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The New  
**HYMNARY.**

By SIGISMOND LASAR.

New York and Chicago:

PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN.

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✓  
THE NEW HYMNARY



A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY

✓✓  
SIGISMOND LASAR.

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NEW YORK and CHICAGO:  
PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN.

## INTRODUCTORY TO THE NEW HYMNARY.

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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!

5

Re-translated by Rev. Dr. HENRY ALFORD.

J. BARNEY, 1869. Founded on an Ancient Melody.

1. Let us all in ..... | con - cert sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the people..... |  
 2. Sing, ye choirs a - - | bove the skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! Harp, ye blessed.... |

echo - ing ring, Praising the E - - | ter - nal King, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 eom - pa - nies, Through the fields of | Pa - ra - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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—1633), publ. in 1633.

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

1. Let all the world in ev-ery cor-ner sing My God and King! The heavens are  
 2. Let all the world in ev-ery cor-ner sing My God and King! The Church with

not too high, His praise may thither fly: The earth is not too low, His praises there may  
 Psalms must shout; No door can keep them out; But a-bove all the heart Must bear the lar-gest

grow. Let all the world in ev-ery cor-ner sing My God and King!  
 part. Let all the world in ev-ery cor-ner sing My God and King! A - men.



# PRAISE YE GOD, THE LORD.

7

JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

Rev. Sir FRED. A. GORE OUSELEY,

1. An - gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv - ing

na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord! A - men.

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!

8 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!

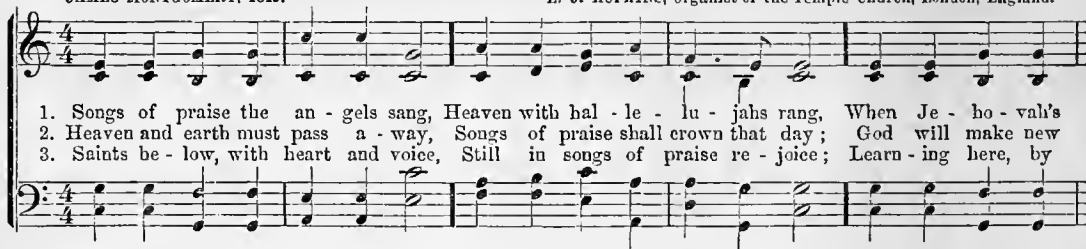
4 Rolling river praise Him ever,  
 From the mountains' deep vein poured;  
 Silver fountain, clearly gushing,  
 Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,  
 Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

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.

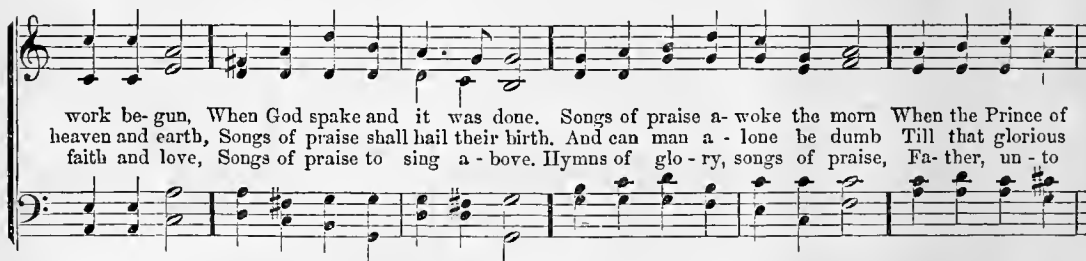
## SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

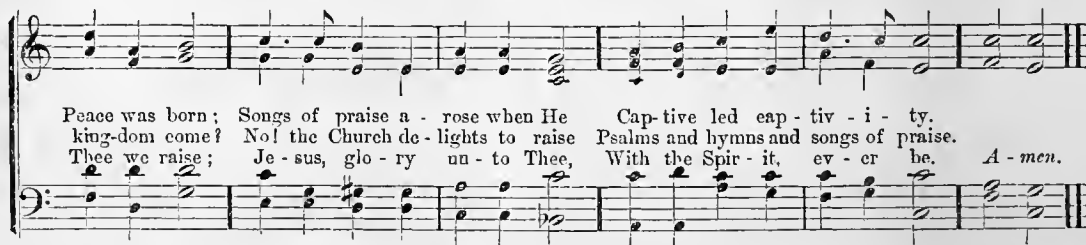
E. J. HOPKINS, Organist of the Temple Church, London, England.



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's  
 2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new  
 3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by



work be - gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of  
 heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that glorious  
 faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to



Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.  
 king - dom come? Not the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.  
 Thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to Thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be. A - men.

# MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAIS'D.

9

REV. E. CASWALL.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1863.



1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.



A - like at work and pray'r To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd. *A-men.*

2 When'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.*

## THE ENDLESS HALLELUJAH!

Rev. J. ELLERTON.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1867.

*f* *cres.* *ff*

1. Sing Hallelujah forth in.....	du-tious praise,	O citizens of heaven, and .....	sweetly raise An
2. Ye next, who staud before th'E-	ter - nal Light,	In hymning choirs re-echo.....	to the Height An
3. The Holy City shall take .....	up your strain,	And with glad songs resounding	wake a - gain An
4. In blissful autiphons ye .....	thus re - joice	To render to the Lord with...	thankful voice Au

*mf*

end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.	5. Ye who have gained at length your.....	palms in bliss,
end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.		
end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.		
end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.		
	6. There, in oue grand acclaim, for - - -	ev - er ring

*cres.*

Victorious one, your chant shall.....	still be this, An	end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah.
The strains which tell the honor.....	of your King, An	end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah.

# THE ENDLESS HALLELUJAH.—Concluded.

11

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp). It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The second system includes a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic and an *Org.* (organ) marking. The third system is marked *rall.* (rallentando). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines split between the two staves. The score concludes with a double bar line.

*p* *cres.* *mf*

7. This is the rest for weary | ones brought back ; | This is the food and drink which | none shall lack,—An

end - less Hal - le - lu - - jah. *ff* *Org.*

8. While Thee, by whom were all things | made, we praise  
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our ..... | voice - es sing

*rall.*

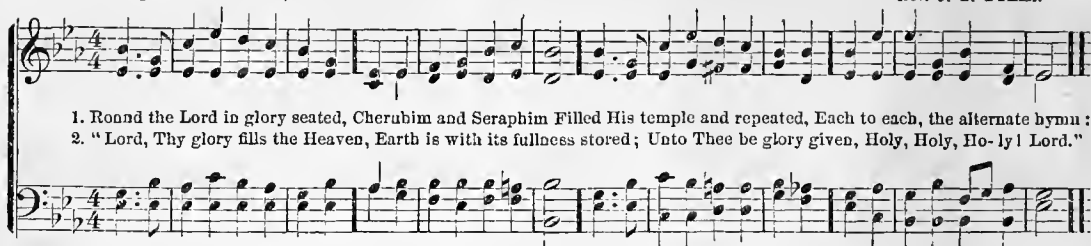
Forever, and tell out in | sweet-est lays, An end - less Hal - le - lu - jah.  
Glory forevermore ; to | Thee we bring, An end - less Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

*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.



1. Round the Lord in glory seated, Cherubim and Seraphim Filled His temple and repeated, Each to each, the alternate hymn :  
 2. "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven, Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy, Holy, Ho-ly! Lord."

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

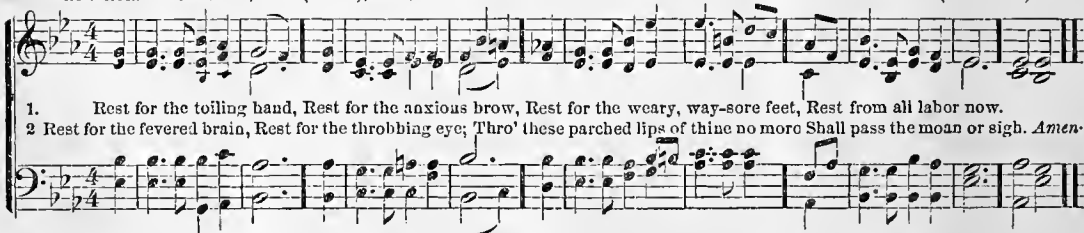
4 With His seraph-train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:

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

## REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

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

Arr. from ALEXANDER ERNST FESCA (1820—1849).



1. Rest for the toiling hand, Rest for the anxious brow, Rest for the weary, way-sore feet, Rest from all labor now.  
 2 Rest for the fevered brain, Rest for the throbbing eye; Thro' these parched lips of thine no more Shall pass the moan or sigh. Amen.

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.

# DEPTH OF MERCY.

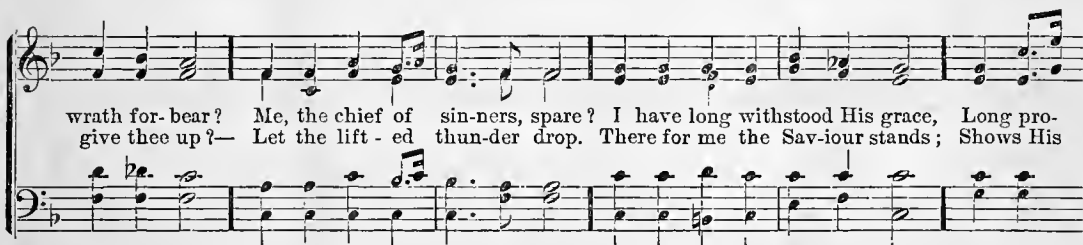
13

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY (1708—1788) 1740, ab.

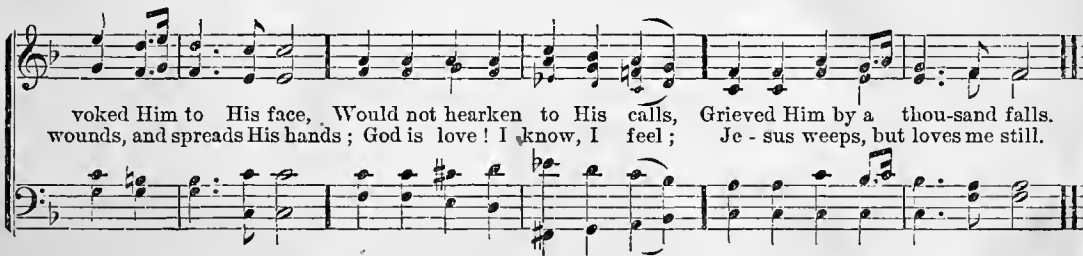
Ad. from JACOB BLUMENTHAL, (1829—), 1847.



1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God His  
2. Kin-dled, His re-lent-ings are; Me, He now de-lights to spare; Cries, how shall I



wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? I have long withstood His grace, Long pro-  
give thee up?— Let the lift-ed thun-der drop. There for me the Sav-iour stands; Shows His



voked Him to His face, Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.  
wounds, and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, but loves me still.

## LOVE DIVINE.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY (1708—1788), 1746.

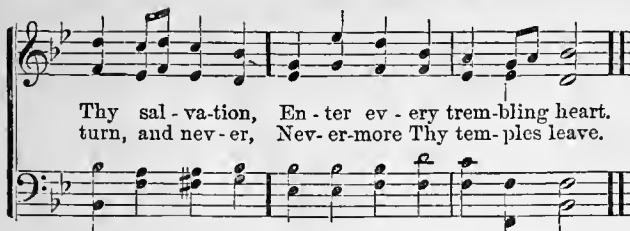
JOHN ZUNDEL (1815—), 1870, by permission.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven and earth come down! Fix in  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast! Let us

us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art  
 all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest. Come, Al-might - y

all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with  
 to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -



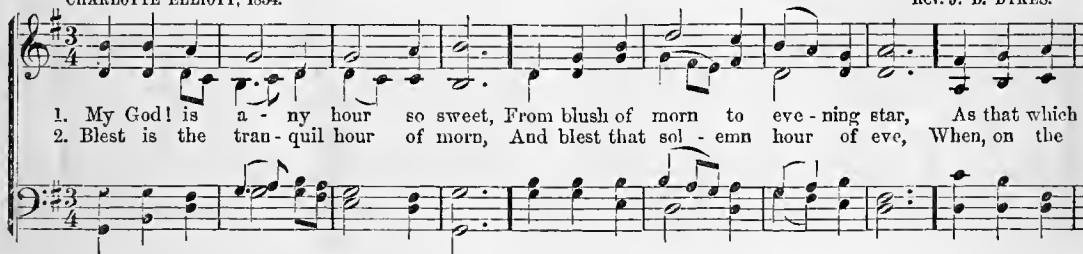


- 3 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless may we be;  
Let us see Thy whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by Thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

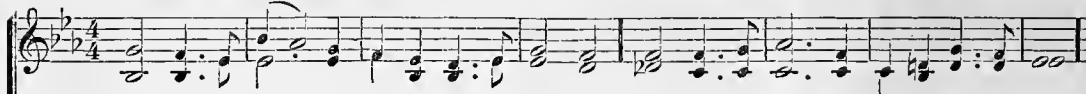


- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.
- 4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

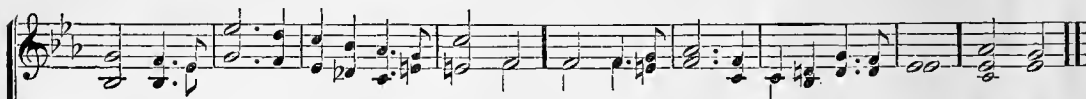
## STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, (1814—), 1855.

Arr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809—1847).



1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;  
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-ern hush of nature new-ly born ;



- Fair - er than morning, lovelier than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.  
 A - lone with Thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn. A - men.



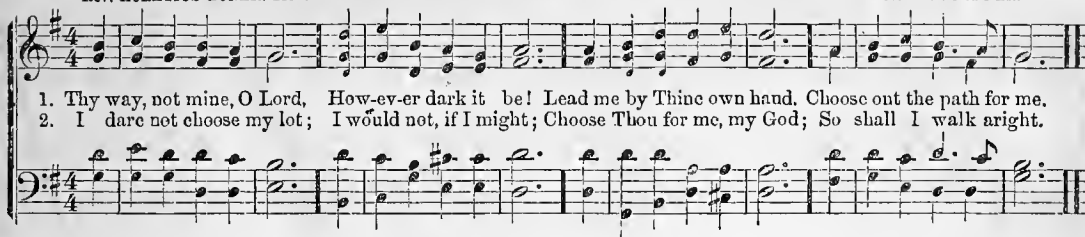
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,<br/>         The image of the morning-star doth rest ;<br/>         So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only,<br/>         Thine image in the waters of my breast.</p> <p>4 Still, still to Thee ! as to each new-born morning,<br/>         A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,<br/>         So does this blessed consciousness awaking,<br/>         Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.</p> | <p>5 When sinks the soul, subdud by toil, to slumber,<br/>         Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;<br/>         Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,<br/>         But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.</p> <p>6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,<br/>         When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;<br/>         O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,<br/>         Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.<br/>         Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

# THY WAY, O LORD.

17

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

Rev. H. L. JENNER.



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God; So shall I walk aright.

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

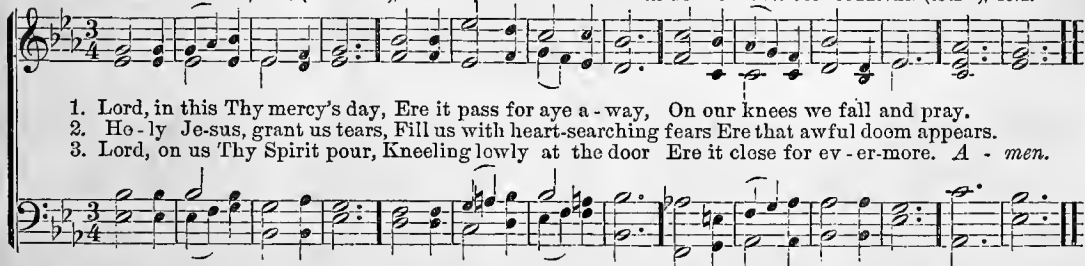
4 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

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.



1. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day, Ere it pass for aye a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears Ere that awful doom appears.
3. Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour, Kneeling lowly at the door Ere it close for ev - er - more. A - men.

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 SPÖHR (1784—1859).

1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be:

Thou art gen - tle, meek and mild: Thou wast once a lit - tle child. A - men.

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.

19

Sir JOHN BOWRING, (1792—1872), 1825.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1823—), 1865.

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and  
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move; But His mer - cy

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 entwined  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.  
wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

# JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

Rev. GEO. RUNDALL PRYNNE, (1818—), 1855.

G. A. HARDACRE, 1867.

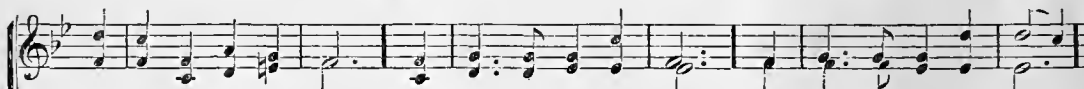
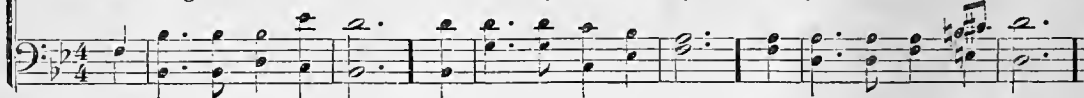
1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.  
2. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, Holy Je - sus! To the realms a - bove.  
3. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thyself the Way Through ter - res - tial dark - ness To ec - les - tial day.  
4. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Sou of God most high, Pitying, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.

JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818-1866), 1851.

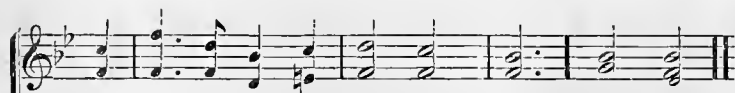
BERTHOLD TOURS.



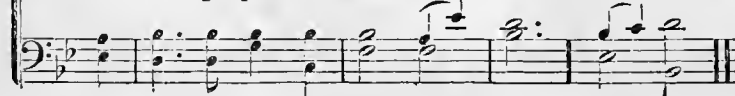
1. The might-y host on high, Their joys be-yond com-pare, Their glo-ries in the sky,  
 2. What tongue can here de-clare, Or fan-cy here des-cry, The joys Thou dost pre-pare



The deeds they bravely dare: For these the Church to-day Pours forth her joy-ous lay,  
 For these Thine hosts on high? Who, for the war-fare decked, Their earth-ly friends pro-tect,



To God her bounden praise to pay.  
 And in right paths to heaven direct. A - men.



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.

# TO THY TEMPLE WE ARE COMING.

21

FRANCES JANE CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE (1832—) 1875.

HUBERT P. MAIN (1839—), 1875. By per.

1. Com-ing, com-ing, we are com-ing To Thy tem-ple, gracious Lord, To re-ceive the bless-ed  
2. Sing-ing, sing-ing, we are sing-ing How Thy wondrous love so free Flow-eth on-ward, ev-er  
3. Pray-ing, pray-ing, we are pray-ing That Thy Spir-it, like a dove, May de-scend with gifts of

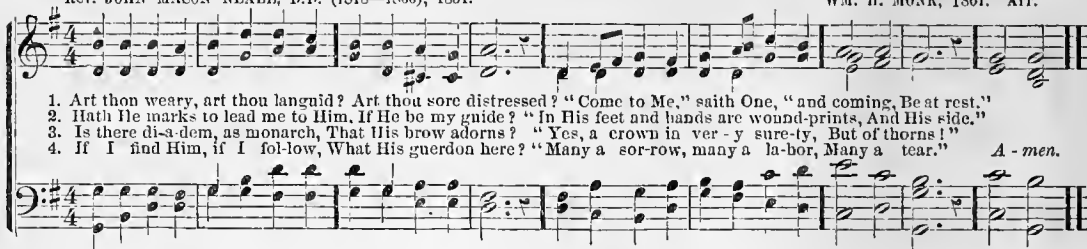
teaching Of Thy pure and perfect Word ; Meek-ly would we learn our du-ty, Learn it kneeling  
on - ward, Like a vast and mighty sea ; And our souls mount up with gladness, While we swell the  
mer-cy From Thy gracious hand a-bove ; Lord, we ask, that by Thy watch-care We may all pro-

at Thy feet, While a ra-diance from Thy glo-ry Cov-ers all the mer-cy-seat.  
loft-y strain, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb for sin-ners slain !"  
tect-ed be, Ev-ery hand be quick to la-bor, And our hearts be stayed on Thee. A - men.

## ART THOU WEARY?

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D. (1818-1866), 1851.

WM. H. MONK, 1861. Arr.



1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."  
 3. Is there di-a-dem, as monarch, That His brow adorns? "Yes, a crown in ver-y sure-ly, But of thorns!"  
 4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guerdon here? "Many a sor-row, many a la-bor, Many a tear." *A - men.*

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

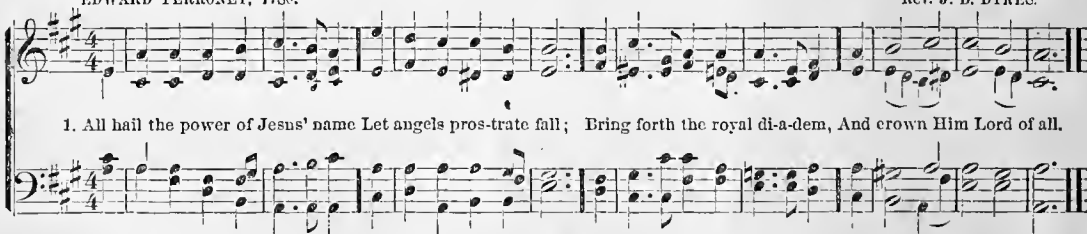
6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

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.



1. All hail the power of Jesus' name Let angels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

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.

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In sparkling raiment bright, The ar-mies of the  
 2. What rush of Hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky; What ring-ing of a  
 3. O then what rap-tured greet-ings On Canaan's happy shore; What knit-ting sev-ered

ransomed saints Throng up the steepes of light: 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with  
 thousand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph night. O day, for which cre-a-tion And all its  
 friendships up, Where partings are no more. Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with

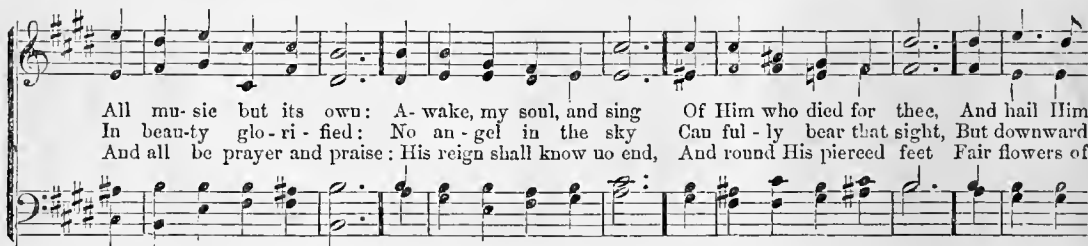
death and sin: Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.  
 tribes were made; O joy, for all its for-mer woes A thousand fold re-paid.  
 tears of late: Or-phans no long-er fa-ther-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late. A-men.

# WITH MANY CROWNS.

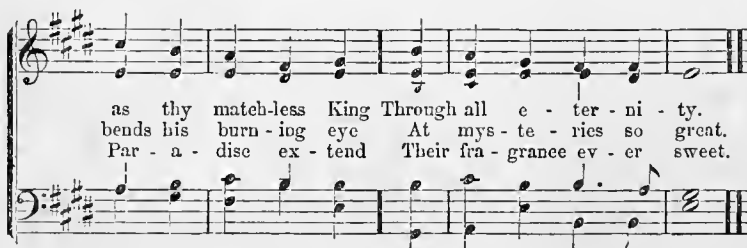
Dr. G. J. ELVEY.



1. Crown Him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up-on His Throne; Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet visi-ble a-bove  
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace: Whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease,



All mu-sic but its own: A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him  
In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight, But downward  
And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair flowers of



as thy match-less King Through all e-ter-ni-ty.  
bends his burn-ing eye At mys-te-ries so great.  
Par-a-dise ex-tend Their fra-grance ev-er sweet.

4.

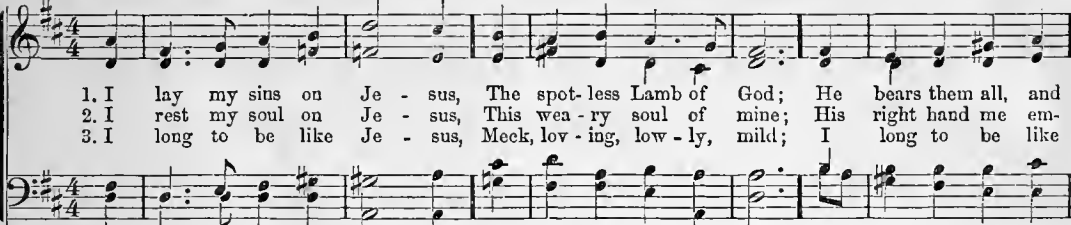
Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

# I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

23

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

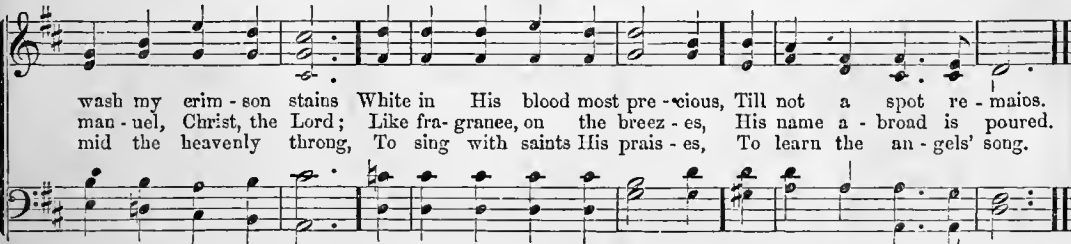
J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and  
 2. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea-ry soul of mine; His right hand me em-  
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov-ing, low-ly, mild; I long to be like



frees us From the ac-curs-ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To  
 bra-ees, I on his breast re-cline: I love the name of Je - sus, Im-  
 Je - sus, The Fa-ther's ho-ly child: I long to be with Je - sus, A-



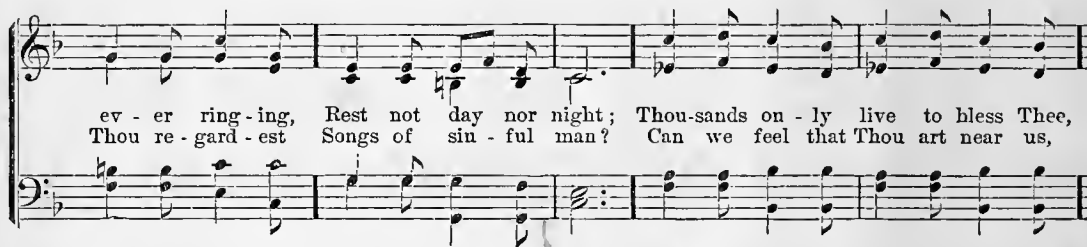
wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most pre-cious, Till not a spot re-mains.  
 man-uel, Christ, the Lord; Like fra-granee, on the breez-es, His name a-broad is poured.  
 mid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints His prais-es, To learn the an-gels' song.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT (1825—), 1861.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for—  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that



ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee,  
 Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us,



And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!  
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can. A - men.

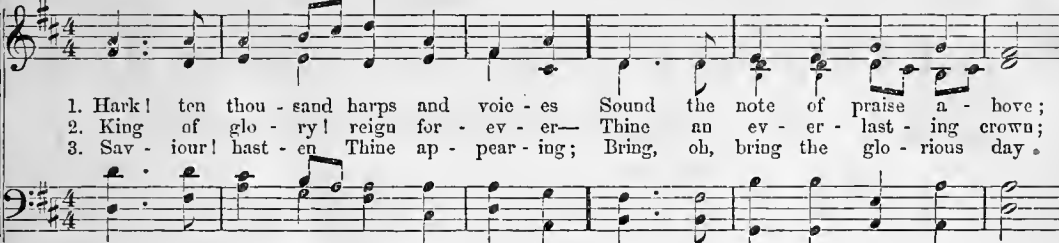
3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee;  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody.

Amen.

# HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES. 27

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, (1769—1855), 1804.

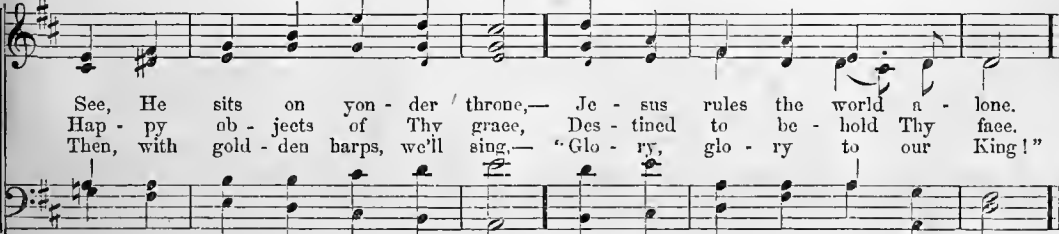
R. P. STEWART, 1868.



1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er—Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;  
 3. Sav - iour! hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day.



Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joice - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;  
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—  
 When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a - way:

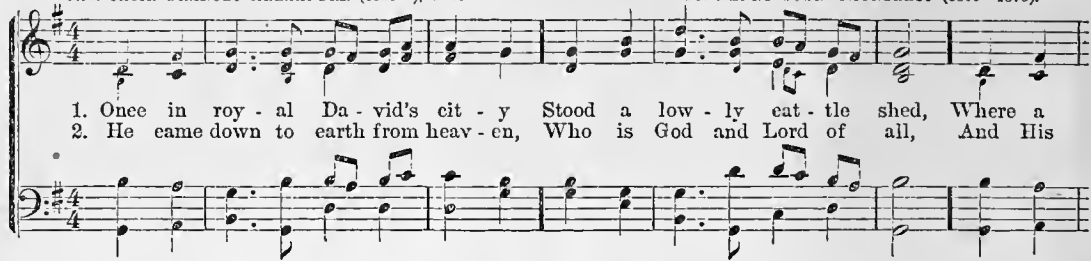


See, He sits on yon - der throne,— Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.  
 Then, with gold - den harps, we'll sing,— "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

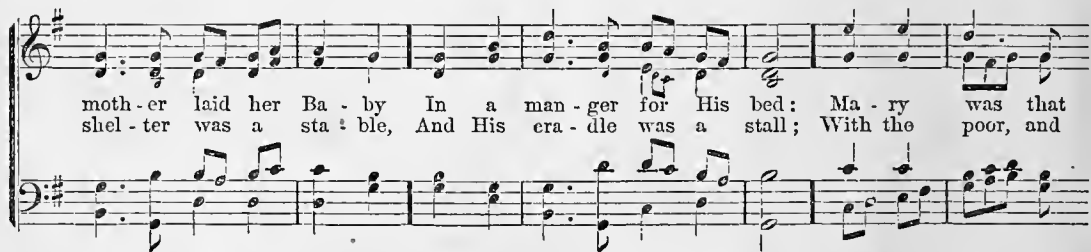
## THE CHILD JESUS.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823—), 1848.

Dr. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT (1806—1876).



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly eat - tle shed, Where a  
2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all, And His



moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry was that  
shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His era - dle was a stall; With the poor, and



moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ that lit - tle Child.  
mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour holy. *A-men.*

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.

29

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

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, Son of God, Who for me life's path - way trod, Who for me be -

came a child; Make me hum - ble, meek, and mild.

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.

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains, Pour'd for me the life-blood From His sacred veins!  
2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I find, Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!  
3. Blest thro' end - less a - ges Be the precious stream, Which from endless torments Did the world redeem!  
4. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high, An - gel - hosts re - joice - ing Make their glad re - ply.  
5. Lift ye then your voices; Swell the might - y flood; Louder still, and loud - er Praise the precious Blood.

## SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Rev. GODFREY THIRING, B.A. (1823—), 1862.

THEODORE EDWARD AYLWARD, 1868.

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces rais-ing Prais-es  
 2. Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a-do-ra-tion Bend-ing  
 3. Great and ev-er great-er Are Thy mer-cies here, True and ev-er-last-ing Are the

to our King; All we have we of-fer; All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it,  
 low the knee: Thou for our re-demption Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow,  
 glo-ries there, Where no pain nor sor-row, Toil or care is known; Where the angel-le-gions

All we yield to Thee.  
 Hast gone up on high.  
 Cir-cle round Thy throne. *A-men.*

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.

31

Bishop MANT, 1837.

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



1. Ho - ly Je - sus, Sav - iour bless'd, When, by pas - sion strong pos - sess'd, Through this world of  
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, when like night Er - ror dims our cloud - ed sight, Through the mists of



*ritardando.*

sin we stray, Thou to guide us art the Way.  
sin to shine, Thou dost rise, the Truth di - vine.


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 heavenly 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.



1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His last fare - well, A Guide, a Comfort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.  
2. He comes, His graces to im - part, A will - ing guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.  
3. He breathes that gentle voice we hear As breeze of even; That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.  
4. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace! Our weak - ness see; Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling - place, And worthier Thee!

Rev. CLARENCE AUGUSTUS WALWORTH (1820—), 1853.

From a Ger. Mel., arr. by JOHN HENRY CORNELL, 1865.

1. { Ho-ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, we bow be-fore Thee; }  
 { All on earth Thy sheep- tre claim, All in heav'n a-bove a-dore Thee: } In - fi - nite Thy vast do-main,

Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.

- 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.

## SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

33

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

JOHN HULLAH, 1867.

1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es      The Christian while he sings ;      It is the Lord, who ris - es  
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion      We sweetly then pur - sue      The theme of God's sal - va - tion,  
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing      But He will bear us through ;      Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing

With heal - ing in His wings : When com - forts are de - clin - ing,      He grants the soul a - gain  
 And find it ev - er new : Set free from pres - ent sor - row,      We cheer - ful - ly can say,  
 Will clothe His peo - ple too ;      Be - neath the spreading heav - ens,      No creature but is fed ;

A sea - son of clear shin - ing,      To cheer it aft - er rain.  
 Let the un - known to - mor - row      Bring with it what it may.  
 And He who feeds the ra - vens      Will give His chil - dren bread.

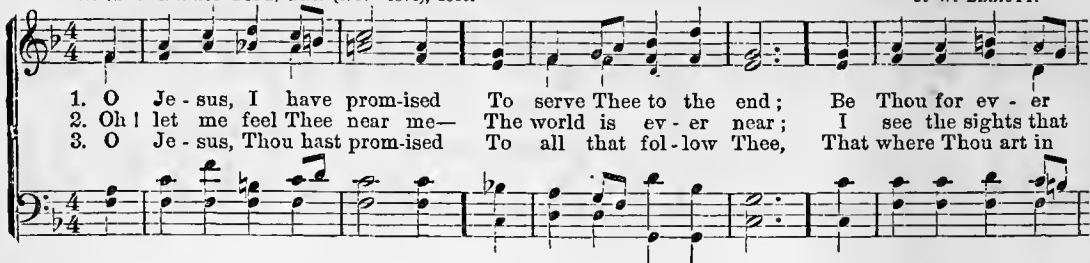
4.

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.

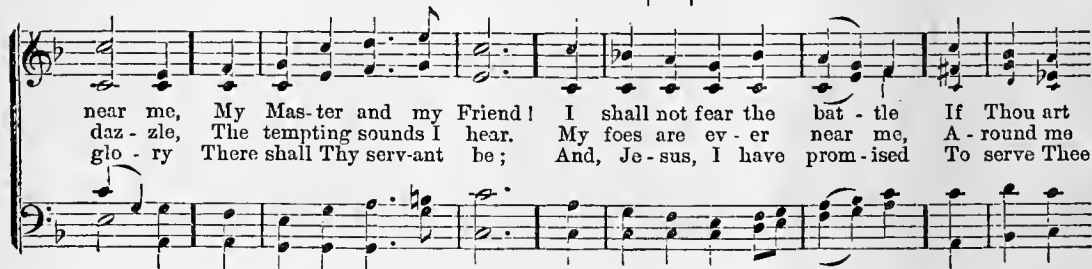
## O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.

Rev. JOHN ERNEST BODE, A.M. (1816-1874), 1860.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



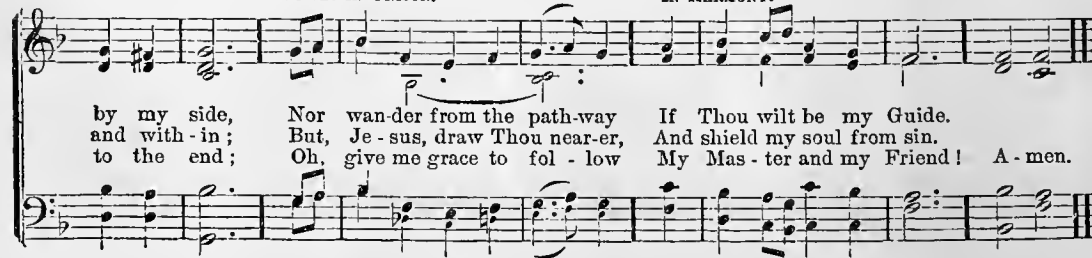
1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for ev - er  
 2. Oh! let me feel Thee near me— The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that  
 3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom-ised To all that fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in



near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art  
 daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me  
 glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be; And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee

VOICES IN UNISON.

IN HARMONY.



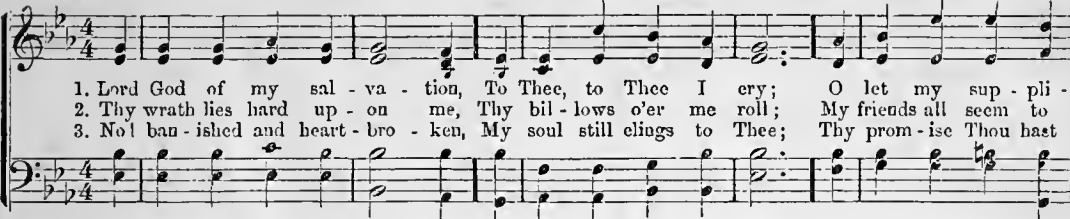
by my side, Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.  
 and with - in; But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.  
 to the end; Oh, give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend! A - men.

# TO THEE I CRY.

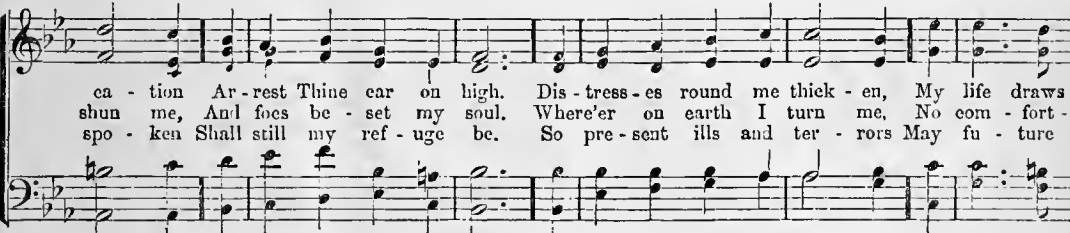
33

Rev. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

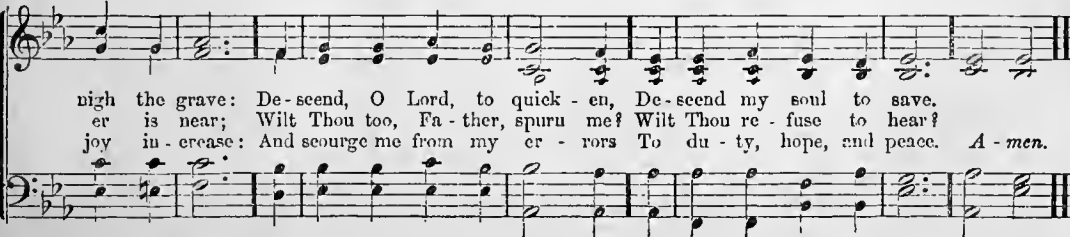
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc. (1810—1876).



1. Lord God of my sal - va - tion, To Thee, to Thee I cry; O let my sup - pli -  
 2. Thy wrath lies hard up - on me, Thy bil - lows o'er me roll; My friends all seem to  
 3. No! ban - ished and heart - bro - ken, My soul still clings to Thee; Thy prom - ise Thou hast



ca - tion Ar - rest Thine ear on high. Dis - tress - es round me thick - en, My life draws  
 shun me, And foes be - set my soul. Where'er on earth I turn me, No com - fort -  
 spo - ken Shall still my ref - uge be. So pre - sent ills and ter - rors May fu - ture

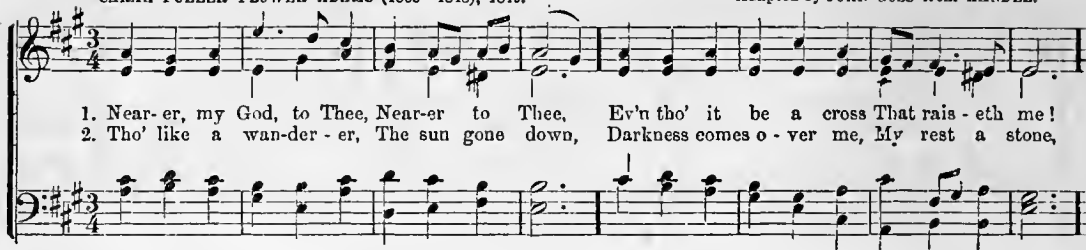


nigh the grave: De - scend, O Lord, to quick - en, De - scend my soul to save.  
 er is near; Wilt Thou too, Fa - ther, spur me? Wilt Thou re - fuse to hear?  
 joy in - crease: And scourge me from my er - rors To du - ty, hope, and peace. A - men.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH FULLER FLOWER ADAMS (1805—1848), 1840.

Adapted by JOHN GOSS from HANDEL.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Ev'n tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!  
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness comes o-ver me, My rest a stone,



Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

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!

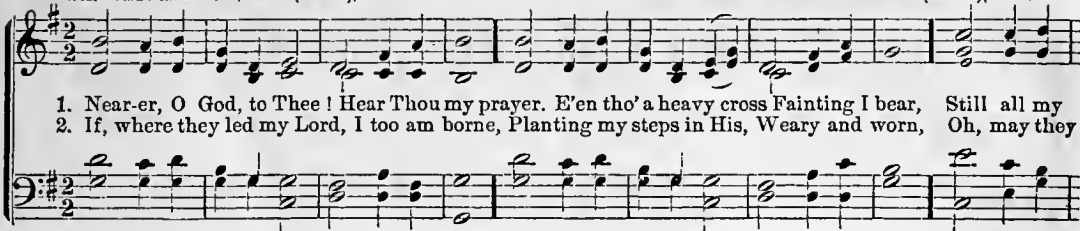
5 Or if, on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

# NEARER, O GOD, TO THEE.


37

WM. WALSHAM HOW, A.M. (1823—), 1854.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



1. Near-er, O God, to Thee ! Hear Thou my prayer. E'en tho' a heavy cross Fainting I bear, Still all my  
2. If, where they led my Lord, I too am borne, Planting my steps in His, Weary and worn, Oh, may they



prayer shall be, Near-er, O God, to Thee ; Near-er, O God, to Thee ; Near-er to Thee !  
car - ry me Near-er, O God, to Thee ; Near-er, O God, to Thee ; Near-er to Thee ! A - men.

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 GOTTSCALK (1829—1869), 1856.

1. Day by day the man-na fell; Oh, to learn this les-son well! Still by con-stant  
 2. "Day by day," the prom-ise reads, Dai-ly strength for dai-ly needs; Cast fore-bod-ing

mer-cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread.  
 fears a-way, Take the man-na of to-day.

- 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 SPÖHR, died 1859.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heat-ed in the chase, So pants my

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musical score for 'AS PANTS THE HART. Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

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.

musical score for 'THE LOWLY JESUS.' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. When, like a stranger on our sphere, The low - ly Je - sus wandered here, Where'er He  
2. The eye that rolled in irksome night, Be - held His face,—for God is Light: The op - ening

went, af - fle - tion fled, And sickness reared her fainting head.  
ear, the loosened tongue, His precepts heard, His prais-es sung.

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.

1. Lead, Kind- ly Light, a- mid th' en- cir- cling gloom,      Lead Thou me on;      The night is  
 2. I was not ev- er thus, nor prayed that Thou      Shouldst lead me on;      I loved to  
 3. So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure it      still      Will lead me on      O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home,      Lead Thou me on.      Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now....      Lead Thou me on!      I loved the gar- ish  
 fen, o'er crag and tor- rent, till....      The night is gone,      And with the morn those

do not ask to see....      The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears,....      Pride ruled my will: re- mem- ber not past years!  
 au- gel fa- ces smile....      Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while!

# UPWARD WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING. 41

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR (1808—). 1857.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827—).

1. Upward where the stars are burning, Si-lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the never changing pole ;  
2. Far beyond that arch of gladness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Are the many mansions fair.

Upward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest,—Lift I now my longing soul.  
Far from pain and sin and fol - ly, In that pal-ace of the ho - ly— I would find my mansion there.

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 measure,  
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.

PHOEBE 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.

# ON OUR WAY TO GOD.

43

Rev. THOS. KELLY (1769—1835), 1853.

S. S. WESLEY, 1863.

1. From E-gypt late-ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet-ter home,  
2. To Canaan's sa-cred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liber-ty are found,  
3. But hark! those distant sounds That strike our list'ning ears, They come from Canaan's happy bounds

Where we our rest shall gain. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!  
And sweets that nev-er cloy. Hal-le-lu-jah! etc.  
Where God, our King, ap-pears. Hal-le-lu-jah! etc.

We are on our way to God.

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—).

1. My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me  
 2. What though in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends beloved, no lon-ger nigh, Sub-mis-sive  
 3. Let but my faint-iog heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir-it for its guest, My God, to

from my heart to say, Thy will be done.  
 still would I re-ply, Thy will be done.  
 Thee I leave the rest: Thy will be done.

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!

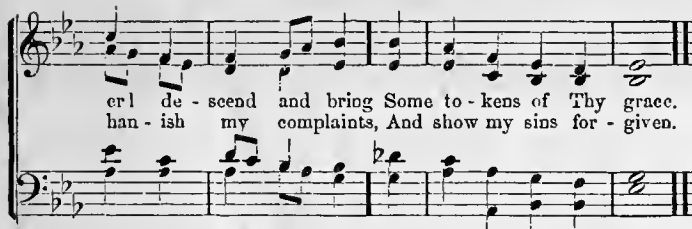
5 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a bappier shore,  
 Thy will be done!

## WHY SHOULD THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourn-ing all their days? Great Comfort-  
 2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt Thou



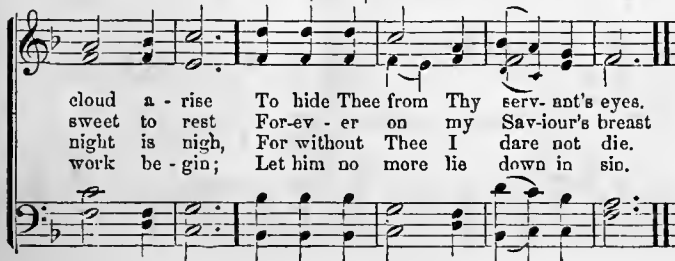
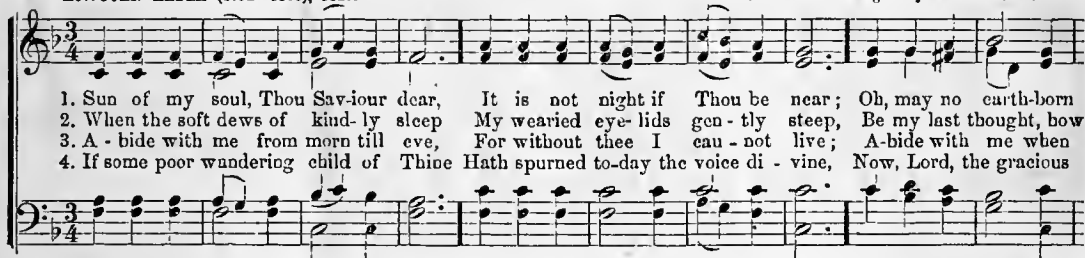
3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear Thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.

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.

1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me; The chang - es  
 2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watch - ing wise, To meet the  
 3. I ask Thee for the dai - ly strength To none that ask do - nied, A mind to

that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see: I ask Thee for a pre - sent mind,  
 glad with joy - ful smiles, To wipe the weeping eyes; A heart at leis - ure from it - self,  
 blend with out - ward life, While keeping at Thy side; Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space,

In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.  
 To soothe and sym - pa - thize. A - men.  
 If Thou be glo - ri - fied.

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.



# JUST AS I AM.

47

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789—1871), 1836.

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

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy Blood was shed for me,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Just As I Am.' It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 3/4 time and key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy Blood was shed for me,' are written below the staves.

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - men.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. It includes the lyrics 'And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - men.' The tempo marking 'rall.' is placed above the treble staff, and 'Org.' is placed below the bass staff at the end of the system.

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.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In  
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that Hand is scarred, And

low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er. Shame on us, Chris - tian  
 thorns Thy Brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy Face have marred. Oh, love that pass - eth

breth - ren, His Name and sign who bear, Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on' us,  
 knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual,

To keep Him stand-ing there.  
So fast to bar the gate! A - men.

- 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.

1. Day by day we mag-ni-fy Thee, Not in words of praise a-lone; Truth-ful lips and

meek o-be-dience Show Thy glory in Thine own. A - men.

- 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.

1. The God of Love my Shepherd is, And He that doth me feed; While He is mine and  
2. He leads me to the ten - der grass, Where I both feed and rest; Then to the streams that

I am His, What can I want or need?  
gen - tly pass; In both I have the best.

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 FEWLEY MONSELL, LL.D. (1811—1875), 1862.

J. BARNBY, 1866.

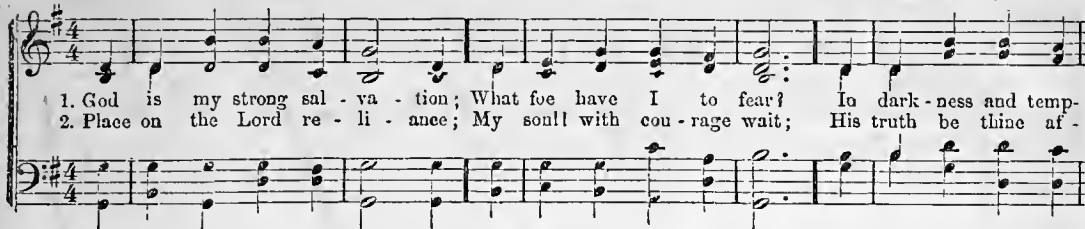
1. Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mercy - seat My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mercy sweet.  
2. Where'er Thy name is blest, Where'er Thy people meet, There I de-light in Thee to rest, And find Thy mercy sweet.  
3. Light Thou my weary way, Lead Thou my wand'ring feet, That while I stay on earth I may Still find Thy mercy sweet.  
4. Thus shall the heavenly host Hear all my songs repeat, To Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Thy joy, Thy mercy sweet.

# GOD, MY SALVATION.

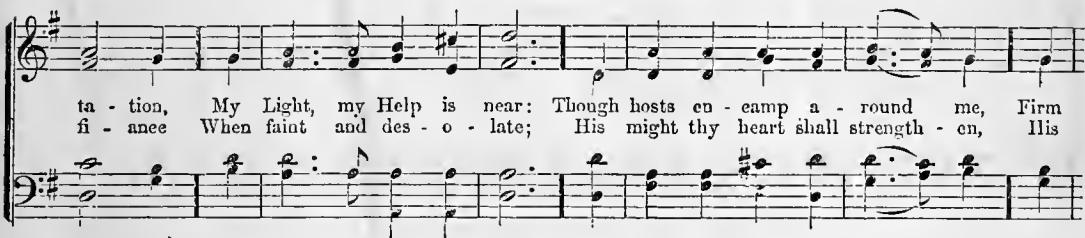
51

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771-1854), 1822.

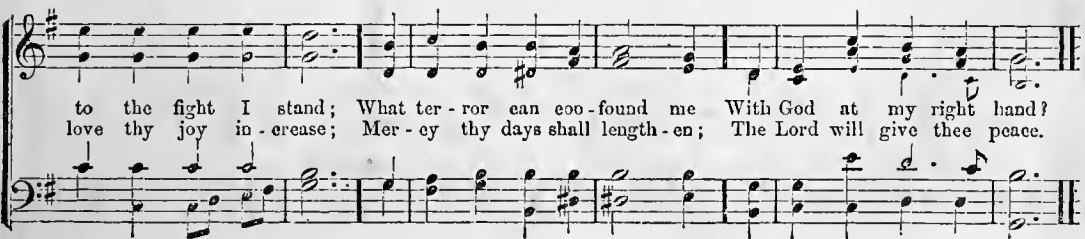
Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS, B.A.



1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In dark - ness and temp -  
 2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance; My soul with cou - rage wait; His truth be thine af -



ta - tion, My Light, my Help is near: Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm  
 fi - ance When faint and des - o - late; His might thy heart shall strength - en, His



to the fight I stand; What ter - ror can eco - found me With God at my right hand?  
 love thy joy in - crease; Mer - cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.

## WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867.

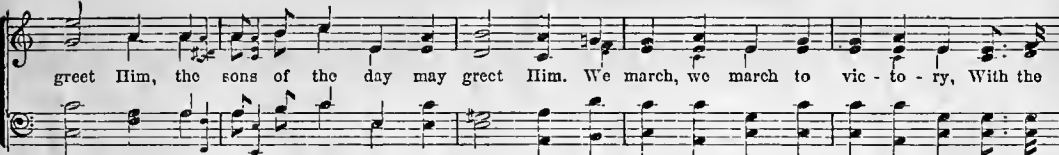
JOSEPH BARNBY (1833—), 1869.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

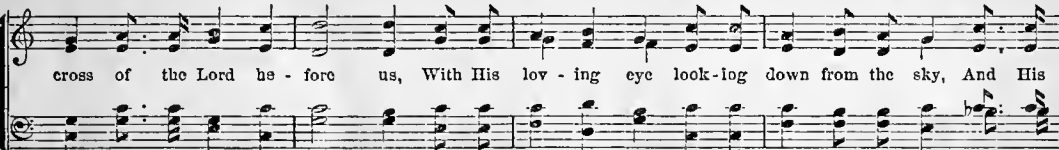
lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His

Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We come in the night of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to  
His Arm

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may



greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the



cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His



Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, Our o'er ns.

His Arm

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.

1. Re-joice, re-joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap-pear; The shades of eve are thick'ning. And  
 2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re - plen-ish them with oil; Look now for your sal - va - tion The  
 3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye

dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh: Up!  
 end of sin and toil. The watch-ers on the mount - ains Proclaim the Bridegroom, near, Go,  
 meet the an - gel-choir. The mar-riage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand; Up,

pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry:  
 meet Him, as He com - eth. With hal - le - lu - jabs clear.  
 up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 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.

53

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, D.D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

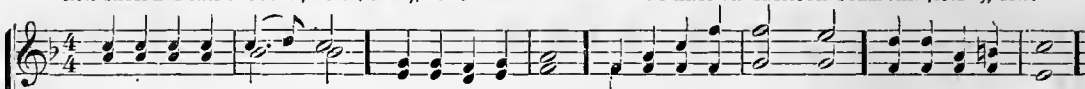
1. Let our choir new an - thems raise; Wake the song of glad - ness; God Him - self to  
 2. Nev - er flinched they from the flame, From the tor - ture nev - er; Vain the foe - man's  
 3. Up and fol - low, Christian men! Press thro' toil and sor - row; Spurn the night of

joy and praise Turns the mar - tyr's sad - ness: Bright the day that won their crown, Op - ened  
 sharp - est aim, Sa - tao's best en - deav - or: For by faith they saw the land Deeked in  
 fear, and then, Oh, the glo - rious mor - row! Who will vent - ure on the strife? Blest who

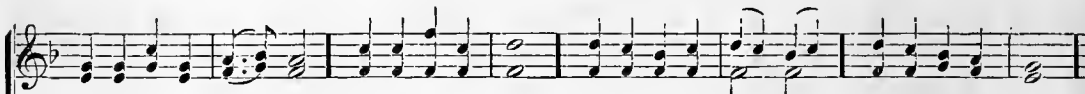
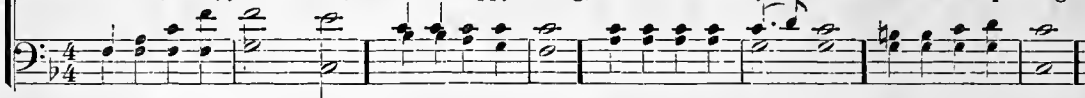
*ritenuto.*  
 heaven's bright por - tal, As they laid the mor - tal down To put on th'im - mor - tal.  
 all its glo - ry, Where tri - umphant now they stand With the vic - tor's sto - ry.  
 first be - gin it; Who will grasp the Land of Life? War - riers, up and win it! A - men.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A. (1834—), 1865.

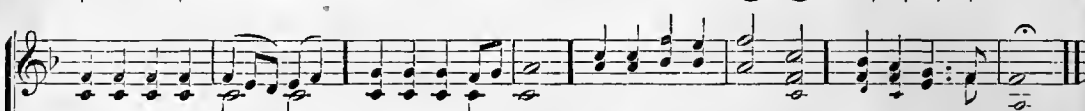
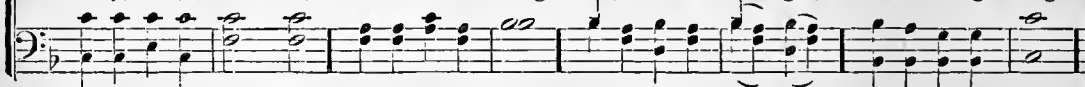
Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



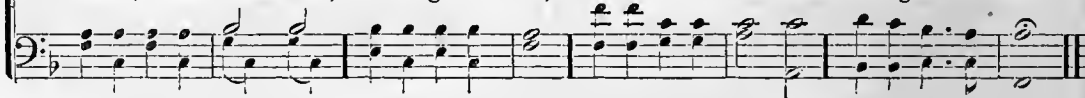
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain.
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song.



Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe: Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go.  
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one body we; One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.  
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and Angels sing.



Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.



# SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.


37

C. WESLEY, 1749.

E. G. MONK. 1867.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the  
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power; Who in the



strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.  
strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or. A - men.

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.*

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky,.... Waving wanderers onward, To their  
 2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sacred feet,.... Here with hearts rejoicing, See Thy

home on high ;... Journ'ying o'er a des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts united,  
 children meet :... Oft-en have we left Thee, Often gone a-stray, Keep us, mighty Sav-iour,

Take our heavenward way. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers  
 In the narrow way. Brightly gleams, etc.

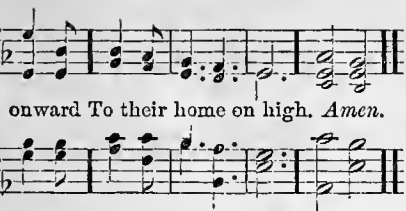
\* The small notes indicate the necessary accompaniment.

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.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christian, on - ward go! Fight the fight, main-  
2. On - ward, Christian, on - ward go! Join the war, and face the foe; Will you flee in

tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.  
dan - ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap - tain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armor clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Vie'try 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!

# 60 HARK! HARK! THE ORGAN LOUDLY PEALS.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

ORGAN. *f*

*rall.*

Ped.



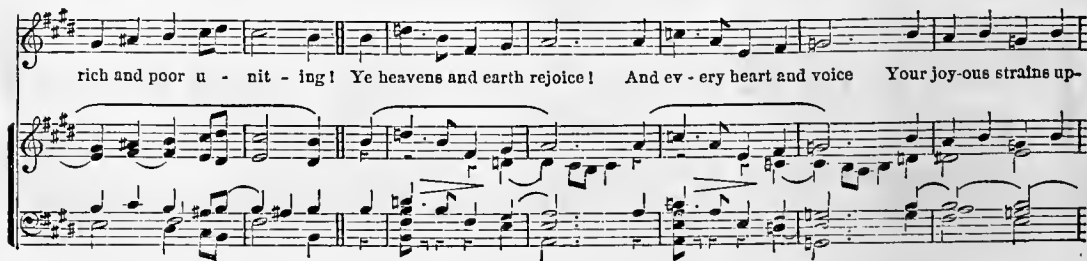
VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Hark! hark! the or-gan loud - ly peals, Our thankful hearta in - vit - ing To sing our great Cre - a - tor's praise, Both

*mf*



rich and poor u - nit - ing! Ye heavens and earth rejoice! And ev - ery heart and voice Your joy-ous strains up-



raise In notes of end-less praise Be-fore His Throne for ev - er, for ev - - er. A - men.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, featuring a more complex accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

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. FOND.

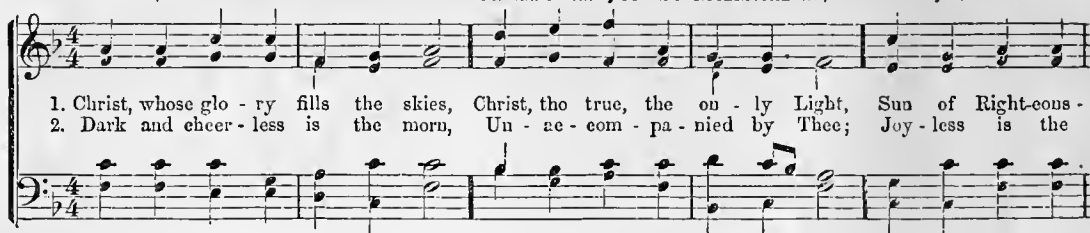
HUBERT PLATT MAIN, (1839—), 1873.

1. O God! temptation's nigh; Sin clouds the azure sky: To Thee for aid I fly: Help and re-lieve.  
2. Hear, Saviour! hear my cry: And if I live or die, Do Thou be ev-er nigh: Help and re-lieve. A - men.

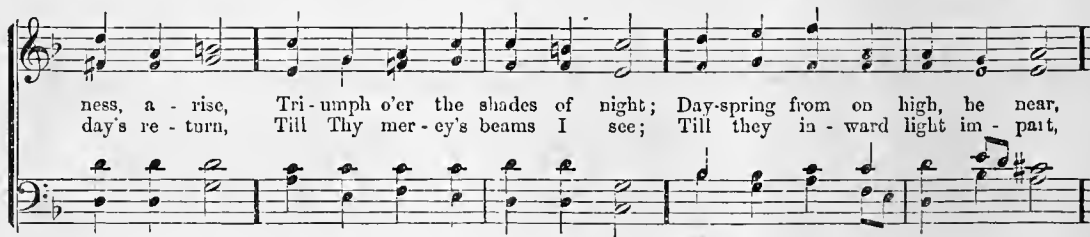
The musical score is in 3/4 time and features a single melodic line in treble clef. The accompaniment is provided by a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with a simple harmonic structure.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

German Choral by JOHANN ROSENUELLER, 1655. Arr. by JOHN GOSS.



1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, tho true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Right-eous -  
 2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee; Joy - less is the



ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near,  
 day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see; Till they in - ward light im - part,



Day - star in my heart ap - pear.  
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3.

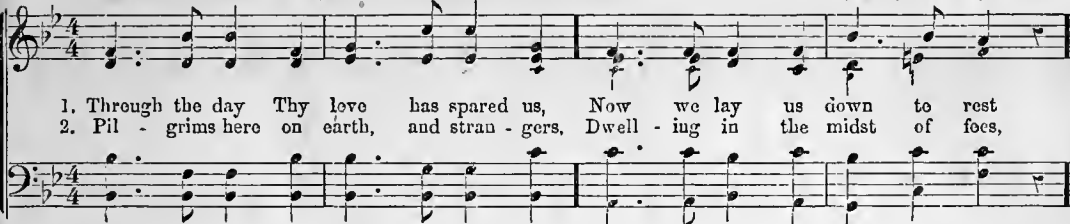
Visit, then, this soul of mine;  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
 Fill me, Radiancy divine,  
 Scatter all my unbelief;  
 More and more Thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect day!



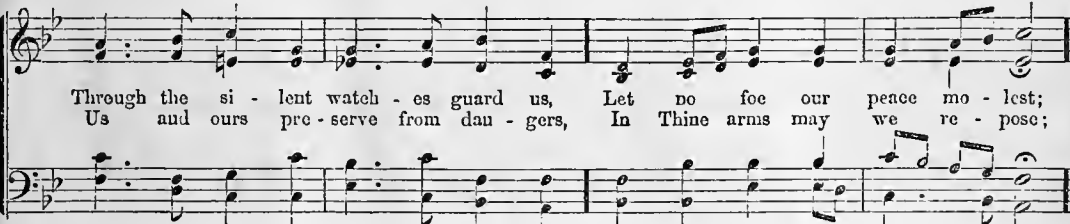
# THROUGH THE DAY THY LOVE HAS SPARED US. 63

Rev. THOMAS KELLY (1769—1835), 1806.

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



1. Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest  
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Through the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;  
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers, In Thine arms may we re - pose;



Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.  
And, when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

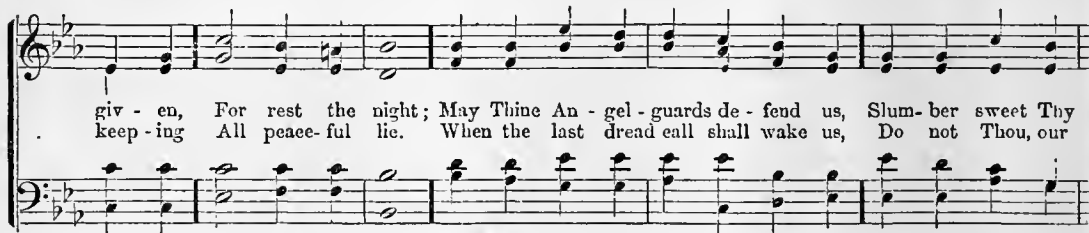
# 64 GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

1st verse by Bishop REGINALD HEBER. 2d verse by Bishop RICHARD WHATELY.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, London, England.



1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for toil hast  
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And when we die May we in Thy might - y



giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine An - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy  
keep - ing All peace - ful lie. When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our



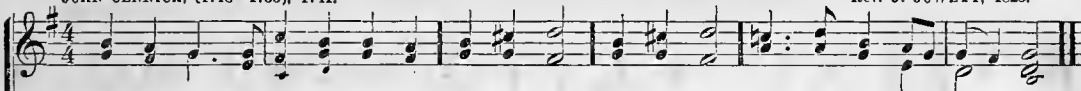
mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.  
God, for - sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high. A - men.

# ERE I SLEEP, FOR EVERY FAVOR.

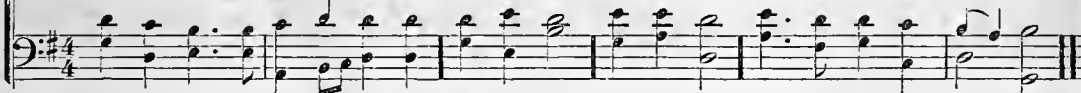
63

JOHN GENNICK, (1718-1755), 1741.

Rev. J. JOWETT, 1823.



1. Ere I sleep, for ev - ery fa - vor This day shewed By my God, I will bless my Sav - iour.
2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let Thy peace Be my bliss, Till Thou hence re - move me.
3. Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower, Safe - ly keep While I sleep, Me with all Thy pow - er.
4. So, whene'er in death I slum - ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count - ed in their num - ber.



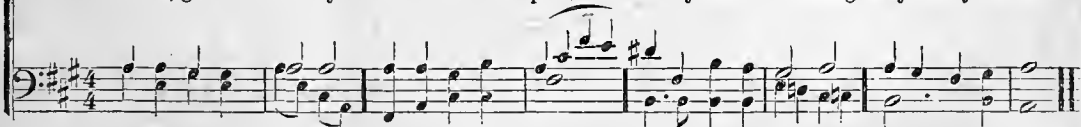
# NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNEY, 1863.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, With Thy tend' rest blessing May our eyelids close.



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.



1. The day is past and o - ver; We lift our hearts to Thee, And pray Thee now that sin - less  
Thee, And pray. . . .



be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight,  
The hours of night may be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

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.

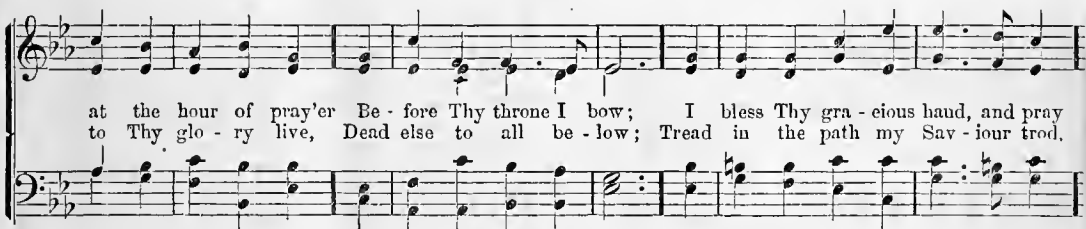
# LORD OF MY LIFE, WHOSE TENDER CARE. 67

Ω. CHELSEA, 1833.

E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



1. Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now, Here low - ly  
2. Oh, may I dai - ly, hour - ly, strive In heavenly grace to grow; To Thee and



at the hour of pray'er Be - fore Thy throne I bow; I bless Thy gra - cious hand, and pray  
to Thy glo - ry live, Dead else to all be - low; Tread in the path my Sav - iour trod,



For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.  
Though thorn - y, yet the path of God. A - men.

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.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of  
 2. I'm glad my blessed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and  
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise, And tho' I can - not

*Fine.*

glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell: I am both weak and sin - ful, But  
 ho - ly His lit - tle ones may be: And if I try to fol - low, His  
 see Him, I know He hears my praise! For He has kind - ly prom - ised That

*D. C.*

this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.  
 foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.  
 I shall sure - ly go To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so.

# WHEN SHADES OF NIGHT.

69

CHARLES COFFIN (1676—1749), 1736.

J. BARNBY, 1865.

1. When shades of night a - round us close, And wea - ry limbs in sleep re - pose, The

faith - ful soul a - wake may be, And long - ing, sigh, O Lord, to Thee. A - men.

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.

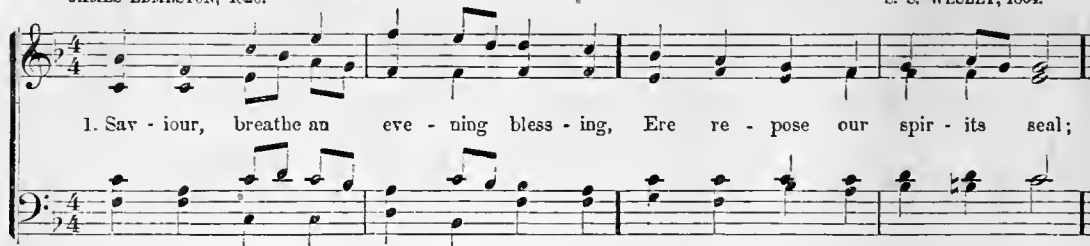
## DOXOLOGY.

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.



1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;



Sin and want we come con - fess - iog; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

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.



# IN THY NAME ASSEMBLING.

71

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

EDW. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng., 1863.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near: Teach us  
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee; Cheered by

to re - joice with trem - bling: Speak, and let Thy serv - ants hear; Hear with meek - ness—  
hope, and dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be, Till Thy glo - ry

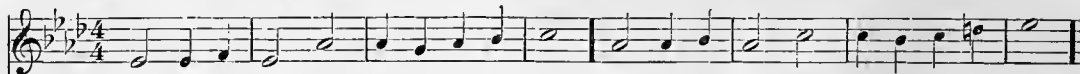
Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.  
With - out cloud in heaven we see. A - men.

3.

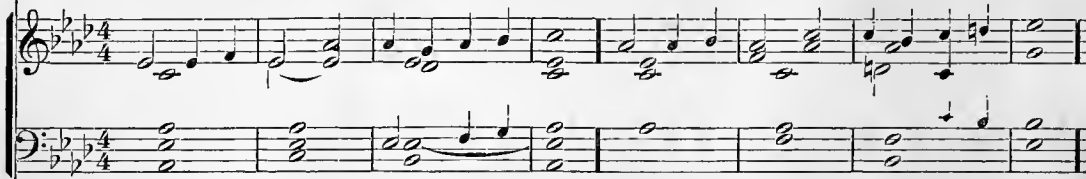
3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
All Thy people shall adore;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before;  
Full enjoyment,  
Full and pure forevermore. Amen.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. (1826—), 1866.

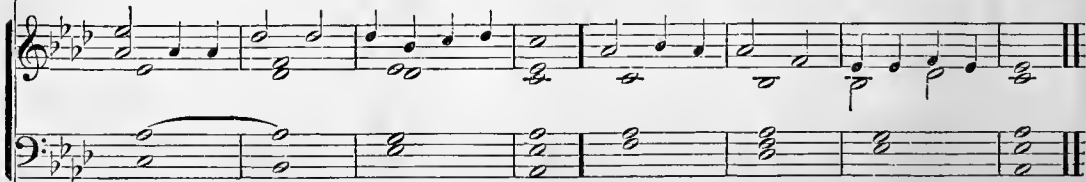
E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise ;  
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way ; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day ;



We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy Name.



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.

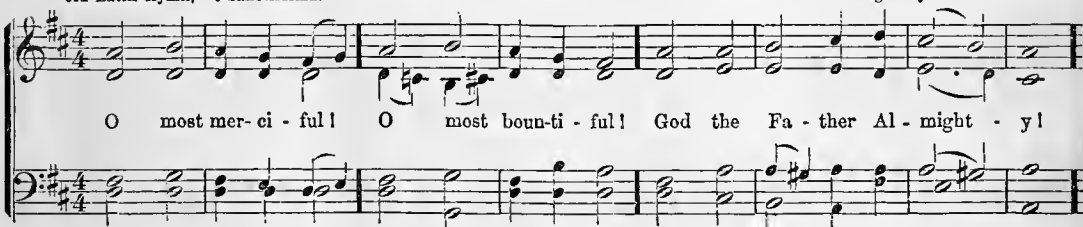
4.

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.

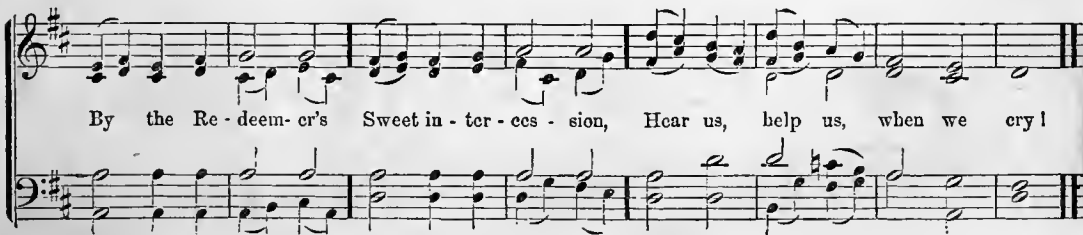
## CLOSING HYMN. (Sicily.)

Old Latin Hymn, "O Sanctissima."

Arranged by JAMES TURLE.



O most mer-ci - ful! O most boun-ti - ful! God the Fa - ther Al - might - y!

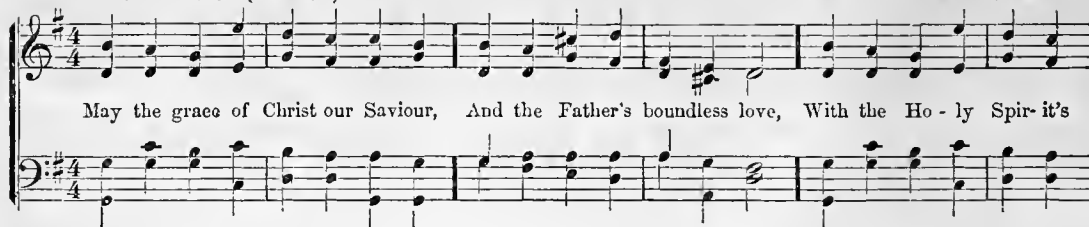


By the Re - deem - cr's Sweet in - ter - ces - sion, Hear us, help us, when we cry!

## MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON (1725—1807).

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.



May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spir - it's



fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove! Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er



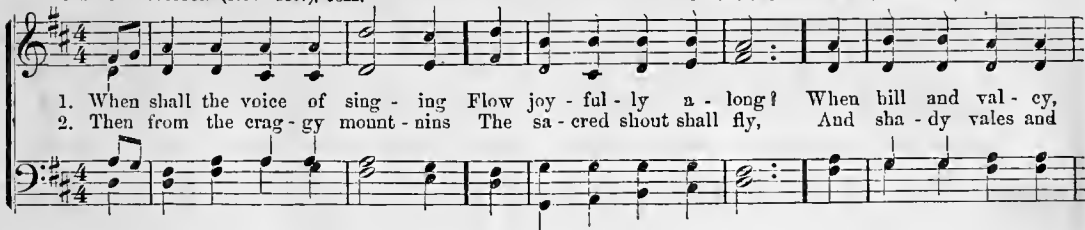
and the Lord, And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

# WHEN SHALL THE VOICE OF SINGING.

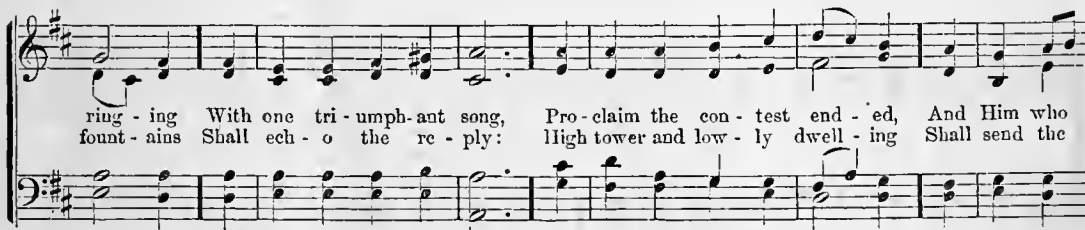
75

JAMES EDMESTON (1791-1867), 1822.

Rev. J. S. SIDEBOTHAM, New College, Oxford.



1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When bill and val - cy,  
2. Then from the crag - gy mount - nins The sa - cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and



ring - ing With one tri - umph - ant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who  
fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply: High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall send the

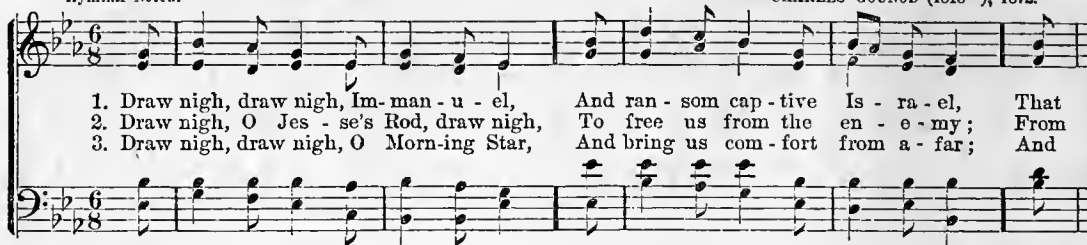


once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.  
cho - rus round, All Hal - le - lu - jahs swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

# 76 DRAW NIGH, DRAW NIGH, IMMANUEL.

Hymnal Noted.

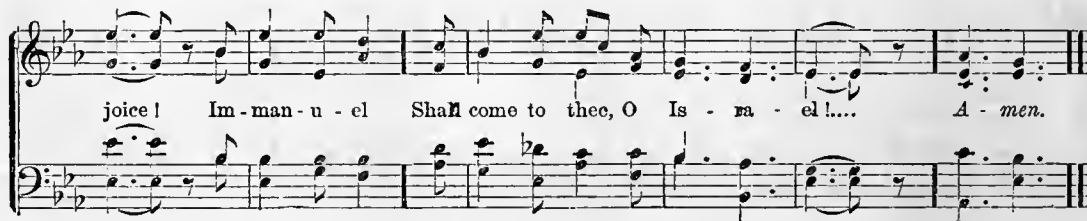
CHARLES GOUNOD (1818—), 1872.



1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That  
 2. Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the en - e - my; From  
 3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn-ing Star, And bring us com - fort from a - far; And



mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re -  
 hell's a - byss Thy peo - ple save, And give us vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! etc.  
 ban - ish far from us the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re - joice! etc.



joice! Im-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!... A - men.

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).

1. Je - sus !—the ve - ry thought is sweet ; In that dear name all heart-joys meet ; But sweeter than sweet  
2. No word is sung more sweet than this: No name is heard more full of bliss: No thought brings sweeter

hon - ey far The glimpses of His Presence are.  
com-fort nigh, Than Jesus, Son of God most high. A - men.

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.

1. { Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee— Loud as might-y thun- ders roar, } Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Or the full- ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore :  
 2. { Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound From earth's cen - ter to the skies } See Je - ho - vah's  
 Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies! }

for the Lord God Om - nip - o - tent doth reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word  
 ban - ner, furled, Sheathed his sword, He speaks, 'tis done, And the king- doms of this world

Eh - o round the earth and main.  
 Are the King- dom of His Son. A - men.

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.

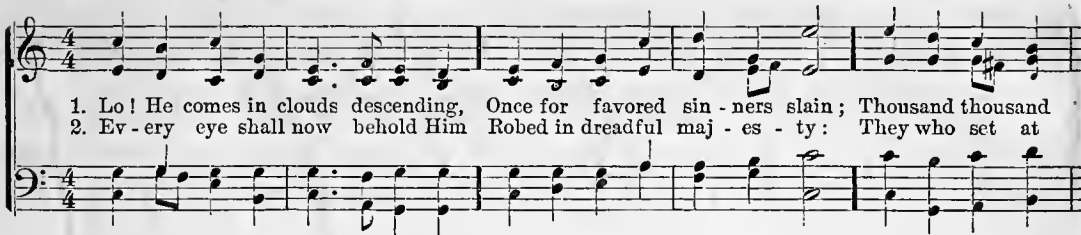


# LO! HE COMES IN CLOUDS DESCENDING.

79

Rev. JOHN CENNICK (1718—1755), 1750, alt.

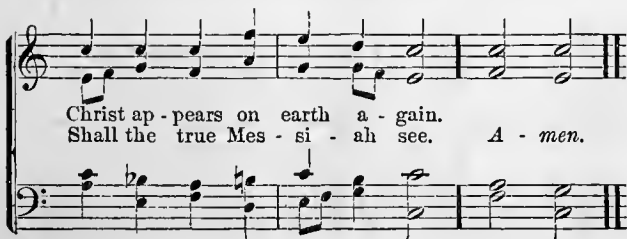
HENRY SMART (1812—), 1868.



1. Lo! He comes in clouds descending, Once for favored sin - ners slain; Thousand thousand  
2. Ev - ery eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty: They who set at



saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing,



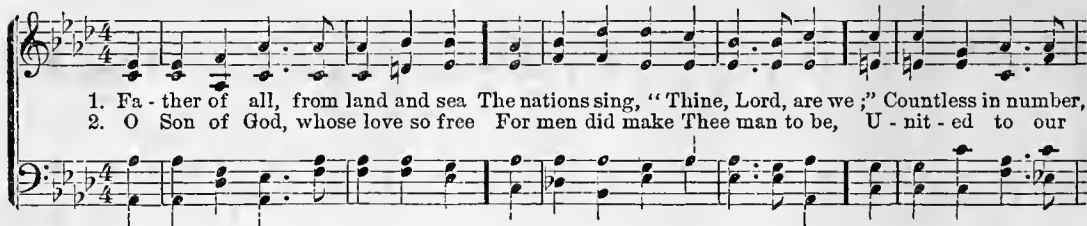
Christ ap - pears on earth a - gain.  
Shall the true Mes - si - ah see. A - men.

3.

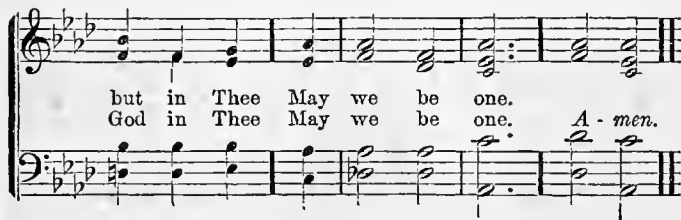
Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal Throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:  
O come quickly!  
Hallelujah! Amen. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1865.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. (1806—1876).



1. Fa - ther of all, from land and sea The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we ;" Countless in number,  
2. O Son of God, whose love so free For men did make Thee man to be, U - nit - ed to our



but in Thee May we be one.  
God in Thee May we be one. A - men.

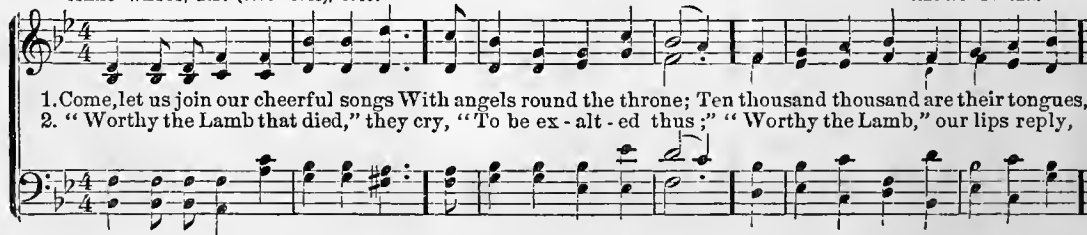
3 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, in Persons Three,  
Dwell ever in our hearts ; like Thee  
May we be one.

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.

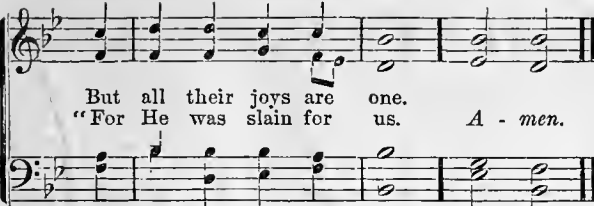
## COME, LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (1674—1748), 1709.

HENRY LAHEE.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus ;" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,



But all their joys are one.  
"For He was slain for us. A - men.

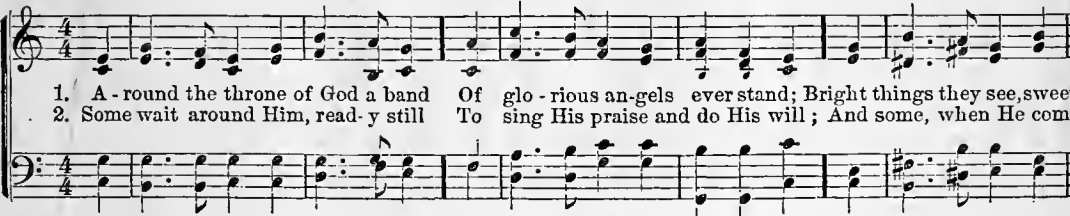
3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

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.

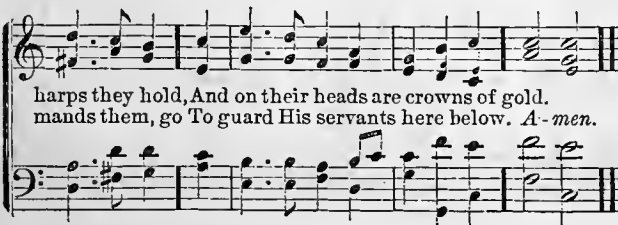
AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD A BAND.

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

EDWARD H. THORNE.



1. A - round the throne of God a band Of glo - rious an - gels ever stand ; Bright things they see, sweet  
2. Some wait around Him, read - y still To sing His praise and do His will ; And some, when He com -

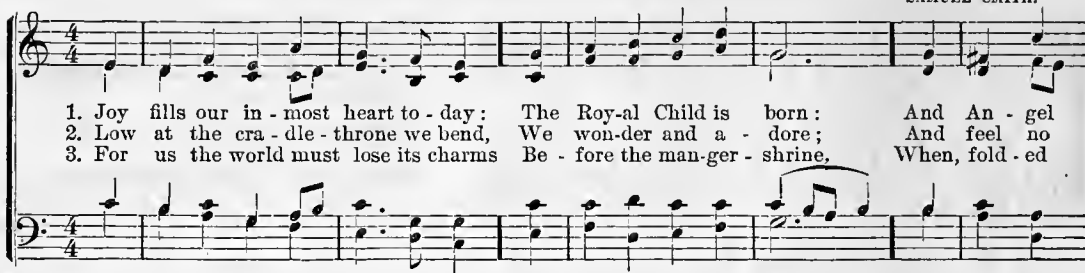


harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.  
mands them, go To guard His servants here below. A - men.

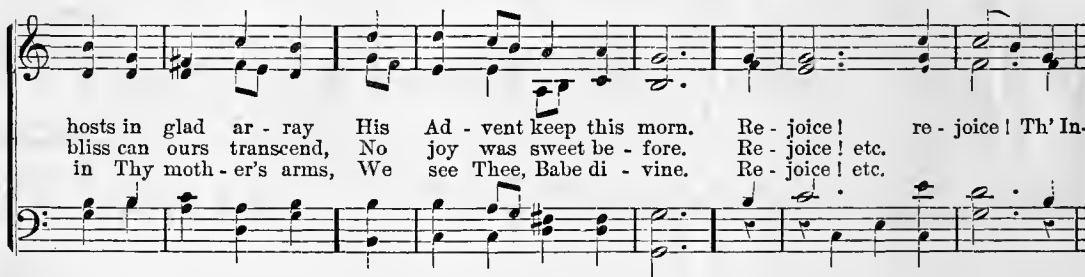
3 Lord, give Thy Angels every day  
Command to guide us on our way ;  
And bid them every evening keep  
Their watch around us while we sleep.

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.

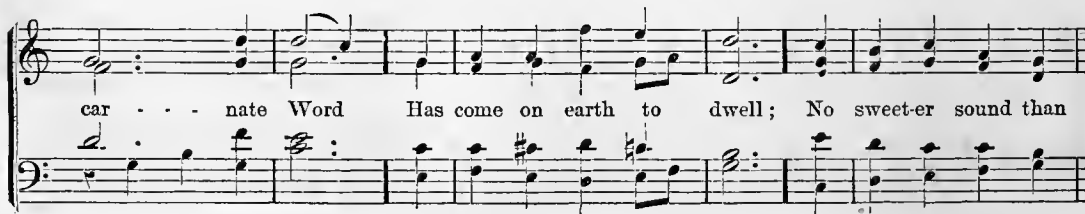
SAMUEL SMITH.



1. Joy fills our in - most heart to - day :    The Roy - al Child is    born :    And An - gel  
 2. Low at the cra - dle - throne we bend,    We won - der and a - dore ;    And feel no  
 3. For us the world must lose its charms    Be - fore the man - ger - shrine,    When, fold - ed



hosts in glad ar - ray    His Ad - vent keep this morn.    Re - joice !    re - joice ! Th' In -  
 bliss can ours transcend,    No joy was sweet be - fore.    Re - joice ! etc.  
 in Thy moth - er's arms,    We see Thee, Babe di - vine.    Re - joice ! etc.



car - - - nate Word    Has come on earth to dwell ;    No sweet - er sound than



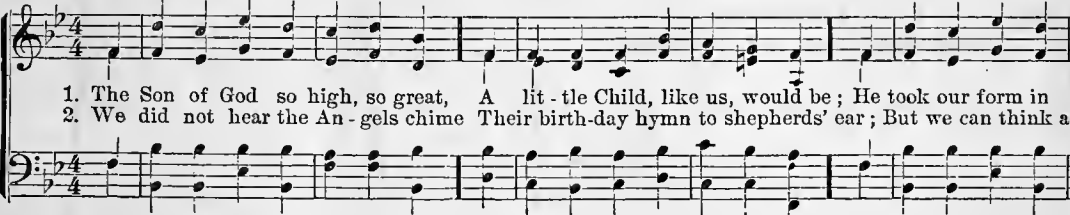
this is heard—Im-man-u-el. A-men.

- 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.

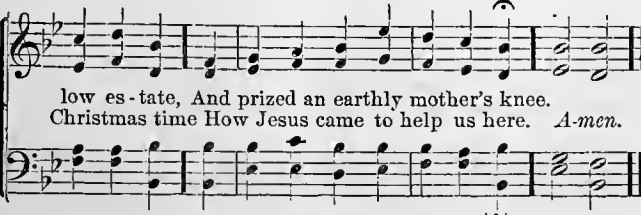
## THE SON OF GOD, SO HIGH, SO GREAT.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823—).

Arranged.



1. The Son of God so high, so great, A lit-tle Child, like us, would be; He took our form in  
2. We did not hear the An-gels chime Their birth-day hymn to shepherds' ear; But we can think at



low es-tate, And prized an earthly mother's knee.  
Christmas time How Jesus came to help us here. A-men.

- 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. Dec.



1. An exile for the faith Of his incarnate Lord, Beyond the stars, beyond all space, The loved disciple soared: Amen,

- 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—).



1. Hark! the heaven's sweet melody Ech-oes now on earth, And the bands of those on high  
2. Shepherds watch their flocks by night; Angel notes they hear; Songs of glo-ry in the height,  
3. Of His Birth the bright stars tell, Pouring floods of light; Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,  
4. There, with-in the man-ger laid, They their Lord des-cry: We that Child of moth-er-maid

Sing the vir-gin-birth; What mean ye, O ye pas-sers-by, Share ye not their mirth?  
 Peace and love brought near: To us they sing, thro' love's dear might; Praise to Christ they bear.  
 All those stars in sight: They find the King of Heaven where dwell Ox and ass of right.  
 Sing with praises high; With homage, Lord, thus du-ly paid We to Thee draw nigh. A-men.

## BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771—1854), 1853.

German Choral. 1684.

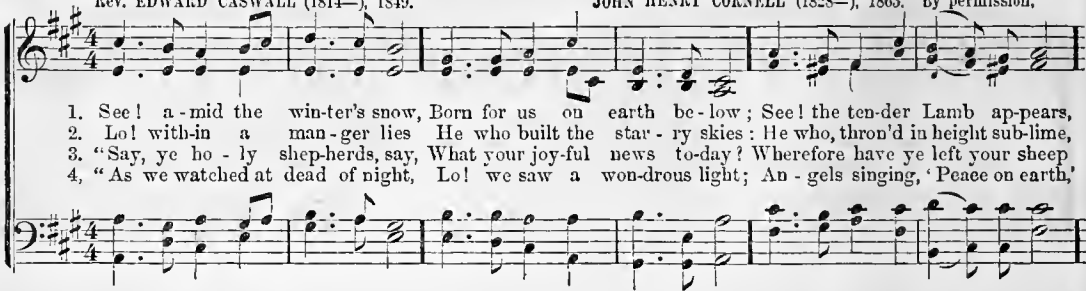
1. Bright and joyful is the morn, For to us a Child is born; From the highest realms of heaven  
 2. On His shoulder He shall bear Power and majes-ty, and wear On His Ves-ture and His Thigh,  
 3 Wonderful in counsel, He,  
 The incarnate Deity,  
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
 King of kings, and Prince 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.

Un-to us a Son is given.  
 Names most aw-ful, names most high. A-men.

## SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

Rev. EDWARD CASWALL (1814—), 1849.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1865. By permission,



1. See! a-mid the win-ter's snow, Born for us on earth be-low; See! the ten-der Lamb ap-pears,  
 2. Lo! with-in a man-ger lies He who built the star-ry skies: He who, thron'd in height sub-lime,  
 3. "Say, ye ho-ly shep-herds, say, What your joy-ful news to-day? Wherefore have ye left your sheep,  
 4. "As we watched at dead of night, Lo! we saw a won-drous light; An-gels singing, 'Peace on earth,

## Chorus.



Promised from e-ter-nal years! Hail! thou ev-er bless-ed morn! Hail! Re-demp-tion's hap-py dawn!  
 Sits a-mid the cher-u-bim, Hail! &c.  
 On the lone-ly mountain steep?" Hail! &c.  
 Told us of the Saviour's birth." Hail! &c.



Sing thro' all Je-ru-sa-lem, Christ is born in Bethlehem! A-men.


5 Saered 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 (1810-1870), 1850.


Adapted from MENDELSSOHN by E. J. HOPKINS, London, Eng.



1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending near the  
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they came, With peaceful wings un - furl'd; And still their heavenly mu - sic  
 3. And ye beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the climbing



earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King;"  
 floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heavenly wing,  
 way With painful steps and slow; Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swiftly on the wing;



*p* ral - len - tan - do.

4.

The world in so - lemn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!  
 And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The blessed an - gels sing!  
 Oh! rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!

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.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !

Star of the East, the horizon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. A - men.

## 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.

# HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

89

*Moderately slow.*

J. BARNBY, 1868.

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light; Ho - ly night! peaceful

night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light; Yonder, where they sweet

*rallentando.*  
vig-ils keep O'er the Babe, who in si-lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

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!"

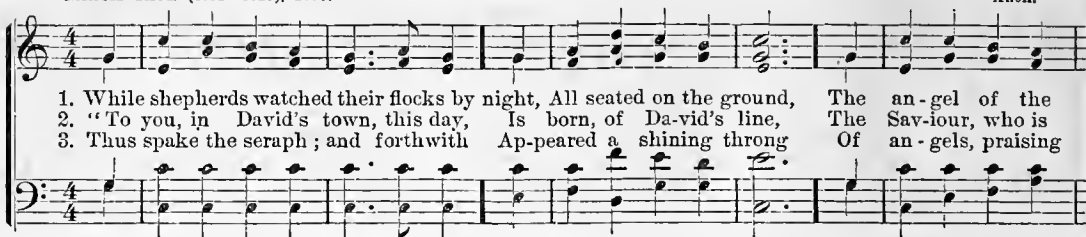
3 Silent night! holiest night!  
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!  
See the eastern wise men bring  
Gifts and homage to our King!  
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!

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.

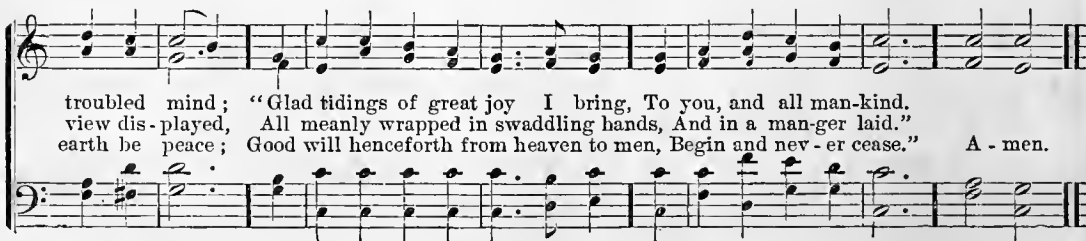
Anon.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the  
 2. "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born, of Da-vid's line, The Sav-iour, who is  
 3. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith Ap-peared a shining throng Of an-gels, praising



Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their  
 Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heavenly babe you there shall find, To hu-man  
 God, and thus Addressed their joyful song: "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the



troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you, and all man-kind,  
 view dis-played, All meanly wrapped in swaddling hands, And in a man-ger laid."  
 earth be peace; Good will henceforth from heaven to men, Begin and nev-er cease." A - men.

# THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

91

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

1. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas - tree! Ev - er - green Have its  
 2. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas - tree! Once the pride Of the  
 3. Gath - er a - round the Christmas - tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas - tree! Ev - 'ry bough Bears a

branch - es been, It is king of all the wood - land seeoe: For Christ, our King, is born to - day,  
 mount - ain side, Now cut down to grace our Christ - mas - tide: For Christ from heav'n to earth came down,  
 bur - den now, They are gifts of love for us, we trow: For Christ is born, His love to show,

## Chorus.

His reign shall nev - er pass a - way. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!  
 To gain, thro' death, a no - bler crown. Ho - san - na, &c.  
 And give good gifts to men be - low. Ho - sau na, &c.

Rev. ANGELÓ A. BENSON. Translated 1862.

Melody by J. G. EBELING (1620—1672), 1666.

1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest an - gel voi - ces;  
 2. Hark! a voice from you - der man - ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en - treat, "Flee from woe and dan - ger;

"Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing.  
 Breth - ren, come; from all doth grieve you You are freed; All you need I will sure - ly give you."

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.

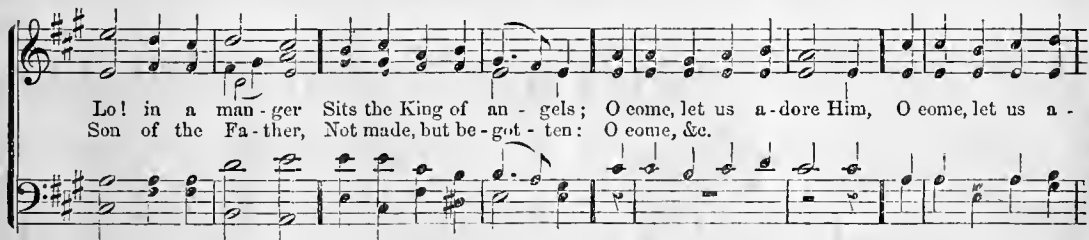
# ADESTE FIDELES. O come, all ye faithful.

93

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



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umphant, To Beth - le - hem hasten now with glad ac - cord;  
2. Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, Our low - - ly na - ture He hath not ab - horr'd;



Lo! in a man - ger Sits the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten: O come, &c.



dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!  
Songs of loudest triumph,  
Through heaven's high arches be your praises  
Now to our God be [pour'd;  
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.

C. WESLEY, 1744.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time he -  
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and Life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,  
 hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;  
 all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in  
 Hail! th'In - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King!  
 man - u - el. Hark! etc.  
 sec - ond birth. Hark! etc.

*Org.*

## PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CHARLES (1818—).

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, Med. D. (1773—1813), 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His lov - ing kind - ness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His err - ing  
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour! great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen  
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - for - ter of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

children; Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the hea - vens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!  
 peo - ple; Young men and maidens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!  
 bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God!

Rev. JOHN CHANDLER (1806—1862), 1841.

Arr. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818—).

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright a-bode, The an - gel host on high Sing praises

to their God: Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia. Amen.

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.

# WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

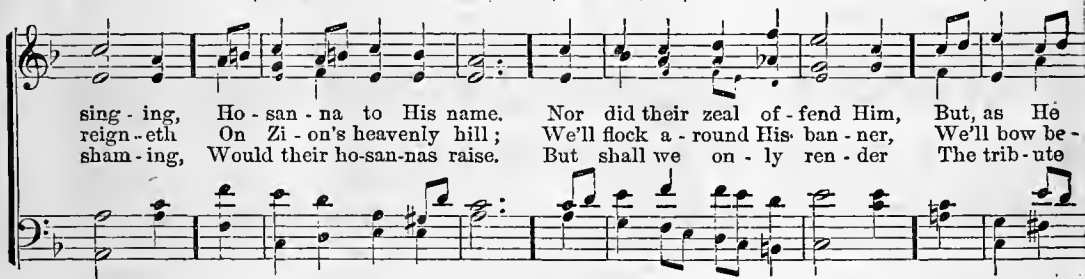
97

Rev. JOSHUA KING, 1830.

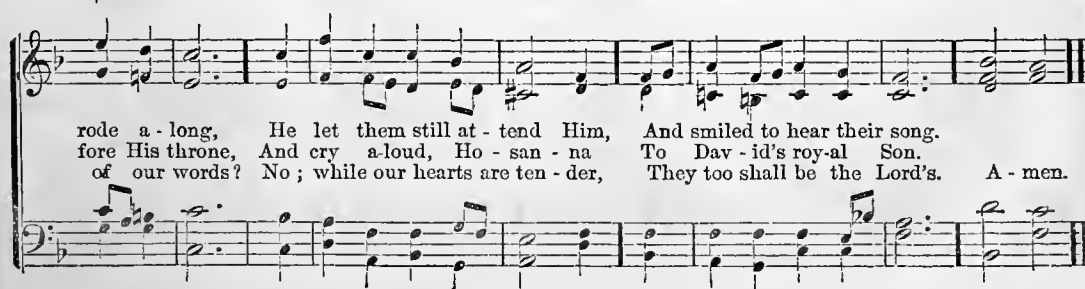
BERTHOLD TOURS. (1838—).



1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood  
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth, His love to children still, Though now as King He  
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing, Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our si - lence



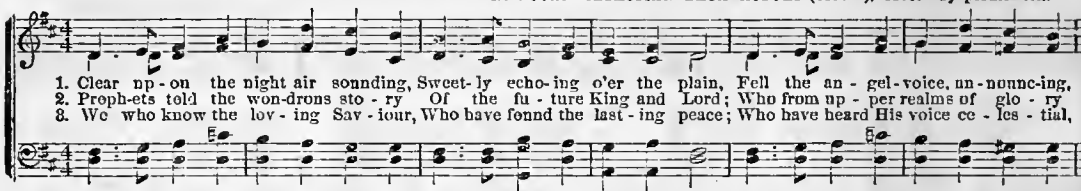
sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He  
 reign - eth On Zi - on's heavenly hill; We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be -  
 sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute



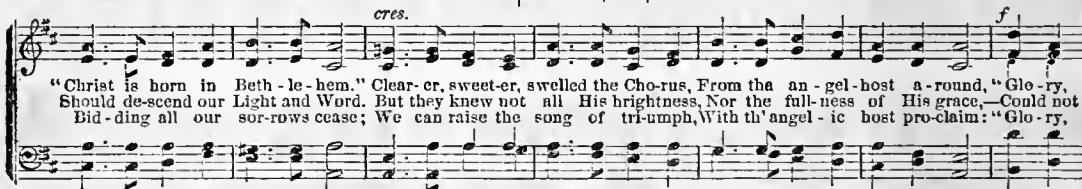
rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.  
 fore His throne, And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son.  
 of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A - men.

# 98 CLEAR UPON THE NIGHT AIR SOUNDING.

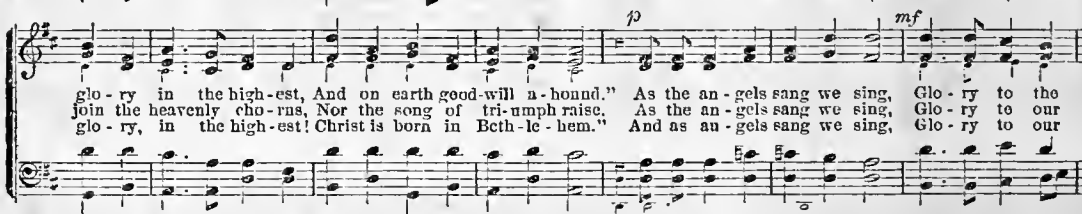
Rev. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH HODGES (1830—), 1868. By permission.



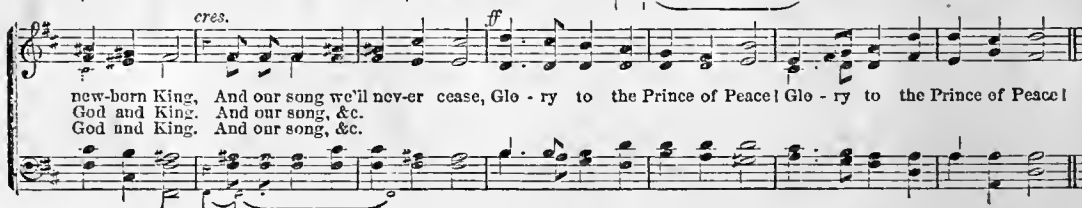
1. Clear up-on the night air sound-ing, Sweet-ly echo-ing o'er the plain, Fell the an-gel-voice, an-nounc-ing,  
 2. Proph-ets told the won-d'rons sto-ry Of the fu-ture King and Lord; Who from up-per realms of glo-ry  
 3. We who know the lov-ing Sav-iour, Who have found the last-ing peace; Who have heard His voice ce-les-tial,



*cres.* "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem." Clear-er, sweet-er, swelled the Cho-rus, From the an-gel-host a-round, "Glo-ry,  
 Should de-scend our Light and Word. But they knew not all His bright-ness, Nor the full-ness of His grace, Could not  
 Bid-ding all our sor-rows cease; We can raise the song of tri-umph, With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim: "Glo-ry,



*p* glo-ry in the high-est, And on earth good-will a-bound." As the an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to the  
 Join the heavenly cho-rus, Nor the song of tri-umph raise, As the an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to our  
 glo-ry, in the high-est! Christ is born in Beth-le-hem." And as an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to our



*cres.* new-born King, And our song we'll nev-er cease, Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace!  
 God and King. And our song, &c.  
 God and King. And our song, &c.

# HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

99

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854), 1822, abr.

S. L. (1822-), 1862.

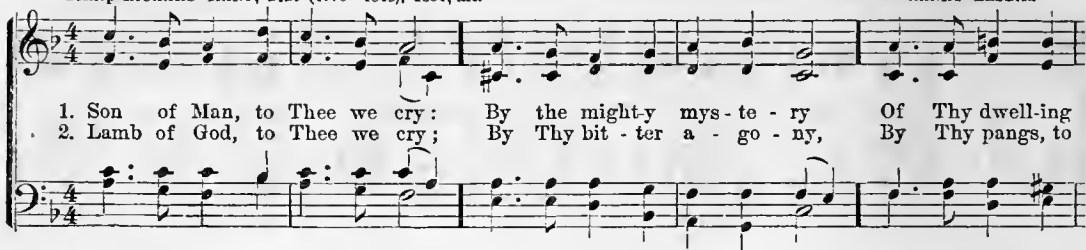
1. Hail to the Lord's A-noint-ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son; Hail, in the time ap-  
 2. He comes with suc-cor speed-y To those who suf-fer wrong; To help the poor and  
 3. He shall come down like showers Up-on the fruit-ful earth; And love, joy, hope, like

point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun. He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the  
 need-y, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sigh-ing, Their dark-ness  
 flow-ers, Spring in His path to birth: Be-fore Him on the mount-ains Shall peace, the

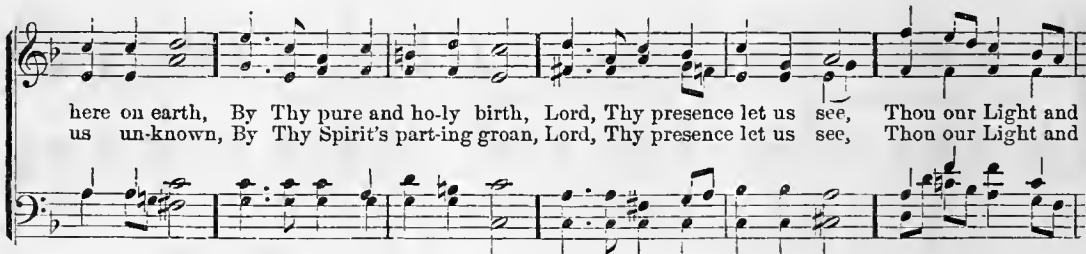
cap-tive free; To take a-way trans-gres-sion, And rule in eq-ui-ty.  
 turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were pre-cious in His sight.  
 he-rald, go; And right-eous-ness, in fount-ains, From hill to val-ley flow. A-men.

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

HENRY LESLIE.



1. Son of Man, to Thee we cry : By the might-y mys-te - ry Of Thy dwell-ing  
 2. Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ; By Thy bit - ter a - go - ny, By Thy pangs, to



here on earth, By Thy pure and ho-ly birth, Lord, Thy presence let us see, Thou our Light and  
 us un-known, By Thy Spirit's part-ing groan, Lord, Thy presence let us see, Thou our Light and



Sav-iour be, Thou our Light and Sav-iour be.  
 Sav-iour be, Thou our Light and Sav-iour be. *A-men.*

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.

# GETHSEMANE.

101

J. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

R. REDHEAD, 1856.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see;

Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

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!

JONATHAN EVANS, (1748—1809), 1784.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See! it  
2. "It is fin - ished!" oh, what pleas - ure Do these charm - ing words af - ford! Heavenly

*Last verse. ff*

*pp*  
rends the rocks a - sun - der—Shakes the earth and veils the sky: "It is fin - ish - ed!"  
bless - ings with - out measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord: "It is fin - ish - ed!"

Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour ery.  
Saints! the dy - ing words re - cord. A - men.

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.



# HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

103

C. WESLEY, 1739.

WM. H. MONK.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! To His throne above the skies; Hal - le - lu - jah!

Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Hal - le - lu - jah! En - ters uow the highest heaven. Hal - le - lu - jah!

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.

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umphant glad-ness! God hath brought His  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ hath burst His pris-on, From the frost and  
 3. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright With the-day of splen-dor, With the roy-al

Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness—Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Ja-cob's  
 gloom of death Light and life have ris-en. All the win-ter of our sins, Long and  
 feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren-der; Comes to glad Je-ru-sa-lem, Who with

sons and daughters,— Led them with unmoistened feet Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters.  
 dark, is fly-ing From His face to whom we give Thanks and praise undy-ing.  
 true af-fec-tion Welcomes in un-wearied strains Je-sus' Re-sur-rec-tion. A-men.

# UPLIFT THE BANNER.

103

Bishop GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D. (1799—1859), 1824.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827—), 1872.

1. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;

The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sav - iour died. A - men.

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.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY (1708—1788), 1739.

S. L. (1822—), 1874.

1. "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," Hal - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and an-gels say;  
 2. Love's re-deem-ing work is doue, Hal - le - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the bat-tle won;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and-triumphs high; Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heavens, and  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er, Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! He sets in

earth re-ply; Hal - - le - lu - jah!  
 blood no more; Hal - - le - lu - jah! A - men.

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.

# GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

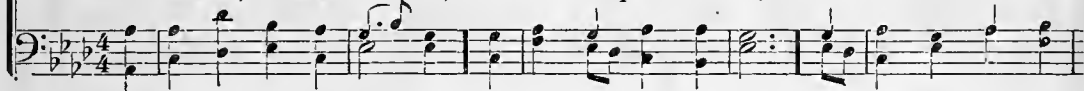
107

Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT (1835—), 1866.

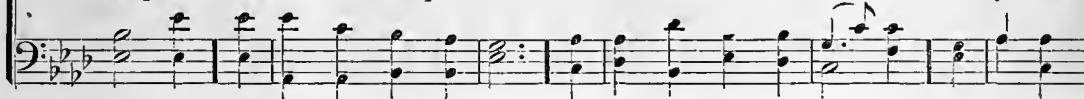
HUBERT PLATT MAIN (1839—), 1876. Written for this Work.



1. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true: The Lord Him - self, thy
2. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe; Far more are o'er thee
3. Go for-ward, Christian sol - dier, Nör dream of peace - ful rest, Till Sa - tan's host is



Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub-due. His love fore - tells our tri - als, He knows thine  
 watch-ing Than hu-man eyes can know. Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain, Cease not to  
 van-quished And heav-en is all pos - sessed. Till Christ Himself shall call thee To lay thine



hour-ly need; He can, with bread of heav-en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed.  
 watch and pray; Heed not the treach'rous voi - ces That lure thy soul a - stray.  
 ar - mor by; And wear, in end - less glo - ry, The Crown of vic - to - ry. Amen.



## 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.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath brok - en

ev - 'ry chain; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho-san-na cry; O Saviour meek, pur-

2. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! In low-ly pomp, ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumpha-

sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.  
 now be-gin O'er cap-tive death and con-quer'd sin.

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 suppliant 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 Poitiers, 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.

1. Welcome, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to-day!

Lo, the Dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

*ff*  
*svas...*

REFRAIN, IN UNISON.

Welcome, happy morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!



Lo, the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more! Him, their true Crea - tor, all His works a-dore. A-men.

*rall.*

*rall.*

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 sor-rows 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.

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done; The triumph of the Lord is won; Oh, let the song of praise be sung. Halle - lu - jah!

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

Ep. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1862.

Dr. JOHN STAINER.

I. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of

The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and the bass line is in D minor (two flats). The lyrics are: "I. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of".

care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Bend -

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Bend -".

- ing be - fore the throne, Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "- ing be - fore the throne, Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One."

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.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath called His own; With joy the  
2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! Where wil - ling vot - 'ries throng To breathe the

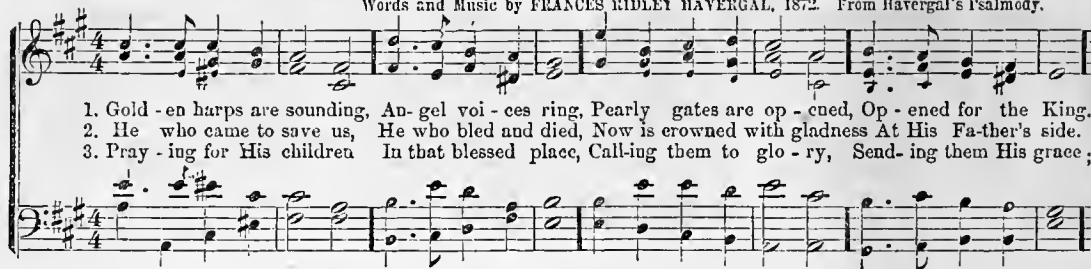
sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.  
hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the eho - ral song.

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

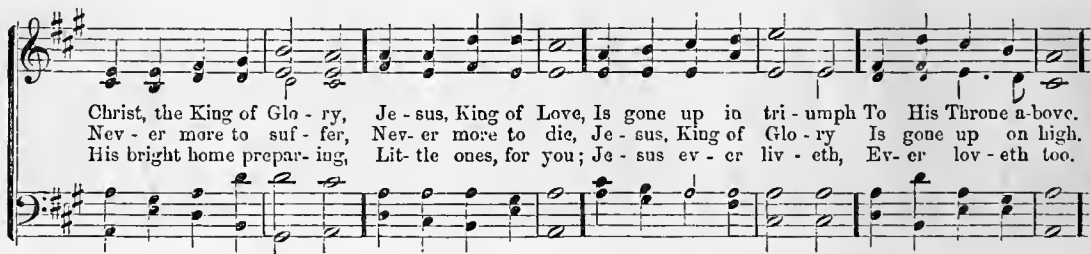
4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,  
Which Thou hast called Thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at Thy throne.

## ASCENSION HYMN.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAYVERGAL, 1872. From Hayvergal's Psalmody.



1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An - gel voi - ces ring, Pearly gates are op - ened, Op - ened for the King.  
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness At His Fa - ther's side.  
 3. Pray - ing for His children In that blessed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace;



Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove.  
 Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die, Je - sus, King of Glo - ry Is gone up on high.  
 His bright home prepar - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.



Chorus.  
 All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

# COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

115

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, D.D. (1810-1871), 1844.

Dr. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home! All is safe-ly gathered in,
2. What is earth but God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield? Wheat and tares are therein sown,
3. For we know that Thou wilt come, And wilt take Thy peo - ple home; From Thy field wilt purge a - way

Ere the win - ter storms be - gin; God, our Ma - ker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be supplied;  
Un - to joy or sor - row grown; Ripening with a wondrous power, Till the fi - nal Har - vest-hour;  
All that doth of - fend, that day; And Thine Angels charge at last In the fire the tares to east,

Come to God's own Temple, come; Raise the song of Har-vest-home!  
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we Ho - ly grain and pure may be.  
But the fruit-ful ears to store In Thy gar - ner ev - er - more.


4.

Come, then, Lord of merey, 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.



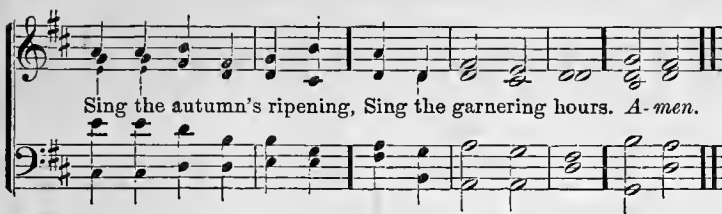
1. Gone the buds of spring-time, Gone the summer flowers; Come the au-tumn's ripe - ning,  
2. Lord, Thou holdest all things— All things in Thy hand; Bud, and flower, and har - vest



Come the garnering hours : Now the earth is rest-ing— Resting shrub and tree— Till the spring shall  
Come at Thy com-mand. Sing we our thanksgiv-ing, — Ma-tron dear and sire ; Youthful voi - ces



*rall.* Chorus.  
wake them With its min-strel-sy. Sing we then the spring-time, Sing the summer flowers,  
blend-ing, Raise the cho-rus higher.



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.



1. Je-sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit-tle lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness be Thou



near me, Keep me safe till morning light. A-men.

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 WEBER, 1820.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark wave the red  
 2. O Je - sus, once rocked on the breast of the bil - low, A - roused by the shriek of de-  
 3. And oh, when the whirlwind of pas-sion is rag - iog, When sia in our hearts its wild

light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher-ish,  
 spair from Thy pil - low, Now sent - ed in glo - ry, the ma - ri - ner cher-ish,  
 war - fare is wag - ing, Then send down Thy grace, Thy re - deem - ed to cher-ish;

We fly to our Mak - er:— "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."  
 Who cries in his an - guish: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."  
 Re - buke the de - stroy - er: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish." A - men.



# SAFE HOME IN PORT.

119

JOSEPH of the Studium (—583).  
Tr. Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818—1866), 1862.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. Safe home, safe home in port ! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And on - ly

not a wreck :—But, oh ! the joy upon the shore To tell our voyage pe - rils o'er ! A - men.

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.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD (1810-1871), 1865, ab.

HENRY GADSBY.

1. Forward ! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined ; Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind ;  
 2. Forward, when in childhood Buds the infant mind ; All thro' youth and manhood, Not a thought behind ;

*cres. rall.*  
 Burns the fi-ery pil - lar At our ar-my's head ; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led ?  
 Speed thro' realms of nature, Climb the steps of grace ; Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's Face.

*ff*  
 Forward thro' the desert, Thro' the toil and fight : Jordan flows before us, Zi-on beams with light.  
 Forward, all the life-time, Climb from height to height : Till the head be hoary, Till the eve be light. Amen.

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.

1. From the first dawn of in - fant, life Thy goodness we have shared, And still we live to  
 2. To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will, O Lord, our hearts in - cline ; And o'er the paths of

sing Thy praise, By sov'reign mer - cy spared !  
 fu - ture life Command Thy light to shine.

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.

# 122 THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

ALBERT MIDLANE (1825—), 1860.

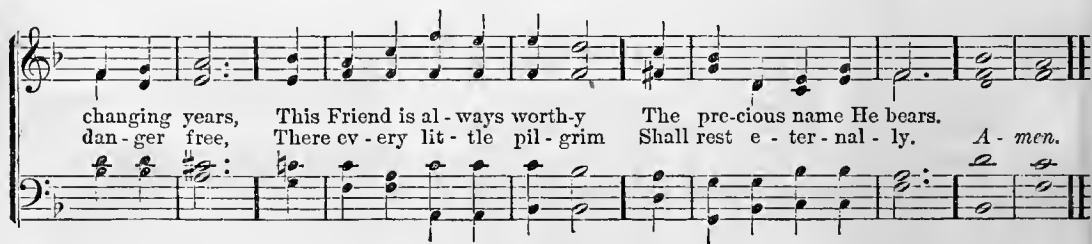
SAMUEL SMITH.



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend that nev - er  
 2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, Who love the bless - ed



changes, Whose love will nev - er die : Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with  
 Sav - iour And to His Fa - ther cry, — A rest from ev - ery trouble, From sin and



changing years, This Friend is al - ways worth - y The pre - cious name He bears.  
 dan - ger free, There ev - ery lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <p>3 There's a home for little children<br/>Above the bright blue sky,<br/>Where Jesus reigns in glory,<br/>A home of peace and joy;<br/>No home on earth is like it,<br/>Nor can with it compare,<br/>For every one is happy,<br/>Nor can be happier there.</p> | <p>4 There are crowns for little children<br/>Above the bright blue sky,<br/>And all who look to Jesus,<br/>Shall wear them by-and-by.<br/>Yea, crowns of brightest glory,<br/>Which He shall sure bestow<br/>On all who love the Saviour,<br/>And walk with Him below.</p> | <p>5 There are songs for little children<br/>Above the bright blue sky,<br/>And harps of sweetest music,<br/>For their hymn of victory:<br/>And all above is pleasure,<br/>And found in Christ alone:<br/>Oh come, dear little children,<br/>That all may be your own!<br/>Amen.</p> |
|--|---|--|

## SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS NUHLENBERG, D.D. (1796—), 1826.

Rev. E. S. CARTER.

1. Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing With the Shepherd's kindest care, All the fee-ble gen-tly  
2. Now, these lit-tle ones re-ceive-ing, Fold them in Thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy word be-

lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bosom share:  
liev-ing, On-ly there se-cure from harm. *A-men.*

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.

Rev. HENRY DOWNTON, M.A. (1818—), 1839.

J. H. KNECHT, 1793.

1. For Thy mer - ey and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year, Hear our song of  
 2. In our weak - ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength! be Thou our stay! In the path - less

thank - ful - ness, Fa - ther, and Re - deem - er, hear!  
 wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way!

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!

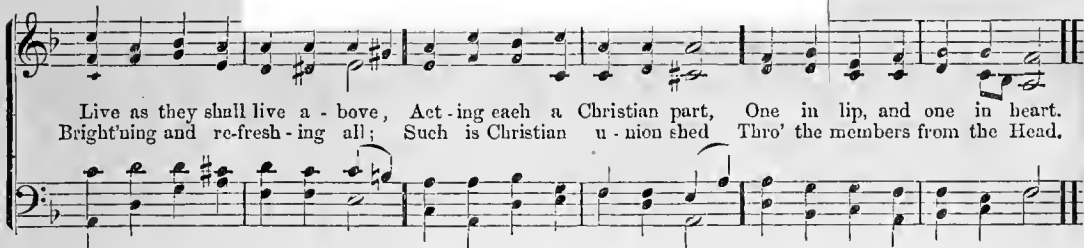
4 Make us faithful, make us pure,  
 Keep us evermore Thine own!  
 Help, O help us to endure!  
 Fit us for Thy promis'd crown.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

Rev. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

LOUIS SPOHR, (1784—1859.)

1. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Brethren in the Lord a - gree, Children of a God of love  
 2. Gen - tly as the dews dis - til Down on Si - on's ho - ly hill, Dropping gladness where they fall,

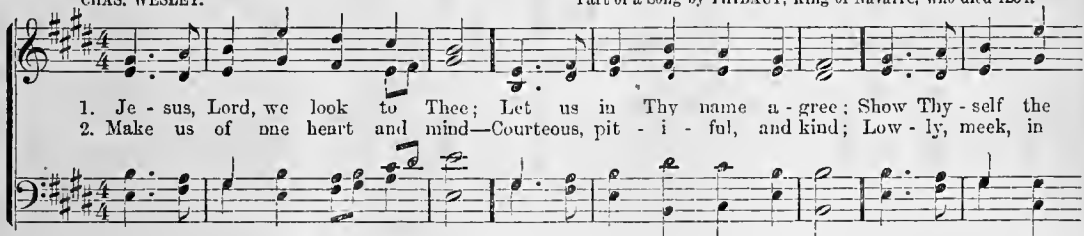


Live as they shall live a - bove, Act - ing each a Christian part, One in lip, and one in heart.  
Bright'ning and re-fresh - ing all; Such is Christian u - nion shed Thro' the members from the Head.

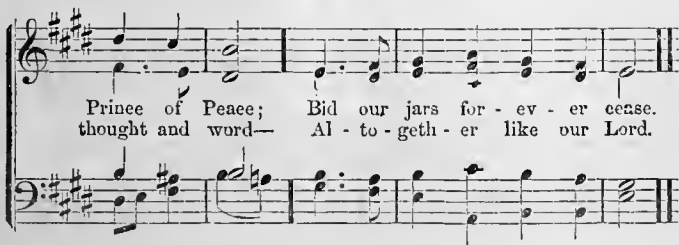
## WE LOOK TO THEE.

CHAS. WESLEY.

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



1. Je - sus, Lord, we look to Thee; Let us in Thy name a - gree; Show Thy - self the  
2. Make us of one heart and mind—Courteous, pit - i - ful, and kind; Low - ly, meek, in



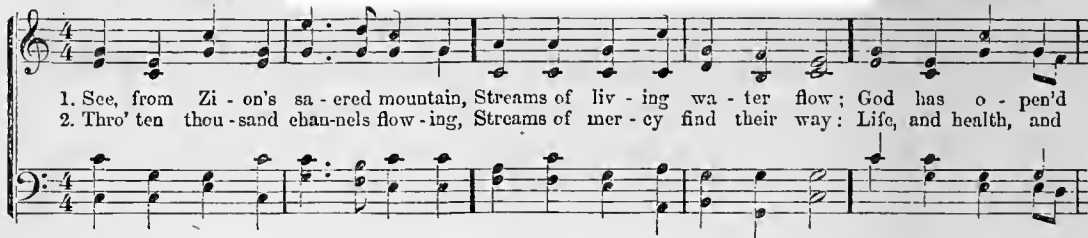
Princee of Peace; Bid our jars for - ev - er cease.  
thought and word— Al - to - geth - er like our Lord.

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, 1830.

HENRY SMART, 1863.



1. See, from Zi-on's sa-ered mountain, Streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow; God has o-pen'd  
2. Thro' ten thou-sand chan-nels flow-ing, Streams of mer-cy find their way: Life, and health, and



there a fount-ain, That sup-plies the world be-low; They are bless-ed, They are bless-ed,  
joy be-stow-ing, Wak-ing beau-ty from de-cay; O ye na-tions! O ye na-tions!



Who its sov-'reign vir-tues know.  
Hail the long-ex-pect-ed day. A-men.

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.



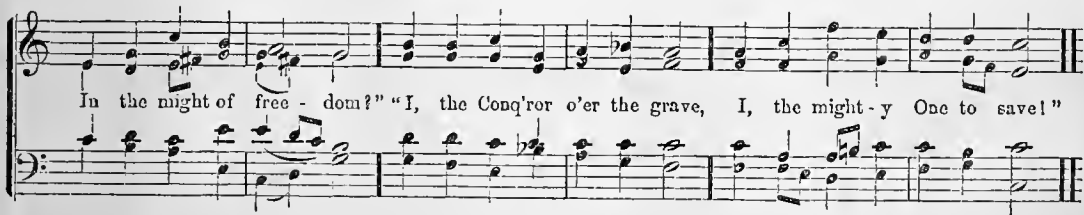
# WHO IS THIS WITH GARMENTS DYED? 127

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

HENRY SMART.



1. "Who is this, with garments dyed, This that comes from E - dom, Trav'ling thus from Boz-rah's side,



In the night of free - dom?" "I, the Conq'r'r o'er the grave, I, the might - y One to save!"

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.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the wa-ters near-er roll,  
D. S. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide;

*Fine.* *D. S.*

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
O receive my soul at last!

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 Fountaïn art:  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# CHRIST, THE CONQUEROR.

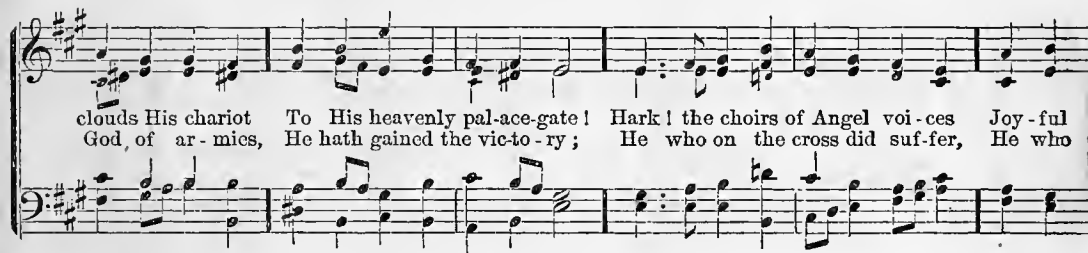
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By. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1862.

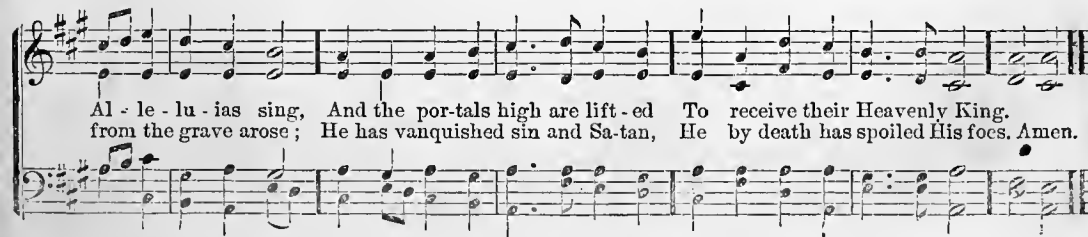
HENRY SMART (1812—).



1. See the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph; See the King, in roy-al state, Rid-ing on the  
 2. Who is this that comes in glo-ry, With the trump of ju-bi-lee? Lord of bat-tles,



clouds His chariot To His heavenly pal-ace-gate! Hark! the choirs of Angel voi-ces Joy-ful  
 God, of ar-mies, He hath gained the vic-to-ry; He who on the cross did suf-fer, He who



Al-le-lu-ias sing, And the por-tals high are lift-ed To receive their Heavenly King.  
 from the grave arose; He has vanquished sin and Sa-tan, He by death has spoiled His foes. Amen.

Rev. WM. HENRY HAVERGAL, A.M. (1793-1870), 1849.

W. SCHULTES.

1. Gracious Sav-iour, gen-tle Shepherd, Lit-tle ones are dear to Thee: Gath-ered  
 2. Ten-der Shepherd, nev-er leave us From Thy fold to go a-stray; By Thy

with Thine arms, and car-ried In Thy bo-som, may we be Sweetly, fond-ly, safe-ly  
 look of love di-rect-ed, May we walk the nar-row way; Thus di-rect us, and pro-

Org.

tend-ed; From all want and dan-ger free.  
 tect us, Lest we fall an ea-sy prey. A-men.

3.

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

Amen.

# HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

131

C. WESLEY.

From BEETHOVEN'S celebrated Septuor.

1. Head of the Church tri-um - phant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap - pear Thy  
2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass - ing thro' the fire, . . . Thy love we praise In  
3. Thou dost con - duct Thy peo - ple Thro' for - rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While  
4. By faith we see the glo - ry To which Thou shalt re - store us; The world de - spise For

mem - bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an -  
grate - ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh - er: We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In Thine al -  
Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our  
that high prize Which Thou hast set be - fore us; And if Thou count us wor - thy, We each, as

ti - ci - pa - tion, And ery a - loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.  
mighty fa - vor; Thy love di - vine That made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for - ev - er.  
march op - pos - es; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all Ere death our con - flict clos - es.  
dy - ing Ste - phen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.

## HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

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

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ie songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and

shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall  
 come!" And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel  
 sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry

be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the  
 leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.  
 steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.



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 bome, 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.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1844.

Rev. L. G. HAYNES, Mus. Doc.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with  
 2. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a

those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb: Then, gra - cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for  
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more: Then, gra - cious Lord, pre - pare Our souls for

that great day; Oh! wash us in Thy pre - cious Blood, And take our sins a - way.  
 that bright day; Oh! wash us in Thy pre - cious Blood, And take our sins a - way. A - men.



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.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death, and  
 2. While our si-lent steps are stray-ing Lone-ly thro' night's deep-ning shade, Glo-ry's bright-est

night and an-guish En-ter not the world a-bove.  
 beams are play-ing Round the hap-py Chris-tian's head.

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 ALWAYS.

Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG (1796—), 1824. Abr.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1872. By per.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter  
2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - tered by sin, Temp - ta - tion with -

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings, that  
out and cor - rup - tion with - in; E'en the rap - ture of par - don is

dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.  
min - gled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiv - ing with pen - i - tent tears. A - men.

\* 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.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er - flow, When we  
 2. Thou our throb - bing flesh hast worn ; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne ; Thou hast  
 3. When the sol - emn death - bell tolls For our own de - part - ing souls, When our

mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear !  
 shed the lu - man tear ; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear !  
 fi - nal doom is near, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear ! A - men.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D. (1803—), 1839.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1872, by per.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine:  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide;



Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day  
 As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
 Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray



Be whol - ly Thine.  
 A liv - ing fire.  
 From Thee a - side. A - men.

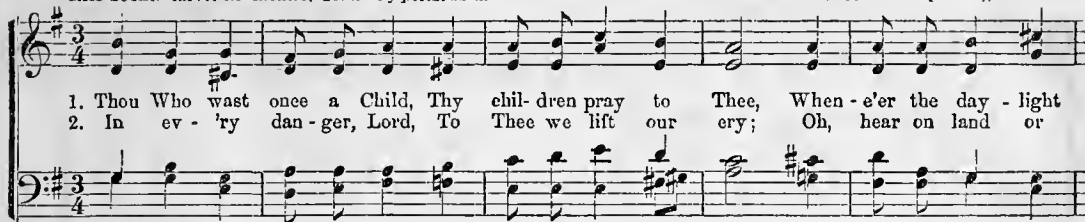
4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll;  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
 Oh, bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul.  
 Amen.

# THOU WHO WAST ONCE A CHILD.

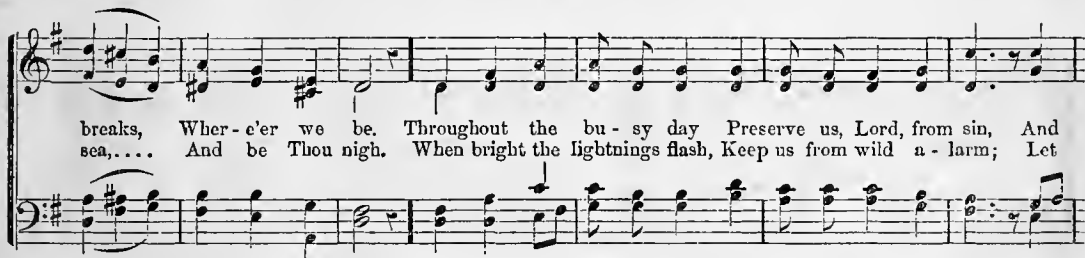
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Miss SUSAN LAVINIA EMERY, 1871. By permission.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828—), 1871.



1. Thou Who wast once a Child, Thy chil-dren pray to Thee, When - e'er the day - light  
2. In ev - 'ry dan - ger, Lord, To Thee we lift our cry; Oh, hear on land or



breaks, Wher - e'er we be. Throughout the bu - sy day Preserve us, Lord, from sin, And  
sea,.... And be Thou nigh. When bright the lightnings flash, Keep us from wild a - larm; Let



when Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, Oh, let us in.  
none who trust in Thee Fear pain or harm.

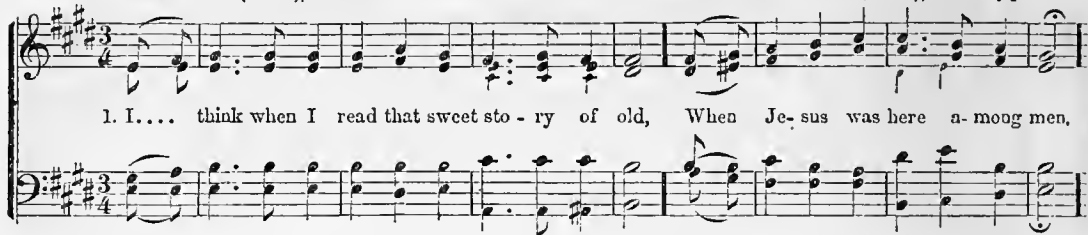
*Org.*

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 graut at last that we  
May wake in endless light  
Thy face to see.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE (1813—), 1841.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1823—), 1871. By per.



1. I... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - moong men,



How He call'd lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

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.

# THERE'S A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

141

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823—), 1848.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS (1819—), 1860.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was  
 2. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good, That we might go at  
 3. O dear-ly, dear-ly, has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re-

cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell, What pain He  
 last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the  
 deeming blood, And try His works to do. For there's a green hill far a-way, With-out a

had to bear, But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.  
 price of sin; He on-ly could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.  
 cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. A-men.

## O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

Rev. FRANCIS BAKER. 1616.

HUBERT PLATT MAIN (1839—), 1872. Written for this Work.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows  
2. No dim - ming cloud o'er - shadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But ev - ery soul shines

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and  
as the sun, For God Himself gives light. Thy walls are made of precious stone, Thy bulwarks

pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.  
dia - mond - square, Thy gates are all of o - rient - pearl—O God! if I were there! A - men.



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 FAWLEE MAUDE. 1848.

CHARLES THIRTLE, (1839—1873.)

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love! Hear us from Thy throne a-bove; Thou the Life, the  
 2. Thine for ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest; Sav - iour, Guardian,

Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.  
 Heavenly Friend, O de - fend us to the end. A - men.

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.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark ; The lamp was burning dim Be - fore the

sa - cred ark ; When sud - denly a Voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

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 un murmuring 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.

# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE WASTING.

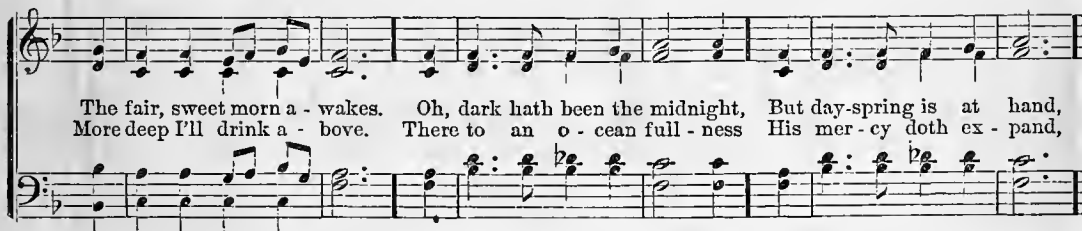
145

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857, ab.

CHARLES D'URHAN, har. by EDWARD FRANCIS RIMBAULT, (1816-1876), 1845.



1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for,  
2. Oh! Christ He is the fount-ain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've tasted,



The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand,  
More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,



And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.  
And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land. *A - men.*

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.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace ; Rise from tran-si-  
 2. Riv-ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course ; Fire, as-cend-ing,  
 3. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize ; Soon our Sav-iour

to-ry things T'ward heaven, thy native place : Sun and moon and stars de-cay ; Time shall soon this  
 seeks the sun ; Both speed them to their source : So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view His  
 will re-turn Tri-umphant in the skies : Yet a sea-son, and you know Hap-py en-trance

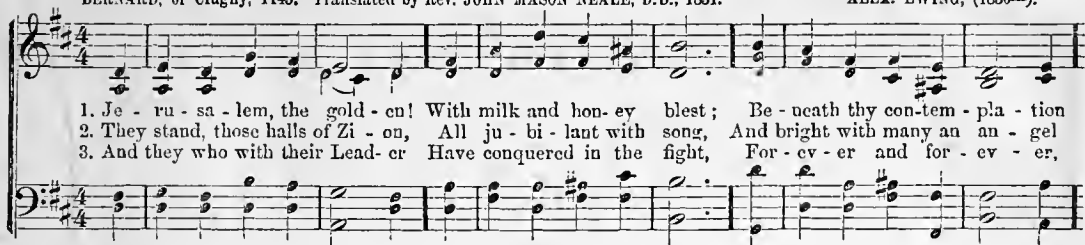
earth re-move ; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats prepared a - bove.  
 glo-rious face, Upward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.  
 will be given, All our sor-rows left be-low, And earth exchanged for heaven. A - men.

# JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN !

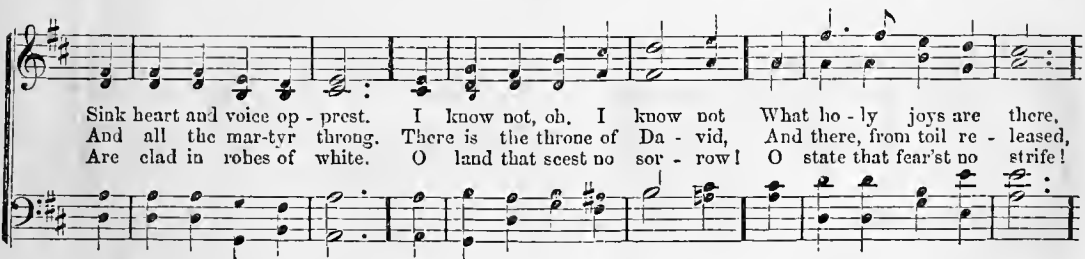
147

BERNARD, of Clugny, 1145. Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D., 1851.

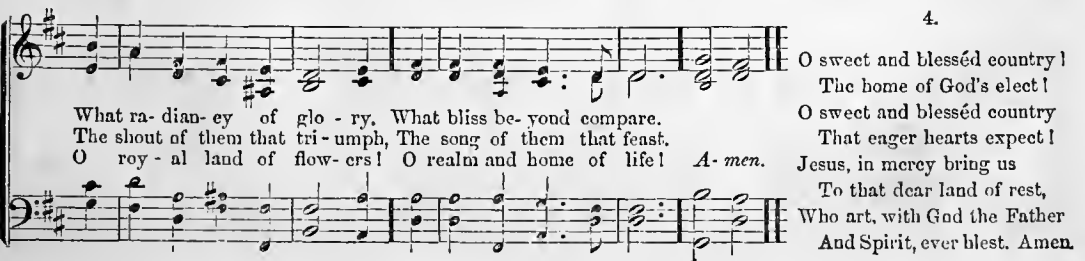
ALEX. EWING, (1830—).



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel  
 3. And they who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er,



Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh. I know not What ho - ly joys are there,  
 And all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,  
 Are clad in robes of white. O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!



4.  
 What ra - dian - ey of glo - ry. What bliss be - yond compare.  
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.  
 O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life! A - men.  
 O sweet and blessed country!  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed 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.

Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. (1814—1863), 1862.

JOSEPH EARNBY (1838—), 1866.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where joy - al hearts and true  
hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest? Where joy - - - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

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.

# THERE IS A BLESSED HOME.

149

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821—), 1861.

JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

1. There is a bless-ed home      Be-yond this land of woe,      Where tri-als nev-er come,  
2. There is a land of peace,      Good Angels know it well;      Glad songs that nev-er cease,  
3. O joy all joys be-yond,      To see the Lamb who died,      And count each sacred Wound

Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where faith is lost in sight,      And pa-tient hope is crowned, And  
With in its por-tals swell; A-round its glo-rious Throne      Ten thousand Saints a-dore Christ,  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side; To give to Him the praise      Of ev-ery tri-umph won, And

ev-er-last-ing light      Its glo-ry throws a-round.  
with the Fa-ther One      And Spir-it, ev-er-more.  
sing thro' endless days      The great things He hath done. *A-men.*

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.*

WM. CHATTERTON DIX (1837—), 1867.

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

1. "Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest," Oh, bless-ed voice of Je-sus, Which  
 2. "Come un-to Me, ye wanderers, And I will give you light." Oh, lov-ing voice of Je-sus, Which

comes to hearts oppress! It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of pardon, grace and peace, Of joy that hath no  
 comes to cheer the night! Our hearts were filled with sadness, And we had lost our way, But morning brings us

end-ing, Of love which cannot cease; Of joy that hath no ending, Of love which cannot cease.  
 gladness, And songs the break of day; But morning brings us gladness, And songs the break of day. Amen.



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.

1. Summer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing Bounti - ful and free.

Ev - erything re - joi - ces In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise. Amen.

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.

ANDREW YOUNG (1807—), 1833.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc. (1810—1870), 1864.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,  
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand?

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King,  
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor - row free,

Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

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

# THE VOICE OF JESUS.

153

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

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

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest ; Lay down, thou weary
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter ;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light ; Look un - to Me, thy

one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -  
thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of  
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In

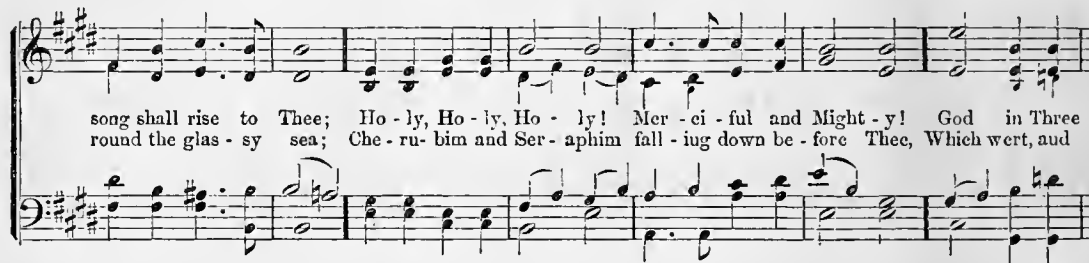
ry, and worn, and sad ; I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.  
that life - giv - ing stream ; My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him.  
Him my Star, my Sun ; And in that Light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done. A - men.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1823.

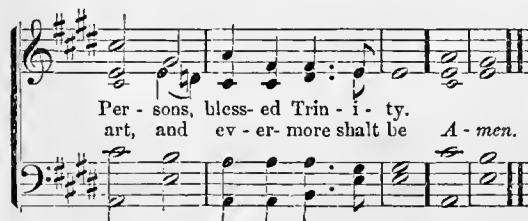
Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our  
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their golden crowns a -



song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three  
round the glas - sy sea; Che - ru - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and



Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.  
art, and ev - er - more shalt be A - men.

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, blessed Trinity! Amen.

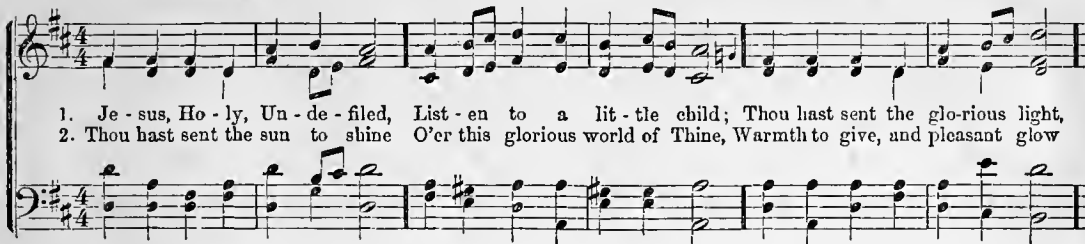
# JESUS, HOLY, UNDEFILED.

*Good*


153

Mrs. E. SHEPCOTE, 1840.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Je - sus, Ho - ly, Un - de - filed, List - en to a lit - tle child; Thou hast sent the glo - rious light,  
2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glorious world of Thine, Warmth to give, and pleasant glow



Chas - ing far the si - lent night.  
On each ten - der flow'r be - low. \* A - men.

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 thiook and say,  
For the awful Judgment Day.

7.

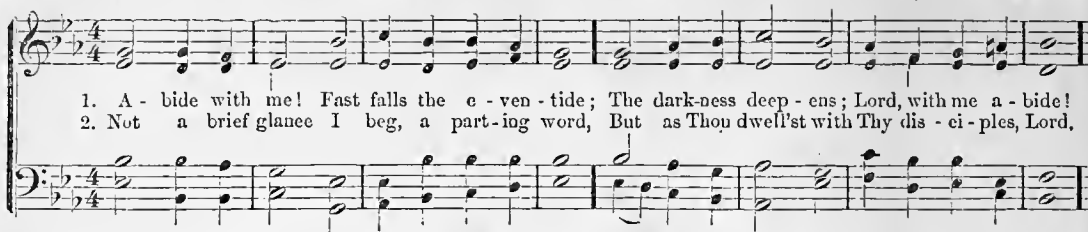
Let me never say a word  
That will make Thee angry, Lord;  
Help me so to live in love,  
As Thine Angels do above.

8.

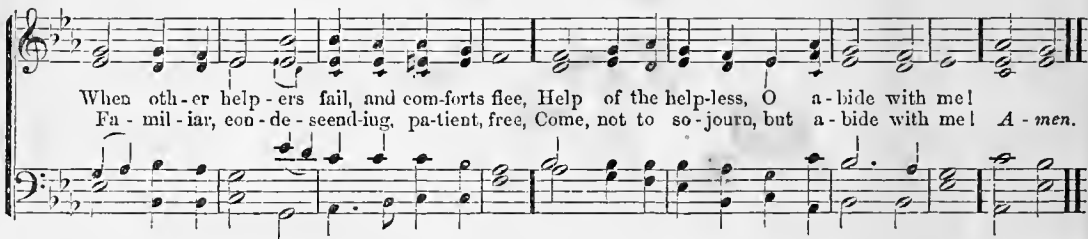
Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Thioce more truly ev'ry day;  
And when Thou at last shalt come,  
Take me to Thy heav'nly home. Amen.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. (1793-1847), 1847.

Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, a part-ing word, But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!  
 Fa - mil - iar, con-de - seend-ing, pa-tient, free, Come, not to so-jour, but a-bide with me! A - men.

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.

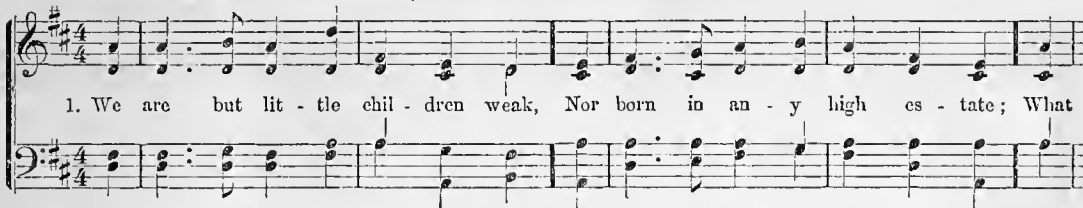
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

# WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.

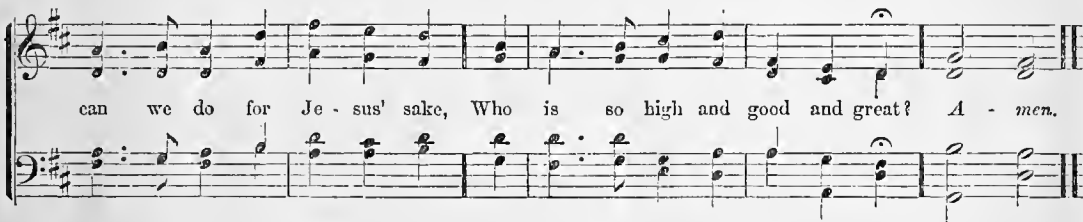
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Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. (1823—), 1850.

C. E. WILLING.



1. We are but lit - tle chil - dren weak, Nor born in an - y high es - tate; What



can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great? A - men.

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—).

1. The Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for- sake.  
2. Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; A-rise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet.

Lift up thy head, The marriage day has come, Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.  
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! A-men.

## WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.

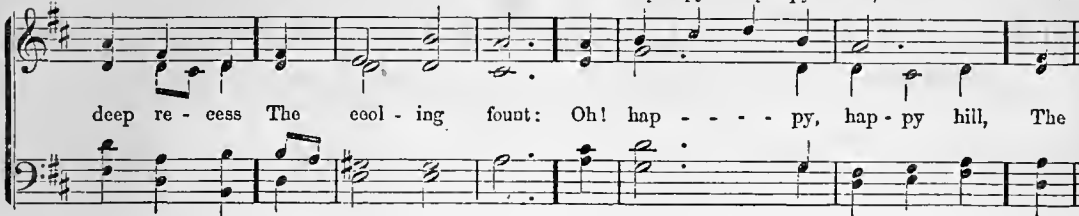
Rev. WM. CORDET SINGLETON, 1867.

GEORGE A. McFARREN, 1867.

With gladsome feet we press To Si - on's ho - ly mount,  
1. With glad - - some feet we press To Si - - ou's ho - ly mount, Where gushes from its



Oh, hap - py. hap - py hill, The



deep re - cess The cool - ing fount: Oh! hap - - - py, hap - py hill, The

joy of ev - ery saint!



joy of ev - 'ry saint! With sweet Silo - am's crys-tal rill, That cheers the faint.

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!

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT (1835—), 1864.

HENRY SMART (1812—).

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth  
2. For the won-der of each hour Of the day and of the night, Hill and vale, and tree and flower,

O-ver and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful psalm of praise.  
Sun and moon, and stars of light, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful psalm of praise. Amen.

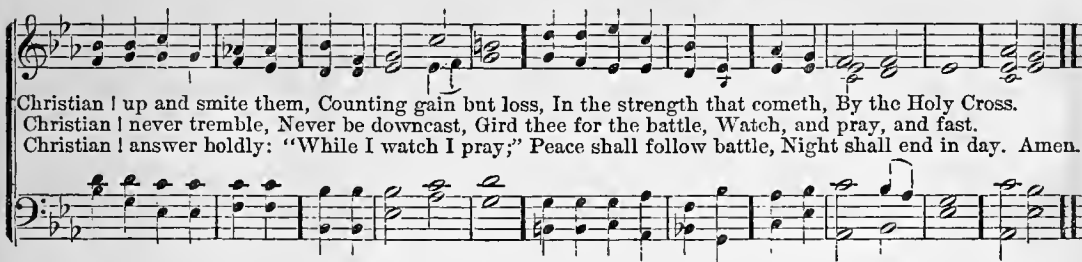
## CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?

Trans. Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

From ANDREW of Crete (660—732).

THEODORE EDWARD AYLWARD, 1863.

1. Christian! dost thou see them On the holy ground, How the powers of darkness Rage thy steps around?  
2. Christian! dost thou feel them, How they work within, Striving, tempting, luring, Goading into sin?  
3. Christian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? Bid thee give up watching, Cease from fast and pray'r?

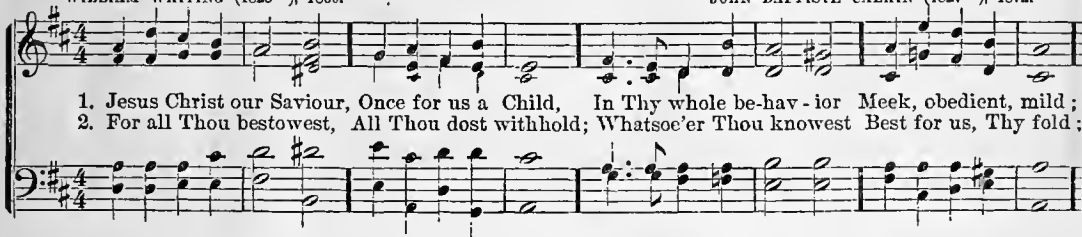


Christian! up and smite them, Counting gain but loss, In the strength that cometh, By the Holy Cross.  
 Christian! never tremble, Never be downcast, Gird thee for the battle, Watch, and pray, and fast.  
 Christian! answer holdly: "While I watch I pray," Peace shall follow battle, Night shall end in day. Amen.

## JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

WILLIAM WHITING (1825—), 1860.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827—), 1872.



1. Jesus Christ our Saviour, Once for us a Child, In Thy whole be-hav-ior Meek, obedient, mild;  
 2. For all Thou bestowest, All Thou dost withhold; Whatsoe'er Thou knowest Best for us, Thy fold;



In Thy footsteps treading We Thy lambs will be, Foe nor danger dreading While we follow Thee.  
 For all gifts and graces While we live below, Till in heavenly places We Thy face shall know. Amen.

Wm. CHATTERTON DIX, (1837—) 1864.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE, ART.

1. In ' our work, and in our play, Je - sus, be Thou ev - er near, Guarding, guid-ing  
 2. Thou wilt bless our play-hour too, If we ask Thy suc - cor strong; Watch o'er all we

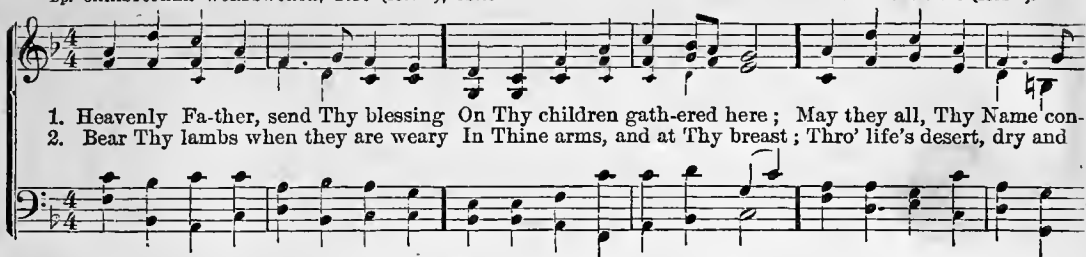
all the day, Keep-ing in Thy ho - ly fear. Thou didst toil, a low - ly Child, In the far - off  
 say and do, Hold us back from guilt and wrong. Oh! how happy thus to spend, Work and play-time

Ho - ly Land, Bless-ing la - bor un - de-filed, Pure and hon-est, of the hand.  
 in His sight, Till the Rest that shall not end, Till the Day which knows not night. A-men.

# HEAVENLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING. 163

Ep. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. (1807—), 1865.

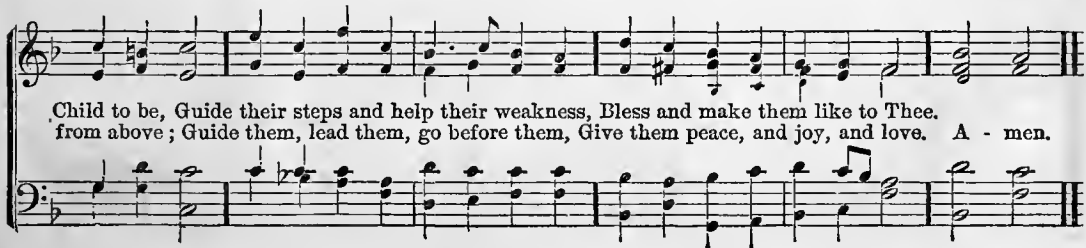
HENRY SMART (1812—).



1. Heavenly Fa-ther, send Thy blessing On Thy children gath-ered here ; May they all, Thy Name con-  
 2. Bear Thy lambs when they are weary In Thine arms, and at Thy breast ; Thro' life's desert, dry and



fess-ing, Be to Thee for-ev-er dear. Ho-ly Sav-iour, who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a  
 deary, Bring them to Thy heavenly rest. Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them, Ho-ly Spir-it



Child to be, Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.  
 from above ; Guide them, lead them, go before them, Give them peace, and joy, and love. A - men.

## HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Rev. THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR, alt. (1807-1835), 1834.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842-), 1872.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,  
 2. What though the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,

Heaven is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand; Heaven is my  
 Heaven is my home. Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach

fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.  
 home at last, Heaven is my home. A-men.

- 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.

# GERMAN CHORALS.

## LORD JESUS CHRIST, MY LIFE, MY LIGHT

"HERR JESUS CHRIST, MEIN LEBENS LICHT," [NOTE B.]

*See p. 173.*

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, my Life, my Light, My strength by day; my trust by night,  
2. Oh, let Thy sufferings give me power To meet the last and dark - est hour

On earth I'm but a pass - ing guest, And sore - ly with my sins oppress'd.  
Thy cross the staff where - on I lean, My couch the grave where Thou hast been. A - men.

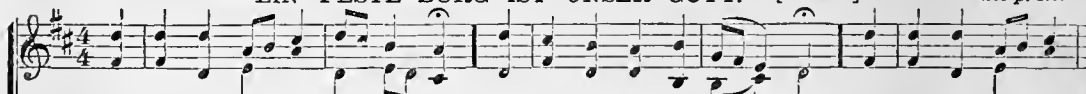
- 3 Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,  
I take my homeward way in trust;  
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,  
When here I may no more abide.
- 4 And when the last Great Day is come,  
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,  
Let me with joy behold the light,  
And set me then upon Thy 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.

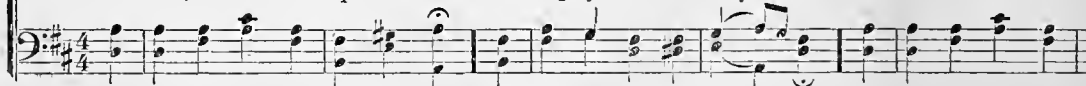
# 166 OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT." [NOTE A.]

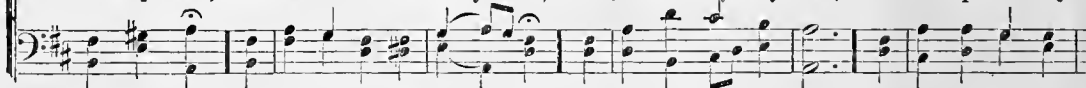
See p. 173.



1. Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r, A shield when danger press - es; A read-y help in
2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our cour-age soon de - fec - tion; But comes a War-rior,
3. Then Lord, a - rise! lift up Thine arm! With mighty suc - cor stay us! Oh! turn a - side the



ev - 'ry hour When doubt or pain dis - tress - es! For our ma - lig - nant foe Unswerving aims his  
clad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion! Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad re-  
dead-ly harm, When Sa - tan would be - tray us; That, rescued by Thy hand, In triumph we may



blow; His fear - ful arms the while, Dark pow'r and dark - er guile; His hid - den craft is match - less.  
lief? The field of bat - tle boasts Christ Je - sus, Lord of Hosts, Still conq'ring and to con - quer!  
stand, And round Thy foot-stool crowd, In joy to sing a - loud High praise to our Re - deem - er.





# O MORNING STAR! HOW FAIR AND BRIGHT. 167

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

See p. 173.

1. { O Morning Star! how fair and bright Thou beamest forth in trust and light! O Sov'reign meek and lowly,  
Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee solely! }

2. { Thou Heav'ly Brightness! Light Divine! O deep within my heart now shine, And make Thee there an altar!  
Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy member, ev - er joined to Thee In love that can - not fal - ter; }

Ho - ly art Thou, fair and glorious, All victorious, rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing.  
Tow'rd Thee longiing doth possess me, Turn and bless me; for Thy gladness Eye and heart here pine in sad - ness.

3.

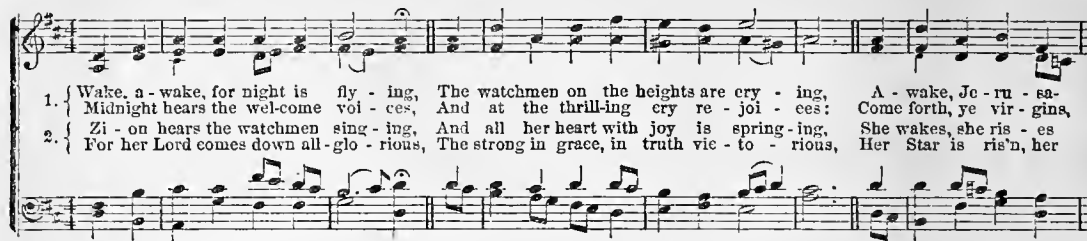
But if Thou look on me in love,  
There straightways falls from God above  
A ray of purest pleasure;  
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,  
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,  
Thou art my hidden treasure;  
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,  
O draw near me; Thou hast taught us  
Thee to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

"WACHET AUF! RUFT UNS DIE STIMME." [NOTE C.]

See p. 173.



1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa -  
Midnight hears the wel - come voi - ces, And at the thrill - ing cry re - joi - ees: Come forth, ye vir - gins,  
2. { Zi - on hears the watchmen sing - ing, And all her heart with joy is spring - ing, She wakes, she ris - es  
For her Lord comes down all - glo - rious, The strong in grace, in truth vic - to - rious, Her Star is ris'n, her



lem, at last! }  
night is past! } The Bridegroom comes, awake, Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu - jah! And for His  
from her gloom; }  
Light is come! } Oh, come, Thou blessed Lord, O Je - sus, Son of God; Hal - le - lu - jah! We fol - low



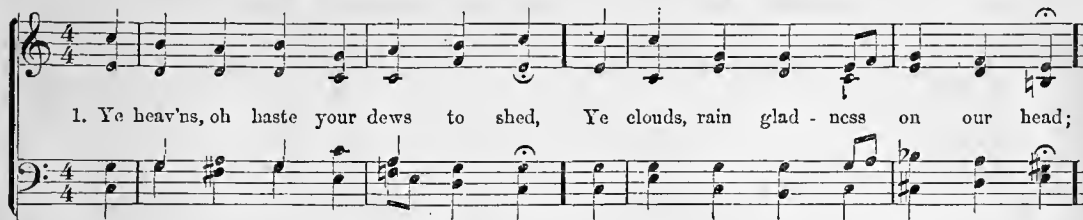
mar - riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.  
till the halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

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.

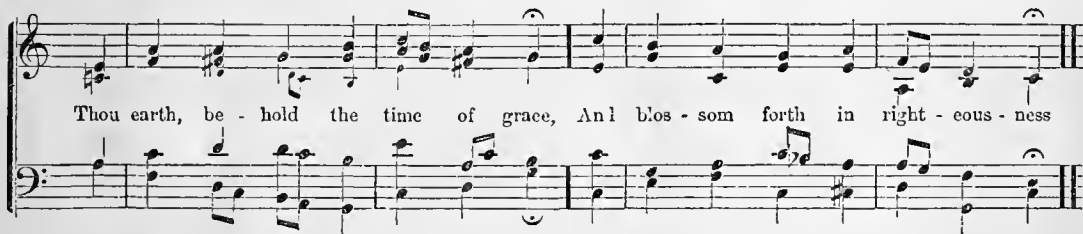
# FROM HEAVEN ABOVE TO EARTH I COME. 169

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

See p. 173.



1. Ye heav'ns, oh haste your dews to shed, Ye clouds, rain glad-ness on our head;



Thou earth, be-hold the time of grace, And blos-som forth in right-eous-ness

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.

1. { O sa-cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }  
 { Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; } O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry

What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet, tho' de-spised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

- 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 throes,  
 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.

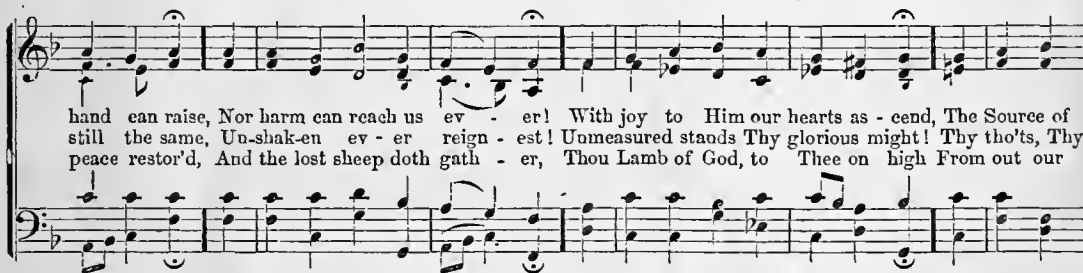
# TO GOD ON HIGH BE 'T HANKS AND PRAISE. 171

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

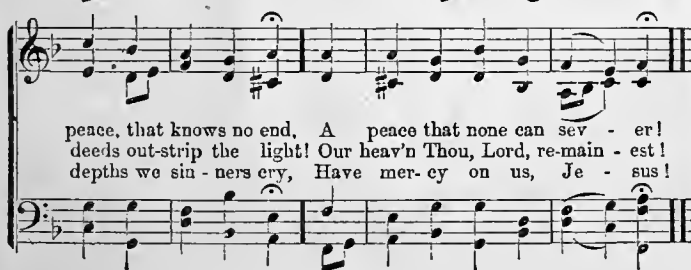
See p. 173.



1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer-cy ceas-ing nev - er, Whereby no foe a  
2. The hon-ors paid Thy ho - ly Name, To hear Thou ev - er deign - est! Then, God the Fa - ther,  
3. O Je - sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heavenly Fa - ther, O Thou who hast our



hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - er! With joy to Him our hearts as - cend, The Source of  
still the same, Un-shak-en ev - er reign - est! Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might! Thy tho'ts, Thy  
peace restor'd, And the lost sheep doth gath - er, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high From out our



peace, that knows no end, A peace that none can sev - er!  
deeds out-strip the light! Our heav'n Thou, Lord, re-main - est!  
depths we sin - ners cry, Have mer-cy on us, Je - sus!

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.

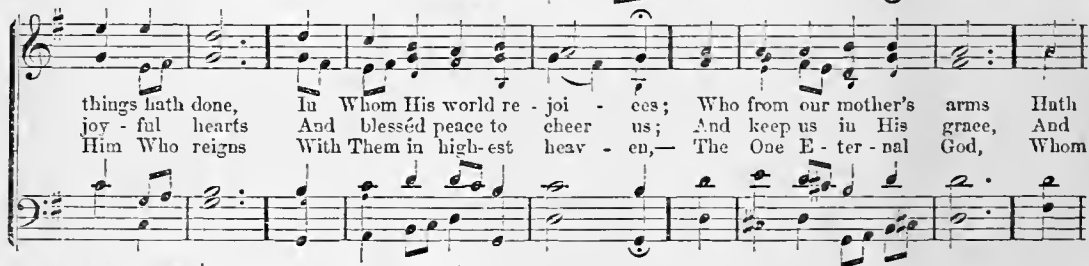
## NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

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

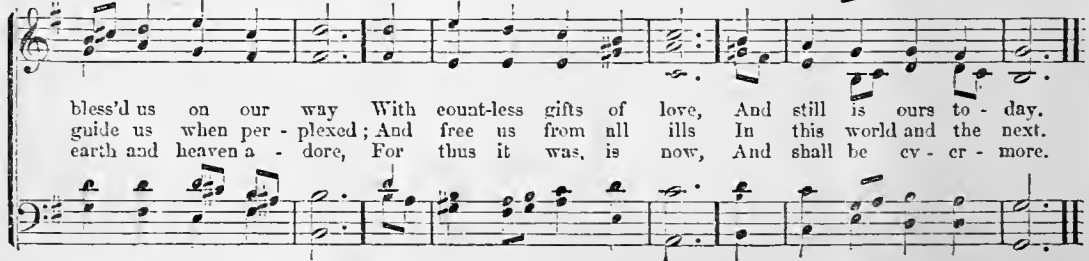
See p. 173.



1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces, Who won - drous  
 2. Oh, may this boun - teous God Through all our life be near us, With ev - er  
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en, The Son, and



things hath done, In Whom His world re - joi - ces; Who from our mother's arms Hath  
 joy - ful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And  
 Him Who reigns With Them in high - est heav - en, — The One E - ter - nal God, Whom



bles'd us on our way With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 guide us when per - plexed; And free us from all ills In this world and the next.  
 earth and heaven a - dore, For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

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 "Angsburger Gesangbuch," 1533. 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, 1832.

**NOTE C.** *Wake, awake, for night is flying* (Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme), composed by Philipp Nicolai (1536-1608), was first known in 1593, and was published in Philipp Nicolai's "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," Frankfurt-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 Länden 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 Klug. 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, Goerltz, 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 Choral 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. 1566.) 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 (1536-1608); it was first published in his "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens," at Frankfurt-am-Main, 1639. The present translation is by Miss Winkworth.

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