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The New HYMNARY.

By SIGISMOND LASAR.

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THE NEW HYMNARY

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY

SIGISMOND LASAR.

NEW YORK and CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN.

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INTRODUCTORY TO THE NEW HYMNARY.

Four years ago the Hymnary was presented to the Christian public. It has met with remarkable success, the sale of the book having exceeded the expectations of the publishers. The work was issued to meet the demand of a "growing sentiment in favor of a higher standard of hymns and tunes in our Sunday Schools."

Experience has taught the Editor, that such a book is susceptible of still further improvement. No change has been made in the character of the hymns—in tunes, the improvement has been marked. The age demands such tunes as have a well pronounced and distinct melody. Those melodies need not be puerile, but should be based on the laws of melody and arranged in four parts according to well defined laws of harmony. Seventy new pages have been substituted for the old and somewhat stereotyped or angular forms, which though good in themselves, are hard and disagreeable to the ear.

The "New Hymnary" will, it is believed, find its way to the hearts and homes of the people, places of public worship, as well as to the Sunday Schools of the land, for which it is more especially designed. The good old hymns of such men as the Bernards, Watts, Doddridge, Wesley, Heber, and Montgomery, with such mediæval writers and translators as Neale, Caswall, Faber and the like, will be found wedded to music by such composers as Dykes, Sullivan, Smart, Tours, Barney, E. J. Hopkins, Calkin, Steggall, Stainer, Goss, John H. Cornell, and others.

The Editor desires to make kind acknowledgment to Mr. Hubert P. Main, for several new tunes expressly written for this work, and also for valuable assistance in the editing of it.

S. L.

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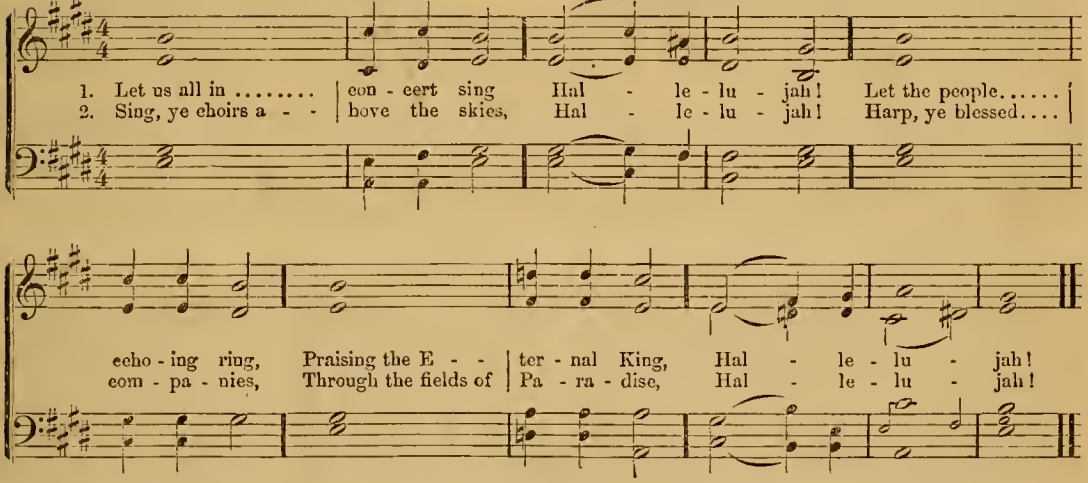
HALLELUJAH!

Re-translated by Rev. Dr. HENRY ALFORD. J. BARNBY, 1869. Founded on an Ancient Melody.



3 Sound, ye glittering | stars of light, Hallelujah!
Clouds in course, and | birds in flight,
Thunders deep, and | lightnings bright, Hallelujah!

4 Floods and billows, | snow and shower, Hallelujah!
Skies that glow, and | storms that lower,
Frost and sunbeam, | tree and flower, Hallelujah!

5 Beasts of earth, make | answer deep, Hallelujah!
Shout forth every | mountain steep,
And ye vales be- | -neath that sleep, Hallelujah!

6 Cry, thou ocean, | jubilant, Hallelujah!
Every isle and | continent,
Echo onward | resonant, Hallelujah!

7 Let the sons of | men upraise, Hallelujah!
Joining with ex- | -ultant lays,
In the great Cre- | -ator's praise, Hallelujah!

8 This the strain the | Father loves, Hallelujah!
As its chorus | round Him moves,
This, which Christ Him- | -self approves, Hallelujah!

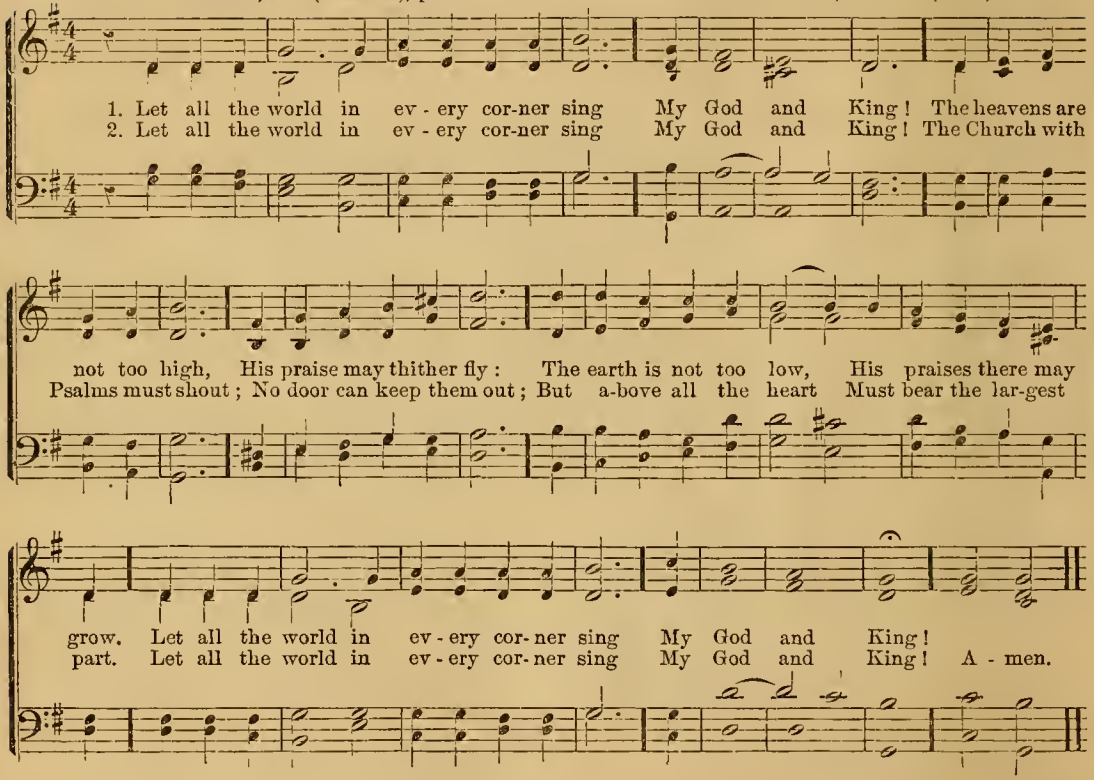
9 Therefore, brethren, | sing with joy, Hallelujah!
Ever in your | glad employ,
Answer, every | maid and boy, Hallelujah!

10 Now by all be | honor done, Hallelujah!
To the Father | and the Son,
And the Spirit, | Three in One. Hallelujah!

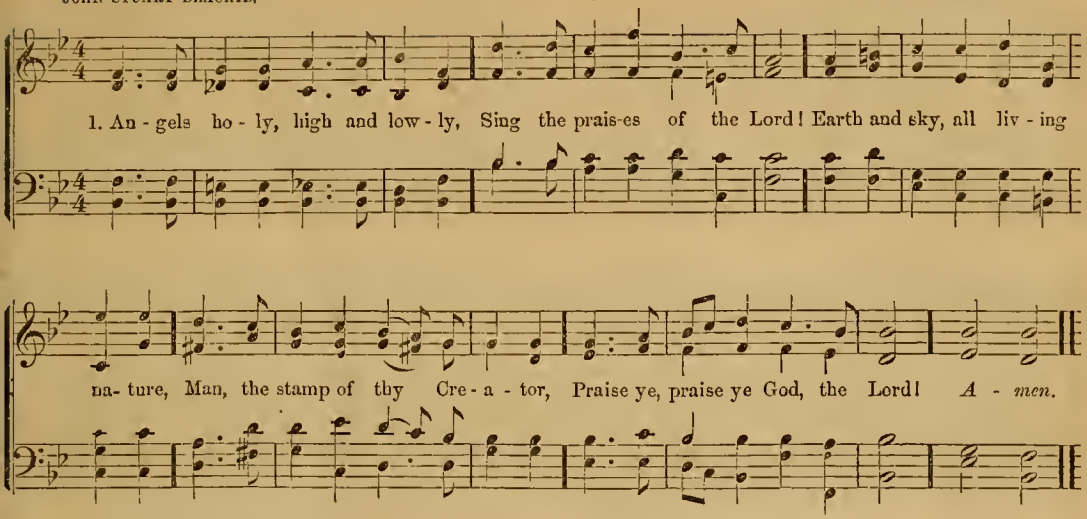
LET ALL THE WORLD.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, M.A. (1593—1632), publ. in 1633.

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc. (1816—) 1872.



JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Rev. Sir FRED. A. GORE OUSELEY.



2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

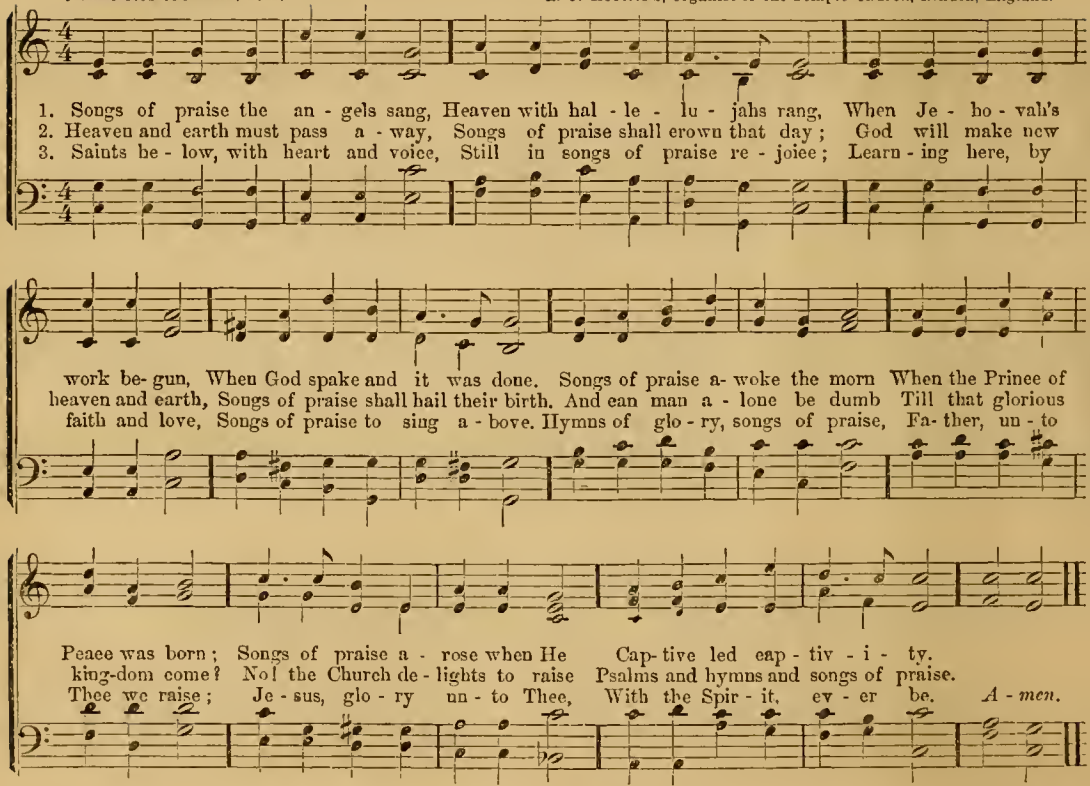
3 Ocean hoary, tell His glory;
Cliffs, where trembling seas have roared;
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

4 Rolling river praise Him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

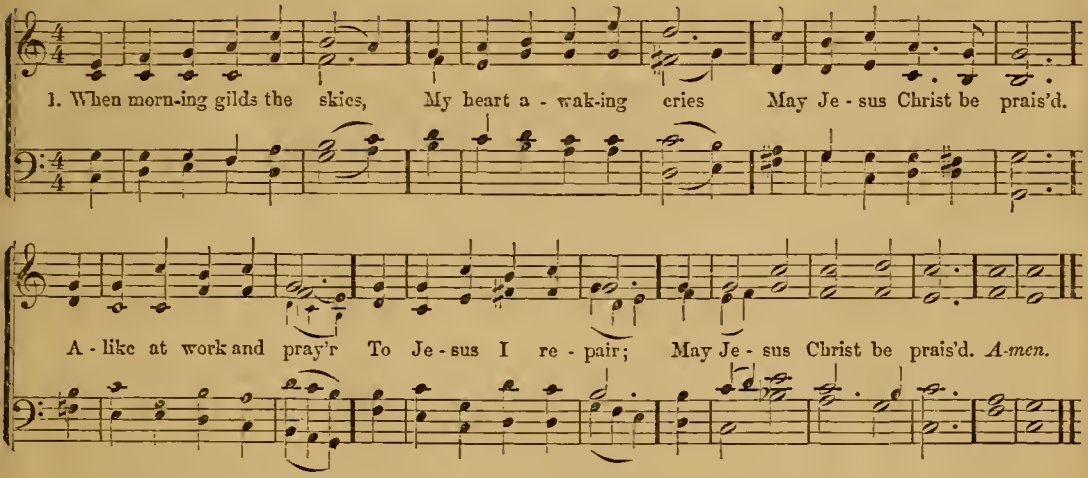
5 Praise Him ever, bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819. E. J. HOPKINS, Organist of the Temple Church, London, England.



Rev. E. CASWALL. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1863.



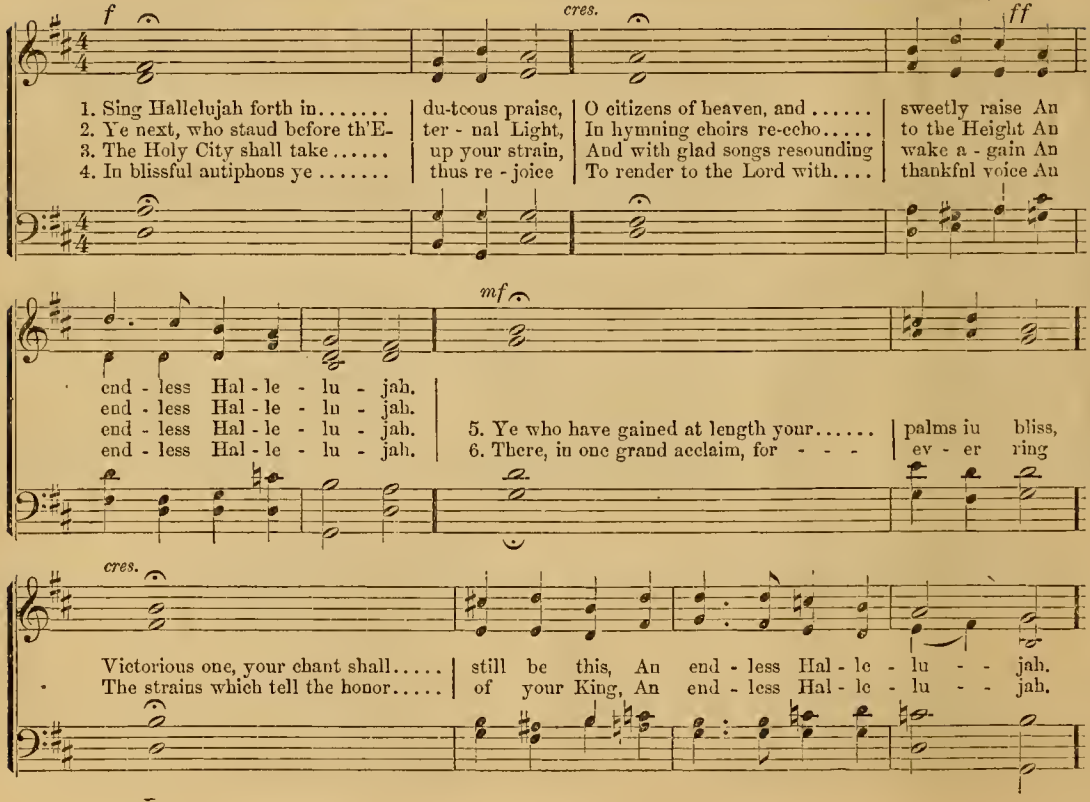
2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

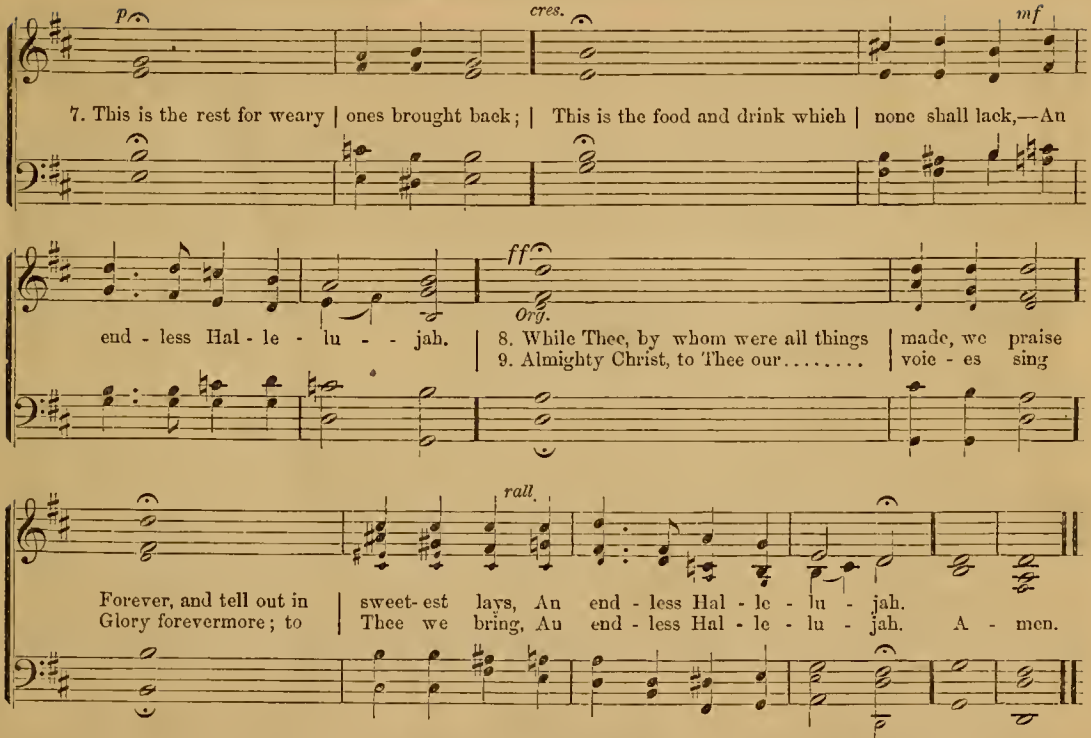
3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Let Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd. Amen.

Rev. J. ELLERTON. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.

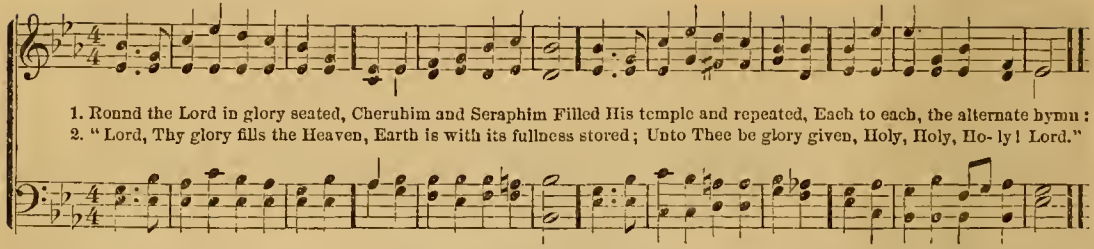




N. B.—The performance of this Chant is capable of various modifications, e. g., the whole may be sung in Unison, or only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 5th and 6th verses may be sung by Trebles only.—J. B.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

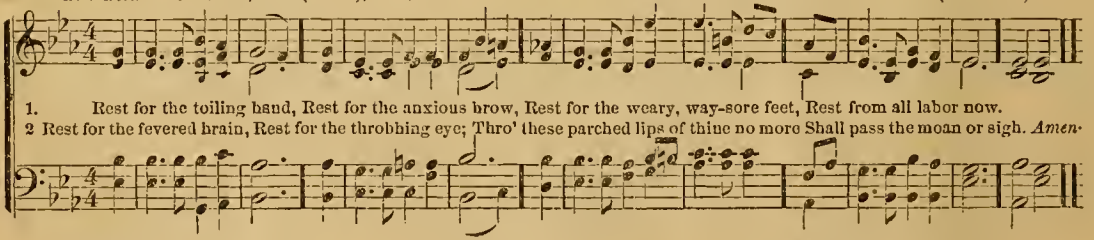
4 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

try it

REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. (1808—), 1857, abr. Arr. from ALEXANDER ERNST FESCA (1820—1849).

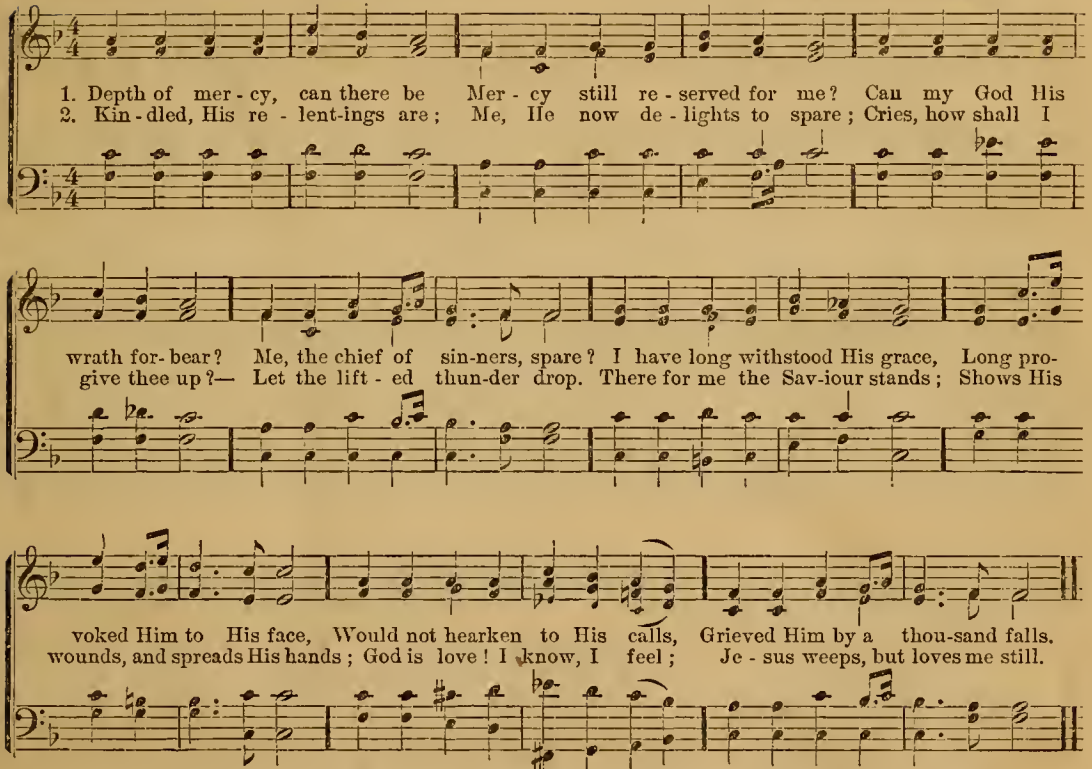


3 Soon shall the Trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing:
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

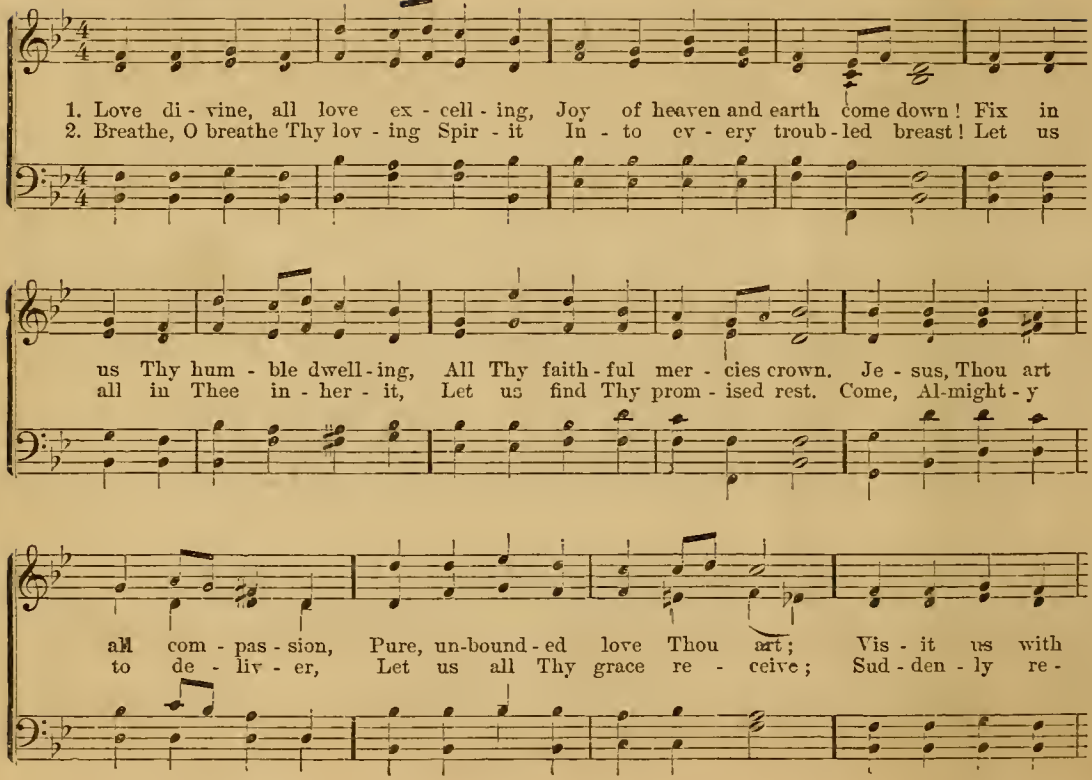
5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower. Amen.

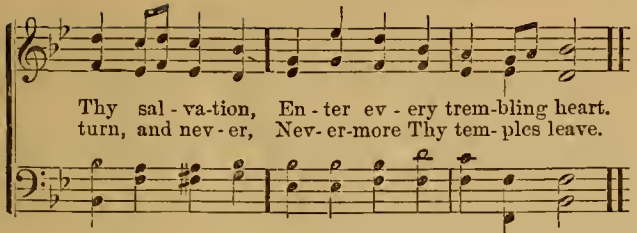
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY (1708—1788) 1740, ab. Ad. from JACOB BLUMENTHAL, (1829—), 1847.



LOVE DIVINE.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY (1708—1788), 1746. JOHN ZUNDEL (1815—), 1870. by permission.

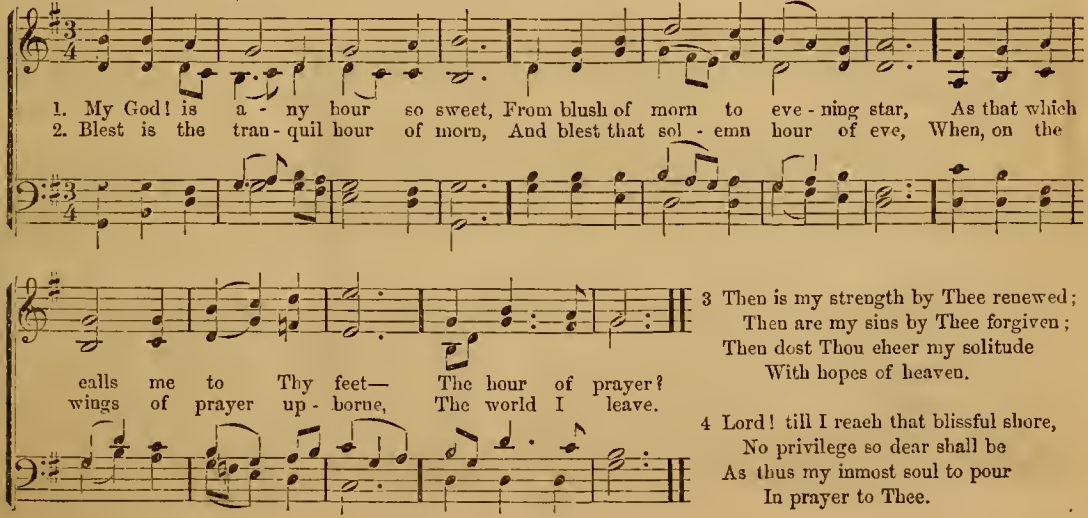




3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see Thy whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

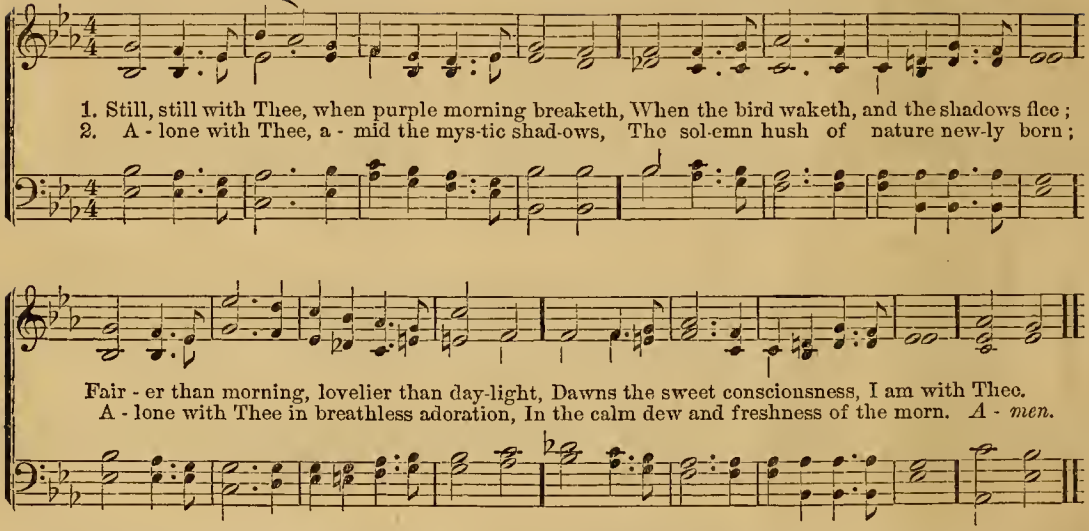


3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, (1814—), 1855. Arr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809—1847).



3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest;
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only,
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

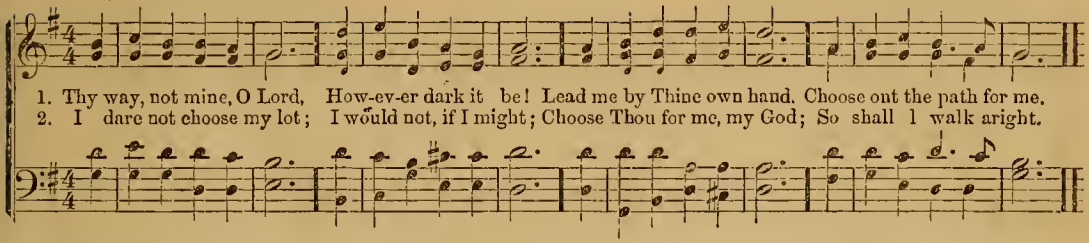
4 Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.
Amen.

THY WAY, O LORD.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856. Rev. H. L. JENNER.



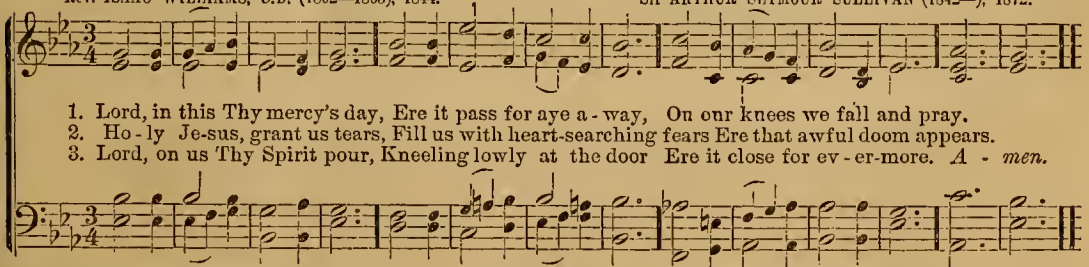
3 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D. (1802—1865), 1844. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



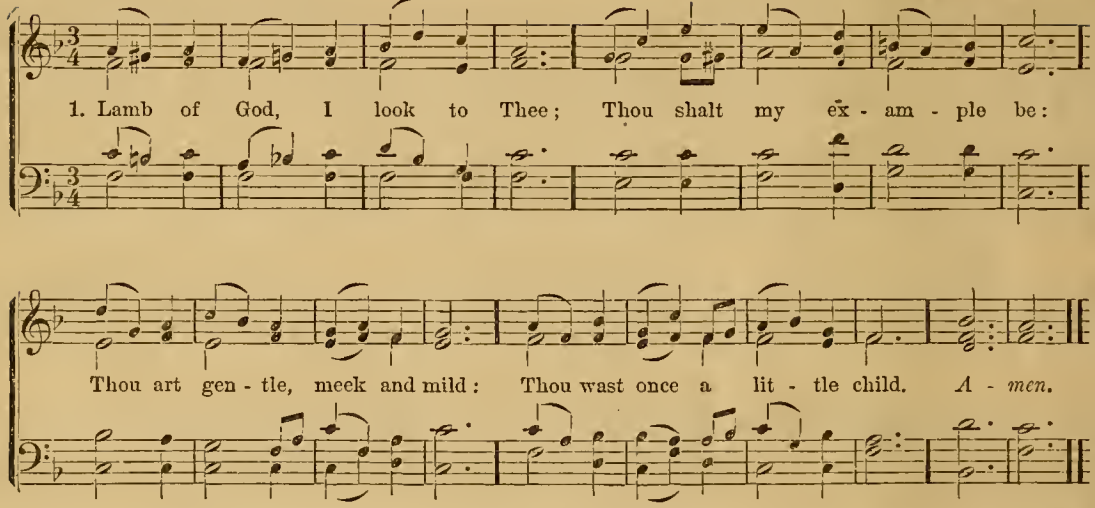
4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace—
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

LAMB OF GOD, I LOOK TO THEE.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY (1708—1788). Arr. from LOUIS SPOHR (1784—1859).



2 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart!
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility!
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

4 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live!

5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art!
Live Thyself within my heart.

GOD IS LOVE.

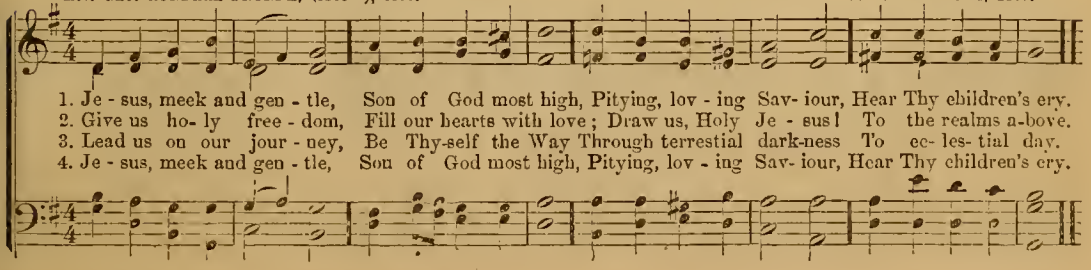
Sir JOHN BOWRING, (1792—1872), 1825. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1865.

3.
E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove,
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

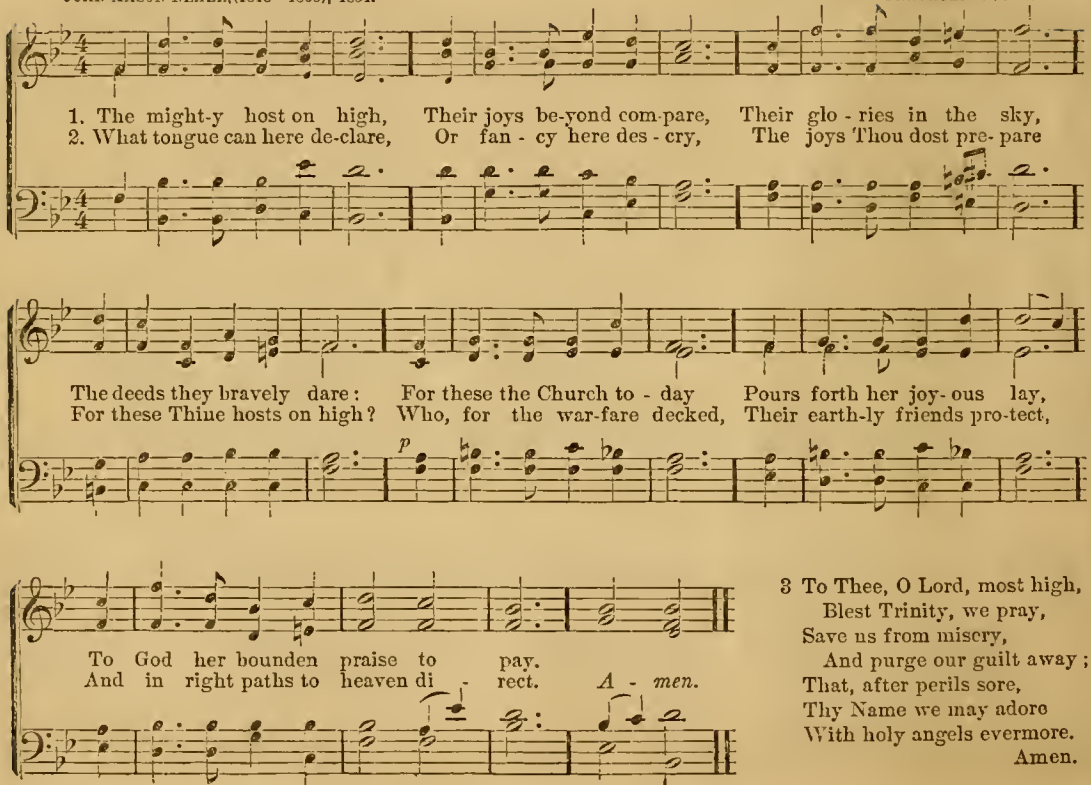
Rev. GEO. RUNDELL PRYNNE, (1818—), 1855. G. A. HARDACRE, 1867.



THE MIGHTY HOST ON HIGH.

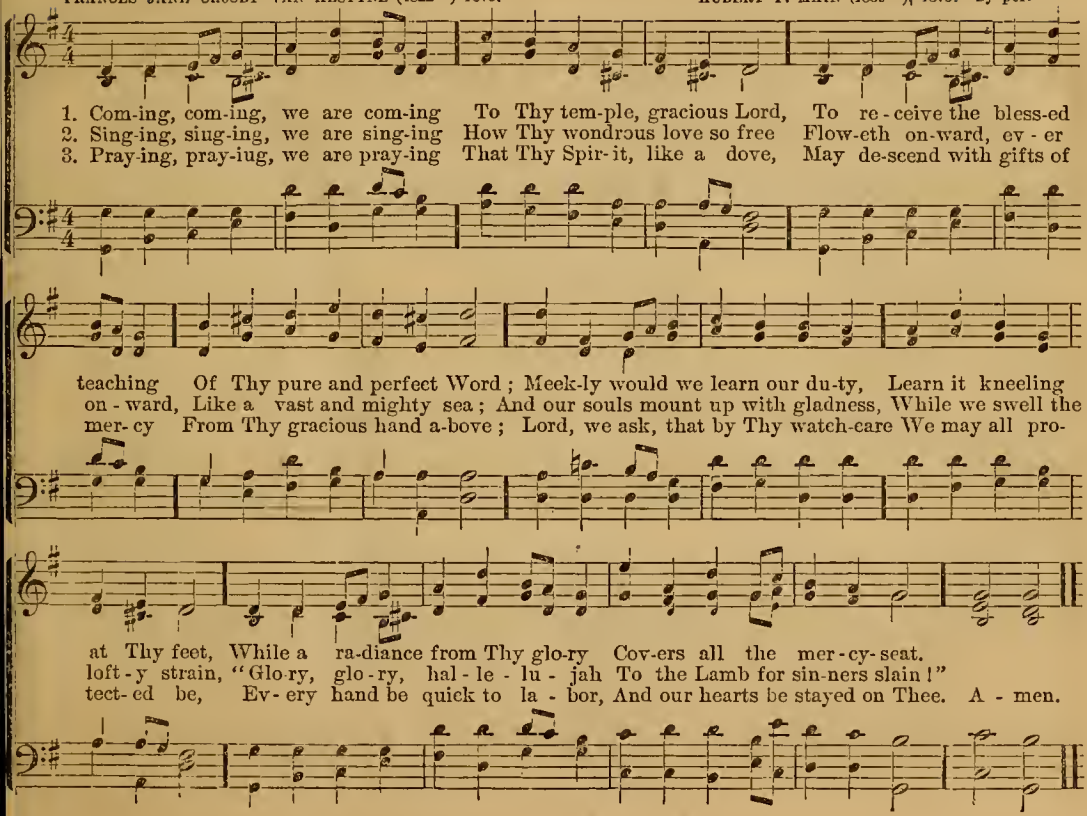
JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866), 1851.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



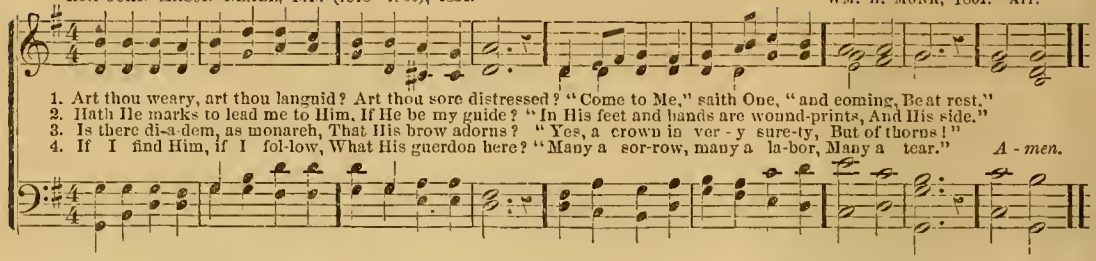
3 To Thee, O Lord, most high,
Blest Trinity, we pray,
Save us from misery,
And purge our guilt away;
That, after perils sore,
Thy Name we may adore
With holy angels evermore.
Amen.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE (1822—) 1875. HUBERT P. MAIN (1839—), 1875. By per.



ART THOU WEARY?

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. (1818—1866), 1851. WM. H. MONK, 1861. Arr.



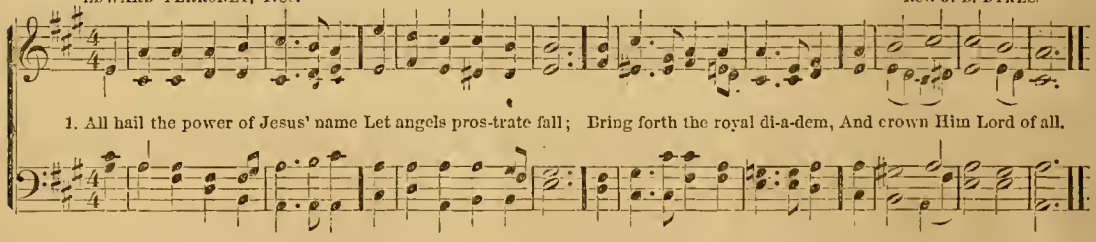
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1780. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



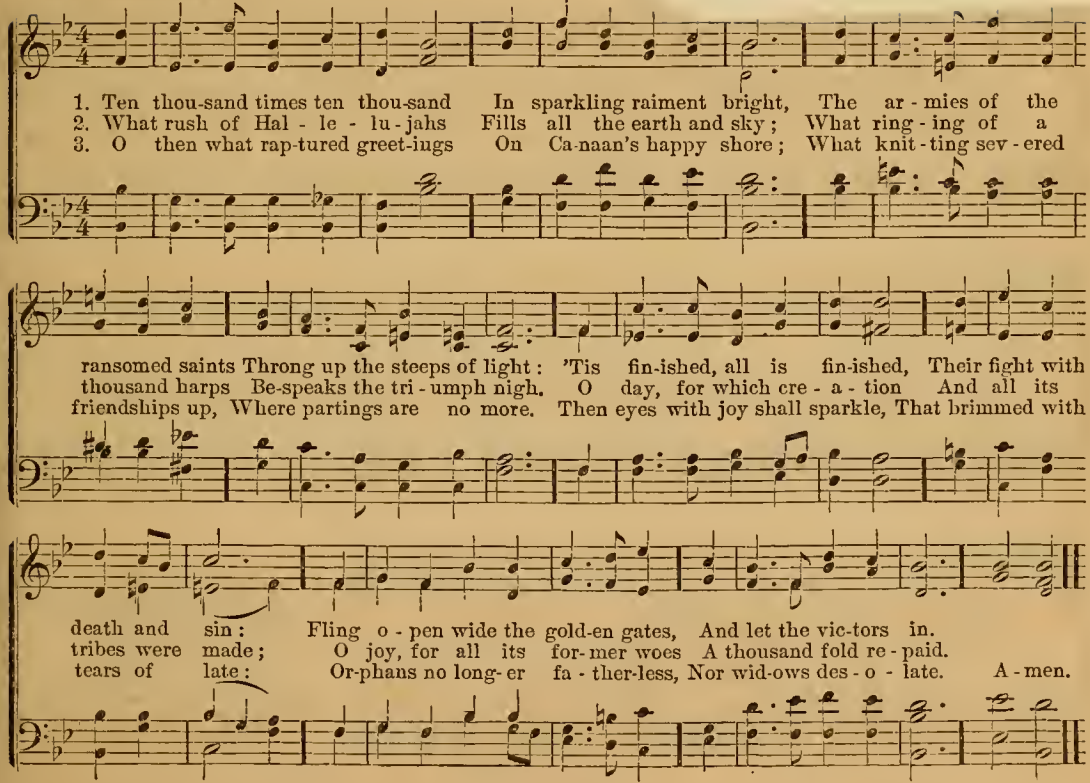
2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

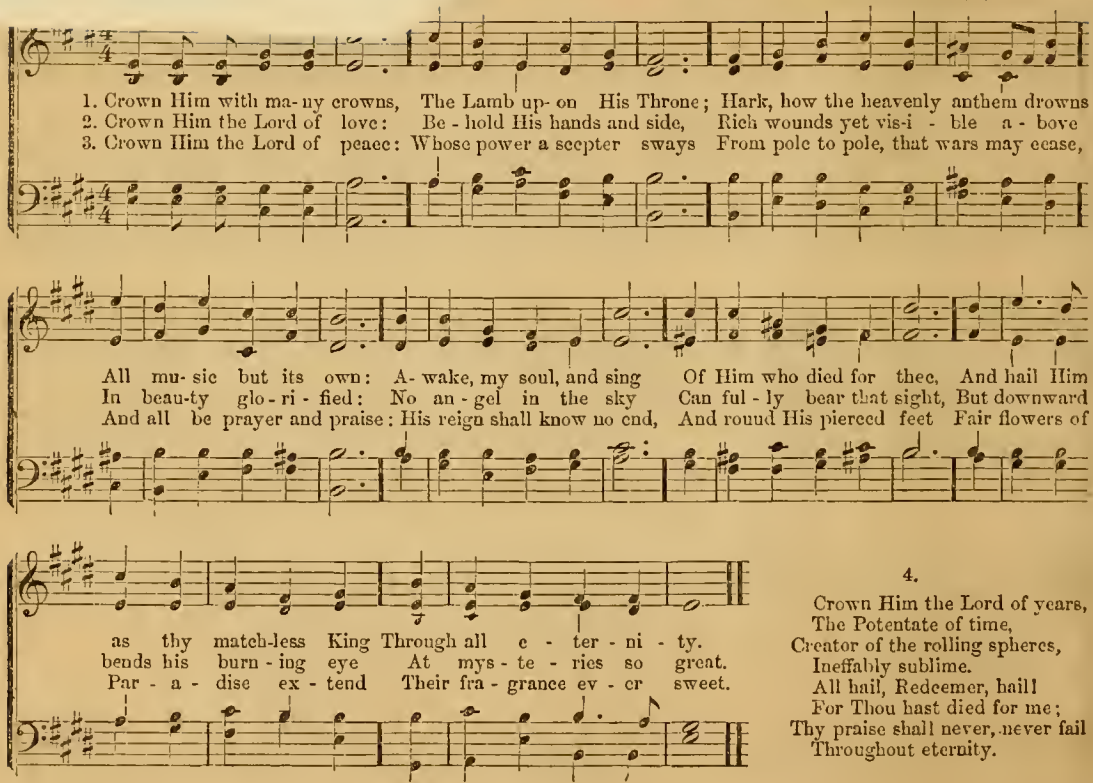
TEN THOUSAND TIMES

Rev. HENRY ALFORD (1810—1871), 1866, alt. Rev.



WITH MANY CROWNS.

Dr. G. J. ELVEY.



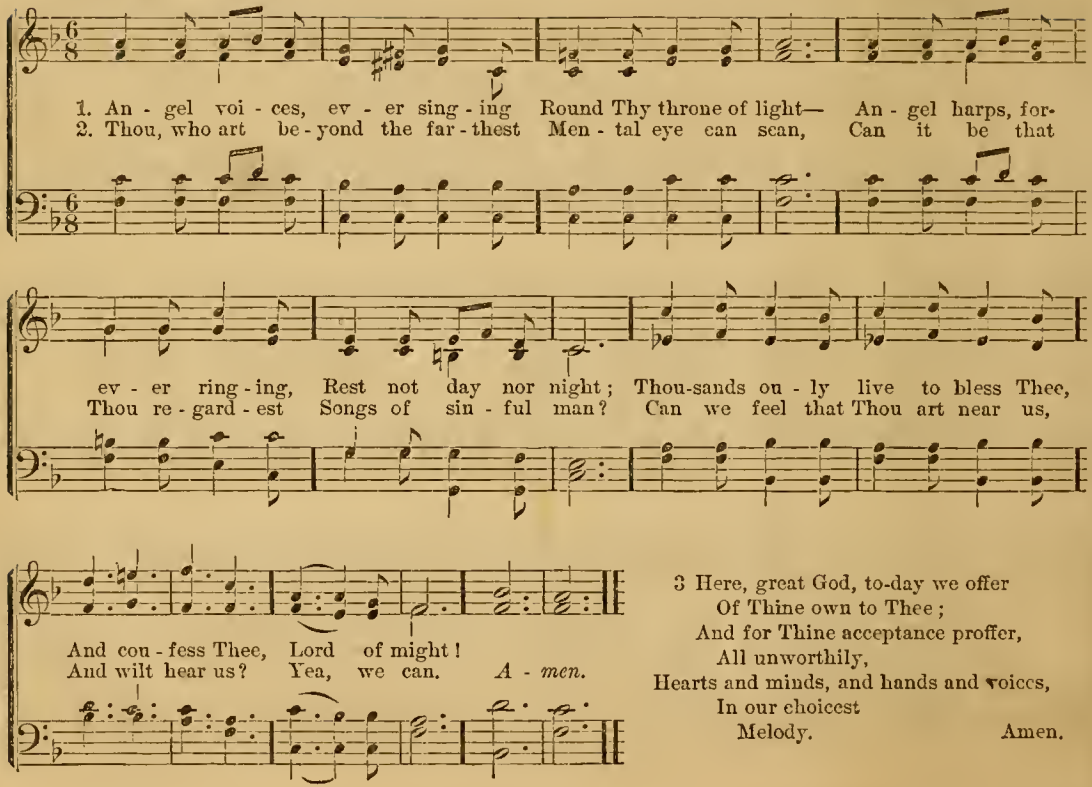
4.

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

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

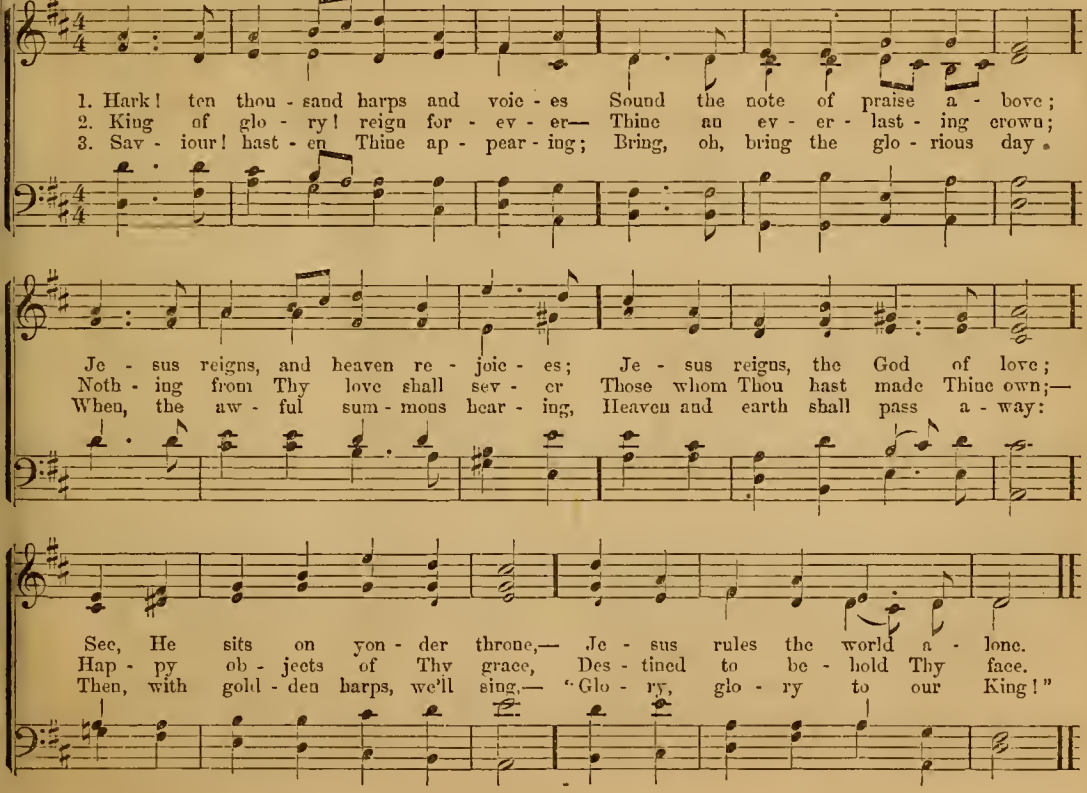
ANGEL VOICES.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT (1825—), 1861. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

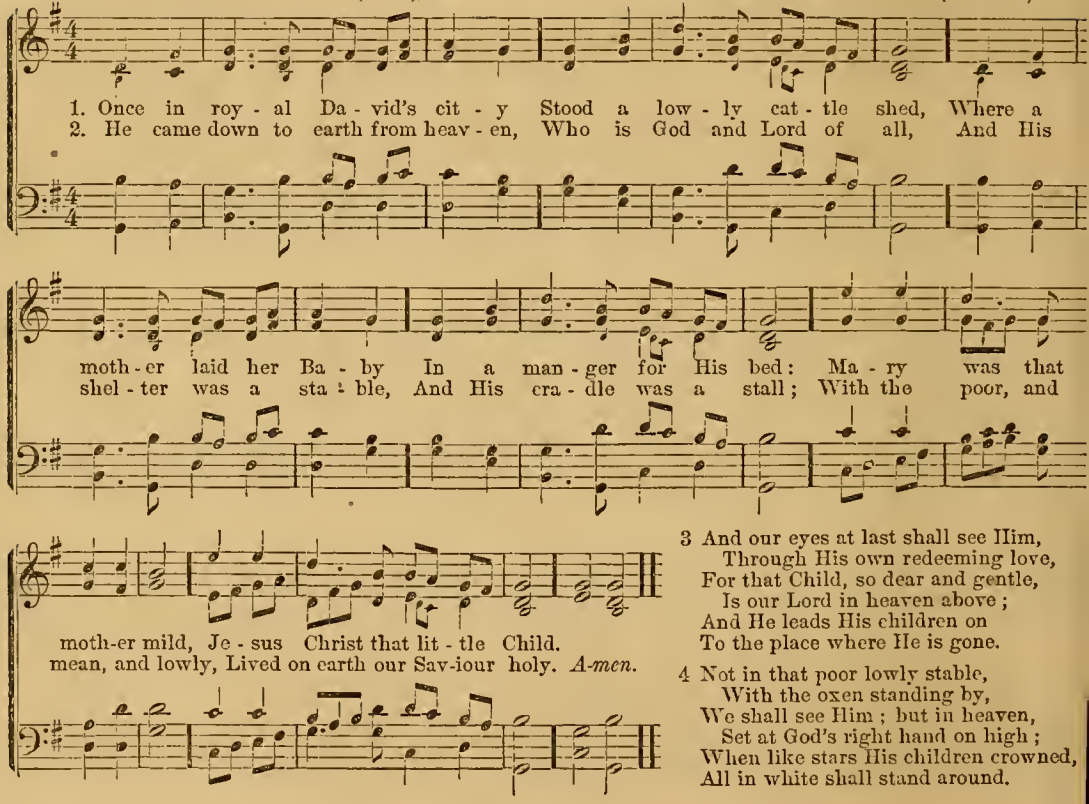


3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody. Amen.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, (1769—1855). 1804. R. P. STEWART, 1868.



Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823—), 1848. Dr. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT (1806—1876).

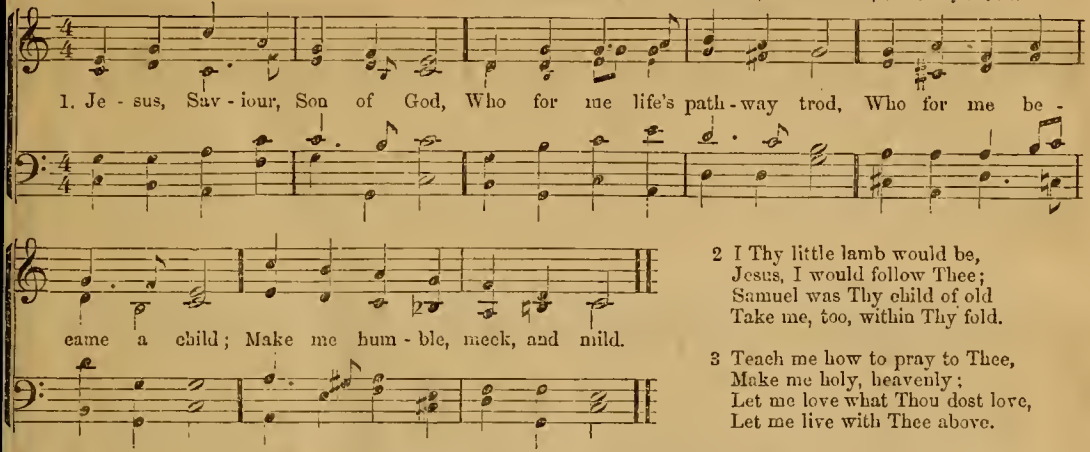


3 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall stand around.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, SON OF GOD.

Rev. Sir FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY, Prof. of Music, University of Oxford.

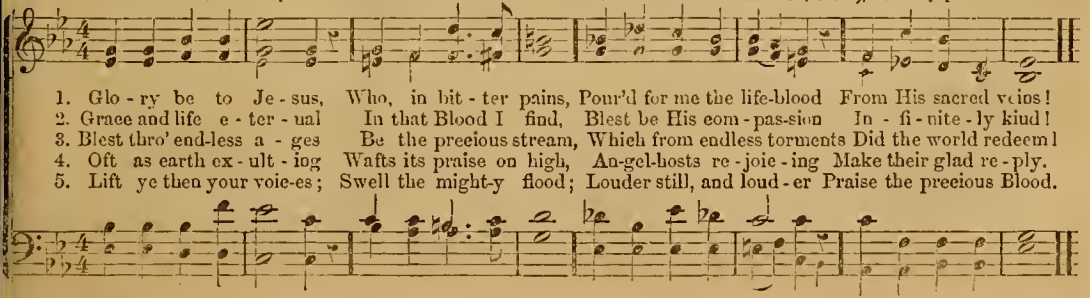


2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.

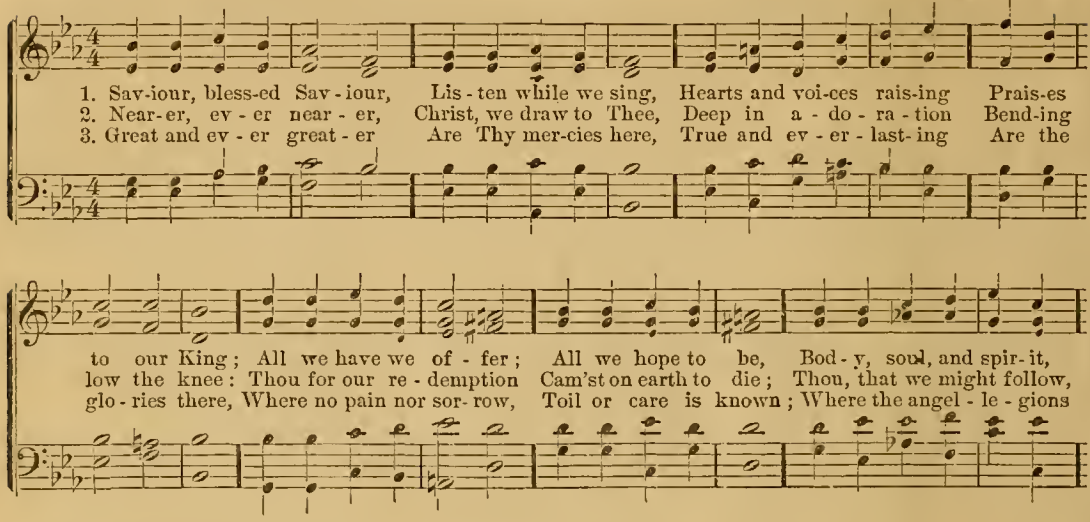
GLORY BE TO JESUS.

From the Italian, Trans. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1865. by permission.



SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Rev. GODFREY THRING, B.A. (1823—), 1862. THEODORE EDWARD AYLWARD, 1868.



4.

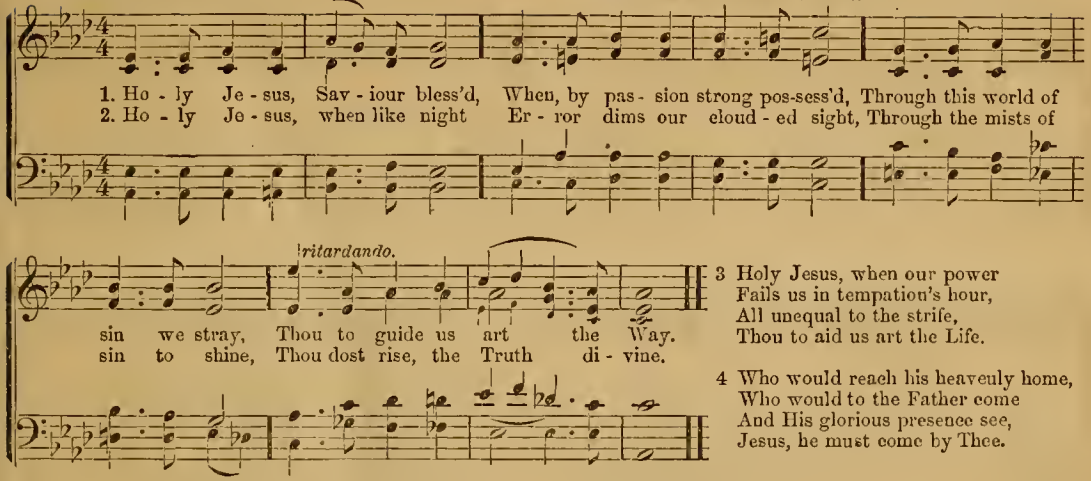
Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5.

Higher still, and higher,
Soars the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting
Hastening to its goal,
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

Bishop MANT, 1837. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1872. For this work.

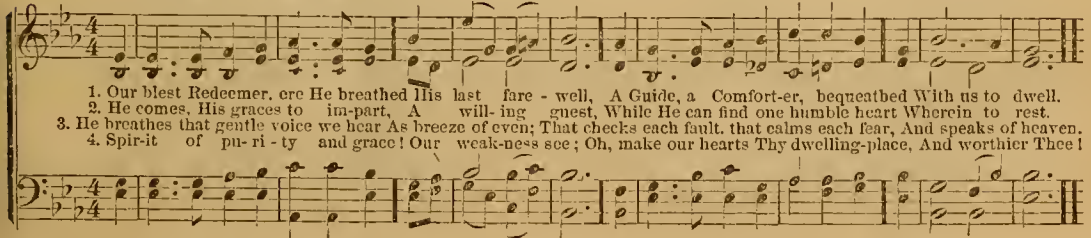


3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach his heaveuly home,
Who would to the Father come
And His glorious presence see,
Jesus, he must come by Thee.

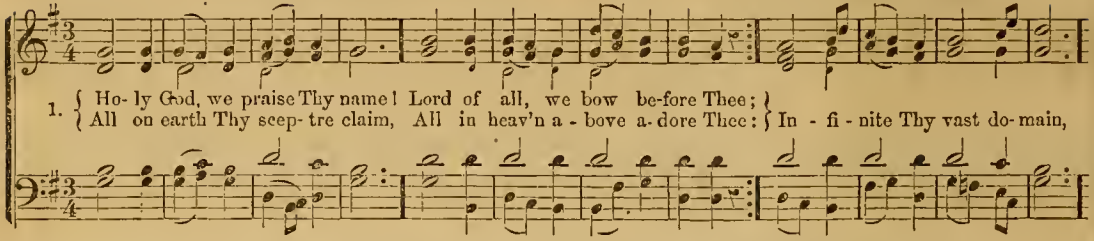
OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

HARRIET AUBER, (1773—1862), 1829. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Paraphrase.

Rev. CLARENCE AUGUSTUS WALWORTH (1820—), 1853. From a Ger. Mel., arr. by JOHN HENRY CORNELL, 1865.



2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel-choirs above are raising
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

3 Lo! the Apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed Martyrs follow;
And from morn till set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

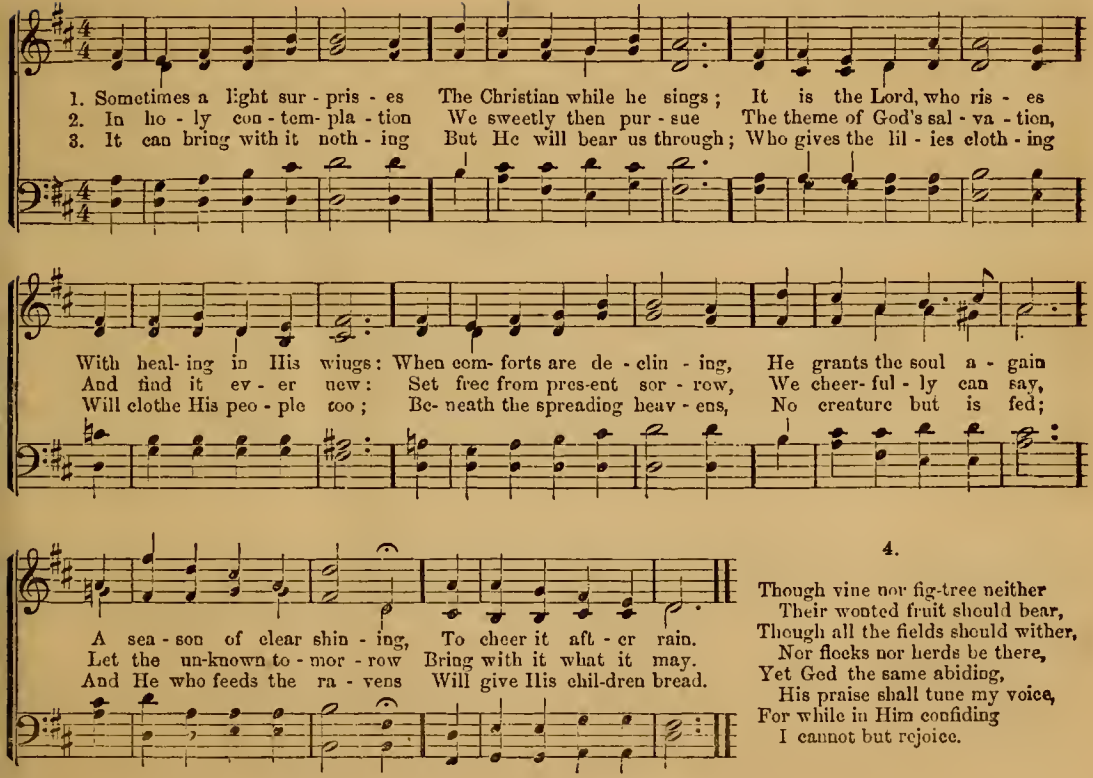
4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three we name Thee,
While in essence, only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary.
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary,
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.

6 From Thy high, celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

7 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. JOHN HULLAH, 1867.

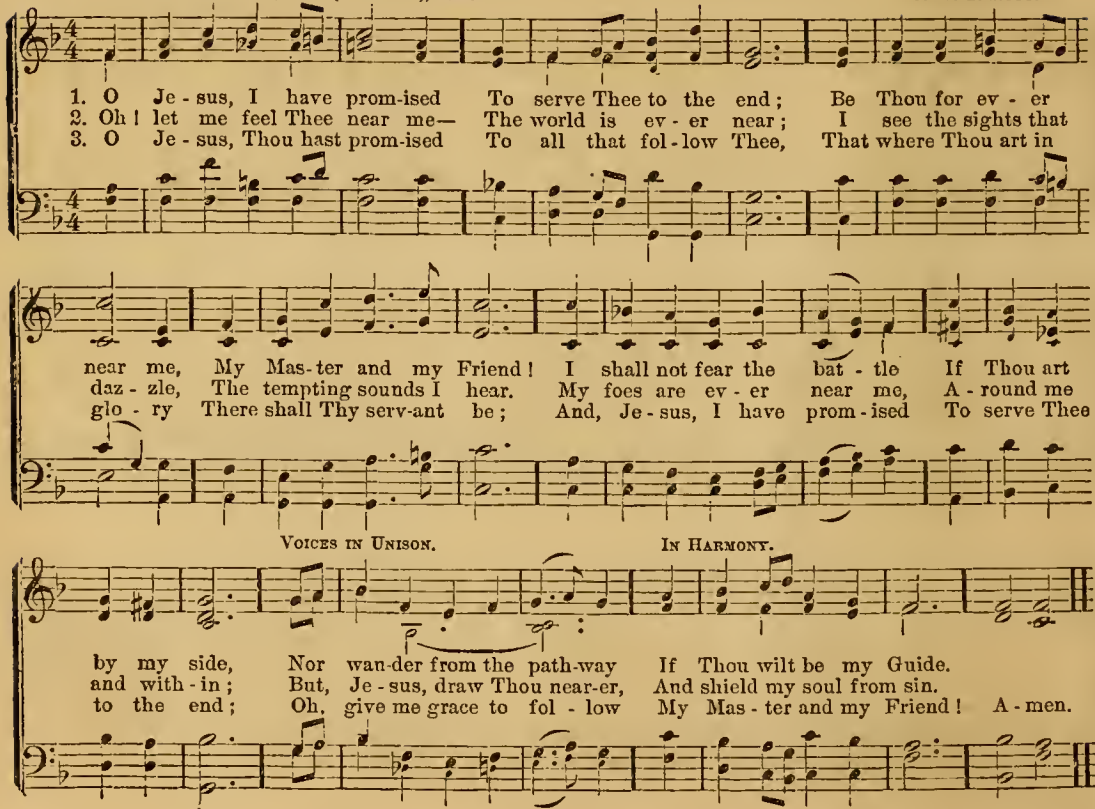


4.

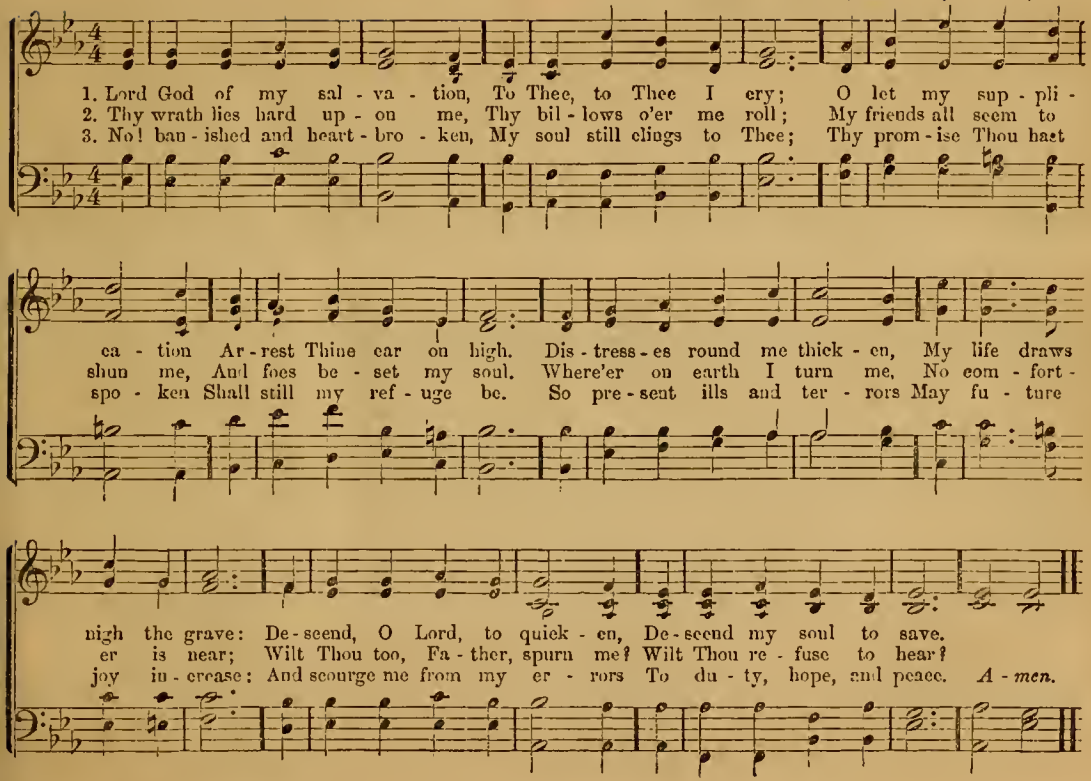
Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.

Rev. JOHN ERNEST BODE, A.M. (1816—1874), 1860. J. W. ELLIOTT.

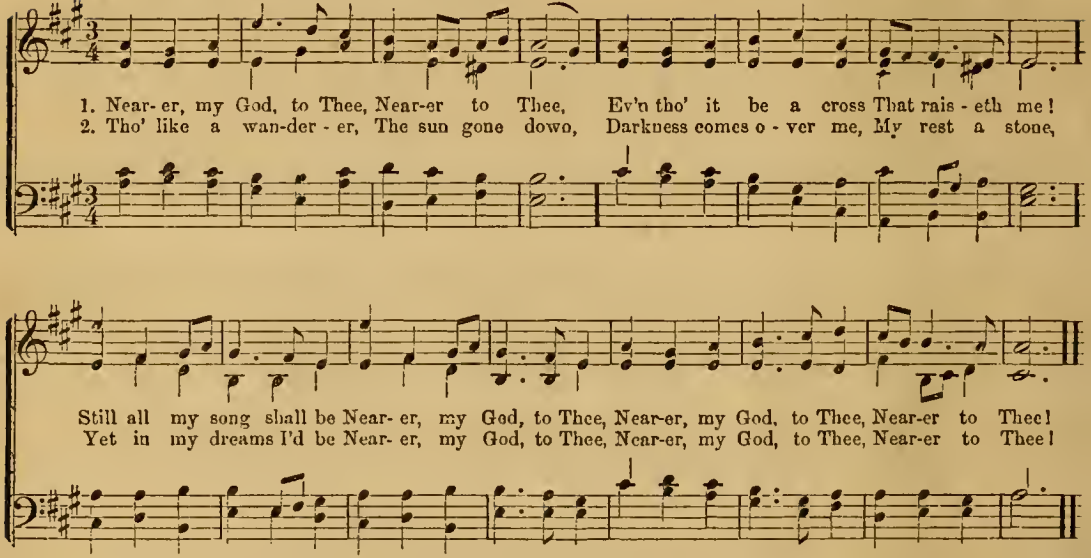


Rev. H. F. LYTE, 1834. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc. (1810—1876).



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH FULLER FLOWER ADAMS (1805—1848), 1840. Adapted by JOHN GOSS from HANDEL.

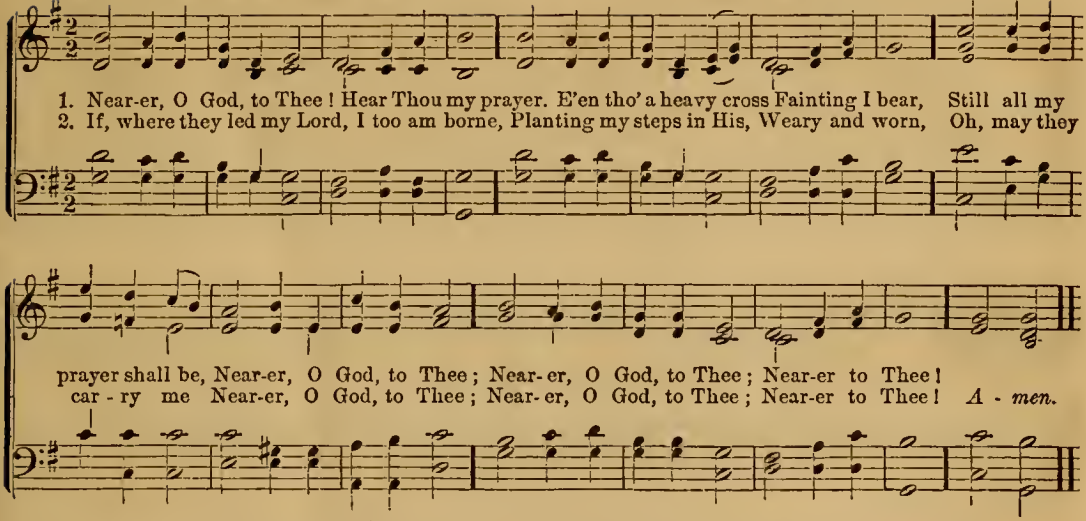


3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

WM. WALSHAM HOW, A.M. (1823—), 1854. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



3.

If Thou the cup of pain Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip From the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!

4.

Though the great battle rage Hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights Let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!

4.

When, my course finished, I breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy Valley of death,
There too I still shall be
Nearer, O God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!

5.

And when Thou, Lord, once more Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee; Nearer to Thee!

DAY BY DAY.*

Rev. JOSIAH CONDER (1789—1855), 1837. Arr. from LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK (1829—1869), 1856.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696. Dr. LOUIS SPOHR, died 1859.

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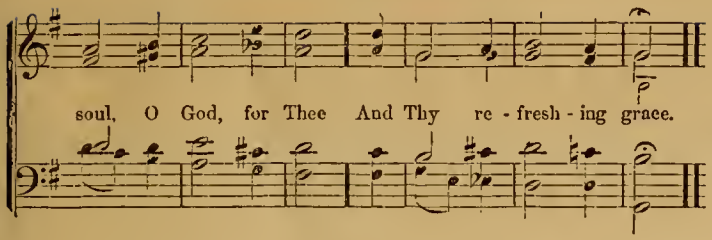
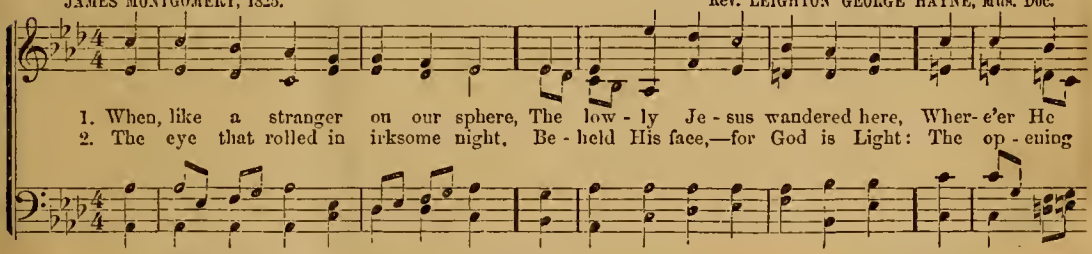


2 For Thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

THE LOWLY JESUS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. Rev. LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

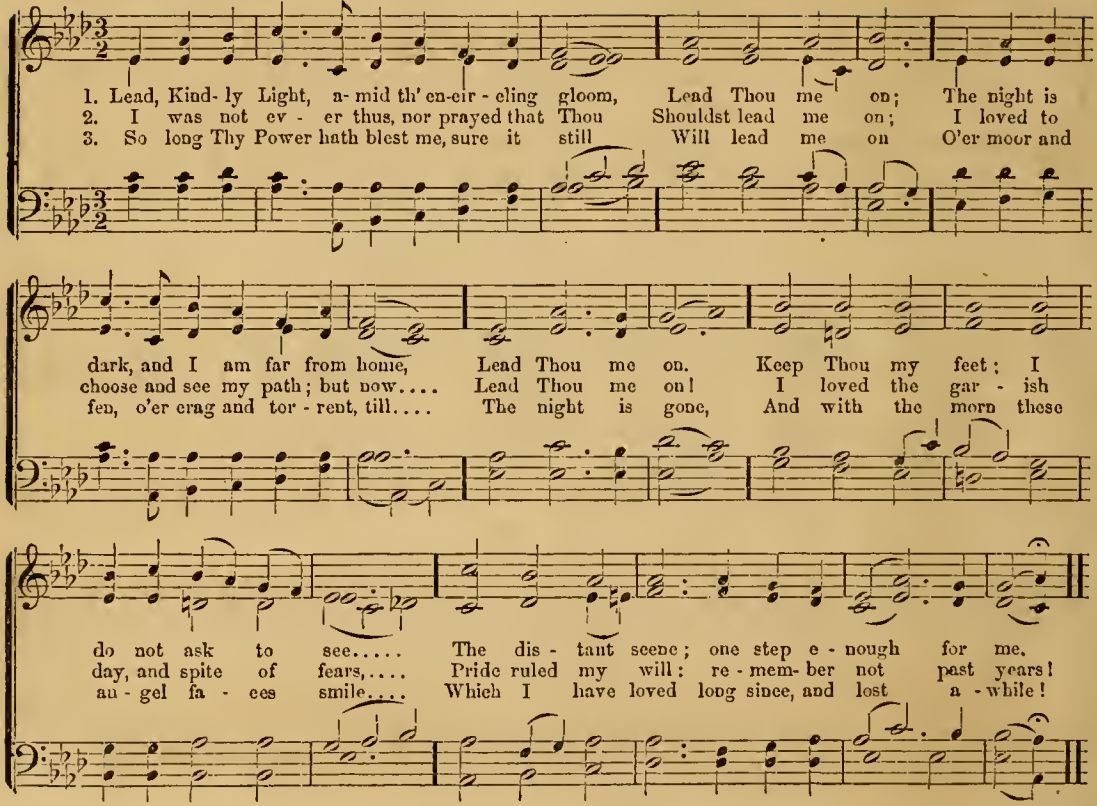


3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave He bowed His head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

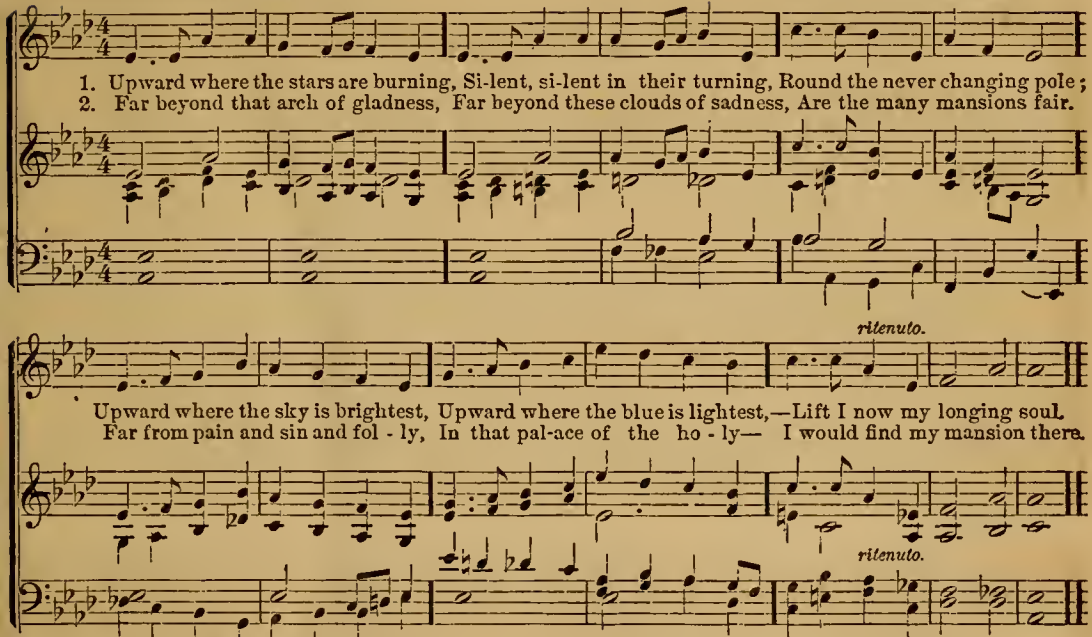
4 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., (1801—), 1833. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Rev. HORATIUS BONAR (1808–). 1857. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827–).

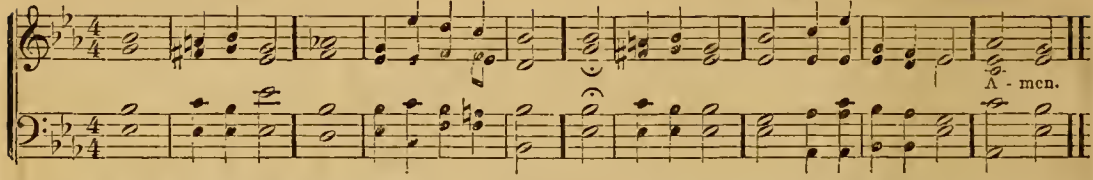


3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measnre,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHŒBE CARY, 1854. LEWIS T. DOWNES, (1824—) by permission.



1 One sweetly | solemn thought
Comes | to me o'er and | o'er;
I am nearer | home to-day
Than I · ever · have | been before.

2 Nearer my | Father's house,
Where the | many mansions | be;
Nearer the | great white throne
Nearer the | crystal sea;

3 Nearer the | bound of life,
Where we | lay our burdens | down;
Nearer | leaving · the cross,
Nearer · gain- — | -ing the crown.

4 But lying | darkly · between,
Winding | down — · through the | night,
Is the silent, | unknown stream,
That leads at · last — | to the light.

5 Oh, if my | mortal feet
Have | almost gained the | brink;
If it be I am | nearer home
Even to- · -day — | than I think:

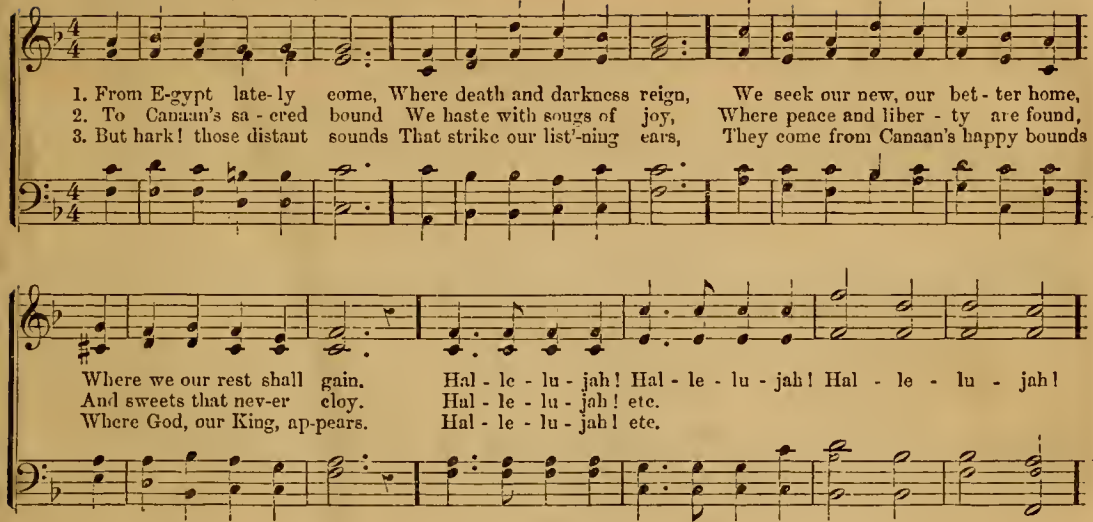
6 Father, | perfect · my trust,
Let my | spirit feel in | death
That her feet are | firmly set
On the · rock · of a | living faith. Amen.

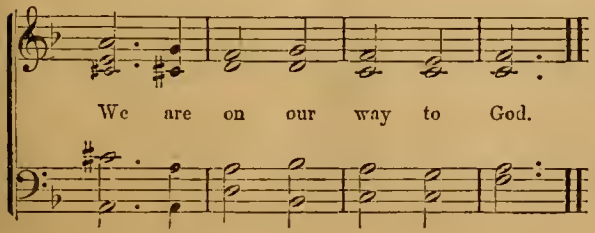
Or this.

A. H. D. TROYTE.

Note. *This chant requires slight deviations in the dividing.*

Rev. THOS. KELLY (1769—1855), 1853. S. S. WESLEY, 1863.





4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah! etc.

5 We soon shall gain the throng,
Their pleasure we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah! etc.

THY WILL BE DONE.

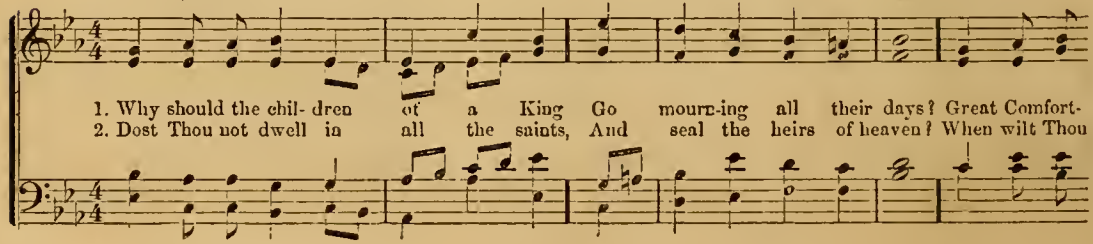
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. Rev. Sir FREDERICK ARTHUR GORE OUSELEY, Bart. (1825—).

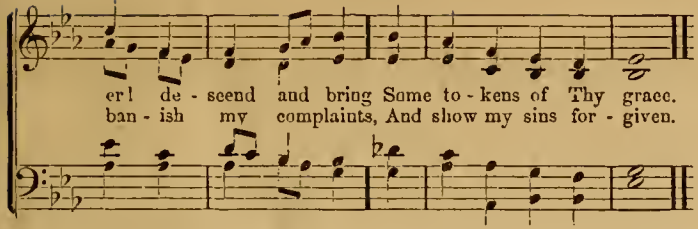
4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

WHY SHOULD THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



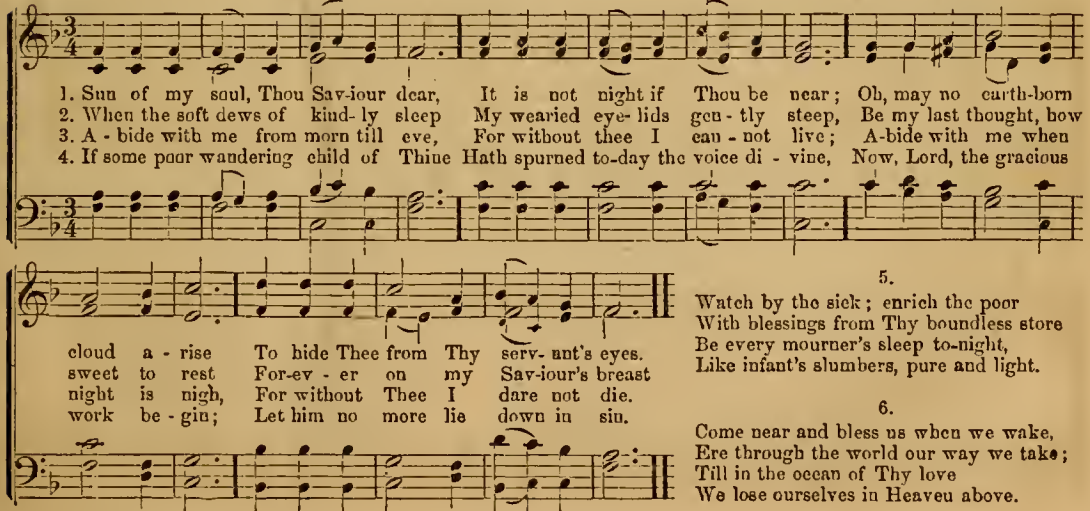


3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE (1792—1866), 1827. German. Arranged by W. H. MONK.



5.

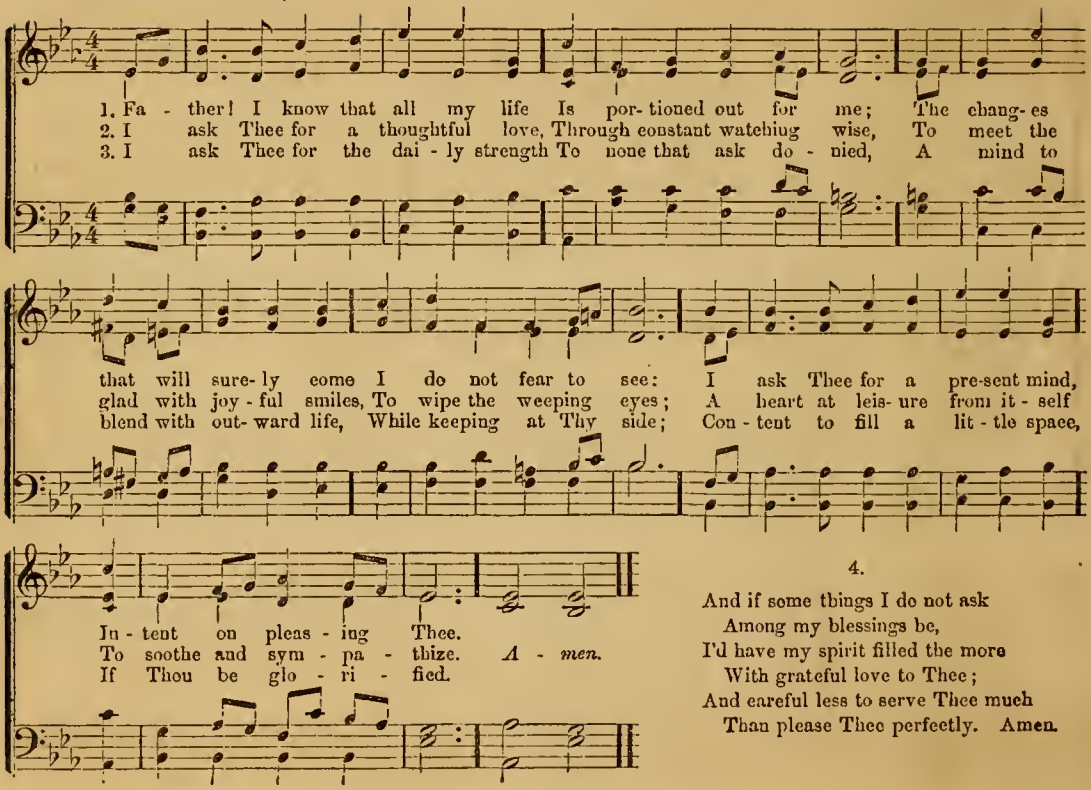
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6.

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

LEAD ME, O LORD!

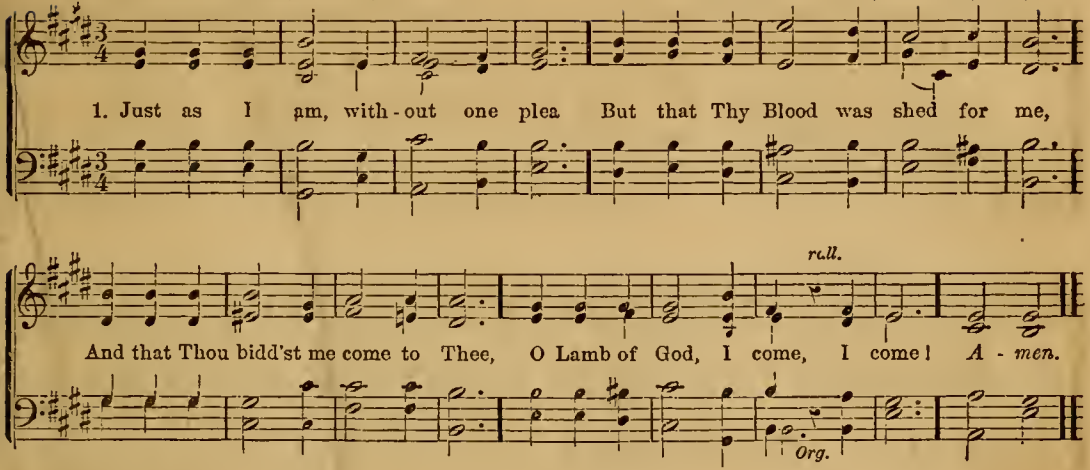
ANNA LÆTITIA WARING, 1850. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



4.

And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than please Thee perfectly. Amen.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789—1871), 1836. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc. (1816—).



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

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

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

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

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

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

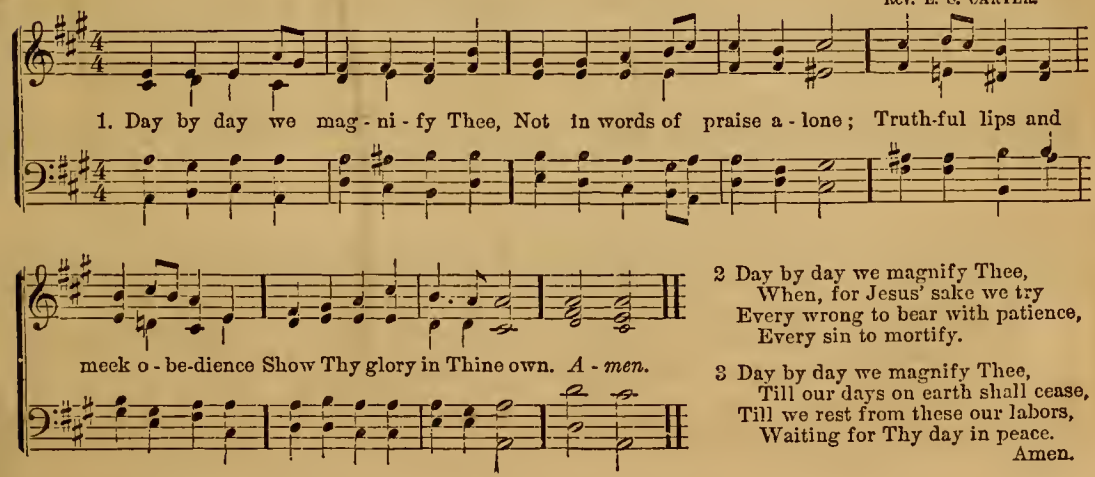
O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW (1823—), 1854. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

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

DAY BY DAY.

Rev. E. S. CARTER.

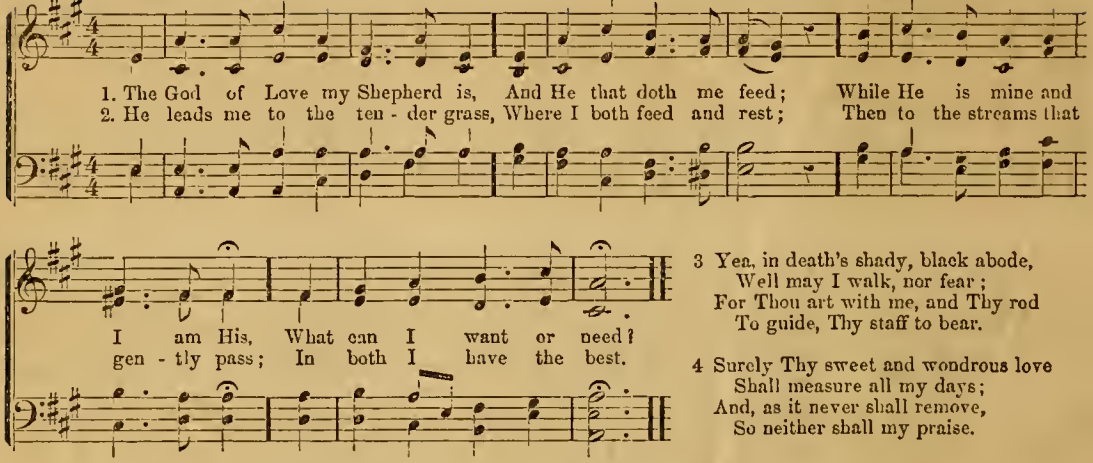


2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.
Amen.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1865. By per.

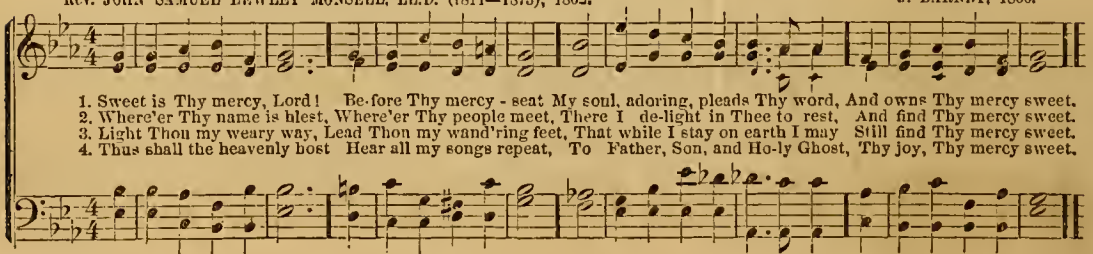


3 Yea, in death's shady, black abode,
Well may I walk, nor fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

4 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And, as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

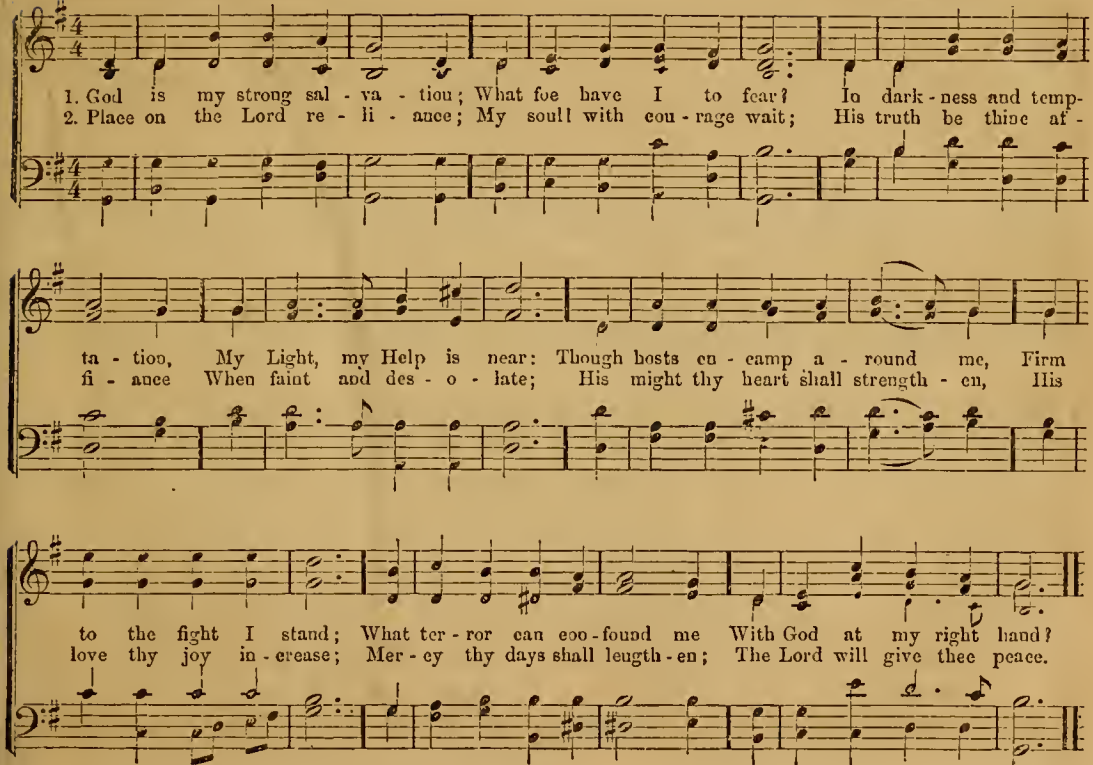
SWEET IS THY MERCY, LORD.

Rev. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, LL.D. (1811—1875), 1862. J. BARNBY, 1866.



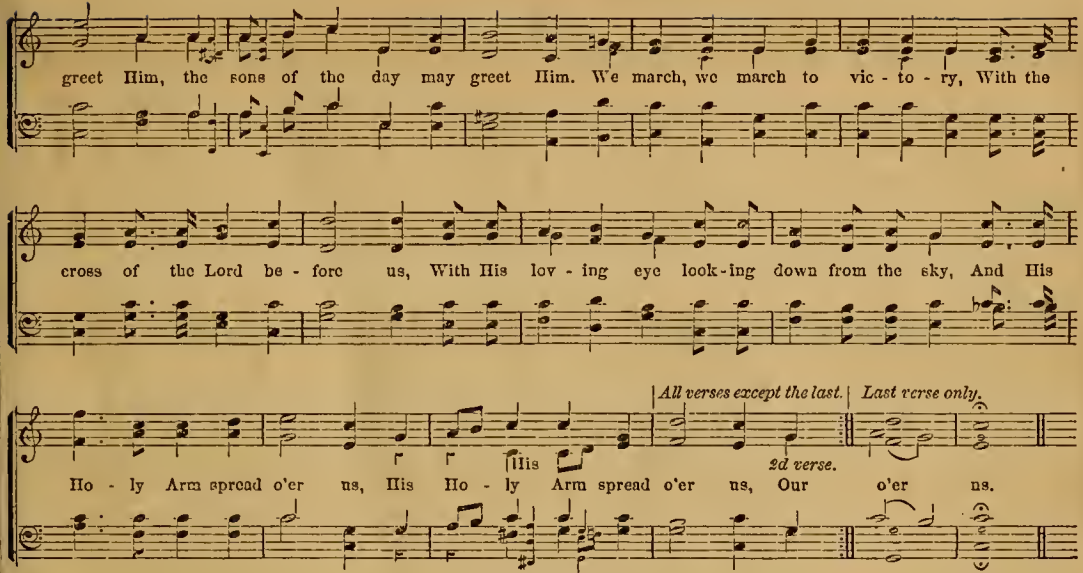
GOD, MY SALVATION.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854), 1822. Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS, B.A.



WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838—), 1869.



2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet His salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

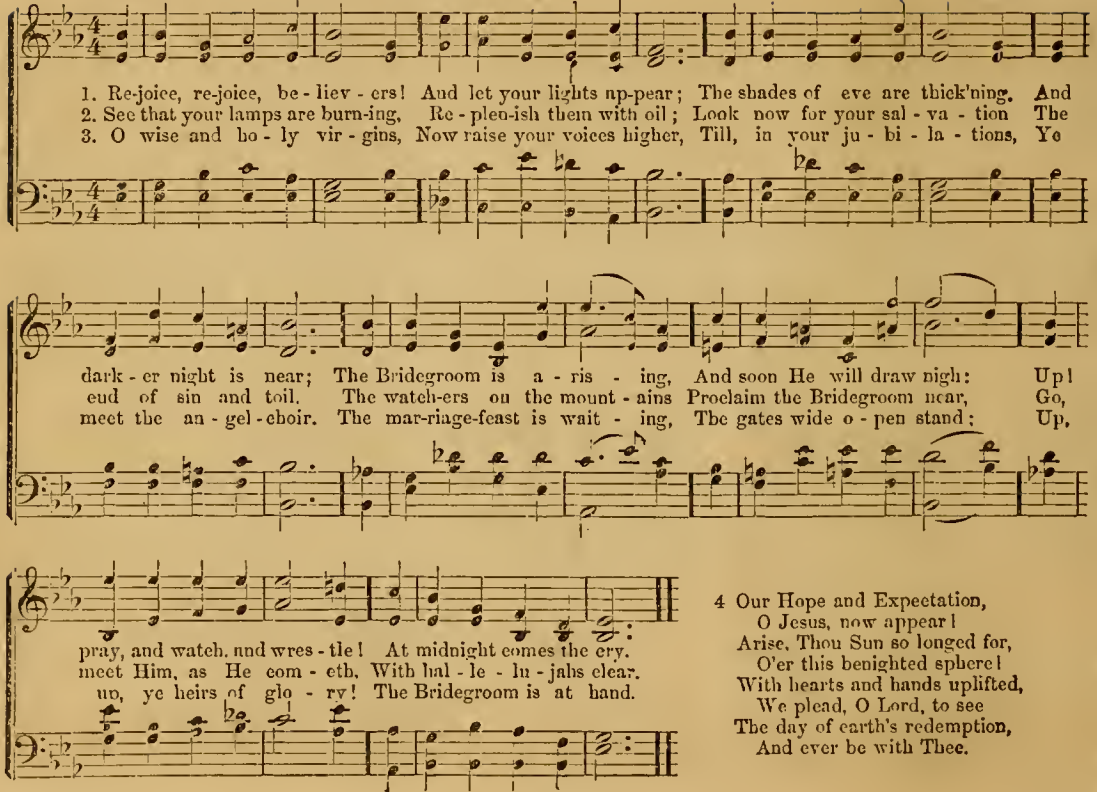
3 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil:
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,
To defend His Church from evil.
We march, we march, &c.

4 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.

5 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, &c.

REJOICE, BELIEVERS!

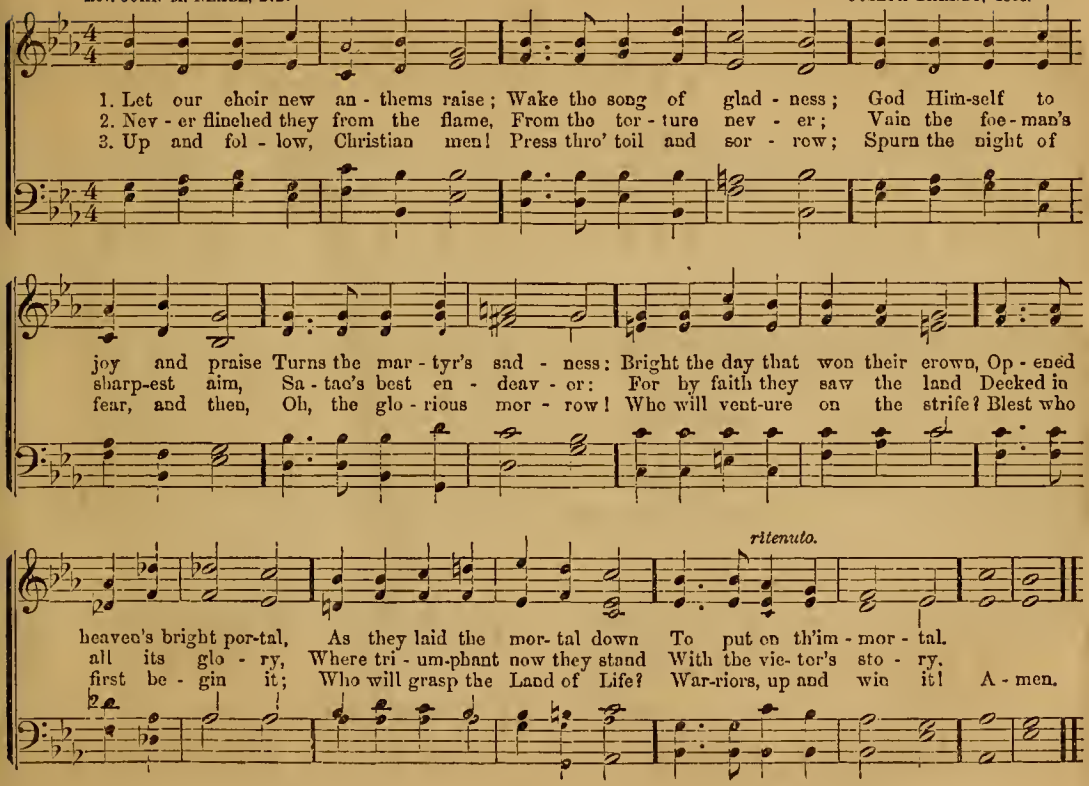
LAURENTI, 1690. Trans. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK. H. SMART.



4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

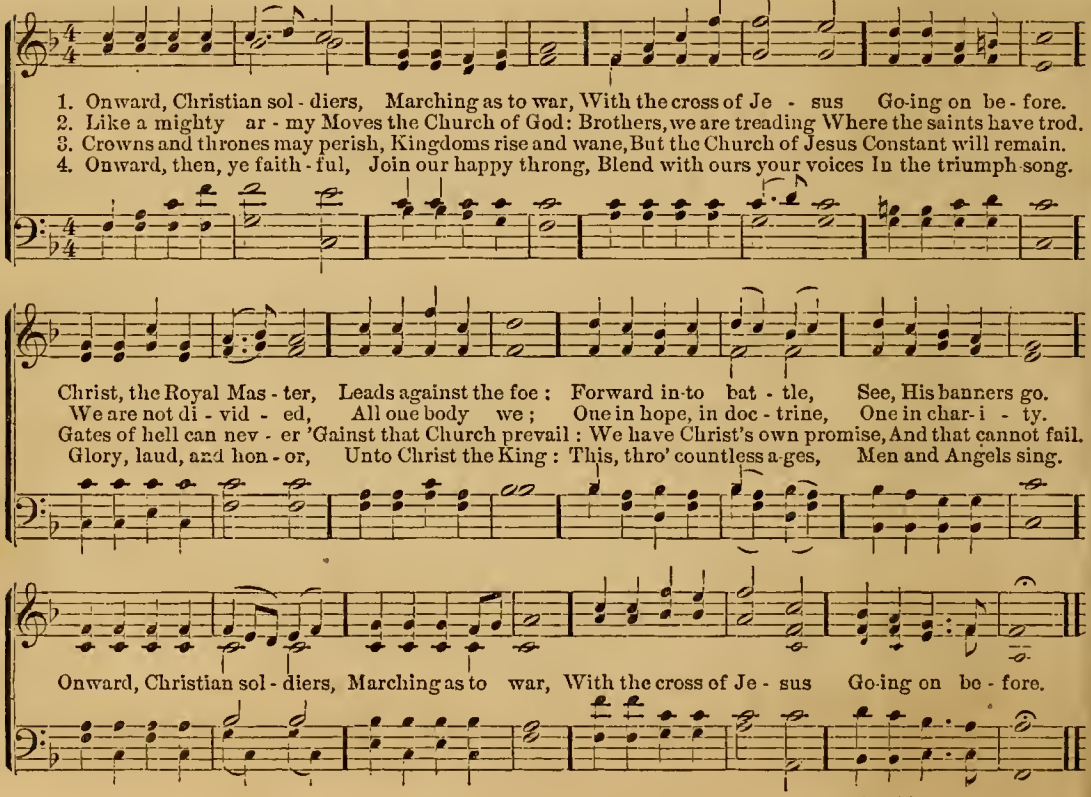
LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A. (1834—), 1865. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



C. WESLEY, 1749. E. G. MONK, 1867.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

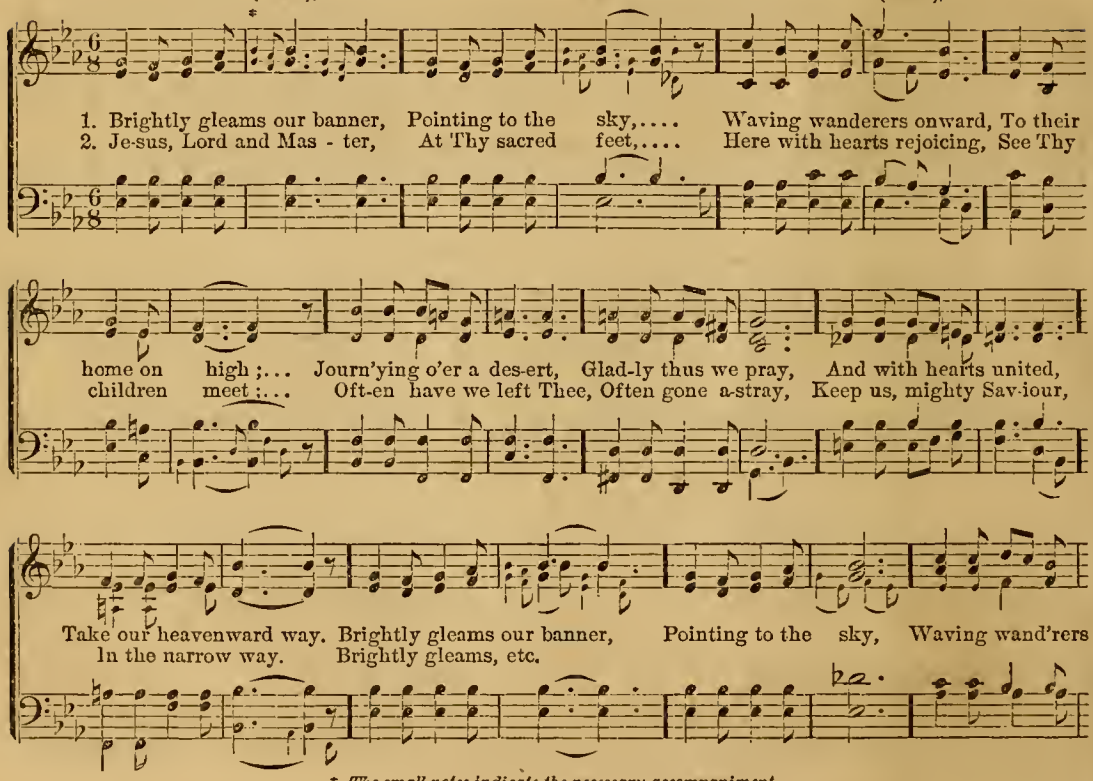
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6.

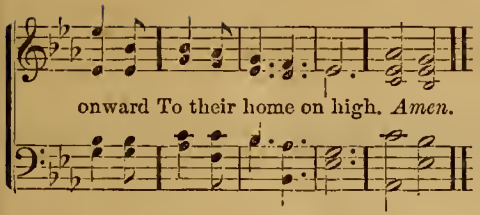
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home. Amen.

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

Rev. THOS. J. POTTER (1825—), 1860. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872. Arr.



* *The small notes indicate the necessary accompaniment.*



3.

All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious,
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

4.

Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,—
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN!

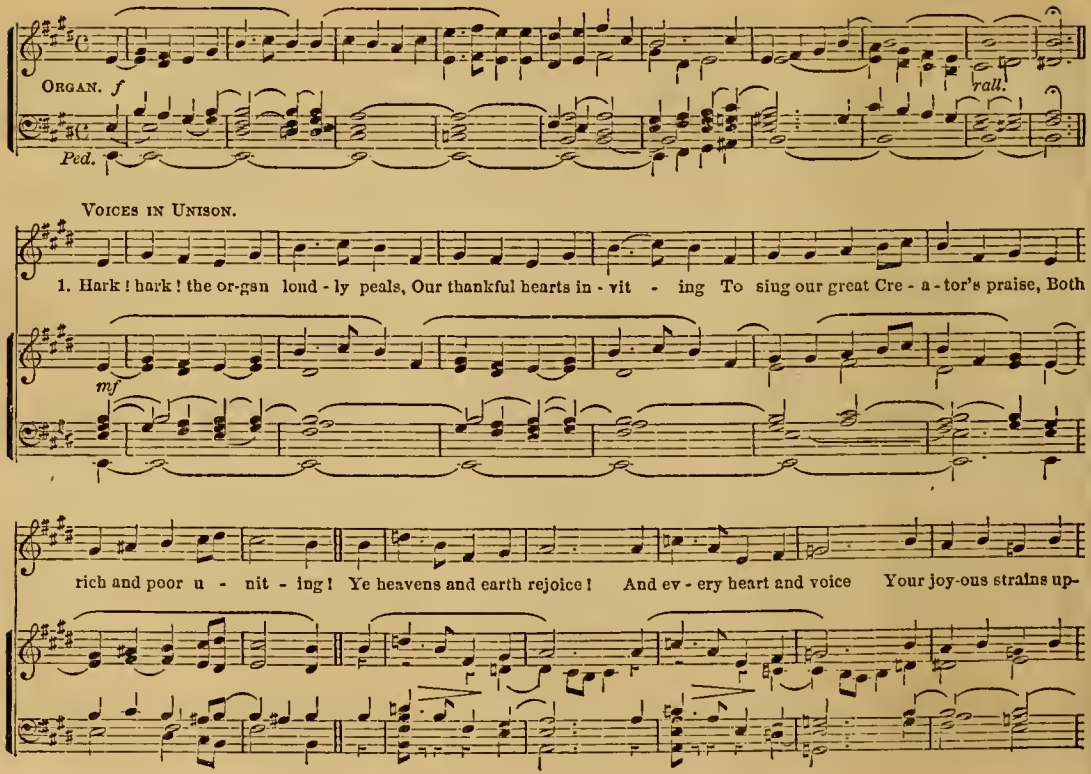
HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804. Arr. by JOHN B. WILKES.

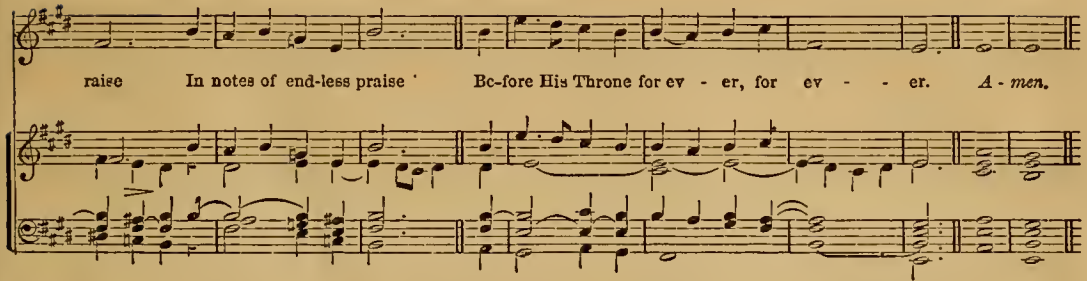
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Viet'ry soon shall tune your song.

4 Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conq'rors you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

HARK! HARK! THE ORGAN LOUDLY PEALS.

J. W. ELLIOTT.





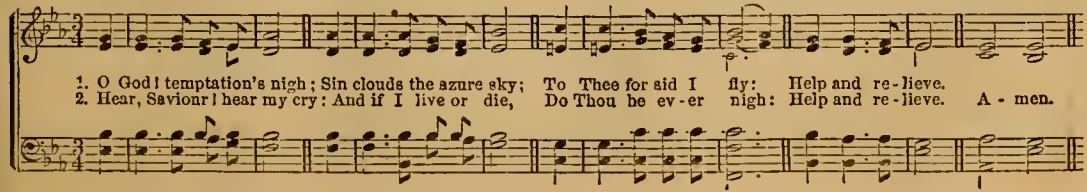
2 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the praise of Christ our King,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who left His Throne on high,
And lowly came to die,
That we from earth might rise
To realms beyond the skies,
And live with Him for ever!

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher,
We join the heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever! Amen.

HELP AND RELIEVE.

CHAS. E. POND. HUBERT PLATT MAIN, (1839—). 1873.



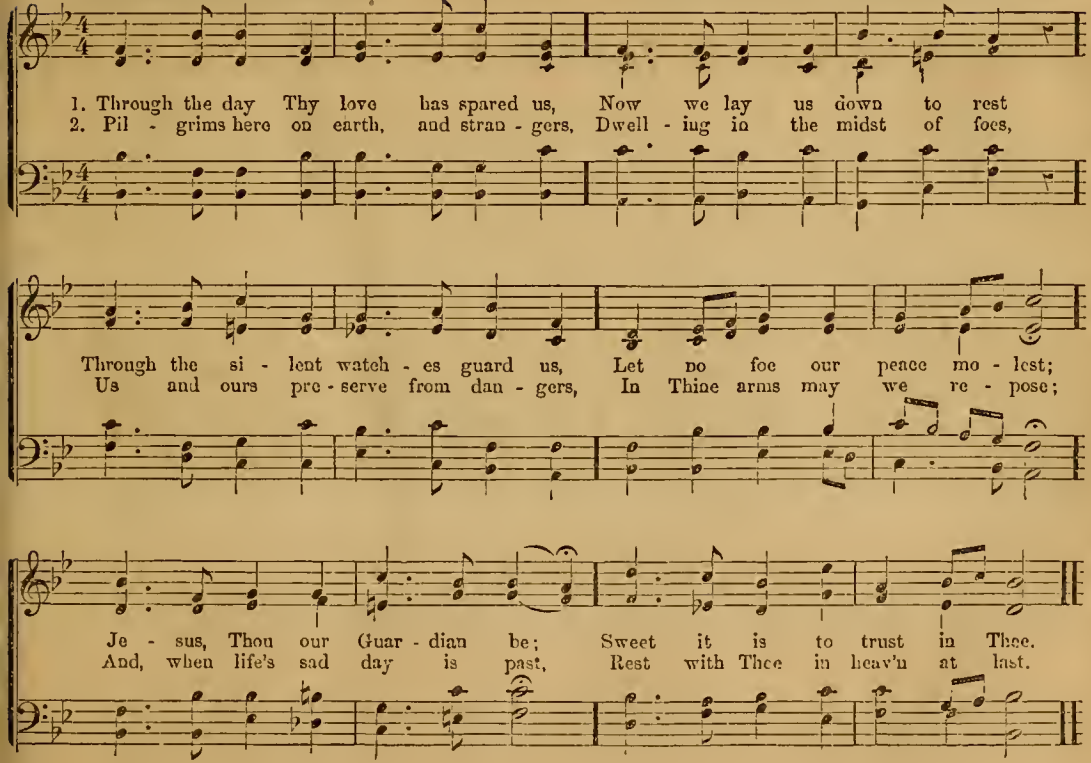
CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

C. WESLEY, 1740. German Choral by JOHANN ROSENMUELLER, 1655. Arr. by JOHN GOSS.

3.

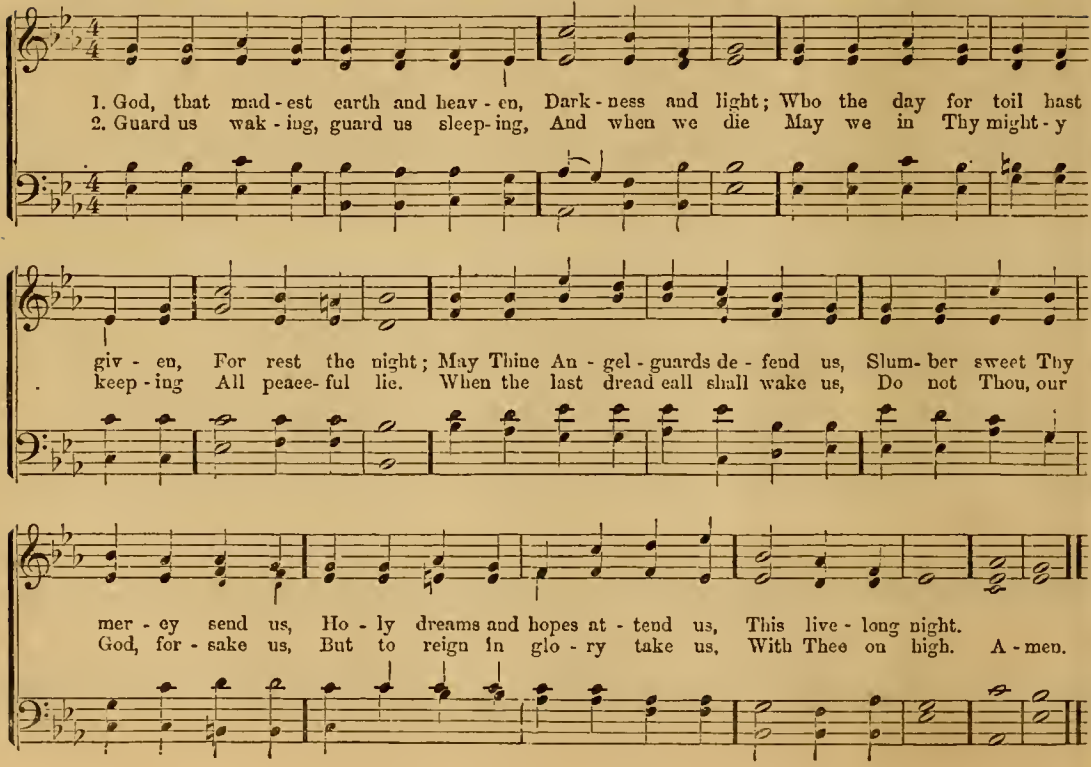
Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Rev. THOMAS KELLY (1769—1855), 1806. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1865. By per.

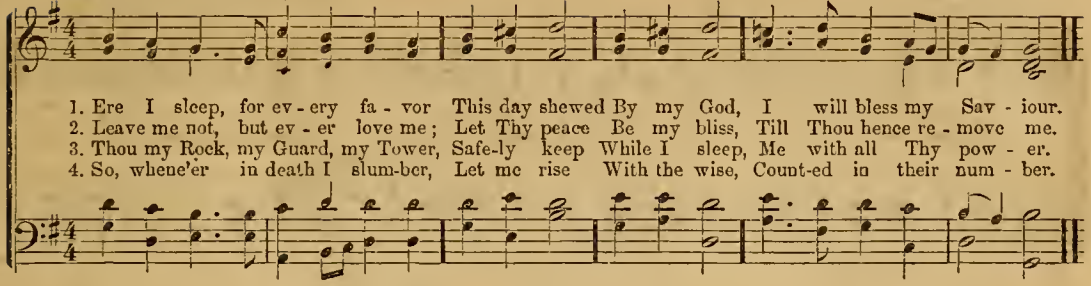


GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

1st verse by Bishop REGINALD HEBER. 2d verse by Bishop RICHARD WHATELY. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, London, England.

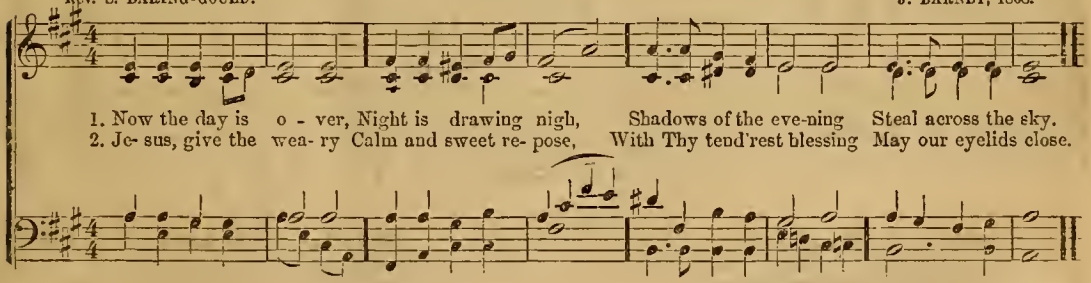


JOHN CENNICK, (1718—1755), 1741. Rev. J. JOWETT, 1823.



NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. J. BARNBY, 1868.



3.

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

4.

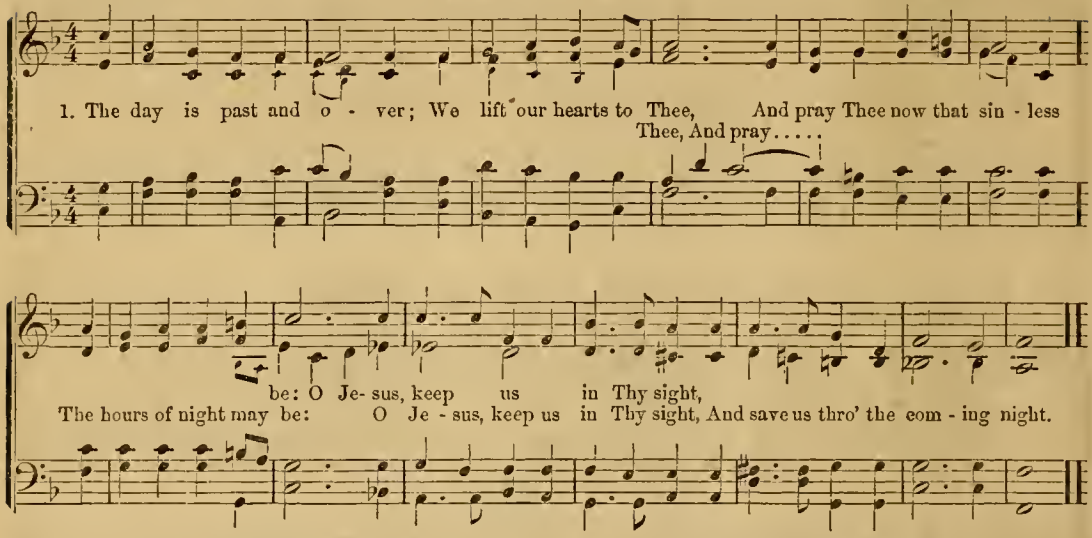
Through the long night-watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

St. ANATOLIUS, A. D. (—458), Trans. by Rev. J. MASON NEALE. 1862. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1860.

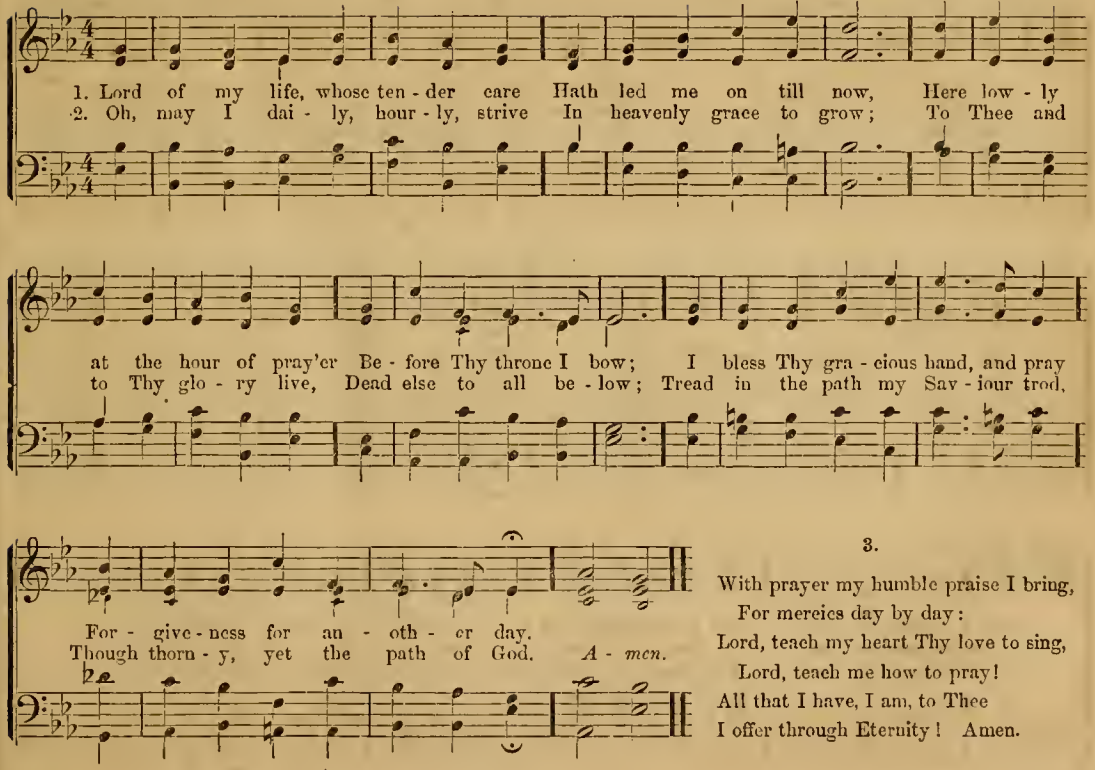


2 The joys of day are over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from danger
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' Defender,
Good Lord, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go:
Thou, ever wakeful, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

Ω. CHELSEA, 1833. E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



3.

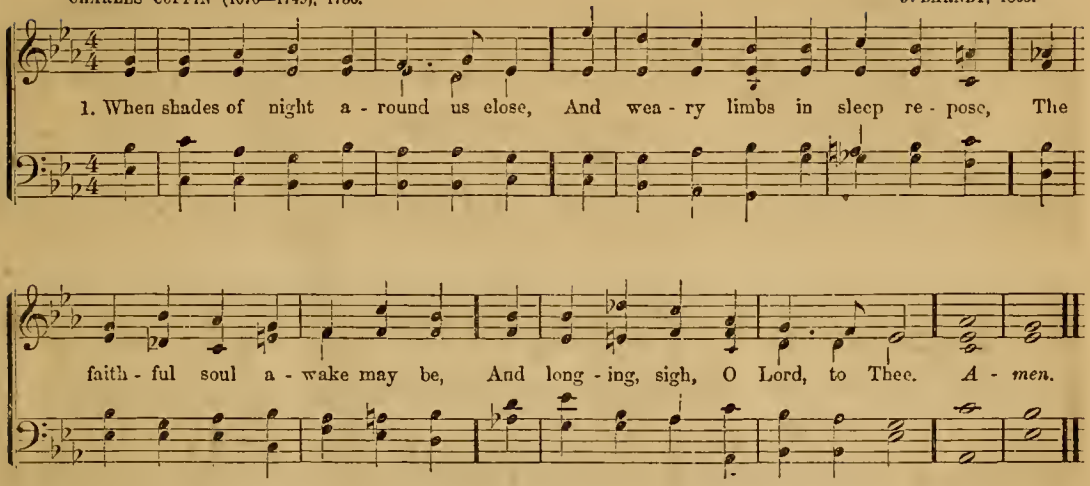
With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through Eternity! Amen.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER (1833—), 1867. Arr. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. (1806—1876), 1872.

WHEN SHADES OF NIGHT.

CHARLES COFFIN (1676—1749), 1736. J. BARNBY, 1865.



2.

Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3.

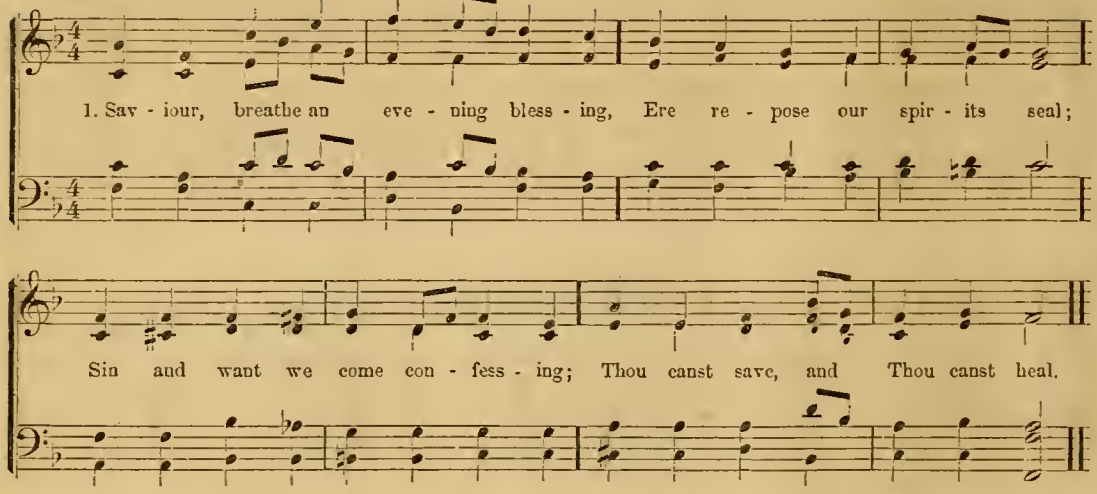
O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

Doxology.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

70 SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820. S. S. WESLEY, 1864.



2.

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

3.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

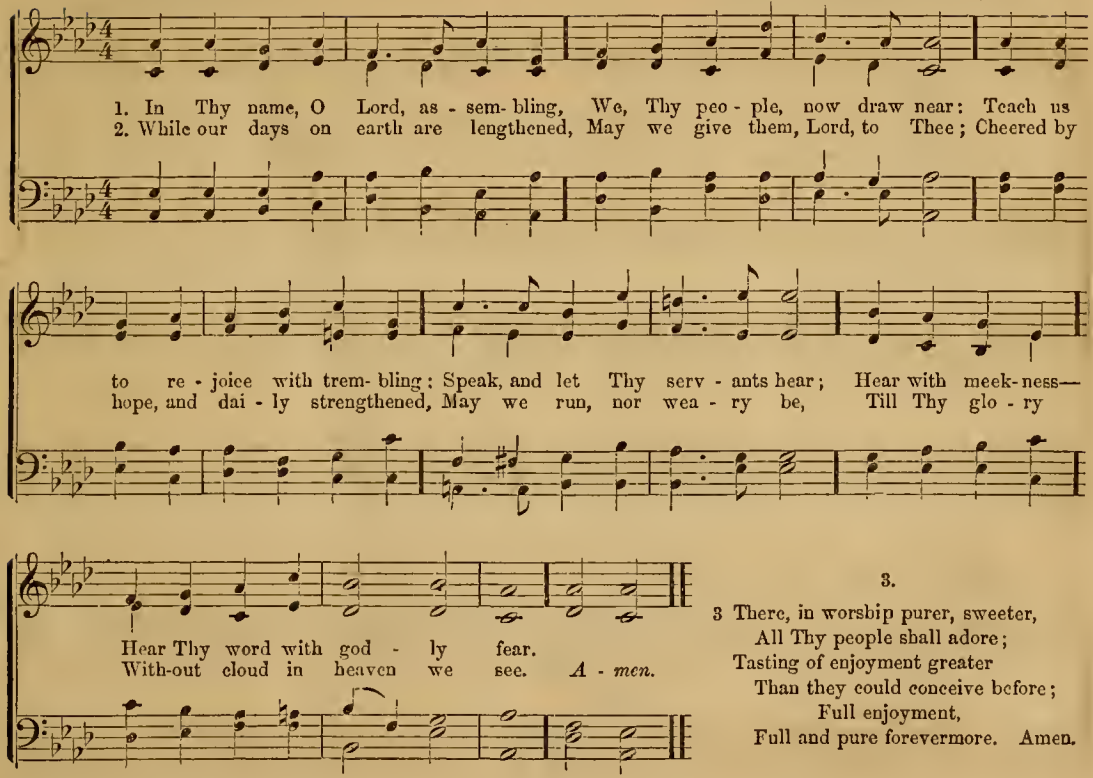
4.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Doxology.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815. EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng., 1863.

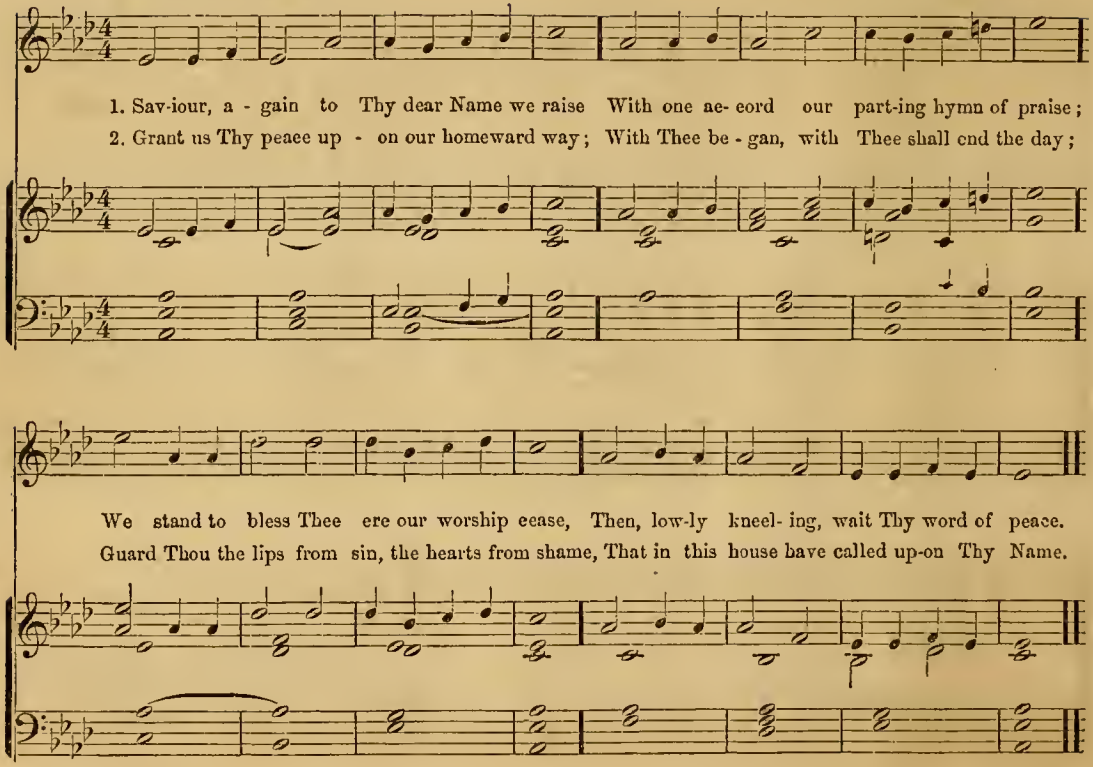


3.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore. Amen.

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. (1826—), 1866. E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



3.

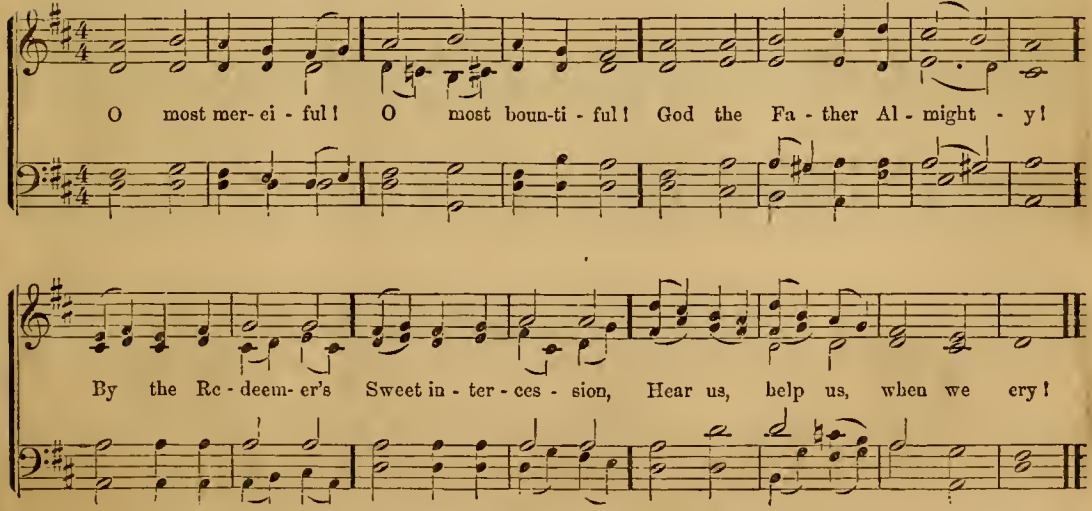
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4.

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

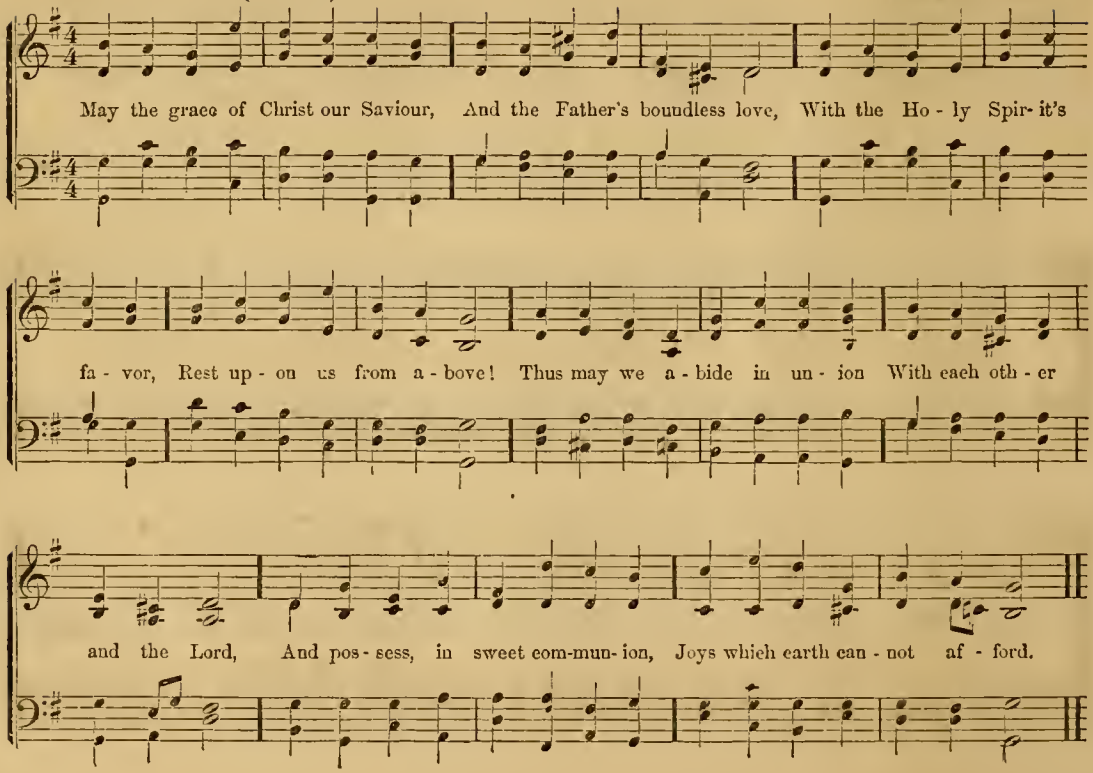
CLOSING HYMN. (Sicily.)

Old Latin Hymn, "O Sanctissima." Arranged by JAMES TURLE.

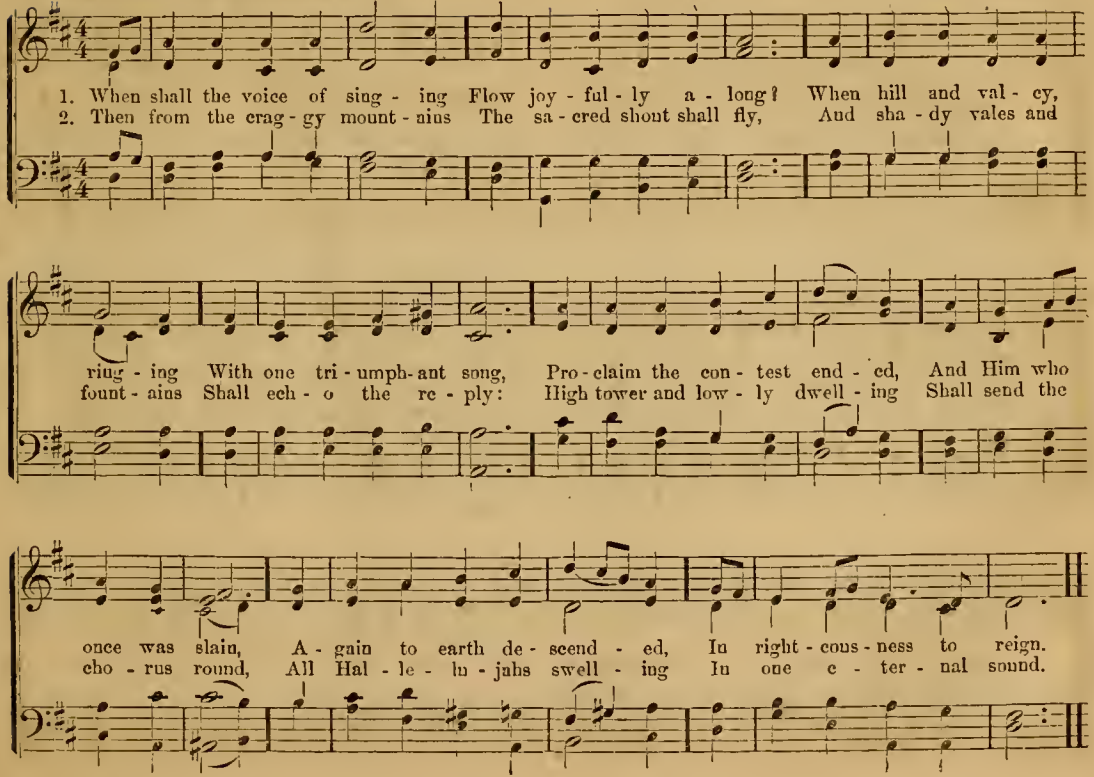


MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON (1725—1807). A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.



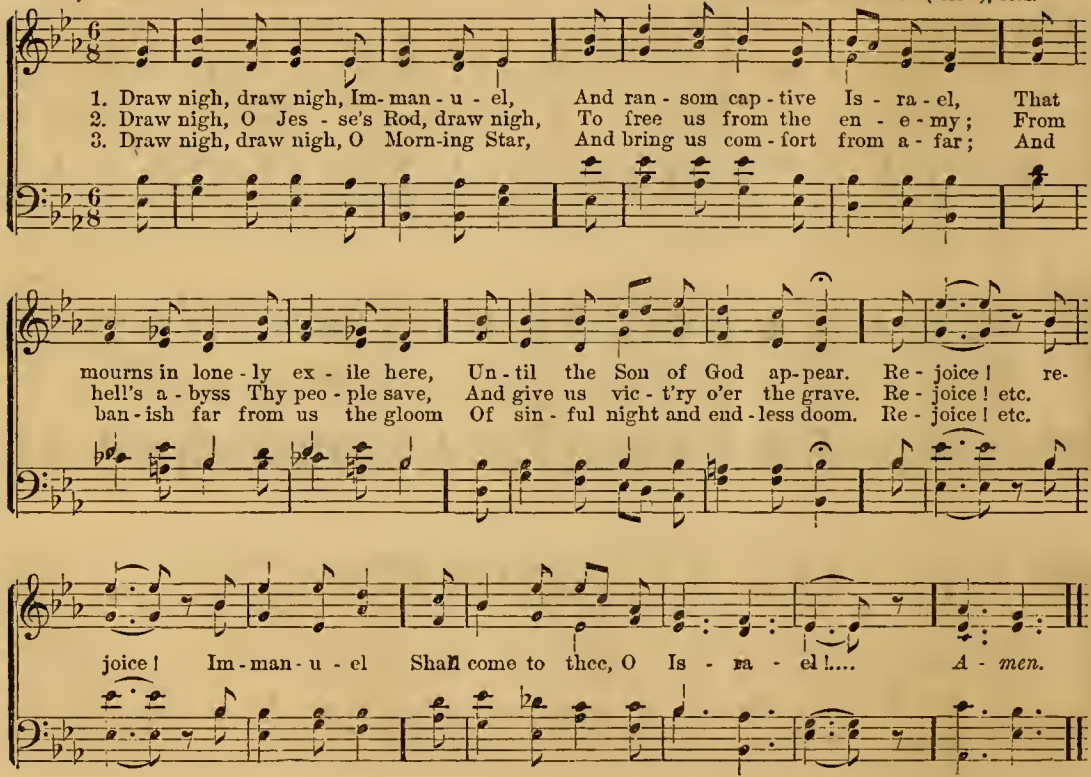
JAMES EDMESTON (1791—1867), 1822. Rev. J. S. SIDEBOTHAM, New College, Oxford.



DRAW NIGH, DRAW NIGH, IMMANUEL.

Hymnal Noted.

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818—), 1872.

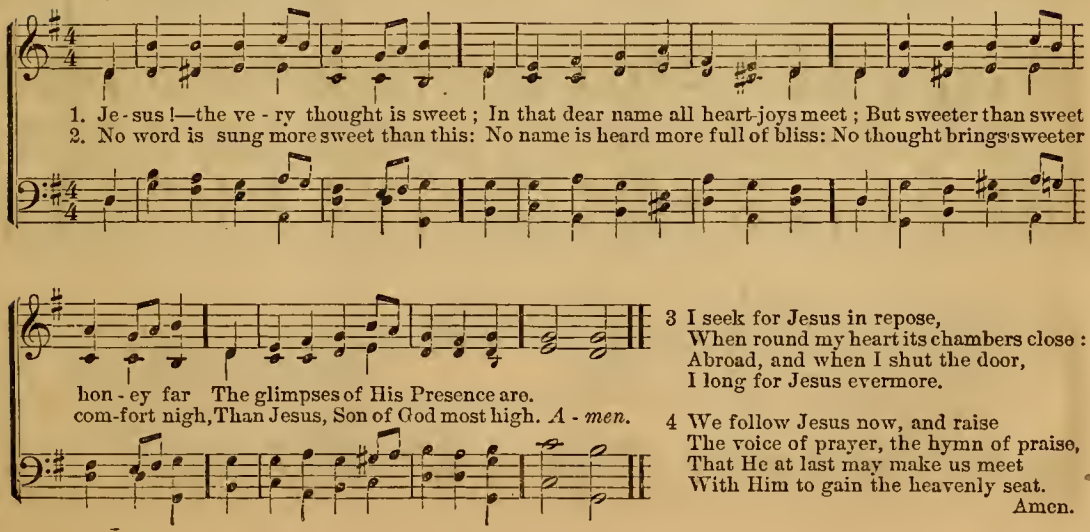


4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who once from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy Law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

Tr. by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE. ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810—1856).



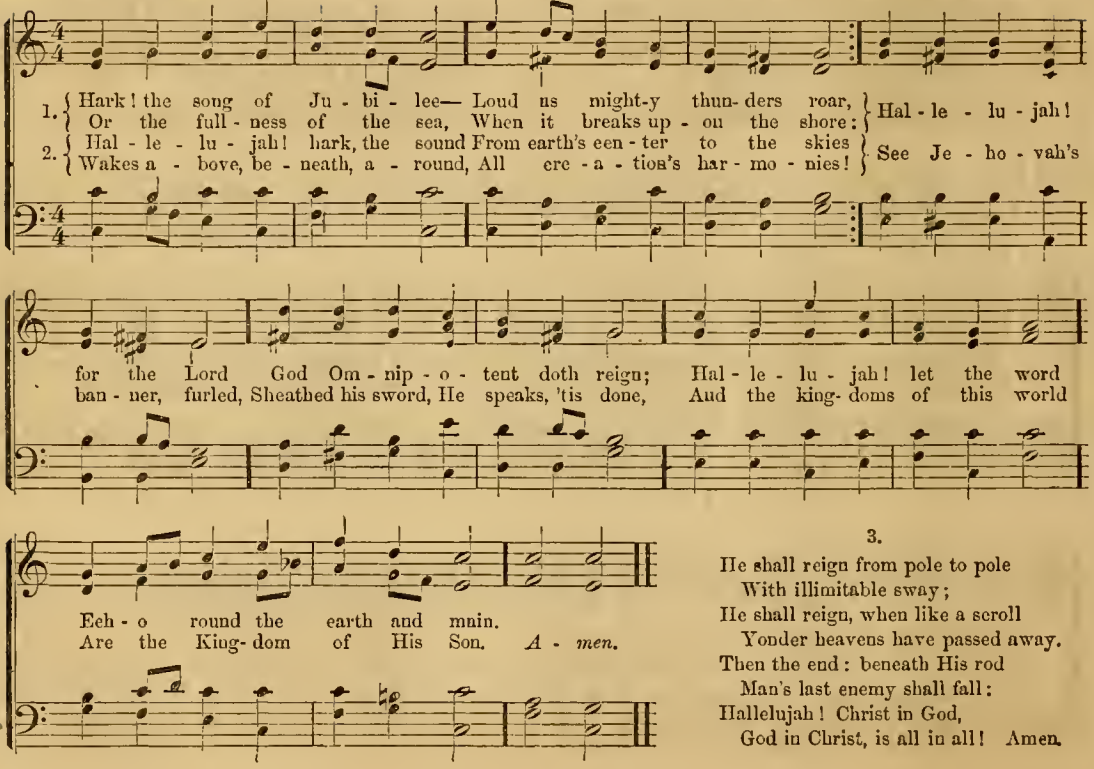
3 I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close:
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.

4 We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.
Amen.

HARK! THE SONG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

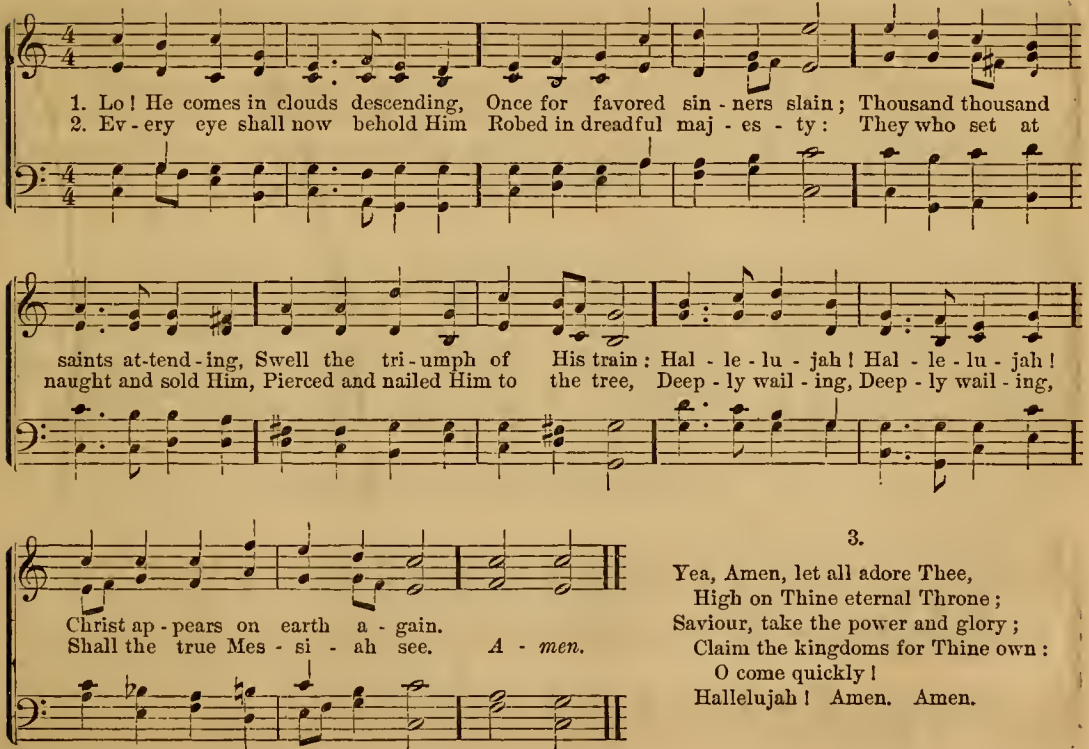
F. WEBER, Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James Palace.



3.

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! Amen.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK (1718—1755), 1750, alt. HENRY SMART (1812—), 1868.



3.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Amen. Amen.

80 FATHER OF ALL, FROM LAND AND SEA.

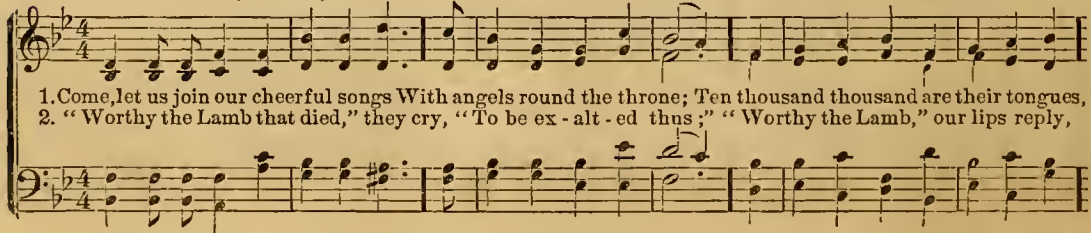
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1865. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. (1806—1876).

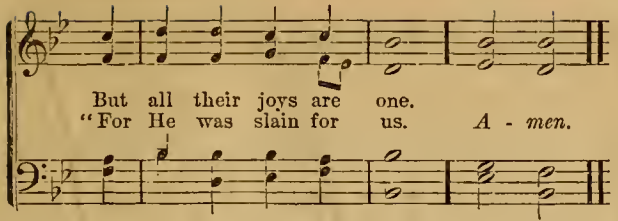
3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.

4 So when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one." Amen.

COME, LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (1674—1748), 1709. HENRY LAHEE.



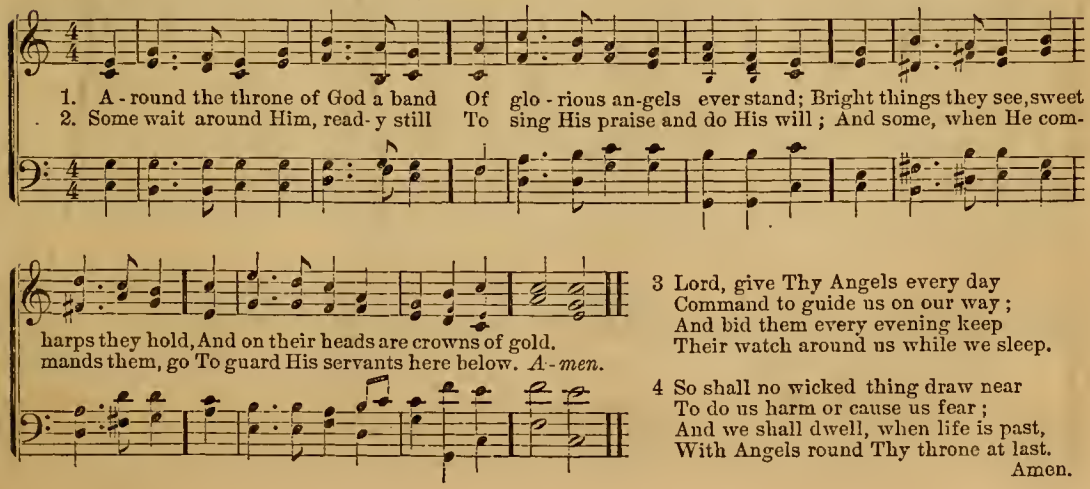


3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD A BAND.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. (1818—1866). EDWARD H. THORNE.

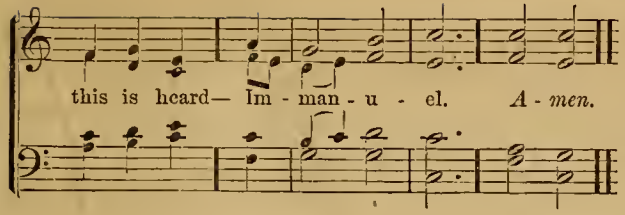


3 Lord, give Thy Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy throne at last.
Amen.

JOY FILLS OUR INMOST HEART TO-DAY.

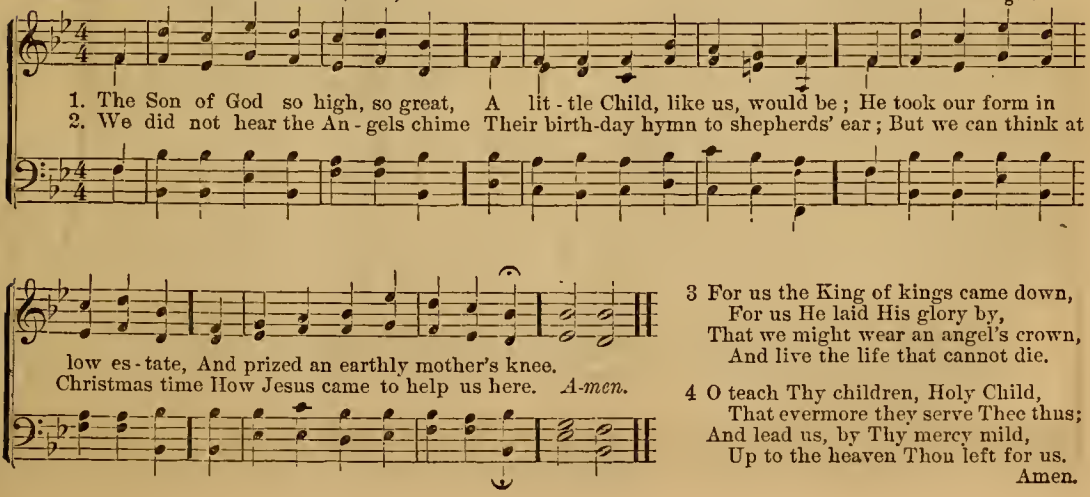
SAMUEL SMITH.



4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Immanuel! Amen.

THE SON OF GOD, SO HIGH, SO GREAT.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823—). Arranged.



3 For us the King of kings came down,
For us He laid His glory by,
That we might wear an angel's crown,
And live the life that cannot die.

4 O teach Thy children, Holy Child,
That evermore they serve Thee thus;
And lead us, by Thy mercy mild,
Up to the heaven Thou left for us.
Amen.

AN EXILE FOR THE FAITH.

Rev. EDWARD CASWALL (1814—), 1849, abr. PHILIP ARMES, Mus. Doc.

2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth and was dead;
There Judah's lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled;

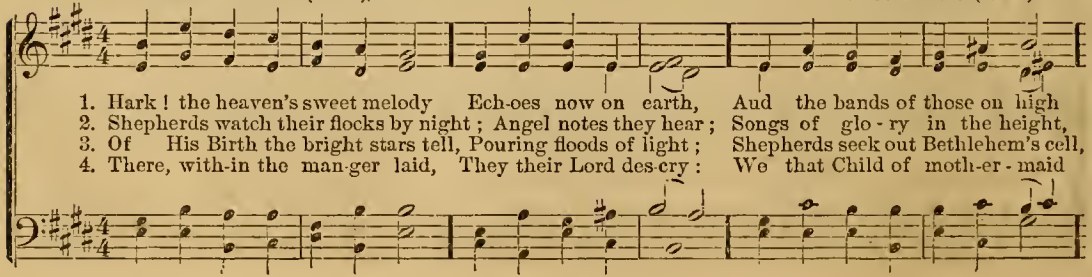
3 There heard through highest heaven
The Alleluia sound,
The loud Amen that ever rolls
The eternal throne around.

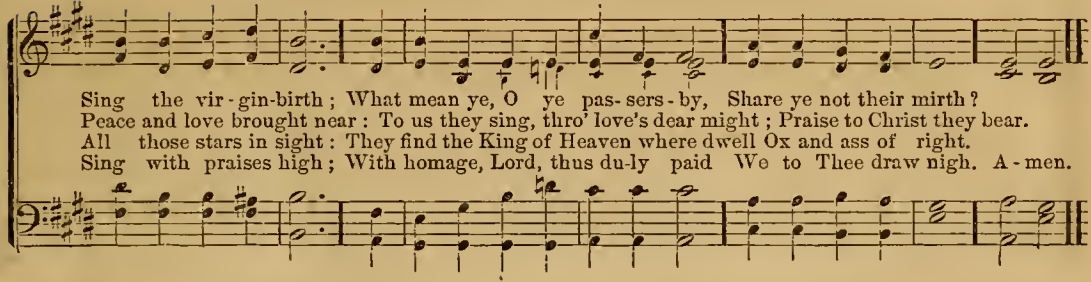
4 He now calls all to drink
Of streams of life their fill,
From out the Lamb's clear fount: O Lord,
In us this thirst instil;

5 And grant us now with him
On those blest courts to gaze,
To see the rainbow round the throne,
And join those songs of praise.

HARK! THE HEAVEN'S SWEET MELODY.

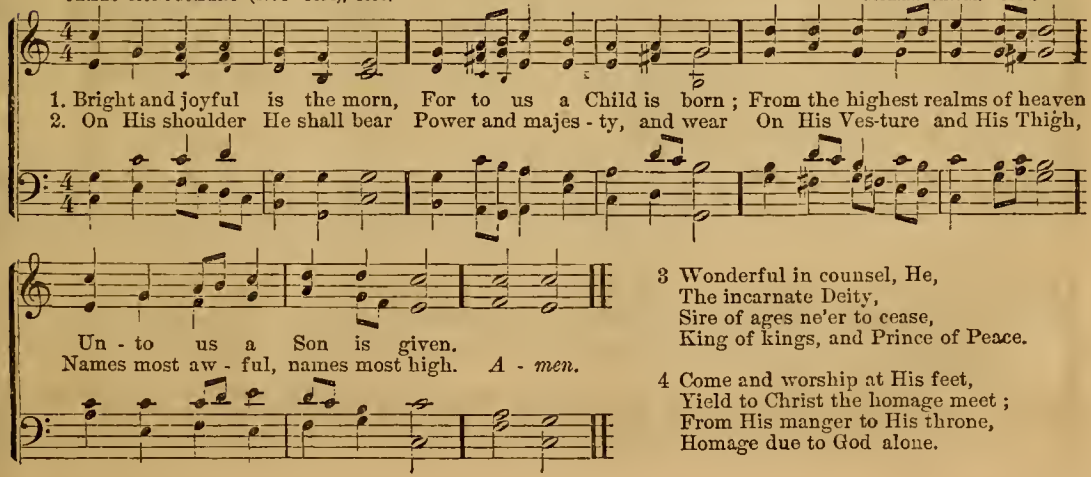
EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821—), 1868. Sir JOHN GOSS (1800—).





BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771—1854), 1853. German Choral. 1684.

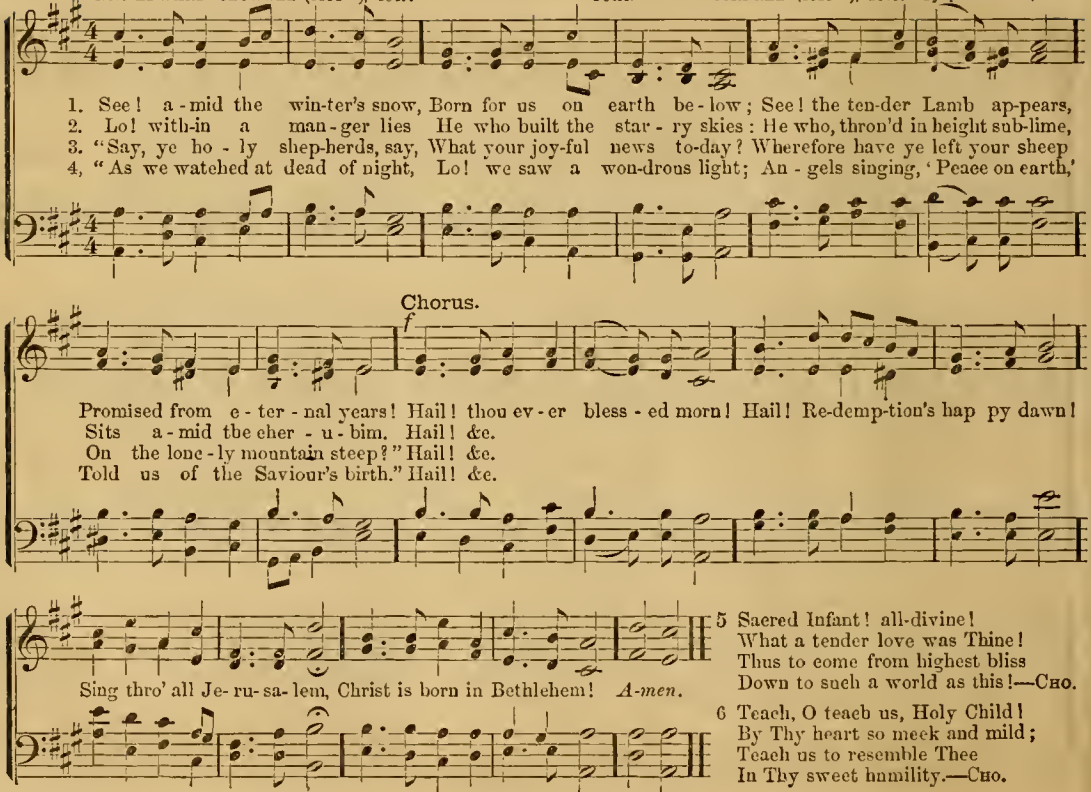


3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

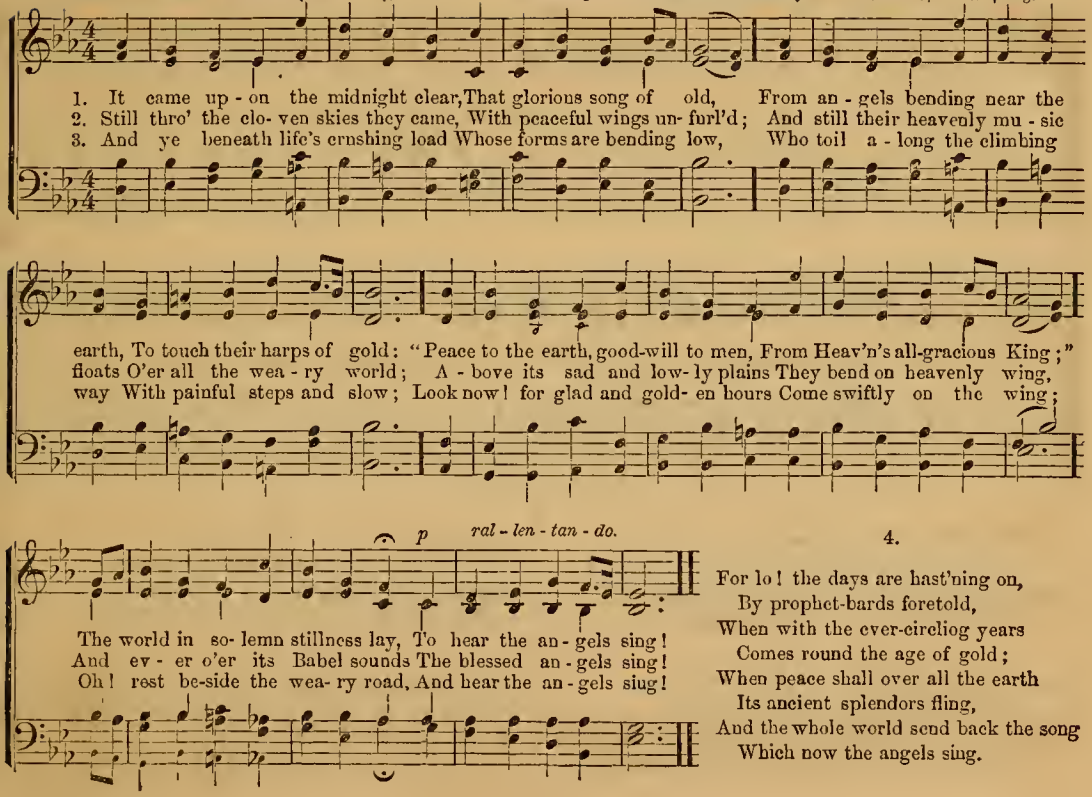
Rev. EDWARD CASWALL (1814—), 1849. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1865. By permission.



5 Sacred Infant! all-divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!—CHO.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child!
By Thy heart so meek and mild;
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.—CHO.

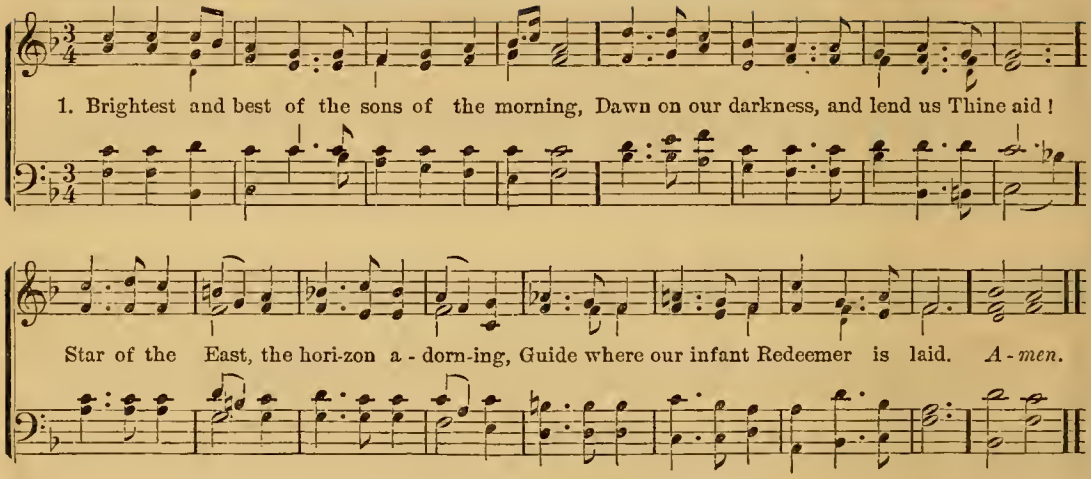
EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS (1810—1876), 1850. Adapted from MENDELSSOHN by E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



4.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER (1783—1826), 1811. W. A. BARRETT.



2.

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

3.

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

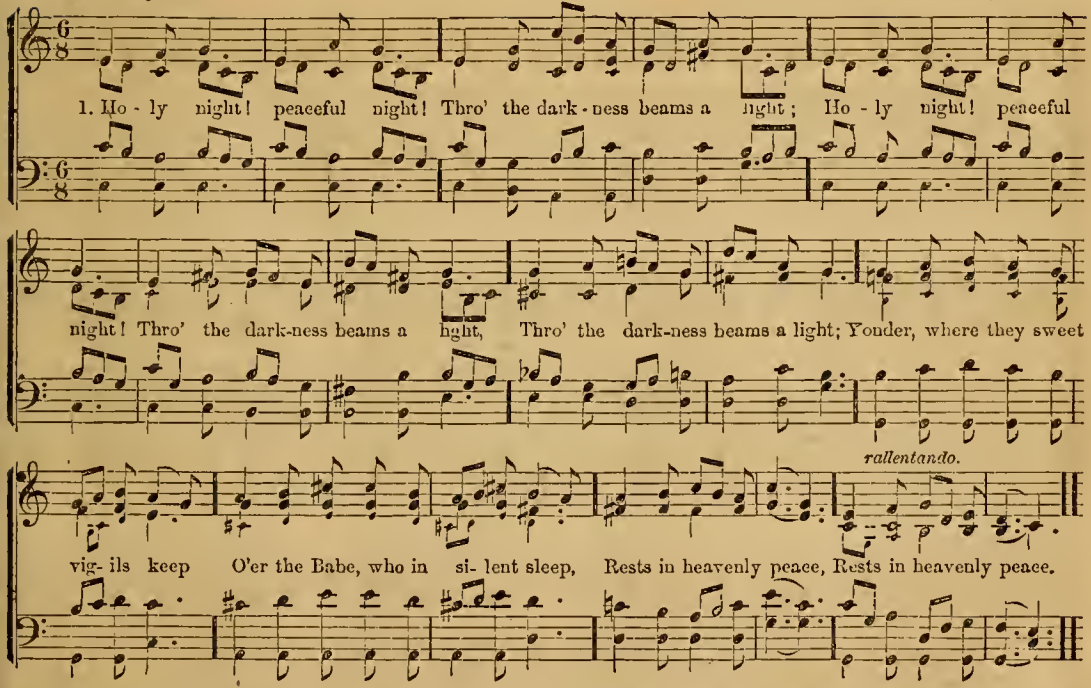
4.

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

5.

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

Moderately slow. J. BARNBY, 1868.



2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!

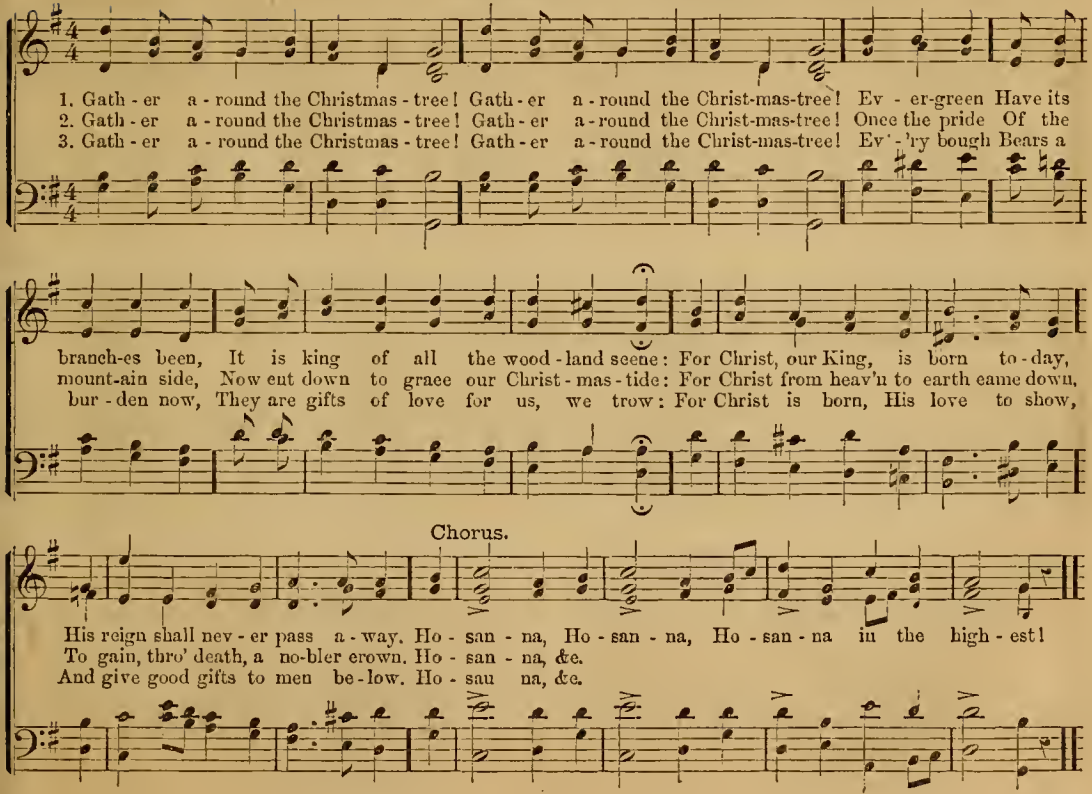
4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

90 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

NAHUM TATE (1652—1715), 1700. Anon.

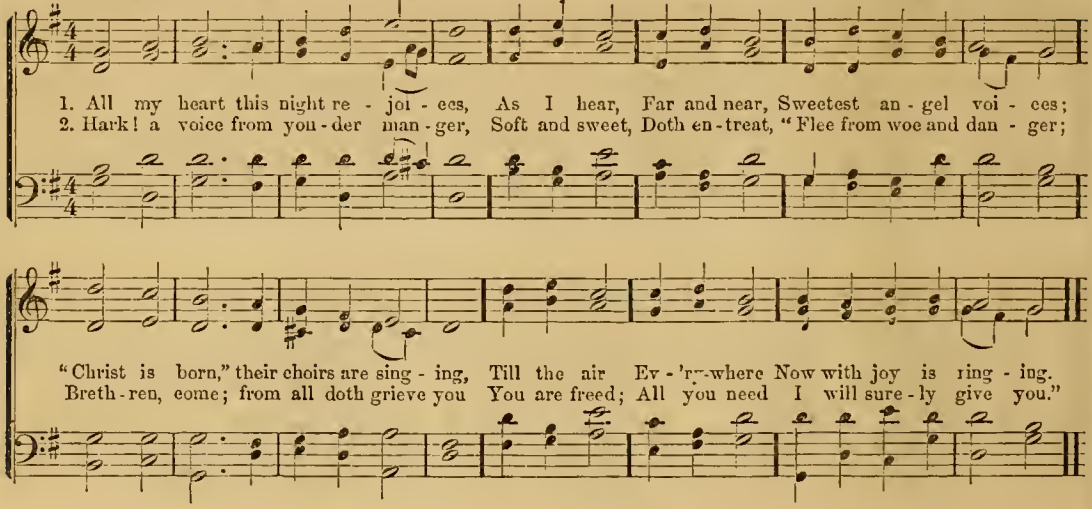
THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Words and Music by Rev. JOHN H. HOPKINS, S.T.D. (1820—), 1859. By per.



ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES.

Rev. ANGELO A. BENSON. Translated 1862. Melody by J. G. EBELING (1620—1672), 1666.



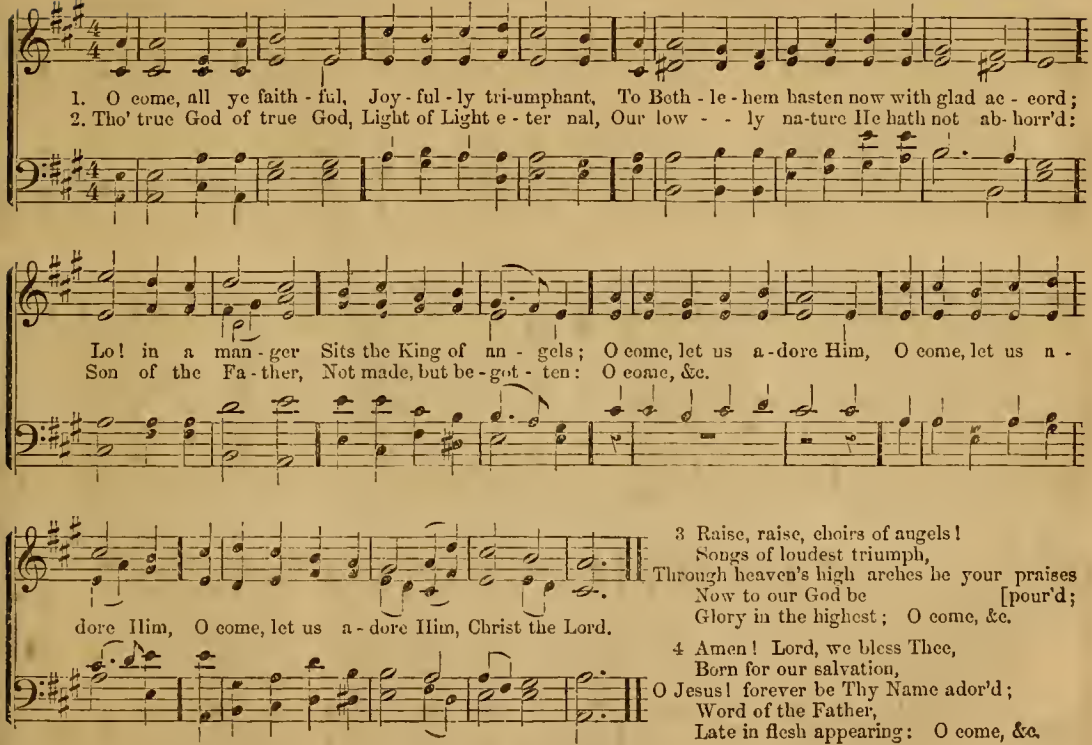
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish—
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

ADESTE FIDELES. O come, all ye faithful.

Portuguese Hymn. JOHN READING, 1680 or 1692. Arranged by EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.

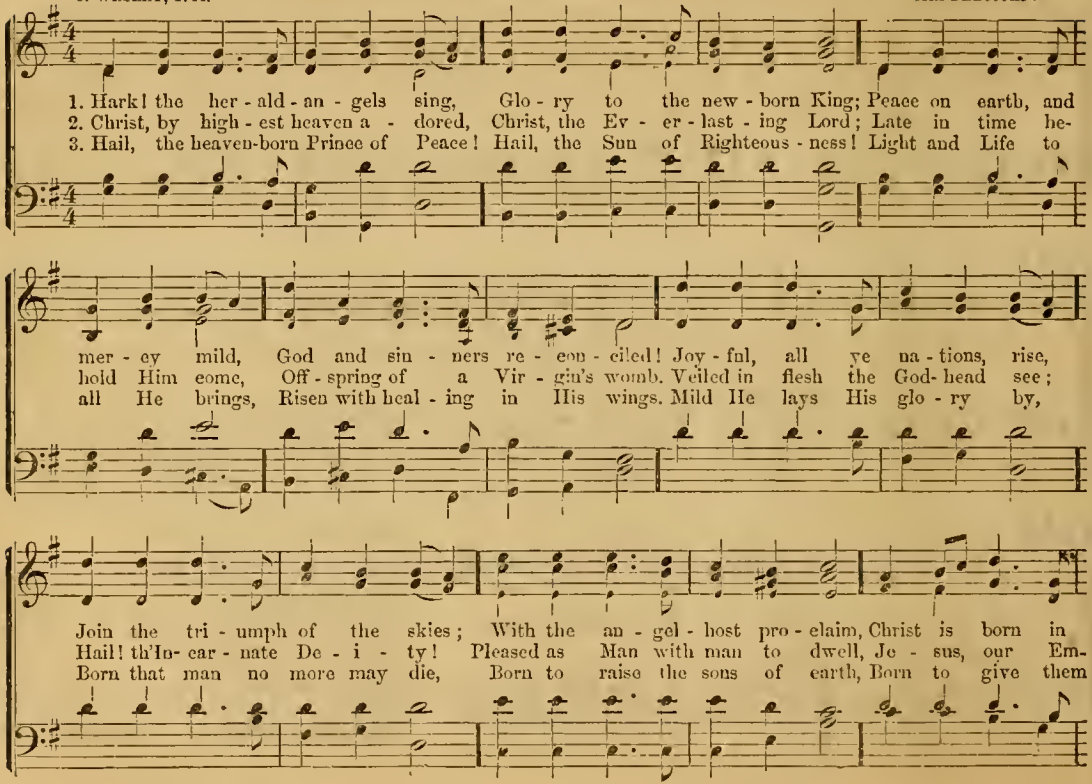


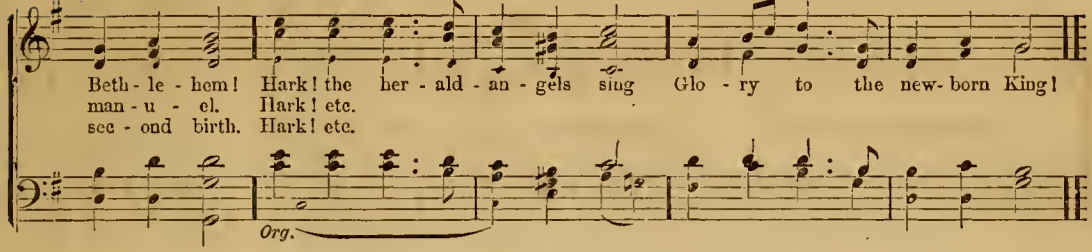
3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches he your praises pour'd;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest; O come, &c.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy Name ador'd;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing: O come, &c.

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

C. WESLEY, 1744. MENDELSSOHN.





PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CHARLES (1818—). FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, Med. D. (1778—1813), 1810.

WE SING TO GOD OUR KING.

Rev. JOHN CHANDLER (1806—1862), 1841. Arr. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818—).

2.

But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3.

O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

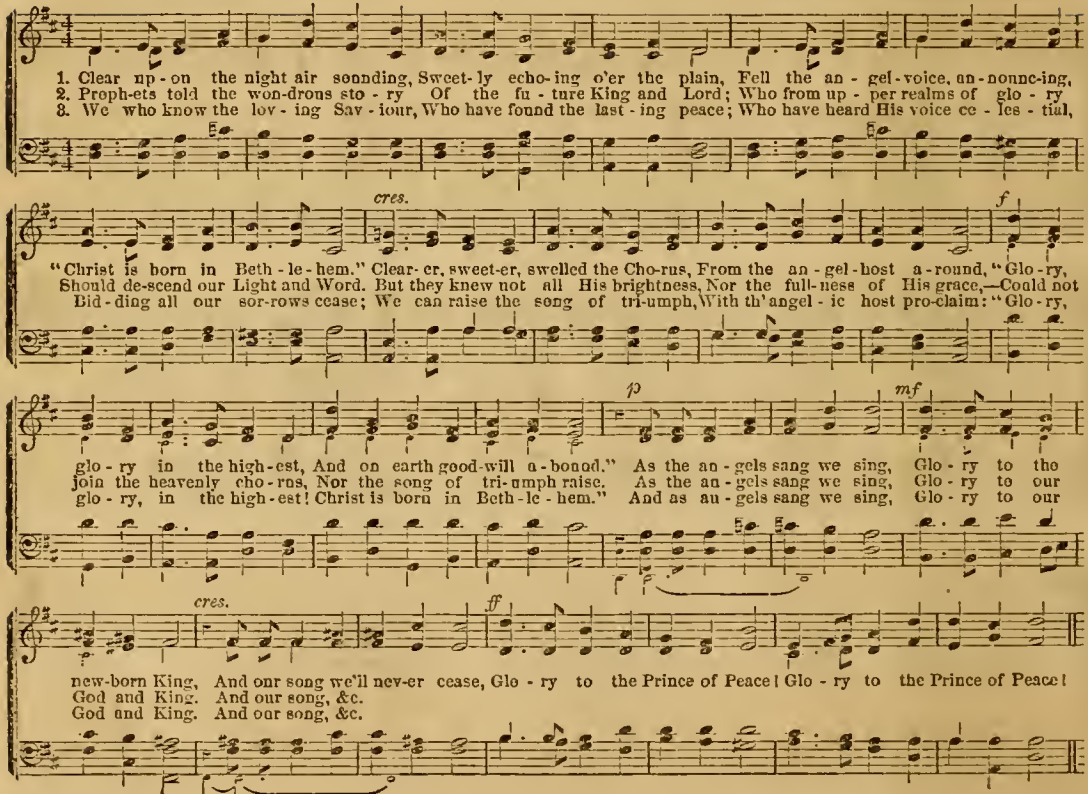
4.

Oh! may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia! Amen.

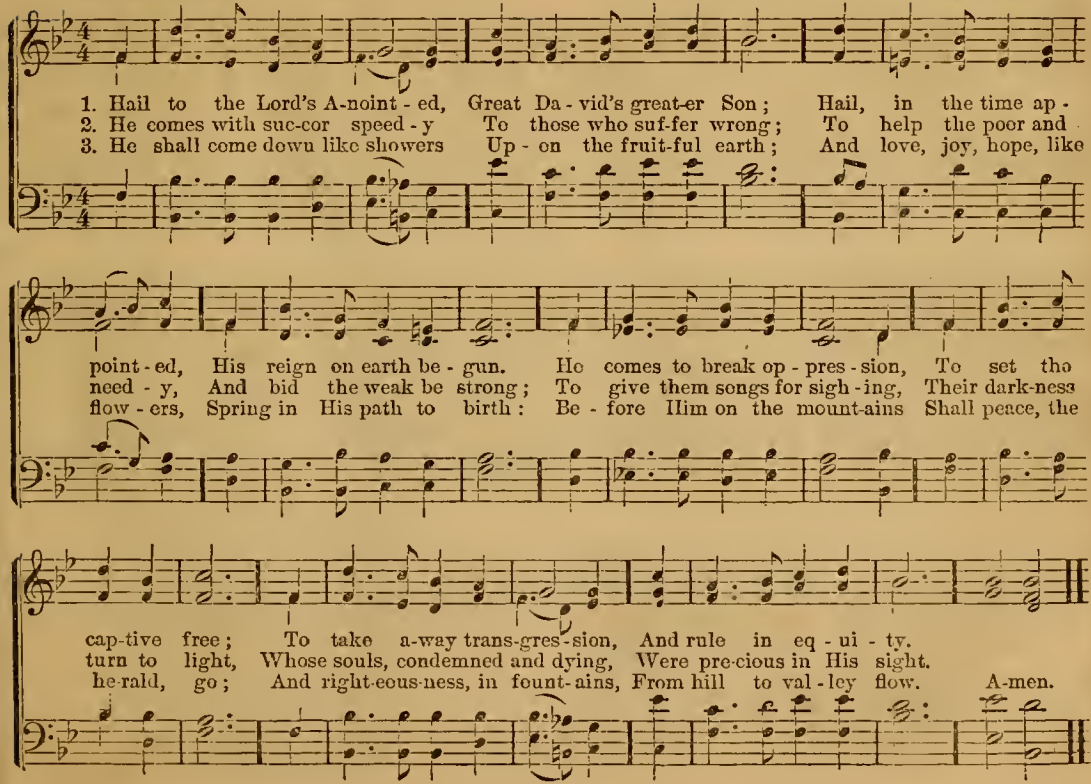
Rev. JOSHUA KING, 1830. BERTHOLD TOURS. (1838—).

CLEAR UPON THE NIGHT AIR SOUNDING.

Rev. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH HODGES (1830—), 1868. By permission.

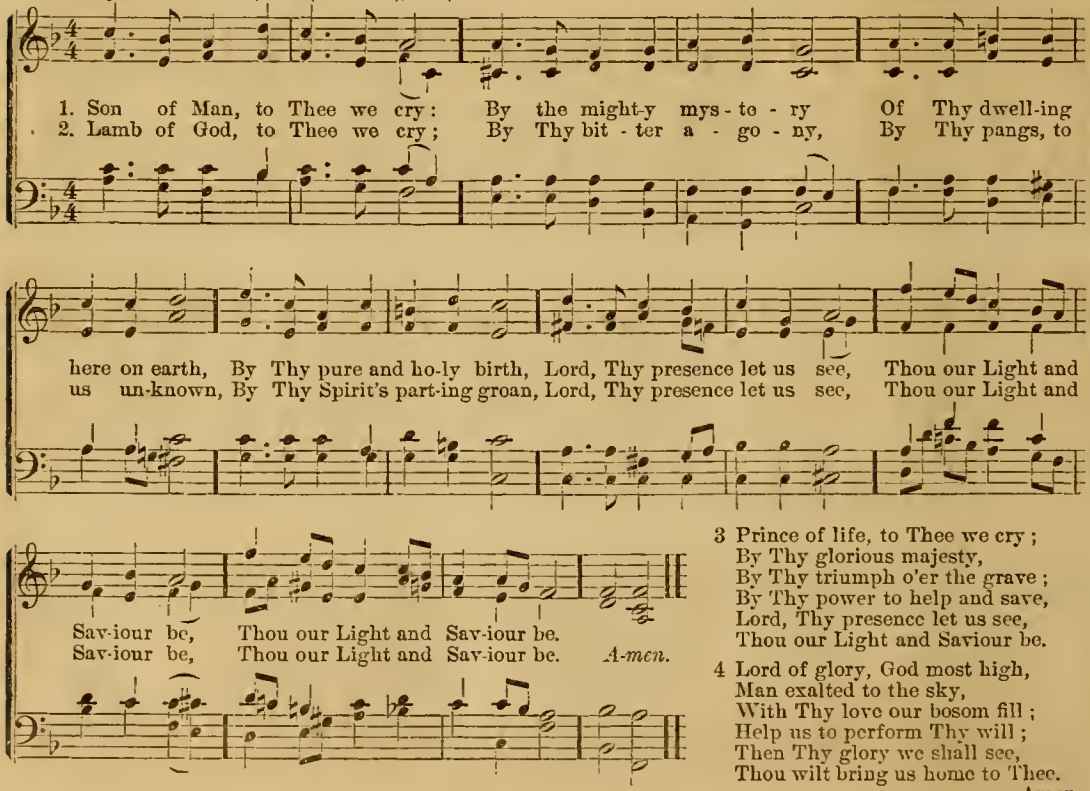


JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771—1854), 1822, abr. S. L. (1822—), 1862.



SON OF MAN, TO THEE WE CRY.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, D.D. (1776—1848), 1831, alt. HENRY LESLIE.



3 Prince of life, to Thee we cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power to help and save,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill;
Help us to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1822. R. REDHEAD, 1856.

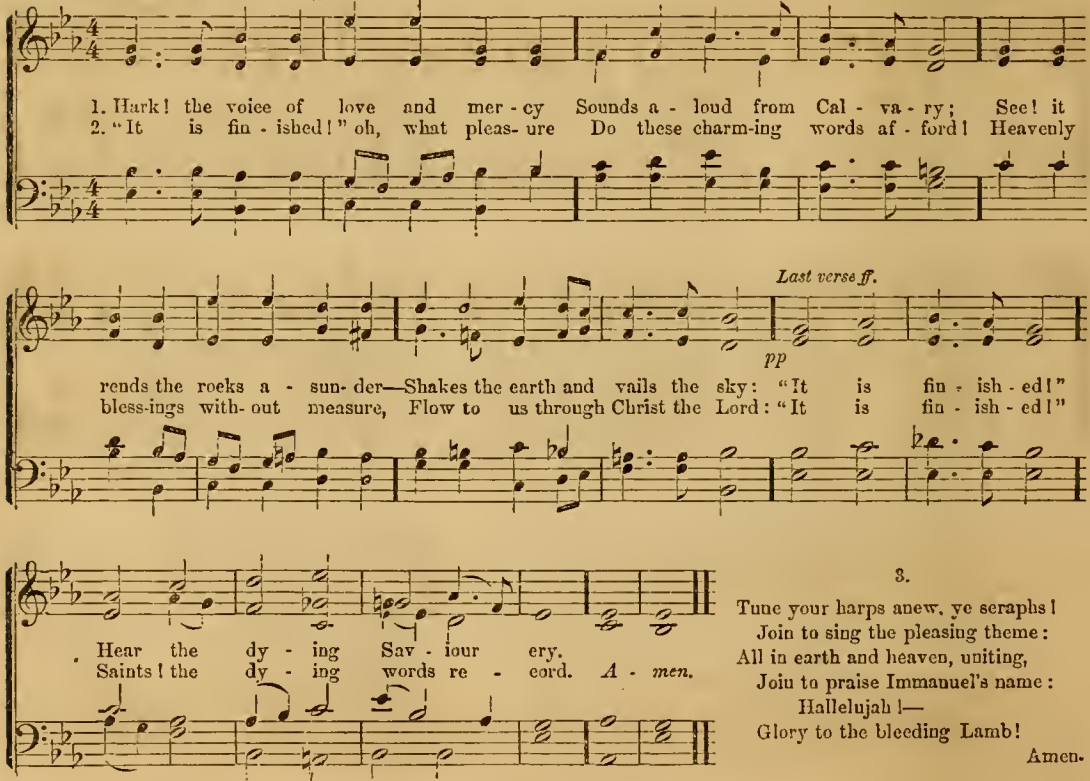
2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away!
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

IT IS FINISHED.

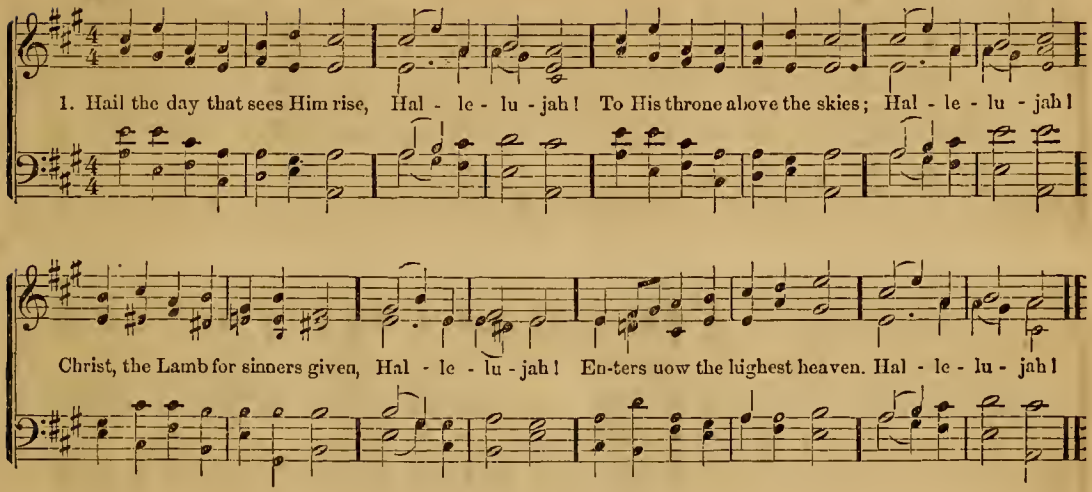
JONATHAN EVANS, (1748—1809), 1784. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



3.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Amen.

C. WESLEY, 1739. WM. H. MONK.



2.

There for Him high triumph waits; Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
He hath conquered death and sin, Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

3.

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

4.

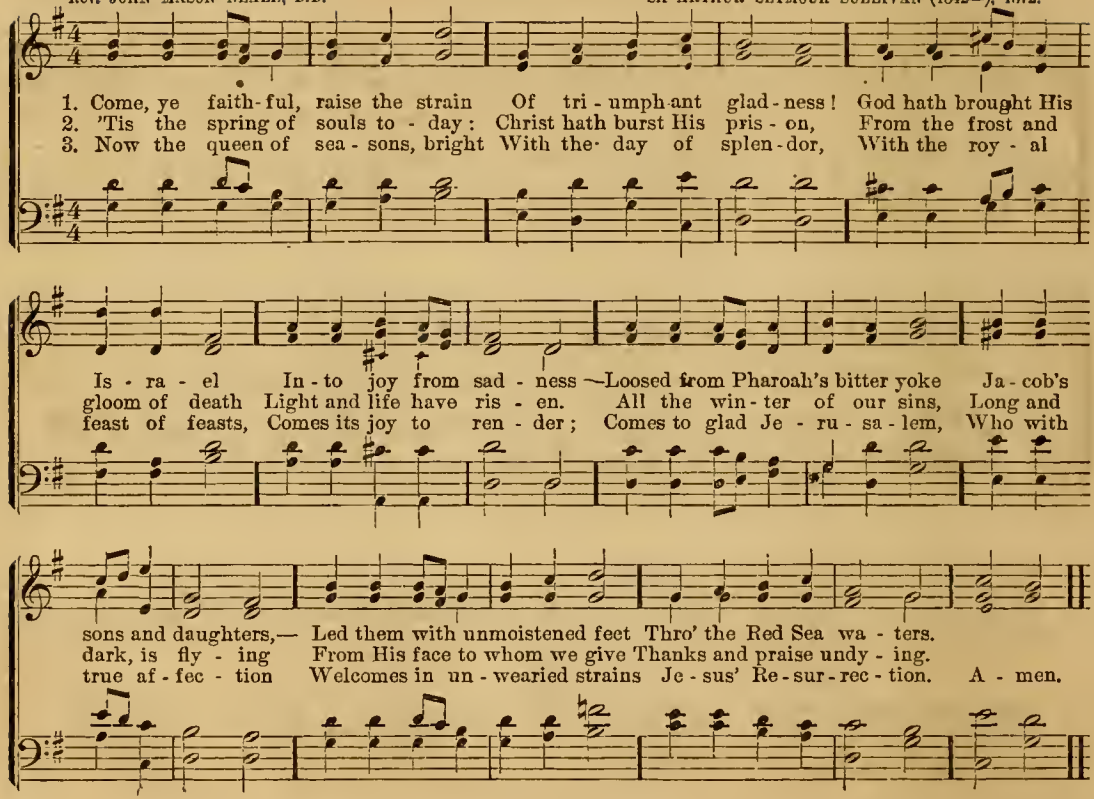
Still for us He intercedes, Hallelujah!
His prevailing death He pleads; Hallelujah!
Near Himself prepares our place, Hallelujah!
He, the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah!

5.

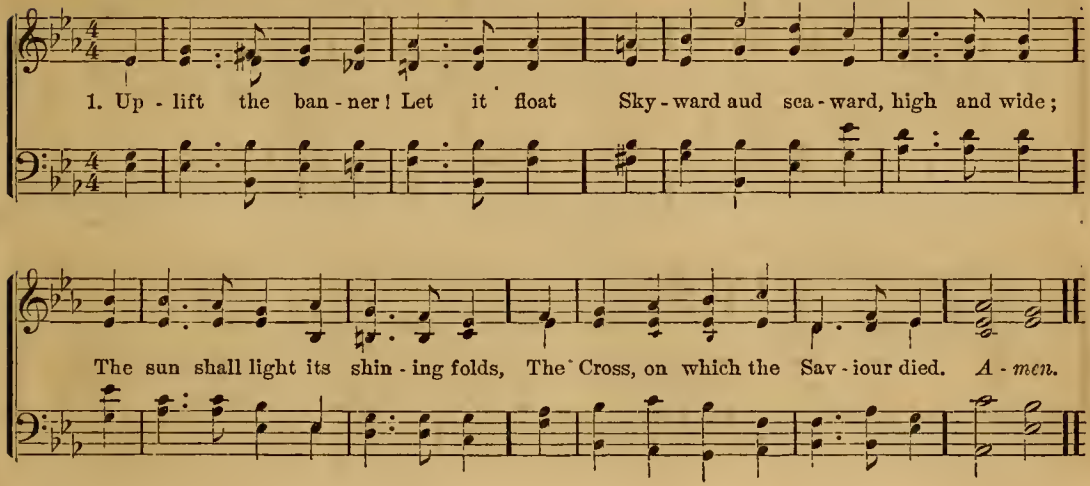
Lord, though parted from our sight Hallelujah!
Far above the starry height, Hallelujah!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Hallelujah!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Hallelujah!

COME, YE FAITHFUL.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



Bishop GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D. (1799—1859), 1824. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827—), 1872.



2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

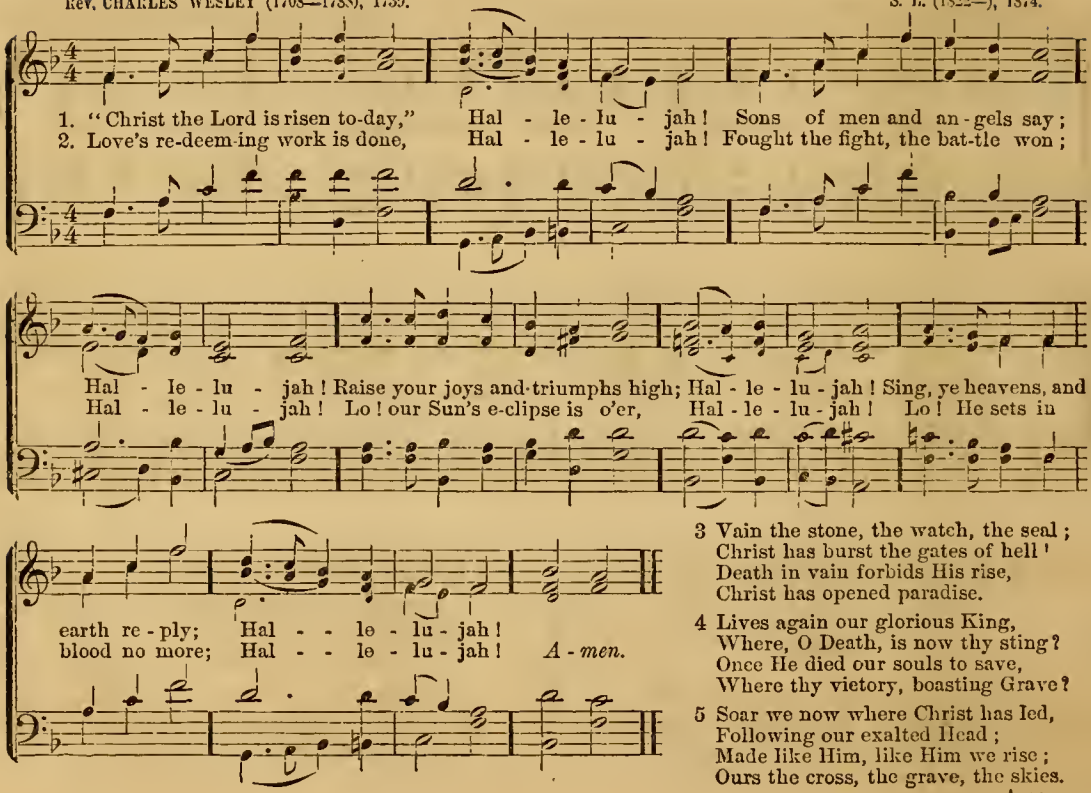
3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY (1708—1788), 1739. S. L. (1822—), 1874.

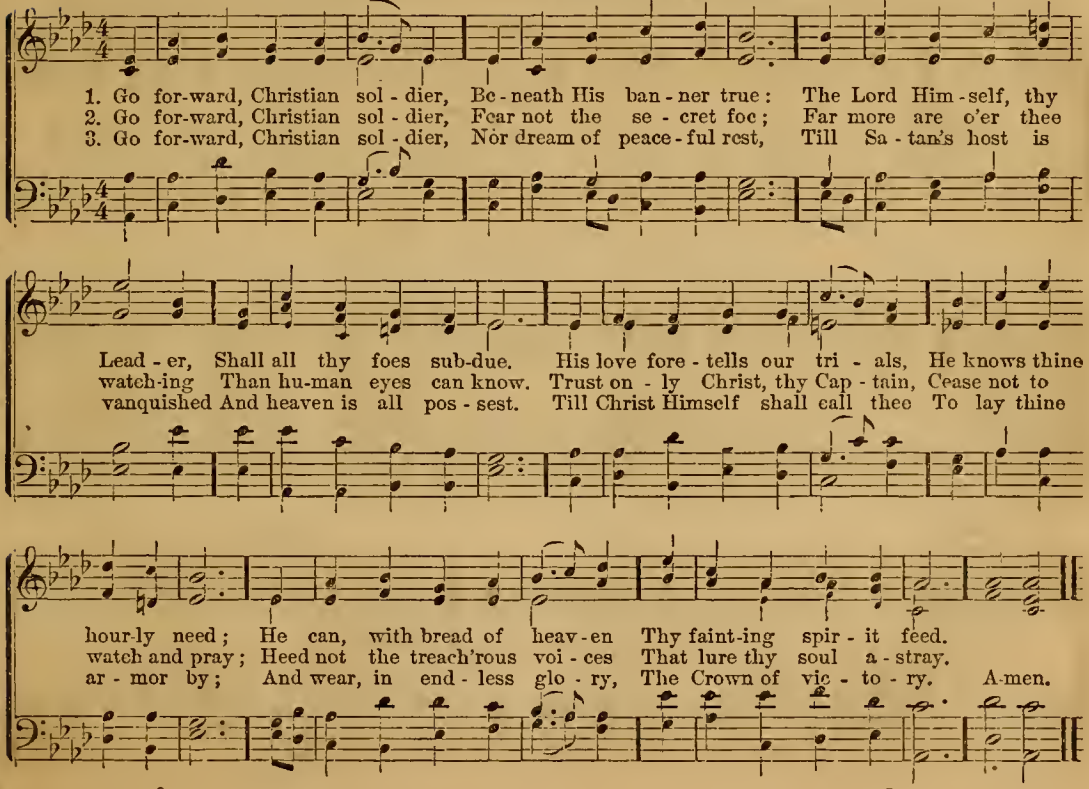


3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Amen.

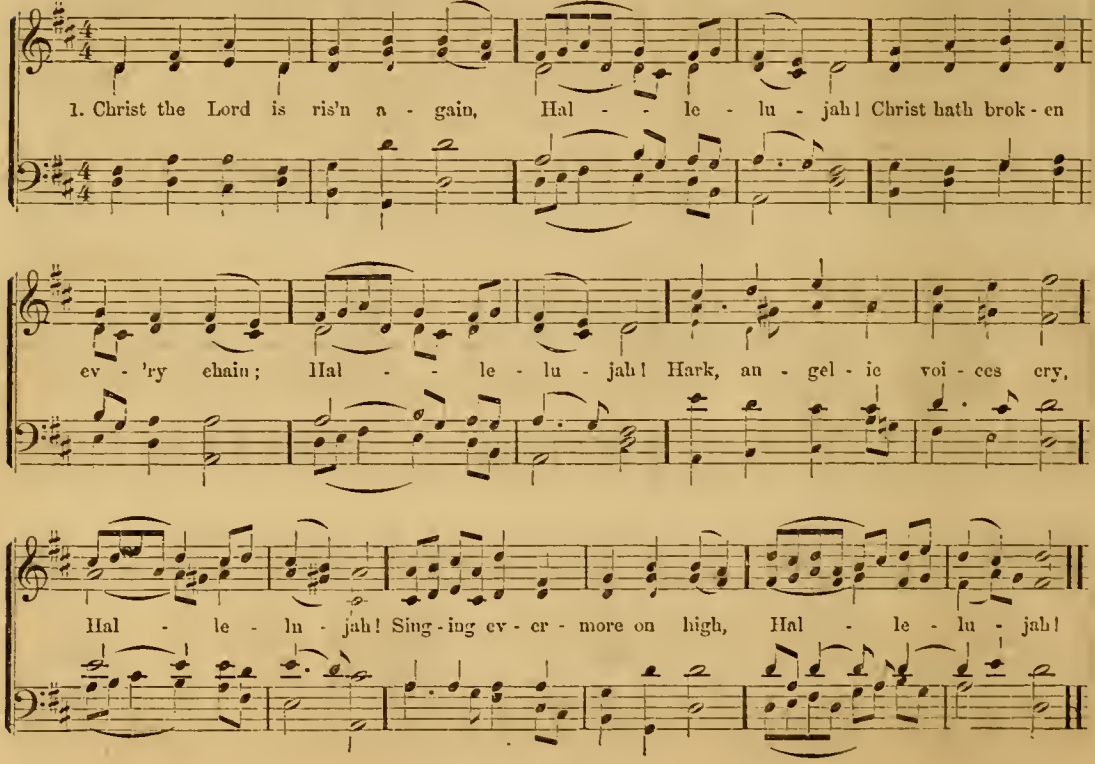
Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT (1825—), 1866. HUBERT PLATT MAIN (1839—), 1876. Written for this Work.



CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN.

EASTER HYMN OF THE BOHEMIAN CHURCH, 1531.

Trans. by Miss CATHARINE WINCKWORTH, (1829—). 1858. HENRY CAREY. "Lyra Davidica," 1708.



2 He who bore all pain and loss, Hallelujah!
Comfortless upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Lives in glory now on high, Hallelujah!
Pleads for us and hears our cry: Hallelujah!

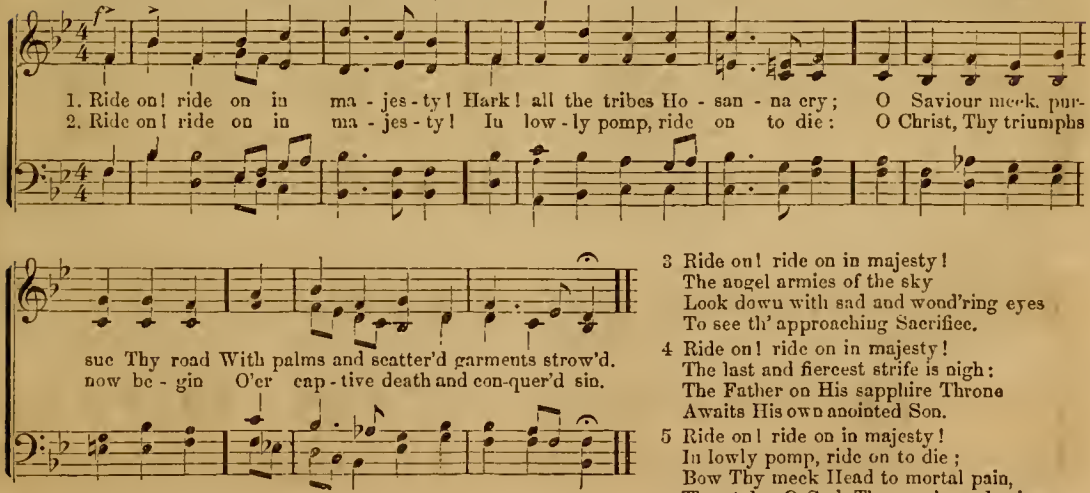
3 He who slumber'd in the grave, Hallelujah!
Is exalted now to save; Hallelujah!
Now through Christendom it rings, Hallelujah!
That the Lamb is King of kings: Hallelujah!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad, Hallelujah!
How the lost may be restored, Hallelujah!
How the penitent forgiven, Hallelujah!
How we too may enter heaven: Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed, Hallelujah!
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed! Hallelujah!
Take our sins and guilt away, Hallelujah!
That we all may sing for aye, Hallelujah!

RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. (1791—1868). 1827. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

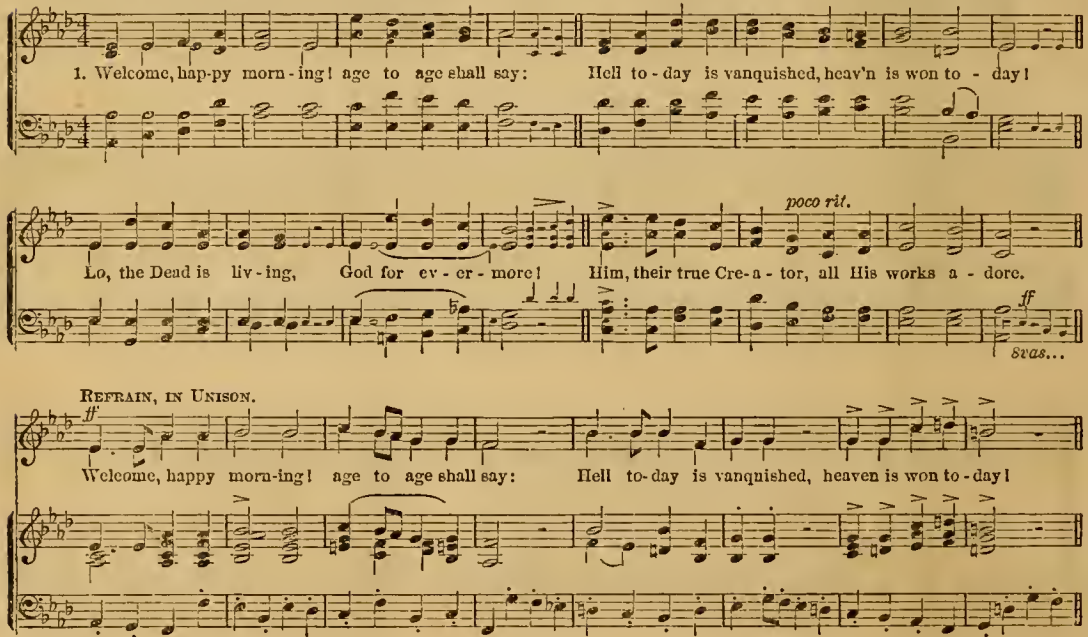
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

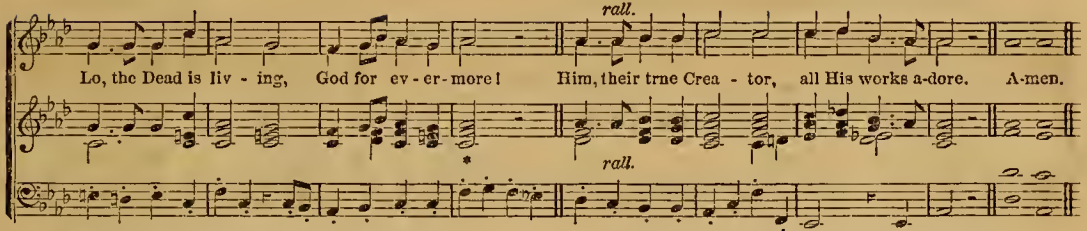
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING!

[*This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter-day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favorite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers.*]

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868. Trans. from FORTUNATUS (530—609). J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.





2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King.
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead, True and Only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

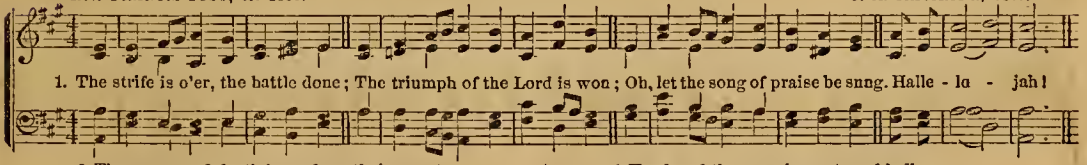
4 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord!
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

5 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
REF.—Welcome, happy morning, &c.

* *After those verses which require the full organ for accompaniment, the Refrain may be taken piano to the end of the third line.*

THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, tr. 1860. C. A. MACIRONE, 1867.



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Hallelujah!

3 On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign;
Oh, let us swell the joyful strain.
Hallelujah!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Hallelujah!

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

O DAY OF REST

Bp. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1862. Dr. JOHN STAINER.

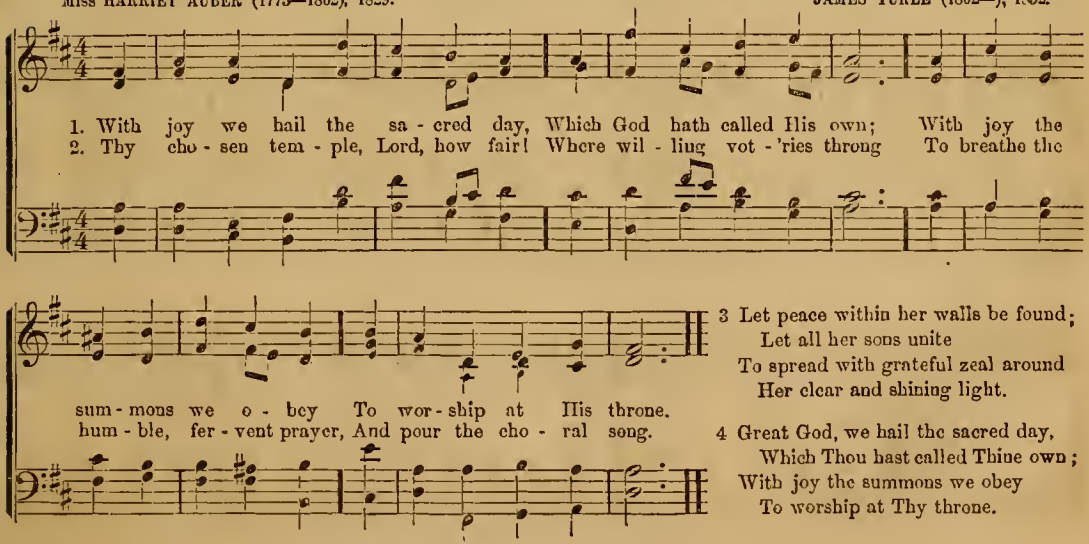
2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A three-fold light is given.

3 O day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
O day of resurrection,
From earth to things above,
When Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

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

WITH JOY WE HAIL.

Miss HARRIET AUBER (1773—1862), 1829. JAMES TURLE (1802—), 1852.

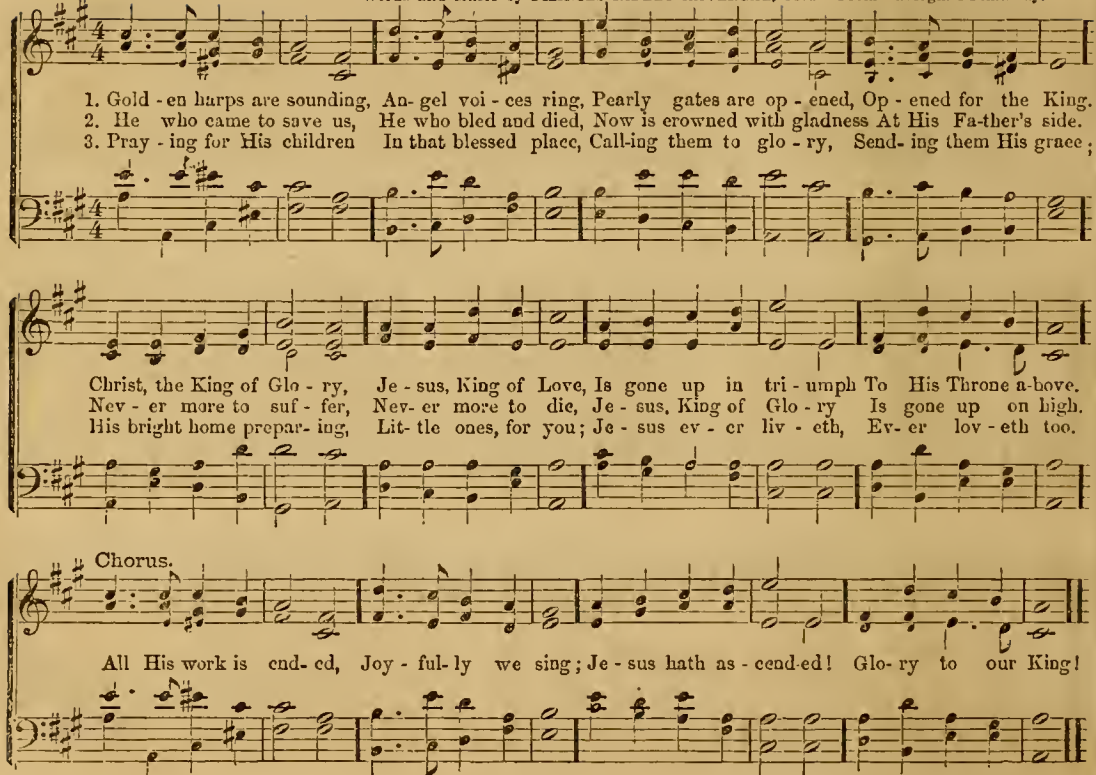


3 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

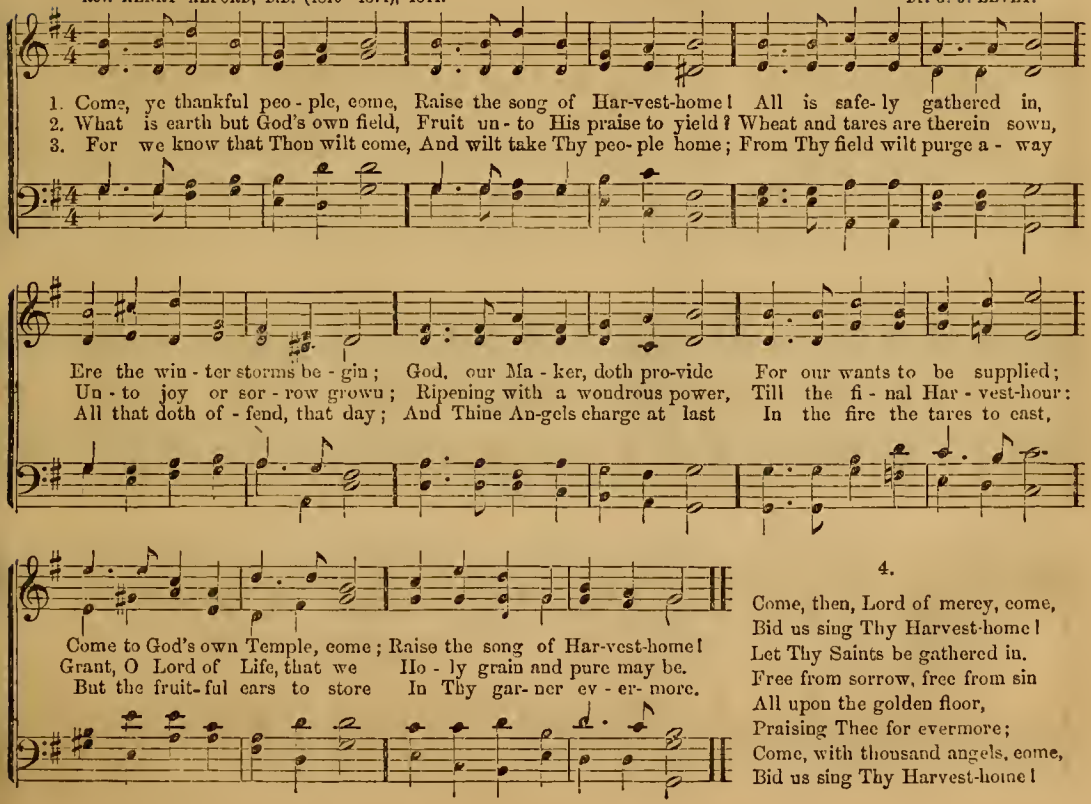
4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

ASCENSION HYMN.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872. From Havergal's Psalmody.



Rev. HENRY ALFORD, D.D. (1810—1871), 1844. Dr. G. J. ELVEY.



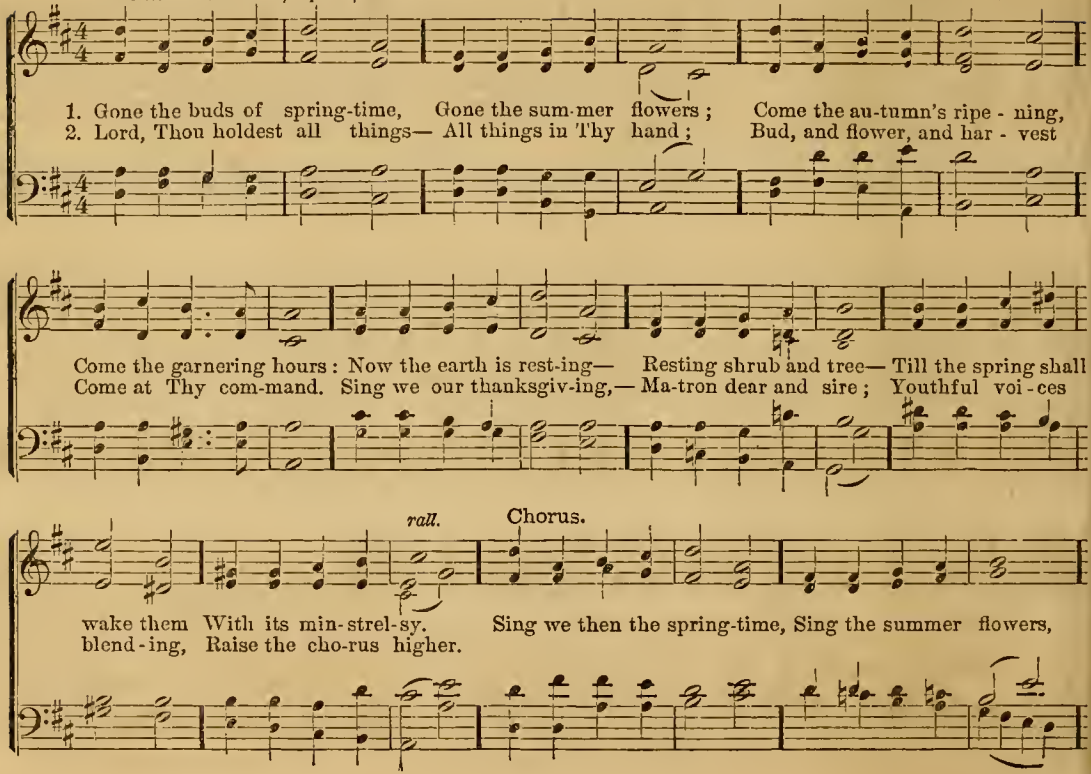
4.

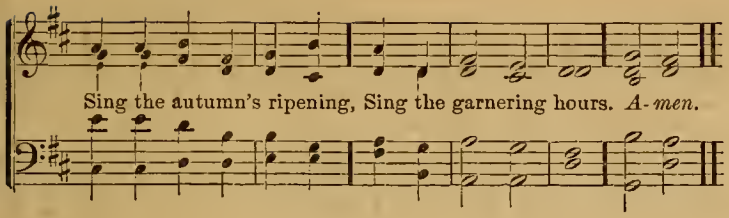
Come, then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home!
Let Thy Saints be gathered in.
Free from sorrow, free from sin
All upon the golden floor,
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with thousand angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home!

SING WE OUR THANKSGIVING.

Rev. SEWALL SYLVESTER CUTTING, D.D. (1813—).
Written for this Work, Sept. 10, 1876.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818—), 1868.





3 Lord, Thy cross redeems us,
Cross of wondrous power:
Stands Thy Church now waiting
Thy returning hour!
For life hath its budding,
Bloom and ripening time,
Gathering fruit immortal,
For th' immortal clime!
Sing we then, etc.

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

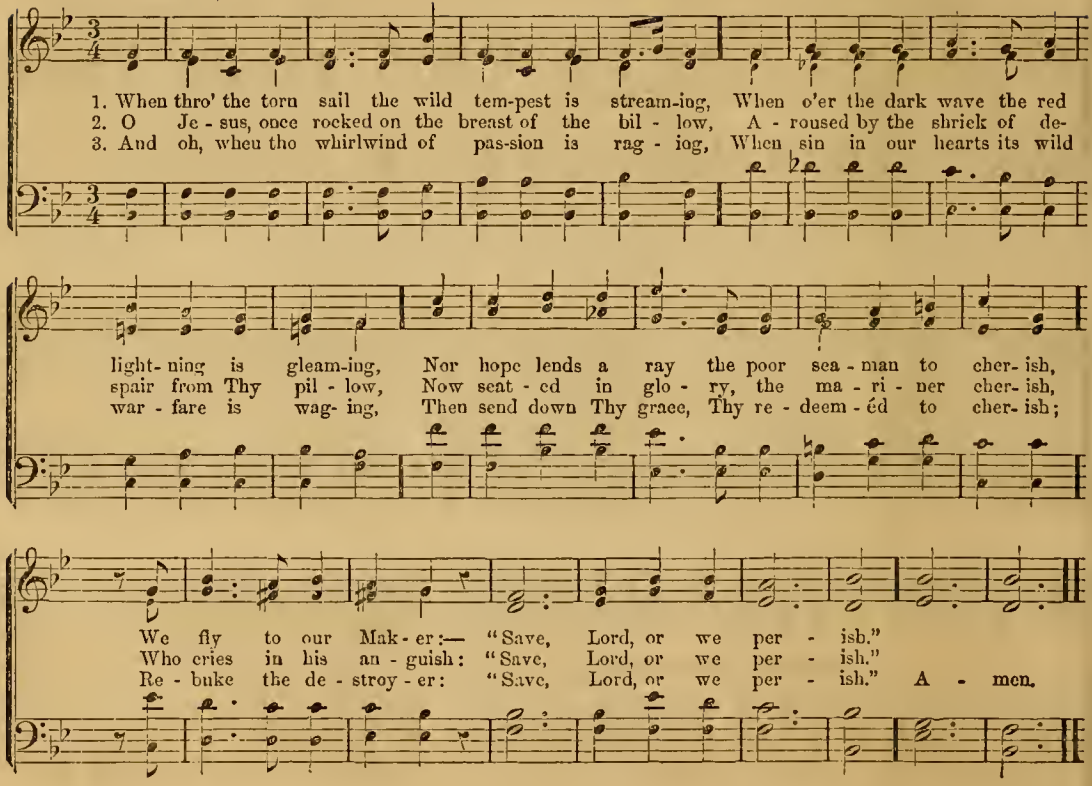
Mrs. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN (1814—1840), 1839. Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823—1876), 1861.

2.
All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3.
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

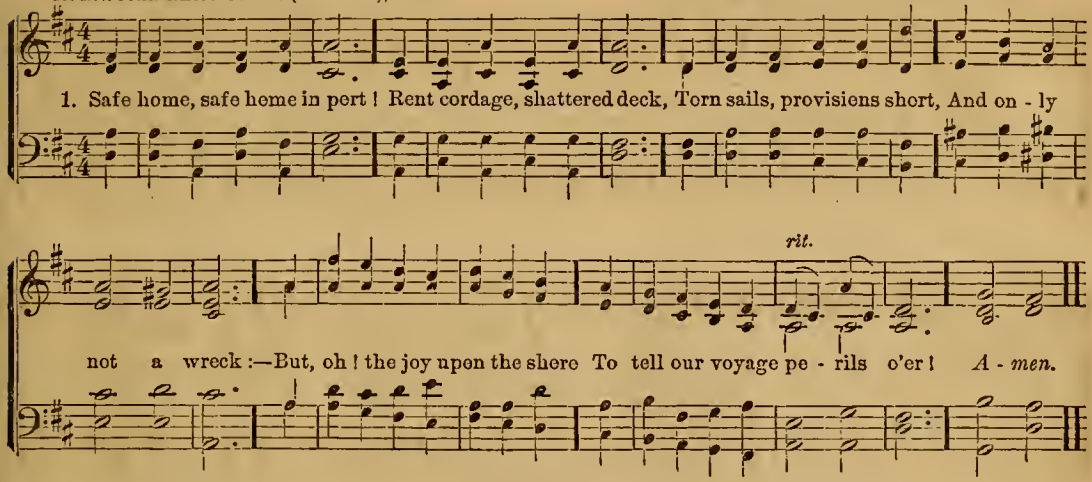
SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH.

REGINALD HEBER, 1820. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



JOSEPH of the Studium (—833).
Tr. Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818—1866), 1862.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



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

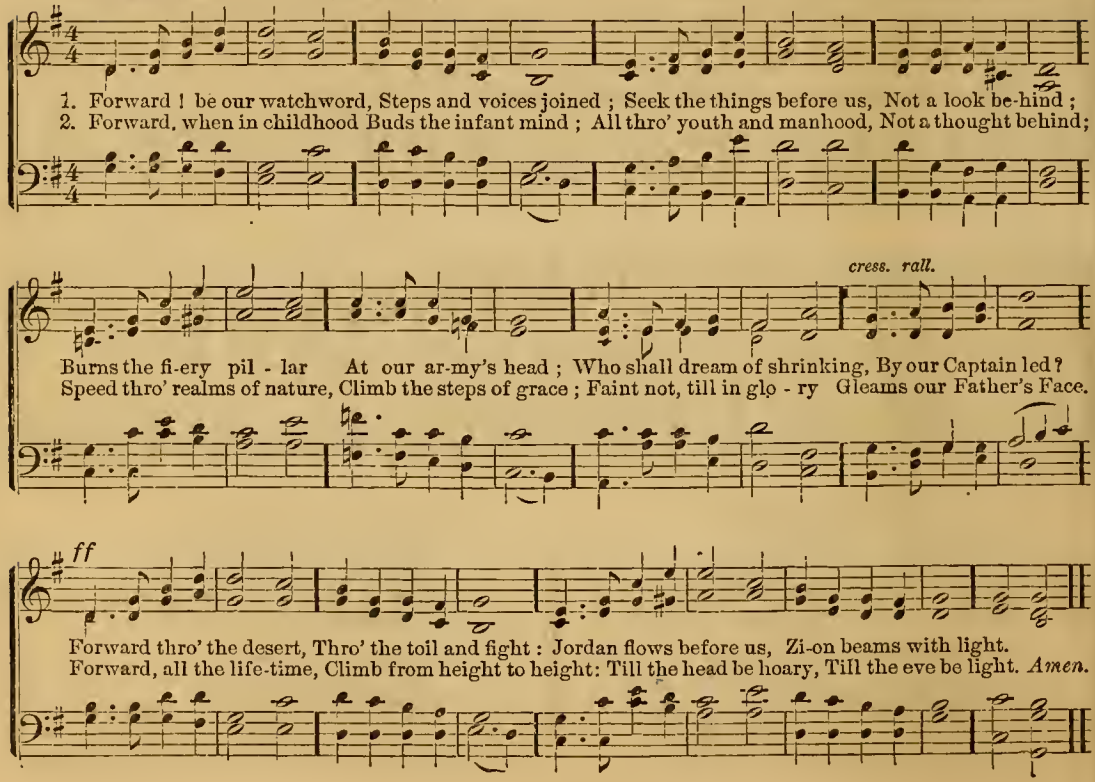
3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

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

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away? Amen.

FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD (1810—1871), 1865, ab. HENRY GADSBY.

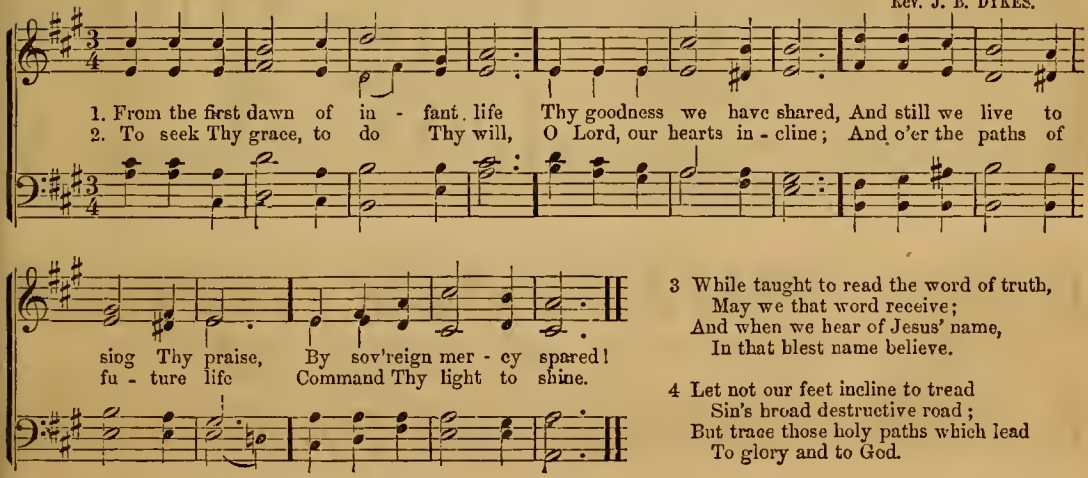


3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night,
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light! Amen.

FROM THE FIRST DAWN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

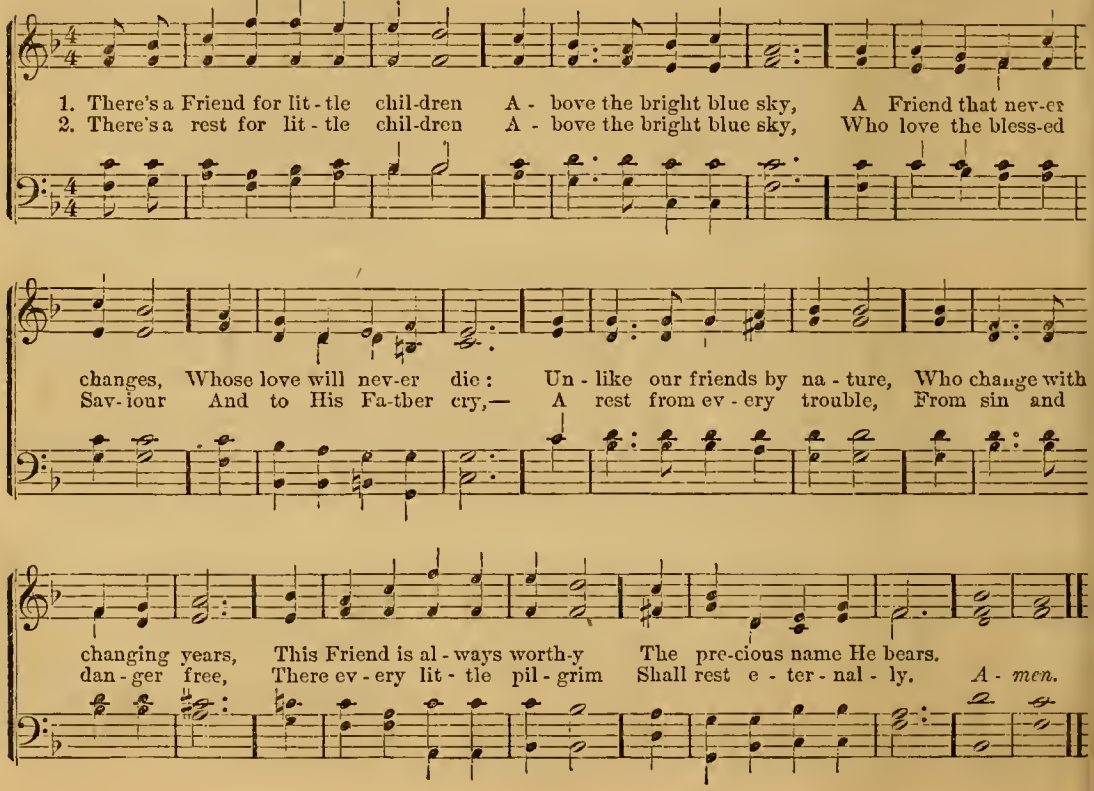


3 While taught to read the word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

ALBERT MIDLANE (1825—), 1860. SAMUEL SMITH.



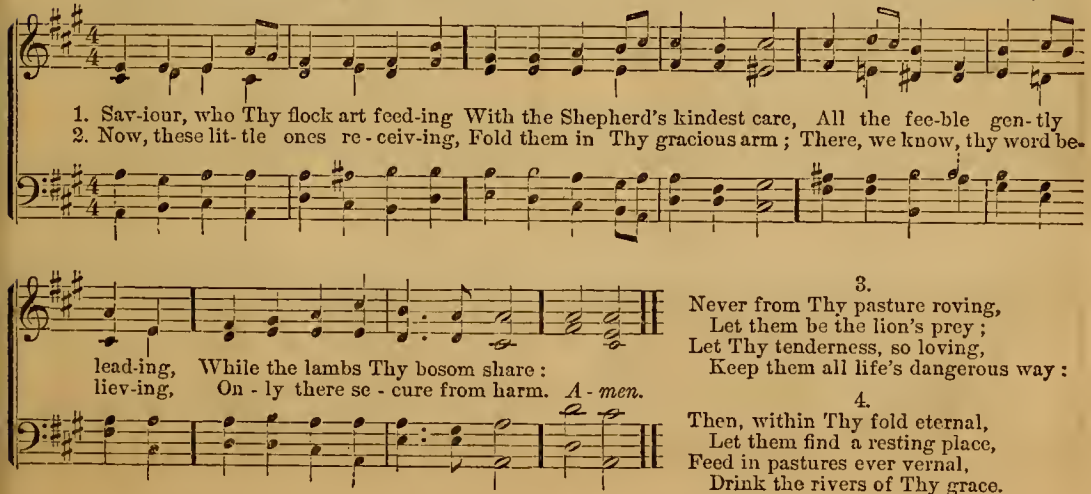
3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There are crowns for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus,
Shall wear them by-and-by.
Yea, crowns of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There are songs for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And harps of sweetest music,
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone:
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own!
Amen.

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D.D. (1796—), 1826. Rev. E. S. CARTER.



3.
Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4.
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

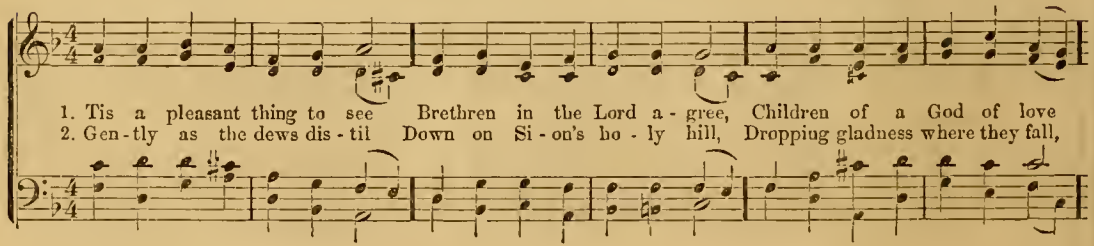
Rev. HENRY DOWNTON, M.A. (1818—), 1839. J. H. KNECHT, 1793.

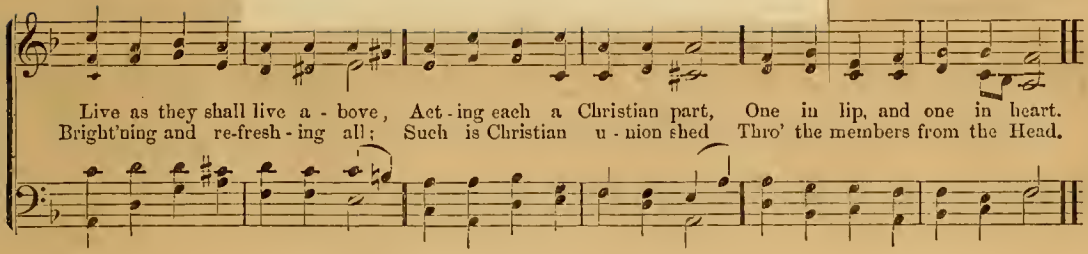
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed!

4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for Thy promis'd crown.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

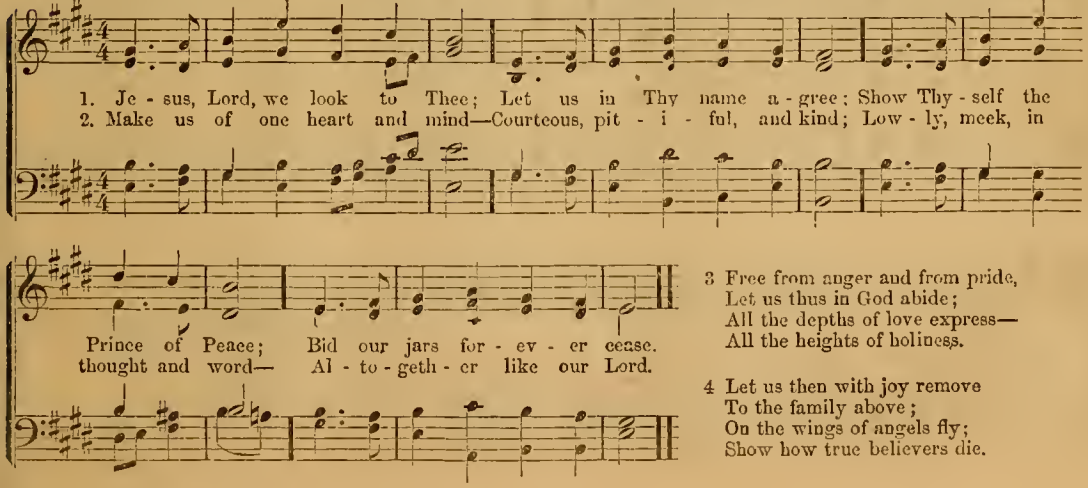
Rev. H. F. LYTE, 1834. LOUIS SPOHR, (1784—1859.)





WE LOOK TO THEE.

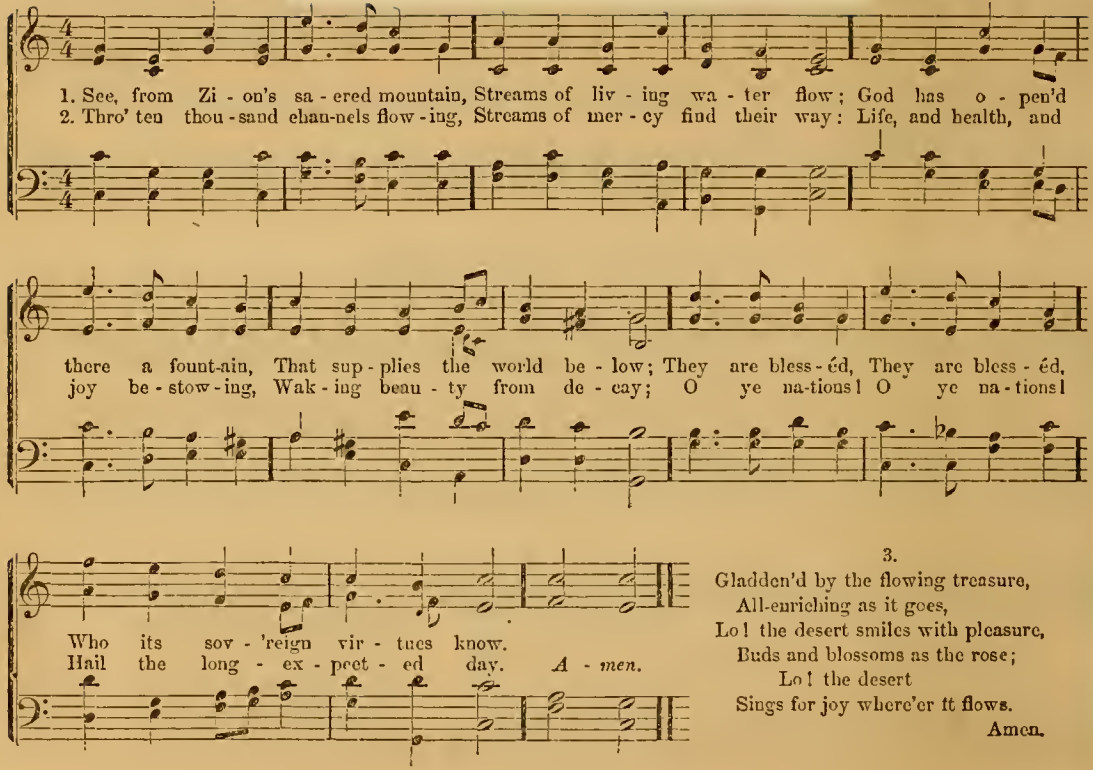
CHAS. WESLEY. Part of a Song by THIBAUT, King of Navarre, who died 1254.



3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

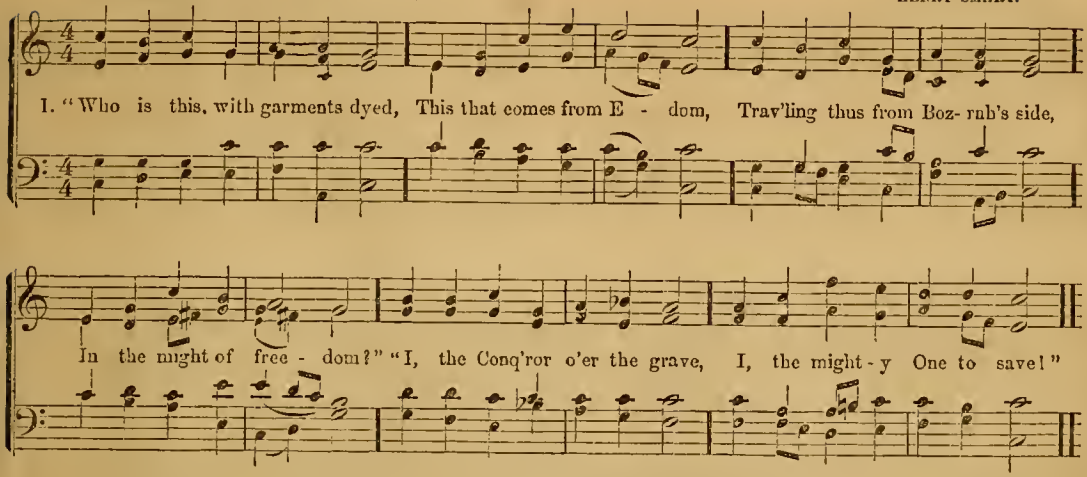
THOMAS KELLY, 1820. HENRY SMART, 1868.



3.

Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
Amen.

Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN (1807—), 1866. HENRY SMART.



2 "Why is Thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking?
Why Thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape, say, why
Such strange garb of victory?"

3 "I have trodden, all alone,
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of mine own
None the foe could trample!
Rescue then my Vengeance brought,
Mine own Arm salvation wrought!"

4 Yes, I know Thee now!—the Word,
Writ in sacred story;
Angel of the Presence, Lord,
Christ, the King of Glory—
Know Thy deeds in days of old;
Kindness—pity—love untold!

5 Lord! though erring from Thy grace,
Though our heart be hardened,
Grant Thine exiled sons a place
In Thy City, pardoned!
There to meet—life's warfare done—
Thy true Godhead, Three in One.

JESUS! LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY, 1740. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

2.

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

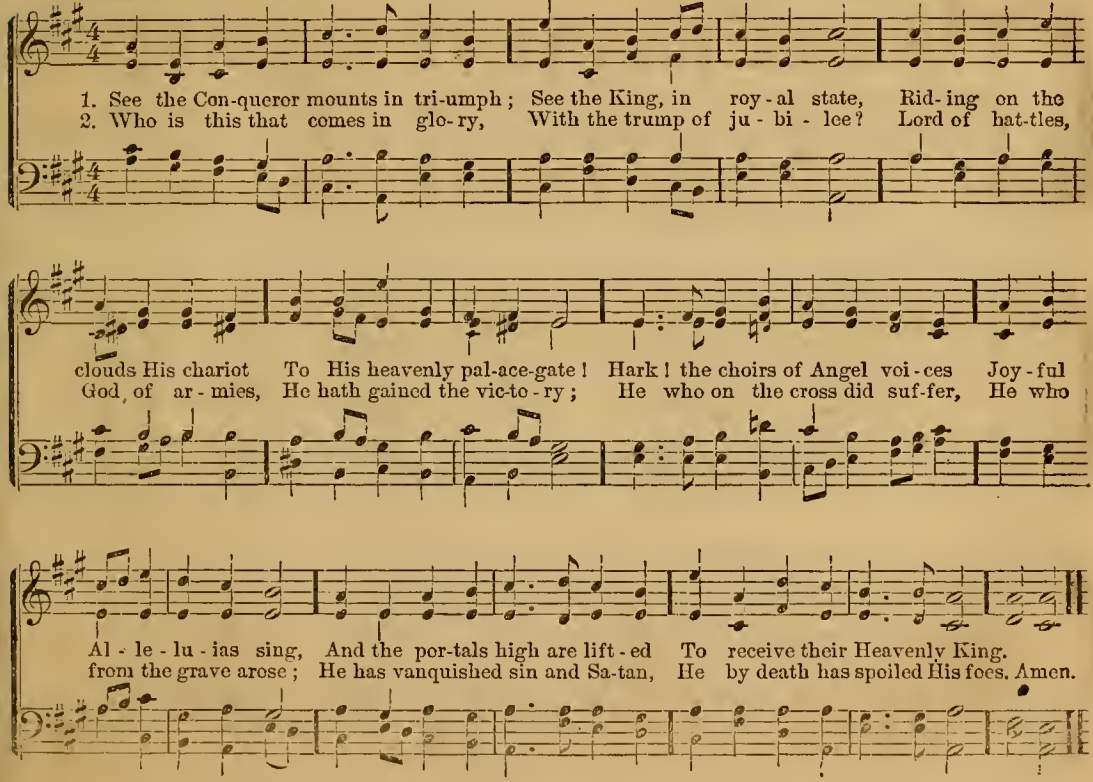
3.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

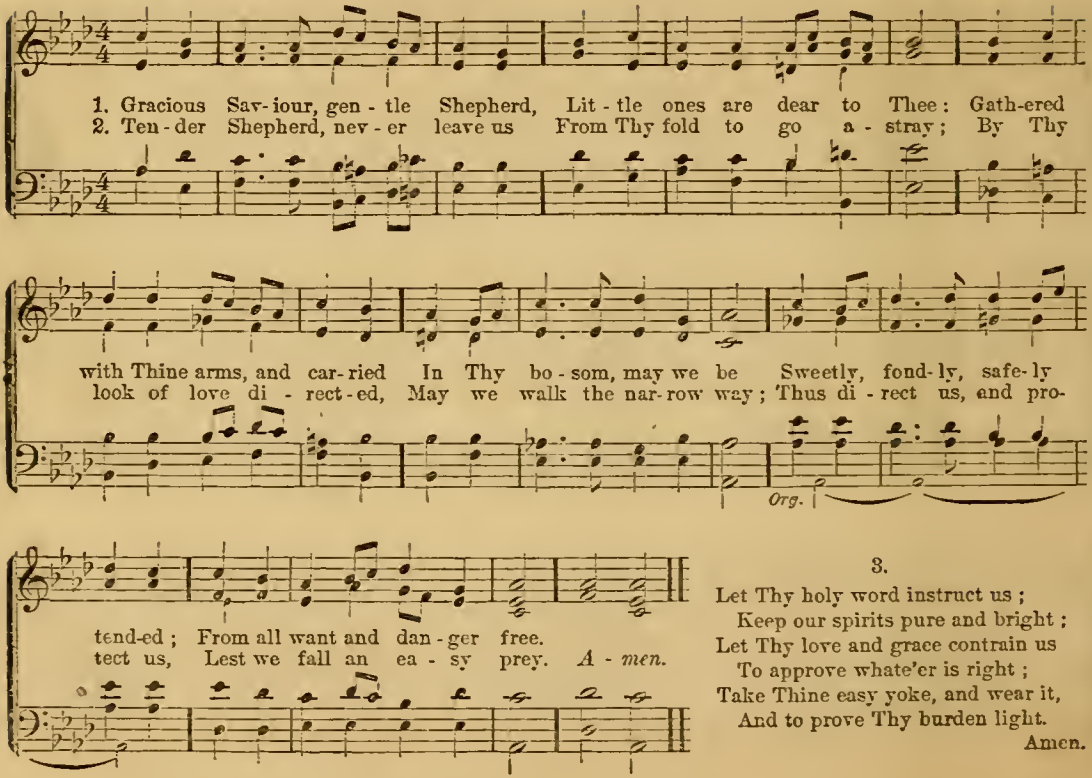
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Bp. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1862. HENRY SMART (1812—).



GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Rev. WM. HENRY HAVERGAL, A.M. (1793—1870), 1849. W. SCHULTES.

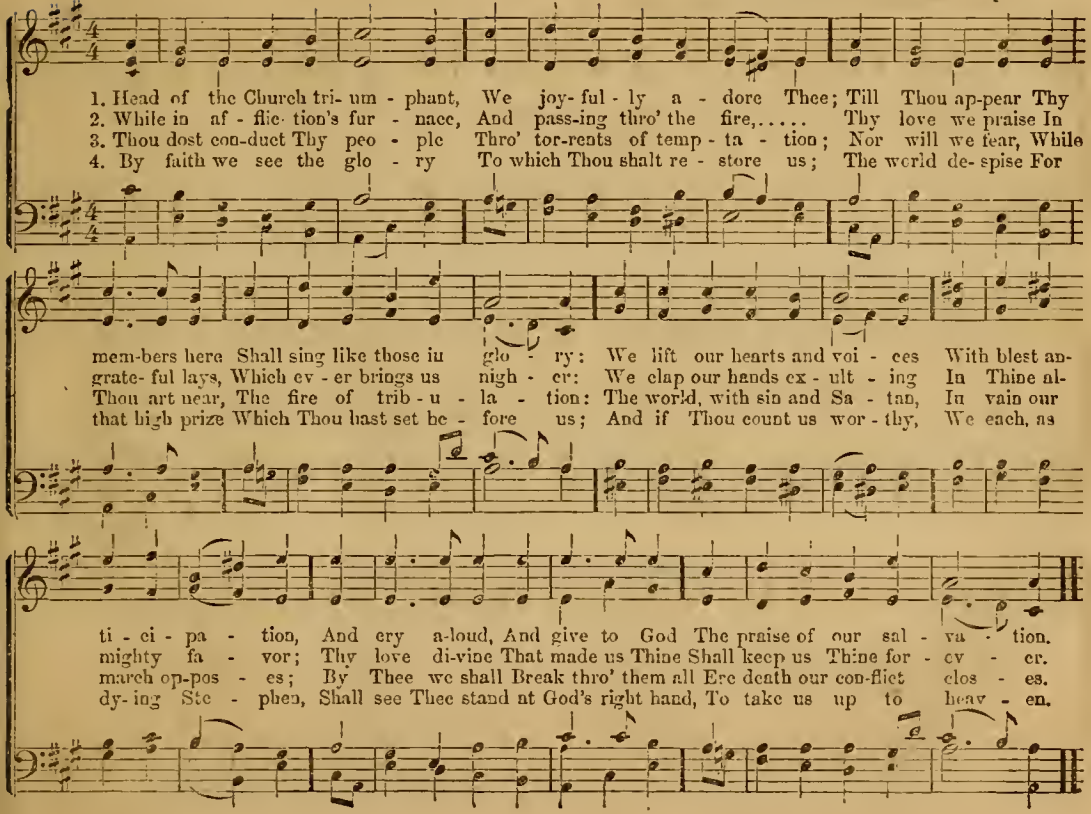


3.

Let Thy holy word instruct us;
Keep our spirits pure and bright;
Let Thy love and grace contrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

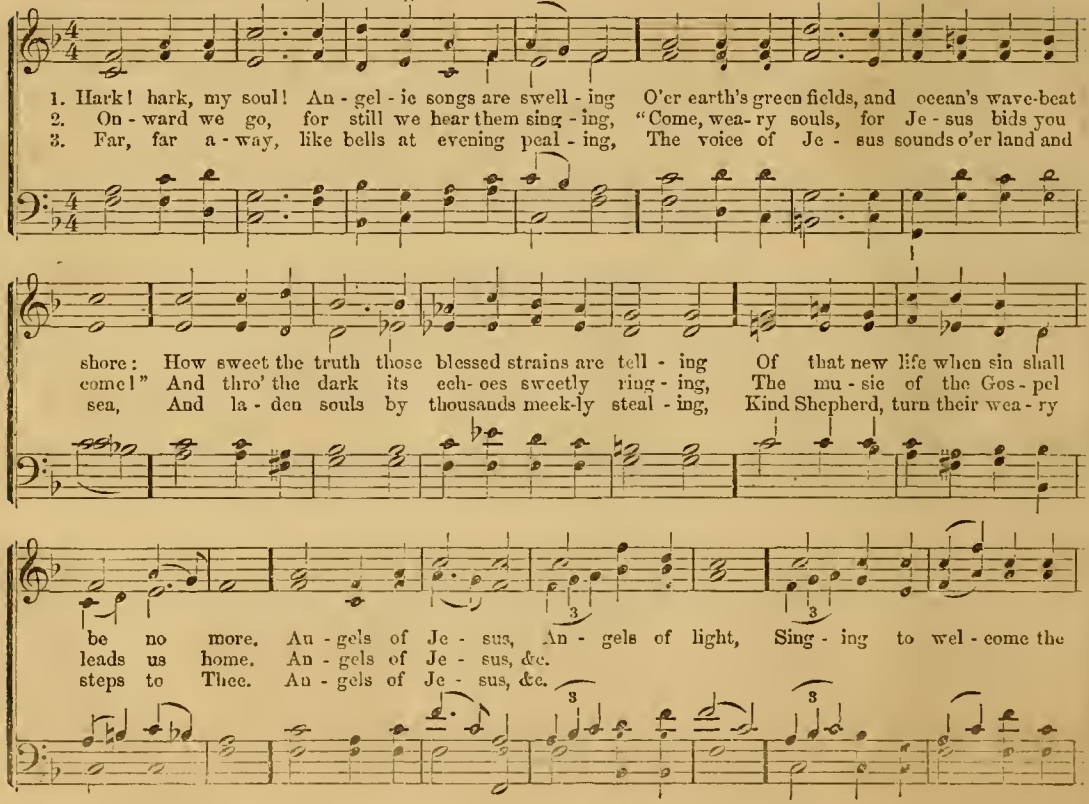
Amen.

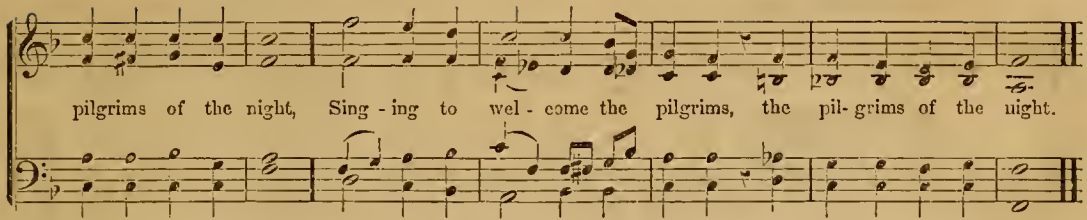
C. WESLEY. From BEETHOVEN'S celebrated Septuor.



HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, (1814—1863), 1862. Rev. J. B. DYKES.





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

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

LORD JESUS, GOD AND MAN.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823—), 1852. J. W. ELLIOTT.

2 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

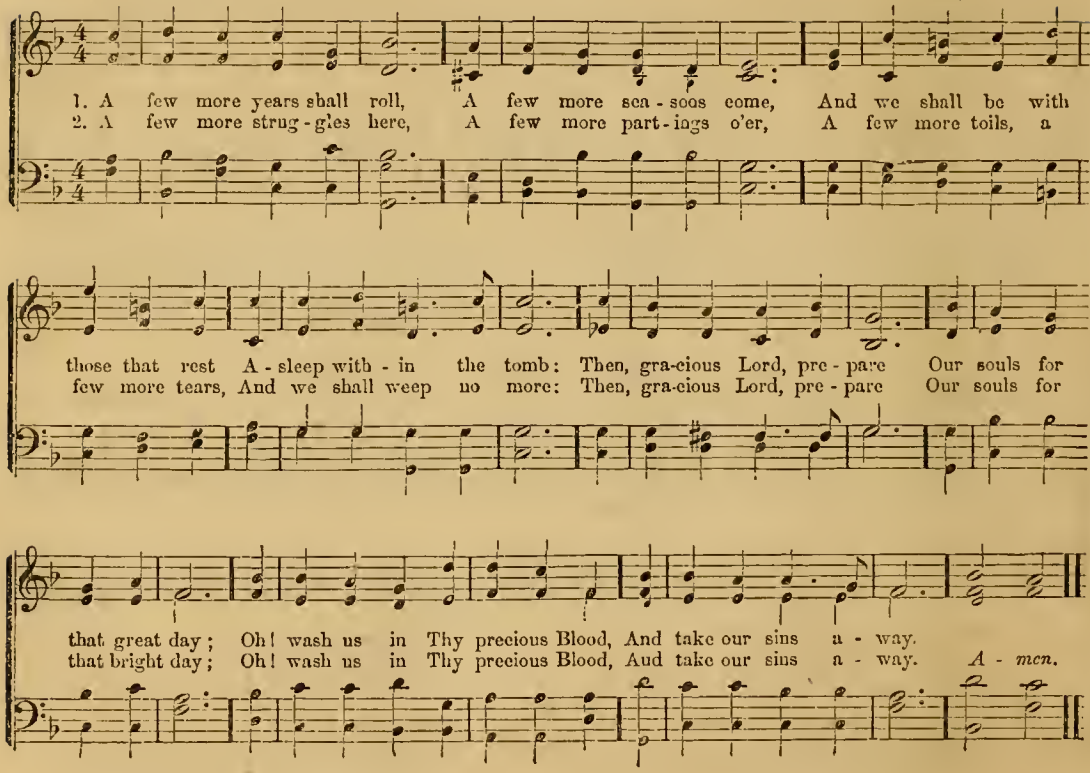
3 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As Angels do above.

4 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessed saints.

5 On friends around us here,
Oh, let Thy blessing fall!
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1844. Rev. L. G. HAYNES, Mus. Doc.

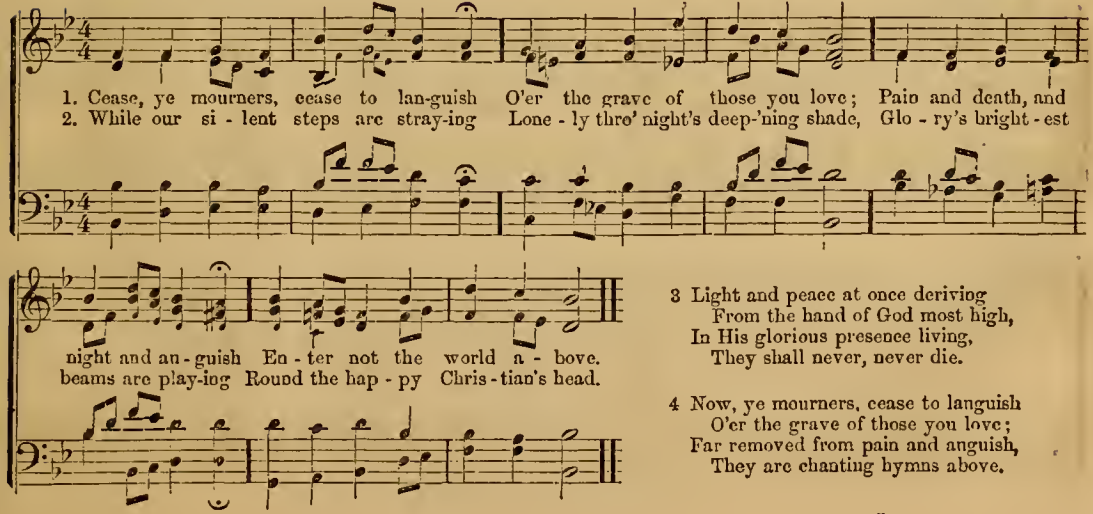


3 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that sweet day;
Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood,
And take our sins away.

4 Yet but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that glad day;
Oh! wash us in Thy precious Blood,
And take our sins away. Amen.

TRUST.

W. BENGO COLLYER, 1812. MENDELSSOHN.

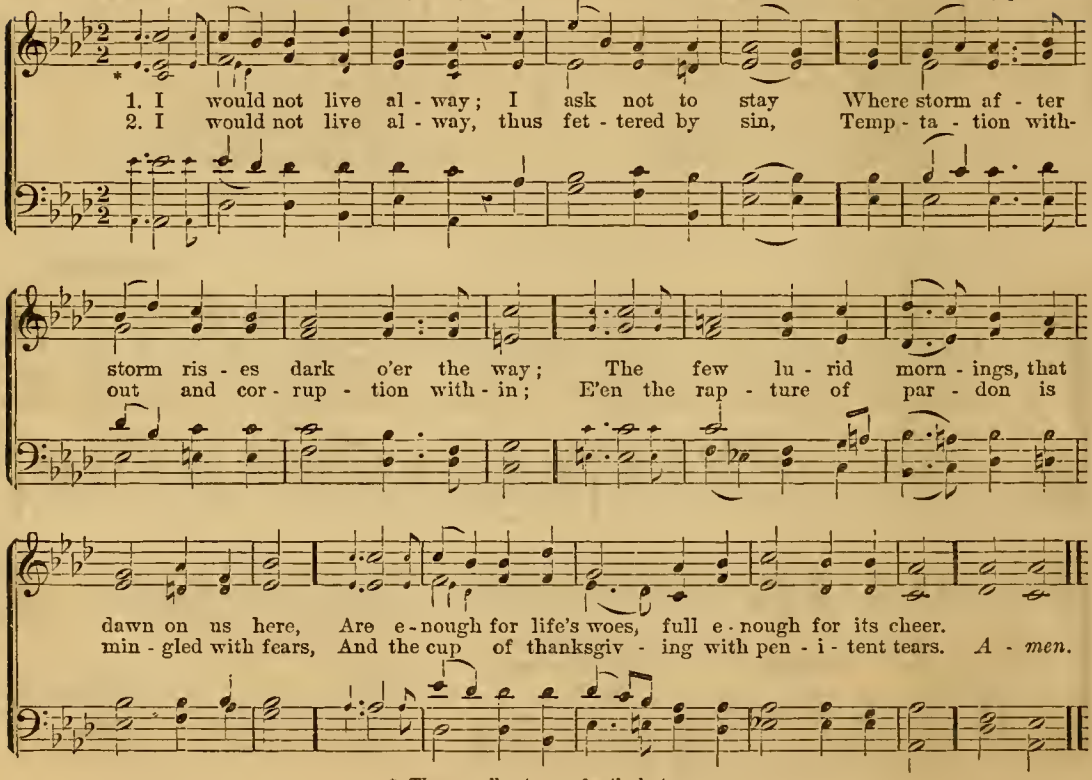


3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG (1796—), 1824. Abr. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1872. By per.



* *These small notes are for the last verse.*

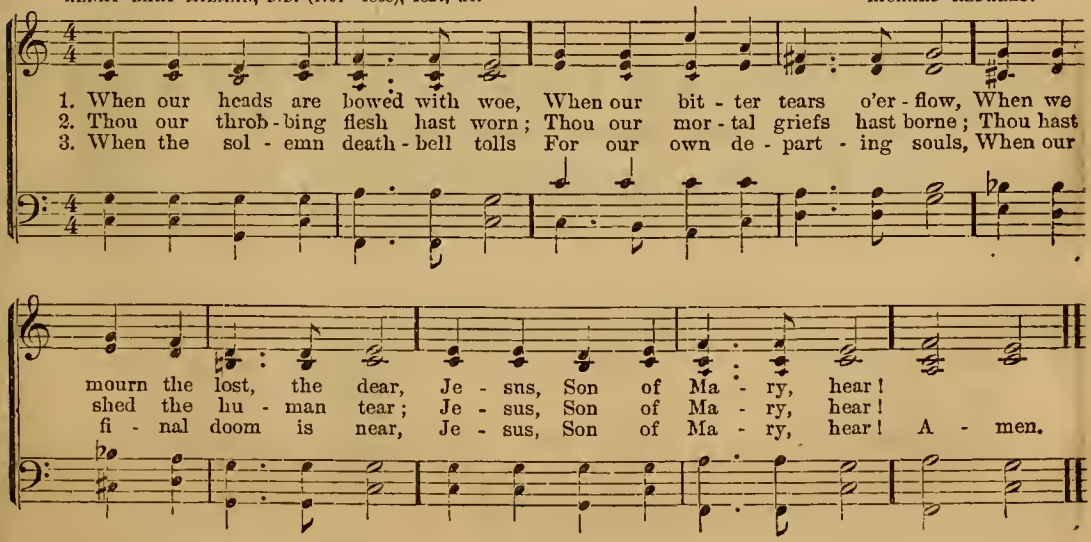
3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

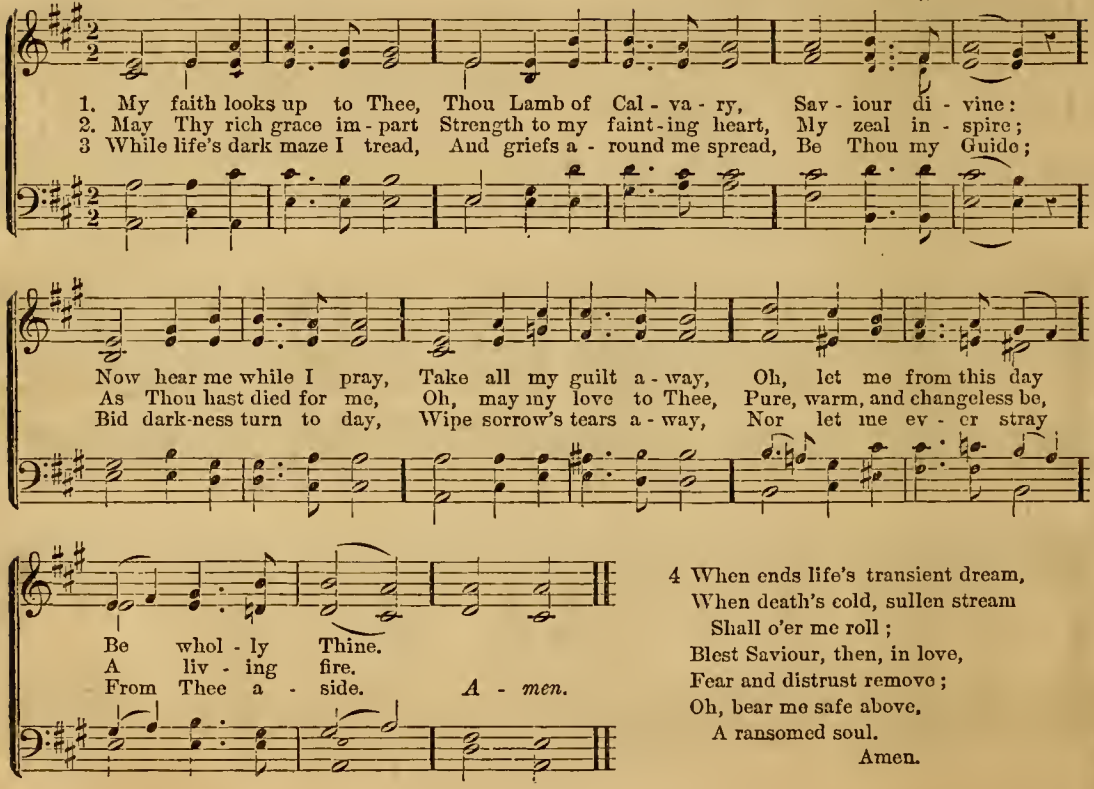
COMFORT IN SORROW.

HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. (1791—1868), 1827, ab. RICHARD REDHEAD.



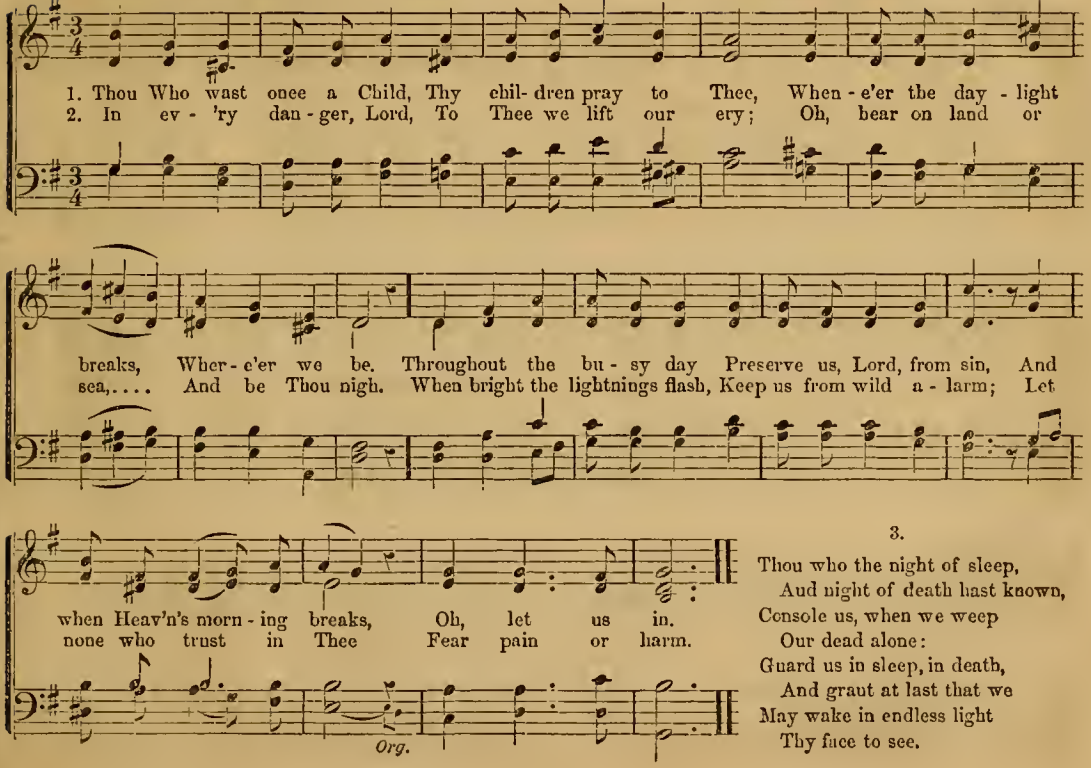
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D. (1803—), 1830. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1872, by per.



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

Miss SUSAN LAVINIA EMERY, 1871. By permission. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1871.

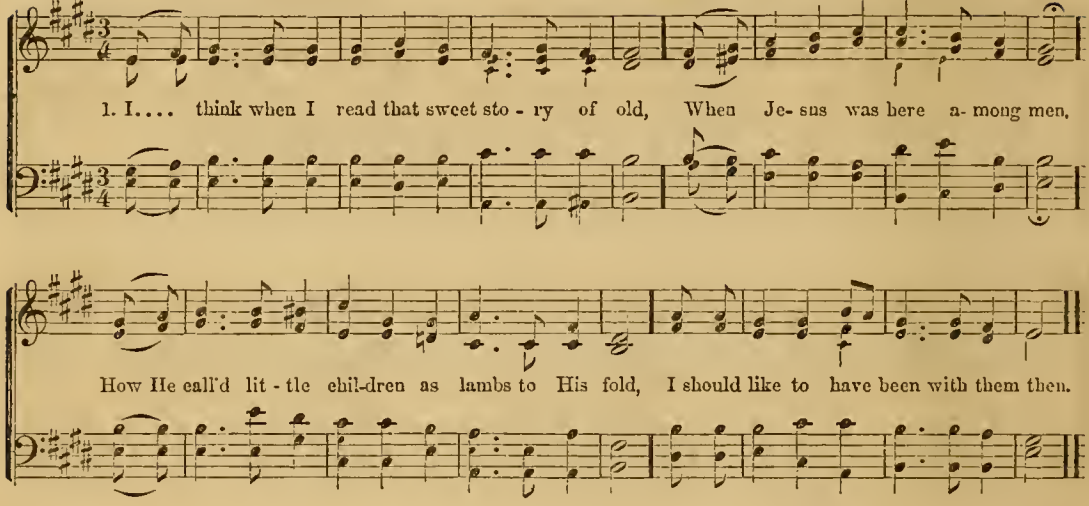


3.

Thou who the night of sleep,
And night of death hast known,
Console us, when we weep
Our dead alone:
Guard us in sleep, in death,
And grant at last that we
May wake in endless light
Thy face to see.

I THINK WHEN I READ.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE (1813—), 1841. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1871. By per.



2.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

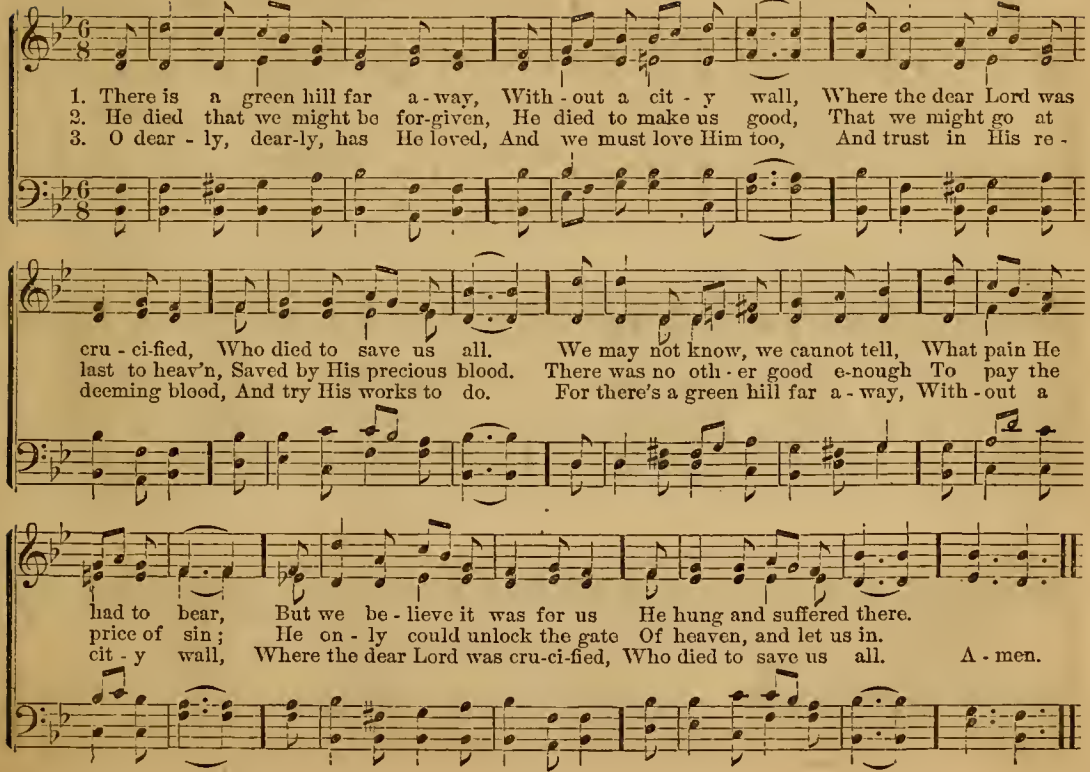
4.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5.

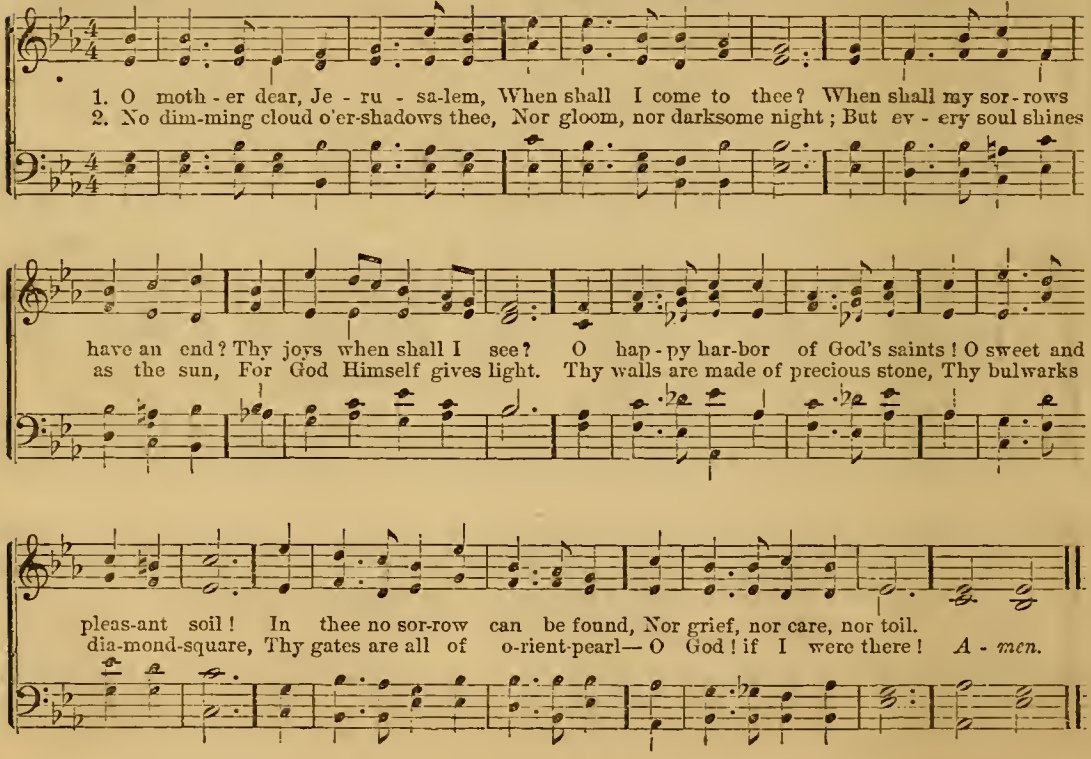
But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823—), 1848. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS (1819—), 1860.



O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

Rev. FRANCIS BAKER. 1616. HUBERT PLATT MAIN (1839—), 1872. Written for this Work.



3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripening fruit,
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

"IN MEMORIAM."

THINE FOR EVER.

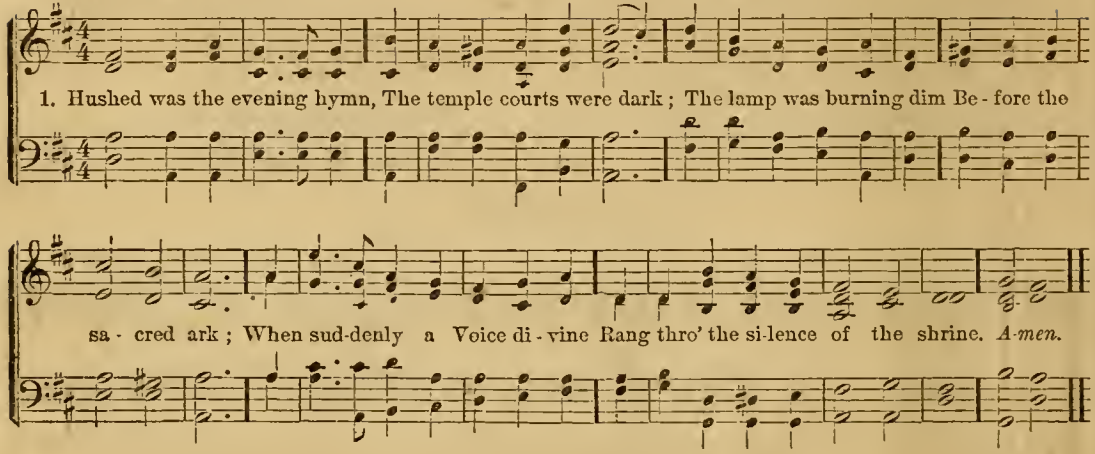
Mrs. MARY FAWLER MAUDE. 1848. CHARLES THIRTLE, (1839—1873.)

3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, (1823—1864), 1856. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872. Arr.



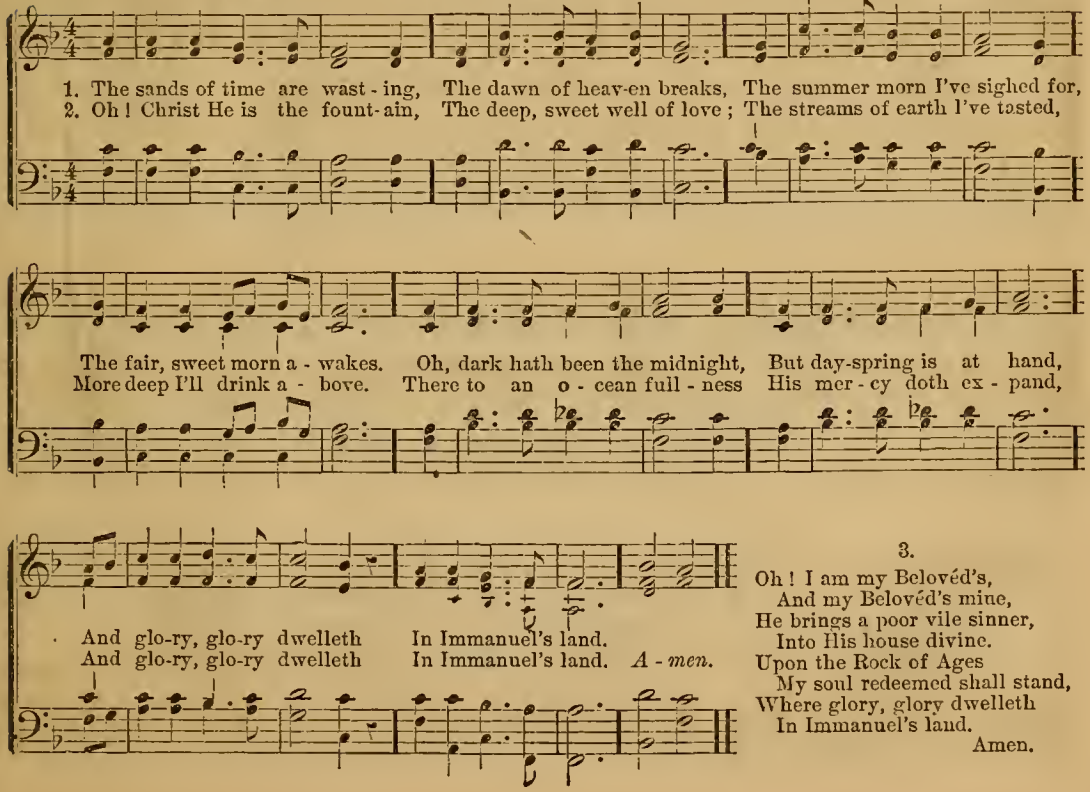
2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy House Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

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

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857, ab. CHARLES D'URHAN, har. by EDWARD FRANCIS RIMBAULT, (1816—1876), 1845.

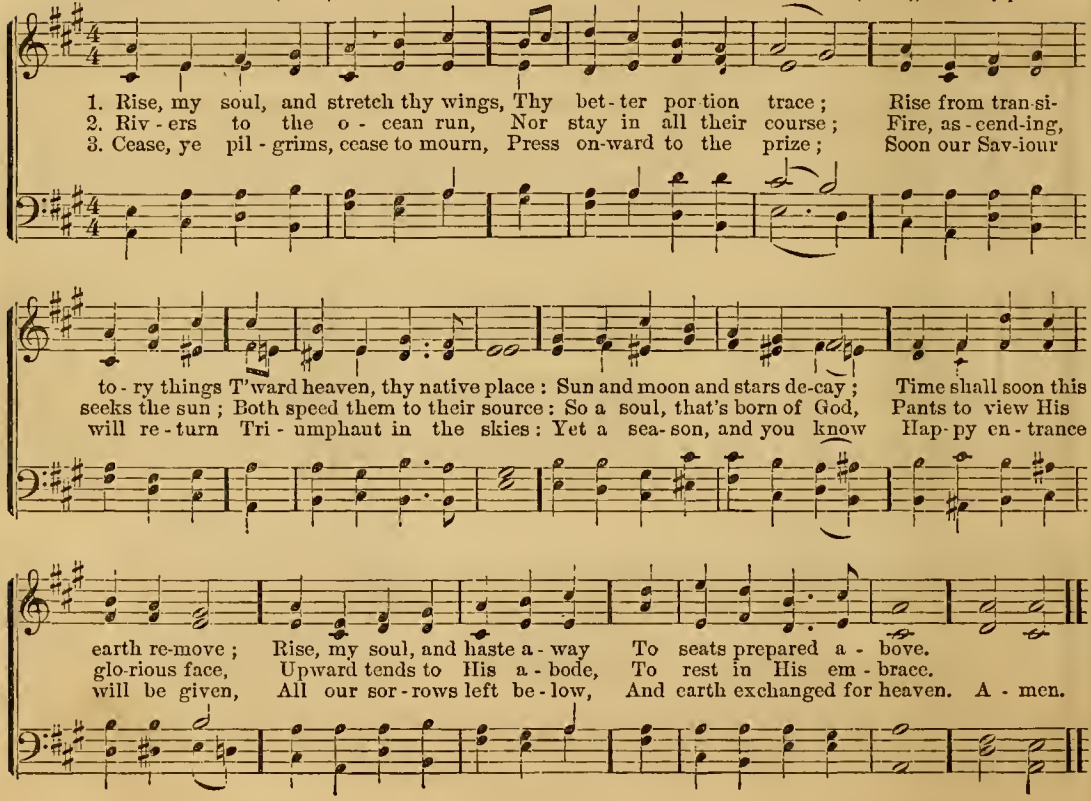


3.

Oh! I am my Belovéd's,
And my Belovéd's mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner,
Into His house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages
My soul redeemed shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
Amen.

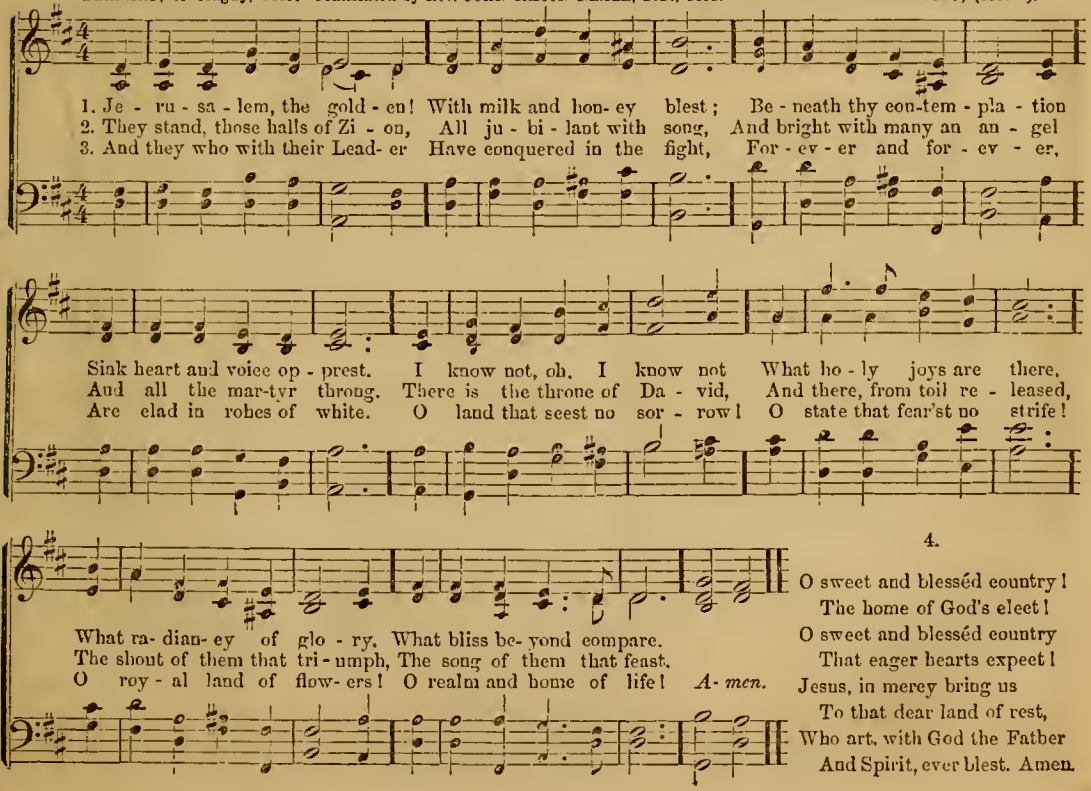
RISE, MY SOUL.

Rev. ROBERT SEAGRAVE (1693—), 1742. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1872. By per.



JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN!

BERNARD, of Cluguy, 1145. Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., 1851. ALEX. EWING, (1830—).

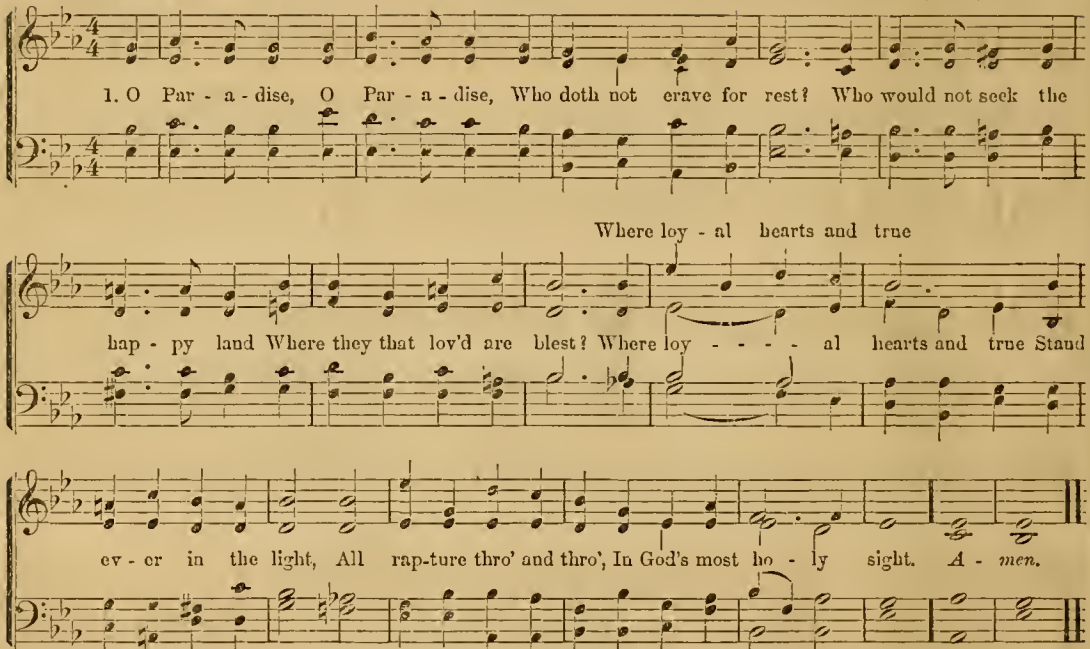


4.

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

O PARADISE.

Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. (1814—1863), 1862. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838—), 1866.

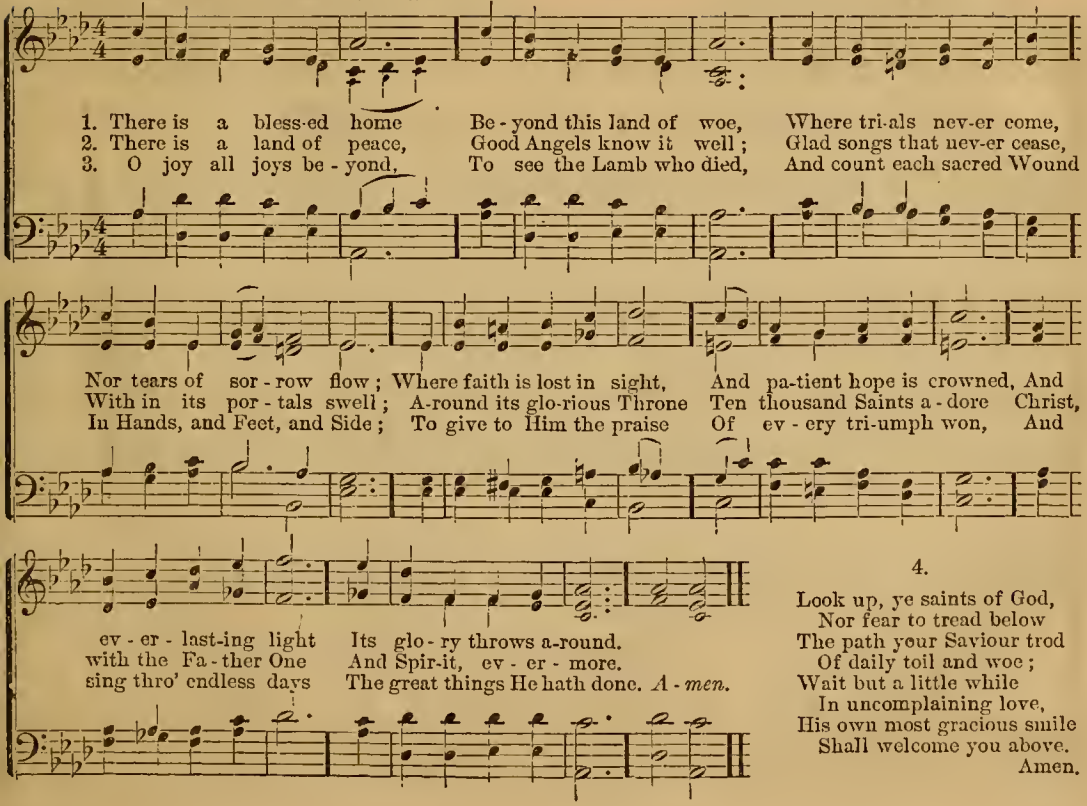


2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

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

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821—), 1861. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.



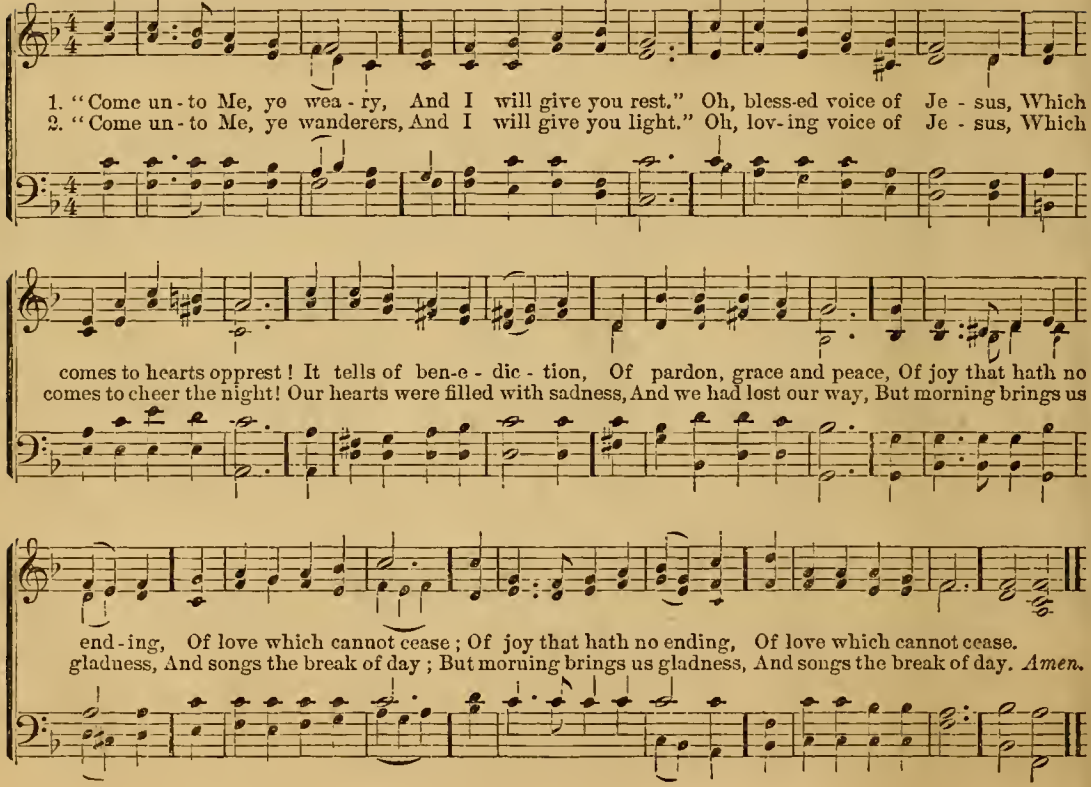
4.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.
Amen.

COME UNTO ME.

WM. CHATTERTON DIX (1837—). 1867.

Arr. from GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL (1685—1759). 1741.

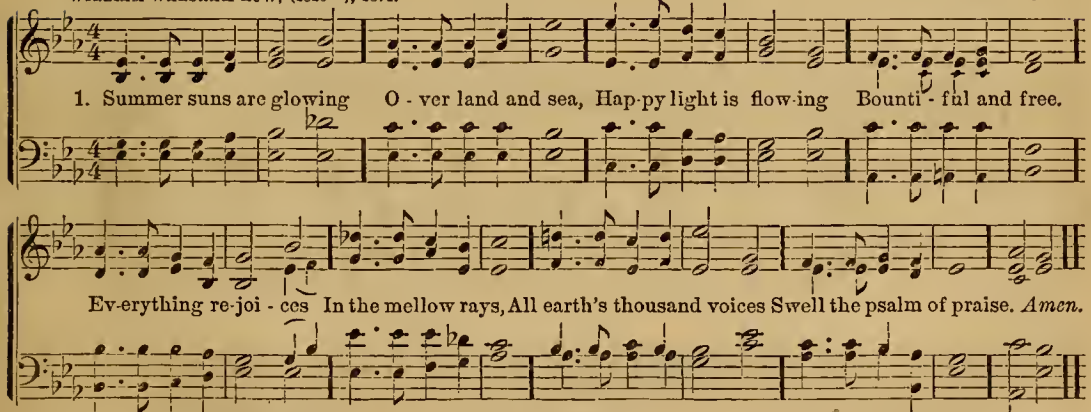


3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.

SUMMER SUNS ARE GLOWING.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823—), 1871. SAMUEL SMITH.



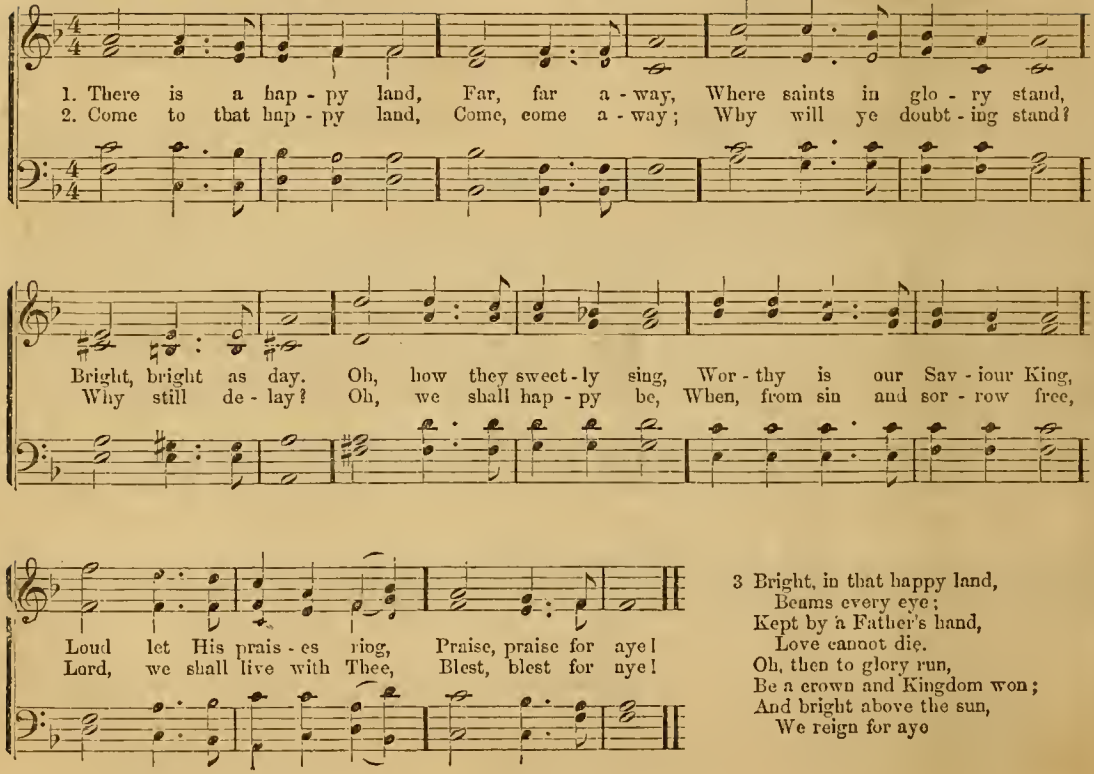
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Makes us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

HAPPY LAND.

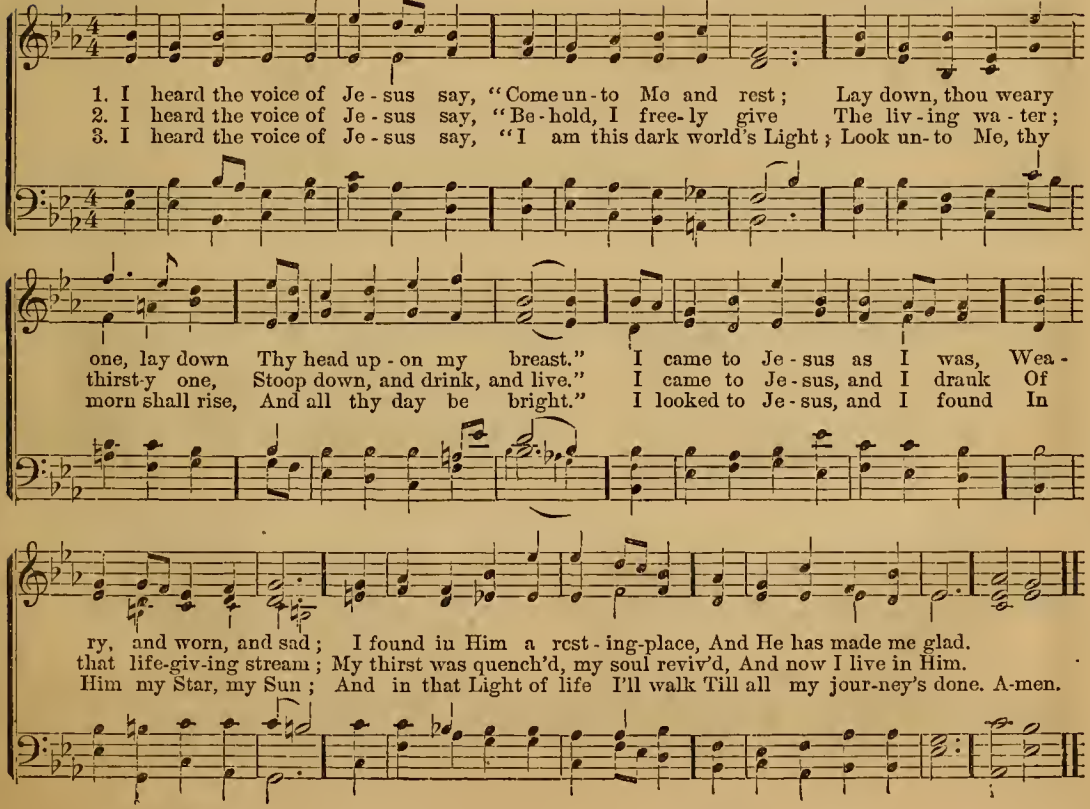
ANDREW YOUNG (1807—), 1858. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc. (1810—1876), 1864.



3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and Kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye

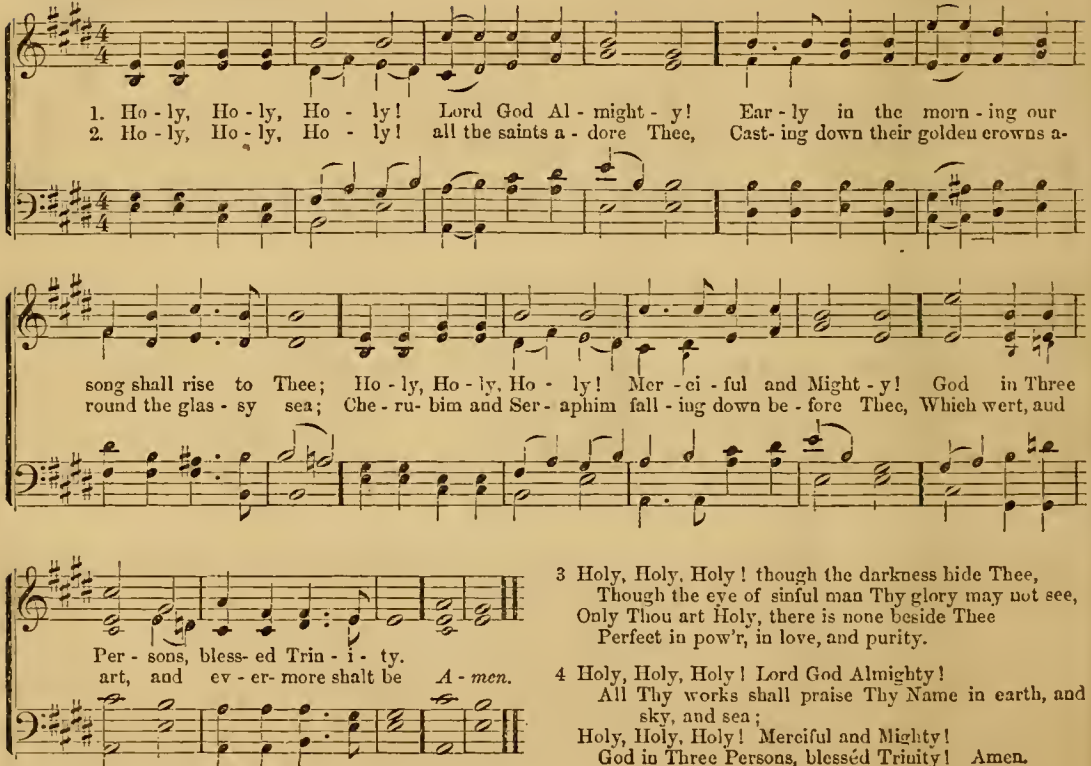
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. (1808—), 1857, abr.

Melody by LOUIS SPOHR (1784—1859).
Harmonized chiefly by JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.



HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

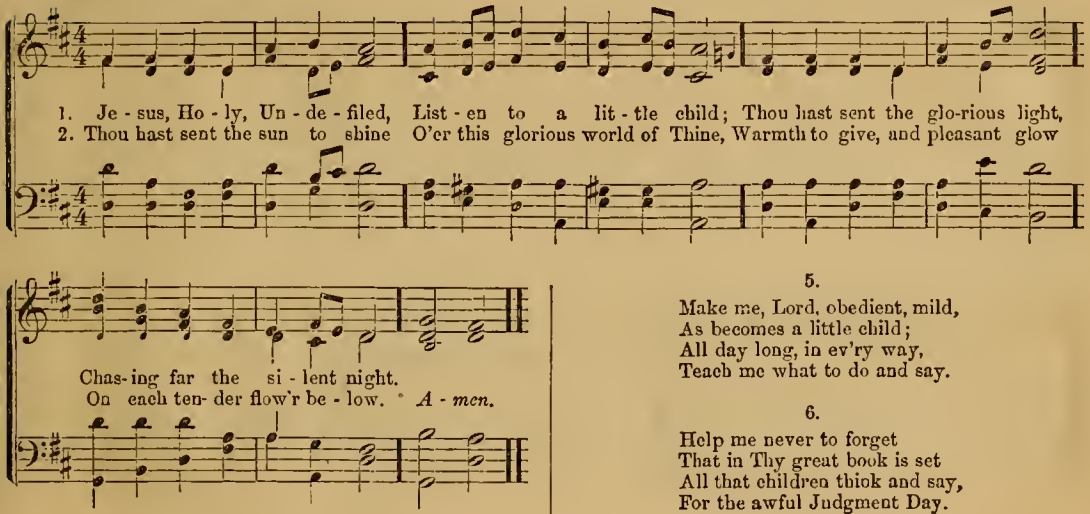
Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1823. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



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

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

Mrs. E. SHEPCOTE, 1840. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



3.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

4.

Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without Whom I cannot live.

5.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in ev'ry way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6.

Help me never to forget
That in Thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

7.

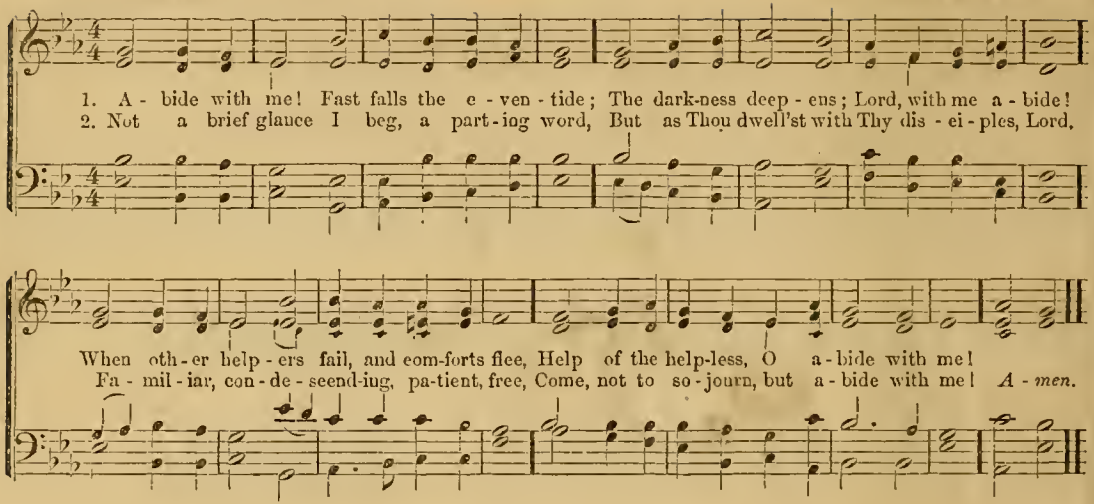
Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine Angels do above.

8.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly ev'ry day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heav'nly home. Amen.

EVENTIDE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847), 1847. Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



3.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

4.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

5.

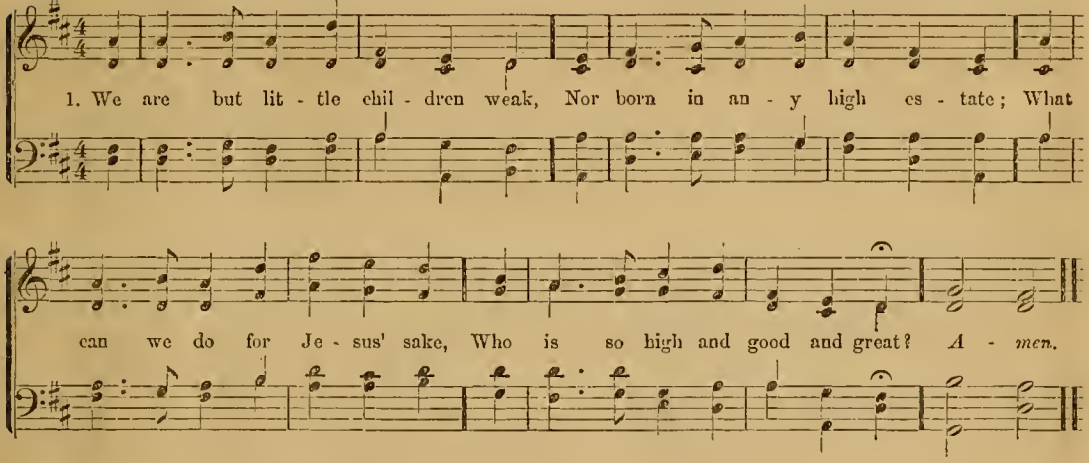
I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6.

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

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. (1823—). 1850. C. E. WILLING.



2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

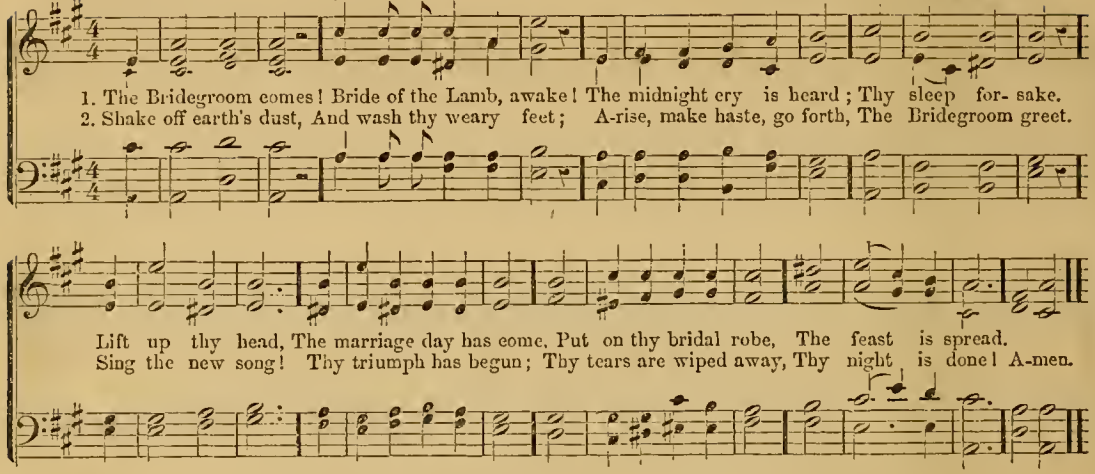
4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

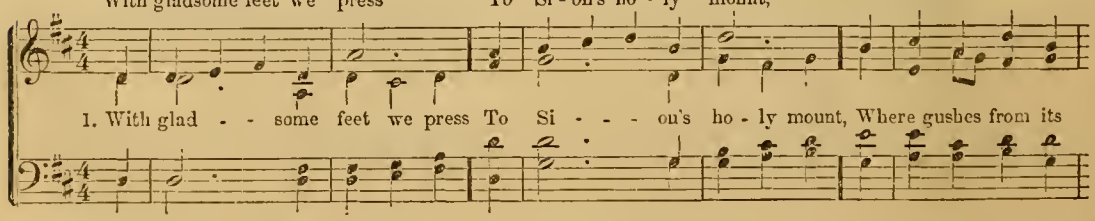
THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

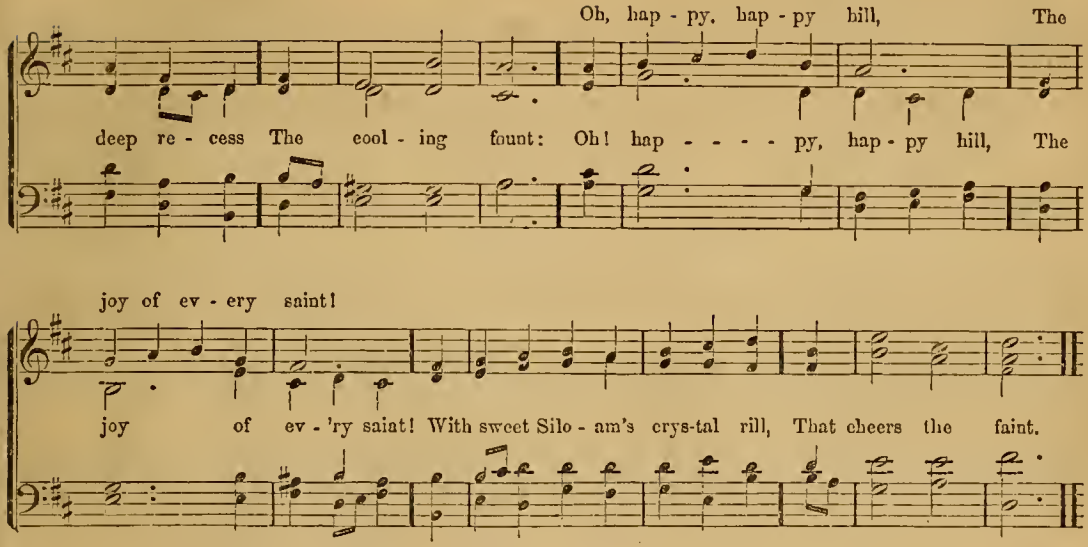
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. (1808—). 1857. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827—).



WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.

Rev. WM. CORBET SINGLETON, 1867. GEORGE A. McFARREN, 1867.





2.

Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to Thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought Thy golden seat
To win their rest.

3.

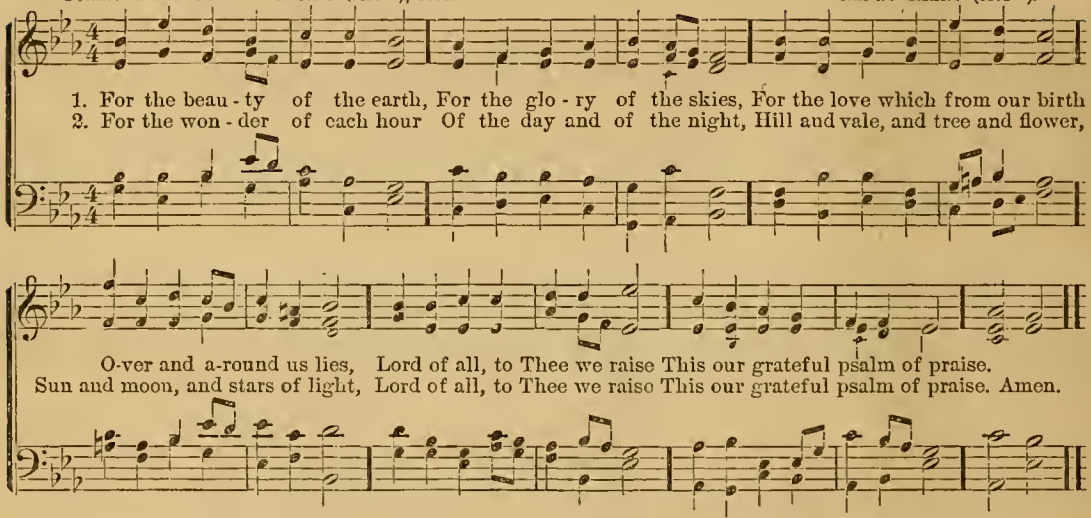
There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of Love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening ears;
On hope and Thee can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

4.

So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH.

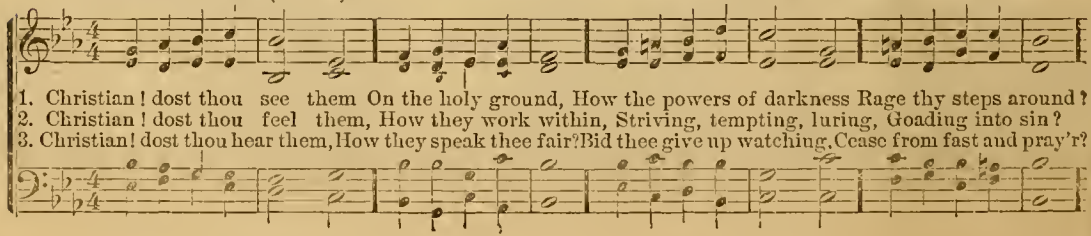
FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT (1835—), 1864. HENRY SMART (1812—).

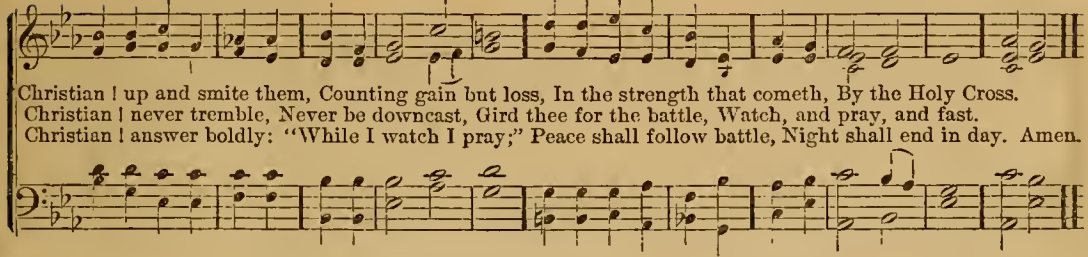


CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?

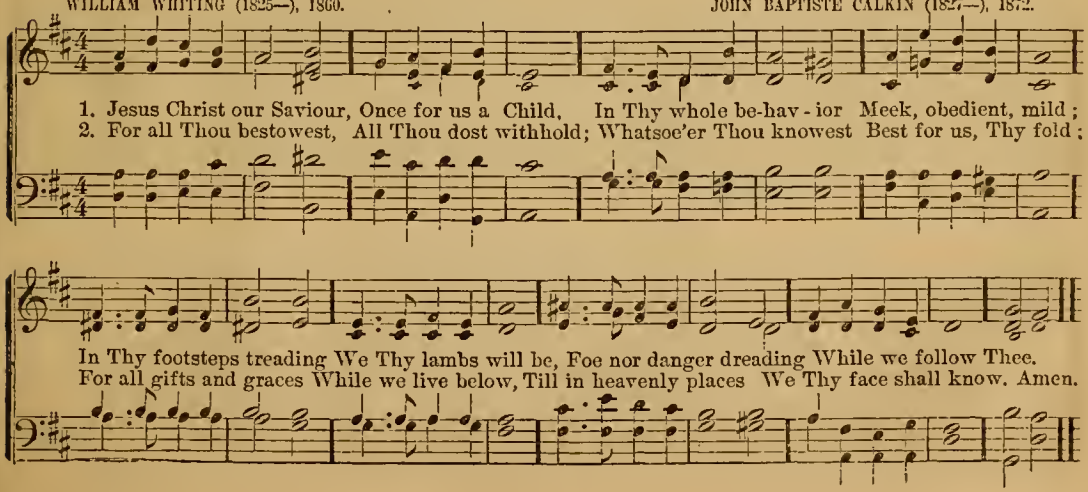
Trans. Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.
From ANDREW of Crete (660—732).

THEODORE EDWARD AYLWARD, 1868.



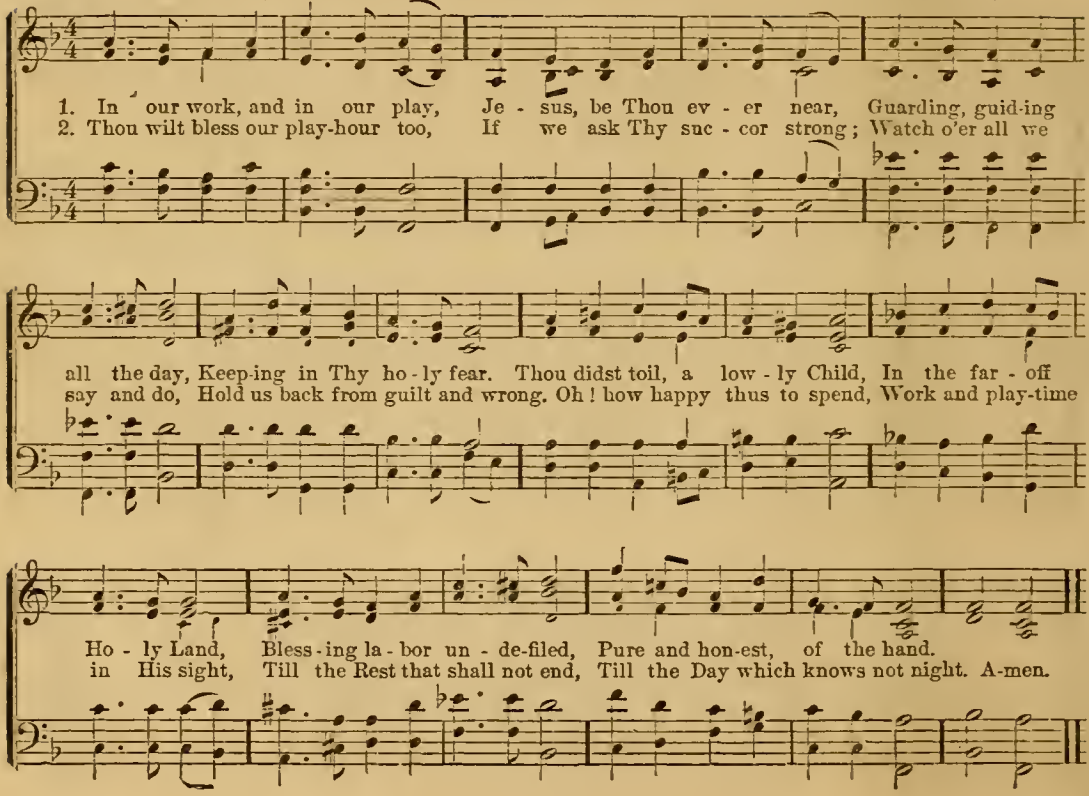


JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

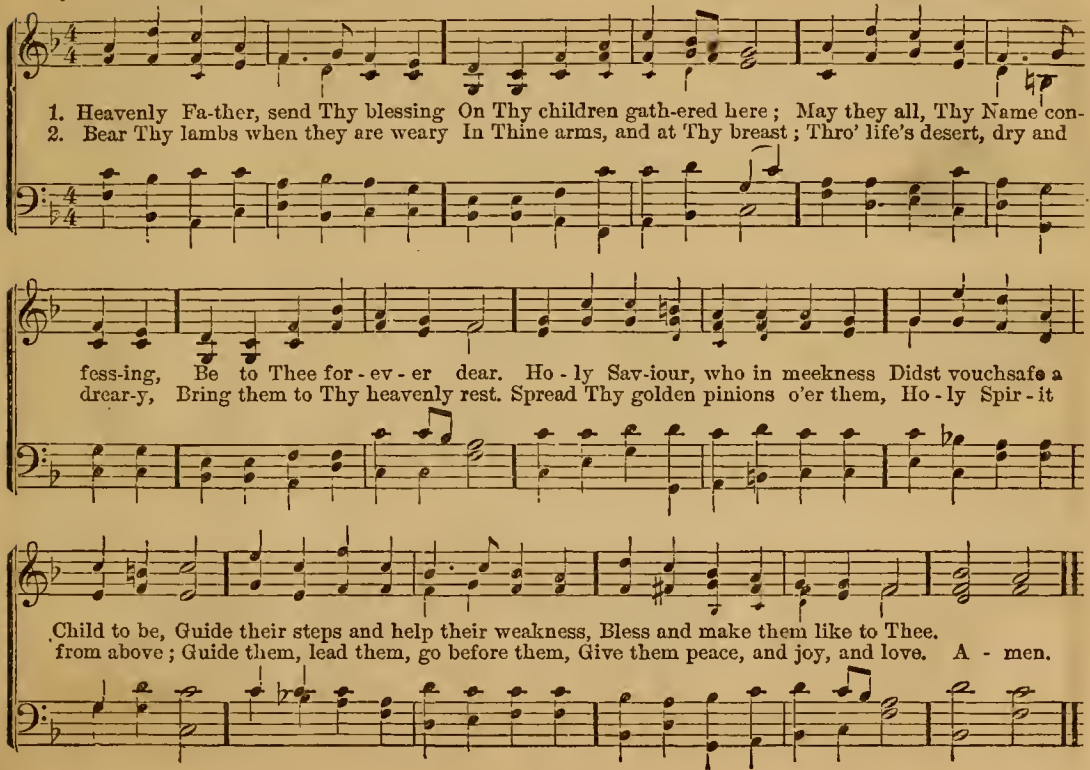


JESUS EVER NEAR.

Wm. CHATTERTON DIX, (1837—) 1864. FREDERICK WESTLAKE, Arr.

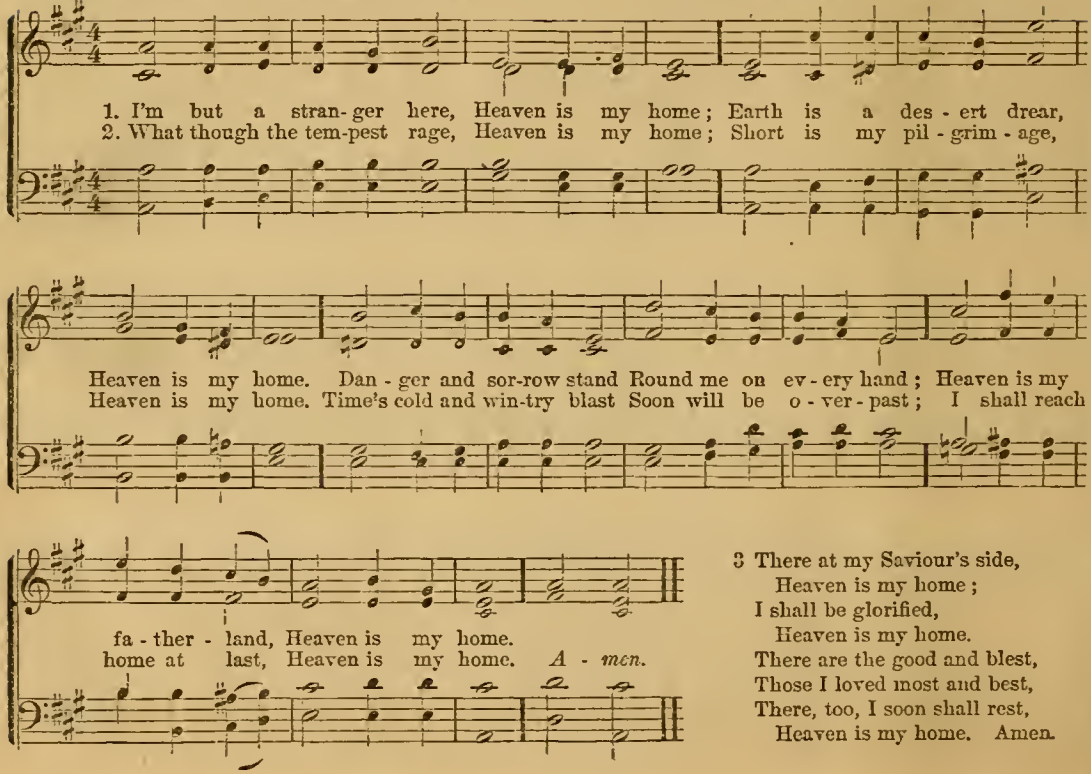


Bp. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1865. HENRY SMART (1812—).



HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

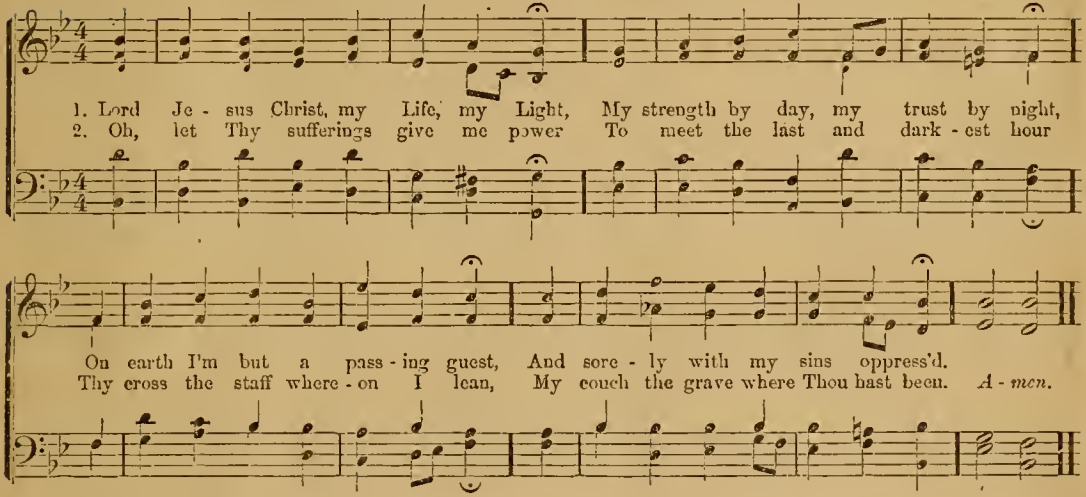
Rev. THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR, alt. (1807–1835), 1834. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, MY LIFE, MY LIGHT

"HERR JESUS CHRIST, MEIN LEBENSLICHT," [NOTE B.] *See p. 173.*



3 Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

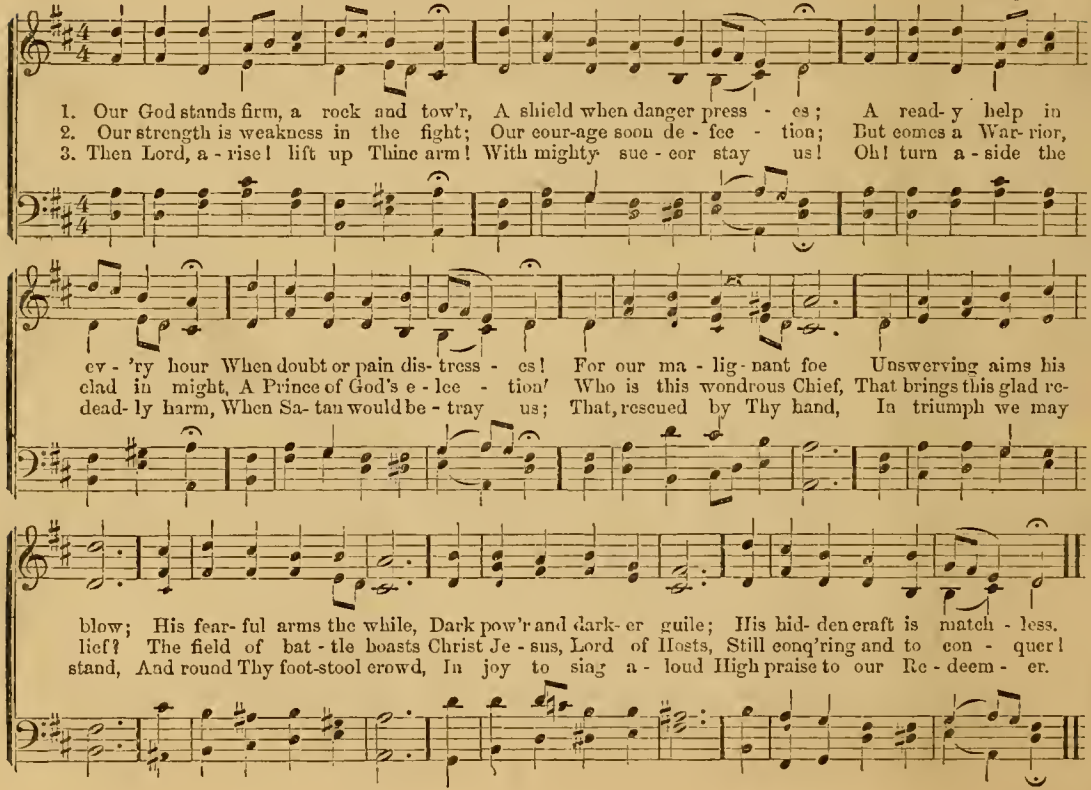
4 And when the last Great Day is come,
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

5 Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

6 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face! Amen.

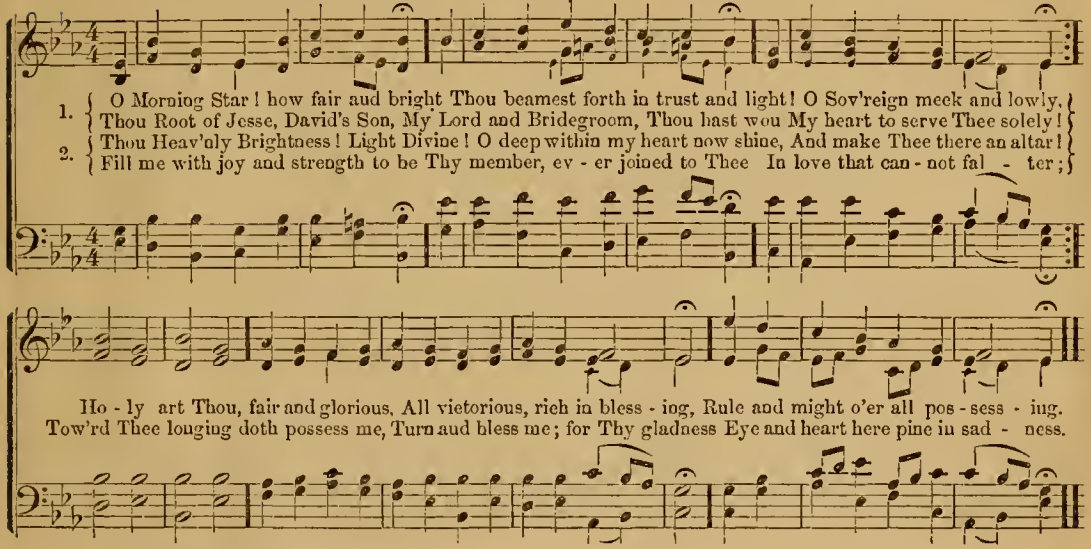
166 OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT." [NOTE A.] *See p. 173.*



WIE SCHOEN LEUCHTET (UNS) DER MORGENSTERN. [NOTE H.]

See p. 173.



3.

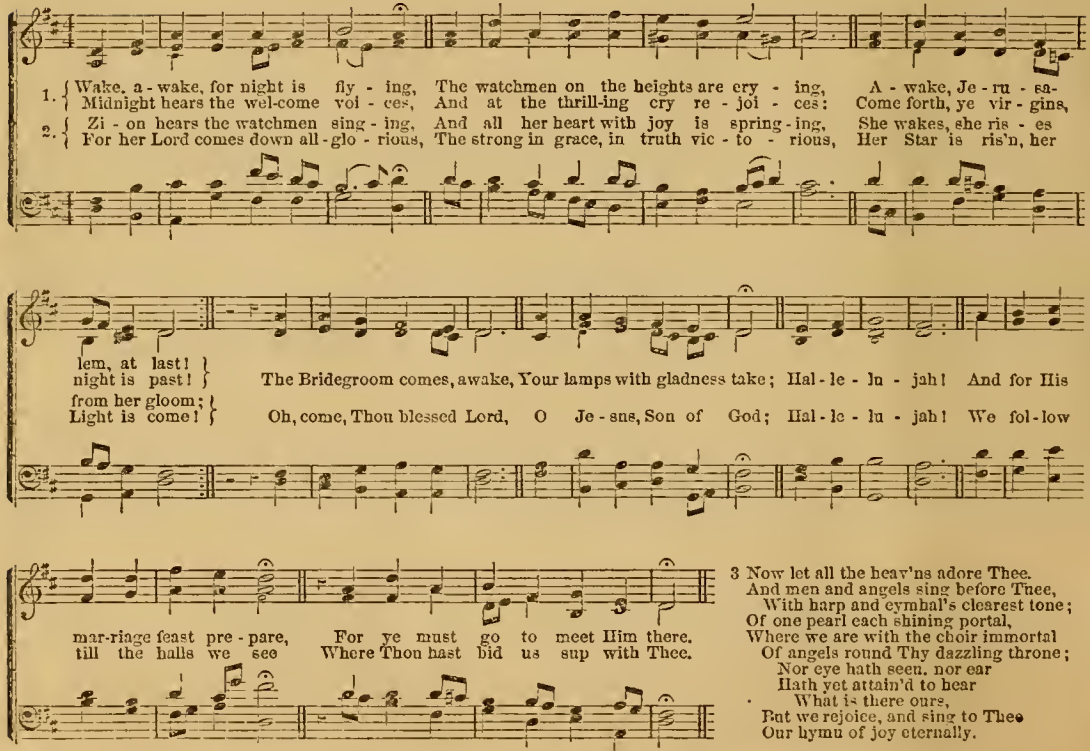
But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightways falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
O draw near me; Thou hast taught us
Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us!

4.

Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us; with deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

WAKE, AWAKE! FOR NIGHT IS FLYING.

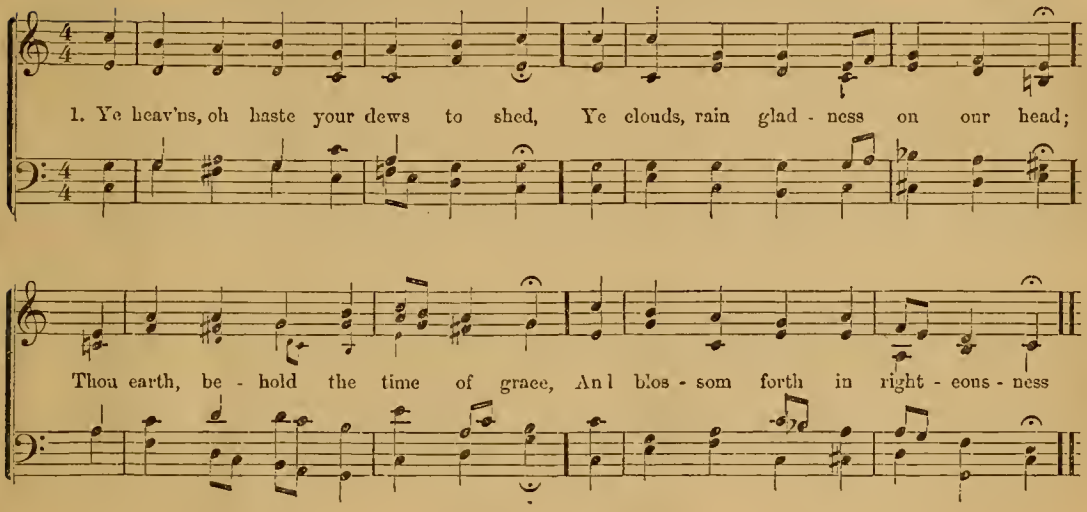
"WACHET AUF! RUFT UNS DIE STIMME." [NOTE C.] *See p. 173.*



3 Now let all the heav'ns adore Thee.
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear
What is there ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

"VOM HIMMEL HOCH DA KOMM' ICH HER." [NOTE D.]

See p. 173.



2 O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray!

3 O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid desert bloom!
The sorrows of Thy people see,
And take our human flesh on Thee.

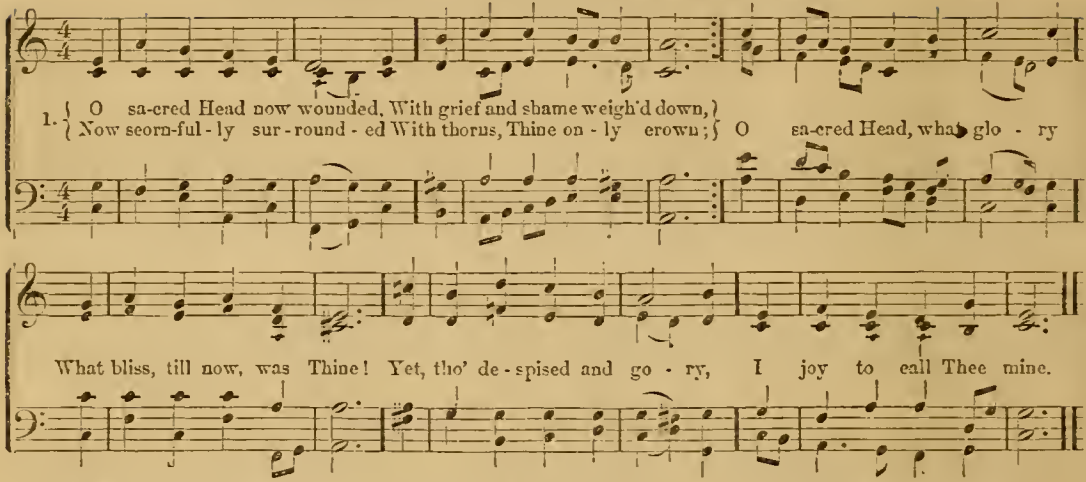
4 Refresh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind;
Us sinners from our guilt release,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

5 O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at last the long'd-for light?
Ah yes, Thou shinest, O true Sun,
In whom are God and man made One.

O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

"O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN." [NOTE E.]

See p. 173.



2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see;
Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

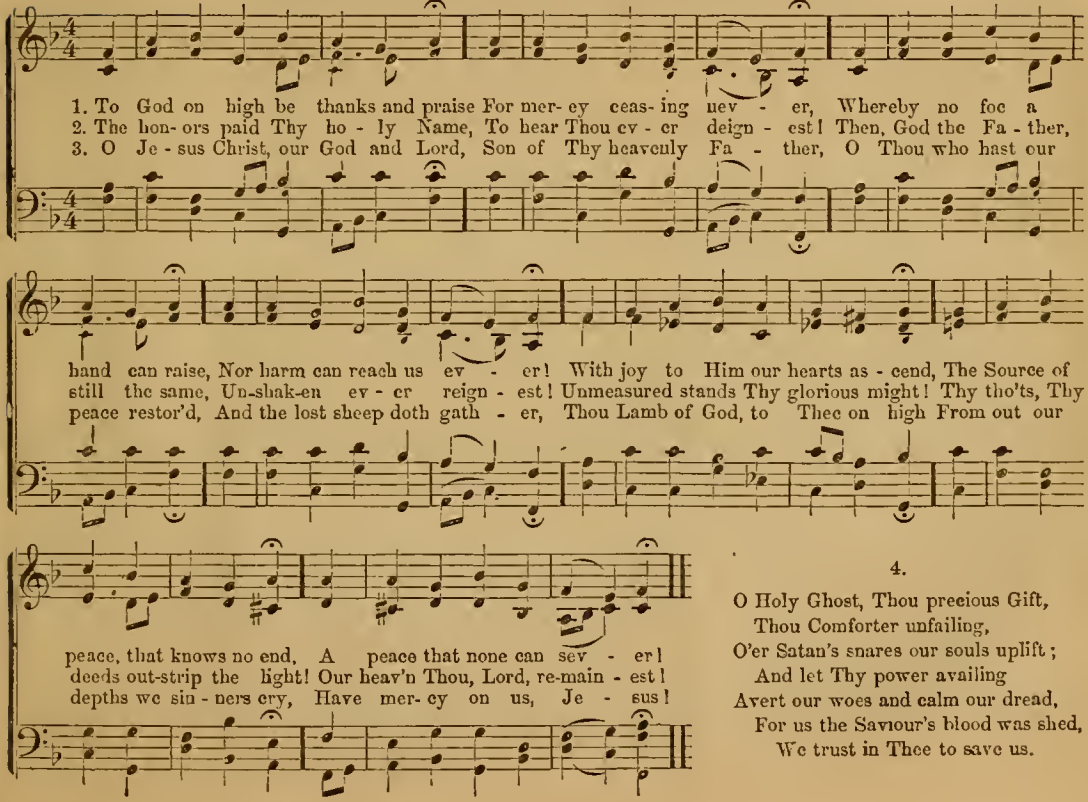
4 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend:
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

5 And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe!

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

"ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HOEH' SEY EHR." [NOTE F.]

See p. 173.



4.

O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift;
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread,
For us the Saviour's blood was shed,
We trust in Thee to save us.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

"NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT." [NOTE G.]

See p. 173.

A FEW of the most celebrated German Chorals are inserted, with no apology for their appearance on the ground of novelty. They are the oldest melodic form of worship, beginning with the era of the Great Reformation, when many hymns were translated from the Latin into German, and adapted to Tunes—oft-times "Volks-Gesänge" (*People's-Songs*), many of which were originally in triple measure. Martin Luther did much of this kind of work. The belief that he is the author of "Old Hundred" is a mistake: It was written by Franc, a Frenchman, who adapted it from a secular song.

Boston has introduced, at the School Children's Annual Festivals, several of these Chorals with great success; and at a recent entertainment in the Brooklyn, N. Y., Academy of Music, by the Sunday School Union, the Choral "Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower," was sung by a chorus of a thousand children with sublime effect.

NOTE A. *Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tower.* (Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.)—This version of the Forty-sixth Psalm—known as Luther's—was arranged by Martin Luther (1483–1546), about the year 1529 at Coburg. Meyerbeer introduced this Choral in the Opera of "The Huguenots;" Otto Nicolai also, in his Festival Overture for orchestra and chorus; and latterly Richard Wagner some of the lines in his Kaiser-Marsch. It was first printed by J. Klug, Wittenberg, 1529, and appeared in the "Augsburger Gesangbuch," 1539. The first and second verses of this translation are by the Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., the third verse added by the same author in 1867.

NOTE B. *Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light* (Herr Jesus Christ, mein Lebenslicht, *also called*, O Jesu Christ, meines Lebens Licht), first appeared in 1630, in triple measure, and was published by Joseph Clandero in "Psalmodia Nova," Leipzig, 1630. The author of the melody is unknown. Mendelssohn introduces it in "St. Paul." This version is translated by Miss Catharine Winkworth of Clifton, England, 1862.

NOTE C. *Wake, awake, for night is flying* (Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme), composed by Philipp Nicolai (1556–1608), was first known in 1598, and was published in Philipp Nicolai's "Frendenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," Frankfort-am-Main, 1599. The present arrangement is nearly the same as that used by Mendelssohn in "St. Paul." Translated by Miss Winkworth, 1862, in "Lyra Germanica."

NOTE D. *From Heaven above to earth I come.* (Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her)—This was originally a Christmas Carol, and is with the melody attributed to Martin Luther, 1540. Von Winterfeld claims that this melody was adapted from a secular song, entitled "From foreign lands I have come here" (Aus fremden Landen komm' ich her), and sprung up originally in the 15th century. The Carol (Weihnachtslied) consisted of fifteen verses of four lines each, and was first published at Magdeburg, in 1540, and afterwards at Wittenberg, 1543, by Joseph King. The present version is translated and adapted by Miss Winkworth.

NOTE E. *O Sacred Head, now wounded.* (O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden, or Herzlich thut mich verlangen.)—This—originally a secular song, "My mind is confused" (Mein Gemüth ist mir verwirrt)—is attributed to Hans George Hassler (1564–1612), in his time one of the most prominent of musicians and organists, and was composed in 1601. As a sacred song it made its first appearance in "Harmonia Sacra," third edition, Goerlitz, 1613. Johann Sebastian Bach has beautifully harmonized and introduced it in his music, "The Passion of Christ." It was originally a Latin hymn, written by Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100, afterwards translated and adapted as a German Choral by Paul Gerhardt, 1666, and containing nine verses. The present translation is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander of New York.

NOTE F. *To God on high be thanks and praise.* (Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.)—This, based upon a Chorale of the Latin Church and credited to N. Decius, who died of poison in 1530, has been arranged in at least forty different ways, and like many other Chorals usually appears in triple measure. It was thus arranged by Hans Kugelmann, Augsburg, 1540, in his "Concentus Novi," &c., and simultaneously in "Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen," Magdeburg, 1540, M. Lotther, Printer. Mendelssohn has a superior arrangement of it in "St. Paul." The first and second verses were translated by Miss Winkworth, and the third and fourth by Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., First Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley, England, 1867.

NOTE G. *Now thank we all our God.* (Nun danket Alle Gott.)—This melody is attributed to Johann Crüger (1598–1662), from the fact that it was first published in his "Geistliche Kirchenmelodien," Berlin, 1649. Becker credits it to M. Rinckhardt, (nat. 1586.) This hymn and tune are fully as popular in Germany as the Old Hundred in America. Mendelssohn has a magnificent arrangement of it in his "Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang)—a Cantata for orchestra and voices. This translation is by Miss Winkworth.

NOTE H. *O Morning Star! how fair and bright.* (Wie schön leuchtet (uns) der Morgenstern.)—This dates from the 16th century, just previous to the year 1599. Von Winterfeld says it was originally a well-known and very popular song; the ninth line being very monotonous. The present arrangement is attributed to Philipp Nicolai (1556–1608); it was first published in his "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," at Frankfurt-am-Main, 1599. The present translation is by Miss Winkworth.

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