord, remember me.

Amen.

ST. EUSTACE.

8.8.8.6.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873.



*mf* **O** THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,  
 Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,  
 On this alone my hopes depend,—  
*dim* That Thou wilt plead for me.

*mf* When, weary in the Christian race, *cr* Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
 Far off appears my resting-place, *dim* And plead, Oh plead for me!

*dim* And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace, *p* And when my dying hour draws near,  
 Then, Saviour, plead for me. *p* O'ercast with sorrow, pain and fear,  
*p* When I have erred, and gone astray *cr* Then to my fainting sight appear,  
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way, *mf* Pleading in heaven for me.

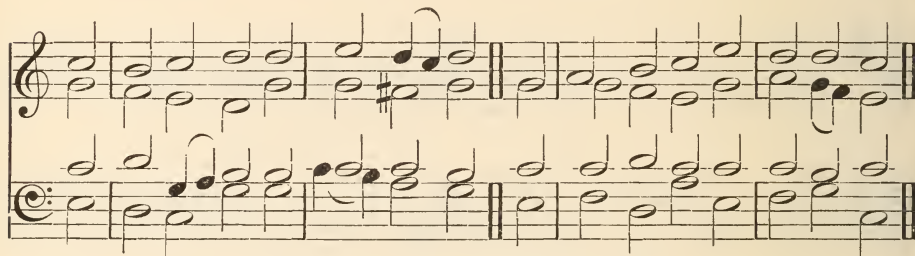
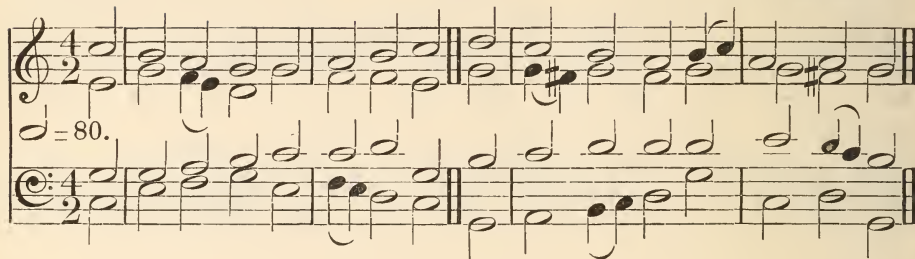
A - men.

Amen.

GÖLDEL.

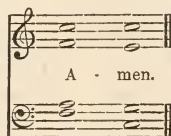
L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586-1630.



*May also be sung to "Breslau," No. 289.*

- mf* **O** THOU, to Whose all-searching *mf* When rising floods my head o'erflow,  
     sight *p* When sinks my heart in waves of  
     The darkness shineth as the light, woe,  
*cr* Search, prove my heart; it pants for *cr* Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,  
     Thee; And raise my head and cheer my  
     Oh, burst these bands, and set it free! heart.
- mf* Wash out its stains, refine its dross, *f* Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
     Nail my affections to the Cross; Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;  
     Hallow each thought; let all within Oh, let Thy hand support me still,  
     Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean. And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- p* If in this darksome wild I stray, *mf* If rough and thorny be my way,  
*cr* Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way; My strength proportion to my day;  
     No foes, no violence I fear, *cr* Till toil and grief and pain shall  
     No harm, while Thou, my God, art cease,  
     near. *dim* Where all is calm and joy and peace.



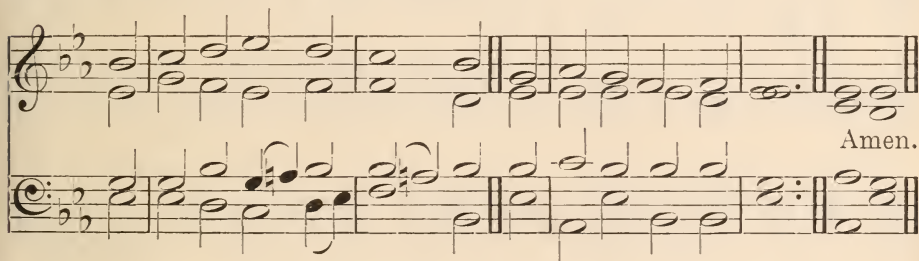
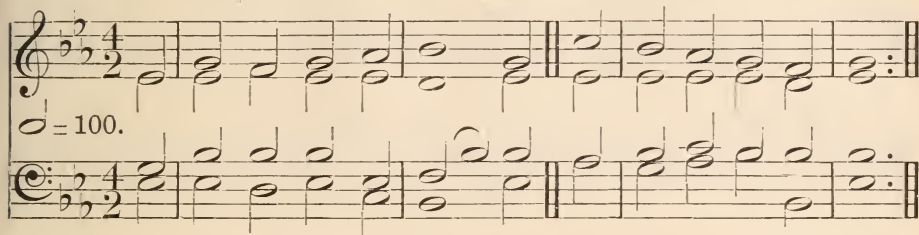
A - men.



CARLSRUHE.

7.6.7.6.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1560-1616.



*mf* **O** WORD of God Incarnate,  
 O Wisdom from on high,  
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
 O Light of our dark sky;

*f* It floateth like a banner  
 Before God's host unfurled;  
 It shineth like a beacon  
 Above the darkling world.

We praise Thee for the radiance  
 That from the hallowed page,  
 A lantern to our footsteps,  
 Shines on from age to age.

It is the chart and compass,  
 That o'er life's surging sea,  
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

The Church from her dear Master  
 Received the gift divine,  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine.

*mf* Oh! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of purest gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light, as of old.

It is the golden casket  
 Where gems of truth are stored;  
 It is the heaven-drawn picture  
 Of Christ, the living Word.

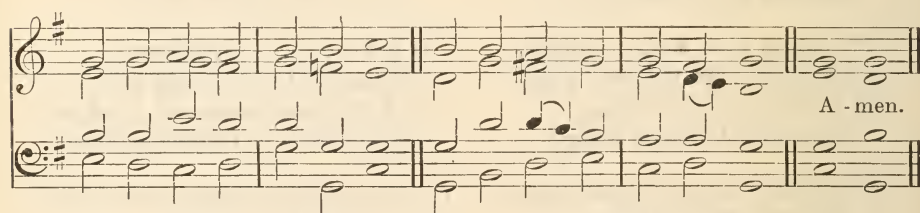
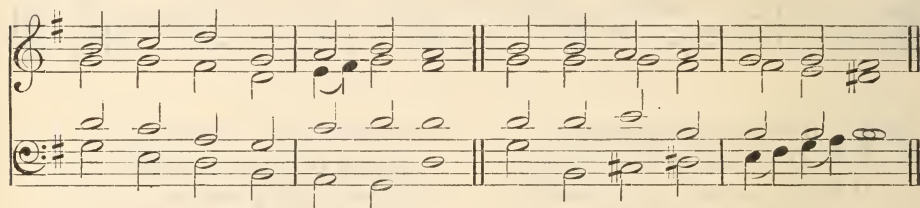
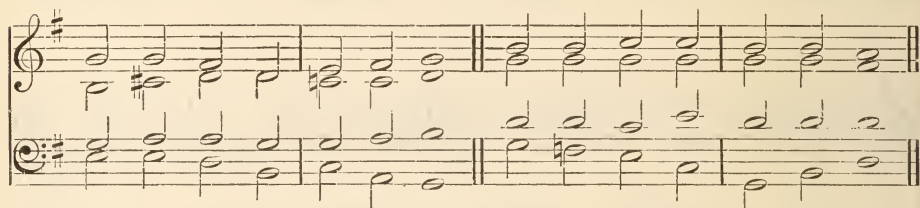
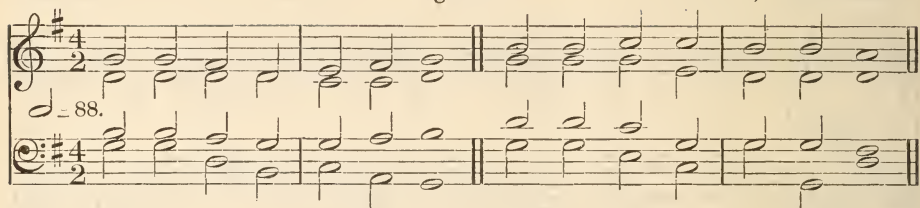
Oh! teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
*cr* Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
*f* They see Thee face to face. Amen.



ZURICH.

Eight 7's.

J. SCHOP, 1605 ?-1640 ?



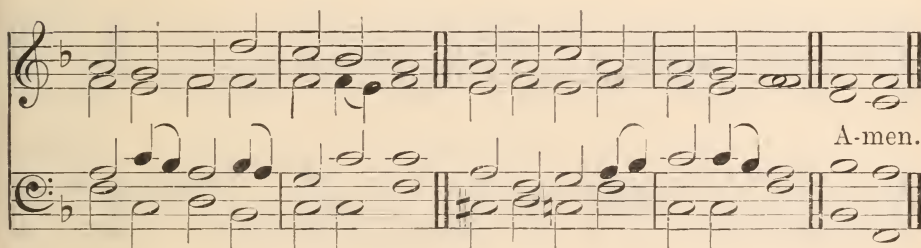
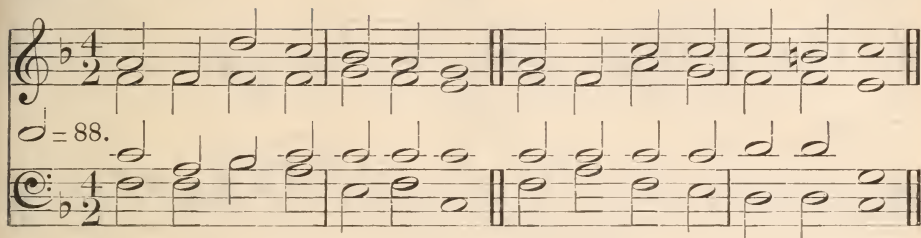
*mf* **O**BJECT of my first desire,  
 Jesu, crucified for me,  
 All to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in Thee :  
 Thee to please and Thee to know  
 Constitute our bliss below :  
 Thee to see and Thee to love  
 Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If Thy Presence Thou deny :  
 Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die.  
 Source and Giver of repose,  
 Singly from Thy smile it flows ;  
 Peace and happiness are Thine,  
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine. Amen.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



*mf* **O**FT in danger, oft in woe, *mf* Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
 Onward, Christians, onward go, March, in heavenly armour clad ;  
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Fight, nor think the battle long ;  
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life, *f* Victory soon shall tune your song.

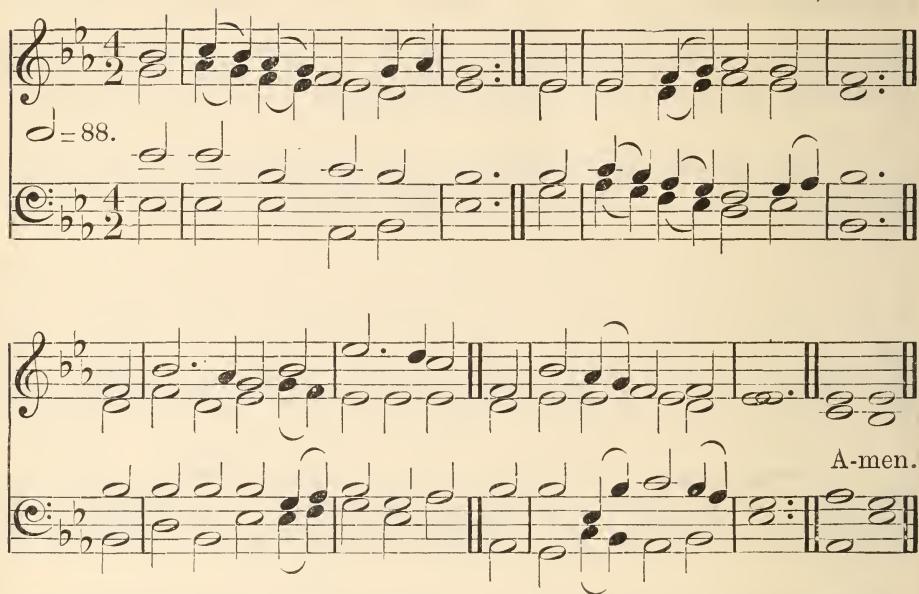
*cr* Onward, Christians, onward go, *mf* Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
 Join the war and face the foe ; *cr* Soon shall every tear be dry :  
 Faint not ! Much doth yet remain, Let not woe your course impede ;  
*p* Dreary is the long campaign. *f* Great your strength, if great your need.

*mf* Shrink not, Christians ! Will ye yield ? *f* Onward then to battle move ;  
 Will ye quit the painful field ? More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
 Will ye flee in danger's hour ? *mf* Though opposed by many a foe,  
*f* Know ye not your Captain's power ? *f* Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

VENICE.

S.M.

W. AMPS, b. 1824.



*f* **O**H bless the Lord, my soul,  
 His grace to thee proclaim,  
 And all that is within me join  
 To bless His holy Name.

He pardons all thy sins,  
 Prolongs thy feeble breath,  
 He healeth thine infirmities,  
 And ransoms thee from death.

Oh bless the Lord, my soul,  
 His mercies bear in mind,  
 Forget not all His benefits:  
 The Lord to thee is kind.

He clothes thee with His love,  
 Upholds thee with His truth,  
 And like the eagle's, He renews  
 The vigour of thy youth.

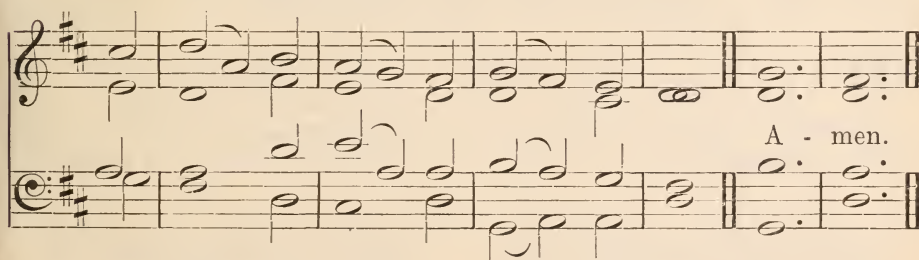
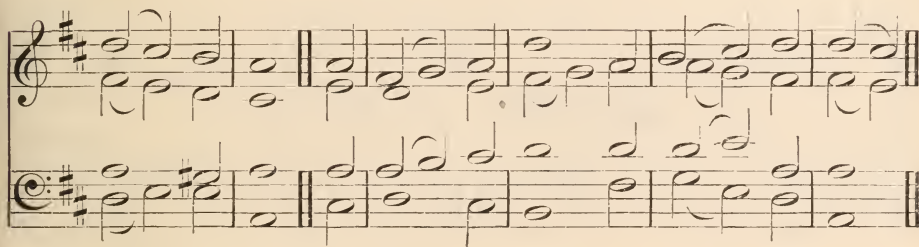
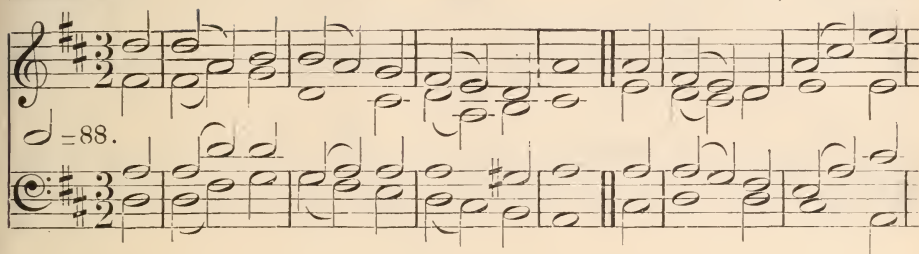
*mf* He will not always chide;  
 He will with patience wait;  
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
 And ready to abate.

*f* Then bless His holy Name,  
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;  
 Oh bless the Lord, my soul. Amen.

MONTGOMERY.

L.M.

J. STANLEY, 1713-1786.



*f* **O**H come, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King!  
 For we our voices high should raise  
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

For God the Lord enthroned in state  
 Is with unrivalled glory great;  
 The depths of earth are in His hand,  
 Her secret wealth at His command.

Into His Presence let us haste,  
 To thank Him for His favours past;  
 To Him address in joyful songs  
 The praise that to His Name belongs.

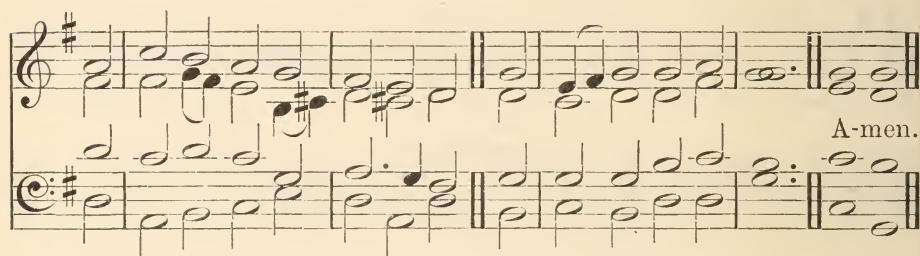
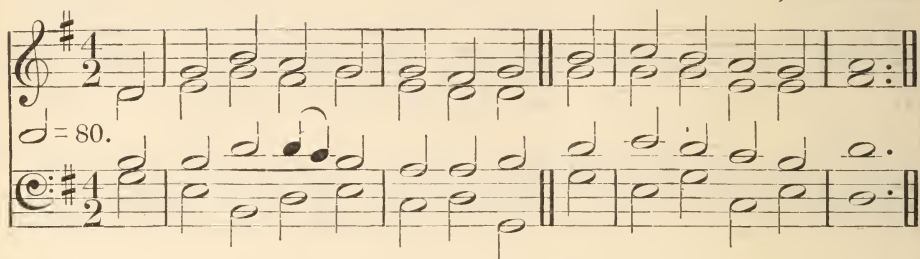
*mf* Oh let us to His courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there;  
*dim* Down on our knees devoutly all  
*p* Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Amen.

ST. JUDE.

C.M.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, 1840-1894.



*May also be sung to "Holy Trinity," No. 507.*

*mf* **O**H! for a heart to praise my God; *p* Oh! for a humble, lowly heart,  
 A heart from sin set free; Believing, true, and clean,  
 A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood Which neither life nor death can part  
 So freely spilt for me: From Him Who dwells within:

A heart resigned, submissive, meek, A heart in every thought renewed,  
 My great Redeemer's throne; And full of love divine;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 Where Jesus rules alone! A copy, Lord, of Thine!

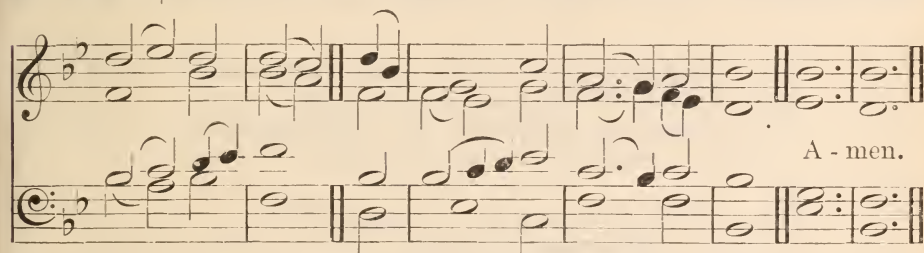
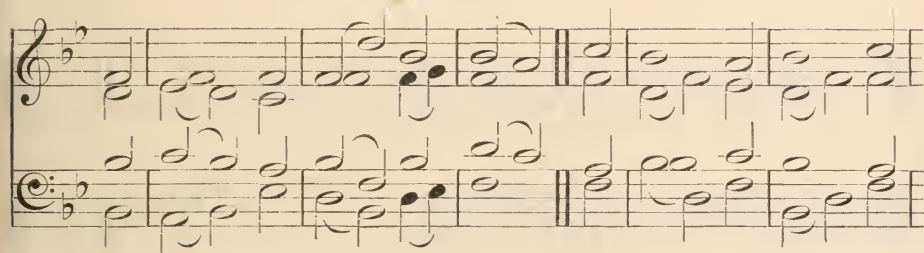
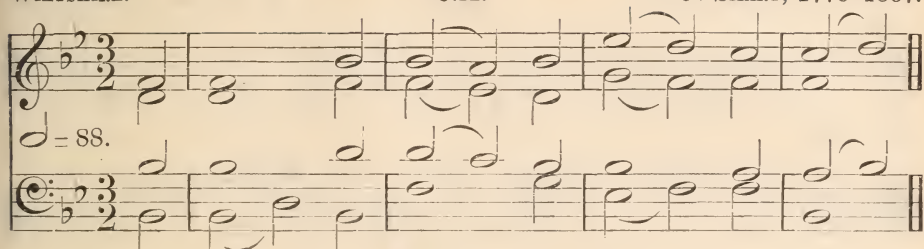
*mf* Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 Come quickly from above;  
 Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
*cr* Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.



WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. SMART, 1776-1867.



*f* **O**H! for a thousand tongues to sing *f* He speaks! and, listening to His voice,  
 My dear Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
 The triumphs of His grace!  
 The humble poor believe.

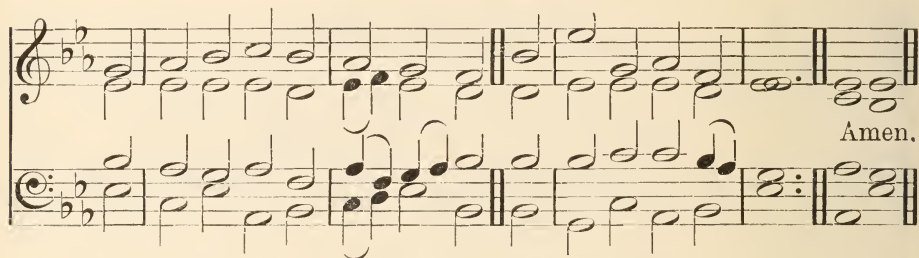
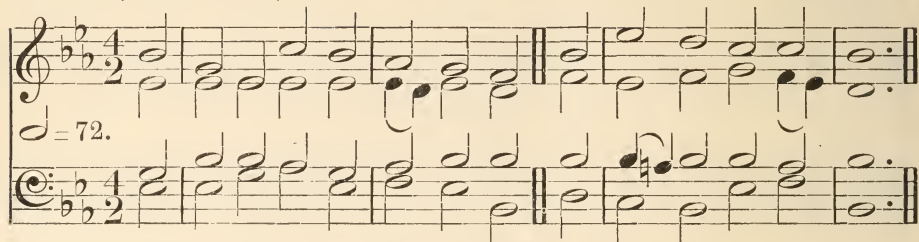
*mf* Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life and health and peace!  
*f* Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosened tongues employ!  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy!

*mf* He breaks the power of cancelled sin, *mf* My gracious Master and my God,  
 He sets the prisoner free;  
 Assist me to proclaim, [abroad  
 His Blood can make the foulest clean; *cr* And spread through all the earth  
 His Blood availed for me. *f* The honours of Thy Name. Amen.

BEDFORD (Modern Form).

C.M.

W. WHEALL, 1690 ?-1727.



*p* **O**H, help us, Lord; each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succour give:  
*cr* Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live!

*p* Oh, help us when our spirits bleed  
 With contrite anguish sore;  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

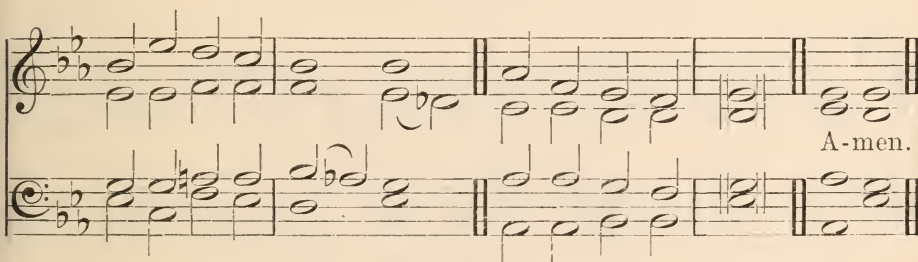
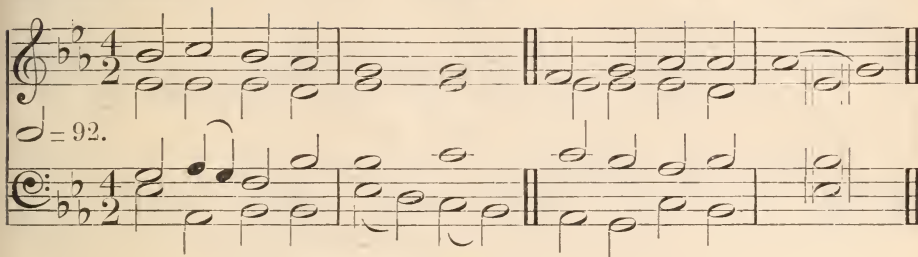
*mf* Oh, help us through the prayer of faith  
 More firmly to believe!  
 For still the more the servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.

Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:  
 We know no help but Thee!  
 Oh, help us so to live and die  
 As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

6.5.6.5.

O. M. FEILDEN, b. 1837.



*mf* **O**H! let him, whose sorrow  
 No relief can find,  
 Trust in God, and borrow  
 Ease for heart and mind.

*f* Raise thine eyes to heaven  
 When thy spirits quail,  
 When, by tempests driven,  
 Heart and courage fail.

*p* Where the mourner weeping  
 Sheds the secret tear,

*mf* God His watch is keeping,  
 Though none else is near.

*p* When in grief we languish  
*cr* He will dry the tear,

*mf* Who His children's anguish  
 Soothes with succour near.

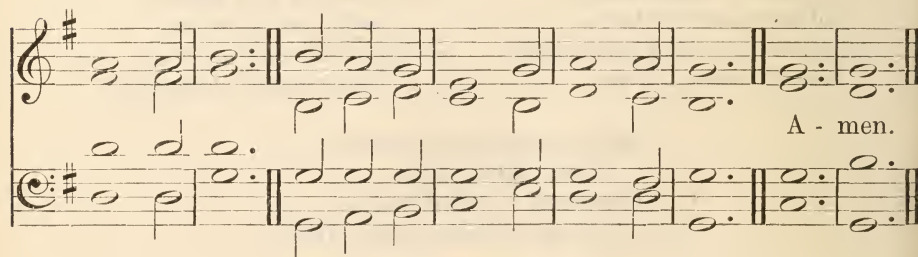
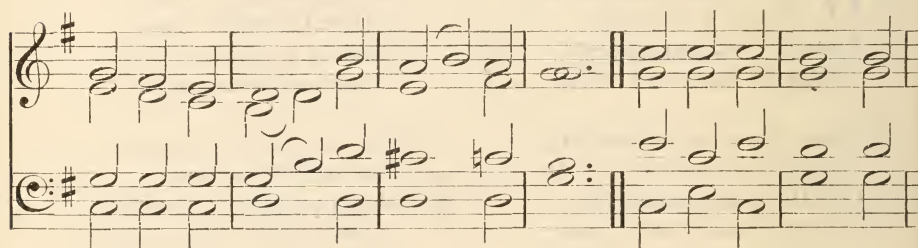
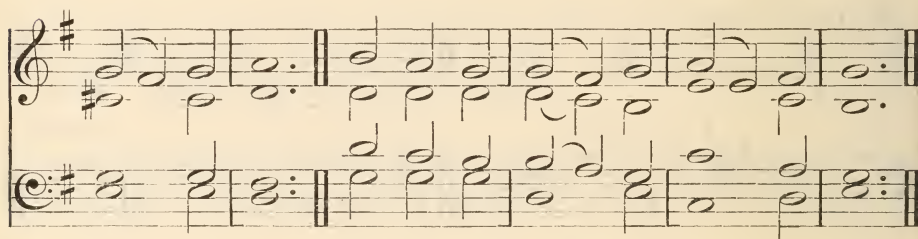
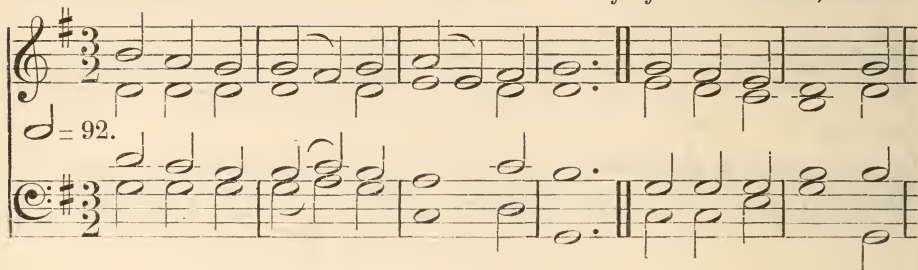
*mf* God will never leave thee,  
 All thy wants He knows,  
 Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
 Sees thy cares and woes.

*p* All our woe and sadness,  
 In this world below,  
*cr* Balance not the gladness  
*f* We in heaven shall know,

When our gracious Saviour  
 In the realms above  
 Crowns us with His favour,  
 Fills us with His love. Amen.

ST. FINBAR.

8.8.8.8.8.8. Melody by J. G. WALTON, b. 1821.



## General Hymns.

*mf* **O**H ! quickly come, dread Judge of all ;  
*p* For, awful though Thine Advent be,  
*cr* All shadows from the truth will fall,  
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.  
*f* Oh ! quickly come ; for doubt and fear  
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

*mf* Oh ! quickly come, great King of all ;  
Reign all around us, and within ;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.  
*cr* Oh ! quickly come ; for Thou alone  
*f* Canst make Thy scattered people one.

*mf* Oh ! quickly come, true Life of all ;  
*p* For death is mighty all around ;  
On every home his shadows fall,  
On every heart his mark is found.  
*cr* Oh ! quickly come ; for grief and pain  
*f* Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

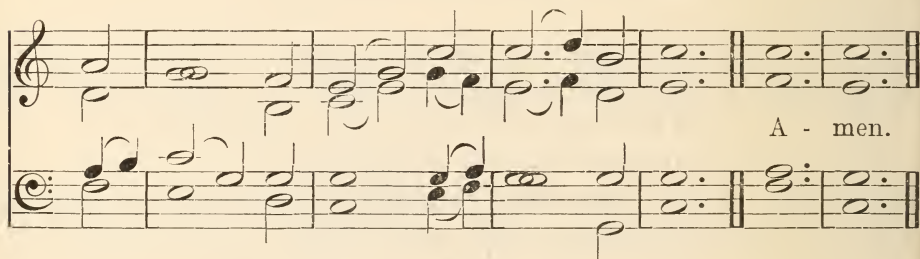
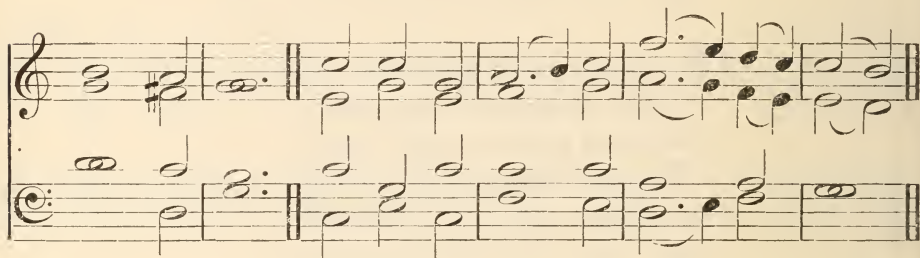
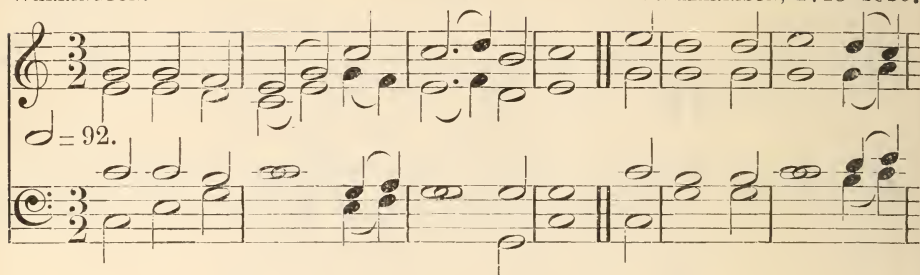
*mf* Oh ! quickly come, sure Light of all ;  
*p* For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;  
And weakly souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day.  
*cr* Oh ! quickly come ; for round Thy throne  
*f* No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.



WARRINGTON.

L.M.

R. HARRISON, 1748-1810.



*May also be sung to "Winchester New," No. 327.*

*f* **O**H render thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from His judgments fear to stray,  
Who know and love His perfect will,  
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

*mf* Who can His mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;  
*cr* When Thou return'st to set them free,  
*f* Let Thy salvation visit me. Amen.

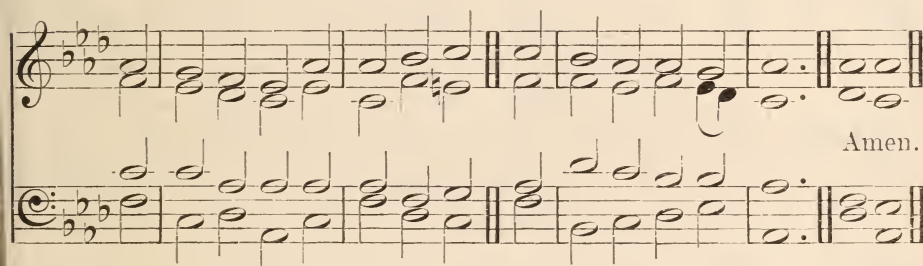
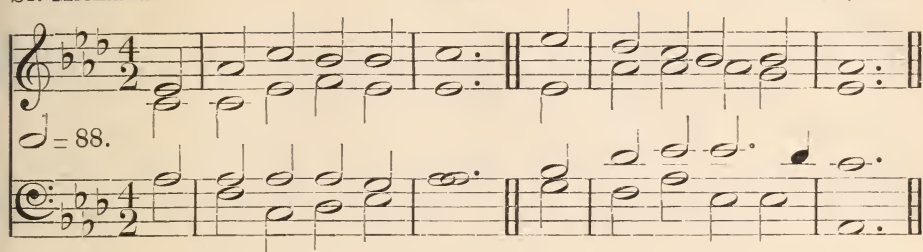
# General Hymns.

523

ST. MICHAEL.

S.M.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1543.



*mf* **O**H what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss?  
*f* Bright shall the crown of glory be  
When we have borne the cross.

*p* Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred Saints, baptized in  
blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below:

*f* Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

*mf* Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
*p* All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here.

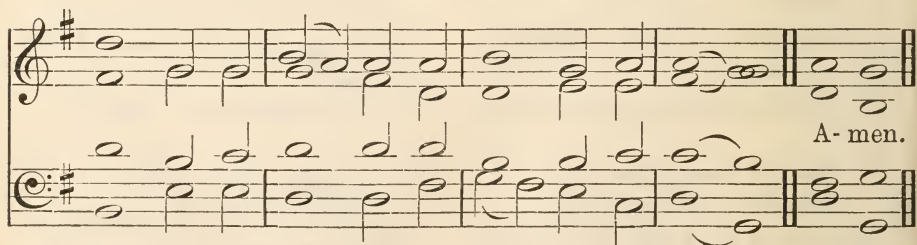
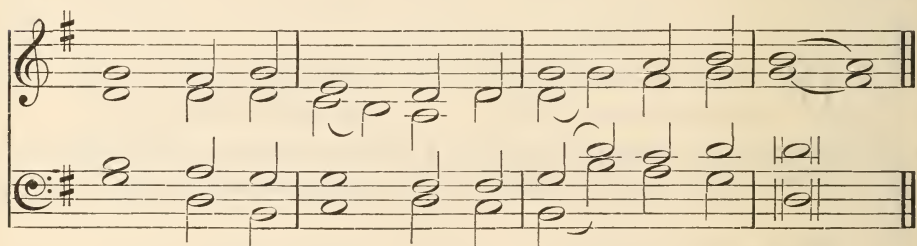
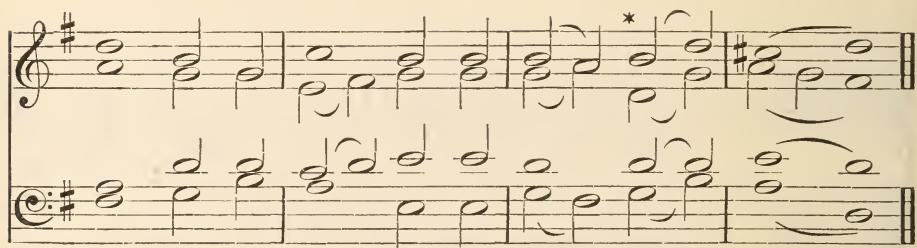
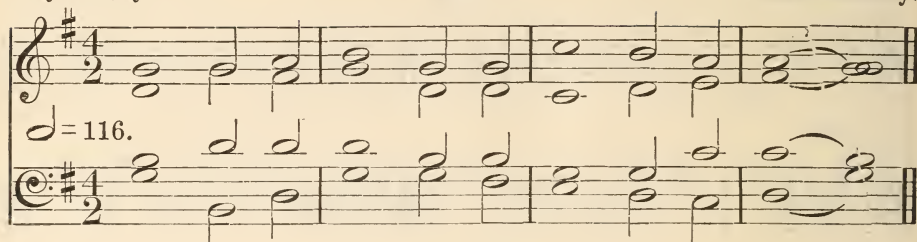
*mf* Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy  
feet,  
Where Saints and Angels live.

*f* All glory, Lord, to Thee,  
Whom heaven and earth adore;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God for evermore. Amen.

O QUANTA QUALIA.

10.10.10.10.

Ancient Melody.



\* In verse 1 the slur should be over the 3rd and 4th notes of bar 7.

## General Hymns.

*f* OH, what the joy and the glory must be,  
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see !  
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;  
God shall be All and in all ever blest !

*mf* What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne ?  
What are the peace and the joy that they own ?  
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,  
All that they feel could as fully declare !

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore !  
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,  
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,  
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise  
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;  
*f* One and unending is that triumph-song  
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

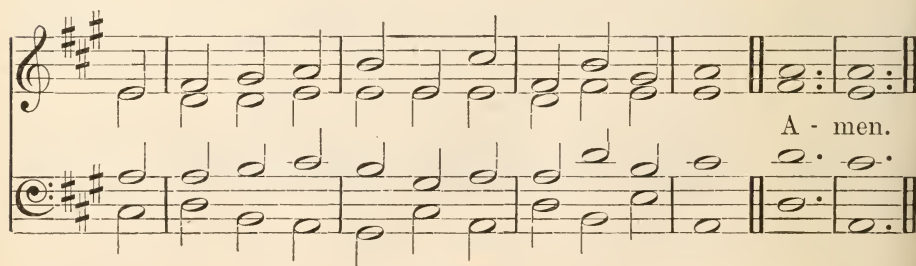
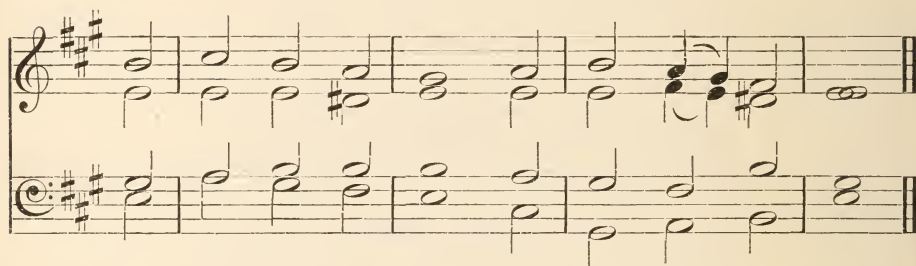
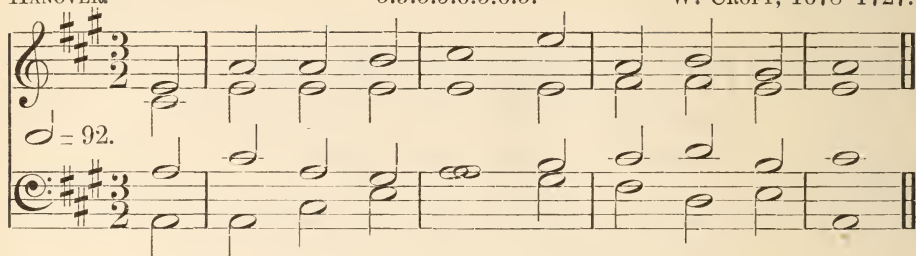
*p* Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,  
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;  
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

*mf* Low before Him with our praises we fall,  
*cr* Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all ;  
*f* Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom, the Son ;  
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

HANOVER.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.





## General Hymns.

*f* **O**H worship the King  
All glorious above,  
Oh gratefully sing  
His power and His love,  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise !

Oh tell of His might,  
Oh sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space.  
His chariots of wrath  
The deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.

*mf* The earth with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power  
Hath founded of old,  
Hath stablished it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.

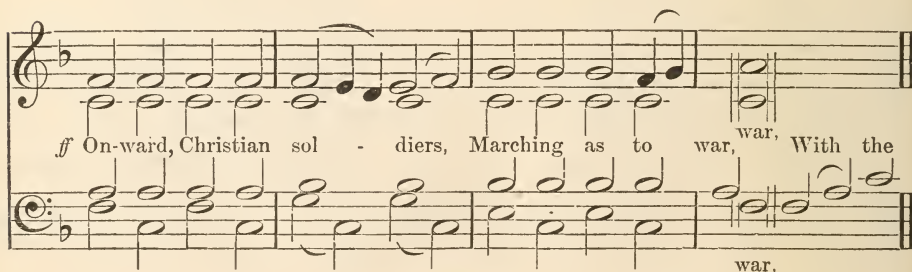
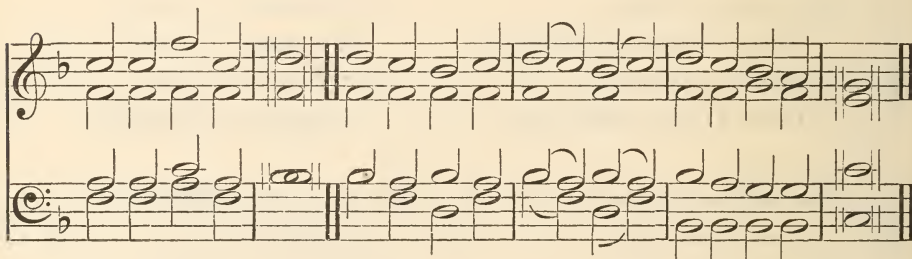
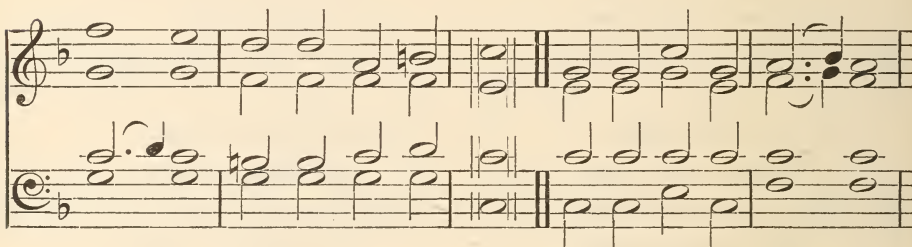
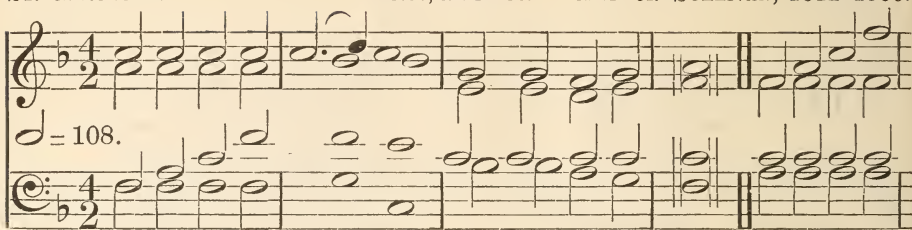
Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air ;  
It shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills ;  
It descends to the plain ;  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.

*p* Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
*cr* In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies how tender !  
How firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend !

*f* O measureless Might !  
Ineffable Love  
While Angels delight  
To hymn Thee above,  
*mf* The humbler creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
*cr* With true adoration  
Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

ST. GERTRUDE.

6.5., 12 lines. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



## General Hymns.

With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore ! A-men.  
 Cross of Je - sus

With the Cross of Je - sus

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* **O**NWARD, 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

*ff* See, His banners go.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before !

*f* At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee !  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory !  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise ;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise.  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

*f* Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God.  
*mf* Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the Saints have trod.

*f* We are not divided,  
 All one Body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

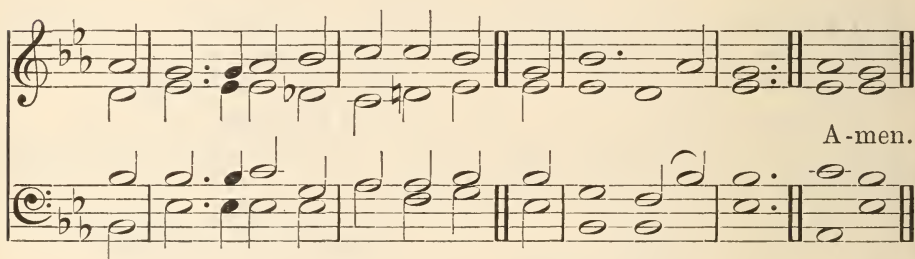
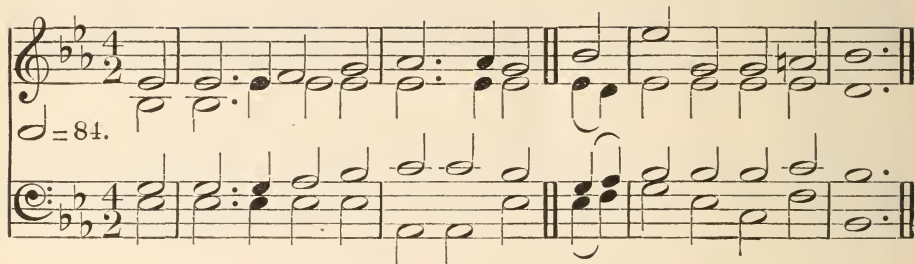
*p* Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
*cr* But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain :  
*f* Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

*f* Onward then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song :  
 Glory, laud, and honour  
 Unto Christ the King ;  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and Angels sing.  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.  
 Amen.

ST. CUTHBERT.

8.6.8.4.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*p* **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He  
breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

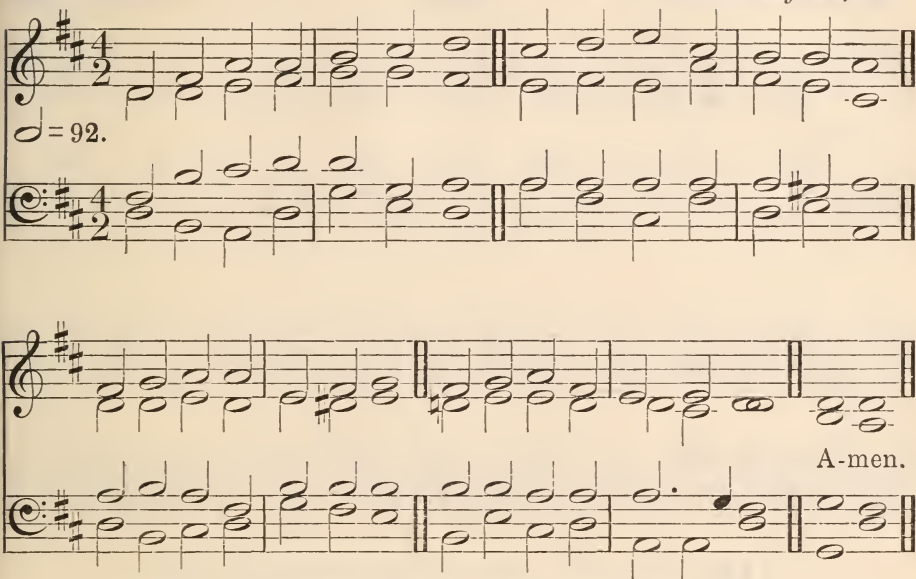
*p* And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each  
fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

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

*cr* And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
*mf* Are His alone.

*p* Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see ;  
*cr* Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthy Thee ! Amen.

LÜBECK.

7.7.7.7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704.

*f* **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
 Crowns that never fade away,  
 Gird and deck the Saints in light,  
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors  
 they.

*mf* Round the Altar Priests confess,  
 If their robes are white as snow,  
 'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness  
 And His Blood that made them  
 so.

*mf* Yet the conquerors bring their  
 palms  
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
*cr* And proclaim in joyful psalms  
 Victory through His Cross alone.

*p* Who were these?—On earth they  
 dwelt;  
 Sinners once of Adam's race,  
 Guilt and fear and suffering felt,  
*cr* But were saved by sovereign grace.

*mf* Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
 Crying, as they strike the chords,  
*f* "Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords."

*mf* They were mortal too like us;  
*dim* Ah, when we like them must die,  
*cr* May our souls translated thus  
*f* Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

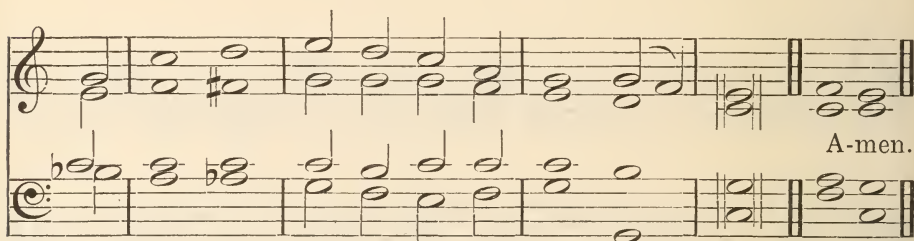
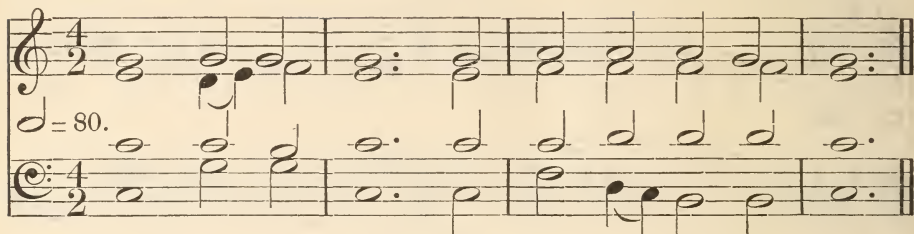
Amen.



PAX TECUM (*First Tune*).

10.10.

G. T. CALDBECK, c. 1870.



*mf* **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
*p* The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
*p* To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
*p* On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
*p* In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
*f* Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

*p* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
*f* Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

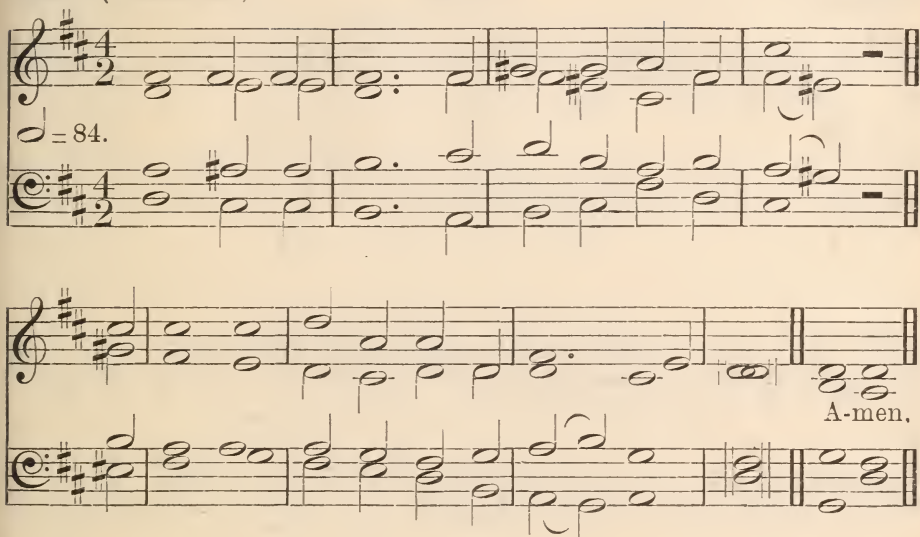
*mf* It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

# General Hymns.

YARLET (Second Tune).

10.10.

P. T. LUCAS, b. 1869.



*mf* **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
*p* The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
*p* To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
*p* On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
*p* In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
*f* Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

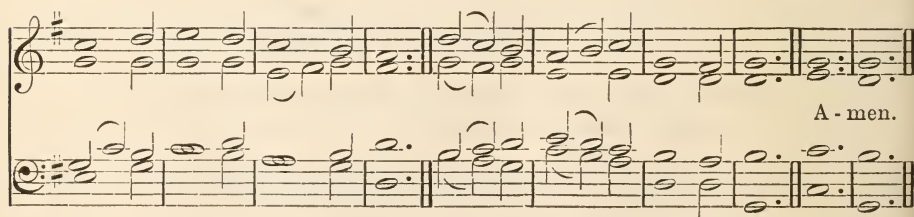
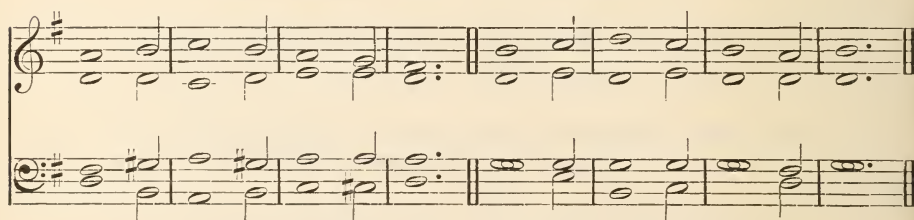
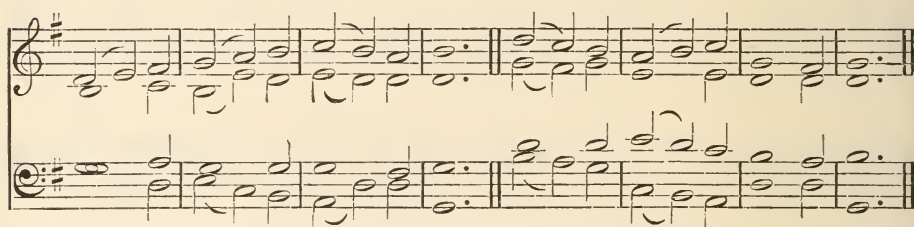
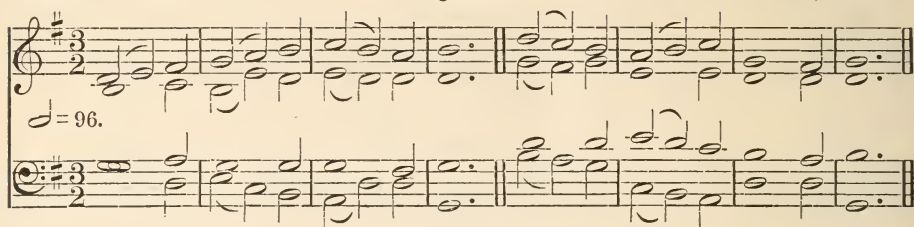
*p* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
*f* Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

*mf* It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

MAIDSTONE.

Eight 7's.

W. B. GILBERT, b. 1829.



## General Hymns.

*mf* PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love;  
*p* Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe.  
*cr* Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy Saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
King of Glory, God of grace!

*mf* Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
*p* Happier souls that find a rest  
In a Heavenly Father's breast!  
*cr* Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

*mf* Happy souls! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies:  
*f* On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

*p* Lord! be mine this prize to win;  
Guide me through a world of sin;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
*mf* Sun and Shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
*f* Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
*dim* Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me! Amen.

LUDBOROUGH.

L.M.

T. R. MATTHEWS, b. 1826.

First system of musical notation for 'Ludborough'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo/meter marking is  $\text{♩} = 76$ . The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation for 'Ludborough'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation for 'Ludborough'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

A-men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)



## General Hymns.

*mf* **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high;  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
The Angels of the Churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,  
Firmness and meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

*p* To watch and pray, and never faint;  
By day and night strict guard to keep;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the Saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

*mf* Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign;  
*cr* When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God! may they and we be Thine. Amen.

PRAISE, MY SOUL (*First Tune*).

8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. Goss, 1800-1880.

*Voices in Unison.*

*mf*

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven, To His feet thy tri-bute bring ;

*mf*

*♩ = 88.*

Ransomed, healed, re- stored, for - giv - en. Who like thee His praise should sing ?

*ff*

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

*ff*

# General Hymns.

Harmony.

*mf*

2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress ;

*mf*

Praise Him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.

*ff*

Praise Him ! Praise Him ! Praise Him ! Praise Him ! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness !

*ff*

TREBLES only.

*Slower.*

*p*

3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us ; Well our fee - ble frame He knows ;

*Slower.*

*p*

## General Hymns.

In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.

*f* Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.

*Unison.*  
*f* 4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him

# General Hymns.

face to face: Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him;

Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him! Praise Him!

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

*In Harmony.*

A - men.



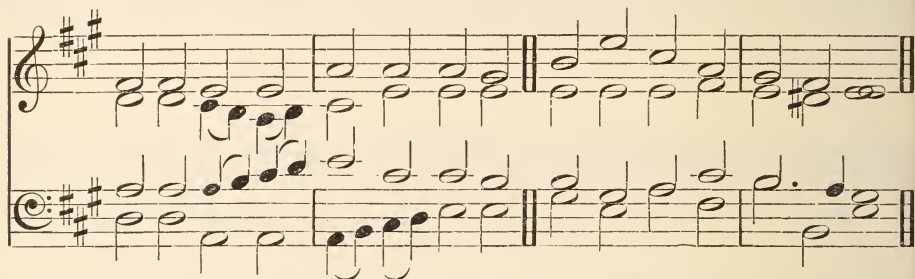
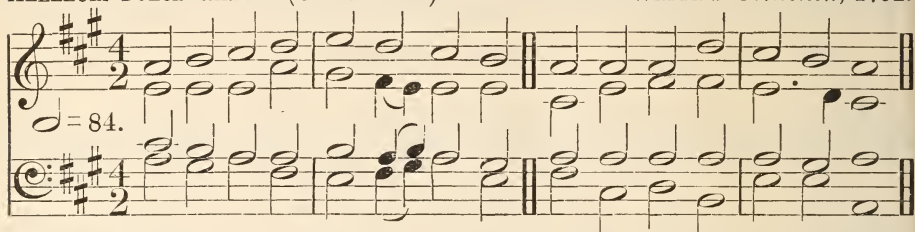
# General Hymns.

532

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN (*Second Tune*).

WEBBE'S *Collection*, 1792.



*mf* PRAISE, my soul, the King of *p* Father-like He tends and spares  
heaven, us;

To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should

*f* Praise Him! Praise Him! [sing? *f* Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King!

*mf* Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.

*f* Praise Him! Praise Him! *ff* Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Glorious in His faithfulness!

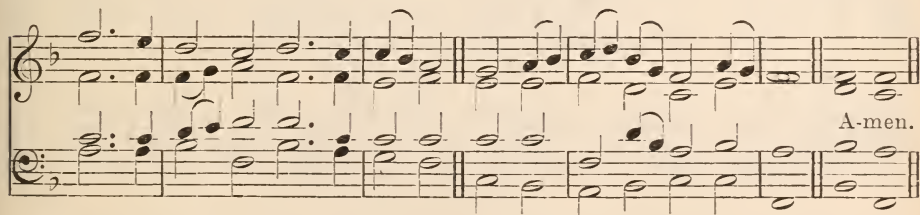
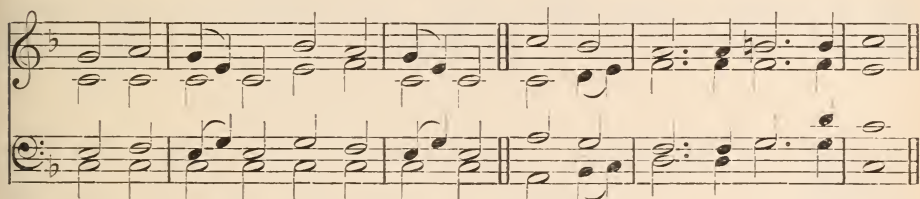
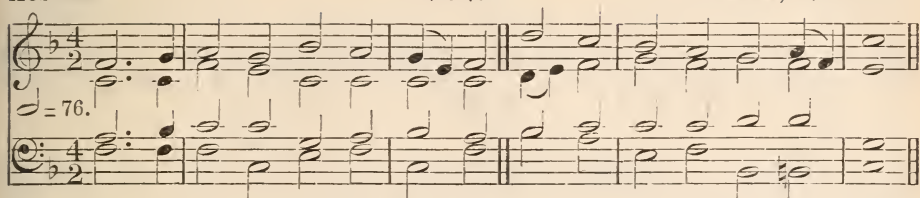
*f* Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face:  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

Amen.

AUSTRIA.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.



*f* PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore  
Him ;  
Praise Him, Angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken  
For their guidance hath He made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail :  
God hath made His Saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high, His power pro-  
claim ;  
*f* Heaven and earth and all creation  
Laud and magnify His Name !

Amen.

WESTMINSTER (*First Tune*).

C.M.

J. TURLE, 1802-1882.

Musical score for Westminster (First Tune) in C Major, Common Time (C.M.). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 76. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Musical score for Westminster (First Tune) in C Major, Common Time (C.M.). The tempo is marked as ♩ = 76. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The text "A-men." is written below the second system.

GERONTIUS (*Second Tune*).

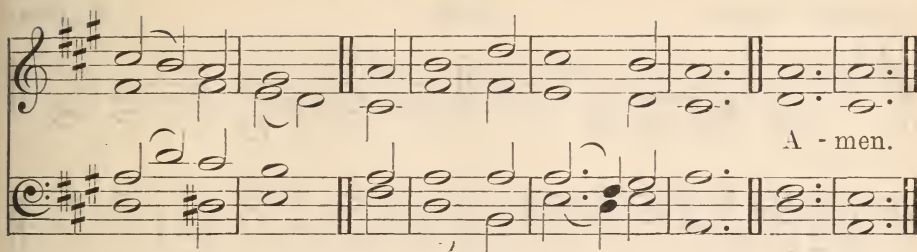
C.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

Musical score for Gerontius (Second Tune) in D Major, 3/2 Time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 88. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Musical score for Gerontius (Second Tune) in D Major, 3/2 Time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 88. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## General Hymns.



*f* **P**RAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise;  
 In all His words most wonderful,  
 Most sure in all His ways!

*mf* O loving wisdom of our God!  
*p* When all was sin and shame,  
*cr* A second Adam to the fight  
*f* And to the rescue came.

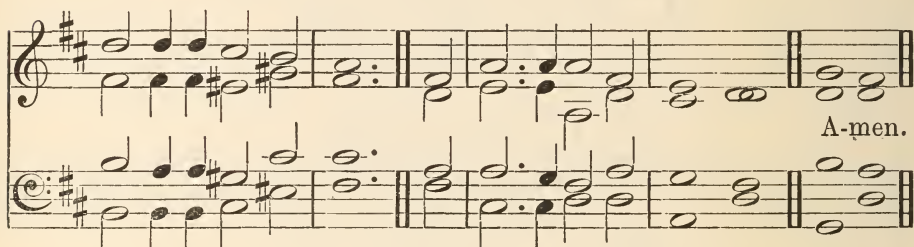
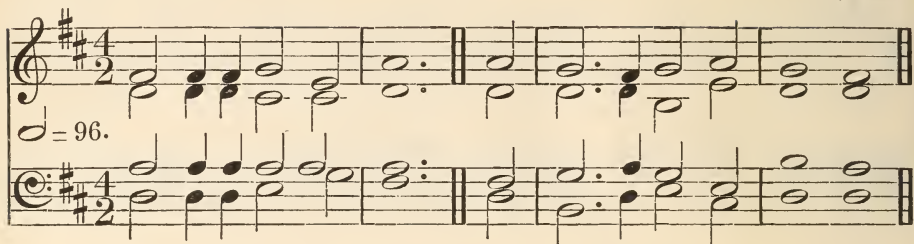
*p* O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
 Which did in Adam fail,  
*cr* Should strive afresh against the foe,  
*f* Should strive, and should prevail!

*mf* And that a higher gift than grace  
 Should flesh and blood refine,  
*p* God's Presence and His very Self,  
 And Essence all-Divine!

*f* O generous love! that He, Who smote  
 In man for man the foe,  
*dim* The double agony in man  
 For man should undergo;

*p* And in the garden secretly,  
 And on the Cross on high,  
*cr* Should teach His brethren and inspire  
*dim* To suffer and to die!

*f* Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise;  
 In all His words most wonderful,  
 Most sure in all His ways. Amen.



*f* **P**RAISE we our God with joy *p* Bleeding we lay, but He  
 And gladness never ending ; With soothing bands hath bound us ;  
 Angels and Saints with us Dark was our path, but He  
 Their grateful voices blending. Hath poured His light around us.

*mf* He is our Father dear, *mf* Graces in copious stream  
 With parent's love o'erflowing ; From that pure Fount are welling,  
 Mercies unsought, unknown, Where, in our inmost hearts,  
 On wayward hearts bestowing. Our God hath set His dwelling.

He is our Shepherd true, *p* His word our lantern is,  
 With watchful care unsleeping ; His peace our consolation ;  
 On us, His erring sheep, His sweetness all our rest,  
 An eye of pity keeping. Himself our great salvation

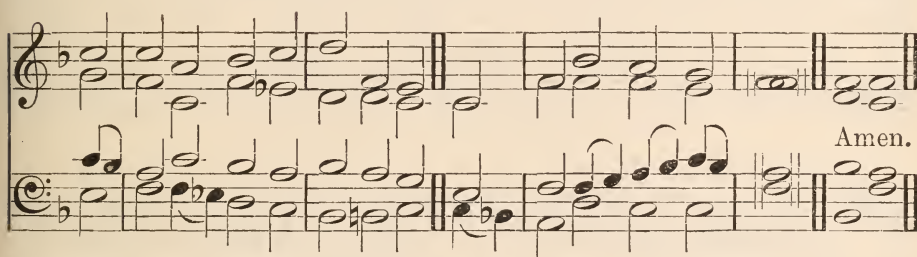
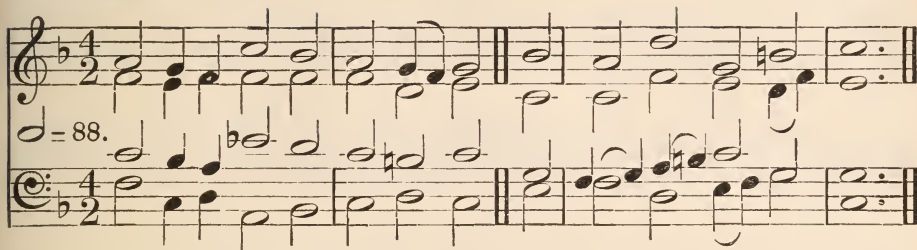
*f* He, with a mighty arm, *mf* Then live we all to God,  
 The bonds of sin hath broken ; On Him in faith relying ;  
*p* And to our burdened hearts Be He our Guide in life,  
 In words of peace hath spoken. Our Joy and Hope in dying. Amen.



ST. COLUMBA.

C.M.

J. M. MACMEIKAN.



*mf* **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While Angels in their songs rejoice.  
And cry, " Behold, he prays."

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

The Saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus on the eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.

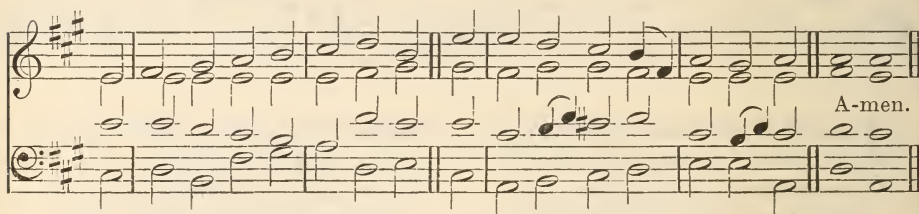
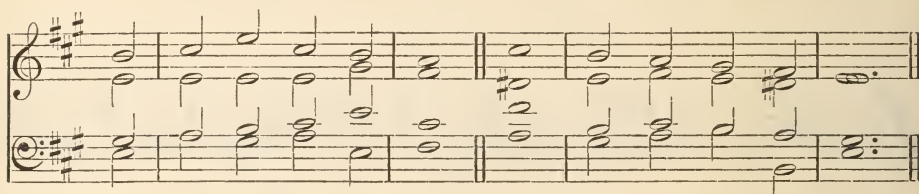
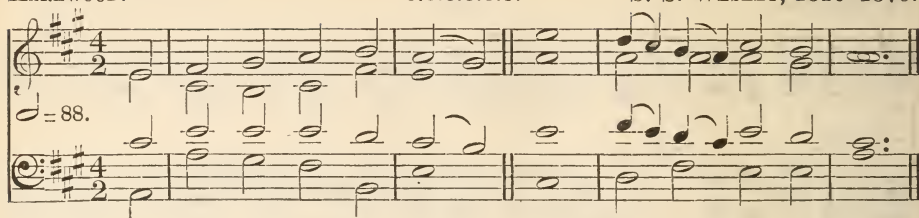
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by Whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod -  
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

HAREWOOD.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.



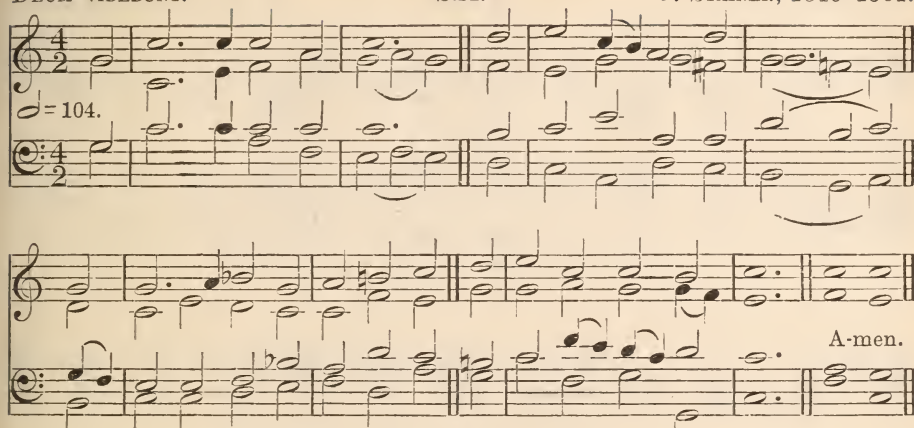
*May also be sung to "Jubilee," No. 8.*

- f* **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ! *f* His Kingdom cannot fail ;  
Your Lord and King adore ; He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing, The keys of death and hell  
And triumph evermore : Are to our Jesus given :  
*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ; *ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ! Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !
- f* Jesus the Saviour reigns, *f* He sits at God's right hand,  
The God of truth and love ; Till all His foes submit,  
When He had purged our stains And bow to His command,  
He took His seat above : And fall beneath His feet :  
*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ; *ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ! Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ! Amen.

DEUM VIDEBUNT.

S.M.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.



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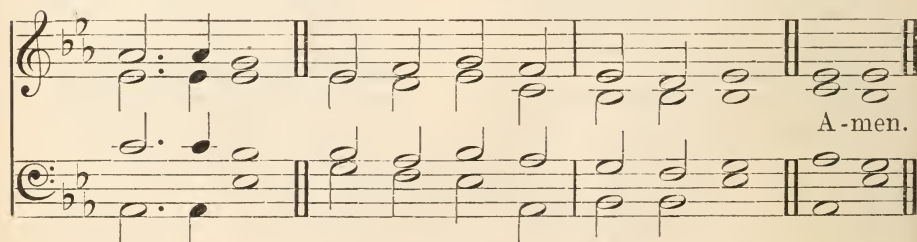
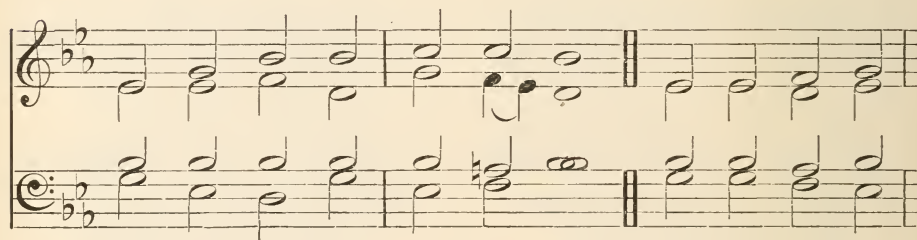
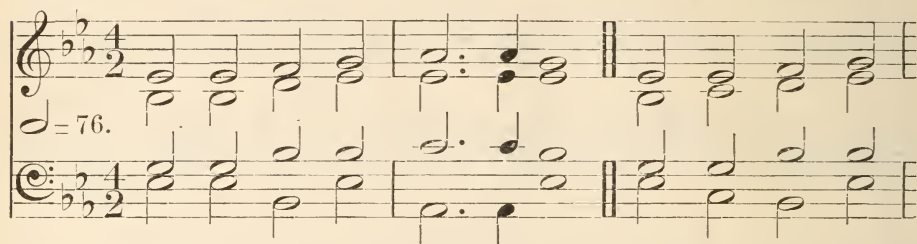
- f* **R**EJOICE, ye pure in heart,  
*f* Rejoice, give thanks and sing;  
 Your festal banner wave on high,  
 The Cross of Christ your King.
- mf* Bright youth and snow-crowned age, *mf* Yes, on, through life's long path,  
 Strong men and maidens meek, Still chanting as ye go,  
*cr* Raise high your free exulting song, From youth to age, by night and day,  
 God's wondrous praises speak. In gladness and in woe.
- f* Yes, onward, onward still,  
 With hymn, and chant, and song,  
 Through gate, and porch, and columned  
 aisle,  
 The hallowed pathways throng.
- f* With all the Angel choirs,  
 With all the Saints on earth,  
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
 True rapture, noblest mirth.
- f* Your clear Hosannas raise,  
 And Alleluias loud,  
*p* Whilst answering echoes upward float,  
*cr* Like wreaths of incense cloud.
- f* With voice as full and strong  
 As ocean's surging praise, [loved,  
 Send forth the hymns our fathers  
 The psalms of ancient days.
- f* Still lift your standard high,  
 Still march in firm array,  
 As warriors through the darkness  
 toil  
 Till dawns the golden day.
- mf* At last the march shall end,  
*dim* The wearied ones shall rest,  
*p* The pilgrims find their Father's  
 Jerusalem the blest. [house,
- f* Then on, ye pure in heart,  
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;  
 Your festal banner wave on high,  
 The Cross of Christ your King.

*ff* Praise Him Who reigns on high,  
 The Lord Whom we adore;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God for evermore. Amen.

ROCK OF AGES.

Six 7's.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



## General Hymns.

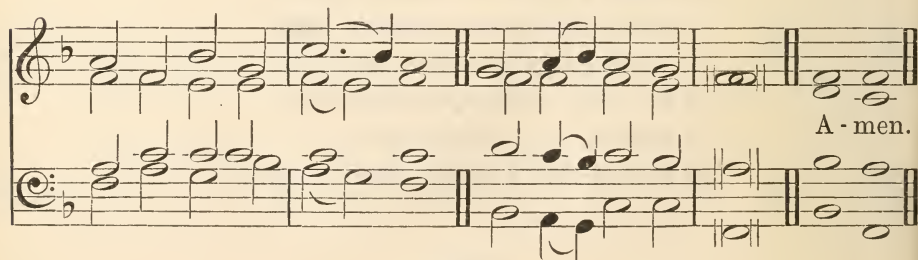
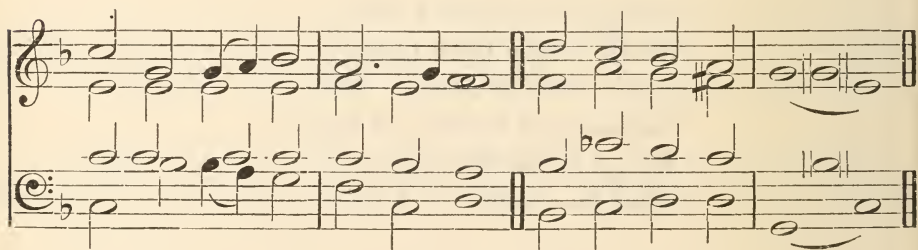
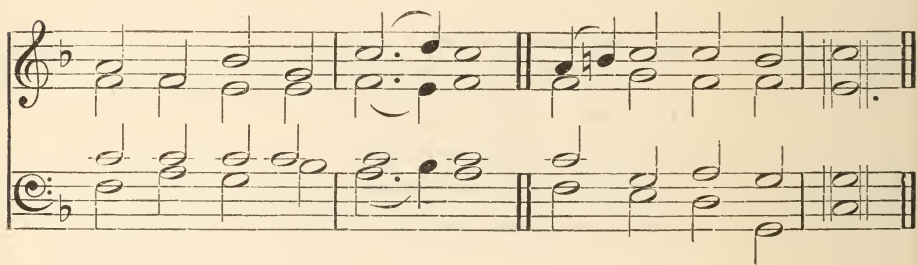
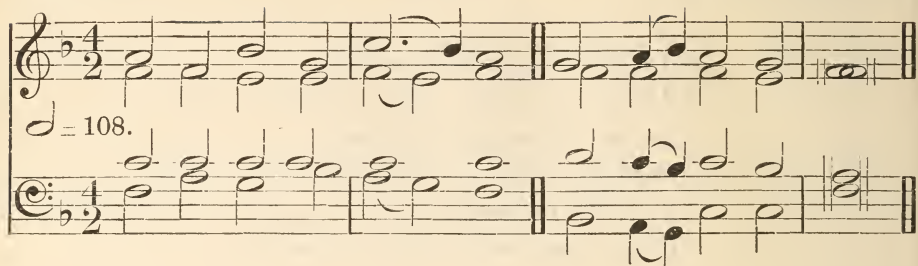
*mf* **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the Water and the Blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy laws 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 !

*p* 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 !

*mf* While I draw this fleeting breath,  
*p* When my eyes are closed in death,  
*cr* When I soar to worlds unknown,  
*mf* See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
*p* Rock of ages ! cleft for me,  
*pp* Let me hide myself in Thee ! Amen.





## General Hymns.

*mf* SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,  
Listen while we sing ;  
*cr* Hearts and voices raising  
*f* Praises to our King.  
*mf* All we have we offer ;  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

*p* Farther, ever farther  
From Thy wounded side,  
Heedlessly we wandered,  
Wandered far and wide ;  
*cr* Till Thou cam'st in mercy  
Seeking young and old,  
*mf* Lovingly to bear them,  
Saviour, to Thy fold.

*mf* Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
*p* Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee.  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die ;  
*f* Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

*f* Higher then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour, to its goal ;  
*cr* Where, in joys unthought of,  
Saints with Angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King. Amen.

*f* Great, and ever greater,  
Are Thy mercies here ;  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there ;  
Where no pain or sorrow,  
Toil or care, is known ;  
Where the Angel legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

*f* Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done ;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
*p* May we, Blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

*mf* Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by Saints before us,  
Journeying on to God ;  
*cr* Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
*f* Till the prize is won.

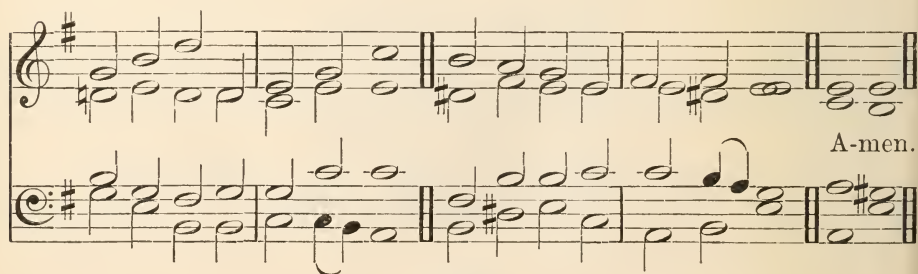
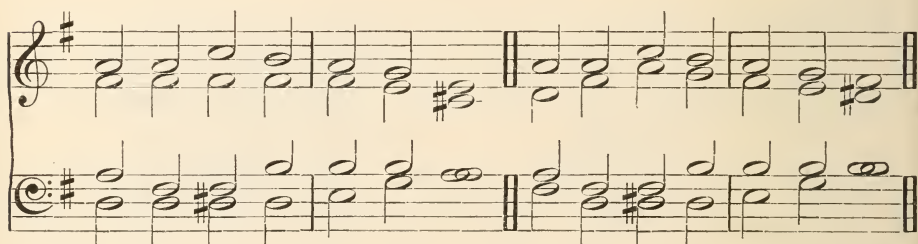
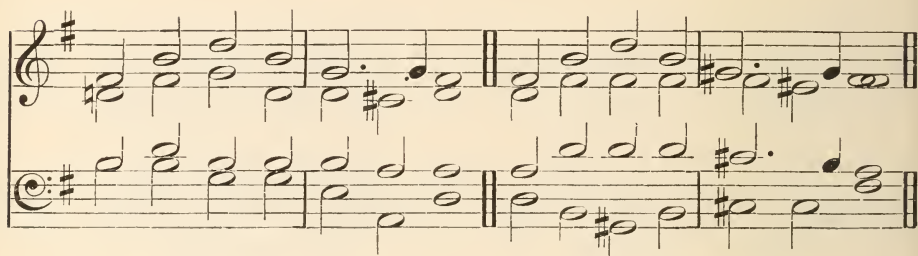
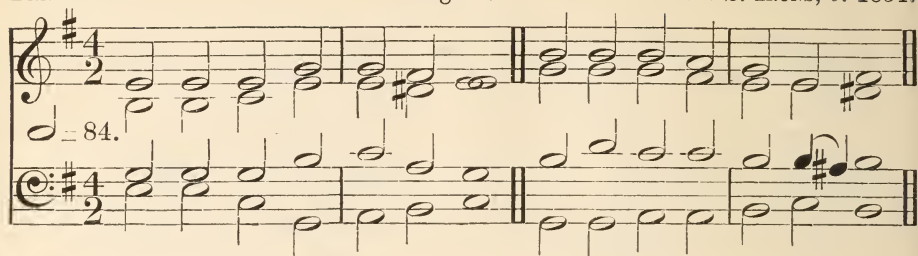
541

## General Hymns.

PENITENCE.

Eight 7's.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



## General Hymns.

*p* 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,  
*pp* Hear our solemn Litany!

*p* 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,  
*pp* Hear our solemn Litany!

*p* 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,  
*pp* Hear our solemn Litany!

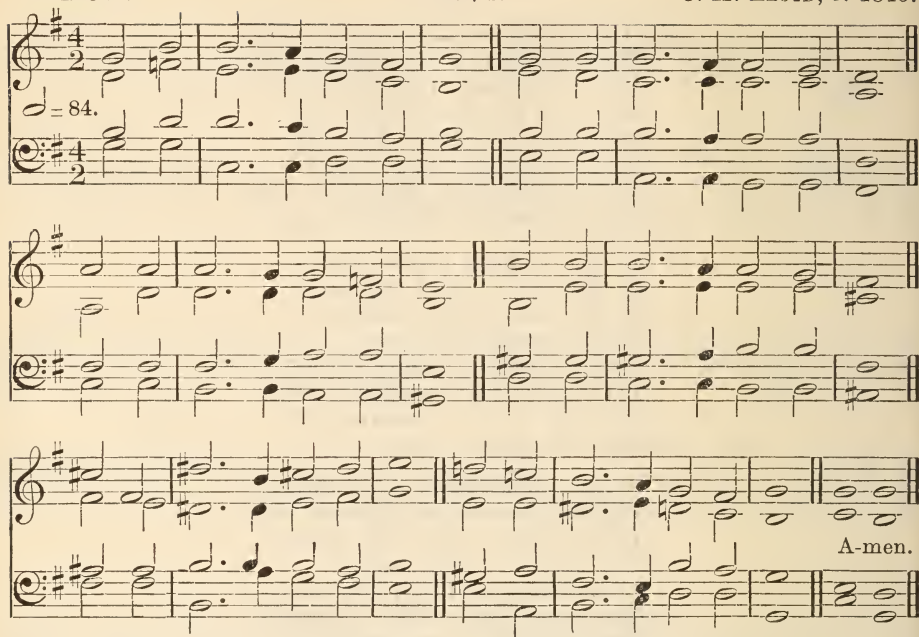
*p* By Thine hour of dire despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
*pp* Hear our solemn Litany!

*p* By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
*cr* By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
*f* Oh, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
*dim* Listen, listen to the cry  
*pp* Of our solemn Litany! Amen.

APPLEDORE.

Six 7's.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.



*mf* SAVIOUR, Who exalted high  
     In Thy Father's majesty,  
     Yet vouchsafest Thyself to show  
     To Thy faithful flock below,  
*cr* Still Thy Presence let me see,  
*dim* Manifest Thyself to me.

*mf* Son of Man, to Thee I cry;  
*p* By the holy mystery  
     Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
     By Thy pure and holy birth,  
*cr* Lord, Thy Presence let me see,  
*dim* Manifest Thyself to me.

*mf* Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;  
*p* By Thy bitter agony,  
     By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
     By Thy Spirit's parting groan,  
*cr* Lord, Thy Presence let me see,  
*dim* Manifest Thyself to me.

*f* Prince of life, to Thee I cry;  
     By Thy glorious majesty,  
     By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
     Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
     Lord, Thy Presence let me see,  
*dim* Manifest Thyself to me.

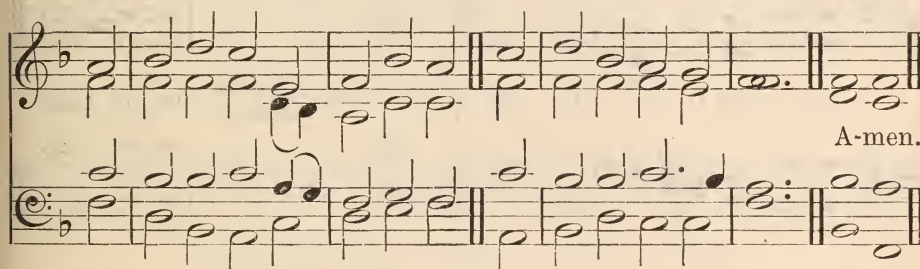
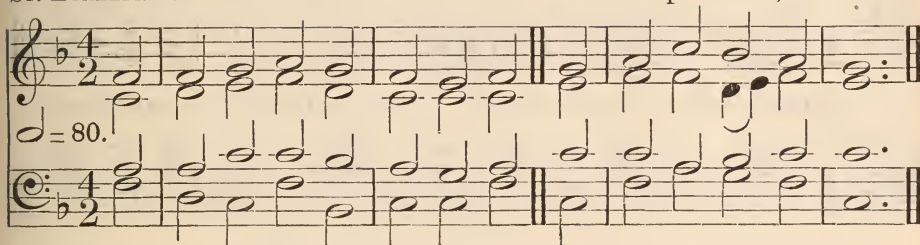
*f* Lord of glory, God Most High,  
     Man exalted to the sky,  
     With Thy love my bosom fill;  
     Prompt me to perform Thy will:  
     Manifest Thyself to me  
*dim* In the Triune Deity. Amen.



ST. ETHELDREDA.

C.M.

Bishop TURTON, 1780-1864.



A-men.

*mf* **S**HEPHERD Divine, our wants  
 In this our evil day; [relieve  
 To all Thy tempted followers give  
 The power to watch and pray.

*mf* Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,  
 Till Thou Thyself bestow,  
 Be this the cry of every heart,  
 "I will not let Thee go."

*p* Long as our fiery trials last,  
 Long as the cross we bear,  
*cr* Oh let our souls on Thee be cast  
 In never-ceasing prayer.

*mf* I will not let Thee go, unless  
 Thou tell Thy Name to me;  
*cr* With all Thy great Salvation bless,  
 And make me all like Thee.

*p* The spirit of interceding grace  
 Give us in faith to claim;  
*cr* To wrestle till we see Thy face,  
 And know Thy hidden Name.

*f* Then let me on the mountain-top  
 Behold Thy open face;  
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
 And prayer in endless praise.

Amen.

HOLY CITY.

10.10.7.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

*f*

Sing Alleluia forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of héaven : in sweet notes raise

$\text{♩} = 88.$

*f*

An end-less Al-le-lu-ia! { Ye Powers who stand be-fore the E-ter-nal Light

*cres.* *ff*

In hymning choirs re-écho to the height An end-less Al-le-lu-ia!

*cres.* *f*

*Last verse.* *f* *cres.*

Almighty Christ, to Thée our voi-ces sing Glory for evermore : to

*f* *cres.*

# General Hymns.

*rall.* *Slower.* *ff*

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

*rall.* *ff*

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* SING Alleluia forth in | duteous | praise,  
O citizens of héaven : in | sweet notes | raise  
An endless Alleluia !

Ye Powers who stand before the E-| -ternal | Light  
*cr* In hymning choirs re-écho | to the | height  
*ff* An endless Alleluia !

*f* The Holy City shall take | up your | strain,  
And with glad songs resoúnding | wake a-|-gain  
An endless Alleluia !

In blissful answering stráins ye | thus re-|-joice  
*cr* To render to the Lórd with | thankful | voice  
*ff* An endless Alleluia !

*f* Ye who have gained at léngth your | palms in | bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chánt shall | still be | this—  
An endless Alleluia !

There, in one grand accláim for | ever | ring  
The strains which tell the hónor | of your | King—  
*ff* An endless Alleluia !

*p* This is the rest for weáry | ones brought | back :  
*cr* This is the food and drínk which | none shall | lack :  
*mf* An endless Alleluia !

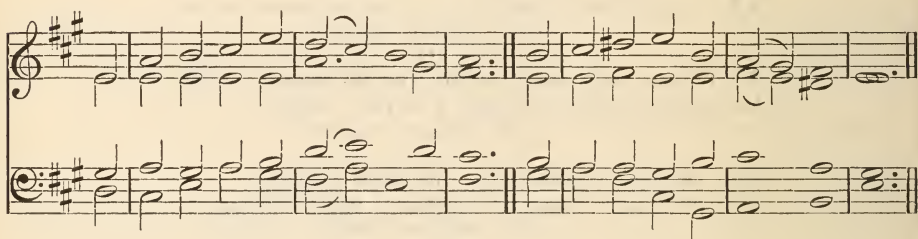
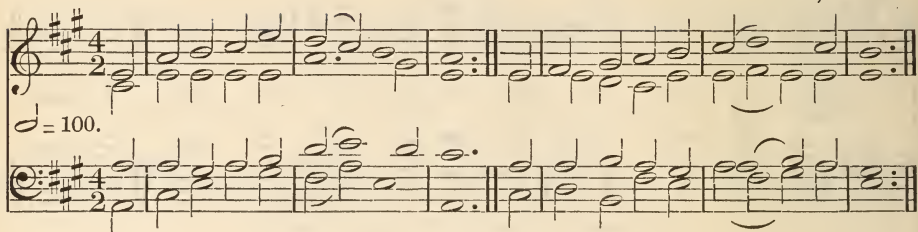
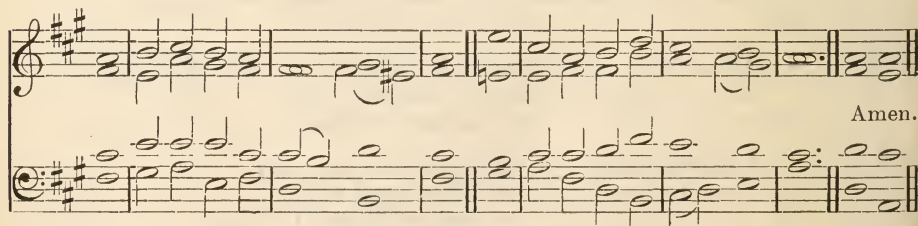
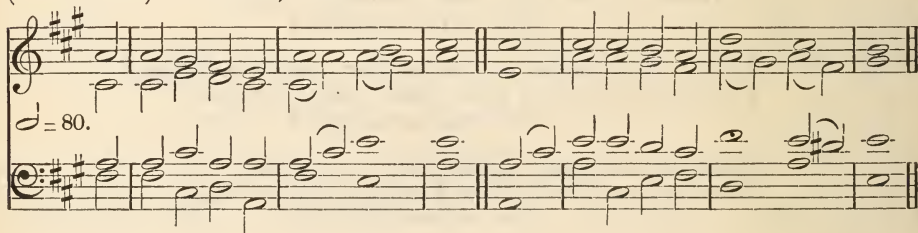
*cr* While Thee, by Whom were áll things | made, we | praise  
For ever, and tell out in | sweetest | lays  
*ff* An endless Alleluia !

*f* Almighty Christ, to Thée our | voices | sing  
*cr* Glory for evermóre : to | Thee we | bring  
*ff* An endless Alleluia ! Amen.

CANTATE DEO.

D.L.M.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.

(OLD 100TH.) *In Unison, ad lib.*

## General Hymns.

*f* SING to the Lord a joyful song,  
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,  
To us His gracious gifts belong,  
To Him our songs of love and praise.  
*ff* For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To Whom be praise for evermore.

*mf* For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
*cr* Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His Name, for it is fair.  
*ff* For He is Lord, etc.

*mf* For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
*f* Praise ye our God, for He is great,  
Trust in His Name, for it is true.  
*ff* For He is Lord, etc.

*mf* For joys untold that from above  
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,  
*f* Sing to our God, for He is love,  
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.  
*ff* For He is Lord, etc.

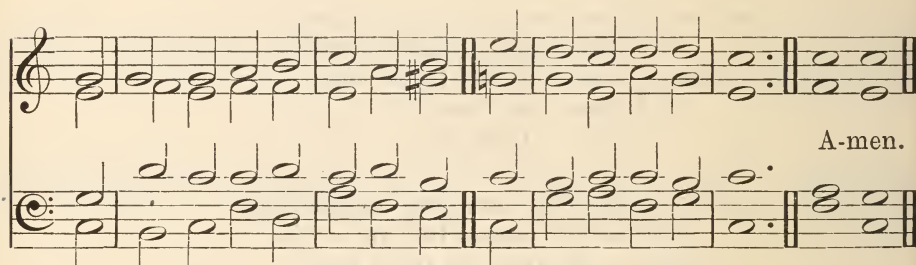
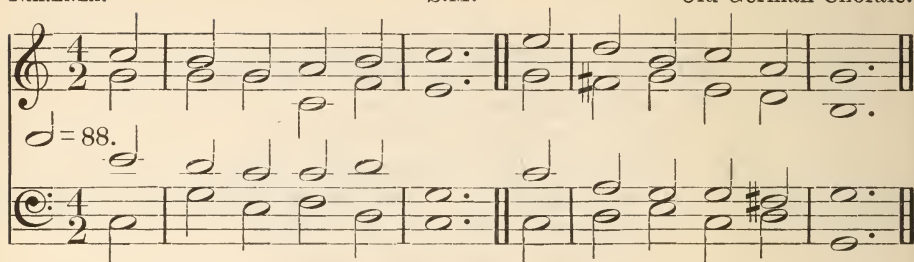
*f* For life below, with all its bliss,  
*mf* And for that life, more pure and high,  
*p* That inner life, which over this  
*cr* Shall ever shine, and never die ;  
*ff* Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To Whom be praise for evermore. Amen.



NARENZA.

S.M.

Old German Chorale.



*f* SOLDIERS of Christ! arise, Stand, then, in His great might,  
 And put your armour on, With all His strength endued;  
 Strong in the strength which God *mf* And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 Through His eternal Son: [supplies The panoply of God.

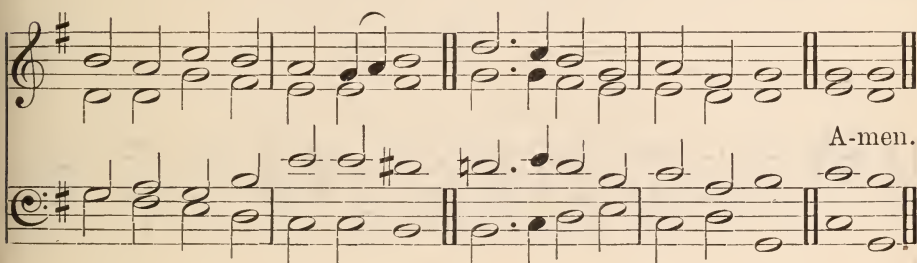
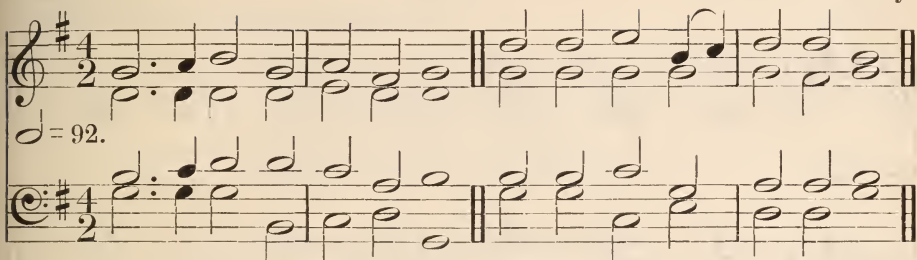
Strong in the Lord of Hosts, *cr* From strength to strength go on,  
 And in His mighty power: Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
 Is more than conqueror! *ff* And win the well-fought day:

*mf* That, having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
*cr* Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
*f* And victor stand at last. Amen.

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS.

7.7.7.7.

Old French Melody.



A-men.

*f* SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,  
 Strong in faith resist the foe:  
 Boundless is the pledged reward  
 Unto them who serve the Lord.

For the souls that overcome  
 Waits the beauteous heavenly home,  
 Where the Blessèd evermore  
 Tread on high the starry floor.

*mf* 'Tis no palm of fading leaves  
 That the conqueror's hand receives;  
 Joys are his serene and pure,  
 Light that ever shall endure.

*p* Passing soon and little worth  
 Are the things that tempt on earth;  
*cr* Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;  
 God Himself is thy Reward.

*f* Father, Who the crown dost give,  
 Saviour, by Whose death we live,  
 Spirit, Who our hearts doth raise,  
 Three in One, Thy Name we praise. Amen.

CULBACH.

SCHEFFLER'S *Geistliche Hirtenlieder*, 1668.

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, both in treble clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked '♩ = 88.'. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is written on the lower staff. The piece consists of 16 measures, ending with a double bar line.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, one for the treble clef and one for the bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is written in the bass clef. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure of the treble staff contains the notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The first measure of the bass staff contains the notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2. The second measure of the treble staff contains the notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The second measure of the bass staff contains the notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2. The score is written in ink on aged paper.

A - men.

## General Hymns.

*f* SONGS of praise the Angels sang,  
Heaven with Alleluias rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

*p* Heaven and earth must pass away;  
*mf* Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens, new earth;  
*f* Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

*p* And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
*f* No! the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

*mf* Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

*cr* Borne upon their latest breath,  
*f* Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

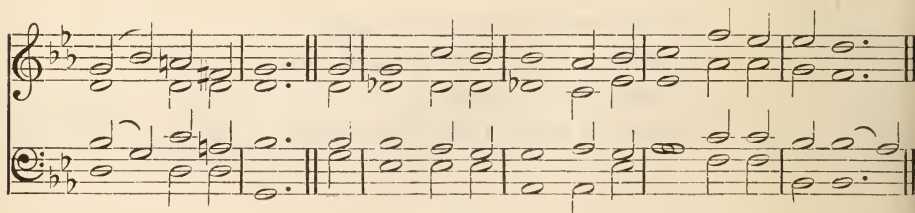
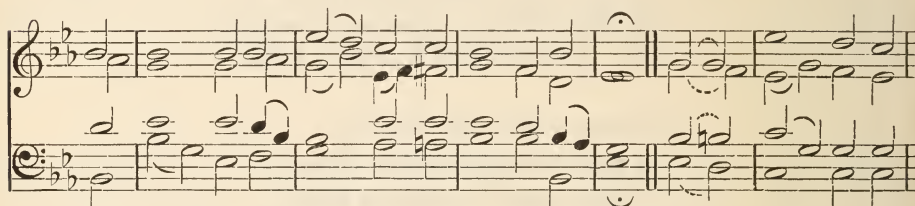
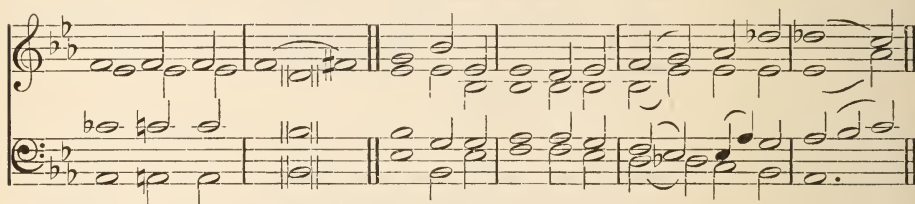
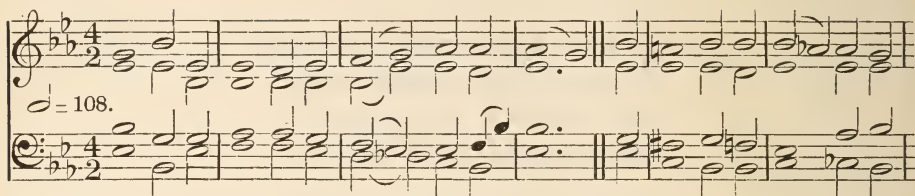
# General Hymns.

549

Irregular.

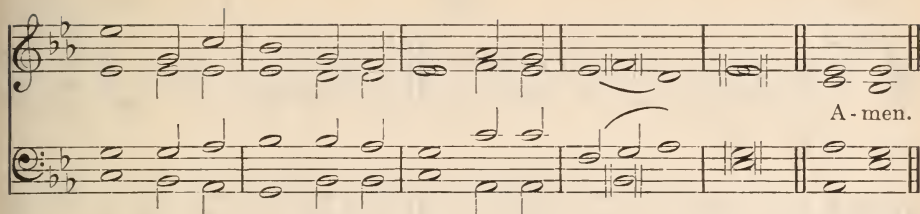
SOON AND FOR EVER.

H. H. PIERSON, 1815-1873, AND H. S. IRONS, *b.* 1834.





## General Hymns.



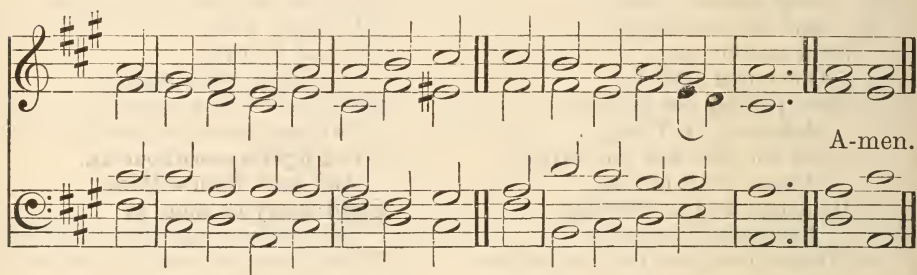
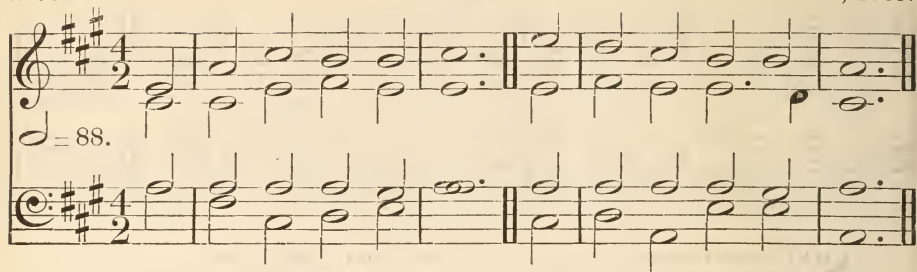
*mf* **S**OON and for ever ;—  
*dim* Such promise our trust,  
*p* Though ashes to ashes,  
*cr* And dust unto dust :  
*cr* Soon and for ever  
 Our union shall be  
*f* Made perfect, our glorious  
 Redeemer, in Thee ; .  
*p* When the sins and the sorrows  
 Of time shall be o'er,  
 Its pangs, and its partings  
 Remembered no more,  
*cr* Where life cannot fail, and where  
 Death cannot sever,  
*f* Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon and for ever.

*mf* Soon and for ever  
 The breaking of day  
 Shall drive all the night-clouds  
 Of sorrow away ;  
 Soon and for ever  
 We'll see as we're seen,  
 And learn the deep meaning  
 Of things that have been :  
*p* When fightings without us,  
 And fears from within,  
 Shall weary no more in  
 The warfare with sin ; [where  
*cr* Where fears, and where tears, and  
 Death shall be never,  
*f* Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon and for ever.

*p* Soon and for ever  
 The work shall be done ;  
*cr* The warfare accomplished,  
*f* The victory won ;  
 Soon and for ever  
 The soldier lays down  
 His sword for a harp, and  
 His cross for a crown :  
*p* Then droop not in sorrow,  
 Despond not in fear ;  
*cr* A glorious to-morrow  
 Is brightening and near ;  
*f* When—blessèd reward of each  
 Faithful endeavour—  
 Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon and for ever. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL.

S.M.

DAY'S *Psalter*, 1563.

*f* **S**TAND up, and bless the Lord,  
 Ye people of His choice;  
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
 With heart and soul and voice.

Oh! for the living flame,  
 From His own Altar brought,  
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
 And wing to heaven our thought.

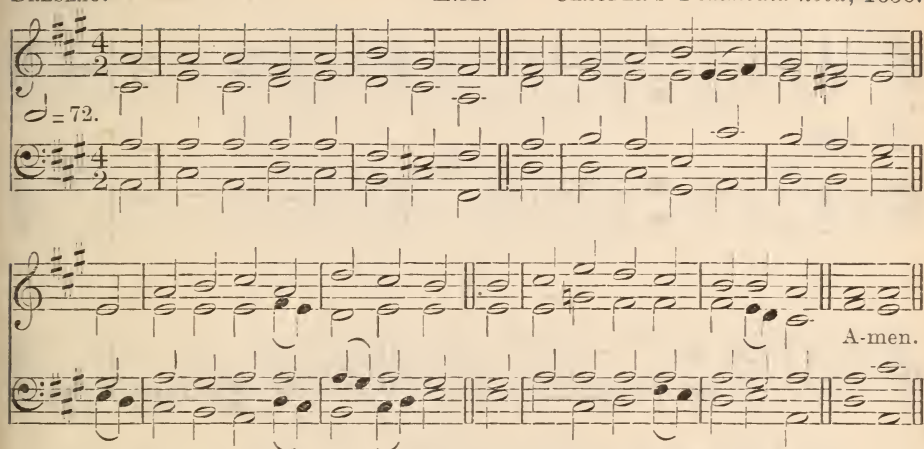
*mf* Though high above all praise,  
 Above all blessing high,  
 Who would not fear His holy Name,  
 And laud, and magnify?

*f* God is our strength and song,  
 And His salvation ours;  
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,  
 With all our ransomed powers.

*ff* Stand up, and bless the Lord;  
 The Lord your God adore;  
 Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,  
 Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

BRESLAU.

L.M.

CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.

*mf* **T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
 If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
 Take up thy cross with willing heart,  
 And humbly follow after Me.

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

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
 And let thy foolish pride be still:  
 The Lord refused not e'en to die  
 Upon a Cross on Calvary's hill.

Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,  
 And calmly sin's temptations brave;  
*cr* 'Twill guide thee to a better home;  
 It points to glory o'er the grave.

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

ALFORD.

7.6.8.6. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

First system of musical notation for hymn 552. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 108. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G, followed by a dotted half note A, and then a half note B. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note C, a dotted half note D, and a half note E. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note F, a dotted half note G, and a half note A. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note B, a dotted half note C, and a half note D. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The system concludes with the text "A-men." written above the final notes.

## General Hymns.

*f* **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed Saints  
Throng up the steeps of light :  
'Tis finished ! all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin ;  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky !  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !

*mf* Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more !  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late ;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

*f* Bring near Thy great Salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign :  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home ;  
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.



AURELIA.

7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.

The musical score for "The Rose Tree" is presented in two systems. The first system features a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/2 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and half notes. The second system features a bass clef, the same key signature, and the same 4/2 time signature. The bass line is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and half notes. A tempo marking of "♩ = 100." is placed between the two systems. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, one for the treble clef (top) and one for the bass clef (bottom). Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the melody is a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The second measure is a half note C5, followed by a half note Bb4, and then a half note A4. The accompaniment in the first measure consists of a half note G3, followed by a half note A3, and then a half note Bb3. The second measure consists of a half note C4, followed by a half note Bb3, and then a half note A3. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

[illegible]

A-men.

## General Hymns.

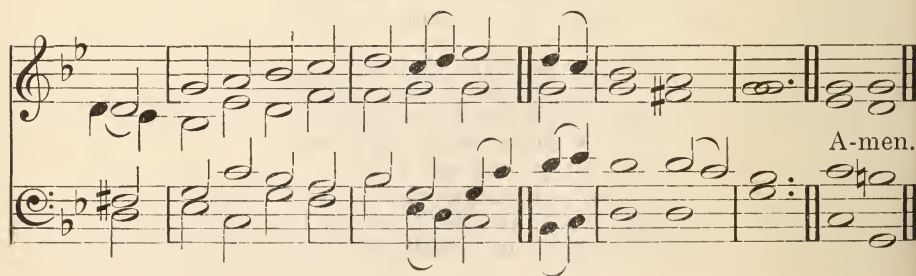
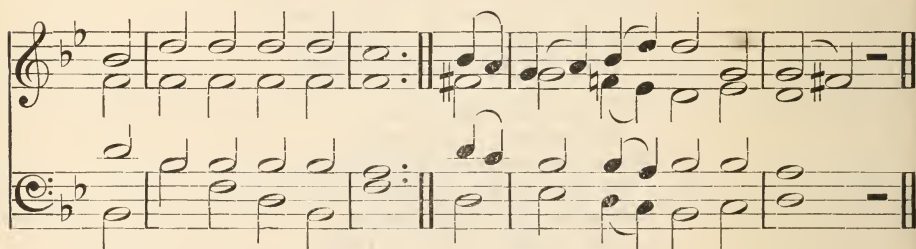
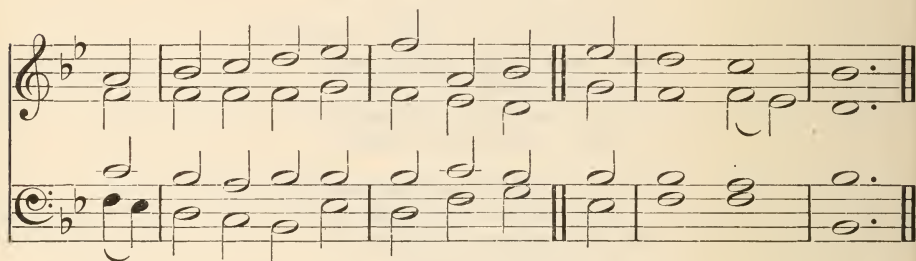
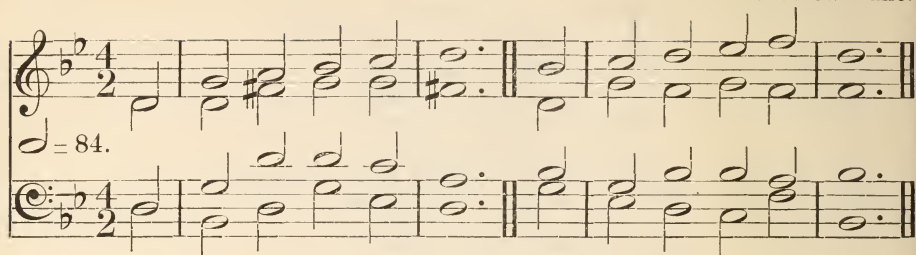
*mf* **T**HE Church's One Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord :  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word :  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride,  
*p* With His own Blood He bought her,  
*pp* And for her life He died.

*mf* Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;  
One Holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one Holy Food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

*p* Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore opprest,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest ;  
*cr* Yet Saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long ?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
*f* Shall be the morn of song.

*mf* 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
*cr* Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
*f* And the great Church victorious  
*dim* Shall be the Church at rest.

*mf* Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.  
Oh, happy ones and holy !  
*p* Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
*cr* On high may dwell with Thee ! Amen.



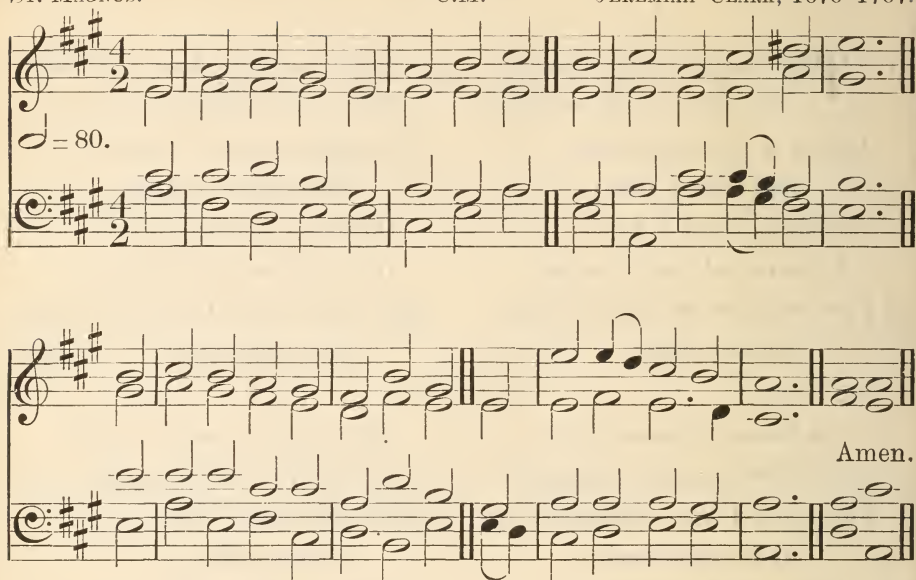
## General Hymns.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><i>f</i>    <b>T</b>HE God of Abraham praise,<br/>               Who reigns enthroned above ;<br/>         Ancient of everlasting days<br/>               And God of Love :<br/>         Jehovah, Great <i>I AM</i>,<br/>         By earth and heaven confest :<br/> <i>mf</i> I bow and bless the Sacred Name<br/>               For ever blest.</p>        | <p><i>f</i>    There dwells the Lord, our King,<br/>               The Lord, our Righteousness ;<br/>         Triumphant o'er the world and sin,<br/>               The Prince of Peace ;<br/>         On Zion's sacred height<br/>               His Kingdom still maintains ;<br/>         And glorious with His Saints in light<br/>               For ever reigns.</p>         |
| <p><i>f</i>    The God of Abraham praise,<br/>               At Whose supreme command<br/>         From earth I rise, and seek the joys<br/>               At His right hand ;<br/> <i>mf</i> I all on earth forsake,<br/>               Its wisdom, fame, and power ;<br/> <i>cr</i> And Him my only Portion make,<br/>               My Shield and Tower.</p> | <p><i>f</i>    The God Who reigns on high<br/>               The great Archangels sing ;<br/> <i>p</i> And " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,<br/>               " Almighty King !<br/> <i>f</i>    Who was, and is the same,<br/>               And evermore shall be.<br/>         Jehovah, Father, Great <i>I AM</i> !<br/> <i>p</i>        We worship Thee."</p>                        |
| <p><i>f</i>    He by Himself hath sworn,<br/>               I on His oath depend,<br/>         I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,<br/>               To heaven ascend ;<br/>               I shall behold His face,<br/>               I shall His power adore,<br/>         And sing the wonders of His grace<br/>               For evermore !</p>           | <p><i>f</i>    The whole triumphant Host<br/>               Give thanks to God on high ;<br/>         " Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"<br/>               They ever cry :<br/>               Hail, Abraham's God, and mine !<br/>               I join the heavenly lays ;<br/>         All might and majesty are Thine,<br/>               And endless praise !    Amen.</p> |

ST. MAGNUS.

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



*f* **T**HE head that once was crowned *p* To them the Cross, with all its  
 with thorns shame,  
 Is crowned with glory now : *cr* With all its grace, is given :  
 A royal diadem adorns *f* Their name an everlasting name,  
 The mighty Victor's brow. Their joy the joy of heaven.

The highest place that heaven affords *p* They suffer with their Lord below,  
 Is His, is His by right, *f* They reign with Him above ;  
 The King of kings, the Lord of lords, Their profit and their joy to know  
 And heaven's eternal Light. The mystery of His love.

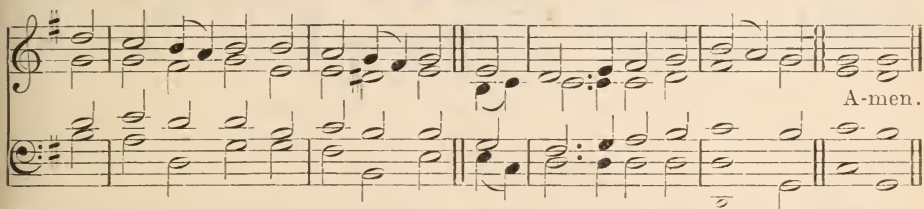
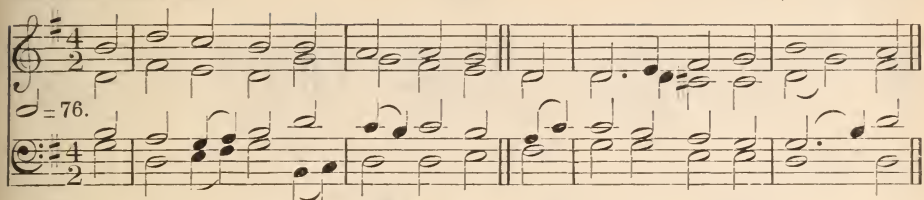
The Joy of all who dwell above, *f* The Cross He bore is life and health,  
 The Joy of all below, *mf* Though shame and death to Him ;  
 To whom He manifests His love, *f* His people's hope, His people's  
 And grants His Name to know. Their everlasting theme. [wealth,  
 Amen.



DOMINUS REGIT ME.

8.7.8.7.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*mf* **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,  
 Whose goodness faileth never;  
 I nothing lack if I am His  
 And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
 And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
 With food celestial feedeth.

*p* Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
*cr* But yet in love He sought me,  
*p* And on His shoulder gently laid,  
*f* And home, rejoicing, brought me.

*p* In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
*cr* With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
 Thy Cross before to guide me.

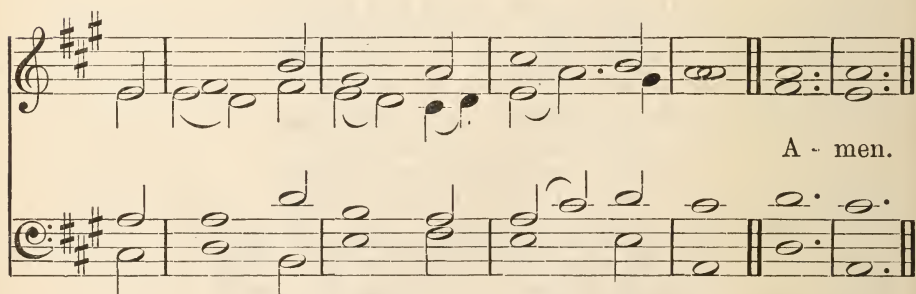
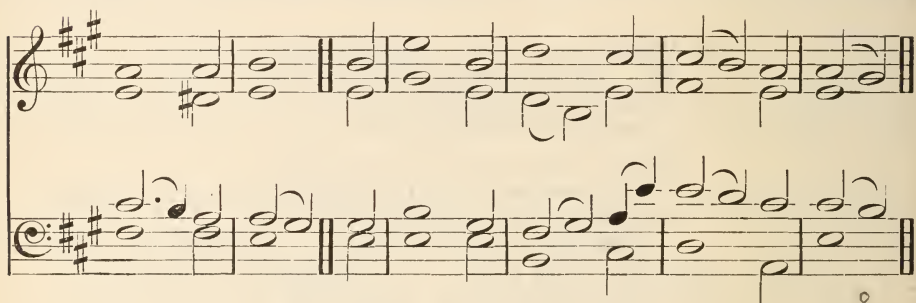
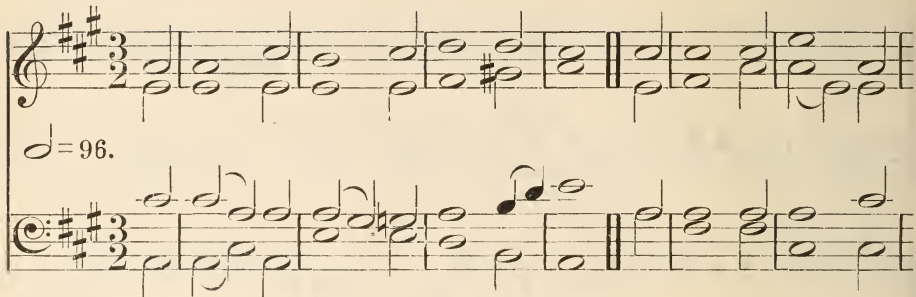
*mf* Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
 Thy Unction grace bestoweth,  
*f* And oh! what transport of delight  
 From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

*mf* And so through all the length of days  
 Thy goodness faileth never;  
*cr* Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
 Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

ST. PAUL.

L.M.

H. S. IRONS, b. 1834.



## General Hymns.

*f* **T**HE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,  
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

*f* The Lord is King! (*mf*) Who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! (*p*) Child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just;  
Holy and true are all His ways:  
*cr* Let every creature speak His praise.

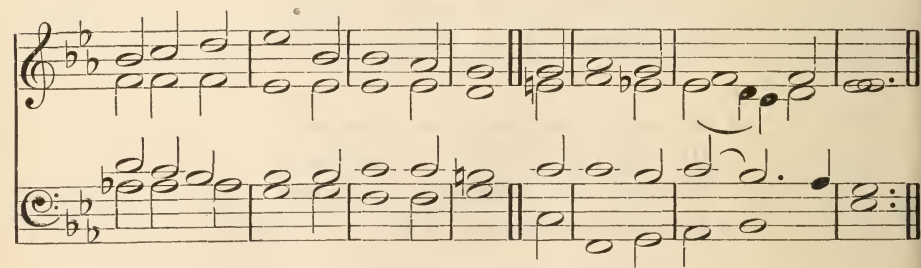
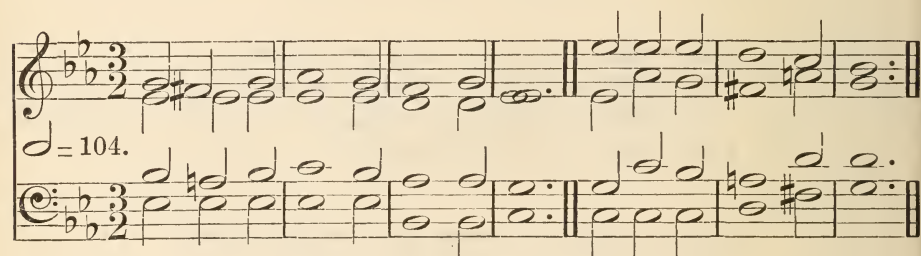
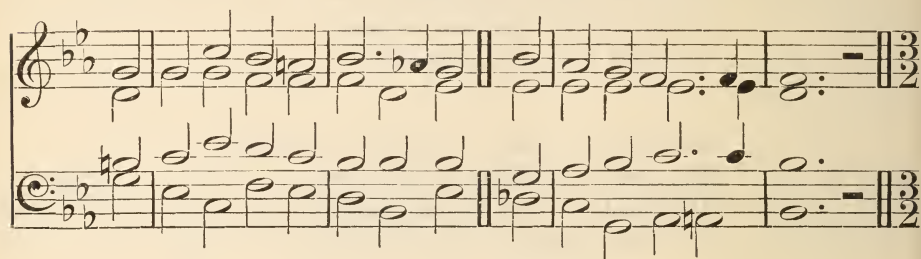
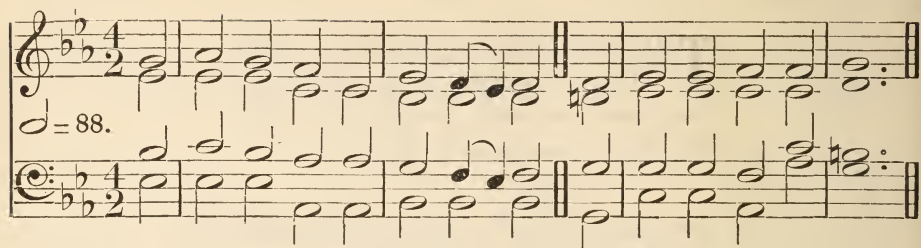
*f* He reigns! Ye Saints, exalt your strains;  
Your God is King, your Father reigns;  
And He is at the Father's side,  
*p* The Man of love, the Crucified.

*mf* Come, make your wants, your burdens known,  
He will present them at the throne;  
And Angel-bands are waiting there •  
His messages of love to bear.

*mf* Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
*f* “The Lord Omnipotent is King!” Amen.

CASTLE RISING.

D.C.M.

F. A. J. HERVEY, *b.* 1846.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## General Hymns.

*mf* **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,

The crimson of the sunset sky,

*dim* How fast they fade away!

*cr* Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,

Oh! for the golden floor,

Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,

That setteth nevermore.

*p* The highest hopes we cherish here,

How fast they tire and faint!

How many a spot defiles the robe

That wraps an earthly saint!

*cr* Oh! for a heart that never sins,

Oh! for a soul washed white,

Oh! for a voice to praise our King,

Nor weary day or night.

*mf* Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope

And grace to lead us higher;

*cr* But there are perfectness and peace

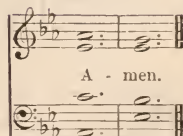
Beyond our best desire.

*p* Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord;

Oh! by Thy life laid down;

*cr* Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,

*mf* Nor cast away our crown.

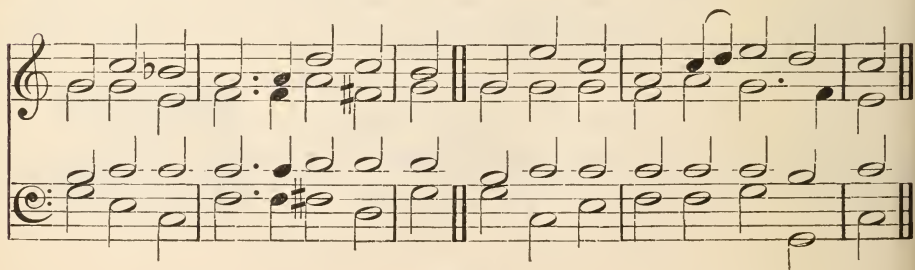
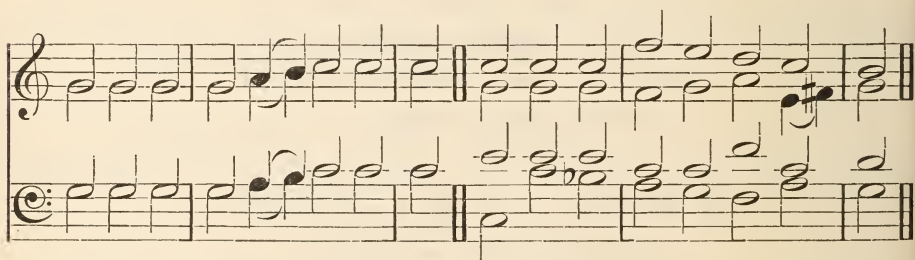
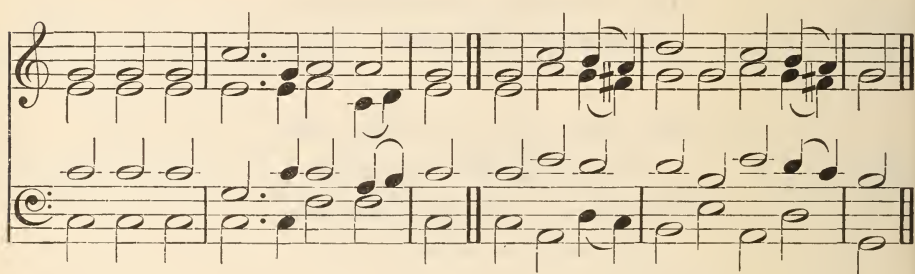
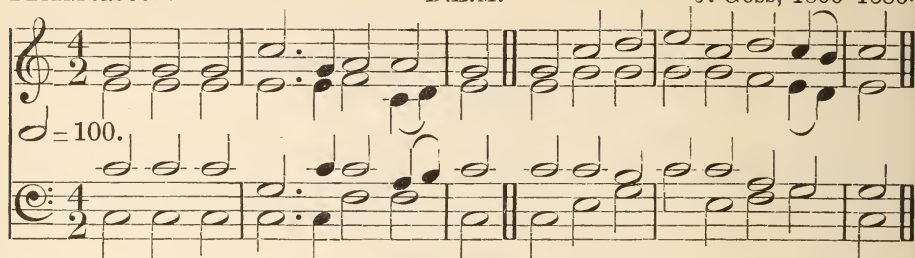




PETERBOROUGH.

D.L.M.

J. Goss, 1800-1880.



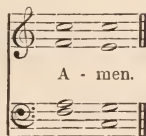
## General Hymns.

*f* **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
*mf* The unwearied sun from day to day  
Does His Creator's power display,  
*cr* And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

*mf* Soon as the evening shades prevail  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*p* What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

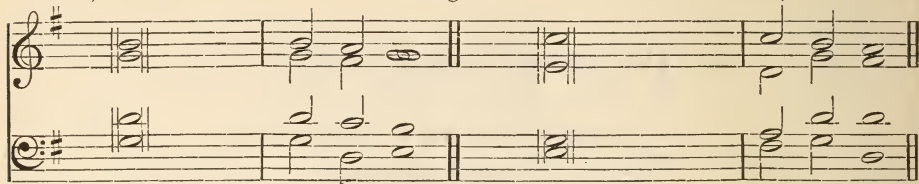
*f* In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is Divine."



TROYTE, No. 2.

Irregular.

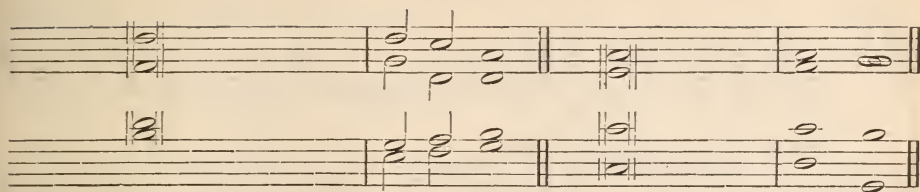
A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811-1857.



<i>f</i> 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-	lu - - ia.	2 To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed	peo - ple sing,
3 And the chóirs that . .	dwel on high	Shall re-écho . . .	through the sky ;
<i>p</i> 4 They through the fields of	Paradise that roam,	<i>cr</i> The blessèd ones, repéat through	that bright home,
<i>mf</i> 5 The planets, glittering ón their	heaven - ly way,	The shining constellátions,	join and say,
<i>p</i> 6 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on	pin - ions light,	<i>f</i> Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings,	wild - ly bright.
<i>mf</i> 7 Ye floods and ocean bil- lows, Ye stórms and	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hóar frost and	sum - mer glow,
<i>mf</i> 8 First let the birds, with páinted	plu - mage gay,	Exalt their great Créátor's	praise, and say,
<i>mf</i> 9 Then let the beasts of éárh, with	vary - ing strain,	Join in creation's hýmn, and	cry a - gain,
(Men only. Unison.) <i>f</i> 10 Here let the mountains thunder fórh so	- no - rous	Alle - - - -	- lu - ia ;
<i>mf</i> 11 Thou jubilant abyßs of	o - cean, cry	Alle - - - -	- lu - ia.
<i>mf</i> 12 To God, Who áll cre -	- a - tion made,	The frequent hýmn be . .	du - ly paid,
<i>mf</i> 13 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lórd of	all things loves,	<i>f</i> Alle - - - -	- lu - ia.
(Men only. Unison.) <i>f</i> 14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a -	- wa - king,	Alle - - - -	- lu - ia.
(Unison.) <i>f</i> 15 Now from áll men . .	be out - poured	Allelúia . . . .	to the Lord.
<i>f</i> 16 Praise be dóne to the	Three in One,	Alle - - - -	- lu - ia.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of this hymn is published separately by the Society for  
Promoting Christian Knowledge.

# General Hymns.



Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

*f* Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

*mf* In swéet con - - - - - sent u - nite

Ye groves that wave in spring, And  
glórious for - ests, sing,

*f* Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

*f* Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

(*Trebles only.*)

*p* There let the valleys sing in géntler cho - rus

Ye tracts of earth and cónti - - - nents re - ply

Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

*mf* This is the song, the heavenly song,  
that Chríst Him - self ap - proves,

(*Trebles only.*)

*mf* And children's voices echo, áns - wer . . ma - king,

With Allelúia . . . . . ev - er - more,

Alle - - - - - lu - ia,

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

your Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

*f* Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

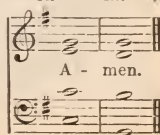
Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - - - lu - ia.

The Son and Spírit we adore.

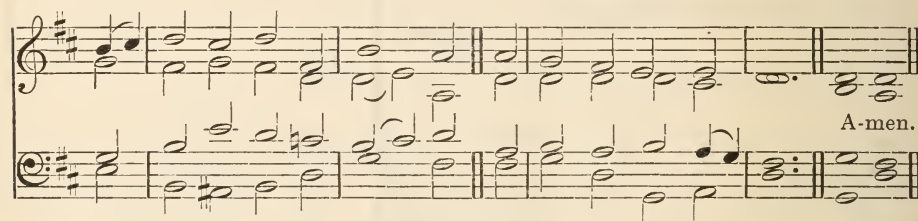
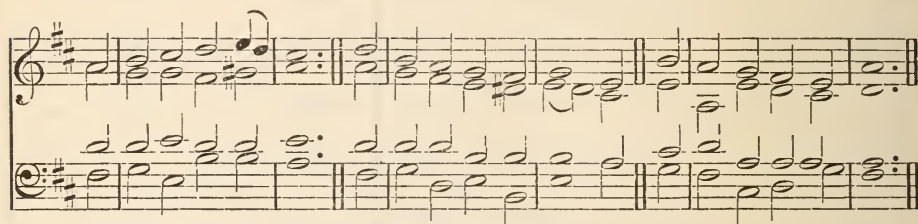
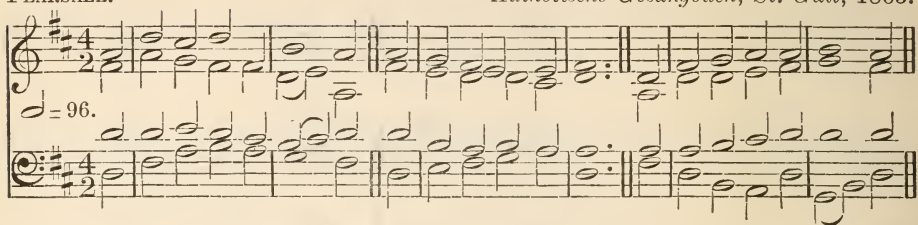
Alle - - - - - lu - ia.



A - men.

7.6.7.6. D.

PEARSALL.

*Katholische Gesangbuch, St. Gall, 1863.*

*mf* **T**HE world is very evil,  
 The times are waxing late,  
 Be sober and keep vigil,  
 The Judge is at the gate ;

The Judge Who comes in mercy,  
*cr* The Judge Who comes with might,  
 To terminate the evil,  
*f* To diadem the right.

*mf* Arise, arise, good Christian,  
 Let right to wrong succeed ;  
*p* Let penitential sorrow  
*cr* To heavenly gladness lead,

*mf* To light that hath no evening,  
 That knows nor moon nor sun,  
 The light so new and golden,  
 The light that is but one :—

*mf* O home of fadeless splendour,  
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
 Where they shall dwell as children  
 Who here as exiles mourn ;

*cr* 'Midst power that knows no limit,  
 And wisdom free from bound,  
*f* The beatific Vision  
 Shall glad the Saints around.



## General Hymns.

*p* The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolatè, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best;

Yes, peace!—for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm!—for storm is past,—

*cr* And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.

*mf* O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of the distress!

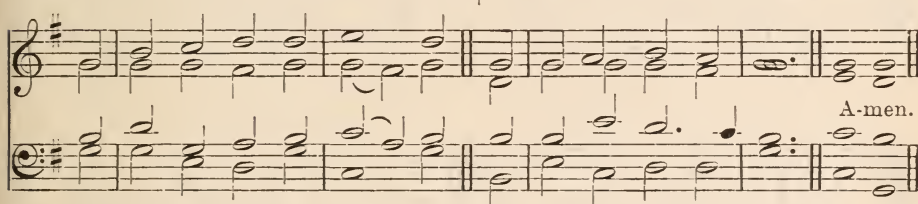
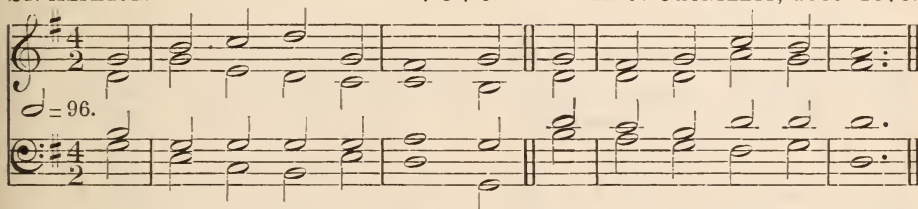
*f* Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

### 561 PART II.

ST. ALPHEGE.

7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



*mf* **B**RIEF life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
*cr* The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.

*mf* O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure;  
Such pleasure as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know.

*p* And after earthly evil,  
And after this world's night,  
*cr* And after storm and whirlwind,  
*p* Is calm, and joy, and light.

*mf* And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;

And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Sion in her anguish  
With Babylon must cope;—

But He Whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

Then God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face. Amen.

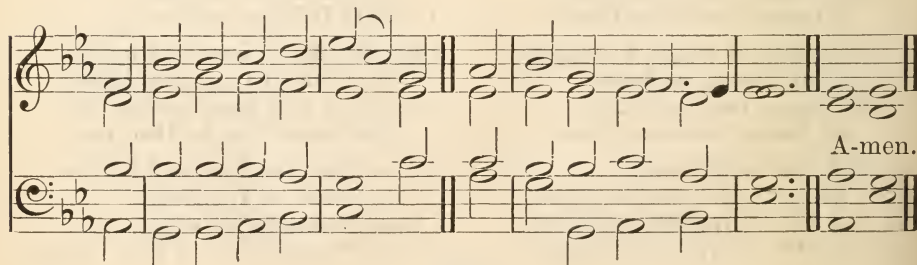
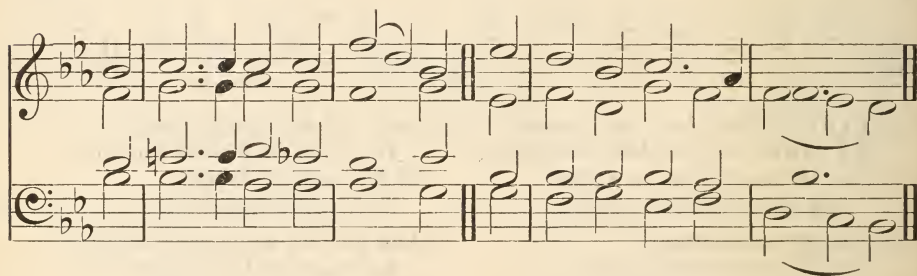
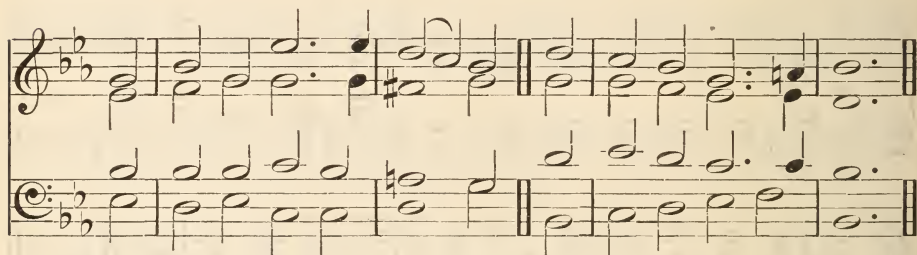
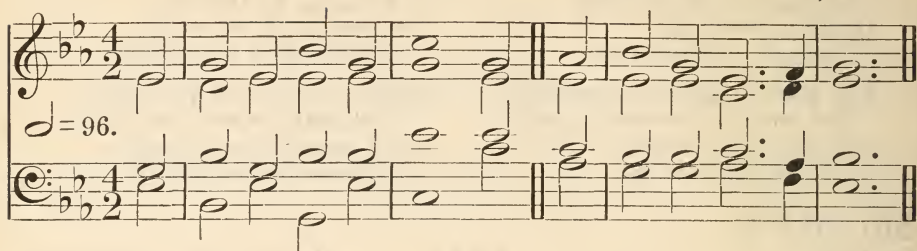
## 561 PART III.

## General Hymns.

JUBILATE.

7.6.7.6. D.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY, b. 1848.



## General Hymns.

*mf* **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,  
    Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
    Thy happy name, they weep :

*cr* The mention of thy glory  
    Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
*dim* And love, and life, and rest.

*mf* O one, O only mansion !  
    O Paradise of joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
    And smiles have no alloy ;

Beside thy living waters  
    All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
    The hyssop of the wall :—

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
    Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
    Unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
    With amethyst unpriced ;  
The Saints thy golden fabric,  
    Thy corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
    Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
    To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of ages  
    They raise thy holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
    And thine the golden dower.

*mf* O sweet and blessèd country,  
    Shall I thy glories see ?  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
    Is such a prize for me ?

*f* Exult, O dust and ashes,  
    The Lord shall be thy part :  
His only, His for ever,  
    Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Amen.

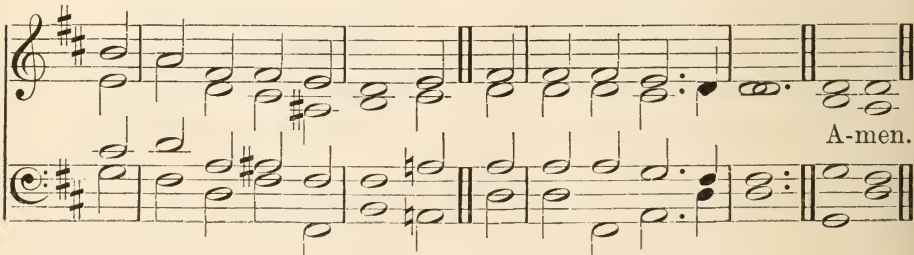
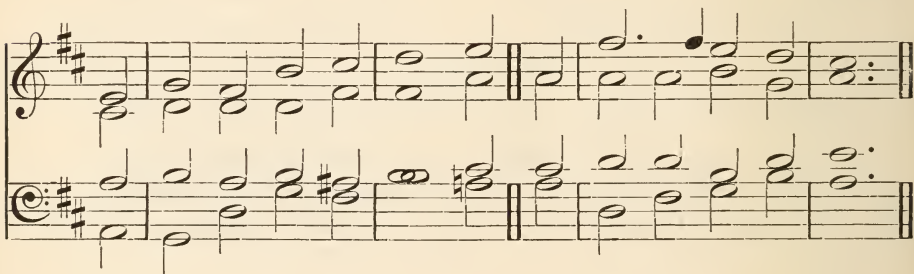
## 561 PART IV.

## General Hymns.

EWING.

7.6.7.6. D.

A. EWING, 1830-1895.



## General Hymns.

*mf* JERUSALEM the golden !  
With milk and honey blest !  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, oh I know not,  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare !

*f* They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song ;  
And bright with many an Angel  
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

*mf* There is the throne of David,  
*cr* And there, from care released,  
*f* The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast :

And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

*mf* Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of the elect !  
Oh dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect !

E'en now by faith I see thee :  
E'en here thy walls discern :  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

O mine, O golden Sion !  
Yea, brighter far than gold !  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
Shall I thy joys behold ?

*f* Rejoice ! O dust and ashes !  
Rejoice !—O joy divine !—  
That God is now thy Portion,  
Both now and ever thine. Amen.

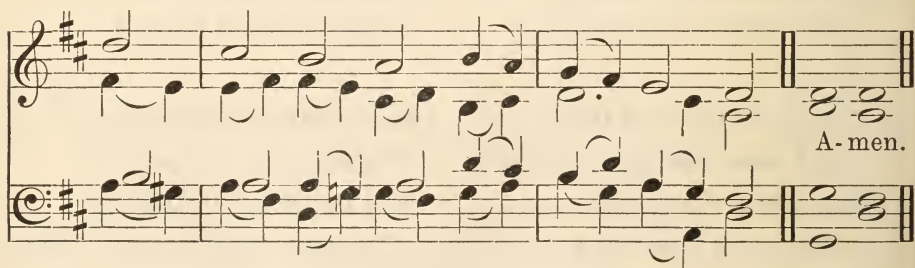
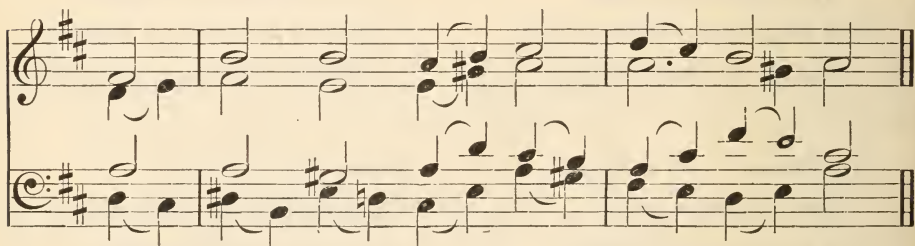
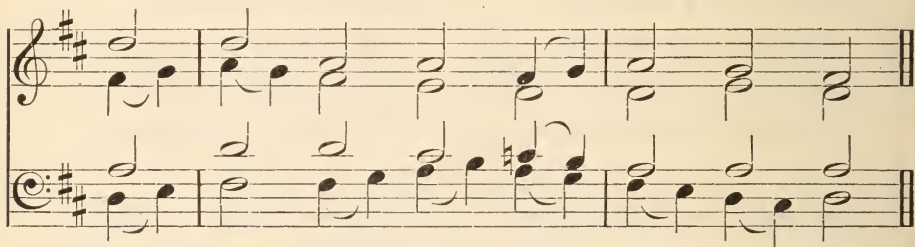


ERFURT.

L.M.

*Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg, 1540.*

Har. by J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.

*For a simpler arrangement see No. 476.**May also be sung to "Stirling," No. 460.*

## General Hymns.

*f* **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Lord!  
We praise Thy Name with one accord!  
Thy Saints who here Thy goodness see,  
Through all the world do worship Thee.

*f* To Thee aloud all Angels cry,  
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;  
Both Cherubin and Seraphin,  
The heavens and all the powers therein.

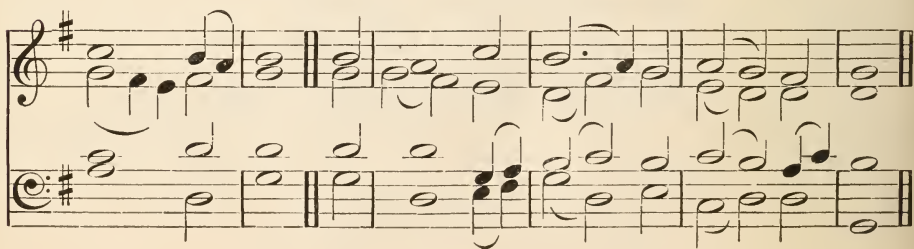
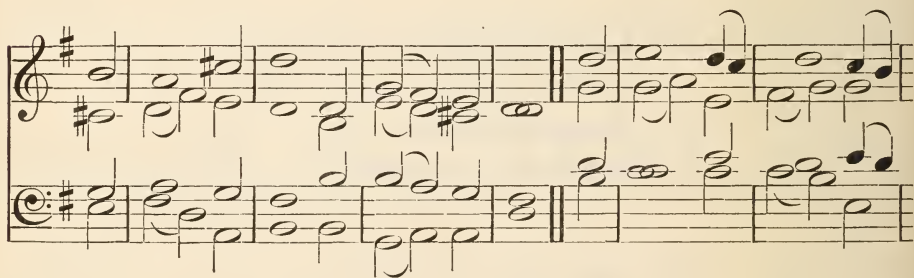
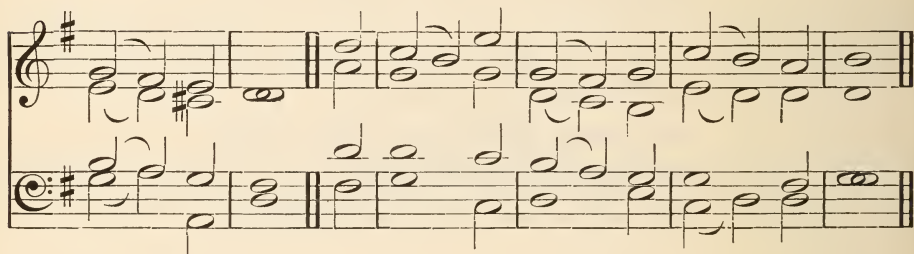
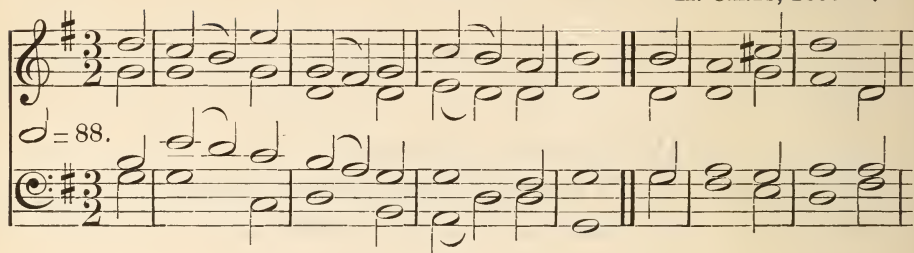
*mf* The Apostles join the glorious throng,  
The Prophets swell the immortal song;  
The Martyrs' noble army raise  
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

*p* Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!  
Thee, Lord of Sabaoth, they sing!  
*cr* Thus earth below, and heaven above,  
*f* Resound Thy glory and Thy love. Amen.

SURREY.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

H. CAREY, 1685-1743.



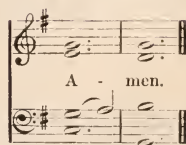
## General Hymns.

*mf* **T**HEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower ;  
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all Thy works, and Thee alone ;  
Thee will I love till sacred fire  
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;  
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind :  
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

*p* Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
*cr* Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way :  
*f* That all my powers with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

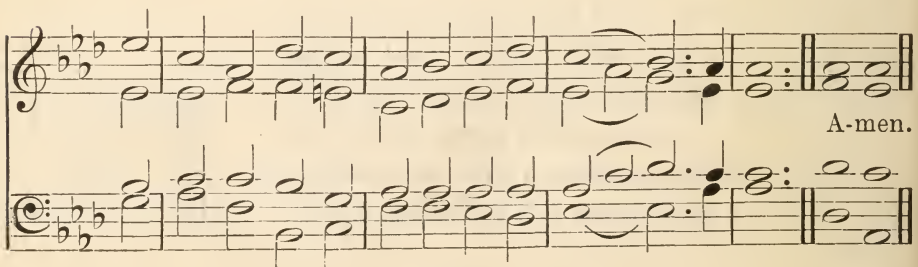
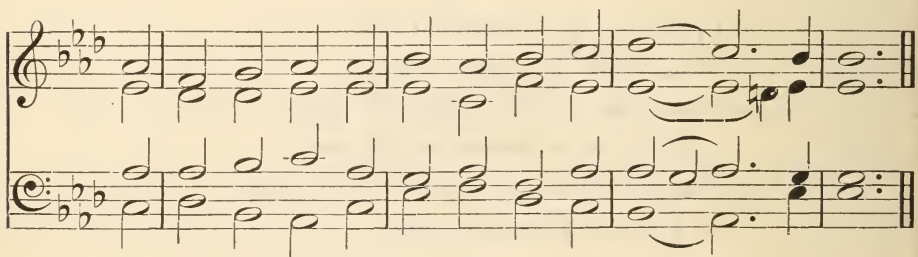
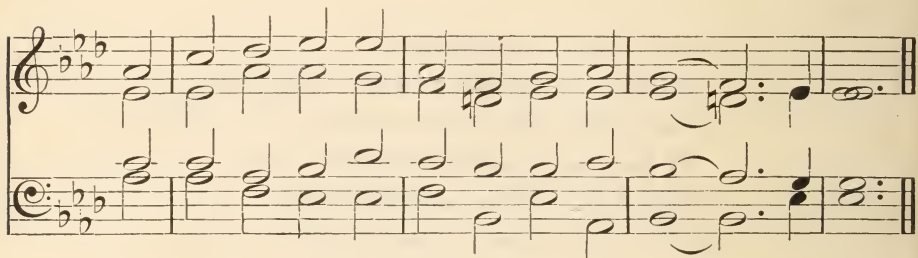
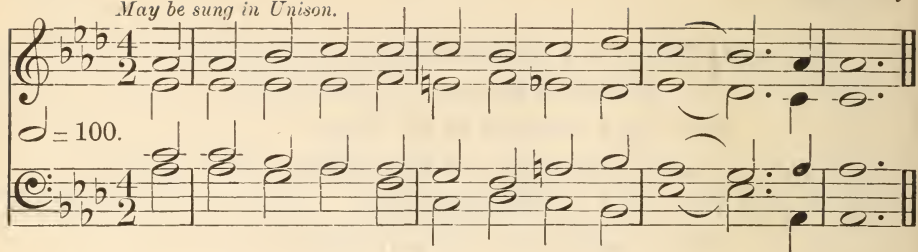
*mf* Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown  
Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;  
*p* What though my flesh and heart decay,  
*f* Thee shall I love in endless day.



BEULAH.

Eight 6's.

Old Melody.

*May be sung in Unison.*



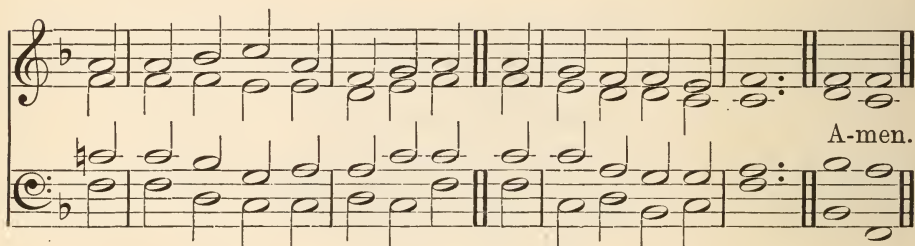
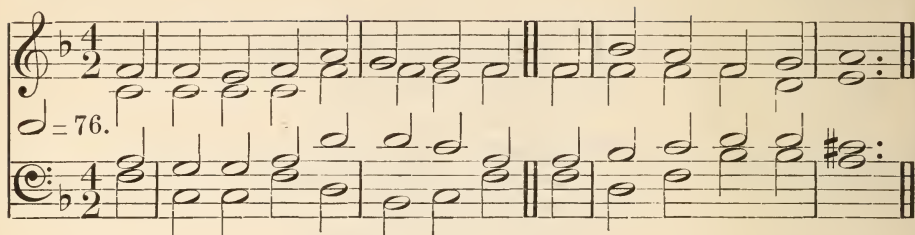
## General Hymns

*mf* **T**HERE is a blessèd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
*cr* Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
*f* And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

*p* There is a land of peace,  
Good Angels know it well;  
*cr* Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
*mf* Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand Saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore.

*f* O joy, all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb Who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

*mf* Look up, ye Saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
*p* Of daily toil and woe;  
*cr* Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
*mf* His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above. Amen.



*mf* **T**HERE is a book, who runs may read, *f* The Moon above, the Church below,  
Which heavenly truth imparts, A wondrous race they run,  
And all the lore its scholars need, But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts. Each borrows of its Sun.

The works of God above, below, *p* The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
Within us and around, It steals in silence down ·  
Are pages in that book, to show *cr* But where it lights, the favoured place  
How God Himself is found. By richest fruits is known.

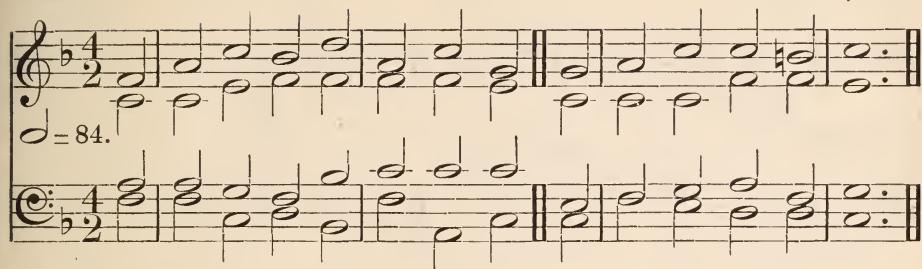
The glorious sky, embracing all, *mf* Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin  
Is like the Maker's love, [small Forbids us to descry  
Wherewith encompassed, great and The mystic heaven and earth within,  
In peace and order move. Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou Who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

YORRE.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



*May also be sung to "Queenstown," No. 568.*

*f* **T**HERE is a land of pure delight  
Where Saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

*p* But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

*mf* Their everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
*p* Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

*mf* Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbecclouded eyes;

*mf* Sweet fields beyond the swelling  
flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

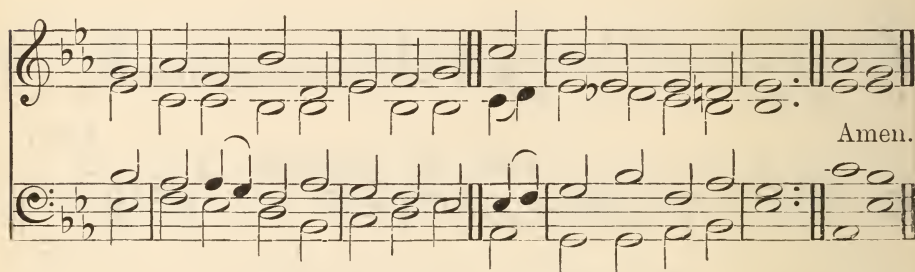
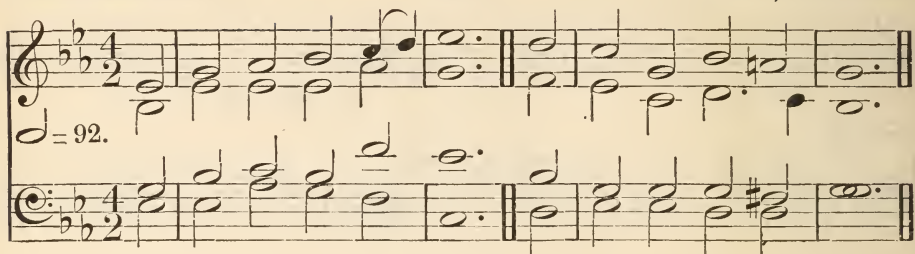
*cr* Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
*f* Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Amen.

BEN RHYDDING.

S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



*f* **T**HERE is no night in heaven ;  
*mf* In that blest world above  
 Work never can bring weariness,  
 For work itself is love.

There is no sin in heaven ;  
 Behold that blessed throng—  
 All holy is their spotless robe,  
 All holy is their song !

*f* There is no grief in heaven ;  
 For life is one glad day ;  
 And tears are of those former things  
 Which all have passed away.

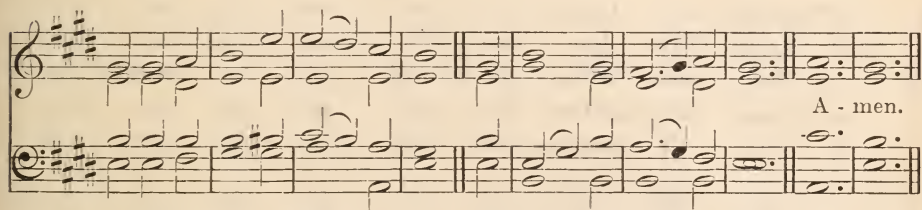
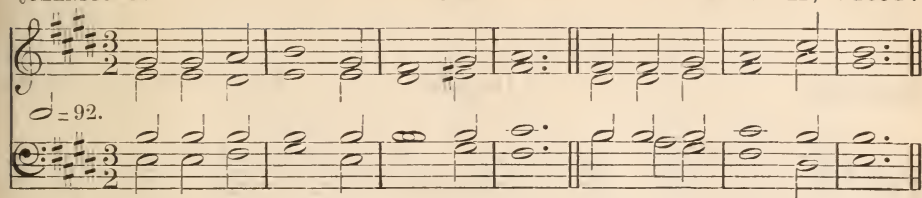
There is no death in heaven ;  
 For they who gain that shore  
 Have won their immortality,  
 And they can die no more.

*p* Lord Jesu, be our Guide ;  
 Oh, lead us safely on,  
*cr* Till night and grief and sin and death  
*f* Are past, and heaven is won ! Amen.

QUEENSTOWN.

C.M.

J. S. MITCHELL, b. 1834 ?



*May also be sung to "York," No. 566.*

*mf* **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
 To bring in prayer to Thee;  
 There is no anxious care too slight  
 To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou Who hast trod the thorny road  
 Wilt share each small distress;  
 The love which bore the greater load  
 Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe  
 But meets Thine ear divine,  
 And every cross grows light beneath  
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
 The heart would overflow,  
 But for that Love which died for sin,  
 That love which wept for woe. Amen.

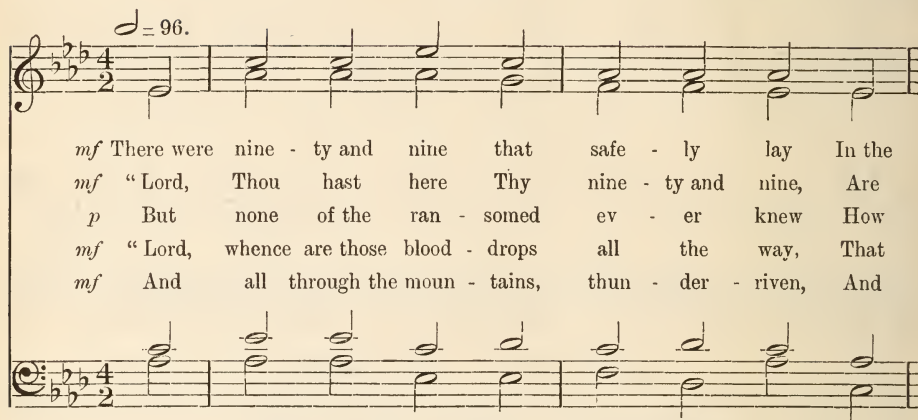


Compassion.

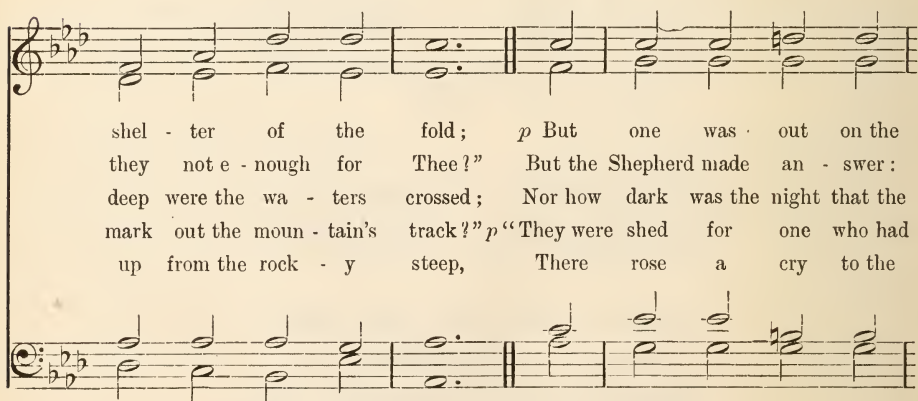
Irregular.

Fountain Meen, b. 1846.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

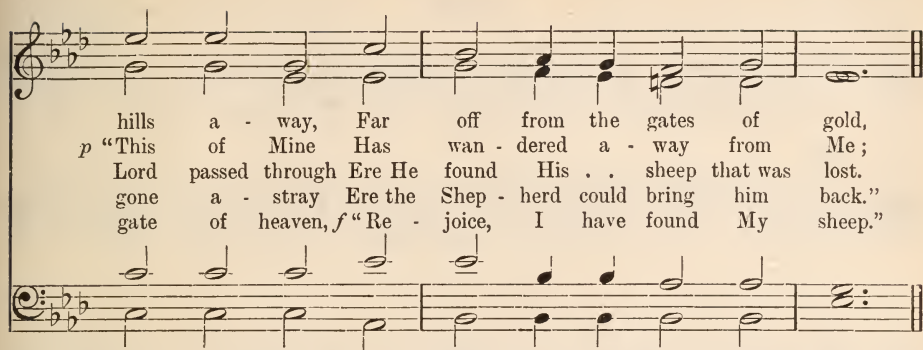


*mf* There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the  
*mf* "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine, Are  
*p* But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How  
*mf* "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That  
*mf* And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And

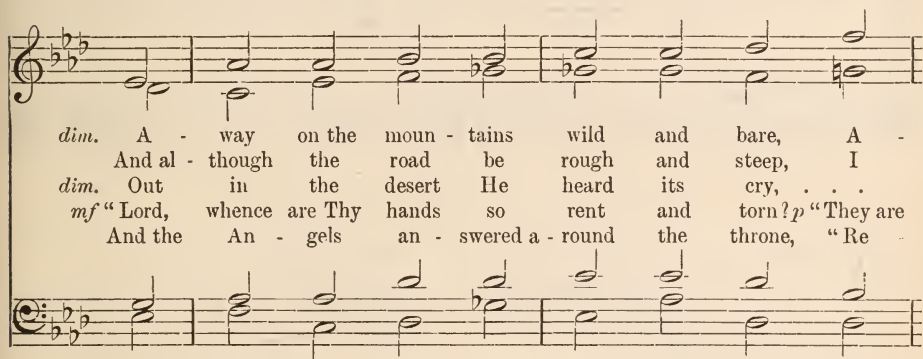


shel - ter of the fold; *p* But one was - out on the  
 they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer :  
 deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the  
 mark out the moun - tain's track?" *p* "They were shed for one who had  
 up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the

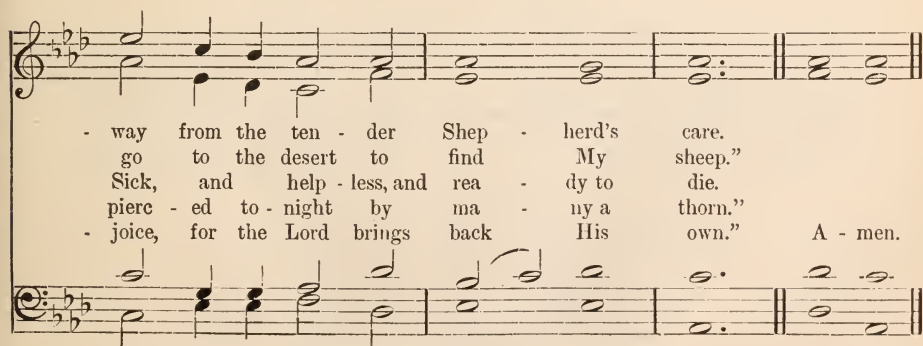
# General Hymns.



hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold,  
*p* "This of Mine Has wan - dered a - way from Me;  
 Lord passed through Ere He found His . . sheep that was lost.  
 gone a - stray Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back."  
 gate of heaven, *f* "Re - joice, I have found My sheep."



*dim.* A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A -  
 And al - though the road be rough and steep, I  
*dim.* Out in the desert He heard its cry, . . .  
*mf* "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" *p* "They are  
 And the An - gels an - swered a - round the throne, "Re -

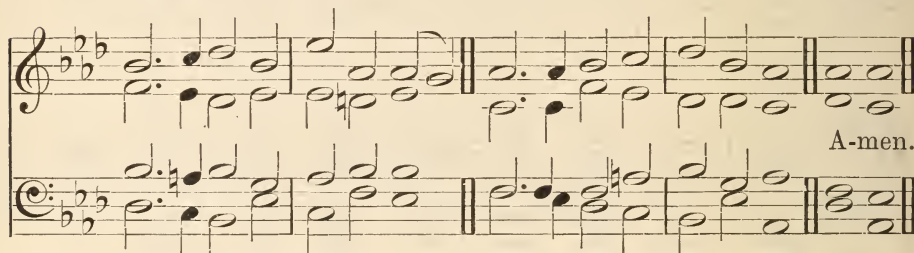
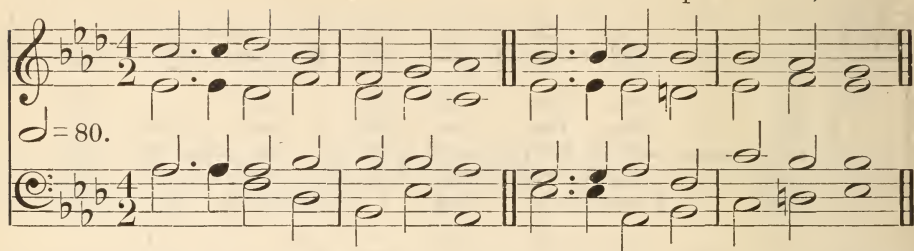


- way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.  
 go to the desert to find My sheep."  
 Sick, and help - less, and rea - dy to die.  
 pier - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn."  
 - joice, for the Lord brings back His own." A - men.

NEWINGTON.

7.7.7.7.

Archbishop MACLAGAN, b. 1826.



*May also be sung to "University College," No. 514.*

*mf* **T**HINE for ever! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be  
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! Oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, *mf*  
Oh, defend us to the end!

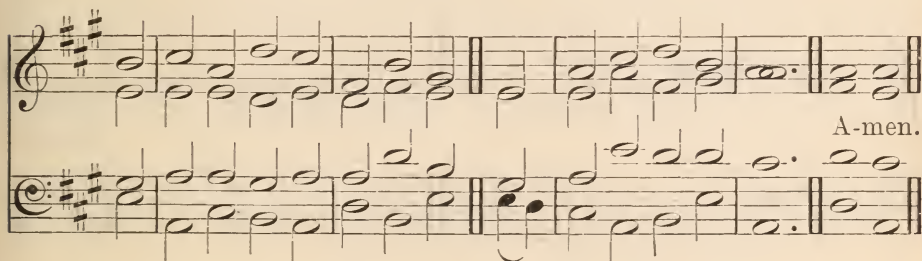
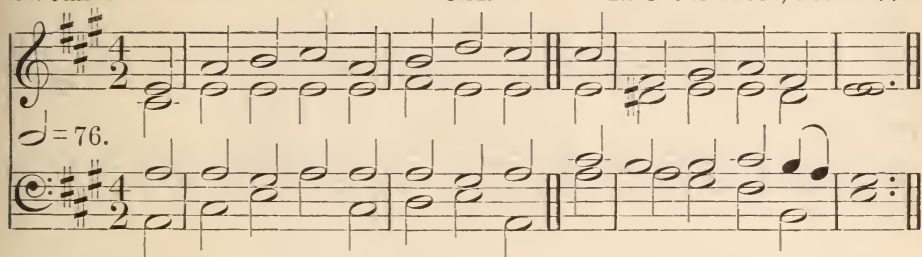
Thine for ever! (*p*) Shepherd, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

*f* Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Led by Thee from earth to heaven. Amen.

St. JAMES.

C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE, 1691-1772.



*mf* **T**HOU art the Way:—to Thee alone  
 From sin and death we flee;  
 And he who would the Father seek  
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth:—Thy word alone  
 True wisdom can impart;  
 Thou only canst inform the mind,  
 And purify the heart.

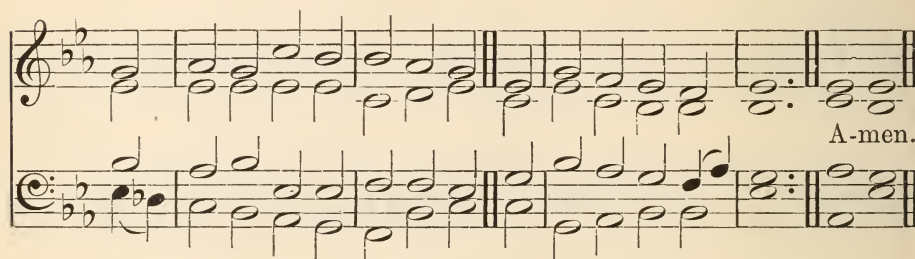
Thou art the Life:—(*f*) the rending tomb  
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
 And those who put their trust in Thee  
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

*f* Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
*p* Grant us that way to know,  
*cr* That truth to keep, that life to win  
*f* Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

ST. PETER.

C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



*mf* **T**HOU boundless Source of every      In every changing scene of life,  
      Our best desires fulfil; [good,      Whate'er that scene may be,  
 And help us to adore Thy grace,      *dim* Give us a meek and humble mind,  
      And mark Thy sovereign will.      A mind at peace with Thee.

In all Thy mercies may our souls      *mf* Do Thou direct our steps aright;  
      Thy bounteous goodness see;      Help us Thy Name to fear;  
 Nor let the gift Thy grace imparts      And give us grace to watch and pray,  
      Estrange our hearts from Thee.      And strength to persevere.

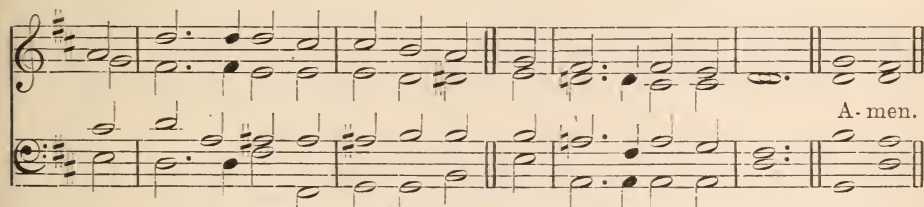
*p* Then may we close our eyes in death,  
      Free from distracting care;  
*cr* For death is life and labour rest,  
      If Thou art with us there.      Amen



LEOMINSTER.

D.S.M.

G. W. MARTIN, 1828-1881.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

May also be sung to "Southwell," No. 133.

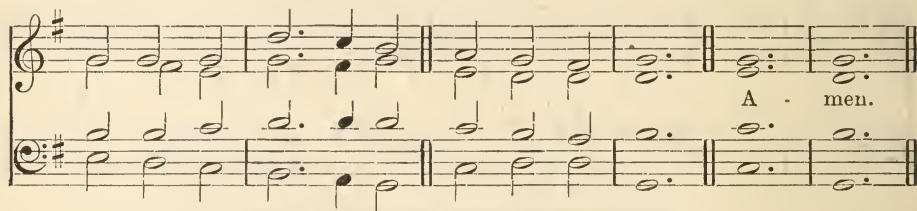
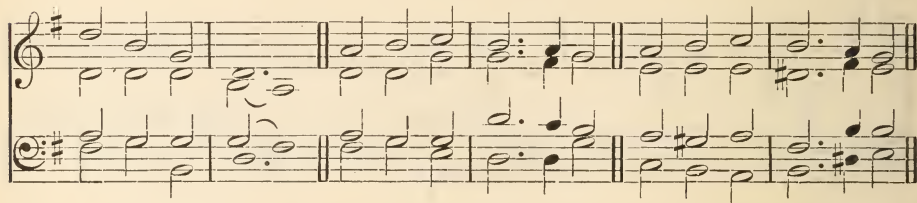
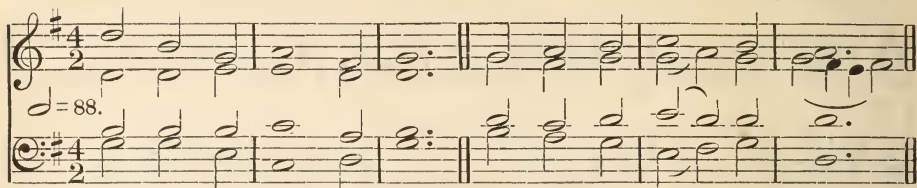
*mf* **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before Whose bar severe  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear ;  
*cr* Our wakened souls prepare  
 For that tremendous day,  
*mf* And fill us now with watchful care,  
*p* And stir us up to pray ;  
*p* To pray, and wait the hour,  
 The awful hour unknown,  
*cr* When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
*mf* The immortal Son of Man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all Thy glorious grace.

*p* To sober earthly joys,  
 To quicken holy fears,  
*cr* For ever let the Archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears ;  
*p* The solemn midnight cry,  
*f* " Ye dead, the Judge is come !  
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
 And meet your instant doom ! "  
*p* Oh may we thus be found  
 Obedient to His word.  
*cr* Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord.  
*mf* Oh may we thus insure  
 Our lot among the blest,  
 And watch a moment, to secure  
 An everlasting rest. Amen.

Moscow.

6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

F. GIARDINI, 1716-1796.

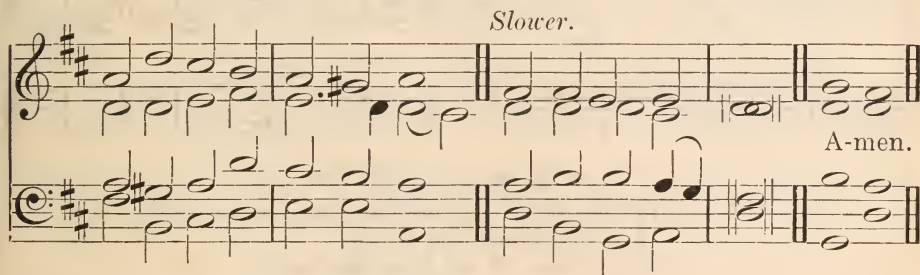
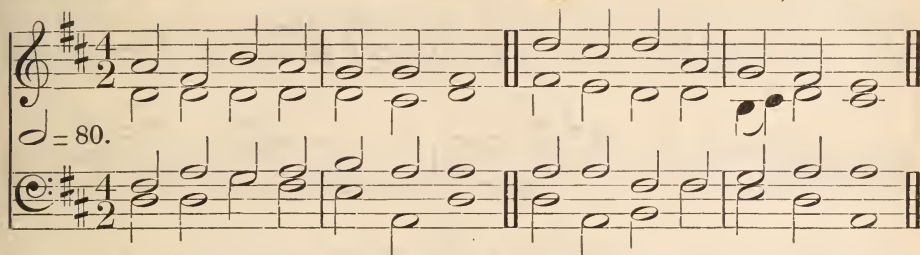


*mf* **T**HOU, Whose Almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
*p* Hear us, we humbly pray,  
*cr* And where the Gospel-day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray  
*ff* Let there be light!

*mf* Thou, Who didst come to bring,  
 On Thy redeeming wing,  
 Healing and sight;  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
*cr* Oh, now to all mankind  
*ff* Let there be light!

*p* Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight!  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Bearing the lamp of grace,  
*cr* And in earth's darkest place  
*ff* Let there be light!

*mf* Blessèd and Holy Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might!  
*cr* Boundless as ocean's tide  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the world, far and wide,  
*ff* Let there be light! Amen.



*mf* **T**HREE in One, and One in Three,  
 Ruler of the earth and sea,  
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
 Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning-shine  
 Lift on us Thy light divine;  
 And let charity benign  
*p* Breathe on us her balm.

*mf* Light of lights! when falls the even,  
 Let it sink on sin forgiven;  
 Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
*p* Shed a vesper calm.

*mf* Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Darkling here we worship Thee;  
*cr* With the Saints hereafter we  
 Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

ABRIDGE.

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1735 ?-1800.

♩ = 84.

A - men.

*May also be sung to "Bristol," No. 77.*

*mf* **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
       In trouble and in joy,  
*cr* The praises of my God shall still  
       My heart and tongue employ.

*f* Oh, magnify the Lord with me,  
       With me exalt His Name ;

*mf* When in distress to Him I called,  
*f* He to my rescue came.

*p* The hosts of God encamp around  
       The dwellings of the just ;  
       Deliverance He affords to all  
       Who on His succour trust.

*mf* Oh ! make but trial of His love,  
       Experience will decide  
       How blest are they, and only they,  
       Who in His truth confide.

*mf* Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then  
       Have nothing else to fear ;  
       Make you His service your delight,  
       He'll make your wants His care.

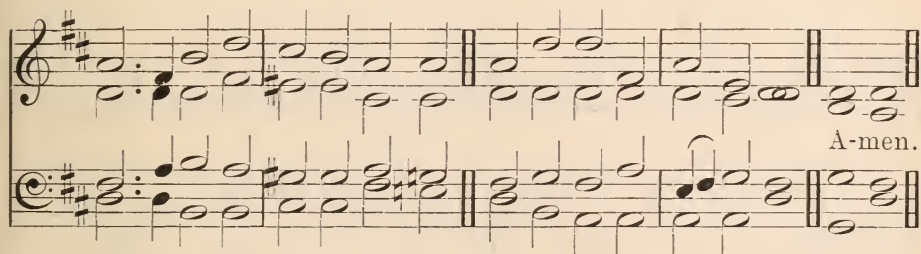
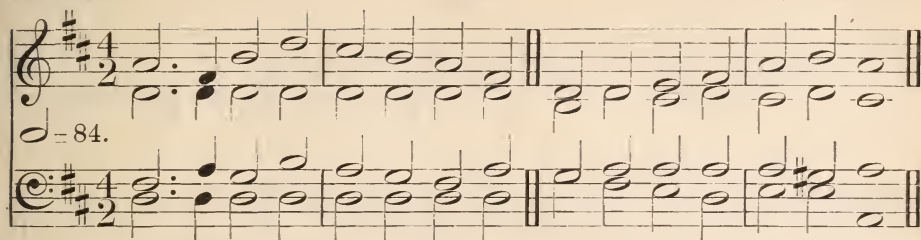
*f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
       The God Whom we adore,  
       Be glory, as it was, is now,  
       And shall be evermore. Amen.



ST. OSWALD.

8.7.8.7.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*f* **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sor-  
 Onward goes the pilgrim band, [row  
 Singing songs of expectation,  
 Marching to the Promised Land.

One the strain the lips of thousands  
 Lift as from the heart of one ;  
 One the conflict, one the peril,  
 One the march in God begun :

Clear before us through the darkness  
 Gleams and burns the guiding Light :  
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
 Stepping fearless through the night.

*ff* One the gladness of rejoicing,  
 On the far eternal shore,  
 Where the One Almighty Father  
 Reigns in love for evermore.

One the Light of God's own Presence  
 O'er His ransomed people shed,  
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
 Brightening all the path we tread :

*mf* Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
 . Onward, with the Cross our aid !  
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
 Till we rest beneath its shade !

One the object of our journey,  
 One the Faith which never tires,  
 One the earnest looking forward,  
 One the Hope our God inspires.

*cr* Soon shall come the great awaking ;  
 Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
*f* Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
 And the end of toil and gloom !

Amen.



ST. CECILIA.

6.6.6.6.

L. G. HAYNE, 1836-1883.

♩ = 88.

A-men.

*f* **T**HY kingdom come, O God,  
 Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;  
 Break with Thine iron rod  
 The tyrannies of sin.

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
*cr* And come in Thy great might !  
 Revive our longing eyes,  
 Which languish for Thy sight.

*mf* Where is Thy reign of peace,  
 And purity, and love ?  
 When shall all hatred cease,  
 As in the realms above ?

*p* Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
 And wolves devour Thy fold ;  
 By many deeds of shame  
 We learn that love grows cold.

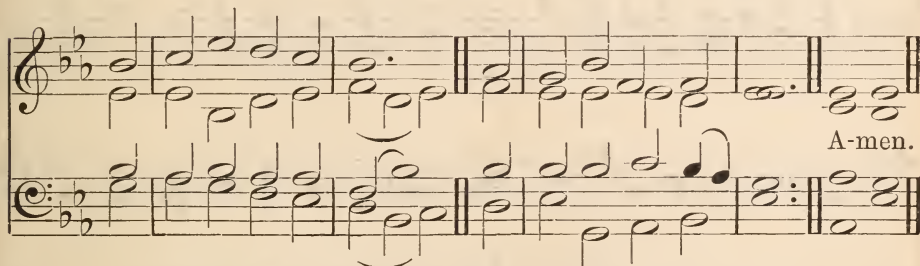
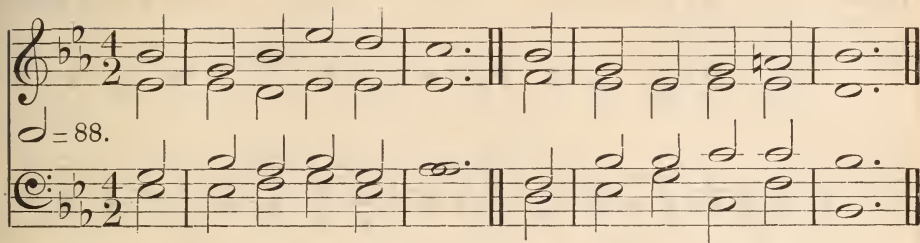
When comes the promised time  
 That war shall be no more,  
 Oppression, lust, and crime  
 Shall flee Thy face before ?

O'er heathen lands afar  
 Thick darkness broodeth yet :  
*cr* Arise ! O Morning Star,  
*f* Arise, and never set ! **Amen.**

EDEN.

6.6.6.6.

O. M. FEILDEN, b. 1837.



*May also be sung to "St. Cecilia," No. 578.*

*mf* **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
 However dark it be!  
 Lead me by Thine own hand,  
 Choose out the path for me.

*f* The kingdom that I seek  
 Is Thine; so let the way  
 That leads to it be Thine,  
*dim* Else I must surely stray.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
 It will be still the best;  
 Winding or straight, it leads  
 Right onward to Thy rest.

*mf* Take Thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to Thee may seem;  
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

I dare not choose my lot;  
 I would not if I might;  
 Choose Thou for me, my God;  
 So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health;  
 Choose Thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice,  
 In things or great or small;  
*cr* Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
 My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

GLORIOSI SALVATORIS (*First Tune*).

MODE IV. Ancient Plain Song.

*To be sung in Unison.*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in C-clef with a common time signature 'C'. It contains square notes and rests, ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bottom two staves are a grand staff in G major (one sharp) with treble and bass clefs. They contain a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, also ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It follows the same three-staff format (single melodic line and grand staff) and concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It follows the same three-staff format and concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The text 'A - men.' is written below the right side of the system.

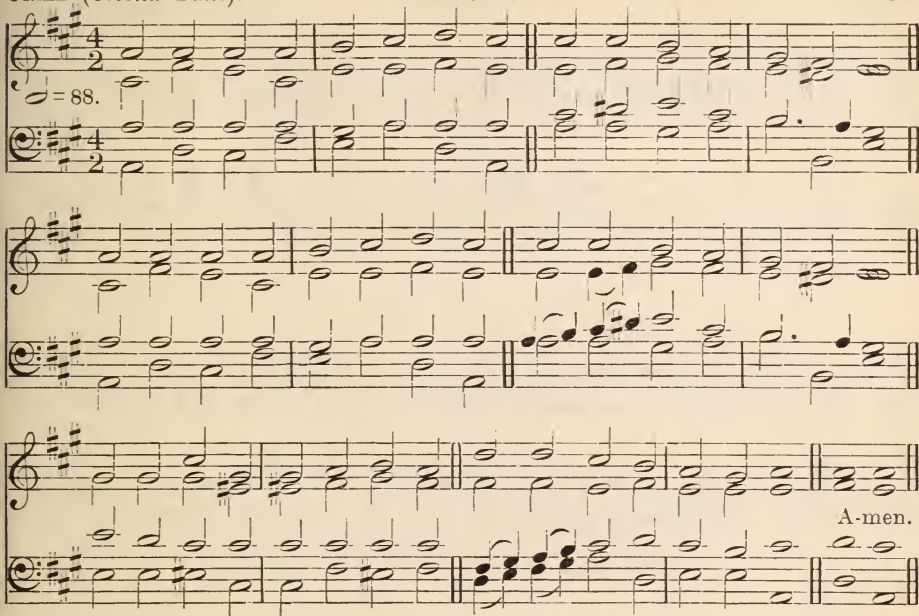
A - men.

# General Hymns.

ORIEL (Second Tune).

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Anon.



*f* **T**O the Name that brings Salvation,  
Laud and honour let us pay :

*mf* That for many a generation  
Hid in God's foreknowledge  
lay ;

*f* But with holy exultation  
We may sing aloud to-day.

*mf* Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
Name beyond what words can tell,  
Name of sweetness passing measure,  
Ear and heart delighting well,  
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

*f* 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
'Tis the Name for victory ;

*mf* 'Tis the Name for meditation  
In the vale of misery ;

*f* Name for joyful veneration  
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
Finds it music to the ear ;

'Tis the Name that whoso teacheth  
Finds more sweet than honey's  
cheer ;

Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

*f* 'Tis the Name by right exalted  
Over every other name ;

That when we are sore assaulted  
Puts our enemies to shame ;  
Strength to them who else had halted,  
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

*p* Jesu, we Thy Name adoring,  
Long to see Thee as Thou art :

*cr* Of Thy clemency imploring  
So to write it in our heart,

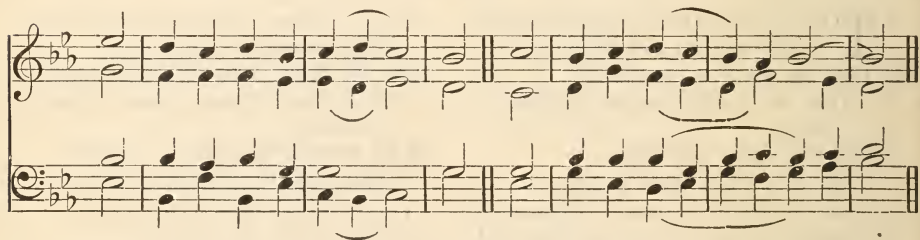
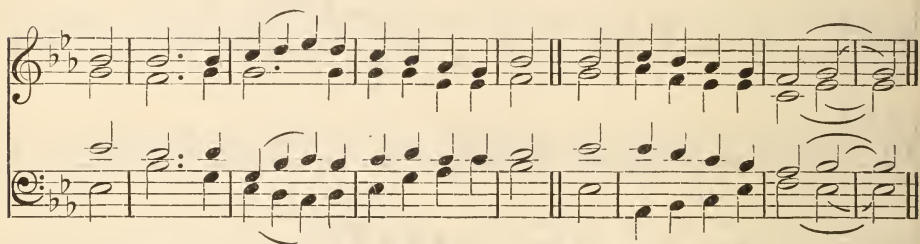
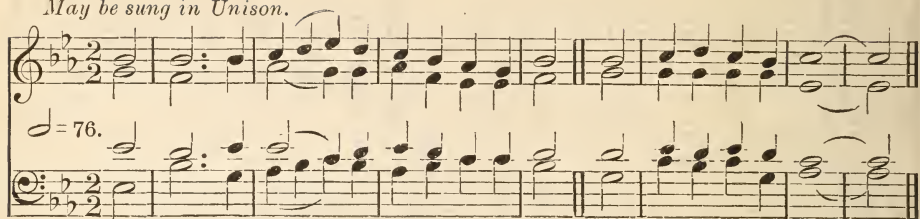
*f* That, hereafter, heavenward soaring,  
We with Angels may have part.

Amen.

BEACON.

10.6.10.6.7.6.7.6.

C. V. STANFORD, b. 1852.

*May be sung in Unison.*



## General Hymns.

*f* **T**RUE Light, that lightest all in heaven and earth,  
 Light us, Thou Light Divine;  
 Children, Thou mad'st us by a second birth,  
 Children, O Lord, of Thine:  
 Heirs of a life undying,  
 The hidden life above,  
 Strong on Thy strength relying,  
 Safe in a Father's love.

*p* The earth, erewhile so oft bedewed with tears,  
*cr* Shall be, like man, new-born:

*f* The heavens—unrolled through unimagined years,—  
 Be bright with endless morn;  
 No room is there for sorrow,  
 Toil, trouble, want, or care,  
 None anxious for the morrow,—  
 There is no morrow there.

*f* Light there, eternal light and life shall reign  
 O'er all without, within;  
 No stricken soul e'er bow beneath the pain  
 Of unforgotten sin;  
 The day shall have no ending,  
 No night its shadows cast,  
 All present gladness blending  
 With gladness in the past.

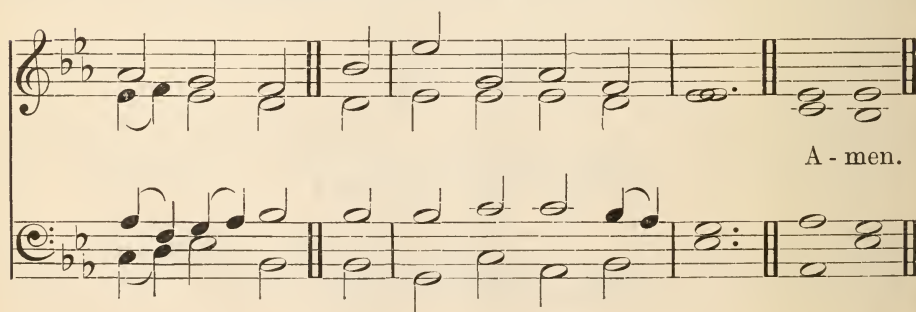
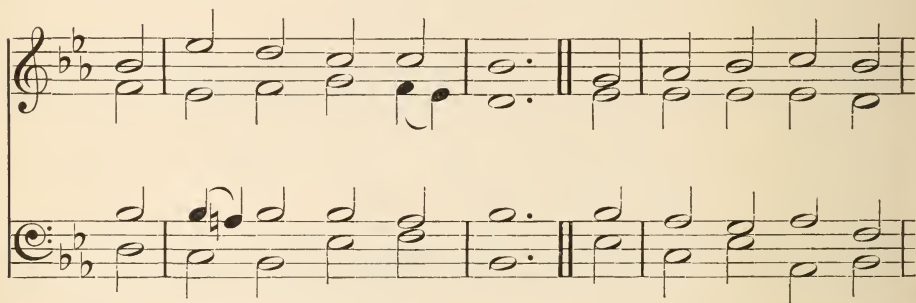
*mf* We darkly now, as in a mirror, see  
 These wondrous worlds on high;  
 Help us, O Lord, to live our life in Thee,  
 The Life that cannot die;  
*cr* Till heavenward ever soaring,  
 By Thy redeeming grace,  
*f* Before Thy throne adoring  
 We see Thee face to face.



BEDFORD (Modern Form).

C.M.

W. WHEALL, 1690?-1727.



## General Hymns.

*mf* TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
Oh, bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford  
To feel his brother's care.

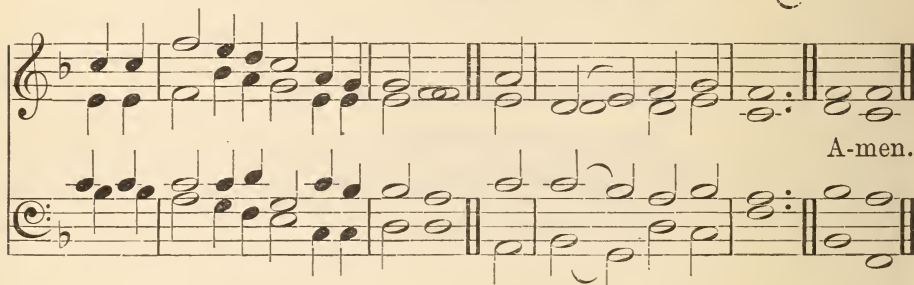
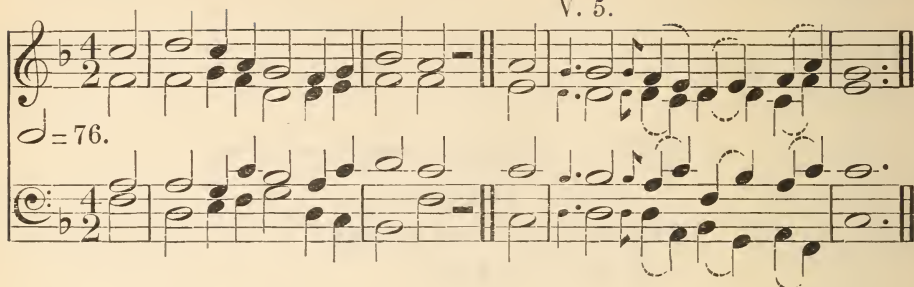
*cr* Help us to build each other up,  
Help us ourselves to prove ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love. Amen.

ACHNASHEEN.

9.8.10.5.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.

V. 5.



*mf* **W**E know not a voice of that River,  
 If vocal or silent it be,  
 Where for ever and ever and ever  
 It flows to no sea.

More deep than the seas is that River,  
 More full than their manifold tides  
 Where for ever and ever and ever  
 It flows and abides.

Pure gold is the bed of that River  
 (The gold of that land is the best)  
 Where for ever and ever and ever  
 It flows on at rest.

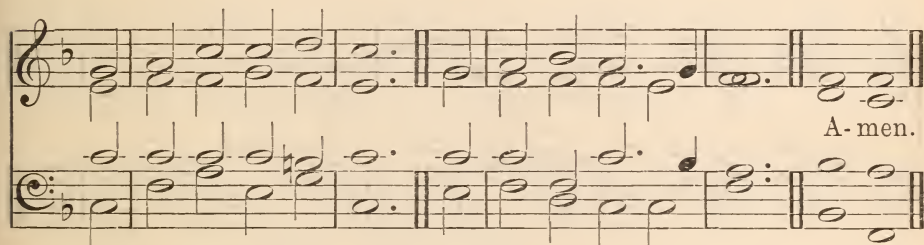
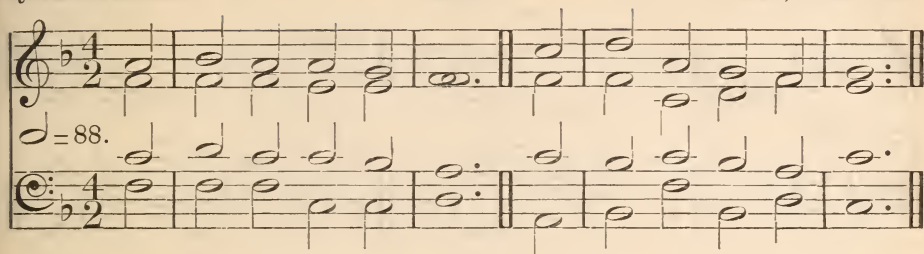
Oh goodly the banks of that River,  
 Oh goodly the fruits that they bear,  
 Where for ever and ever and ever  
 It flows and is fair.

*f* For lo! on each bank of that River  
 The Tree of Life life-giving grows,  
 Where for ever and ever and ever  
 The pure River flows. Amen.

QUAM DILECTA.

6.6.6.6.

H. L. JENNER, 1820-1898.



*mf* **W**E love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred Font;  
For there the Holy Dove  
To pour is ever wont  
His blessing from above.

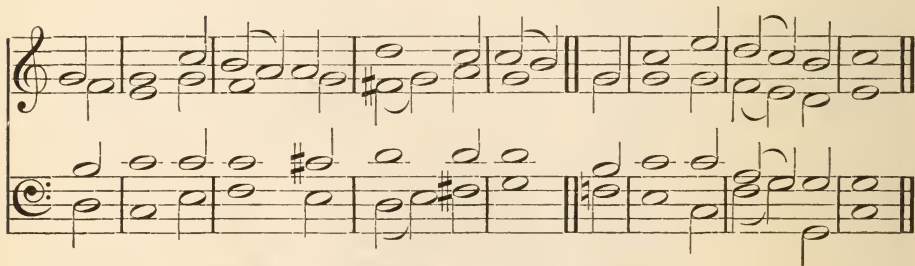
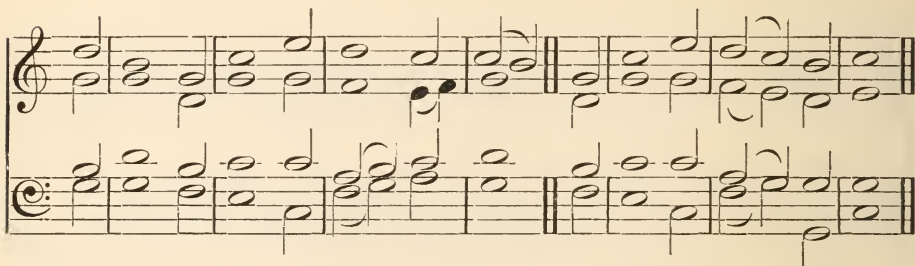
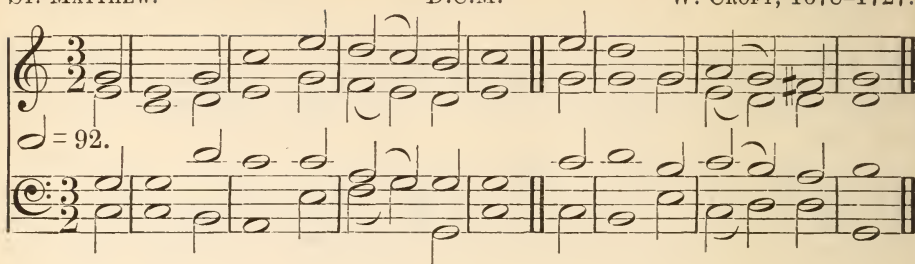
We love Thine Altar, Lord;  
Oh, what on earth so dear?  
*p* For there, in faith adored,  
We find Thy Presence near.

*mf* We love the word of life,  
The word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

*f* We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given;  
But Oh! we long to know  
The triumph-song of heaven.

*p* Lord Jesus, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
*cr* In heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy Saints adore. Amen.





*May also be sung to "St. Simon," No. 32.*

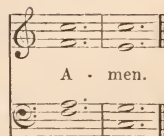
## General Hymns.

*mf* **W**E love Thee, Lord; yet not alone,  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts  
On ocean and on land;  
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,  
Yet not for these alone,  
The incense of Thy children's love  
Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way;  
*p* When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
*mf* Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light.

*p* Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy Will,  
Thou wert not an avenging Judge,  
But a gracious Father still:  
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
*mf* But Thou hast not forgot—  
*p* Because we have forsaken Thee,  
*mf* But Thou forsakest not.

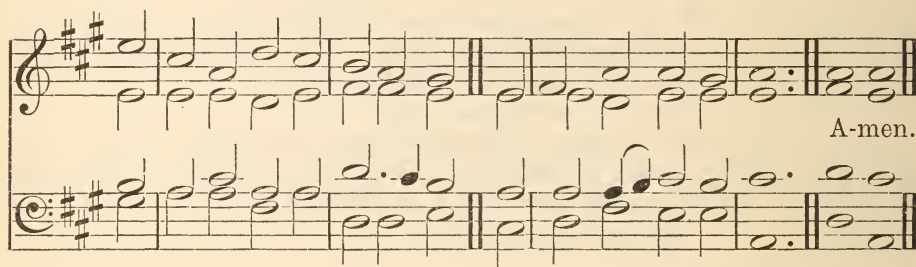
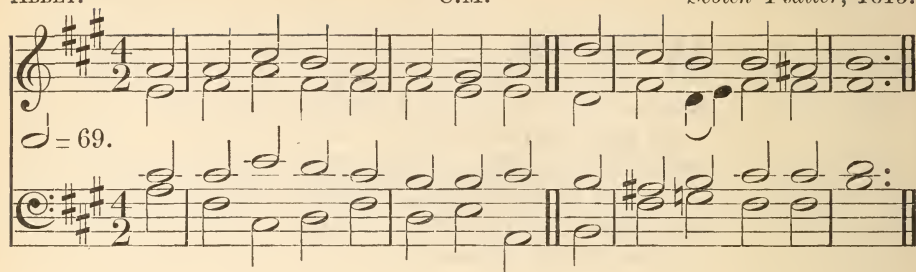
*f* Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love,  
And sentest forth Thy Son to die  
That we might live above;  
*mf* Because, when we were heirs of wrath,  
*f* Thou gavest hope of heaven;  
*mf* We love because we much have sinned,  
*f* And much have been forgiven.



ABBEY.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



*f* **W**E praise the King of realms on high,  
 What wonders He hath wrought,  
 His might is blazoned on the sky,  
 And heaven reveals His thought.

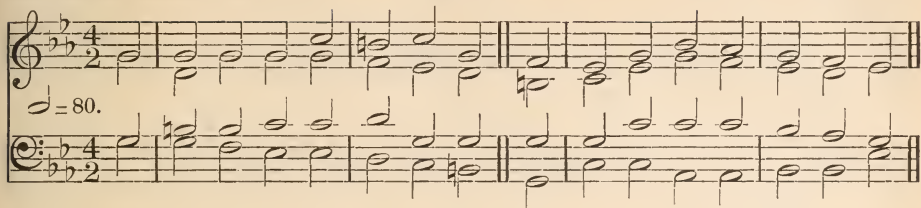
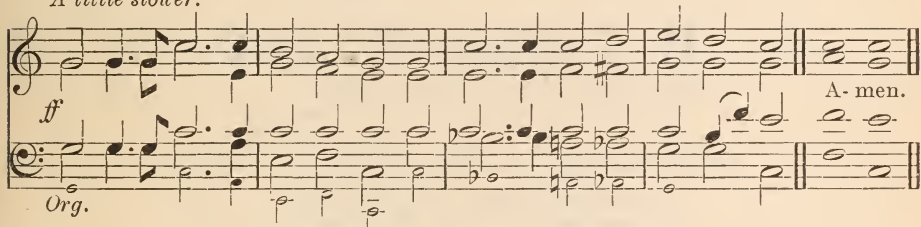
*mf* He shaped the welkin as a dome  
 O'er us His sons below,  
 And formed the earth to be our home;  
*p* O God! Thy power we know.

*p* We bow before the holy sight  
*cr* Of One Who reigns sublime,  
 And yield us to Thy sovereign might,  
*f* Eternal Lord of time! Amen.

CREDO.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

*A little slower.**May also be sung to "Surrey," No. 563.*

*p* WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
 To this poor world of sin and death,  
 Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home  
 In that despised Nazareth ;  
*f* But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
 Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

*p* We did not see Thee lifted high  
 Amid the wild and savage crew,  
 Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,  
 "Forgive, they know not what they do ;"  
*f* Yet we believe the deed was done,  
 Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

*p* We stood not by the empty tomb  
 Where late Thy sacred Body lay,  
 Nor sat within that upper room,  
 Nor met Thee in the open way ;  
*f* But we believe that Angels said,  
 "Why seek the living with the dead ?"

*p* We did not mark the chosen few,  
 When Thou didst though the clouds ascend,  
*cr* First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
*dim* Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;  
*f* Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
 Beheld that journey to the skies.

*mf* And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
 And thence Thy waiting people bless,

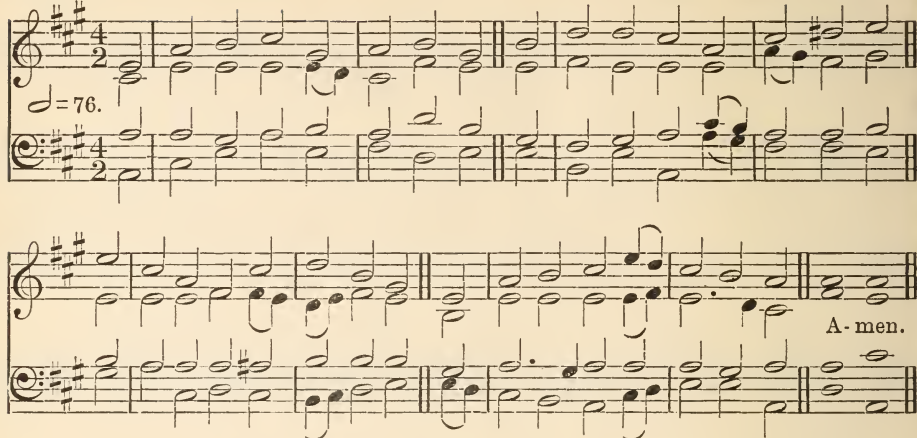
*p* No ray of glory from the sky  
 Doth shine upon our wilderness ;

*f* But we believe Thy faithful word,  
 And trust in our Redeeming Lord. Amen.

BROCKHAM.

L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



*f* **W**E sing the praise of Him Who died,  
 Of Him Who died upon the Cross;  
 The sinner's hope let men deride,  
 For this we count the world but loss.

*mf* Inscribed upon the Cross we see,  
 In shining letters, God is Love;  
 He bears our sins upon the Tree,  
 He brings us mercy from above.

*f* The Cross! it takes our guilt away;  
 It holds the fainting spirit up;  
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

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

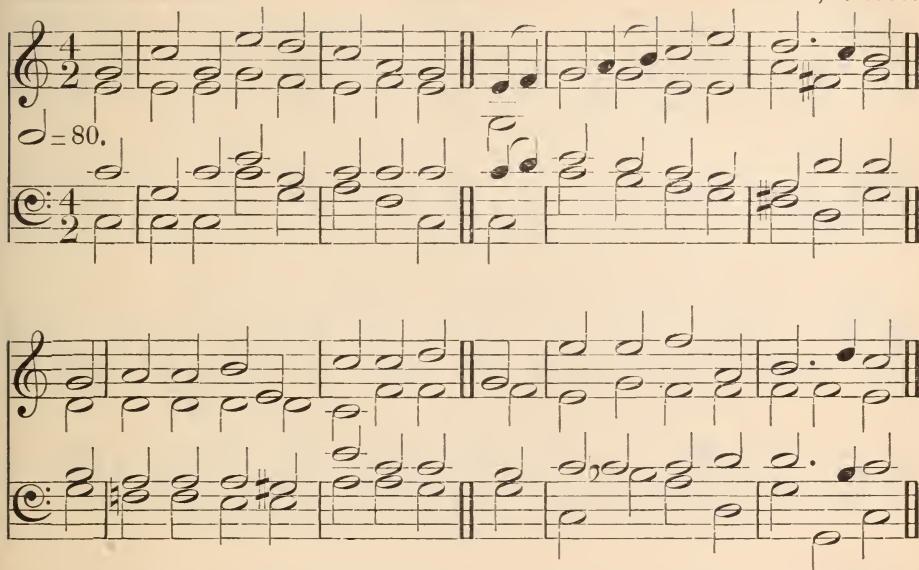
*p* The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
*cr* The measure and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
*f* The Angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.



CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833.

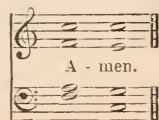


*f* **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,  
 The glittering sky, the silver sea ;  
 For all their beauty, all their worth,  
 Their light and glory, come from Thee ;

*mf* From Thee the flowers that clothe the ground,  
 The trees that wave their arms above,  
 The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
 As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

*p* Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
 More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,  
 Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
 One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

*mf* So while we gaze with thoughtful eye  
 On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
*cr* Help us in Thee to live and die,  
*f* By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.



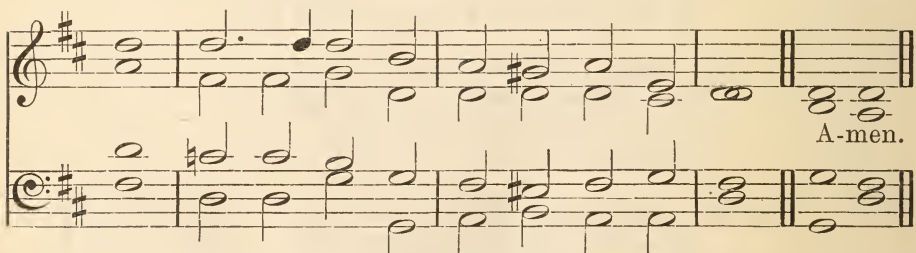
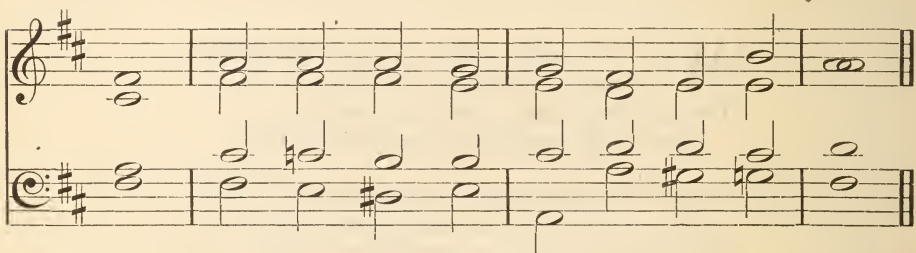
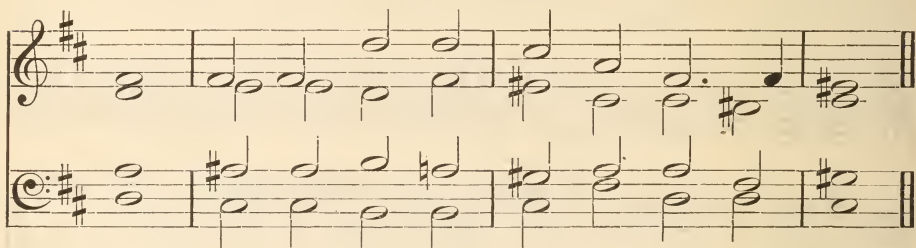
590

## General Hymns.

DALKEITH.

10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT, 1845-1874.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*May also be sung to "St. Agnes," No. 252.*

## General Hymns.

*p* **W**EAR Y of earth, and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home,  
*cr* And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

*p* So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
*cr* Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

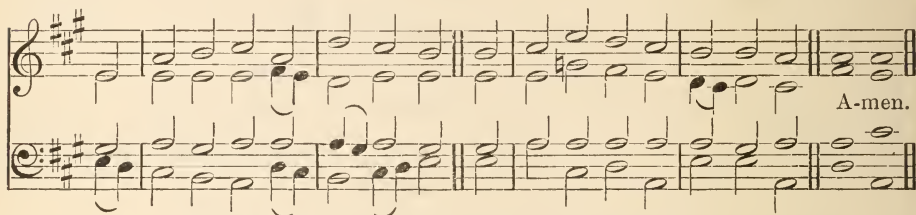
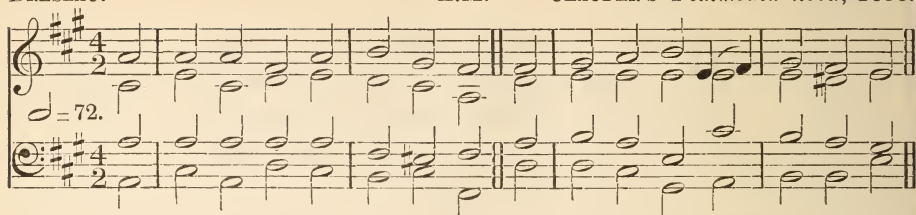
*p* The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
*cr* Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
*f* "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

*f* It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the Blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

*f* Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
*p* Thine the sharp thorns, (*f*) and mine the golden crown;  
Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down!

*p* O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
*cr* That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness. Amen.

BRESLAU.

L.M. CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia nova*, 1630.

*mf* **W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the Mercy-seat;

Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

*p* Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;

*cr* Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest Saint upon his knees.

*mf* When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;

*p* But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

*mf* Have we no words? ah, think again;  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

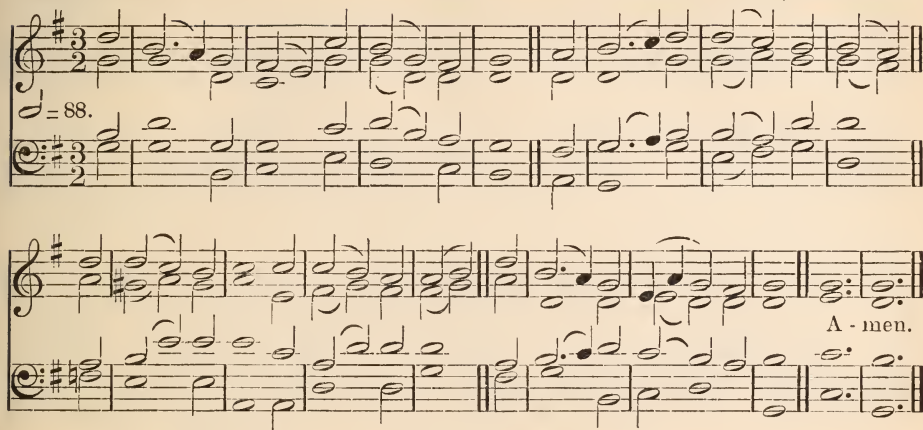
Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,

*cr* Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
*f* "Hear what the Lord hath done for me." Amen.

BISHOP THORPE.

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1669-1707.



*May also be sung to "Bedford," No. 582.*

*mf* **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,

My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From Whom those comforts flowed.

*p* When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

*mf* Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
*cr* And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

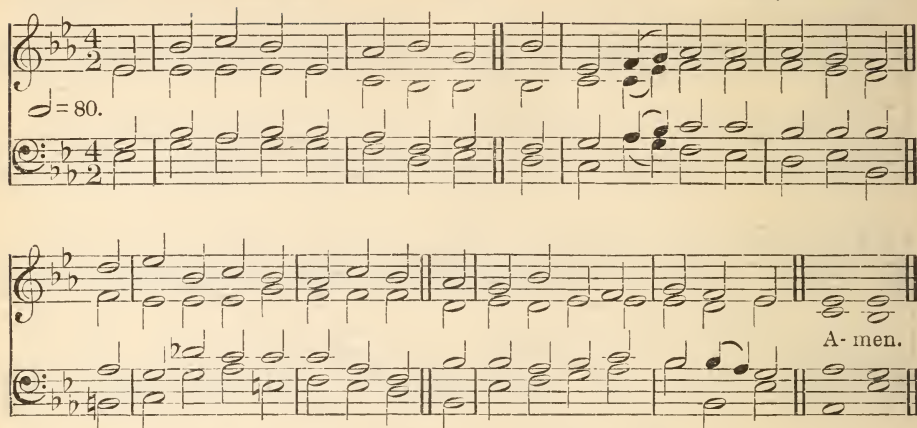
*f* Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But Oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.



ST SEPULCHRE.

L.M.

G. COOPER, 1810-1876.



*p* **W**HEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,  
 And plead with Thee for mercy there,  
*mf* Think of the sinner's dying Friend,  
 And for His sake receive my prayer.

*p* Oh think not of my shame and guilt,  
 My thousand stains of deepest dye;  
*mf* Think of the Blood which Jesus spilt,  
 And let that Blood my pardon buy.

*p* Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,  
 The trembling creature of Thy hand;  
 Think how my heart to sin is prone,  
 And what temptations round me stand.

*mf* Oh think upon Thy holy word,  
 And every plighted promise there;  
 How prayer should evermore be heard,  
 And how Thy glory is to spare.

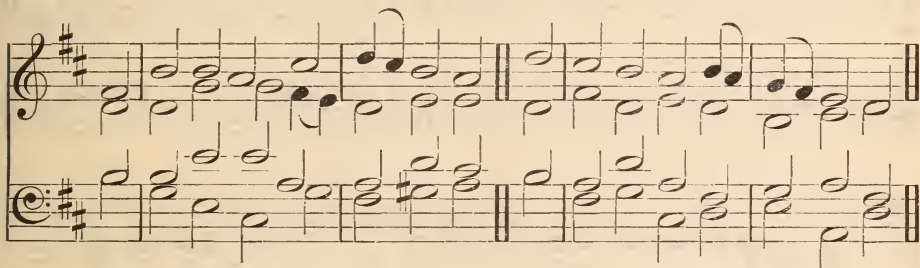
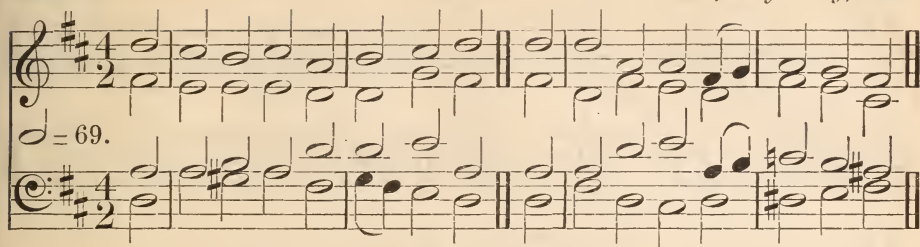
*p* Oh think not of my doubts and fears,  
 My strivings with Thy grace Divine;  
*mf* Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,  
 And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;  
 Thine arm can never shortened be;  
 Behold me here; my heart is full;

*p* Behold, and spare, and succour me. Amen.

ERFURT.

L.M. Geistliche Lieder, Magdeburg, 1540.



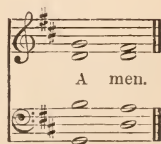
*May also be sung to "Angels' Song," No. 223.*

*mf* **W**HEN Christ came down on earth of old,  
       He took our nature poor and low  
 He wore no form of Angel mould,  
       But shared our weakness and our woe.

*f* But when He cometh back once more,  
       There shall be set the great white throne;  
 And earth and heaven shall flee before  
       The face of Him that sits thereon.

*p* O Son of God, in glory crowned,  
       The Judge ordained of quick and dead;  
 O Son of Man, so pitying found  
       For all the tears Thy people shed,—

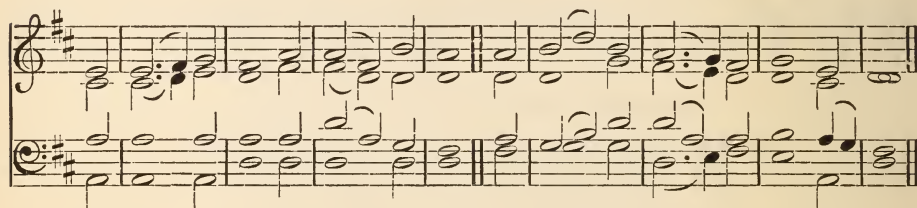
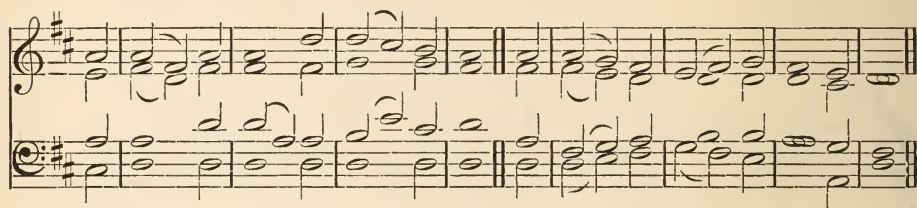
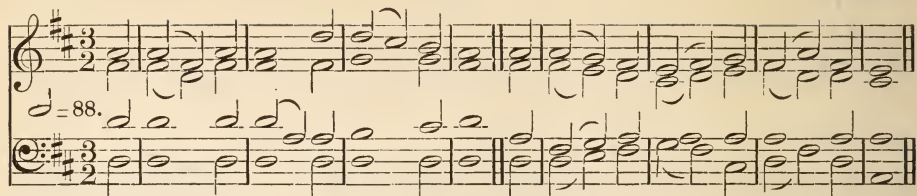
Be with us in that awful hour,  
       And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,  
*cr* By all Thy love and all Thy power,  
*dim* In that great Day of Judgment save.



STELLA.

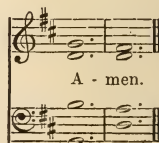
Six 8's.

Anon.



*p* **W**HEN gathering clouds around I *p* If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
     view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,      From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
*mf* On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,      To fly the good I would pursue,  
     Experienced every human pain ;      Or do the sin I would not do,  
     He sees my wants, allays my fears, *cr* Still He, Who felt temptation's power,  
*mf*      And counts and treasures up my tears. *mf* Shall guard me in that dangerous  
    hour.

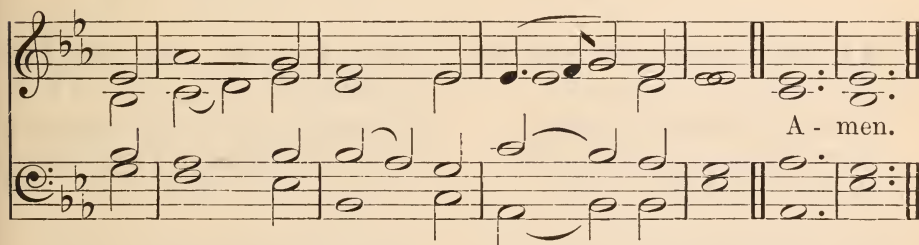
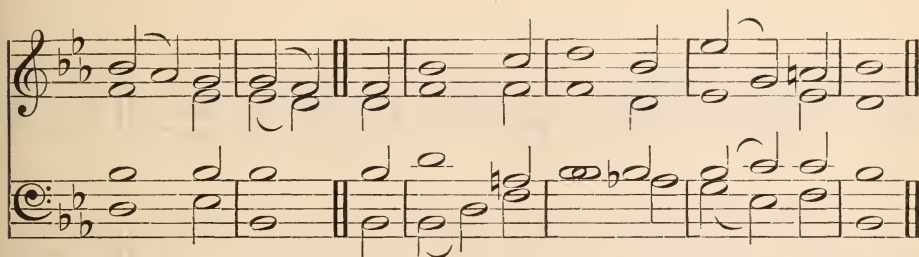
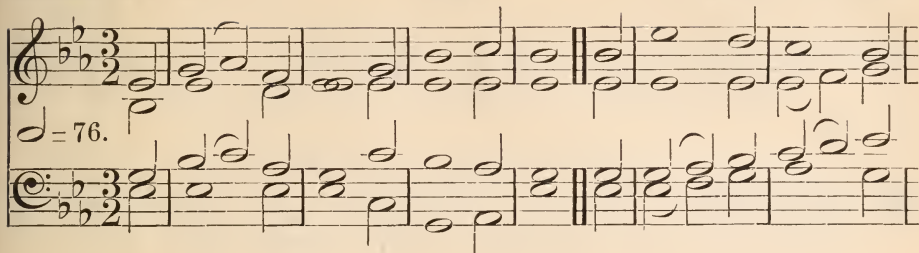
*p* And Oh ! when I have safely past  
     Through every conflict but the last,  
     Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
     My painful bed—for Thou hast died ;  
*cr* Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
*f* And wipe the latest tear away.



ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

E. MILLER, 1731-1807.



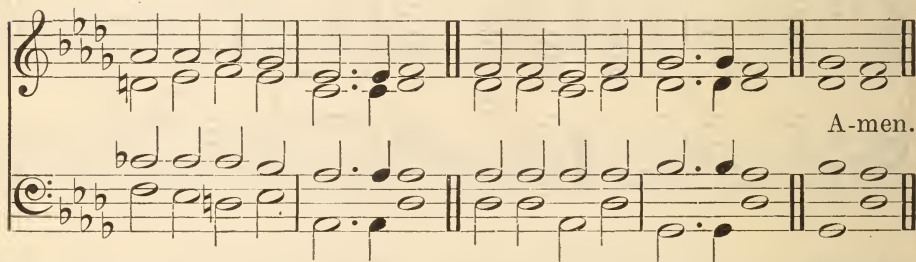
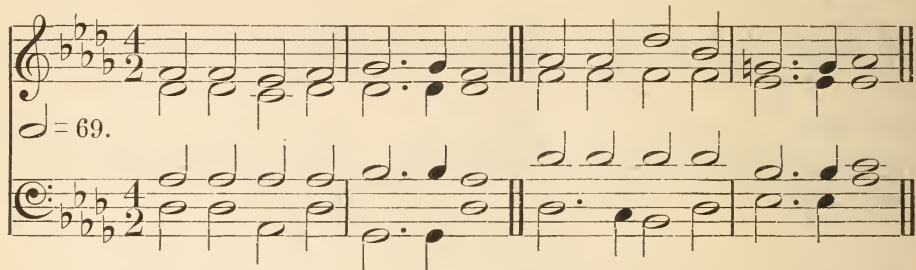
*mf* **W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross *p* See! from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 On which the Prince of Glory died, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
*My* richest gain I count but loss, *cr* Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride. Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Forbidden it, Lord, that I should boast, *mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God! That were an offering far too small;  
 All the vain things that charm me *f* Love so amazing, so divine,  
 most Demands my soul, my life, my all.  
 I sacrifice them to His Blood. Amen.

REDHEAD, No. 47.

7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



- p* **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
*pp* Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- p* Thou the shame, the grief hast known;  
*cr* Though the sins were not Thine own,  
*mf* Thou hast deigned their load to bear:  
*pp* Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- mf* Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
 Thou hast shed the human tear:  
*pp* Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- p* When the sullen death-bell tolls  
 For our own departing souls,  
 When our final doom is near,  
*pp* Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- p* When the heart is sad within  
 With the thought of all its sin,  
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
*pp* Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- p* Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
 Thou the Blood of life hast shed,  
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier:  
*pp* Gracious Son of Mary, hear! Amen.



FIDUCIA.

7.7.7.7.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-1876.

♩ = 80.

A-men.

*p* **W**HEN the dark waves round us roll, *pp* When we weep beside the bier  
 And we look in vain for aid, Where some well-loved form is laid,  
 Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,— Oh! may then the mourner hear,—  
*f* “It is I; be not afraid.” *p* “It is I; be not afraid.”

*mf* When we dimly trace Thy form *p* When with wearing hopeless pain  
 In mysterious clouds arrayed, Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,  
 Be the echo of the storm,— *cr* Breathe Thou then the comfort—  
*mf* “It is I; be not afraid.” *mf* “It is I; be not afraid.” [strain,—

*p* When our brightest hopes depart, *p* When we feel the end is near,  
 When our fairest visions fade, Passing into death's dark shade,  
 Whisper to the fainting heart,— *cr* May the voice be strong and clear,—  
*f* “It is I; be not afraid.” *f* “It is I; be not afraid.” Amen.

# General Hymns.

599

INTERCESSION.

7.5. 7.5. 7.5. 7.5. 8.8. W. H. CALLCOTT, 1807-1882.

First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in 4/2 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 92. The first four measures are shown, featuring a melody in the treble staff and a supporting bass line in the bass staff.

Second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The text "From 'Elijah.'" is written above the treble staff at the beginning of this system. The musical notation continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

Fourth system of the musical score, measures 13-16. The text "A-men." is written above the treble staff at the end of this system. The score concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

## General Hymns.

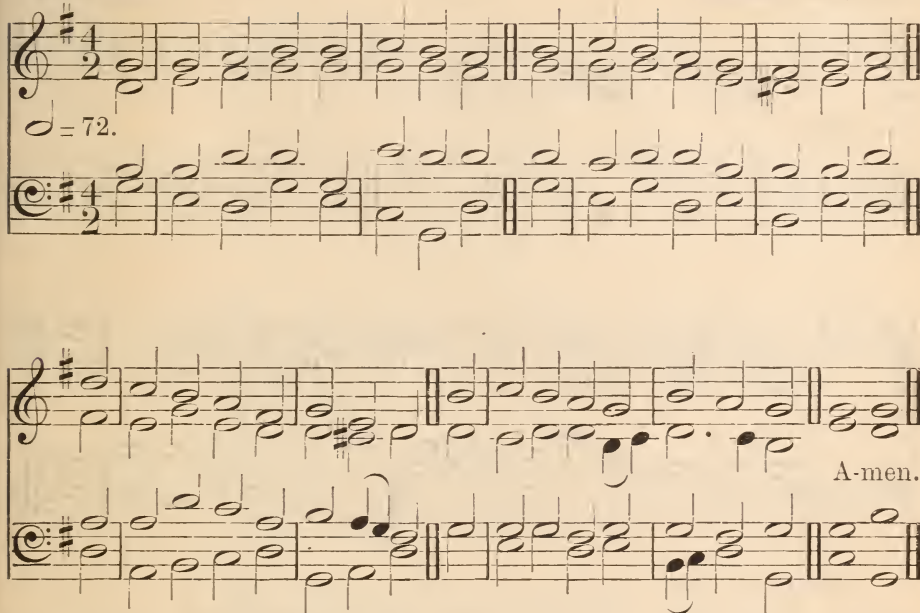
- p* **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest, *mf* When the man of toil and care  
To Thy goodness flee ; In the city crowd,  
When the heavy-laden cast When the shepherd on the moor  
All their load on Thee ; Names the Name of God ;  
When the troubled, seeking peace, *p* When the learned and the high,  
On Thy Name shall call ; Tired of earthly fame,  
When the sinner, seeking life, Upon higher joys intent,  
At Thy feet shall fall : Name the blessed Name :
- cr* Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry, *cr* Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*dim* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on *dim* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on  
high. high.
- p* When the worldling, sick at heart, *p* When the child, with grave fresh  
Lifts his soul above ; lip,  
When the prodigal looks back Youth, or maiden fair :  
To His Father's love ; When the aged, weak and grey,  
When the proud man from his Seek Thy face in prayer ;  
pride When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Stoops to seek Thy face ; Sad and lone and low ;  
When the burdened brings his guilt When the orphan brings to Thee  
To Thy throne of grace : All his orphan woe :
- cr* Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry, *cr* Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*dim* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on *dim* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on  
high. high.
- mf* When the stranger asks a *p* When creation, in her pangs,  
home, Heaves her heavy groan ;  
All his toils to end ; When Thy Salem's exiled sons  
When the hungry craveth food, Breathe their bitter moan ;  
And the poor a friend ; When Thy waiting, weeping  
When the sailor on the wave Church,  
Bows the fervent knee ; Looking for a home,  
When the soldier on the field Sendeth up her frequent sigh,  
Lifts his heart to Thee : Come, Lord Jesus, come !
- cr* Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry, *cr* Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*dim* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on *dim* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on  
high. high. Amen.



COMMANDMENTS.

L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1542.



*mf* **W**HERE high the heavenly temple  
stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High-priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and  
cries.

*mf* He Who for men their Surety stood,  
*p* And poured on earth His precious  
Blood,  
*cr* Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,  
*f* The Saviour and the Friend of man.

*p* In every pang that rends the  
heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
*mf* He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

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

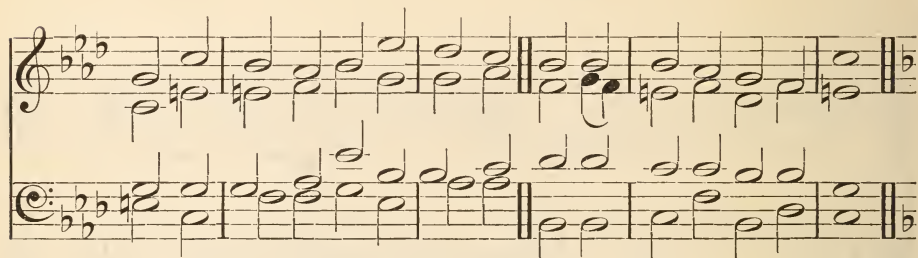
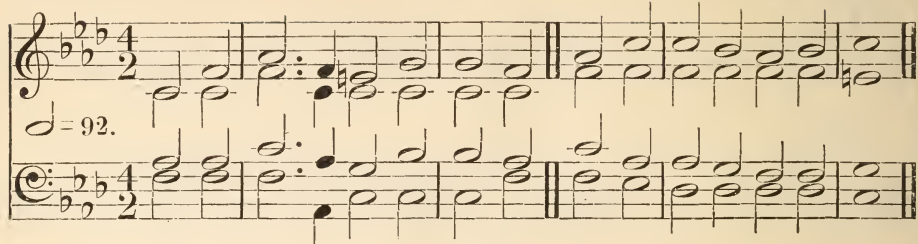
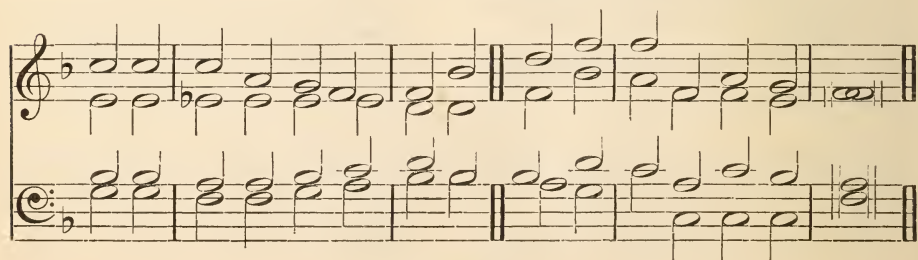
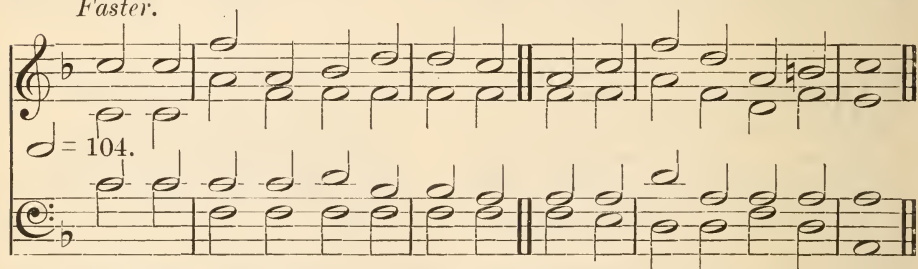
*f* With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour. Amen



CROSS AND CROWN.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT, b. 1833.

*Faster.*

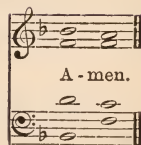
## General Hymns.

*p* **W**HO is this, so weak and helpless,  
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,  
Rudely in a stable sheltered,  
Coldly in a manger laid ?  
*f* 'Tis the Lord of all creation,  
Who this wondrous path hath trod ;  
He is God from everlasting,  
And to everlasting God.

*p* Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,  
Walking sadly life's hard way,  
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping  
Over sin and Satan's sway ?  
*f* 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,  
Who above the starry sky  
Now for us a place prepareth,  
Where no tear can dim the eye.

*p* Who is this—behold Him shedding  
Drops of Blood upon the ground ?  
Who is this—despised, rejected,  
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound ?  
*f* 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces  
On His Church now poureth down ;  
Who shall smite in holy vengeance  
All His foes beneath His throne.

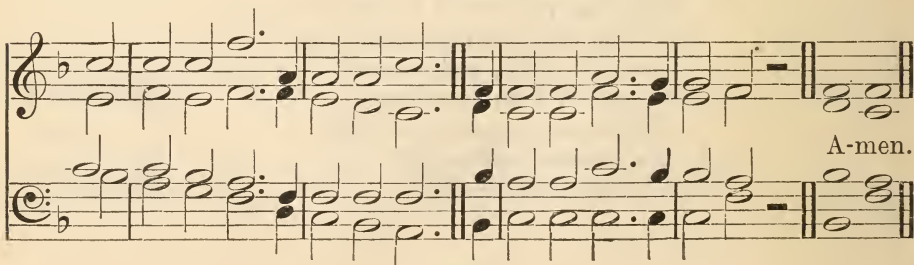
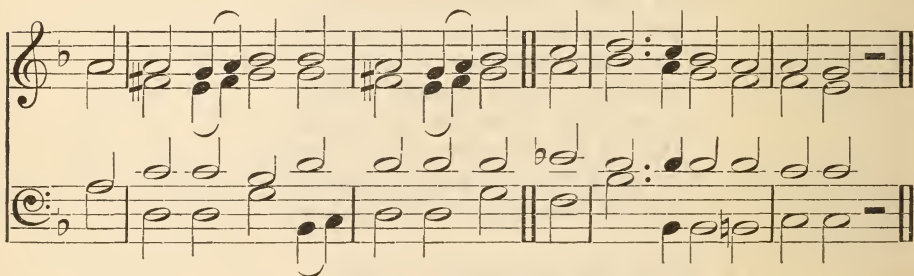
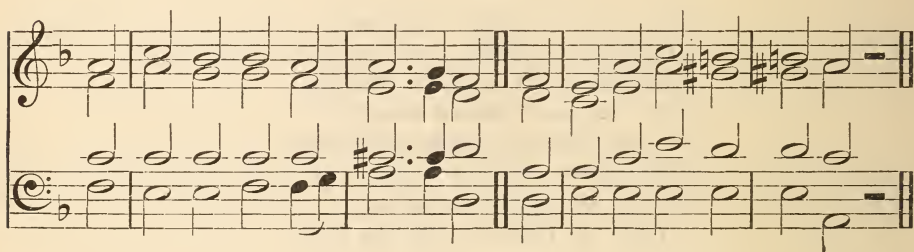
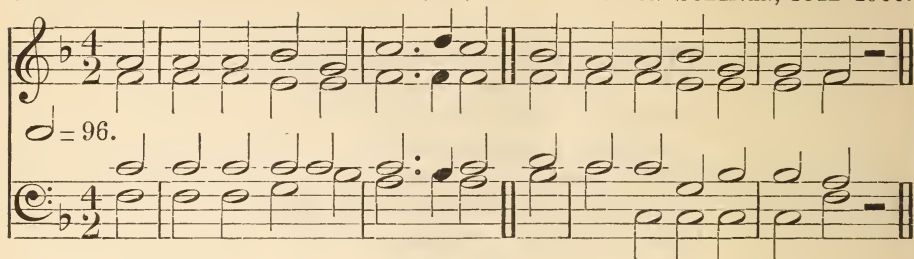
*p* Who is this that hangeth dying,  
While the rude world scoffs and scorns ;  
Numbered with the malefactors,  
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns ?  
*f* 'Tis the God Who ever liveth  
'Mid the shining ones on high,  
*cr* In the glorious golden city  
Reigning everlastingly !



CONSTANCE.

8.7.8.7. D.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



## General Hymns.

*f* **W**HO trusts in God, a strong abode  
In heaven and earth possesses;  
Who looks in love to Christ above,  
No fear his heart oppresses.

*mf* In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own  
Sweet hope and consolation;  
*f* Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,  
Our great and sure salvation!

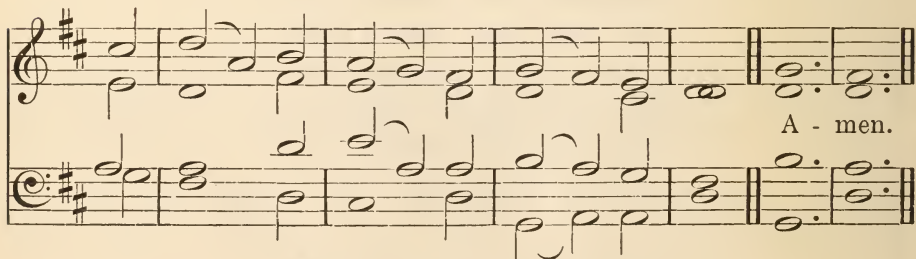
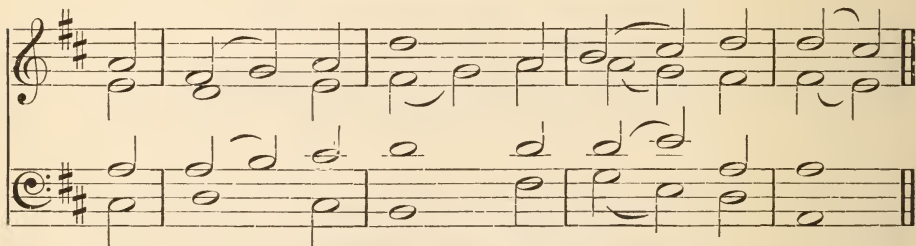
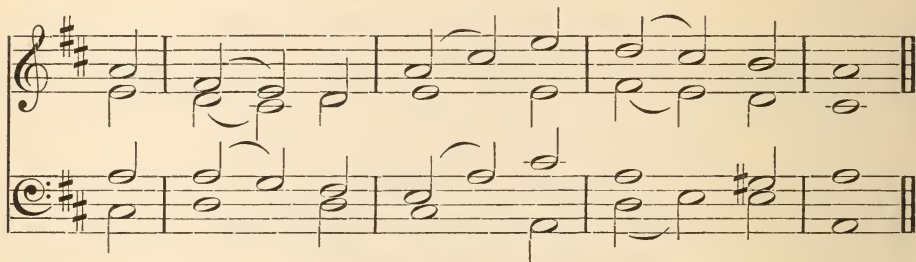
*mf* Though Satan's wrath beset our path,  
And worldly scorn assail us,  
*f* While Thou art near we will not fear,  
Thy strength shall never fail us.  
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,  
And guide our steps for ever;  
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,  
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

*f* 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.  
*mf* O God, renew, with heavenly dew,  
Our body, soul, and spirit,  
*cr* Until we stand at Thy right hand,  
*f* Through Jesus' saving merit. Amen.

MONTGOMERY.

L.M.

J. STANLEY, 1713-1786.



*May also be sung to "Ely," No. 224.*



## General Hymns.

*f* WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,  
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.

*mf* How surely stablished is Thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see !  
*f* For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity.

*f* The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
*mf* But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.

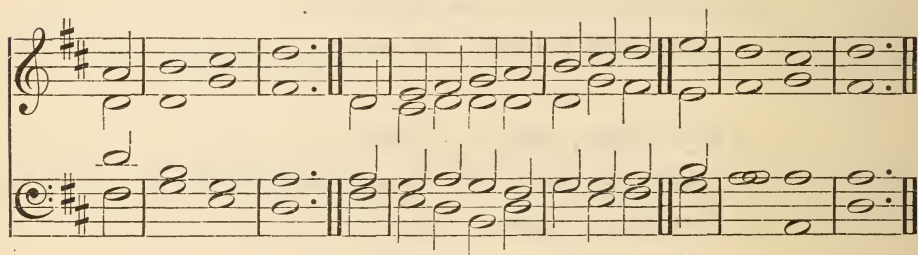
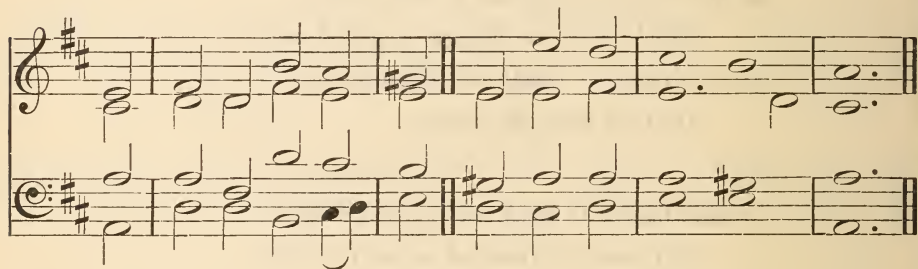
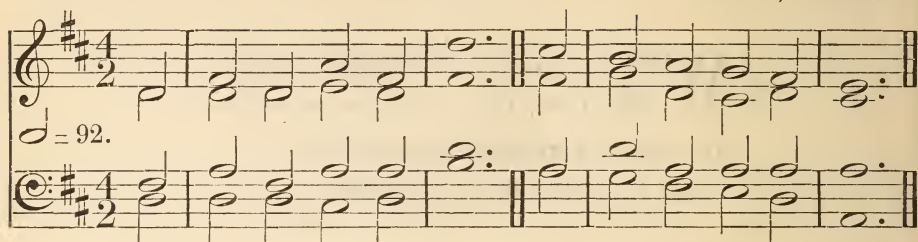
*f* Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
And they that in Thy house would dwell.  
*mf* That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

*f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom earth and heaven adore .  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

DARWALL'S 148TH.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

J. DARWALL, 1731-1789.



*f* YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame,  
His praise your song employ  
Above the starry frame;  
Your voices raise,  
Ye Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,  
To sing His praise.

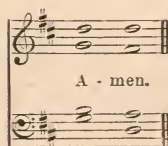
## General Hymns.

*mf* Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day;  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To Him your homage pay;  
His praise declare,  
Ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air.

*mf* Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise His holy Name,  
*cr* By Whose Almighty Word  
They all from nothing came;  
And all shall last,  
From changes free;  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast.

*mf* United zeal be shown  
His wondrous fame to raise,  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.  
Earth's utmost ends  
His power obey;  
His glorious sway  
The sky transcends.

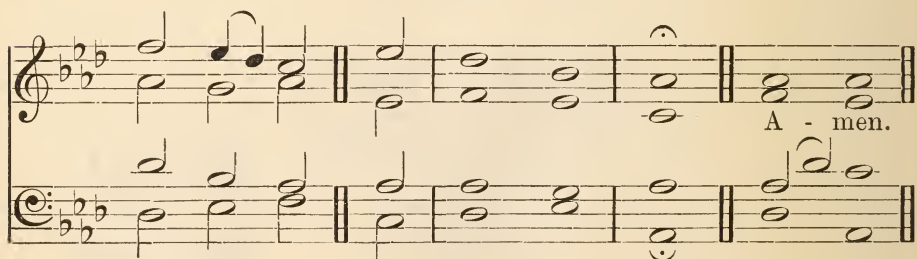
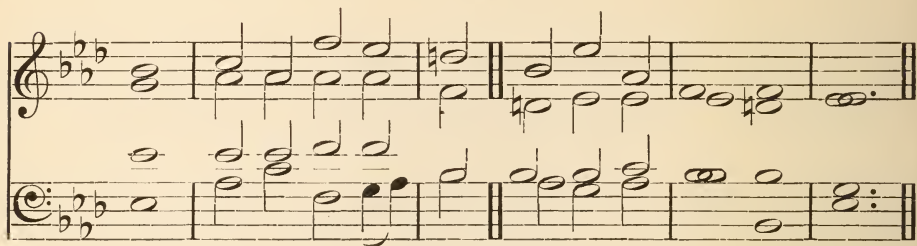
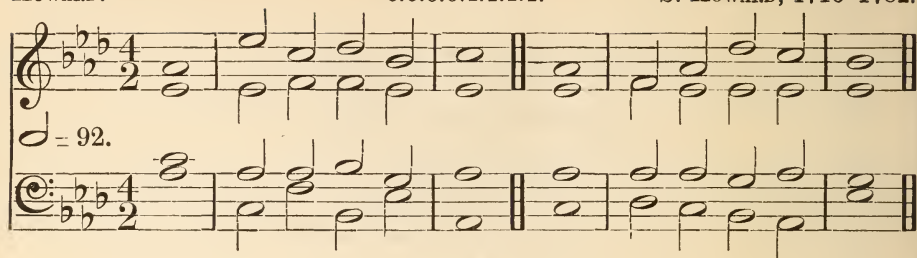
*f* To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever Blest,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be addressed;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.



HOWARD.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

S. HOWARD, 1710-1782.



*May also be sung to "Darwall's 148th, No. 605.*

## General Hymns.

*f* YE holy Angels bright,  
Who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light  
Fly at your Lord's command,  
Assist our song,  
Or else the theme  
Too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

*p* Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
Who ran this earthly race,  
*cr* And now, from sin released,  
Behold your Father's face,  
*f* His praises sound,  
As in His light  
With sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

*mf* Ye Saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
*cr* And onward as ye go  
Some joyful anthem sing;  
*mf* Take what He gives,  
And praise Him still  
Through good and ill  
Who ever lives!

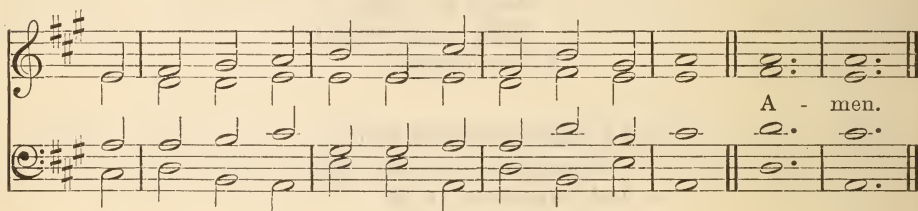
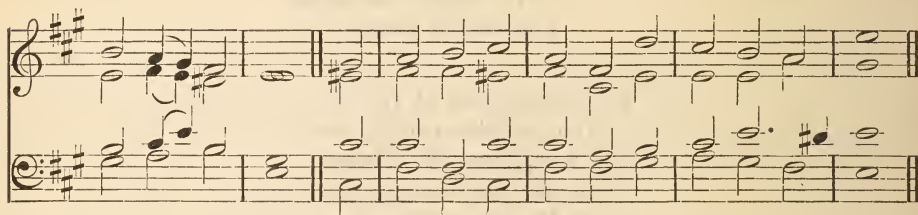
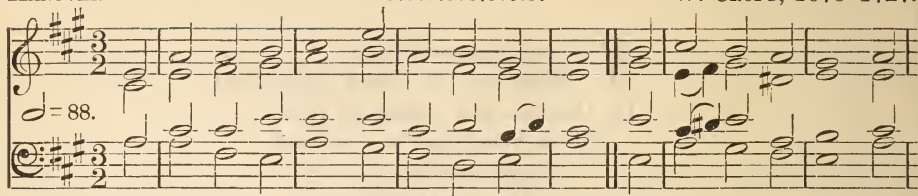
*f* My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above,  
And with a well-tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love!  
Let all thy days  
Till life shall end,  
Whate'er He send,  
Be filled with praise! Amen.



HANOVER.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

W. CROFT, 1678-1727.



*f* YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful Name;  
The Name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save;  
And still He is nigh,  
His presence we have;  
*ff* The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

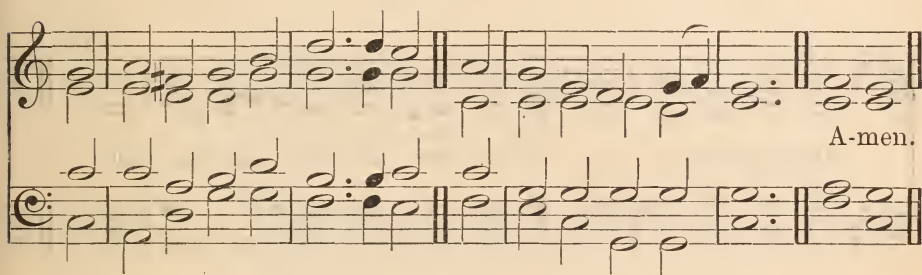
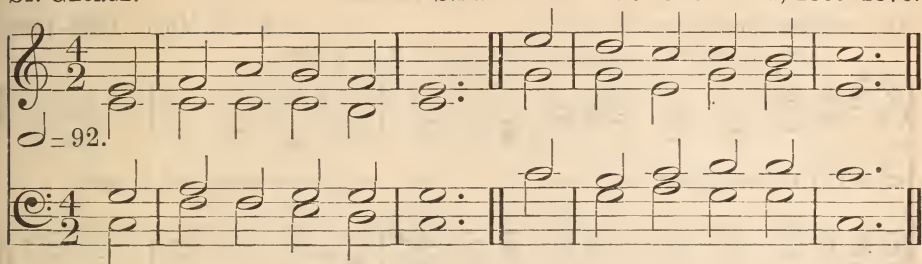
*f* Salvation to God  
Who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud  
And honour the Son.  
The praises of Jesus  
The Angels proclaim,  
*p* Fall down on their faces  
And worship the Lamb.

*f* Then let us adore  
And give Him His right;  
All glory and power,  
All wisdom and might,  
*cr* All honour and blessing,  
With Angels above;  
*ff* And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love. Amen.

ST. GEORGE.

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



A-men.

*mf* **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of His heavenly word,  
 And watchful at His gate.

*mf* Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;  
 And while we speak, He's near;  
 Mark the first signal of His hand,  
 And ready all appear.

*f* Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame;  
 Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
*p* For awful is His Name.

O happy servant he  
 In such a posture found!  
*cr* He shall His Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crowned.

*f* Christ shall the banquet spread  
 With His own royal hand,  
 And raise that favoured servant's head  
 Amidst the Angelic band. Amen.

# Children's Hymns.

609

7.6.7.6., with Refrain.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.

W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.

*Verse 1, and the Refrain after Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.*

$\text{♩} = 108. f$  All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small, . .

FINE.

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

*Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.*

D.C.

*Org.*

## Children's Hymns.

*f* **A**LL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

*mf* Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.  
All things bright, etc.

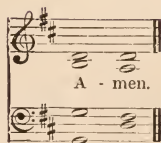
The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.  
All things bright, etc.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky;—  
All things bright, etc.

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one;  
All things bright, etc.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day;—  
All things bright, etc.

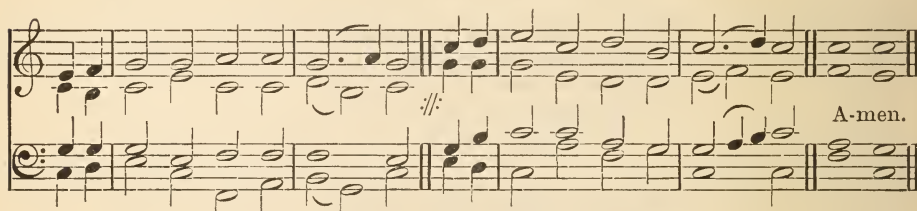
He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
*f* How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.  
All things bright, etc.



GLORY.

8.6.8.6.8.

Anon.



*mf* **A**ROUND the throne of God in *mf* Because the Saviour shed His Blood  
 heaven  
 To wash away their sin ;  
 Thousands of children stand,  
 Bathed in that pure and precious  
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
 flood,  
 A holy, happy band ;  
 Behold them white and clean,  
*cr* Singing glory, glory, glory ! *cr* Singing glory, glory, glory !

*mf* What brought them to that world *mf* On earth they sought their Saviour's  
 above,  
 grace,  
 That heaven so bright and fair,  
 On earth they loved His Name ;  
 Where all is peace and joy and love—  
 So now they see His blessed face,  
 How came those children there ?  
 And stand before the Lamb ;  
*cr* Singing glory, glory, glory ! *cr* Singing glory, glory, glory !

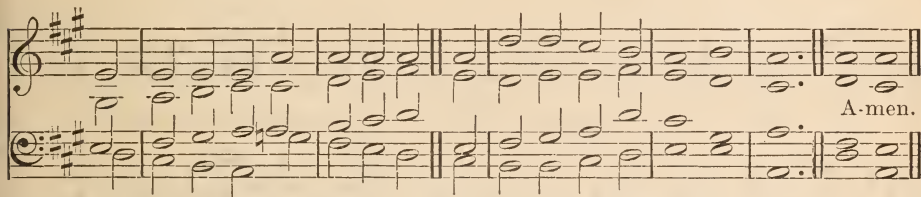
Amen.



ST. GODRIC.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.



*mf* **B**EHOLD a little Child,  
 Laid in a manger bed;  
 The wintry blasts blow wild  
 Around His infant head.  
*p* But Who is this so lowly laid?  
*f* 'Tis He by Whom the worlds were  
 made.

*p* Alas, in what poor state  
 The Son of God is seen;  
 Why doth the Lord so great  
 Choose out a home so mean?  
*cr* That we may learn from pride to  
 fly,  
 And follow His humility.

*mf* Christ, once Thyself a boy,  
 Our boyhood guard and guide;  
 Be Thou its light and joy,  
 And still with us abide,  
*cr* That Thy dear love, so great and free,  
 May draw us evermore to Thee. Amen.

*mf* Where Joseph plies his trade,  
 Lo! Jesus labours too,  
 The hands that all things made  
 An earthly craft pursue;  
*p* That weary men in Him may rest,  
*cr* And faithful toil through Him be  
 blest.

*mf* Among the doctors see  
 The Boy so full of grace;  
 Say, wherefore taketh He  
 The scholar's lowly place?  
*cr* That Christian boys, with reverence  
 meet,  
 May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

ST. THERESA.

6.5., 12 lines.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

*Treble Voices in Unison.*

1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, . . . Waving on Christ's

*♩. = 60.*

The first system of the musical score for 'St. Theresa'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written for treble voices in unison. The lyrics are '1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, . . . Waving on Christ's'. A tempo marking '♩. = 60.' is present. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with chords and moving lines.

sol - diers To their home on high ! . . . March-ing thro' the des - ert,

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues with the lyrics 'sol - diers To their home on high ! . . . March-ing thro' the des - ert,'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

Glad - ly thus we pray, Still, with hearts u - ni - ted, Sing-ing on our way,—

The third system of the musical score. The melody concludes with the lyrics 'Glad - ly thus we pray, Still, with hearts u - ni - ted, Sing-ing on our way,—'. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

# Children's Hymns.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,". The second system continues the melody. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a "Ped." (pedal) instruction. The fourth system is marked "Unison." and contains the lyrics: "Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high ! A - men." The score concludes with a double bar line.

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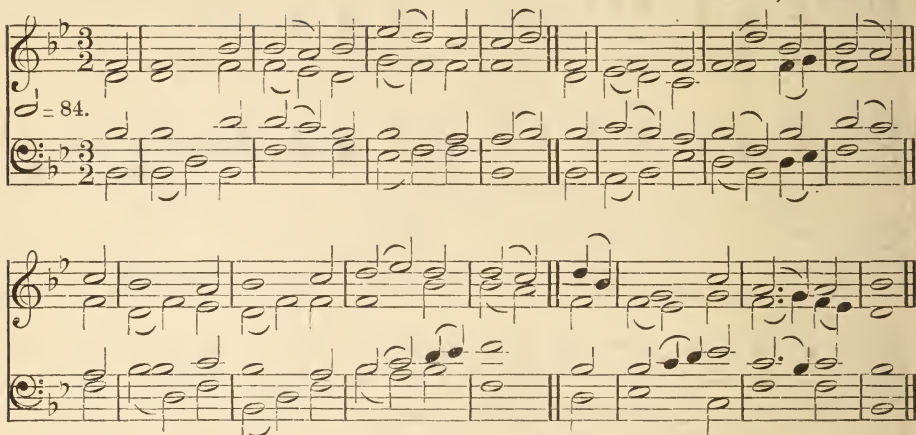
*f* **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving on Christ's soldiers  
 To their home on high !  
*mf* Marching through the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
*f* Still, with hearts united,  
 Singing on our way,—  
 Brightly gleams, etc.  
*mf* Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
*f* Here, with hearts rejoicing,  
 See Thy children meet.  
*p* Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray ;  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.  
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.  
*mf* Pattern of our childhood,  
 Once Thyself a Child,  
 Make our childhood holy,  
 Pure, and meek, and mild.

*p* In the hour of danger  
 Whither can we flee,  
*cr* Save to Thee, dear Saviour,  
 Only unto Thee ?  
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.  
*mf* All our days direct us  
 In the way we go ;  
 Crown us still victorious  
 Over every foe :  
*p* Bid Thine Angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lour ;  
 Pardon Thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
*f* Brightly gleams, etc.  
*mf* Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy throne of love.  
*p* When the march is over,  
 Then come rest and peace,  
*cr* Jesus in His beauty !  
 Songs that never cease !  
*f* Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. SMART, 1776-1867.



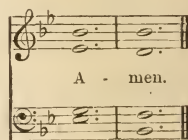
*mf* **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows!  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod;  
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
 Is upward drawn to God.

*p* By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay;  
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
 Must shortly fade away.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found  
 Within Thy Father's shrine,  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike divine:

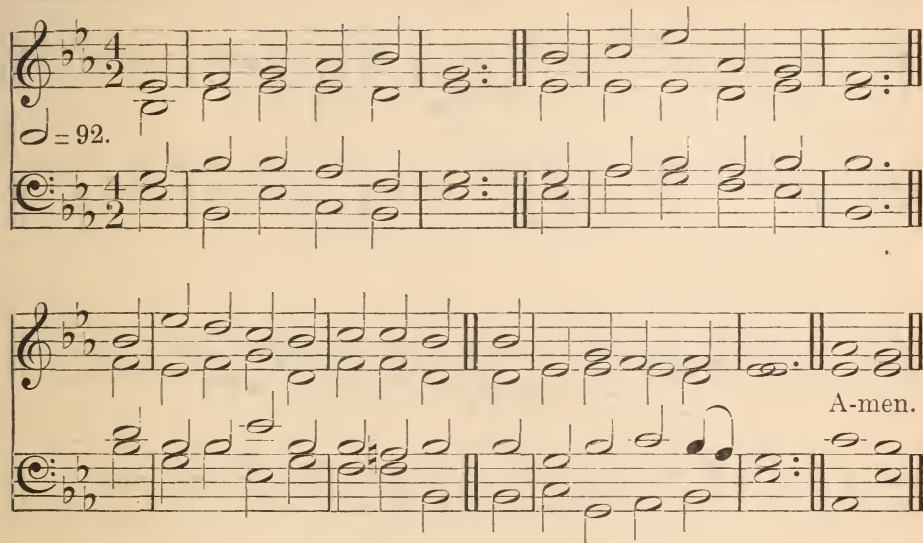
*cr* Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still Thine own.



FRANCONIA.

S.M.

MÜLLER'S Choralbuch, 1754.



*p* COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Oh hear an infant's prayer :  
 Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home,  
 And shed Thy blessing there.

Thy light, Thy love impart,  
 And let it ever be  
 A holy, humble, happy heart,  
 A dwelling-place for Thee.

*mf* Let Thy rich grace increase  
 Through all my early days,  
 The fruits of righteousness and peace,  
 To Thine eternal praise.

*f* To God the Father, Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, be given  
 Eternal praise by Saints on earth  
 And Angel-choirs in heaven. Amen.



A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two voices, Soprano and Alto, and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The Soprano part begins with the lyrics "The Rose Tree" and "The Rose Tree". The Alto part begins with the lyrics "The Rose Tree" and "The Rose Tree". The piano accompaniment begins with the lyrics "The Rose Tree" and "The Rose Tree". The score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains the first two staves. The second system contains the third and fourth staves. The third system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of two measures, each ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note G4. The second measure contains a quarter note F#4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The bass staff accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the first measure and a steady eighth-note pattern in the second measure.

## Children's Hymns.

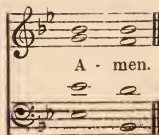
*f* COME, sing with holy gladness,  
High Alleluias sing;  
Uplift your loud Hosannas  
To Jesus, Lord and King:  
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus  
Your hymn of praise to-day;  
*p* And sing, ye gentle maidens,  
Your sweet responsive lay.

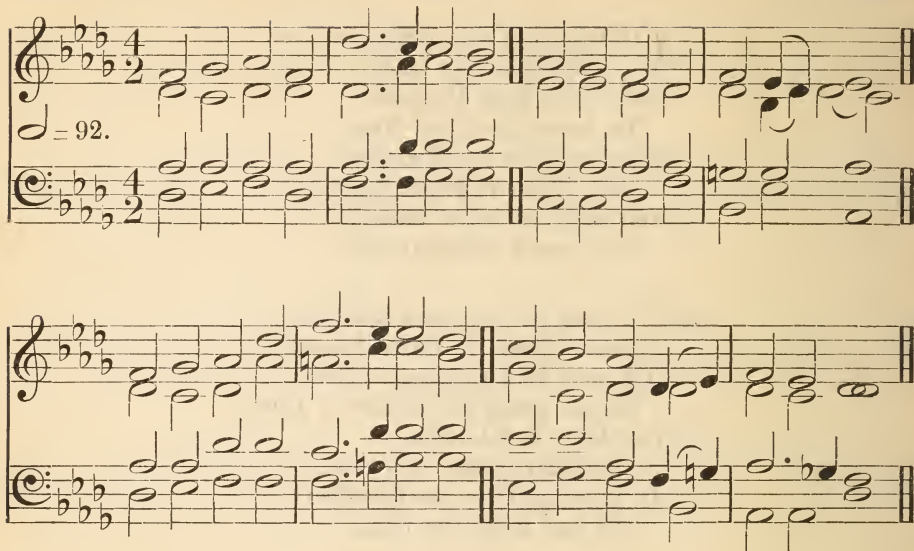
*mf* 'Tis good for boys and maidens  
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;  
'Tis meet that children's voices  
Should praise the children's King:  
*f* For Jesus is salvation,  
And glory, grace, and rest;  
To babe, and boy, and maiden  
The one Redeemer blest.

*mf* O boys, be strong in Jesus!  
To toil for Him is gain;  
And Jesus wrought with Joseph  
With chisel, saw, and plane.  
O maidens, live for Jesus,  
Who was a maiden's Son!  
Be patient, pure, and gentle,  
And perfect grace begun.

*f* Soon in the golden city  
The boys and girls shall play,  
And through the dazzling mansions  
Rejoice in endless day.

*p* O Christ, prepare Thy children  
*cr* With that triumphant throng  
*f* To pass the burnished portals,  
And sing the eternal song.



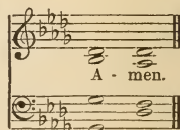


*f* **D**AY by day we magnify Thee,      *mf* Day by day we magnify Thee,  
     When our hymns in school we      *p* Not in words of praise alone ;  
     Daily work begun and ended [raise ; *cr* Truthful lips and meek obedience  
     With the daily voice of praise.      Show Thy glory in Thine own.

*mf* Day by day we magnify Thee,      *mf* Day by day we magnify Thee,  
     When, as each new day is born,      *p* When, for Jesus' sake, we try  
     On our knees at home we bless Thee      Every wrong to bear with patience,  
     For the mercies of the morn.      Every sin to mortify.

*mf* Day by day we magnify Thee,      *mf* Day by day we magnify Thee,  
     In our hymns before we sleep ;      *dim* Till our days on earth shall cease,  
     *p* Angels hear them, watching by us,      Till we rest from these our labours,  
     Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.      Waiting for Thy Day in peace ;

*mf* Then, on that eternal morning,  
     With Thy great redeemèd Host,  
     *cr* May we fully magnify Thee—  
     *f* Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



*J. = 69.*

A - men.

*May also be sung to "St. John Baptist," No. 520.*

*mf* **D**O no sinful action,  
 Speak no angry word;  
 Ye belong to Jesus,  
 Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,  
 Christ is pure and true;  
 And His little children  
 Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit  
 Watching round you still,  
 And he tries to tempt you  
 To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,  
 Though 'tis hard for you  
 To resist the evil,  
 And the good to do.

For ye promised truly,  
 In your infant days,  
 To renounce him wholly,  
 And forsake his ways.

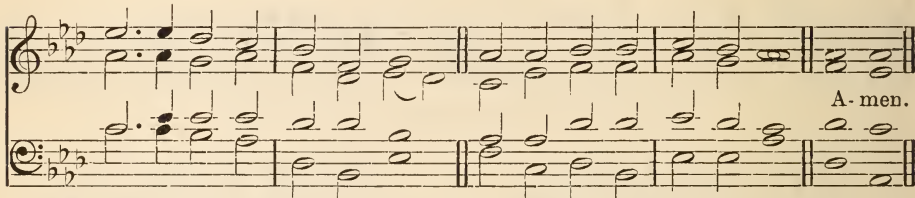
Ye are new-born Christians,  
 Ye must learn to fight  
 With the bad within you,  
 And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master,  
 He is good and true,  
 And His little children  
 Must be holy too. Amen.

ETERNITY.

7.5. 7.5. 7.7.

L. J. HUTTON, 1852-1888.



*mf* **E**VERY morning the red sun  
 Rises warm and bright,  
*dim* But the evening cometh on,  
*p* And the dark, cold night.  
*f* There's a bright land far away,  
 Where 'tis never-ending day.

*mf* Every spring the sweet young flowers  
 Open bright and gay,  
*dim* Till the chilly autumn hours  
*p* Wither them away.  
*f* There's a land we have not seen,  
 Where the trees are always green.

*p* Who shall go to that bright land ?  
*mf* All who do the right ;  
 Holy children there shall stand  
 In their robes of white ;  
*f* For that heaven, so bright and blest,  
*dim* Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

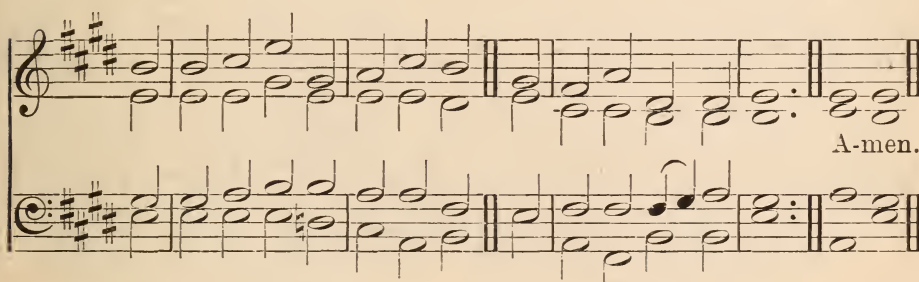
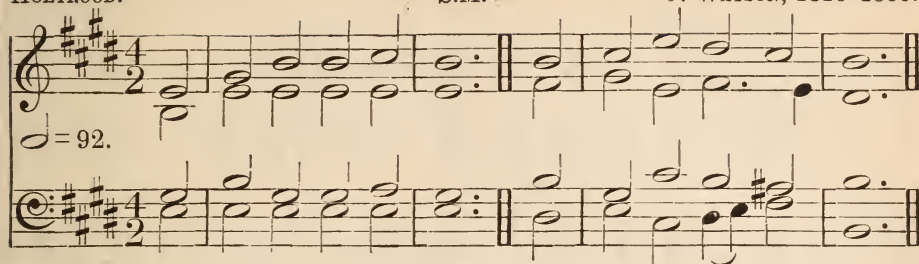
*mf* Little birds sing songs of praise  
 All the summer long,  
*p* But in colder, shorter days  
 They forget their song.  
*f* There's a place where Angels sing  
 Ceaseless praises to their King.  
*mf* Christ our Lord is ever near  
 Those who follow Him ;  
*p* But we cannot see Him here,  
 For our eyes are dim ;  
*f* There is a most happy place,  
 Where men always see His face.



HOLYROOD.

S.M.

J. WATSON, 1816-1880.



*mf* **F**AIR waved the golden corn  
       In Canaan's pleasant land,  
*cr* When full of joy, some shining morn,  
       Went forth the reaper band.

Like Israel, Lord, we give  
       Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
 And pray that, long as we shall live,  
       We may Thy children be.

*f* To God so good and great  
       Their cheerful thanks they pour,  
 Then carry to His temple-gate  
       The choicest of their store.

Thine is our youthful prime,  
       And life and all its powers;  
 Be with us in our morning time,  
       And bless our evening hours.

*mf* For thus the holy word,  
       Spoken by Moses, ran:  
 "The first ripe ears are for the Lord,  
       The rest He gives to man."

*cr* In wisdom let us grow,  
       As years and strength are given,  
 That we may serve Thy Church below,  
*f* And join Thy Saints in heaven.

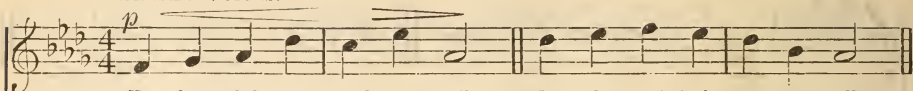
Amen.

EUPHRONÉ.

7.7. 7.7. 8.5. 8.5.

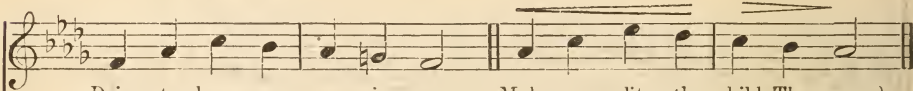
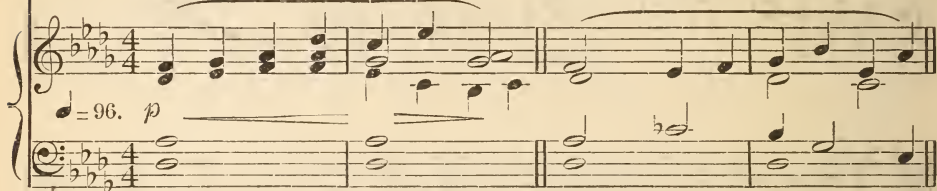
A. M. GOODHART, b. 1866.

TREBLE VOICES.



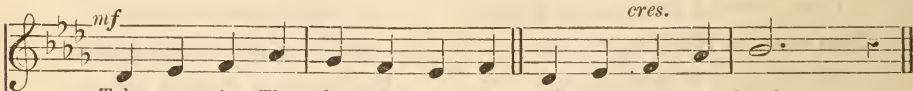
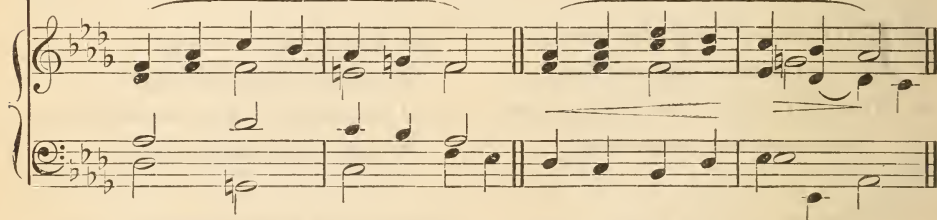
Fa - ther, while the shad - ows fall,  
'Twas Thy hand that all the day  
Like Thy pa - tient love to me,

With the twi - light o - ver all,  
Scat - tered joys a - long my way,  
May my love to o - thers be;

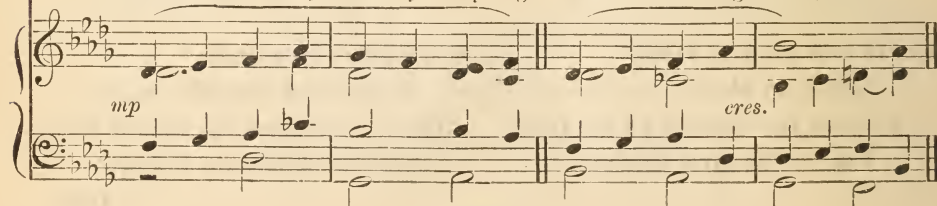


Deign to hear my eve - ning prayer,  
Crowned my life with bless - ings sweet,  
All the wrong my hands have done,

Make a lit - tle child Thy care.  
Kept from snares my care - less feet.  
Par - don, Lord, thro' Christ, Thy Son. }



Take me in Thy ho - ly keep - ing Till the morn - ing break;



# Children's Hymns.

*dim.*

*pp*

Guard me thro' the darkness sleep-ing, Bless me when I wake. A - men.

*mf*

*dim.*

*pp*

621

SIMPLICITY.

7.7.7.7.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*p* GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.

*mf* Fain I would to Thee be brought;  
Dearest God, forbid it not;  
Give me, dearest God, a place  
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

*f* Hold me fast in Thine embrace,  
Let me see Thy smiling face:  
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;  
Plead for me and I shall live:

*mf* I shall live the simple life,  
Free from sin's uneasy strife;  
Sweetly ignorant of ill,  
Innocent and happy still.

*p* Keep me from the great offence,  
Guard my helpless innocence;

*cr* Hide me, from all evil hide,  
Self, and stubbornness, and pride. Amen.

6.5., 12 lines.

HAYDN.

Adapted from J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.

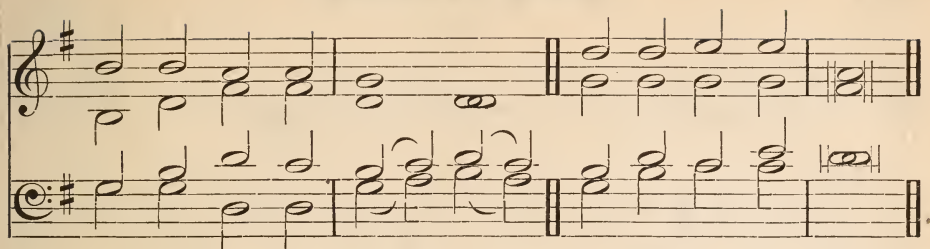
First system of musical notation. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked as  $\text{♩} = 108$ . The system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony from the first system. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes in the second measure, and the bass staff continues with chordal accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. This system introduces a key change, indicated by a natural sign over the F# on the treble staff, changing the key to C major. The melody and accompaniment continue in this new key.

Fourth system of musical notation. The final system on the page, showing the concluding measures of the hymn. It features a final cadence in C major with sustained notes in both staves.

# Children's Hymns.



*mf* **G**OLDEN harps are sounding,  
*cr* Angel voices sing,  
*cr* Pearly gates are opened,  
 Opened for the King;  
*f* Jesus, King of Glory,  
 Jesus, King of Love,  
 Is gone up in triumph  
 To His Throne above.  
*mf* All His work is ended,  
*f* Joyfully we sing;  
 Jesus hath ascended!  
 Glory to our King!

*mf* He Who came to save us,  
*p* He Who bled and died,  
*f* Now is crowned with glory,  
 At His Father's side.  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die;  
 Jesus, King of Glory,  
 Has gone up on high!  
*mf* All His work is ended,  
*f* Joyfully we sing;  
 Jesus hath ascended!  
 Glory to our King!

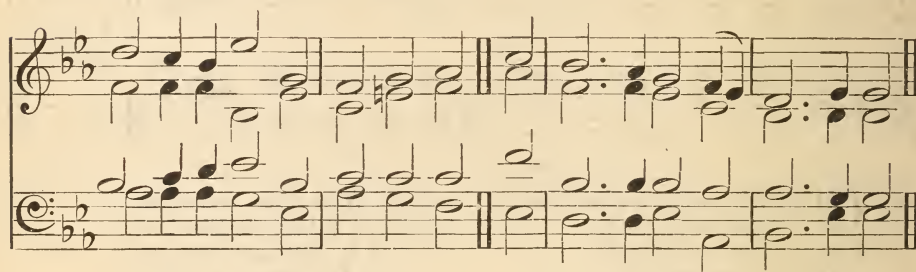
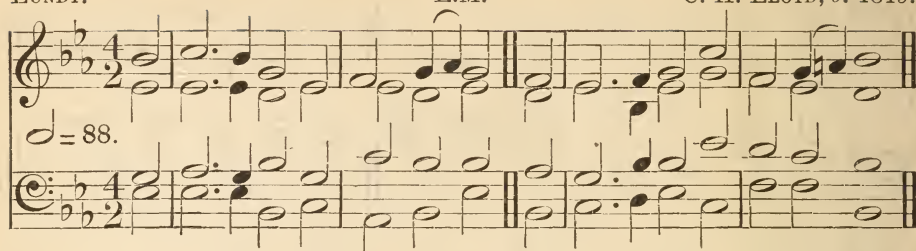
*p* Praying for His children  
 In that blessed place,  
*cr* Calling them to glory,  
 Sending them His grace;  
 His bright home preparing,  
 Faithful ones, for you;  
*f* Jesus ever liveth,  
 Ever loveth too.  
*mf* All His work is ended,  
 Joyfully we sing;  
 Jesus hath ascended!  
 Glory to our King! Amen.



LUNDY.

L.M.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.



*May also be sung to "Alstone," No. 643.*

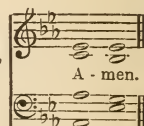
*mf* GREAT God, and wilt Thou  
       condescend  
       To be my Father and my Friend ;  
*cr* I a poor child, and Thou so high,  
*f* The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

Art Thou my Father ? let me be  
 A meek, obedient child to Thee ;  
 And try in word, and deed, and  
       thought,  
 To serve and please Thee as I ought.

*mf* Art Thou my Father ? canst Thou bear  
 To hear my poor imperfect prayer ?  
 Or wilt Thou listen to the praise  
 That such a little one can raise ?

Art Thou my Father ?—I'll depend  
 Upon the care of such a Friend ;  
 And only wish to do and be  
 Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

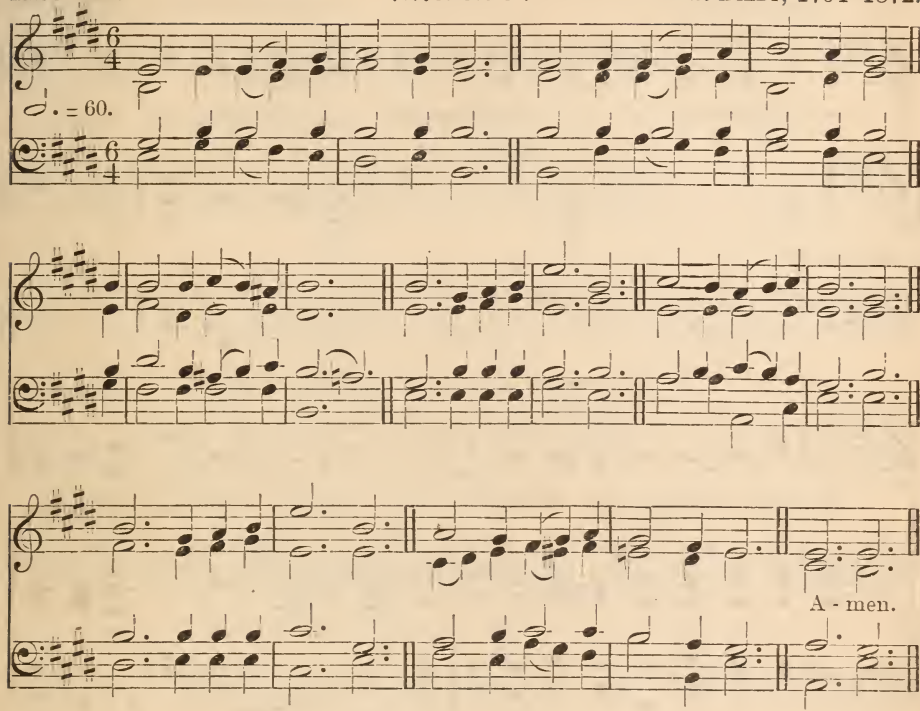
Art Thou my Father ? then at last,  
*cr* When all my days on earth are passed,  
*f* Send down and take me in Thy love  
 To be Thy better child above.



REJOICING.

7.7.6. 6.6.6.7.

T. BILBY, 1794-1872.



*p* **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain,  
 Here we meet to part again;  
*mf* In heaven we part no more.  
*f* Oh that will be joyful,  
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 Oh that will be joyful,  
 When we meet to part no more.

*mf* Little children will be there,  
 Who have sought the Lord by  
 prayer  
 From every \* Sunday School.  
*f* Oh that will be joyful, etc.

*mf* All who love the Lord below,  
 When they die to heaven will go,  
 And sing with Saints above.  
*f* Oh that will be joyful, etc.

*f* Oh how happy we shall be,  
 For our Saviour we shall see  
 Exalted on His throne.  
 Oh that will be joyful, etc.

*f* There we all shall sing with joy,  
 And eternity employ  
 In praising Christ the Lord.  
 Oh that will be joyful, etc.

Amen.

\* Or "Infant."

HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN. 6.6.6.6.8.8.  
TREBLE VOICES.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

*p*

Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark ; . .

*p*

♩ = 108. *p*

The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark ; When sud - den - ly a

Voice Di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

## Children's Hymns.

*p*     **H**USHED was the evening hymn,  
      The temple courts were dark ;  
      The lamp was burning dim  
      Before the sacred ark ;  
*f* When suddenly a Voice Divine  
      Rang through the silence of the shrine.

*p*     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  
*cr* The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

*mf*    Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,  
      The open ear, O Lord,  
      Alive and quick to hear  
      Each whisper of Thy word,  
      Like him to answer at Thy call,  
      And to obey Thee first of all.

      Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,  
      A lowly heart that waits  
      Where in Thy house Thou art,  
      Or watches at Thy gates  
      By day and night, a heart that still  
      Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

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

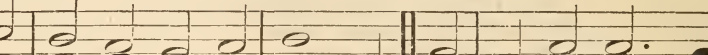
BOWDLER, No. 178.

7.6., 12 lines.

CYRIL BOWDLER, *b*, 1839.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It is written for voice and piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/2. The tempo is marked as "♩ = 116". The score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The vocal line is simple and melodic, with some phrasing slurs. The score is printed on aged, yellowed paper.

FINE.



A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves: a treble staff (top) and a bass staff (bottom). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs in both staves.

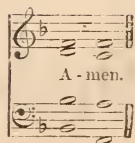


## Children's Hymns.

*mf* I LOVE to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
*p* How once the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.  
I am both weak and sinful,  
*cr* But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
Because He loved me so.  
*mf* I love to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
How once the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.

*mf* I'm glad my Blessèd Saviour  
Was once a Child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be ;  
*cr* And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
*f* He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so.  
*mf* I love to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
How once the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.

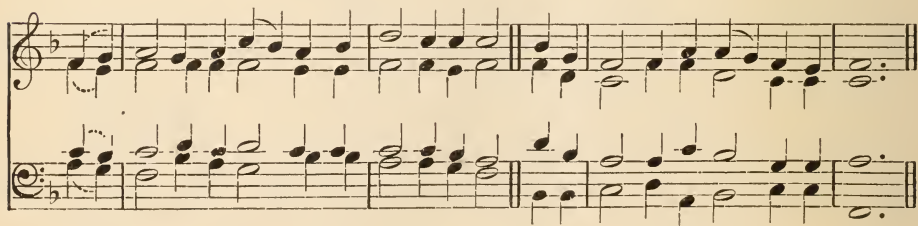
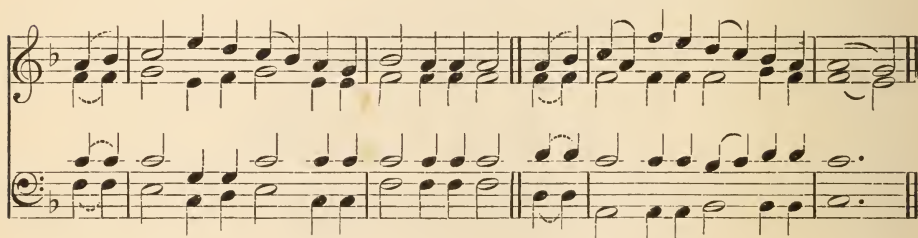
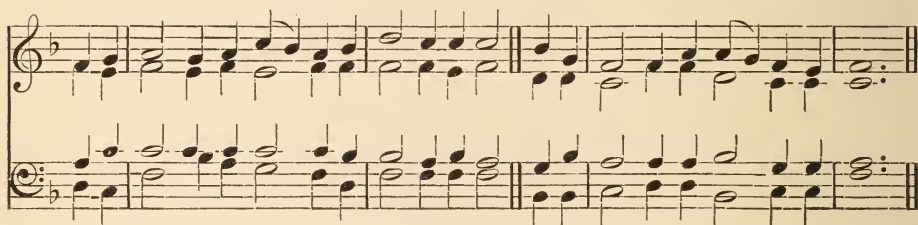
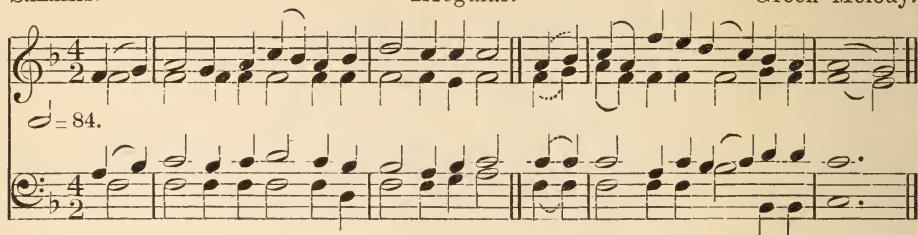
*f* To sing His love and mercy  
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;  
*mf* And though I cannot see Him  
I know He hears my praise ;  
For He has kindly promised  
That even I may go  
*cr* To sing among His Angels,  
Because He loves me so.  
*mf* I love to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
How once the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.



SALAMIS.

Irregular.

Greek Melody.



## Children's Hymns.

*mf* I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;  
I should like to have been with Him then.

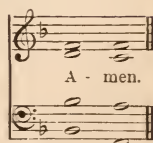
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

*p* Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love,  
*cr* And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

*mf* In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

*p* But thousands and thousands who wander and fall  
Never hear of that heavenly home;  
*mf* I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

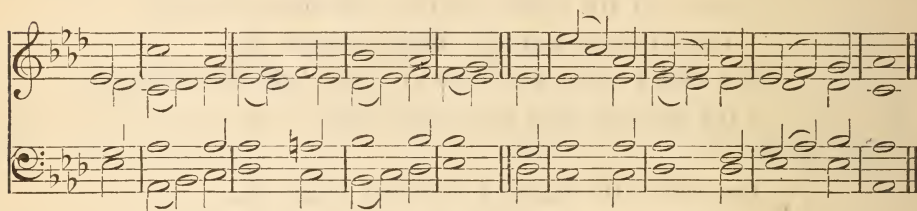
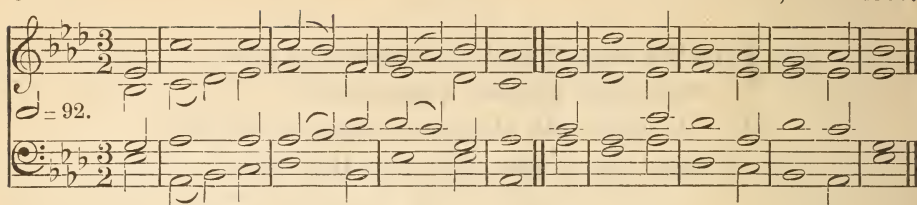
*cr* I long for that blessed and glorious time,  
The fairest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.



GIDEON.

L.M.

J. B. SOUTHGATE, 1814-1868.



*mf* IT is a thing most wonderful,  
 Almost too wonderful to be,  
 That God's own Son should come  
 from heaven,  
 And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true ;  
 He chose a poor and humble lot,  
 And wept, and toiled, and mourned,  
 and died,  
 For love of those who loved Him not.

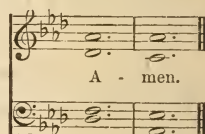
I cannot tell how He could love  
 A child so weak and full of sin ;  
 His love must be most wonderful,  
 If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,  
 And shut my eyes, and try to  
 see  
 The cruel nails, the crown of thorns,  
 And Jesus crucified for me :—

But, even could I see Him die,  
 I could but see a little part  
 Of that great Love, which, like a  
 fire,  
 Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know  
 His love for me so free and sure ;  
 But 'tis more wonderful to see  
 My love for Him so faint and poor.

*cr* And yet I want to love Thee, Lord :  
 Oh, light the flame within my heart,  
 And I will love Thee more and more  
 Until I see Thee as Thou art.



NORTH COATES.

6.5.6.5.

T. R. MATTHEWS, b. 1826.

♩ = 92.

A-men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*mf* **J**ESU, high in glory,  
 Lend a listening ear;  
 When we bow before Thee,  
 Children's praises hear.

We are little children,  
 Weak and apt to stray;  
 Saviour, guide and keep us  
 In the heavenly way.

Though Thou art so holy,  
 Heaven's Almighty King,  
 Thou wilt stoop to listen  
 When Thy praise we sing.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;  
 Watch us day by day;  
 Help us now to love Thee;  
 Take our sins away:

Then, when Jesus calls us  
 To our heavenly home,  
 We would gladly answer,  
*f* "Saviour, Lord, we come." Amen.



EVENING PRAYER.

8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1840-1901.

TREBLE VOICES.

*p* Je - su, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night ;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light. A - men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*p* JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;  
 Through the darkness be Thou near  
 me,  
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

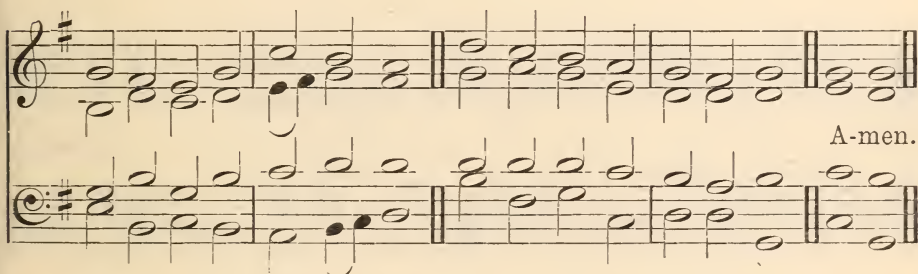
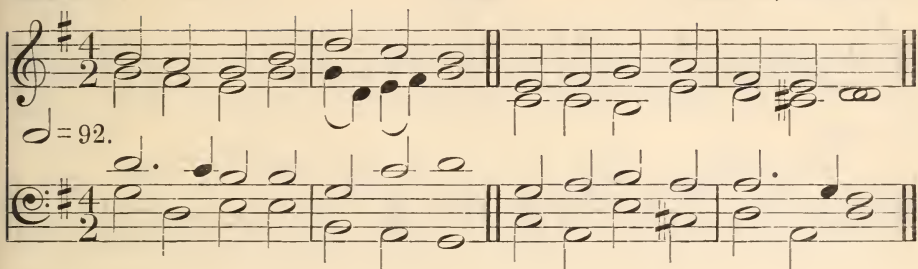
All this day Thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and  
 fed me,  
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,  
 Bless the friends I love so well ;  
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

VIENNA.

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT, 1752-1817.



*mf* **L**AMB of God, I look to Thee,  
 Thou shalt my example be :  
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
 Thou wast once a little Child.

Fain I would be as Thou art ;  
 Give me Thy obedient heart ;  
 Thou art pitiful and kind,  
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be ;  
 Thou art all humility :  
 Let me to my betters bow,  
 Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil  
 God my Heavenly Father's will ;  
 Never His good Spirit grieve,  
 Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,  
 Thou didst never seek Thine own,  
 Thou Thyself didst never please,  
 God was all Thy happiness.

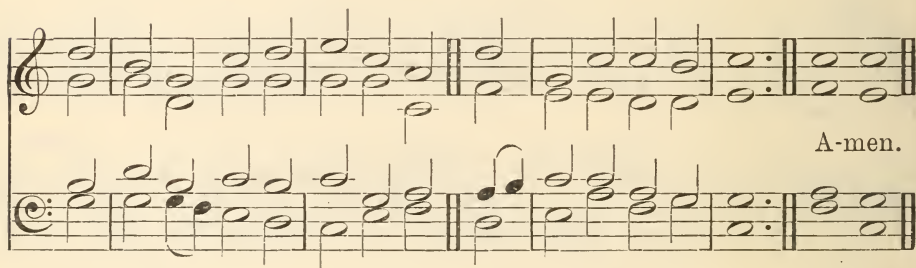
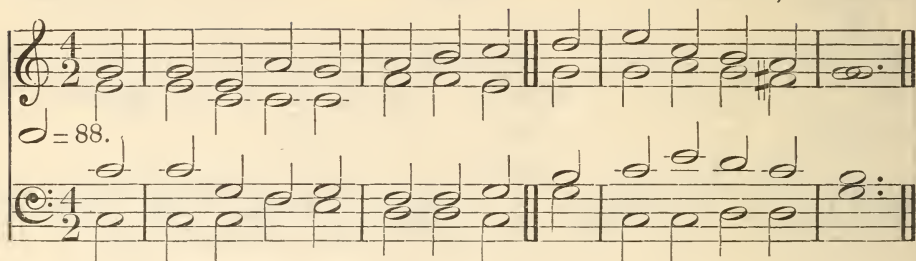
*p* Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy gracious hands I am ;  
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art ;  
 Live Thyself within my heart.

*f* I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
 Serve Thee all my happy days ;  
 Then the world shall always see  
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.

ST. LEONARD.

C.M.

H. SMART, 1818-1879.



*mf* **L**ORD, I would own Thy tender care, *p* Kind Angels guard me every night,  
 And all Thy love to me ; As round my bed they stay ;  
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear, Nor am I absent from Thy sight  
 Are all bestowed by Thee. In darkness or by day.

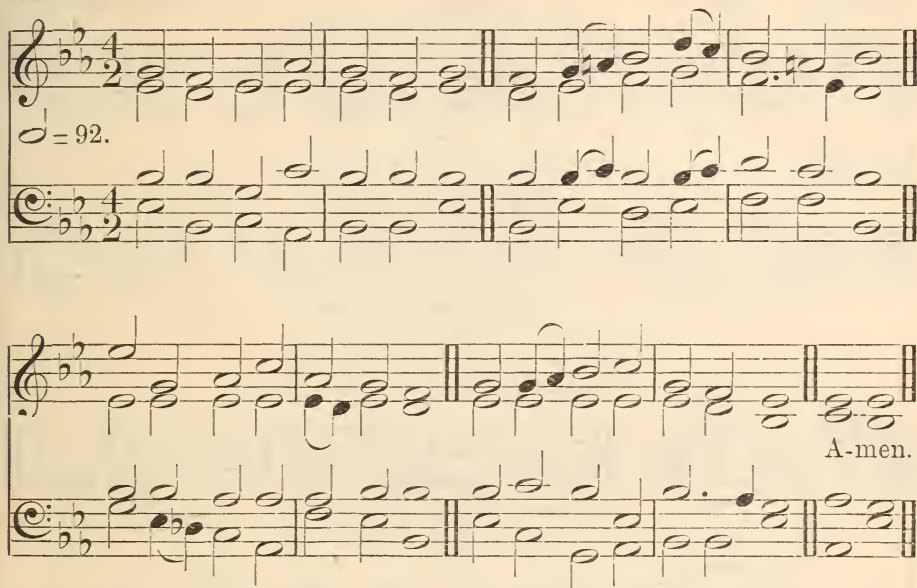
'Tis Thou preservest me from death *mf* My health, and friends, and parents  
 And dangers every hour ; To me by God are given ; [dear,  
 I cannot draw another breath I have not any blessing here  
 Unless Thou give me power. But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care  
 A child can ne'er repay ;  
*f* But may it be my daily prayer  
 To love Thee and obey. Amen.

Ross.

7.7.7.7.

S. WESLEY, 1766-1837.



*p* **L**OVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
*cr* Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;  
*mf* Nothing can Thy power withstand,  
 None can pluck me from Thy hand.

*f* I would bless Thee every day,  
 Gladly all Thy will obey,  
 Like Thy Blessèd ones above  
 Happy in Thy precious love.

*p* Bought with Blood, and bought for  
*cr* Thine, and only Thine, I'd be, [Thee,  
*p* Holy, harmless, humble, mild;  
 Jesus Christ's obedient child.

*p* Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
 Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,  
 Suffer not my steps to stray  
 From the straight and narrow way.

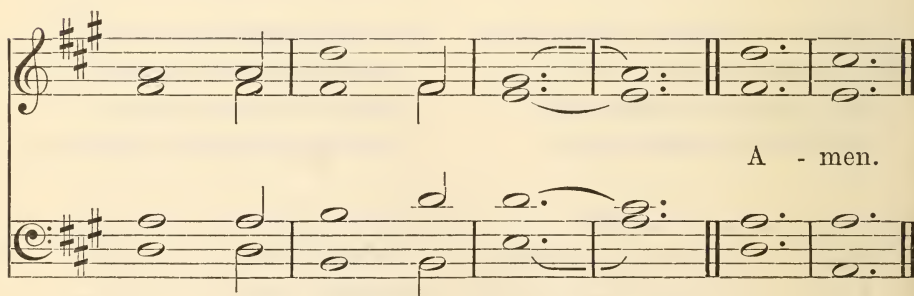
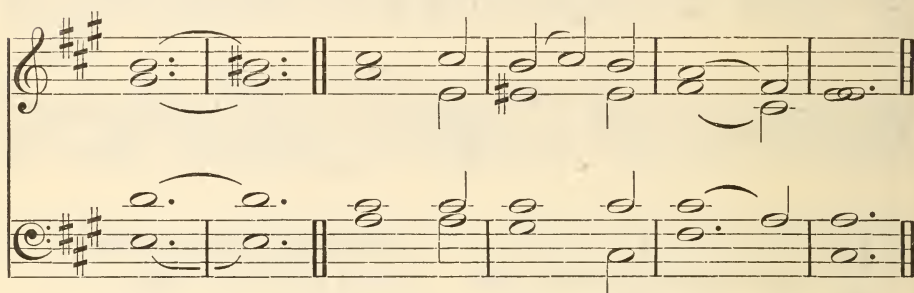
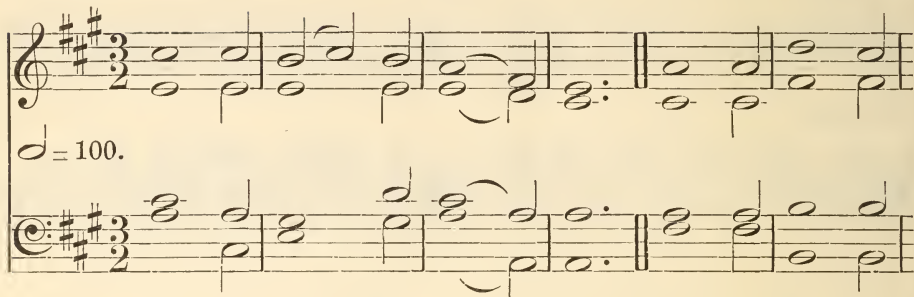
*p* Loving Saviour, Thou didst give  
 Thine own life that we might live,  
 And the hands outstretched to bless  
 Bear the cruel nails' impress.

*mf* Where Thou leadest I would go,  
 Walking in Thy steps below,  
*cr* Till before my Father's throne  
*f* I shall know as I am known. Amen.

MERRIAL.

6.5.6.5.

J. E. ROE, 1838-1871.



A - men.

*May also be sung to "Caswall," No. 411.*



## Children's Hymns.

*p* NOW the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh;  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky;

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May my eyelids close.

Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the angry sea.

Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night-watches  
May Thine Angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Standing round my bed.

*cr* When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

*f* Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, Blest Spirit  
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

IRBY.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

TREBLE VOICES.

*mf*

Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle . . shed, Where a

*♩ = 84.*

*mf*

mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His . . bed: Ma - ry

was that mo - ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

## Children's Hymns.

*mf* ONCE in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for His bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little Child.

*mf* He came down to earth from heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle in a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

*mf* And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honour and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay:  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

*f* And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love,  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

*mf* Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
*cr* We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CARMEN ANGELORUM.

Six 11's.

T. F. DUNHILL, b. 1877.

TREBLE VOICES.

Sweet - ly sang the An - gels in the clear calm night,

On their white wings rest - ing in the heavenly light ; Sent by God the

Fa - ther, Who our love has sought, Un - to men and chil - dren

# Children's Hymns.

tidings glad they brought. Children, blend your voi - ces, in sweet concord sing,

Hail the Lord's An - oint - ed, Christ, the chil-dren's King. A - men.

A - men.

*mf* SWEETLY sang the Angels in the clear calm night,  
 On their white wings resting in the heavenly light;  
 Sent by God the Father, Who our love has sought,  
 Unto men and children tidings glad they brought.

*f* Children, blend your voices, etc.

*mf* To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed,  
 Watching 'mid the darkness in the open field,  
 That in David's city, on that holy morn,  
 In a lowly stable Christ, our King, was born.

*f* Children, blend your voices, etc.

*mf* Gladdened by the tidings, hastily they sped  
 To the crowded city and the manger-bed;  
 There they found the Saviour, with His mother mild;  
 Him they loved and worshipped though a lowly child.

*f* Children, blend your voices, etc.

*mf* In His simple childhood, and His sacred youth,  
 All His ways were holy, all His words were truth;  
 For our sins He suffered, and through grief untold,  
 All His lambs He purchased for His sacred fold.

*f* Children, blend your voices, etc.

*p* Jesu, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee;  
 Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldst have us be.

*cr* Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmastide,  
 Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and Guide.

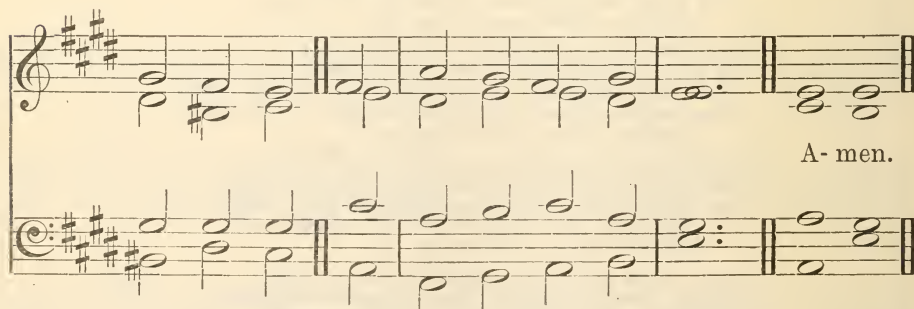
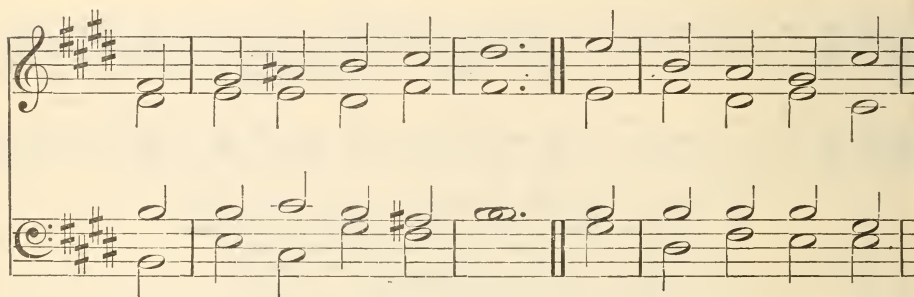
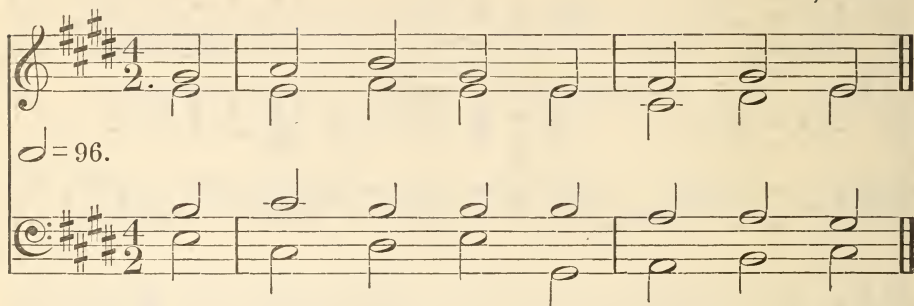
*f* Children, blend your voices, etc. Amen.



DAYS PRING.

C.M.

C. H. LLOYD, b. 1849.



*May also be sung to "St. Peter," No. 572.*

## Children's Hymns.

*mf* **T**HE morning bright with rosy light  
Has waked me from my sleep ;  
Father, I own Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

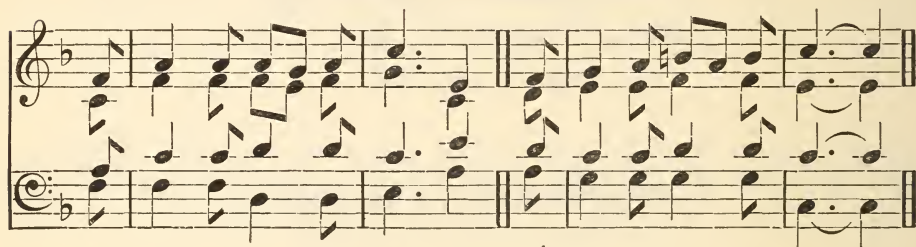
*p* All through the day, I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my guard and guide ;  
My sins forgive, and let me live,  
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh make Thy rest within my breast,  
*cr* Great Spirit of all grace ;  
Make me like Thee, (*f*) then shall I be  
Prepared to see Thy face. Amen.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

7.6.7.6. D.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



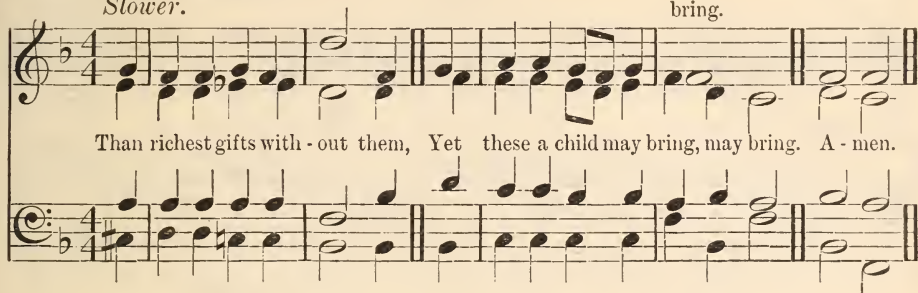
\* Make a pause on this note in verse 3, and sing the remainder of the verse to the slightly altered version of the close of the tune on page 973.

## Children's Hymns.

*Last two lines of Verse 3.*

*Slower.*

bring.



*mf* **T**HE wise may bring their learning,  
 The rich may bring their gold ;  
 And some may bring their greatness,  
 And glories new and old .  
 We too would bring our treasures  
 To offer to the King ;  
 We have no wealth or wisdom,  
 What shall we children bring ?

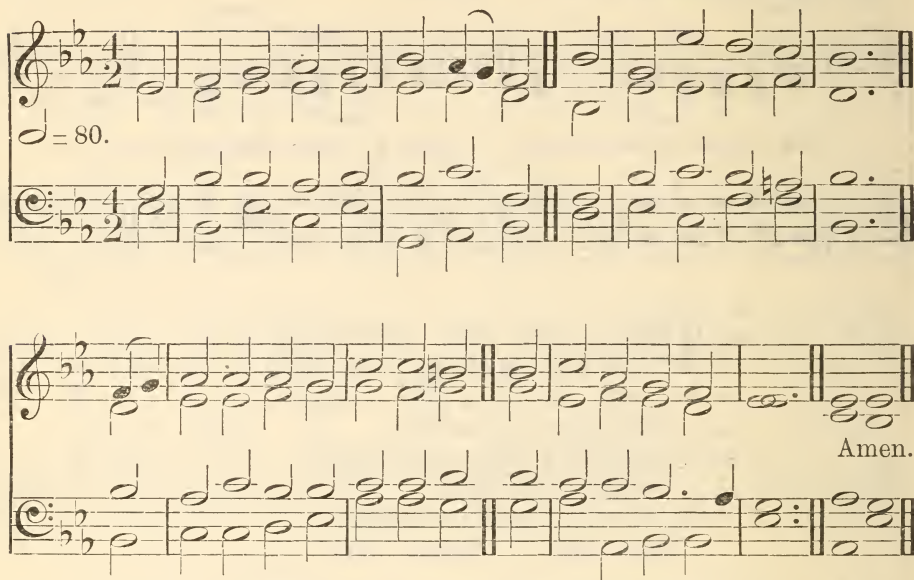
We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,  
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
 And young souls meekly striving  
 To walk in holy ways.  
 And these shall be the treasures  
 We offer to the King,  
 And these are gifts that even  
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties  
 We have to do each day,  
 We'll try our best to please Him  
 At home, at school, at play.  
 And better are these treasures  
 To offer to our King,  
 Than richest gifts without them,  
 Yet these a child may bring. Amen.

HORSLEY.

C.M.

W. HORSLEY, 1774-1858.



*mf* **T**HERE is a green hill far away,  
 Without a city wall,  
*p* Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
 Who died to save us all.

*p* He died that we might be forgiven,  
 He died to make us good,  
*mf* That we might go at last to heaven,  
 Saved by His precious Blood.

*p* We may not know, we cannot tell,  
 What pains He had to bear,  
*mf* But we believe it was for us  
 He hung and suffered there.

*p* There was no other good enough  
 To pay the price of sin,  
*f* He only could unlock the gate  
 Of heaven, and let us in.

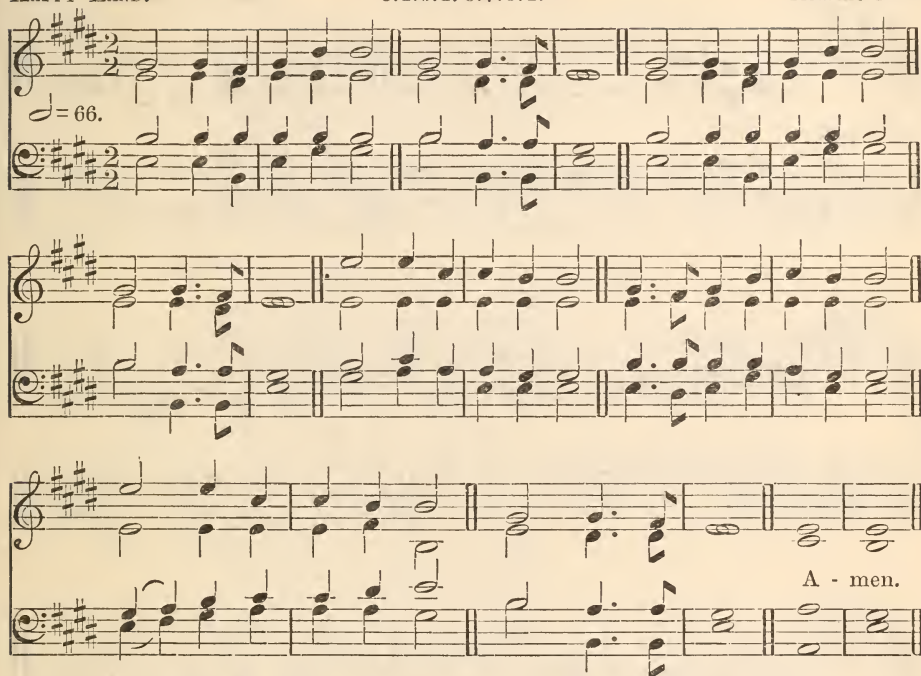
*mf* Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,  
 And we must love Him too,  
 And trust in His redeeming Blood,  
 And try His works to do. Amen.



HAPPY LAND.

6.4.6.4. 6.7.6.4.

Indian Air.



*mf* **T**HERE is a happy land,  
 Far, far away,  
 Where Saints in glory stand  
 Bright, bright as day.  
*cr* Oh how they sweetly sing,  
 Worthy is our Saviour King,  
*f* Loud let His praises ring,  
 Praise, praise for aye.

*mf* Come to this happy land,  
 Come, come away;  
 Why will ye doubting stand?  
 Why still delay?  
*cr* Oh we shall happy be,  
 When, from sin and sorrow free,  
*f* Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
 Blest, blest for aye.

*mf* Bright in that happy land  
 Beams every eye;  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die.  
*cr* On then to glory run,  
 Be a crown and kingdom won,  
 And bright above the sun,  
 Reign, reign for aye. Amen.

EDEN GROVE.

8.6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.6.

SAMUEL SMITH, b. 1821.

First system of musical notation for 'Eden Grove'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 108. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with various note values and rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, featuring some triplets and sustained notes.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a continuation of the melody with some chromatic movement. The bass staff maintains the harmonic support.

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. The treble staff ends with a final chord. The text 'A-men.' is written below the treble staff. The bass staff concludes with a final bass line.

## Children's Hymns.

*mf* **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend Who never changes,  
Whose love will never die :  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious Name He bears.

*p* There's a Rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessèd Saviour  
And to the Father cry,—  
A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

*mf* There's a Home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy ;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor can be happier there.

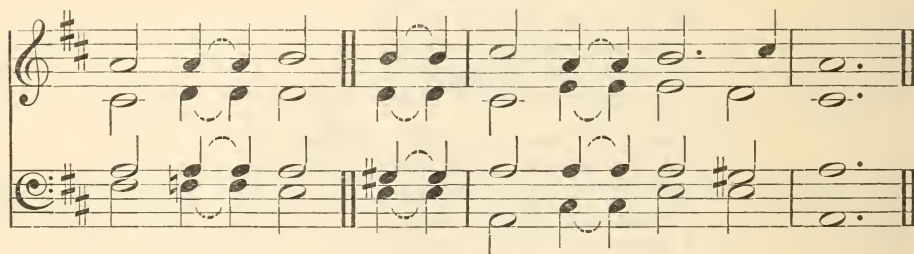
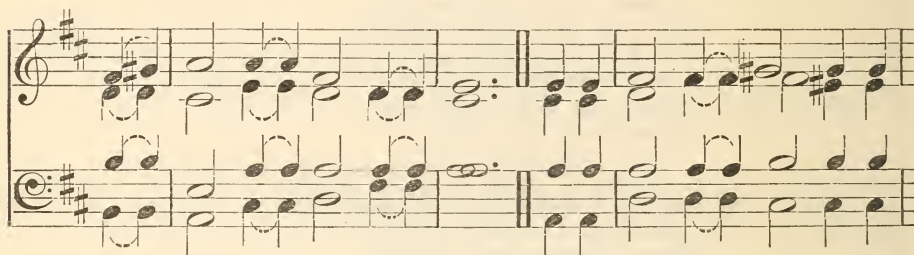
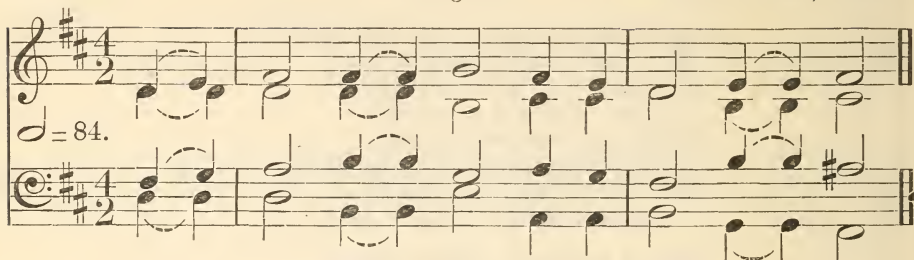
*cr* There's a Crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky ;  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by-and-by,  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who love the Saviour,  
And walk with Him below.

*f* There's a Song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And a palm of victory :  
And all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone :  
Oh come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own ! Amen.

MARGARET.

Irregular.

T. R. MATTHEWS, b. 1826.



Amen.

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## Children's Hymns.

*mf* **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,  
When Thou camest to earth for me;  
*p* But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room  
For Thy holy Nativity.  
*cr* Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

*f* Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
*p* But of lowly birth camest Thou, Lord, on earth,  
And in great humility.  
*cr* Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

*mf* The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest  
In the shade of the forest tree;  
*p* But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee.  
*cr* Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

*mf* Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word  
That should set Thy children free;  
*p* But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn  
They bore Thee to Calvary.  
*cr* Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

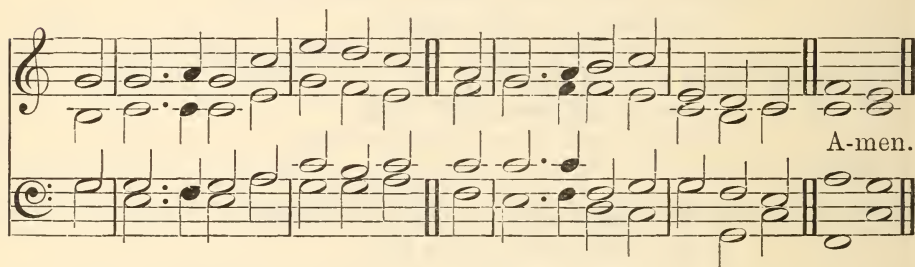
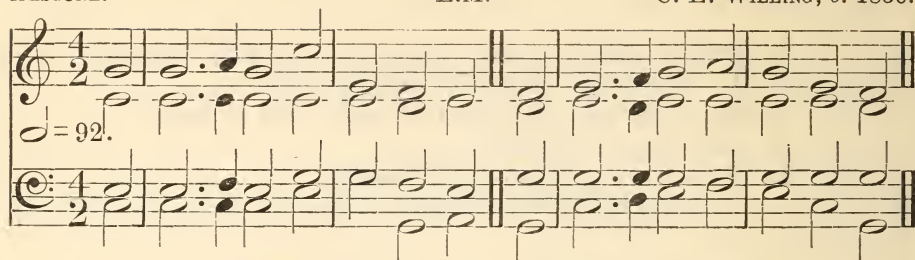
*f* When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing  
At Thy coming to victory,  
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—  
There is room at My side for thee!"  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.



ALSTONE.

L.M.

C. E. WILLING, b. 1830.



*mf* **W**E are but little children weak, *p* When deep within our swelling hearts  
 Nor born in any high estate ; The thoughts of pride and anger rise,  
 What can we do for Jesus' sake When bitter words are on our tongues,  
 Who is so high and good and great ? And tears of passion in our eyes ;

We know the Holy Innocents *mf* Then we may stay the angry blow,  
 Laid down for Him their infant life, Then we may check the hasty word,  
 And Martyrs brave and patient Saints *p* Give gentle answers back again,  
 Havestood for Him in fire and strife. *f* And fight a battle for our Lord.

We wear the cross they wore of old, *mf* With smiles of peace and looks of love  
 Our lips have learned like vows to Light in our dwellings we may  
 make : make,

We need not die ; we cannot fight ; Bid kind good-humour brighten there,  
 What may we do for Jesus' sake. *p* And do all still for Jesus' sake.

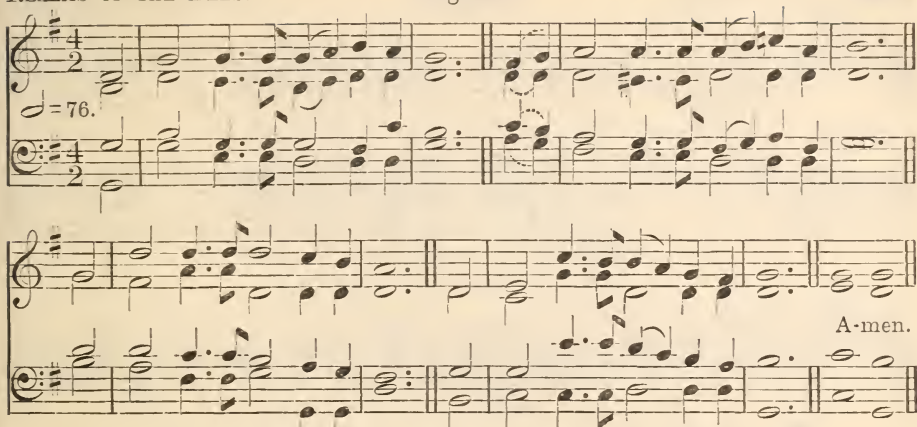
Oh ! day by day each Christian child *mf* There's not a child so small and weak  
 Has much to do, without, within ; But has his little cross to take,  
 A death to die for Jesus' sake, His little work of love and praise  
 A weary war to wage with sin. That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Amen.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Irregular.

Anon.



*May also be sung to "Tabor," No. 437.*

*mf* **W**E speak of the realms of the blest,  
 Of that country so bright and so fair;  
 And oft are its glories confessed;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?

*mf* We speak of its pathways of gold,  
 Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,  
 Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?

*mf* We speak of its freedom from sin,  
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
 From trials without and within;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?

*f* We speak of its anthems of praise,  
 With which we can never compare  
 The sweetest on earth we can raise;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?

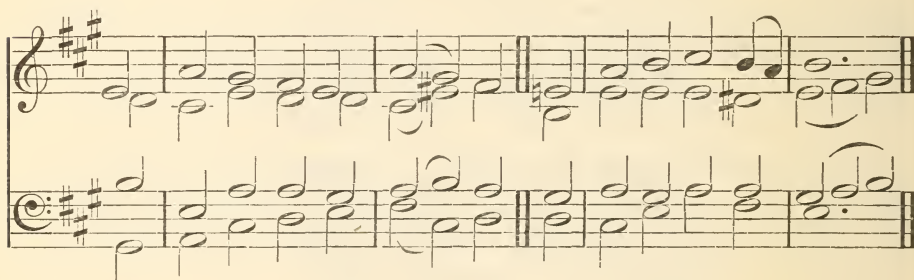
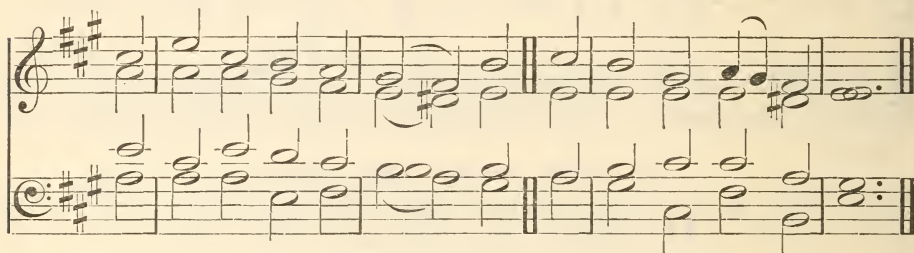
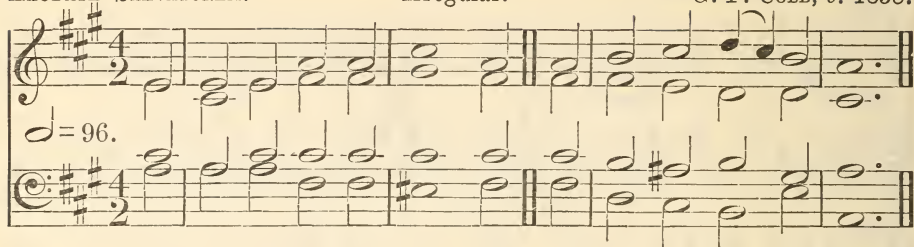
*mf* We speak of its service of love,  
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
 The Church of the First-born above;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?

*mf* Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,  
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare;  
*cr* And shortly we also shall know  
 And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

LAUDATE SALVATOREM.

Irregular.

G. F. COBB, b. 1838.



May also be sung to "Ellacombe," No. 615.

## Children's Hymns.

*f* **W**E thank Thee, O our Father,  
For all Thy loving care ;  
We thank Thee that Thou mad'st the world  
So very bright and fair.  
We thank Thee for the sunshine,  
And for the pleasant showers ;  
And we thank Thee, O our Father,  
We thank Thee for the flowers.

*mf* Out in the sunny meadows,  
And in the woodlands cool,  
And under every hedgerow,  
And by each reedy pool,  
And on the lonely moorland,  
And by the broad highway ;  
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,  
They spring up every day.

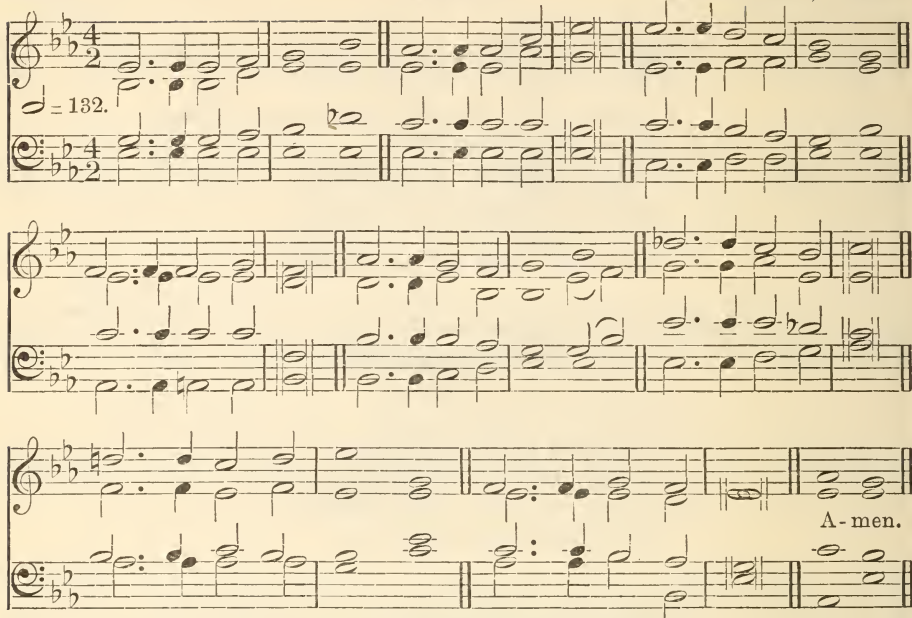
And in the dusty city,  
Where busy crowds pass by,  
And where the tall dark houses  
Stand up and hide the sky,  
And where through lanes and alleys  
No pleasant breezes blow,  
*cr* Even there, O God, our Father,  
Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

*mf* And whether in the city  
Or in the fields they dwell,  
Always the same sweet message  
The sweet young flowers tell.  
*cr* For they are all so wonderful,  
They show Thy power abroad ;  
And they are all so beautiful,  
*p* They tell Thy love, O God. Amen.

RUTH.

6.5.6.5. D.

SAMUEL SMITH, b. 1821.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*f* **W**HILE the sun is shining  
 Brightly in the sky,  
 Ere his rays declining  
 Tell that night is nigh;  
 Ere the shadows falling,  
 Lengthen on our way,  
 Hark! a voice is calling,  
 "Work while it is day."

*mf* Work for God in heaven,  
 Seek the Saviour's face,  
 Plead to be forgiven,  
 Strive to grow in grace;  
 Watch against temptation,  
 Watch, and fight, and pray,  
 Each in his own station,  
 "Work while it is day."

*f* Work, but not in sadness,  
 For your Lord above;  
 He will make it gladness  
 With His smile of love.  
*mf* When that Lord returning  
 Knocketh at the gate,  
*cr* Let your lights be burning,  
 Be like men who wait.

*f* Happy then the meeting,  
 When you see His face;  
 Welcome then the greeting  
 From the Throne of grace—  
 "Good and faithful servant  
 Of My Father blest,  
 Now your work is ended,  
 Enter into rest." Amen.

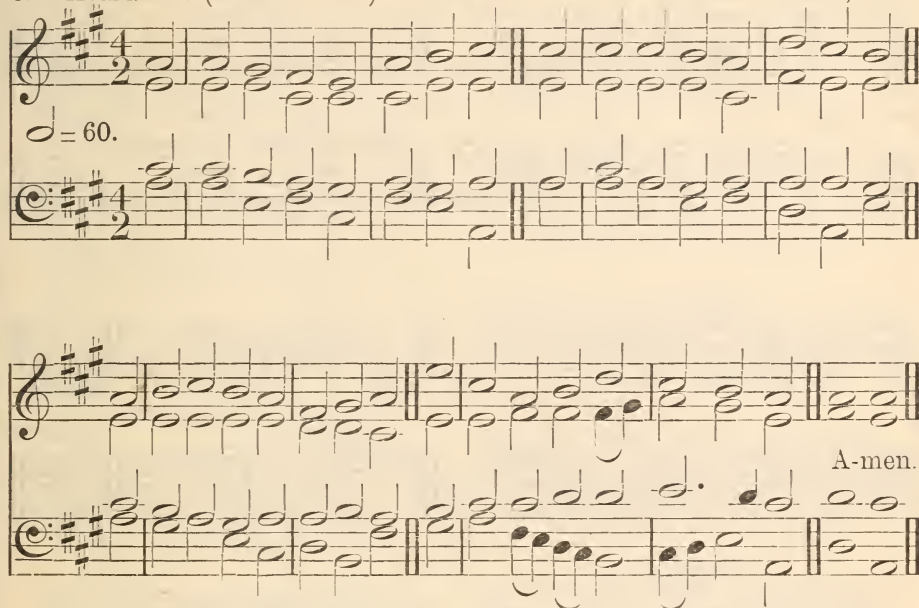
*Also the following:*  
 Hark! hear ye not the Angel-song—87

Jesu, meek and gentle—441  
 The sun is sinking fast—33



OLD HUNDREDTH (Modern Form). L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1551.



## GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

*p* **B**E present at our table, Lord,  
 Be here and everywhere adored,  
 Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
 May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

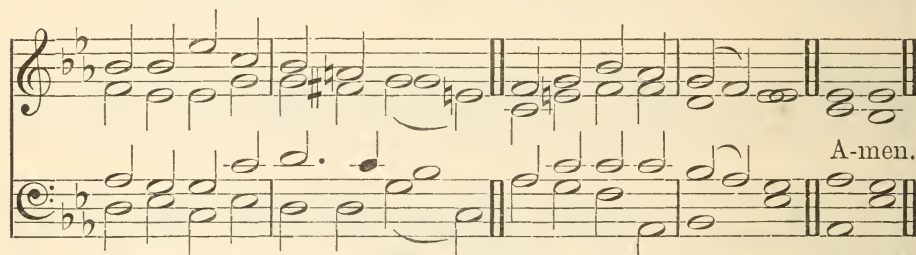
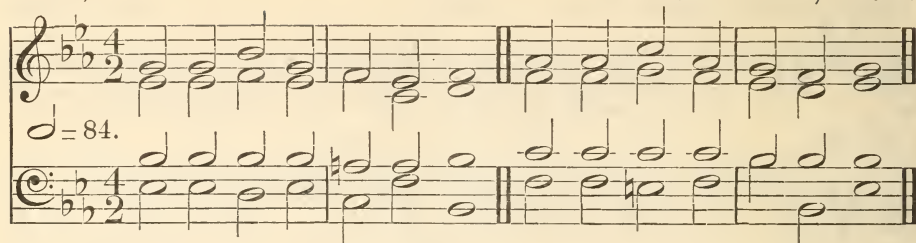
## GRACE AFTER MEAT.

*mf* We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
 For life and health, and every good:  
 May manna to our souls be given,  
 The Bread of Life, sent down from heaven. Amen.

LITANY, No. 1.

7.7.7.6.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, b. 1839.



## PART I.

*p* **F**ATHER, hear Thy children's call :  
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall,  
 Prodigals, confessing all :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame  
 All our life of sin and shame,  
 Penitent, we breathe Thy Name :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit grieved, and tried,  
 Oft forgotten and defied,  
 Now we mourn our stubborn pride :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Love that caused us first to be,  
 Love that bled upon the Tree,  
 Love that draws us lovingly :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

We Thy call have disobeyed,  
 Have neglected, and delayed,  
 Into paths of sin have strayed :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,  
 Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,  
 Evil, come to be made pure :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,  
 Bound, we pray to be made free,  
 Stained, we pray for sanctity :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Hearing every contrite sigh,  
 Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,  
 Willing not that one should die :  
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

# Metrical Litanies.

## PART II.

*p* By the gracious saving call  
Spoken tenderly to all  
Who have shared man's guilt and fall :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the nature Jesus wore,  
By the stripes and death He bore,  
By His life for evermore :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,  
Pitying our sore distress,  
Leading us to holiness :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love so calm and strong,  
Patient still to suffer wrong,  
And our day of grace prolong :  
We beseech Thee, hear us,

By the love that speaks within,  
Calling us to flee from sin,  
And the joy of goodness win :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the gifts that show Thee near,  
By the stripes of love we fear,  
Warning us Thy voice to hear :  
We beseech Thee, hear us,

By the love that bids Thee spare,  
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,  
By Thy promises to prayer :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

## PART III.

*p* Teach us what Thy love has borne,  
That, with loving sorrow torn,  
Truly contrite we may mourn :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Gifts of light and grace bestow,  
Help us to resist the foe,  
Fearing what indeed is woe :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Let not sin within us reign,  
May we gladly suffer pain,  
If it burn away our stain :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May we to all evil die,  
Fleshly longings crucify,  
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Faith to know Thee near,  
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,  
And through trial persevere :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Hope from earth to rise,  
And to strain with eager eyes  
Towards the promised heavenly prize :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Love Thy love to own,  
Love to live for Thee alone,  
And the power of grace make known :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

All our weak endeavours bless,  
As we ever onward press,  
Till we perfect holiness :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer Thee,  
Till at last Thy face we see,  
Crowned with Thine own purity :  
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

APOSTOLICUS.

8.8.8.4.

A. H. BROWN, *b.* 1830.

First system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked as  $\text{♩} = 88$ . The music consists of two measures followed by a repeat sign, then two more measures. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure ending with a colon and a note.

Second system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of two measures followed by a repeat sign, then two more measures. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure ending with a colon and a note.

Third system of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of two measures followed by a repeat sign, then two more measures. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure ending with a colon and a note. The word "A - men." is written below the bottom staff, aligned with the final measure.

## Metrical Litanies.

*mf* GOD of all grace, Thy mercy send ;  
Let Thy protecting arm defend ;  
Save us and keep us to the end.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord.

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

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

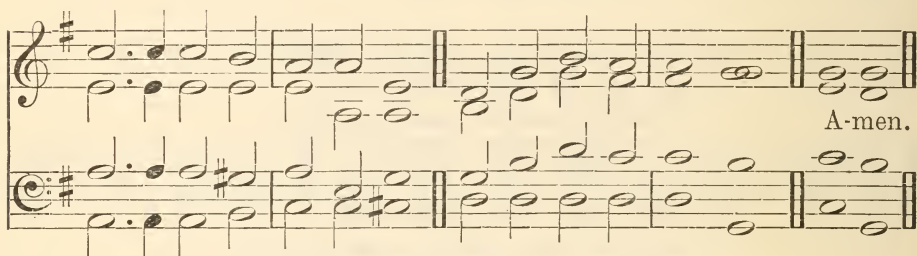
*mf* From every sin in mercy free,  
Let heart and conscience stainless be,  
That we may live henceforth for Thee.  
*p* Grant this, O Lord.

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

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

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





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## PART I.

*mf* **G**OD the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:  
*p* Save us, Holy Trinity.

We have wandered from Thy side,  
 Wayward in our childish pride,  
 But Thine arms are open wide:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* Jesu, Master, Saviour, hear,  
 We Thy little ones draw near,  
 Lambs Thou holdest ever dear:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

All Thy tenderness reveal  
 To Thy children as we kneel,  
 Holy sorrow let us feel:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Tender Shepherd, all the day  
 Watching lest Thy weak ones stray,  
 In our perils we would pray:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

All our past forgetfulness,  
 All our sins we now confess,  
 With Thy word of pardon bless:  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## Metrical Litanies.

Give that word in answer now,  
While we low before Thee bow,  
Thou canst save and only Thou :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou alone canst lead us on,  
All the days till all be done,  
Till the crown be fully won :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Give us, Lord, Thy Light to show,  
Where Thy lambs may safely go,  
Where there lurks no secret foe :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Who didst tread the way before,  
Wearied with Thy burden sore,  
That Thou mightest save the more :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

### PART II.

*mf* By Thy childhood's stainless years,  
By Thy human pains and fears,  
By Thy burden and Thy tears :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy days of lonely pain,  
When the tempter sought to gain  
All Thy will, but all in vain :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy days of ceaseless care,  
By Thy nights of lowly prayer,  
Lead us all Thy work to share :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the shadows o'er Thy way,  
Darkening to that dreadful day,  
When Thou would'st not turn away :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the days of bitter strife,  
When Thy foes, 'mid passions rife,  
Spurned Thy love and sought Thy life :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Cross and Passion borne,  
By the mocking and the scorn,  
Wicked blows and crown of thorn :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy loneliness of woe,  
By Thy griefs which none may know,  
Pains no human word may show :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy dying, by Thy cry,  
Rising through the darkened sky  
To the Father's throne on high :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Lord of mercy, loving still,  
Longing yet each heart to fill,  
Raise our spirits, guide our will :  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From all ills our souls defend,  
Holy days in mercy send,  
From all dangers to the end :  
Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

LITANY, No. 3.

7.7.6.

W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.

PARTS I. AND III.

Musical notation for Parts I and III of Litany No. 3. The score is in G minor (three flats) and 4/2 time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 92. The notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The music features a mix of half and quarter notes, with some rests. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

Continuation of the musical notation for Parts I and III. The notation continues on two staves, maintaining the G minor key and 4/2 time signature. The music concludes with a final double bar line and repeat dots.

PART II.

Musical notation for Part II of Litany No. 3. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 84. The notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The music features a mix of half and quarter notes, with some rests. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

Continuation of the musical notation for Part II. The notation continues on two staves, maintaining the G minor key and 4/2 time signature. The music concludes with a final double bar line and repeat dots.

# Metrical Litanies.

## PART I.

*mf* GOD the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, Three in One,  
*p* Spare us, Holy Trinity.

*f* God of God, and Light of Light,  
King of Glory, Lord of might,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*p* Very Man, Who for our sake  
Didst true Flesh of Mary take,  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* Shepherd, Whom the Father gave  
His lost sheep to find and save,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* Priest and Victim, Whom of old  
Type and prophecy foretold,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*f* King of Salem, Priest Divine,  
Bringing forth Thy Bread and Wine,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* Paschal Lamb, Whose sprinkled Blood  
Saves the Israel of God,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* Manna, found at dawn of day,  
Pilgrim's Food in desert-way,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* Offering pure, in every place  
Pledge and means of heavenly grace,  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesu.

## PART II.

*p* By the mercy, that of yore  
Shadowed forth Thy gifts in store,  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the love, on that last night  
That ordained the better rite,  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the Death, that could alone  
For the whole world's sin atone  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the wounds, that ever plead  
For our help in time of need,  
Save us, Holy Jesu.

## PART III.

*p* That we may remember still  
Kedron's brook and Calvary's hill,  
Grant us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* That our thankful hearts may glow  
As Thy precious Death we show,  
*p* Grant us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* That with humble contrite fear,  
We may joy to feel Thee near,  
*p* Grant us, Holy Jesu.

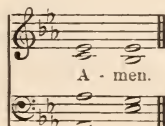
*cr* That in faith we may adore,  
Praise, and love Thee more and more,  
*p* Grant us, Holy Jesu.

*p* That Thy sacred Flesh and Blood  
Be our true life-giving Food,  
Grant us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* That in all our words and ways  
We may daily show Thy praise,  
*p* Grant us, Holy Jesu.

*p* That, as death's dark vale we tread,  
*cr* Thou may'st be our strengthening  
Grant us, Holy Jesu. [Bread,

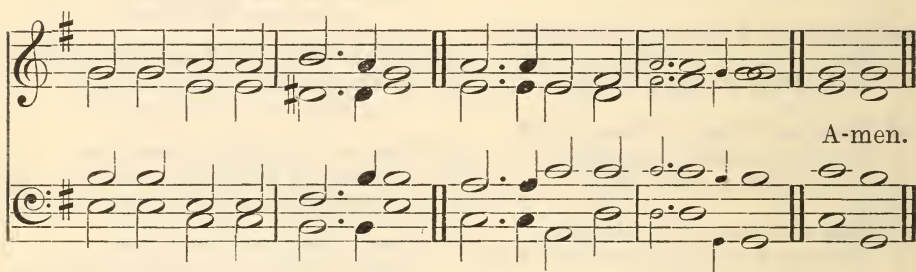
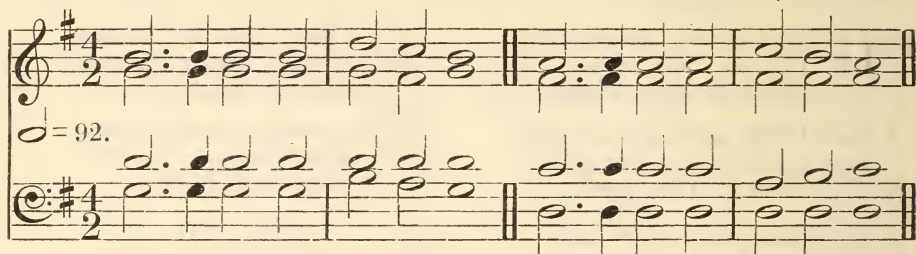
*mf* That, unworthy though we be,  
We may ever dwell with Thee,  
*p* Grant us, Holy Jesu.



EVELYN.

7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



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*mf* **G**OD the Father, seen of none,  
 God the Sole-begotten Son,  
 God the Spirit, with Them One,  
*p* Spare us, Holy Trinity.

By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,  
 That the cup might pass away,  
 So Thou mightest still obey :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*p* Jesu, Who for us didst bear  
 Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,  
 Harken to our lowly prayer :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the kiss of treachery,  
 To Thy foes betraying Thee,  
 By Thy harsh captivity :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By that hour of agony,  
 Spent while Thine Apostles three  
 Slumbered in Gethsemane :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the words of Caiaphas,  
 Dooming Thee for all Thy race,  
 By the spitting on Thy face :  
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.



## Metrical Litanies.

By those sad rebuking eyes,  
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,  
When he had denied Thee thrice :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy nailing to the Tree,  
By the title over Thee,  
By the gloom of Calvary :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy being bound in thrall,  
When they led Thee, one and all,  
Unto Pilate's judgment-hall :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the parting of Thy clothes,  
By the mocking of Thy foes,  
As they watched Thy dying woes :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By the reed and crown of thorn :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy seven words then said,  
By the bowing of Thy head,  
By Thy numbering with the dead :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the insult of the Jews  
When Barabbas they would choose,  
And would Christ, their King, refuse : *cr*  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When temptation sore is rife,  
When we faint amidst the strife,  
Thou, Whose death hath been our life :  
*p* Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy going forth to die,  
When they raised their wicked cry,  
" Crucify Him, Crucify ! " *f*  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

While on stormy seas we toss,  
*cr* Let us count all things as loss,  
*f* But Thee only on Thy Cross :  
*p* Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the Cross which Thou didst bear,  
By the cup they bade Thee share,  
Mingled gall and vinegar :  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mf* So, with hope in Thee made fast,  
When death's bitterness is past,  
*f* We may see Thy face at last !  
*p* Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

LONSDALE.

7.7.7.7.

F. A. J. HERVEY, b. 1846.



*p* **H**EAVENLY Father, from Thy  
throne  
Look in love and pity down,  
On each kneeling, little one ;  
Father, Lord, deliver us.

Jesus, Saviour undefiled  
Once on earth a helpless Child,  
Thou on little ones hast smiled ;  
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

Blessèd Spirit, gentle Dove,  
From Thy home in heaven above,  
Come and fill our hearts with love ;  
Holy Ghost, deliver us.

Heavenly Father, Spirit, Son,  
Glorious Godhead, Three in One,  
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone ;  
Three in One, deliver us.

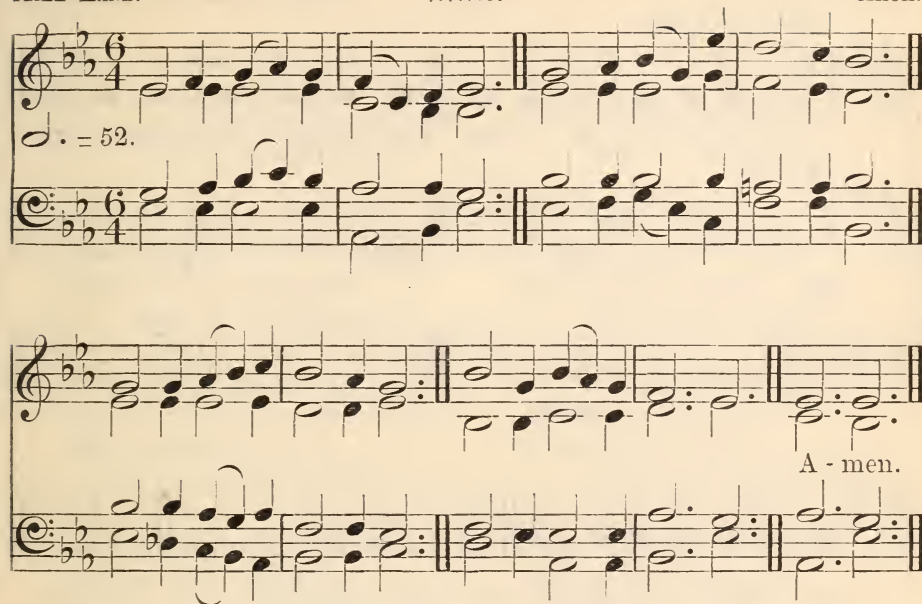
By the great and tender love  
Thou didst once for sinners prove,  
Love which brought Thee from  
above ;  
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When the evil spirits throng,  
Whispering words and thoughts of  
Let our prayer be all along, [wrong,  
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When they tempt our feet to stray  
From Thy pure and perfect way,  
Teach us from our heart to say,  
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When we yield our feeble breath,  
When the awful hour of death  
Calls us to the tomb beneath,  
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

*cr* When Thy voice shall bid us rise,  
*f* When we meet Thee in the skies,  
*dim* By Thy perfect Sacrifice,  
Jesu, Lord, deliver us Amen.



*May also be sung to No. 650.*

*p* **H**OLY Ghost ! great Gift of grace,  
Great Restorer of our race,  
Make my soul Thy dwelling-place ;  
Holy Spirit, hear me !

Be my Guide from day to day,  
Lest when tempted I should stray,  
From the holy narrow way ;  
Holy Spirit, warn me !

Light of heaven ! softly shine  
Into this poor heart of mine ;  
Make and keep me always Thine ;  
Holy Spirit, lead me !

When my frequent falls distress,  
And I seem to love Thee less,  
Raise me from my sinfulness ;  
Holy Spirit, save me !

Quicken what the world would kill ;  
Gently bend my stubborn will,  
And Thy purposes fulfil ;  
Holy Spirit, guide me !

Come, blest Spirit ! Heavenly Dove,  
Dearest pledge of Jesu's love,  
Fix my trust on Him above ;  
Holy Spirit, help me !

Breathe Thy sweetness o'er my heart ;  
Bid each vexing care depart ;  
Make me tender as Thou art ;  
Holy Spirit, bless me.

Keep me humble, that in me [be ;  
Thou my Guide and Strength may'st  
Give me light and purity ;  
Holy Spirit, keep me ! Amen.

*Voices in Unison.*

*p* = 88.

Je - su, we are far a - way From the light of heaven-ly day,

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

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

*May also be sung to No. 648.*

*p* JESU, we are far away  
 From the light of heavenly day,  
 Lost in paths of sin we stray :  
 Lord, in mercy hear us.

Deeper has the darkness grown ;  
 Saviour, come to seek Thine own,  
 Leave, Oh leave us not alone :  
 Lord, in mercy hear us.

## Metrical Litanies.

Thou our great Example art,  
Thou canst needful grace impart  
To the wayward, earth-bound heart :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

Foolish, weak, and sad we lie ;  
Guard us with Thy loving eye,  
Be our helper, always nigh :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

Help us to bewail our sin,  
And, in heavenly strength, begin  
Daily victories to win :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

Keep us lowly that we may,  
Ever watchful, turn away  
From the snares our tempters lay :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

On our darkness shed Thy light,  
Lead our wills to what is right,  
Wash our evil nature white :

Lord, in mercy hear us,

May Thy wisdom be our guide,  
Comfort, rest, and peace provide  
Near to Thy protecting side :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

May the world seem only dross,  
May we welcome shame and loss,  
Willingly endure the cross :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

When oppressed with trouble sore,  
Teach our hearts to feel the more  
For the pangs our Saviour bore :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we true devotion feel  
To our God, and holy zeal  
For our fellow-creatures' weal

Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we selfishness deny,  
And the body mortify,  
Doing deeds of charity :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

Make us earnest when we pray,  
Diligent from day to day,  
Meaning, doing, what we say :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

Fix our hearts on things on high,  
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,  
Purge from sin our memory :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

May Thy grace within the soul  
Nature's waywardness control,  
Guiding towards the heavenly goal :

Lord, in mercy hear us.

*cr* So at last, from sin set free,  
What we long for, may we see,  
*f* And for ever blessèd be :

*p* Lord, in mercy hear us.

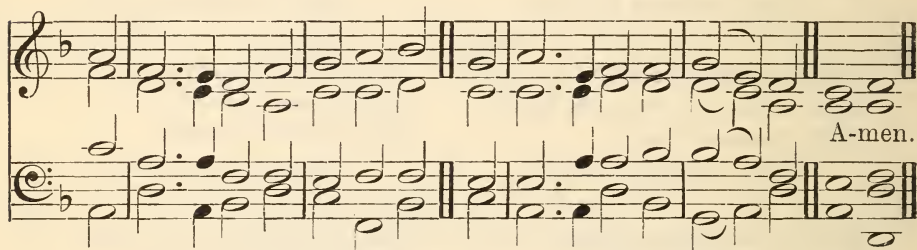
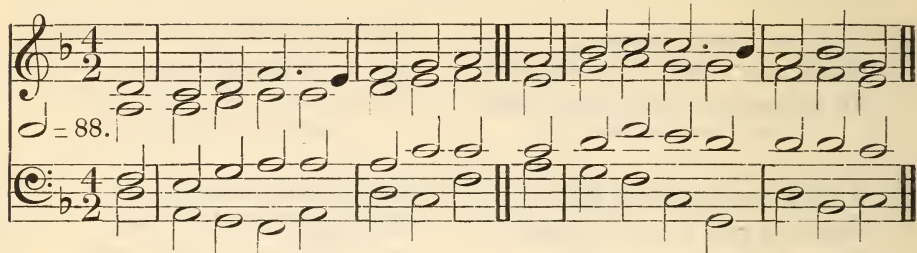
Amen.



ORTHODOXUS.

8.8.8.7.

A. H. BROWN, b. 1830.



- mf* LORD, to our humble prayers attend,  
*p* Let Thou Thy peace from heaven descend,  
*p* And to our souls salvation send. [scend,  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* The sovereign ruler of our land  
*p* Protect by Thine almighty hand,  
*p* And all around the throne who stand.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace,  
*p* The welfare of Thy Church increase,  
*p* And bid all strife and discord cease.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* In time of war be near to aid,  
*p* Strong be the arm for battle made,  
*p* Prostrate be every foeman laid.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* To all who meet for worship here,  
*p* Do Thou in faithfulness draw near;  
*p* Inspire with faith and godly fear.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth,  
*p* Give fruits and flowers a timely birth,  
*p* Our harvest crown with peaceful mirth,  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* Oh let Thy priests be clothed with might,  
*p* To rule within Thy Church aright,  
*p* That they may serve as in Thy sight.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* Let voyagers by land and sea  
*p* In danger's hour in safety be;  
*p* The suffering and the captive free.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us.
- mf* Around us let Thine arm be cast,  
*p* Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,  
*p* And tribulation's bitter blast.  
*p* Have mercy, Lord, upon us. Amen.

♩ = 84.

A-men.

May also be sung to "St. Gabriel," No. 31.

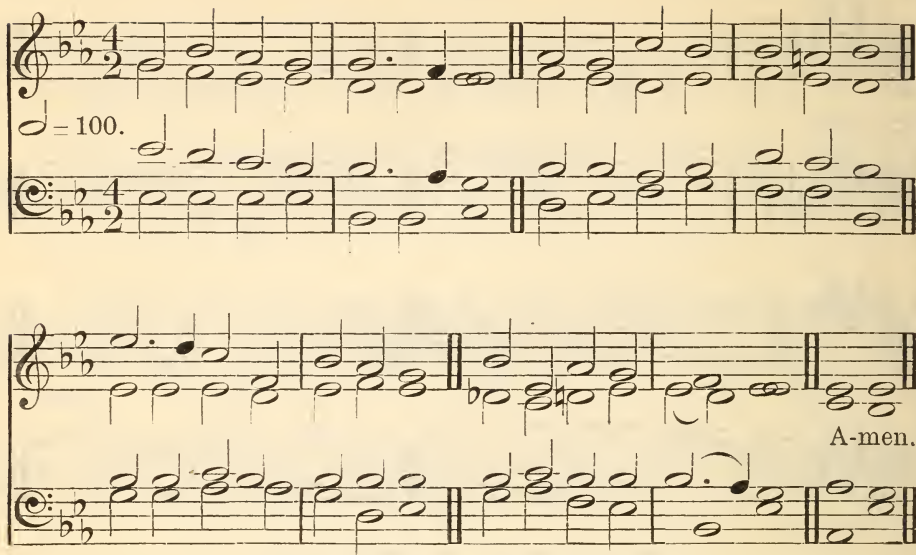
- mf* O CHRIST! our Light, O Fount of light! *p* The sun hath sunk, the night is here,  
*p* Our sin is dark, and dark our night, *cr* Oh may that Sun, Whose radiance clear  
*cr* Hear these our prayers, and on us shine, Warms Angel hosts to warmest praise,  
 Thou Light Divine. Send forth His rays.
- mf* Thy sovereign power did us create, *p* Put, gracious Saviour! far away  
 Thy grace renewed our lost estate, The known and unknown faults of day,  
*p* To us, to all, with loving mind, That we with cleansèd mind and breast  
 Jesu, be kind. May seek our rest.
- mf* 'Tis faith that brings us to Thy knee, *mf* On Thee be every burden cast;  
 The hope of one day seeing Thee, With Thee each waking hour be passed;  
 'Tis love undying draws us near, May every act and thought fulfil  
*p* Good Master! hear. Thy kindly will.
- mf* Our toil is done, and evening's hour May these tired limbs, from night's long  
 Finds us protected by Thy power; rest,  
*f* Thus grateful thanks to Thee we Rise for the morning's work refreshed;  
 pay And may our bodies ever be  
 For this Thy day. Pure homes for Thee.

Six days our weekly tasks we ply;  
*p* The seventh we seek Thy rest on high.  
*cr* Lord! while earth's joys and duties call,  
*f* Be Thou our All.

AGNES.

7.7.7.6.

E. BUNNETT, b. 1834.

*May also be sung to No. 648.*

SP<sup>IRIT</sup> blest, Who art adored  
 With the Father and the Word,  
 One eternal God and Lord :  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of meekness, love, and peace,  
 Patience, pureness, faith's increase,  
 Hope and joy that cannot cease :  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 Dew descending from above,  
 Breath of life, and Fire of love :  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding to the right,  
 Spirit making darkness light,  
 Spirit of resistless might :  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength and knowledge  
 Wisdom, godliness sincere, [clear,  
 Understanding, counsel, fear :  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou by Whom the Virgin bore  
 Him, Whom heaven and earth adore,  
 Sent our nature to restore  
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

## Metrical Litanies.

Thou, Whom Jesus from His throne  
Gave to cheer and help His own,  
That they might not be alone :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,  
Showing her God's perfect will,  
Making Jesus present still :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Coming with Thy power to save,  
Moving on Baptismal wave,  
Raising us from sin's dark grave :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All Thy seven-fold gifts bestow,  
Gifts of wisdom God to know,  
Gifts of strength to meet the foe :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All our evil passions kill,  
Bend aright our stubborn will,  
Though we grieve Thee, patient still :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to raise us when we fall,  
And, when snares our souls enthrall,  
Lead us back with gentle call :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to strengthen all the weak,  
Give Thy courage to the meek,  
Teach our faltering tongues to speak :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to aid the souls who yearn  
More of truth divine to learn,  
And with deeper love to burn :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Keep us in the narrow way,  
Warn us when we go astray,  
Plead within us when we pray :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as Thou art,  
Come, and live within our heart,  
Never from us to depart :  
Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.

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