

# CHURCH SONGS



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W. RING GOULD AND H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD

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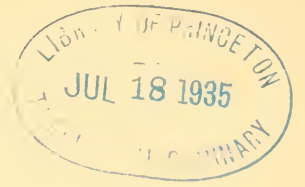
Division F

Section 44

1875-1876







*A FIRST SERIES OF*

# CHURCH SONGS

BY

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

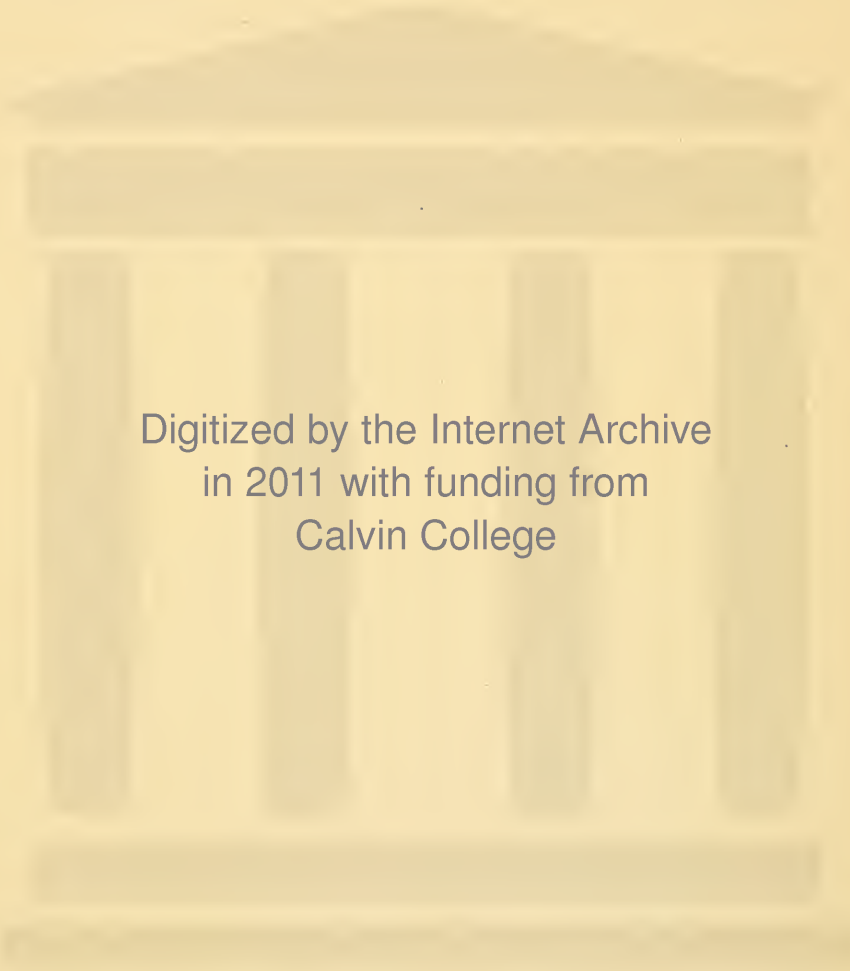
AND

✓  
REV. H. FLEETWOOD-SHEPPARD, M.A.

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# INTRODUCTION.

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A WANT has been long felt for a collection of Church songs to supplement the Hymn Book—songs with a distinctly Church and religious tendency, without being hymns. From the workshop, the kitchen, and the stable, we hear the most sacred words warbled lightly, because they have become familiar in church or chapel wedded to taking tunes. The English people, for lack of national “Volklieder” such as the Germans possess, have become a hymn-singing people; and the hymn is sung regardless of the character of the words, because the people are cheerful and want to sing.

Of late years Messrs. Sankey and Moody, and, later still, the “Salvation Army,” have introduced religious songs which have at once become favourites, because the airs have been secular, and, in some cases, the words rollicking. The result has been a distinct lowering of the reverence of the people for holy things and holy words. Sacred aspirations and names, at which angels and devils bow, are trolled out or roared to music-hall tunes, sometimes by tipsy men, and often without thought.

The tendency of these songs is not only to irreverence and profanity, but also to encourage heretical views of the scheme of Salvation. Justification is upheld as a sentimental outgush of excited hysteria, not as the gradual growth of a spiritual life; and this mischievous teaching poisons the sources of the moral conscience.

In compiling the collection now presented to Churchmen, the authors have done their best to insist on *definite* truth, and to make the song a vehicle for impressing some facts necessary to salvation on the minds of those who sing them. They have aimed especially at giving definite expressions to the doctrine of “the Catholic Church,” a doctrine which is presupposed, rather than insisted on, in our hymnals. The Church’s year brings the great facts of Our Lord’s life and the event of Pentecost before people’s minds, and the hymns accentuate the lessons of the gospels for the Festivals. But there is no great feast of the “Holy Catholic Church” at which this verity of the faith is insisted on; whence the need of supplementing the hymnal with Church songs teaching this doctrine, to be used at mission services, social gatherings, and in processions.

In an age of flux in religious belief, and disintegration, social, political, moral and religious, we cannot sufficiently impress on the minds of Christians the fact of the unity of the Church Catholic in all ages and in all places, and of her being the one immutable guardian of the truth, moral and religious, amidst the general change and upheaval, and disturbance of traditional beliefs.

A hymn should have its distinct character, be objective, and void of mawkish sentiment. It should be addressed to God, and not to the human soul, nor should it be an oblique sermon. It is an act of worship and praise. But a sacred song need not be so restricted; thus, such songs as “By the gate they meet us,” “Sinner, come to Jesus,” “We won’t give up the Bible,” “Nearer home,” and the like are unsuitable for public worship, but they are tolerable at the religious class, in the home circle on a Sunday evening, and for schools.

The songs in this collection belong to this category: they are adapted both as to words and tunes for use outside the church as a supplement to the Hymnal.

Just thirty years ago, the writer of this introduction began a similar collection, and laid it aside. He saw then that there was a need for such a book, but the demand had not come, so the time was not ripe for its production.

In selecting the melodies rather a wide field has been travelled over. Some that may not appear of much merit when tried over on the piano are taken because experience has proved them to be good workable tunes when sung by a body of voices. The harmonies throughout have been composed, re-written, or revised by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

A word or two may be added on the several songs in this collection.

1. “The March of the Church Army” is intended to teach the doctrine of the unity of the Catholic Church. The tune is arranged with much alteration from one in the Trèves “Gesang und Gebetbuch” by Stephan Lück, 1847, where it is given for the feast of S. Francis Xavier.

2. "The Little Pilgrims," is a song for school children to a simple and taking air. It has been already tested and found popular.
3. "Sailing over the Sea" inculcates the doctrine of the Church under the similitude of a ship. The tune is a Transylvanian "volkslied" somewhat altered and expanded. Härtel: Lieder-lexikon, Leipzig; No. 386.
4. "Laborare est orare," a song for working men. The words and music are by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.
5. "The Five Great Truths" is an old favourite; an additional verse has been added, as in the original none is given to the Holy Ghost. The tune is by B. A. Weber, and has been used for it, and become popular in Yorkshire, these fifteen years.
6. "The World, they say" is to a tune by Marschner in "Templer und Jüdin," slightly expanded.
7. "Cedron's Rill" teaches the unity of the Church, and the duty of keeping in it. The tune is a favourite Carinthian air.\*
8. "The Ark of the Church" inculcates the same doctrine as 3, in somewhat the same fashion. The tune is original, by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.
9. "With cruel foes around" ("S. Dorothea") is an attempt to put a Christian Virgin Martyr's legend into verse form.
10. "Forward! said the Prophet;" the tune by Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.
11. "Stars on Stars" is to a tune by A. Zöllner. Das Rütli, S. Gall, 1875; No. 68.
12. "The Sultan's Daughter" is an old Flemish ballad, shortened, and to an original air, as the old one is too quaint to become popular now. The original ballad consists of forty-eight verses. Longfellow, it will be recalled, has already used this beautiful story, and introduced it into his "Golden Legend." Elsa says to Prince Henry:—
- "Do you know the story  
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?  
That is the prettiest legend of them all."
13. "The Churches of our Land" is taken from "The Church of the People;" the Editor is unaware who was the author. The music is by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.
14. "The Children's March;" both words and music by Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.
15. "The Religion of 'Won't'" is explained in the note. Both words and tune are original.
16. "Sing the song, the triumph song," inculcates the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. The air is original, by F. Bussell, Esq., of Magdalen College, Oxford.
17. "Daily, daily," was written by the author many years ago for a mission in Yorkshire, where it became popular, and whence it spread. The tune is Tyrolean. Another is added by Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.
18. "Sunday Evening Hymn." The words are original, the music is a reminiscence of Azucena's song in the "Trovatore," much altered.
19. "The Best Friend" is a favourite hymn in German schools.
20. "The Valley of Bones" is based on the vision of Ezekiel (xxxvii. 1—14); both words and music are original.
21. "Our Mother Church" is an original composition. One half of a veres is, however, adapted from a poem by S. M., which appeared many years ago in, I think, "The Church of the People." I feel confident the authoress will not object to this use made of four lines of her poetry. The music is by G. Kurze.
22. "Childhood Past;" the music of this is far more elaborate than the rest given in this book, it is a Swiss air, arranged by E. Hermes. It is given here as a piece which may well be sung at a parochial concert or church entertainment, by the choir. Rütli, S. Gall, 1875; No. 121.

S. BARING-GOULD.

LEW TRENCHARD,

March 24, 1884.

\* It has been objected that Cedron is now only a winter torrent. This, however, is due to the denudation of the land, and the improvident cutting down of trees, which has reduced the rainfall. The stream of Cedron still flows, but runs underground; formerly it was far more copious.



# 1. The March of the Church Army.

*In martial style.*

The ban-ners are wav-ing, the trum - pet sounds, The sol-diers are gird-ing for war; .. The

sum-mons is sound-ed to form in rank, And ga-ther from near and far. . . The

shield of the Faith on the arm made fast, The sword of the Lord in hand! .. We

march in the glo-rious Host of God, We fight at the King's com-mand. . .

2.

The man and the maiden, the old, the young,  
Are all in the Church of God;  
And all have to fight in the self-same fight,  
And tread where the Saints have trod.  
The Captain above us is Jesus Christ,  
His Banner the cross so red.  
We march in the glorious Host of God,  
We follow our King and Head.

3.

Three enemies threaten on every side—  
The devil, the flesh, the world;  
We ward off their darts with the silver shield,  
And flutter the banner unfurl'd.  
We echo the angels' triumphant shout,  
When Satan from heaven fell.  
We march in the glorious Host of God,  
To battle with sin and hell.

4.

But One is the army that Christ commands,  
In ages that pass, but One;  
But One is the warfare wherever waged,  
In the self-same way begun.  
The Faith of the army of Christ is One,  
The strength of its Hope the same,  
We march in the glorious Host of God,  
In the great Commander's Name.

5.

Then who will be found from the Host to stray?  
And who from the Faith to fall?  
As Satan of old from the ranks above,  
From Jesus the All-in-all?  
With shoulder to shoulder, and firm as flint,  
We swerve not to left or right,  
We march in the glorious Host of God,  
The soldiers and sons of Light.

## 2.

## The Little Pilgrims.

FOR CHILDREN.

*With spirit.*  $\text{♩}$

*mf* I'm a lit - tle Pil - grim, Here I may not stay;

Staff in hand I jour - ney, Sing - ing on my way. FINE.

*p* There are ma - ny chil - dren Go the self - same road,

*f* Which to bless - ed Sa - lem Leads, the Lord's a - bode. CHORUS.  $\text{♩}$

2.

There are pitfalls many  
Set on every side;  
God, a guardian angel  
Gives to be my guide.  
I'm a little, &c.

3.

There are dangers many  
Meet me as I go;  
Strong, with God's assistance,  
Fear I not the foe.  
I'm a little, &c.

4.

There are bypaths many  
Foolish men have trod;  
Forward I am pressing  
On the King's high road.  
I'm a little, &c.

5.

Far before me shineth  
Zion, city blest,  
Where the little Pilgrim  
In the end may rest.  
I'm a little, &c.

6.

Help the little Pilgrim,  
Lord, I humbly pray;  
Keep me safe, and keep me  
In the King's highway.  
I'm a little, &c.

## Sailing over the Sea.

*Cheerfully.* *mf* *dim.*

We weigh the an-chor, spread the sail, To reach the pro-mis'd shore, . . The

*cres.* *dim.*

wind springs up, we stand to sea, De-tain us here no more.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.*

Sail-ing, sail-ing o-ver the sea, In storm and sun-shine bright, . .

*f* *dim.* *Last verse. Repeat Ch.*

Bound for Pa-ra-dise are we, The land of true de-light. - light.

2.

Our gallant ship is Holy Church  
Which Jesus Christ commands;  
And all the crew, both old and young,  
In His obedience stands.  
Sailing, &c.

3.

The blood-red cross at mast-head streams,  
The ensign of our King;  
The sea is calm, the sky serene,  
And as we sail we sing.  
Sailing, &c.

4.

The storm may break, the night may lower,  
The vessel toss and strain;  
We fear no wreck, we steer right on,  
The sun will shine again.  
Sailing, &c.

5.

Our Captain watches night and day,  
His Holy Ship to guide;  
And safe we sail so long as we  
Within her walls abide.  
Sailing &c.

6.

Then keep us, Lord, when seas are smooth,  
And keep when storms o'erwhelm;  
O may we ever hear Thy voice,  
And see Thee at the helm.  
Sailing, &c.

## 4.

## Laborare est Orare.

*In moderate time.*

*p* Lord Je - sus was a car - pen - ter, Who wrought with saw and plane, And

did in Naz' - reth thir - ty years A work - ing man re - main; But *p*

while He wrought, His heart and thought Were ev - er with the Lord, How *cres.*

He might best con - struct His Church And preach the glo - rious Word. *f*

CHORUS.

*p* Then, work - ing men, be brave, be strong To serve the Lord al - way; Re -

*rall.* *Slow.* *p* - mem - ber what Au - gus - tine said: "To la - bour is to pray."

## 2.

St. Peter was a fisherman,  
 Who toiled upon the wave;  
 "Henceforth shalt thou catch men," said Christ,  
 "And sinful souls shalt save."  
 "Thou art a rock, and I will build  
 My holy Church on thee;  
 The keys of heaven thou shalt hold,  
 Come, follow after Me."  
 Then, working men, &c.

## 3.

St. Paul, he was a tentmaker,  
 And, working at his trade  
 With them that were of self-same craft,  
 For Christ He converts made.  
 "These hands," he said, "have ministered  
 To my necessity;"  
 And herein gathered his reward,  
 He made the gospel free.  
 Then, working men, &c.

## 4.

The good physician, Luke, whose praise  
 Through all the churches rolls,  
 Like his great Master, toiled to save  
 Men's bodies and men's souls.  
 From him we learn those songs divine,  
 Which men and angels too  
 Sing day by day. O what weak man  
 With zeal for God may do!  
 Then, working men, &c.

## 5.

A rich young ruler came to Christ,  
 "Lord, I will follow Thee;  
 The ten commandments I have kept,  
 What lacketh yet to me?"  
 "Give all thy wealth to feed the poor,  
 And thou shalt win the crown."  
 Alas! he could not rise to that,  
 His riches held him down.  
 Then, working men, &c.

## 6.

God's saints in every age and clime,  
 All in their several ways,  
 With heart and hand, in life and death,  
 Have laboured for His praise:  
 And we too, brothers, wheresoe'er  
 Our humble lot may lie,  
 Can work for Him, who was content,  
 For us to work—and die!  
 Then, working men, &c.

## 5.

## The five great Truths.

*Majestically.*

There is one true and on - ly God, Our Ma - ker and our Lord, And

He cre - a - ted ev - 'ry - thing By His al - migh - ty word.

CHORUS.

All this and all the Church doth teach, My God, I do be - lieve, For

Thou hast bid me hear the Church,\* And Thou canst not de - ceive.

2.

But in this one and only God  
There yet are Persons Three:  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One Blessed Trinity.  
All this, &c.

3.

The second Person, God the Son,  
Came down on earth to dwell,  
Took flesh, and died upon the Cross,  
To save our souls from Hell.  
All this, &c.

4.

The Holy Spirit I adore,  
The source of life and love,  
Who through the veins of Holy Church,  
As sap in plants doth move.  
All this, &c.

5.

The good with God in light shall reign,  
And ever happy be;  
The wicked into darkness cast  
Shall wail eternally.  
All this, &c.

\* "If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."—  
S. Matt. xviii. 17.

## 6.

## The world, they say.

*Not too slow.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

The world, they say is out of joint, And tend - eth to de -

*p* *cres.* *dim.*

- cay ; The wheel of Time re - volves, and naught Con - tin - ues in one

*f* *Repeat in Chorus.*

stay. But one Faith, but one Church, For ev - er is the same.

- 2 The stream of life is changing as  
The ever shifting tide ;  
And scatters what we gather up,  
That nothing may abide.  
But one Faith, &c.
- 3 The wind blows North, the wind blows South,  
The wind blows East and West ;  
And men's opinions whirl about,  
And never are at rest.  
But one Faith, &c.
- 4 No form or fashion fixed remains  
But hastes to disappear ;  
And when Prosperity abounds,  
Destruction draweth near.  
But one Faith, &c.
- 5 Upon unstable sands are built  
Our Babels every day ;  
The rain descends, the waters swell,  
And sweep them clean away.  
But one Faith, &c.
- 6 And many a sect is set aloft  
For ever to endure ;  
But stone by stone it crumbles down,  
Man cannot make secure.  
But one Faith, &c.
- 7 The storm may rage, the floods arise,  
The Church must surely stand,  
Built on the everlasting rock  
By the Almighty hand.  
But one Faith, &c.

## 7.

## Cedron's Rill.

*Peacefully.*

The moon was bright that Pas - chal night, O'er Ced - ron's dark and  
 rock - y dell; And Ced-ron's tor - rent glan-cing bright, As sil - ver flash'd and fell.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Peacefully.' and the dynamics are 'p'. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, with dynamics 'cres.' and 'dim.'.

2.

The Saviour stood, and prayed: "I would  
 That those whom Thou hast given Me  
 Should ever stand, a constant band,  
 In steadfast Unity."

3.

"That from the fold wherein I hold  
 The sheep I love, should wander none;  
 As Thou in Me, and I in Thee  
 They all may be as one."

4.

As Cedron flows from whence it rose  
 One stream throughout from source to sea,  
 The Church in time and every clime  
 Is one, and one will be.

5.

Though many a rill falls in to fill  
 The shining river as it glides,  
 Yet none will think to o'er-leap the brink,  
 Each in the bed abides,

6.

And all, the same, with common aim  
 And common impulse onward flow;  
 And none rebel, but join to swell,  
 One stream as on they go.

7.

O keep us, Lord, the sole Adored,  
 In Unity assured with Thee,  
 All one in Faith, all one in Hope,  
 And one in Charity.



## 8.

## The Ark of the Church.

*With emphasis.*

Wild the winds and waves were roar-ing, Hor - ror, past the tongue to tell, Rag - ing sea and

brood-ing blackness, Dread-ful as the depth of hell. Dead men drift-ing in the wa - ter,

brood-ing blackness, Dread-ful as the depth of hell. Dead men drift-ing in the wa - ter,

**CHORUS.**

*dim.* In the Ark, in the Ark,  
With the bil-lows danc'd and fell. In the Ark, in the Ark, safe - ty,

in the Ark, in the Ark,

*dim.* In the Ark a-lone, in the Ark, in the Ark, safe-ty, in the Ark, the Ark a-lone!  
*rall.*

2.

On the sea the storm descended,  
Jesus in the vessel slept;  
Foam and water o'er the bulwarks  
By the rushing blast was swept.  
Boats were sinking, men were drowning,  
O'er them fierce, the billows leapt,  
In the Ship, in the Ship—safety  
In the Ship alone.

3.

In the world are dangers many,  
Storms that wreck, and mists that veil;  
Darkness deepens, landmarks vanish—  
Who can dare such seas to sail?  
Who in vessels man constructed,  
Can against such odds prevail?  
In the Church, in the Church—safety  
In the Church alone.

4.

For the Church is Christ's own vessel,  
He the keel thereof hath laid;  
He the Builder, He the Captain,  
He the Pilot, stands its aid.  
To the port, direct and safely,  
He will guide the ship He made.  
In the Church, in the Church—safety  
In the Church alone.

## With cruel foes around.

*Plaintively.*

With cru - el foes a - round . . The maid - en mar - tyr

*cres.*

stood; . . . De - ny thy Christ, they said, or seal Thy

*dim.*

wit - ness with thy blood. . . . How can I Christ de -

*cres.*

. ny, . . . Who died for love of me; . . . How can I

*dim.*

for - feit Pa - ra - dise, The Land I long to see? . . .

## 2.

“ There angels sit and weave  
 A garland for my head,  
 To crown the victor in the fight,  
 Of roses white and red.”  
 A scoffer, standing by  
 Said, “ Maiden, send, I pray,  
 Some roses, if thy tale be true,  
 From Paradise to-day.”

## 3.

She turned and raised her eyes.  
 “ I will—if God allow ; ”  
 Then meekly bared and bowed her neck  
 Beneath the headsman’s blow.  
 The stainless spirit fled,  
 And flowed the ruby blood ;  
 Then lo ! in light and flowing white  
 A glorious angel stood,

## 4.

And spake, “ The crown is won  
 As Dorothea said ;  
 The martyr sendeth now to thee  
 Some roses white and red.”  
 The fairest flowers of earth  
 Might not with those compare,  
 The angel held, they streamed with light,  
 And fragrance passing rare.

## 5.

We are not called to die  
 By martyr’s death of pain ;  
 By sword or spear, by cross or fire,  
 Yet still may Eden gain.  
 For if we live to God,  
 And serve Him here in fear,  
 A crown of life is held aloft  
 For those that persevere.

## "forward!" said the Prophet.

*With energy.*

"For-ward!" said the Pro-phet, Point-ing to the sea, March, ye roy-al peo-ple,

Through it fear-less-ly! What though foes are gath'-ring, Dark-'ning all the plain,

*f* *dim.* **CHORUS.**

God's right arm ex-tend-ed Shall their force re-strain. Roll back, rush-ing wa-ters!

*p* *cres.*

Stay thy waves, O sea! That I may gain the Bless-ed land, My God has promised me.

*f* *p*

*Chorus to the last verse.*

Strike, strike the sound-ing tim-brel, By the pla-cid sea;



2.

What though broad before you  
 Spreads a tossing tide?  
 God is strong and mighty  
 Waters to divide.  
 With my rod uplifted,  
 Forward see me go;  
 Back! ye hungry billows,  
 Let the people through.  
 Roll back, rushing waters,  
 Stay thy waves, O Sea!  
 That I may gain the Blessed land  
 My God has promised me.

3.

March, God's chosen people!  
 Over doubt and dread;  
 All that daunts shall vanish  
 Where ye fearless tread.  
 Only march on boldly,  
 Looking far away  
 From the black sea-bottom,  
 To the breaking day.  
 Roll back, &c.

4.

Dread not threatening billows  
 Which like walls uprear;  
 Dread not hosts pursuing,  
 Armed with sword and spear.  
 Wherefore now faint-hearted?  
 Trust ye in your God!  
 Look on me, your leader,  
 With uplifted rod.  
 Roll back, &c.

5.

Soon shall all be gathered  
 Safe on yonder shore;  
 Foes who long have daunted,  
 Ye shall see no more.  
 Looking back, shall wonder  
 What ye had to fear;  
 Marvel how ye doubted  
 When your help was near.  
 Strike, strike the sounding timbrel  
 By the placid sea;  
 Shout, shout to God, as thunder,  
 Songs of victory.

## Stars on Stars.

*In steady time.* *cres.*

Stars on stars on hea-ven's floor End-less seem, yet ev - er - more, Grow-ing  
as we up-ward gaze, Full of won - der and a - maze.\* No-where are the hea-vens  
dark Thro' the vast ex-panse we mark Ev - 'ry - where some ti - ny spark.

2.

Saint on saint in heaven stands,  
Countless are their radiant bands ;  
Moving round the central Sun,  
Jesus Christ, the glorious One.  
Who the numbers may recite,  
Or the glory and delight,  
Of the blessed sons of light ?

3.

Dull the earth and dark may seem,  
There no righteous found, we deem,  
Yet the saints are trained below,  
Soon above as stars to glow ;  
Out of every nation rise  
Planets for the starry skies,  
Filling hearts with glad surprise.

4.

O that life's probation done,  
We may circle round our Sun,  
Safe with those who've gone before,  
Safe from fall for evermore,  
In the firmament above,  
Round the Lord in ranks to move,  
Beaming light, aglow with love !

\* "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—I Cor. xv. 41, 42. "And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and He said unto him, So shall thy seed be."—Gen. xv. 5.

## The Sultan's Daughter.

AN OLD FLEMISH BALLAD.

*With simplicity.*

A Sul - tan had a daugh - ter sweet, And walk - ing in the bowers, At  
 ear - ly dawn the maid - en went, Gath - er - ing gar - den flowers.

2.

"O, who is He?" the damsel said;  
 "The flow'rs on earth who shed,  
 The roses pink, the lilies white,  
 Hyacinths blue and red?"

3.

"O, who is He? I love Him well,  
 Ah! wondrous is His power,  
 Who made the blossom, seed, and leaf,  
 Fashioning all the flower.

4.

"O, who is He, that gard'ner good?  
 To Him my heart I yield;"  
 For worthy He to be beloved  
 Painting the summer field."

5.

Then Jesus Christ at cockcrow came,  
 And at the window stood;  
 "I come to take the maiden's heart,  
 I am the gard'ner good."\*

6.

The Sultan's daughter rose and said,  
 "Thy like I have not seen,  
 O gentle Lord, with locks all wet,  
 Knee-deep in herbage green."

7.

"O Maiden, I have loved thee well,  
 All in my Father's home;  
 My locks are wet with drops of night,  
 As in the dew I roam.†

8.

"I come for thee, to bear thy soul,  
 To see my Father's bowers,  
 To realms of light, where angels white  
 Sing in the land of flowers."

9.

"With Thee I'll go," the Maiden said,  
 "For Thee I love so well;  
 But what are these red flowers Thou hast,  
 What are these roses, tell?"

10.

He showed the roses in His palms,  
 The roses on His feet;  
 A blood red rose was on His side,  
 There where the heart doth beat.

11.

"O, these are wounds I show to thee,  
 To prove I love thee true;  
 I bore for thee the nails, the spear,  
 Piercing My body through."‡

12.

The Sultan to his garden came,  
 There lay his daughter dead;  
 A smile upon her face, her arms  
 Were as a cross outspread.§

\* S. John xx. 15.

† Song of Solomon v. 2.  
§ See introductory remarks on this Ballad.

‡ Isaiah xlix. 16.

## The Churches of our Land.

*With feeling.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "They lie in val - leys bur - ied deep, They stud the bar - ren hills, They're". The second system starts with a *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte) dynamic, followed by a *dim.* (diminuendo) and *p* dynamic. The lyrics are: "mir - ror'd where proud ri - vers sweep, And by the hum - ble rills. A bless - ing on each". The third system continues with a *p* dynamic. The lyrics are: "ho - ly fane, Wher - ev - er they may stand, With o - pen door, for rich and poor, The". The fourth system includes *cres.*, *f*, *rall.* (ritardando), and *Repeat for Chorus.* markings. The lyrics are: "Churches of our Land, With o - pen door, for rich and poor, The Churches of our Land." The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures throughout.

They lie in val - leys bur - ied deep, They stud the bar - ren hills, They're

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

mir - ror'd where proud ri - vers sweep, And by the hum - ble rills. A bless - ing on each

*p*

ho - ly fane, Wher - ev - er they may stand, With o - pen door, for rich and poor, The

*cres.* *f* *rall.* *Repeat for Chorus.*

Churches of our Land, With o - pen door, for rich and poor, The Churches of our Land.

2.

Ye boast of England's palaces,  
Her cities and her towers—  
Of mansions where her sons, at ease,  
Dwell 'midst her greenwood bowers ;  
But deeper sense of reverence  
God's temple should command,  
While knee shall bend, and prayer ascend  
From Churches of our Land.

3.

O! pleasant are the pealing bells,  
Heard at each holy time,  
That call to prayer from hills and dells,  
With their melodious chime ;  
And glorious is the sacred song,  
Swell'd by a fervent band,  
When organ note doth proudly float  
Through Churches of our Land.

4.

Talk not of England's " wooden walls,"  
Her better strength is here ;  
Here trust around the spirit falls,  
Subduing doubt and fear.  
Here her brave sons have gathered power,  
And nerved each heart and hand ;  
Most fearless prove those who best love  
The Churches of our Land.

5.

They stand the guardians of the faith  
For which our fathers died ;  
God keep these temples free from scathe—  
Our blessing and our pride !  
Our energies, our deeds, our prayers,  
All these should they command,  
That never foe may lay them low,—  
The Churches of our Land.



## The Children's March.

*In marching time.*

*p* *cres.*

O va - liant lit - tle sol - diers, Why march you thus a - long, And lift your childish voi - ces In

*f* *p* *cres.* *f*

loud and war - like song? Whose ban - ner do you bear a - loft, A cross as red as flame? A

*dim.* **CHORUS.**

- gainst what foe to bat - tle go, And what your Cap - tain's Name? So we march, march, march, march,

march a - long, And our songs rise loud and clear, For

Christ our Cap - tain is brave and strong, And we know nei - ther doubt nor fear.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano part is in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f, cres., dim.), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words in italics to indicate emphasis or phrasing. The chorus section is marked with 'CHORUS.' and 'dim.'.

2.

Our Captain is Christ Jesus,  
Our enemy is sin,  
The world, the flesh, the devil;  
And we the flesh shall win.  
Beneath the cross of Christ we march,  
The crown of Christ to gain;  
And we have promised faithfully  
His soldiers to remain.  
So we march, &c.

3.

O, valiant little soldiers!  
But you are weak and frail;  
The way is long, the foe is strong,  
And dangers sore assail.  
Unknown temptations hover near,  
Sin lurks on every hand, [guide  
When snare and wile all hearts be-  
How shall you firmly stand?  
So we march, &c.

4.

We are but feeble soldiers,  
And if our arm alone  
Were all we had to trust to,  
We soon were overthrown:  
But Christ, when dangers threaten  
His shield will o'er us fling, [us,  
And by His side we safe shall bide,  
Beneath His sheltering wing.  
So we march, &c.

5.

O valiant little soldiers!  
But Christ has much to do;  
Can He be with you always  
When others need Him too?  
The cruel foe his face may show,  
When Christ is far away;  
The battle's roll will shake your soul,  
And Satan gain the day.  
So we march, &c.

6.

The Lord is with us always;  
His promise cannot fail;  
If love we show to Him, no foe  
Against us can prevail.  
By night and day to Him we pray  
For grace to do His will,  
Whose loving deeds have helped our  
And He will help us still. [needs,  
So we march, &c.

7.

O valiant little soldiers!  
Take me along with you;  
You serve the Lord and trust His  
I'll serve and trust Him too. [word,  
I too will bear His banner fair;  
I too will conquer sin; [ones,  
Who marches with Christ's little  
His kingdom best may win.  
So we march, &c.

## The Religion of "Won't."

*With decision.*

*mf*

The Faith of the Church is "Aye" and "Yea!"\*The voice of the Dev-il is "Not" and "Nay;" The

*mf*

*cres.* Faith it is One, and it One will be, Till time is engulfed in e - ter - ni - ty. *dim.*

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *Repeat as Chorus.*

The Re - li - gion of "Won't," And the Creed of "Don't" Is not the re - li - gion for me.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in a G major key signature and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with the instruction 'With decision.' and a dynamic marking of 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'The Faith of the Church is "Aye" and "Yea!"\*The voice of the Dev-il is "Not" and "Nay;" The'. The second system continues with 'Faith it is One, and it One will be, Till time is engulfed in e - ter - ni - ty.' and includes dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'dim.'. The third system begins with 'The Re - li - gion of "Won't," And the Creed of "Don't" Is not the re - li - gion for me.' and includes dynamic markings 'cres.', 'f', and 'dim.', as well as the instruction 'Repeat as Chorus.' at the end of the line.

- 2 The Faith of the Church will for ever last,  
Is one in all places and with the past,  
Is steadfast, is given by God on high,  
Not human and shifting incessantly.  
The Religion of "Won't," &c.
- 3 Sects cling to the false and reject the true,  
They clamour for something invented new;  
They "don't believe this," and they "don't hold that!"  
And never are satisfied what they are at.  
The Religion of "Won't," &c.
- 4 And what they believe no man may say,  
But they all protest with a "Not" and "Nay,"  
And "I don't" and "I won't," and "I sha'n't," and "can't,"  
Till nothing is left but an ugly want.  
The Religion of "Won't," &c.
- 5 The Faith of the Church is "Aye" and "Yea!"  
The voice of the Devil is "Not" and "Nay;"  
The Faith, it is One, and it One will be,  
Till time is engulfed in eternity.  
The Religion of "Won't," &c.

\* "As God is true, our word toward you was not Yea and Nay. For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, was not Yea and Nay, but in Him was Yea."—2 Cor. i. 18, 19. S. Paul means that the Christian Faith is something to believe: on the other hand the sects and heresies, old and new, are forms of disbelief. The Church holds all the Faith. The sects pick and choose little bits of truth, and deny the rest. Heresy consists not so much in teaching false doctrine as in denying true doctrine. Thus, if you were to strike out of the Faith, one after another, the various points denied by the sects, you would have nothing left. Christ committed the whole Truth to His Church to be held as a whole till the end. The poet, Goethe, well makes the devil thus describe himself, "The Spirit I that evermore denies."

# 16. Sing the song, the triumph song.

*Boldly.*

Sing the song, the tri-umph song, The vic-tor's crown is on; Shout to  
 Christ, and march a - long, The bat-tle's fought and won; Raise it till it shake the  
 sky! For the Saints, the Saints on high, Their day of strife and la - bour done.

2.

Down the deep and darksome vale  
 They pass'd from out of sight,  
 Now beyond its river pale  
 They mount to deathless light.  
 To the land of verdant bowers,  
 And of sweet unfading flowers,  
 For ever fair, for ever bright.

3.

On! upon the holy height  
 An altar-throne is spread;  
 There the Lamb, in radiant light,  
 Lifts His thorn-encircled head.  
 Saints that from the valley rise  
 Are with glad, expectant eyes,  
 To Jesus Christ, the Saviour, led.

4.

Patriarchs and prophets stand  
 In joy on either side,  
 Now possess the Promised Land  
 Bestowed by Him who died.  
 Now their types are all complete,  
 Priest and king and prophet meet,  
 In glad accord, and satisfied.

5.

Mary now in joyous cheer,  
 The Maiden, Mother, Queen;  
 John the Baptist, John the Seer,  
 This triumph once foreseen;  
 Peter with the double keys,  
 Magdalen upon her knees,  
 Apostles twelve in golden sheen.

6.

Innocents by Herod slain,  
 The clouds about the sun;  
 Crimson-flushed, baptized in pain,  
 Ere life had well begun,  
 Now with angels, hand in hand,  
 Roam about the happy land  
 Without a fear, with trouble none.

7.

Catharine, from wheel and blade,  
 Ascends to perfect day;  
 Cicely, in snow arrayed,  
 Comes singing on her way.  
 Lucy, with her lamp alight,  
 Virgin cohort, fair and bright,  
 With roses and with lilies gay.

8.

Martyr host, confessors true,  
 And many a faithful priest;  
 Humble souls, earth never knew,  
 The first who were the least.  
 Sing the saints, their sorrows o'er,  
 Weeping, wanting now no more,  
 They full enjoy the marriage feast.

## Daily, daily.

## FIRST TUNE.

*Joyfully.*

Dai-ly, dai-ly sing the prais-es Of the ci-ty God hath made, In the beauteous fields of

CHORUS.

E-den, Its foun-da-tion stones are laid. O that I had wings of an-gels, Here to

spread and heavenward fly, I would seek the gates of Zi-on, Far beyond the star-ry sky.

## SECOND TUNE.

*Not too fast.*

Dai-ly, dai-ly sing the prais-es Of the ci-ty God hath made,

In the beau-teous fields of E-den, Its foun-da-tion stones are laid.

CHORUS.

O that I had wings of an - gels, Here to spread and heavenward fly,

I would seek the gates of Zi - on, Far be - yond the star - ry sky.

\* 2. All the walls of that dear ci - ty Are of bright and bur-nish'd gold,

It is match-less in its beau - ty, And its trea - sures are un - told.

\* Each succeeding verse begins here.

3 In the midst of that dear city  
Christ is reigning on His seat,  
And the angels swing their censers  
In a ring about His feet.  
O that I had, &c.

4 From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the city  
Like a beam of living light.  
O that I had, &c.

5 Where it waters leafy Eden  
Rolling over silver sand,  
Sit the angels, softly chiming  
On the harps they hold in hand.  
O that I had, &c.

6 There the meadows, green and dewy,  
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;  
Thousand, thousand are the colours  
Of the waving flowers there.  
O that I had, &c.

7 There the forests ever blossom  
As our orchards here in May;  
There the gardens never wither,  
But eternally are gay.  
O that I had, &c.

8 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs and the elders,  
And the great redeemèd throng.  
O that I had, &c.

9 O, I would mine eyes were open,  
Here to catch that happy strain!  
O, I would mine eyes some vision  
Of that Eden could attain!  
O that I had, &c.

## 18.

## Sunday Evening Hymn.

*Tranquilly.*

Day - light de - cli - ning, dark - ness is nigh, Sha - dows are

ga - ther - ing o - ver the sky, Sun - day is o - ver,

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

Sun - day is past; Day of re - joi - cing clo - sing at last.

- 2 This is the day the Lord called out of night,  
Sudden and wondrous, the glorious light ;  
This is the day the truth streams on the soul,  
Banishing ignorance, sick making whole.
- 3 This is the day the Lord rose from the tomb,  
Sorrow dispelling, and scattering gloom ;  
This is the day the Lord made as His own,  
When all His subjects should kneel at His throne.
- 4 This is the day that His Table is spread,  
When He is known in the Breaking of Bread ;  
This is the day that His children are found  
Gathered in love their dear Father around.
- 5 Now the day endeth, its moments are done,  
Sets on another glad Sunday the sun ;  
Pardon, O Saviour, neglect in Thy praise !  
Pardon the prayers we were careless to raise.
- 6 Grant that hereafter, when Time is no more,  
We, with the angels, on Thy blessed shore,  
May sing unwearied the Father, the Son,  
And the Blest Spirit, in Three ever One.

## The best friend.

*With smoothness.*

Our dear - est Friend in heaven is reign-ing, While here on earth true

*cres.*

friend - ship's rare, And art - ful guile and false - hood feign - ing, Too

*dim.* *cres.*

oft make hon - est hearts des - pair. But still on this my

*f*

hopes de - pend, My Je - sus is my stead - fast Friend.

- 2 For me He suffered anguish mortal,  
 For me His precious blood He shed,  
 For me He opes the heavenly portal,  
 For me He mounted from the dead.  
 And here my cry shall never end,  
 My Jesus is my steadfast Friend.
- 3 Then keep, O world, thy guilty pleasures,  
 Thy glitt'ring gifts, whate'er be they;  
 For me divine eternal treasures,  
 Which never more shall pass away.  
 Whoe'er assail, do thou defend,  
 My Jesus, King, and steadfast Friend.

## The Valley of Bones.

*Mysteriously.*

The Val - ley of Bones lay dead and bare, With car - cas-es scat - ter'd

ev - 'ry-where; No flow'rs would bloom, no herb - age spring, No

birds would ov - er its still - ness wing. O wind of God, come

breathe on the slain, That they may stand on their feet a - gain.

*mf* CHORUS. *mf* *fz*

Detailed description: The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is in 6/8 time, marked 'Mysteriously' and 'p'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system begins a chorus in 3/4 time, marked 'mf'. The fourth system continues the chorus, marked 'mf' and 'fz'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

2.

The Valley of Bones is round us all,  
The dead are prostrate, the dying fall,  
And over us hardly a gleam of light,  
But shadows of death, and dreary night.  
O wind, &c.

3.

The faith of the saints is fading fast,  
The hope of the helpless is overpast;  
And charity dies in selfishness,  
And fortitude fails with weariness.  
O wind, &c.

4.

The Spirit of God again will blow,  
The sources of life again will flow,  
The Church will arise, a mighty host,  
And conquer again her places lost.  
O wind, &c.

5.

O Day of the Lord, return, return!  
The hearts of the sad expectant yearn!  
O Spirit, the face of the earth renew!  
O breathe as the wind, distil as the dew!  
O wind, &c.



## Our Mother Church.

*S* With firmness.  
*mf*

The Church is my Moth - er,\* I owe her my love; She train - eth her

*mf*

chil - dren for Je - sus a - bove. Of old . . Eve was Moth - er of

*p* FINE.

all . . sons of earth, Now God gives an - o - ther by Heav'n - ly birth.

*p*

- 2 Ere Jesus ascended,  
In that parting hour  
He gave his commission  
Investing with power :  
" Go forth to the nations,  
And teach in My Name,  
And, lo ! I am with you,  
Till earth ends in flame."  
The Church, &c.
- 3 O Church of the Saviour,  
By promise secure,  
Infallible teacher,  
While earth shall endure:  
Though traitors deceive thee,  
And scorners surround ;  
Though false teachers leave thee  
And cruel hands wound.  
The Church, &c.
- 4 Though winds whistle chilly,  
And wither thy leaf,  
Our love for thee, Mother,  
Shall grow with thy grief ;

The day is not distant  
When all men shall own,  
The Church is the kingdom  
Of Jesus alone.  
The Church, &c.

- 5 Then those who disdained,  
And cowards who fled,  
Shall come to her crouching  
For morsels of bread.†  
For Christ in His glory  
Shall summon His Bride  
To share in His triumph  
And reign at His side.  
The Church, &c.

- 6 Then we that were faithful,  
That held to her fast,  
Shall shine in her splendour  
In heaven at last.  
Lord Jesus, we pray Thee  
To hasten the hour,  
Establish Thy kingdom,  
In glory and power.  
The Church, &c.

\* " Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all. Now we, brethren, are the children of promise. We are not children of the bondwoman (the Jewish Church) but of the free (the Catholic Church)."  
Gal. iv. 26, 28, 31.

† 1 Sam. ii. 36.

## Childhood past.

*With feeling.*

The vil - lage church, the vil - lage tower, The peal of glad me - lo - dious

*p*

bells That break from out the leaf - y bower, And to the heart of com - fort

*p*

tells; The vil - lage churchyard where re - pose my fa - ther, mo - ther dear, and

*pp* *p* *rit.*

*a tempo.*

those I knew and loved in childhood's time, But meet no more in man - hood's

*f* *p*

prime, I knew and loved in child - hood's time, But

*pp* *mf*

I knew and loved in child - hood's time, But meet no

*pp* *mf*

meet no more . . . in man - hood's prime.

more,

2.

O childhood past, O time of light,  
 O would that I could thee recall,  
 When faith was fresh, and hope was bright,  
 And innocence without a fall.

That I no more might sadly roam,  
 But turn again to happy home ;  
 And see again, and love and cheer  
 Those grey old heads to me so dear.

3.

It cannot be, I cannot turn,  
 The past is sealed and set aside ;  
 And though my heart with longing burn,  
 I may not with the past abide.

I travel on my weary way,  
 I pause, but make no long delay ;  
 No joy endures, no pleasures last,  
 And further seems the sunny past.

4.

It cannot be, I look before,  
 And still in church I kneel and pray  
 The same old prayers, and Christ adore,  
 The same old creed and psalms I say ;

And, with old hope revived, to see  
 The dear old folk awaiting me,  
 In home—a home that will abide,  
 Where I may lay my staff aside.









