# COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

# HYMNAL

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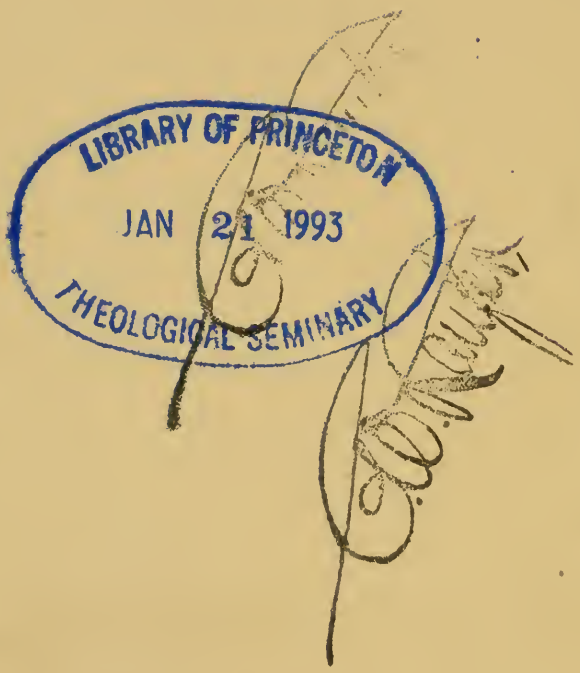


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1921

# Columbia University Hymnal

That the Students of Columbia University may have for their use a collection of hymns especially associated with the services of St. Paul's Chapel, this selection has been made.

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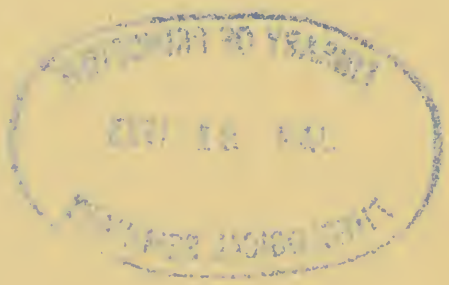

# IN LUMINE TUO VIDEBIMUS LUMEN

More than a century and a half ago was laid the first stone of this University, then called "King's College," established by Royal Charter "for the Honour of Almighty God and the advancement of the Public Good, both in Church and State." The founders were men of religious conviction; in their minds sound learning was inseparable from true religion; and they saw to it that their Charter, while granting equal rights and privileges to men of all denominations, should also recognize the spiritual need and duty of all men by providing that a daily service should be "constantly performed in the said College forever." In fulfillment of this purpose St. Paul's Chapel of Columbia University has been erected. In harmony with the same purpose this hymn book has been prepared.

Many admirable collections of hymns are already in use among the churches of Christendom, but no one of them quite fills the needs of a University Chapel. It is easy to understand why the available hymn book contains many hymns which though important neither as poetry nor as music are yet prized for their theological content or are endeared by long and familiar use. But it may fairly be expected in a University that religious experiences like other manifestations of the spirit will be subject to intellectual criticism more searching and more competent than elsewhere. It would be a pity to lose the opportunity which religious services offer in a College or a University Chapel to set before students what is best in those arts which through centuries have been the handmaids of faith. The hymns which are sung in such a place should, if anywhere, be patterns of excellence in their kind.

In the present collection the editors have gathered those hymns which in their judgment the University Chapel is most likely to use. For the music they have selected, from all the standard compilations,

what in their judgment represents the best in the long tradition of choral, chant, and psalm.

Our thanks are due to the following owners of copyright for permission to use copyright tunes: Mrs. Horatio Parker for tunes by the late Horatio Parker, Harper and Brothers for "Resurrection Morning" by George William Warren, the Church Pension Fund for tunes by John Erskine and Walter Henry Hall, and Dr. G. Edward Stubbs for "Asaph"; also to Miss Josephine Preston Peabody for the use of her revised edition of "America the Beautiful."

John B. Pine, Chairman
James C. Egbert
Edward D. Perry
John Erskine
Raymond C. Knox
Walter Henry Hall
Committee on the Hymn Book.

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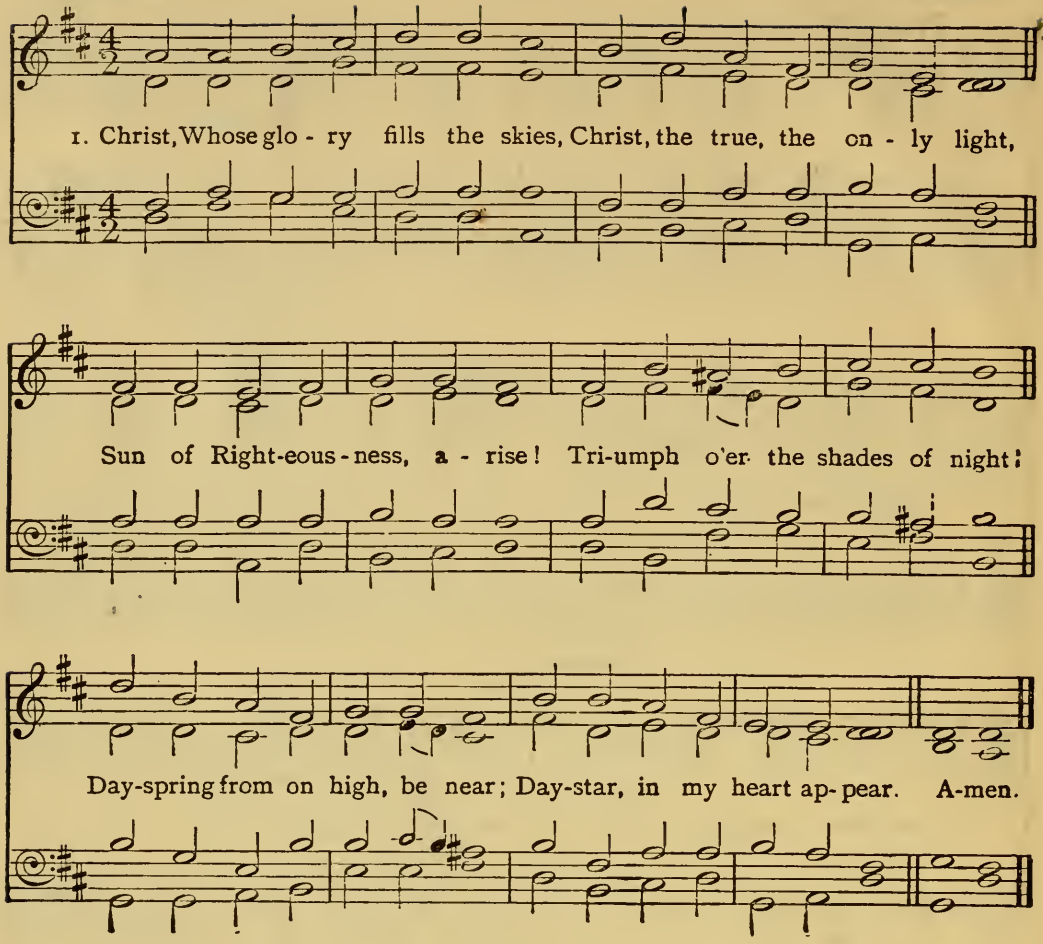
RATISBON. Six 7's. German.

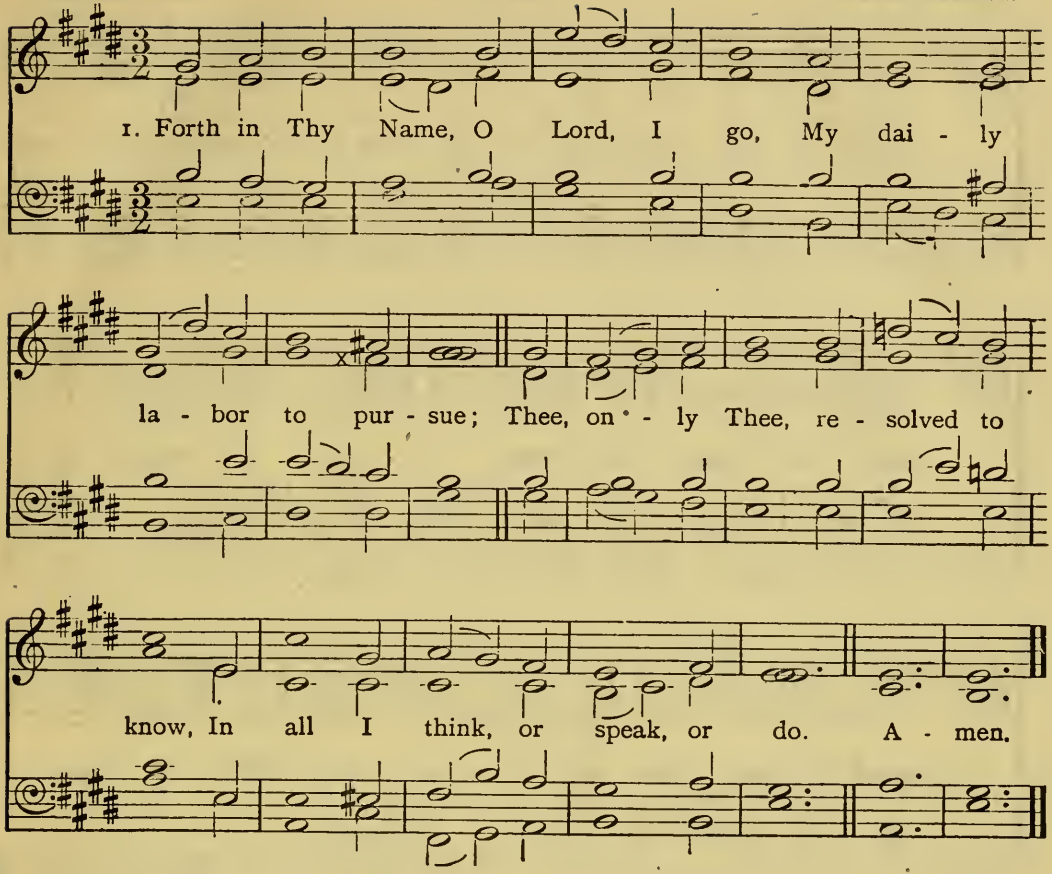



2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

PIXHAM. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.




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

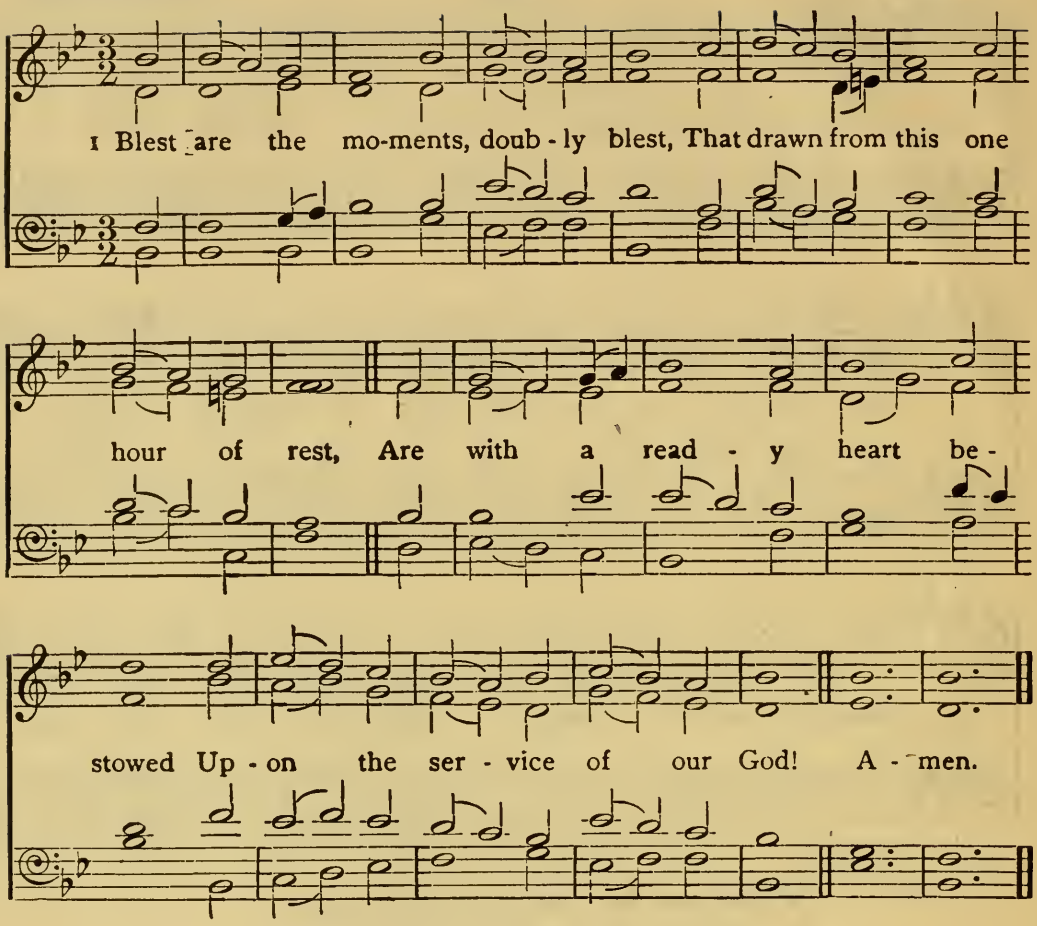
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

WAREHAM. **L.M.** WILLIAM KNAPP.




2 Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

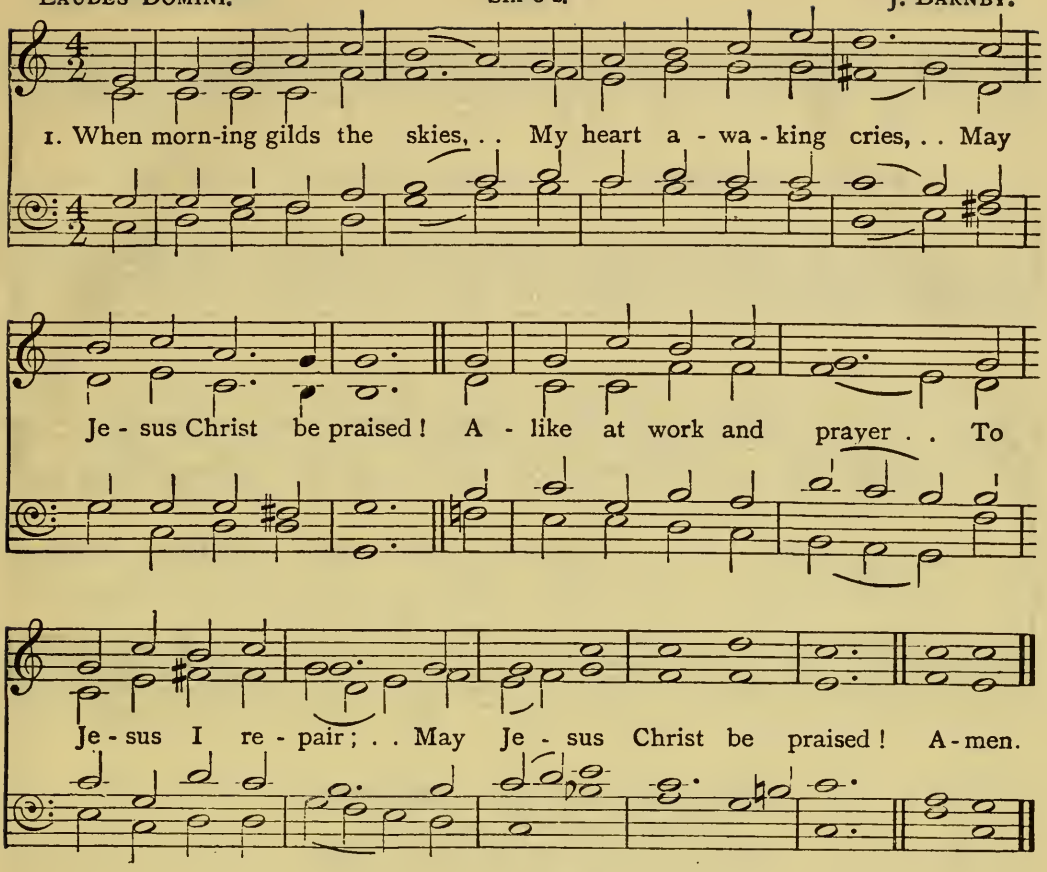
3 Look up to heaven, the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

4 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course;

5 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. Amen.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LAUDES DOMINI. Six 6's. J. BARNBY.




2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

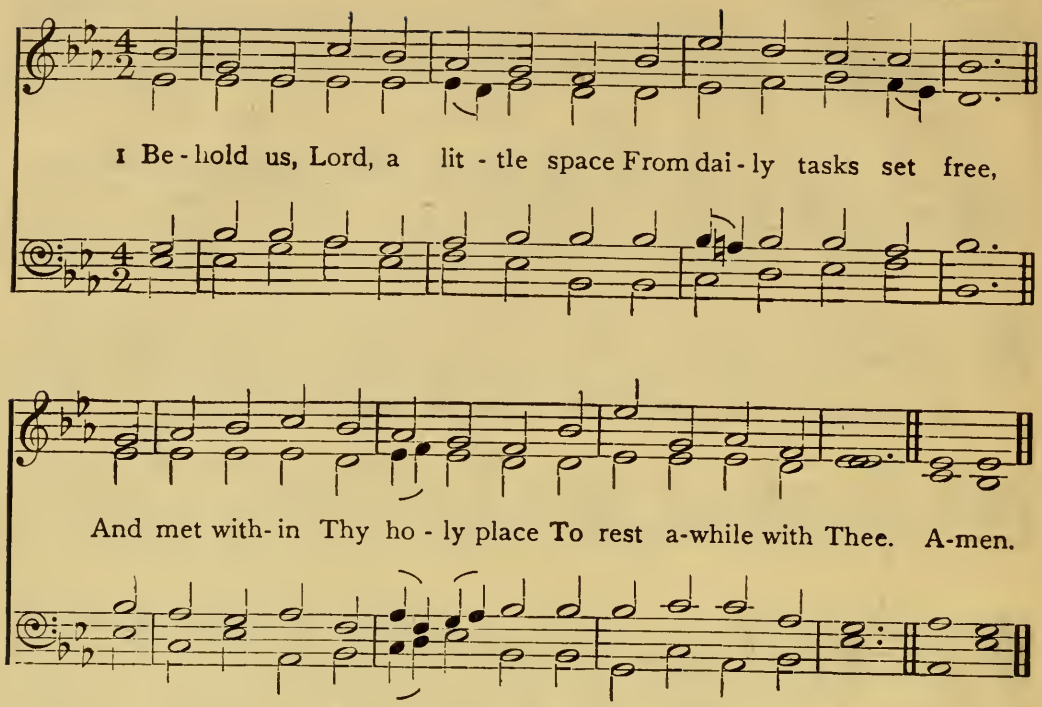
4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

BEDFORD. C.M. WILLIAM WHEALL.




2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

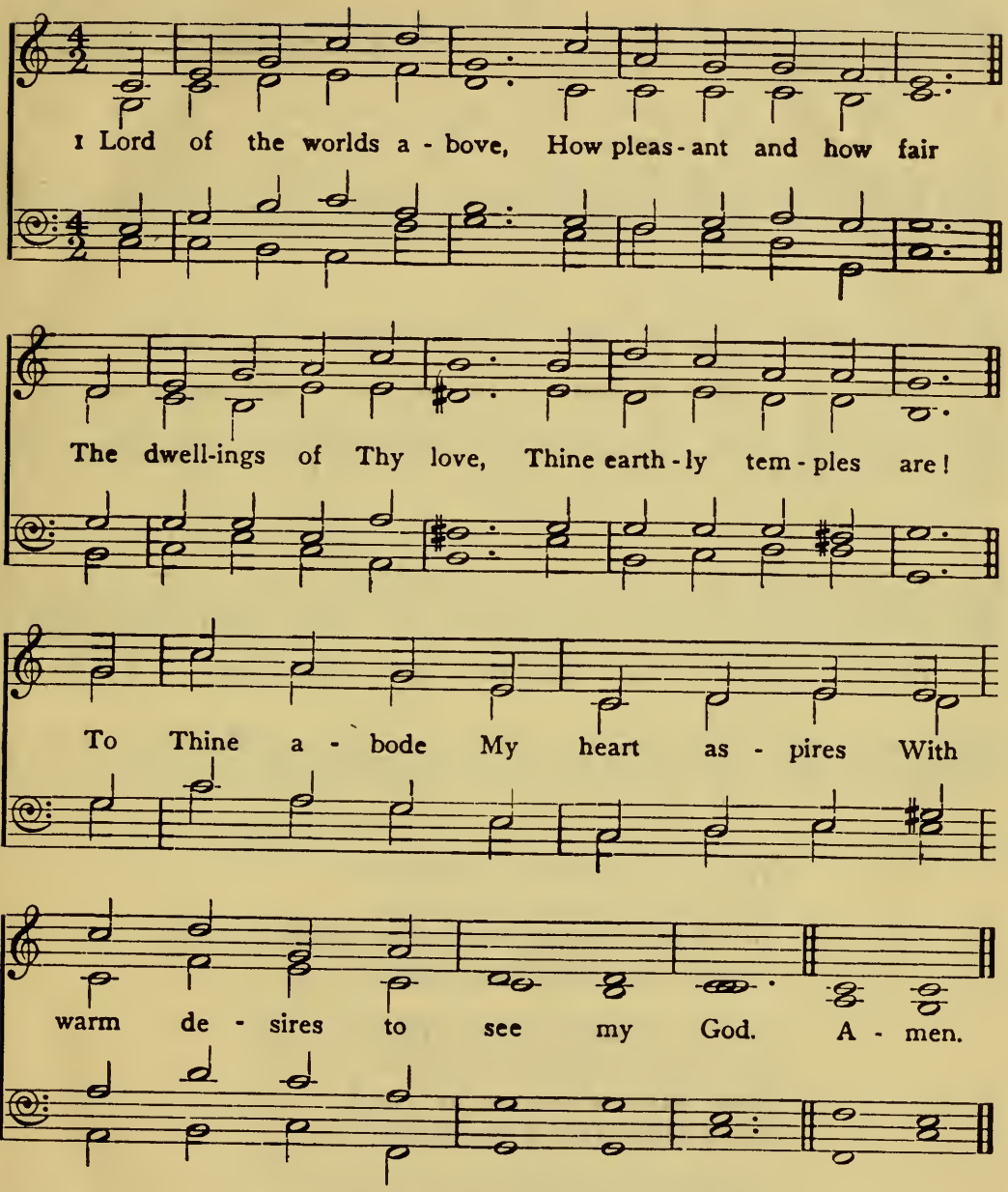
4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. STEGGALL.

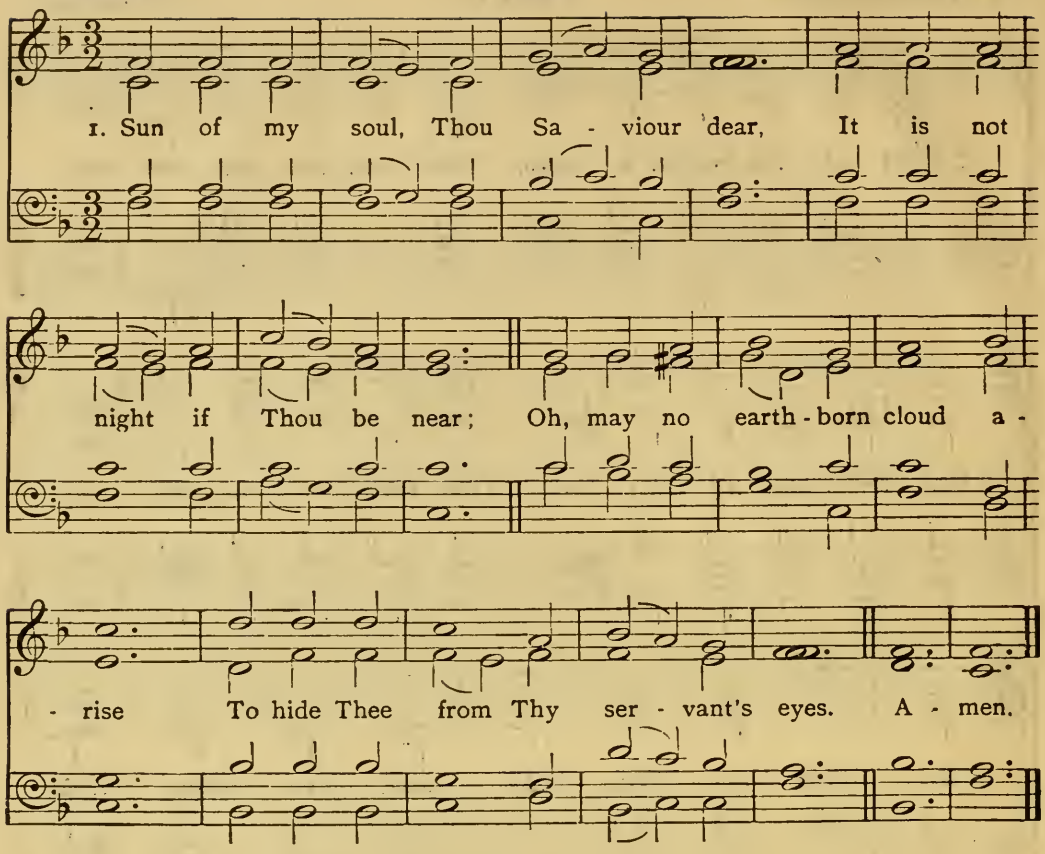



2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
Oh, glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet! Amen.

1. WATTS.

HURSLEY. L.M. Ascribed to P. RITTER.




2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

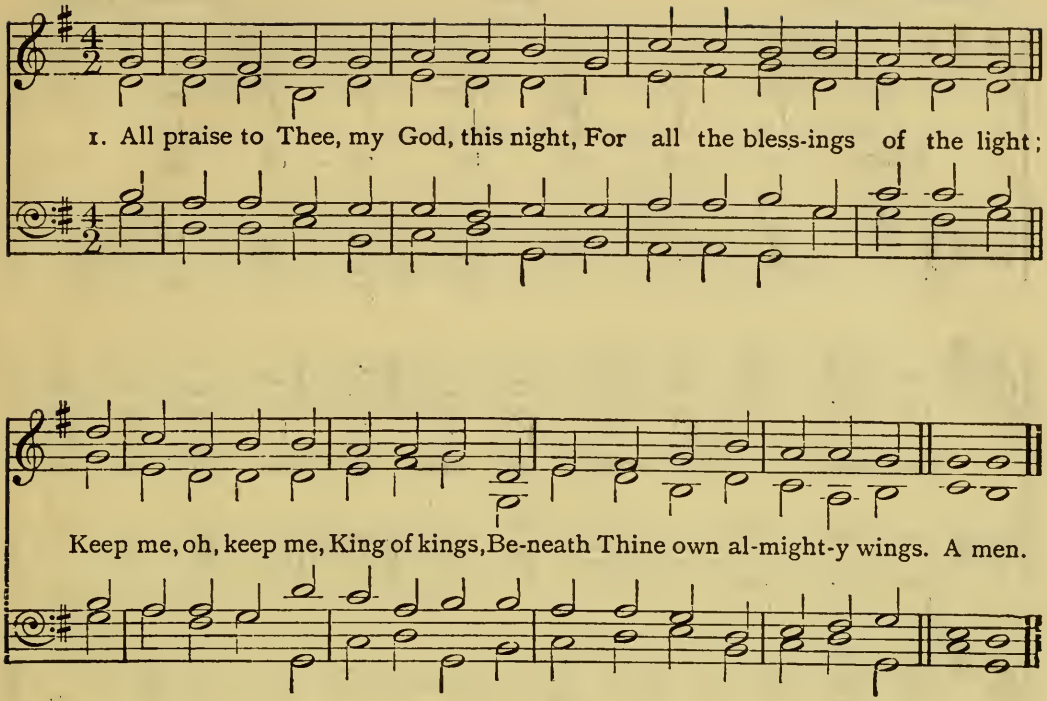
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 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.

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

J. KEBLE.

TALLIS' CANON. L.M. T. TALLIS.




2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

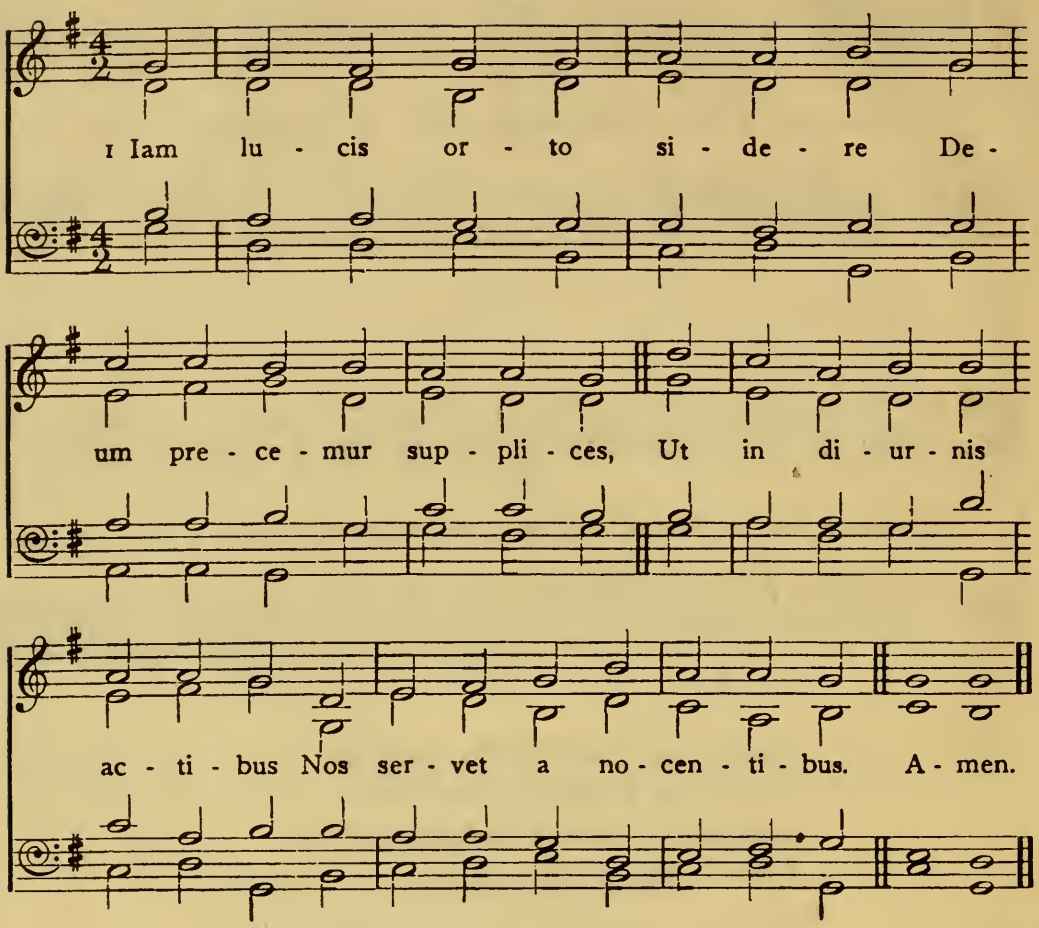
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. KEN.

TALLIS' CANON. L.M. THOMAS TALLIS.




2 Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

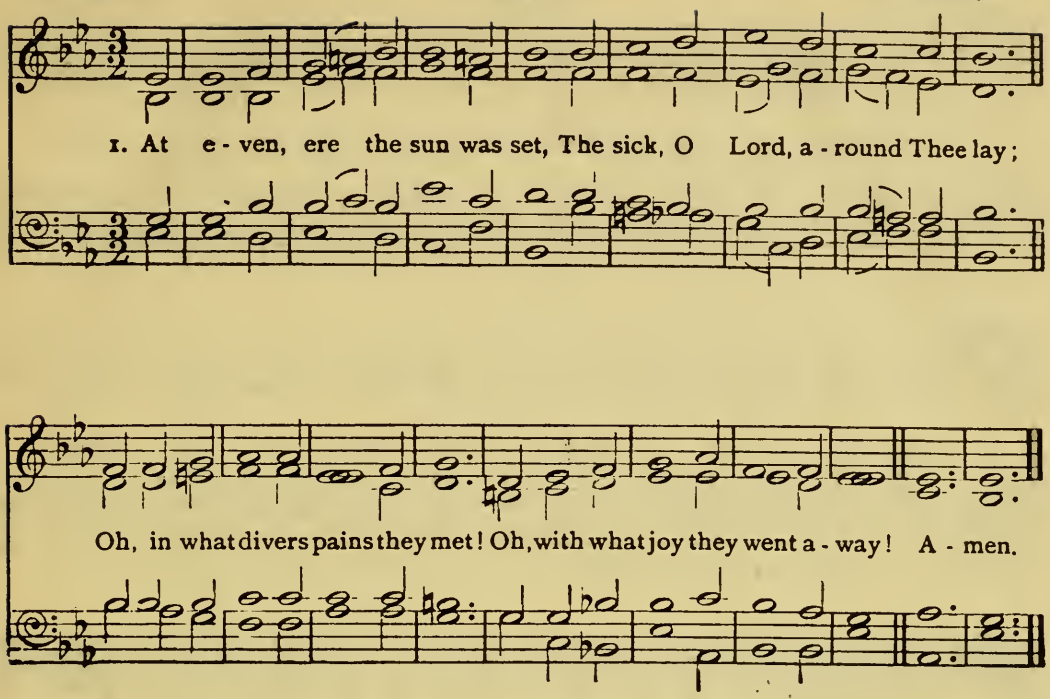
3 Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas:

4 Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

5 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum. Amen.

Morning Hymn of Ambrose.

ANGELUS. L.M. SCHEFFLER.




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

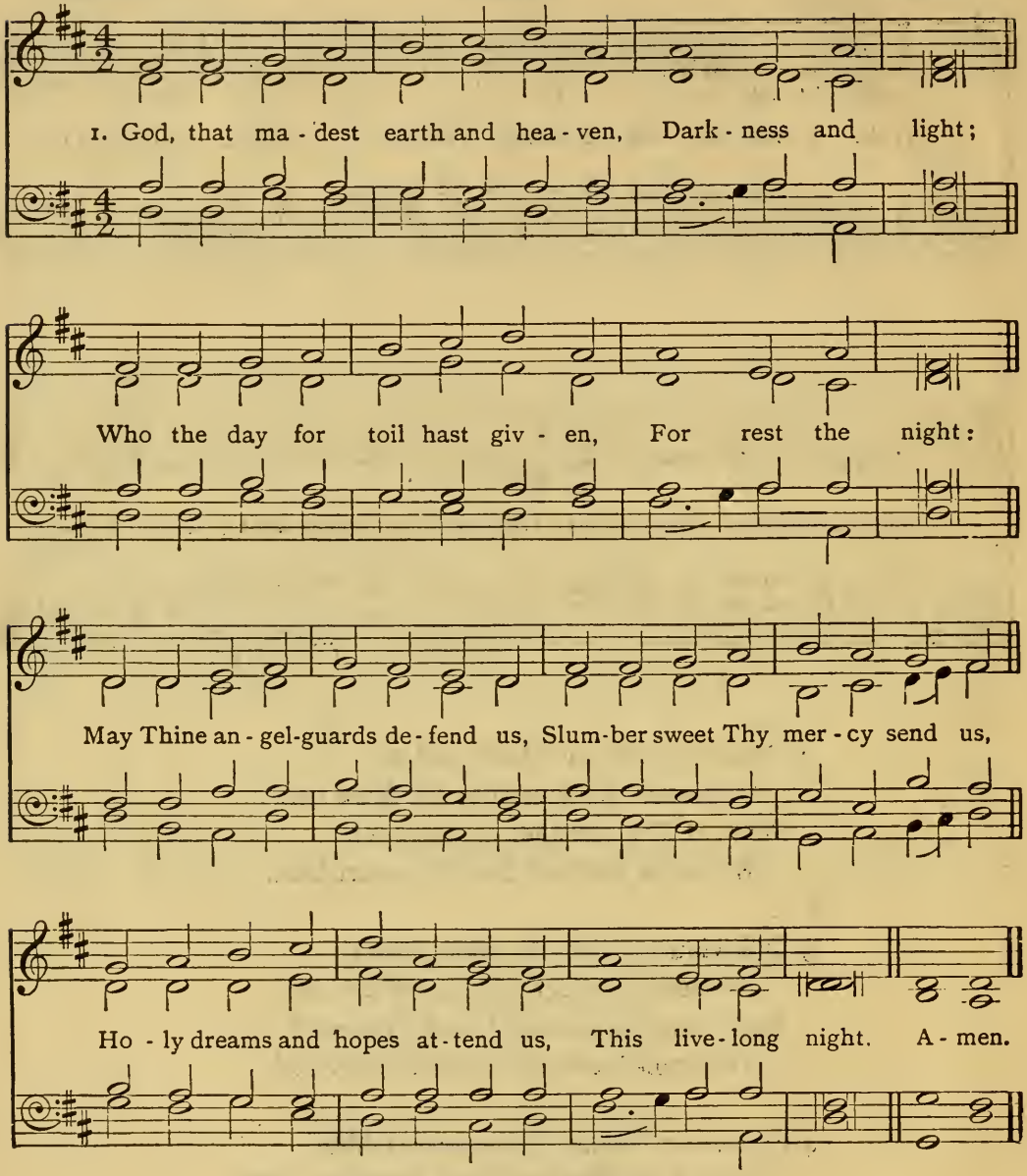
3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 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.

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

H. TWELLS.

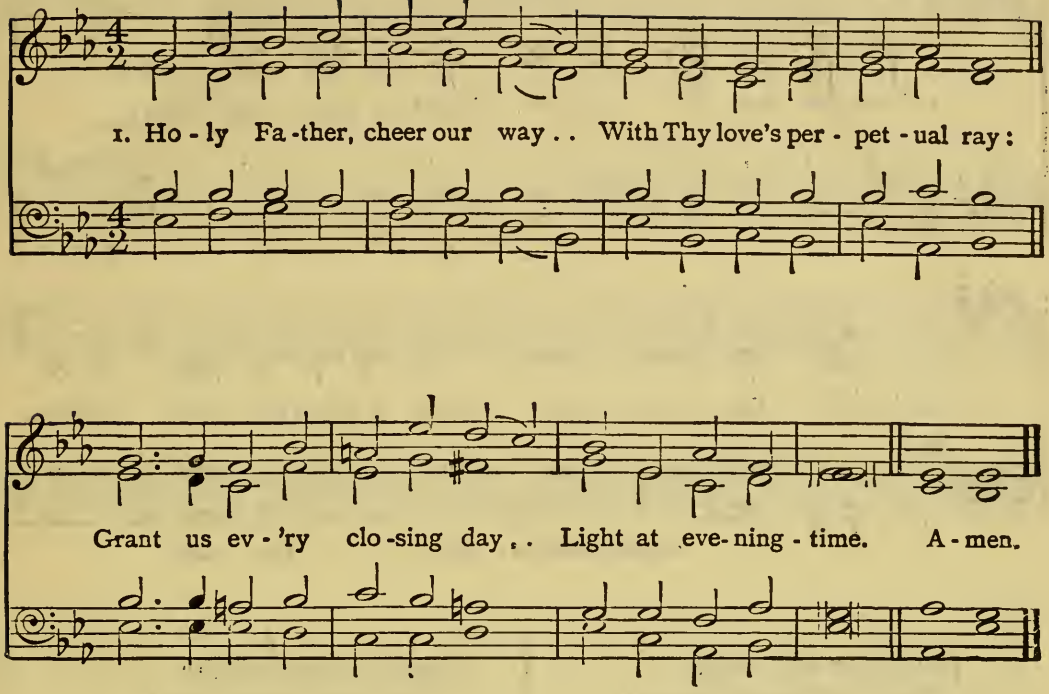
NUTFIELD. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. W. H. MONK.




2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

R. HEBER. R. WHATELEY.

VESPER. 7·7·7·5· J. STAINER.




2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears,
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

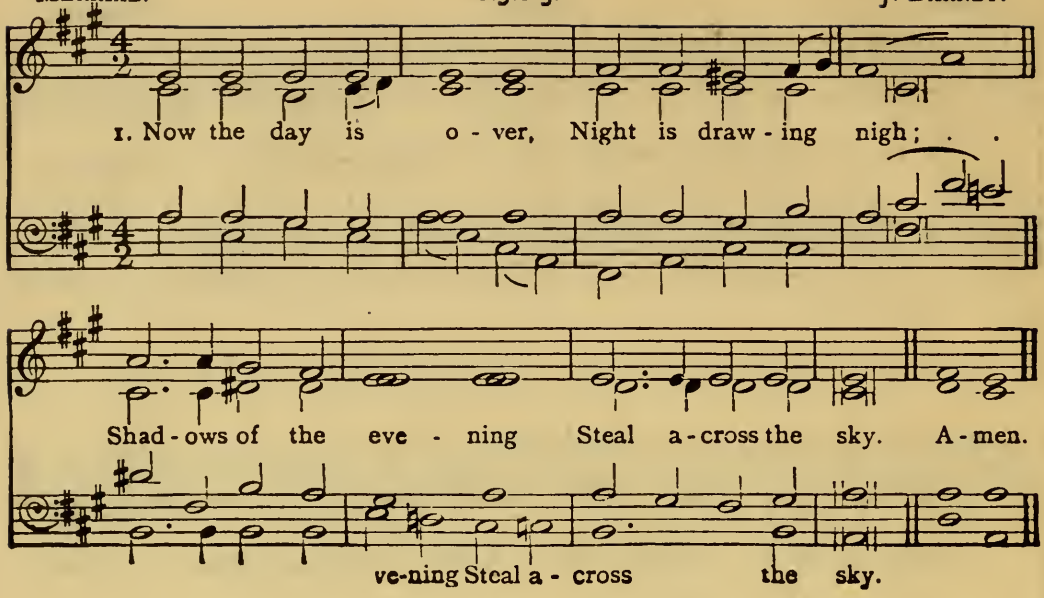
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. Amen.

R. H. ROBINSON.

## 16

MERRIAL. 6.5.6.5. J. BARNBY.




2.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5.

Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

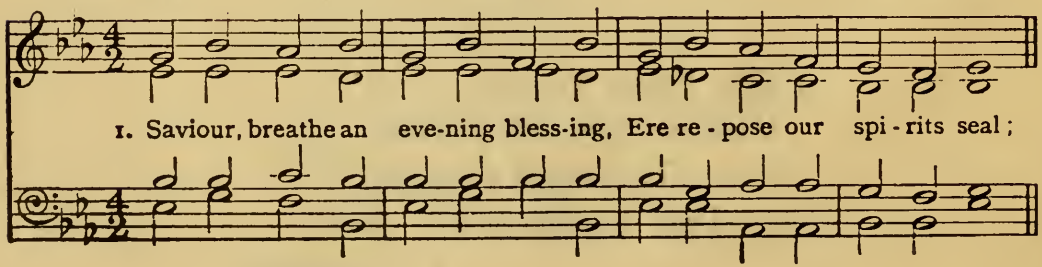
6.

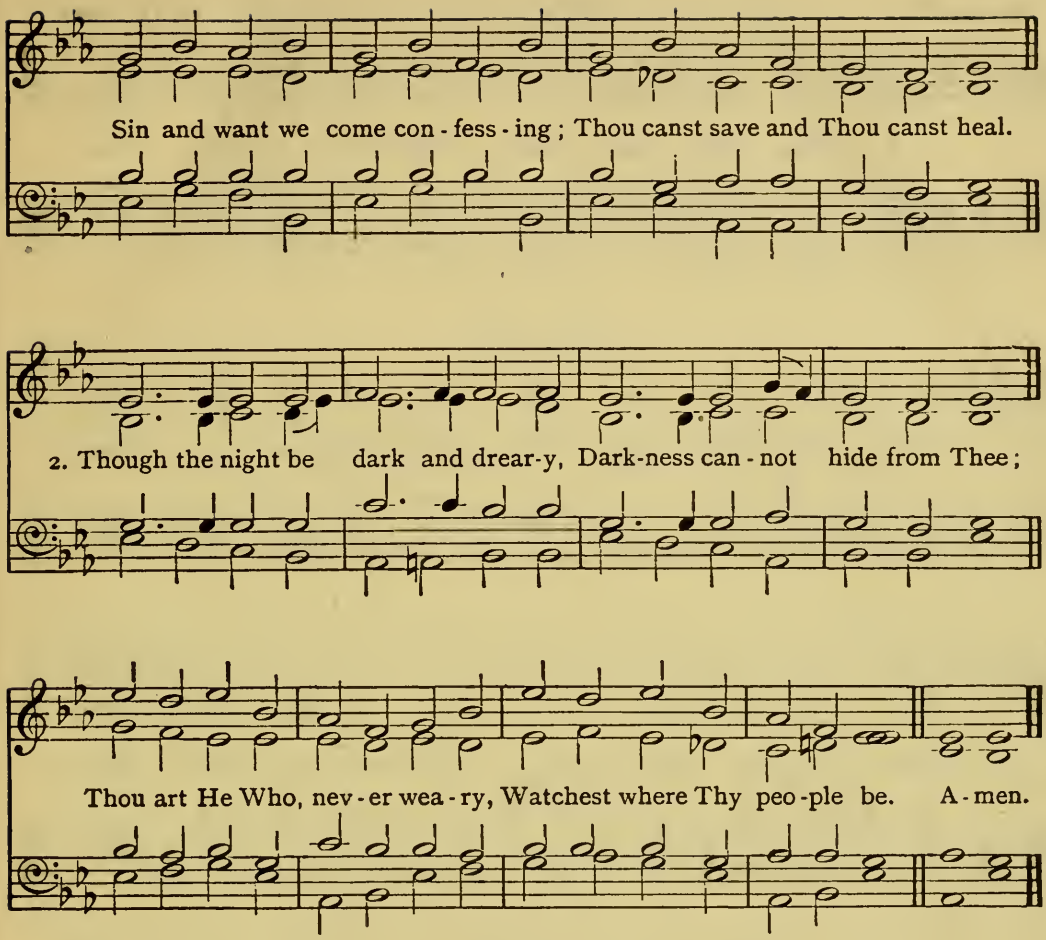
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

## 17

VESPER HYMN 8.7.8.7. D. D. BORTNIANSKY.






3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

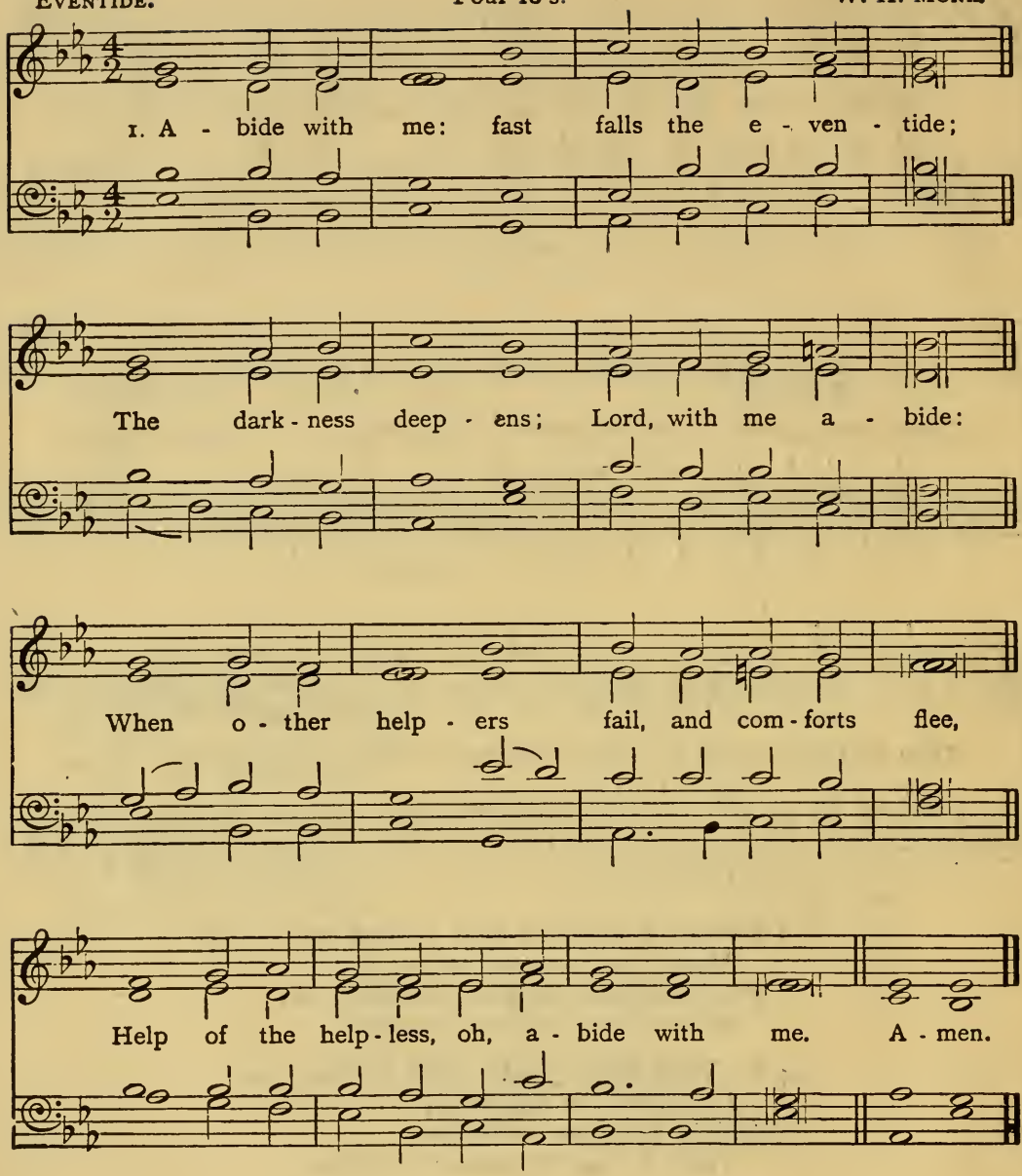
4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesu then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

EVENTIDE. Four 10's. W. H. MONK.




2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 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.

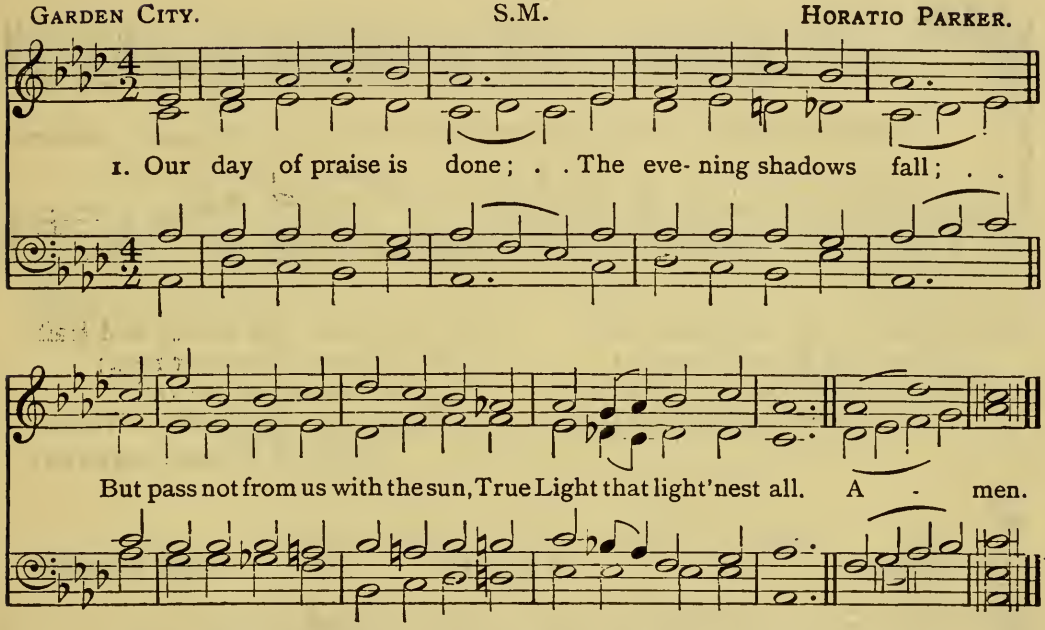
5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

## Evening.

19

GARDEN CITY. S.M. HORATIO PARKER.




2.

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

3.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4.

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

5.

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

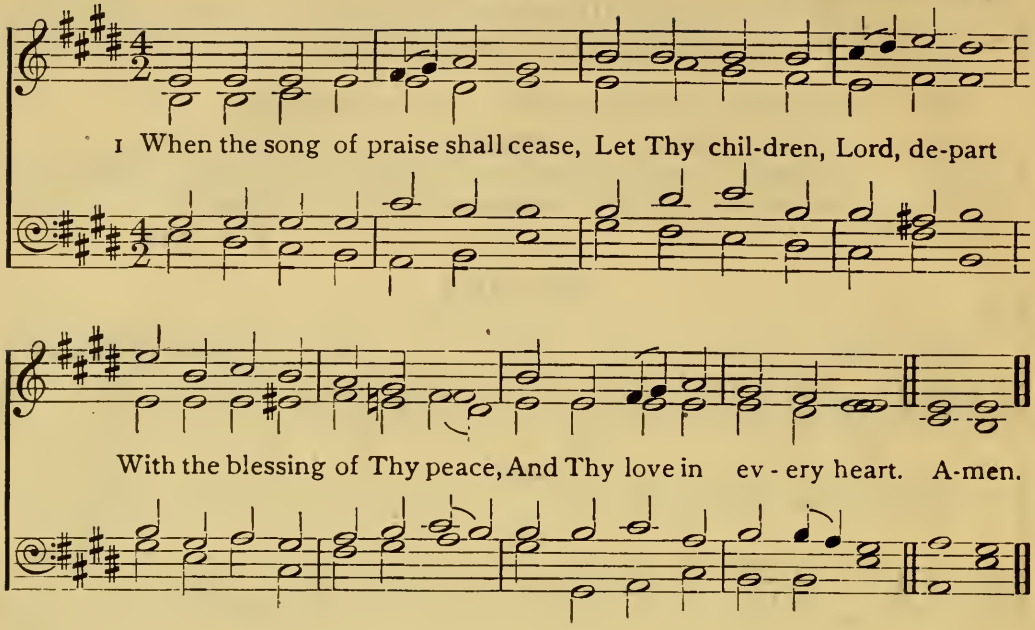
6.

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

J. ELLERTON.

## 20

Posen. **Four 7's.** G. C. Strattner.



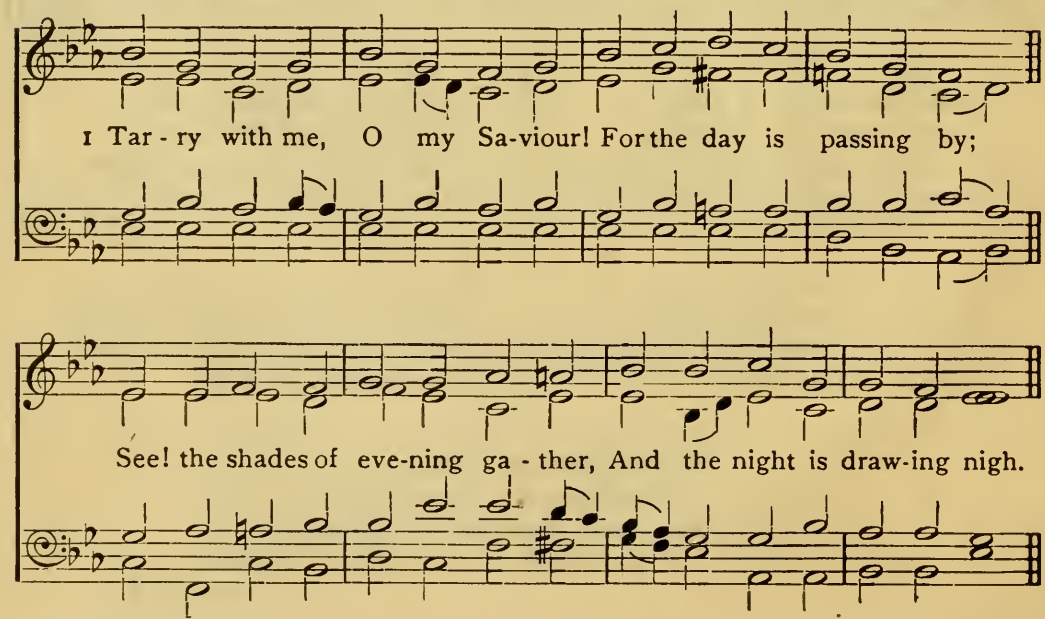

2 O, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath Thine eye,
That Thy care upholds us yet.

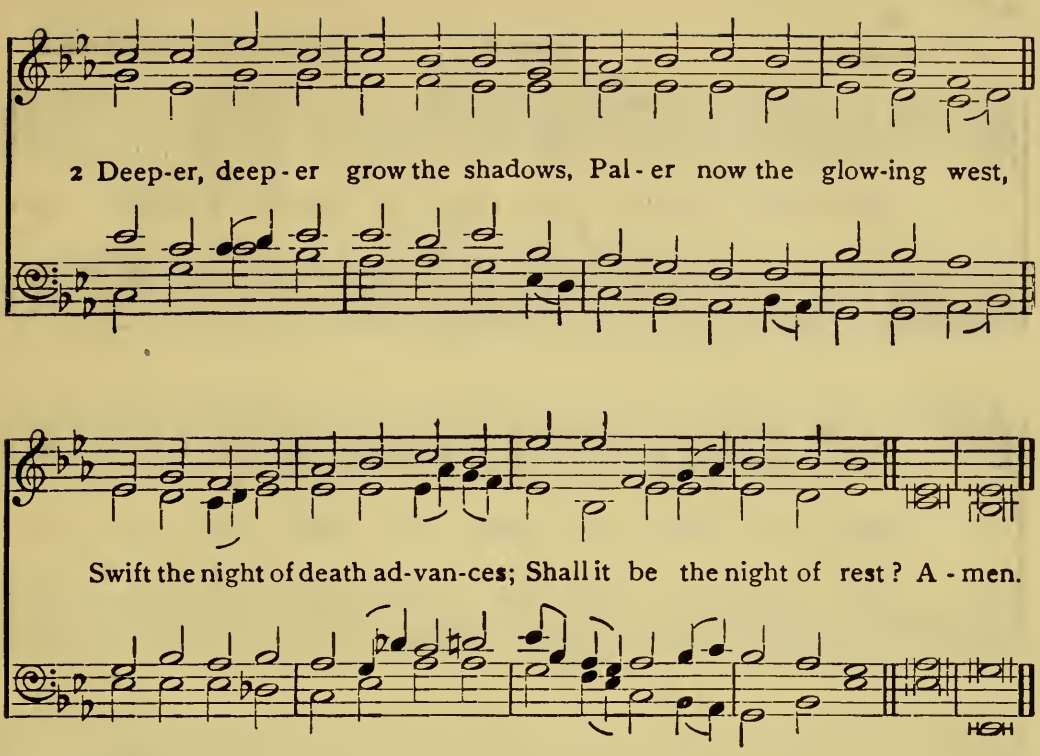
3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail;
Be Thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear. Amen.

William Cullen Bryant.

## 21

St. Paul's. **8.7.8.7.D.** John Erskine.






3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

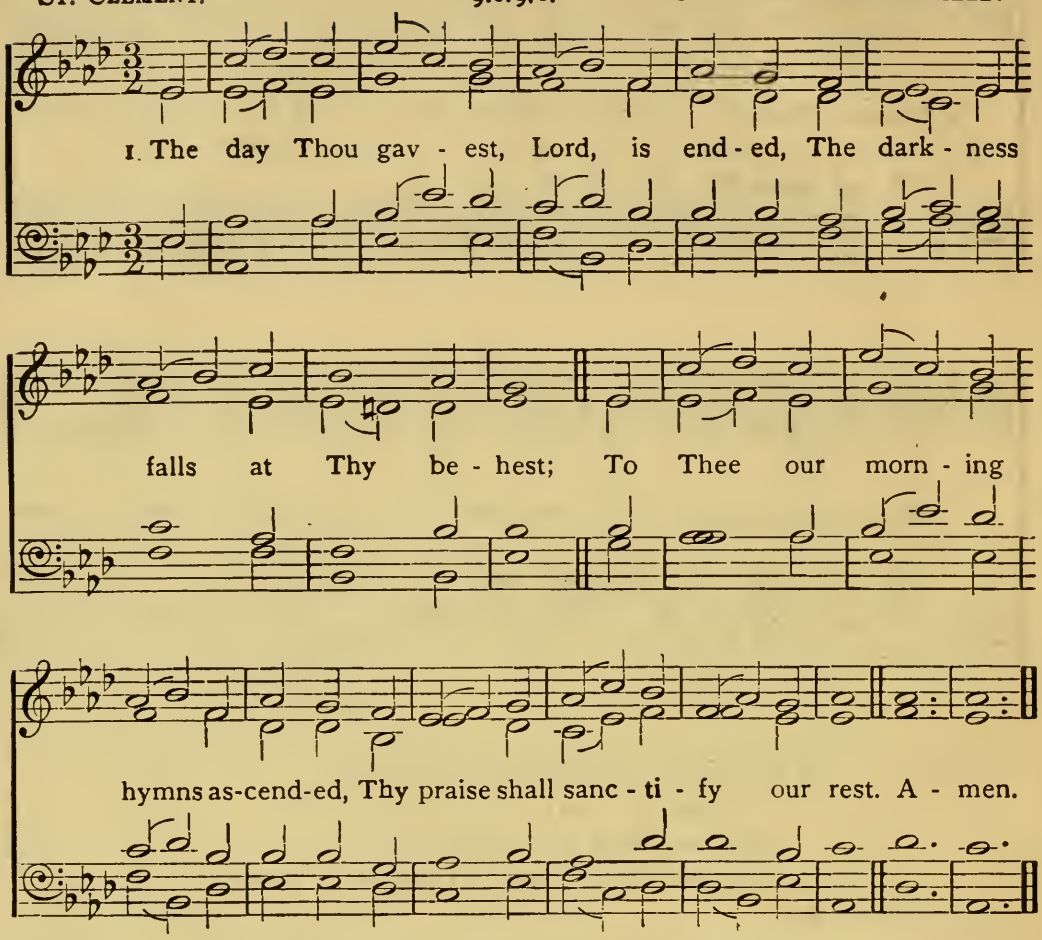
4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me underneath my weakness
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me thro' the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest. Amen.

MRS. C. L. SMITH.

ST. CLEMENT. 9.8.9.8. CLEMENT C. SCHOLEFIELD.




2 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.

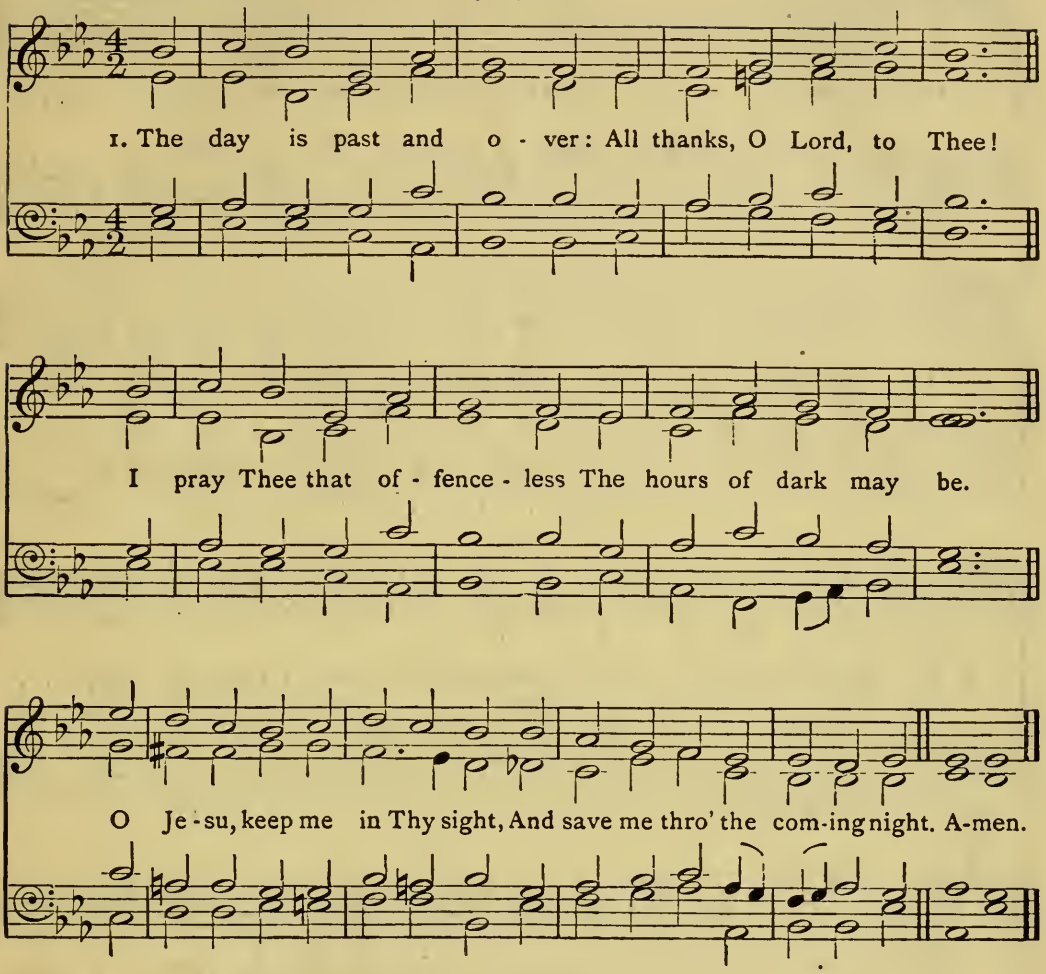
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 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.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2. 7.6.7.6.8.8. A. H. BROWN.




2.

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3.

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4.

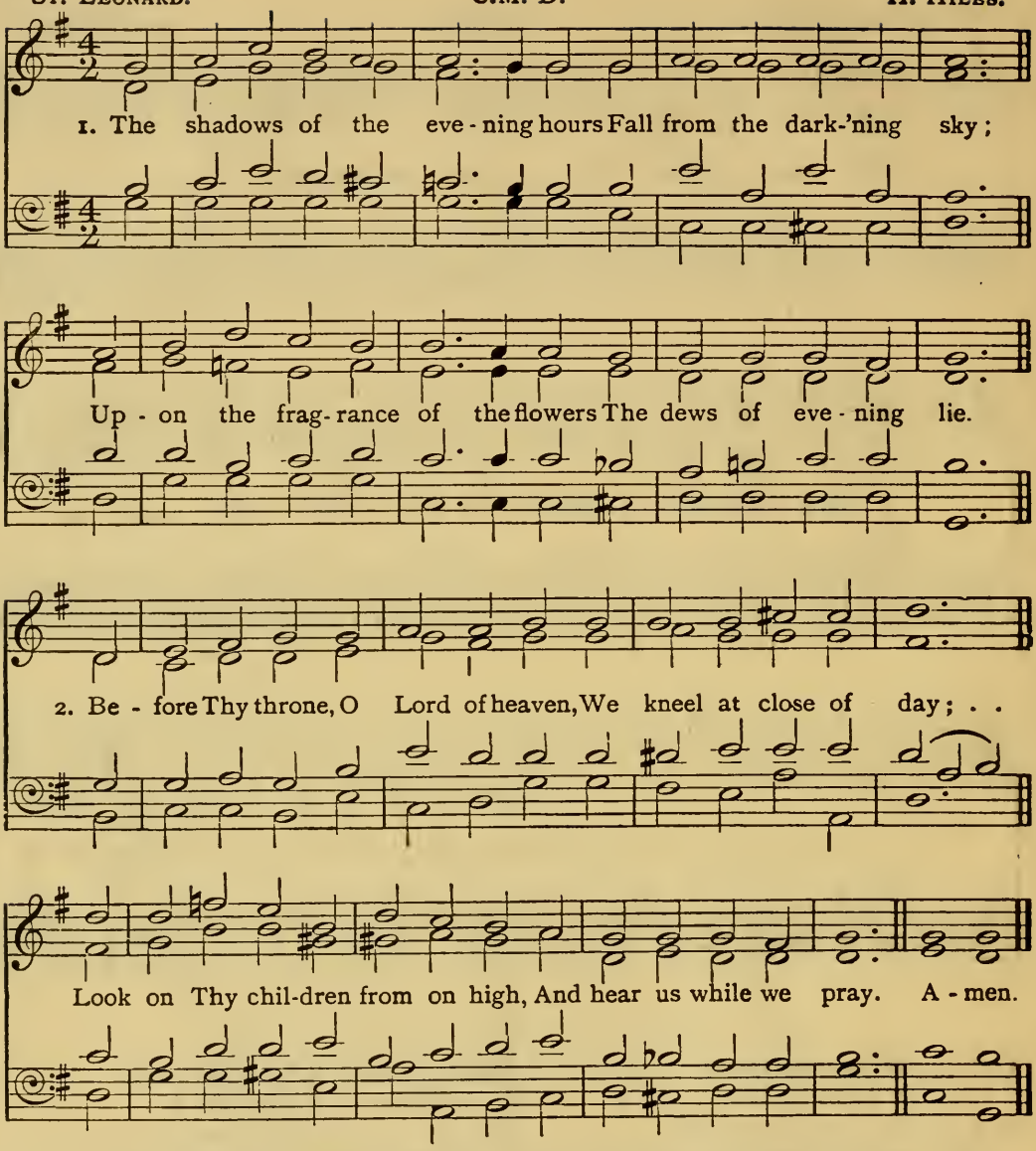
Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!
Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

ST. LEONARD. C.M. D. H. HILES.




3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.

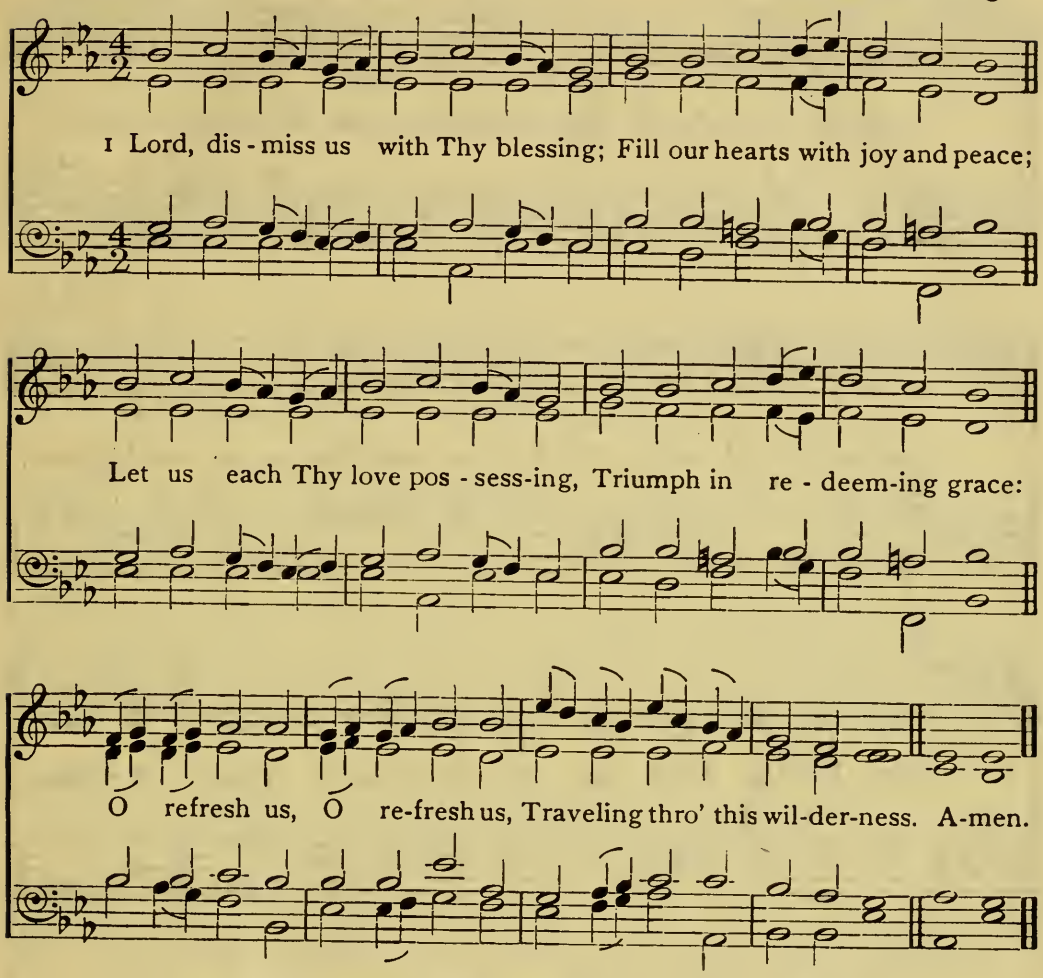
6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

DISMISSAL (SICILIAN MARINERS). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Sicilian Folksong.

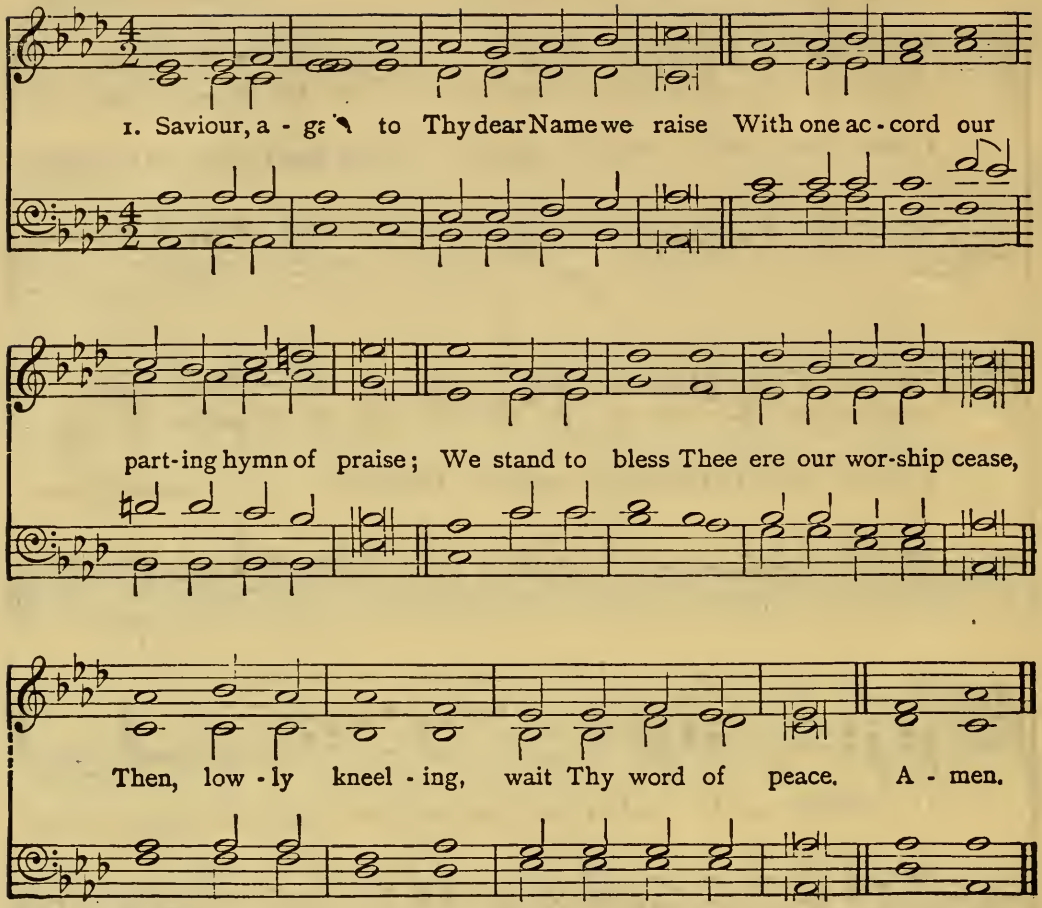



2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Fear of death shall not appall us,
Glad Thy summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day. Amen.

JOHN FAWCETT.

BENEDICTION. Four 10's. E. J. HOPKINS.




2.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3.

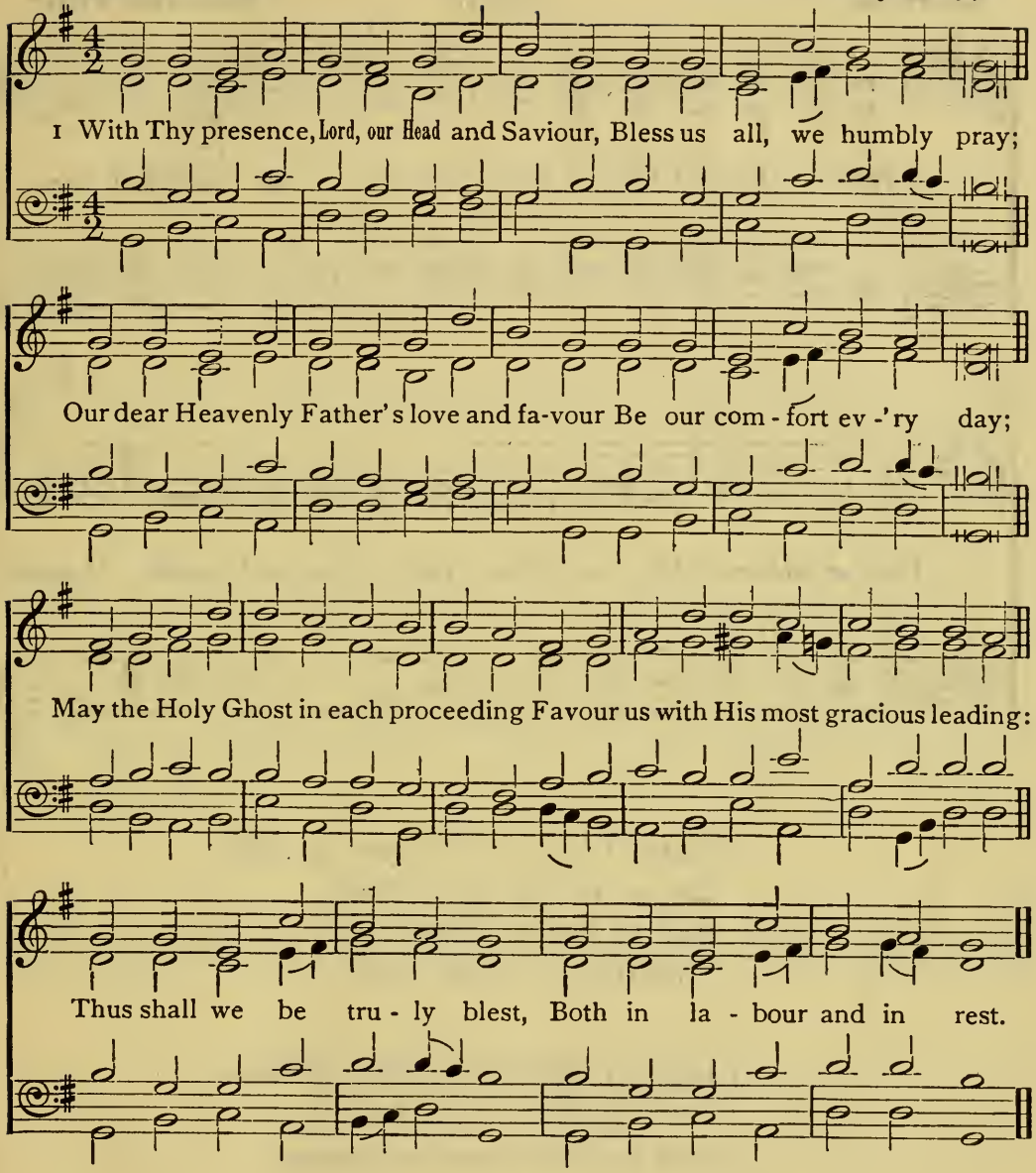
Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

GREGOR (TROCHAIC) — Popular Melody, *c.* 1740.

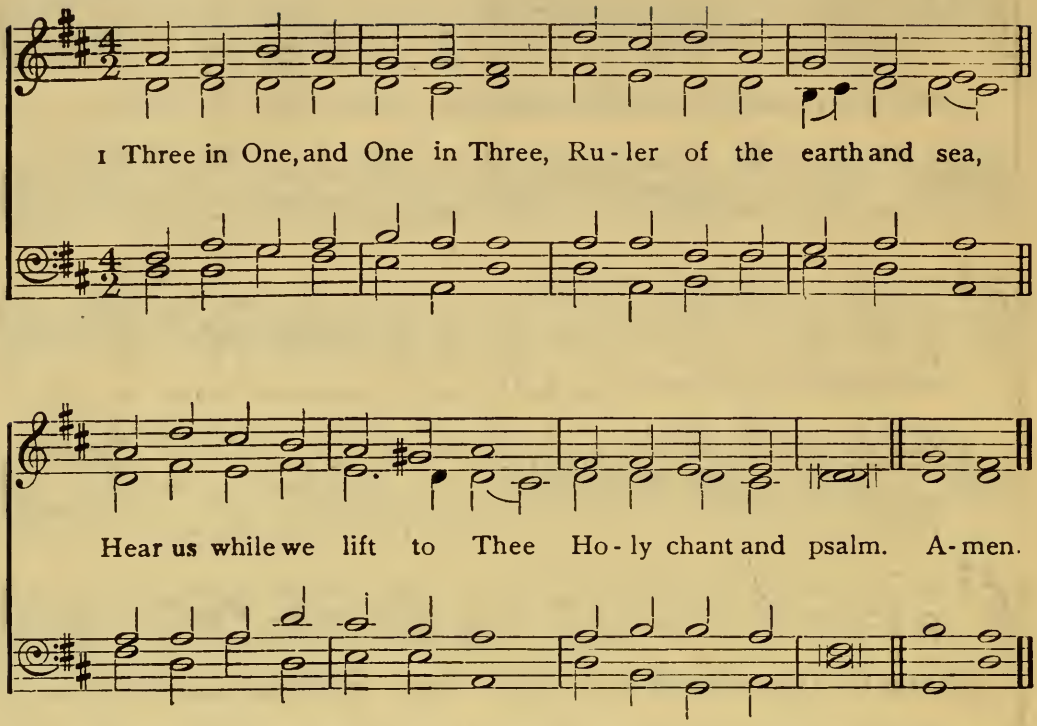



2 Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour!
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, that great favour,
To embrace Thy feet in faith.
Thou hast in our stead the curse endurèd,
And for us eternal life procurèd;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail Thee as our risen Lord.

3 O Thou matchless Source of consolation,
Scarce Thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation,
To Thy followers Thou dost send:
We would share Thy dear disciples' feeling
When before their risen Master [kneeling;
Thus shall we, with all our heart,
Witness what a Friend Thou art.
Amen.

C. GREGOR *and* HENRIETTE LOUISE VON HAYN.

CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



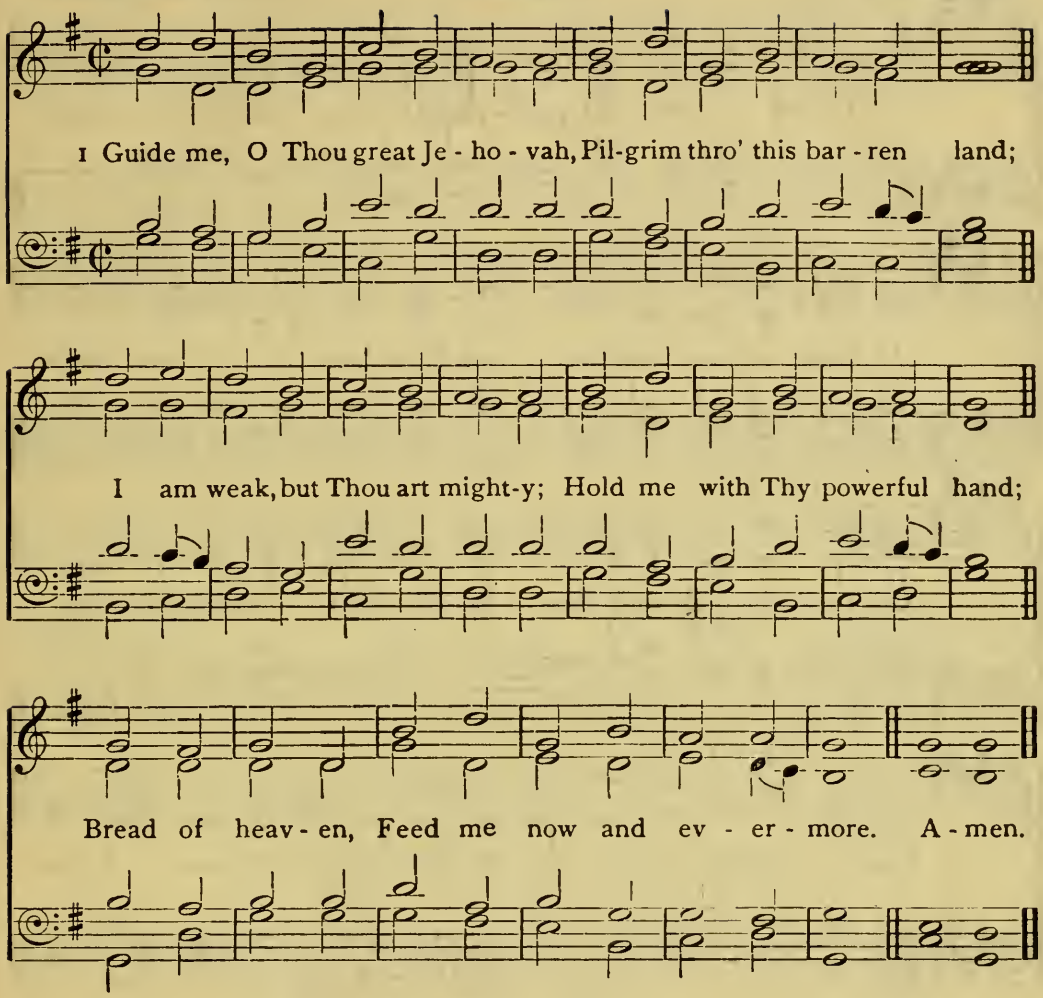

2 Light of lights! with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

GILBERT RORISON.

SAXE-WEIMAR. 8.7.8.7. Traditional.

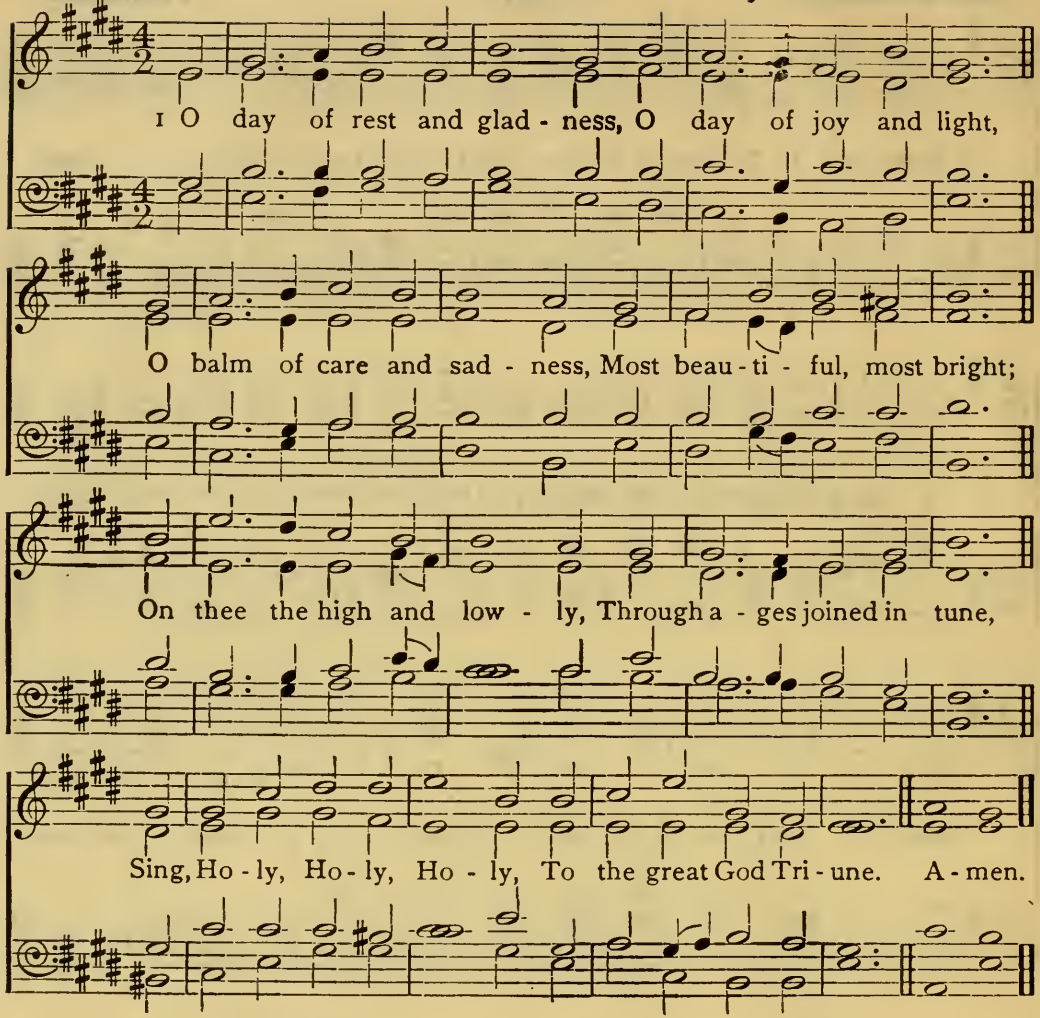



2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

HODGES. 7.6.7.6.D. JOHN S. B. HODGES.




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

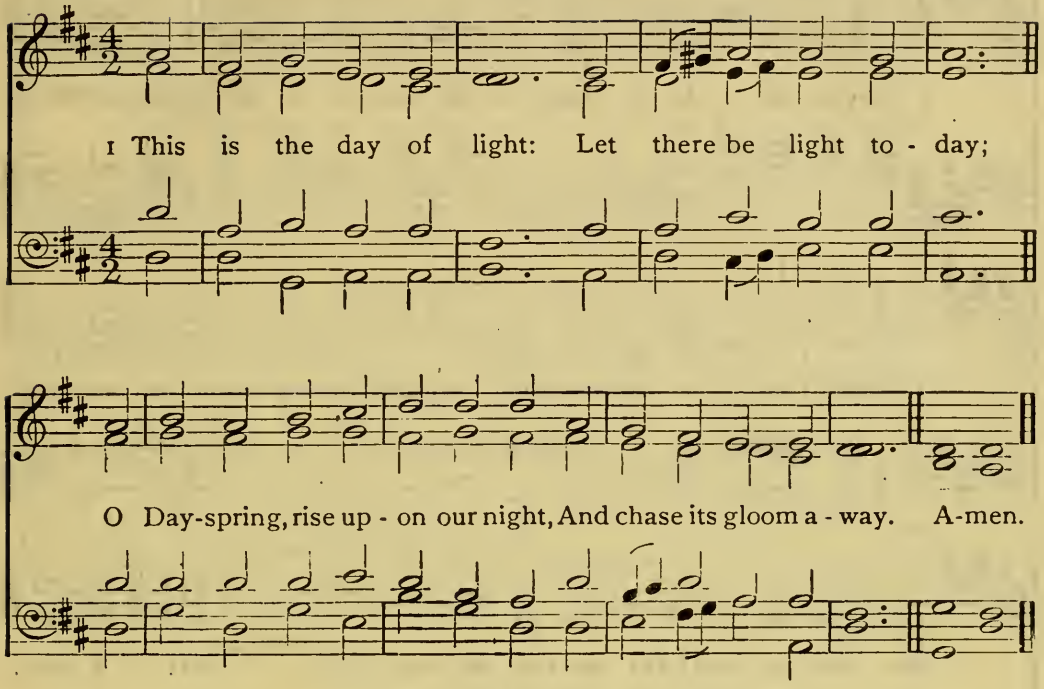
3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 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.

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

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

SWABIA. S.M. JOHANN M. SPIESS.




2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

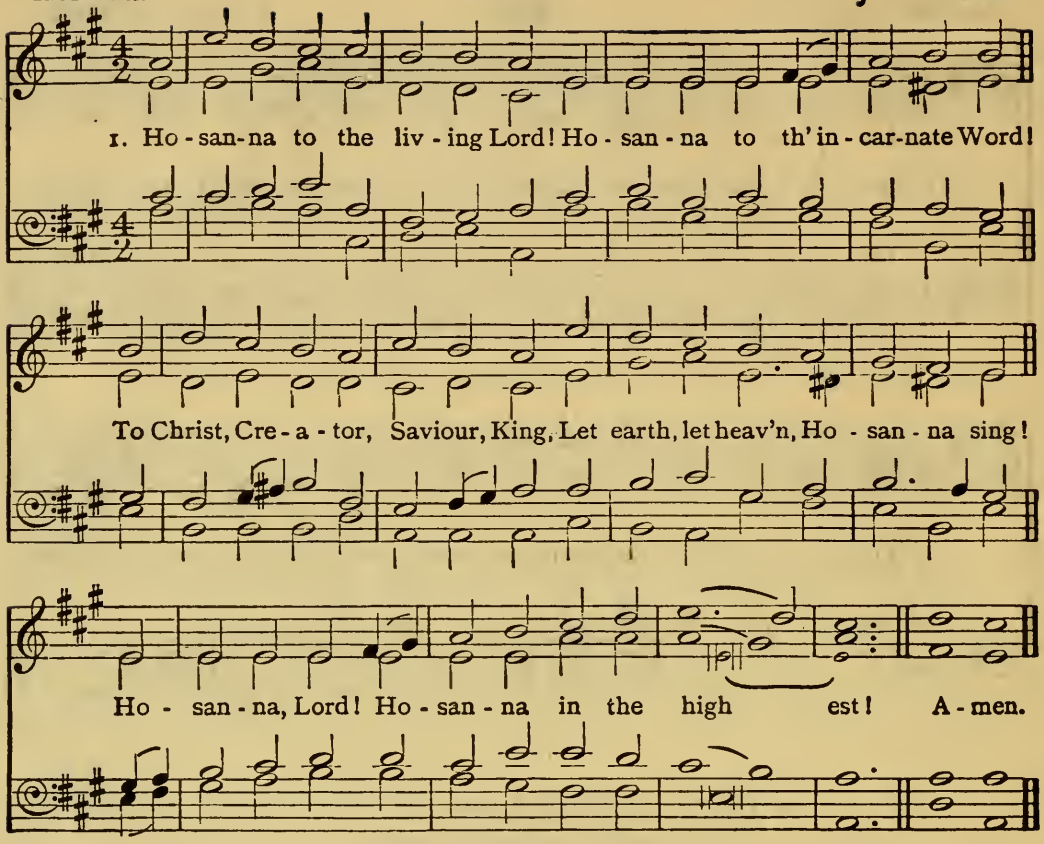
3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

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

JOHN ELLERTON.

HOSANNA. 8.8.8.8.11. J. B. DYKES.




2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

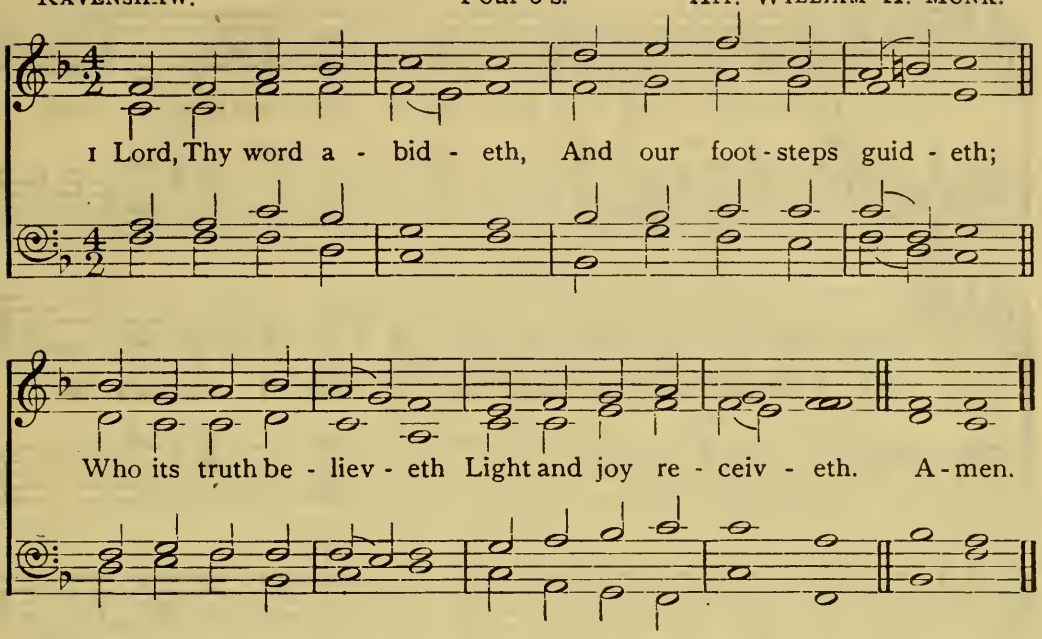
3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

R. HEBER.

RAVENSHAW. Four 6's. Arr. WILLIAM H. MONK.




2 When our foes are near us,
When Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

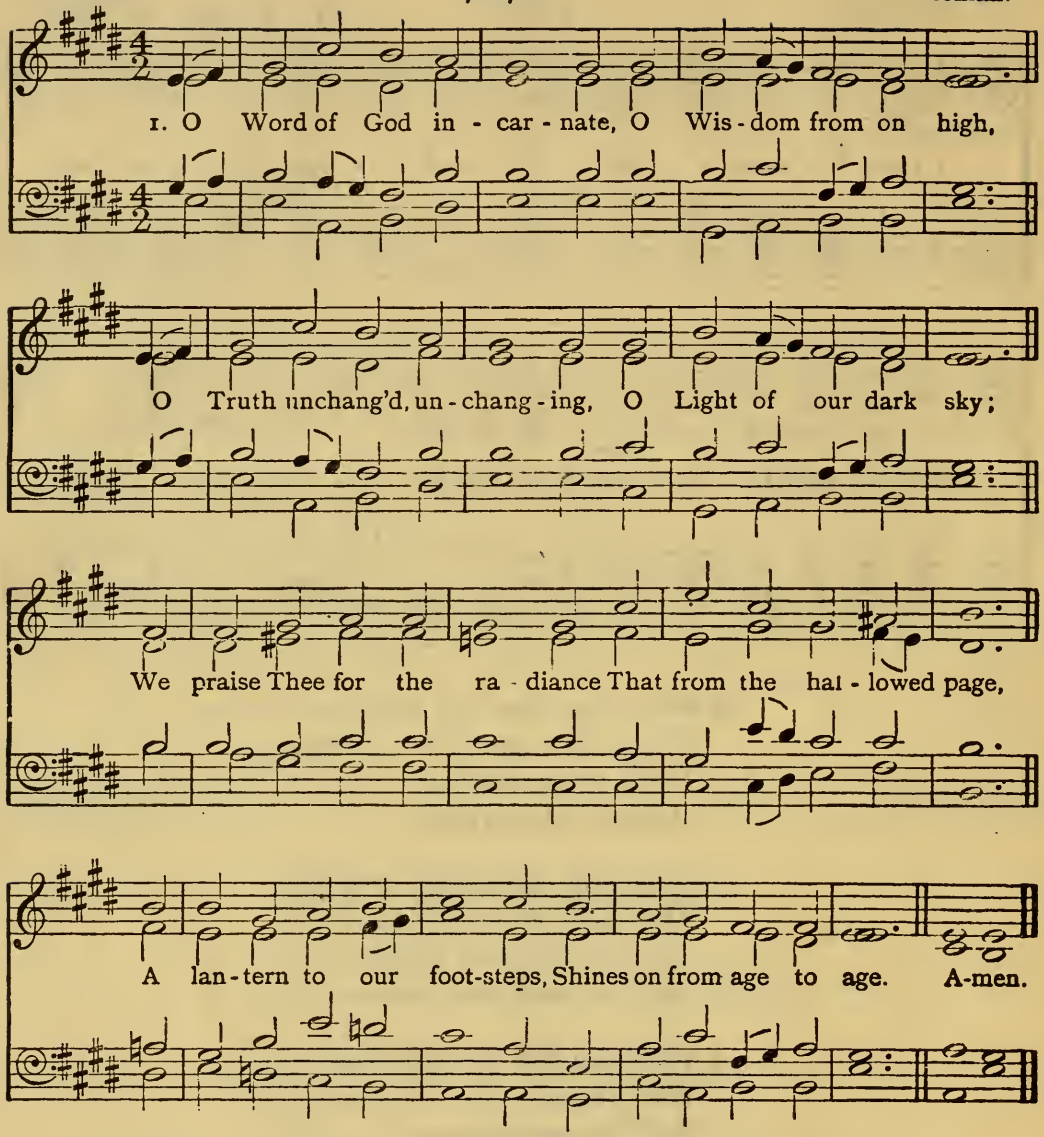
4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

HENRY W. BAKER.

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D. German.



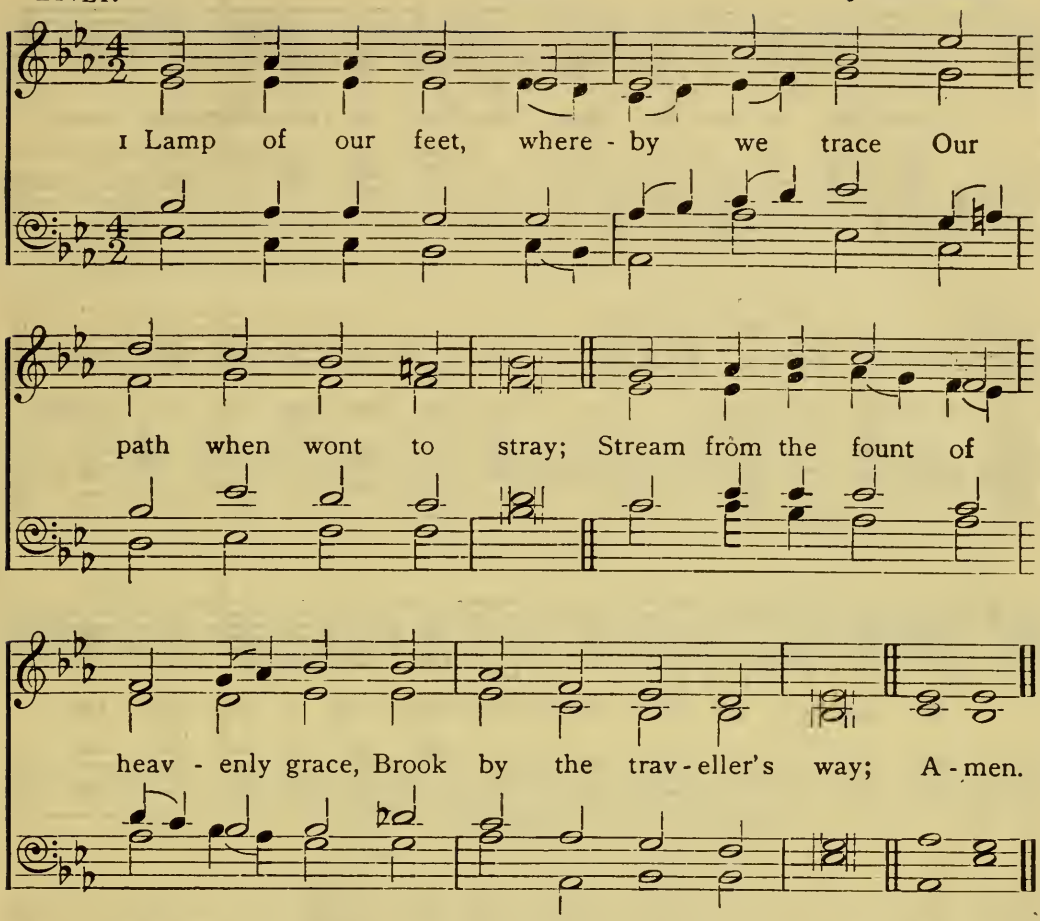

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
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.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

ELVET. C.M. J. B. DYKES.




2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

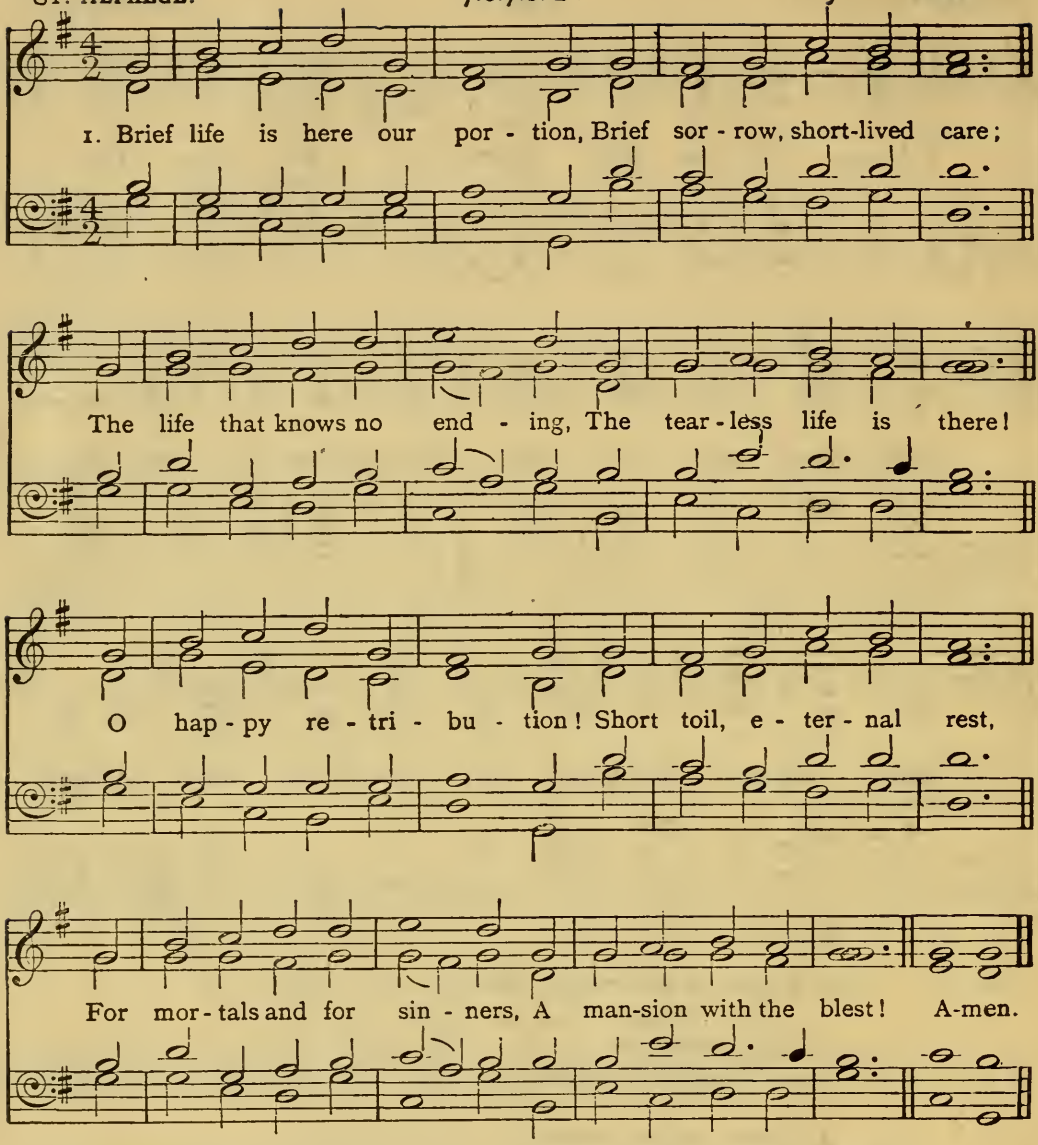
3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
By Thee the saints this earth have trod,
And heaven itself have won.

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts. Amen.

*Adapted from* BERNARD BARTON.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

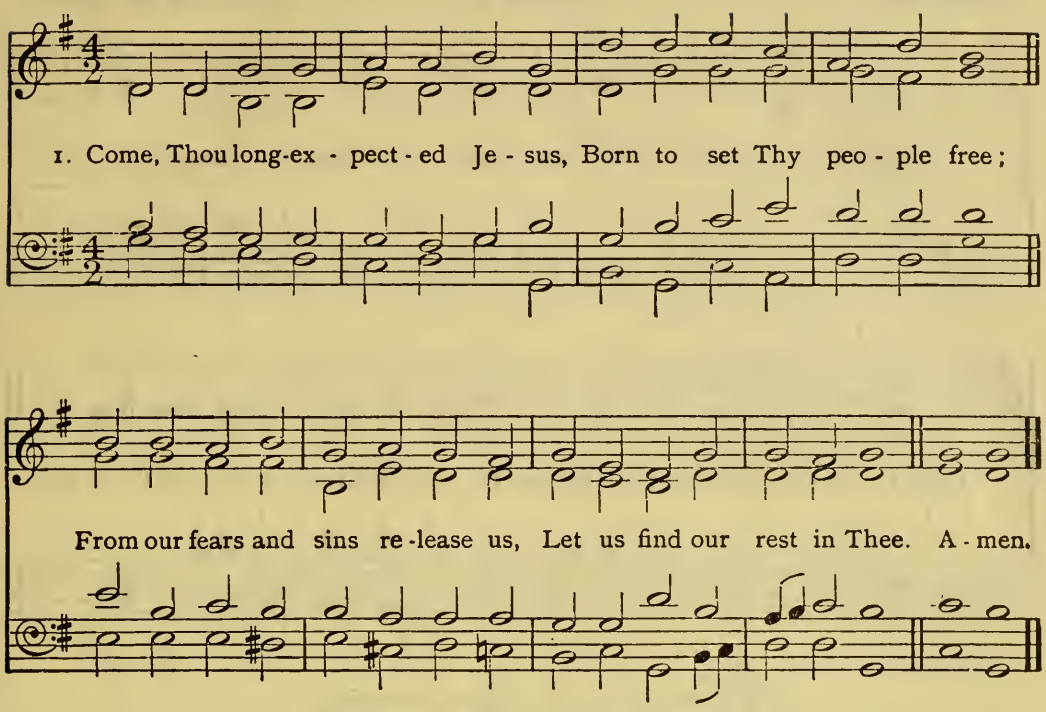



2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. German.




2.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

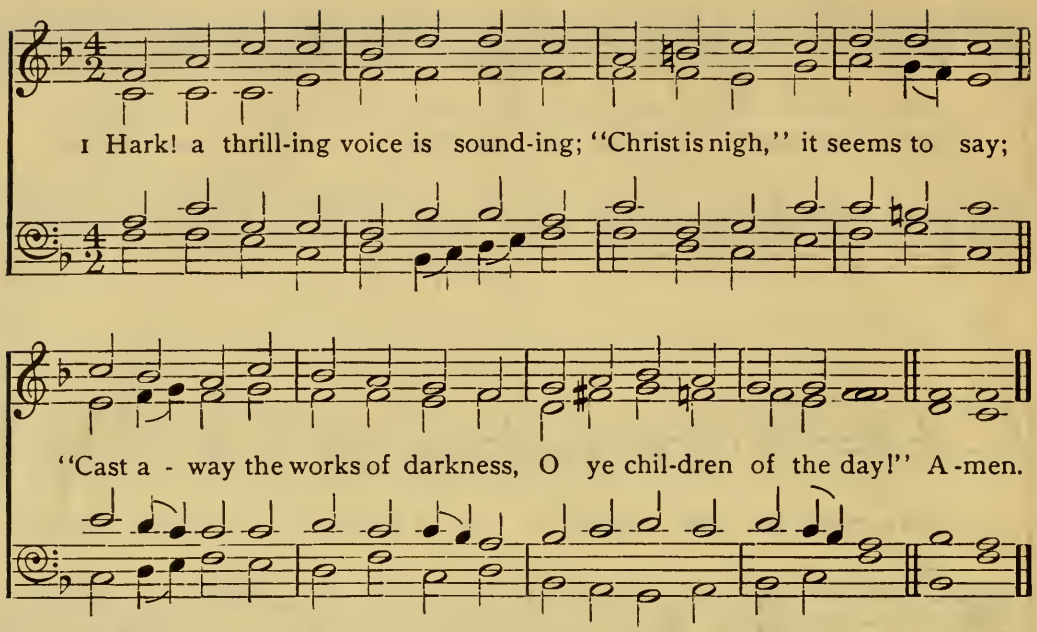
4.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

## 38

MERTON. 8.7.8.7. WILLIAM H. MONK.




2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

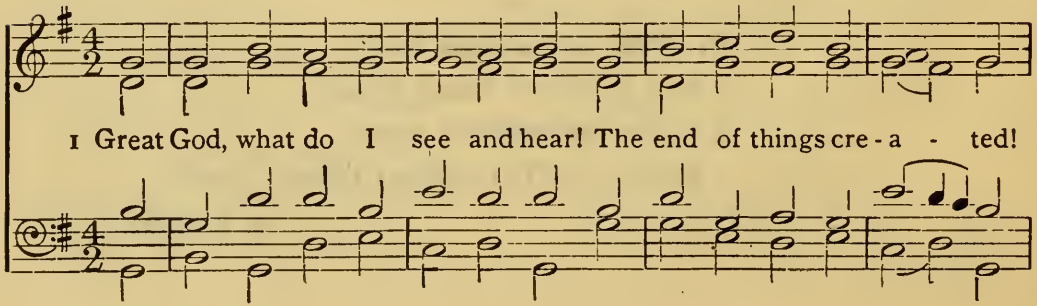
3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

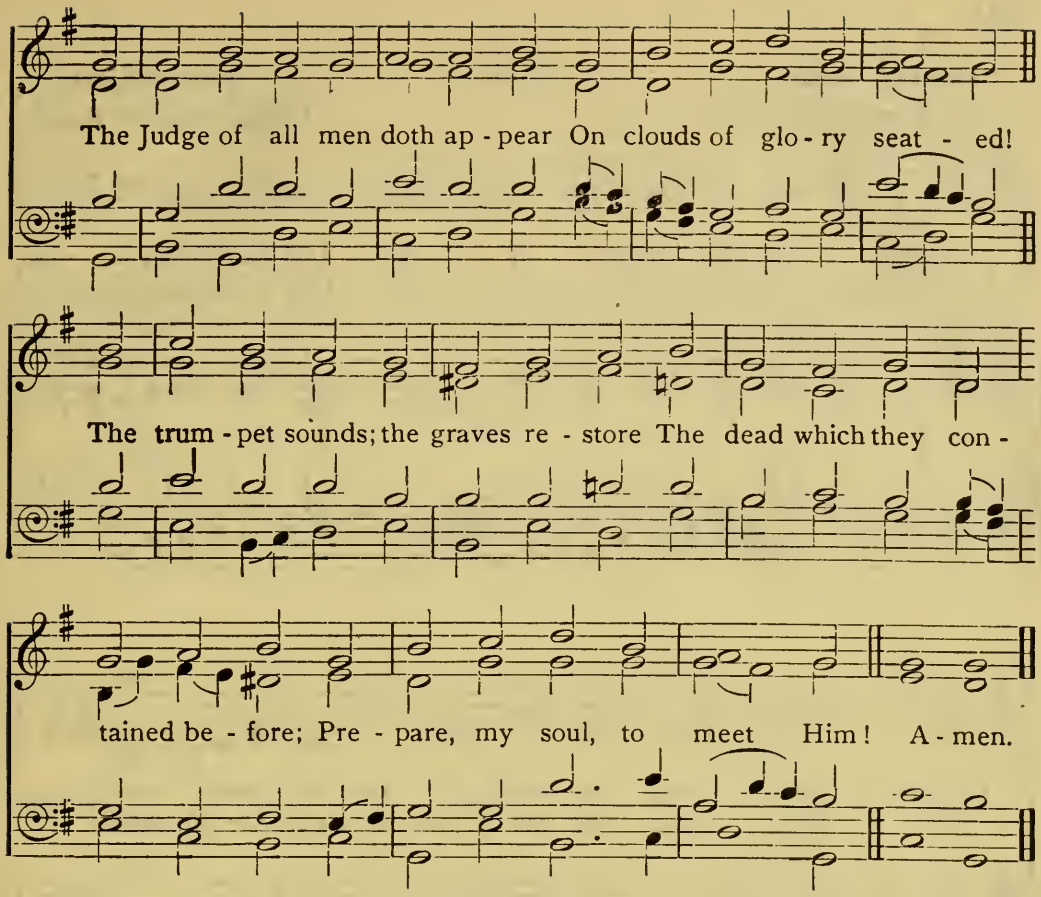
4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near. Amen.

*Tr.* EDWARD CASWALL.

## 39

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. JOSEPH KLUG'S *Gesangbuch.*






2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

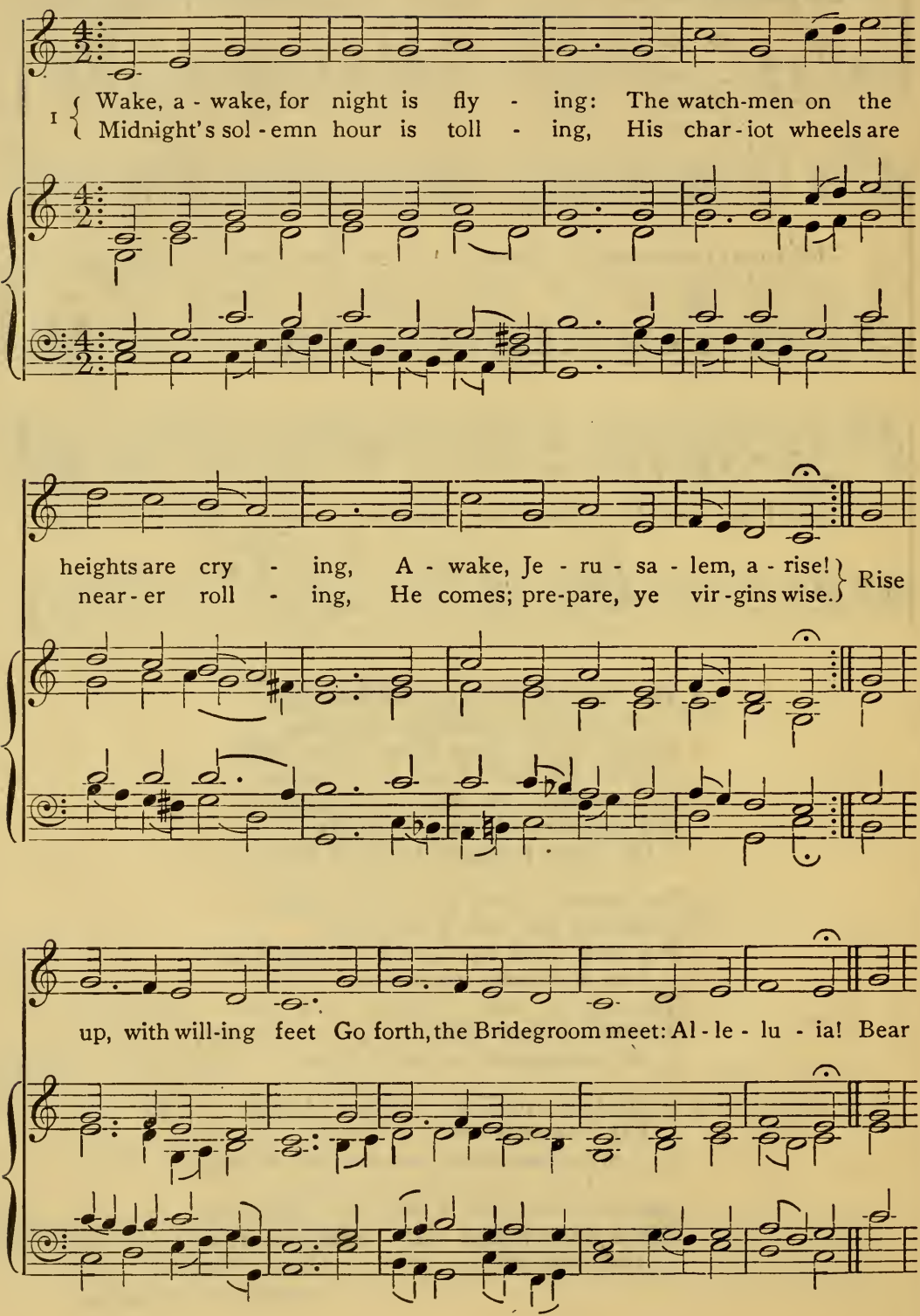
3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is passed and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

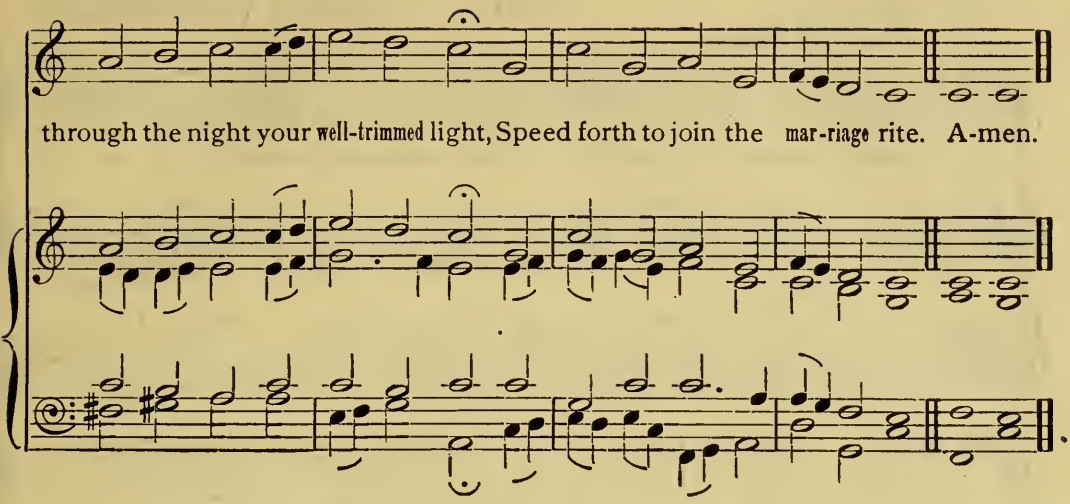
4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

SLEEPERS, WAKE. **P.M.** PHILIP NICOLAI;

*To be sung in unison.* Harmonized by BACH.





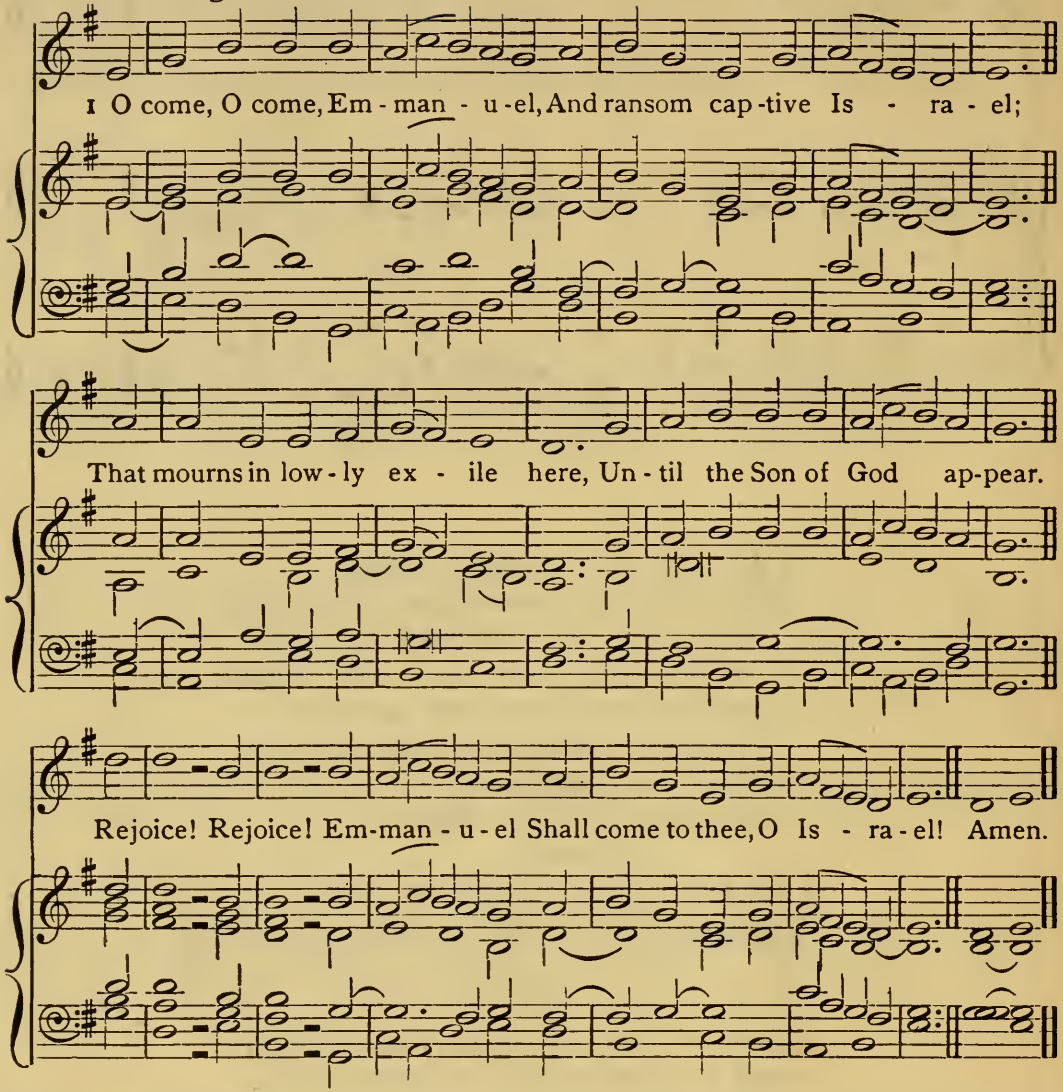

2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along. Amen.

PHILIP NICOLAI; *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

VENI EMMANUEL. Six 8's. Adapted by THOMAS HELMORE.

*To be sung in unison.*




2 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.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

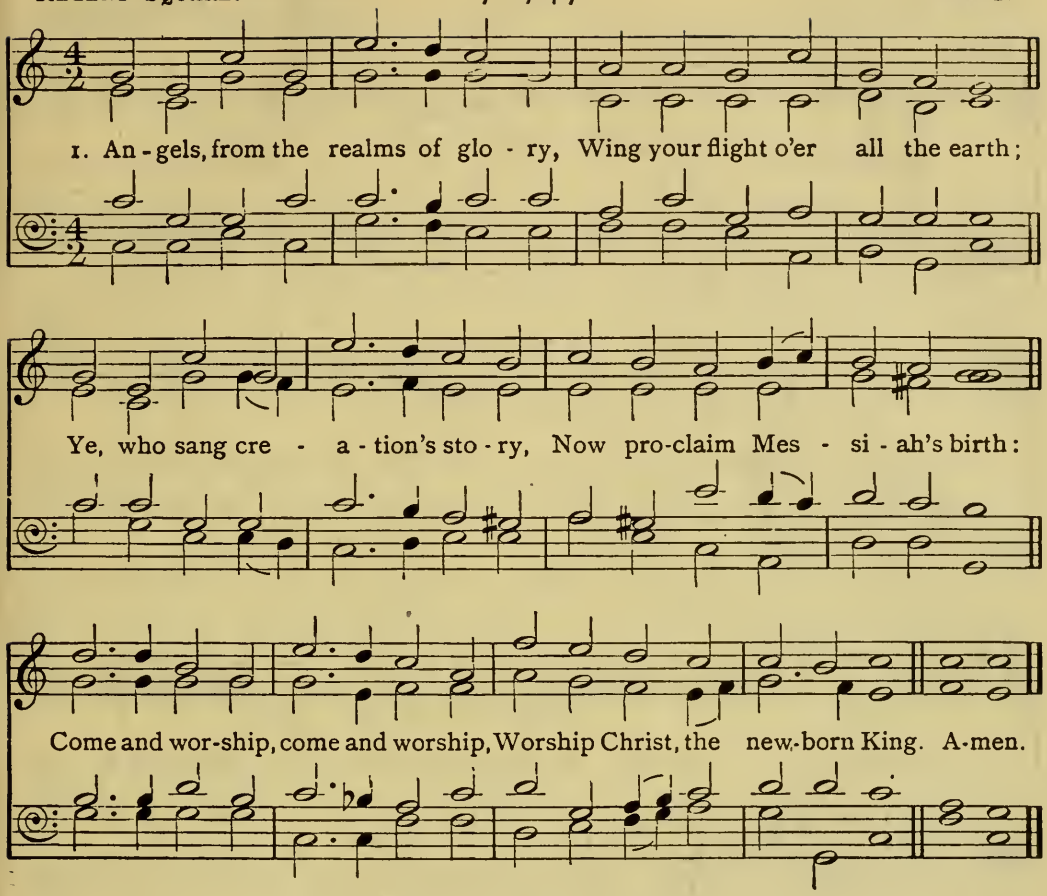
3 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
Amen.

*Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. H SMART.



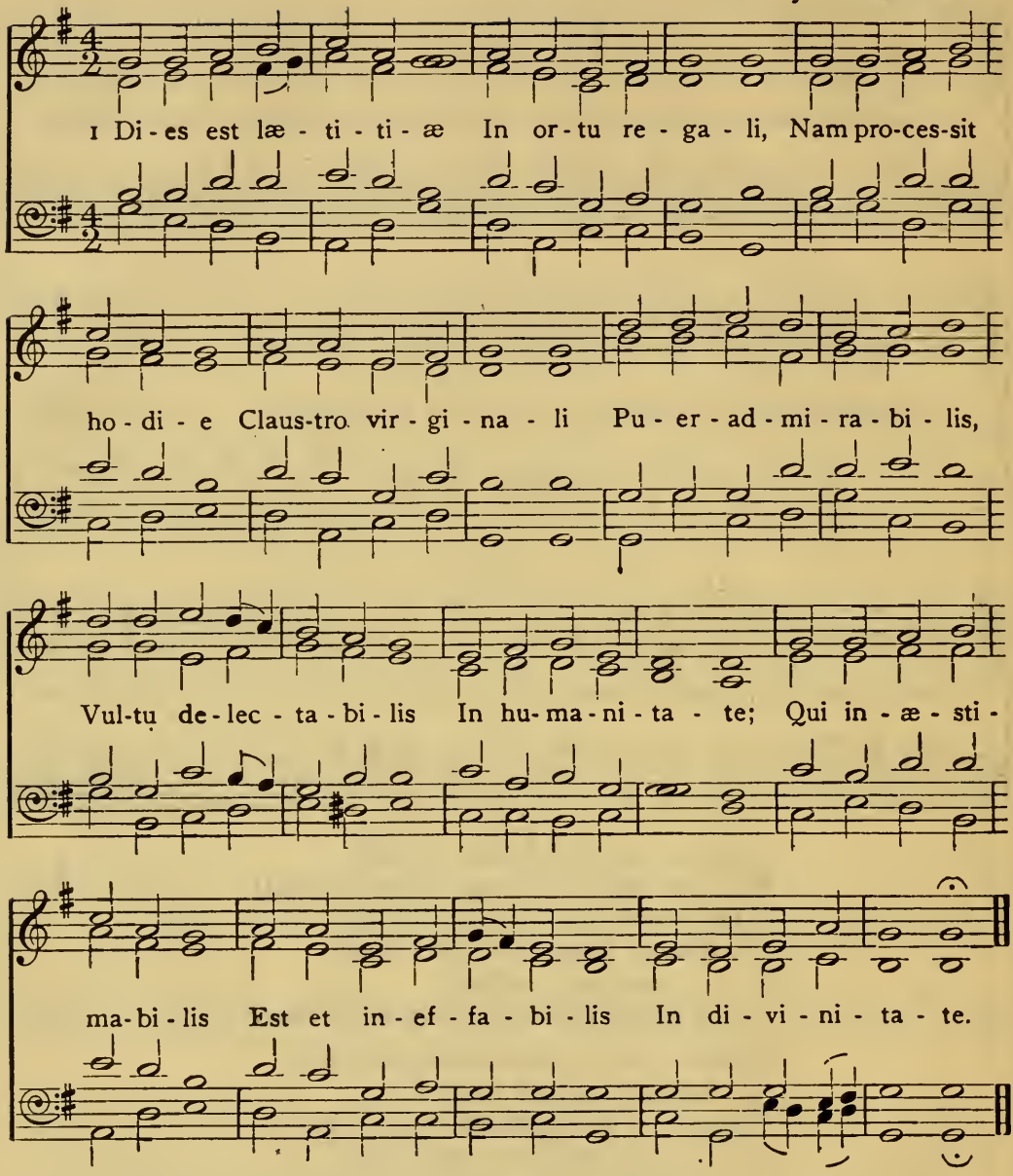

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Anonymous, c. 13th cent.
Har. by T. Helmore.

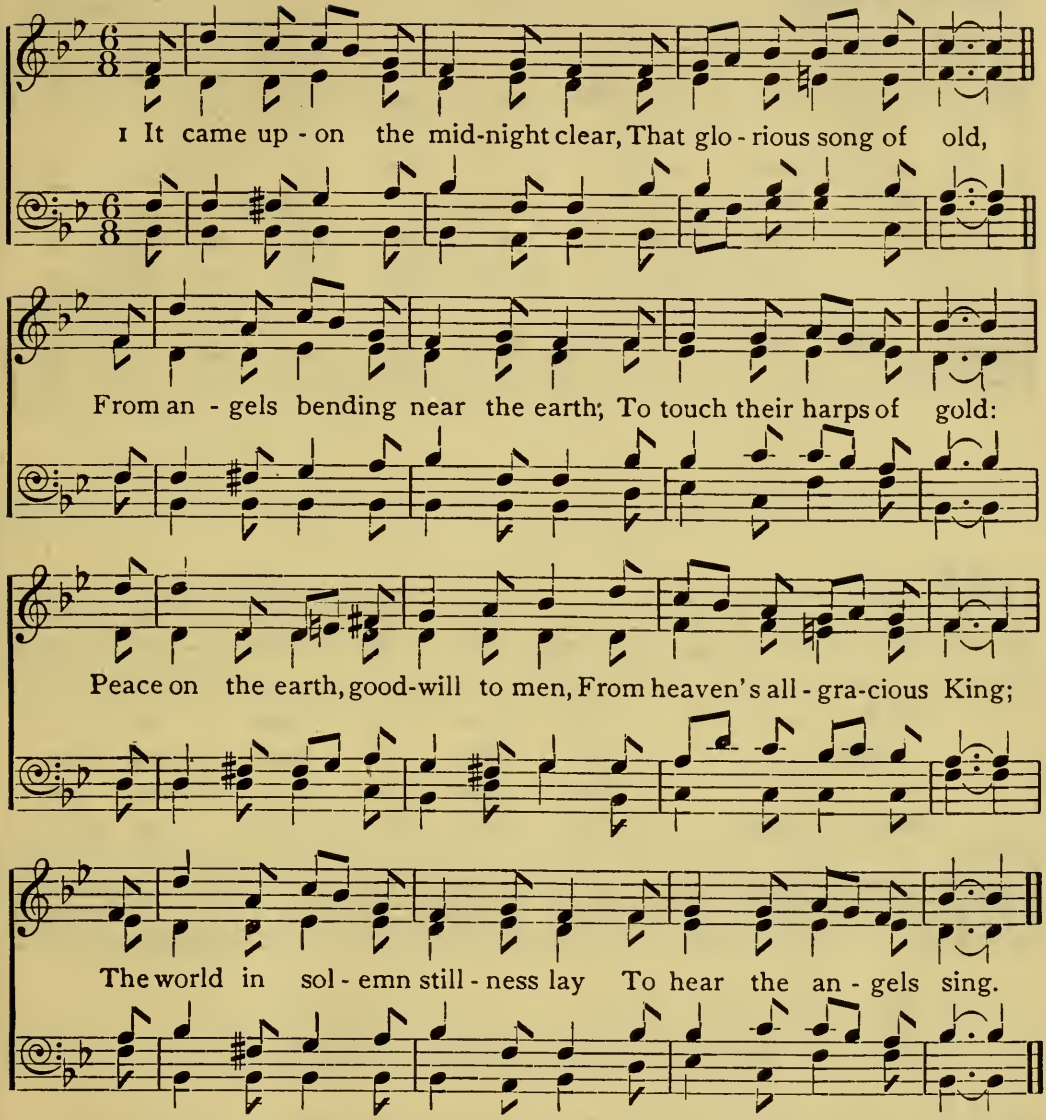



2 In obscuro nascitur
Illustrator solis,
Stabulo reponitur
Princeps terræ molis;
Fasciatur dextera,
Qui affixit sidera.
Dum cœlos extendit;
Ingemit vagitibus,
Qui tonat in nubibus,
Dum fulgur descendit.

3 Christe, qui nos propriis
Manibus fecisti,
Et pro nobis improbis
Nasci voluisti;
Te devote poscimus;
Laxa quod peccavimus;
Non sinas perire
Post mortem nos miseros,
Sed tecum ad superos
Iubeas venire.

*Anonymous, c. 13th cent.*

CAROL. C.M.D. RICHARD S. WILLIS.



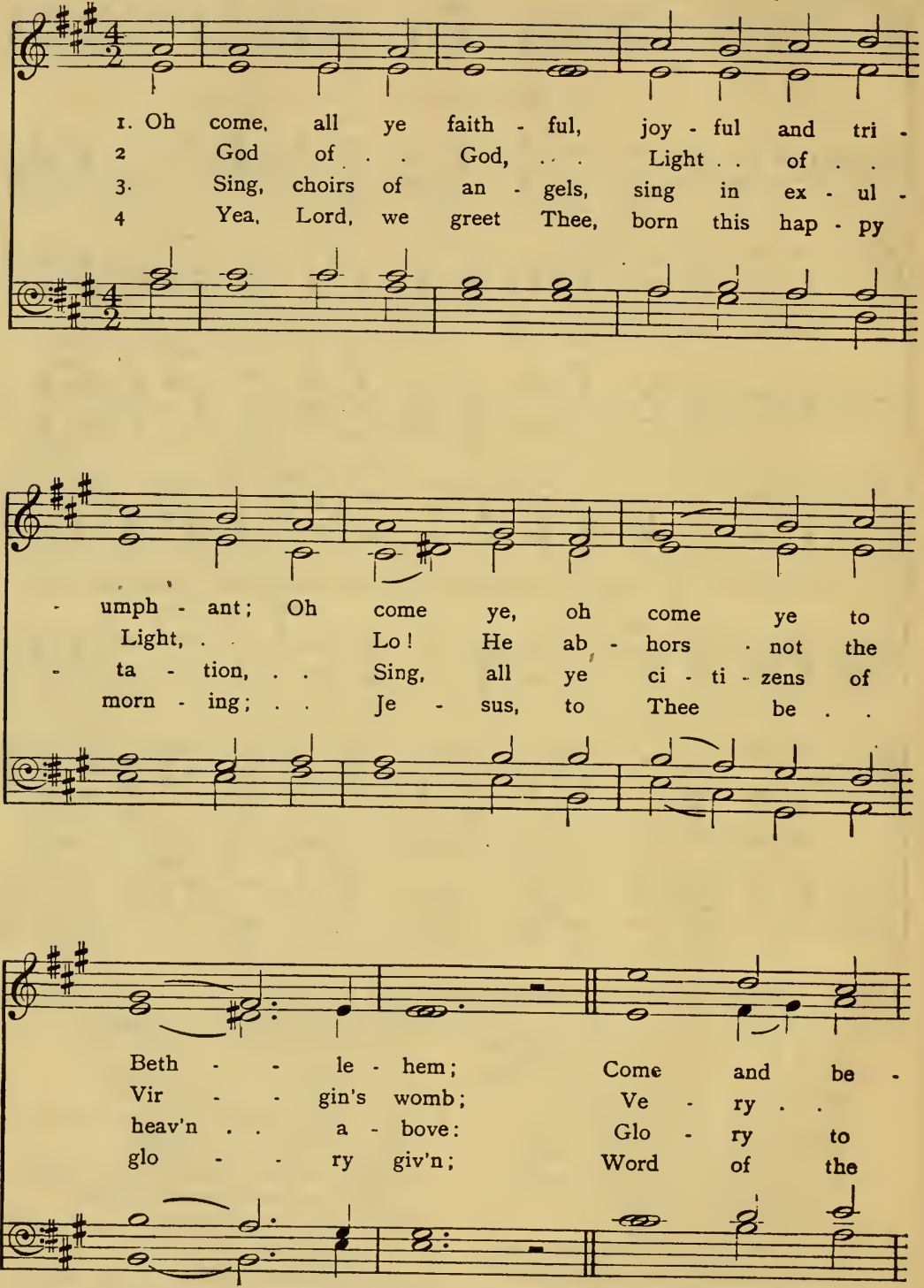

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

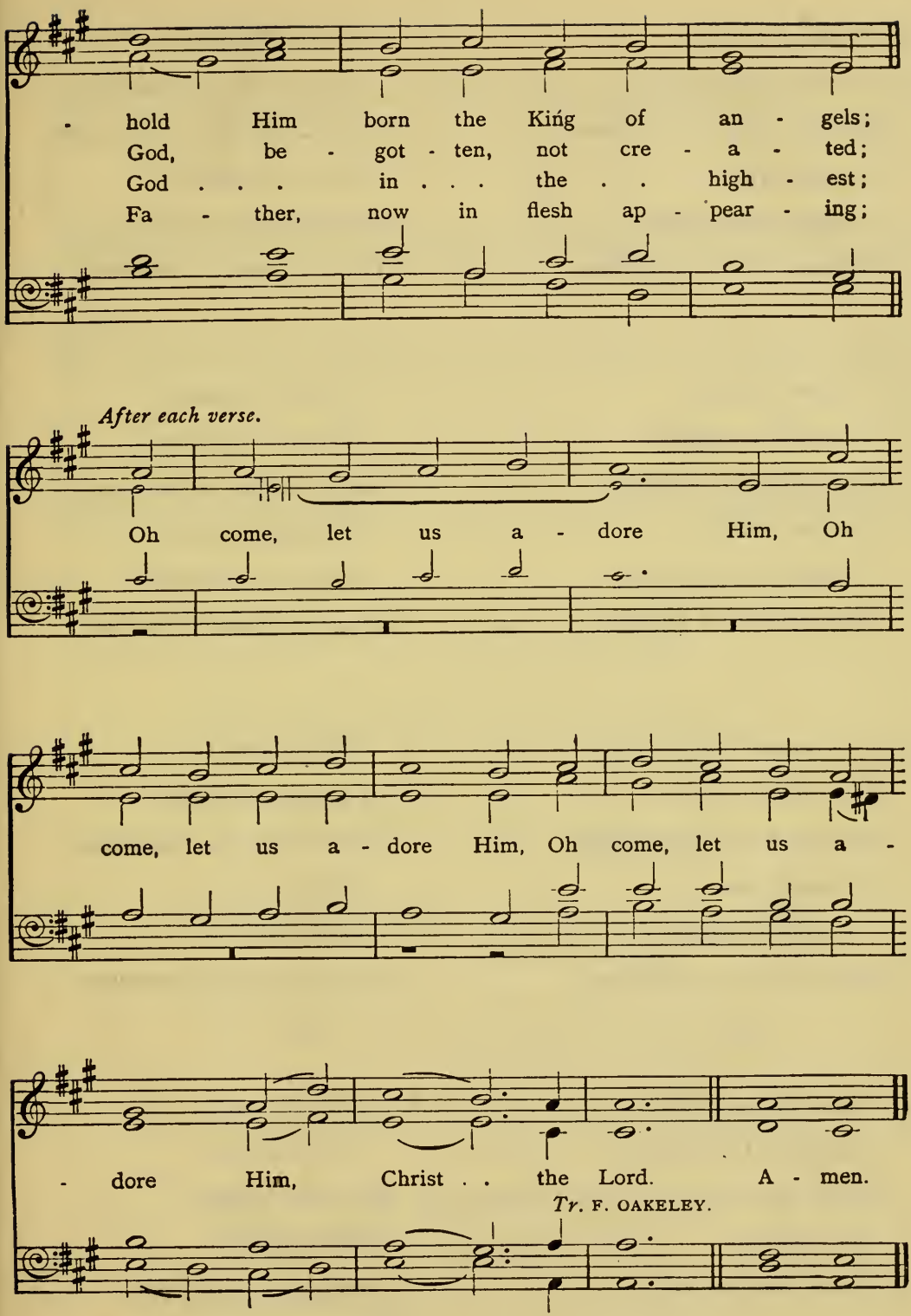
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

ADESTE, FIDELES. P.M. J. READING.




- hold Him born the King of an - gels;
God, be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
God . . . in . . . the . . high - est;
Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
After each verse.
Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh
come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -
- dore Him, Christ . . the Lord. A - men.
Tr. F. OAKELEY.

1 Adeste, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3 En grege relicto,
Humiles ad cunas,
Vocati pastores approperant.
Et nos ovanti
Gradu festinemus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4 Stella duce, Magi
Christum adorantes,
Aurum, tus, et myrrham, dant munera.
Iesu infanti
Corda praebeamus:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

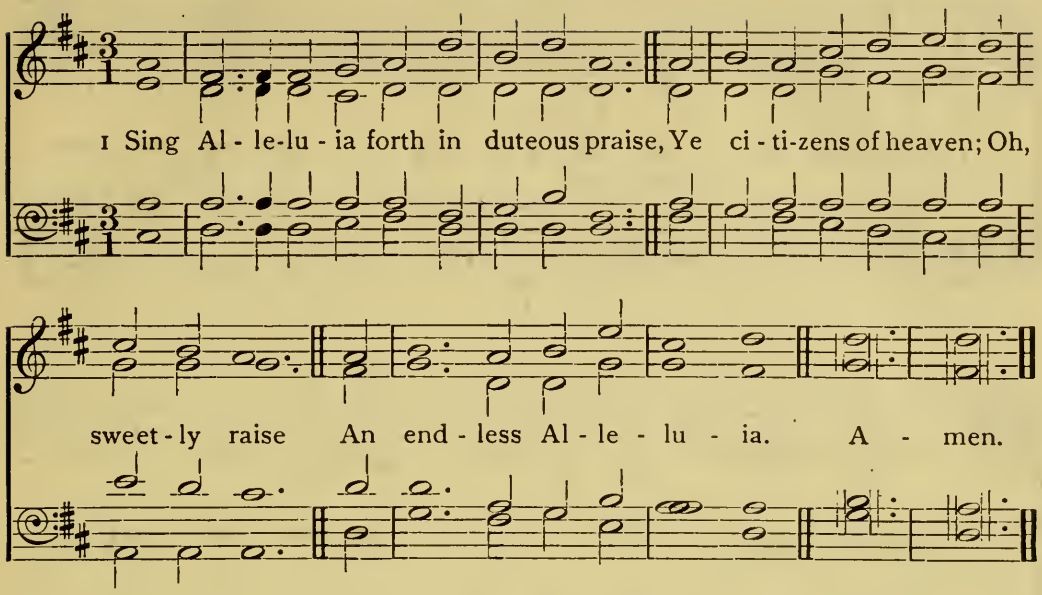
5 Aeterni Parentis
Splendorem aeternum,
Velatum sub carne videbimus,
Deum infantem,
Pannis involutum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

6 Pro nobis egenum
Et faeno cubantem
Piis foveamus amplexibus;
Sic nos amantem
Quis non redamaret?
Venite adoremus Dominum.

7 Cantet nunc Io!
Chorus angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula caelestium,
Gloria, gloria
In excelsis Deo!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

8 Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

ALLELUIA PERENNE. W. H. MONK.




2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

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

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

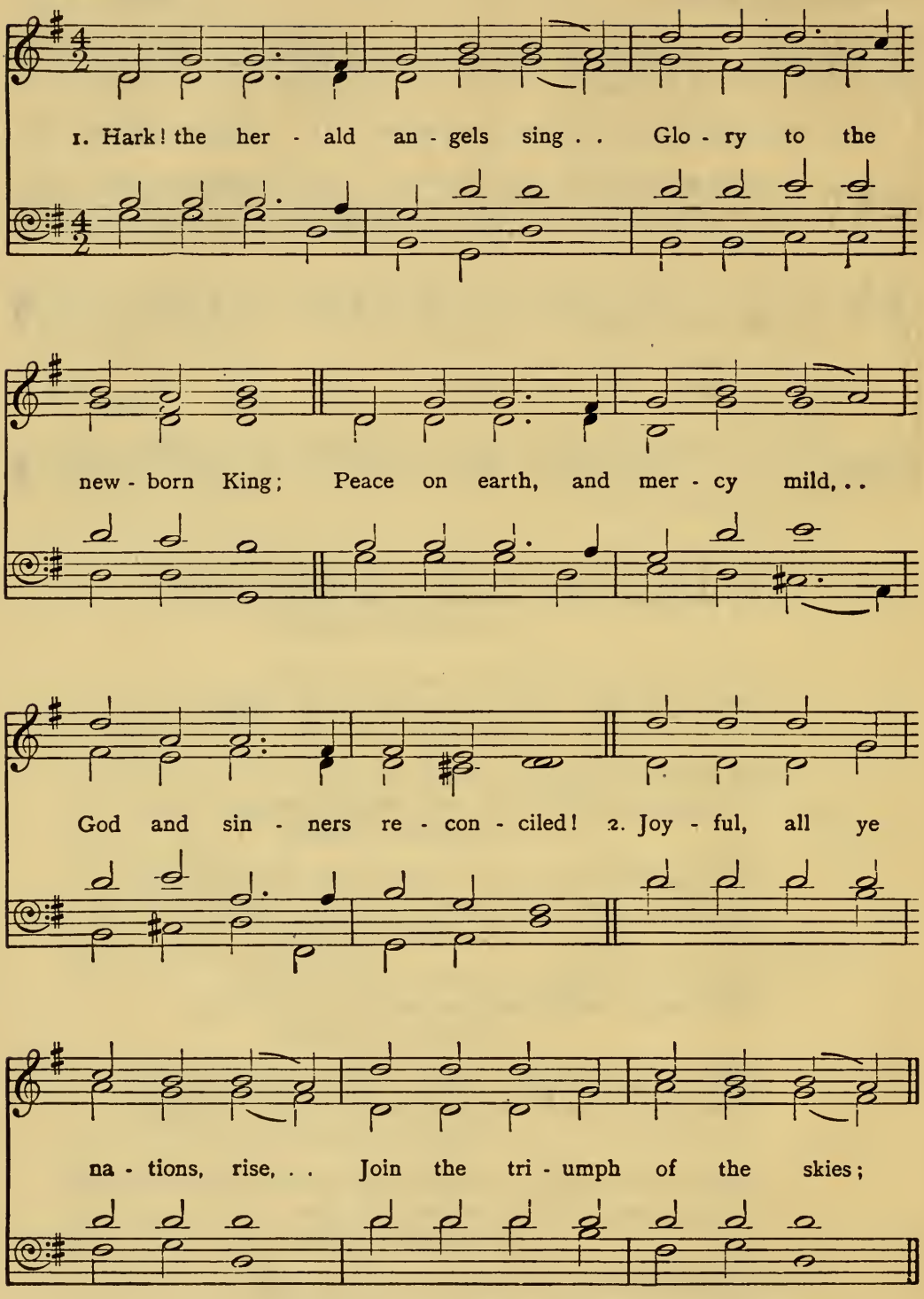
7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back;
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

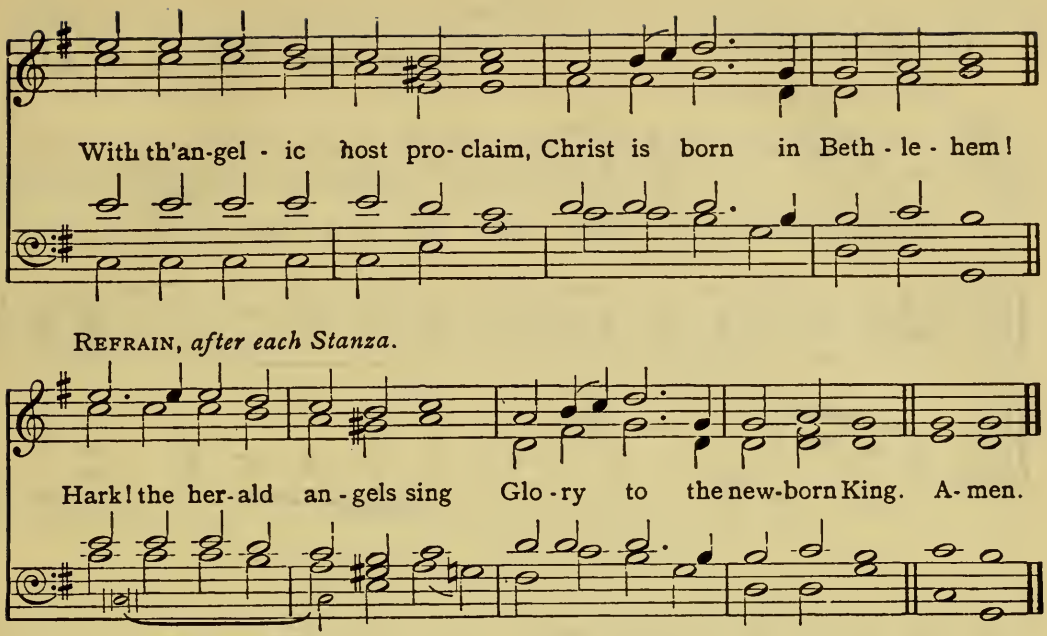
8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

*Tr.* J. ELLERTON.

MENDELSSOHN. Eight 7's., with Refrain. MENDELSSOHN.






3.

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

4.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6.

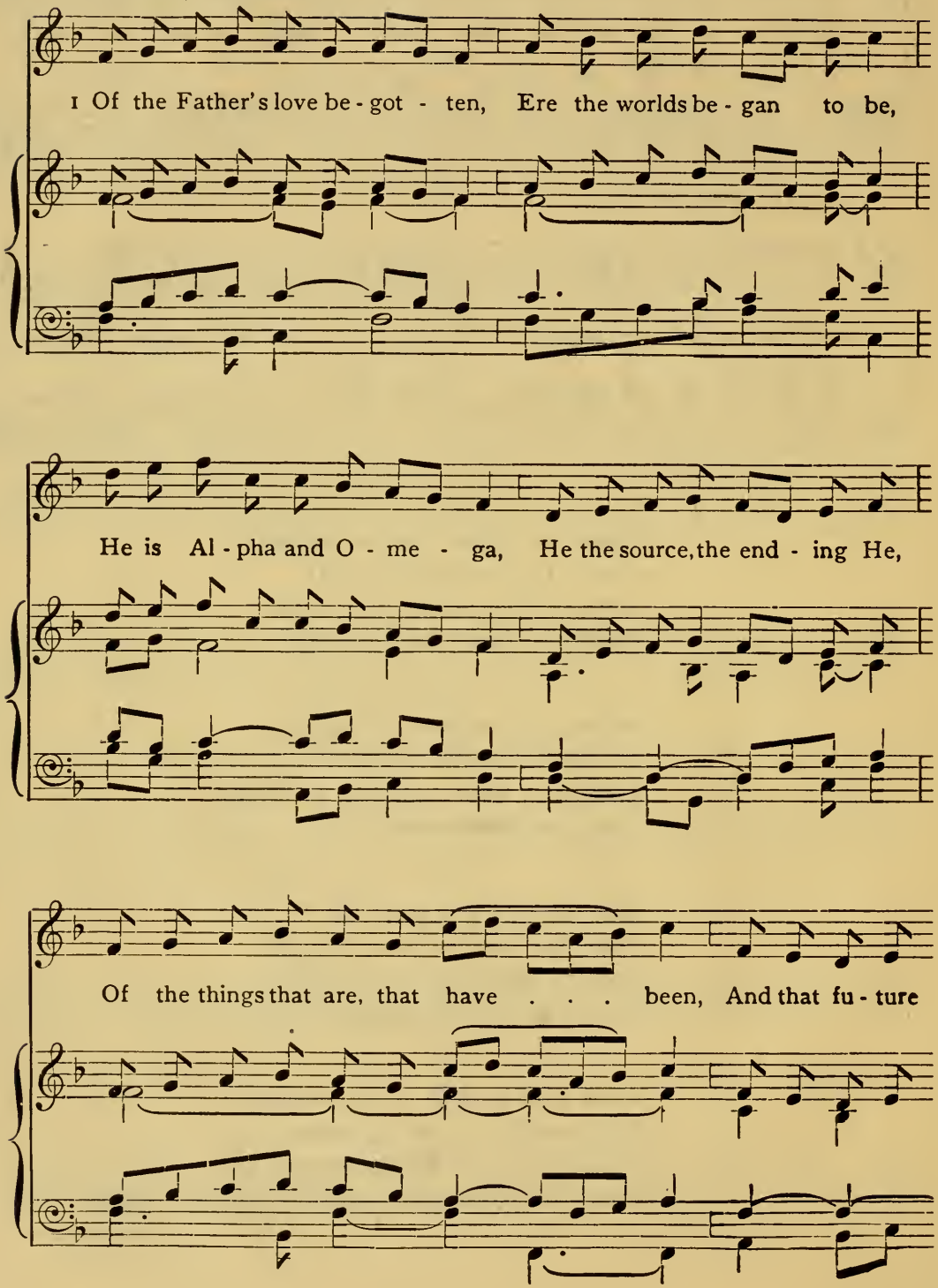
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Amen.

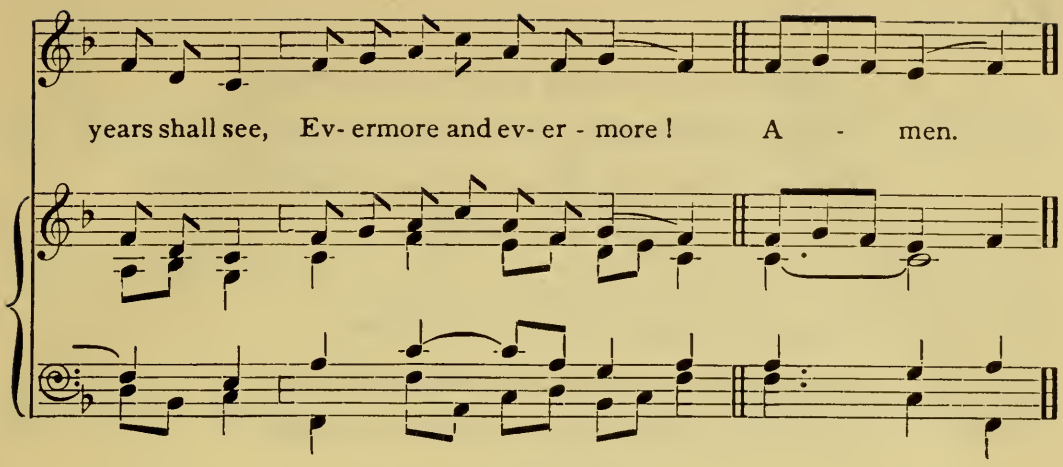
C. WESLEY.

P. M.

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM. Twelfth Century Plainsong, Mode V.

*To be sung in unison.*






2 O that Birth forever blessèd,
When the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 O ye heights of heaven adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering:
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS,

*Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE *and* HENRY W. BAKER.

1 Corde natus ex parentis ante mundi exordium,
A et Ω cognominatus, ipse fons et clausula,
Omnium quae sunt, fuerunt, quaeque post futura sunt
Saeculorum saeculis.

2 O beatus ortus ille, virgo cum puerpera
Edidit nostram salutem feta sancto Spiritu,
Et puer redemptor orbis os sacratum protulit
Saeculorum saeculis.

3 Psallat altitudo caeli, psallant omnes angeli,
Quidquid est virtutis usquam psallat in laudem Dei,
Nulla linguarum silescàt, vox et omnis consonet
Saeculorum saeculis.

4 Ecce, quem vates vetustis concinebant saeculis,
Quem prophetarum fideles paginae spoponderant,
Emicat promissus olim, cuncta collaudent eum
Saeculorum saeculis.

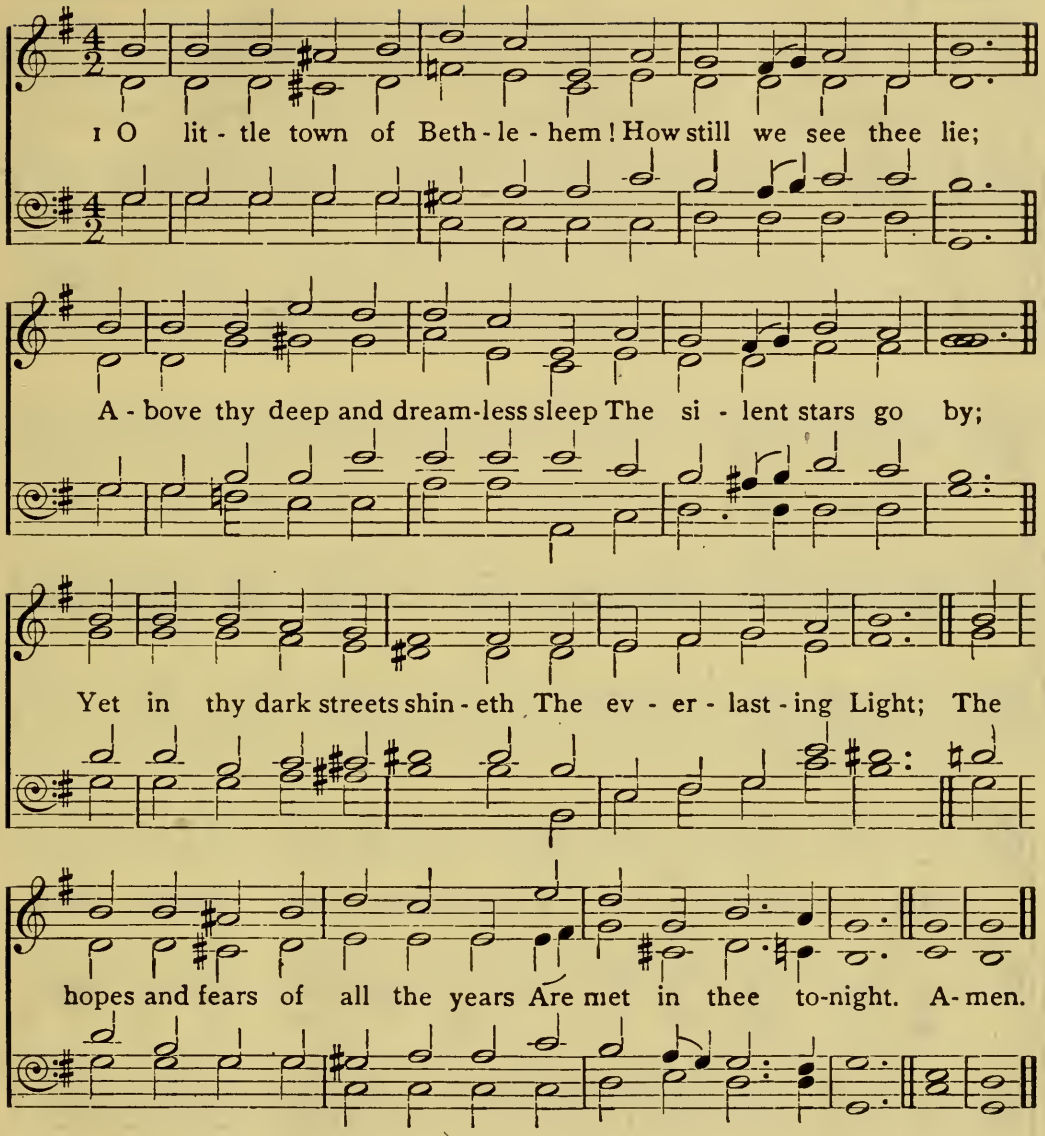
5 Te senes et te iuventus, parvulorum te chorus,
Turba matrum virginumque, simplices puellulae,
Voce concordes pudicis perstrepant concentibus
Saeculorum saeculis.

6 Tibi, Christe, sit cum Patre Hagioque Pneumate
Hymnus, melos, laus perennis, gratiarum actio,
Honor, virtus et victoria, regnum aeternaliter
Saeculorum saeculis.

PRUDENTIUS.

NOTE: The number and order of stanzas vary in different versions of this hymn. There are also several variations in the text. The sixth stanza is not by Prudentius.

ST. LOUIS. 7.6.8.6.D. LEWIS H. REDNER.



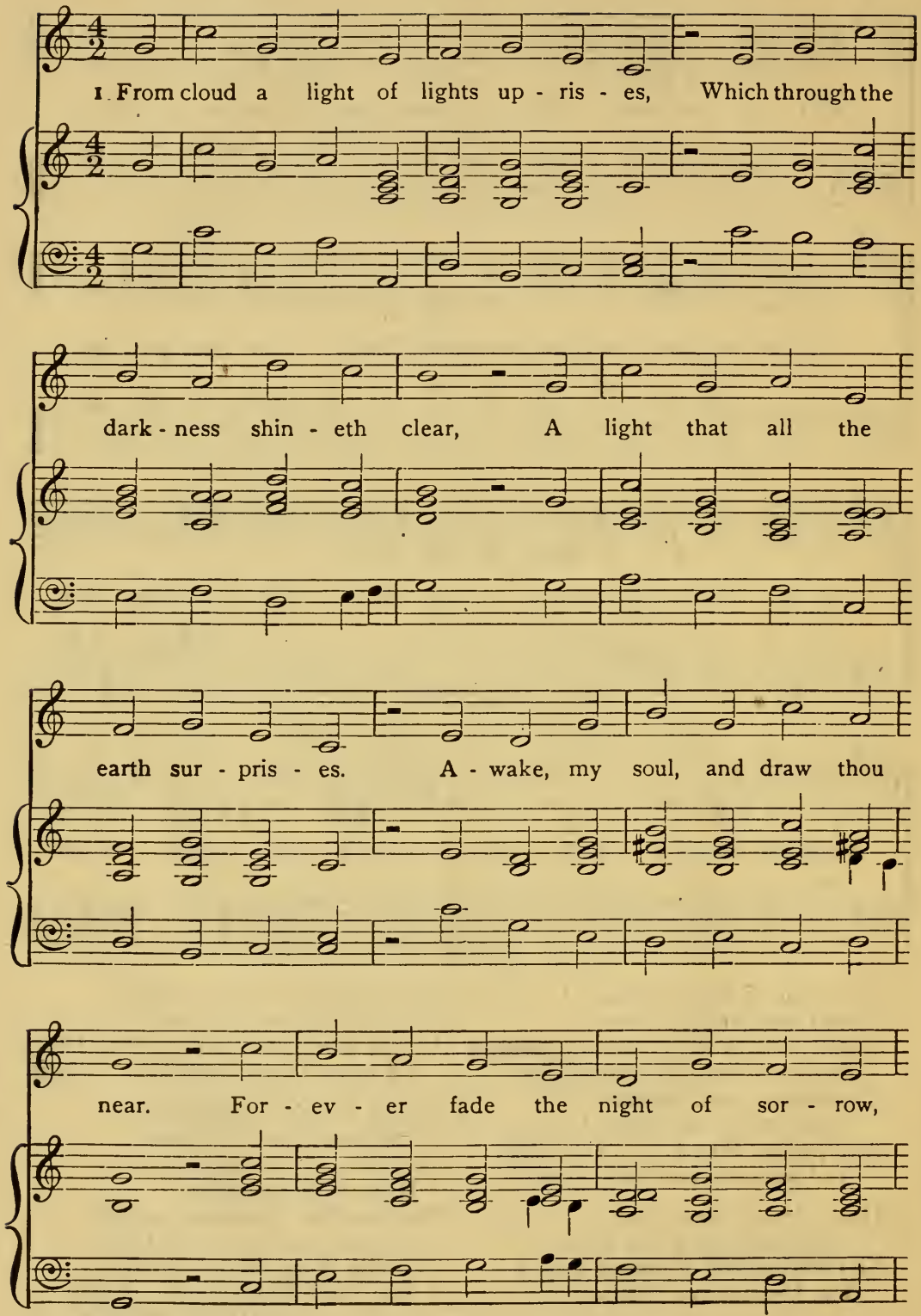

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

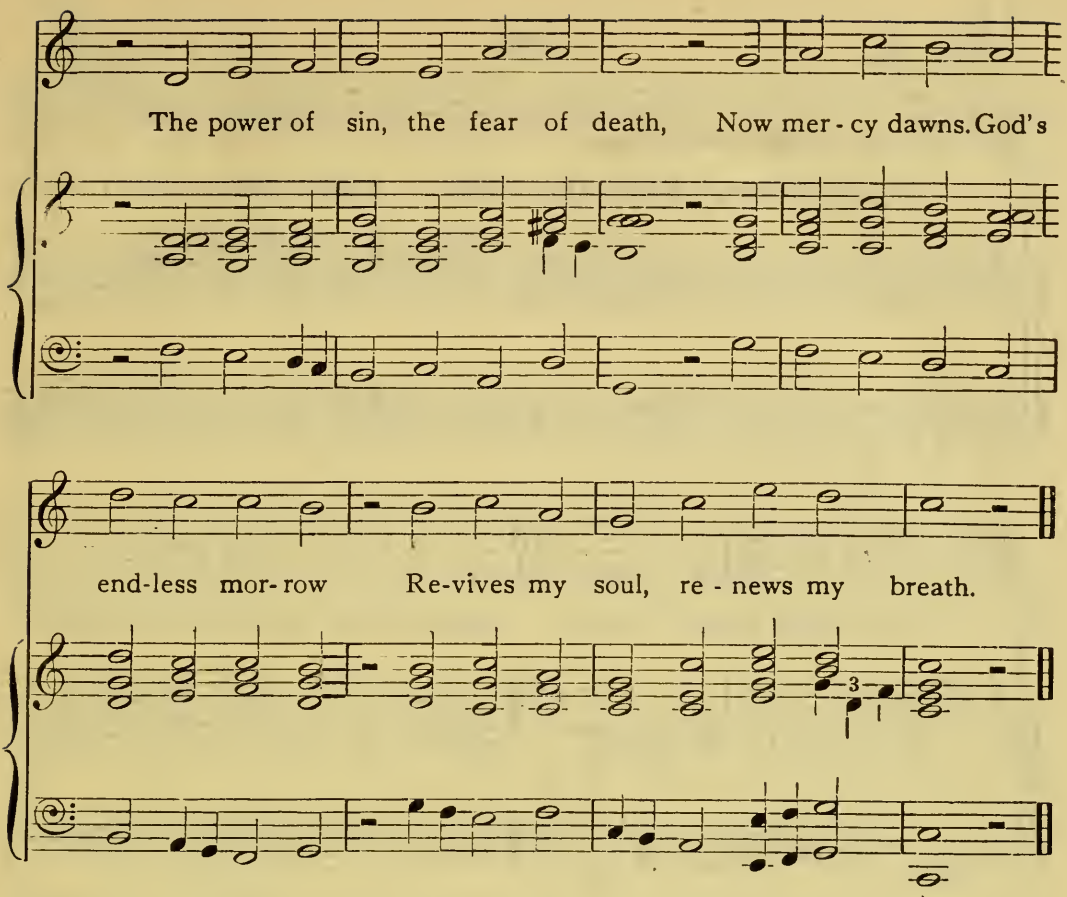
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in. [still

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LIGHT. 9.8.9.8. JOHN BASTIAANS.



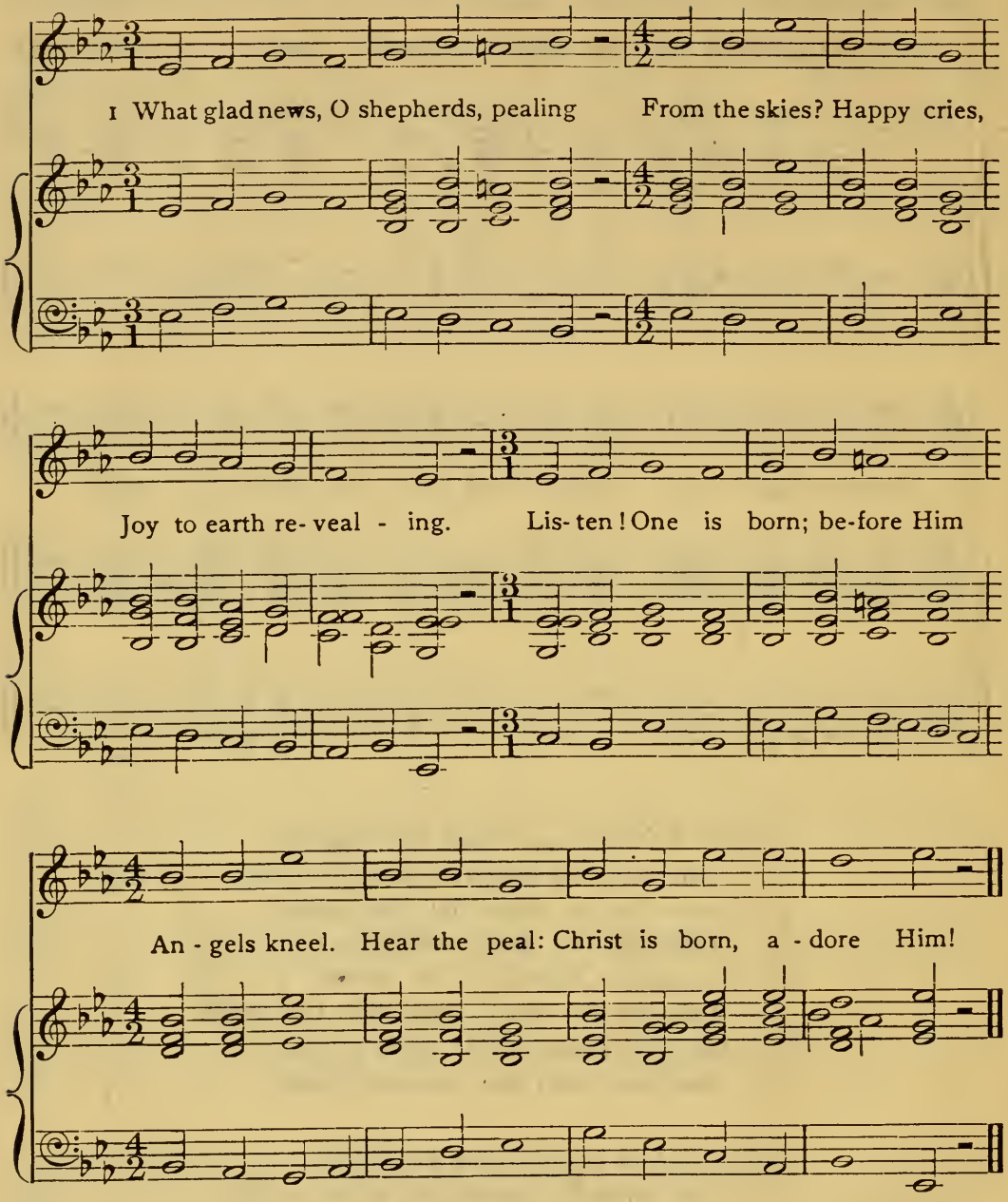



2 Our little lives are like the flowers,
Our days are like the grass that dies.
Crushed in its bloom by cruel powers,
Down in the dust, man's glory lies.
Thy grace, O Lord, to life eternal
Lifts up the soul. And with thy might
Man can o'ercome the hosts infernal
And rise with thee into the Light.

3 O God of peace, upon my spirit,
Thy stillness breathe, let all the earth
Adore thee and thy light inherit
And find in Thee a higher birth.
Teach us to pray, Thou hast forgiven
Our many sins and set us free.
Make in our hearts, O Lord, Thy heaven,
Till we shall die to live with Thee.

NICHOLAS BEETS: *Tr.* LEONARD VAN NOPPEN.

ADORATION. P.M. H. J. ROULLAND.

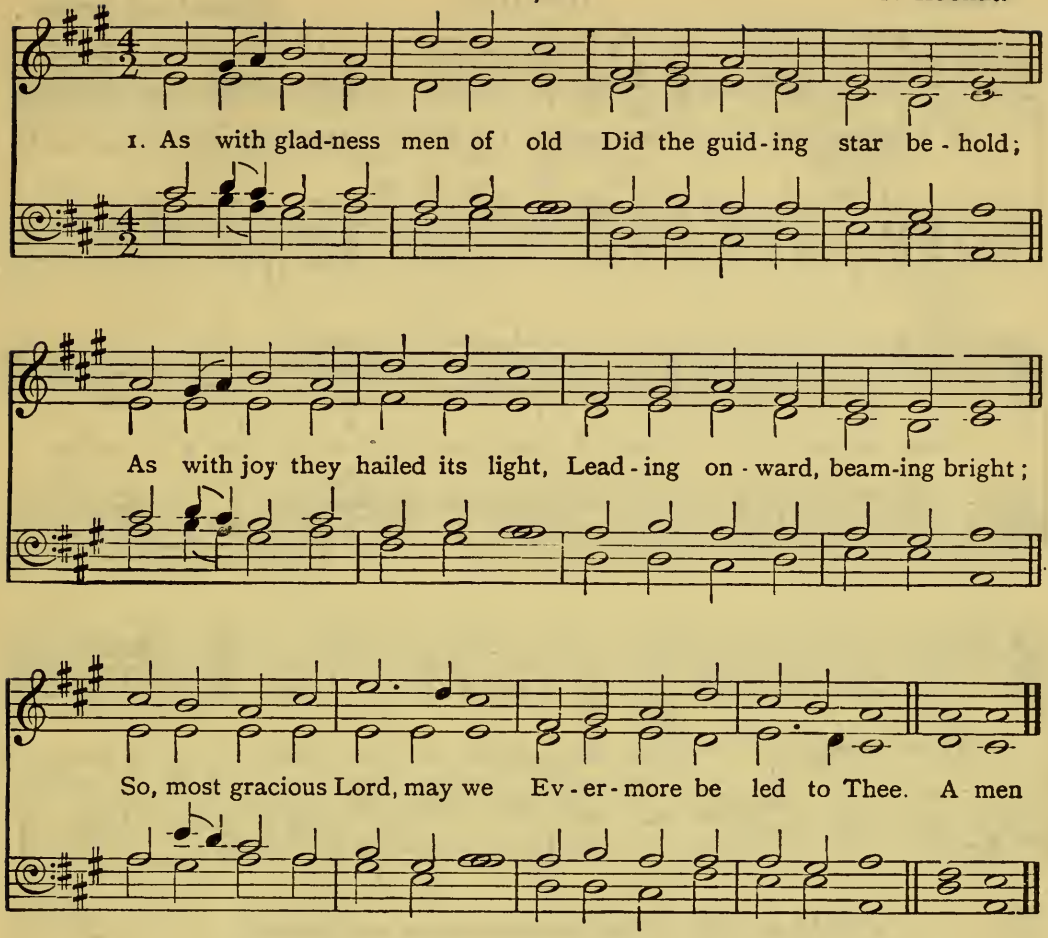



2 Angels brought his soul, a blossom
From the skies, there he lies
On His mother's bosom.
It was Maiden Mary bore Him,
"Peace on earth"
Peals their mirth:
Christ is born, adore Him!

3 Shepherds kneel before that lowly
Cradle there, sweet and fair,
Lies the child so holy.
Heaven and earth bow down before Him.
Let your lays
Lift His praise:
Christ is born, adore Him!

*Tr.* LEONARD VAN NOPPEN.

DIX. Six 7's. C. KOCHER




2.

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

3.

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.

4.

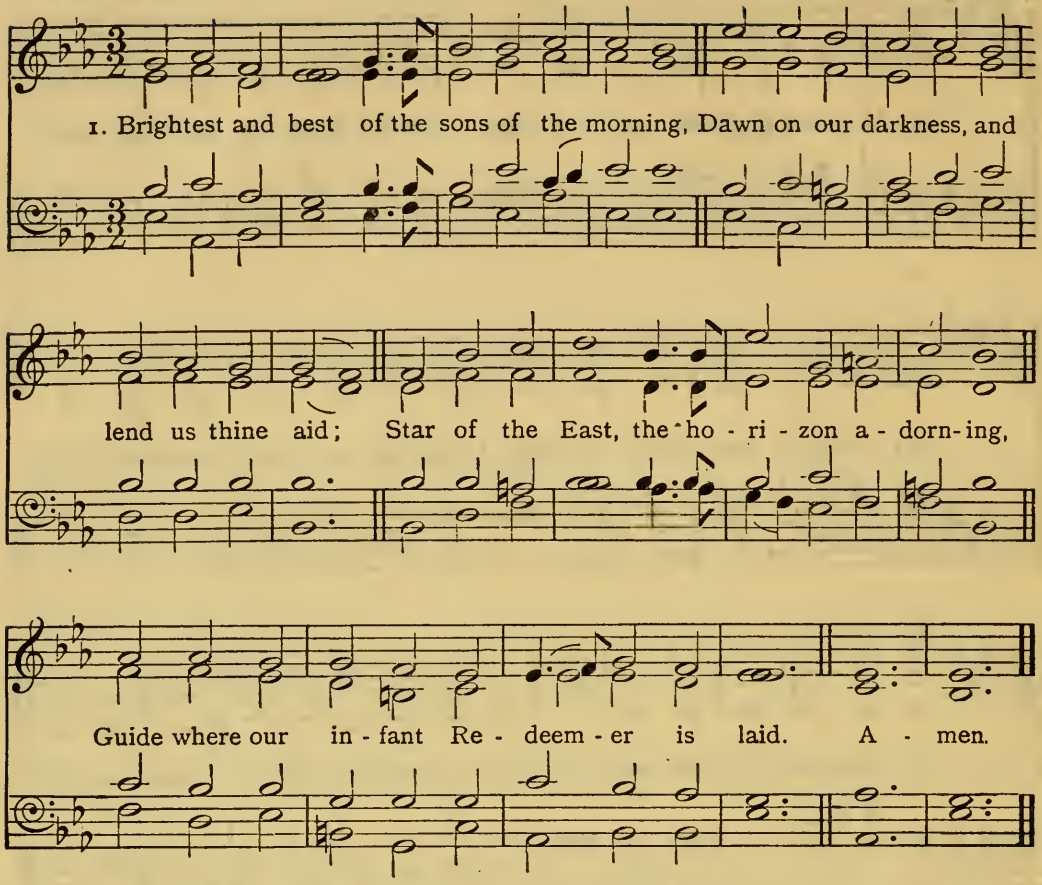
Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5.

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

W. C. DIX.

WEBBE. 11.10.11.10 S. WEBBE. Adapted from E. MILLER.




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

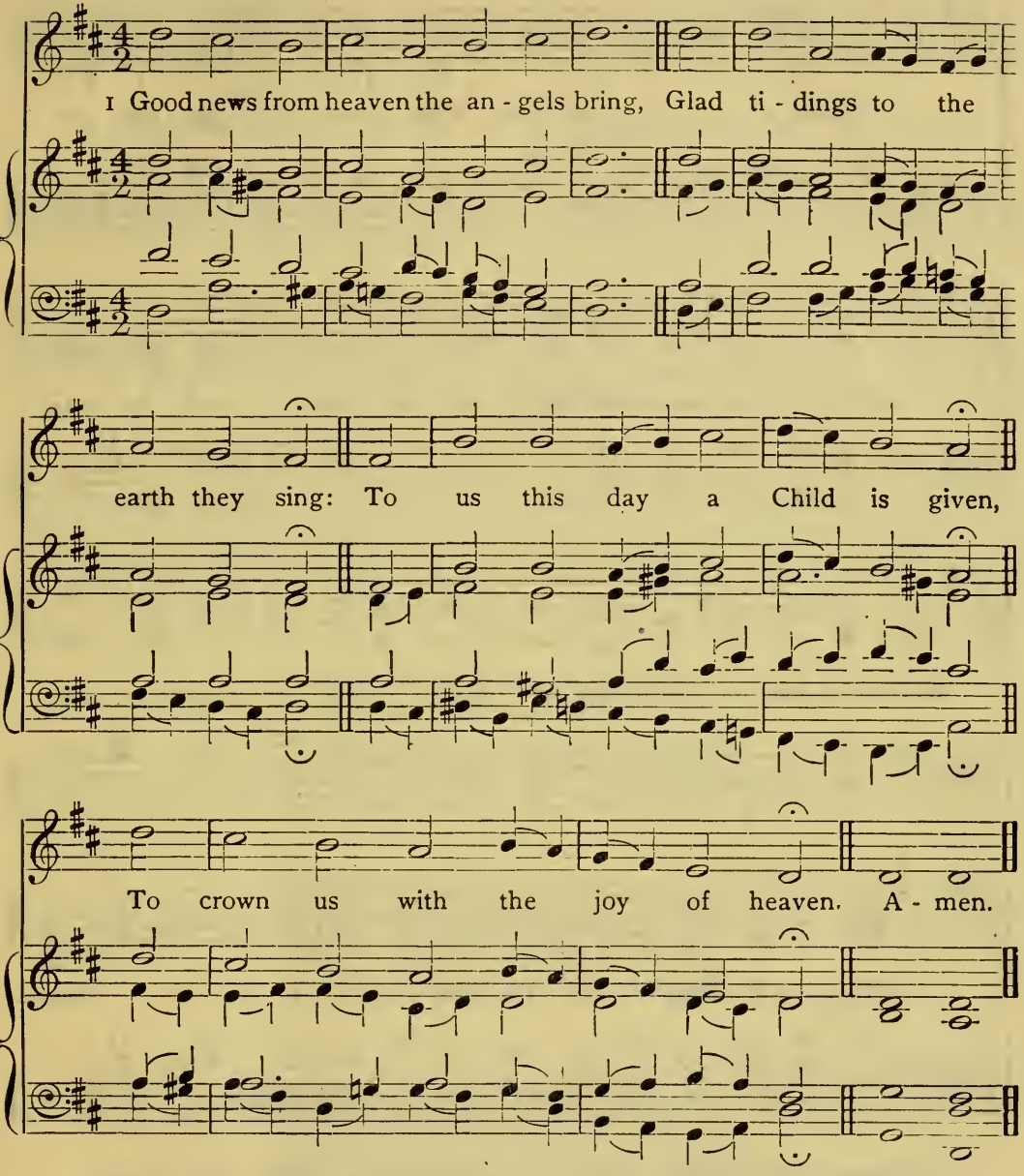
3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid·
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

R. HEBER.

From Heaven High. L.M. Harmonized by BACH.




2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

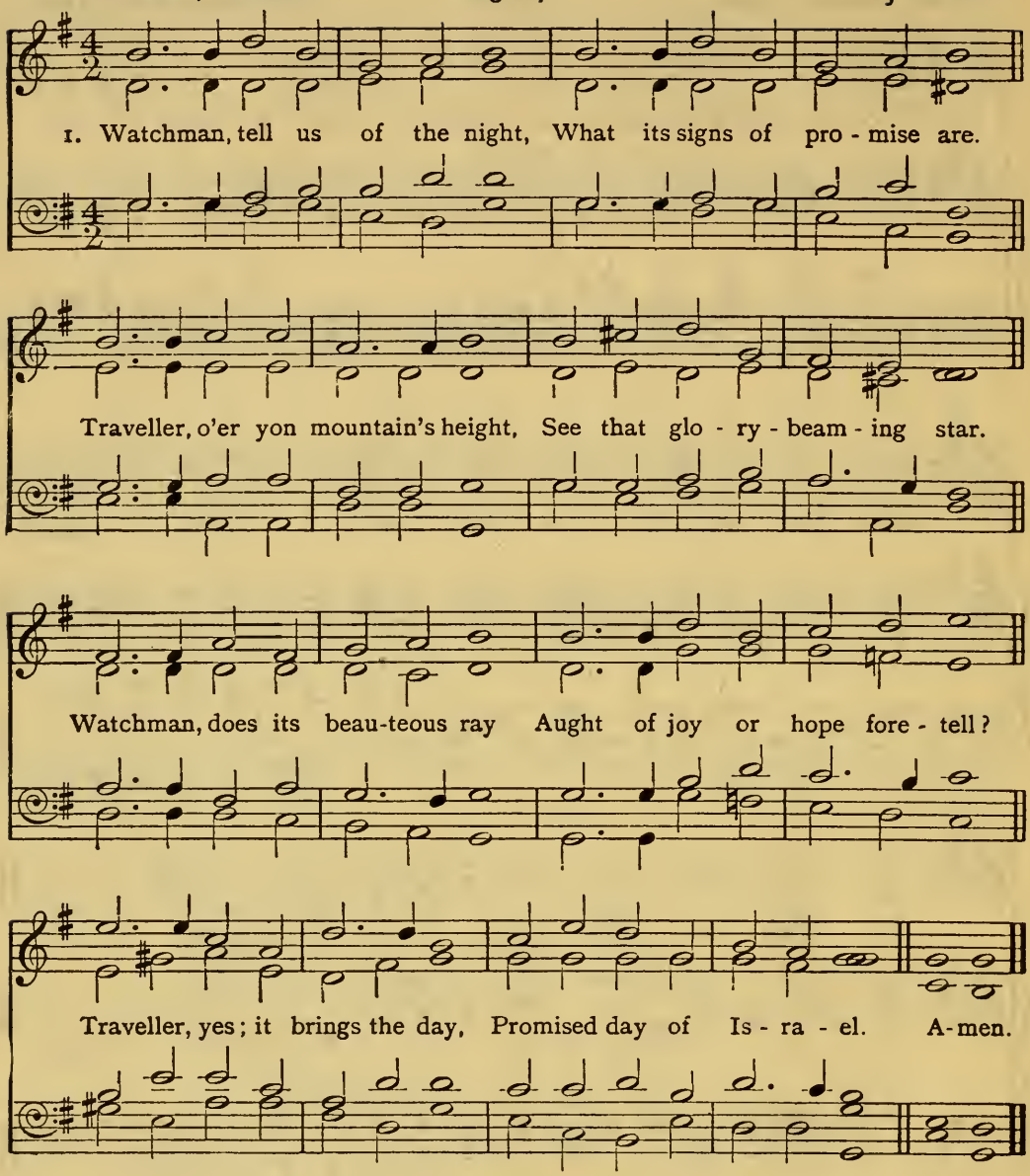
3 Were earth a thousand times as fair
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son;
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

MARTIN LUTHER.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. Eight 7's. G. J. ELVEY.

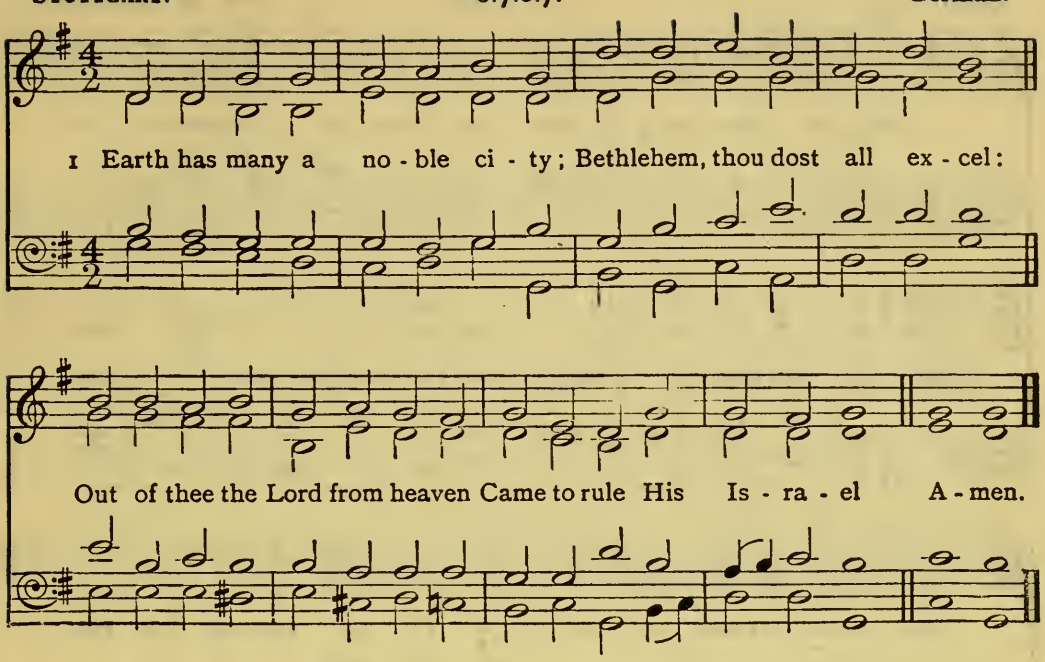



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. German.




2.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4.

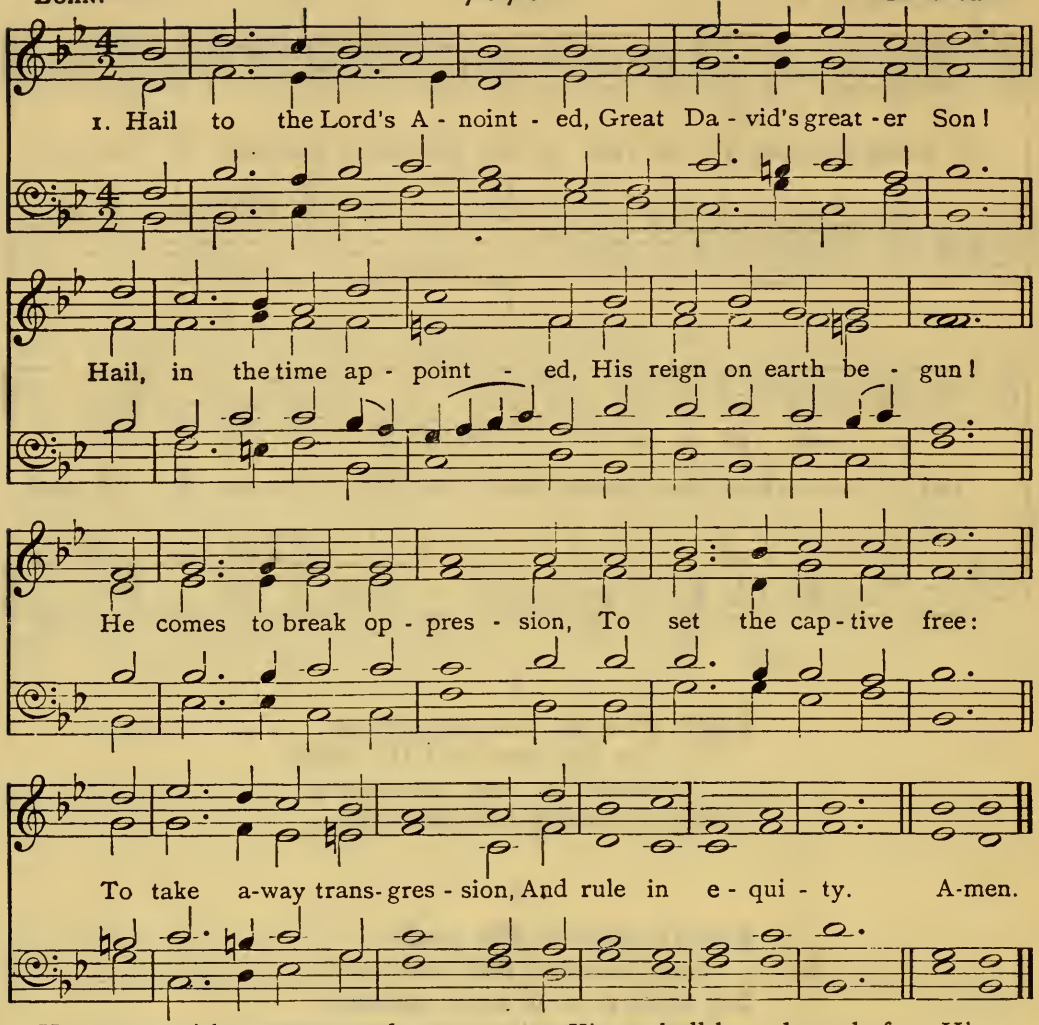
Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

5.

Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL.

ZOAN. 7.6.7.6. D. W. H. HAVERGAL




2 He comes with succor 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.

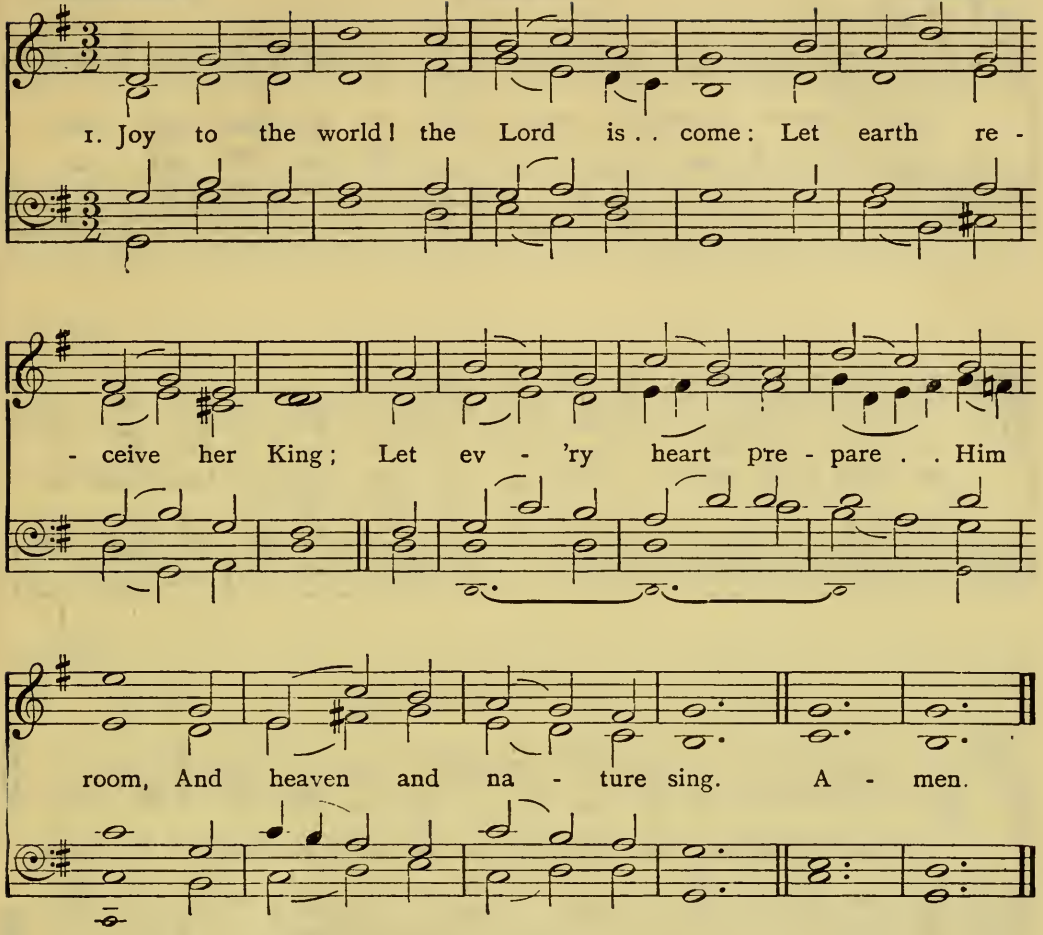
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 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 forever,
His changeless Name of Love.
Amen

J. MONTGOMERY.

CHESTERFIELD. C.M. T. HAWEIS.



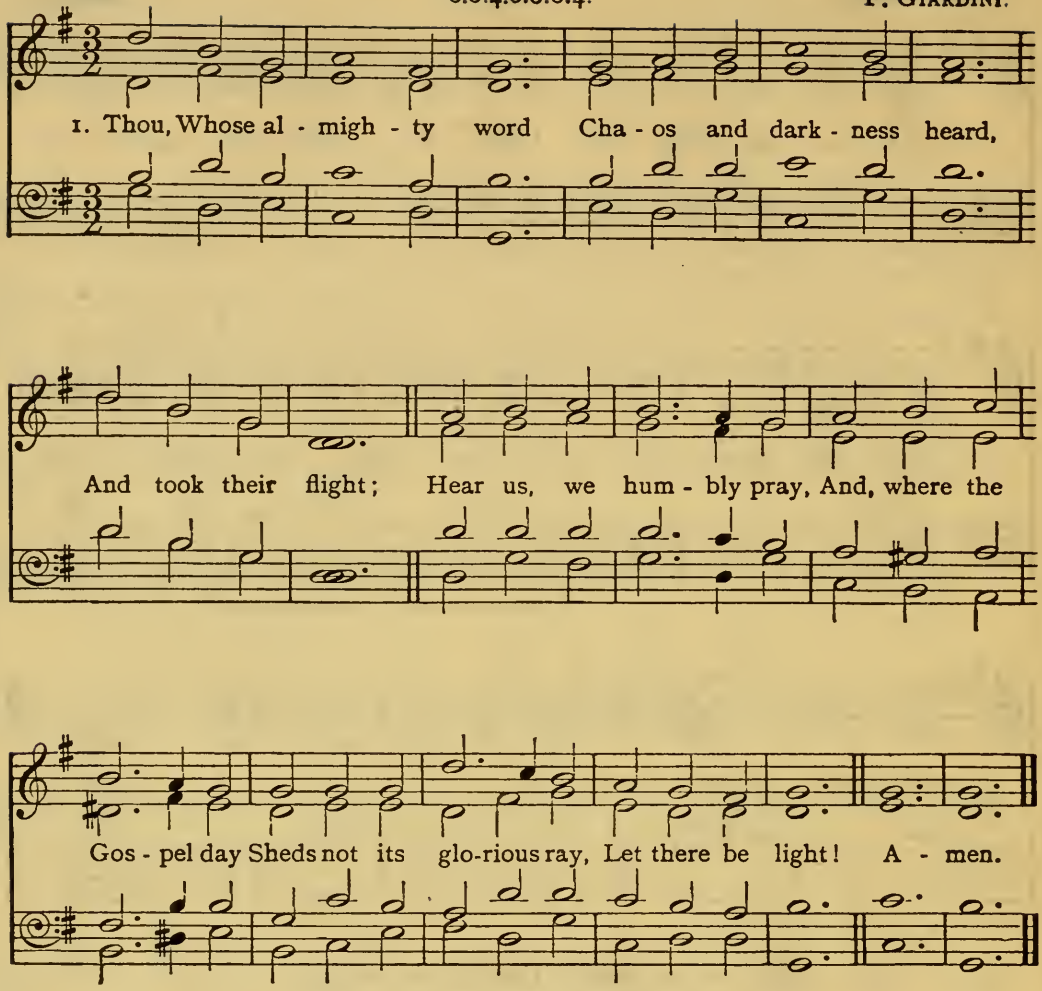

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

I. WATTS.

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. F. GIARDINI.



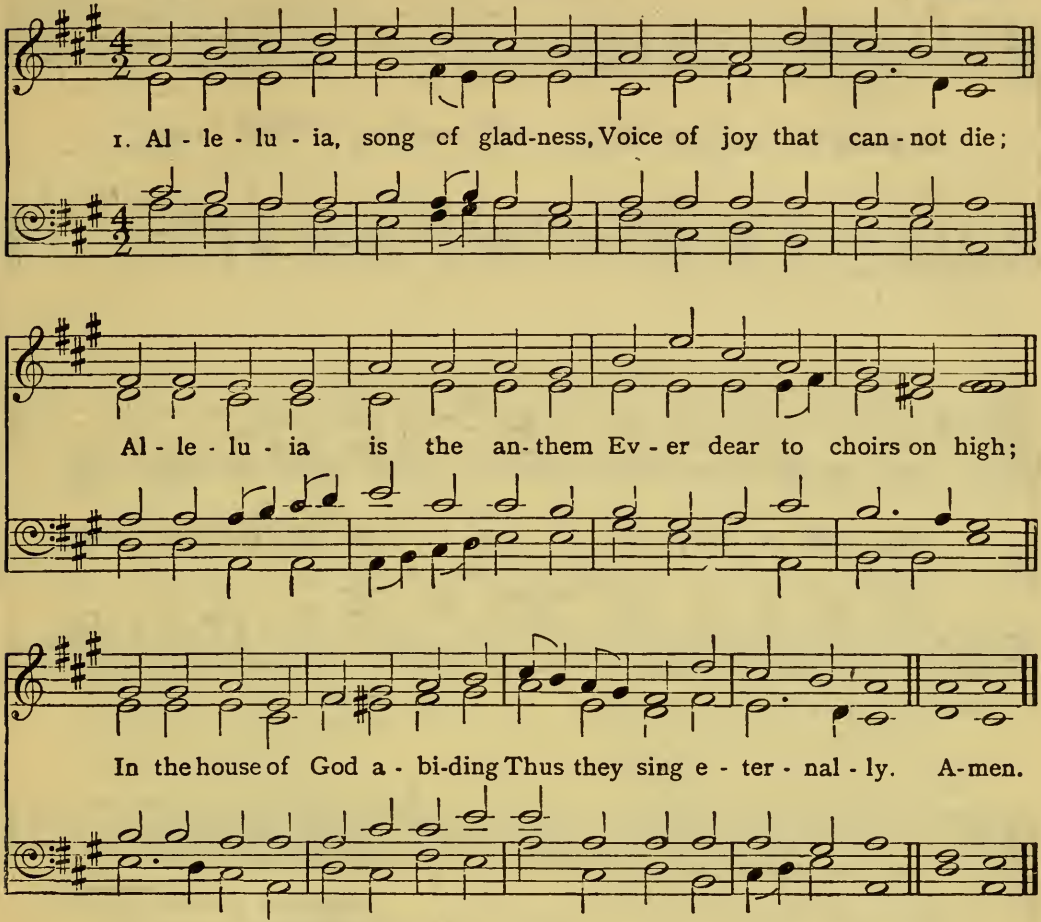

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

J. MARRIOTT.

DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE.



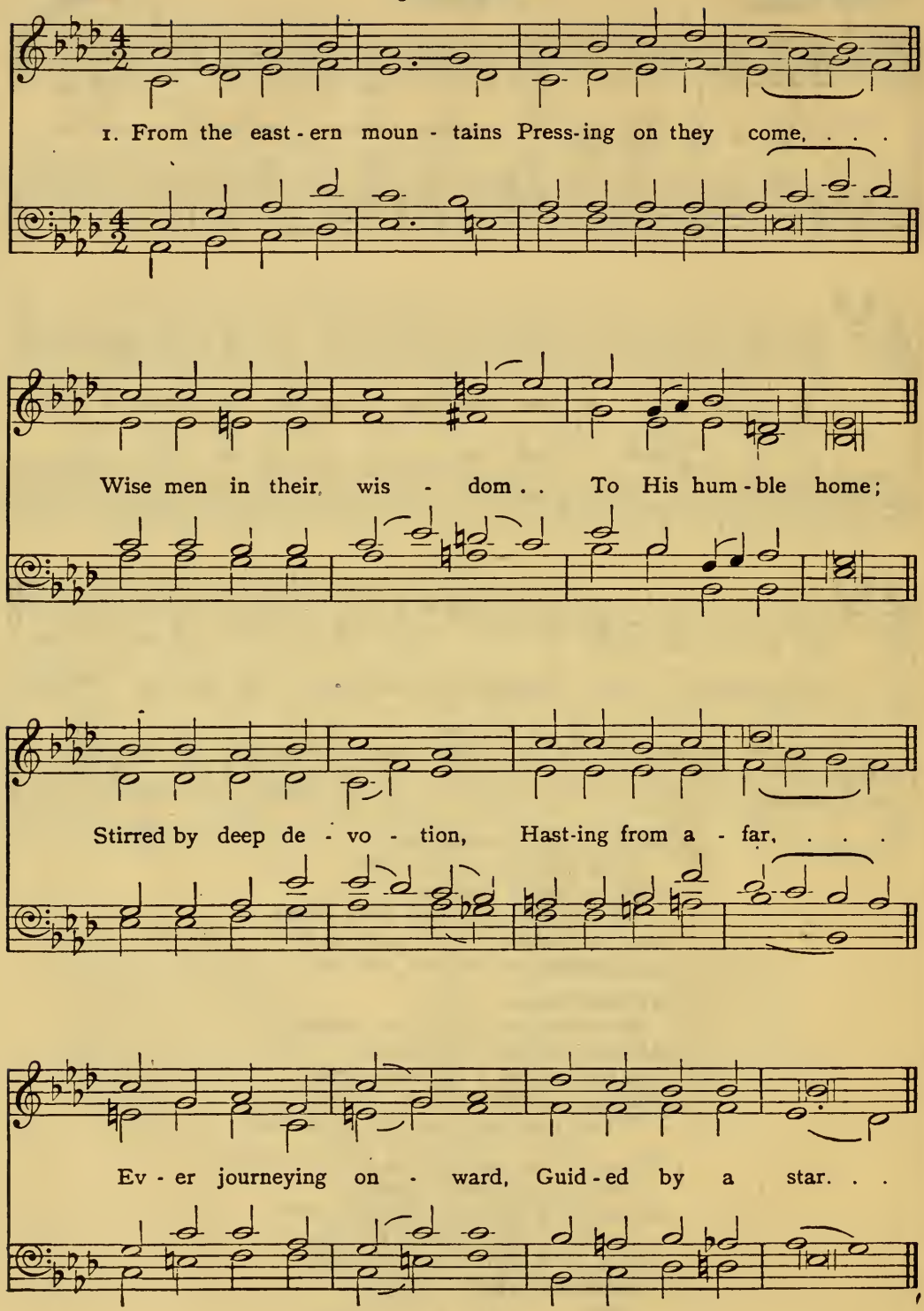

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

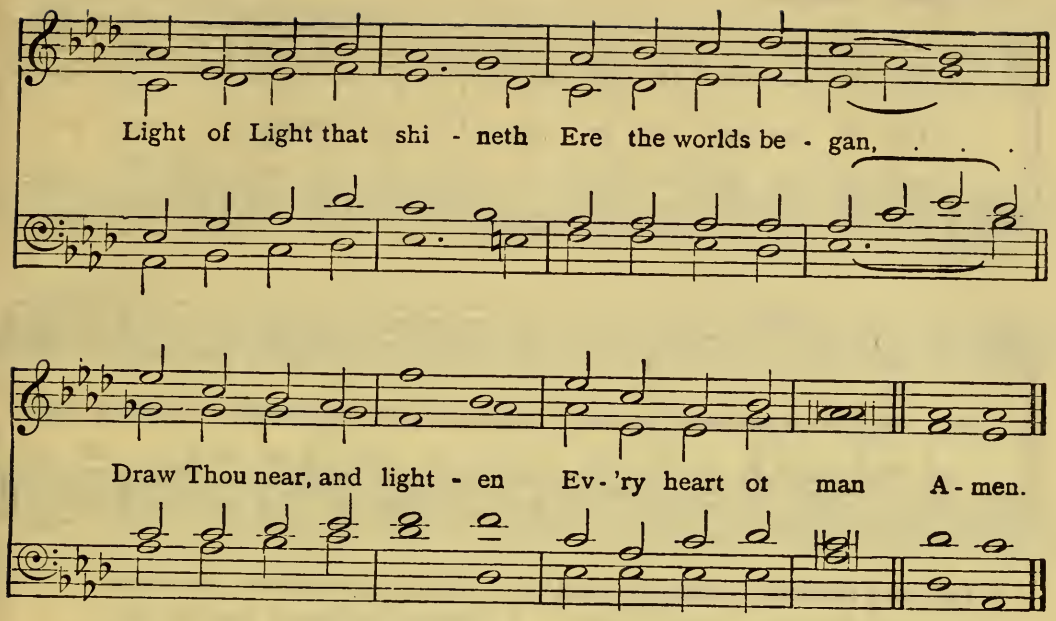
3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

VALOUR. 6.5., twelve lines. A. H. MANN.






2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Light, &c.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, &c.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, &c.

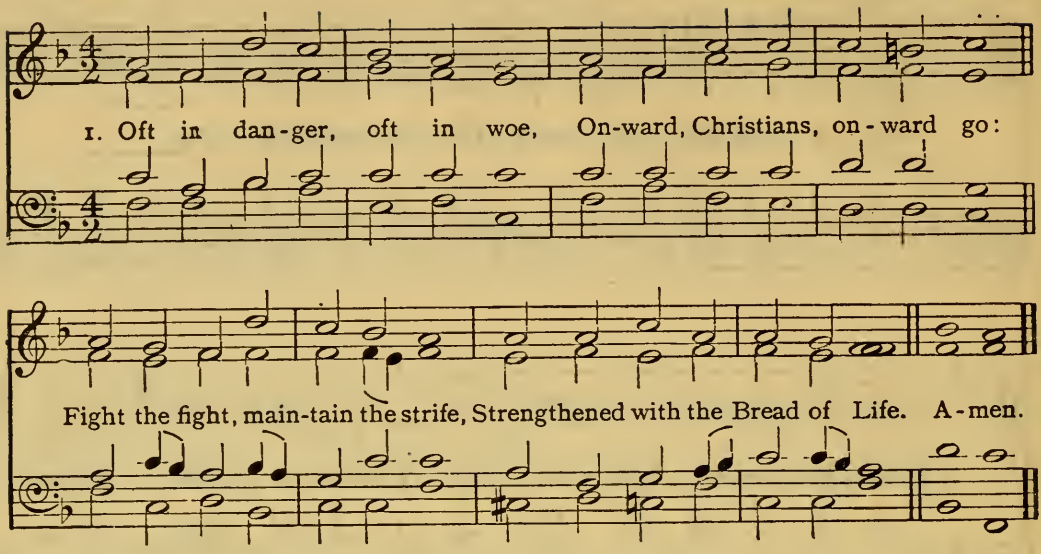
5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—
Light of Light, &c.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man. Amen.

G. THRING.

64

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. Four 7's. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

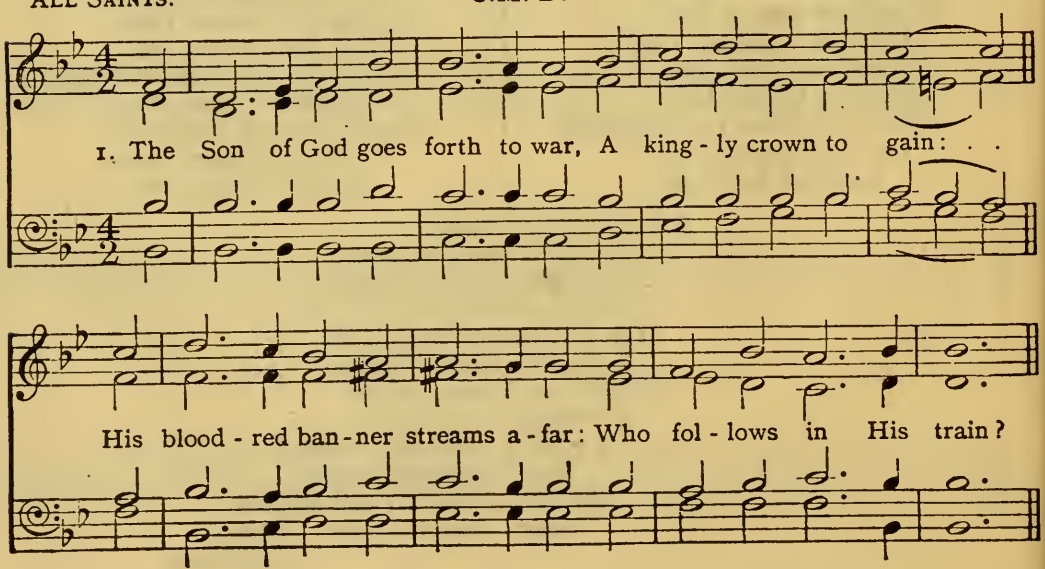
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

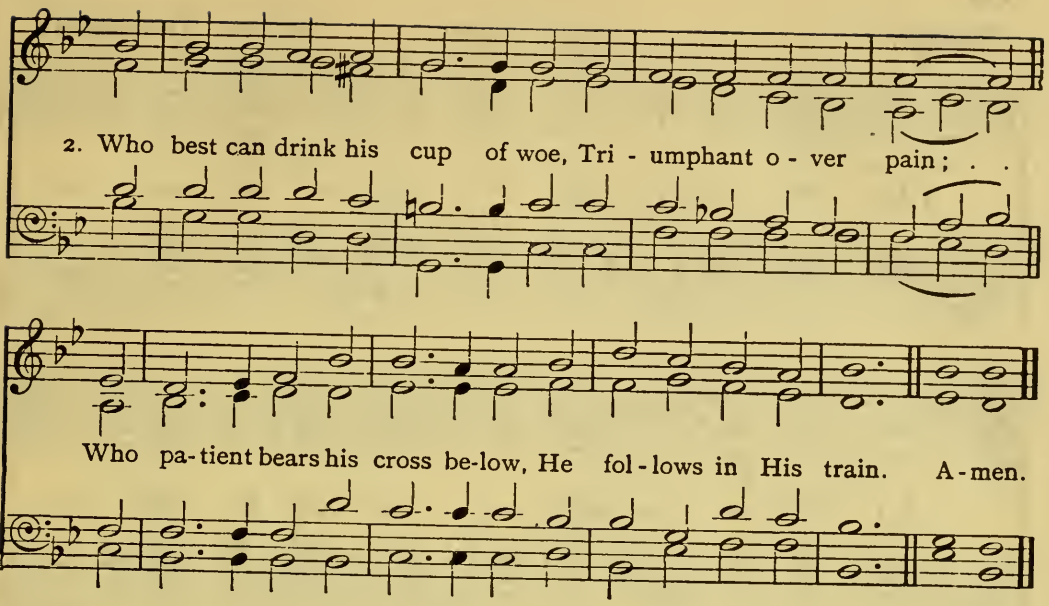
4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

H. K. WHITE.

65

ALL SAINTS. C.M. D. H. S. CUTLER.






3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

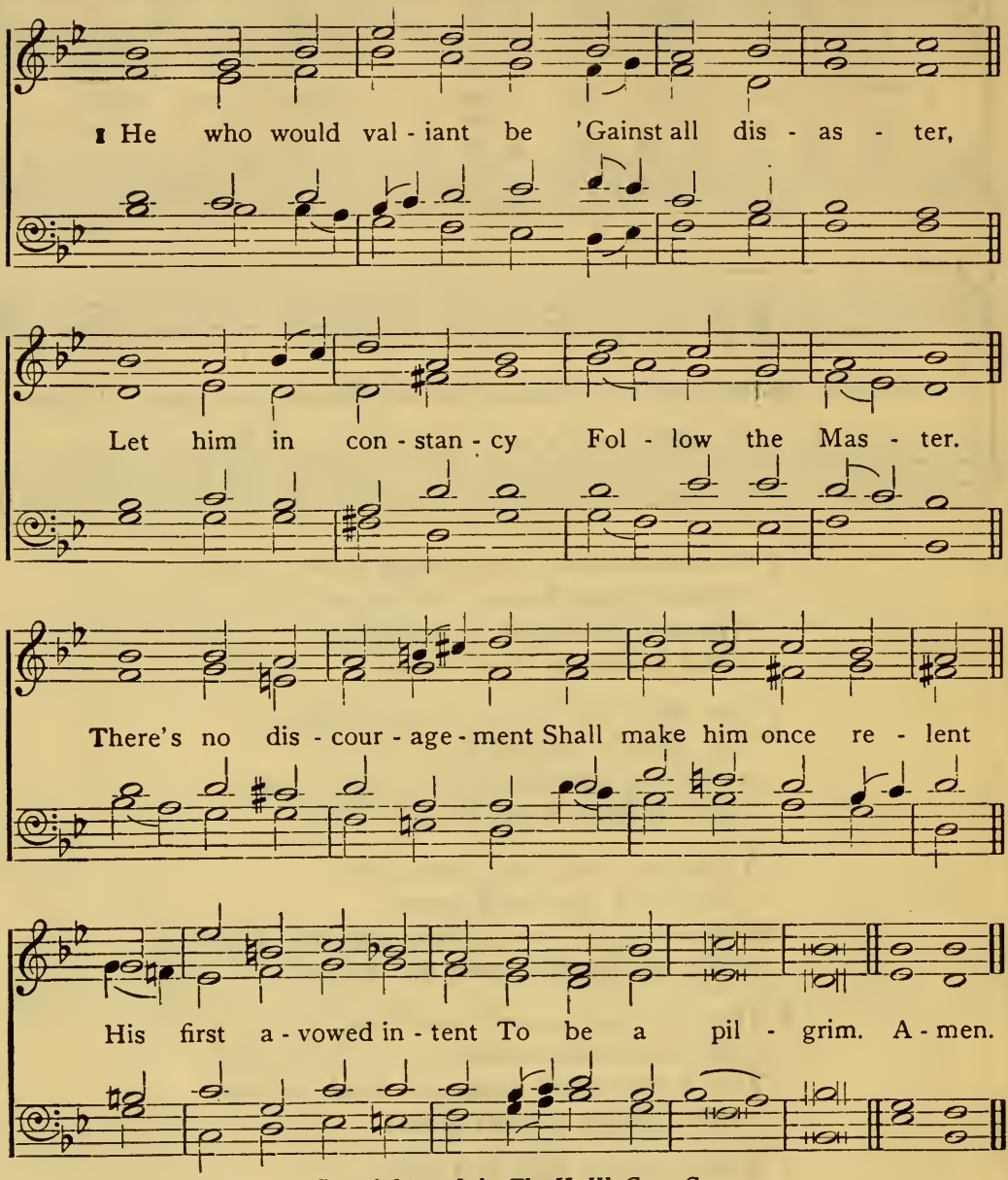
6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

R. HEBER.

EGBERT. 6.5.6 5.6.6.6.5. WALTER HENRY HALL.

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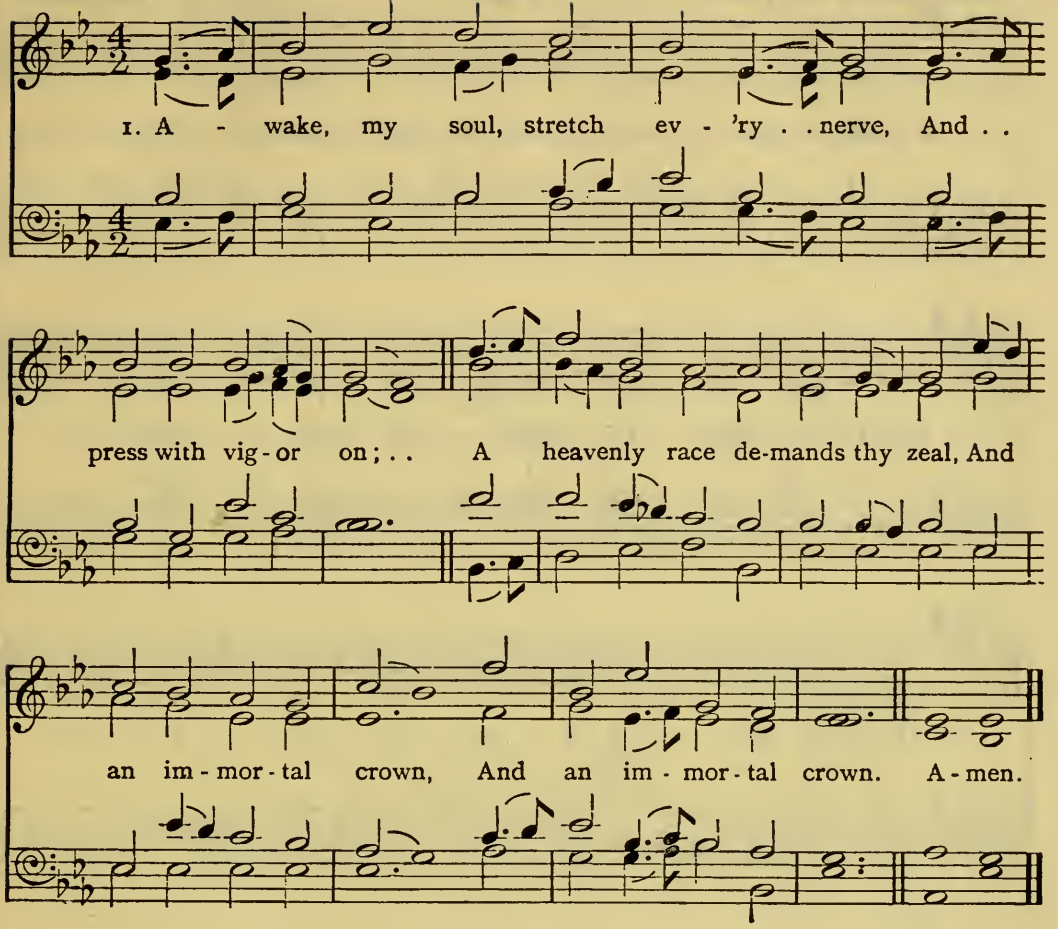
2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
Though he with giants fight;
No foes shall stay his might,
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.

CHRISTMAS. C.M. G. F. HANDEL.




2.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3.

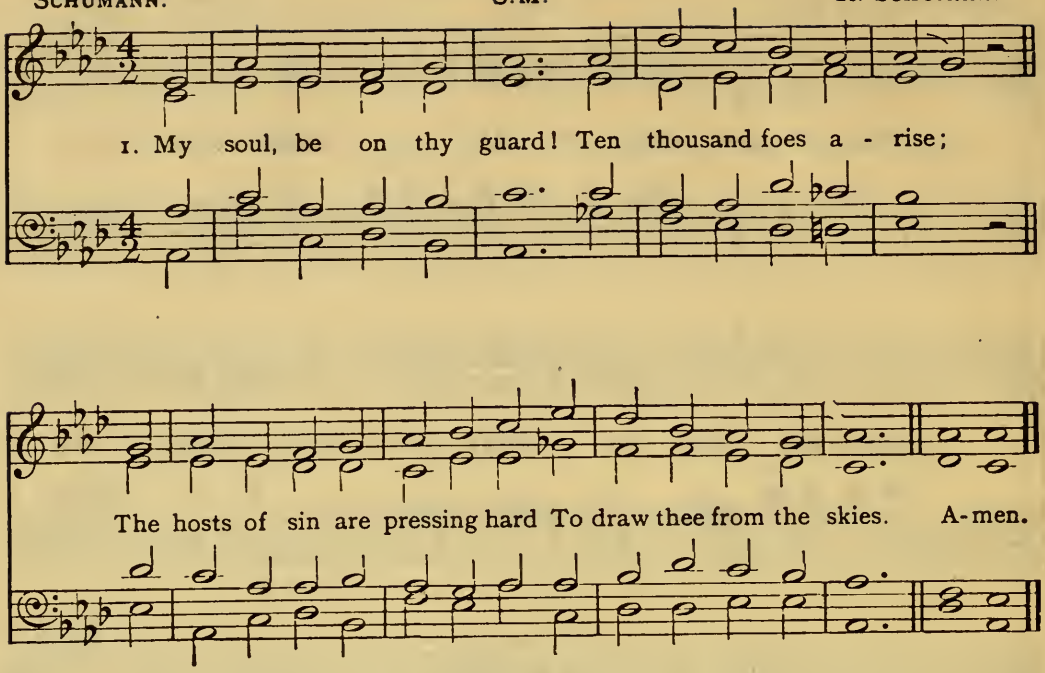
'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

SCHUMANN. S.M. R. SCHUMANN.




2.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3.

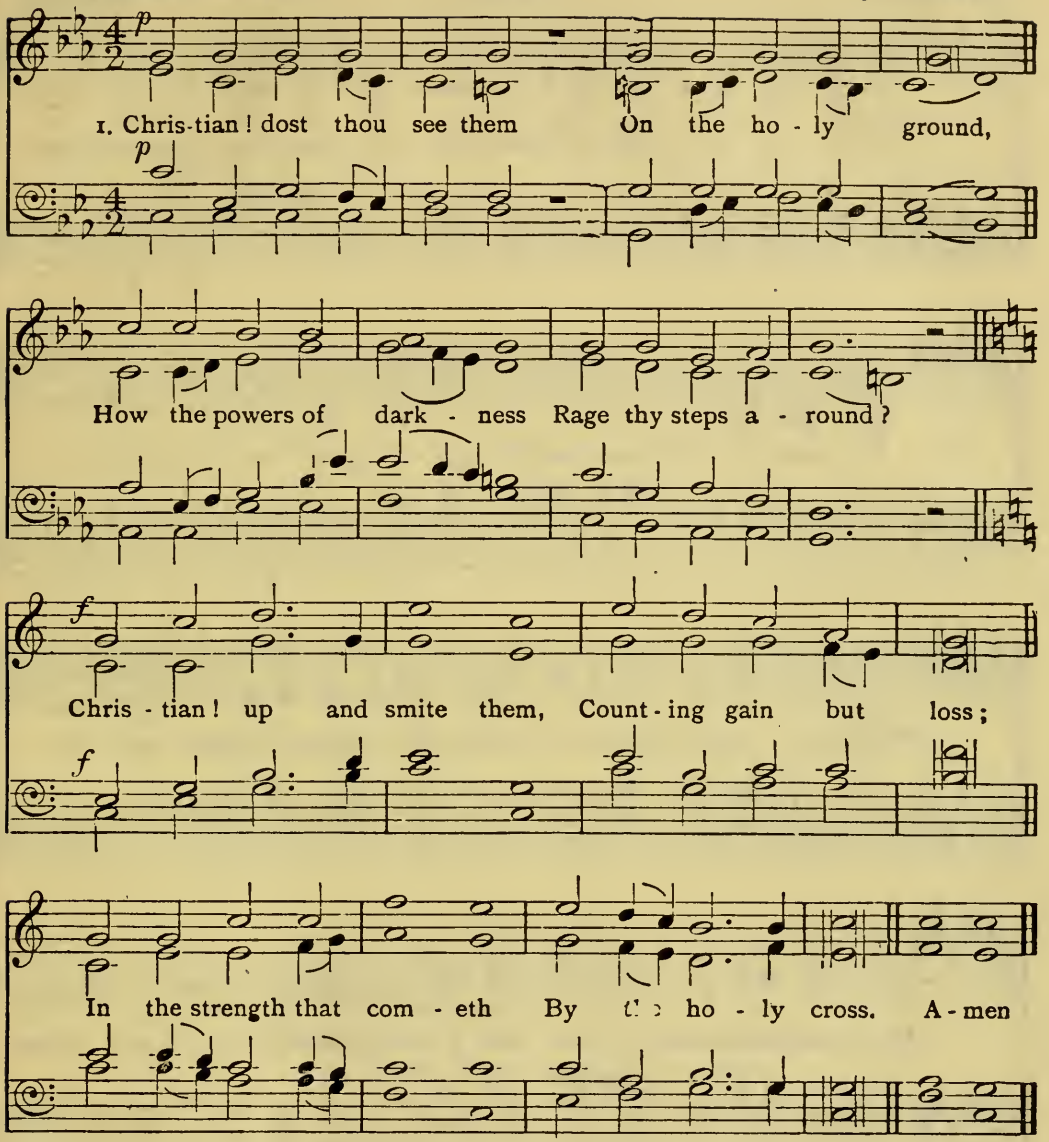
Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode. Amen.

G. HEATH.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6.5.6.5. D. J. B. DYKES.



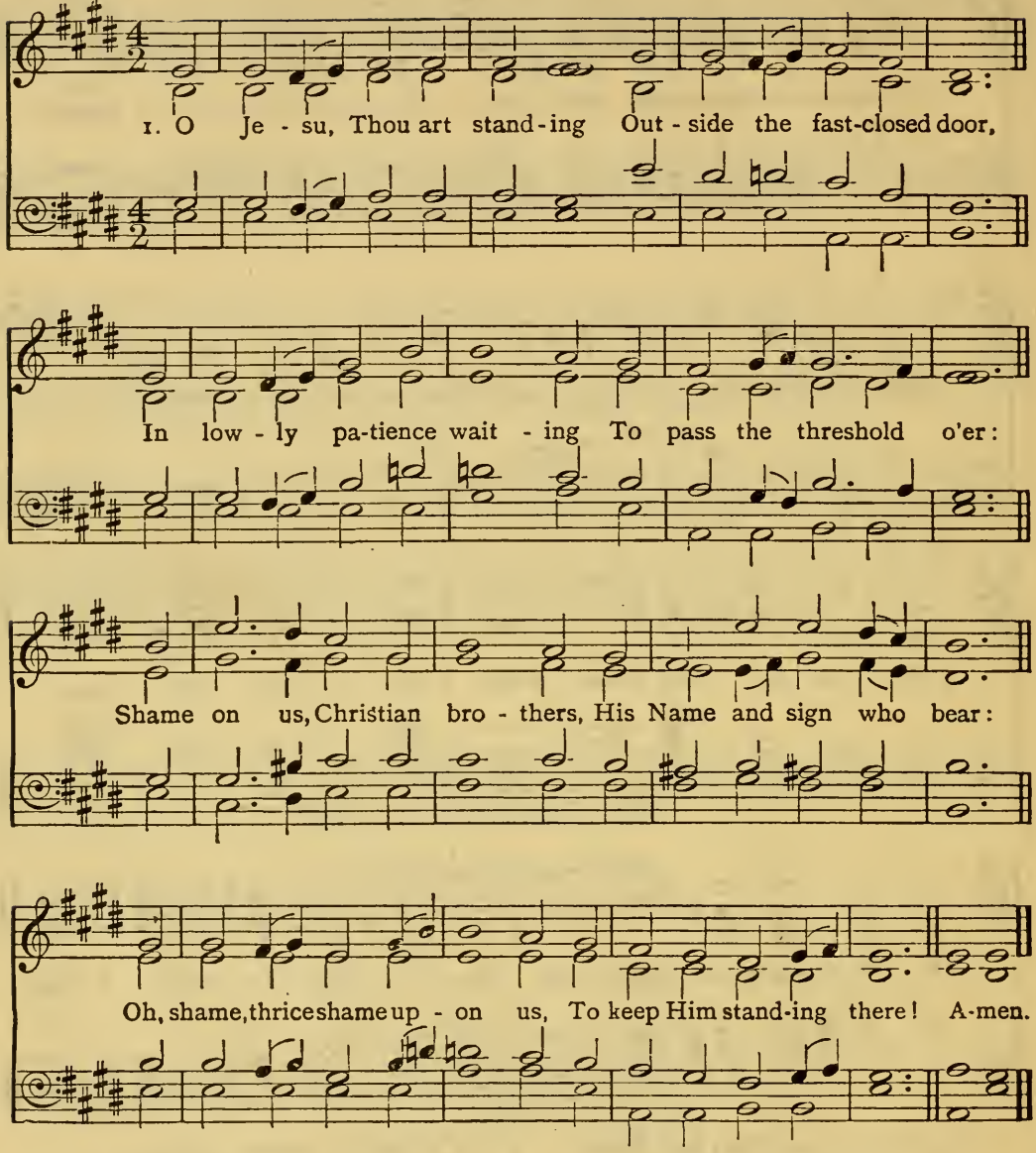

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow,
Shall be near My throne." Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

ST. HILDA. 7.6.7.6. D. J. H. KNECHT. E. HUSBAND.

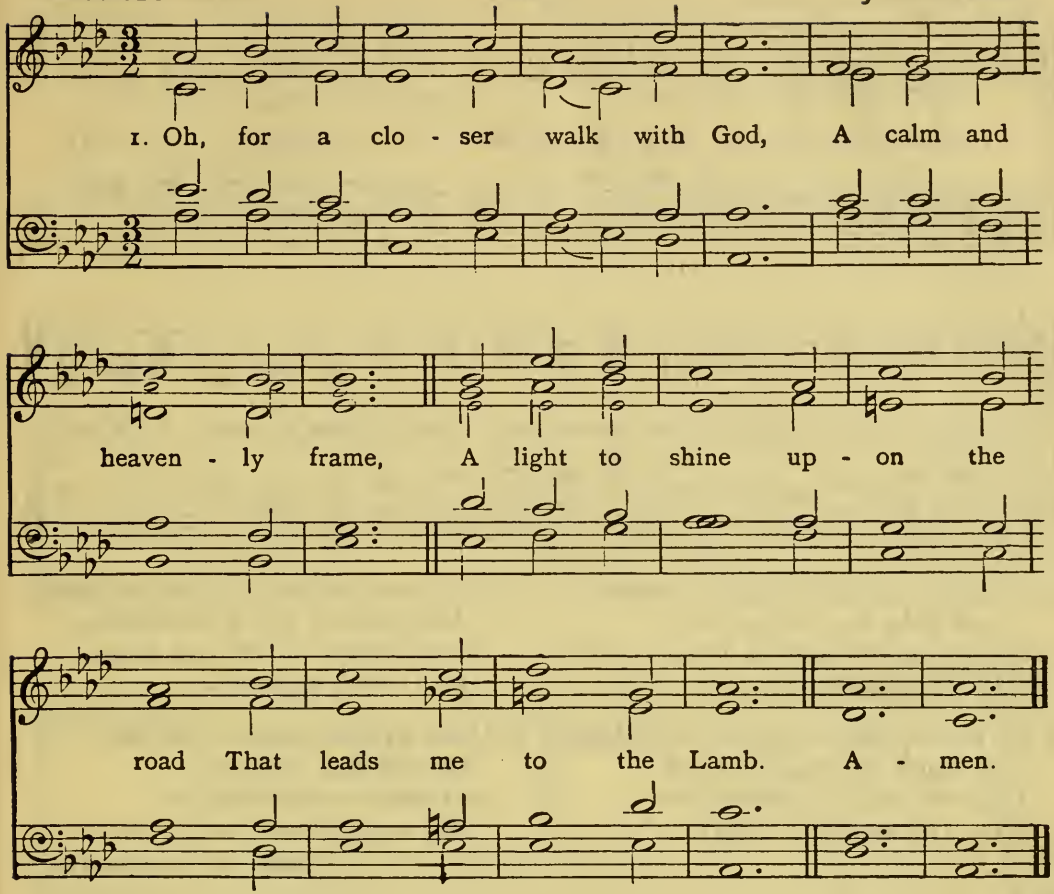



2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen

W. W. HOW.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES.




2.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

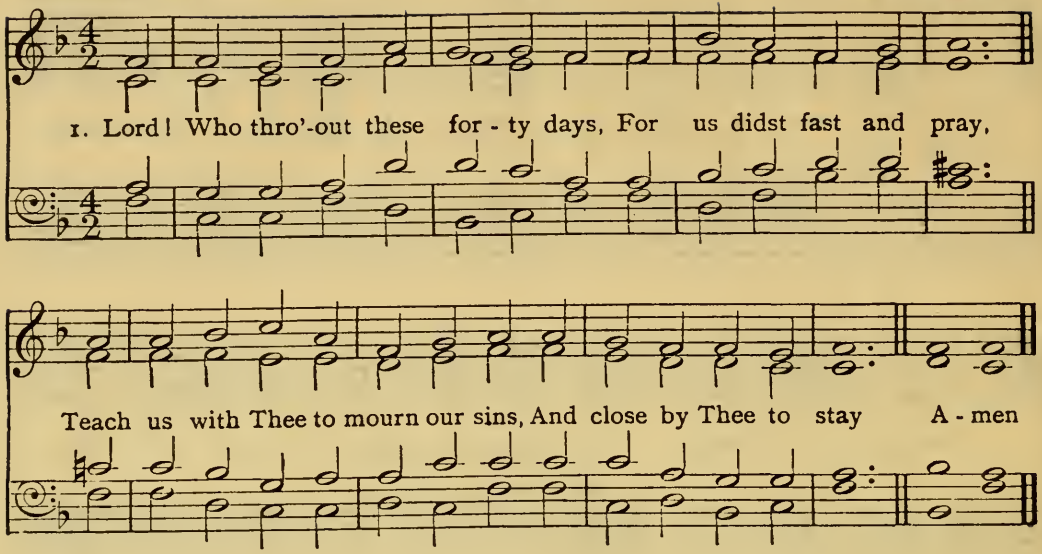
4.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

W. COWPER.

## 73

ST. FLAVIAN C.M BARBER'S *Psalter.*




2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

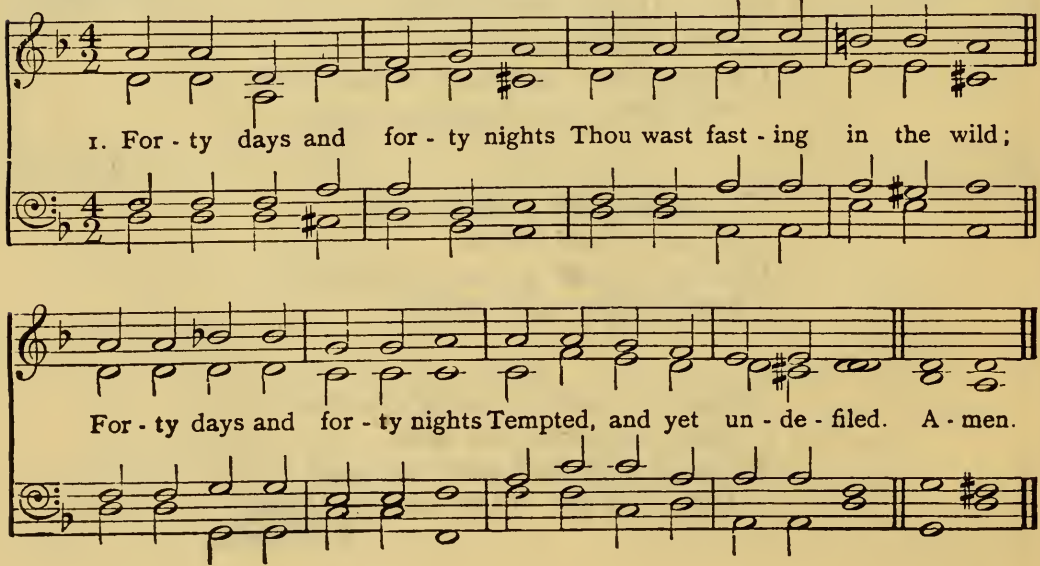
4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesu! with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last! Amen.

MRS. C. F. HERNAMAN.

## 74

HEINLEIN. Four 7's P. HEINLEIN.



2 **Shall** not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

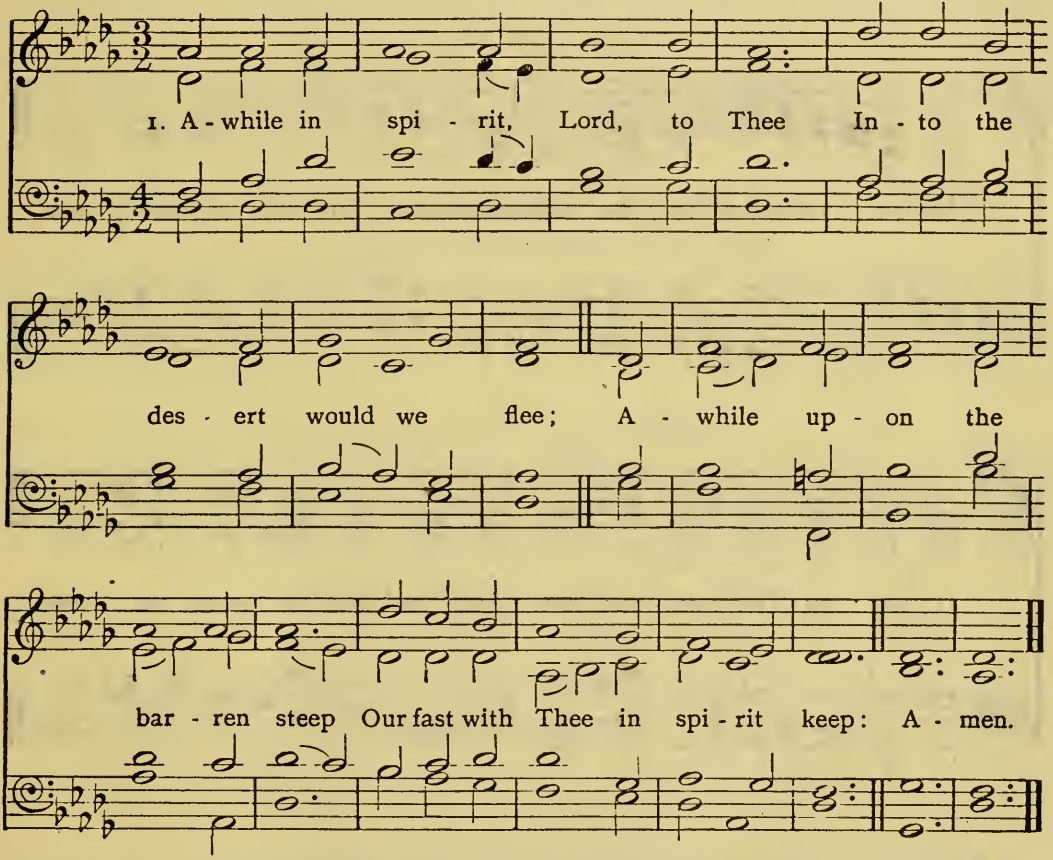
4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Easter-tide. Amen.

G. H. SMYTTAN.

## 75

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES.



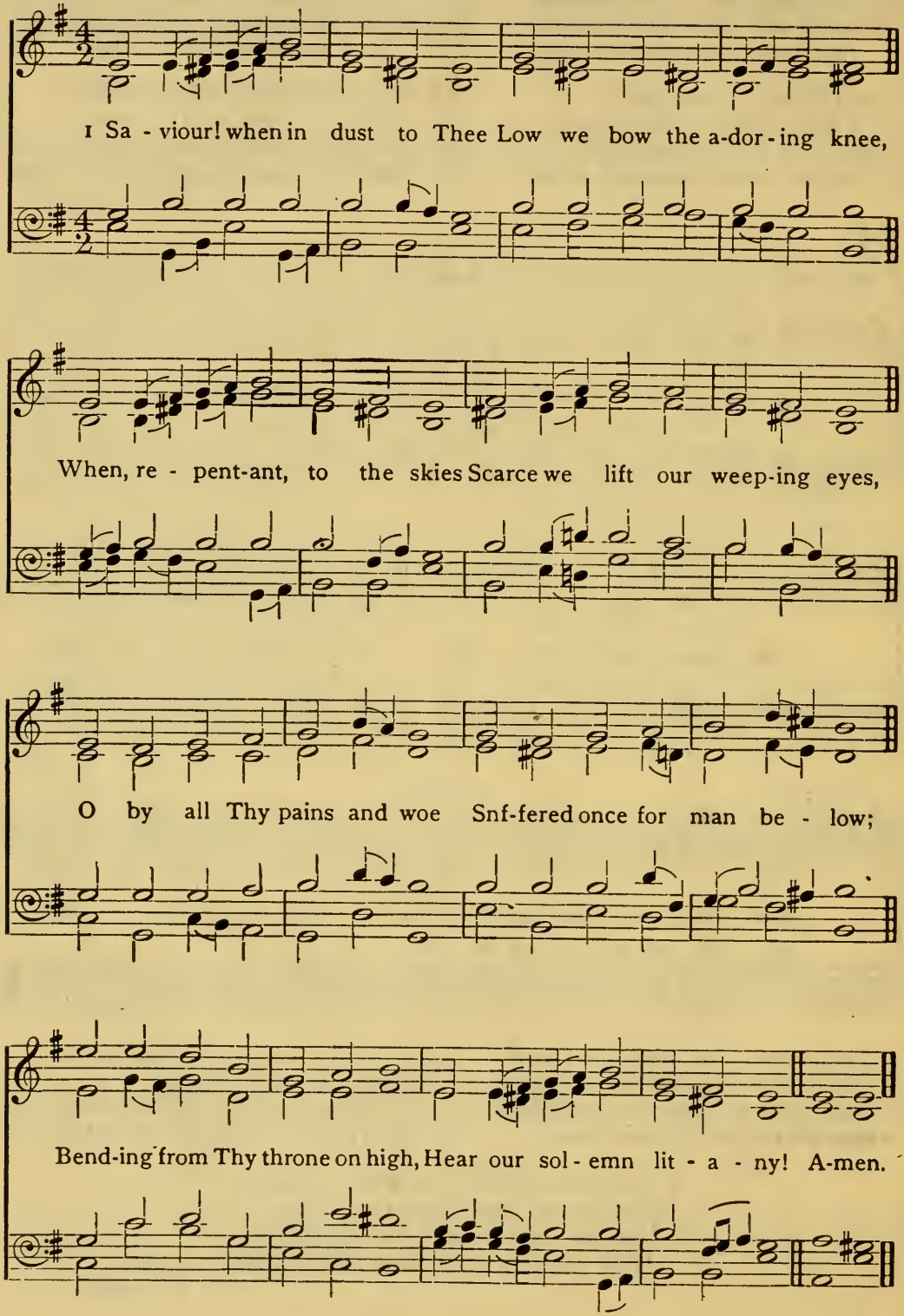

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
"**Man** liveth not by bread alone."

3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
**Thou** Word of God, Thou living Bread. Amen.

J. F. THRUPP.

ABERYSTWYTH. Eight 7's. JOSEPH PARRY.



2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

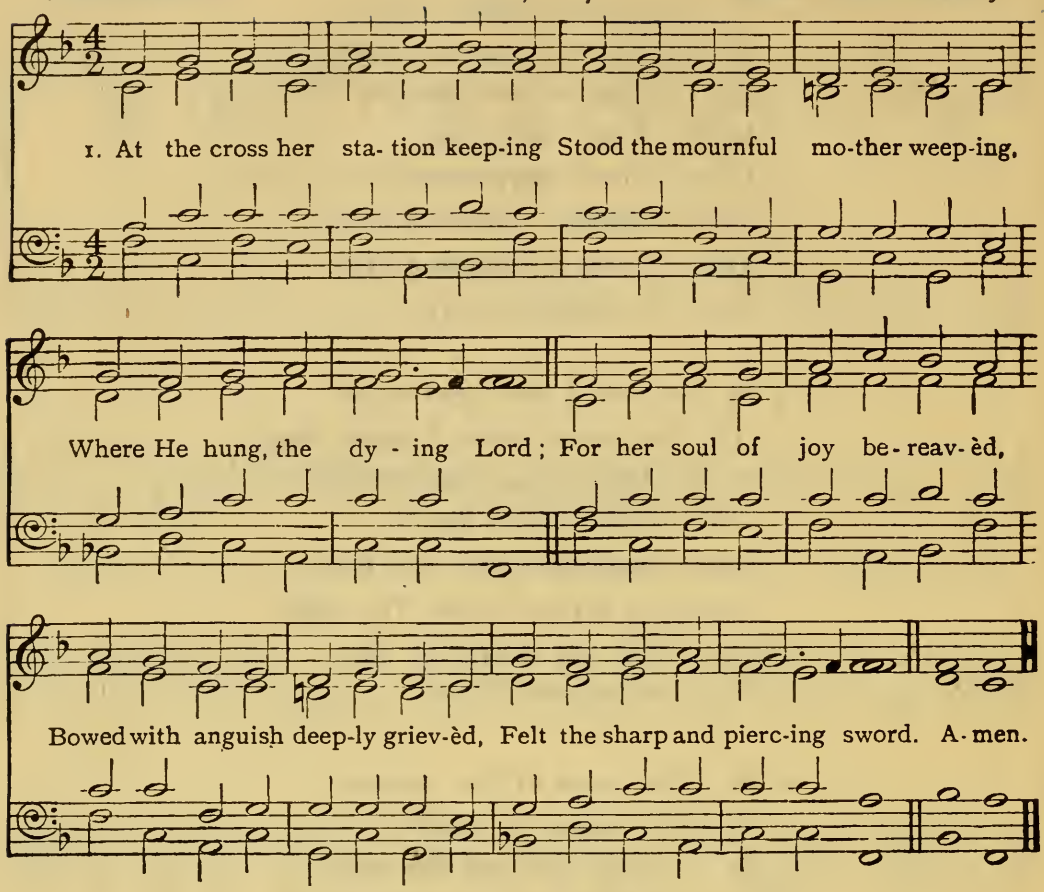
3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thine hour of 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,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany! Amen.

ROBERT GRANT.

STABAT MATER 8.8.7.8.8.7. Modern French Melody.




2 Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

*Tr.* E. CASWALL AND COMPILERS "HYMNS A. & M."

## 78

1 Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius,
Cuius animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

2 O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti,
Quae maerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

3 Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio!

4 Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Iesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

5 Eia mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam;
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut sibi complaceam.

6 Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide;
Tui nati vulnerati;
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

7 Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;
Iuxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

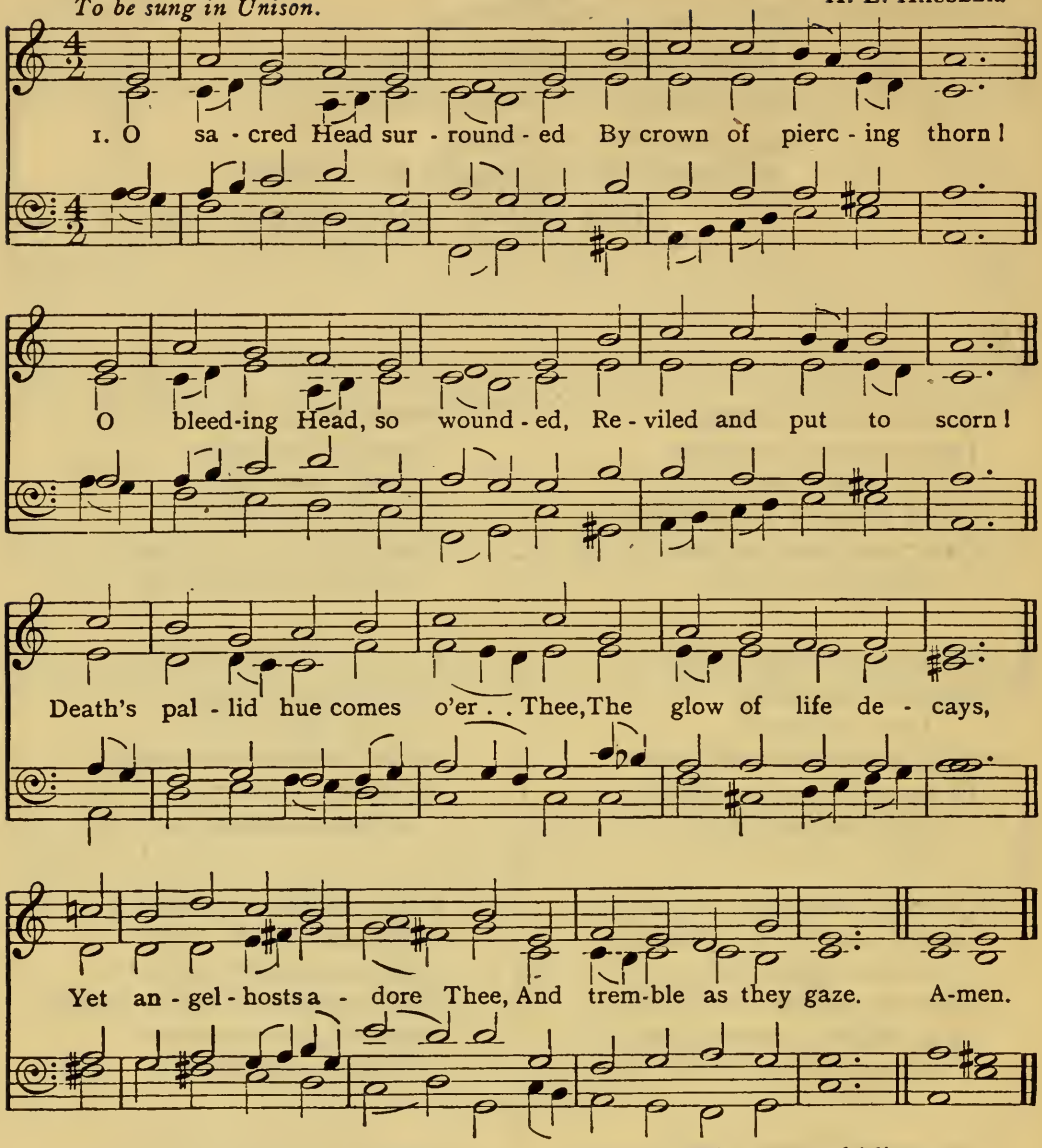
8 Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi iam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolere.

9 Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruore Filii;
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die iudicii.

10 Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.

PASSION CHORALE. 7.6.7.6. D. H. L. HASSLER.

*To be sung in Unison.*



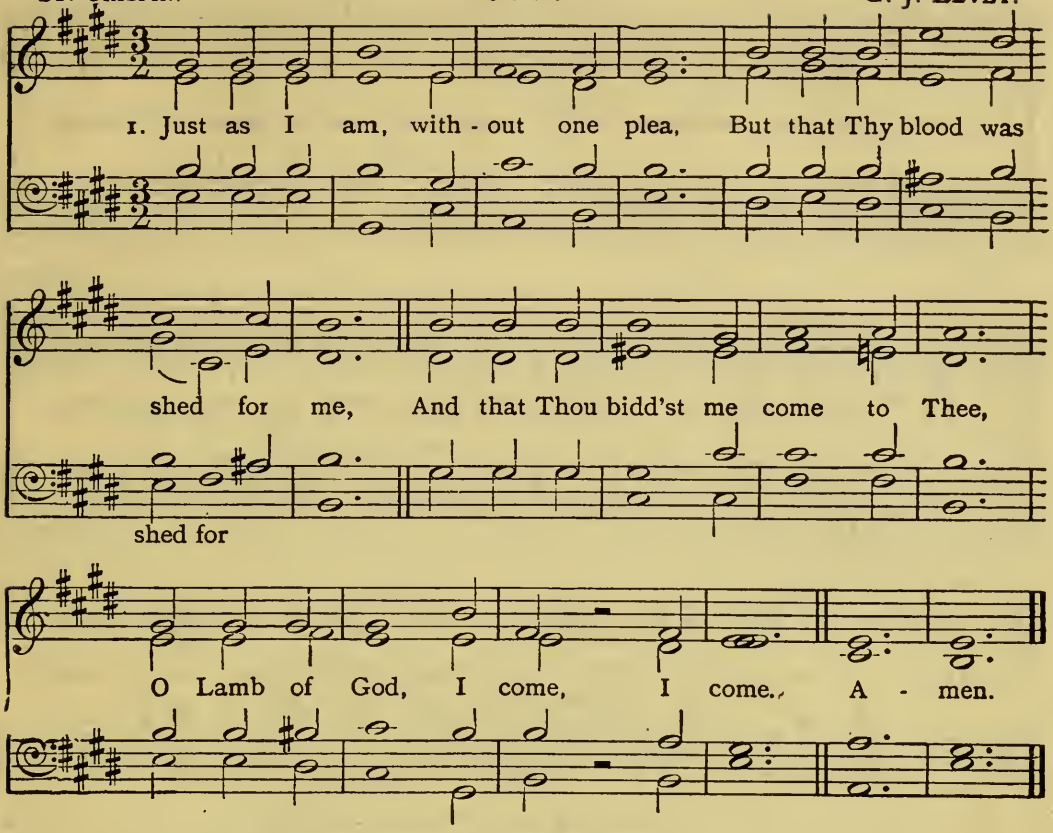

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me:
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.
Amen

*Tr.* H. W. BAKER.

ST. CRISPIN. 8.8.8.6. G. J. ELVEY.




2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

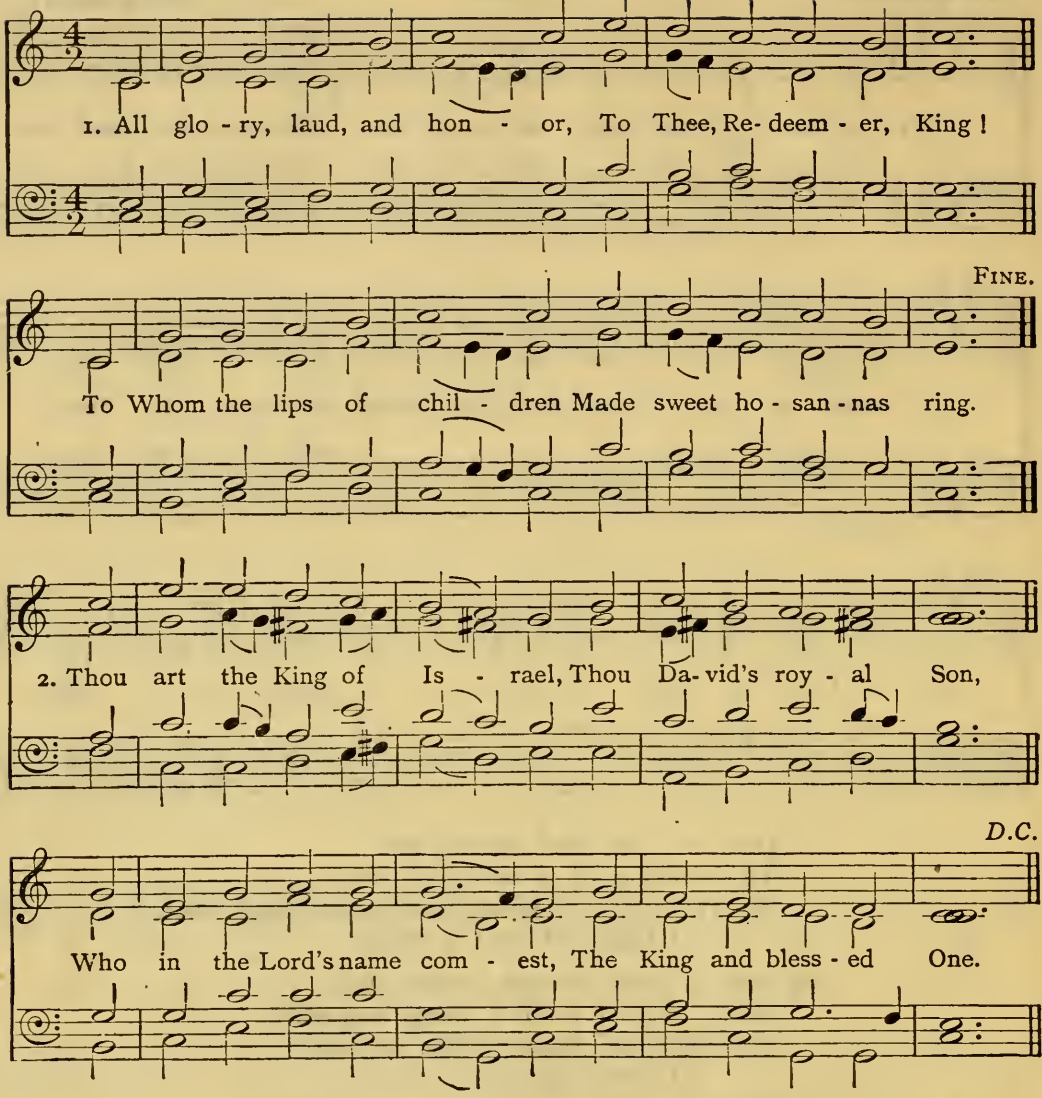
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6. D. M. TESCHNER.



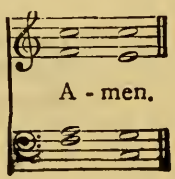

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

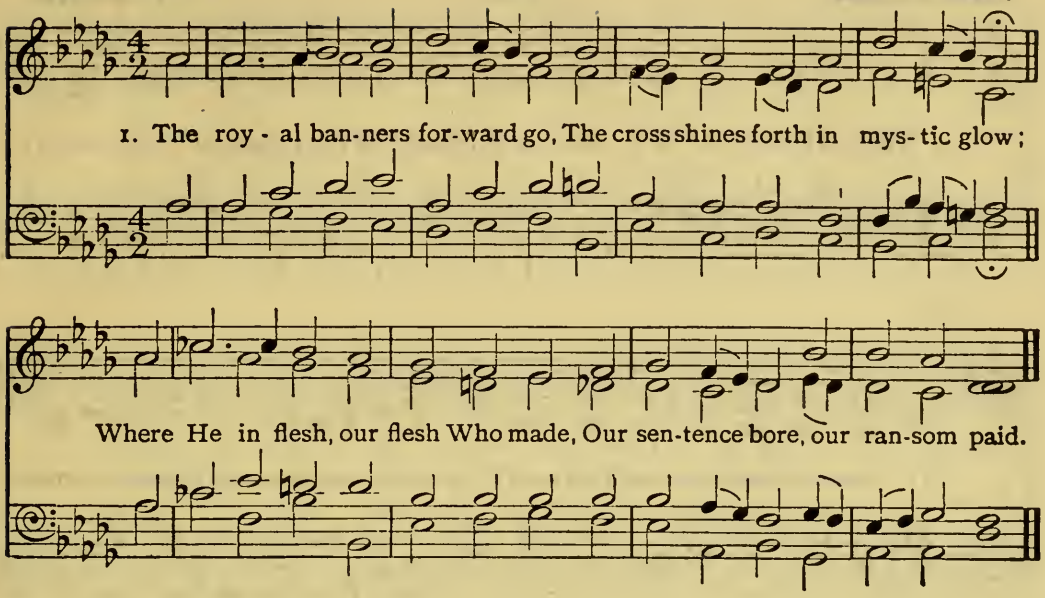
5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.



VEXILLA REGIS. L.M. HORATIO PARKER.




2.

There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3.

Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4.

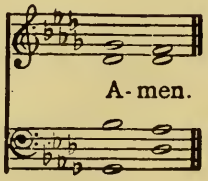
O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5.

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

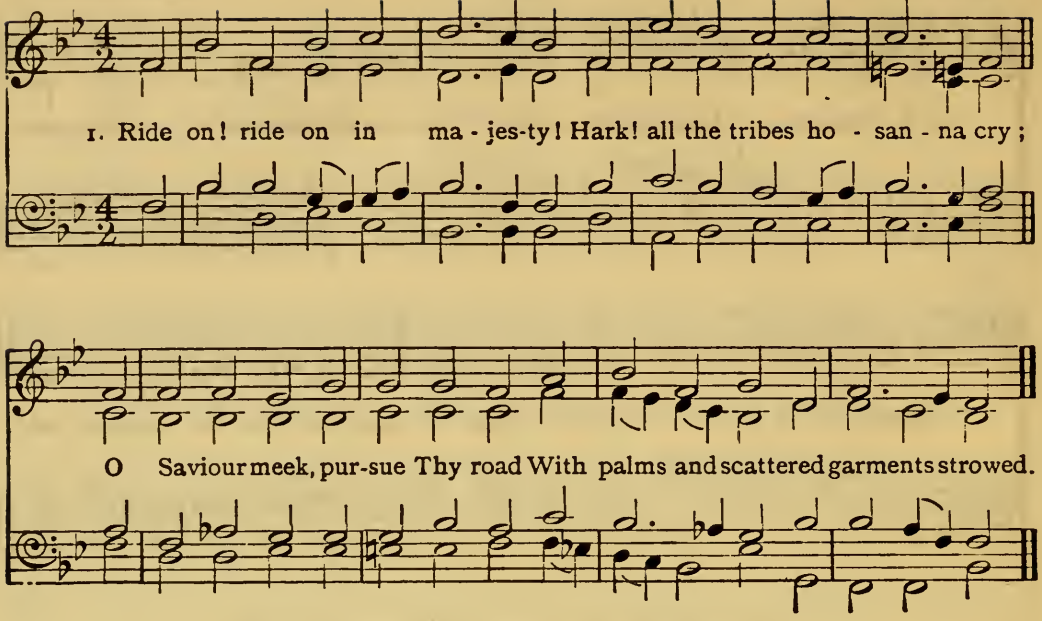
6.

To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.




*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

ST. DROSTANE. L.M. J. B. DYKES.




2.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3.

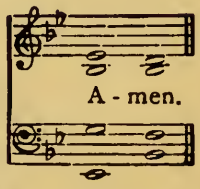
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

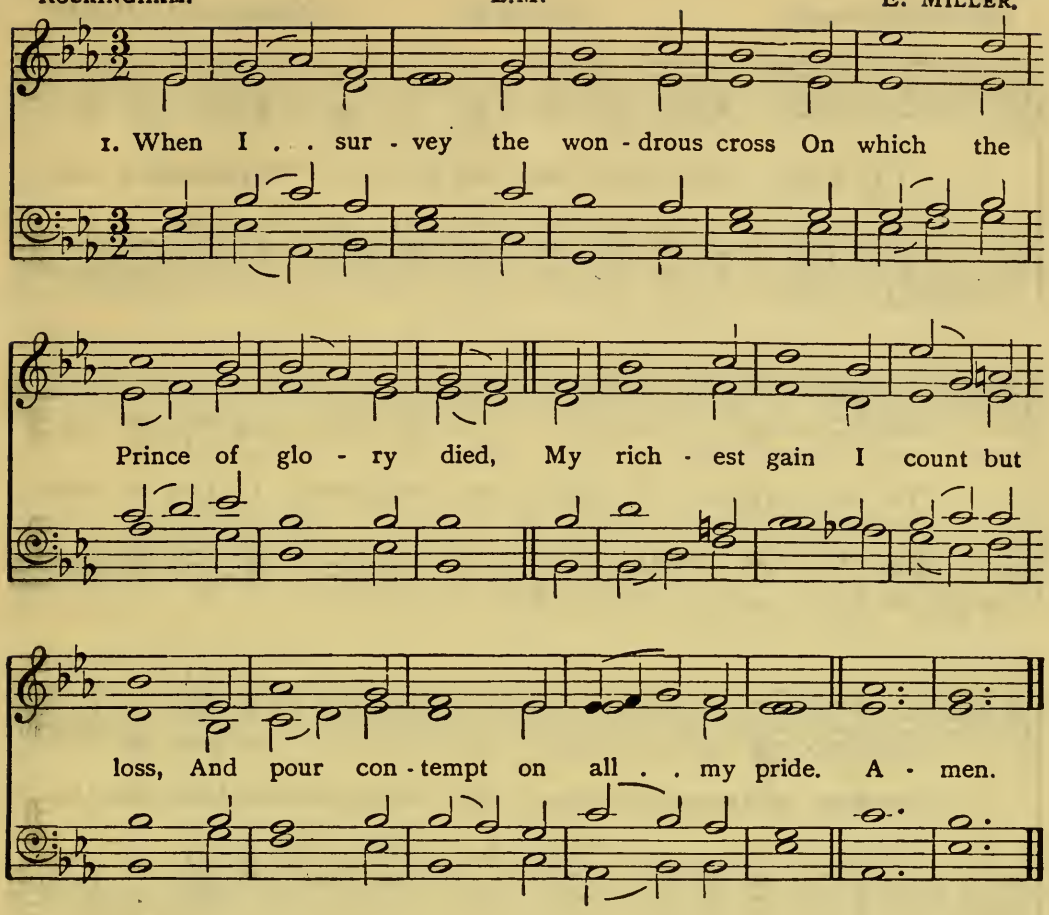
5.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.




H. H. MILMAN.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. E. MILLER.




2.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3.

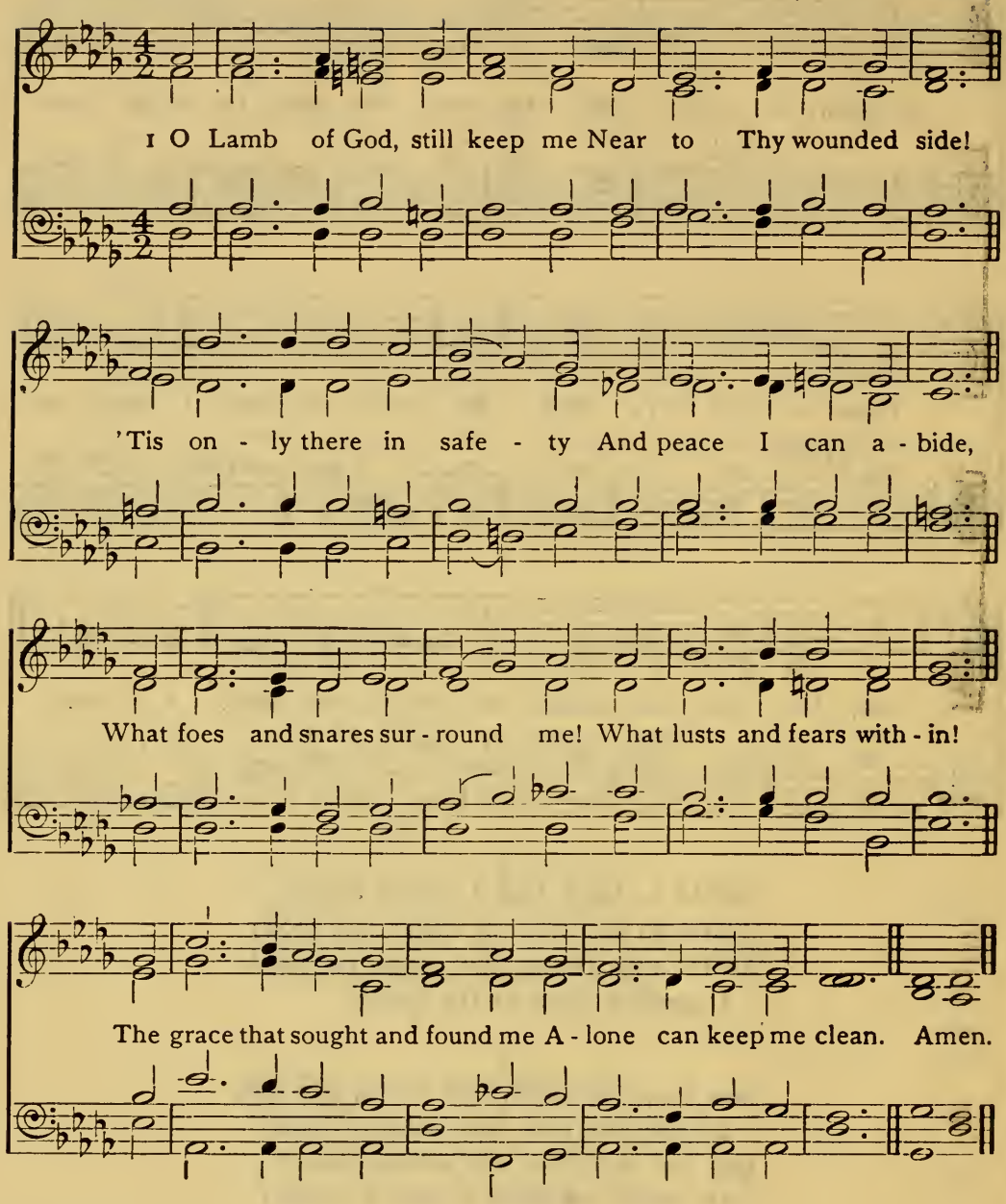
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7.6.7.6.D. FREDERICK C. MAKER.



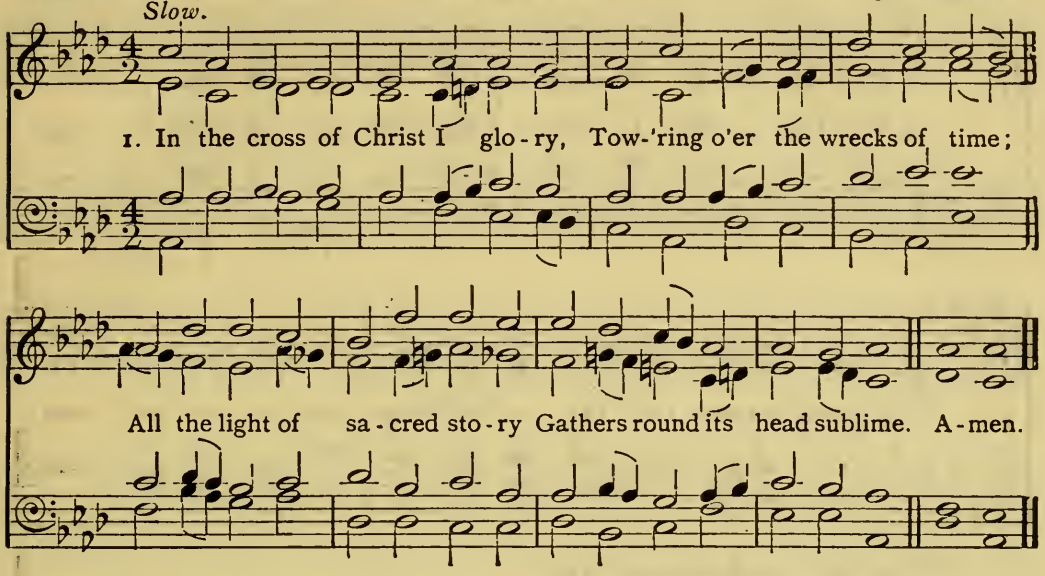

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

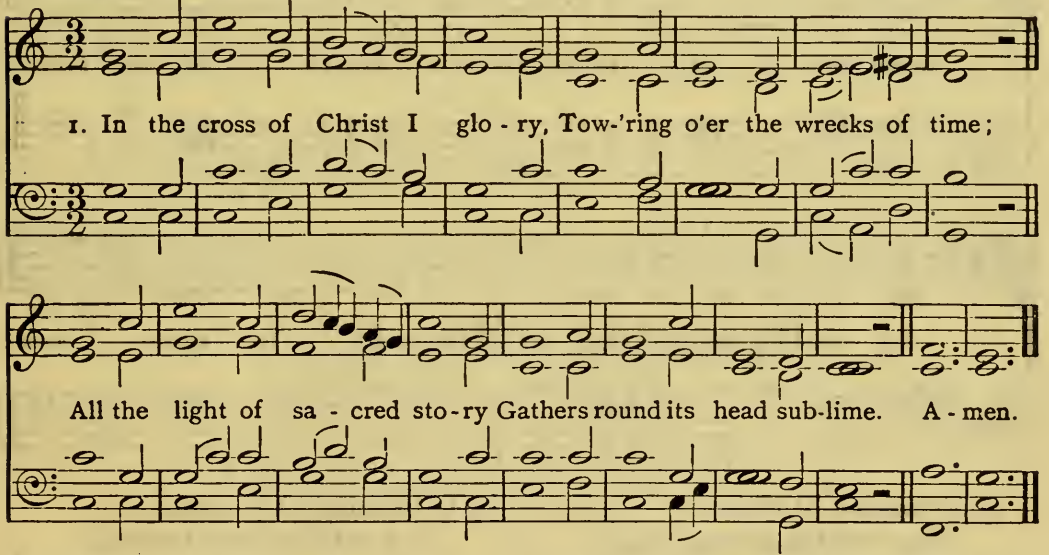
JAMES G. DECK.

CRUCIFIXION (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER.

*Slow.*




RATHBUN (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. I. CONKEY.




2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

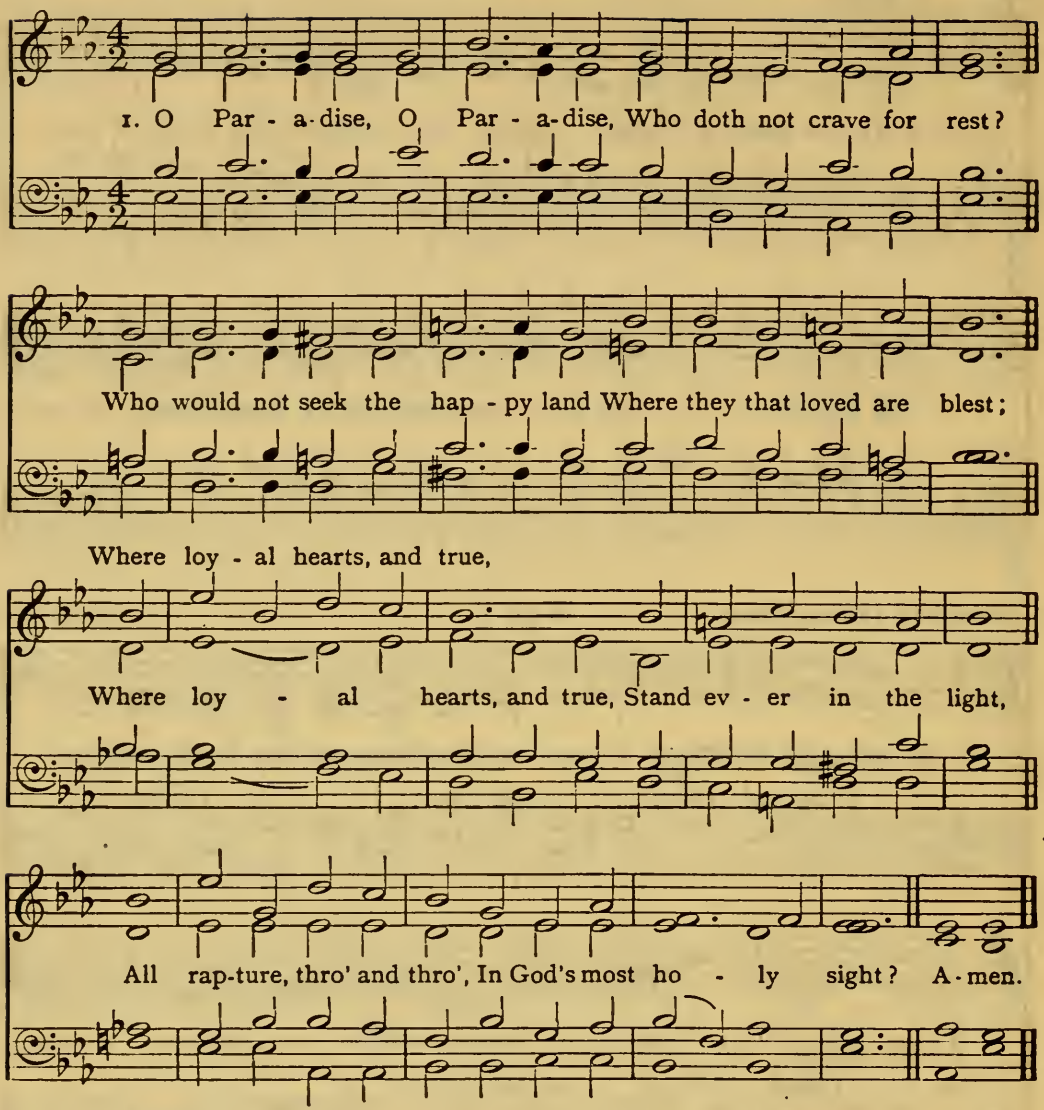
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Amen.

J. BOWRING.

PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. J. BARNBY.




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

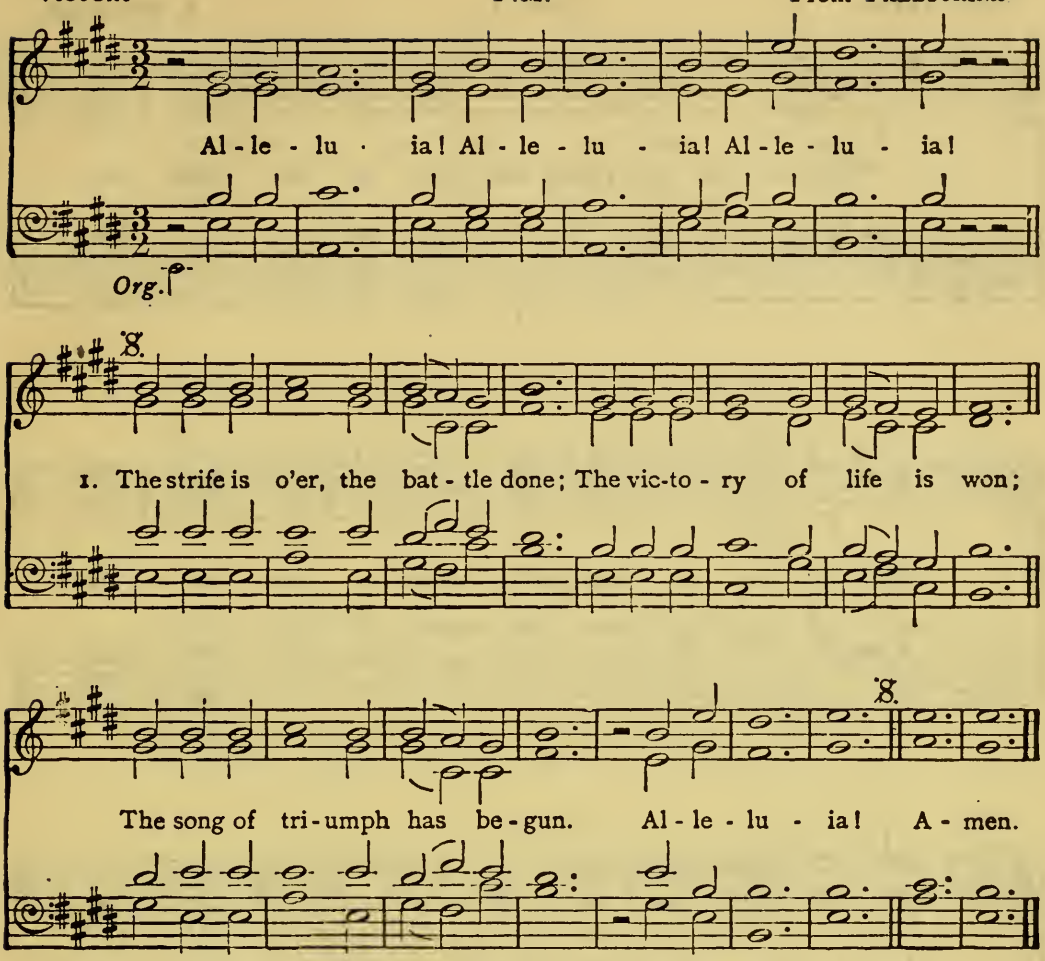
3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

VICTORY P.M. From PALESTRINA




2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

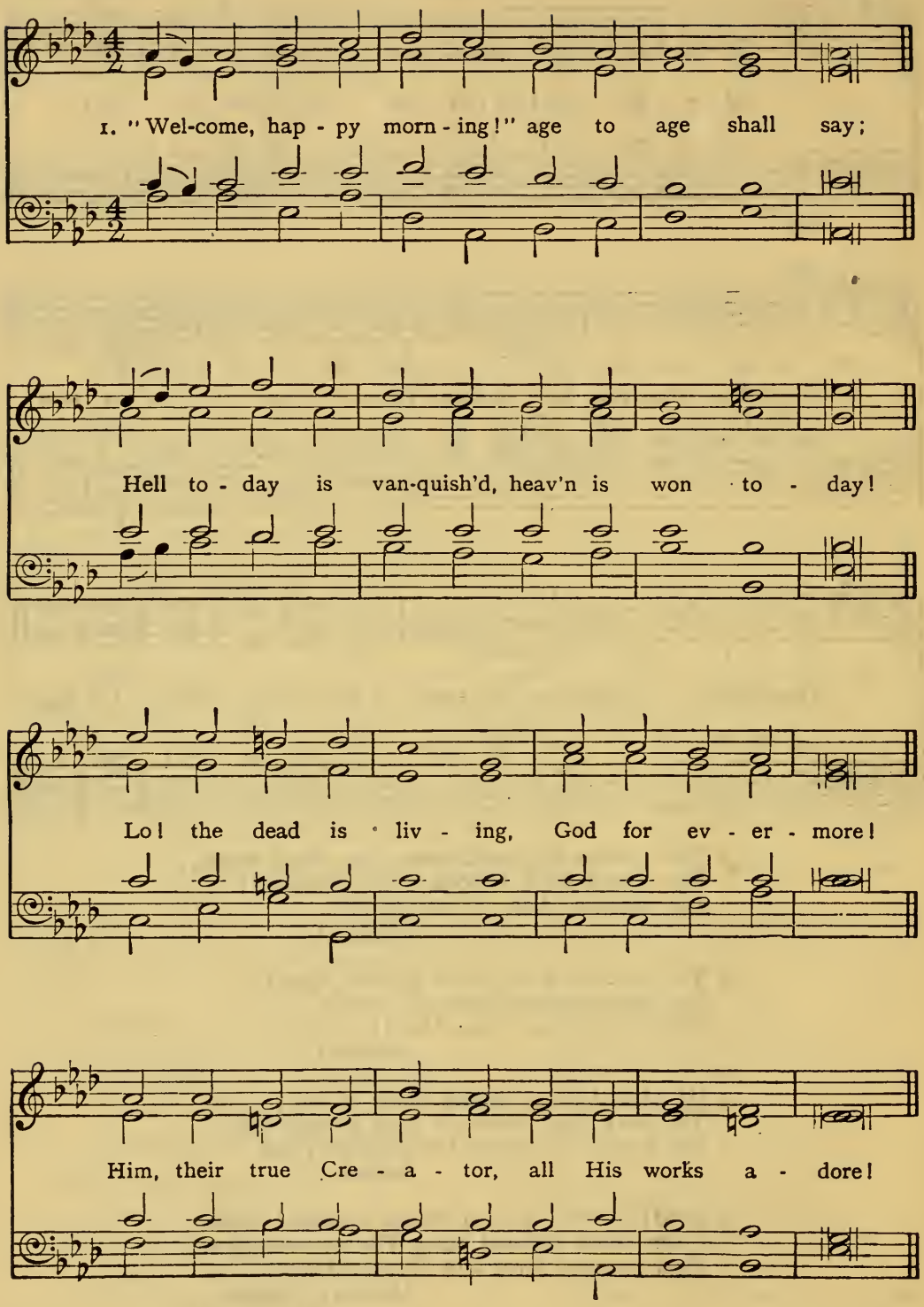
3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

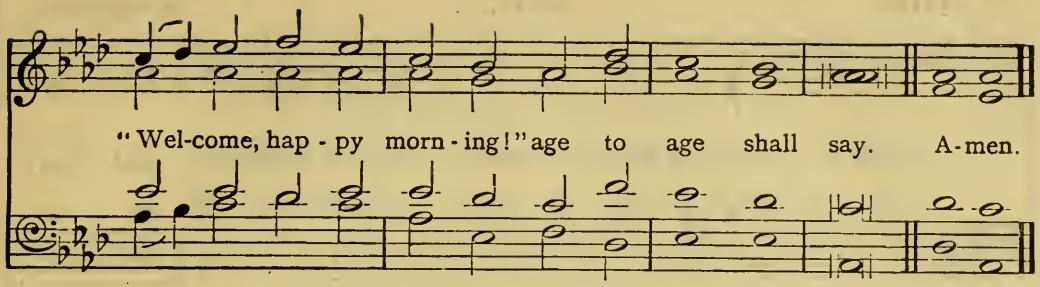
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

*Tr.* F. POTT.

FORTUNATUS. Five 11's. A. SULLIVAN.






2.

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

3.

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

4.

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

5.

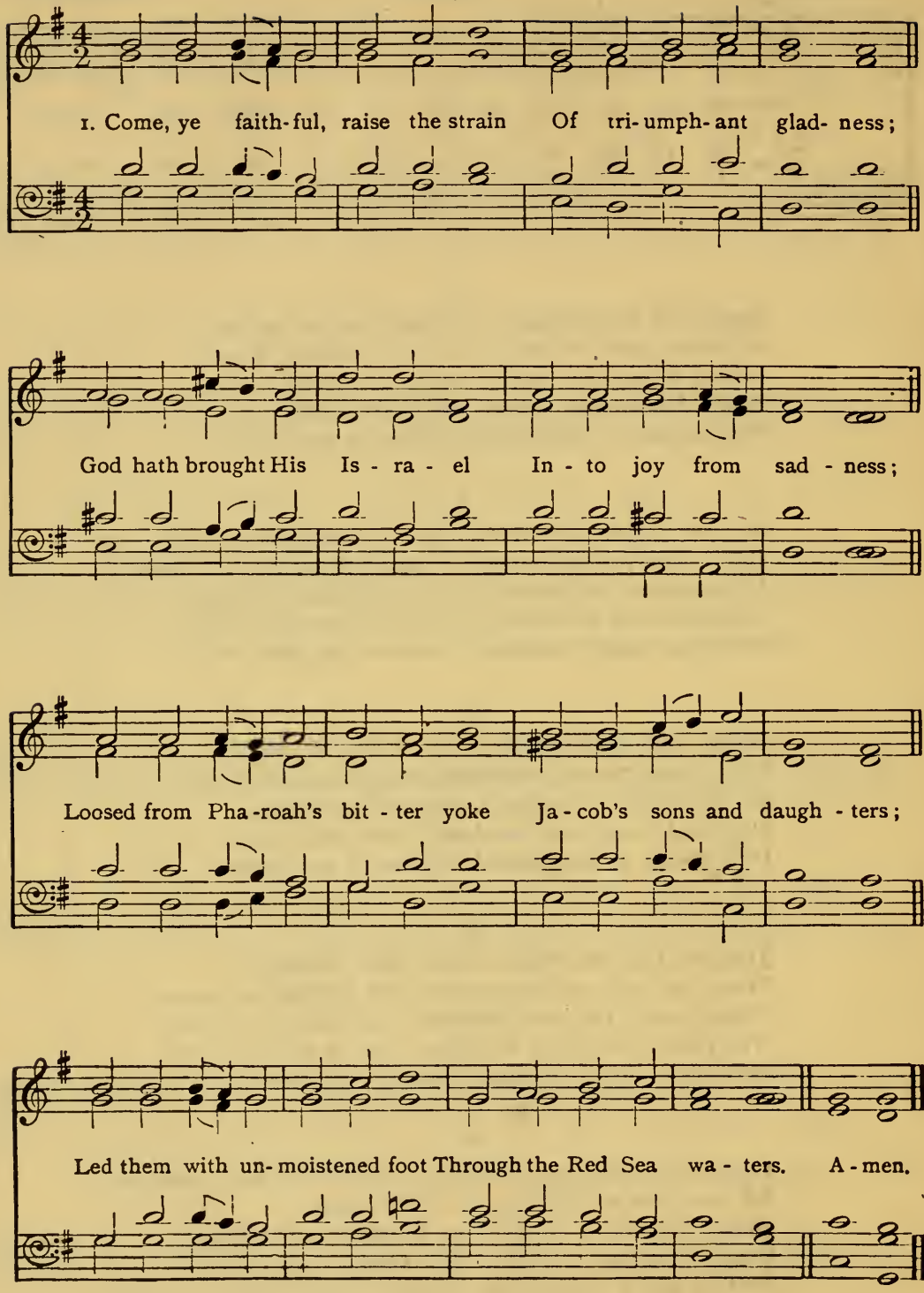
Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6.

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

*Tr.* J. ELLERTON.

ST. KEVIN. 7.6.7.6. D. A. SULLIVAN.



2.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

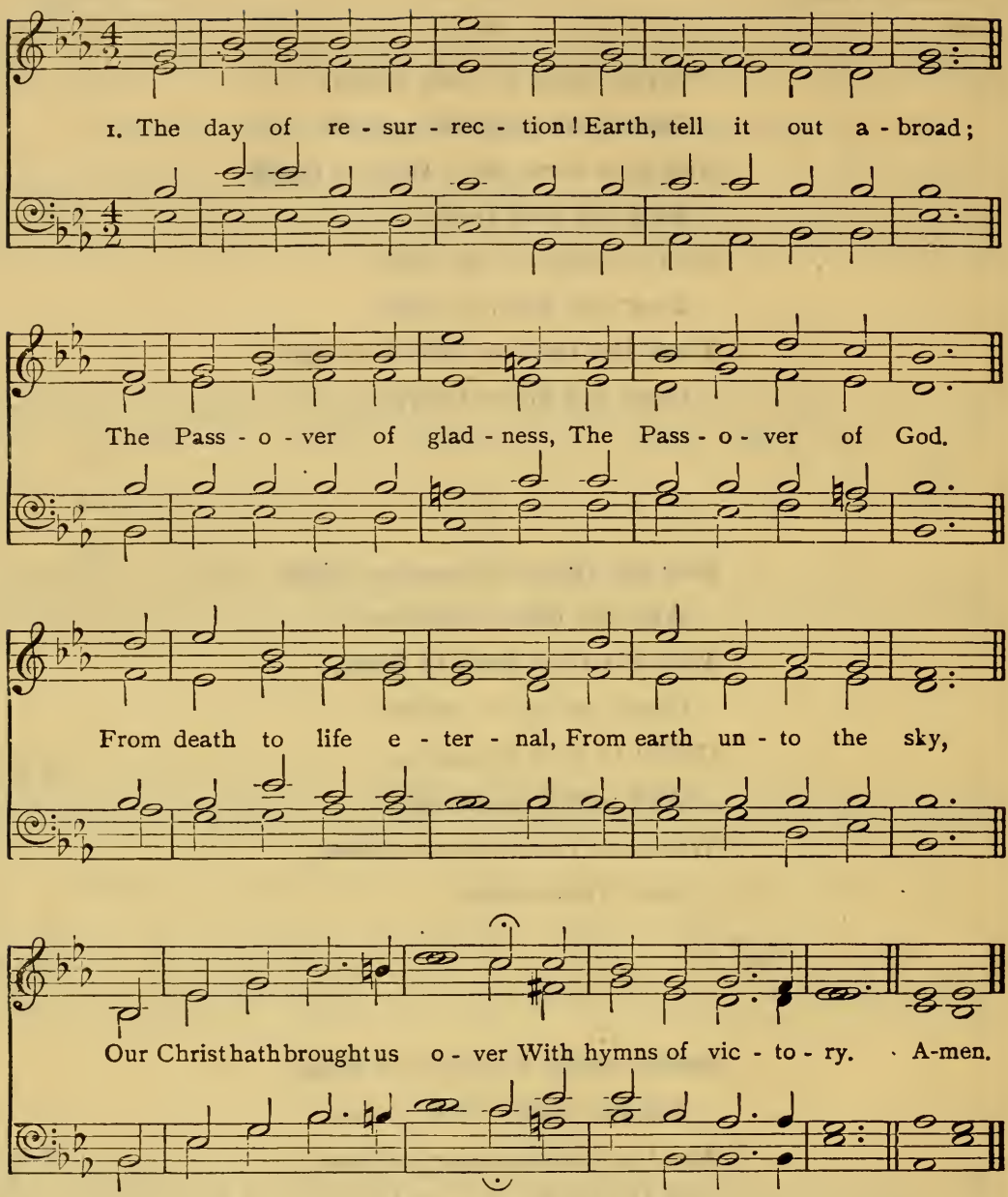
3.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
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.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

GREENLAND. 7.6.7.6. D. *Lausanne Psalter.*



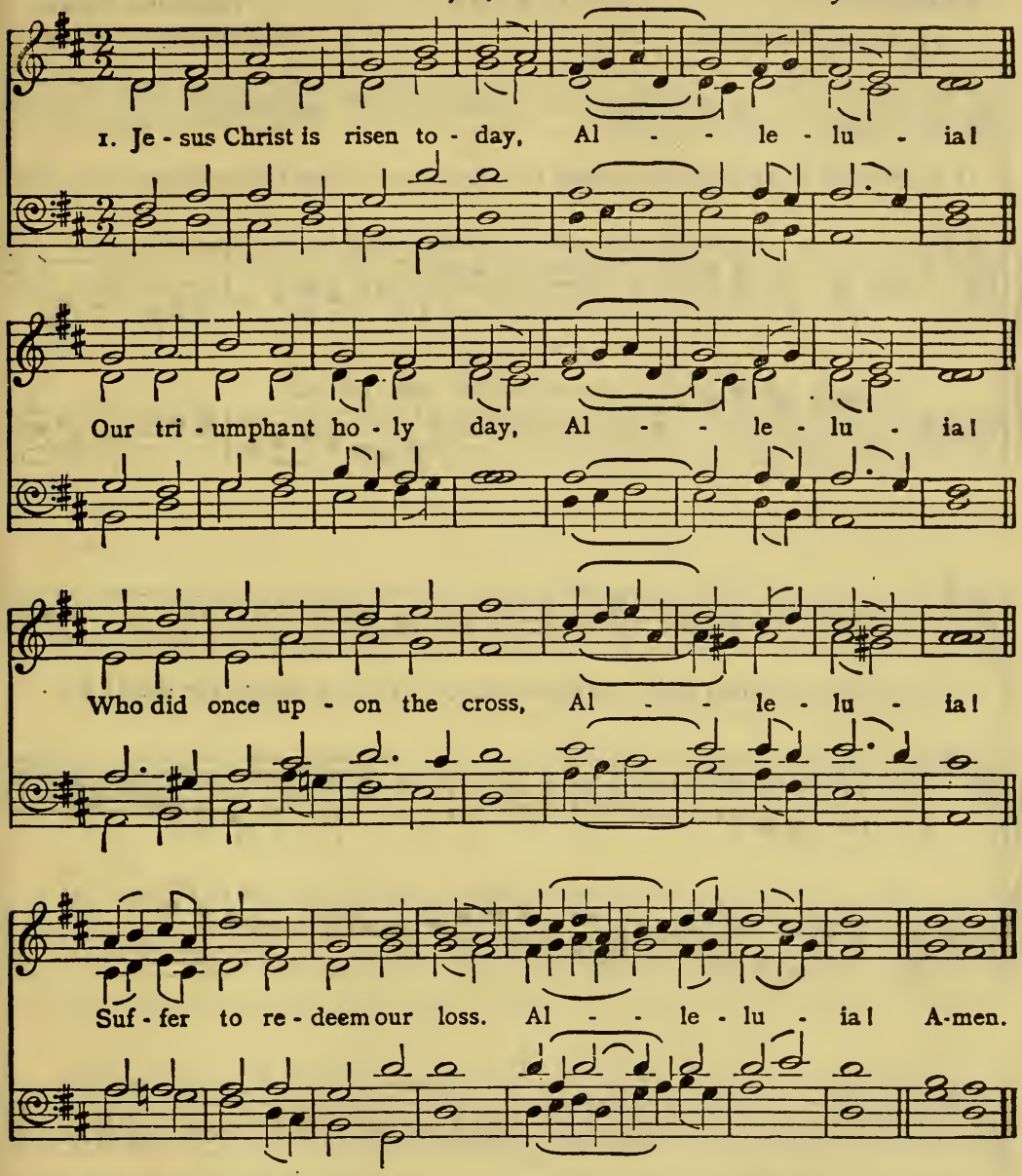

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

WORGAN

Four 7's., with Alleluia. From *Lyra Davidica.*



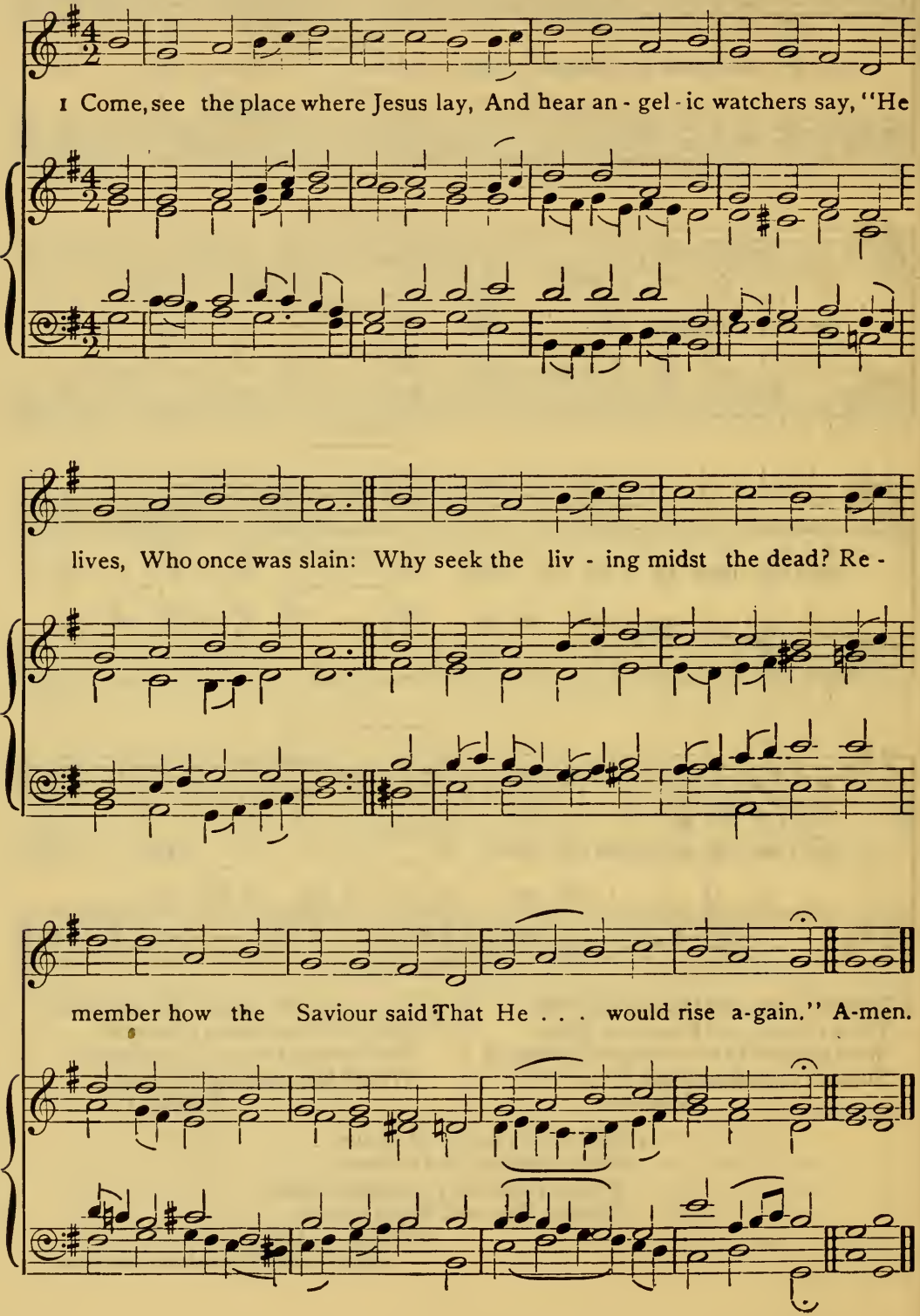

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia! Amen.

*Author and Translator unknown.*

INNSBRUCK. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HEINRICH ISAAK,
*To be sung in unison.* Harmonies by BACH.



2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

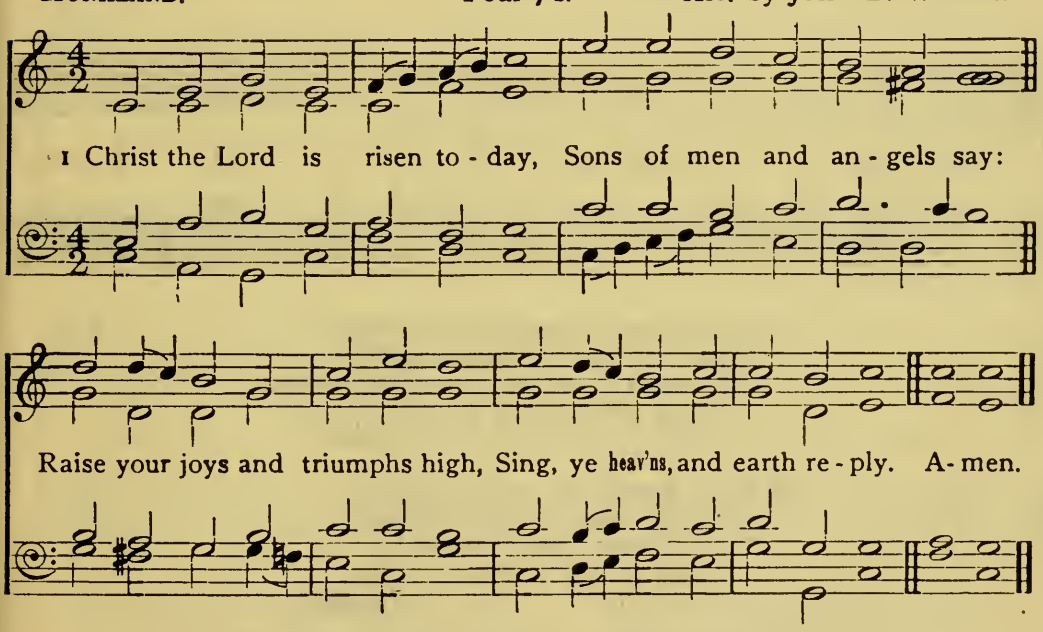
3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804, *alt.*

## 94

**MONKLAND.** Four 7's. Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES.



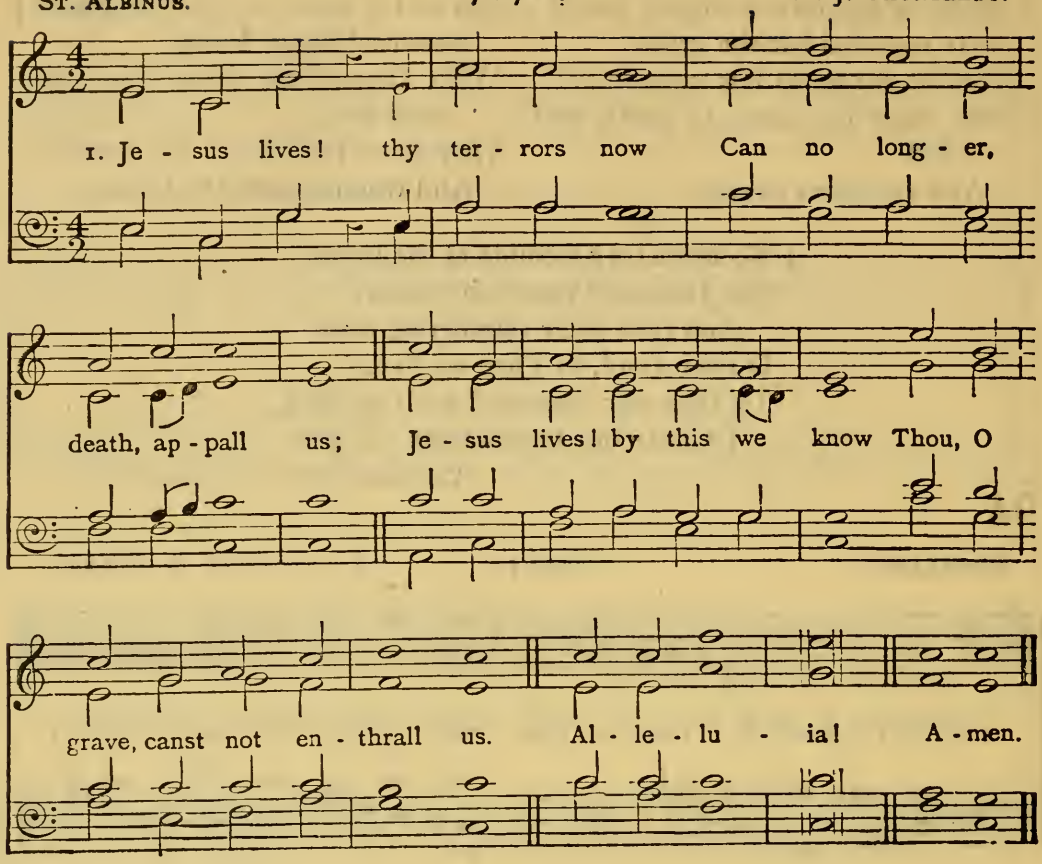

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won,
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ST. ALBINUS. 7.8.7.8.4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.




2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

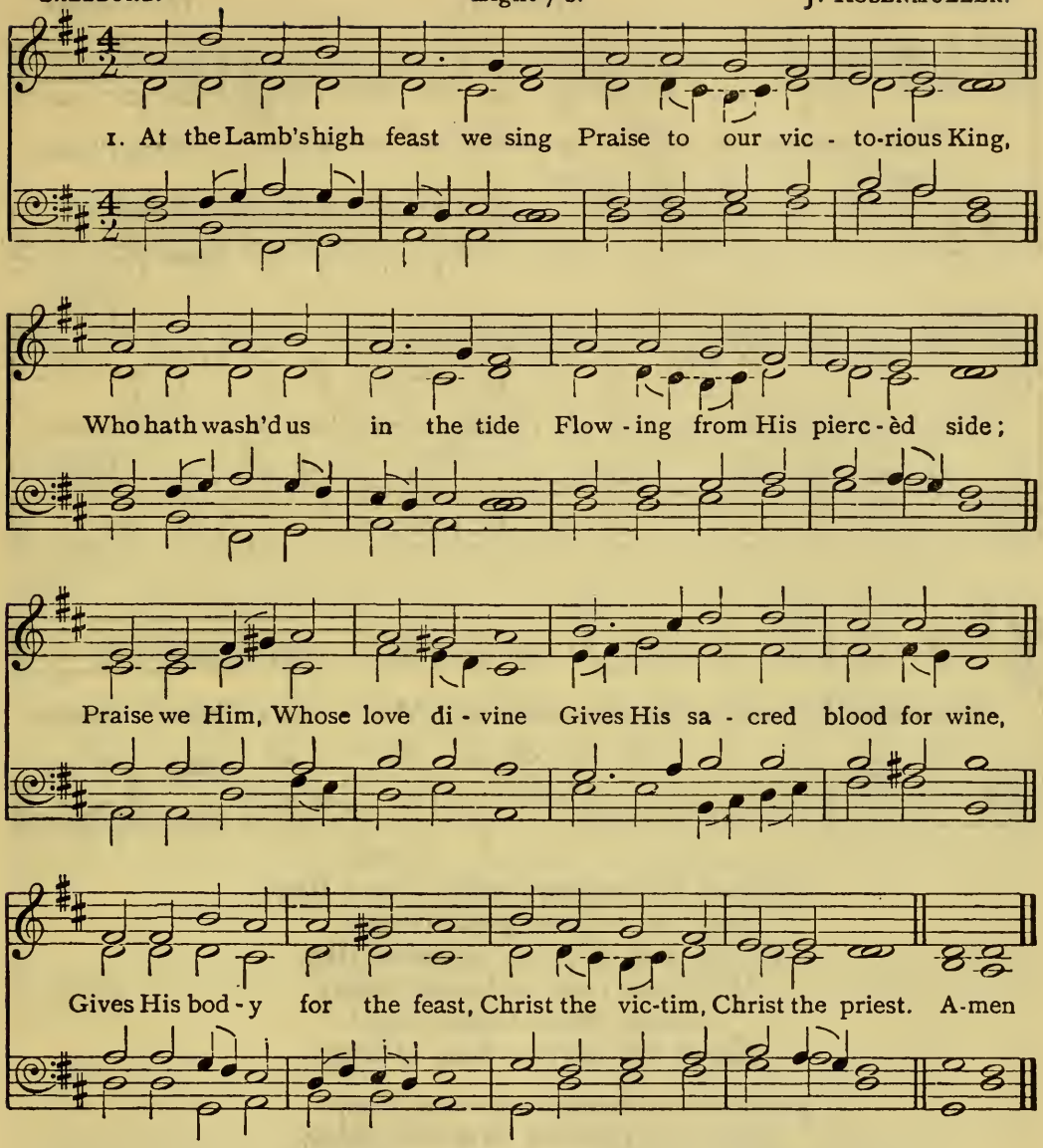
3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

C. F. GELLERT. *Tr.* F. E. COX.

SALZBURG. Eight 7's. J. ROSENMÜLLER.



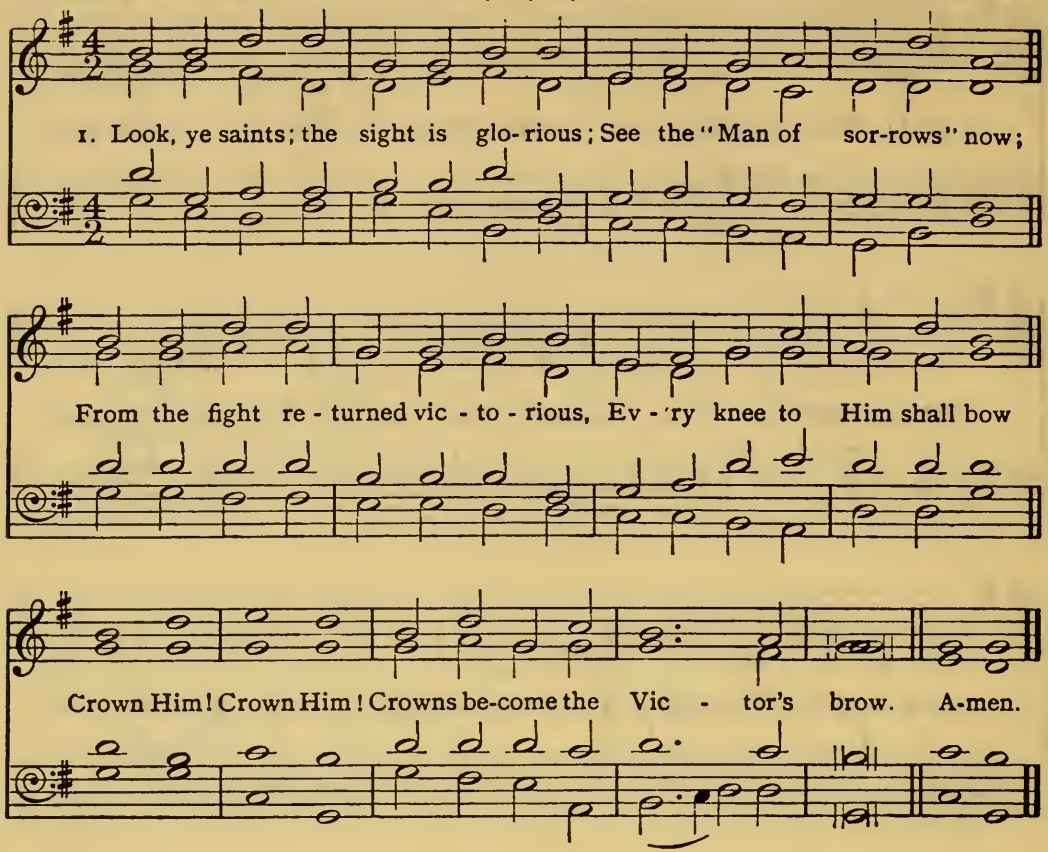

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now now more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

*Tr.* R. CAMPBELL.

CORONÆ. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. H. MONK.



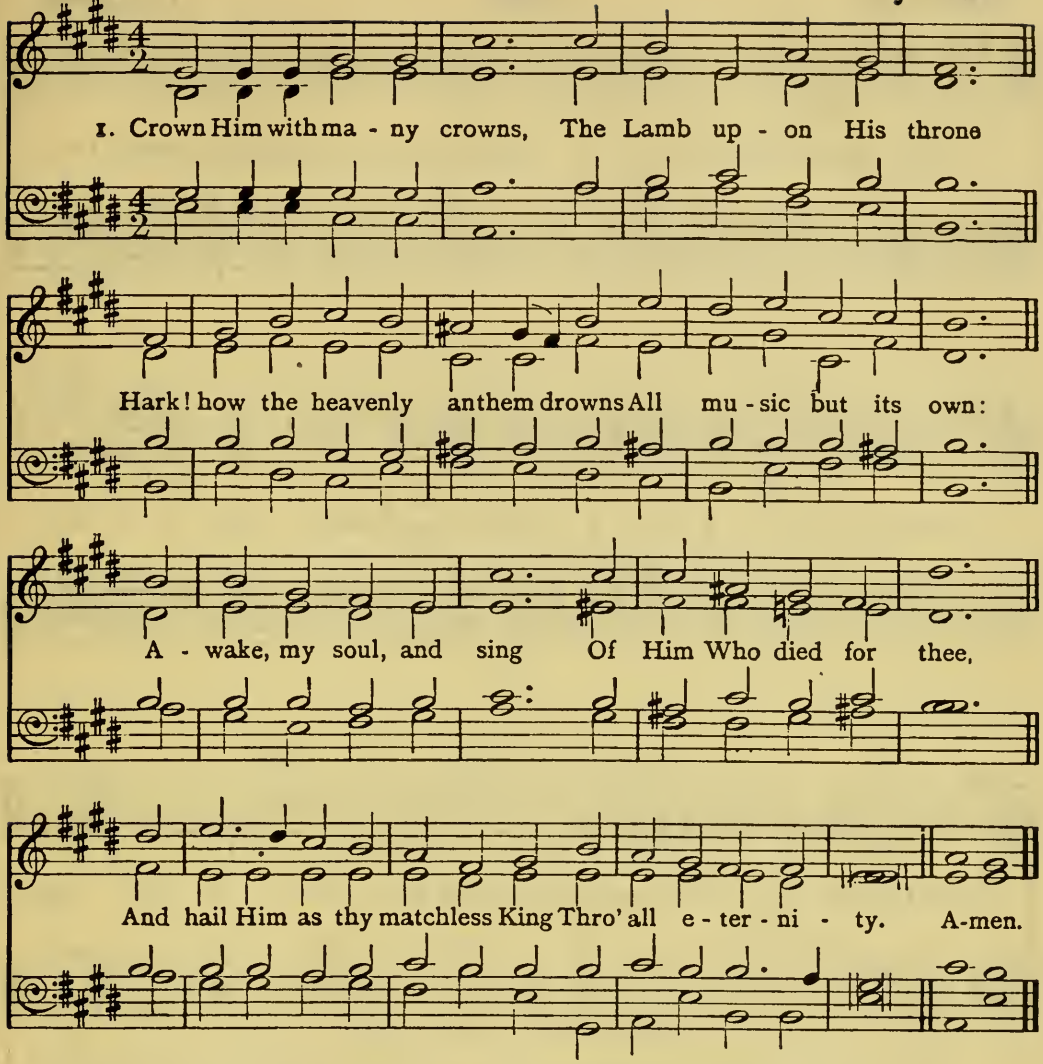

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Amen.

T. KELLY.

DIADEMATA. S.M. D. G. J. ELVEY.




2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

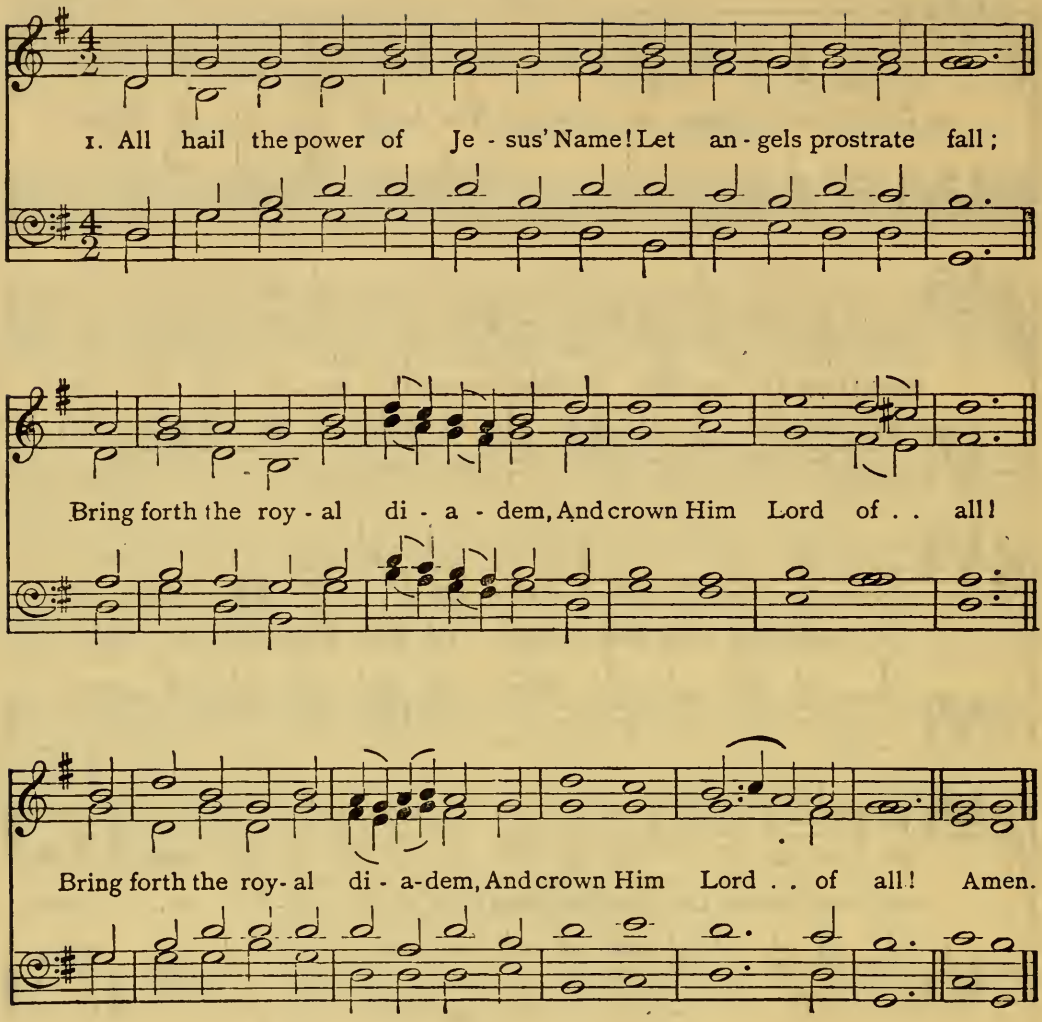
3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 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.

M. BRIDGES.

CORONATION C.M. O. HOLDEN.




2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine
And crown Him Lord of all!

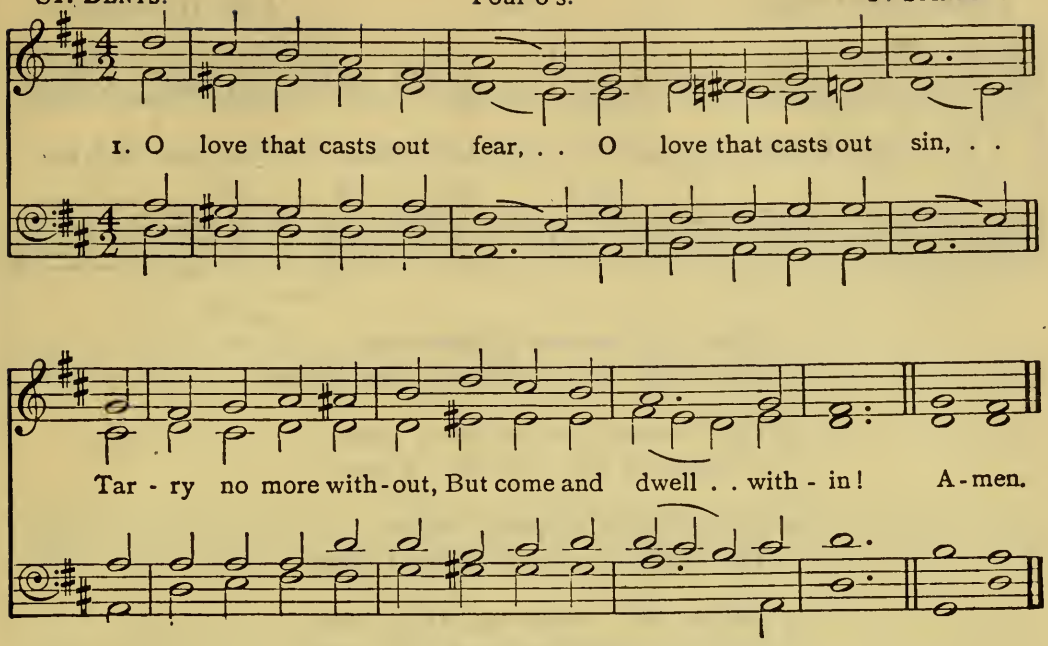
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

E. PERRONET.

ST. DENYS. Four 6's. F. SPINNEY.




2.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

3.

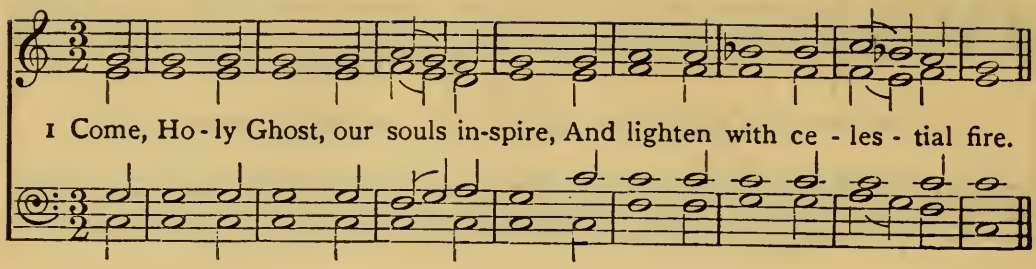
Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4.

Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

H. BONAR.

COME, HOLY GHOST 8.8. JOHN H. HOPKINS.




2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

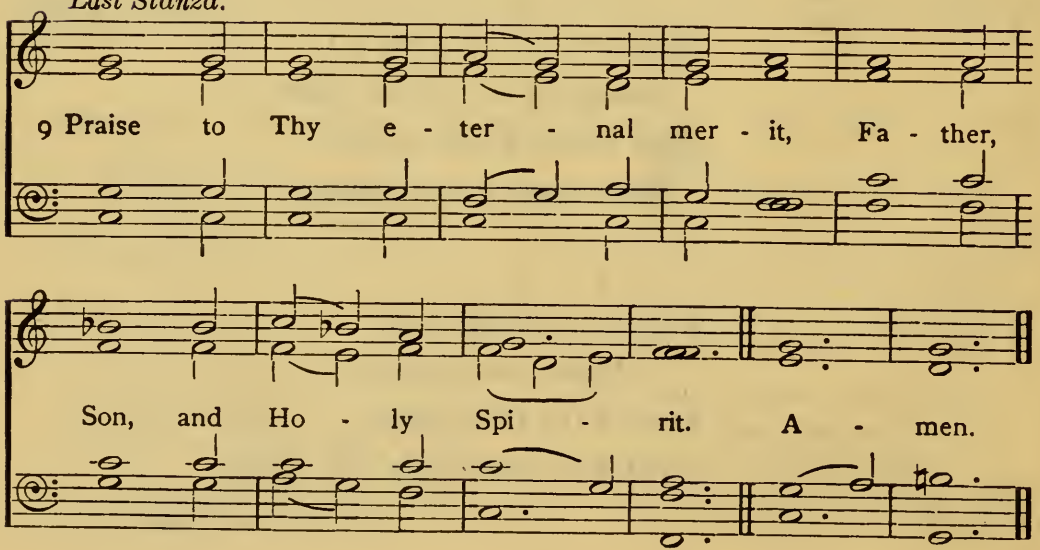
5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

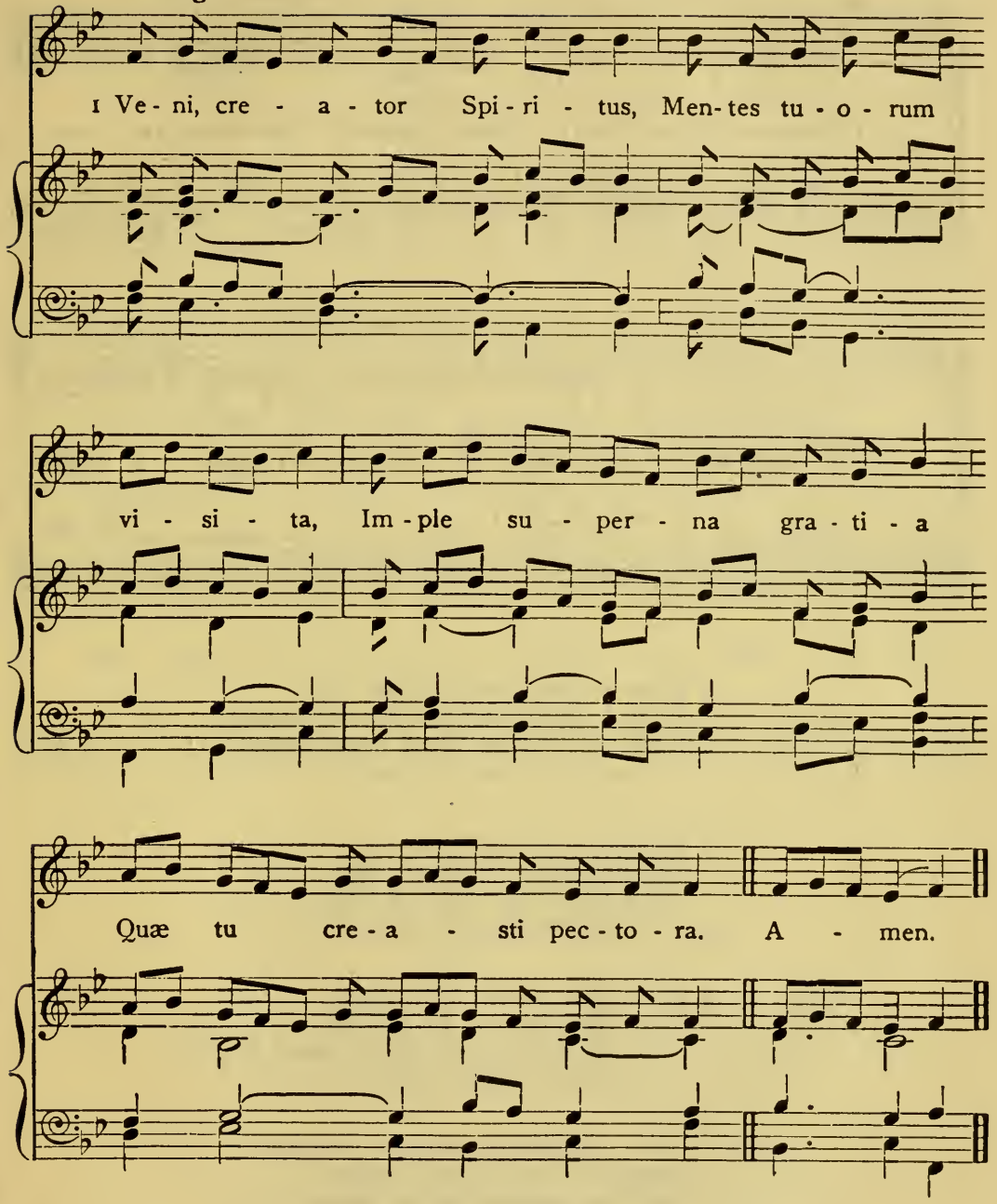
*Last Stanza.*




*Latin; Tr.* JOHN COSIN.

VENI, CREATOR. Sarum Plainsong, Mode VIII.

*To be sung in unison.*

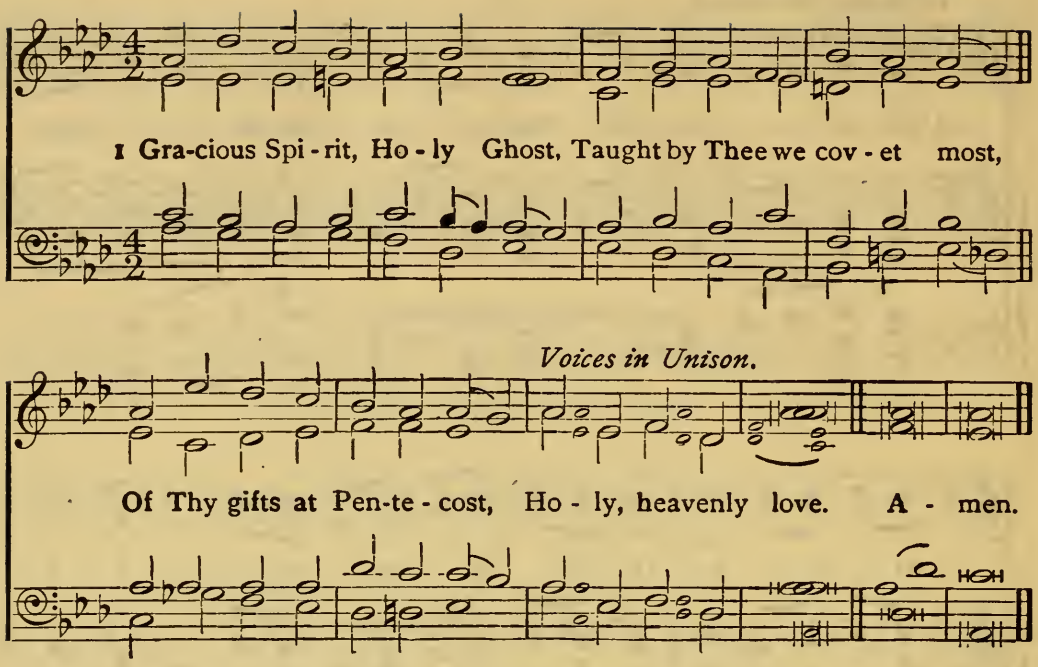



2 Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3 Tu septiformis munere,
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4 Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus:
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

CHARITY. 7.7.7.5. JOHN STAINER.




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

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

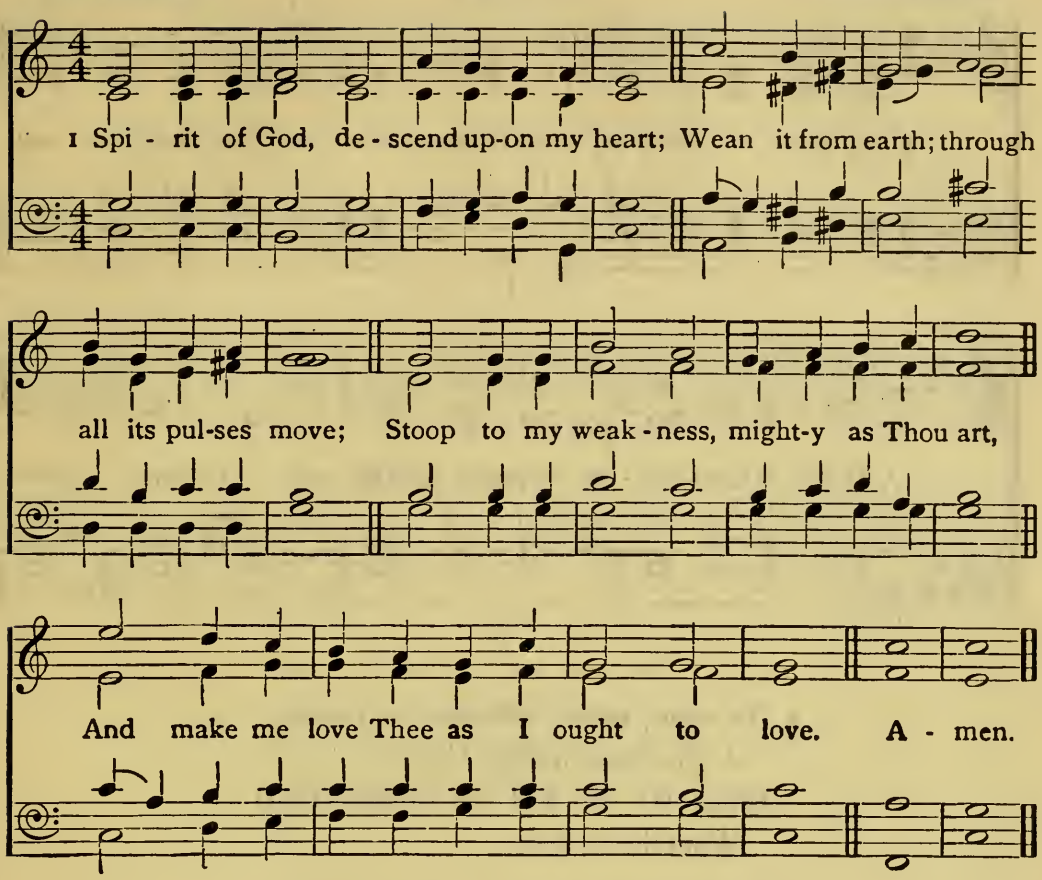
4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

MORECAMBE. Four 10's. F. C. ATKINSON.




2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

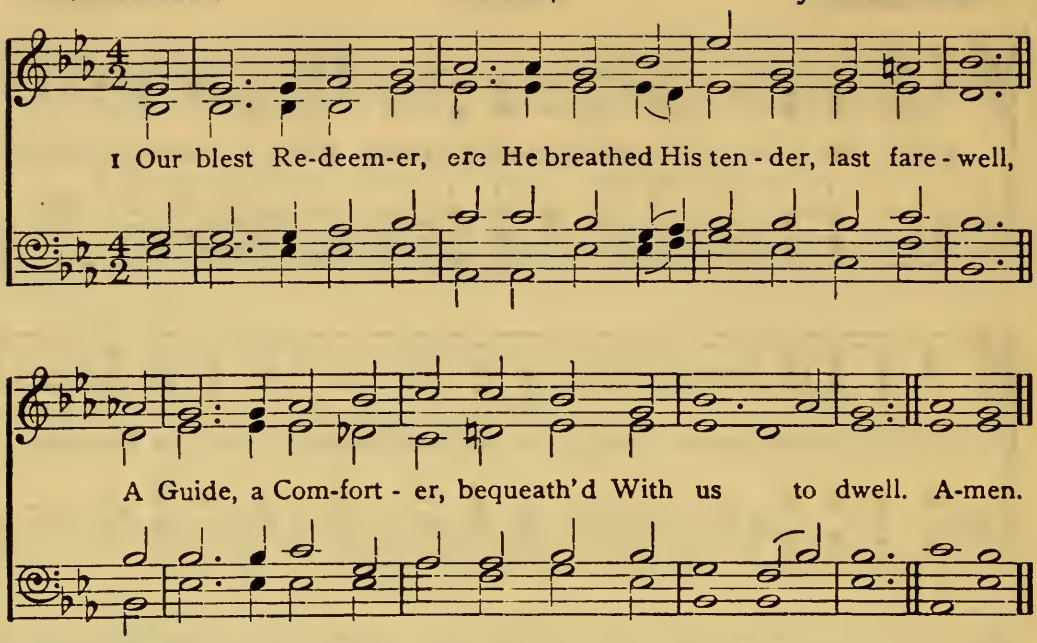
3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart and altar, and Thy love the flame.

GEORGE CROLY.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. JOHN B. DYKES.




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

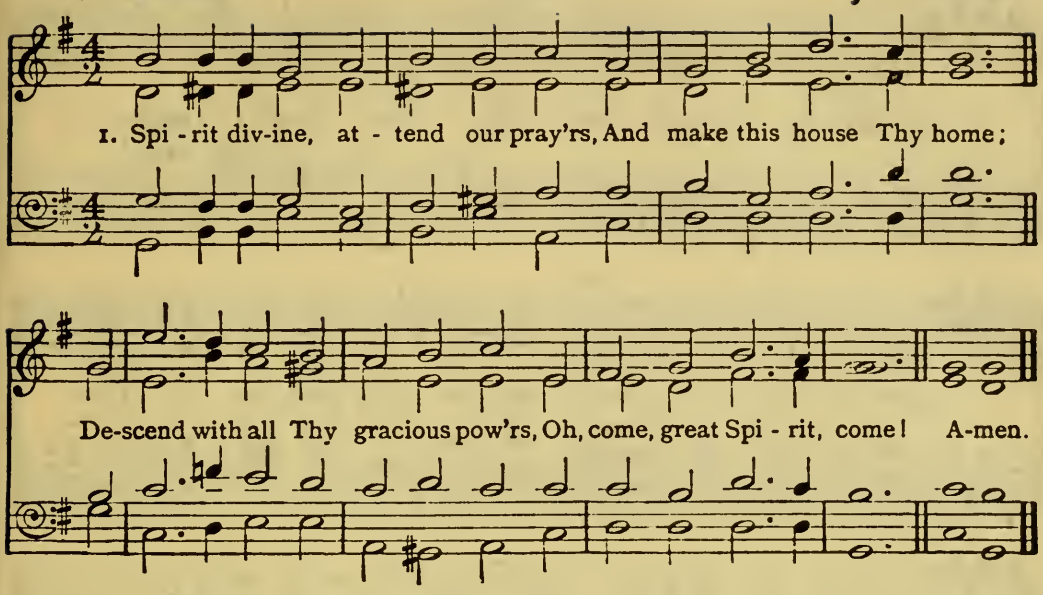
3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

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

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

HARRIET AUBER.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. J. B. CALKIN.




2.

Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go

3.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4.

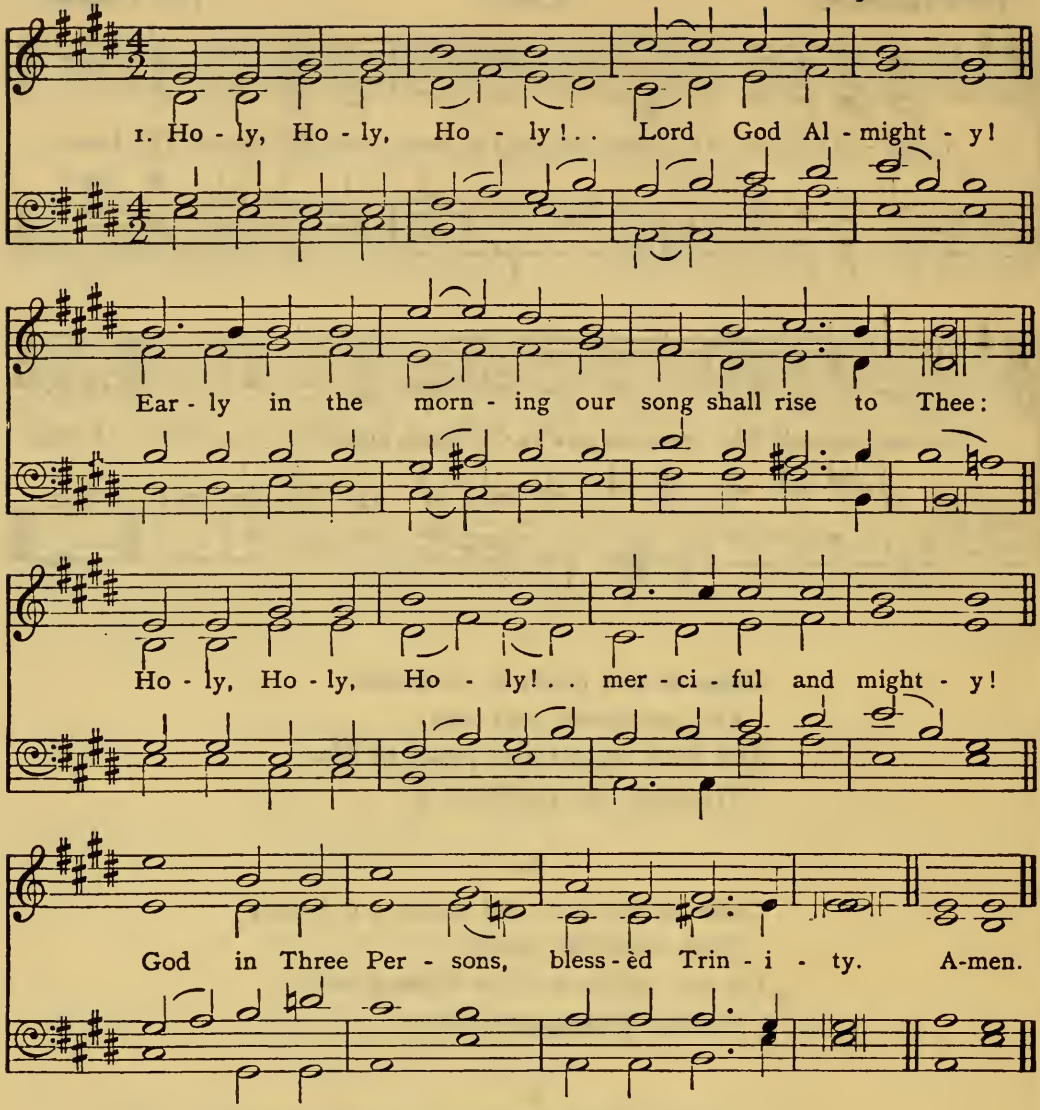
Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5.

Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

REED.

NICÆA. 11.12.12.10. J. B. DYKES.



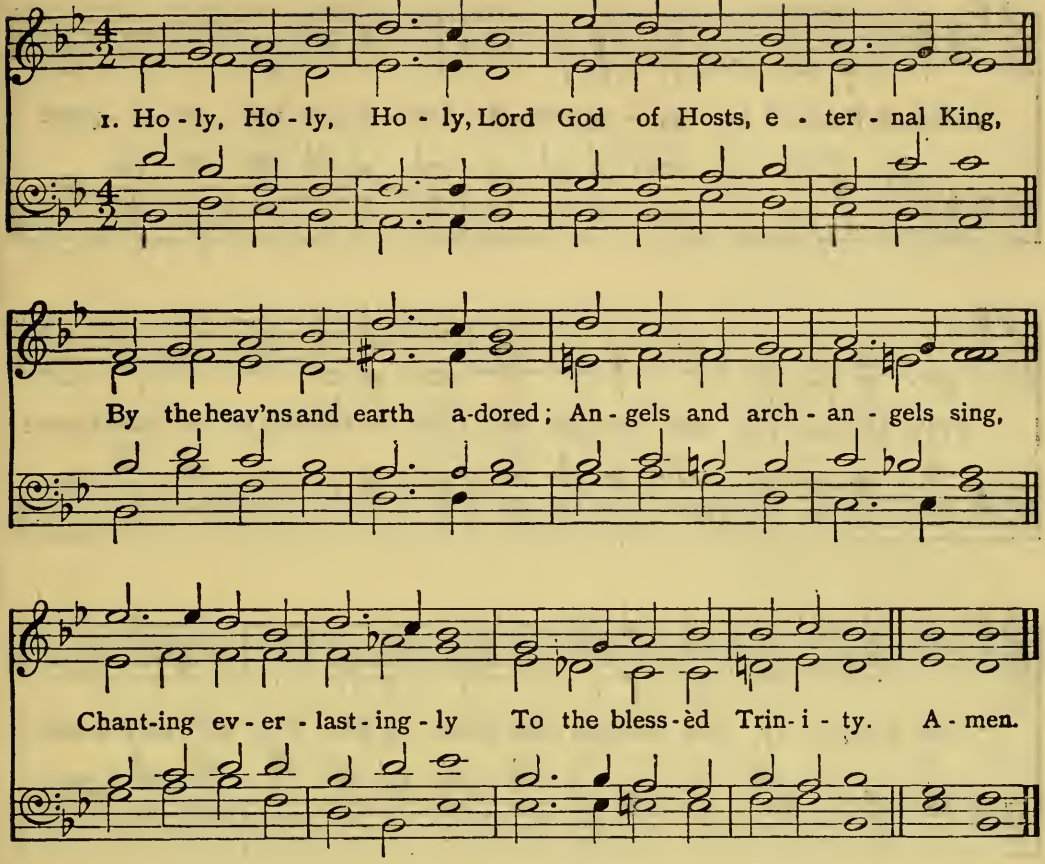

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

R. HEBER.

ST. ATHANASIUS. Six 7's. E. J. HOPKINS.




2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

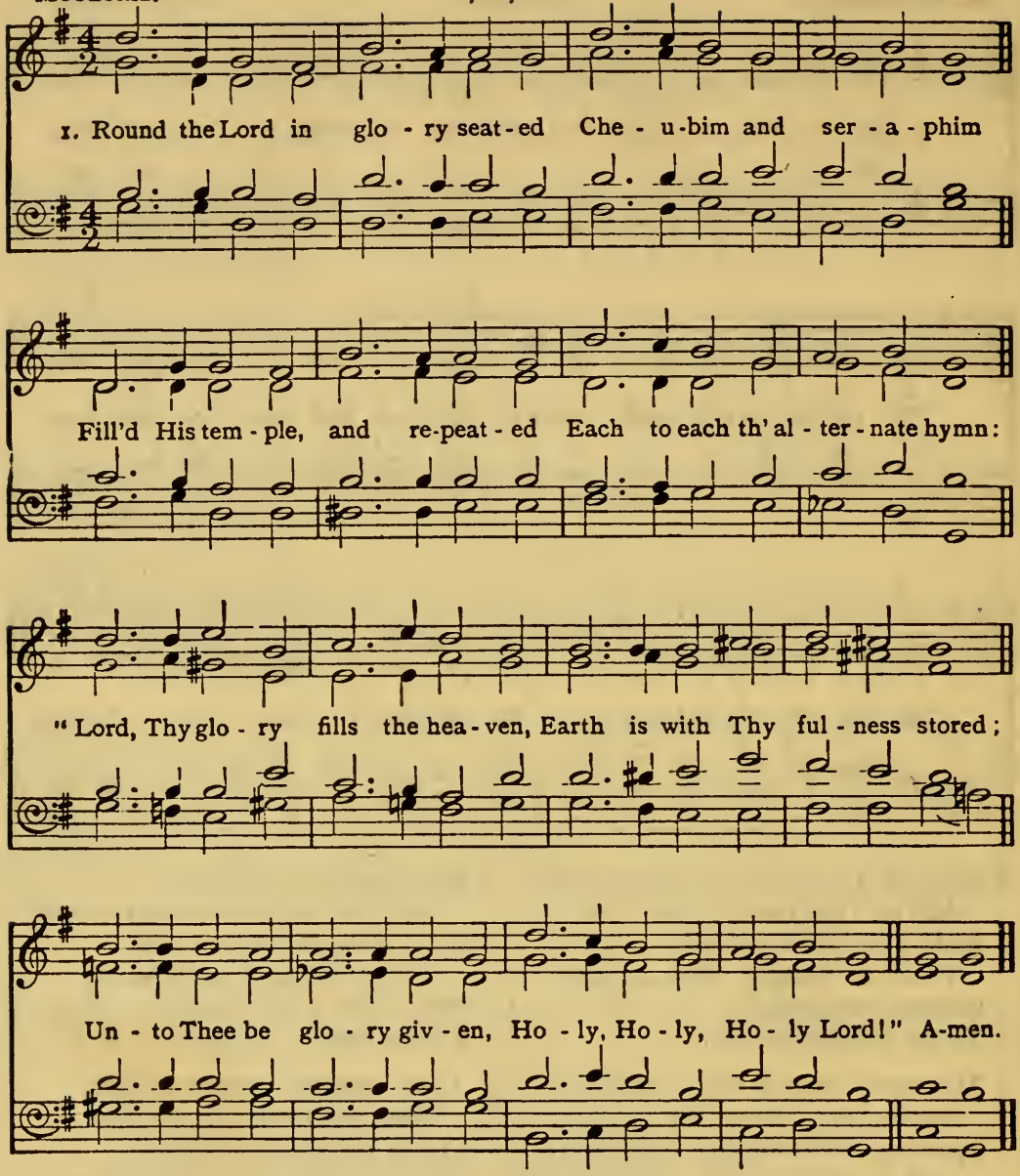
4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

MOULTRIE. 8.7.8.7. D. G. F. COBB.

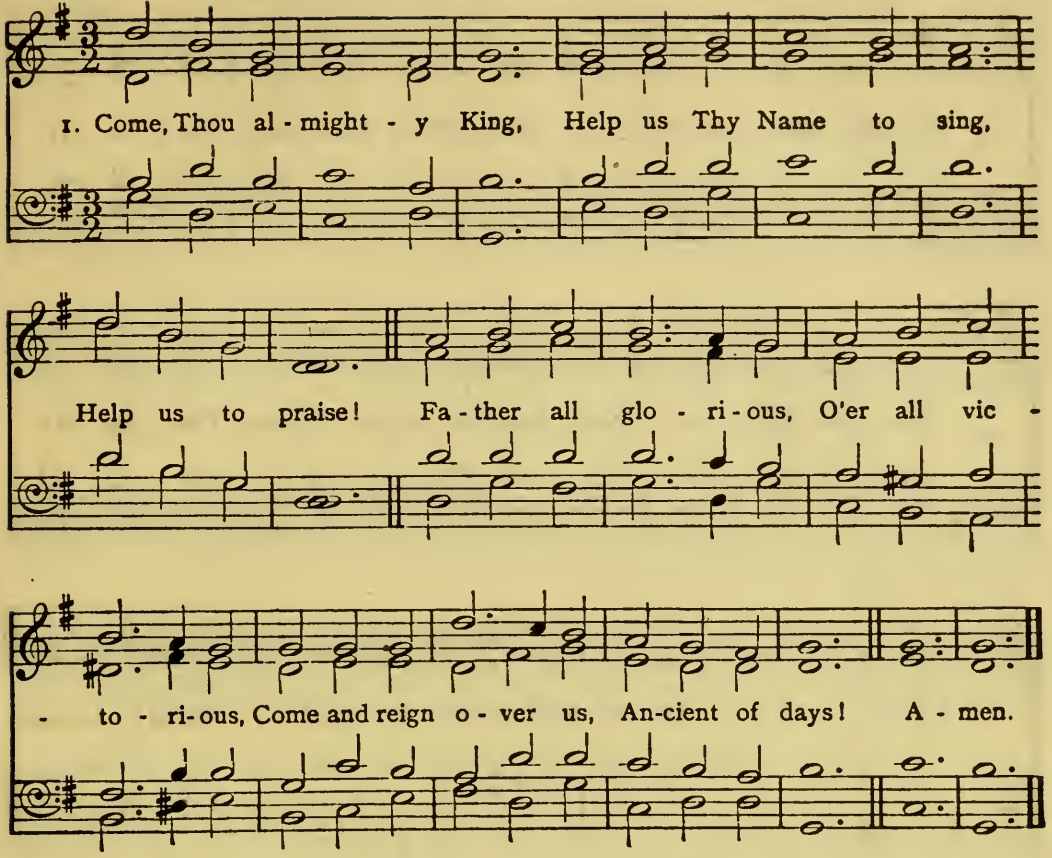



2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
Amen.

R. MANT.

Moscow 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. F. Giardini.




2.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
'Stablish Thy righteousness,
Saviour and Friend!

3.

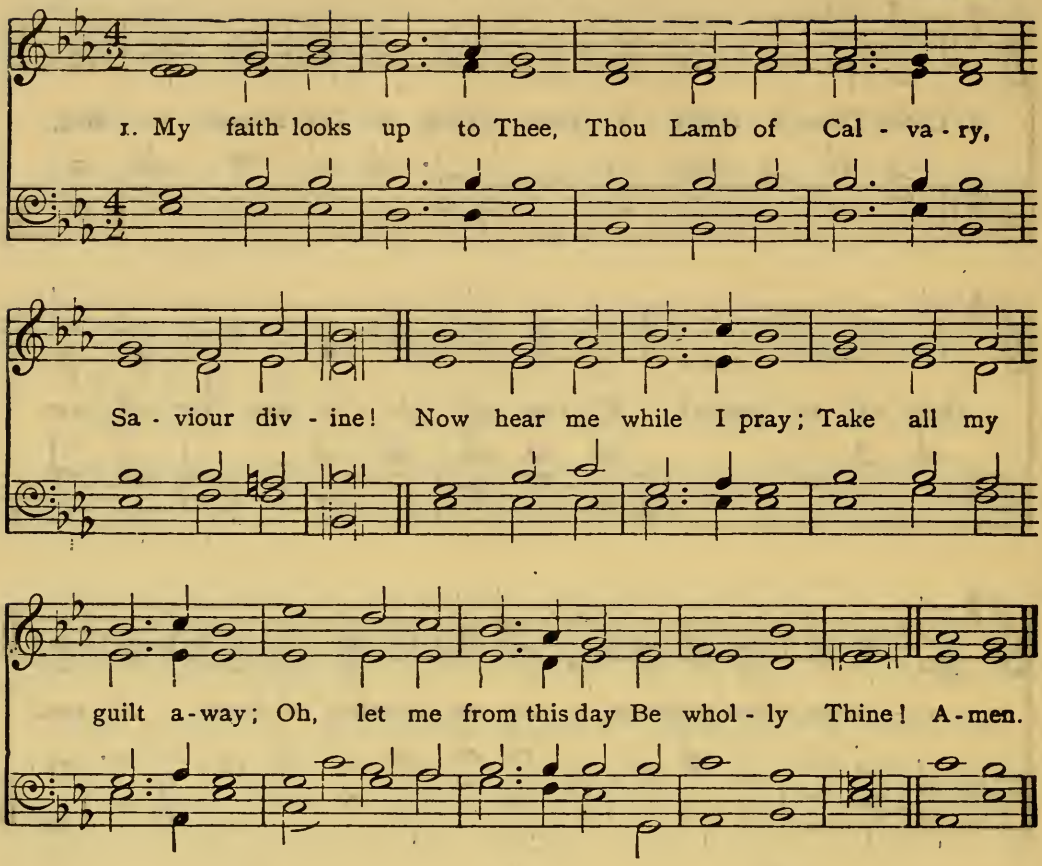
Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4.

To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4 L. MASON.




2.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3.

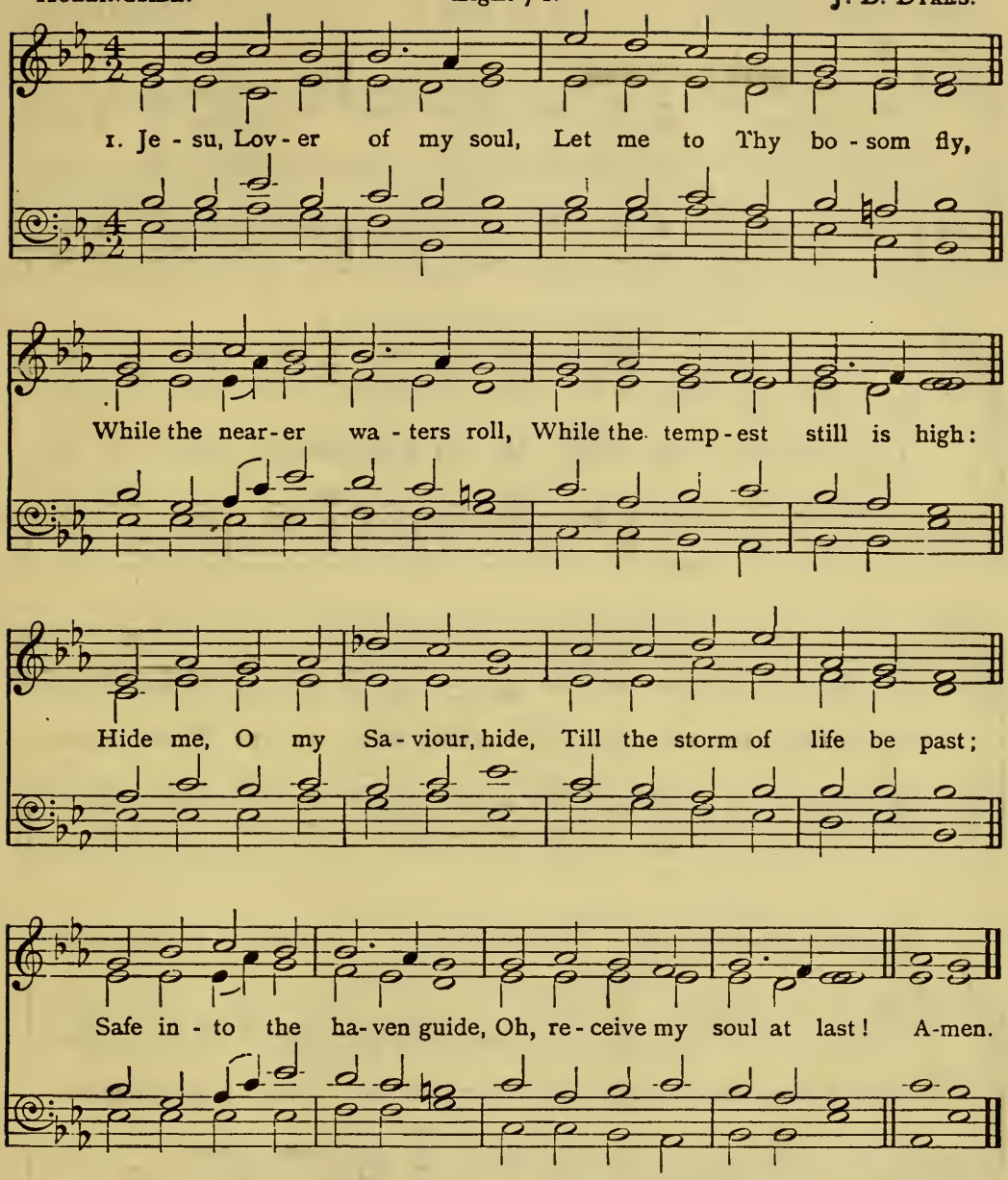
While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! Amen.

R. PALMER.

HOLLINGSIDE. Eight 7's. J. B. DYKES.

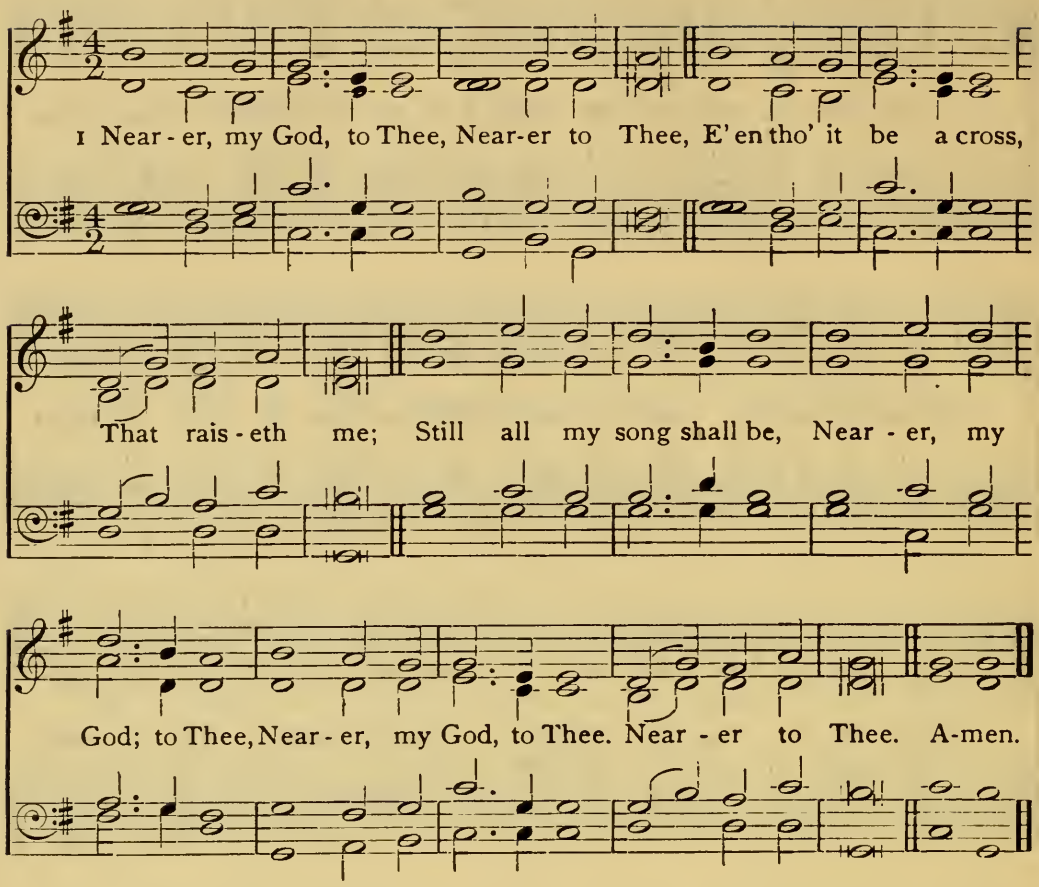



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

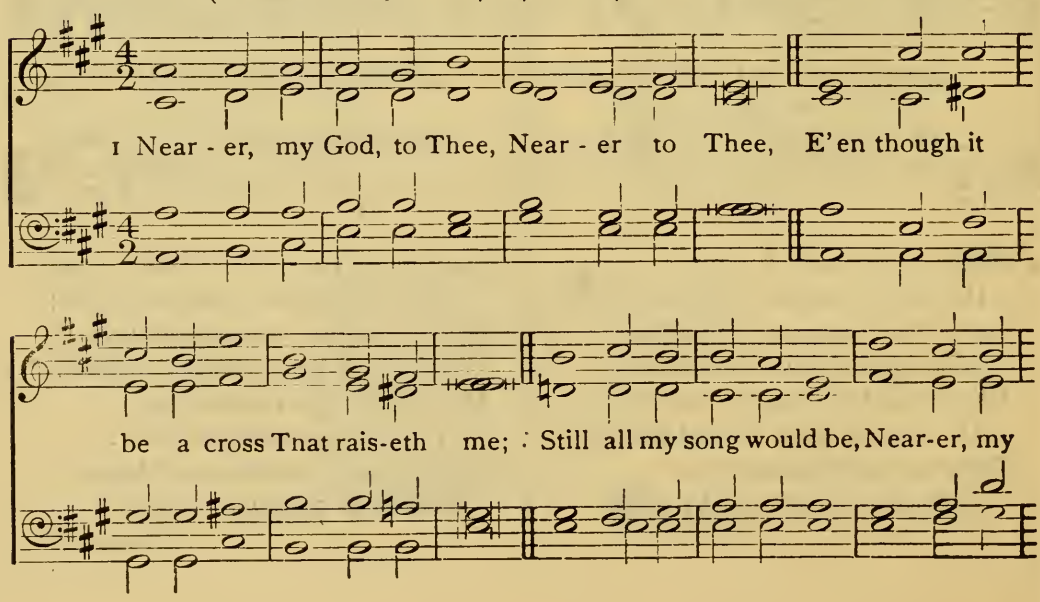
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

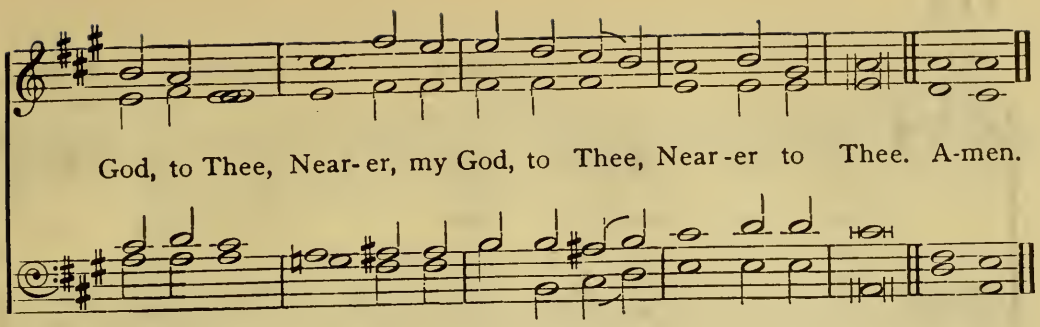
C. WESLEY.

BETHANY (*First Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4 L. MASON.




ST. EDMUND (*Second Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.






2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

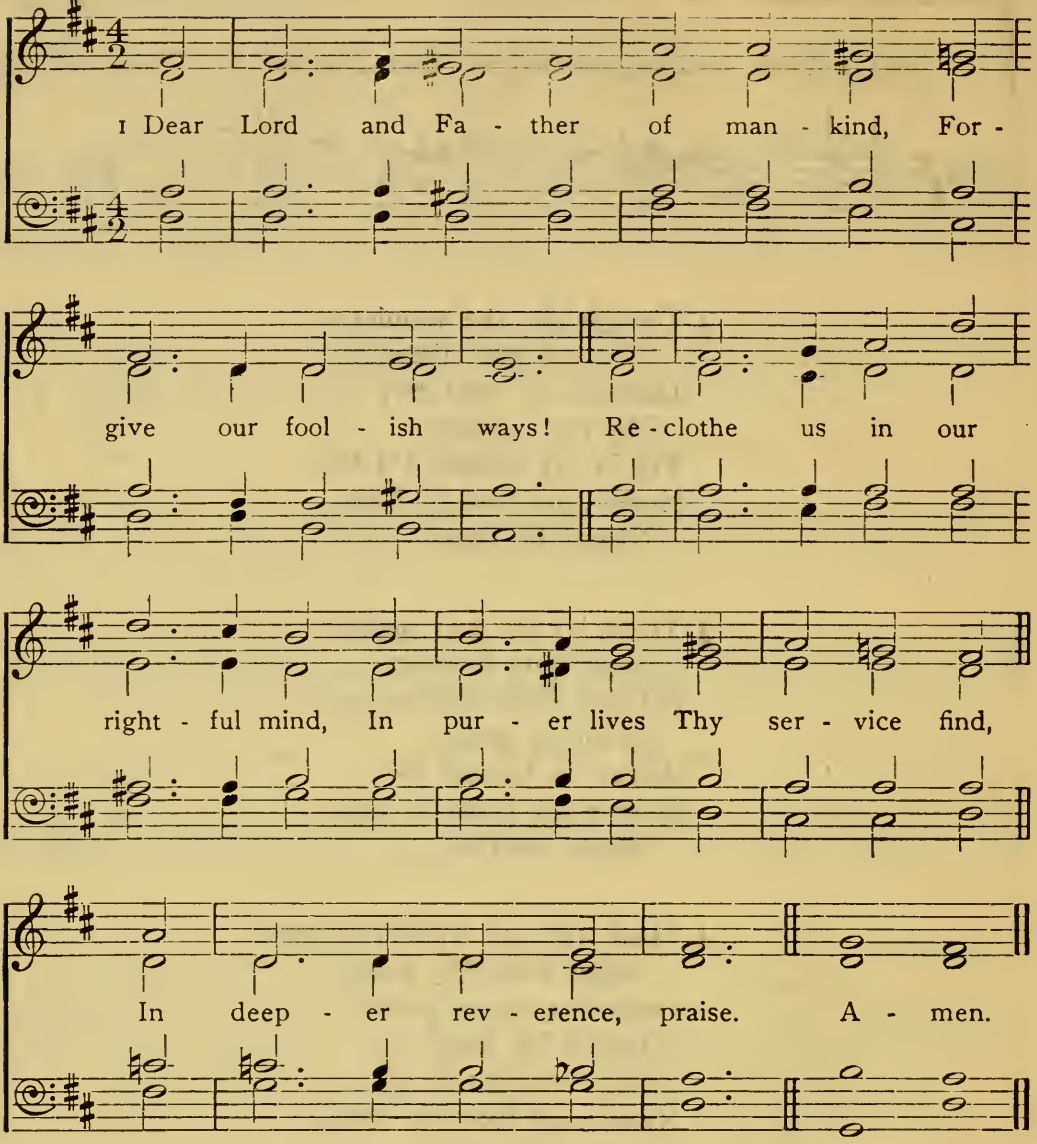
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 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,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

REST. 8.6.8.8.6. FREDERICK C. MAKER.




2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

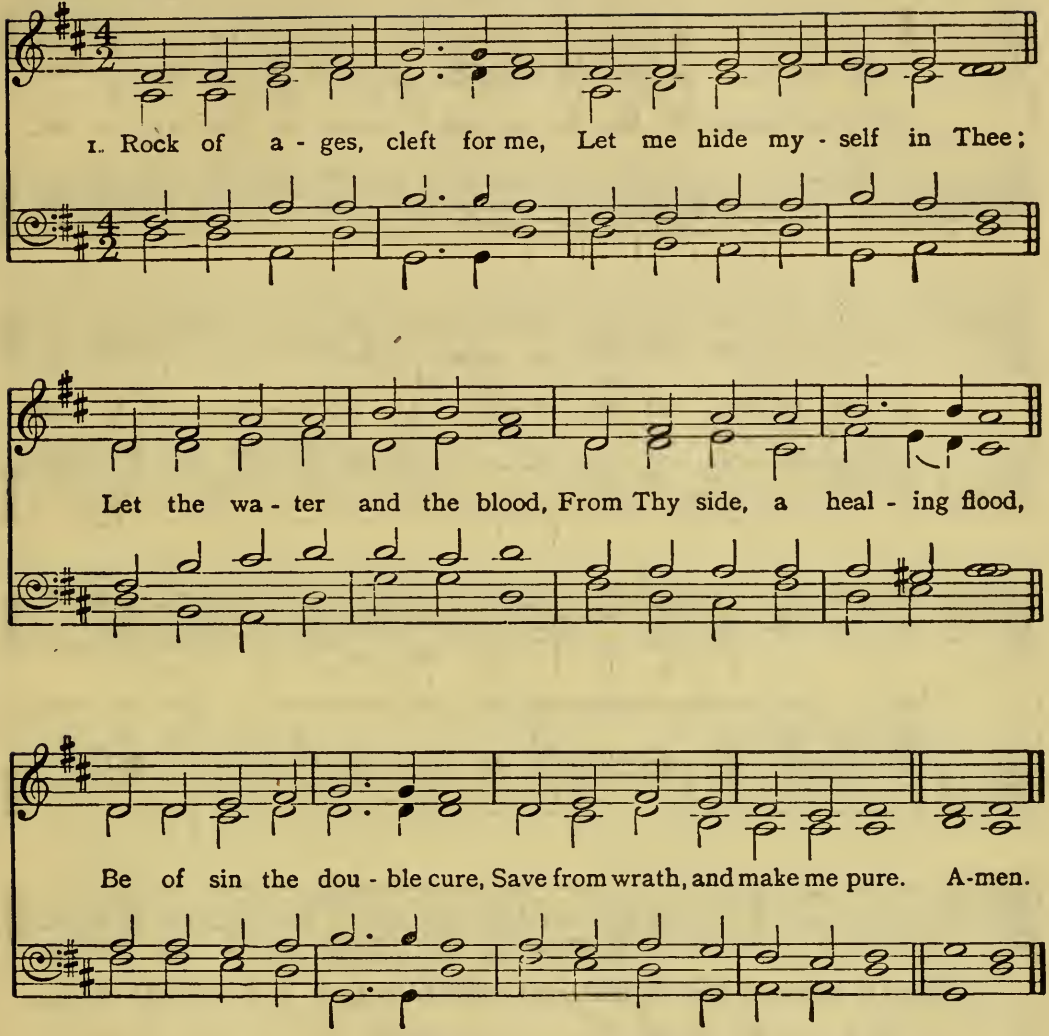
3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease: [stress,
Take from our souls the strain and
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still, small voice of calm. Amen.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

GETHSEMANE Six 7's. R. REDHEAD.

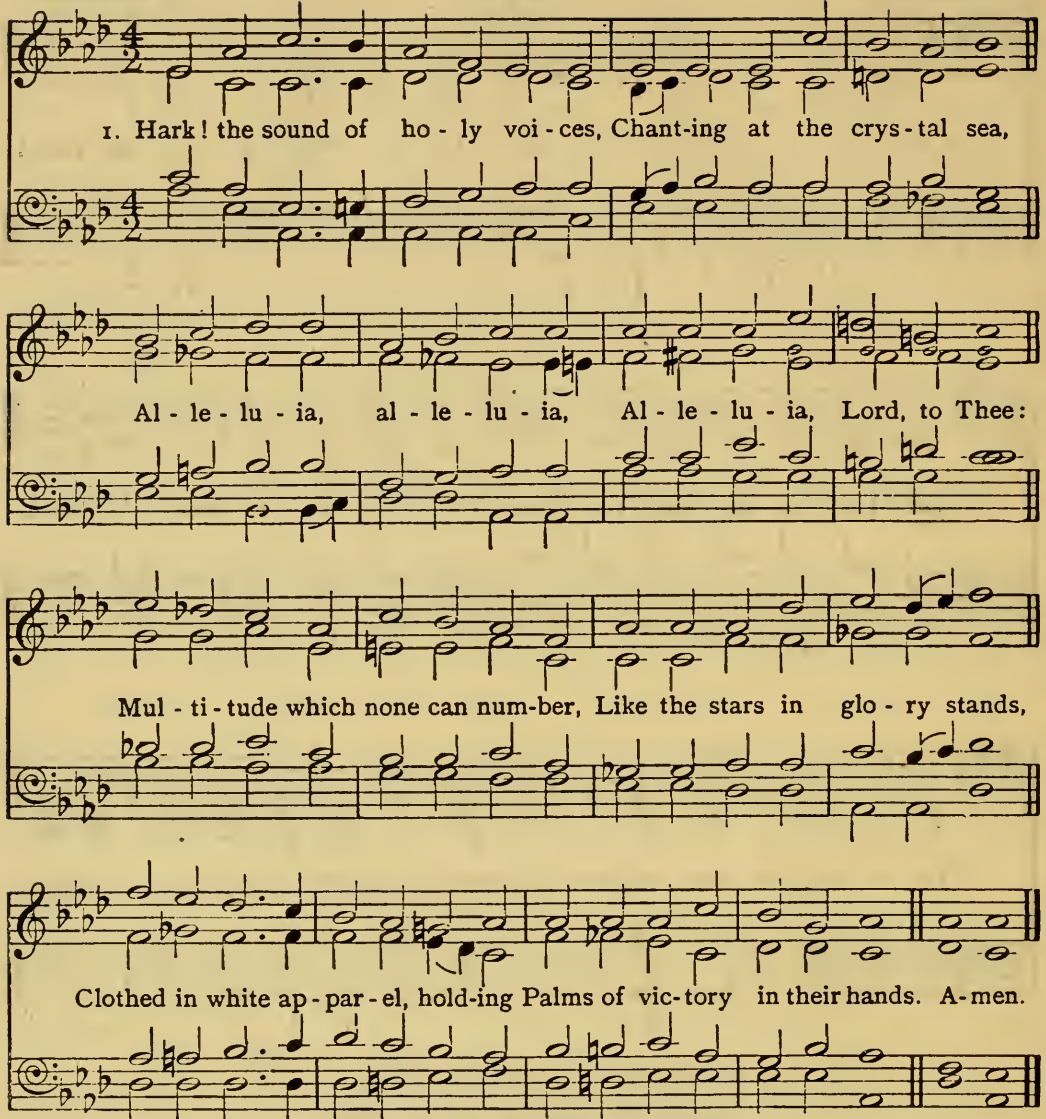



2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no langour know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

SANCTUARY 8.7.8.7. D J. B. DYKES.



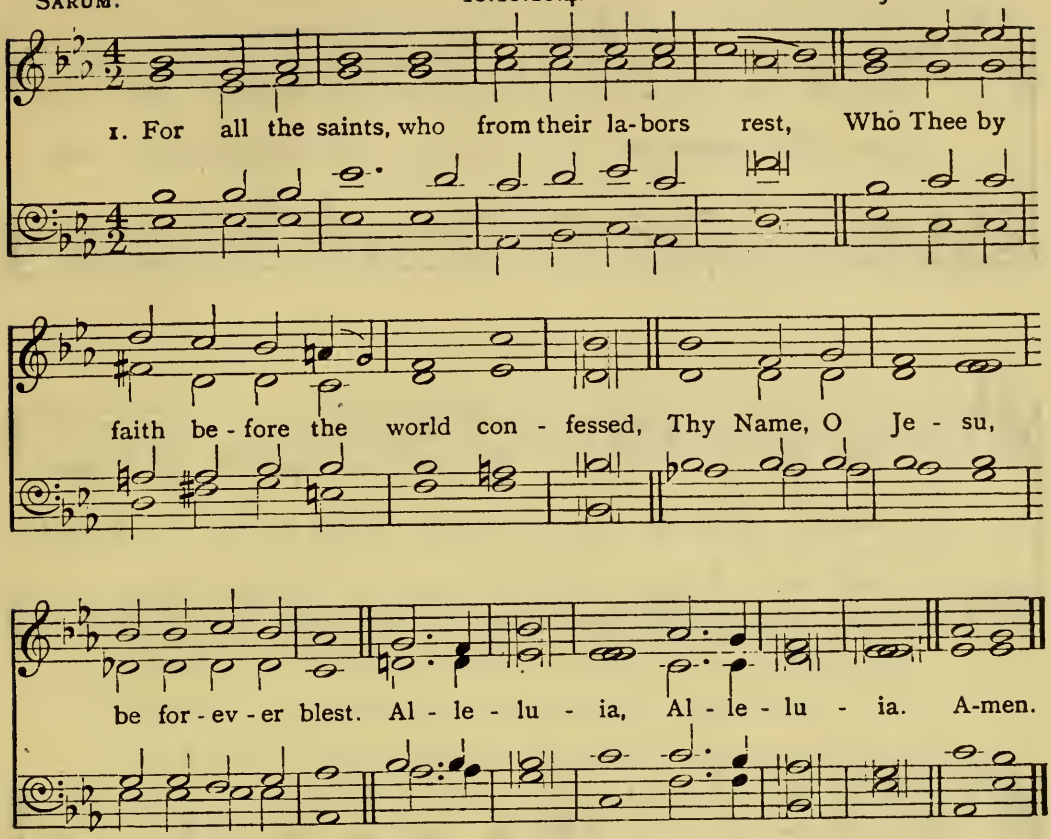

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 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.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

SARUM. 10.10.10.4. J. BARNBY.




2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 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.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

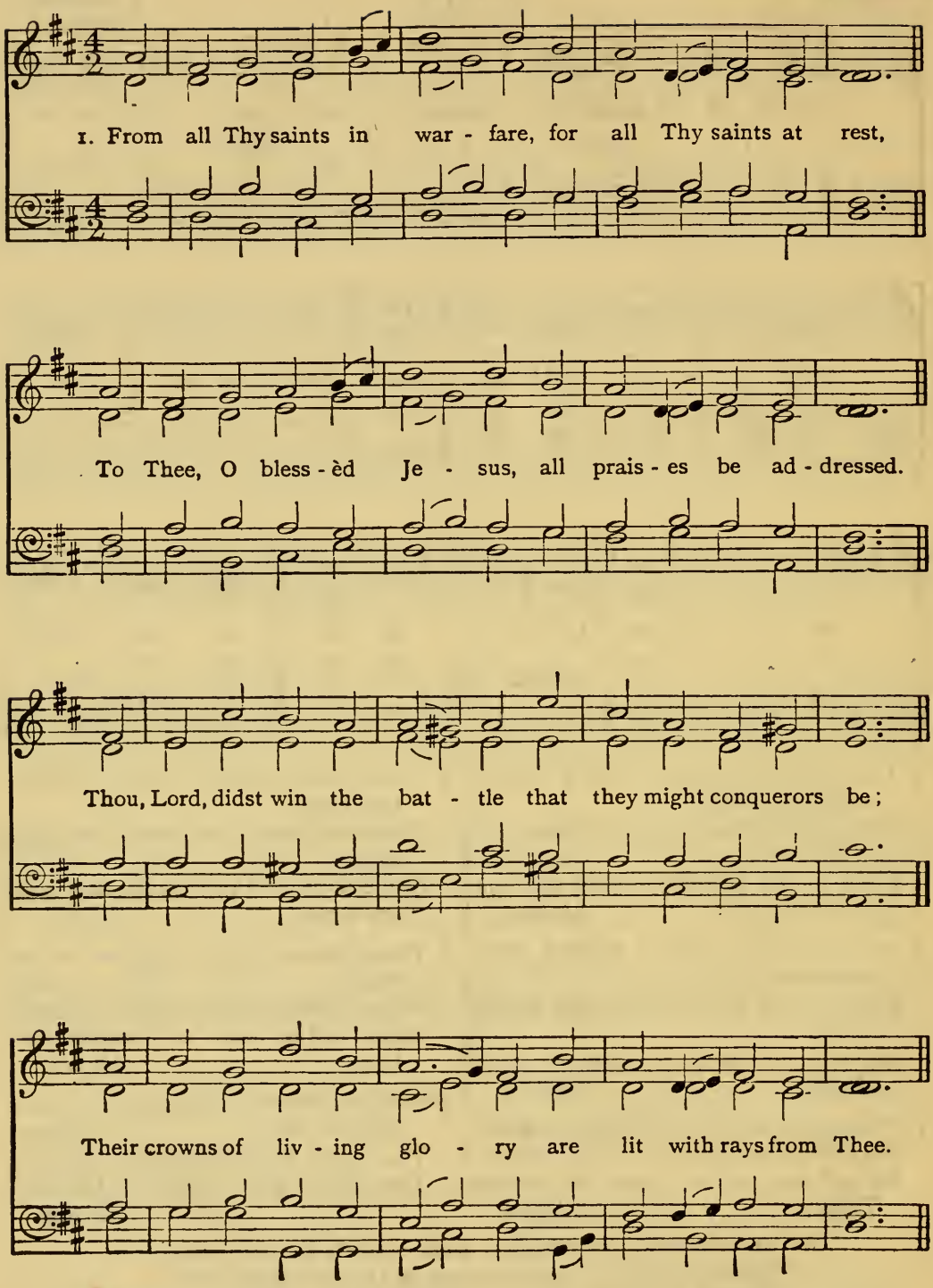
6 The golden evening brightens in the west; [rest;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; [array;
The saints triumphant rise in bright
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

PEAN. 7.6.7.6. D. F. A. VON WEBER.



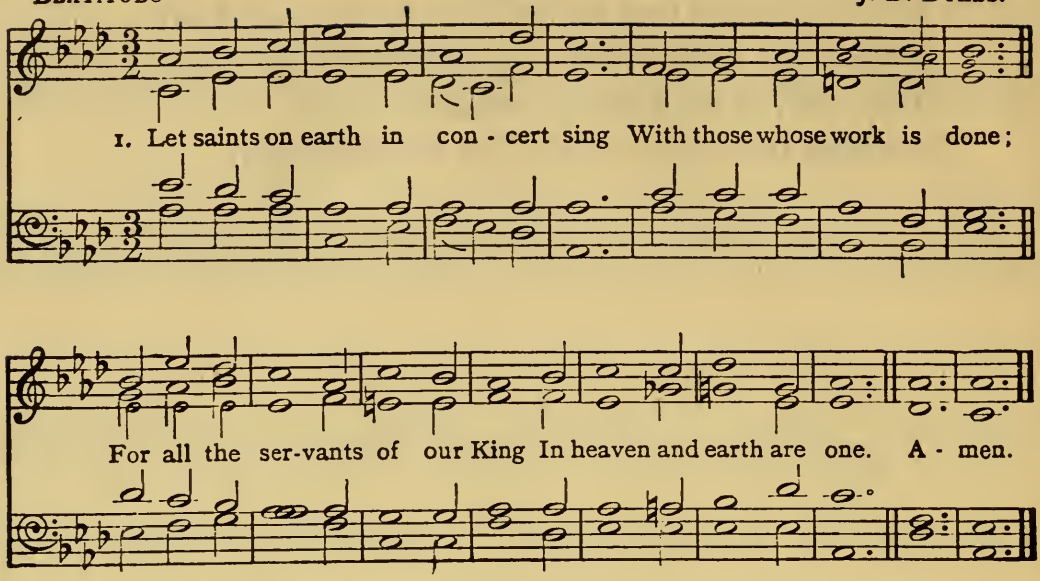
2 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

3 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

4 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.

HORATIO NELSON.

BEATITUDO C.M. J. B. DYKES.




2.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4.

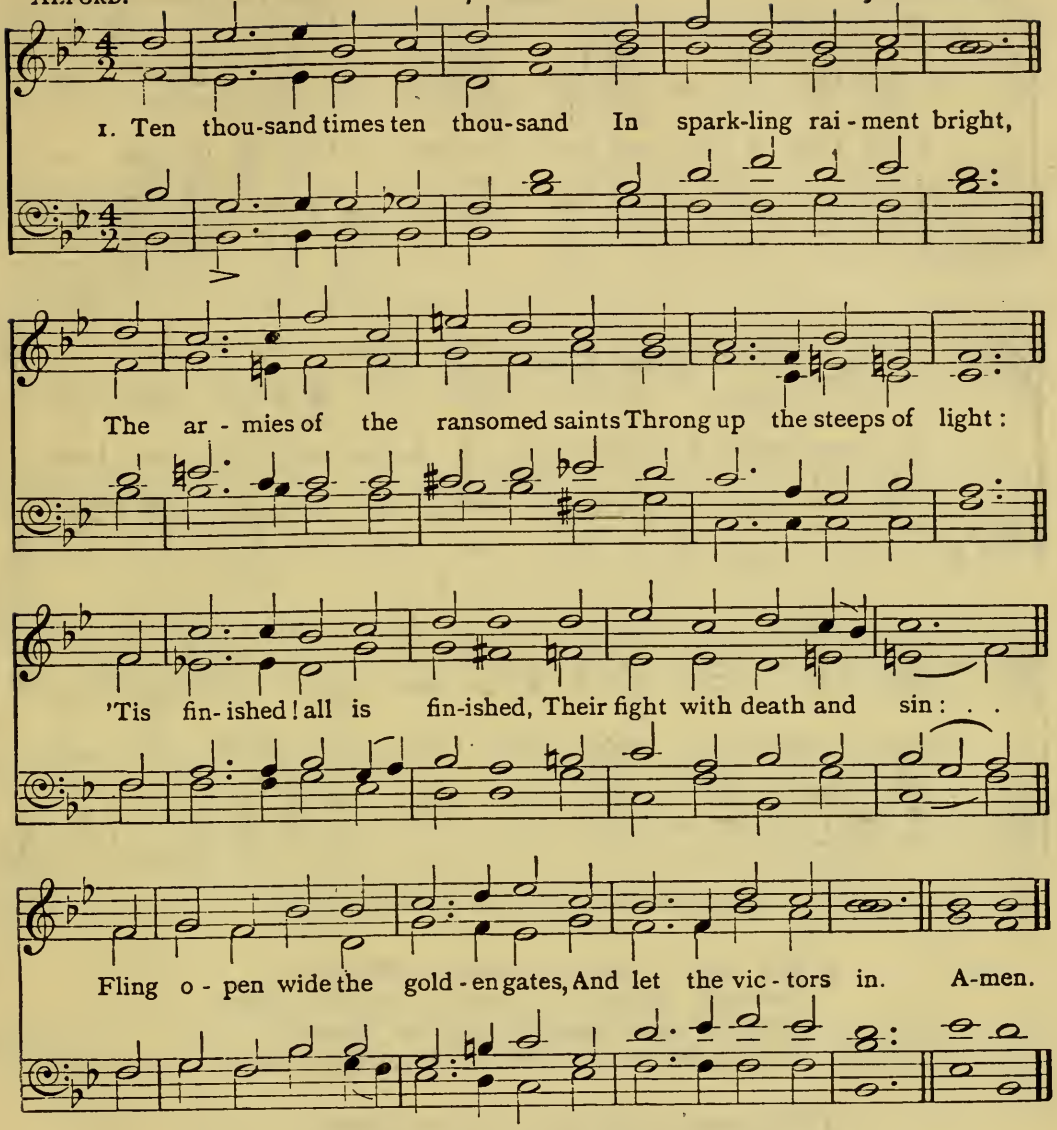
E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5.

Jesus, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY. *Ver. by* MURRAY.

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6. D. J. B. DYKES.



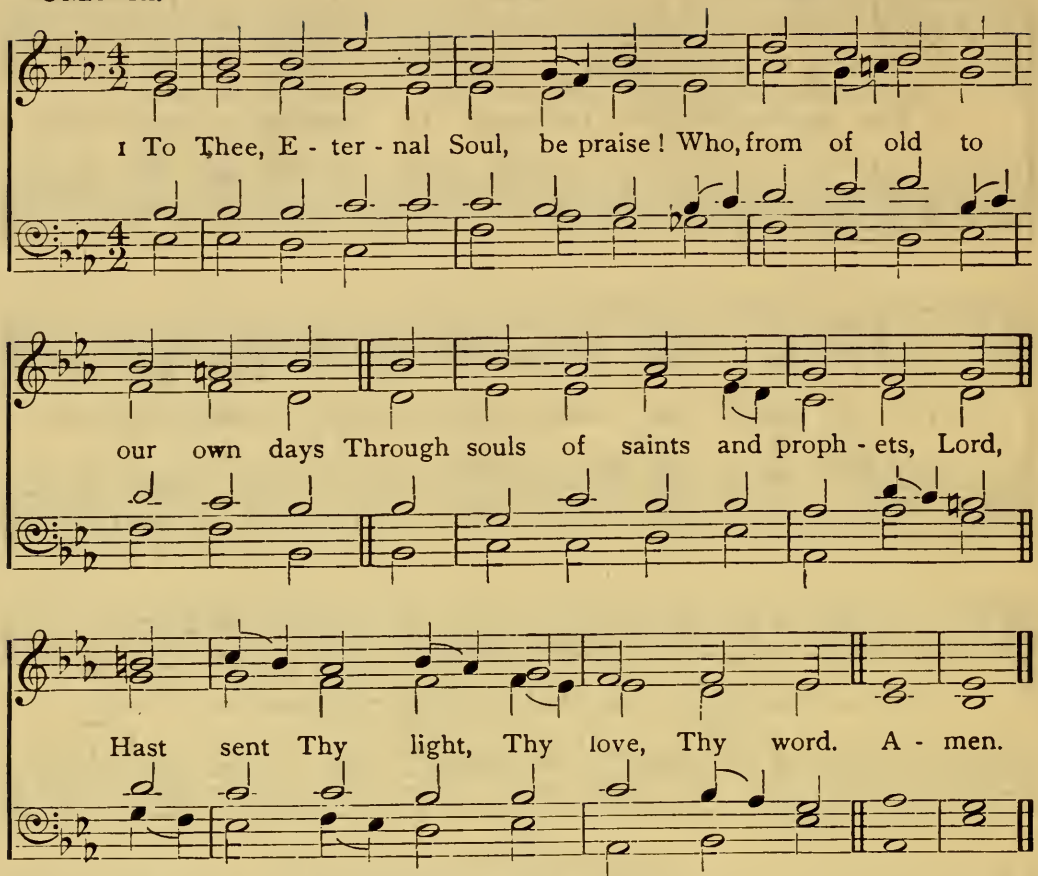

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 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.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home: [sign!
Show in the heavens Thy promised
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen

H. ALFORD.

ONEONTA. L.M. WALTER HENRY HALL.

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2 We thank Thee for each mighty one
Through whom Thy living light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

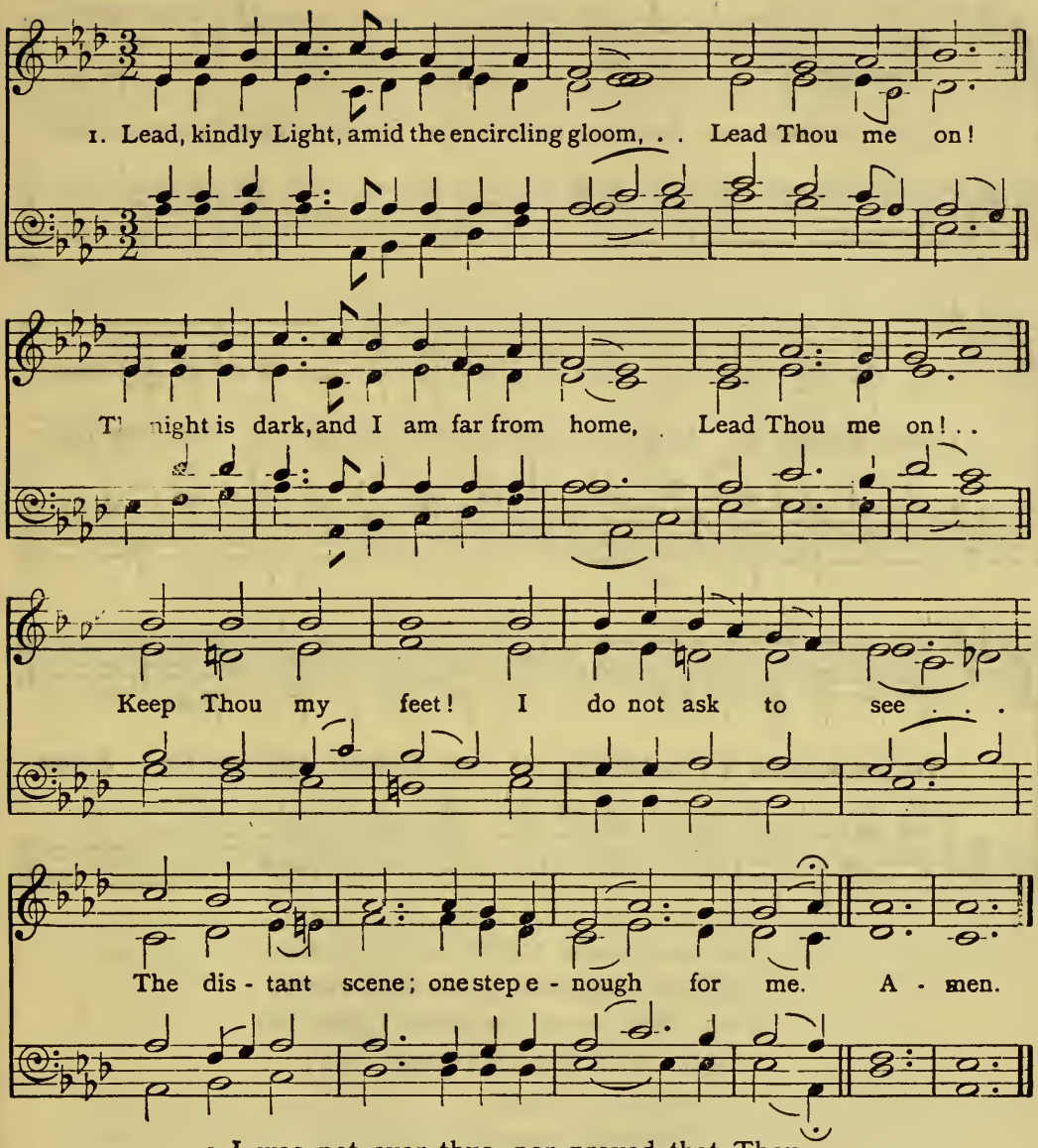
3 We thank Thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of Thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

4 We thank Thee for the word of might
The Spirit spake in darkest night;
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at Thy throne who bowed.

5 Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure,
That like Thy saints we may endure;
Forever through Thy servants, Lord,
Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. J. B. DYKES.

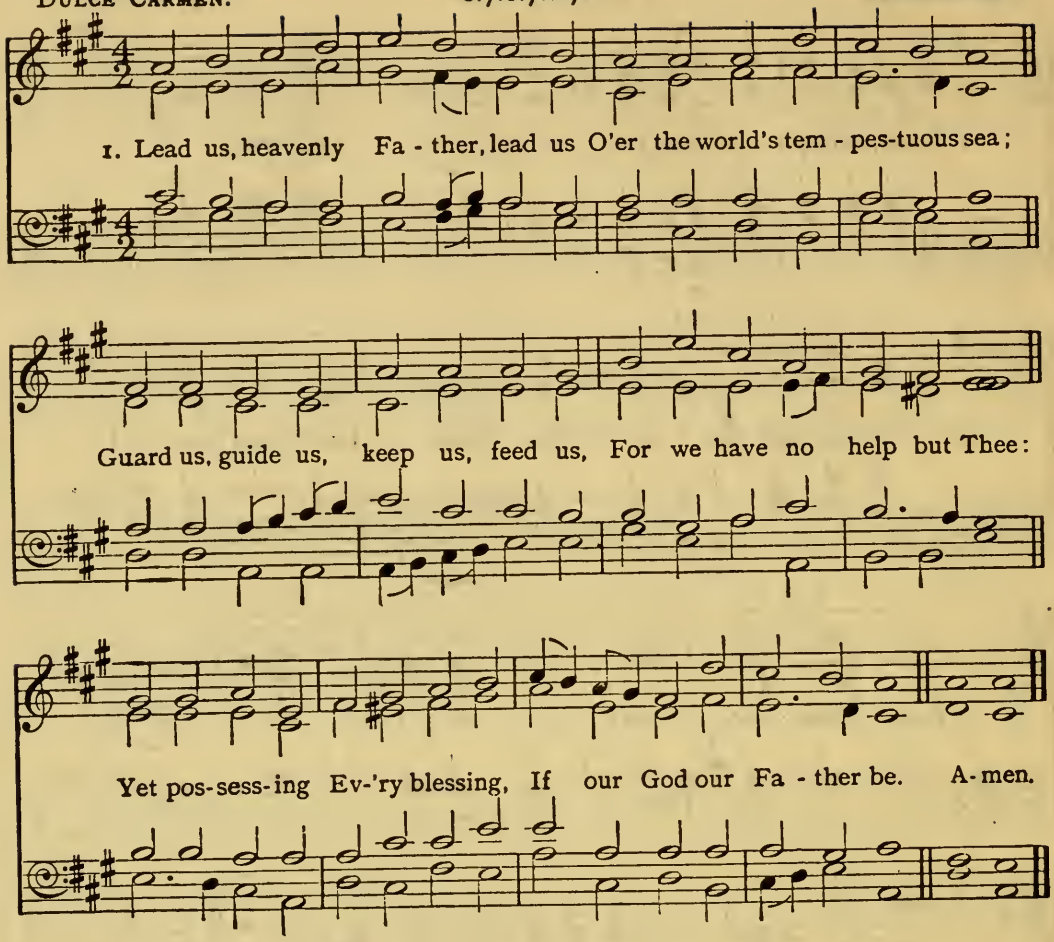



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE.

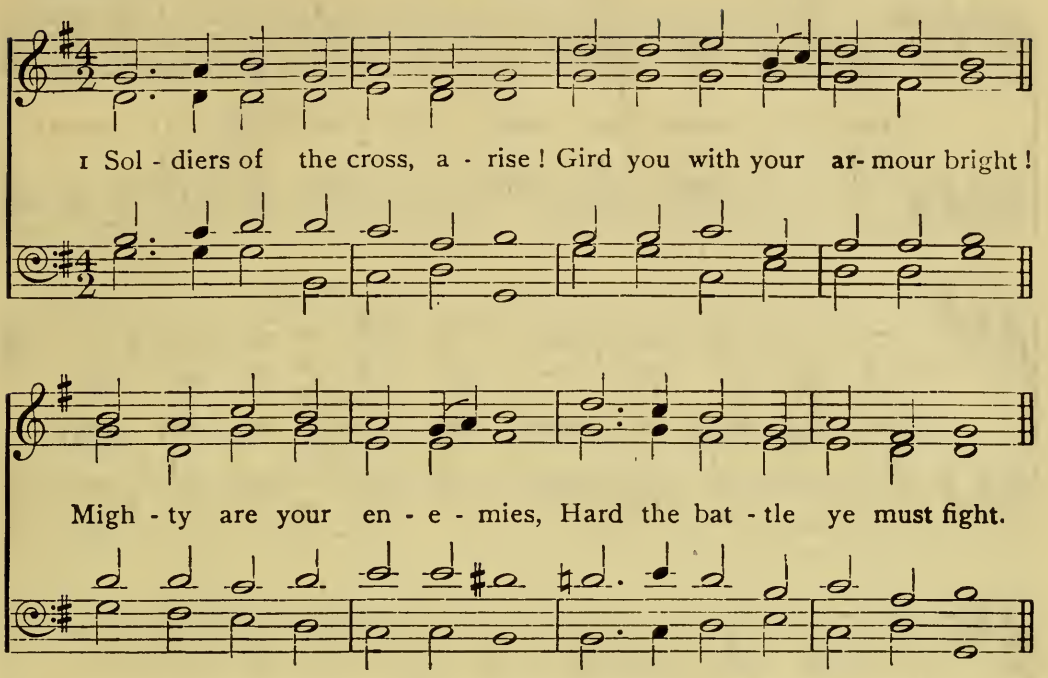



2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS. Four 7's. PIERRE DE CORBEIL.




2 O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go!
Let the voice of hope be heard!

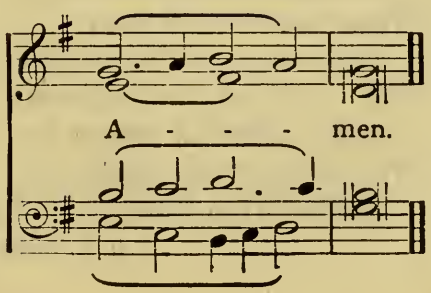
4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace!

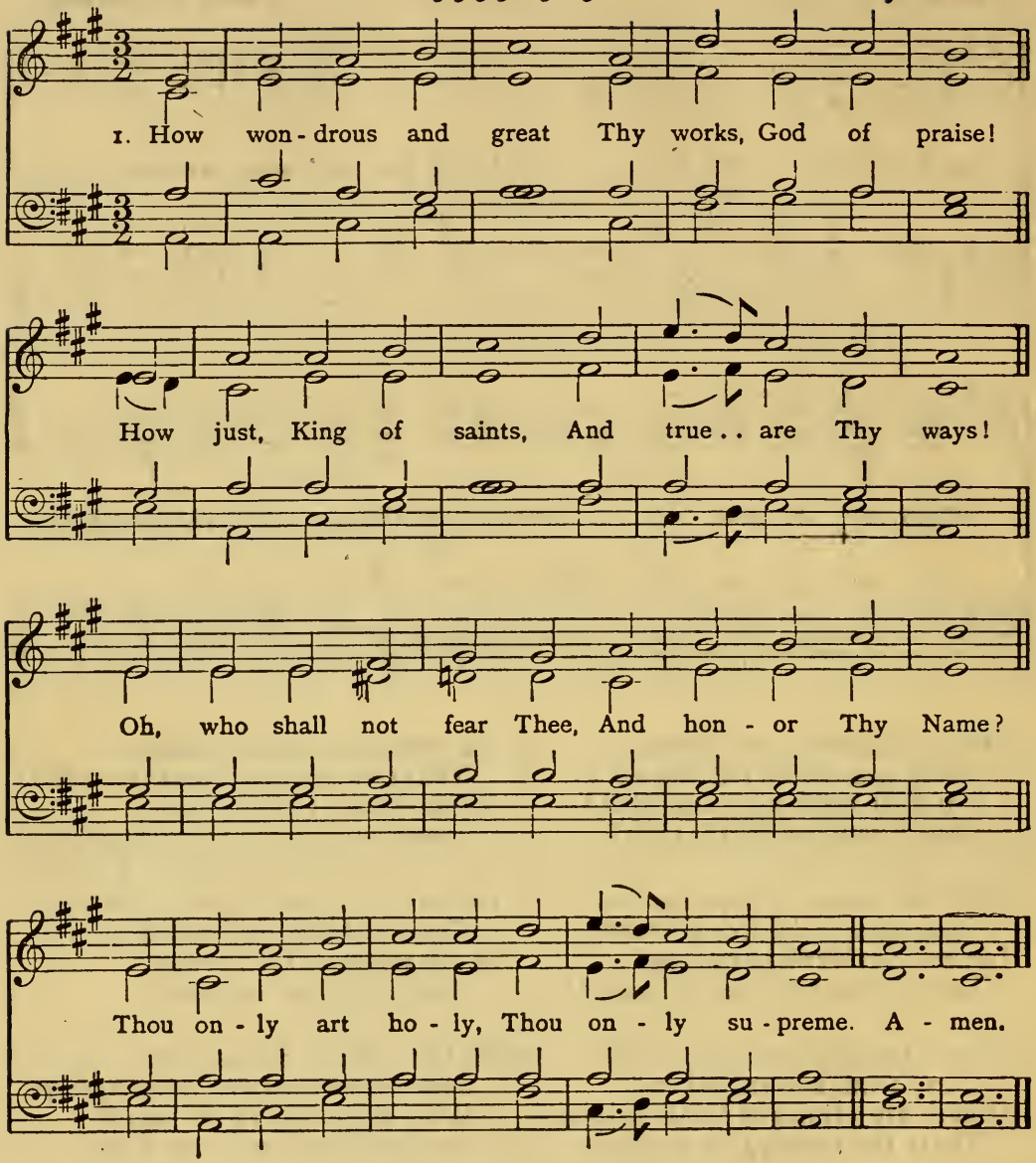
6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord!

W. WALSHAM HOW, 1864.



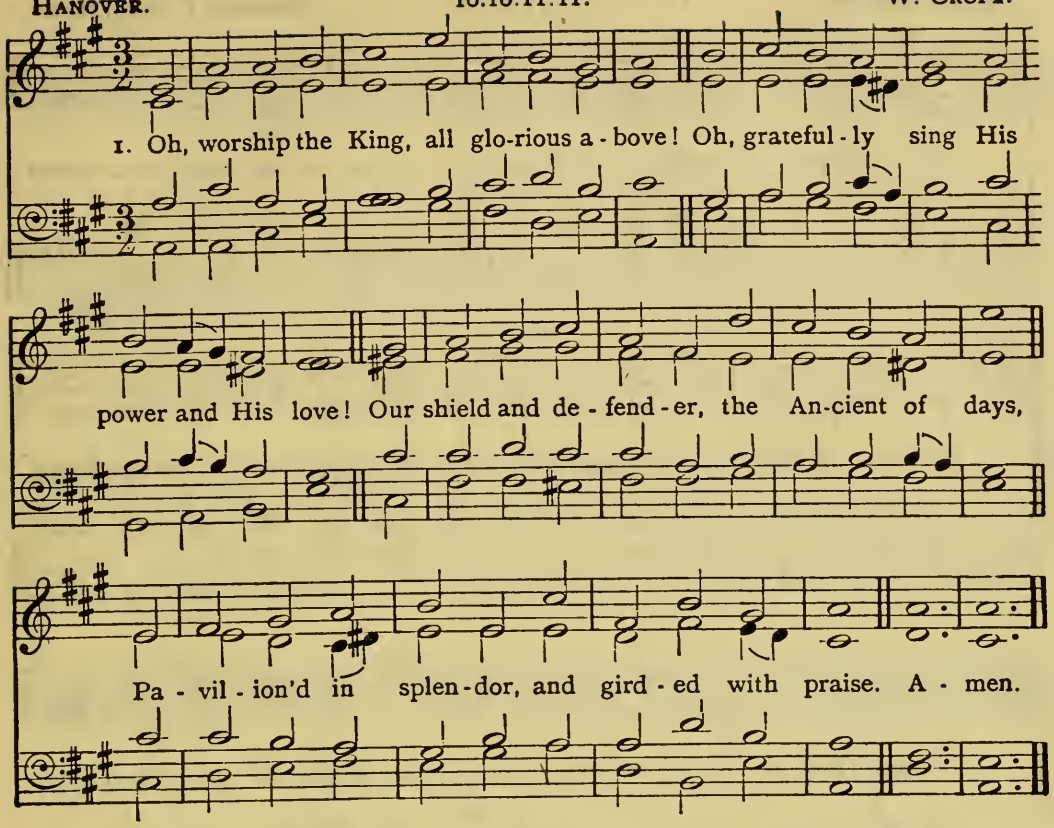
LYONS. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. J. HAYDN.




2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God. Amen.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

HANOVER. 10.10.11.11. W. CROFT.




2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light; Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

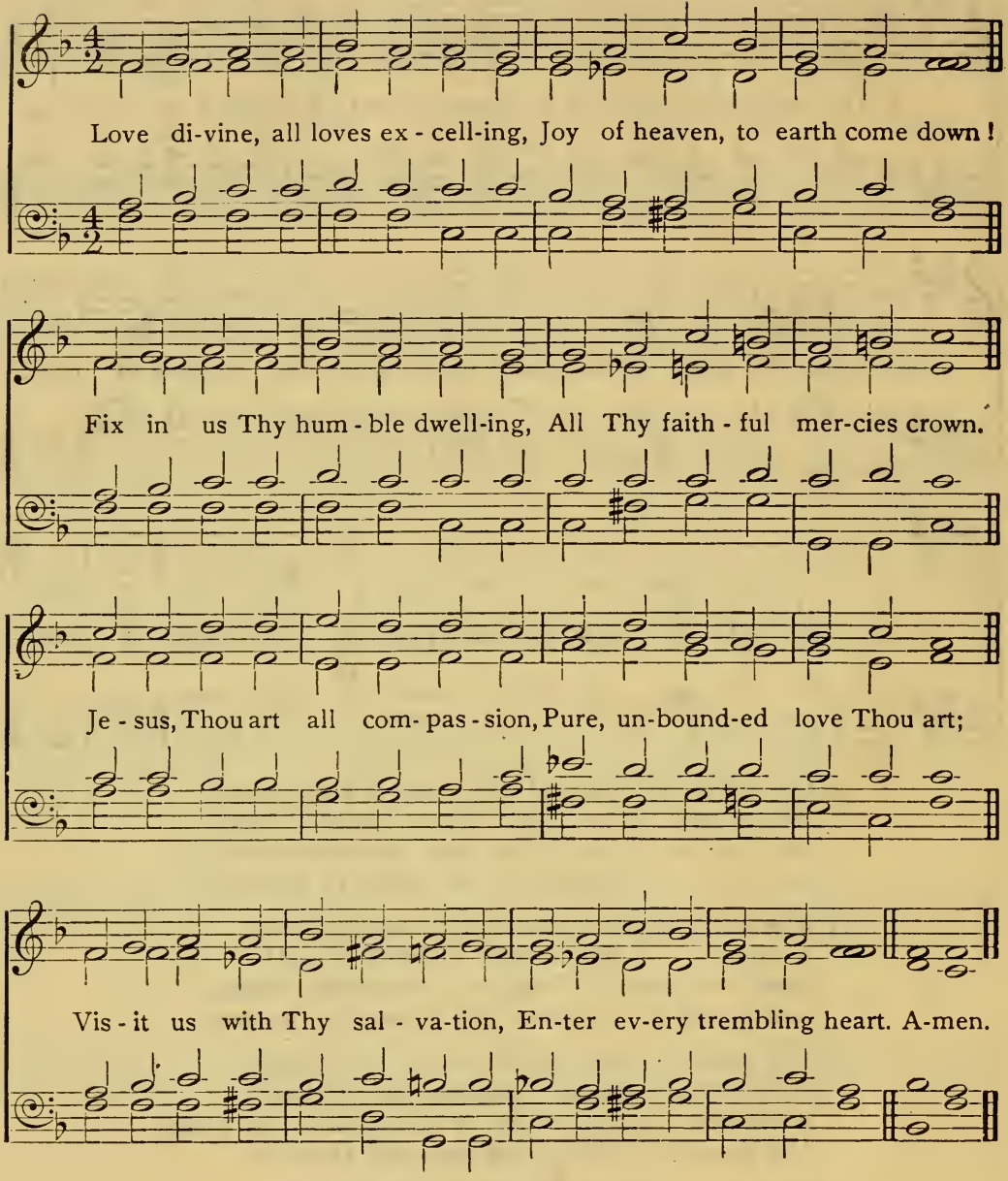
4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

R. GRANT.

LOVE DIVINE. 8.7.8.7.D. GEORGE F. LE JEUNE.

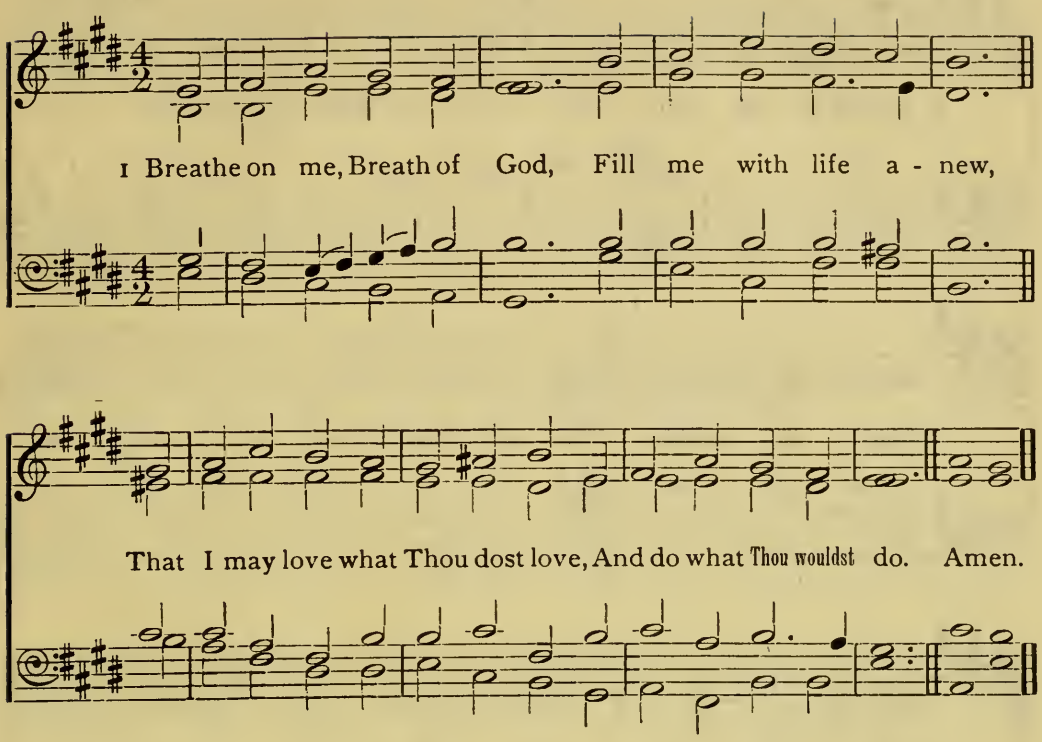



2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love. [ing;

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

POTSDAM. S.M. J. S. BACH.



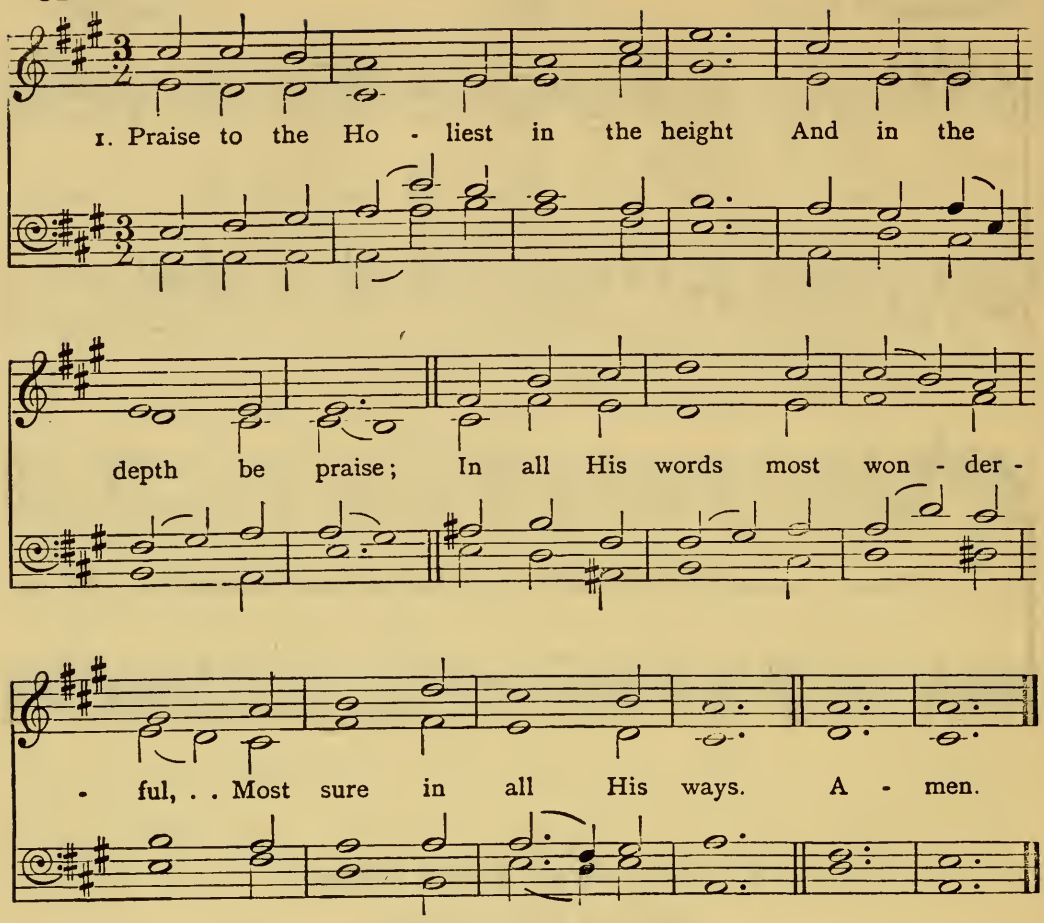

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do, or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die;
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH.

GERONTIUS. C.M. J. B. DYKES.




2.
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3.
O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail:

4.
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

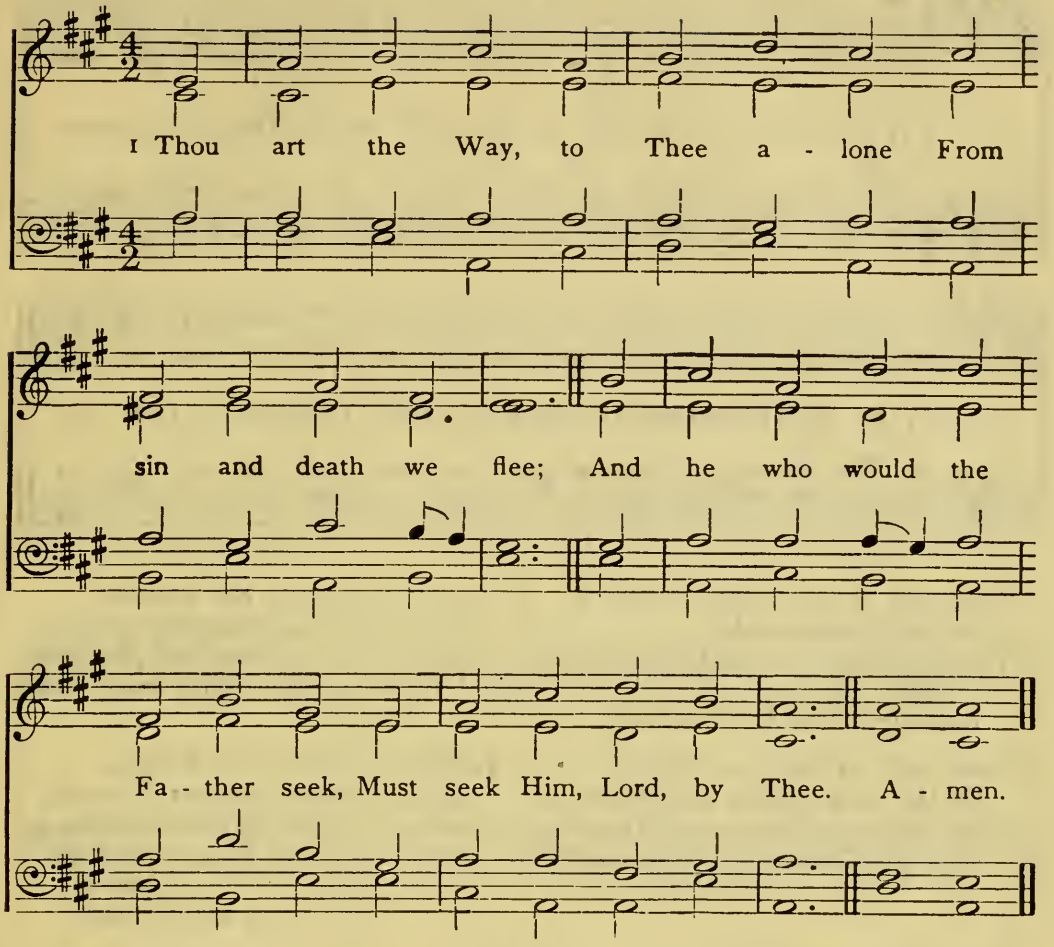
5.
O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe;
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6.
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

ST. JAMES. C.M. RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE.



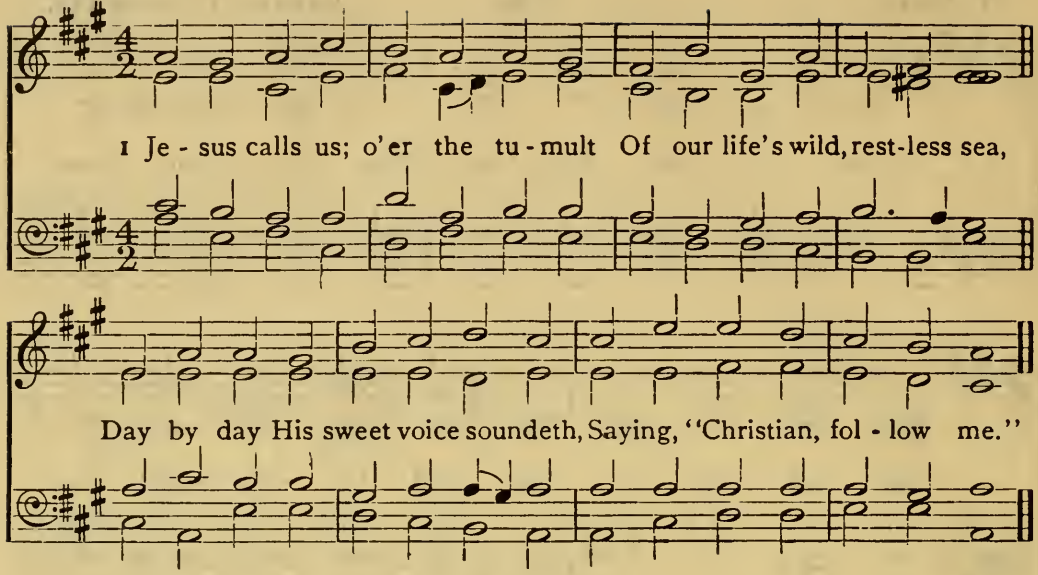

2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

DRESDEN (*First Tune*). 8.7.8.7. Moravian.




2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

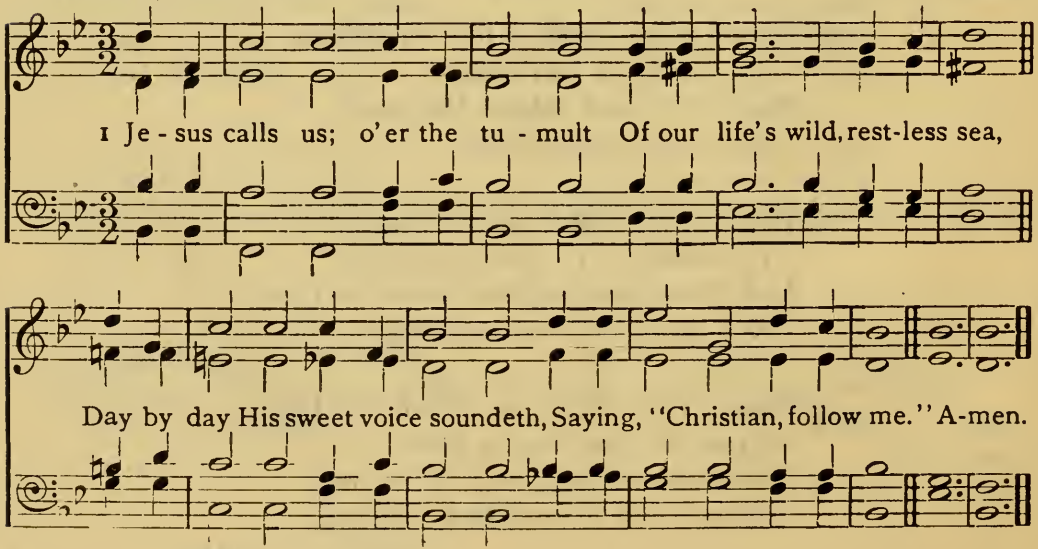
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

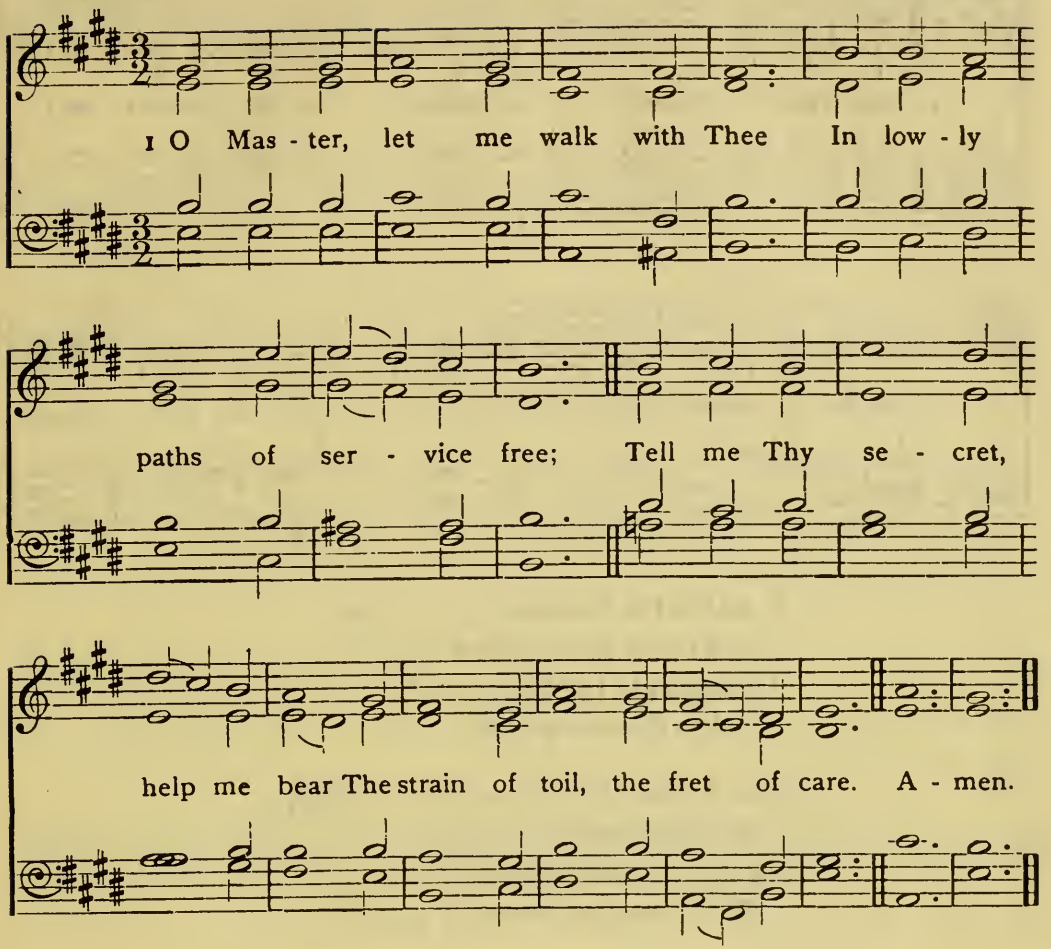
5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.
Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

GALILEE (*Second Tune*). 8.7.8.7. W. H. JUDE.



MARYTON. L.M. H. P. SMITH.



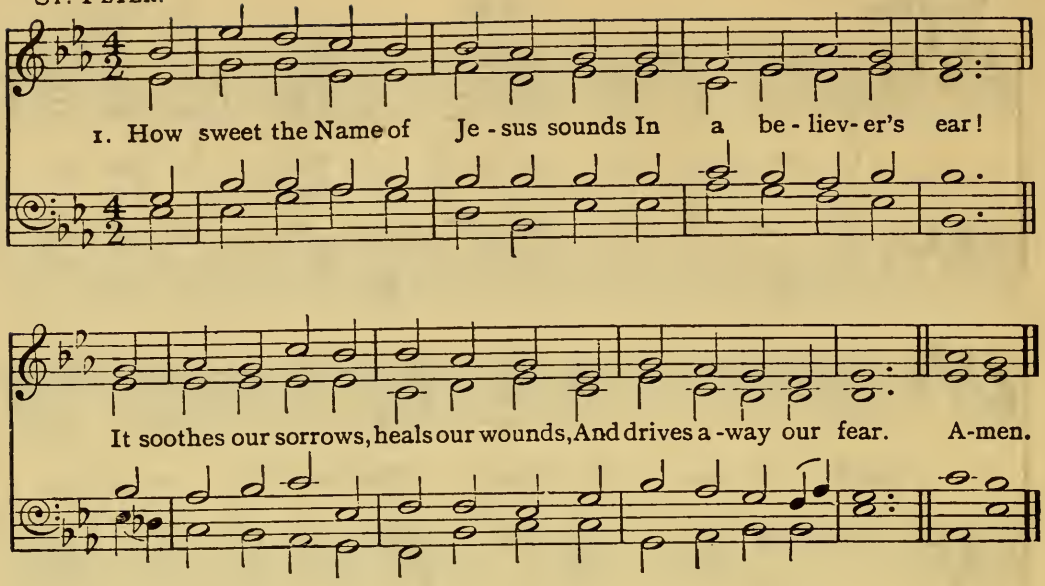

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. GLADDEN.

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.




2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

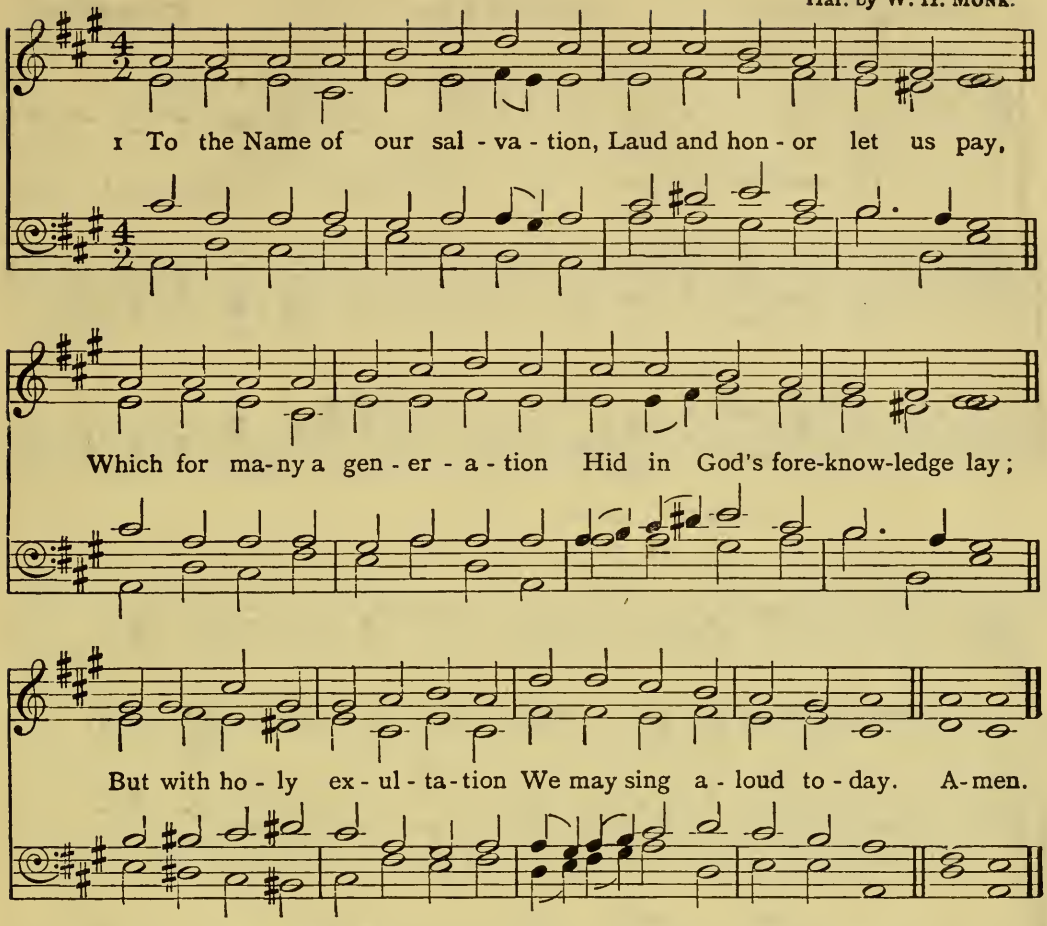
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.
Har. by W. H. MONK.




2.

Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

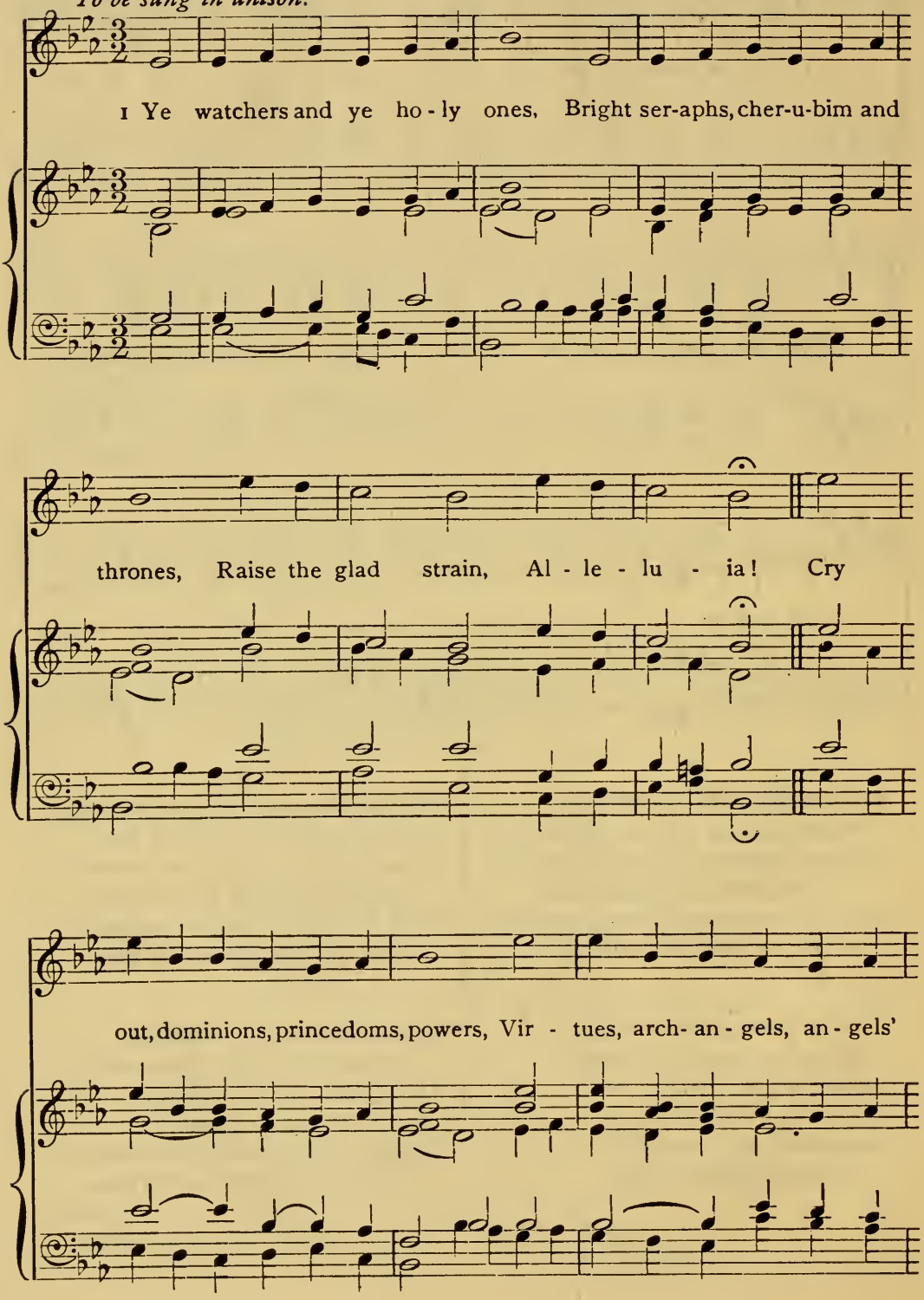
5.

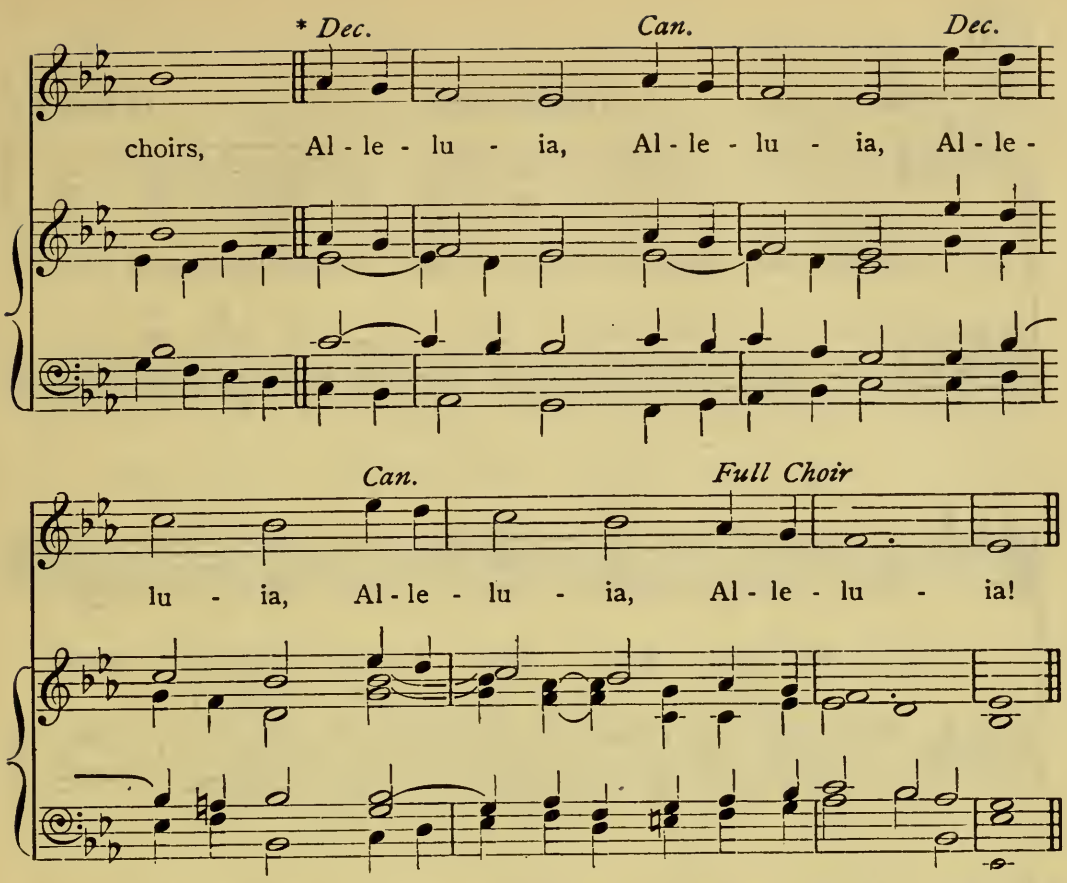
Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.
Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

VIGILI ET SANCTI. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.4. Cologne, alt.

*To be sung in unison.*



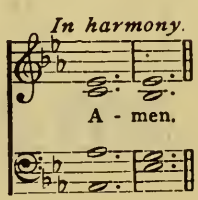



**The antiphonal Alleluias may be sung either as indicated: or between Choir and Congregation; or between men's and women's voices.*

2 O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

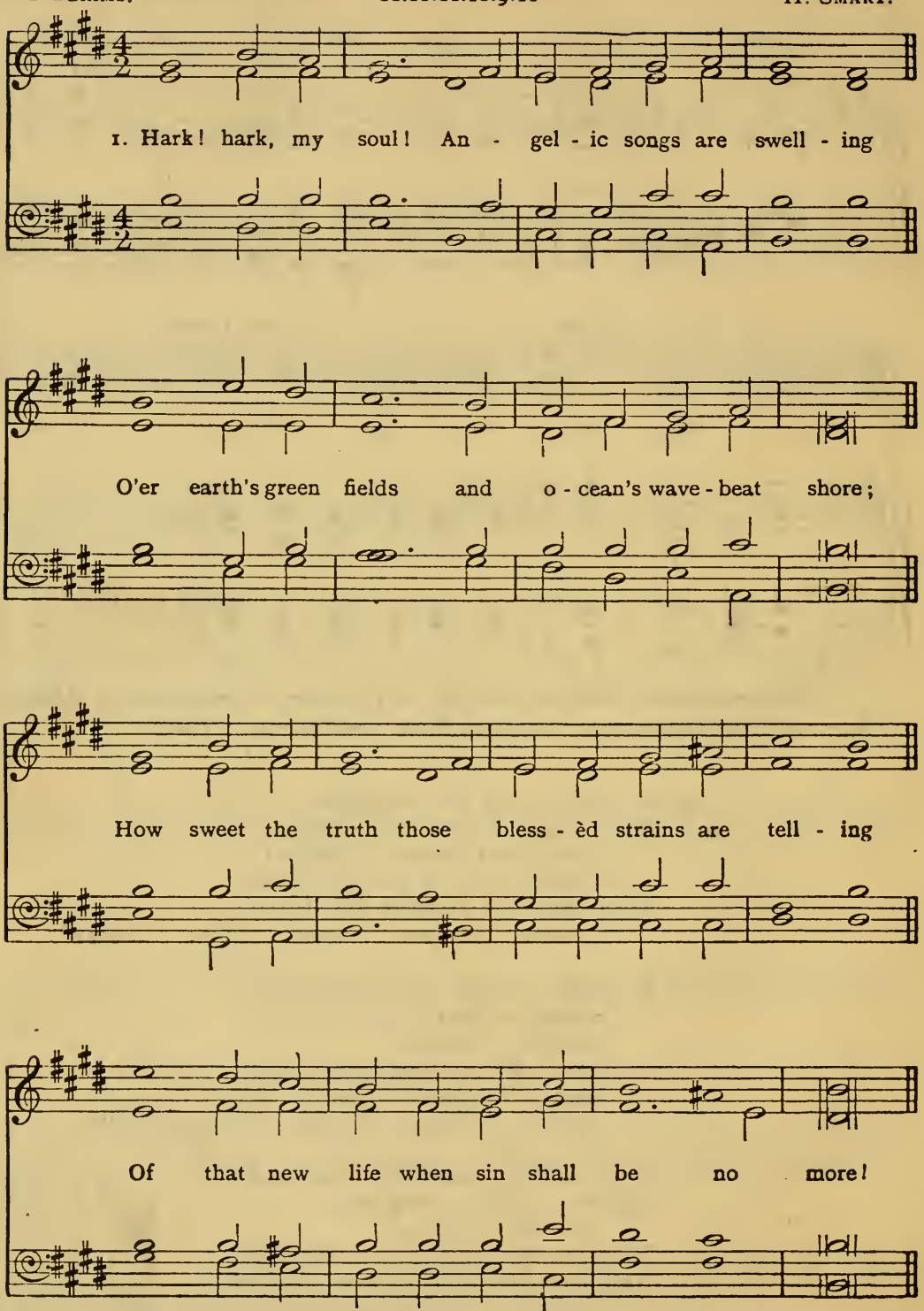
3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

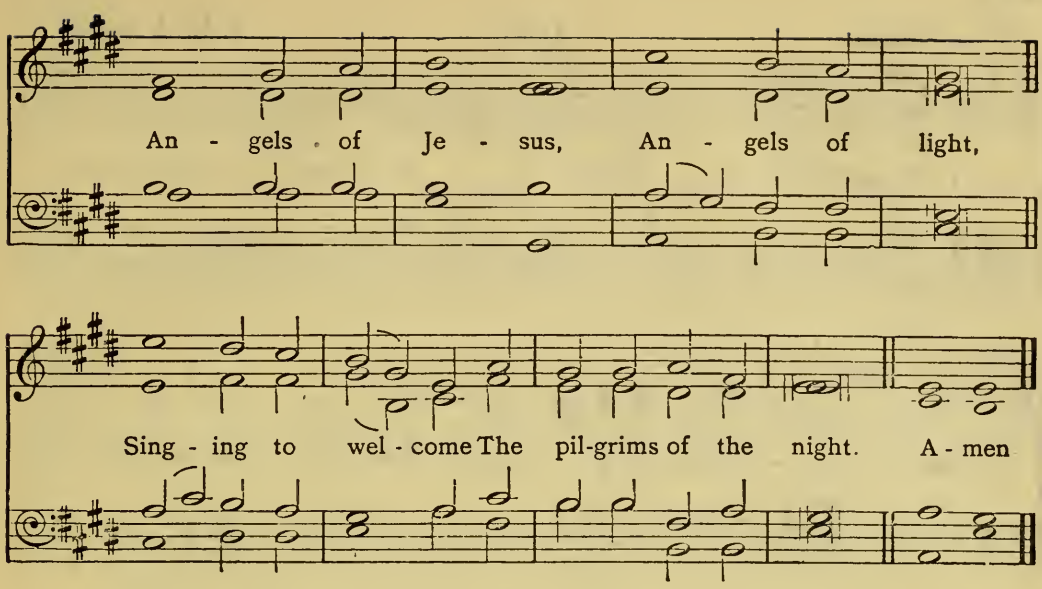
4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia! Amen.




ATHELSTAN RILEY.

PILGRIMS. 11.10.11.10.9.11 H. SMART.






2.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4.

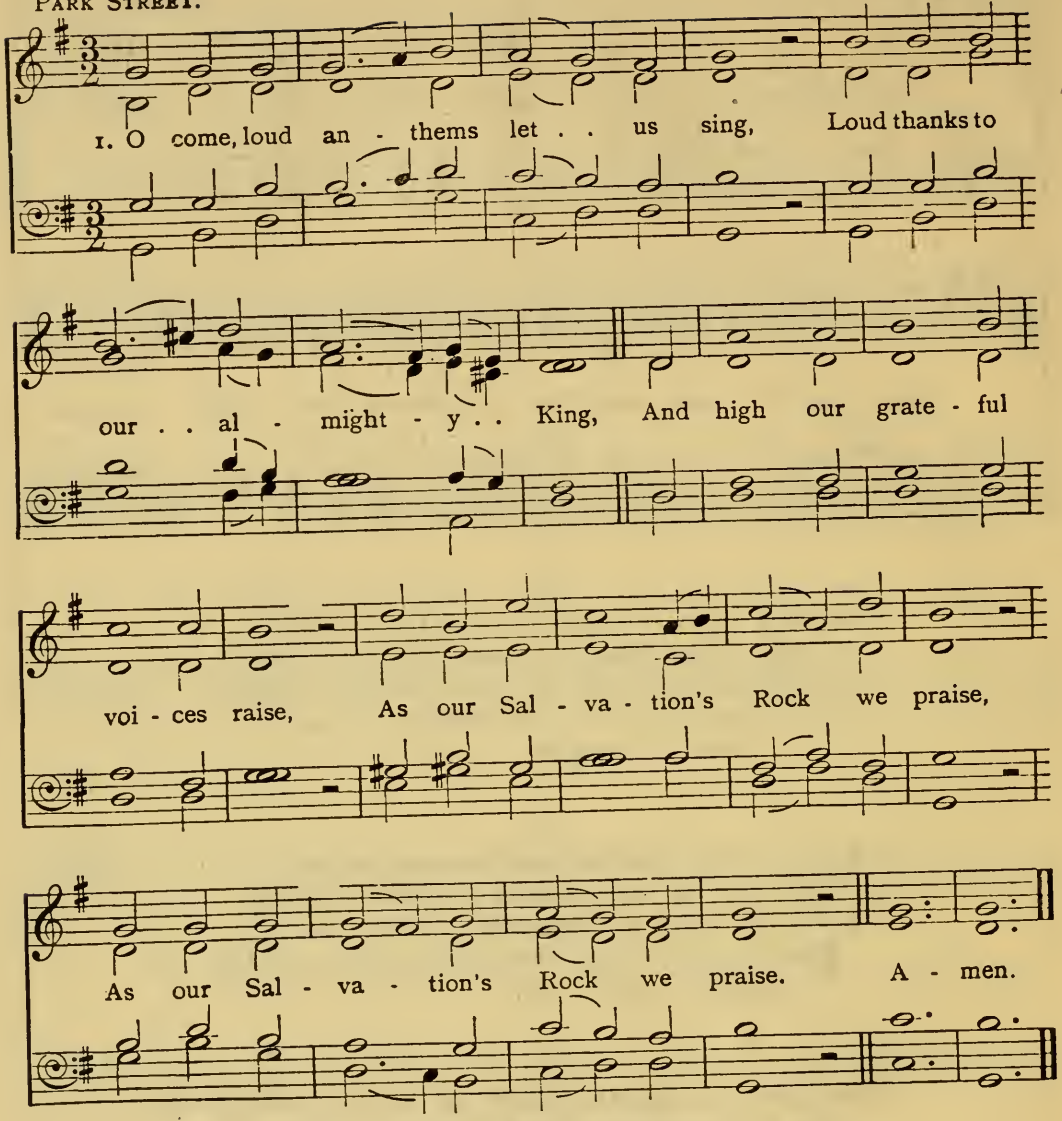
Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

PARK STREET. L.M. F. M. A. VENUA.



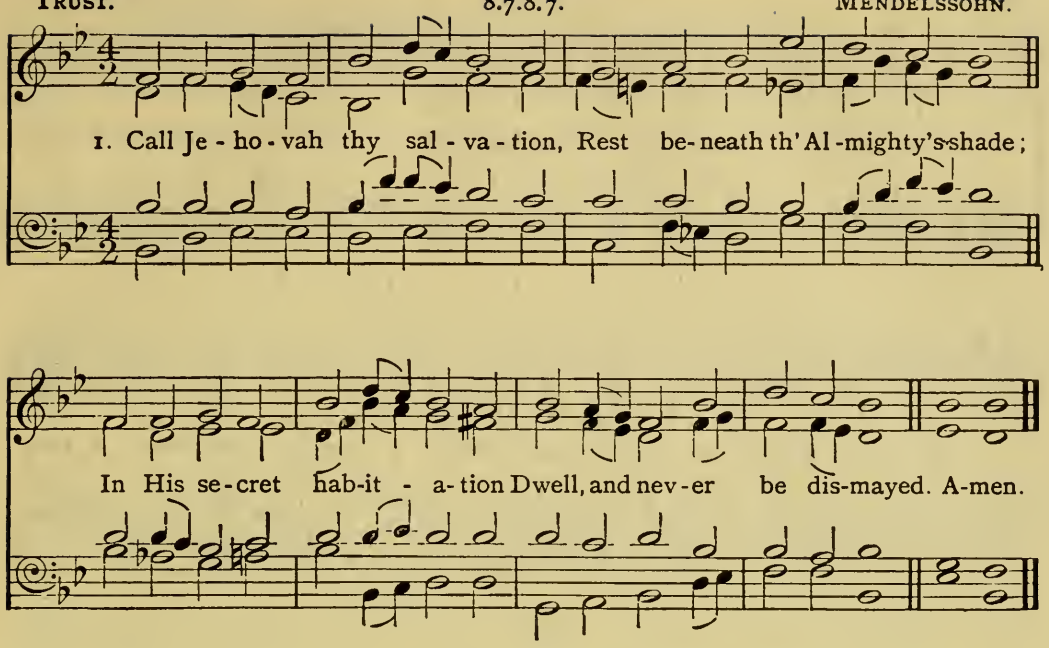

2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

3 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.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on our Lord our Maker call. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY.

TRUST. 8.7.8.7. MENDELSSOHN.




2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile not violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

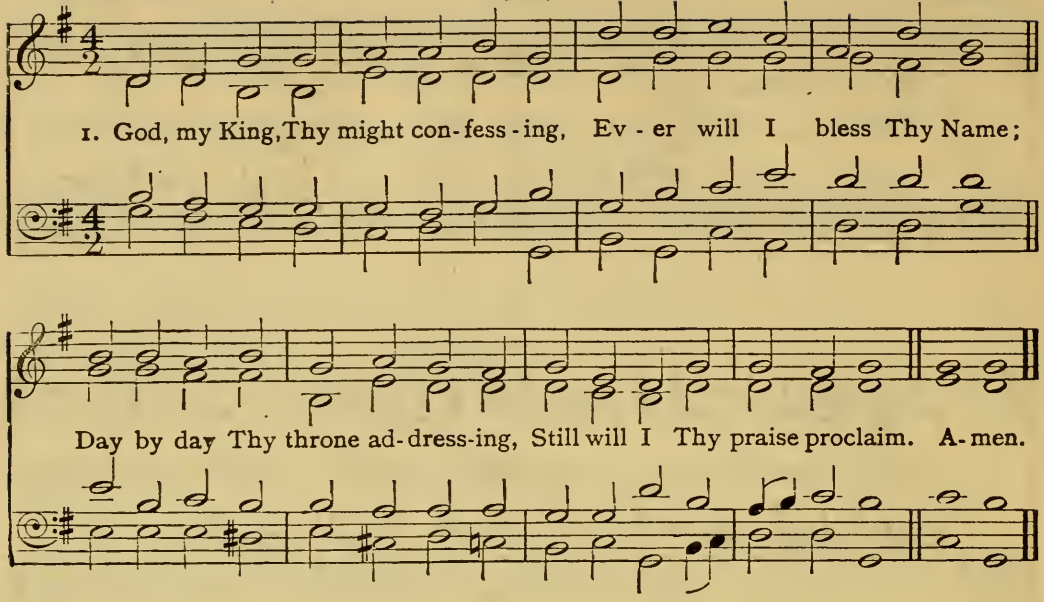
3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. German.




2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

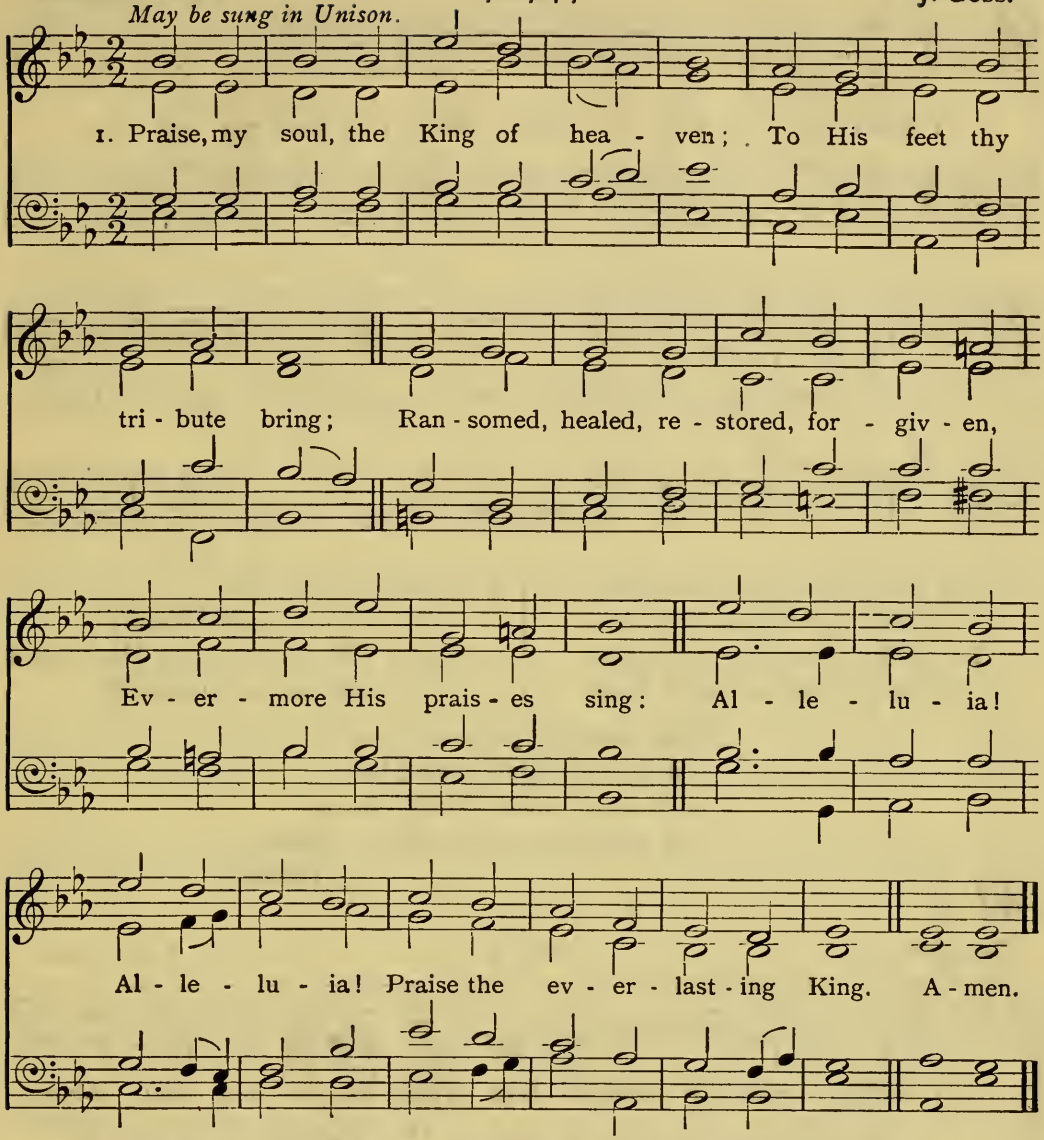
6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power. Amen.

R. MANT.

# 140

BENEDIC ANIMA. 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. Goss.

*May be sung in Unison.*




2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

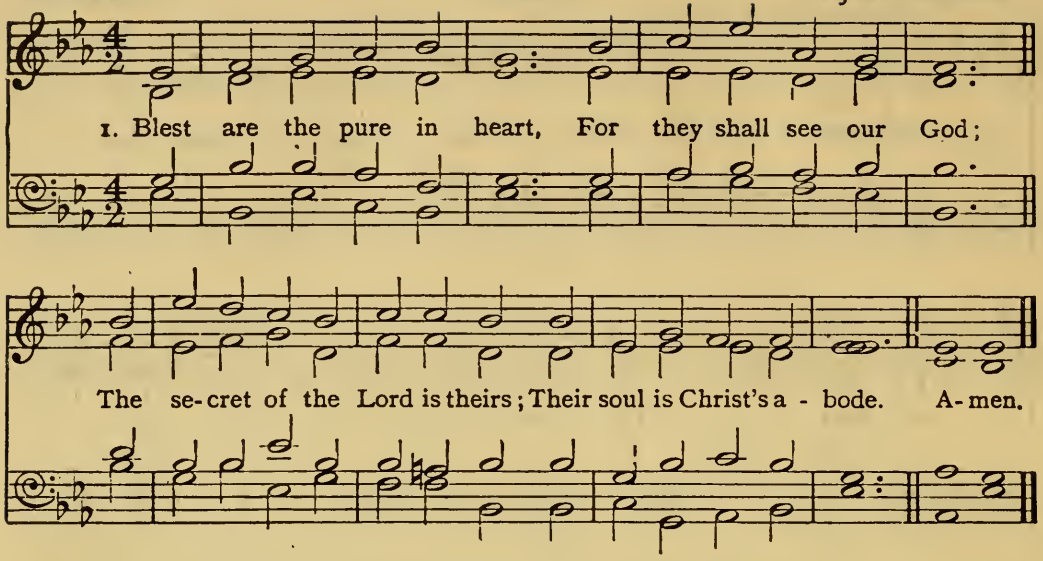
3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

## 141

FRANCONIA. S.M. J. G. EBELING.




2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King:

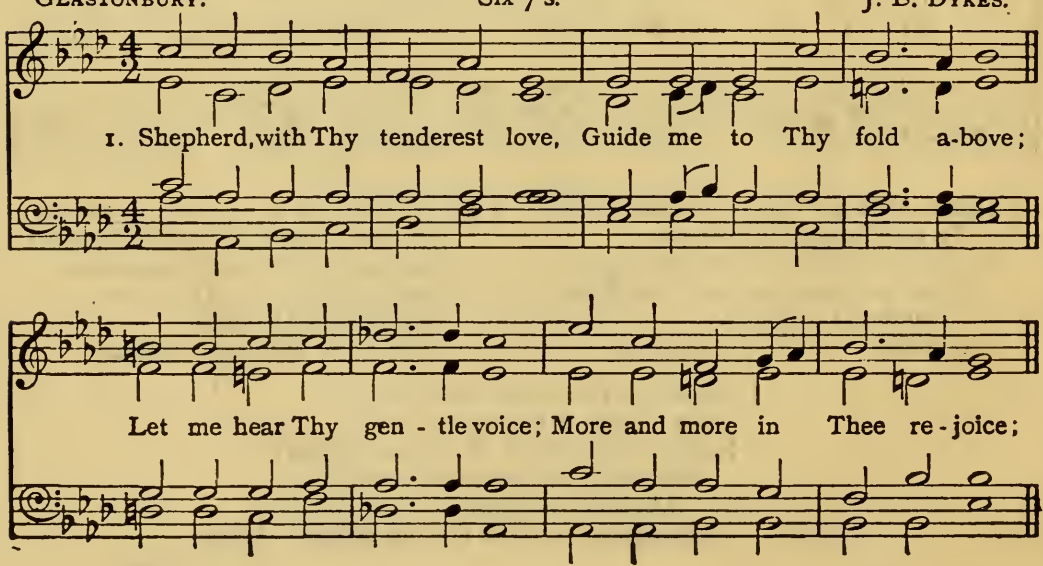
3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

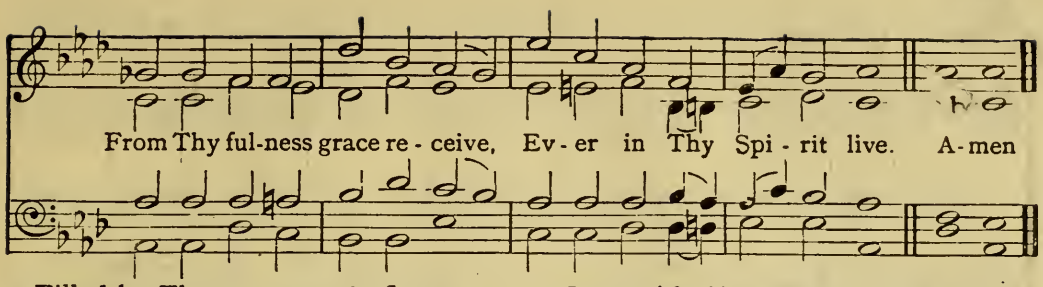
4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

## 142

GLASTONBURY. Six 7's. J. B. DYKES.





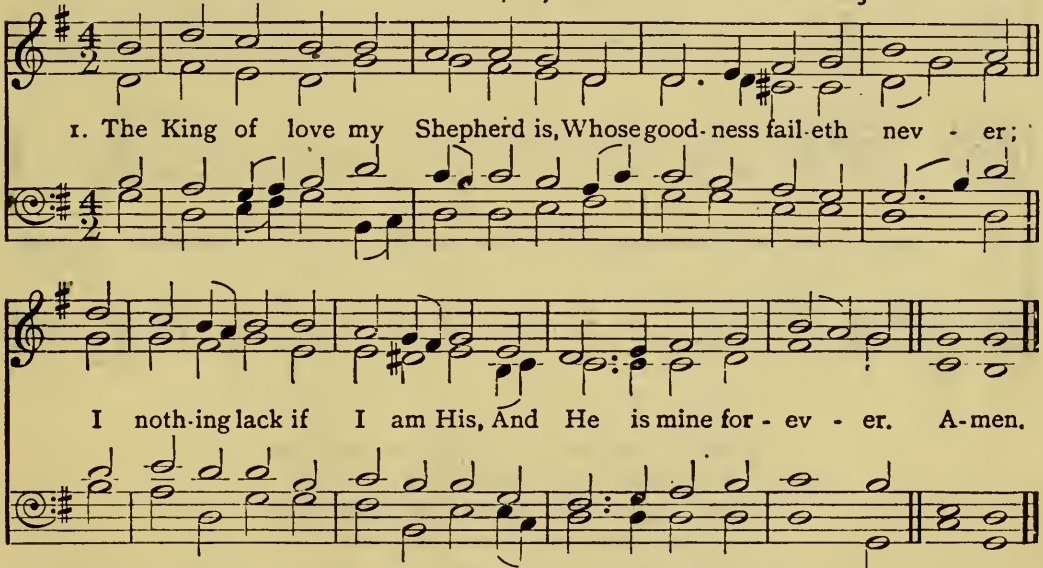

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high:
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesu, with Thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath;
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand!
Amen.

*Authorship unknown.*

## 143

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.




2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

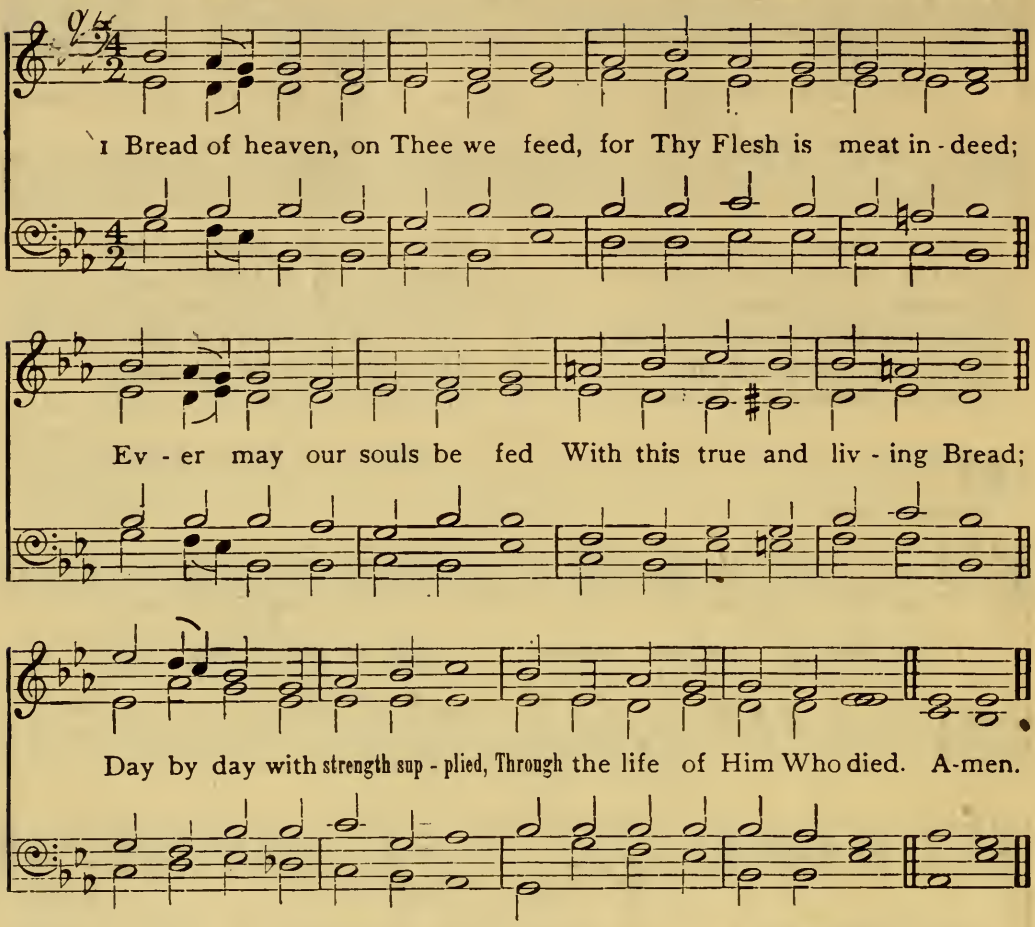
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

## 144

BREAD OF HEAVEN. Six 7's. WILLIAM D. MACLAGAN.

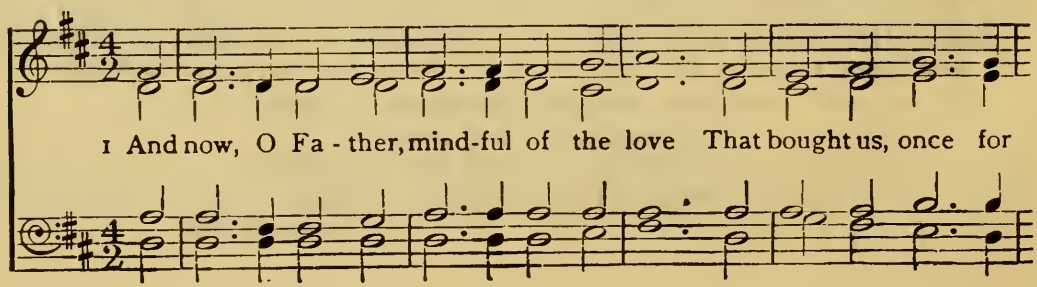


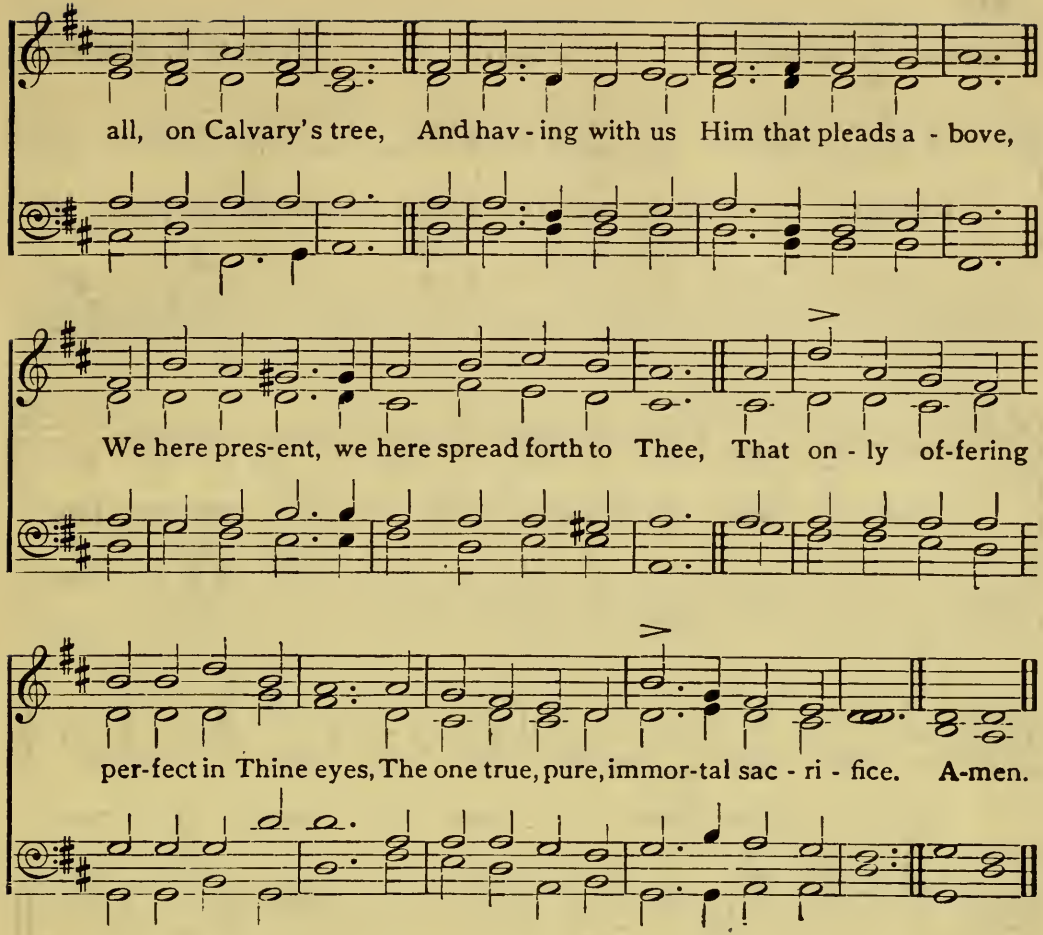

2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

JOSIAH CONDER, *alt.*

## 145

UNDE ET MEMORES. Six 10's. WILLIAM H. MONK.






2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace;
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

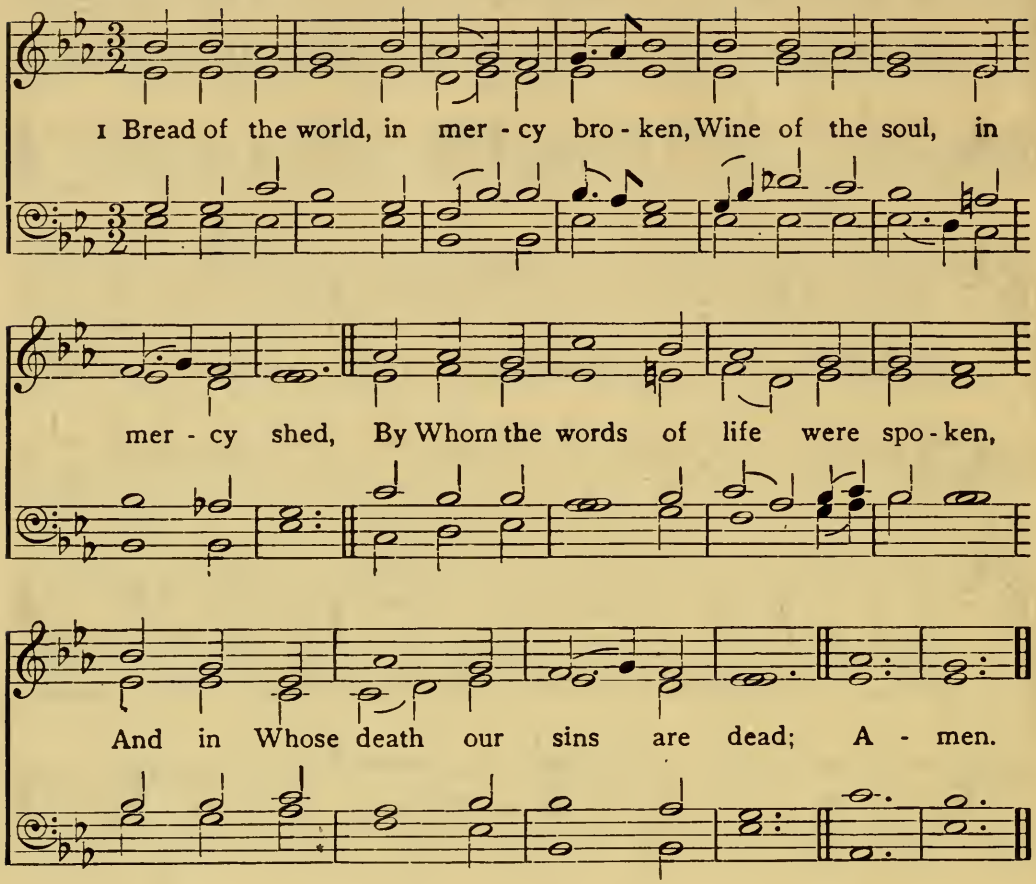
3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

## 146

EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9.8.9.8. JOHN S. B. HODGES.

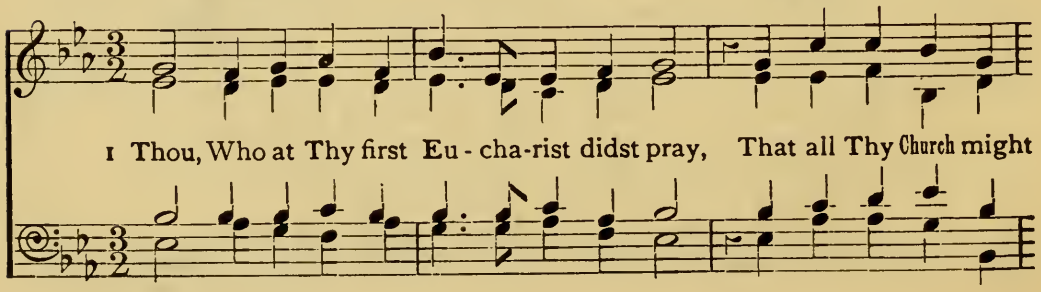


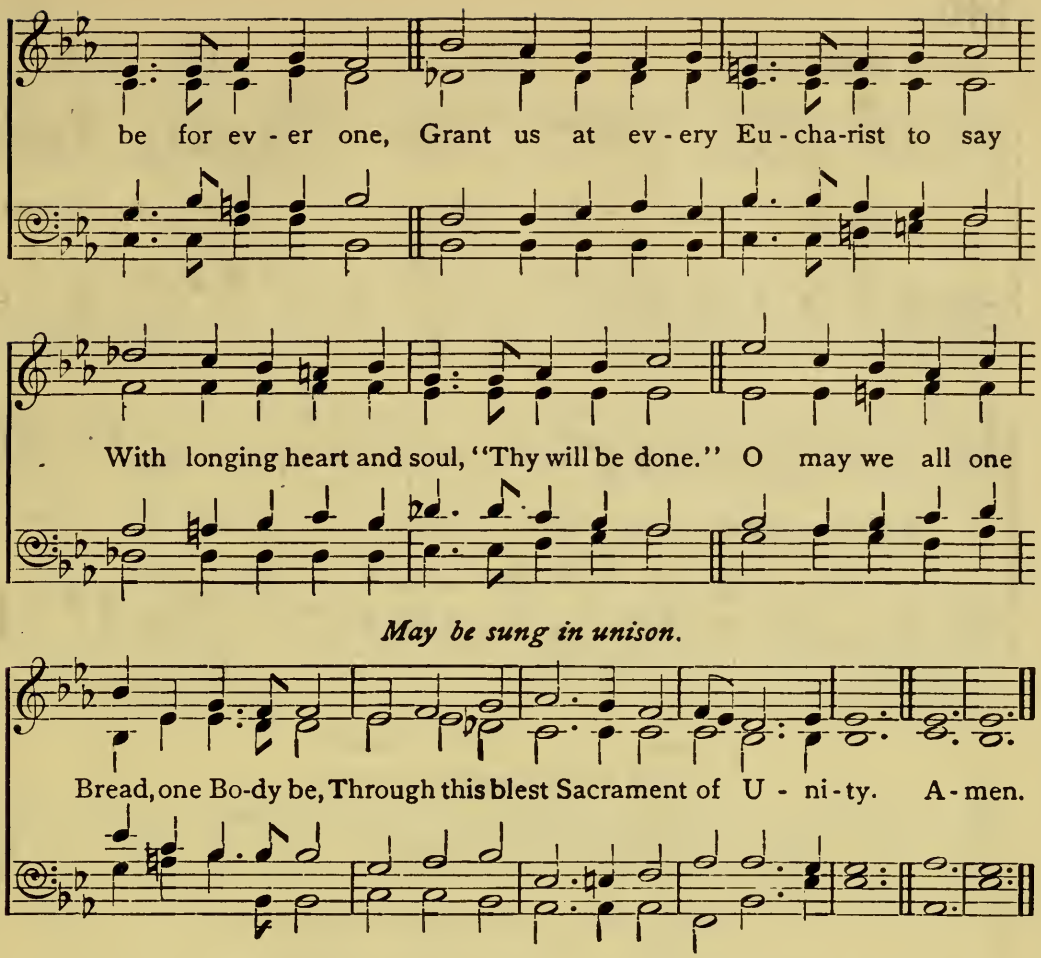

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

## 147

SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS. SIX 10's. CHARLES H. LLOYD.





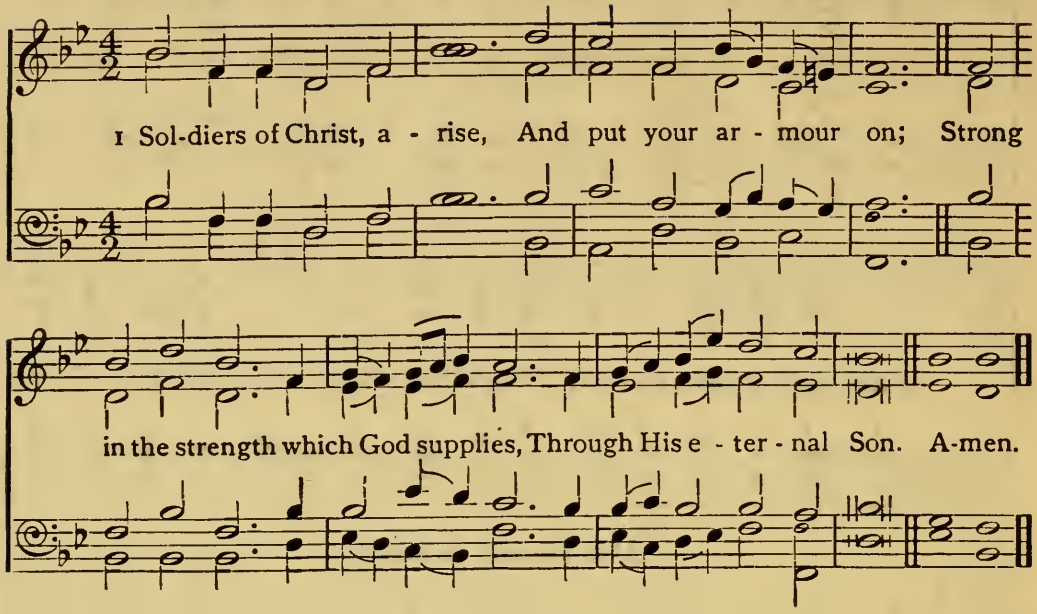

2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy fold;
O bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
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
One with the Trinity in Unity. Amen.

WILLIAM H. TURTON.

SILVER STREET. S.M. ISAAC SMITH, *c.*




2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

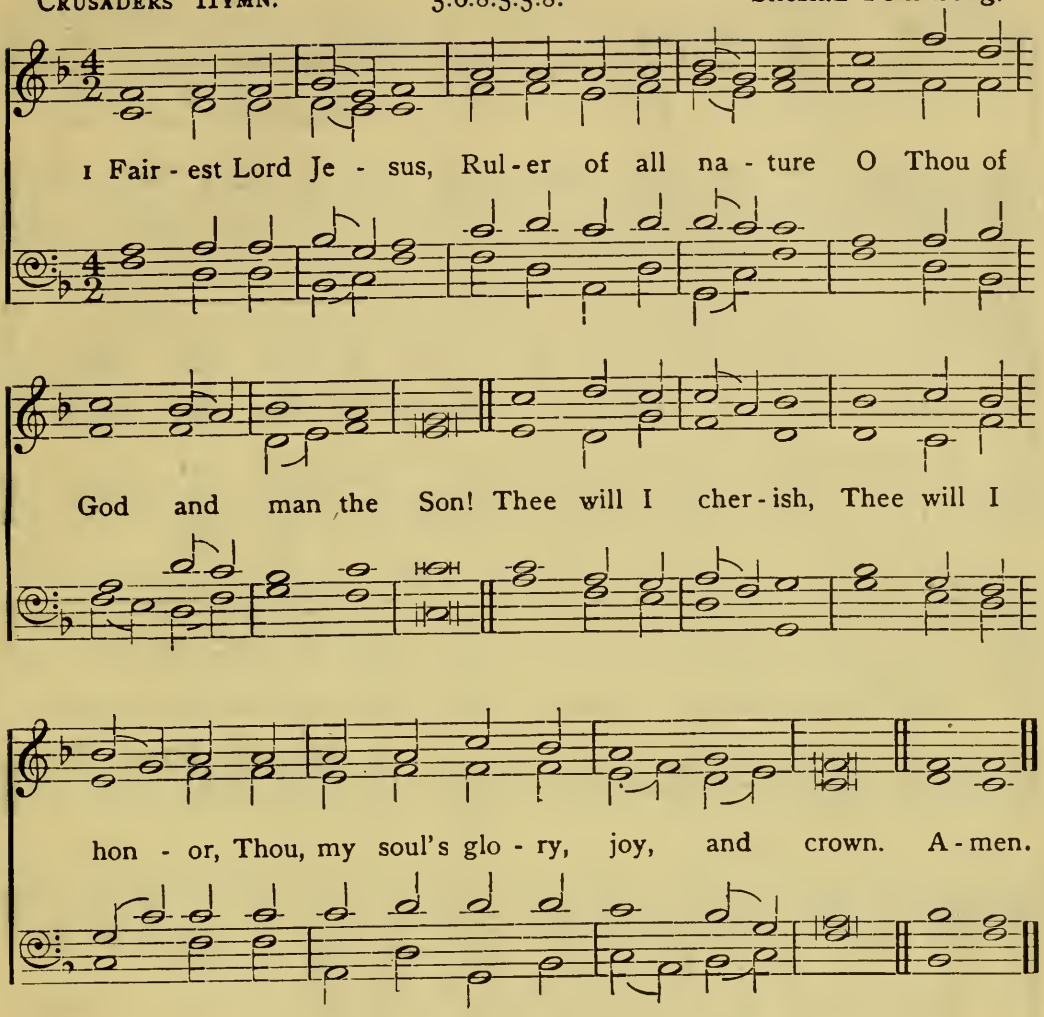
4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CRUSADERS' HYMN. 5.6.8.5.5.8. Silesian Folk Song.

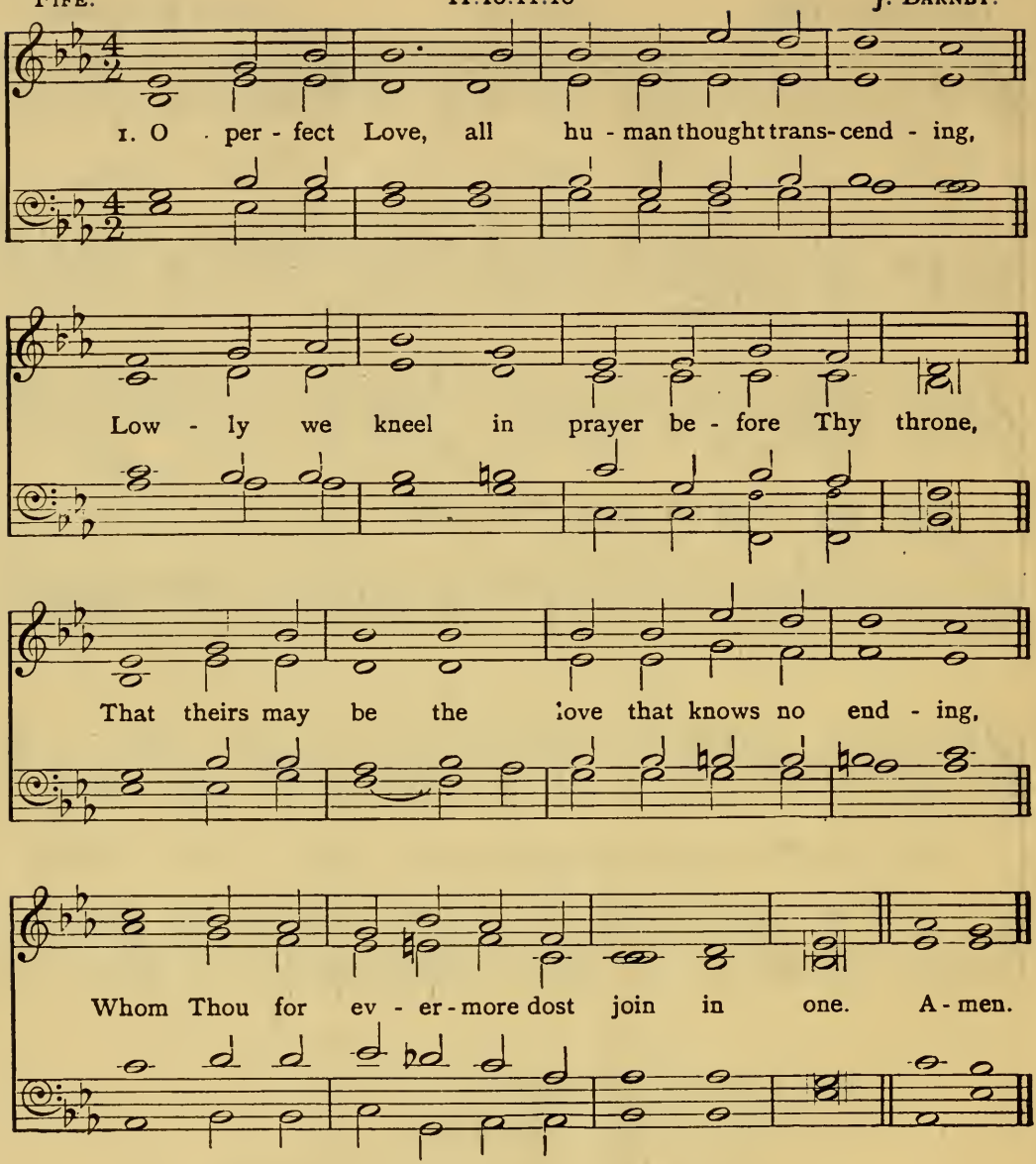



2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

*Tr. by* R. STORRS WILLIS.

FIFE. 11.10.11.10 J. BARNBY.

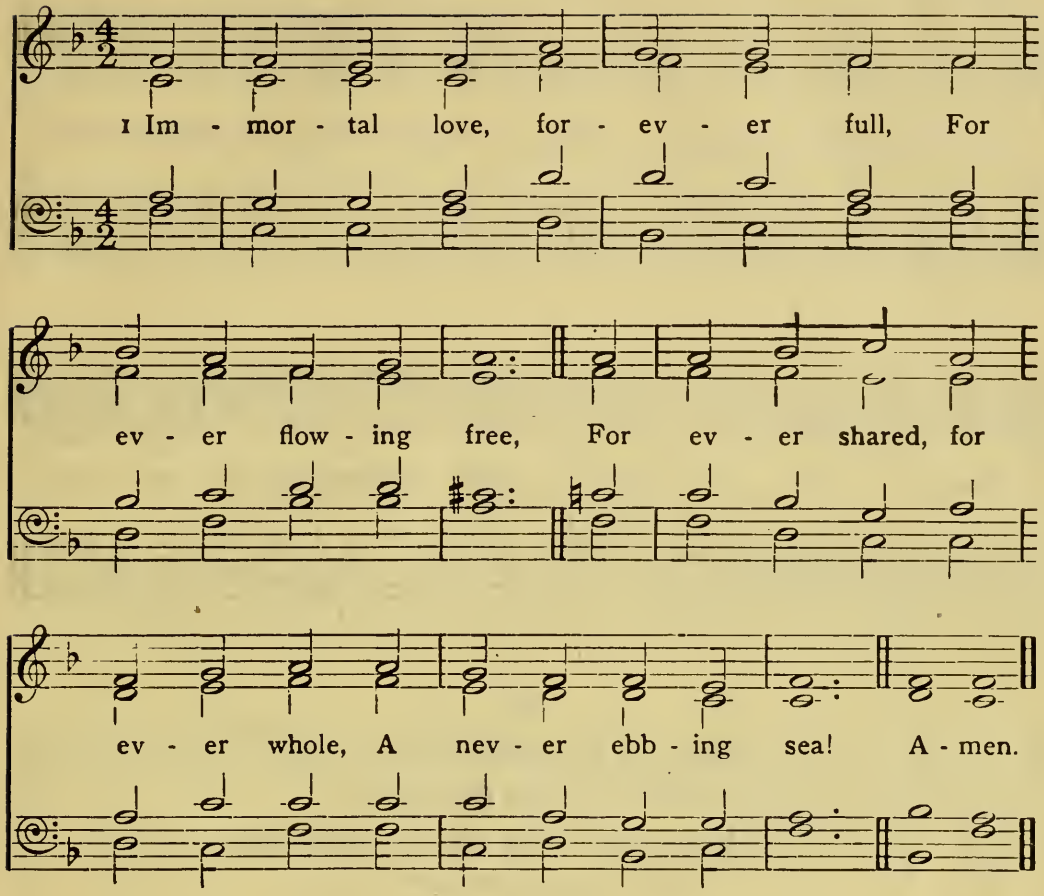



2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

D. F. BLOMFIELD.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. BARBER'S *Psalter.*




2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

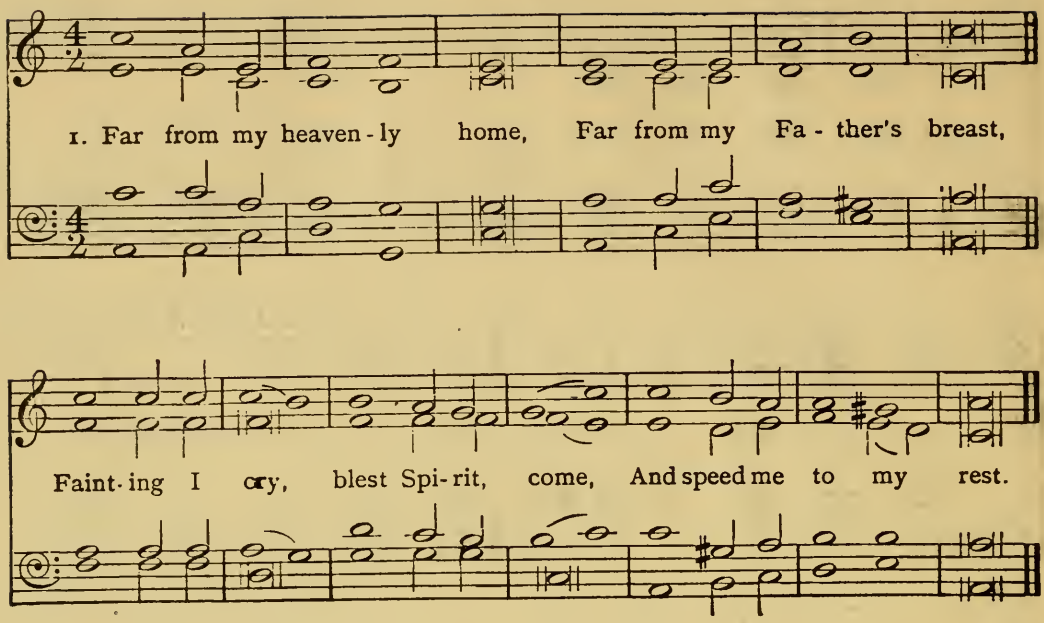
3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

4 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LYTE. S.M. J. B. WILKES.




2.

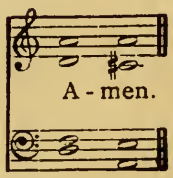
My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4.

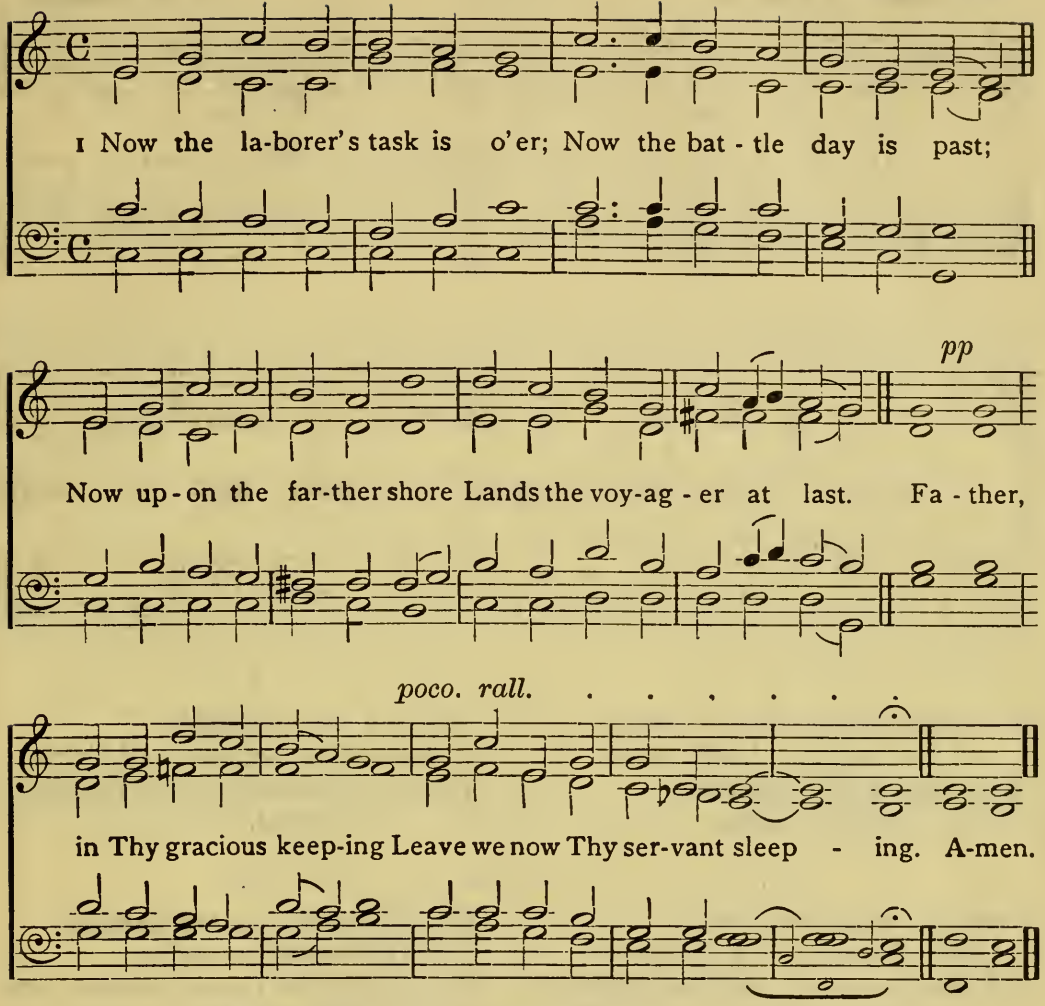
God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!




H. F. LYTE.

# 153

REQUIESCAT. 7.7.7.7.8.8. JOHN B. DYKES.




* *If there is no accompaniment, the small notes may be sung.*

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

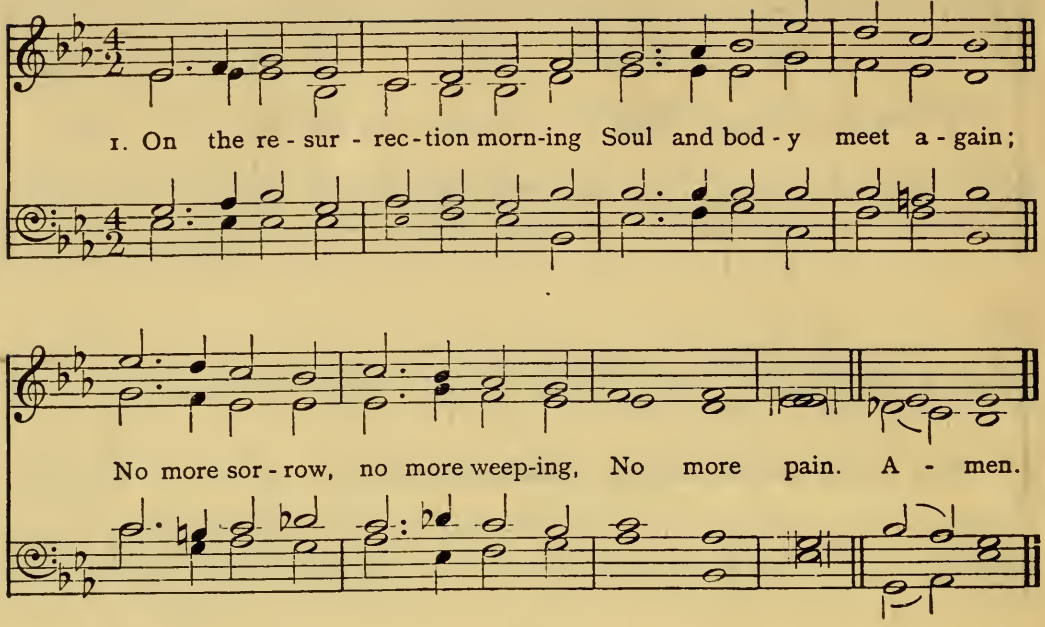
3 There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping.
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

REV. J. ELLERTON.

RESURRECTION MORNING. 8.7.8.3. G. W. WARREN.




2.

Hear awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

5.

Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

6.

Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

7.

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

8.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

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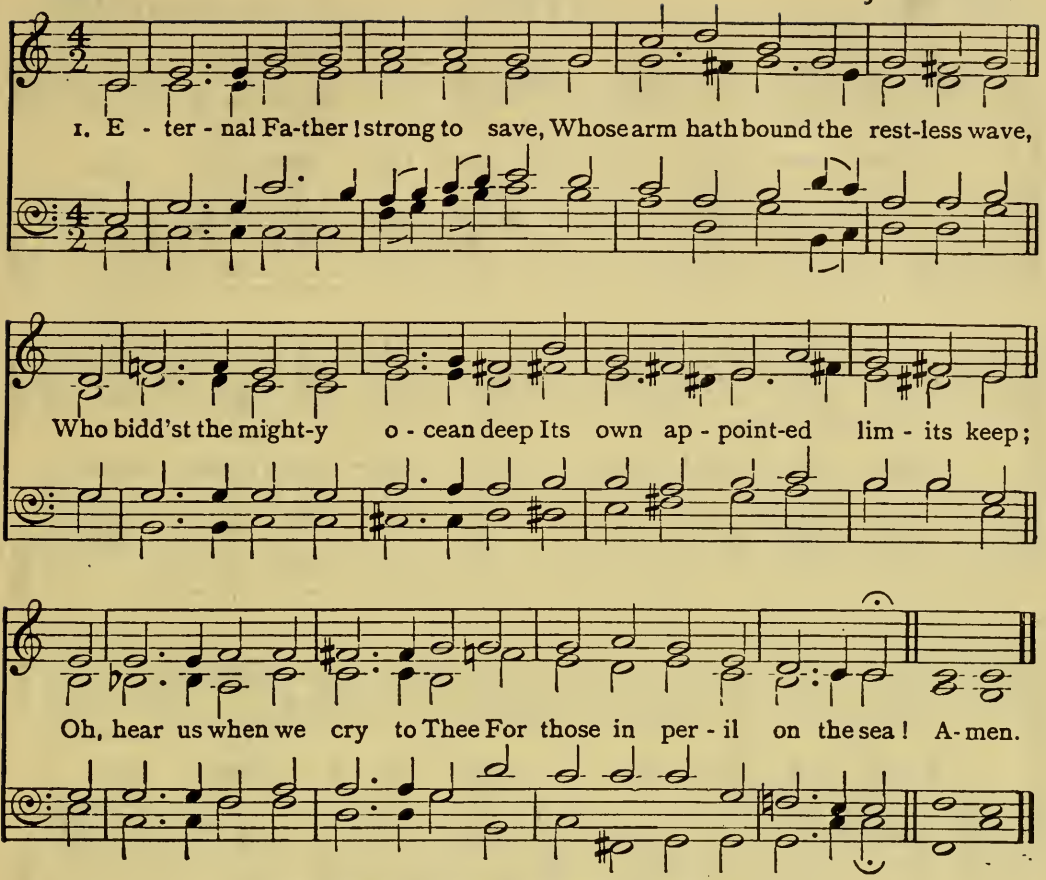
MELITA. Six 8's. J. B. DYKES.



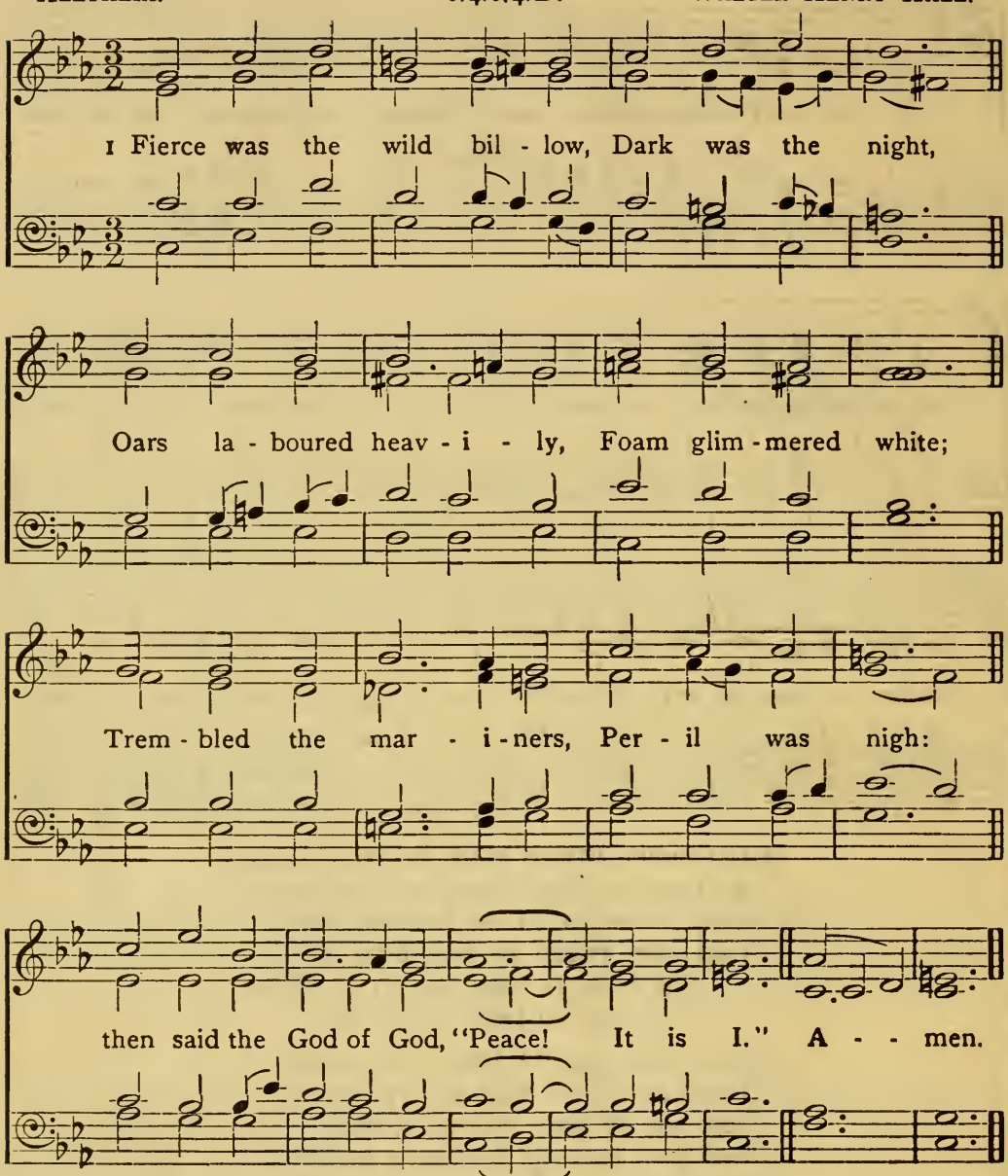

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen

W. WHITING.

ALETHEIA. 6.4.6.4.D. WALTER HENRY HALL.

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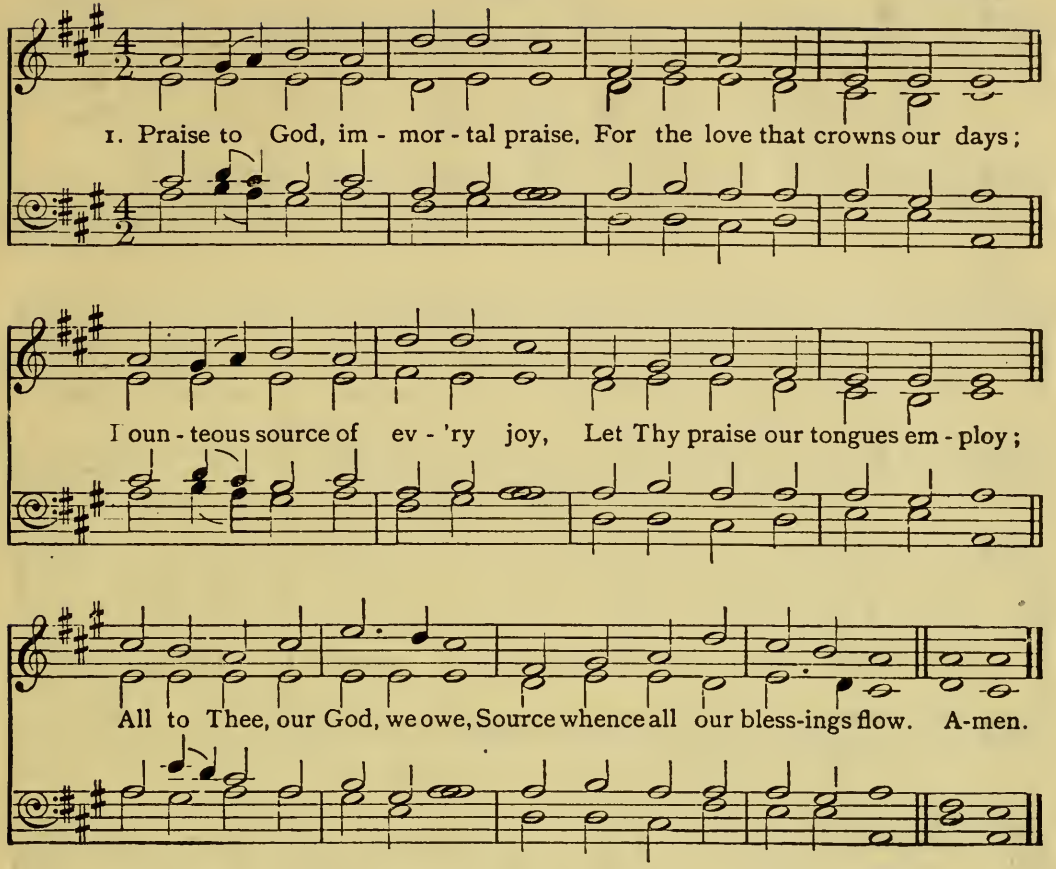
2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I," Amen.

*Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE.

DIX. Six 7's. C. KOCHER.



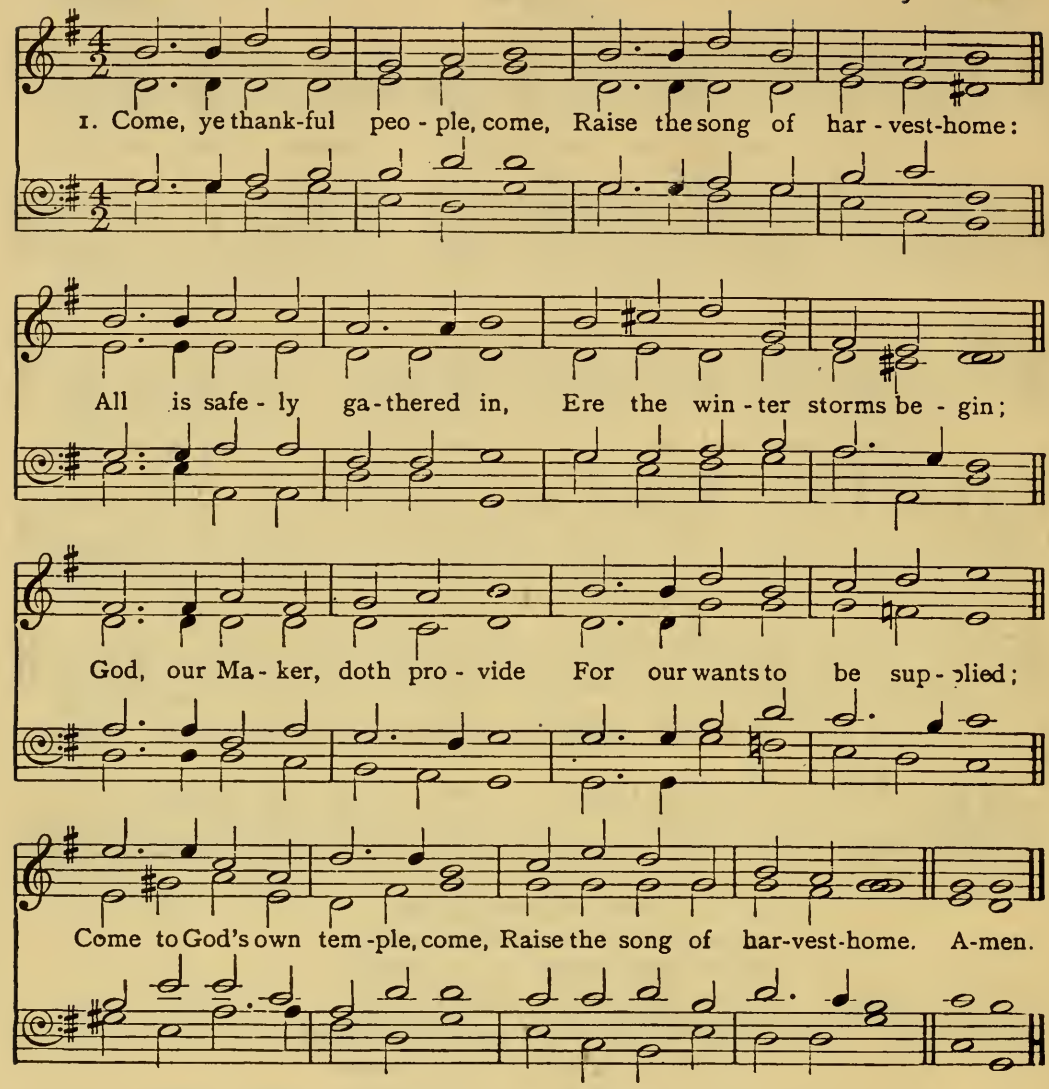

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

A. L. BARBAULD.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. Eight 7's. G. J. ELVEY.



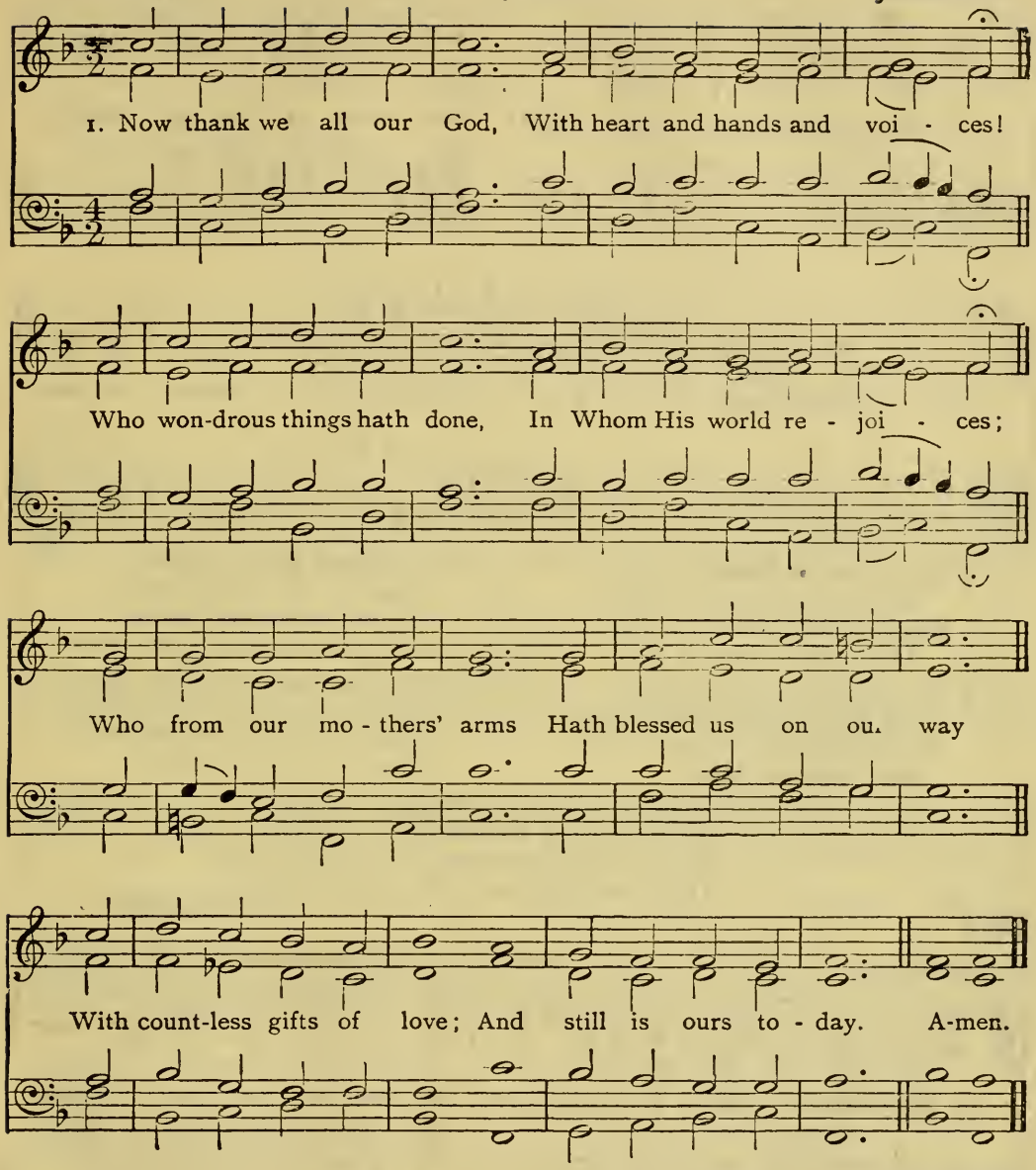

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angel, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.
Amen.

H. ALFORD.

NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. J. CRÜGER.

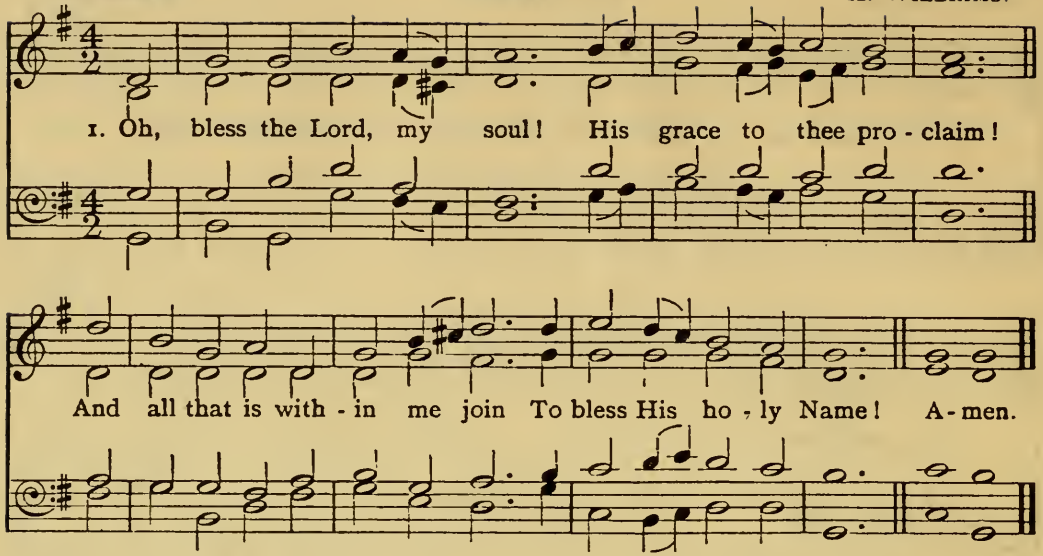



2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next. Amen.

M. RINCKART. *Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

160

ST. THOMAS. S.M. A. WILLIAMS.




2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

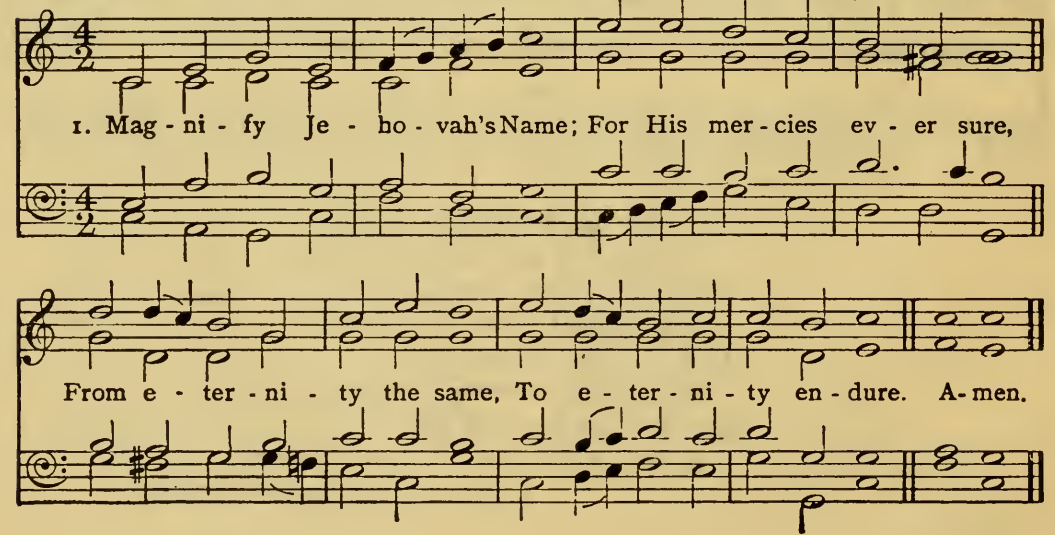
5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

161

MONKLAND. Four 7's. Arranged by J. B. WILKES.



2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

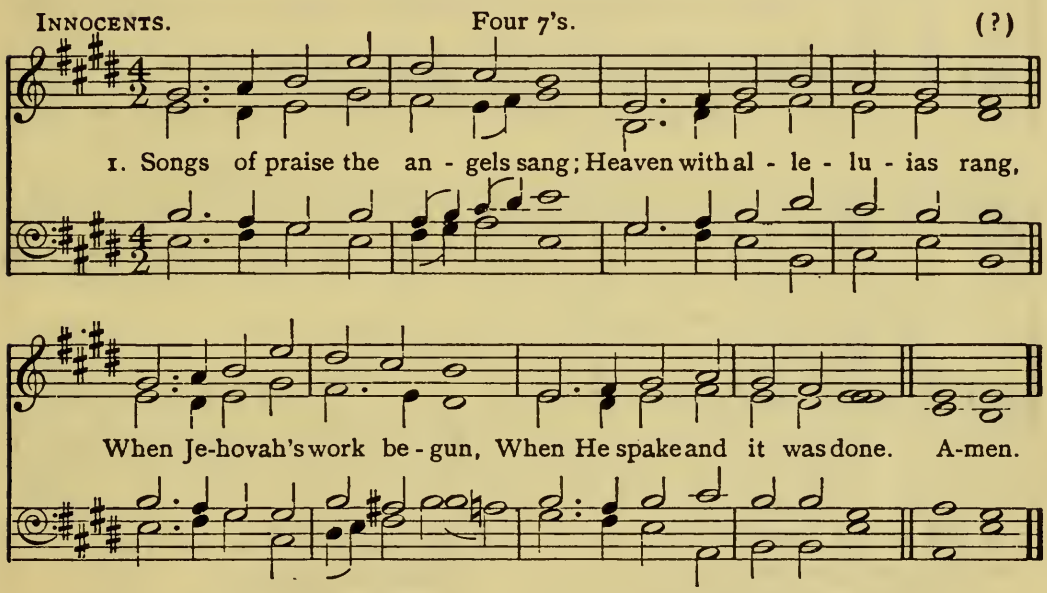
4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 Oh, that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race!
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 162




2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

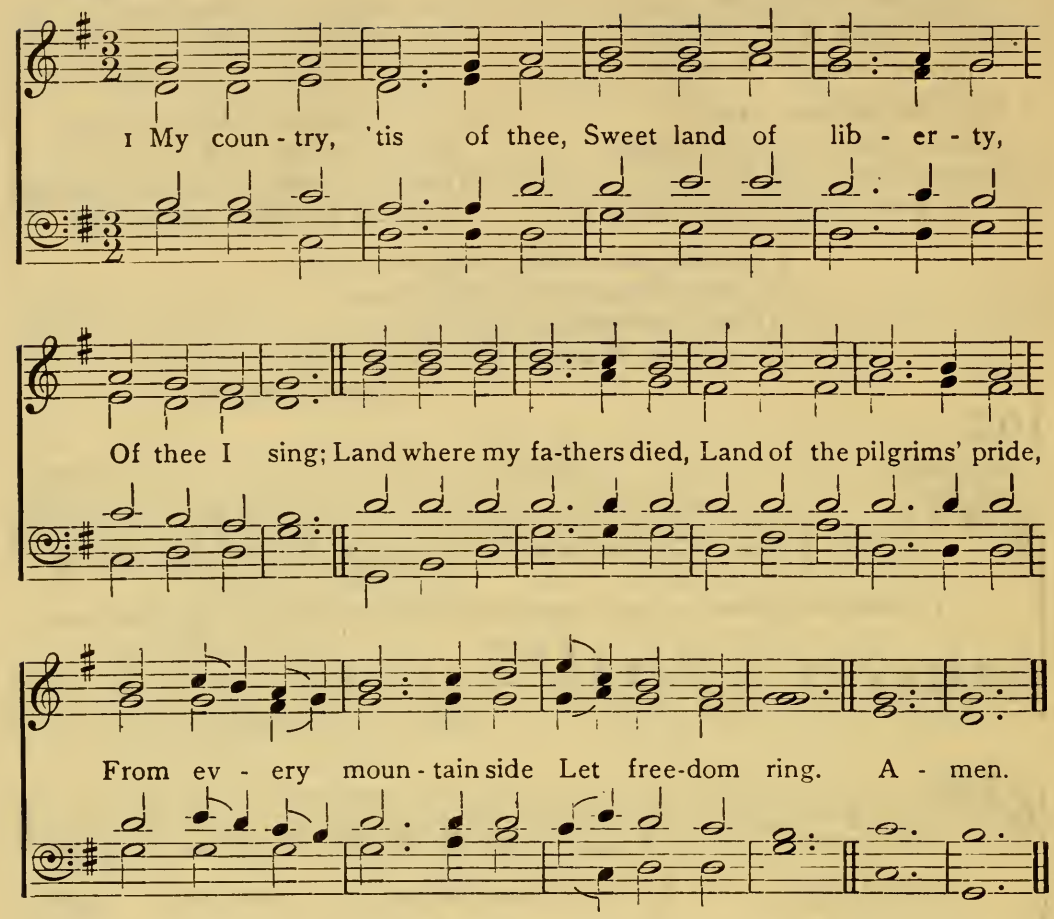
4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

AMERICA. 6.6 4.6.6.6.4. *Harmonia Anglicana.*




2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

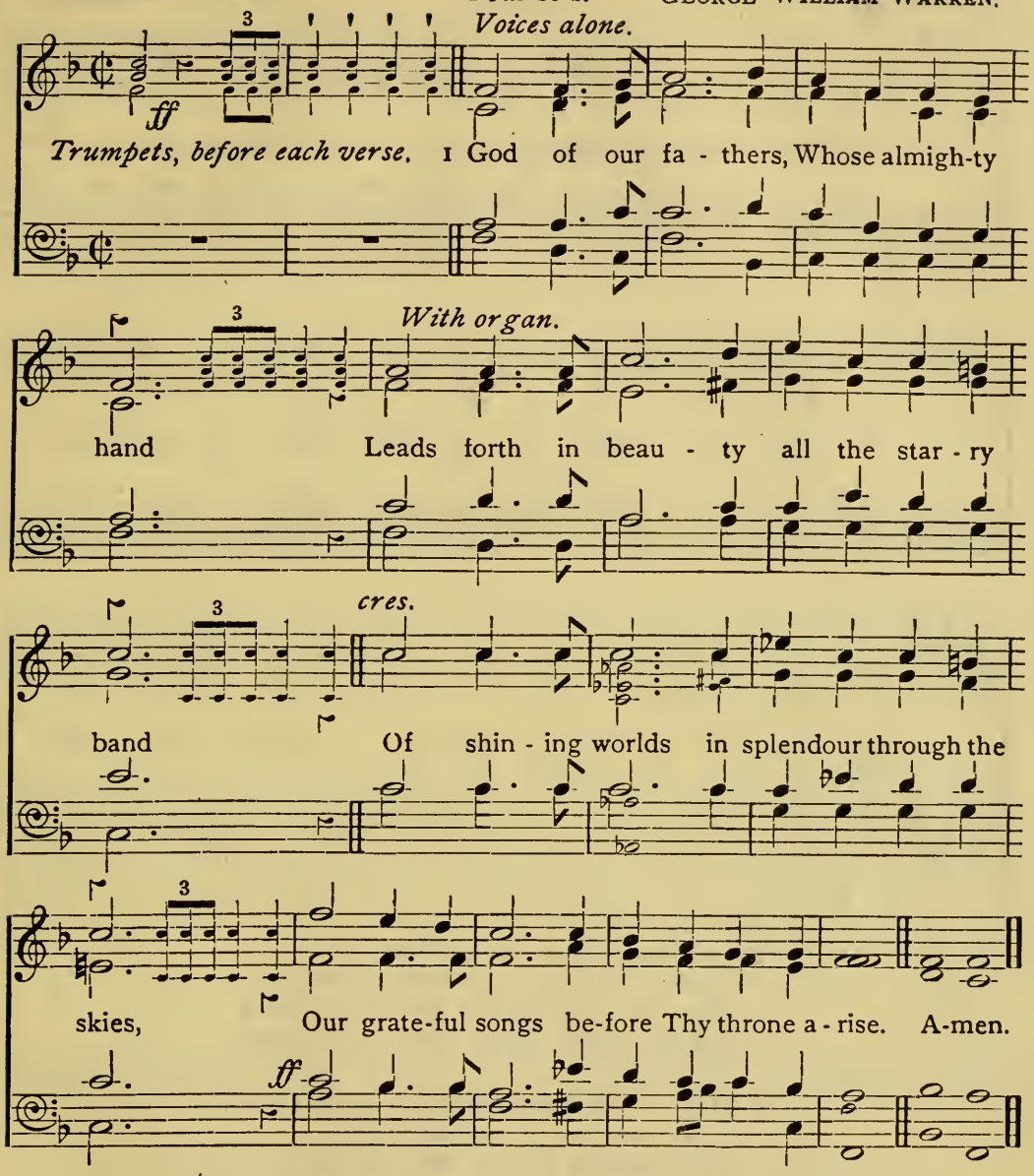
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

5 Columbia revered,
By our forefathers reared
With love and pride;
Mother of Truth and Right,
Forever may thy light
Guide us, thy sons, aright,
Where'er we bide. Amen.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

NATIONAL HYMN. FOUR 10's. GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.



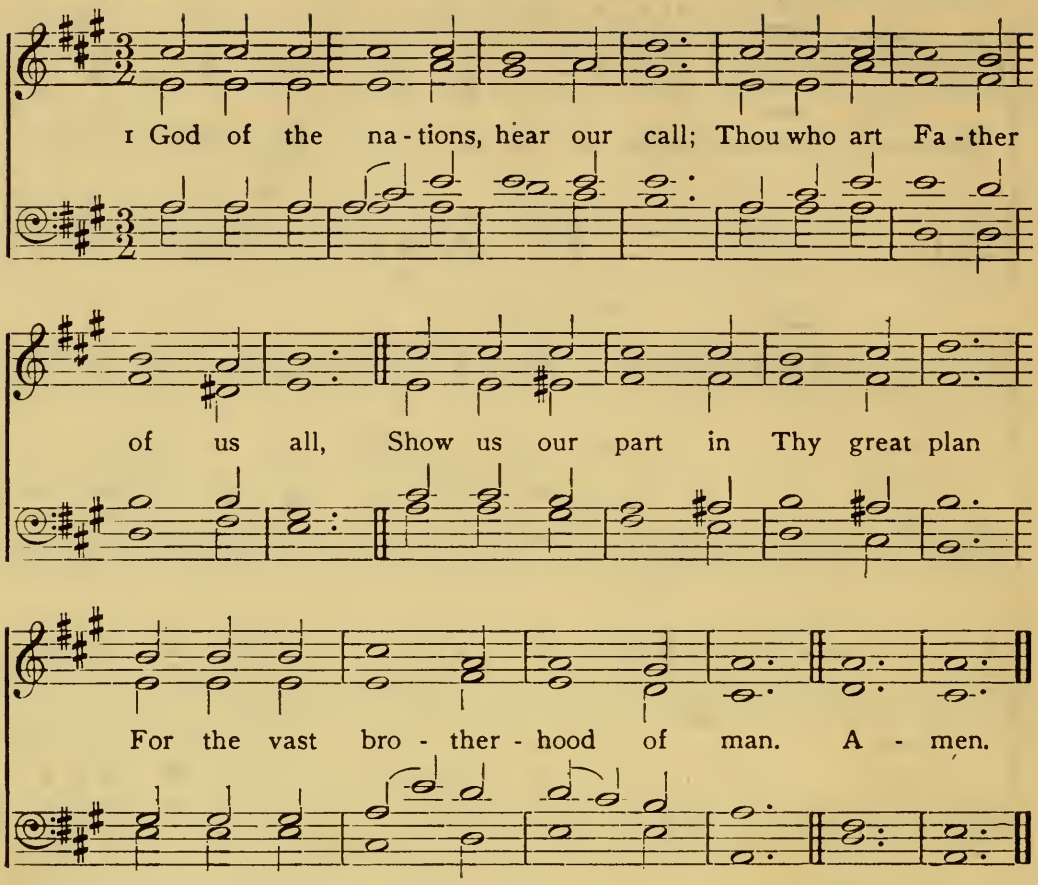

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine. Amen.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS.

PENTECOST L.M. W. BOYD.




2 In plastic form the nations lie
For molding unto us they cry;
May we their urgent summons heed
And gladly go to meet their need.

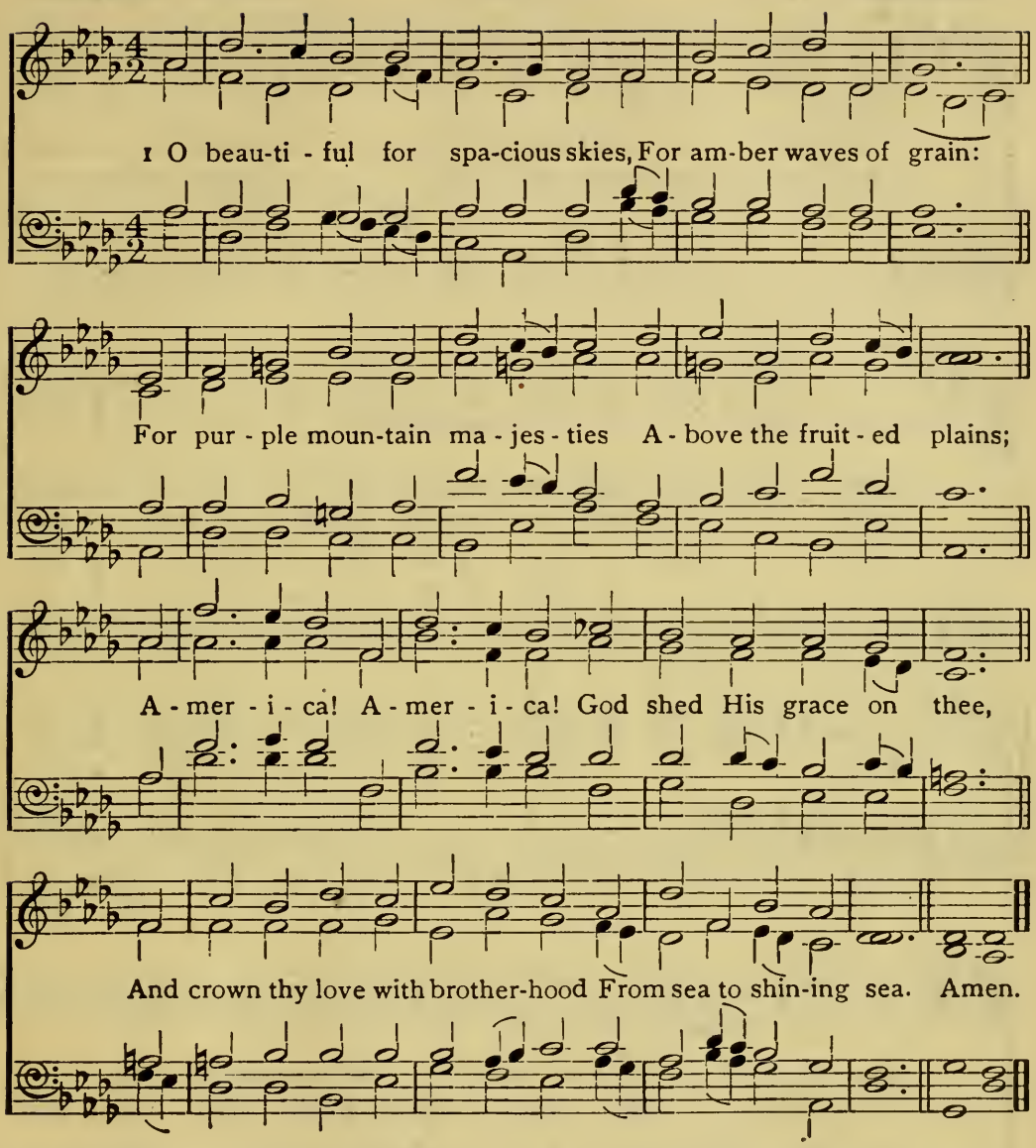
3 May we, a nation blessed with Light,
Be ever truer to the Right,
That nations in our life may see
The power which we derive from Thee.

4 Let us with earnestness of youth
Care only for pursuit of Truth.
O, may we feel Thy guidance still
And heed the impulse of Thy Will!

5 Thus, as Thy kingdom cometh here,
Shall it throughout the world draw near;
And loyalty to country then
Shall reach out to include all men. Amen.

VERA CAMPBELL.

PATRIA. WALTER HENRY HALL.



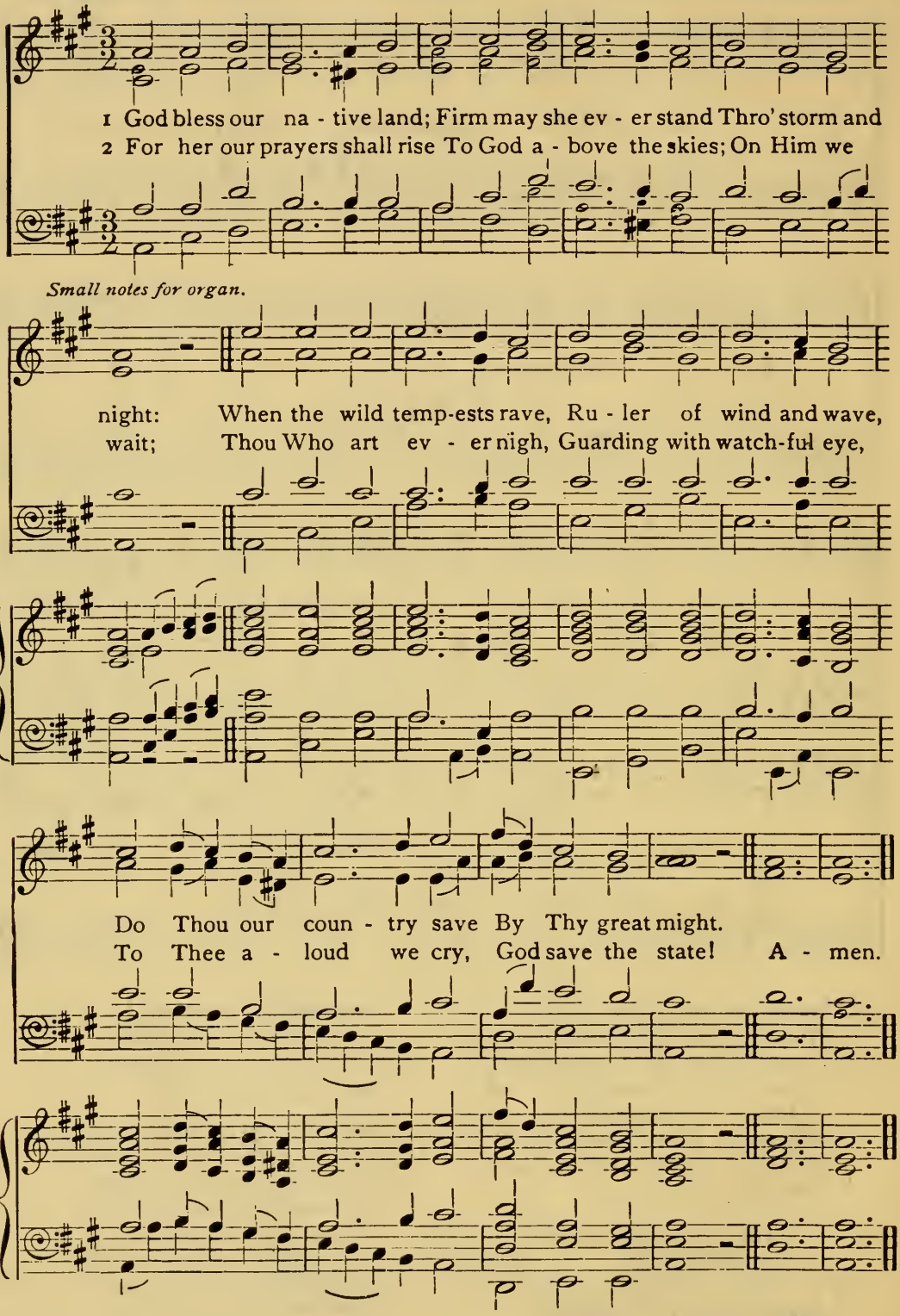

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife, [loved,
Who more than self their country
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all sucess be nobleness
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

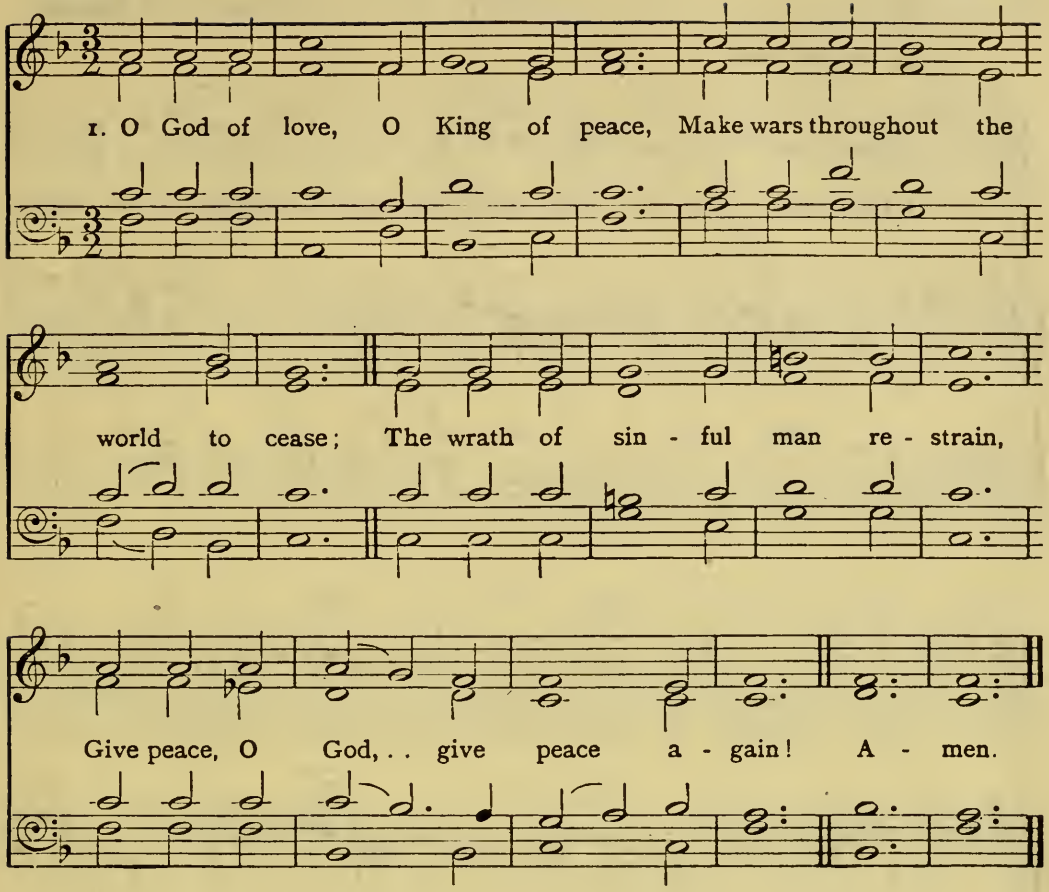
KATHARINE LEE BATES

AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. *Harmonia Anglicana.*




SIEGFRIED A. MAHLMANN.

HESPERUS. L.M. H. BAKER.




2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

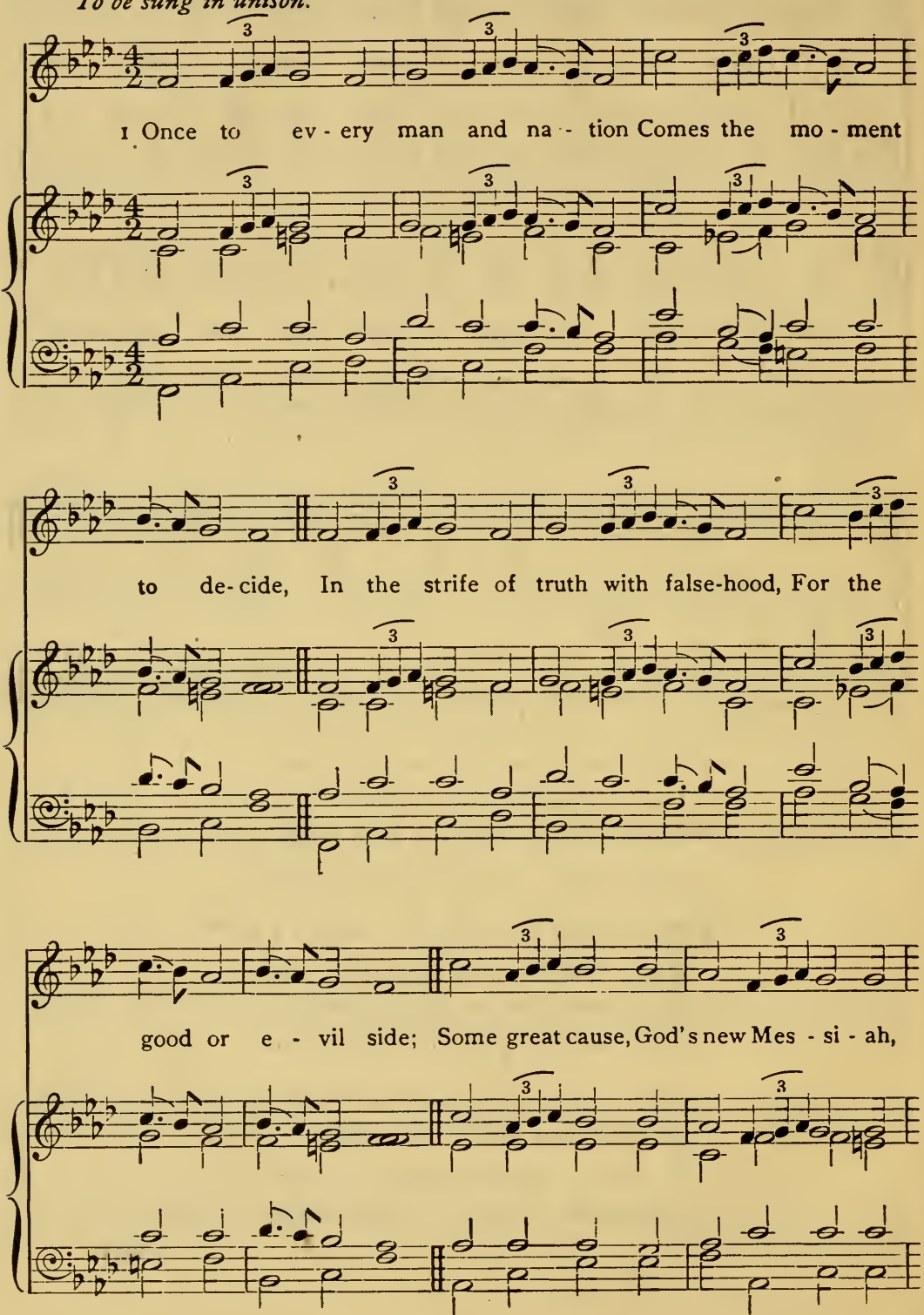
3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

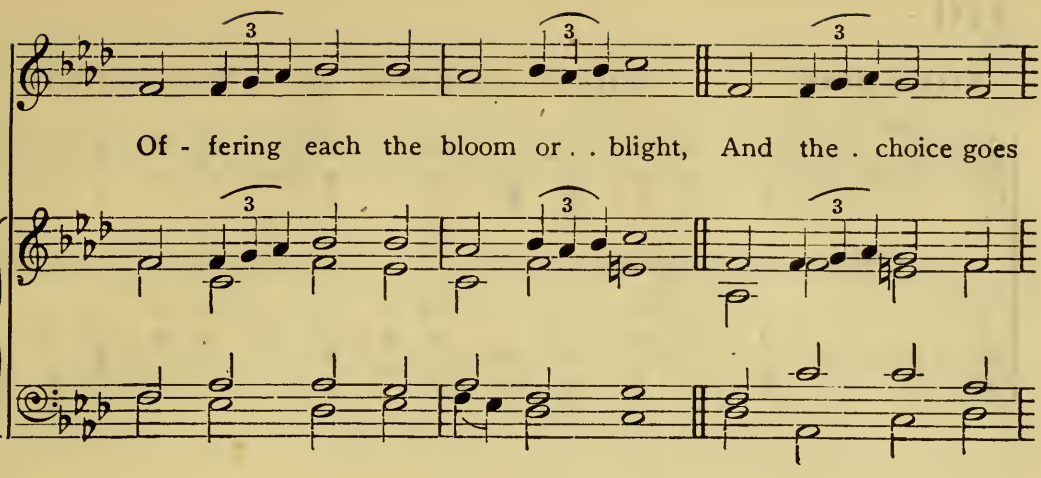
4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again! Amen.

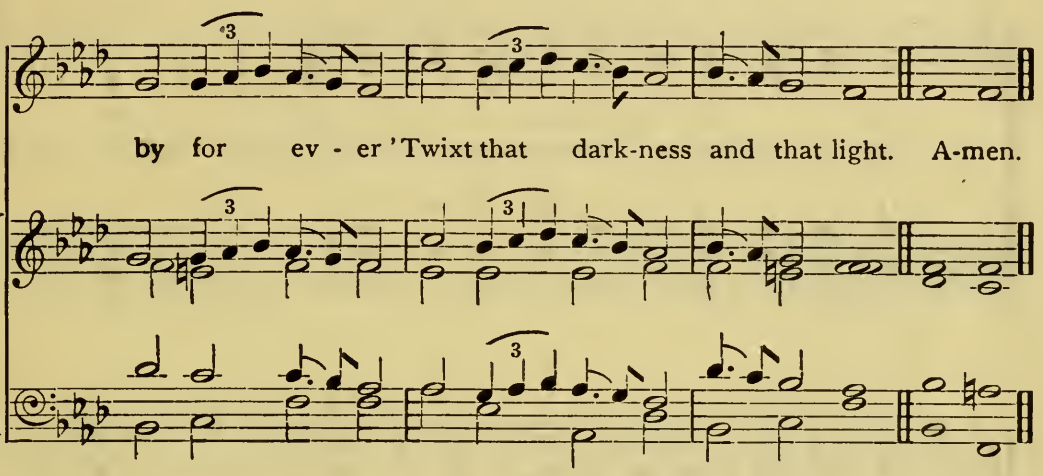
H. W. BAKER.

TON-Y-BOTEL. 8.7.8.7.D. Welsh Hymn Melody.

*To be sung in unison.*





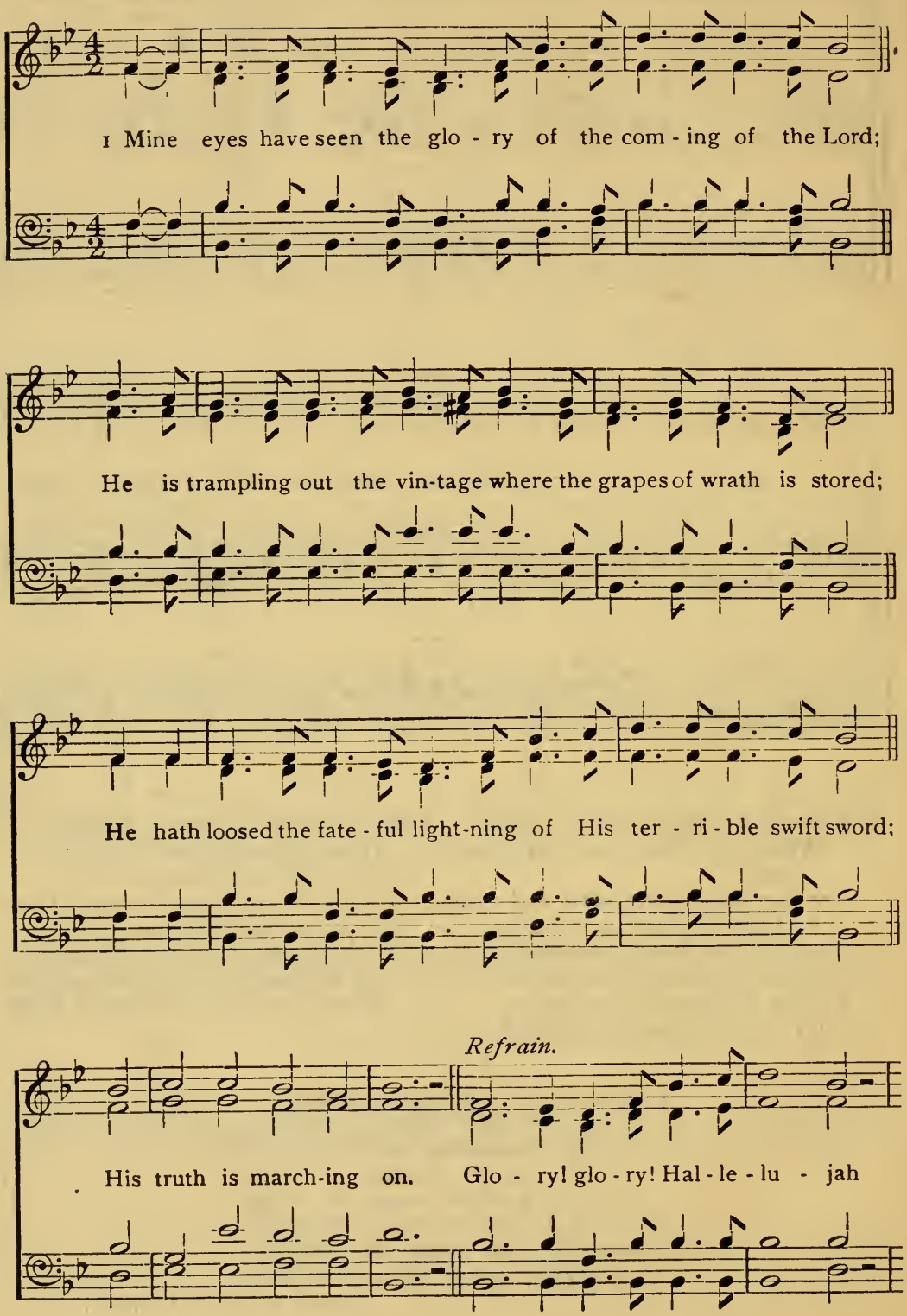

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 't is prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

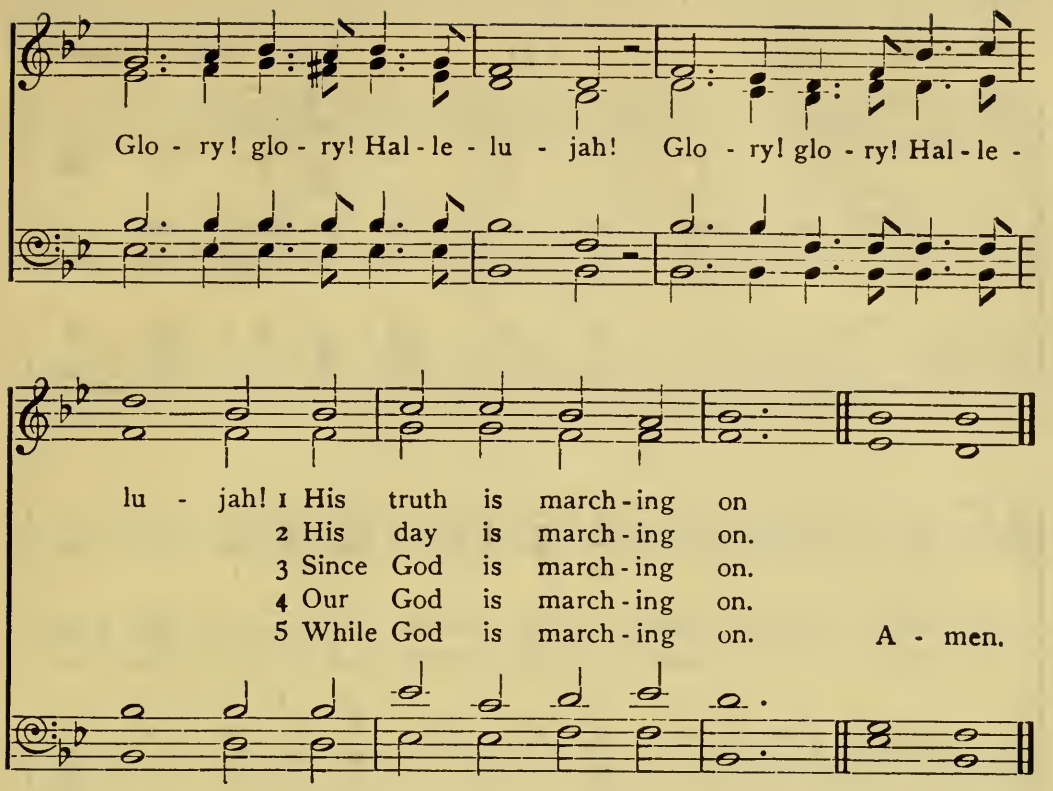
3 By the light of burning martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth:
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 't is truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BATTLE HYMN. 15.15.15.6. with Refrain. WILLIAM STEFFE.






2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

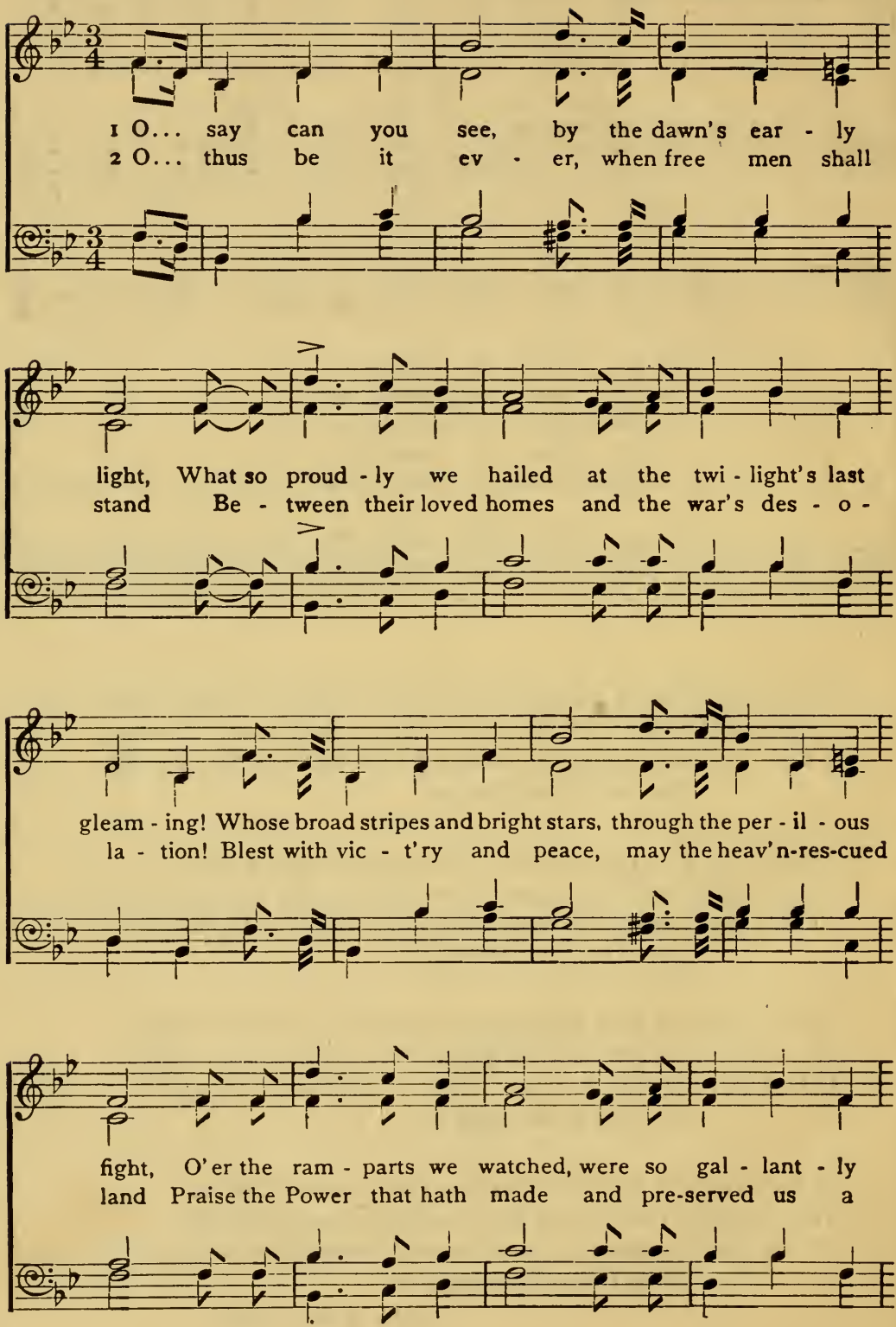
3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

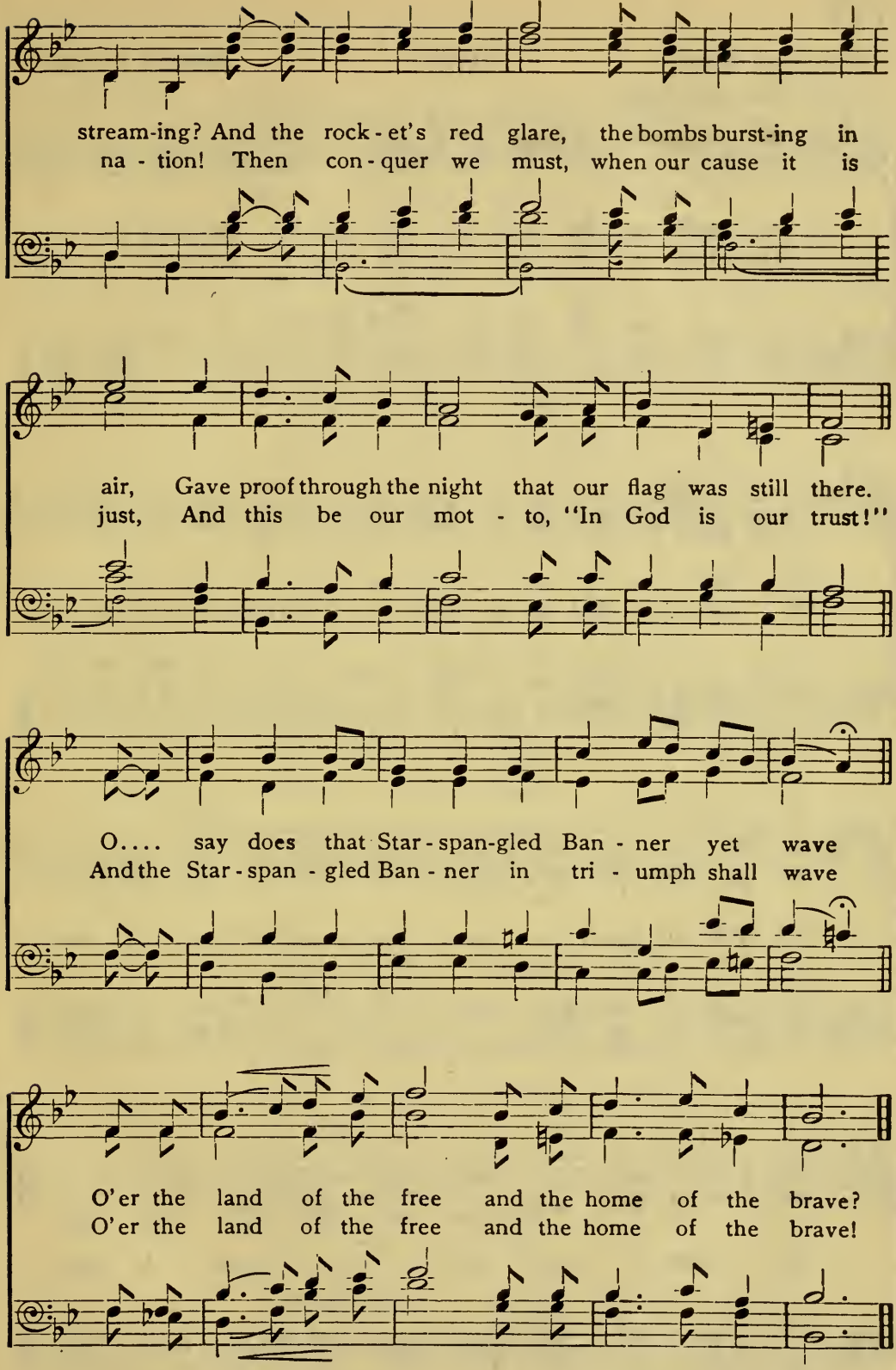
4 He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

NATIONAL ANTHEM. P.M. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

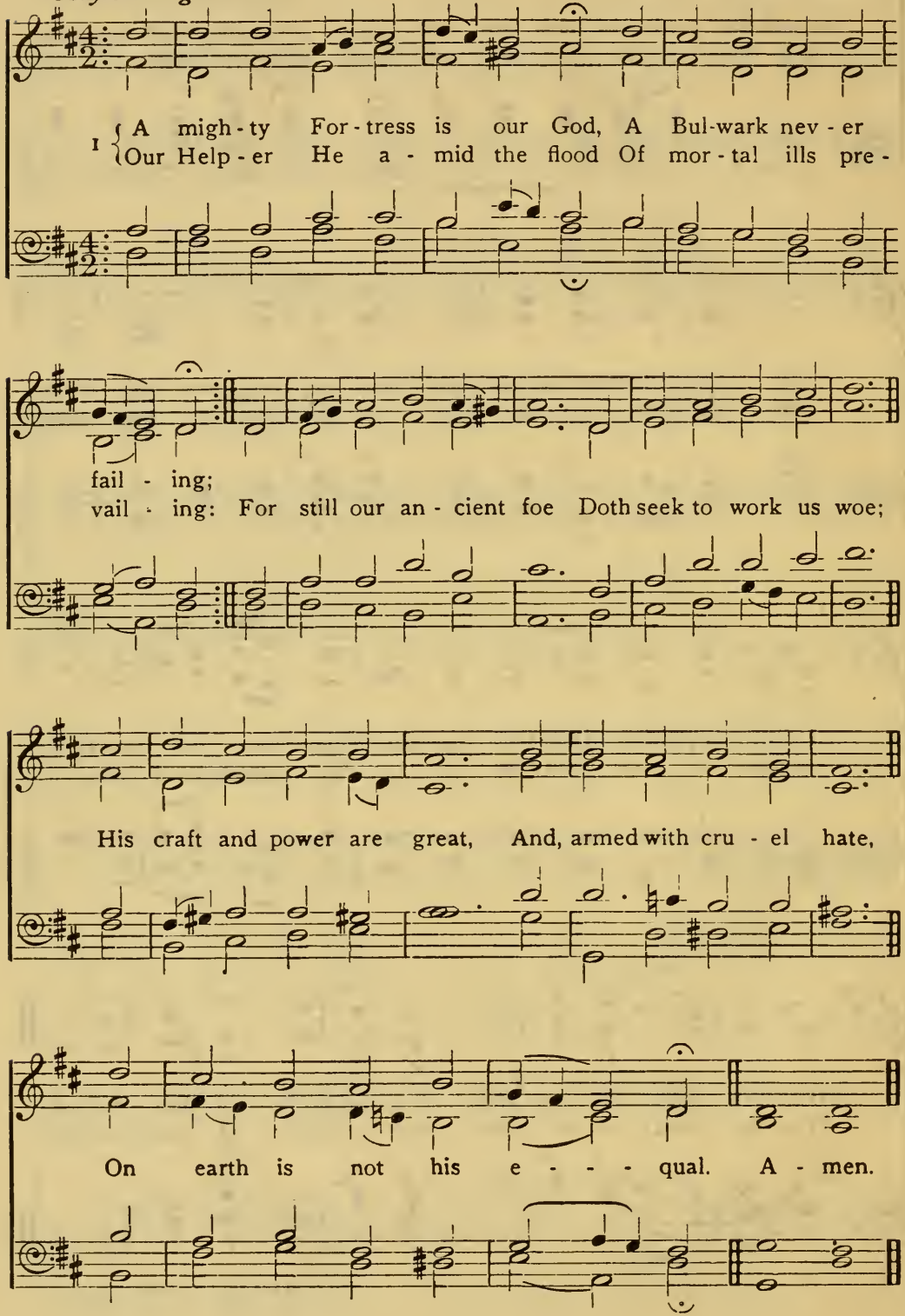





FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

EIN FESTE BURG. P.M. MARTIN LUTHER.

*May be sung in unison.*



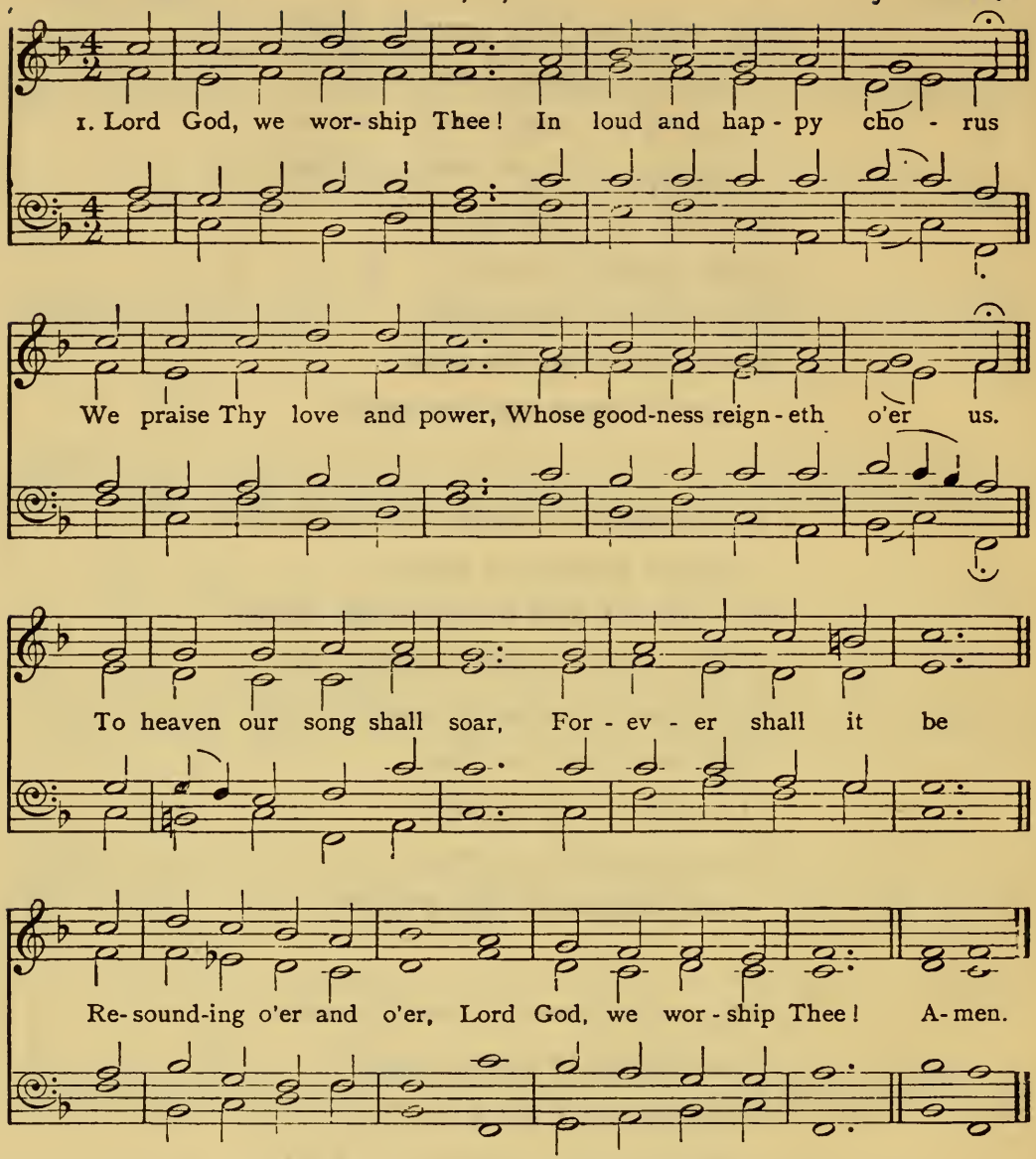
2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name;
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever. Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529: *Tr.* FREDERICK H. HEDGE.

NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6. J. CRÜGER.

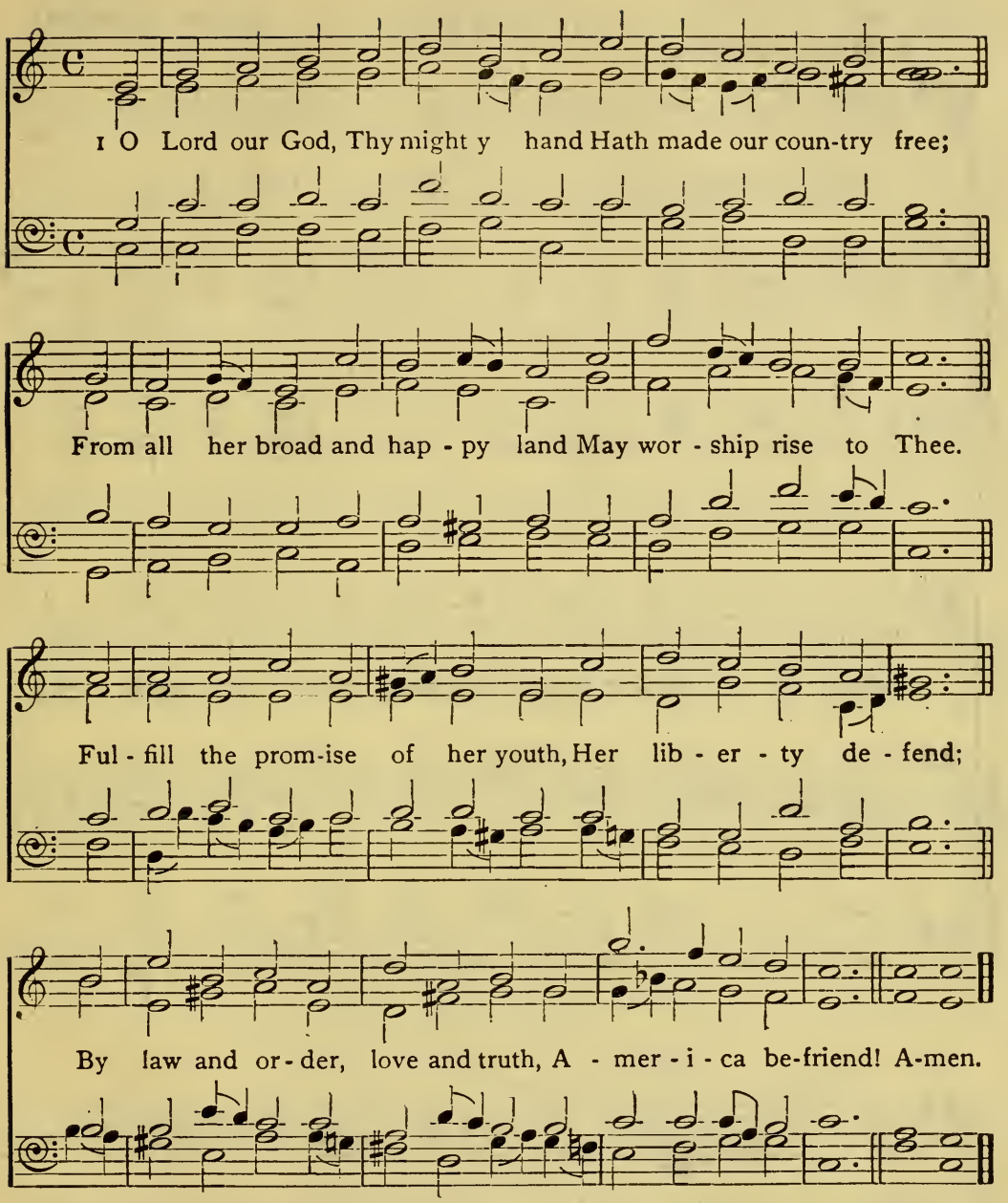



2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!
Amen.

*Tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

LIBERTY. 8.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. WALTER HENRY HALL.




2 The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

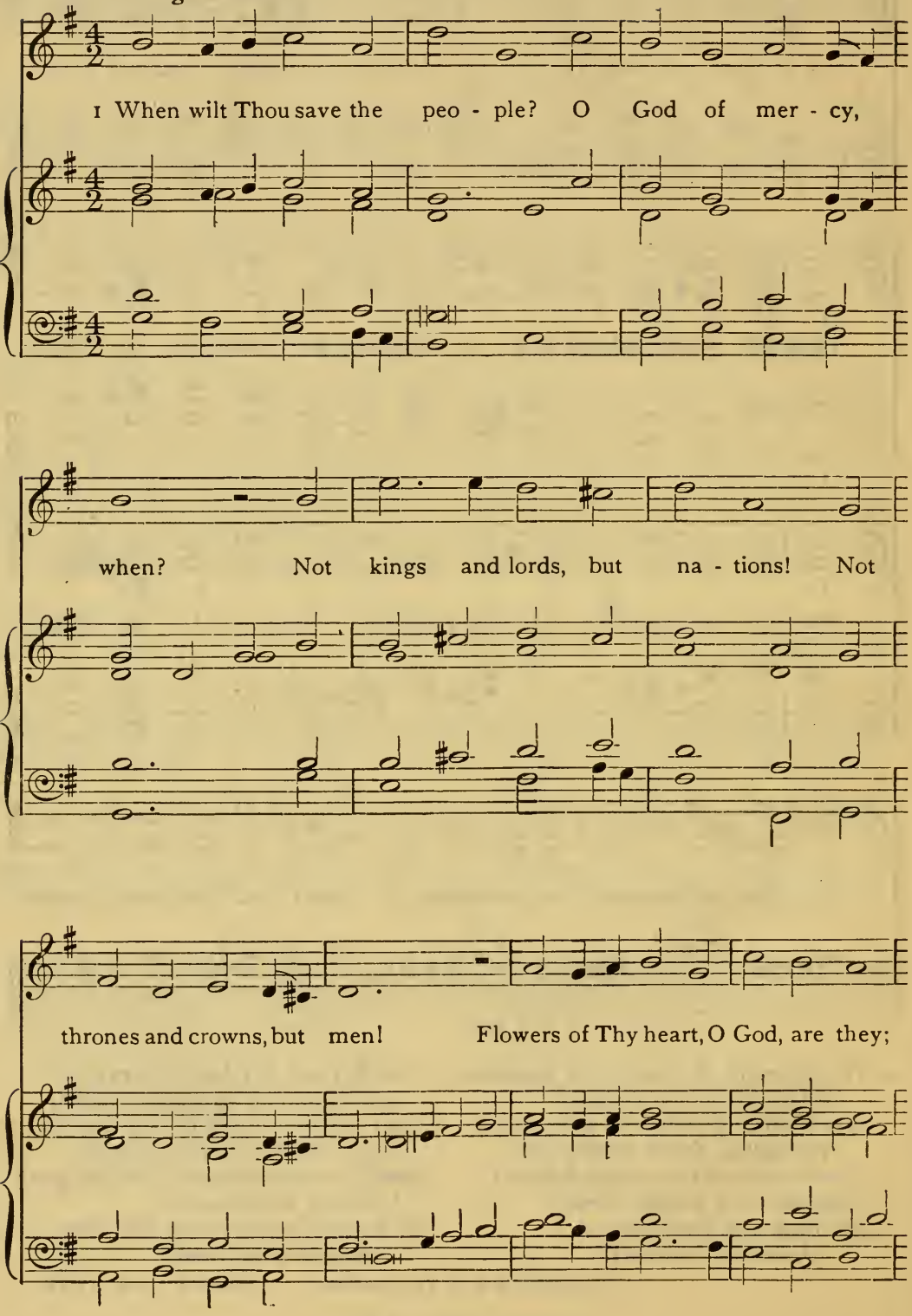
3 O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America befriend!

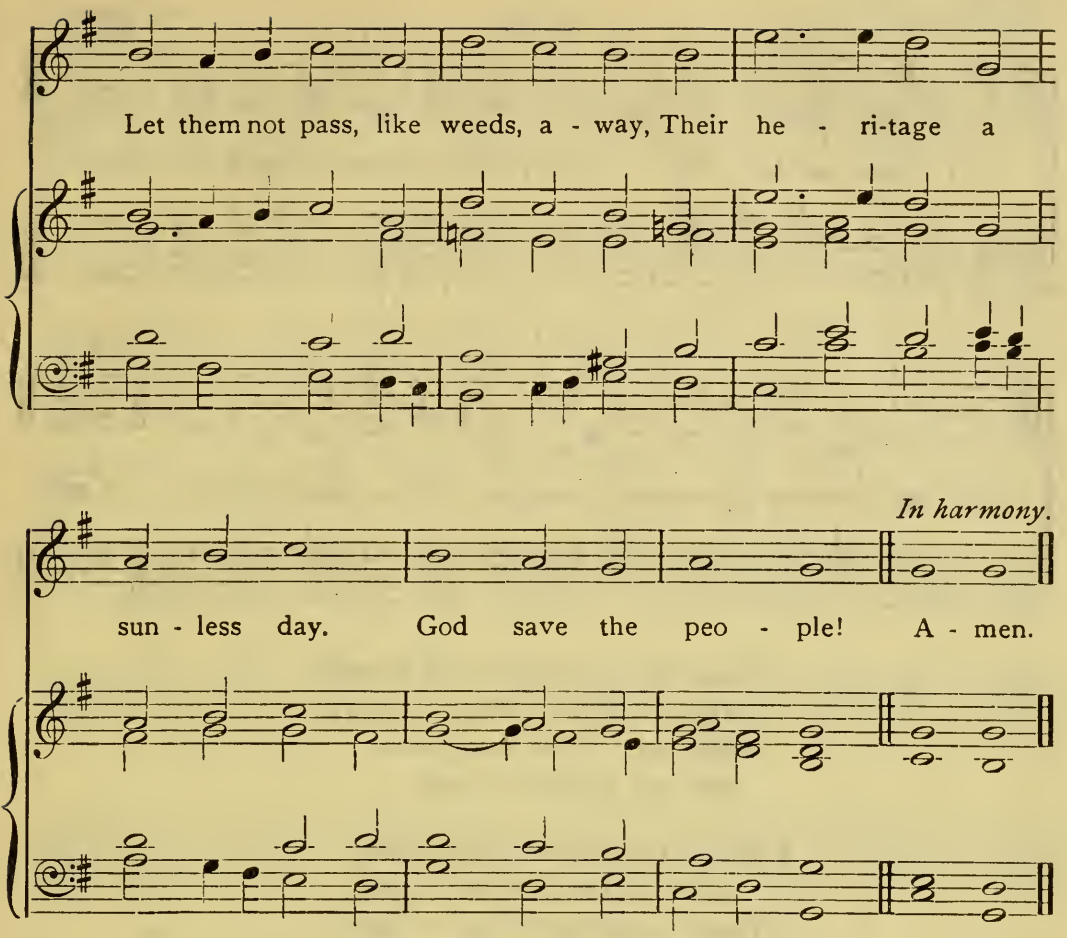
*Copyright, 1912, by The Continent.* HENRY VAN DYKE.

May be sung in B flat.

KENDAL. 7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5. ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

*To be sung in unison.*



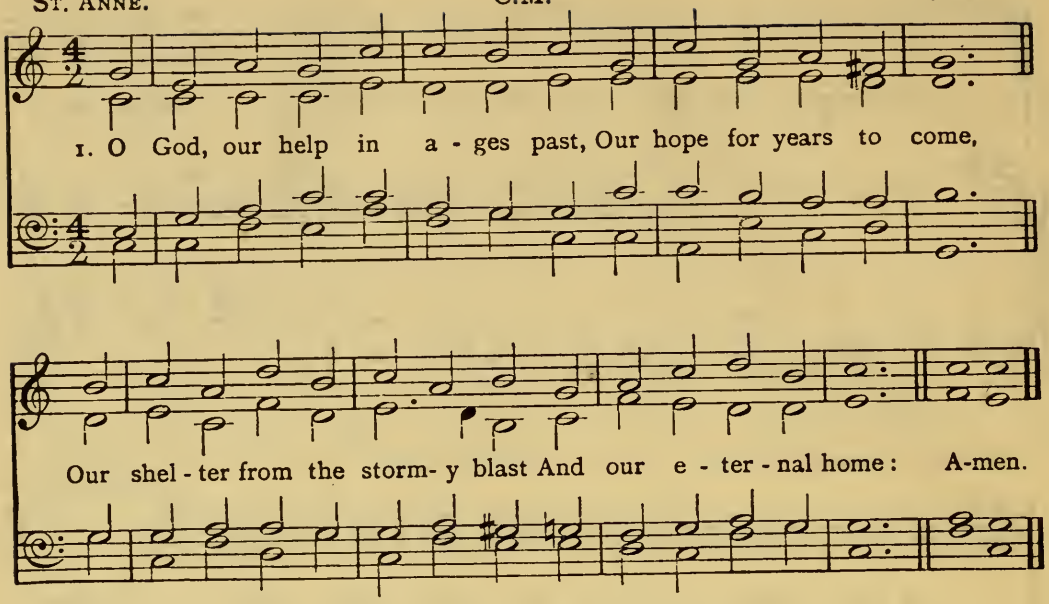



2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs;
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people! Amen.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

ST. ANNE. C.M. W. CROFT.




2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

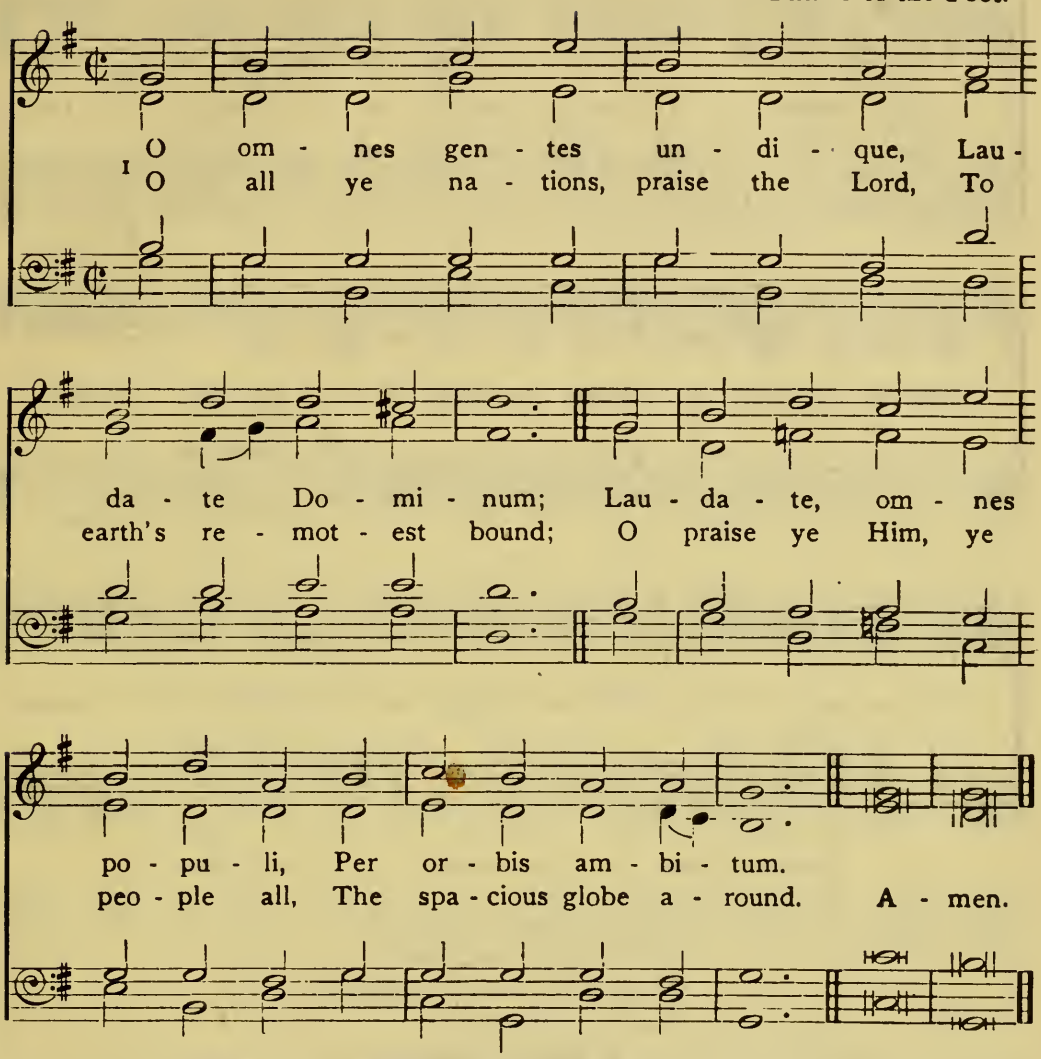
4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

I. WATTS.

YORK. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.* Harmonies JOHN MILTON, Father of the Poet.




(*Latin version sung at the service on the first day of the term at the University of Oxford.*)

2 Nam ingens est hominibus
Illius bonitas;
Et per æterna sæcula
Illius veritas.

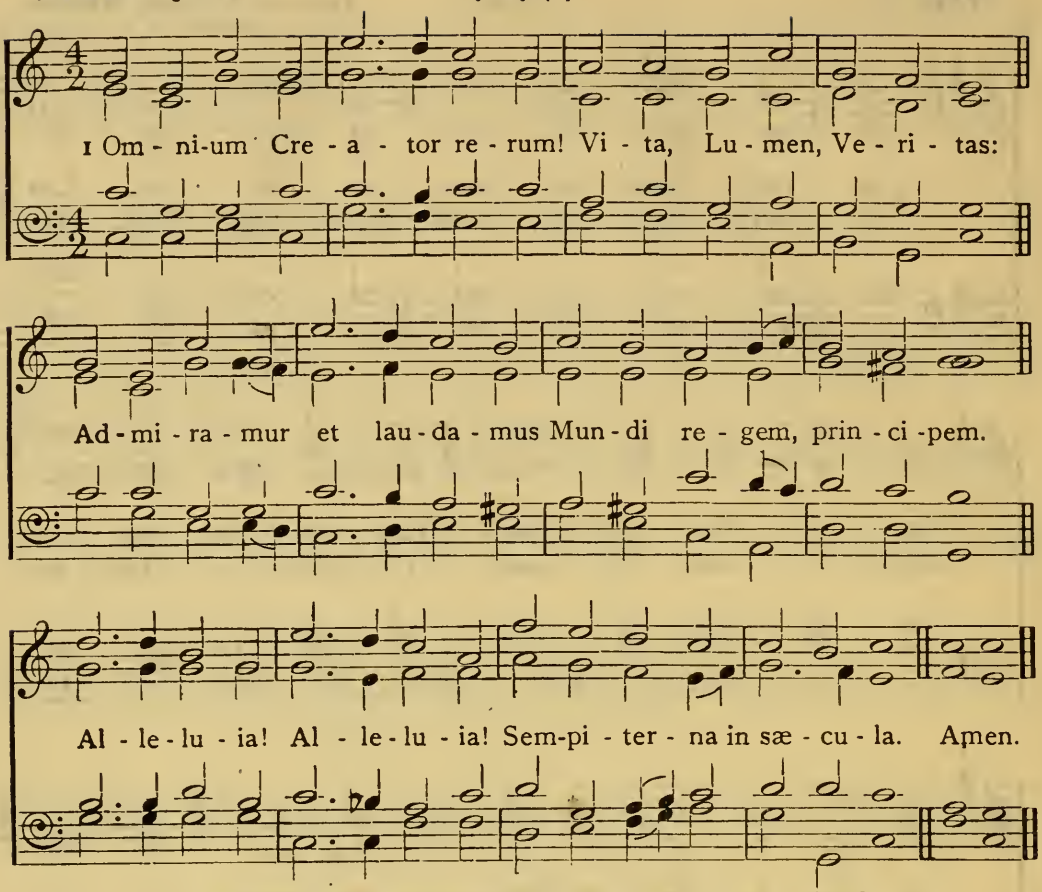
3 Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Honor et gloria,
Sancto simul Paraclito
Dum current sæcula.

2 For aye his goodness unto men
Doth more and more increase;
Nor e'er His truth, that changeth not,
From age to age shall cease.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. H. SMART.




*Dedication Hymn. Sung at the dedication of St. Paul's Chapel.*

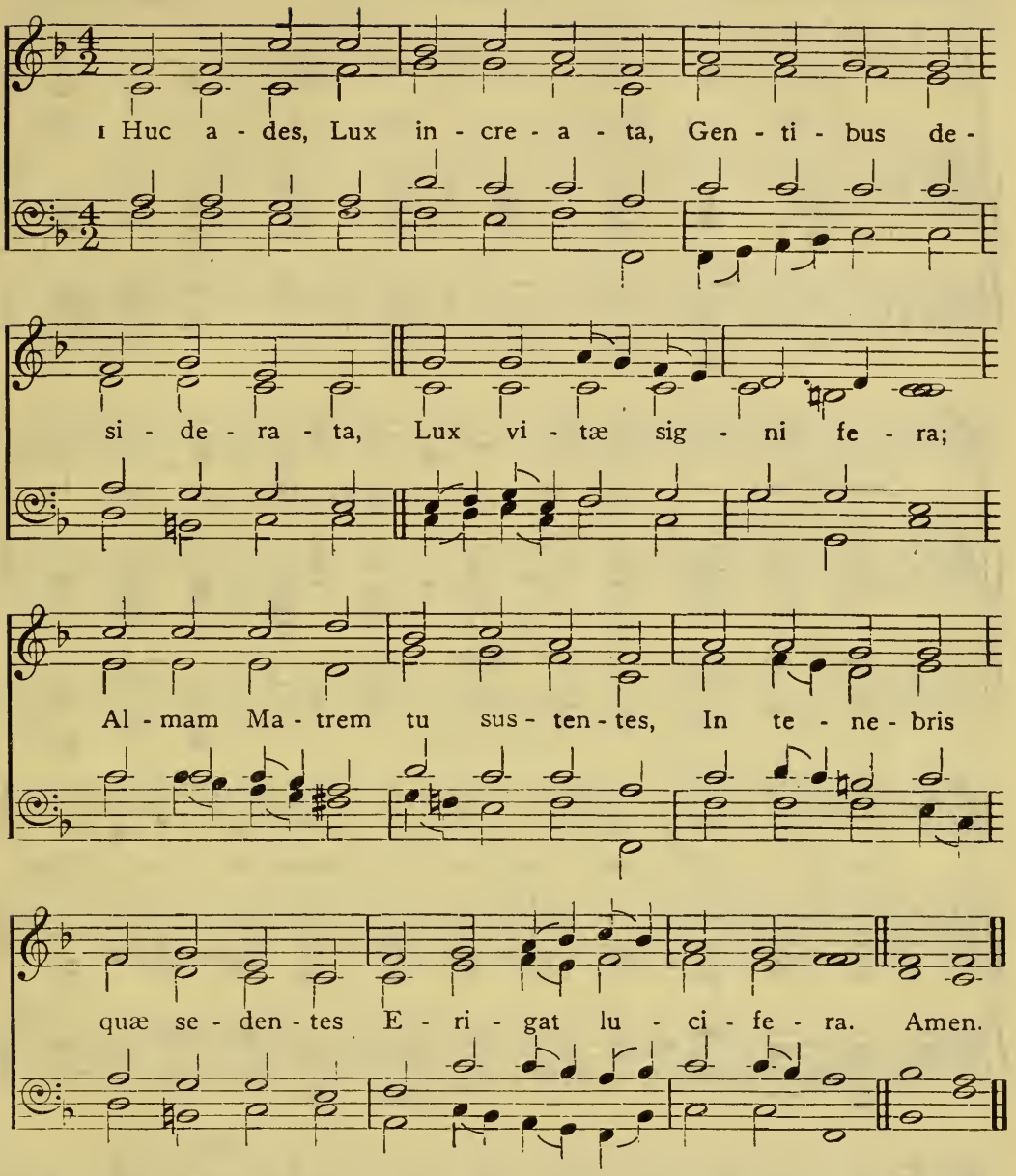
2 Iesu Christe, auctor vitæ,
Tu Salvator omnium,
Nomen est tuum exaltatum
Iure supra sidera.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sempiterna in sæcula.

3 Fulget a te veri lumen,
Lumen et videbimus,
Inde vero vitæ nostræ
Effulgebunt splendide.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sempiterna in sæcula.

4 Templum nostrum clarum, dictum
Sancti Pauli nomine,
Dedicamus et precamur
Aedes haec sacrata sit.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sempiterna in sæcula. Amen.

JAMES CHIDESTER EGBERT.

Old French.



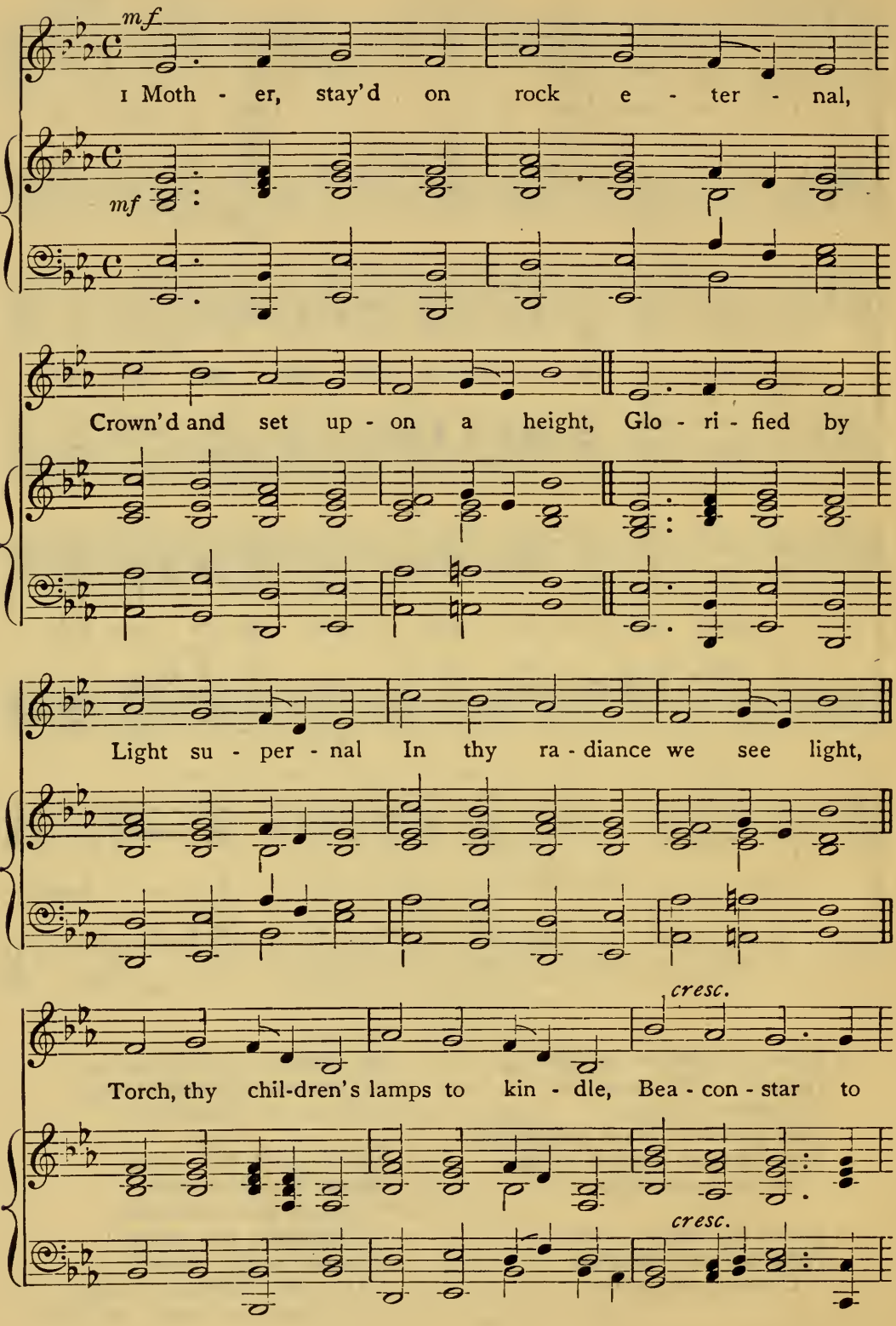

2 Haec tuo subter vexillo
Impleat vultu tranquillo
Munera scientiae;
Pax florescat, fraus marcescat,
Hac docente semper crescat
Robur innocentiae.

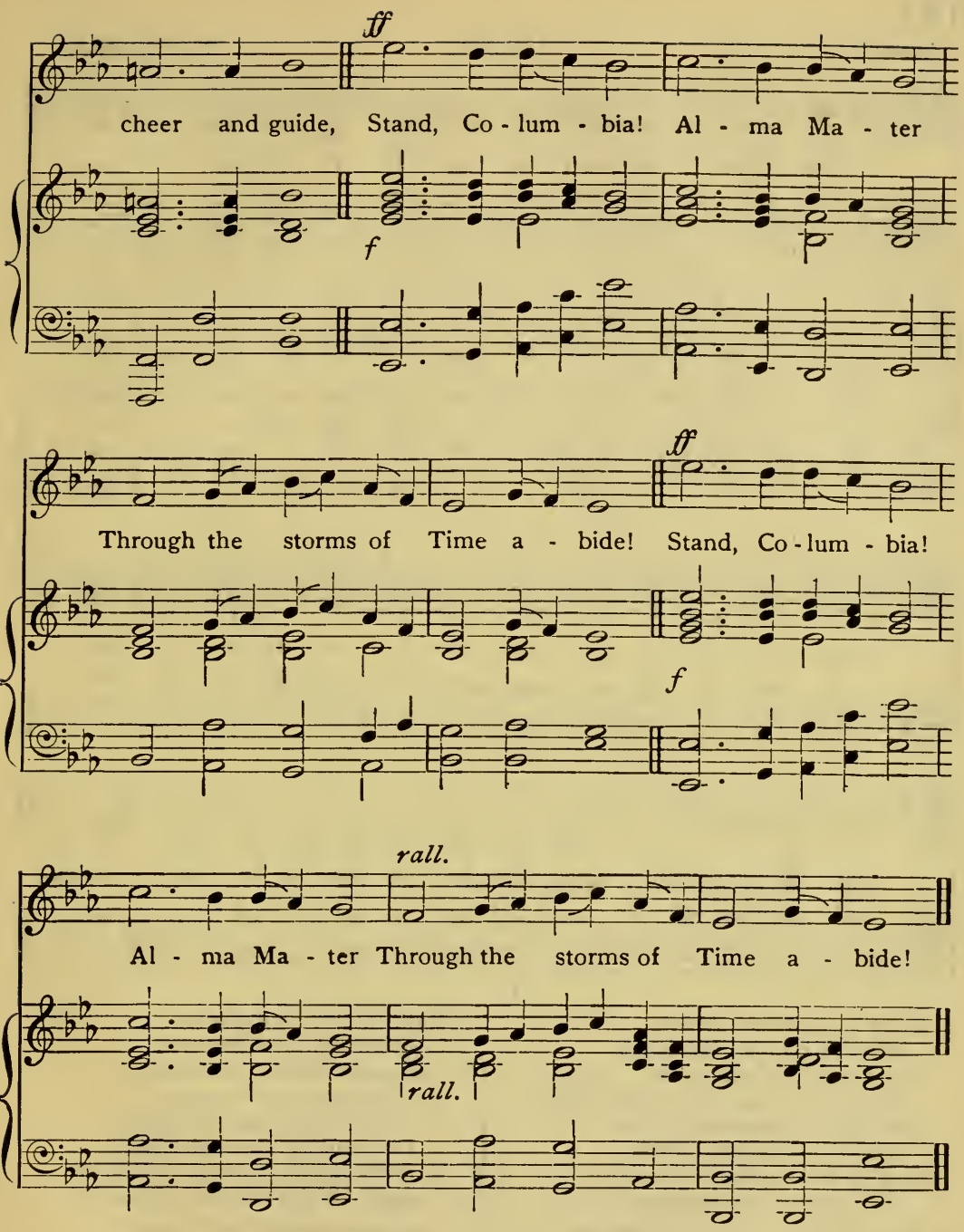
3 Huius nos amore vincti,
Ampliore spe instincti,
Consulamus patriae;
Ius tuentem confirmemus,
Fas verentem consecremus
Carae vi Columbiae.

4 Sic vigescet veri testis
Civitas Dei terrestris
Sancto plena numine;
Sic laborum nos securos
Lumen diriges visuros
In tuopte lumine. Amen.

NELSON GLENN McCREA.

STAND, COLUMBIA. 8.7.8.7.D. JOSEF HAYDN.



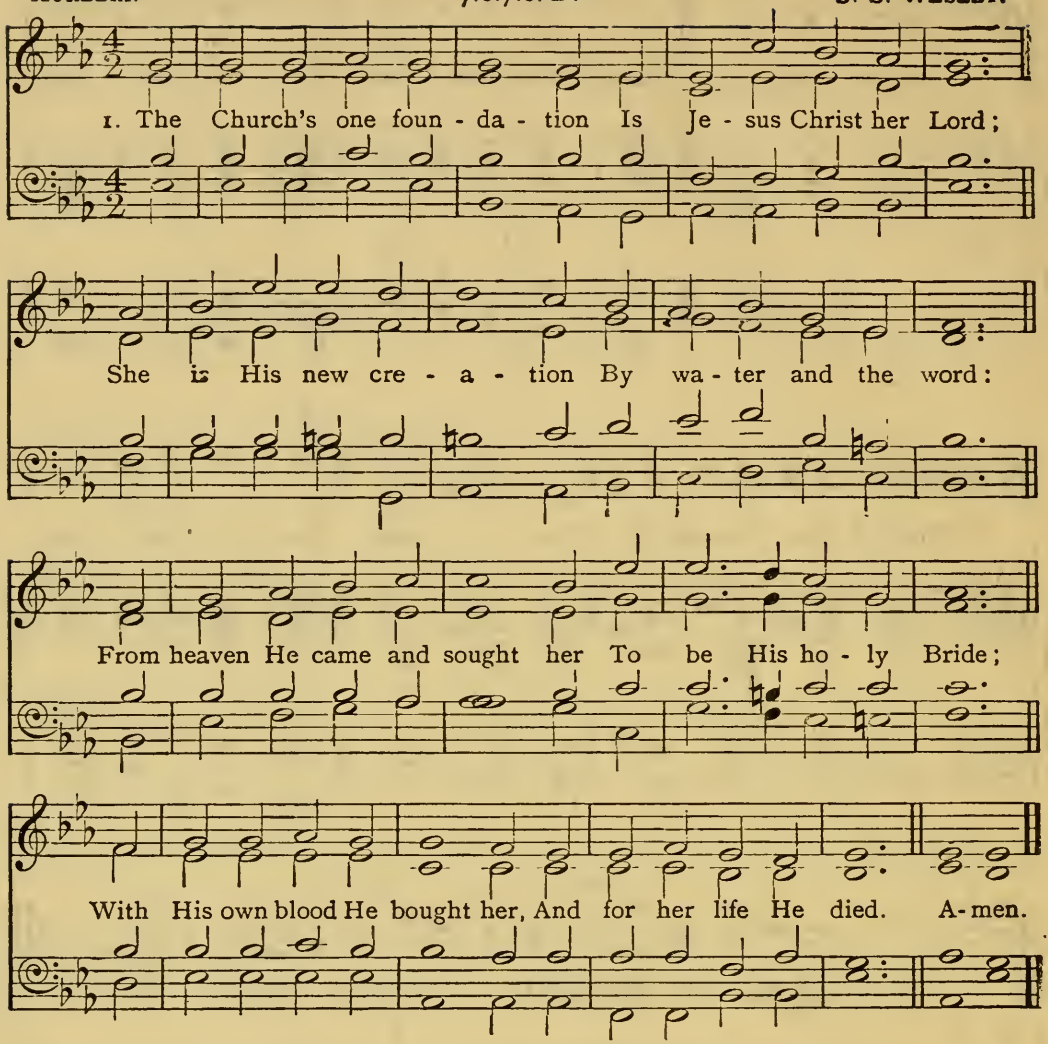



2 Mighty patriots, warriors, sages,
Thou hast borne a shining band,
Teach thy sons in future ages,
Still to love their native land.
Thron'd upon the hill where heroes
Fought for liberty, and died,
Stand, Columbia! etc.

3 Honor, love, and veneration
Crown forevermore thy brow!
Many a grateful generation
Hail thee as we hail thee now!
Till the lordly Hudson seaward
Cease to roll his heaving tide,
Stand, Columbia! etc.

GILBERT OAKLEY WARD.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.




2 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.

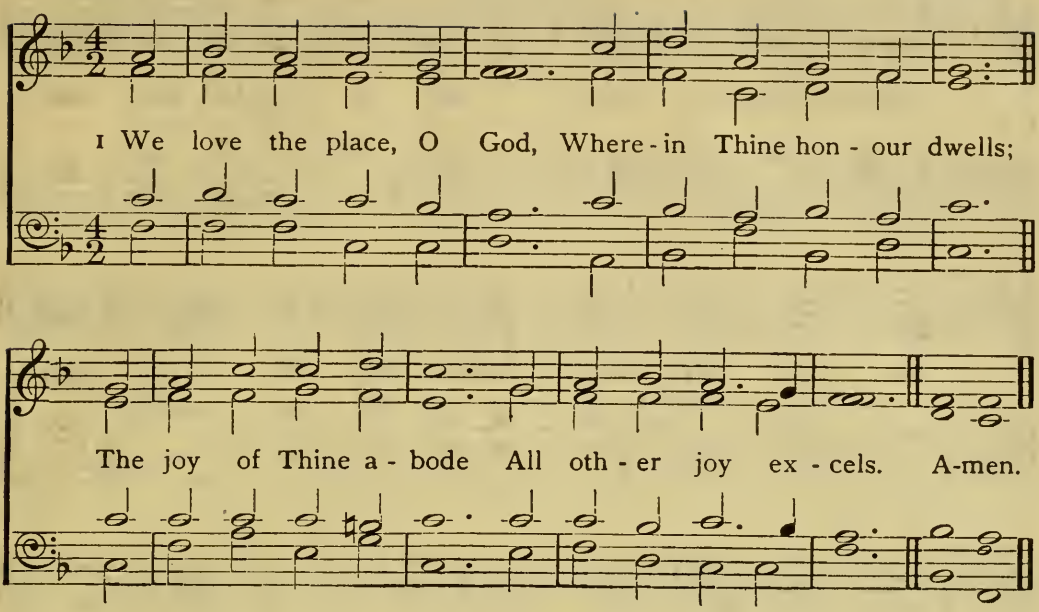
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee,
Amen

S. J. STONE.

QUAM DILECTA. Four 6's. HENRY L. JENNER.




2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

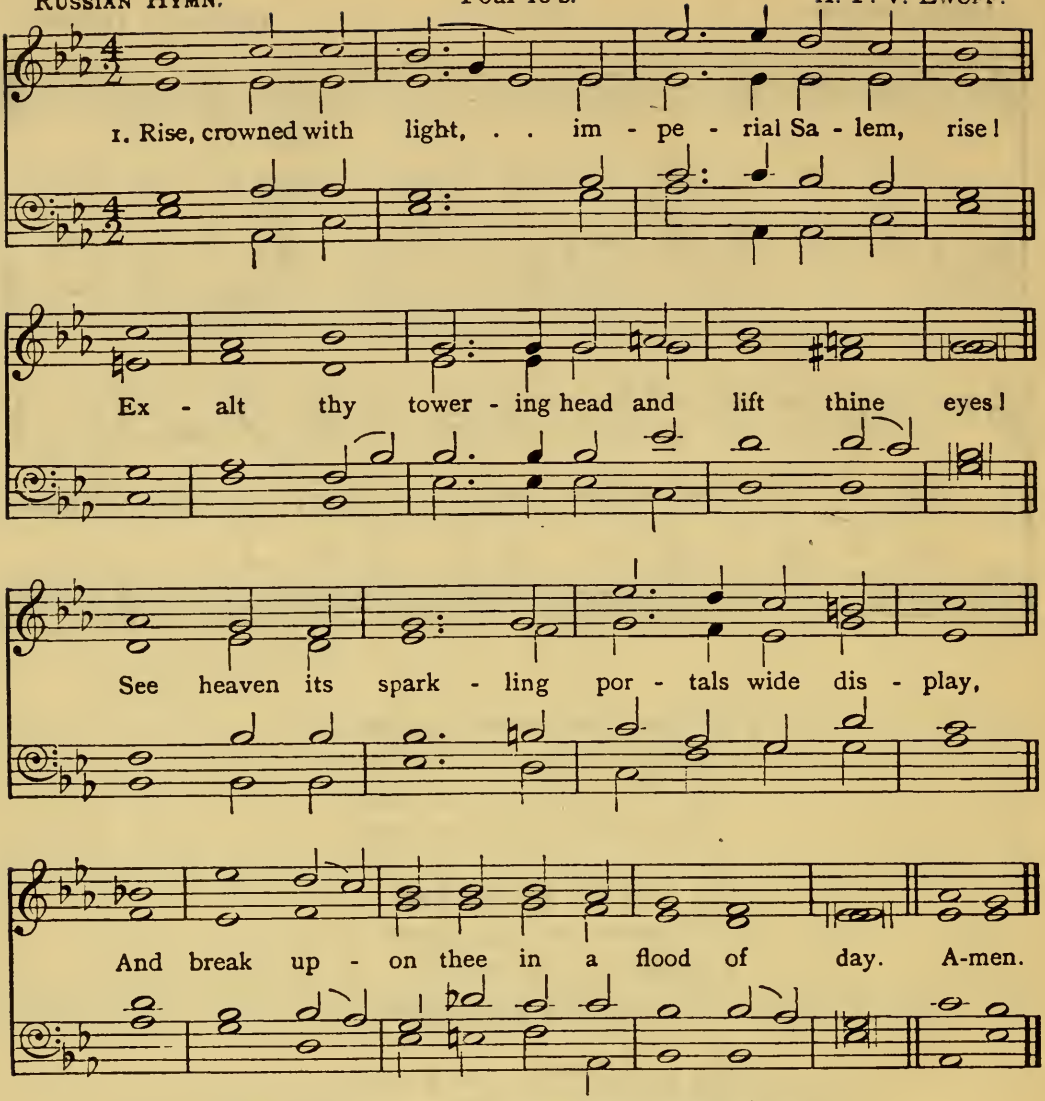
4 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

5 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph song of heaven! Amen.

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

RUSSIAN HYMN. Four 10's. A. F. v. LWOFF.



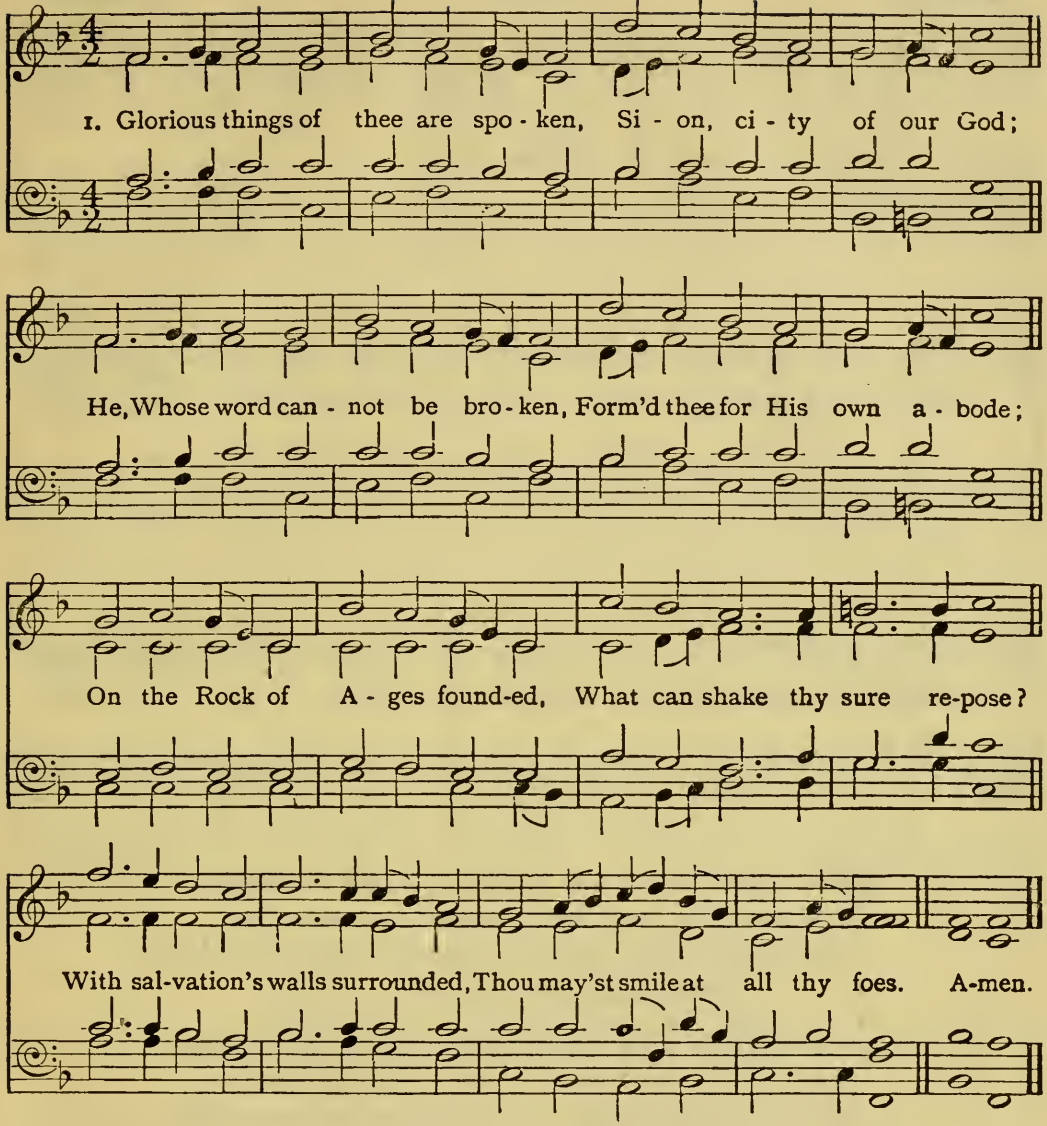

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

A. POPE.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN.



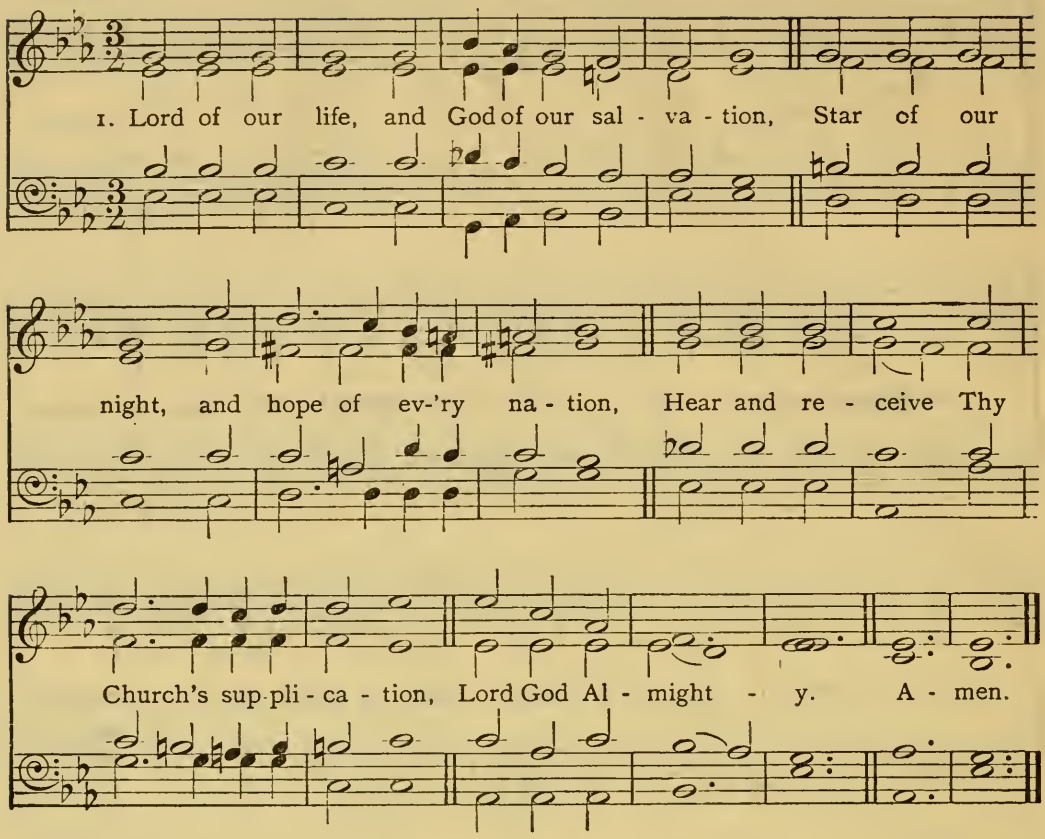

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.
Amen.

J. NEWTON.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. J. BARNBY.




2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

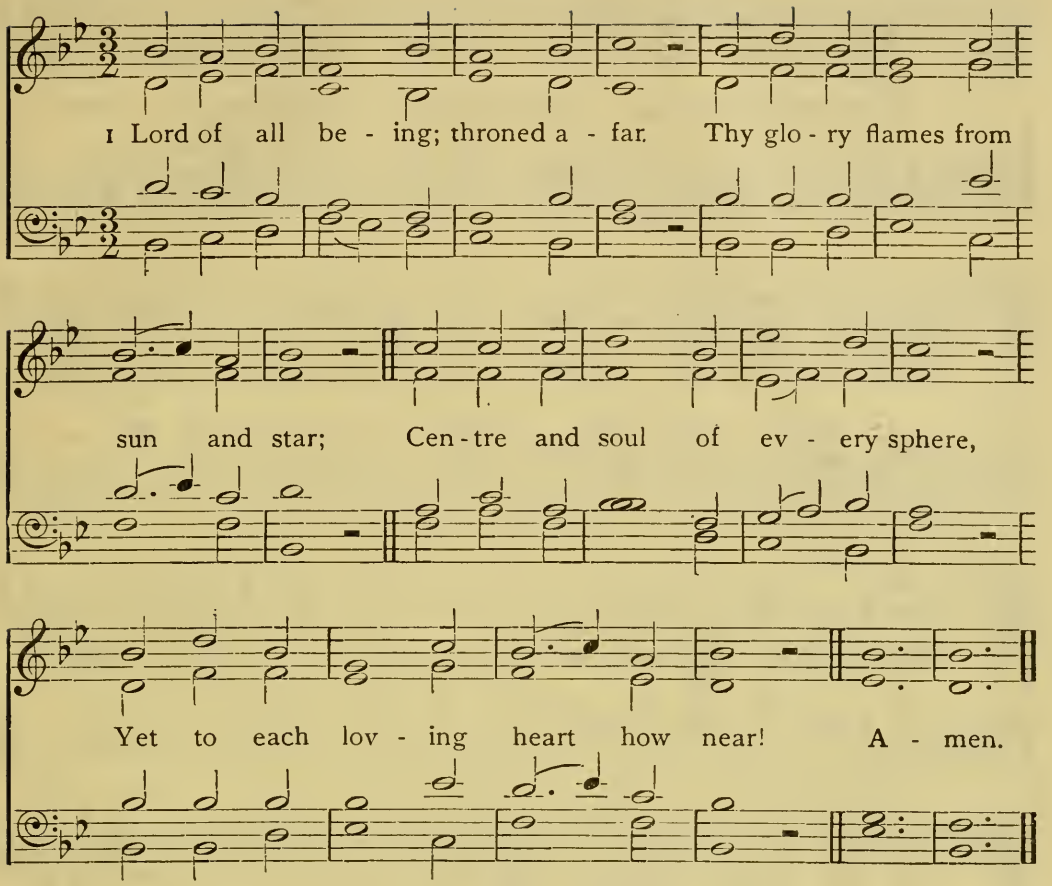
3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 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!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

P. PUSEY.

MENDON. L.M. German.




2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

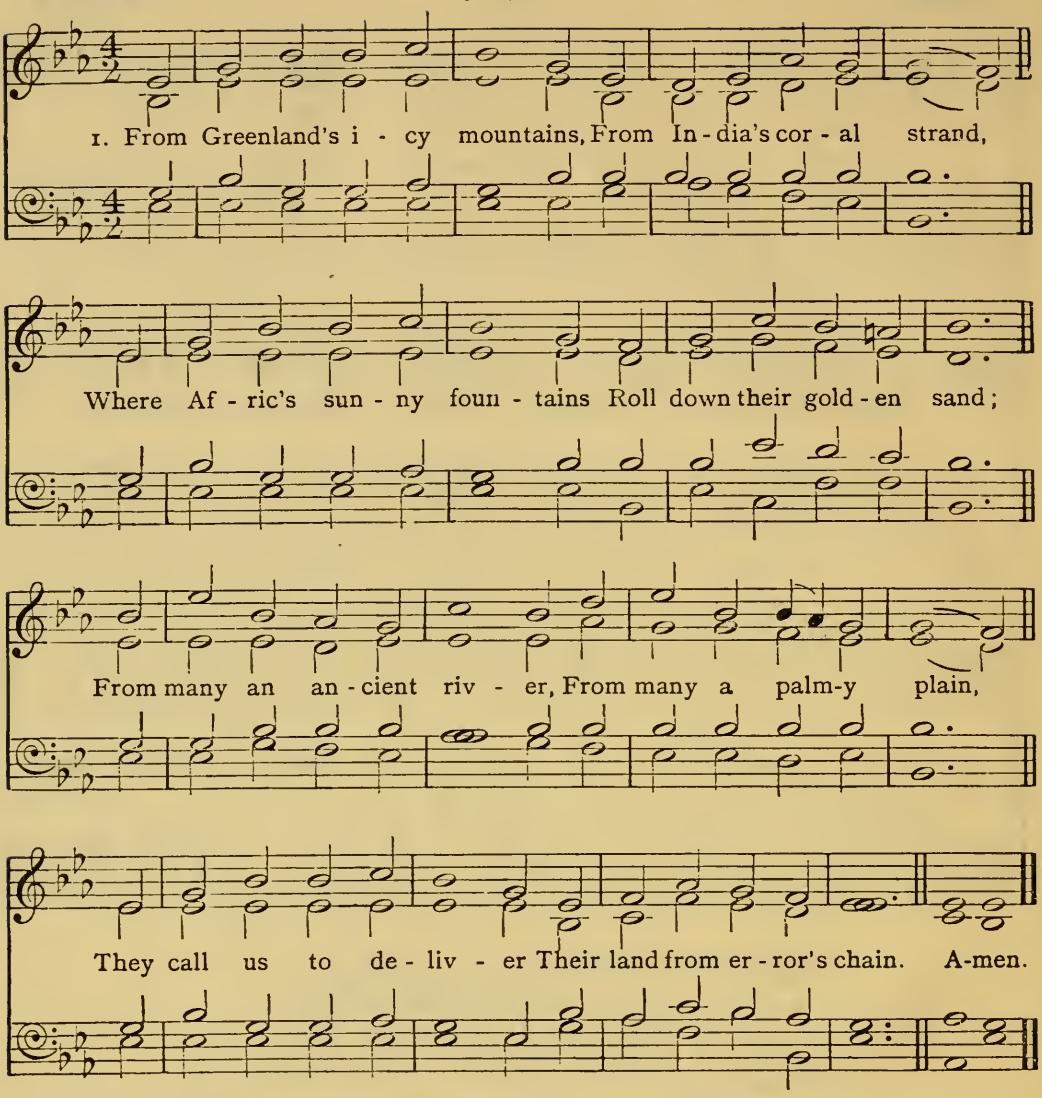
3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim.
One holy light, one heavenly flame. Amen.

DR. O. W. HOLMES.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6.7.6 D L. MASON



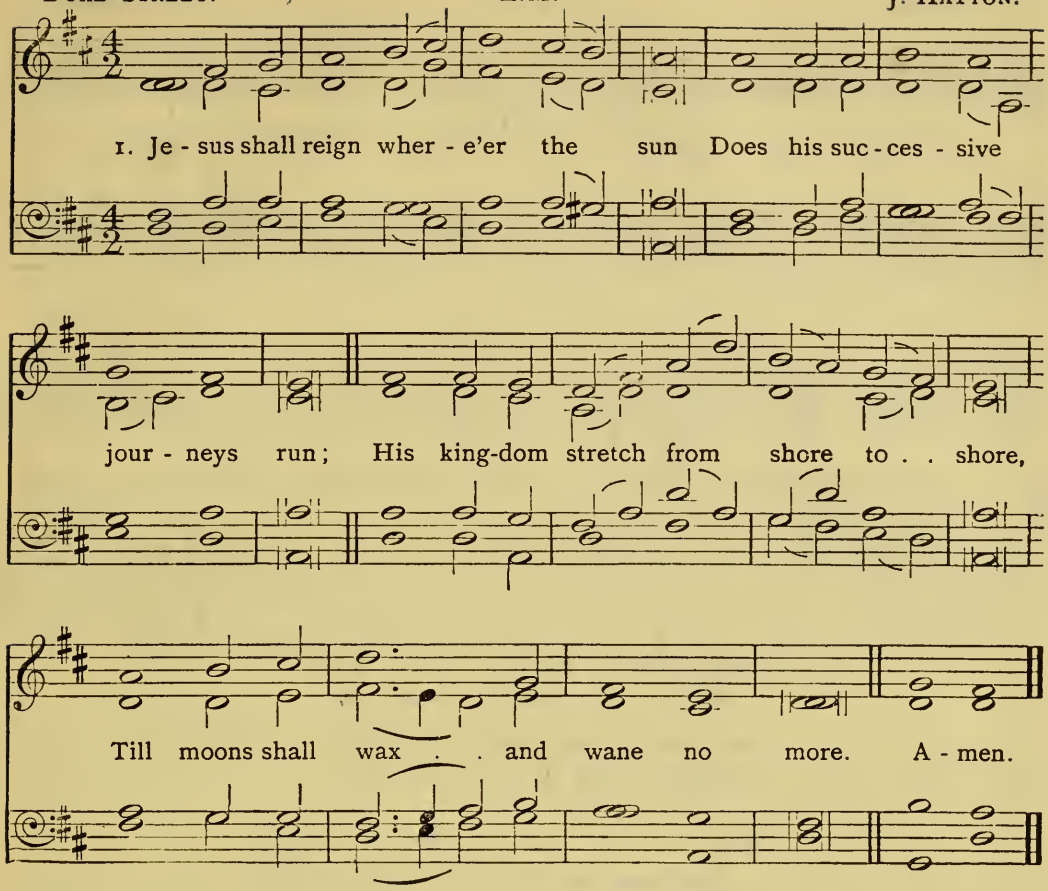

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

R. HEBER.

DUKE STREET. L.M. J. HATTON.




2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

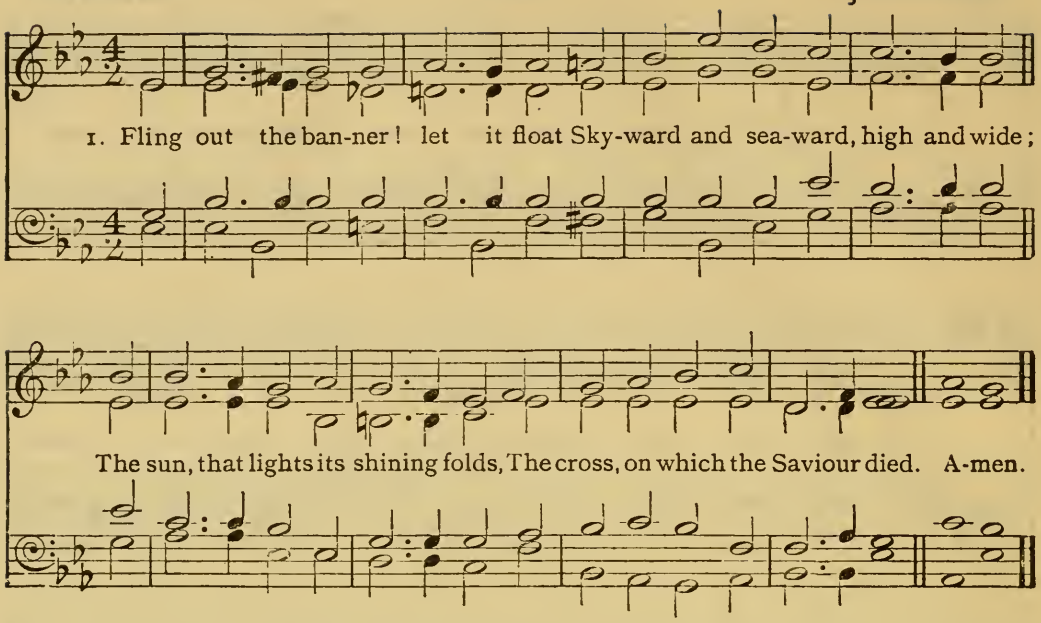
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

1. WATTS.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. B. CALKIN.




2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign:
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

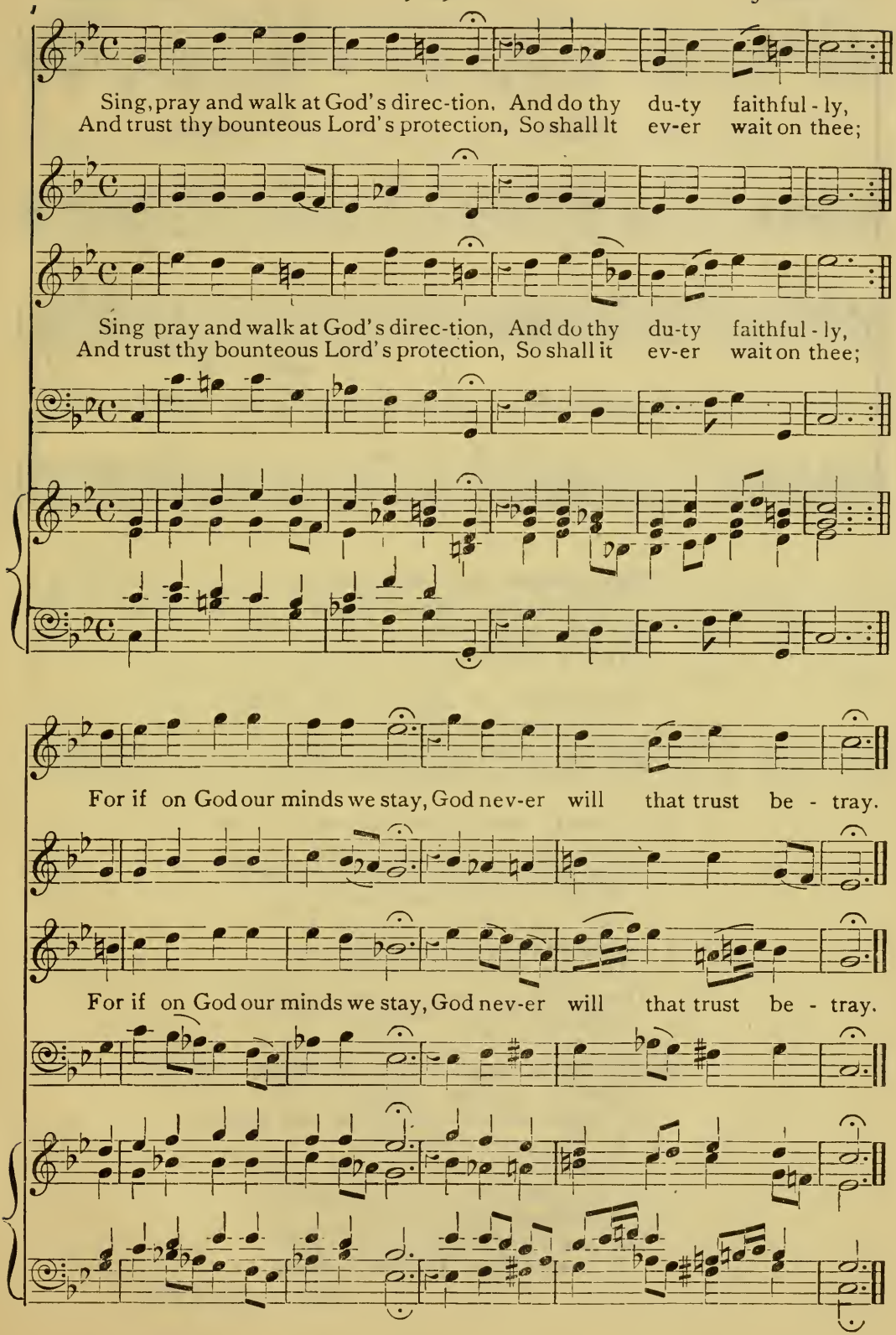
4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner; let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

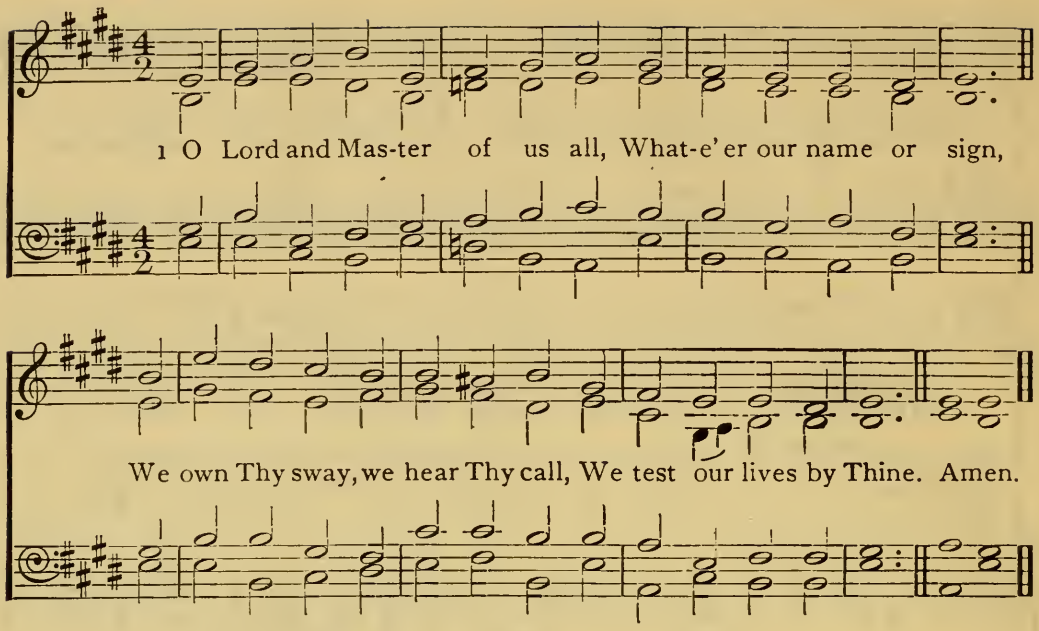
6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

G. W. DOANE.

PROTECTION. 9.8.9.8.8.8. J. S. BACH.



DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*




2 Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them;

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

4 Yet weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own:
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

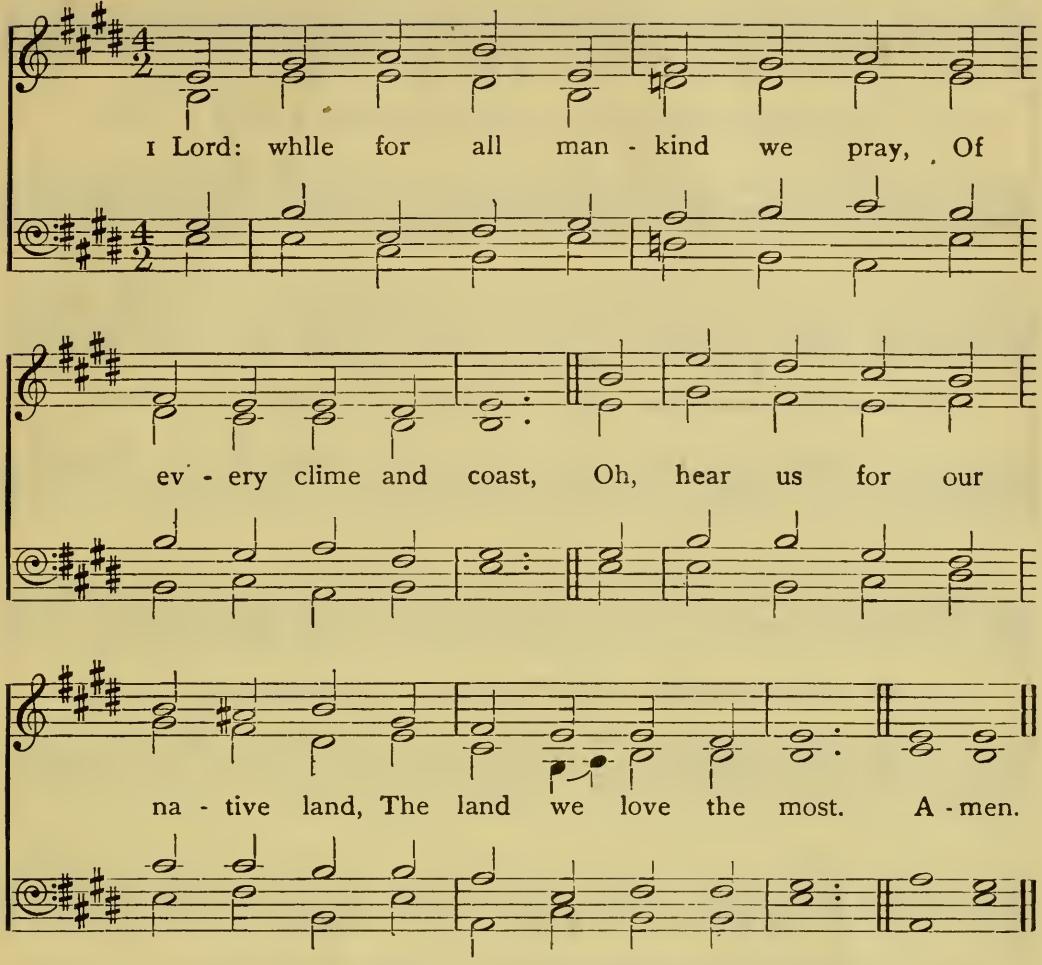
5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

6 Who hates, hates Thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to Thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

7 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun. Amen.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

DUNDEE. C.M. *Scotch Psalter.*



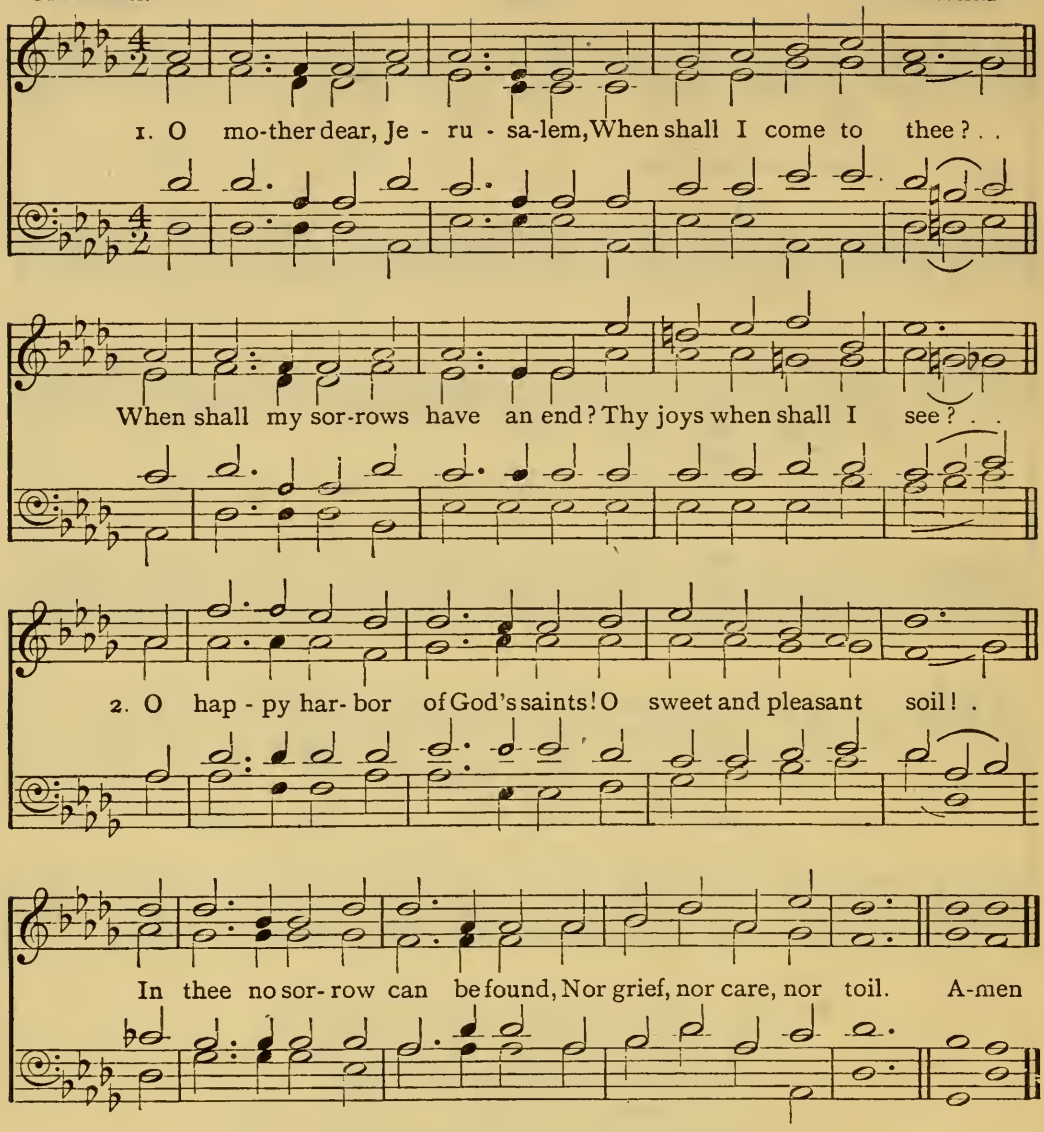

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

JOHN R. WREFORD, *d.* 1881.

MATERNA. C.M. D. S. A. WARD




3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green, [flowers
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.

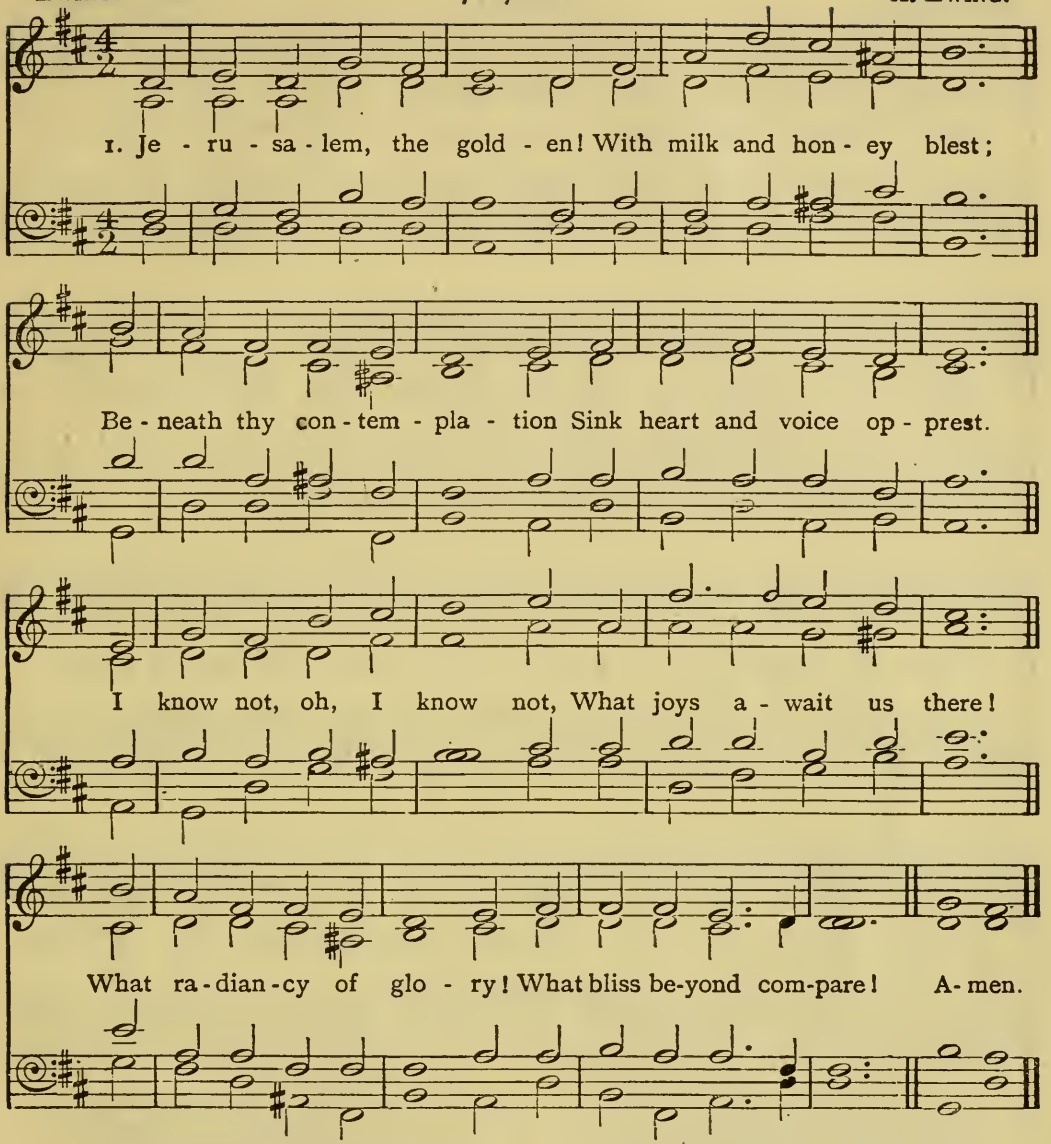
6 Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in Thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

D. DICKSON.

EWING. 7.6.7.6. D. A. EWING.




2 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.

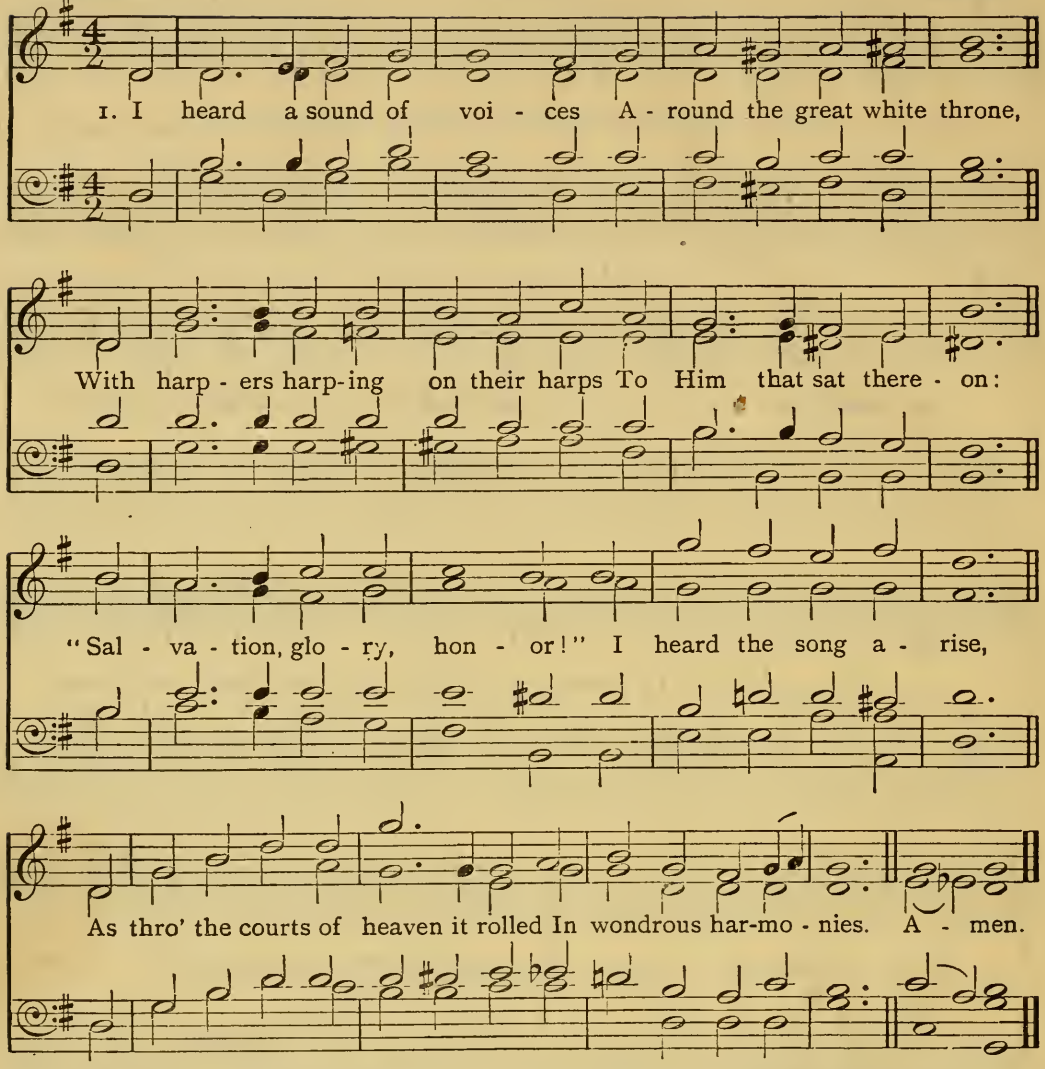
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

# 195

PATMOS. 7.6.8.6. D. H. J. STORER.



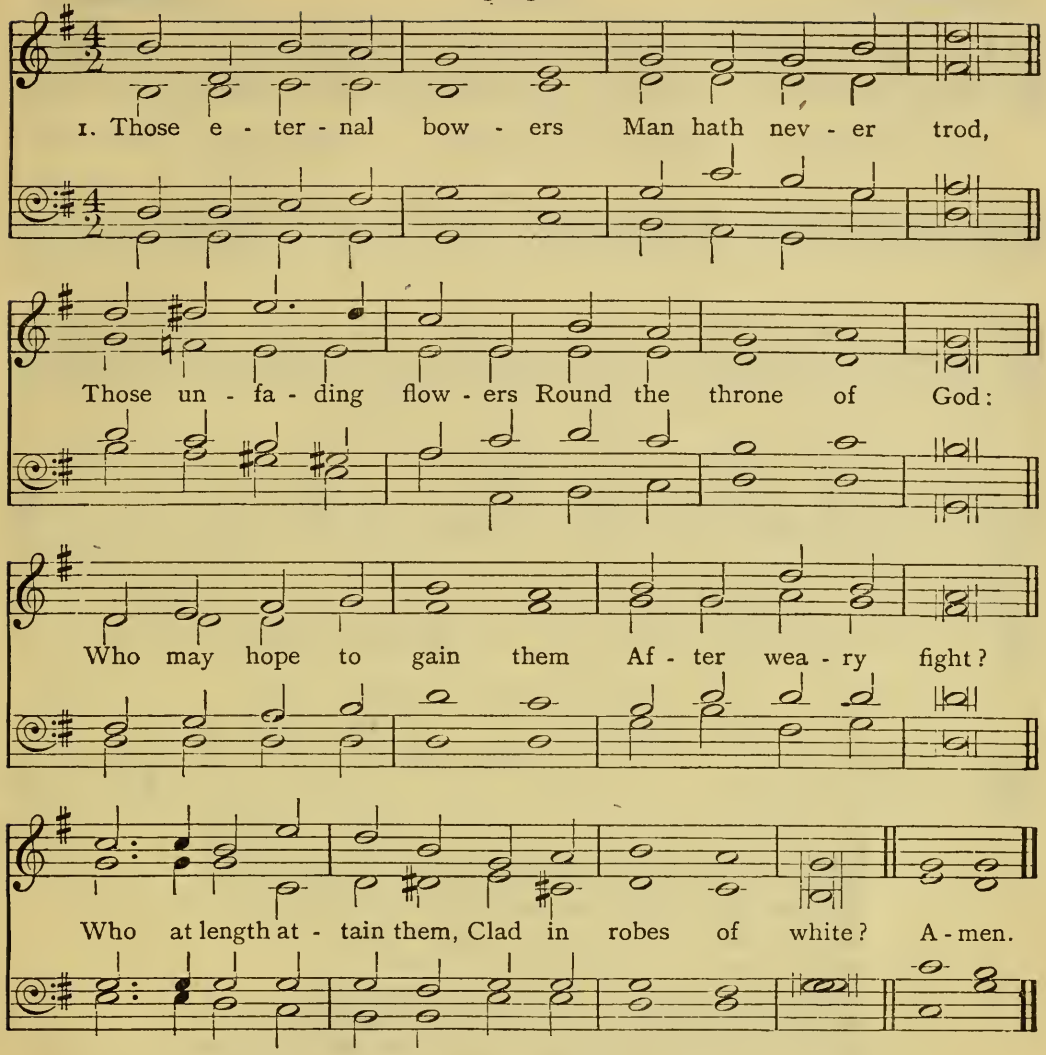

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem, [adorned
Come down from heaven, a bride
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er, [King,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,
They reign for evermore.

5 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.

ST. ALBAN'S. 6.5.6.5. D. T. MORLEY.




2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

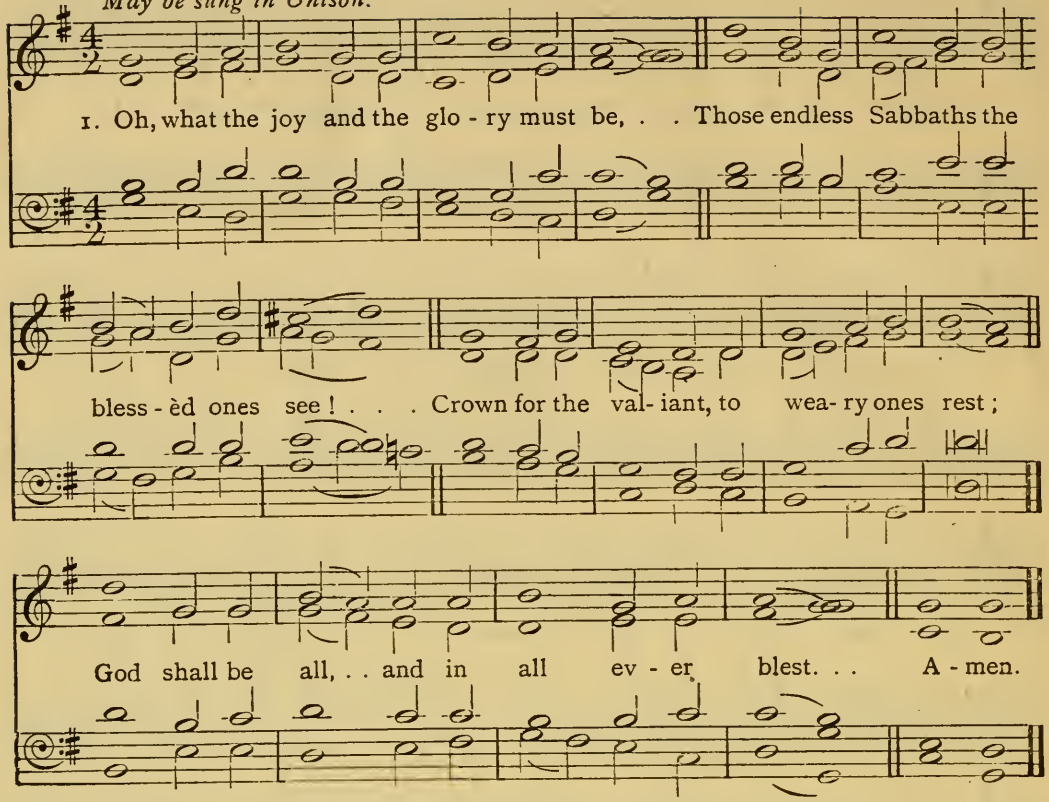
4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight"!

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

O Quanta Qualia. Four 10's. **Ancient Melody.**

*May be sung in Unison.*




2 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!

3 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.

4 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.

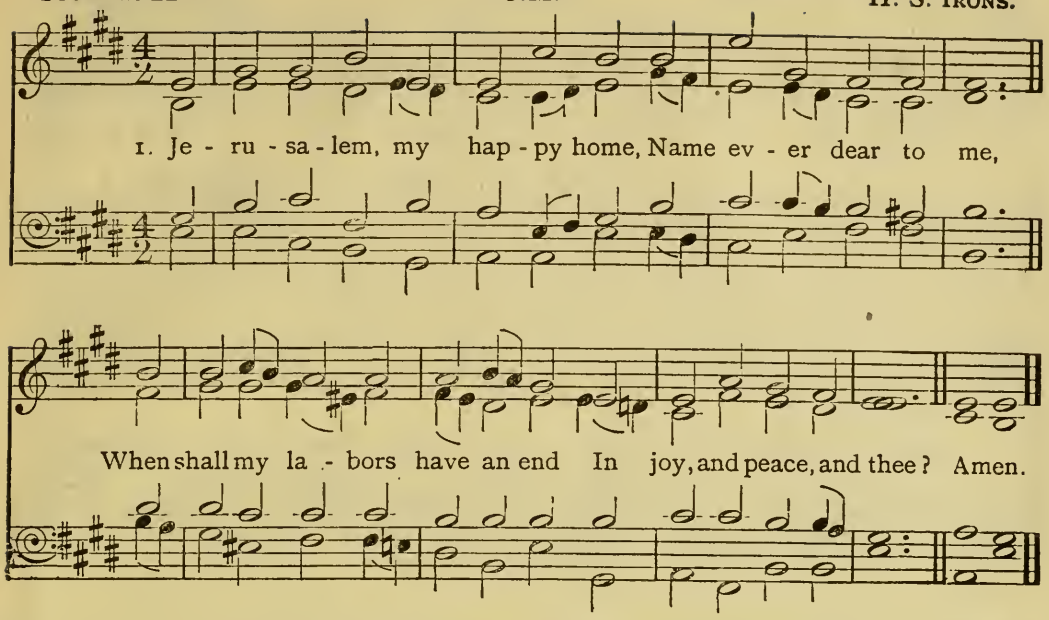
5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

*Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

SOUTHWELL C.M. H. S. IRONS.




2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

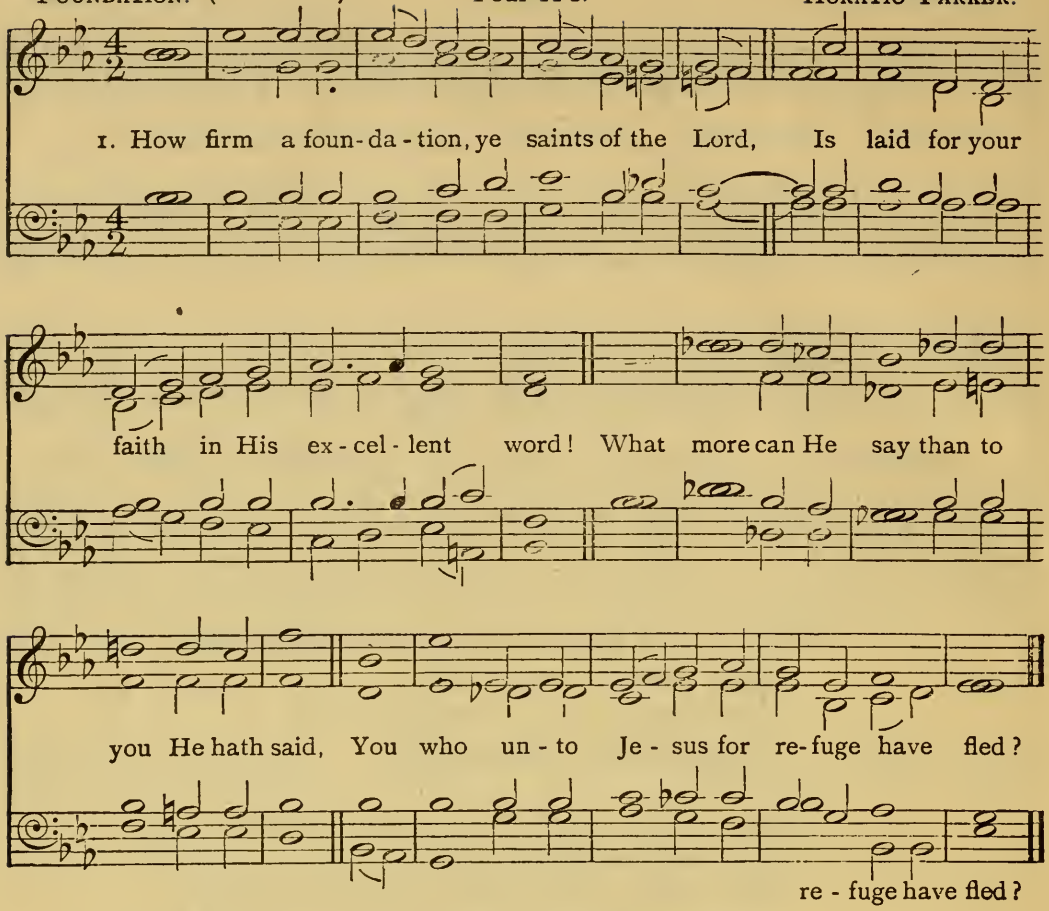
4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

FOUNDATION. (*First Tune*). Four 11's. HORATIO PARKER.

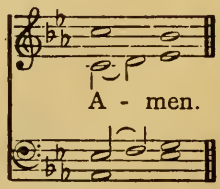



2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

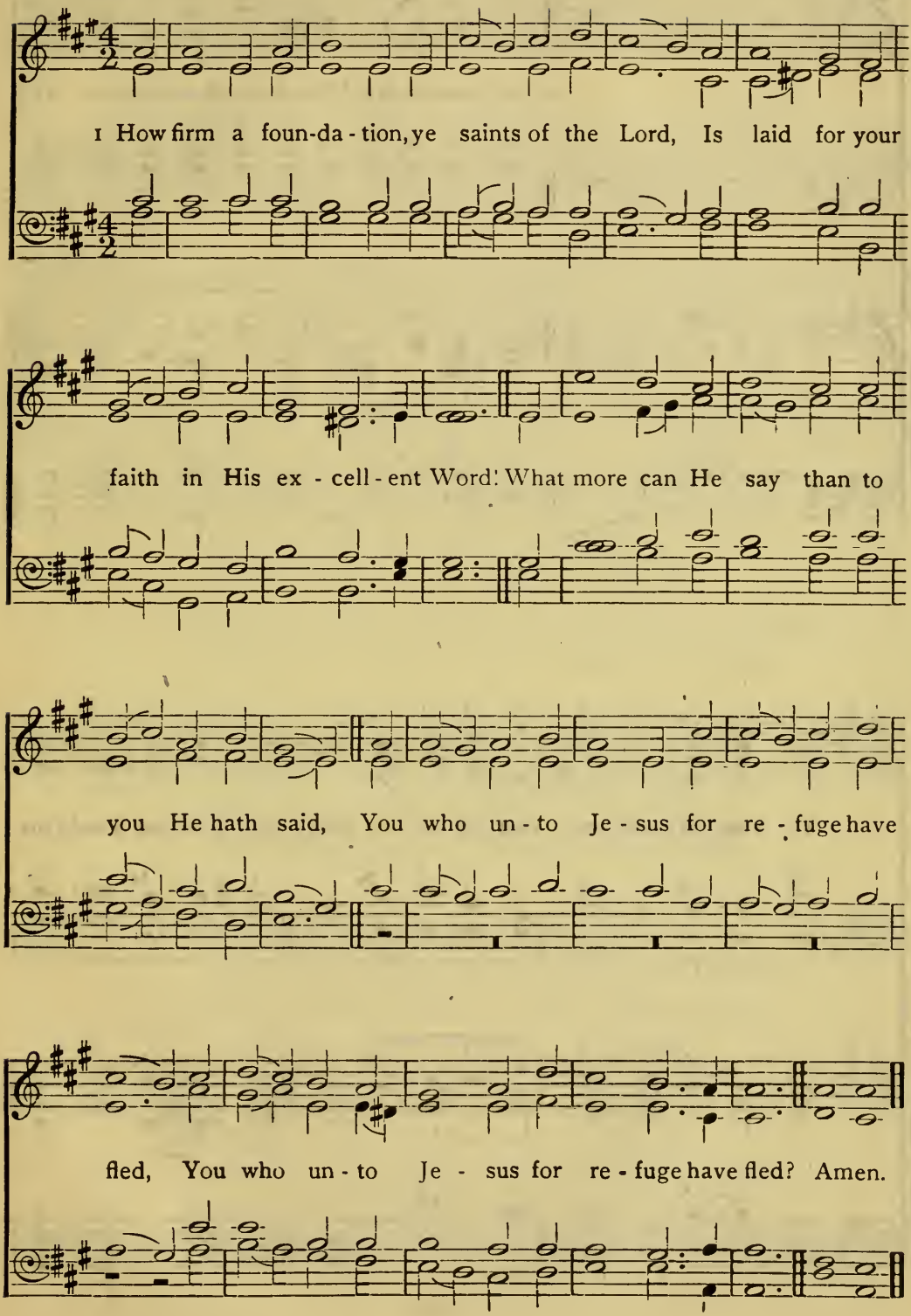
5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.



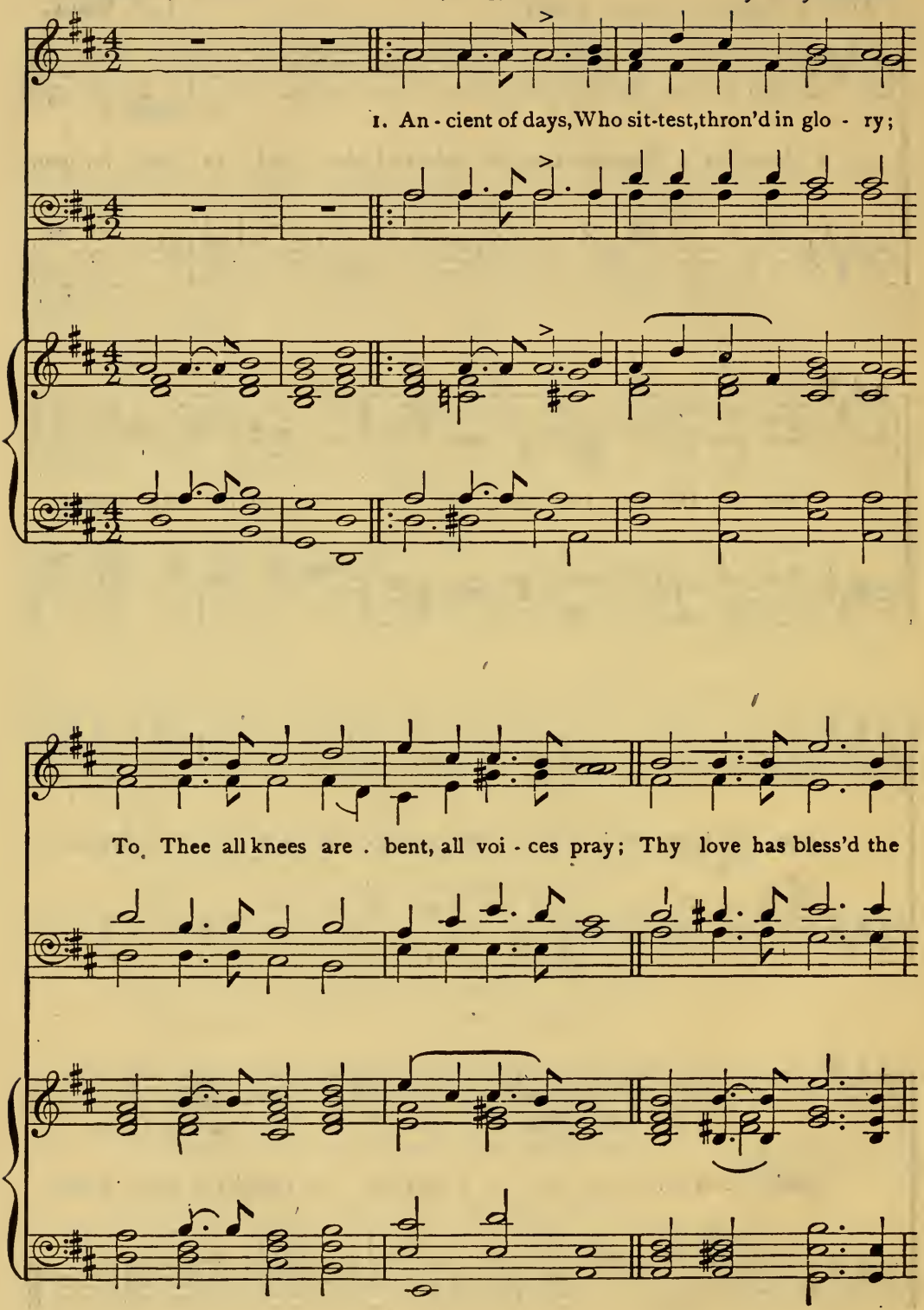

KEENE.

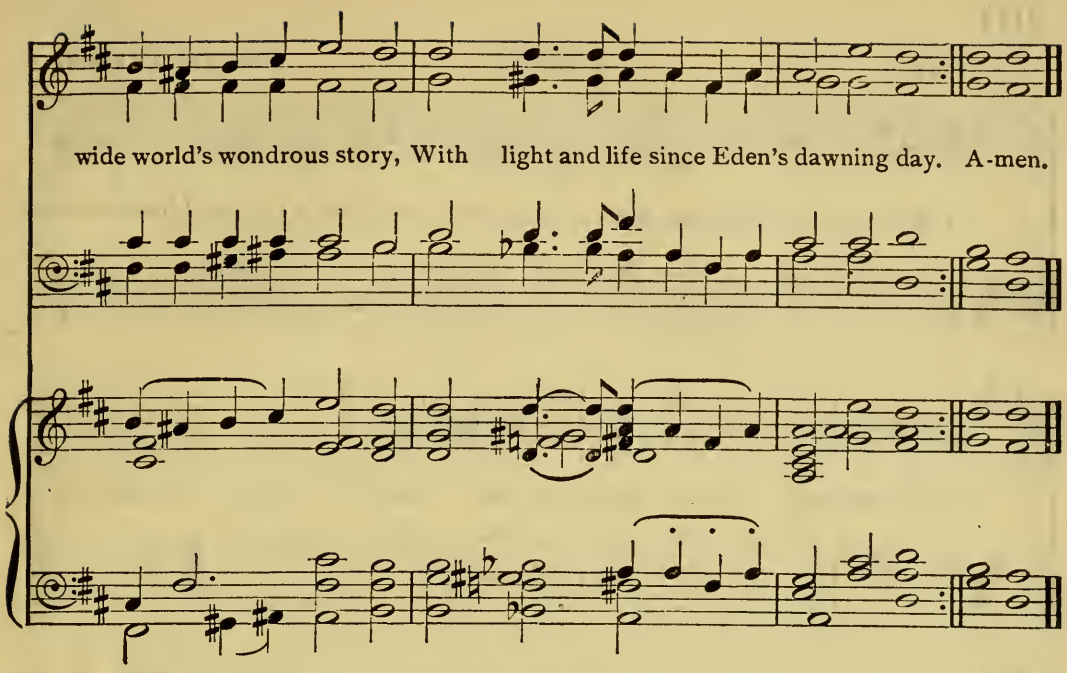
Five 11's.

ADESTE FIDELES (*Second Tune*). J. F. WADE.



ANCIENT OF DAYS. 11.10.11.10. J. A. JEFFERY.






2.

O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4.

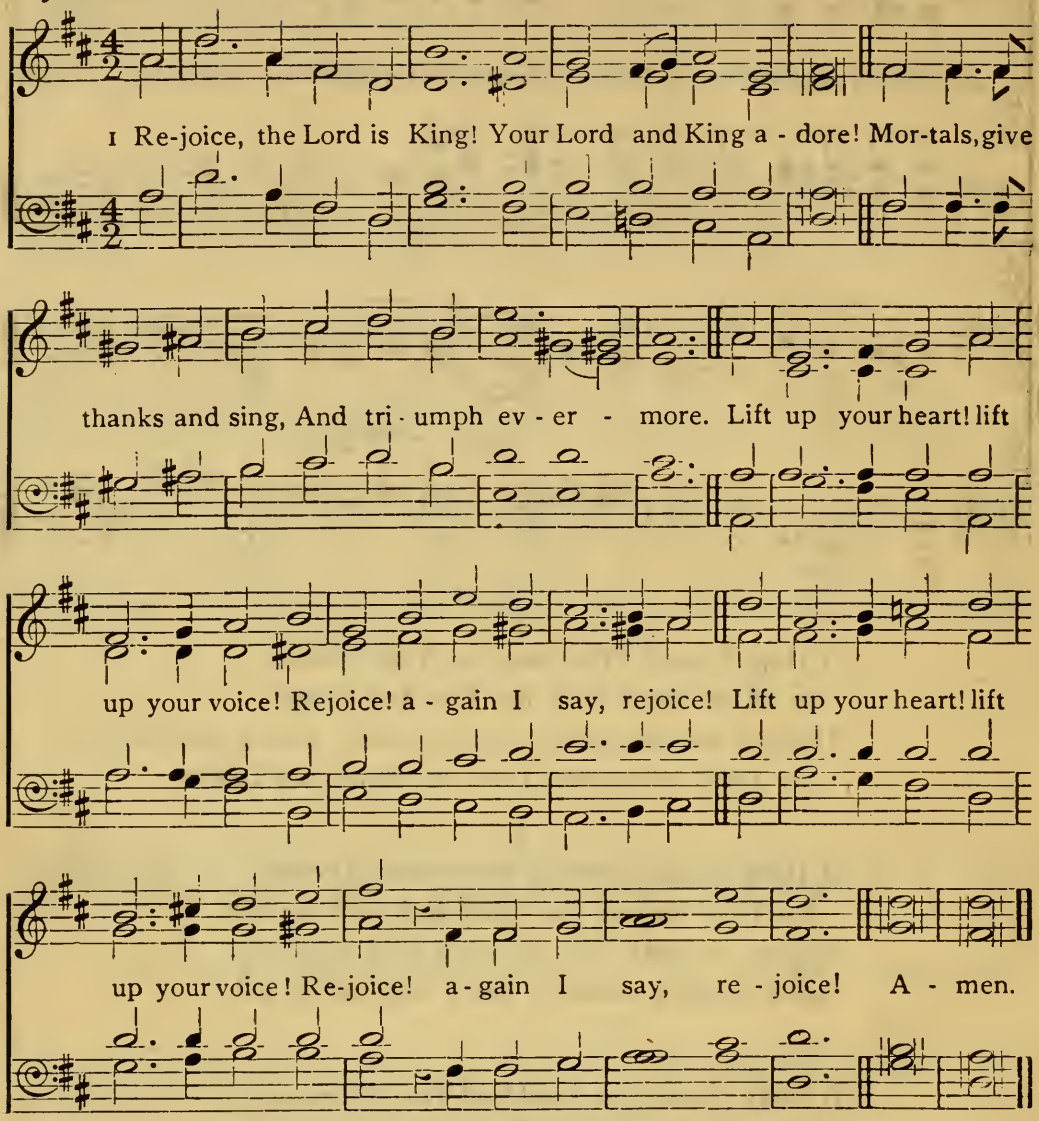
O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5.

O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always. Amen.

W. C. DOANE.

JUBILATE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. HORATIO PARKER.



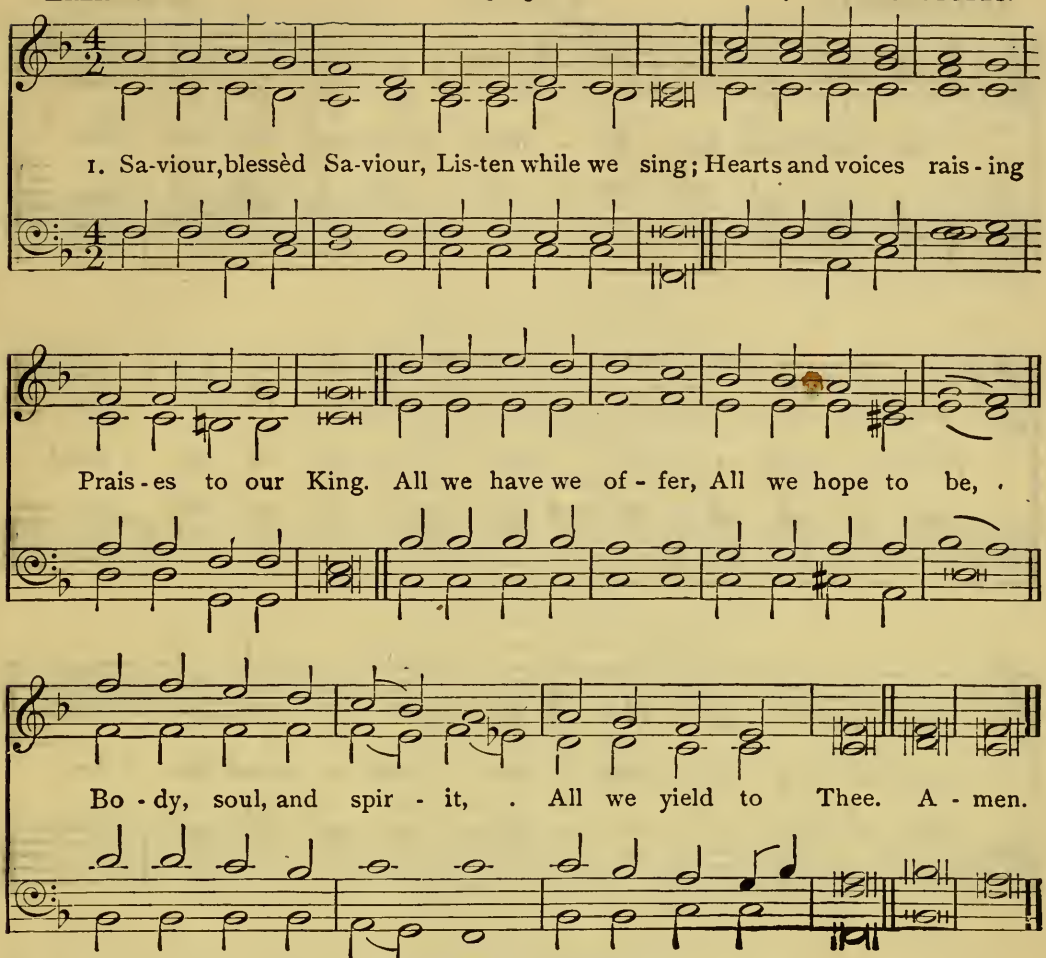

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

CHARLES WESLEY.

ERLING. 6.5.6.5. D. G. EDWARD STUBBS.




*Copyright, 1898, by G. Edward Stubbs.*

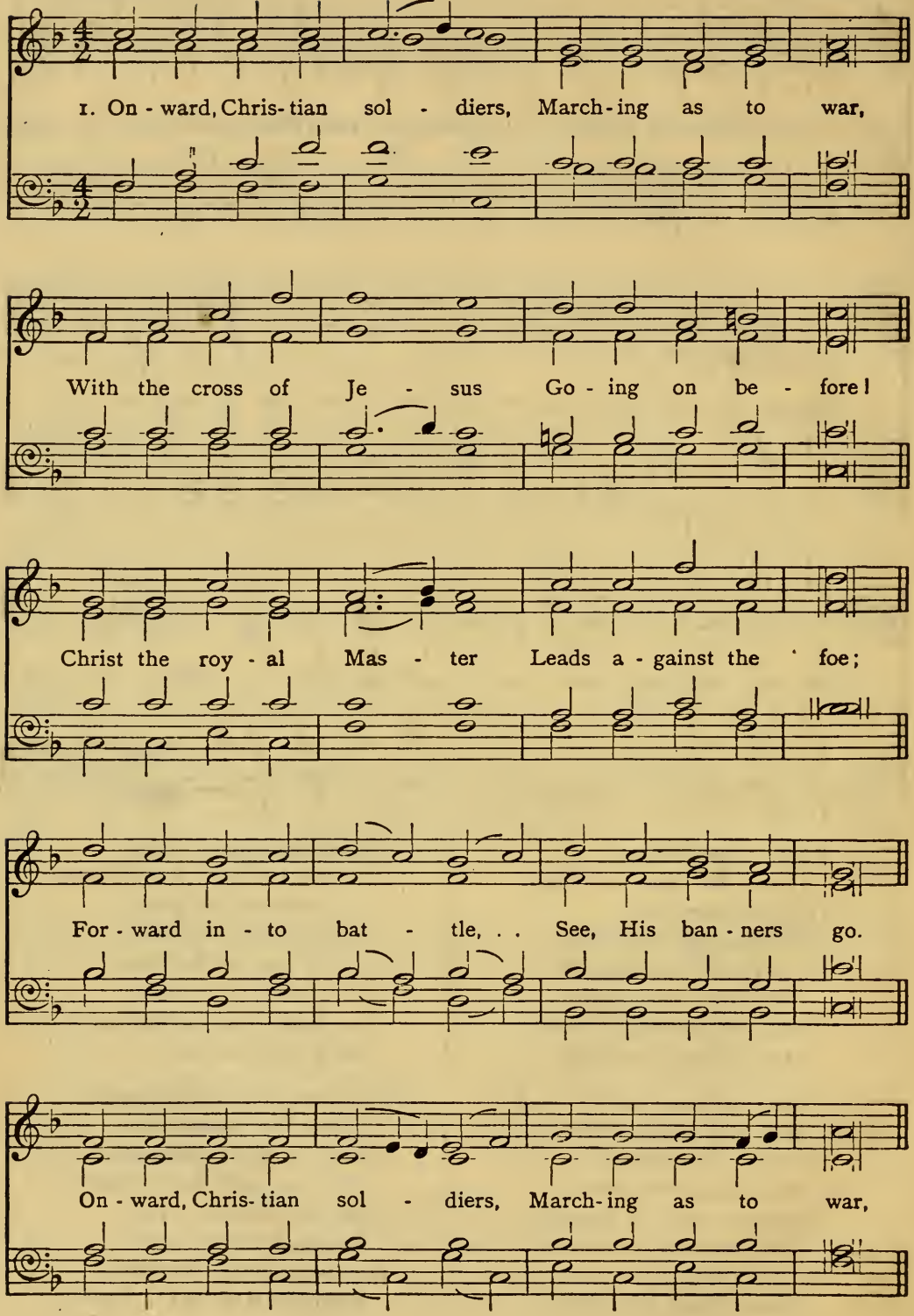
2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

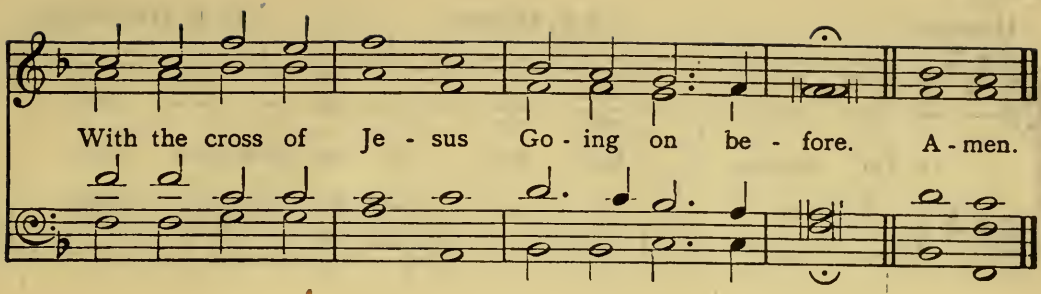
3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last! Amen.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5.6.5. D. A. SULLIVAN.






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

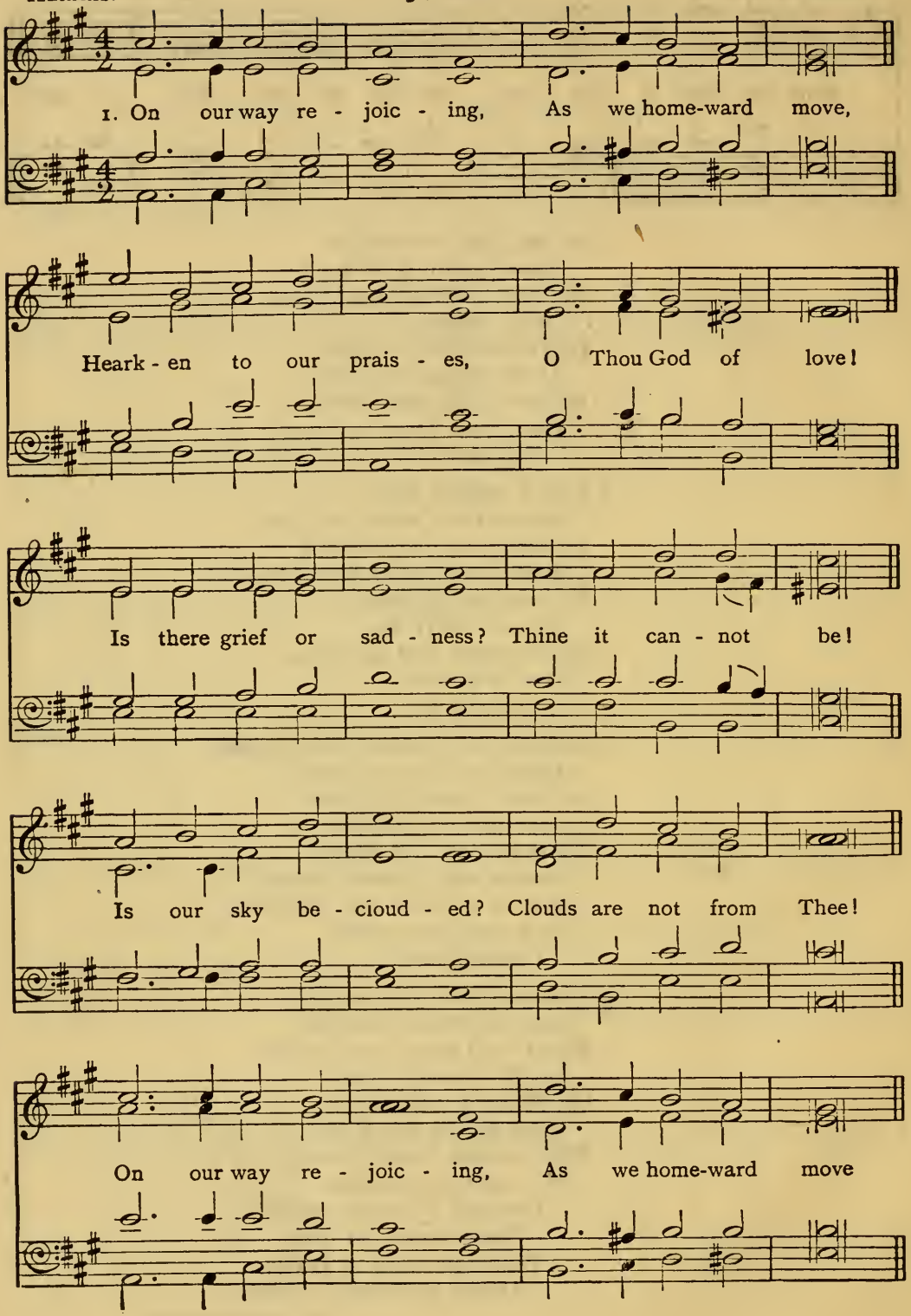
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity,
Onward, etc.

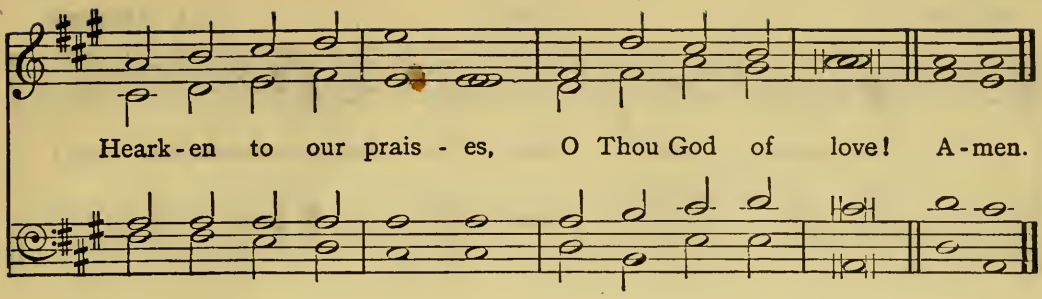
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before! Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

HERMAS. 6.5., 12 lines. F. R. HAVERGAL.





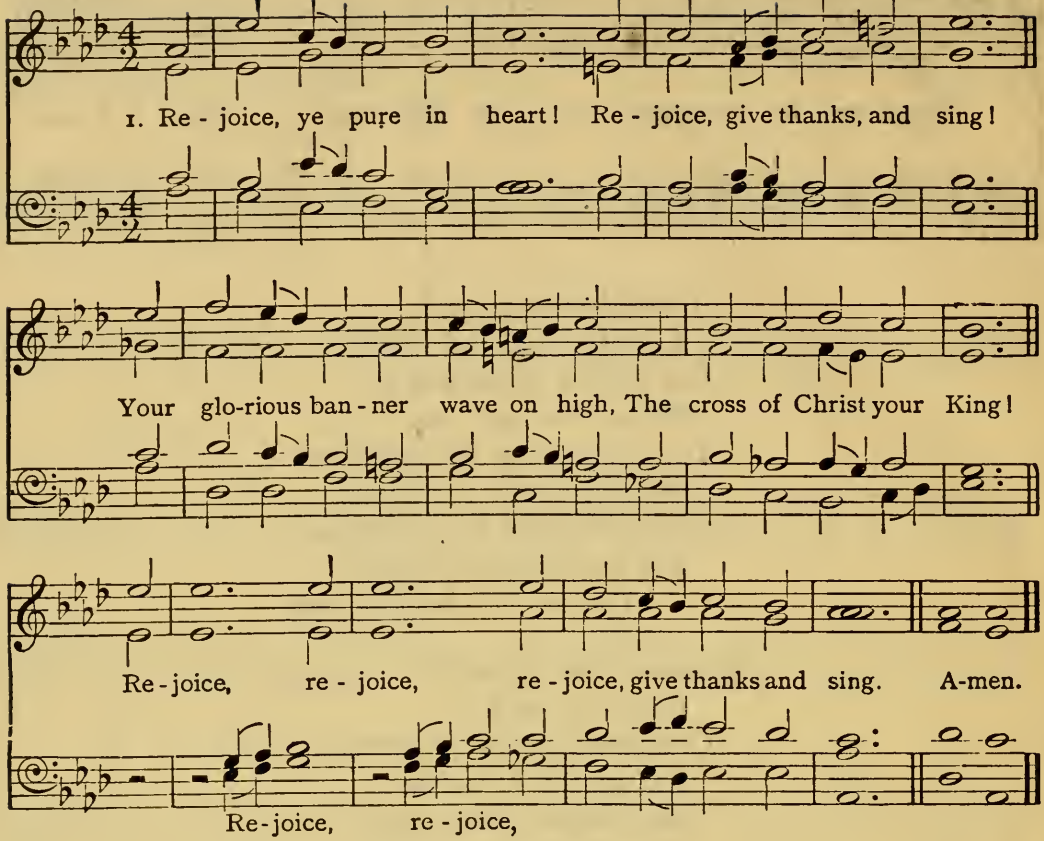

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader!
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing:
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring:
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

MARION. S.M. A. H. MESSITER.




2.

Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song;
God's wondrous praises speak!

3.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4.

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5.

Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6.

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

7.

At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

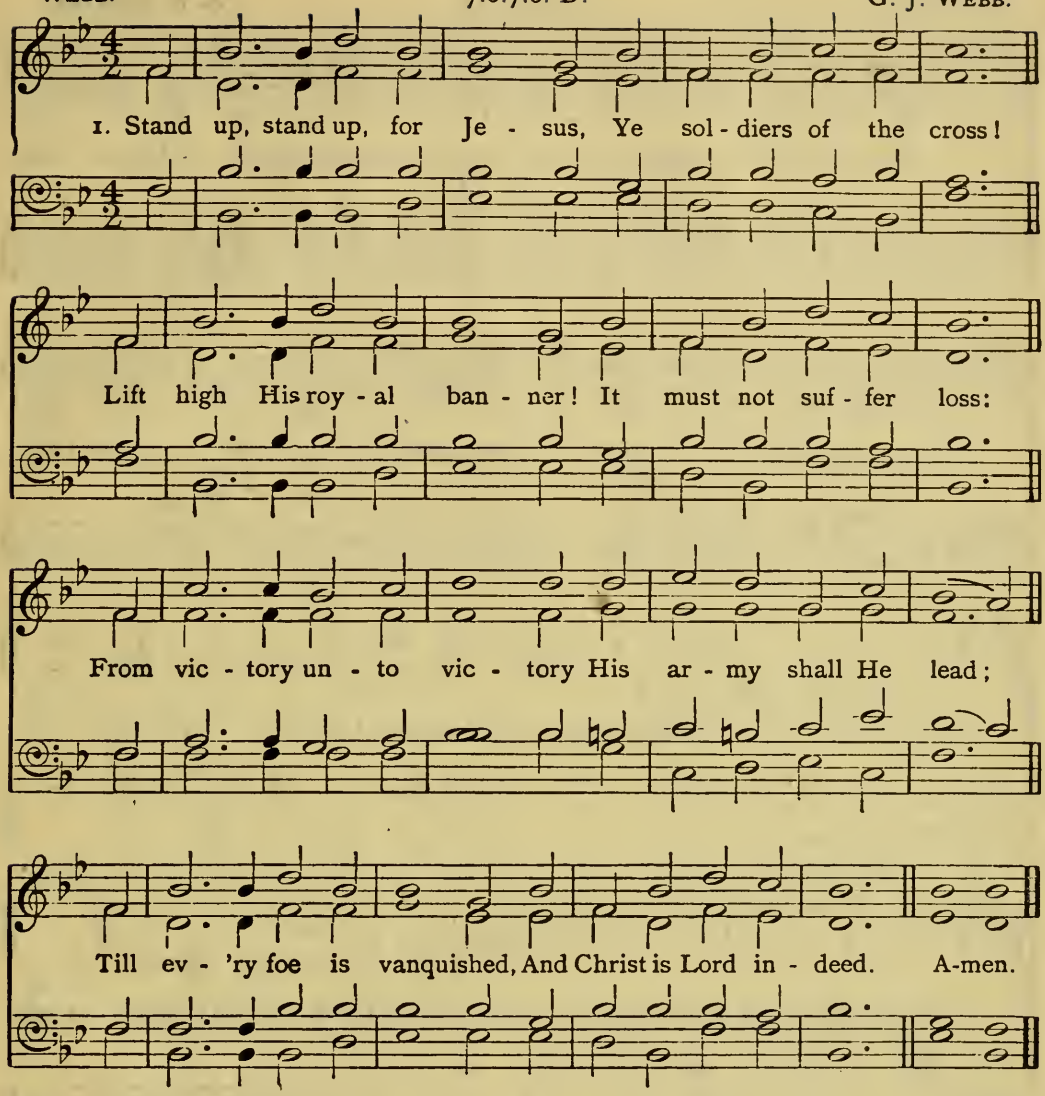
8.

Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King! Amen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

From Messiter's Hymnal, used by per.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6. D. G. J. WEBB.



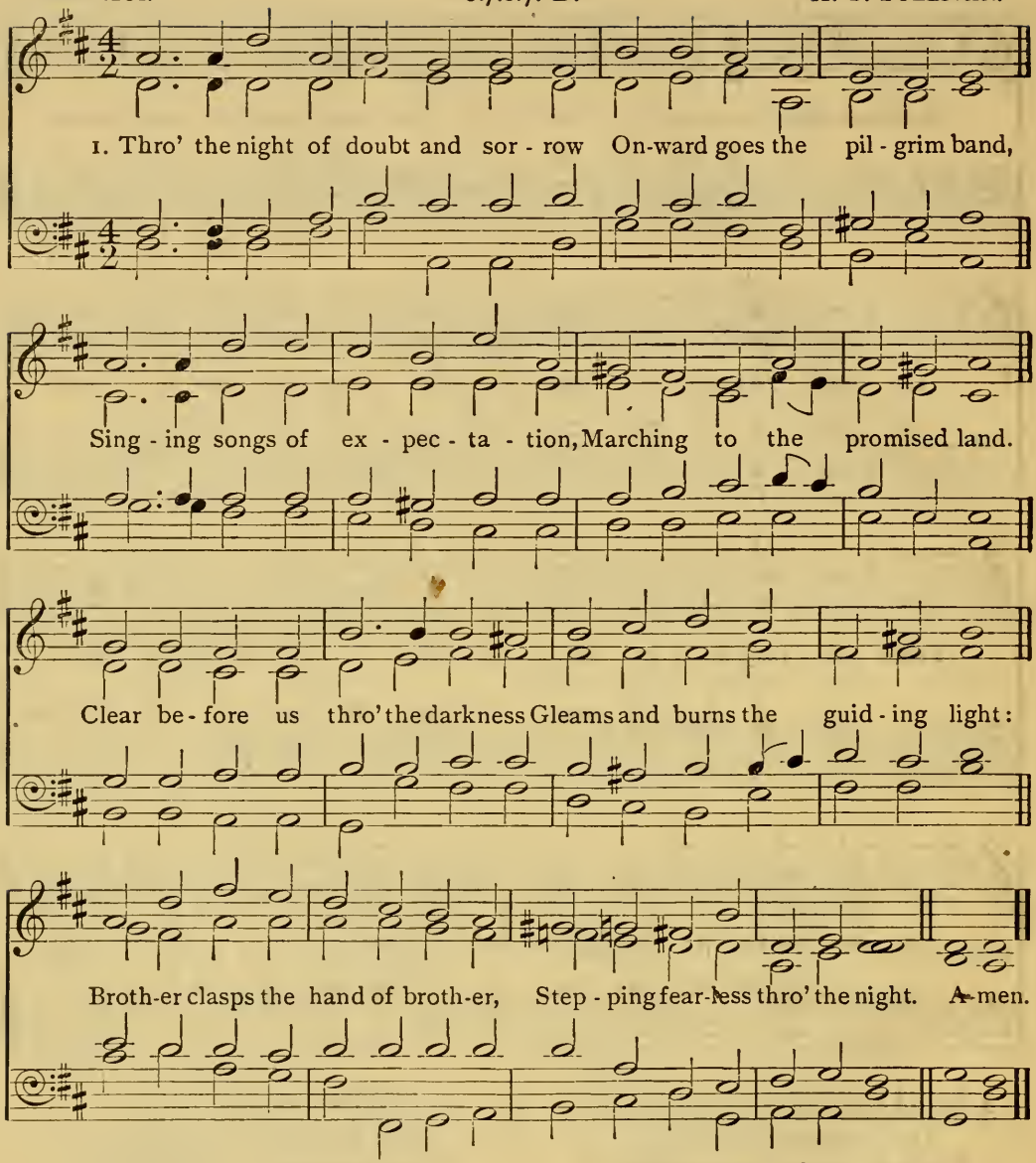

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

G. DUFFIELD.

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7. D. A. S. SULLIVAN.



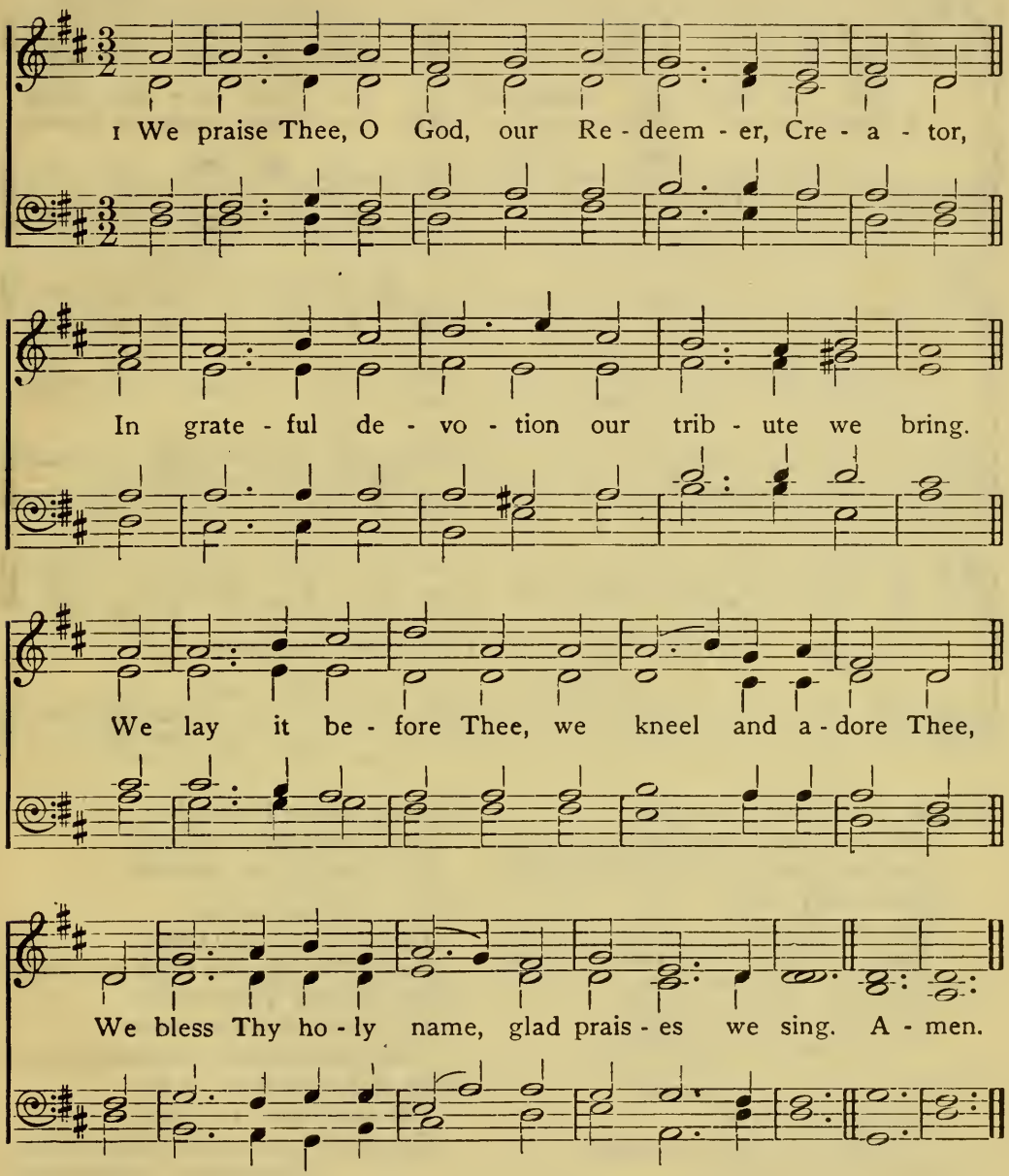

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 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:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!
Amen.

*Tr.* S. BARING-GOULD.

KREMSER. 12.11.12.11. Old Netherlands Melody.

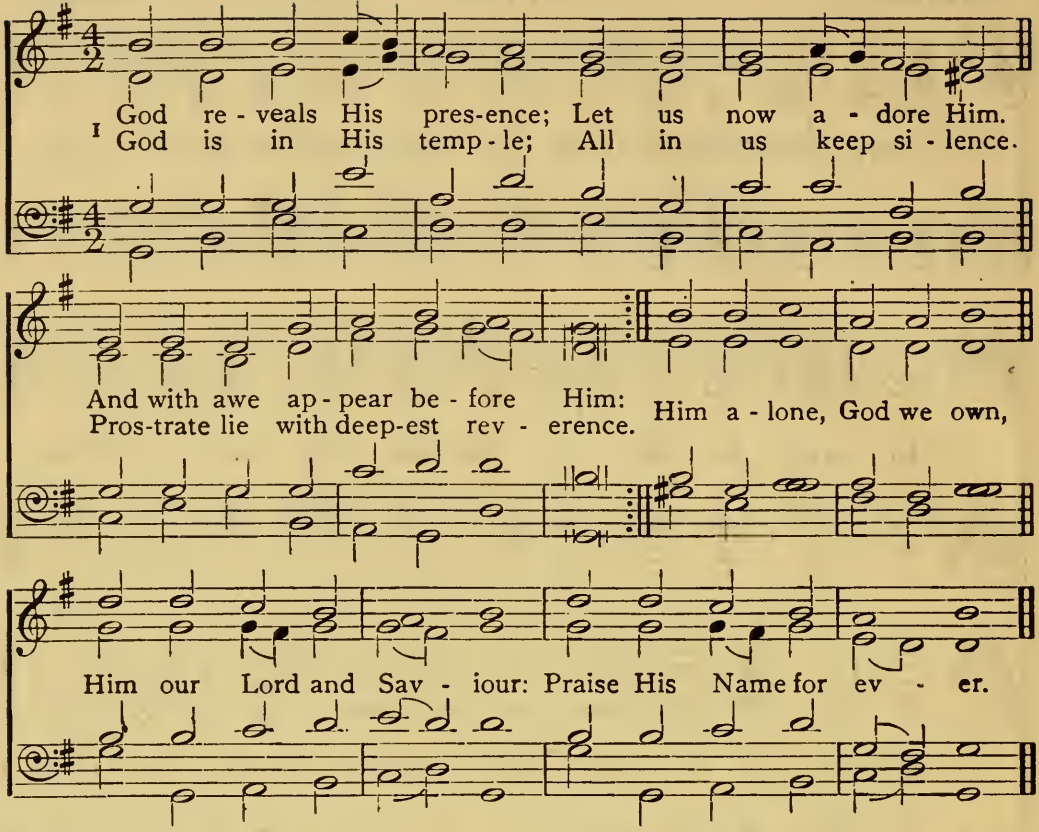



2 We worship Thee, God of our fathers, we bless Thee;
Through life's storm and tempest our Guide hast Thou been.
When perils o'ertake us, escape Thou wilt make us,
And with Thy help, O Lord, our battles we win.

3 With voices united our praises we offer,
To Thee, great Jehovah, glad anthems we raise.
Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is beside us,
To Thee, our great Redeemer, forever be praise.

JULIA BULKLEY CADY.

GRŒNINGEN. 6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6. Moravian.




2 God reveals His presence;
Hear the harps resounding, [ing:
See the crowds the throne surround-
"Holy, holy, holy,"
Hear the hymn ascending— [ing—
Angels, saints, their voices blend-
Bow Thine ear to us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify our spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May we ceaselessly adore Thee:
Let Thy will ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial
As the hosts celestial.

4 Grant us resignation,
Hearts before Thee bowèd,
With Thy peace divine endowèd:
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth;
So may we be from Thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5 Jesus, condescending
To the meek and lowly
From Thy heaven high and holy,
Make us now Thy temple;
Waft us then to regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions;
May this hope bear us up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, our Saviour. Amen.

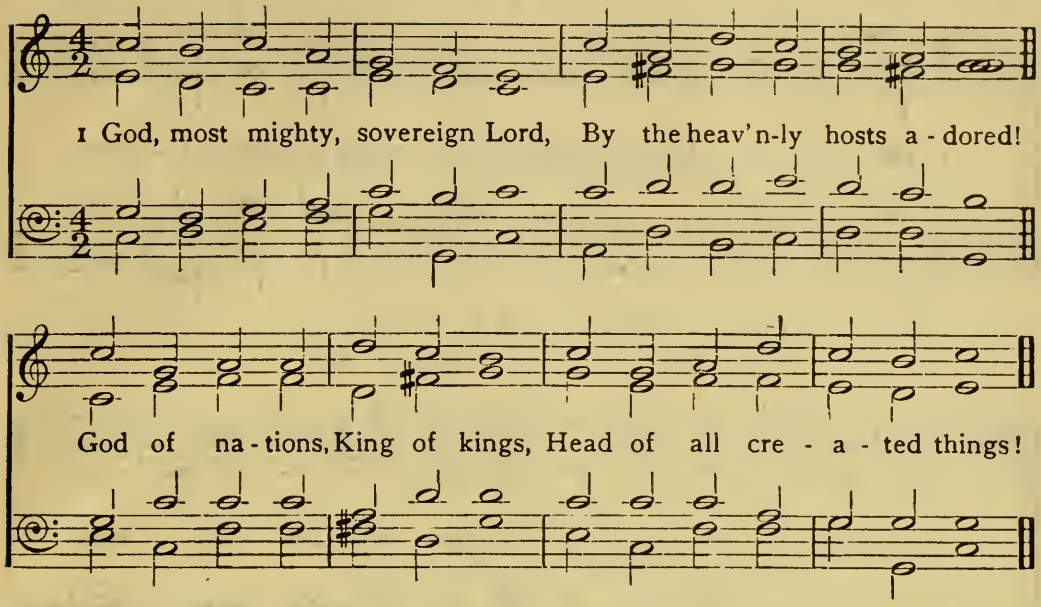
GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN.

---

Lord God, our Salvation,
Let Thy grace and favor
Rest upon Thy Church forever;
Jesus, Thee to follow
Be our joy each hour;
Grant us all Thy Spirit's power,
To declare everywhere
The complete salvation,
Purchased by Thy passion. Amen.

JOHN SWERTNER.

MORAVIAN. 7·7·7·7. GREGOR.




2 By Thy saints with joy confessed,
God o'er all for ever blest!
Lo! we come before Thy throne,
In our Saviour's Name alone.

3 On our fields of grass and grain,
Drop, O Lord! the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land,
Crown the labors of each hand.

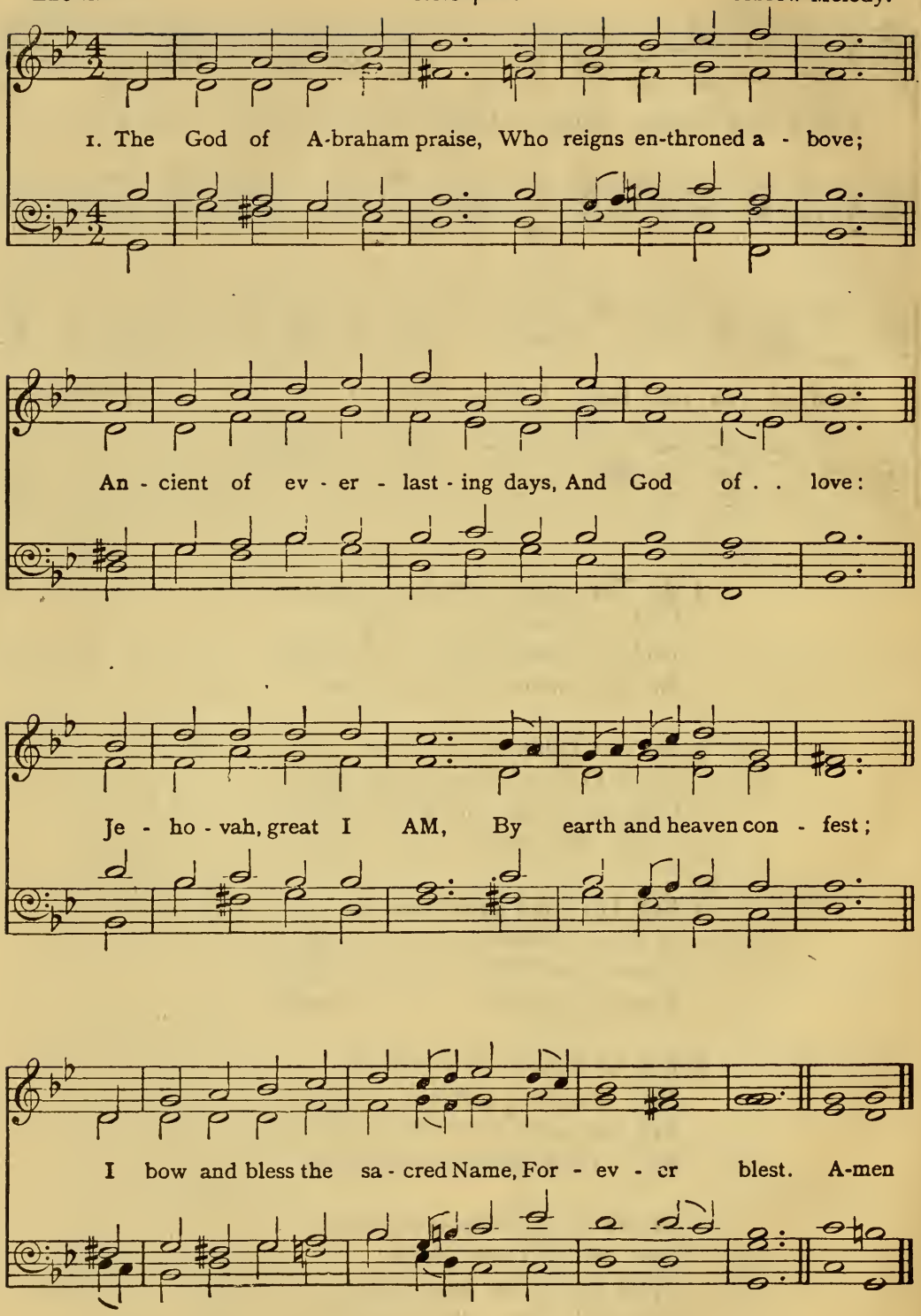
4 Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord! Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

5 Let, O Lord! our rulers be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers, by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.

6 In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land. Amen.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

LEONI. 6.6.8.4. D. Hebrew Melody.



He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3.

There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

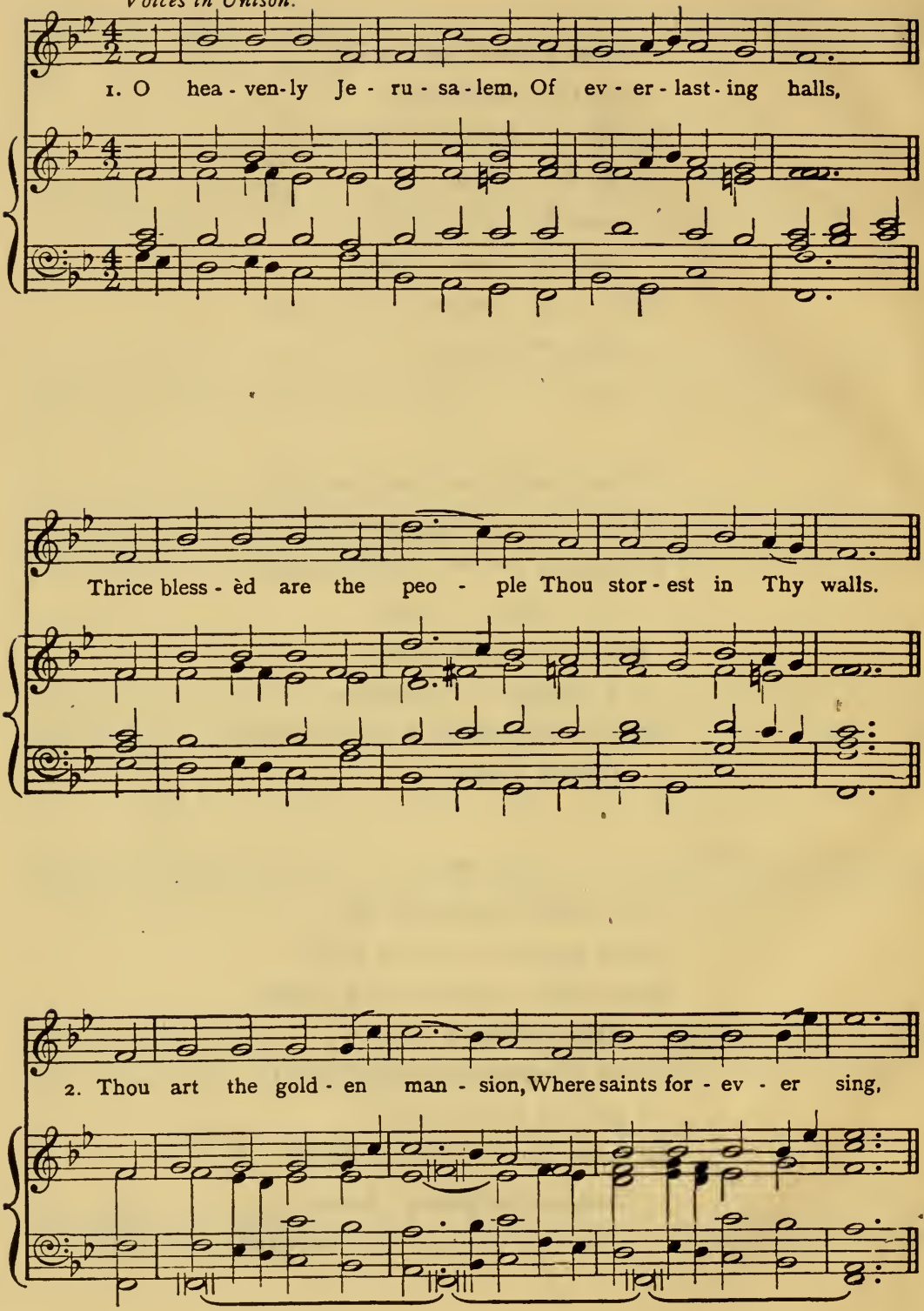
4.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

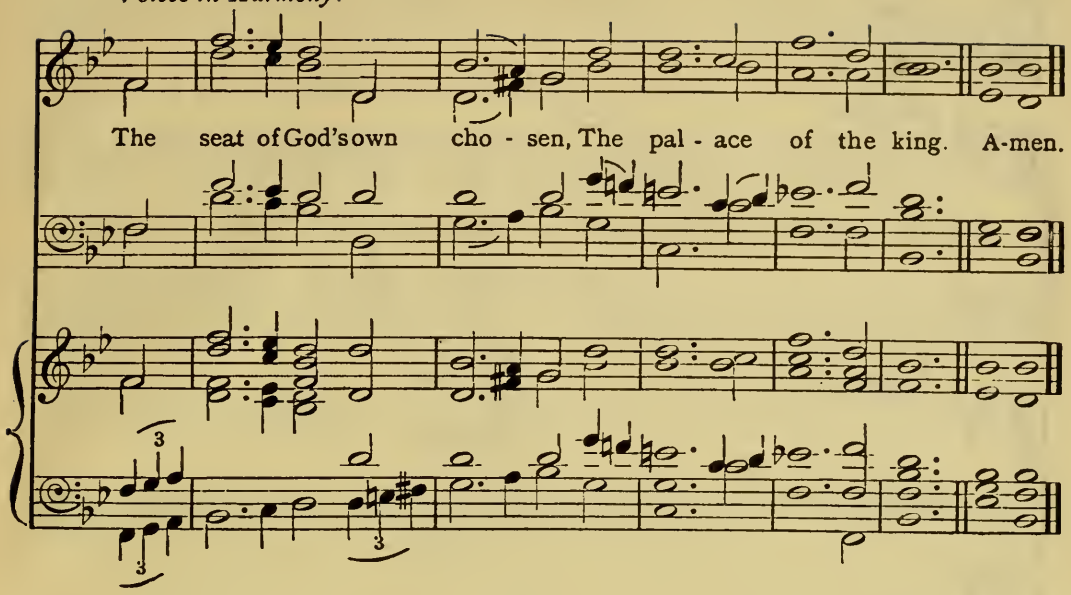
T. OLIVERS.

ALL HALLOWS 7.6.7.6. D. G. C. MARTIN

*Voices in Unison.*



*Voices in Harmony.*



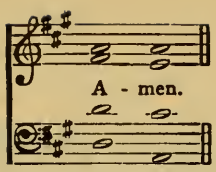

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever.
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

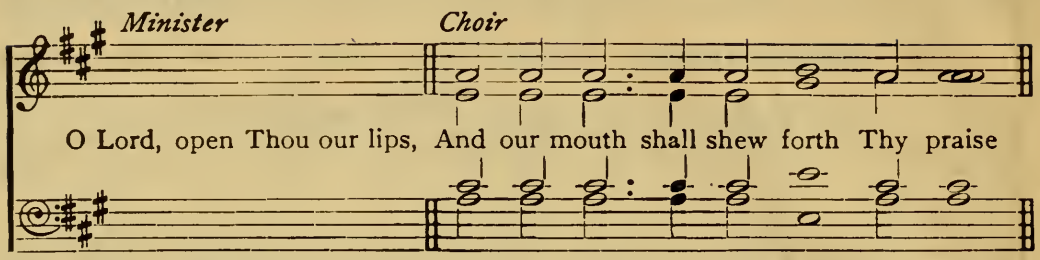
6 To Christ, the Son that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

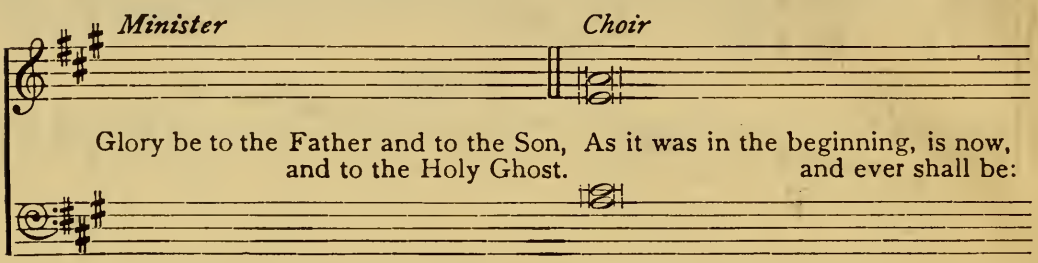
*Tr.* I. WILLIAMS.

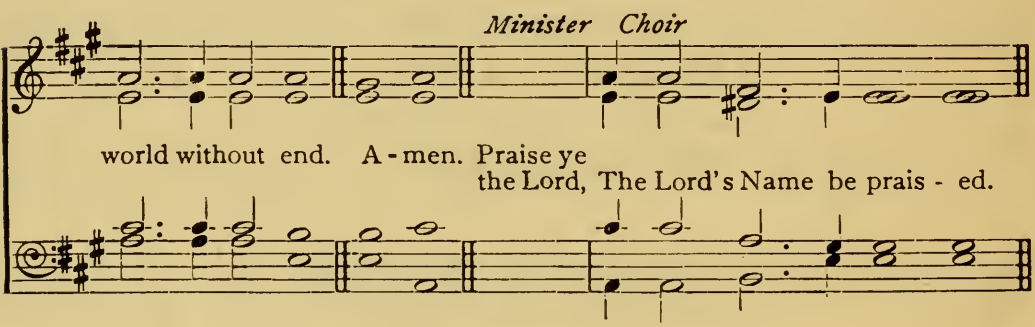



# CHORAL SERVICE.

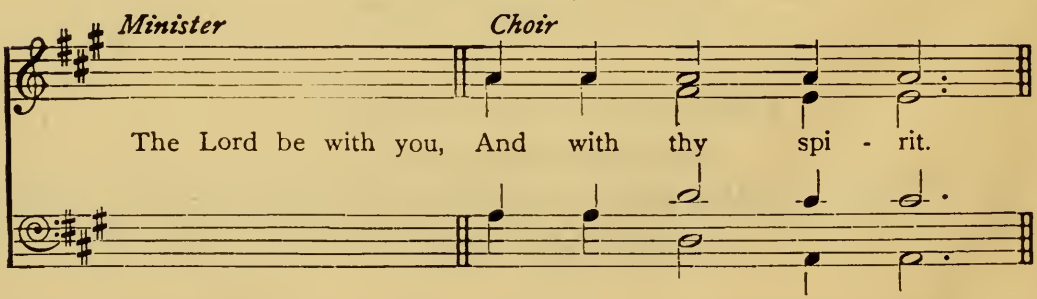
( MIXED VOICES )

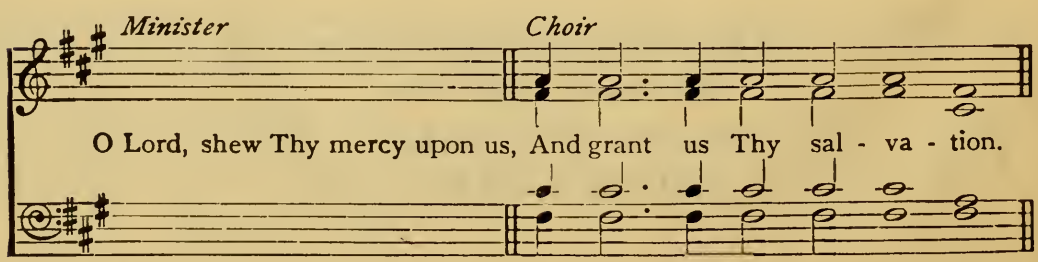


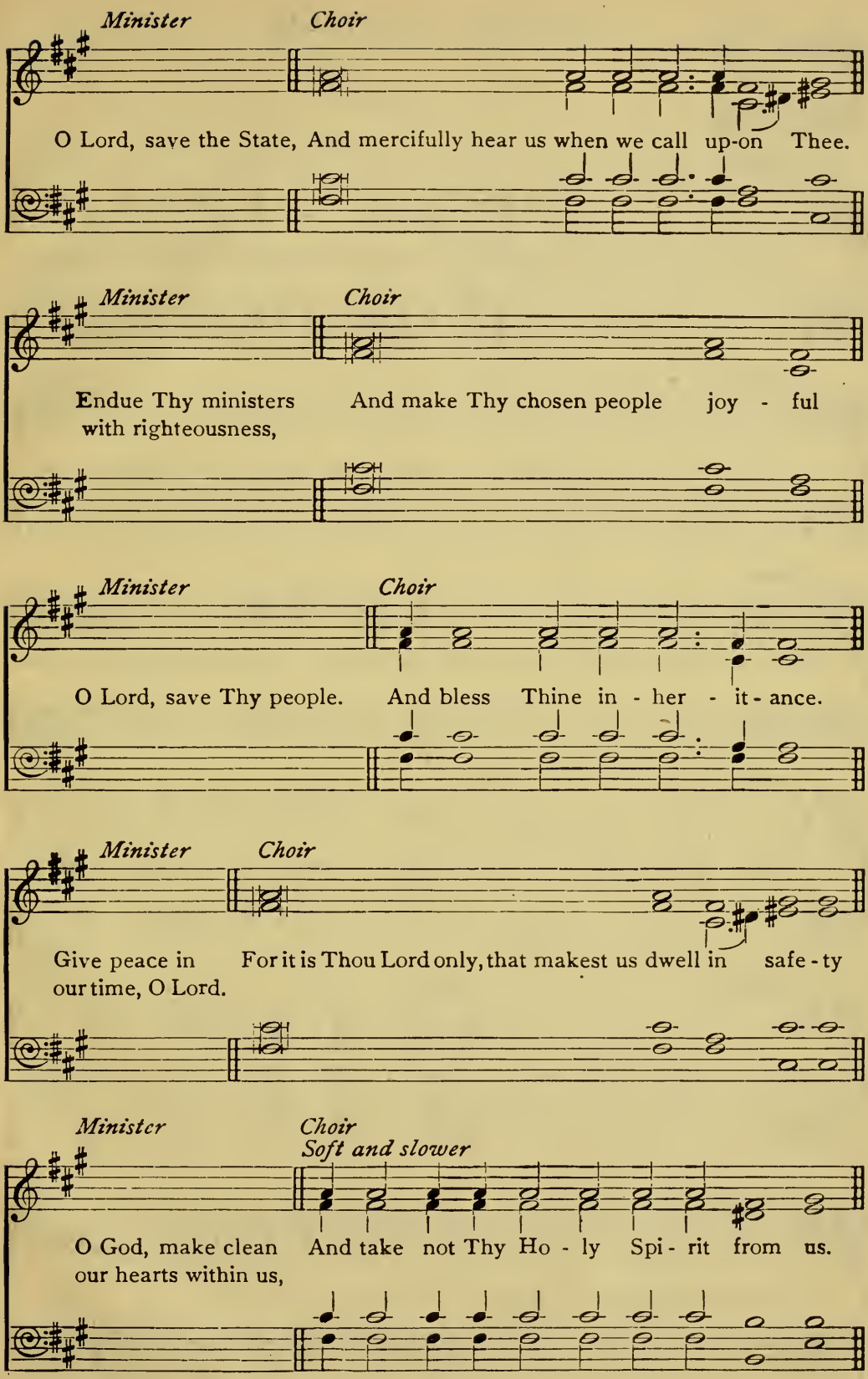




## Creed.

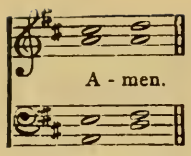



Minister
Choir
O Lord, save the State, And mercifully hear us when we call up-on Thee.
Minister
Choir
Endue Thy ministers with righteousness, And make Thy chosen people joy - ful
Minister
Choir
O Lord, save Thy people. And bless Thine in - her - it - ance.
Minister
Choir
Give peace in our time, O Lord. For it is Thou Lord only, that makest us dwell in safe - ty
Minister
Choir
Soft and slower
O God, make clean our hearts within us, And take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from us.

# CHORAL SERVICE.

## ( MEN'S VOICES )




*Minister* *Choir*

O Lord, open Thou our lips, And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise

*Minister*

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

*Choir*

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. A-men.

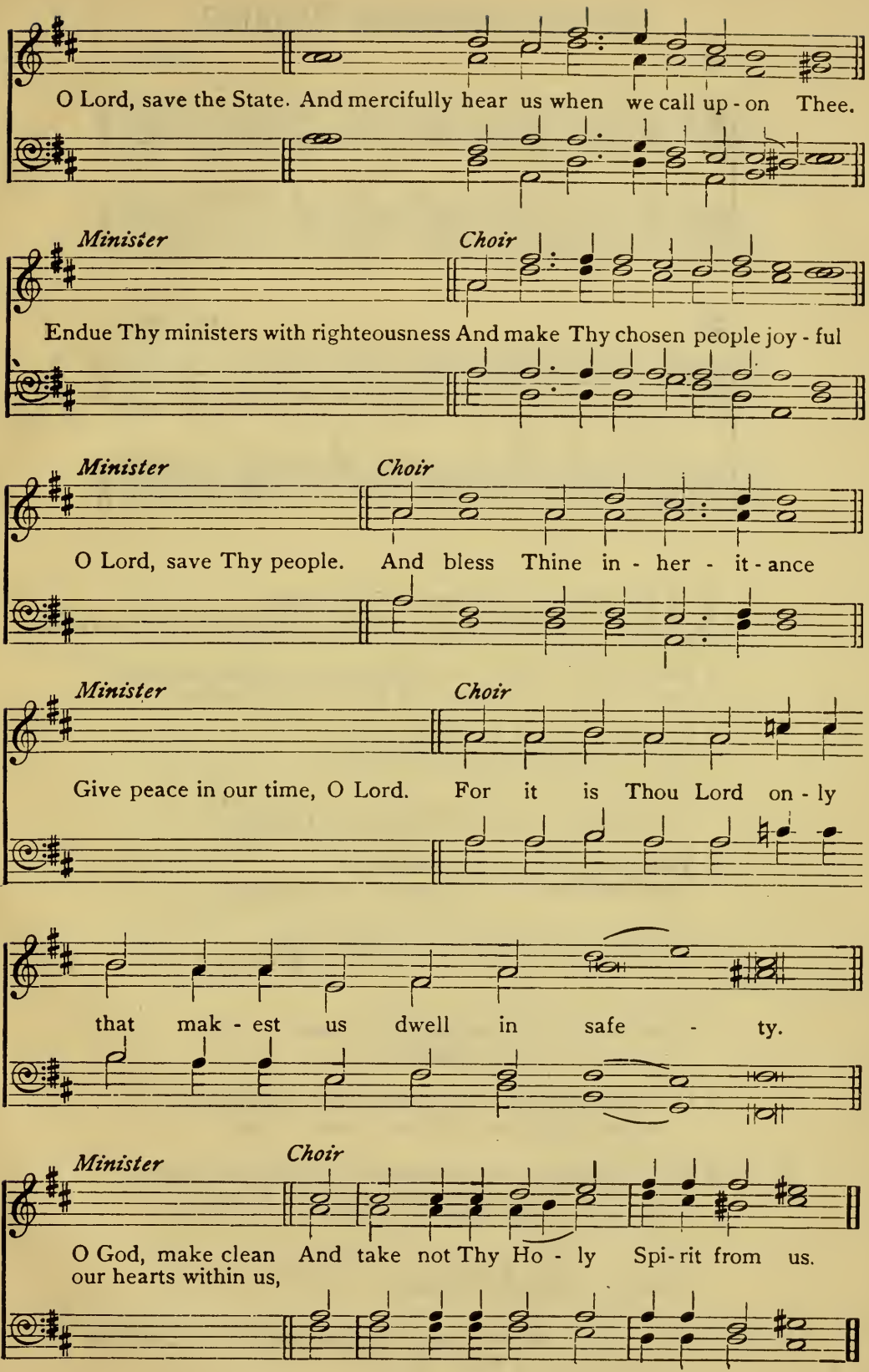
*Minister* *Choir*

Praise ye the Lord. The Lord's Name be prais - ed.

*Minister* *Choir*

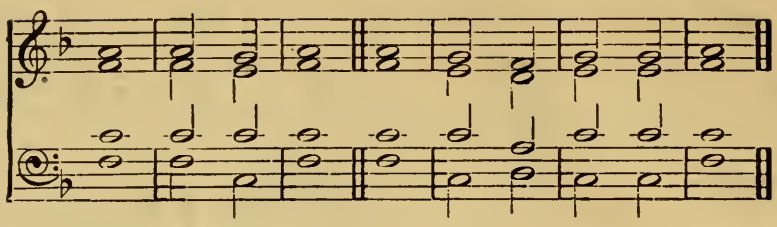
The Lord be with you, And with thy spi - rit.

O Lord, shew Thy mercy upon us, And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.

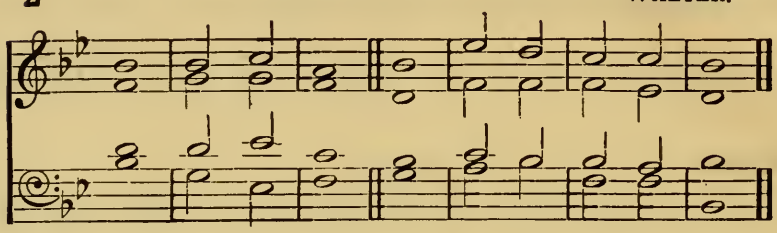

O Lord, save the State. And mercifully hear us when we call up - on Thee.
Minister
Choir
Endue Thy ministers with righteousness And make Thy chosen people joy - ful
Minister
Choir
O Lord, save Thy people. And bless Thine in - her - it - ance
Minister
Choir
Give peace in our time, O Lord. For it is Thou Lord on - ly
that mak - est us dwell in safe - ty.
Minister
Choir
O God, make clean our hearts within us, And take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from us.

# Venite, exultemus Domino.

1 TALLIS.



2 WALTER.



O COME let us sing | unto • the LORD:
let us heartily rejoice in the strength of | our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with | thanksgiving:
and show ourselves | glad in him with psalms.

3 For the LORD is a | great God:
and a great | King above all gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the earth:
and the strength of the hills is | his also.

5 The sea is his and he | made it:
and his hands pre | pared • the dry land.

6 O come let us worship and | fall down:
and kneel before the | LORD our Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our God:
and we are the people of his pasture,
and the | sheep of his hand.

8 O worship the LORD in the beauty of | holiness:
let the whole earth | stand in awe of him.

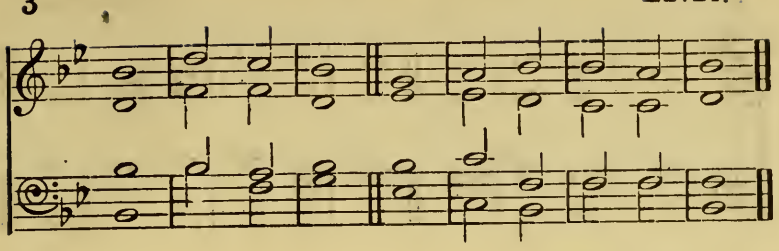
9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the earth:
and with righteousness to judge the world,
and the | people with his truth.

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

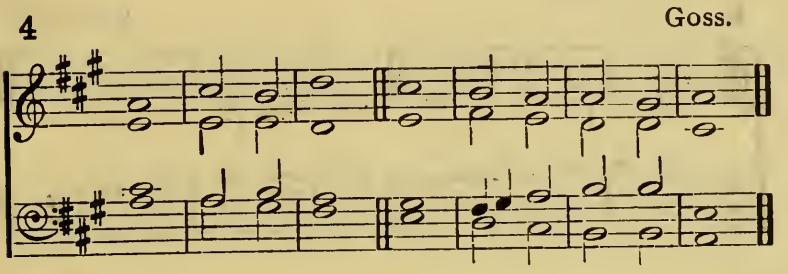
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | end. Amen.

# Magnificat.

3 ELVEY.



4 GOSS.



ST. LUKE i. 46.

MY soul doth magni | fy the Lord:
and my spirit hath rejoiced in | God my **Sa**viour.

2 For he hath re | **gard**ed:
the lowliness | of his **hand**maiden.

3 For behold from | **hence**forth:
all generations shall | call me **bless**ed.

4 For he that is mighty hath | magni • fied me:
and | holy is his Name.

5 And his mercy is on them that | **fear** him:
throughout all | gene**ra**tions.

6 He hath showed strength | with his arm:
he hath scattered the proud in the imagi | nation of their hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty | from their seat:
and hath exalted the | **hum**ble and meek.

8 He hath filled the hungry with | **good** things:
and the rich he hath | **sent** • empty • away.

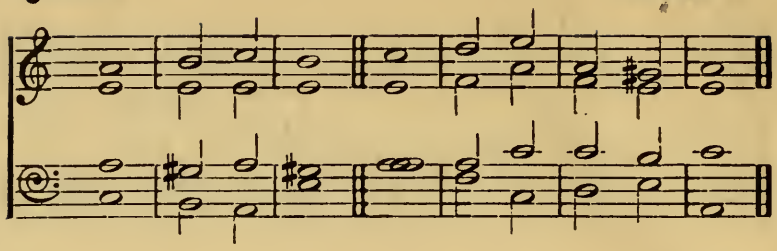
9 He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant | Israel:
as he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his | seed for **ev**er.

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

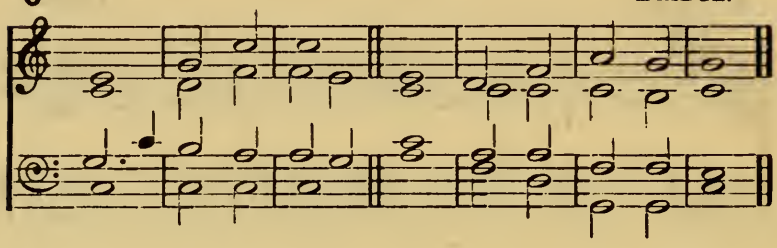
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | **end.** Amen.

# Nunc dimittis.

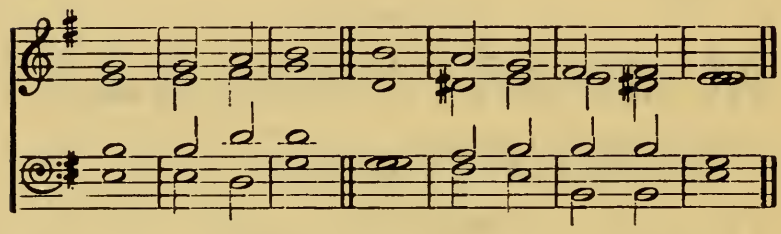
5 BENNETT.



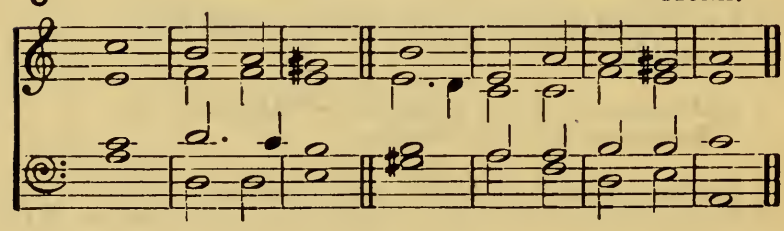
6 BRIDGE.



7 BLOW.



8 MONK.



ST. LUKE ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de | part in peace:
ac | cording to thy word.

2 For mine | eyes have seen:
thy | —sal**va**tion,

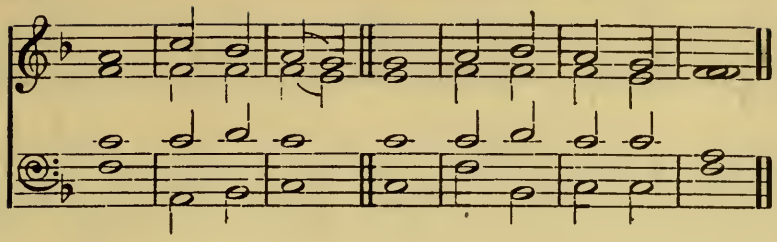
3 Which thou hast pre | **pa**red:
before the face of | **all peo**ple;

4 To be a light to lighten the | **Gen**tiles:
and to be the glory of thy | people Israel.

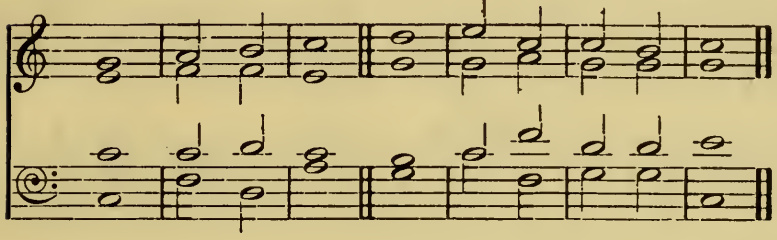
Glory be to the Father, and | to the Son:
and | to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever • shall be:
world without | **end.** **A**men.

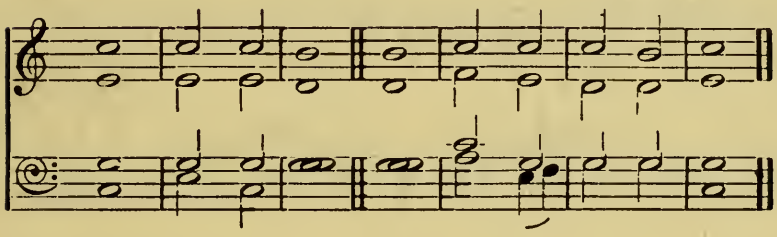
9 Arr. from French Chant.



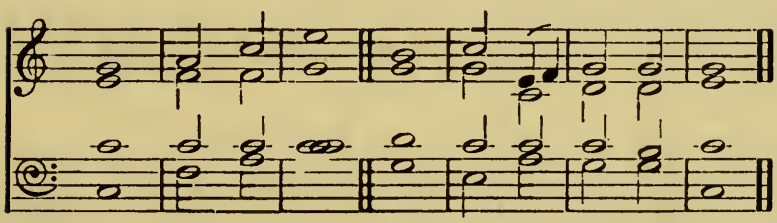
10 WOODWARD.



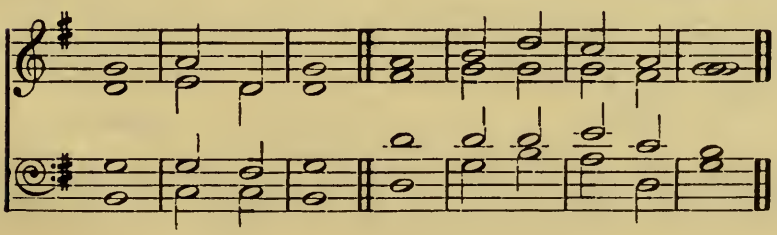
11 HUMPHREYS.



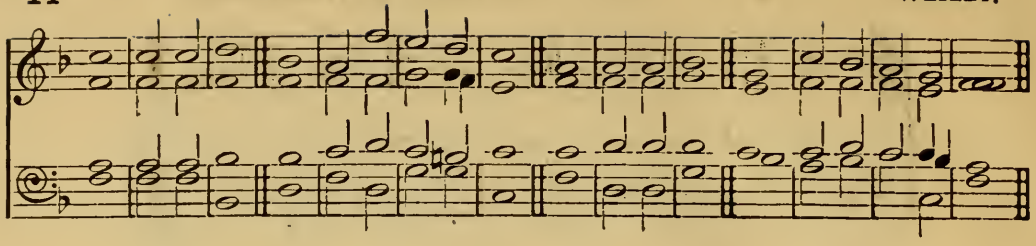
12 MACFARREN.



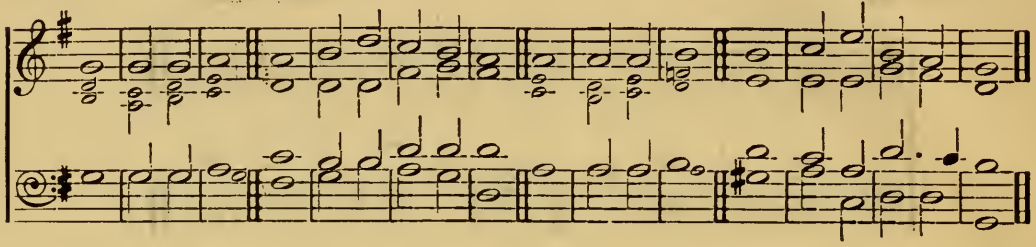
13 STAINER.



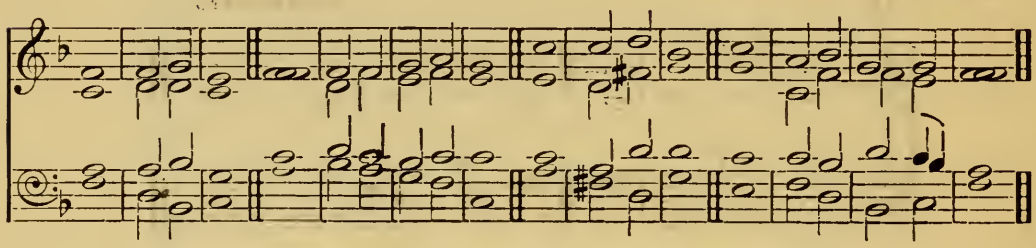
14 WESLEY.



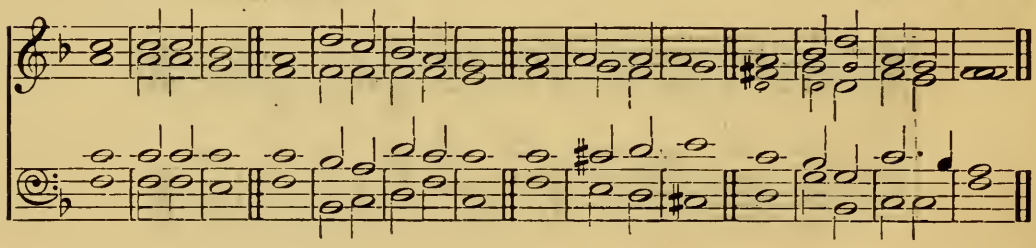
15 GARRETT.



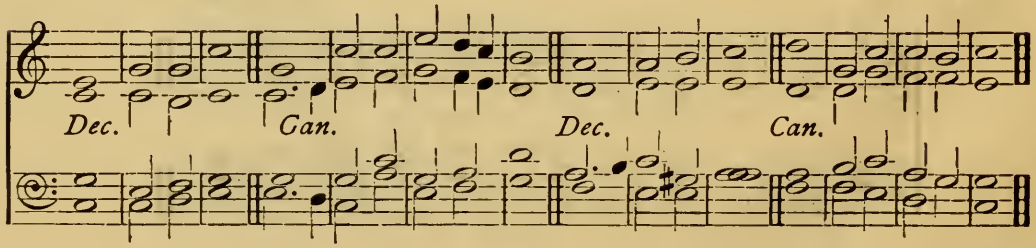
16 TURLE.



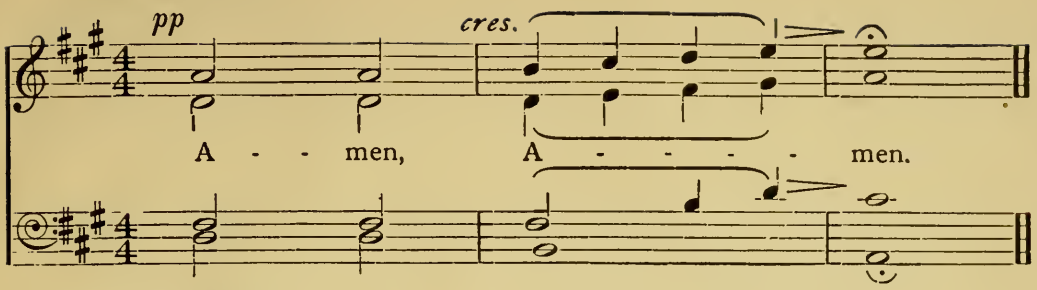
17 TURLE.



18 TURLE.



## Dresden Amen.

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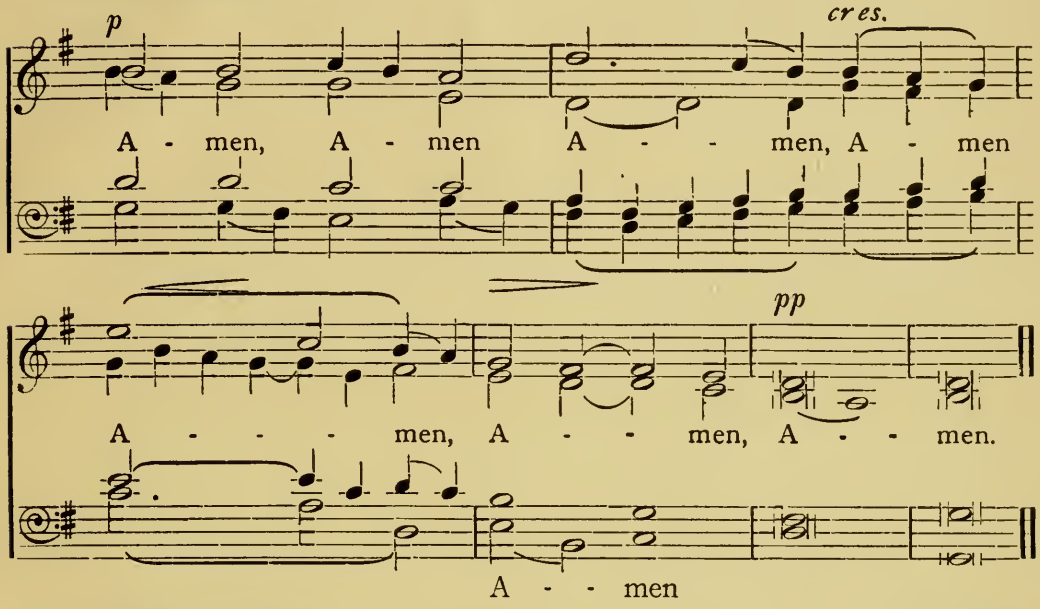
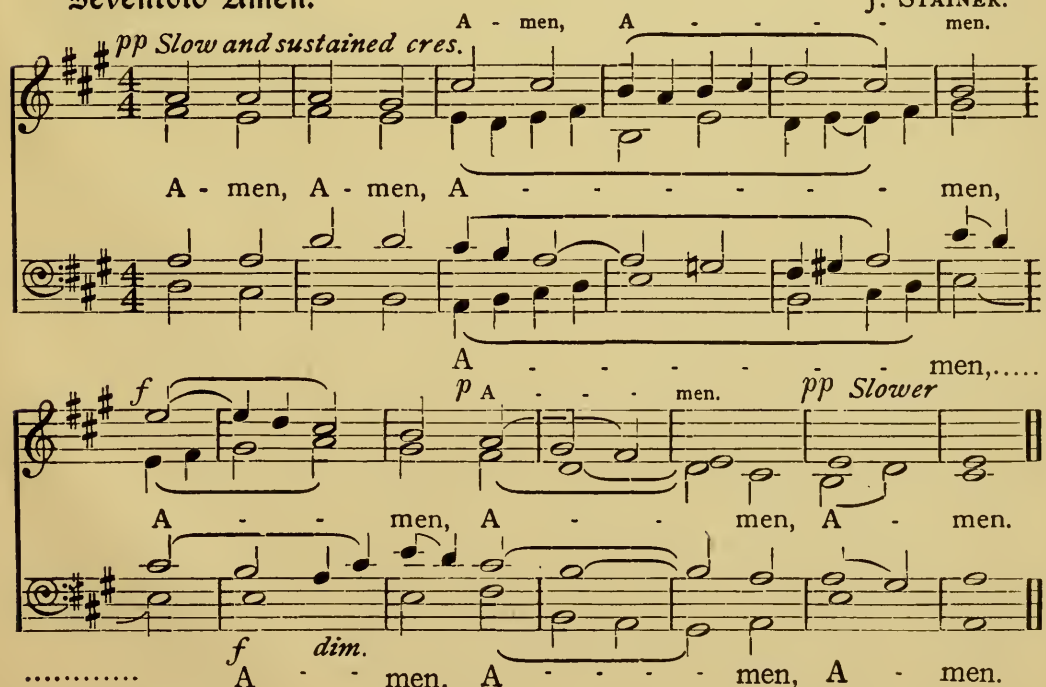



## Sevenfold Amen.

J. STAINER.



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