

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF
FAVORITE HYMNS



ILLUSTRATED BY TENGREN

WITH SIMPLIFIED PIANO ARRANGEMENTS



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To Phyllis
from
Mabel 3/42.

The New Illustrated Book of

FAVORITE HYMNS



ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAF TENGGREN

With simplified piano arrangements

BY INEZ BERTAIL



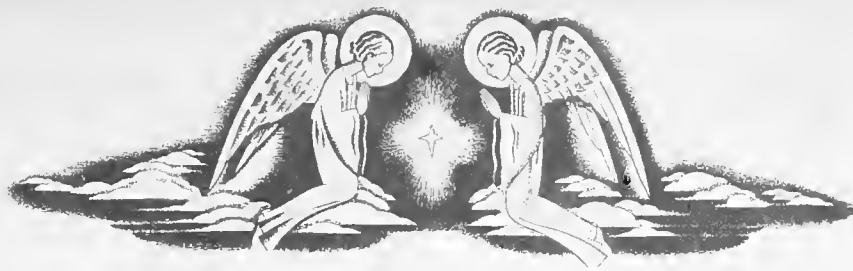
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Tenggren





Jesus Christ Is Risen To-day

Exultantly

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!

Translated from Latin, 1698

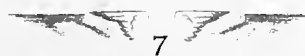
Altered from Lyra Davidica, 1708

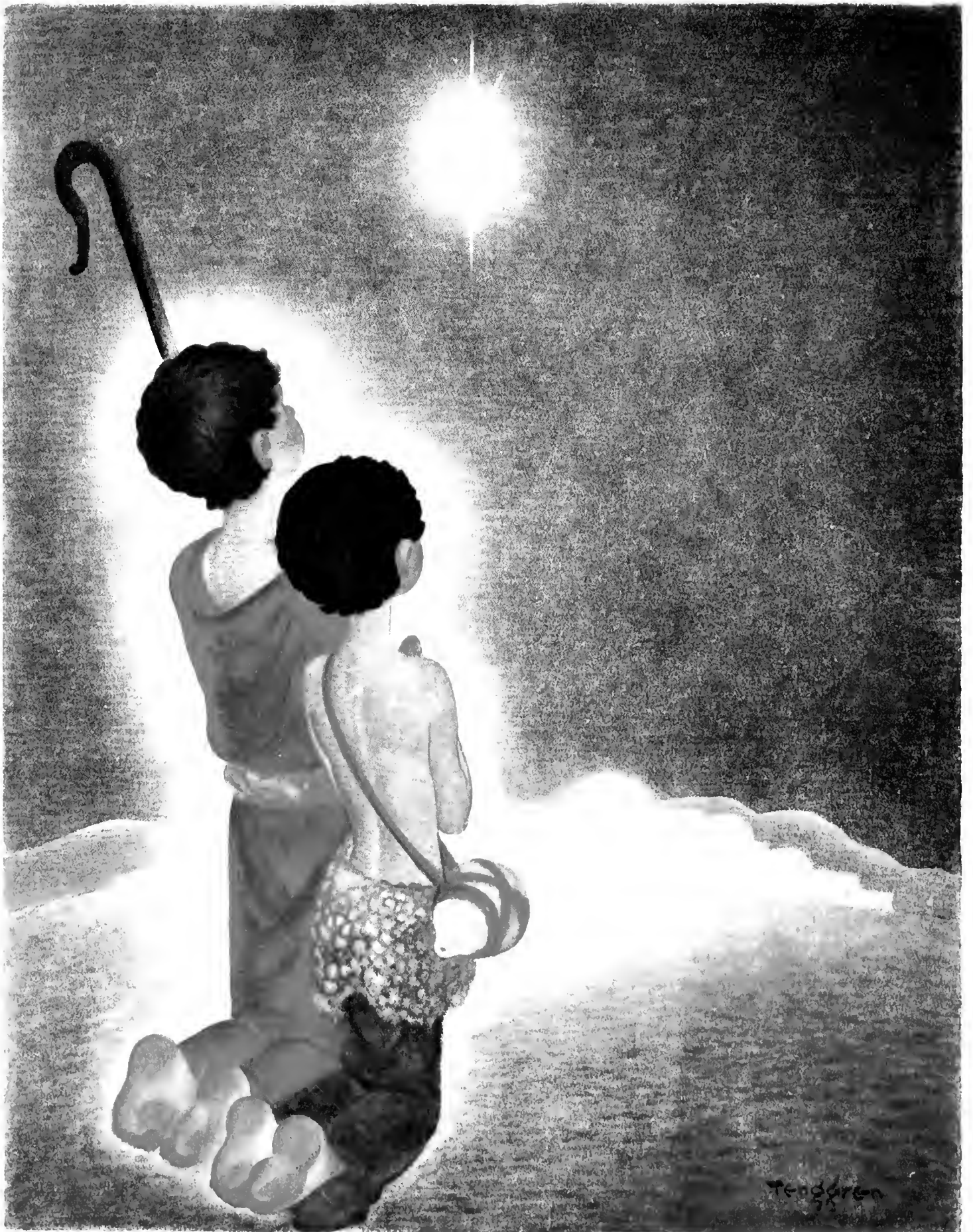
Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

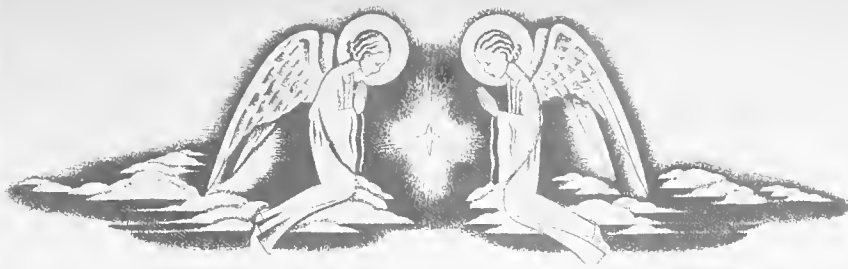
Alleluia!

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

Alleluia!







Silent Night! Holy Night!

Reverently
p

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm,

all is bright, Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child!

Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly

peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

Rev. Joseph Mohr, 1818

Franz Grüber, 1818

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Savior, is born,
Christ, the Savior, is born.

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace;
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.



O Sion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling

1. O Si-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the

world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will-ing

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night; Pub-lish glad tid-ings;

tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-men.

Mrs. May A. Thomson, 1870

James Walch, 1876

Behold how many thousands still are lying
 Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
 With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying
 Or of the life He died for them to win.
 Publish glad tidings; tidings of peace;
 Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release.

Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
 That God, in Whom they live and move, is Love:
 Tell him He stooped to save His lost creation,
 And died on earth that man might live above.
 Publish glad tidings; tidings of peace;
 Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release.



O God Our Help in Ages Past



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our



hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the



storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home. A - men.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

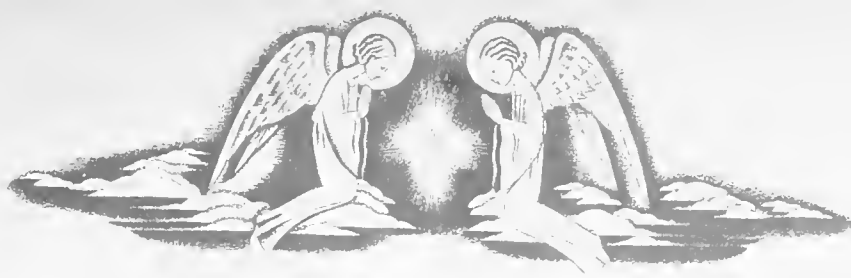
William Crofe, 1708

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

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







Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Moderately slow

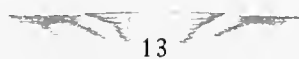
1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
 O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the
 truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall
 be no more. *p*CHORUS An - gels of Je - sus, *mp* an - gels of light,
mf Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. A - men.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854

Henry Smart, 1868

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

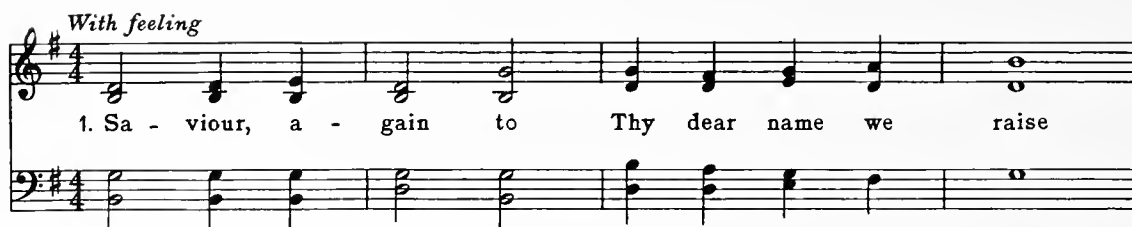
Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.





Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

With feeling



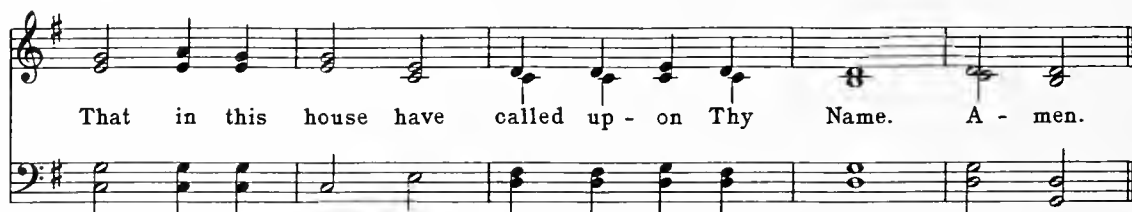
1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise



With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;



Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,



That in this house have called up - on Thy Name. A - men.

John Ellerton, 1866

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

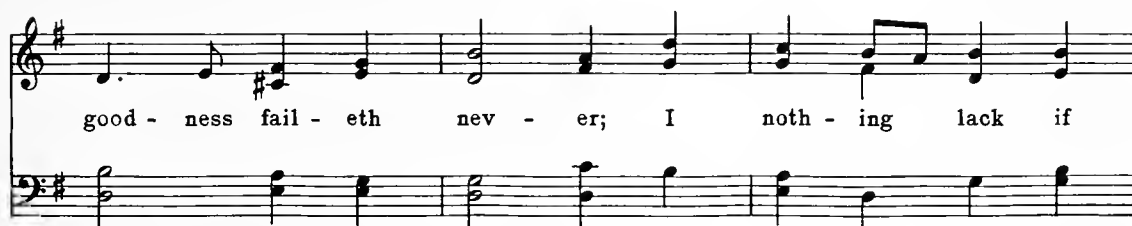
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is



1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose



good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if



I am His, And He is mine for ev - er. A - men.

Henry W. Baker, 1863

John B. Dykes, 1868

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

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





Tendone



It Came upon the Midnight Clear

p *mf*

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:

mf

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all gra-cious King."

pp *mf*


The world in sol-lemn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1846

Richard S. Willis, 1850

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

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



The Church's One Foundation

Spirited

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She
is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From
heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride; With
His own Blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, One Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

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

Our Blest Redeemer

Reverently

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is simple and reverent, with lyrics: "1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His".

ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort -

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort -".

er, be - queath'd With us to dwell. A - men.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "er, be - queath'd With us to dwell. A - men.".

Harriet Auber, 1829

John B. Dykes, 1861

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

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







O Little Town of Bethlehem

Sweetly

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie. A -

bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet

in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868

Lewis H. Redner, 1868

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

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



Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Majestically

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
 Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
ff Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King!"

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739

*Felix Mendelssohn, 1840
arr. by William H. Cummings, 1850*

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord!
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the newborn King."

Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Risen with healing in His wings,
 Light and life to all He brings.
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the newborn King."



Jerusalem the Golden

Triumphantly

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be -

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed. I

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there! What

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - men.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

*Translated from Latin of
St. Bernard of Cluny, 1145
by Dr. John M. Neale, 1858*

Alexander C. Ewing, 1853

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

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 blessed.





O Come, All Ye Faithful

With spirit

O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be -



hold Him, Born the King of an - gels; O come let us a - dore Him, O

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

Translated from Latin by
Canon Frederick Oakeley, 1841

J. F. Wade's "Cantus Diversi", 1751
Harmonized by J. Reading



Onward, Christian Soldiers

In march time

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus

Go-ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;

CHORUS

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,

March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1864

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871

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

Onward, then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng!
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song!
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before!



Love Divine, All Love Excelling

Smoothly

1. Love di-vine all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

p Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, *mf* Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art,

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart. A-men.

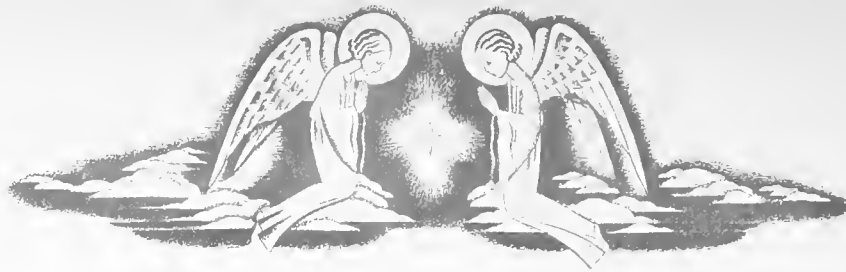
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747

John Zundel, 1870

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

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





Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Slowly

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is nigh.

Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740


Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

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 defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

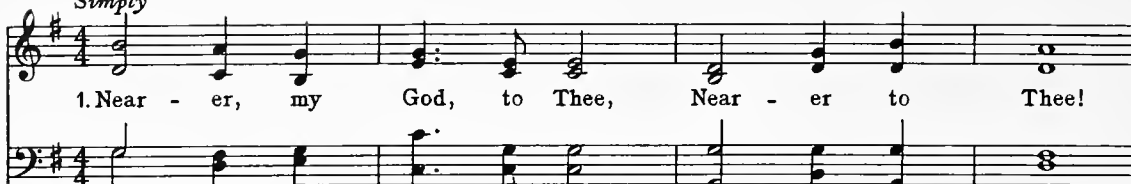


Tenggren



Nearer, My God, to Thee

Simply



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



E'en though it be a - cross That rais - eth me;




Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,



Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1841

Lowell Mason, 1850



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

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

My Faith Looks up to Thee



Slowly, with devotion

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of

Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di - vine; Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me

from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

Ray Palmer, 1831

Lowell Mason, 1833

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

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





Rock of Ages

Sustained, with feeling

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in

Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy

wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble

cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. A - men.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776


Rev. Thomas Hastings, 1830

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

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.



Tengören

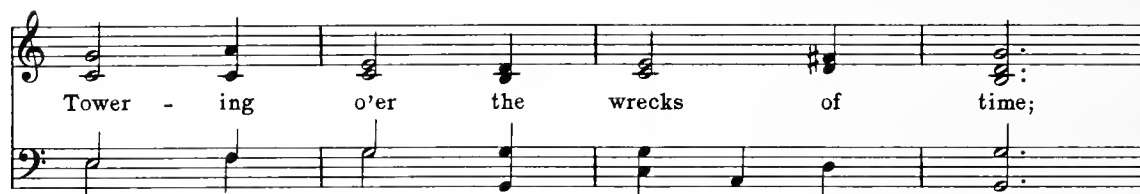


In the Cross of Christ I Glory

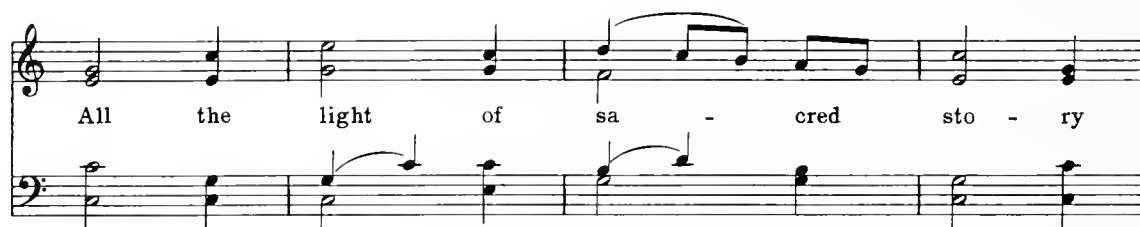
With vigor, not too fast



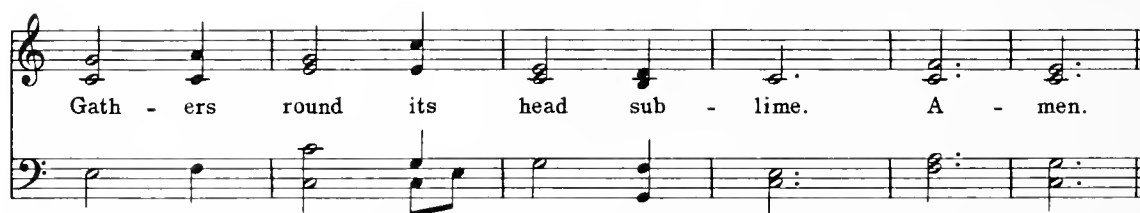
In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry,



Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry



Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

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

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

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

Holy, Holy, Holy!



With spirit, but not fast

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

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

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!





Lead, Kindly Light

Prayerfully

Lead kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me

on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

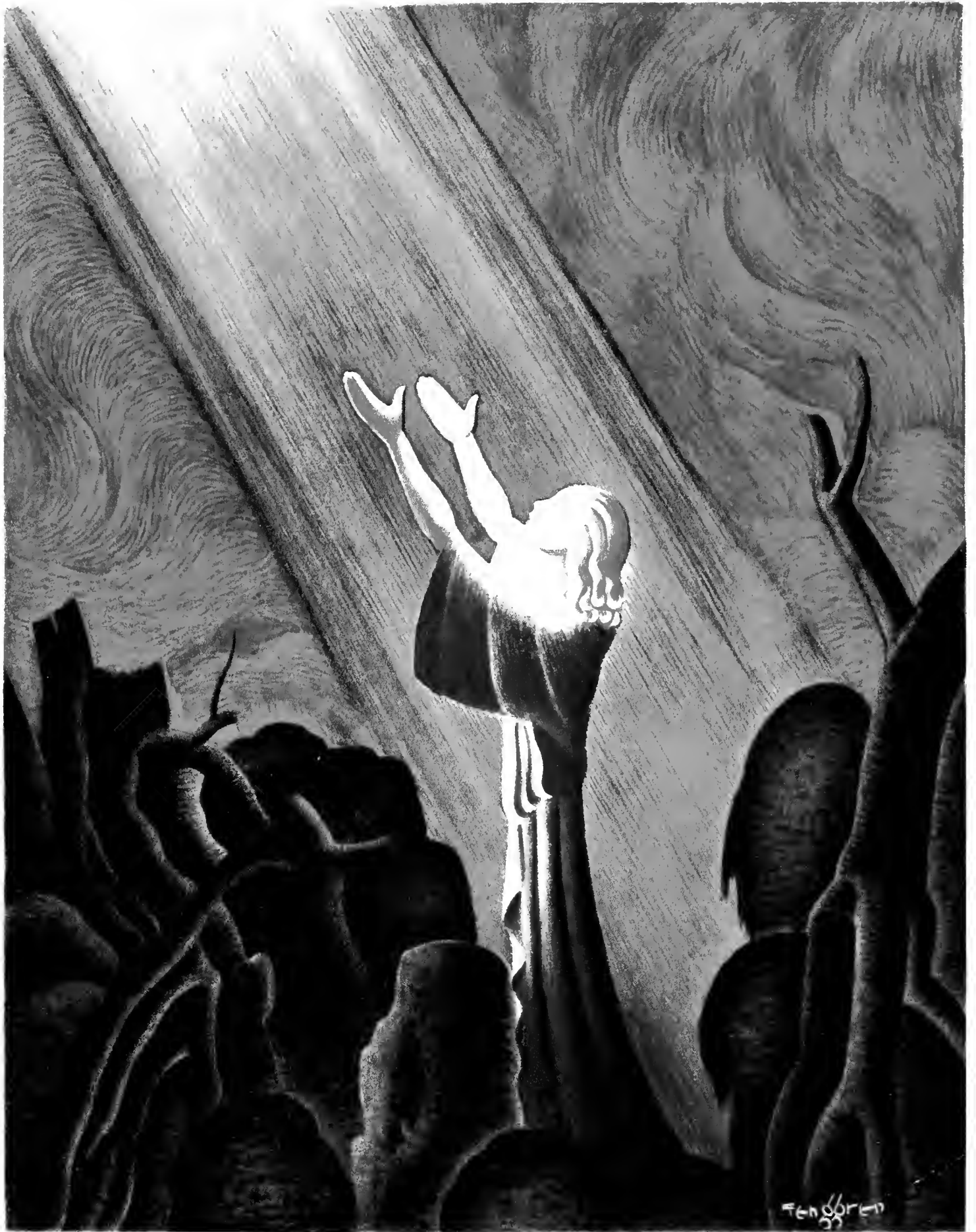
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

Cardinal John Henry Newman, 1833

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865

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

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





Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear

mf

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - vior dear,

It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth - born cloud a - rise

To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - men.

Rev. John Keble, 1820

*German Chorale—P. Ritter, 1774
arr. Wm. H. Monk*

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

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.



Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain



Triumphantly

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness!

God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;

mp

Loosed from Pha - roah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,

Led them with un - moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.

*St. John of Damascus, 749
Trans. by John Mason Neale, 1853*

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

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

"Alleluia!" now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
"Alleluia," with the Son,
God the Father praising;
"Alleluia" yet again
To the spirit raising.





Abide with Me

Moderately slow, with deep feeling

1. A - bide with me fast falls the e - ven - tide;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,

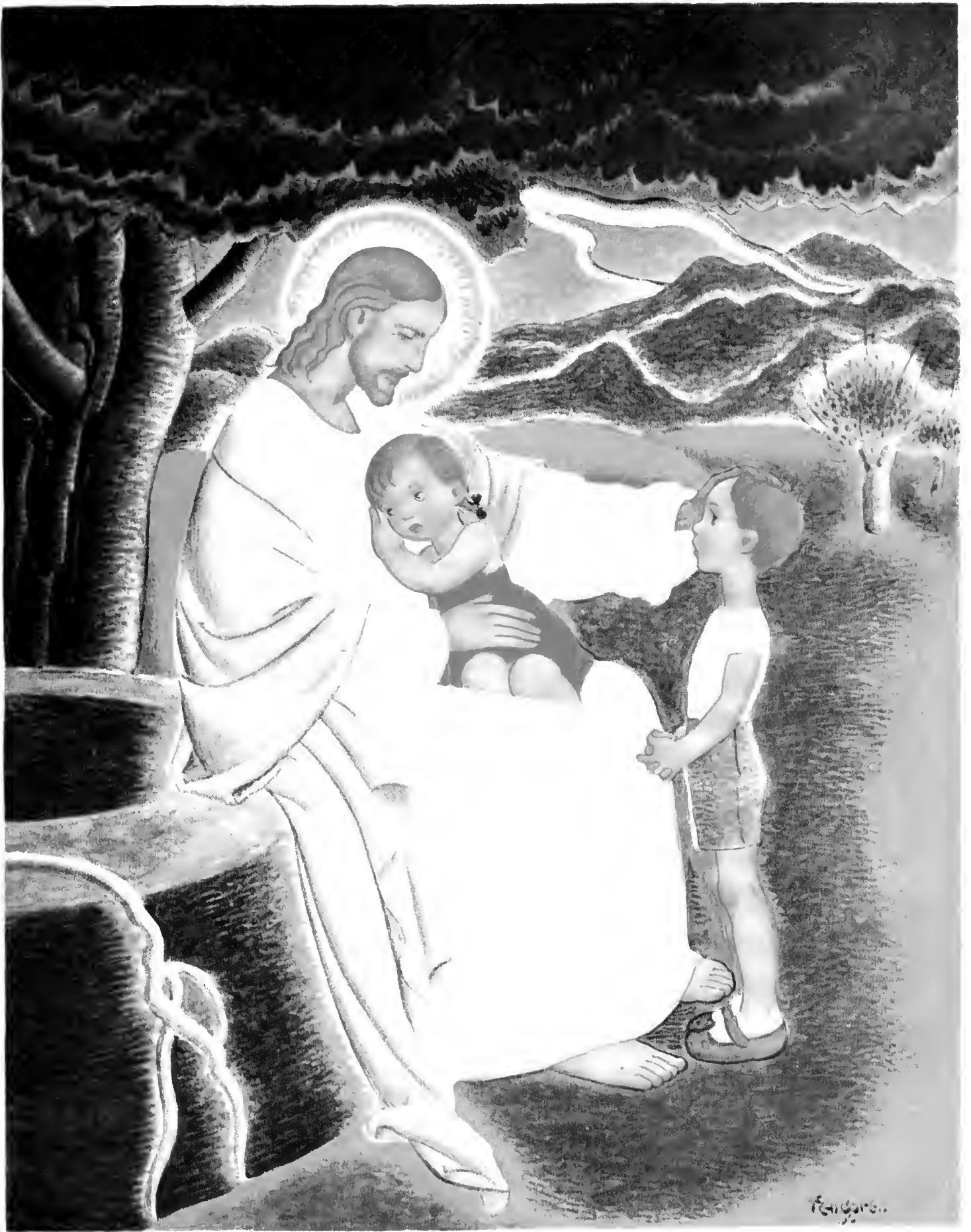
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

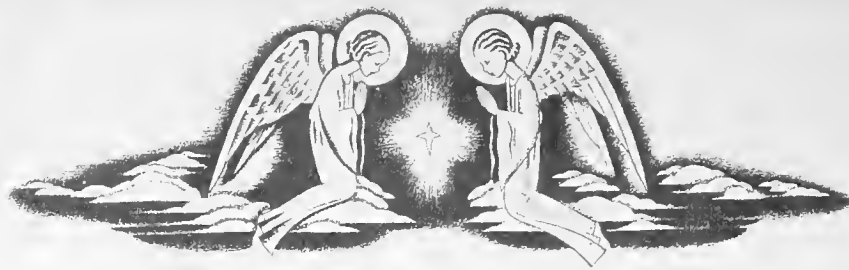
Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

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

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.





Now the Day Is Over

Quietly
p

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing

nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning

p

Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

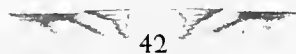
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868

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

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

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

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





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