

IN HOC SIGNO



HYMNS OF WAR AND PEACE. WITH TUNES.

A SUPPLEMENTARY TUNE BOOK

for use with existing Collections.

NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT,
SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
LONDON: NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.;

43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;

BRIGHTON: 129, NORTH STREET.

1915.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE MUSICAL EDITION.

THE tunes in this edition (except No. 38, 2nd Tune), have been specially selected and revised by the London Executive Committee of the Church Music Society, and much time has been spent upon it by many different minds. It is hoped that tunes which chance to be unfamiliar at first hearing will be tried many times before they are rejected as unsuitable or unloveable.

The plan of printing the melody of every tune in an extra stave (above the harmonized version), phrased, and unbroken by bar-lines, has been adopted with the object of presenting the melodic features of the tunes very clearly to the eye, and in the belief that the device will make for breadth of phrasing and for an effective *sostenuto*. There is no intention thereby to dictate unisonal singing; but the effect of combined unison and harmony, especially when there is no instrumental accompaniment, is very fine if not used to excess. In a few cases (*e.g.*, No. 1) where the verbal and musical phrases overlap, it has seemed best to omit the marks of phrasing, since the subtleties of the combination can be conveyed by no available outward sign.

The intention of the original compiler of this collection of hymns was to supplement any Hymnal already in use. The Musical Editors had hoped to be able to include among their subsequent additions three Hymns familiar to every congregation ("O God, our help in ages past," "Before Jehovah's awful throne," "Come, let us join our friends above"), thus making it possible to use this book during war-time without reference to any other. Severe restrictions of space, however, have been imposed upon them, and they regret to omit "St. Anne" and "Old 100th" from even this small collection of National Hymn Melodies.

A large part of the joy found in singing or hearing a familiar tune is often traceable to old associations. For this good reason we cling to old tunes, and for the same reason new tunes, however good, run the almost certain risk of being received half-heartedly at first hearing. But the old tunes were once new; and the powerful human grip of the law of association of ideas works two ways, for it is possible to acquire and establish fresh associations, especially if the times be stirring and the appeal direct. A time of national suffering and crisis such as the present surely bids men "bring out of their treasure things new and old." This the Editors of the present little volume have tried to do.

They would gratefully acknowledge their many obligations to the Musical Editors of the English Hymnal; and to the following for permission to print particular tunes:—

The Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern (No. 26).

Dr. Arthur Somervell (Nos. 19, 32).

The Rev. F. G. Wesley (No. 4, originally written for John Wesley's hymn, "Thou hidden love of God").

Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons (No. 50).

1 [700].

God the all - terr - i - ble! King who ord - ain - est Great winds Thy

clar - ions, the light - nings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pi - ty on

high where Thou reign - est: Give to us peace in our time, O . . . Lord!

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

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

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

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

A-men.

* Slur and minims are for use in the final verse.

Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night; Oars la - boured

heav - i - ly, Foam glim - mered white; Trembled the mar - in - ers,

Per - it was nigh; Then said the God of God, 'Peace! It is I.'

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.'

Jesu, Deliverer,
 Near to us be
 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.'

A - men.

O Lord Al-might-y, Thou, Whose hands Des-pair and vic-t'ry give;

In Whom, tho' ty-rants tread their lands, The souls of na-tions live; A-men.

A-men.

Or the version set to Hymn 47 may be used.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride :

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave :

The race that strove to rule Thine earth,
With equal laws unbought ;
Who bore for truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind,
Through lives of men that fear not man,
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

Lord, while a - far our brothers fight, Thy Church in - it - ed lifts her prayer;

Be Thou their shield by day and night; Guide, guard, and help them ev - ry - where:

O God of bat - tles, hear our cry, And in their dan - ger be Thou nigh.

For this tune see Prefatory Note.

For those who, wounded in the fray,
Are ling'ring still on beds of pain,
Who to their loved ones far away
May nevermore return again,
O God of pity, hear our cry,
And in their anguish be Thou nigh.

For wives and mothers sore distress'd
For all who wait in silent fear,
For homes bereaved which gave their best,
For hearts now desolate and drear,
O God of comfort, hear our cry,
And in the darkest hour draw nigh.

Spare us, good Lord! If just the strife,
Yet still from guilt we are not free;
Forgive our blind and careless life,
Our oft forgetfulness of Thee,
O God of mercy, hear our cry,
And to our contrite souls draw nigh.

We bow beneath the chastening rod,
To us the sin and shame belong;
But Thou art righteous, Thou art God,
And right shall triumph over wrong.
In Thee we trust, to Thee we cry;
Lord, now and ever be Thou nigh.

A - men.

O Lord of Hosts, who didst up-raise Strong cap-tains to de-fend the right,

In dark-er years and stern-er days, And arm-edst Is-rael for . . . the fight :

Thou mad-est Josh-na true and strong, And Da-vid framed the bat-tle-song.

And must we battle yet? must we,
 Who bear the tender name Divine,
 Still barter life for victory—
 Still glory in the crimson sign?
 The Crucified between us stands,
 And lifts on high His wounded hands.

Lord, we are weak and wilful yet,
 The fault is in our clouded eyes!
 But Thou, through anguish and regret,
 Dost n-ake Thy faithless children wise;
 Through wrong, through hate, Thou dost
 The far-off victories of love. [approve

And so from out the heart of strife
 Diviner echoes peal and thrill;
 The scorned delights, the lavished life,
 The pain that serves a nation's will;
 Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries,
 And love is crowned by sacrifice.

As rains that weep the clouds away,
 As winds that leave a calm in heaven,
 So let the slayer cease to slay;—
 The passion healed, the wrath forgiven,
 Draw nearer, hid the tumult cease,
 Redeemer, Saviour, Prince of Peace!

A - men.

Fa - ther, Et - ern - al God, Je - su, most high,
Je - su, most high, . . .

Spir - it, the Com - fort - er, Hear our cry. A - men.
A - men.

One God in Persons Three,
Supreme, Alone,
Hear us, blest Trinity,
At Thy Throne.

Lord, in necessity
To Thee we go ;
Be Thou our Strength and Stay
In our woe.

Countless the armed hosts
On yonder shore,
Keep us in safety, Lord,
Evermore.

On the wild waters rides
Our only guard ;
May Angels have our men
In their ward.

Perils above, below,
Perils around ;
Keep them, ye mighty ones,
Safe and sound.

Pray we for all the troops
Gone from our land ;
Keep them, O God of hosts,
In Thy hand.

Husbands, sons, brothers, friends,
Over the foam ;
Bring them, sweet Jesu Christ,
Bring them home,

Be with the wounded, Lord,
In their distress ;
Those who would succour them
Guide and bless.

To all the summoned souls
Thy pardon give ;
May they in Paradise
With Thee live.

Solemnly.

O Sav-iour, since our sins a - gain, Have nailed Thee on Thy cross of pain,

And in the darkness Thou dost plead For all Thy world's ex - ceed - ing need,

Here at Thy feast of love we meet To kneel and wor-ship at Thy feet.

For Thou canst calm our faithless fears,
 And Thou canst dry the mourner's tears,
 And Thou canst guard through death or life
 Our brethren in the day of strife,
 Till all our battle tumults cease,
 When Thou shall speak Thy word of peace.

Give strength to those who wage our fight
 Through watchful hours, by day and night,
 Be Thou their guard on land or sea,
 And keep them ever true to Thee;
 Bend o'er the dying: let the slain
 Be gathered to Thy heart again.

Oh, purge us in Thy cleansing fires
 From selfish ease and low desires,
 That we may learn in death and loss
 The solemn gladness of Thy cross,
 And find with Thee, through pain and
 The secret of eternal life. [strife,

The way is dark; and yet we trust
 Our hearts are true, our cause is just;
 O, keep us faithful to the best,
 And in Thy hands we leave the rest;
 Through calm or storm, whate'er befall,
 Stretch forth Thy hand and heal us all.

A - men.

*LAND of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.*

Fa - ther in Heaven Who lov - est all,

O help Thy child-ren when they call, That they may build from

age to age An un - de - fil - ed her - it - age. A - men.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth :
That, in our time Thy grace may give
The Truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and cleanly night and day :
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free to evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

*Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee [be !
Head, heart, and hand through the years to*

The first and last verses should be omitted in singing.

Boys. O God, Whose mighty works of old Our fa - thers to their sons have told,
Girls. O God, Whose tender love of old Our mo - thers to their daughters told,

All. Be with us still from age to age, Our children's children's her - it - age.

Thine are the kingdoms: at Thy feet
 All peoples of the earth do meet
 In equal lowliness of prayer,
 To find Thine equal pity there.

Thy strength made strong our father's hands,
 A people great on seas and lands,
 To win, till earth shall pass away,
 Such honour as the earth can pay.

Be with their children; give us grace
 To know, nor fear to hold, their place;
 Nor meanly shrink, nor boast at ease,
 A people great on land and seas.

Boys only.

Keep Thou our boyhood free and fair,
 And quick to help and brave to dare;
 From greed and selfishness and shame
 Guard Thou, O Lord, the English name.

Girls only.

Keep Thou our girlhood fair and free,
 In mirth and love and modesty:
 From ugly thought and deed and word
 Guard Thou our English homes, O Lord.

Boys.

O God, Whose mighty works of old
 Our fathers to their sons have told,

Girls.

O God, Whose tender love of old
 Our mothers to their daughters told,

All.

Be with us still from age to age,
 Our children's children's heritage.

A - men.

Lord of the brave, who call'st Thine own In Love's fair name to

fear - less war, Be - hold us where God's mus - ters are,

His view - less ban - - ner o'er us blown. A - men.

Lo! we that dare the all-holy fight,
 Our soldier oath we pledge to-day,
 Our soldier hands 'neath thine we lay,
 Dread Captain of the hosts of Light.

To-day we dare. To-morrow who
 Can guard the soldier faith unshamed?
 For valour faints as valour flamed.
 We dare; 'tis Thou must make us do.

This soul of youth that springs to prove
 Heaven's knighthood on heaven's olden foe,
 O God in Man, 'tis Thine to know,
 'Tis thine, O Man in God, to love.

Thy love be ours, when war is higher,
 Thy love that knows, our helper be:
 Ah! King, for in the touch of Thee
 The heart that faints is heart of fire.

In Love's fair name to battle sore,
 Lord of the brave, lead on Thine own,
 The viewless banner o'er us blown,
 A host of Christ for evermore.

Who . . would true val - our see, Let him come hith - er; . .

One . . here will con - stant be, Come wind, come weath - er. . .

There's no dis - cour - age - ment Shall make him once re - lent

His first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim. A - men.

A - men.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

"Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to Thee; Here at Thy

feet none o - ther may we see; "Lift up your hearts!" E'en

so, with one ac - cord, We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
 The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
 The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
 O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
 The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
 The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
 O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given;
 Low lies the best till lifted up to Heaven;
 Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
 Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
 "Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,
 Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
 "We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!"

A - men.

The Lord will come and not be slow, His foot-steps can-not err:
 Truth from the earth, like to a flower, Shall bud and blos-som then;
 The na-tions all whom Thou hast made Shall come, and all shall frame

Be-fore Him right-eous-ness shall go, His roy-al har-bin-ger.
 And jus-tice, from her heav-en-ly bower, Look down on mort-al men.
 To bow them low be-fore Thee, Lord, And glo-ri-fy Thy name.

Sure-ly to such as do Him fear, Sal-va-tion is at hand:
 Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in might, This wick-ed earth re-dress;
 For great Thou art, and won-ders great, By Thy strong hand are done;

And glo-ry shall ere long ap-pear To dwell with-in our land.
 For Thou art He Who shalt by right The na-tions all pos-sess.
 Thou in Thy ev-er-last-ing seat Re-main-est God a-lone. A-men.

A-men.

13 [712]. (2nd Tune.)

The Lord will come and not be slow, His foot-steps can-not err:

Be-fore Him righteous-ness shall go, His roy-al har-bin-ger. A-men.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then ;
 And justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.

Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in night,
 This wicked earth redress ;
 For Thou art He Who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

The nations all whom Thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
 And glorify Thy name.

For great Thou art, and wonders great
 By Thy strong hand are done ;
 Thon in Thy everlasting seat
 Remainest God alone.

The 1st tune may be used for these five verses by repeating the first half of the tune for the second verse.

Thy king - dom come! on bend - ed knee The pass - ing a - ges pray;

And faith - ful souls have yearn'd to see On earth that kingdom's day. A - men.

But the slow watches of the night
 Not less to God belong;
 And for the everlasting right
 The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills
 The flags of dawn appear;
 Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
 Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light
 All wrong shall stand revealed,
 When justice shall be throned in might,
 And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
 Shall walk the earth abroad;—
 The day of perfect righteousness
 The promised day of God.

Wherefore, faint and fear - ful ev - er, Do we yet our fears be - lie?..

Oft sore stricken, still en - deav - our, Oft brought low, still look on high?

God is for us, God is for us; God our Help - er still is nigh. A - men.

He, Who sums and worlds upholdeth,
Lends us His upholding hand;
He the ages Who unfoldeth,
Both our times and ways command.
God is for us;
In His strength and stay we stand.

Hard the flight with flesh and devil,
Dread the might of inbred sin:
How can we encounter evil
Strong without and strong within?
God is for us;
He will help and we shall win.

'Gainst oppression forth He sends us,
His the cause of truth and right;
With His own great host He blends us,
Lending us of His own might.
God is for us;
Bring to happy end the fight.

Onward, upward, doth He beckon,
Onward, upward, would we press,
As His own our burdens reckon,
As our own His strength possess.
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless.

*With breadth,
Verses 1 and 3 in Unison.*

Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun-ders roar,

Or the full - ness of the sea When it breaks up - on the shore.

"Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - ni - pot - ent shall reign.

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A-men.

"Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of the world [done];
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

This hymn may be sung to "St. George's, Windsor."

Verses 1, 3 and 5 in Unison.

The King, O God, his heart to Thee up - rais - eth; With him the na - tion

bows be - fore Thy face; With high thanksgiving Thee Thy glad Church prais - eth,

Our strength Thy spirit, our trust . . and hope Thy grace. A - men.

Unto great honour, glory undeservèd,
Hast Thou exalted us, and drawn Thee nigh;
Nor, from Thy judgments when our feet had swervèd,
Didst Thou forsake, nor, leave us, Lord most high.

In Thee our fathers trusted and were savèd;
In Thee destroyèd thrones of tyrants prond;
From ancient bondage freed the poor enslavèd;
To sow Thy truth poured out their saintly blood.

Us now, we pray, O God, in anger scorn not,
Nor to vainglorious leave, nor brutish sense;
In time of trouble Thy face from us turn not,
Who art our Rock, our stately sure defence.

Unto our minds give freedom and uprightnes;
Let strength and courage lead o'er land and wave;
To our souls' armour grant celestial brightness,
Joy to our hearts, and faith beyond the grave.

Our plenteous nation still in power extending,
Increase our joy, uphold us by Thy Word;
Beauty and wisdom all our ways attending,
Goodwill to man and peace through Christ our Lord.

Et - ern - al Rul - er of the cease - less round Of circ - ling plan - ets sing - ing
 We are of Thee, the child - ren of Thy love, The bro - thers of Thy well - be -
 We would be one in ha - tred of all wrong, One in our love of all things
 O clothe us with Thy heavenly arm - our, Lord, Thy trust - y shield, Thy sword of

on their way; Guide of the na - - tions from the night pro - found
 - lov - ed Son; De - scend, O Ho - - ly Spir - it, like a dove,
 sweet and fair, One with the joy - - that break - eth in - to song,
 love div - ine; Our in - spir - a - - tion be Thy con - stant word;

In - to the glor - y of the per - fect day; Rule in our hearts, that we may
 In - to our hearts, that we may be as one; As one with Thee, to Whom we
 One with the grief that trem - bleth in - to prayer, One in the power that makes the
 We ask no vic - to - ries that are not Thine; Give or with - hold, let pain or

ev - er be Guid - ed and strengthened and up - held by Thee.
 ev - er tnd; As one with Him, our Bro - ther and our Friend.
 child - ren free To fol - low truth, and thus to fol - low Thee.
 plea - sure be; E - nough to know that we are serv - ing Thee. A - men.

A - men.

To be sung in Unison.

When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, . . . when? The

peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they: Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way—Their

her - it - age a sun - less day. God save the peo - ple! A - men.

For this tune see Prefatory Note.

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 song be heard instead of sighs.
God save the people!

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!

Solemnly

Judge et - ern - al, throned in . . splen - dour, Lord of lords, and King of . . kings,

With Thy liv - ing fire of . . judg - ment Purge this realm of bit - ter things ;

Sol - ace all its wide do - min - ion With the heal - ing of Thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
 For the hour that brings release :
 And the city's crowded clangour
 Cries aloud for sin to cease :
 And the homesteads and the woodlands
 Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour :
 Cleave our darkness with Thy sword :
 Feed the faint and hungry heathen
 With the richness of Thy word :
 Cleanse the body of this empire
 Through the glory of the Lord.

A - men.

Lift thy song a - mong the na - tions, Eng - land, of the
Sing the grace for gen - er - a - tions That hath kept thy

Lord he - loved; } Sing how vain - ly hosts as - sem - bled
lamp un - moved; }

'Gainst the isle of his de - light: Sing how tyr - ants

turned and trem - bled When His arm up - held thy right. A - men.
A - men.

Sing how he, the Lord, hath brought thee
Onward still from height to height,
How the heavenly lustre sought thee
Ere it made the world more bright.
Let the freedom long-descended
Gloriously uplift thy voice;
In the good old cause defended
By thy men of might, rejoice.

Sing how freedom's fire abideth
Where it first did burn and shine;
How for thee the Lord provideth
Boundless realms and tasks divine.
As ascends and spreads thy glory,
So thy strain advance, prolong:
With the fullness of thy story
Blend the fullness of thy song

To be sung in Unison. With spirit.

God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of . . our far - flung bat - tle - line,

Be - neath whose aw - ful Hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, . . . Lest we for - get,-- lest we . . for - get!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

A - men.

Each phrase of this melody is from the XVth Century Carol known as 'Agincourt' or 'Deo Gracias.'

In the 1st and 5th phrases some authorities read B♭

God save our grac - ious King, Long live our no - ble King,

God save the King! Send him vic - tor - i - ous, Hap - py and

glor - i - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

* * *

God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
Fair land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile!

And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Pray that Je - ru - sa - lem may have Peace and fel - i - ci - ty:

Let them that love Thee and Thy peace Have still prosper - i - ty. A - men.

Therefore I wish that peace may still
 Within Thy walls remain,
 And ever may Thy palaces
 Prosperity retain.

Now, for my friends and brethren's sake,
 Peace be in Thee, I'll say ;
 And for the house of God our Lord
 I'll seek Thy good alway.

Gravely.

Son of . . God, Et - ern - al . . Sav - iour, Source of . . life . . and
 Son of . . Man, Whose birth in - carn - ate Hal - lows . . all . . our

truth and grace, } Then, our . . Head, Who, throned in . . glor - y,
 hum - an race, }

For Thine own dost ev - er . . plead, Fill us . . with Thy

love and . . pi - ty, Heal our . . wrongs, and help our need. A-men,
 A-men

As Thou, Lord, hast lived for others,
 So may we for others live ;
 Freely have Thy gifts been granted,
 Freely may Thy servants give,
 Thine the gold and Thine the silver,
 Thine the wealth of land and sea,
 We but stewards of Thy bounty,
 Held in solemn trust for Thee.

Come, O Christ, and reign among us,
 King of love, and Prince of peace,
 Hush the storm of strife and passion,
 Bid its cruel discords cease ;
 By Thy patient years of toiling,
 By Thy silent hours of pain,
 Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure,
 Shame our selfish greed of gain.

Ah, the past is dark behind us,
 Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood ;
 But before us gleams the vision
 Of the coming brotherhood ;
 See the Christlike host advancing,
 High and lowly, great and small,
 Linked in bonds of common service
 For the common Lord of all.

Son of God, Eternal Saviour,
 Source of life and truth and grace,
 Son of Man, Whose hirth incarnate
 Hallows all our human race,
 Thou who prayedst, Thou who willest
 That Thy people should be one,
 Grant, O grant our hope's fruition
 Here on earth Thy will be done.

O bro - ther man, fold to thy heart thy bro - ther! Where pi - ty

dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor - ship right - ly is to love each

o - ther, Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a prayer. A - men.

(For Copyright see Prefatory Note.)

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him Whose holy work was doing good;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
 Of war's wild music o'er the earth shall cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

Al - might-y Fa - ther, Who dost give The gift of life to

all who live, Look down on all earth's sin . . . and strife,

And lift . . . us to a nobl - er . . . life. A - men.

A - men.

Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood.

Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honour, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

Hear Thou the prayer Thy servants pray,
Uprising from all lands to-day,
And o'er the vanquished powers of sin,
O, bring Thy great salvation in.

Grant us Thy peace; for we have lived too long A - mid earth's

cries that drown the an-gels' song, Too long for-get-ful of the great re - lease

That stills life's tu - mult with Thy word of peace. A - men.

Grant us Thy peace, for men have filled the years
 With war's red carnage and with foolish fears,
 With squandered treasures and ignoble gain,
 And fruitless harvest that we reap in pain.

Grant us Thy peace, for Thon alone canst bend
 Our faltering purpose to a nobler end;
 Thy love alone can teach our hearts to see
 The fellowship that binds all lives in Thee.

Grant us Thy peace; till all our strife shall seem
 The hateful memory of some evil dream,
 Till that new song ring out that shall not cease
 "In Heaven Thy glory, and on earth Thy peace."

Fa - ther, hear the prayer we of - fer; Not for ease that

prayer shall be, But for strength that we may ev - er

Live our lives cour - ag - eous - ly. A - men.

A - men.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be:
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide;
Though endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

Fa - ther, to Thee we look in all our sor - row, Thou art the four - tain

whence our heal - ing flows; Dark though the night, joy cometh with the mor - row,

Safe - ly they rest who on Thy love re - pose. A - men.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

Nought shall affright us, on Thy goodness leaning;
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong,

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows;
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
 Yet shalt thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
 Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

O . . . Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry

soul in . . thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine o - cean

depths its . . flow May rich - er, full - - er be. A - men.

O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to thee;
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to thee;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up mine head,
 I dare not ask to fly from thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea - ry

soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine o - cean

depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A - men.

A - men.

O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to thee:
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to thee;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up mine head,
 I dare not ask to fly from thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,

To His sure truth, and ten - der care, Who earth and heaven commands. A - men.

For this tune see Prefatory Note.

32 [731]. (2nd Tune.)

Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,

To His sure truth, and ten - der care, Who earth and heaven commands. A - men.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on ;
 Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
 Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope and be undismayed ;

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way ;
 Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

"How long, O Lord, how long?" Thy child - ren sigh,

Out of the depths where o - ver - whelmed they lie;

"Be - hold we faint be - neath Thy chast - ning rod,

Where is our Fa - ther? where the liv - ing God? A - men.

"Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him";
 What though the way seem long, His coming dim,
 His chariot through the ages speeds away:
 A thousand years with Him are but one day.

Wait for the Lord, and though He tarry, wait;
 Ten thousand suppliants throng His palace-gate,
 Yet not one faileth audience to obtain,
 None is forgotten, none can plead in vain.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Some-where In God's great

un - i - verse thou art to - day; Can He not reach thee with His

ten - der care? Can He not hear me when for thee I pray? A - men.

What matters it to Him who holds within
 The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
 That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
 Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
 And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
 That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime!

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
 Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
 O true brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
 In God's great universe thou art to-day.

From the et - ern - al shad - ows round - ing All our sin and
Let us draw their mant - les o'er us Which have fall - en

star - light here, Voic - es of our lost ones sound - ing Bid us
in the way, Let us do the work be - fore us Calm - ly,

be of heart and cheer, Through the sil - ence, down the
brave - ly, while we may, Ere . . the long night - sil - ence

spac - es, Fall - ing on the in - ward ear.
com - eth, And . . with us it is not day. A - men.

A - men.

Praise to our God, . . . Whose bounteous hand, . . .
Praise to our God, . . . His power alone . . .

Pre - pared . . . of old . . . our glor - ious land;
Can keep . . . un - moved . . . our anc - ient throne;

A gar - den fenced with sil - ver sea; . . .
Sus - tained . . . by . . . coun - sels wise and just, . . .

A . . . peo - ple . . . pros - perous, strong, and free.
And guard - ed . . . by . . . a peo - ple's trust.

(OVER.)

Praise to our God: the vine He set
Praise to our God; though chast'n ings stern

With in our coasts . . . is fruit . . . yet;
Our e . . vil dross . . . should through ly burn;

On ma . . ny a shore . . her off . . shoots grow;
His rod . . . and staff, . . from age to age, . .

'Neath ma . ny a sun . . her clus - ters glow,
Shall rule and guide His her - it - age. A - men.

A - men.

Re - joice, O land, in God . . thy might, His will . . o -

- bey, . . Him serve a - right; For thee the saints up -

- lift their voice; Fear not, . . O land, in God . . re - joice.

Glad shalt thou be, with blessing crowned,
 With joy and peace thou shalt abound;
 Yea, love with thee shall make his home
 Until thou see God's kingdom come.

He shall forgive thy sins untold;
 Remember thou His love of old;
 Walk in His way, His word adore
 And keep His truth for evermore.

A - men.

With dignity. Verses 1 and 4 in unison.

God is work-ing His pur - pose out as year suc - ceeds to . . year,

With dignity.

God is work-ing His pur - pose out and the time is draw - ing near ;

Near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be, . . When the

cres. earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of God as the wa - ters cov - er the sea. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's foot hath trod,
 By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,
 "Give ear to Me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to Me,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea."

* These small notes are for verse 4.

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
 The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of Peace?
 What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
 That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world;
 Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed;
 Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed;
 Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.



38 [737]. (2nd Tune.)

A - men.

For this tune see Prefatory Note.

39 [738].

These things shall be: a loft-ier race than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
They shall be gen-tle, brave, and stroug To spill no drop of blood, but dare

With flame of freedom in their souls, And light of knowledge in their eyes.
All that may plant man's lordship firm O'er earth, and fire, and sea and air. A-men.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly Psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.
There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

40 [739].

Life of a-ges rich-ly poured, Love of God, un-spent and free,
Breath-ing in the think-er's creed, Puls-ing in the he-ro's blood,

Flow-ing in the prophet's word, And the peo-ple's lib-er-ty! A-men.
Nery-ing simplest thought and deed, Still in-spir-ing truth and good; A-men.

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

O Thou not made with hands, Not throned a - bove the skies,

Nor walled with shin - ing walls, Nor framed with stones of price,

More bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem! A - men.

A - men.

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where Martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace ;

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
Where in his steps we tread,
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

f *dim.* *mp*

God of our Fa - thers! Be.. our Guide Where wild - ly rolls the bat - tle - tide

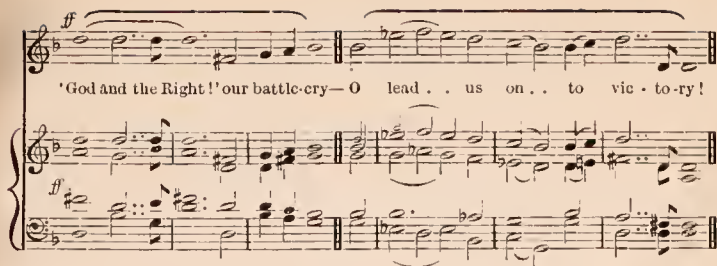
Lead, and we'll fol - low, side . . . ly side, Nor fear to stray.

espress.

Though long the road and dark the night, Though moon nor stars ap - pear in sight,

espress.

Through War's red dawn shall break the light Of fair - er day. . .



f

'God and the Right!' our battle-cry— O lead . . us on . . to vic · to · ry!

God of our Fathers! Be our Shield
 When storms sweep o'er the stricken field—
 O suffer not our feet to yield,
 Whate'er betide.

When Thou dost bid the Right prevail
 No weapons of the foe avail,
 Each fiery dart that would assail
 Is turn'd aside.

Refrain—'God and the Right!' our battle-cry—
 To Thee we look for victory.

God of our Fathers! Judge of all!
 By Whose decree we stand or fall,
 In humble faith on Thee we call
 To show the Right.

Our cause is in Thy hands, O Lord,
 'Twas in Thy Name we drew the sword
 For Freedom and our plighted word—
 For these we fight.

Refrain—'God and the Right!' our battle-cry—
 Then give our arms the victory!

God of our Fathers! Be our Rest
 When flesh and spirit sink oppress'd,
 When limbs are weary, hearts distress'd,
 And Hope seems o'er.

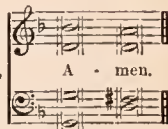
Thy piercèd Hands can make us whole,
 At the last hour receive our soul,
 And lead us gently to the goal
 Through Death's dark door.

Refrain—'God and the Right!' our passing cry—
 Grant us the final victory.

God of our Fathers! Prince of Peace!
 In Thy good time make wars to cease,
 That we may garner Toil's increase,
 Now sown in tears.

When, task fulfill'd, we sheathe the sword,
 Give to Thy soldiers their reward,
 So shall we praise Thee, gracious Lord,
 Throughout the years.

Refrain—'God and the Right!' was e'er our cry—
 In Thee we win the victory.



A · men.

God . . the Fa - ther, God the Son, God the Spir - it,

Three in One: Hear us from Thy heaven - ly Throne:

Spare us, Ho - - ly . . . Trin - i - ty.
 We be - seech Thee . . . hear us. A - - men.
 Hear us, Ho - - ly . . . Je - - su. A - - men.

Hear us for the men who fight
 For our honour and the right,
 Shield them with Thy glorious might;
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

May Thine angel presence go
 Forth with them against the foe
 That no terror they may know,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Father, Thou Who lovest all,
 Help them when on Thee they call,
 Ever keep them lest they fall,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Father, for the sad we pray,
 Wives and children who must stay
 With their loved ones far away:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Christ, Who died to right the wrong,
 Make our brothers brave and strong,
 Though the war be fierce and long:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the wounds which Thou hast known,
 Keep the wounded for Thine Own,
 Comfort them when all alone,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Cross, O Christ, draw near
 Those who die, that they may hear
 Thine own Voice and have no fear:
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Holy Spirit, come we pray,
 Guide our country day by day
 In the high and holy way:
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Make us all a worthier race,
 Formed and strengthened by Thy grace,
 Make this world a holier place:
 Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Christ, Who bringest souls to bliss,
 Hear our prayer in singing this,
 Pardon all we've asked amiss:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lord God of Hosts, Whose pur - pose sure Stands firm a - bove our

mort - al strife, Whose will for ev - er shall en - dure

For Bro - ther - hood, for Love and Life; Help - less with - out Thy

help, we pray, Em - power us in this bat - tle - day. A - men.

A - men.

Within Thy hands the nations are,
 By Thee they wane, by Thee increase.
 Thou scourgest with the rod of War,
 Thou healest with the wand of Peace;
 Reborn in this dark hour of pain,
 Renew our strength of soul again.

O God, forgive our sins of ease,
 And, ere this time of war be done,
 May all the nations on their knees
 Confess that Thou art God alone;
 Show us that Love not Hate is might,
 And crown, O Lord, the cause of Right.

O faith of England, taught of old By faith-ful shepherds of the fold,
Thou wast thro' ma-ny a wealthy year, Thro' ma-ny a darkened day of fear,

The hallowing of our na - tion; } A - rise, a - rise, good Christian men,
The rock of our salv-a - tion. }

Your glorious standard raise a - gain, The Cross of Christ who calls you ;

Who bids you live and bids you die For His great cause,

and stands on high To wit - ness what be - falls you. A - men.

A - men.

Our Fathers heard the trumpet call
 Through lowly cot and kingly hall
 From oversea resounding ;
 They bowed their stubborn wills to learn
 The truths that live, the thoughts that burn,
 With new resolve abounding.
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross of Christ who guides you ;
 Whose arm is bared to join the fray,
 Who marshals you in stern array,
 Fearless, whate'er betides you.

Our Fathers held the faith received,
 By saints declared, by saints believed,
 By saints in death defended ;
 Through pain of doubts and bitterness,
 Through pain of treason and distress,
 They for the right contended ;
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross of Christ who bought you ;
 Who leads you forth in this new age,
 With long enduring hearts, to wage
 The warfare He has taught you.

Though frequent be the loud alarms,
 Though still we march by ambushed arms
 Of death and hell surrounded,
 With Christ for Chief we fear no foe,
 Nor force nor craft can overthrow
 The Church that He has founded,
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross wherewith He signed you ;
 The King Himself shall lead you on,
 Shall watch you till the strife be done,
 Then near His throne shall find you.

O God of earth and al - tar, Bow down and hear our cry,

Our earth - ly rul - ers fal - ter, Our peo - ple drift and die;

The walls of gold en - tomb us, The swords of scorn di - vide,

Take not Thy thun - der from us, But take a - way our pride. A - men.

From all that terror teaches,
 From lies of tongue and pen,
 From all the easy speeches
 That comfort cruel men,
 From sale and profanation
 Of honour and the sword,
 From sleep and from dauntation,
 Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
 The prince, and priest, and thrall,
 Bind all our lives together,
 Smite us and save us all;
 In ire and exultation
 Aflame with faith, and free,
 Lift up a living nation,
 A single sword to Thee.

To be sung in Unison.

O God of earth and al - tar, Bow down and hear our cry,

Our earth - ly rul - ers fal - ter, Our peo - ple drift and die;

The walls of gold en - tomb us, The swords of scorn di - vide,

Take not Thy thun - der from us, But take a - way our pride. A - men.

A - men.

O God of truth whose liv - ing word Up - holds what-e'er hath breath,

Look down on Thy cre - ation, Lord, En-slaved by sin and death A-men.

A-men.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
 Who claim a heavenly birth
 May march with Thee to smite the lies
 That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,
 And follow in the might
 Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
 In raiment clean and white!

We fight for truth! we fight for God!
 Poor slaves of lies and sin;
 He who would fight for Thee on earth
 Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth, for whom we long—
 Thou who wilt hear our prayer—
 Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
 And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire
 From every lie set free,
 Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
 And we shall live in Thee.

O Lord of Hosts! Al - might - y King! Be - hold the

sacr - i - fice we bring: To ev - 'ry arm Thy strength im - part;

Thy Spir - it shed through ev - 'ry heart. A - men.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe:
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the shining tag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee!

Once to ev'ry man and na - tion comes the mo - ment to de - cide,

In the strife of Truth with False - hood, for the good or e - vil side ;

Some great cause, God's new Mess - i - ah, of - r' - ing each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats up - on the left hand and the sheep up - on the right,

p solemnly.

And the choice goes by for ev - er 'twixt that darkness and . . . that light. A - men.

p solemnly. A - men.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause brings fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.
 Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word ;
 Truth for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne :
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own,

50 [749].

Ho - ly Fa - ther, in Thy mer - cy, Hear our anx - ious prayer,

Keep our loved ones, now far ab - sent, 'Neath Thy care. A - men.

A - men.

For this tune see Prefatory Note.

Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
 Be their light and guide ;
 Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
 At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
 When in loneliness,
 In Thy love look down and comfort
 Their distress.

May the joy of Thy salvation
 Be their strength and stay :

May they love and may Thy praise Thee
 Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
 Sanctify their life ;
 Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
 In the strife.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 God the One in Three,
 Bless them, guide them, save them, keep
 Near to Thee. (them)

Mine eyes have seen the glor - y of the com - ing of the Lord ;

He is traml - ing out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fat - al light - ning of His terr - i - ble swift sword,

His . . Truth is march - - ing on. A-men.
march - ing on. A-men.

This hymn should be sung in unison, except where no accompaniment is available, in which case the last two bars should only be sung after the final verse.

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

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

He hath sounded forth the 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: he jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

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 live to make men free!
 While God is marching on.

52 [751].

Peace.

My soul, there is a coun - try, Far . . be - yond the stars,

The musical score for the first line of the hymn 'Peace' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written for both the right and left hands, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are: 'My soul, there is a coun - try, Far . . be - yond the stars,'

Where stands a wing - ed sen - try All skil - ful in the wars: A-men.

Where stands a wing - ed sen - try All skil - ful in the wars: A-men.

The musical score for the second line of the hymn 'Peace' continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment continues with both hands. The lyrics are: 'Where stands a wing - ed sen - try All skil - ful in the wars: A-men.' The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
 And—O my soul awake!—
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of Peace,
 The Rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	HYMN
Almighty Father, Who dost give	27
Commit thou all thy griefs.	32
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	18
Father, Eternal God	6
Father, hear the prayer we offer	29
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow	30
Fierce was the wild billow	2
From the eternal shadows rounding	35
God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year	38
God of our fathers, be our Guide	42
God of our fathers, known of old	22
God save our gracious King	23
God the All-terrible! King Who ordainest	1
God the Father, God the Son	43
Grant us Thy peace; for we have lived too long	23
Hark! the song of jubilee	16
Holy Father, in Thy mercy	50
How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere	34
"How long, O Lord, how long?" Thy children sigh	33
Judge Eternal, throned in splendour	20
Land of our birth we pledge to thee	8
Life of ages, richly poured	40
Lift thy song among the nations	21
"Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord to Thee	12
Lord God of Hosts, Whose purpose sure	44
Lord of the brave, Who call'st Thine own	10
Lord, while afar our brothers fight	4
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord	51
My soul, there is a country	52
O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!	26
O Faith of England	45
O God of earth and altar	46
O God of truth, Whose living word	47
O God Whose mighty works of old	9
O Lord Almighty, Thon Whoso hands	3
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King	48
O Lord of Hosts, Who didst npraise	6
O Love that wilt not let me go	31
O Saviour, since our sins again	7
O thou not made with hands	41
Once to every man and nation	49
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous hand	36
Pray that Jerusalem may have	24
Rejoice, O land, in God thy might	37
Son of God, Eternal Saviour.	25
The King, O God, his heart to Thee npraiseth	17
The Lord will come and not be slow	13
Those things shall be: a loftier race	39
Thy Kingdom come! on bended knee	14
When wilt Thou save the people?	19
Wherefore, faint and fearful ever	15
Who would true valour see	11

GENERAL INDEX.

No. of Hymn	Words by	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source of Melody
27	J. H. B. Masterman	Uffingham	Jeremiah Clark
32	John Wesley (<i>trans. from</i> <i>(P. Gerhardt)</i>)	(i.) Windermere	A. Somervell
		(ii.) St. George	H. J. Gauntlett
18	J. W. Chadwick	Song 1	Orlando Gibbons
6	A. R.	Anon.
29	Mrs. L. M. Willis	Stuttgart	<i>Psalmodia Sacra</i> , Gotha, 1715
30	F. L. Hosmer	Psalm 12 in <i>Genevan Psalter</i> , 1551
2	(<i>Trans.</i>) J. M. Neale	English Traditional Melody, <i>adapted</i>
35	J. G. Whittier	Bryntyrion	H. Roth
38	A. C. Ainger	(i.)	Anon.
		(ii.)	Miss C. Kingham
		Anon.
42	Anstin Claro
22	Rudyard Kipling	Deo Gratias	English XVth Century Carol
23	(<i>add. verses by</i>) W. E. Hickson	National Anthem
1	H. F. Chorley	Russian National Hymn
43	Harold Trask	from H. Schütz
28	J. H. B. Masterman	Congleton	<i>attr. to</i> Michael Wise
16	James Montgomery	Anon.
50	Isabella S. Stephenson	Martin Shaw
34	Mrs. J. C. Dorr	Song 24	Orlando Gibbons
33	J. B. Greenwood	Old 124th, <i>adapted</i>	<i>Genevan Psalter</i> , 1551
20	H. Scott Holland	Old French Carol
8	Rudyard Kipling	Illsley	John Bishop
40	Samuel Johnson	Song 13	Orlando Gibbons
21	Thos. H. Gill	Hyfrydol	R. Prichard
12	H. Montagu Butler	Old 124th, <i>adapted</i>	<i>Genevan Psalter</i> , 1551
44	H. D. Rawnsley	Johann Schop
10	John H. Skrine	Angel's Song	Orlando Gibbons
4	S. C. Lowry	Brecknock	S. S. Wesley
51	Julia Ward Howe	Anon.
52	Henry Vaughan	Christus der ist mein Leben	<i>har. by</i> J. S. Bach
26	J. G. Whittier	Intercessor	C. Hubert H. Parry
45	T. A. Lacey	Old 113th	H. Walford Davies
46	G. K. Chesterton	(i.)	English Traditional Melody
		(ii.)	<i>Prys's Psalter</i> , 1621
47	T. Hughes	St. Mary
9	J. M. C. C.	Winchester New
3	Henry Newbolt	St. Mary	<i>Prys's Psalter</i> , 1621
48	Olivor Wendell Holmes	Vom Himmel Hoch	<i>har. by</i> J. S. Bach
5	A. C. Benson	Surrey	H. Carey
31	G. Matheson	(i.)	Anon.
		(ii.) <i>Jam lucis orto sidero</i>	Andernach, 1608
7	J. H. B. Masterman	Vater Unser	<i>Schumann's Gesangbuch</i> , 1539
41	F. T. Palgrave	Old 120th	<i>Este's Psalter</i> , 1592
49	J. Russell Lowell	H. Walford Davies
36	John Ellerton	St. Patrick	Irish Hymn Melody
24	<i>Scottish Psalter</i> (1605)	Windsor	<i>Scottish Psalter</i> , 1633
37	Robert Bridges	Wareham
25	S. C. Lowry	Ton-y-Botel	Welsh Hymn Melody
17	(<i>Adapted from</i>) Fr. R. Tailour	Anon.
13	John Milton	(i.) Old 107th	<i>Scottish Psalter</i> , 1635
		(ii.) Dundee	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621
39	John Addington Symonds	Eisenach
14	F. L. Hosmer	Irish	Irish Hymn Melody, Dublin, 1749
19	Ebenozor Elliott	A. Somervell
15	Thos. H. Gill	John Randall
11	John Bunyan	English Traditional Melody, <i>adapted</i>

K